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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Alumnae Number

December, 1918

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# The St. Mary's Muse

ALUMNAE NUMBER

VOL. XXIII

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 2

## 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 they 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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## Prayers Used at the School on Founders' Day and on Other Occasions Changed Only to Permit Their Use by the Alumnae in Their Several Meetings

O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray Thee, St. Mary's School, its Alumnae and members, 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.*

Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who hast taught us, in Thy Holy Word, that to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent, is everlasting life; we humbly beseech Thee to receive our prayers and supplications which we now offer unto Thee for our schools and colleges throughout this land. Grant that they who teach and govern in them may perceive and know what things they ought to do, and may also have grace and strength to fulfill the same; and to those who are taught and trained, give Thy gracious help, that they may acquire such knowledge as may fit them for the stations in life to which they may be called, and above all things, may receive instructions of heavenly wisdom and know the things that belong unto their peace. Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord. *Amen.*

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### An Alumnae Song

(Tune: Song of a Thousand Years.)

Though we have left thy halls and pathways,  
Wandered afar from thy dear Grove  
Yet does our heart's unchanged devotion  
Still cling to thee in steadfast love.

#### *Chorus*

Strong is the bond to thee St. Mary's,  
'Tis the dear name each heart reveres.  
'Tis the loved spot whose cherished memories  
Live in our hearts through changeless years.

What though afar we may be scattered,  
Following alone our separate ways,  
We are still one in loving memories,  
Thoughts of old friends and girlhood days.

#### *Chorus*

Dreaming of thee, old scenes, old places  
 Throng to our minds, as each appears,  
 We see again, the well-loved faces  
 We shall hold dear through changeless years.

*Chorus*

Ah! be assured, beloved St. Mary's  
 Where'er a daughter of thine may be,  
 From youth to age, where'er she wanders,  
 There beats a heart with love for thee.

*Chorus*

A. S. C., 1919.

### "On Secondary Education"—A Humble Reminiscence

By JESSE DEGEN

I have been asked to write something about Secondary Education, and it may as well be admitted at once that on this subject I feel myself equipped with almost unbounded ignorance. For instance, I know nothing, by experience of the workings of the public High School. To the end of my life I expect to be learning about administration. I have just survived my first year's struggle with the College Entrance Board examinations; I have many feelings about them, but their expression might not be accepted for publication.

But after ten years of teaching in public and private schools I have come to have two firm convictions about my profession. One is that there is no satisfaction to be compared with the pleasure of teaching the so-called grammar school grades. The other is that unless a school—or a teacher—is constrained first of all by the love of Christ, a love that is a compelling and overwhelming foundation and end of knowledge, that school or teacher has very little excuse for being.

Twenty-five years ago a group of us stood by the West Rock House one spring morning and prophesied each others futures and protested each against her assigned fate. I liked to study and I have never known women whom I loved and honored more than those who taught us at St. Mary's at that time—but my soul was filled with wrath when I was set down to be a teacher. I said nothing,



but oh, how I thought! Well—all the prophecies have come true; and I am content I drifted into teaching. After leaving college I lived at home and did a little tutoring—Latin and French and Geometry of course; once a half year of Astronomy, reminiscent of the course at St. Mary's. If I ever did teach in a school, it would of course be in one of that grade, and I should teach my special subjects to the older classes. Of course all college graduates have that plan. I dare say all high school graduates have it.

There came a time when I had no pupils and was asked very apologetically if I would be willing to "supply" for a week in a rural ungraded school, as a favor to a friend on the School Board whose candidate had failed to appear. There were nine pupils in the school, when the attendance was perfect, and they were in six grades, reciting daily in every subject and persumably doing all their studying during the school session of six hours. That school was a centre of education for some weeks—and it was not the pupils who were being educated. I learned how to conduct a geography recitation in ten minutes, having busy work ready for the six other children to do during that time, and keeping an eye on the boy who would throw spit balls, and the two little cousins who clawed at each other's hair whenever they had a chance, and the youngest pupil's baby sister, who came because mamma was too busy to look after her at home and she liked it, but who might tear a page out of a text book if left unwatched. To this succeeded a primer lesson of fifteen minutes, none of the pupils having been taught how to spell, or indeed how to sound any letter; their reading was a marvelous feat of memory. And the geography had to be taught; you cannot take much for granted with children who have never seen a boat or a train or a city. Chorus singing came in somewhere. I sing by ear and can carry an air well enough if I am not too near a strong alto. But I had stone-deaf pupils with powerful lungs and ambitions, and to this day I wonder how, with no piano, we ever pulled through "Lovely springtime now is here! Dance and sing! Dance and sing!" After an endless succession of ten- and fifteen-minute recitations, punctuated by requests for drinks of water and "teacher, what'll I do now?" and "teacher,

please sharpen my pencil?" recess came. Apparently the whole school kept to desks and consumed at 10:30 a. m. the contents of its dinner pails. Fresh air on a crisp October morning? "The other teacher never made us go out." The new teacher did. It took me a long time to find out that they did not know how to play. They worked hard at home, they had no games, and they were listless. Wild horses could hardly have dragged me away at the end of that first week. I stayed until Christmas, after which I could no longer spare the time. We had wonderful athletic contests, several children learned to spell, and all the girls on the road copied my neckties. As for our Christmas entertainment—but that really is another story.

I had heard about missionary work, opportunity, etc., all my life, and here I had laid out to my hand a whole lifetime of inspiration—and I could not take it. I never left a place with so much regret. The one drop of comfort was that I had not nearly enough of an education to give those nine children what they should have had. There are countless numbers of just such schools all over the country. I have known them well, in Iowa, in Arkansas, in Maine, and all the way between. Every State has them; don't believe anything else if you hear it. They are usually taught by honest, hardworking country girls who have struggled through a year or so of high school and a little normal training, and then return to their own narrow neighborhoods and teach for a few terms until they marry—or in lieu of that excitement move on to a similar school elsewhere. They can all juggle the ten-minute recitations and study hours with ease, and they can give very little else because that is all that was ever given them. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing that these schools, so limited in vision, need the very best that our country has to offer! They are in localities that are now furnishing in great numbers some of the finest element of our army, and the tale of how the Government has to teach these men after they reach camp is too well known for repetition here. I speak, however, with assurance, and not at all from a missionary point of view, of the absolute pleasure such a neighborhood can afford to a well

educated girl with some little knowledge of music, art, and athletics, some resources in herself, and a love of children and of out doors. As to living expenses, mine were about 35 per cent of my salary; nowadays they might be 50 per cent.

When I began to teach in earnest, I was ten years out of college, ten years rusty in subjects and methods, ten years too old. But my various odd weeks in rural schools (for I took other "supplies" as I had time) had put me in touch with grammar school subjects, and I was fortunate in finding a position in the intermediate department of a private school. Here I began to realize the dearth of desirable teachers in another field. I was not an acquisition as teachers go. I had taught ignorant, hardworking little country children what they could absorb in a busy day. I came to well read and sophisticated city girls who were brimming with general information and expected to study hard at home and advance in a fortnight as far as my former pupils had in a term. It was a year before I was keeping them properly busy, and no years will be long enough to show my gratitude to those who suffered my short comings that year, that I might learn how to teach. In such fashion was my love sealed to the nine to thirteen-year olds whom most of the world finds at such a trying age, and who are so altogether responsive and companionable when you know them. Since then I have been promoted to one and another upper class, to become more and more convinced that it is well to keep to the thing that one has learned to do. I have seen a succession of candidates who will teach college preparatory Latin and English and scorn anything lower. Some of them are wise; others would make excellent grade teachers if they would but try; a few have found their vocation as I did, and would doubtless agree with me that while one never knows quite as much as might be desired, the constant demand upon versatility and resourcefulness as well as upon breadth of knowledge, make this the most stimulating kind of work. The mothers know how much it is needed.

My first rural school lay in a neighborhood of feuds, in which it was the only neutral ground. There was no church within reach,

nor any religious service of any kind. Hatred and drunkenness, and other vices bred of poverty, were a matter of course. That is why we look back so to that first Christmas. There was great fun over the home-made presents and strings of wild cranberries, but it was really Christmas because all the families came into the school-house together and spoke to one another. It is less simple to draw a picture of peace and goodwill in the city schools where we take that atmosphere for granted every day. But it is none the less needed there, nor can one be sure that the quality that gives it is always underlying. There are diverse ways of showing, of teaching, or of living it, but year after year makes it more certain that wherever one may be, and among whatever elements of American life, it is lacking and it must be lived, or the watchman waketh but in vain.

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### Americanization of the Immigrant Child

BY FLORENCE SLATER

To us of the South, the term Americanization, now seen daily in paper and magazine, has little or no meaning. We have quite forgotten that we were ever immigrants and therefore other than Americans; and the recent tides of immigration have not come to our shores in sufficient numbers for us to realize that millions have been pouring into other parts of our country and living almost for a life time separated from Americans, speaking their own language, and keeping their own customs. Until war was declared this segregation of the immigrant did not seem to matter to any one except a few philanthropists who worked among them more for the purpose of helping them economically and elevating them morally and spiritually, than of making American citizens of them.

Last fall when attending a series of lectures on The Americanization of the Immigrant, many of them given by these philanthropists, I was struck by the fact that in their effort to give the immigrant self confidence and self respect they had made him feel a superiority to the American, and that we owed him a deep debt of gratitude

for his contribution to our civilization. On one occasion when Mrs. Simkowitch had been describing the new settlement house in Greenwich village, I asked if the poor Americans in the neighborhood made any use of the building. She replied, "No, they haven't enough ambition." Only a few days later we were discussing in class the Literacy Immigration Law and one of the High School girls said, "I don't think that is a wise law, because, you know, we are so much smarter than the Americans that we could come here without knowing how to write and read and easily outstrip them in a few years." So in spite of the fine voluntary work among the immigrants and the spending of millions on their education many of them actually felt a contempt for the American and so had no desire to swear allegiance to the land of their adoption.

Patriotism to many immigrants, if it existed at all, was felt for the old country. Read some of the papers printed in fifty different foreign languages only a year and a half ago. The Germans could not have been more loyal to the Kaiser if they had been in Berlin. My German hair dresser, wearing an iron cross because she had given all of her little earnings for German propaganda, would beg of me to read *The German Herald*, for all the American papers were run by English money, and told only lies.

In some of the large high schools where most of the pupils were of foreign birth or parentage, the feeling against going into the war almost produced a riot. Boys and girls would violently protest against saluting the flag and often refused to do so or sing "The army and navy forever," proclaiming excitedly half-baked socialistic or anarchistic doctrines to back up their conduct.

The war has rudely shaken us awake to this deadly menace of anti Americanism among us, the climax of which has been manifested in the dastardly deeds of the I. W. W. We Americans are to blame that it existed at all. We permitted millions of ignorant peasants of every nationality to come to us because their labor was cheap. We endowed them indiscriminately with the power of the ballot and left them to the contractor and politician to whose advantage it was to keep them ignorant of the English language and the



meaning of the word Democracy. It is true that we cheerfully paid taxes to support our great public schools which we believed, innocently, would quickly make an American out of a Greek, Russian, Japanese, or even a German. Five hours in the school room with mostly foreign children cannot easily counteract the home influence where father and mother speak a foreign language and observe all the customs of a foreign country. I have visited the homes of high school girls, who dressed in the American fashion and spoke English intelligibly, in as foreign surroundings as if they were in Palestine or Hungary.

There are two powerful factors in the life of the child besides the home; the playground and the school. As most of our immigrants remain in the cities, the playground of the child is the street where they speak broken English with each other and a mixture of English and their mother tongue with grown ups. In the evenings I have seen children of all ages gathered around the soap box orator, a long haired, wild eyed, loose jointed man shrieking in a hoarse voice. They listened fascinated as he denounced the Government with frantic gesticulations and proclaimed the doctrines of socialism, anarchism, Zionism, or any ism that would implant in their impressionable minds hatred of the rich and distrust of the Government. It is indeed sad to see in many of these boys and girls a morbidness and bitterness of spirit, instead of the joyousness of youth. These grow up ready to become the tools of any fanatic whose work is destruction.

Too much blind confidence has been placed in the Americanizing power of the schools. The immigrant mother brought her little one to the door of the school and felt that now she had really reached America, and she gave her child to the teacher with a look of awe, reverence, and perfect trust. But had the child really come into America? It was true that the American flag floated over the building and English was taught, but frequently by a teacher with a foreign name who was not even a citizen of the United States. Not so very long ago a mayor of a large city appointed seven members of a school board. There was one Swede, one Bohemian, one Pole, one Norwegian, one Russian Jew, one Irishman, and one American.

The mayor explained that it was necessary to recognize the various nationalities, and no one criticised the appointments. Of course each member of the board loyally saw that his nationality was represented on the teaching force, thus the immigrant child had one chance in seven of being transformed into a genuine American.

Today such an act would not be tolerated. The war has aroused in us a deep sense of responsibility toward these foreign children and their parents, and a strong determination to make America the land of the Americans in place of a crazy patch quilt made of pieces from all over the earth. Silently and persistently a great force has been at work which in one short year has accomplished even greater miracles than sending a million men across the Atlantic.

Our schools have been transformed; patriotic speeches arouse intense enthusiasm among the children; war work of every kind is devotedly accomplished by teachers and pupils. The Board of Education in New York has decreed that teachers must be American citizens and teach American doctrines; that English, more English, and still more English must be studied throughout the entire school course; that every pupil in elementary and high school must pass an examination on American History and Civics.

Fourteen states have abolished the teaching of the German language in schools and a campaign is under way to abolish it in most of the others. What a contrast to a year ago when the German influence was great enough to require the study of German in the schools of some of the Western States, and it was the only foreign language taught in the elementary schools of New York. The soap box has been converted into a street pulpit from which to preach the meaning and the winning of the war. The Russian and Norwegian boy fighting side by side with the boy of the American is not only himself becoming an American ready to die for his country, but making patriotic Americans of his father, mother, brother and sister. They are proud of their soldier boy and from their windows are now floating American and service flags. The Red Cross badge worn by millions of school children, representing the spirit of giving, loving, and working together for our war is the sign pointing to a new America, one in language, aims and idealism.

## In Loving Memory of Janet Brownell Glen, 1861-1918

EMILIE WATTS McVEA

In eighteen hundred and ninety three "Lizzie Battle" and I while summering in Asheville had the good fortune to meet Janet Glen, a woman of unusual ability and a most interesting personality. On our return to St. Mary's in the fall we found an urgent need for an additional instructor in Latin. Miss Battle, then Lady Principal, warmly recommended Miss Glen to Dr. Smedes, so in October, Janet slipped into the dear old life at St. Mary's, as if she had always belonged and became forever to us a part of its loved memories. She shared an affection for our worn, but time honored buildings, she loved the beauty of our green "circle," unmarred by the convenience of a path; the glory of the blazing oaks and golden hickory trees in the autumn filled her with delight; and above all the little brown chapel became a vital part of her life as it was of ours. There she joined in our simple, beautiful services, and there in the second year of her stay at St. Mary's, she was confirmed. She was one of the "home group" of the St. Mary's of those days; Lizzie Battle, that rare and valiant spirit of ever blessed memory, Mittie Dowd, Florence Slater, Clara Fenner, another of the then more recent comers who "belonged," myself, and always Miss Katie. To those days and those friendships we turn often for inspiration and refreshment.

For four years Janet Glen was a valued teacher at St. Mary's. She was inspirational and yet accurate. She made Latin a live and interesting subject, but she never tolerated laziness or poor work. Her students respected her for her scholarship and learned rapidly under her wise and vigorous guidance. Outside of the class room she was a delightful companion, quick in conversation, with an unexpected humor and a wide range of interests. Her chief characteristic was her unfailing sympathy, known in its completeness to only a few. Personal troubles, difficulties and sorrows never failed to draw from her a quick response. Life in all its various manifestations was of profound interest to her. Those who knew only



her outward manner which was at times somewhat distant and reserved, never suspected the depths of her sympathy and tenderness.

A brother, who was always most dear to her writes: "I knew her heart, her soul, her ambitions and the ideals she struggled to express throughout her life and I believe she lived up to them to the best of her strength and passed on without many regrets for her conduct while here. She had a sweet, lovable, tender side that was the *real Janet.*"

Her earlier education gained at the Medina High School and at Lake Erie Seminary, now Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, was strengthened by study at Cornell and by extensive travel abroad in Europe, where her naturally fine taste in art and literature was trained to keen discrimination. In mental power and in culture she was a worthy descendant of her well known forbears, the Maxwells of Massachusetts and the Chases of Ohio. Her teaching experience was varied and successful at Oberlin, St. Mary's, Rye Seminary, and Lakewood Hall.

By her indomitable courage, she conquered, many years ago, what threatened to be a lingering and fatal illness. Those of us who cared for her are thankful that she did not again have to face a tedious invalidism. Death came to her quickly and quietly, at the home of Annie White, in Hawley, Pennsylvania. Suddenly the summons came and she, who had ever aspired to live greatly passed into the larger and more perfect life eternal.

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Miss Czarnomska, formerly Lady Principal of St. Mary's, later head of the Department of Literature at Smith College, also Dean of Women and Lecturer in Biblical Literature in the University of Cincinnati, is this year giving courses in Biblical History and Biblical Literature at Columbia University.

Emilie Watts McVea, class of 1884, President of Sweet Briar College, is one of the official speakers for the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. this fall. Miss McVea is also the State Secretary for Virginia of College Student Volunteers for the Federal Food Administration.

## "Darkness"

ANNIE S. CAMERON, '16

How bright were our lives in the sunshine of gladness,  
How safe in the shelter of peace.  
What though abroad there stalked murder and madness,  
Pain with no hope of release?

They were to us but dim shapes in the distance,  
Vague rumors echoed from far,  
Calm and secure in our peace and prosperity  
What could we picture of War?

Life was so busy so full and absorbing,  
Teeming with things to be done,  
But gathering riches and seeking for pleasures,  
Not thus are the highest things won.

Then in His mercy our Father remembered us  
Pitying the vain path we trod,  
Busied with pleasures and blind with self-seeking  
We had forgotten our God

So He took from us our riches and pleasures,  
Kindly He darkened our light,  
That our eyes freed from the glare of self-glory,  
Might learn to see Him aright.

Let us give thanks then that storm-clouds do lower,  
And that our path has grown dim,  
If it but teach us to trust in His power,  
If it but bring us to Him.

Let us not shrink from the suffering and heart-break,  
Though they be grievous to bear,  
God in His merciful love sends us darkness,  
He is awaiting us there.

Then let us forth as true sons to our trial,  
Forth as our fathers have trod,  
Strong in His trust stepping fearlessly forward,  
Forward to darkness—and God!

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**WITH SPECIAL THOUGHT OF THE WAR**

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**A Prayer for Our Soldiers and Sailors**

(Authorized by BISHOP CHESHIRE)

Almighty God and Savior, we implore Thy blessings upon our brethren who in the service of their country go forth against the enemy. Grant them faith, courage and endurance, patience, gentleness and obedience. Preserve them amid the temptations of the camp and of the field. Save them from the perils of the ocean, of the land and of the boundless air, from the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. Keep them under the shadow of Thy Wing and restore them in safety to us. And to such as may fall in battle or by sickness, whether of our brethren or of the enemy, do thou, oh! Lord, of Thy great mercy graciously grant the preparation of repentance unto life everlasting, through the love and merits of the Saviour of all men, Thy son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

**St. Mary's in the War Days, 1861-1865**

"MINNA CURTIS" (Mrs. M. L. Bynum)

As memory goes back over the past I find my thoughts often revert to the happy life at St. Mary's during that sad time of bitter strife for Confederate Freedom, for the care and kindness received at the hands of the beloved Rector, Rev. Aldert Smedes, was unbounded. He seemed ever to look where he could lift a load from some heavily burdened soul, to give a refuge to the homeless, or schooling to some who might never be able to pay the debt.

During those school months of 1864-65, when so much evil was wrought in our Southland, we at the School had a home and never a care, for Dr. Smedes was a father and a guardian to us. especially did he prove himself so when the Northern Army entered Raleigh

and he hastened to secure a guard for the school. A regiment of soldiers was sent to encamp on the grounds around the school, Gen. O. O. Howard and staff taking up their quarters on the "Circle." (We used to wonder where the glittering silver we could see on their mess hall table came from.) The "Yankee" soldiers entered Raleigh on the heels of our dear "Boys in Gray" who fell back from Raleigh by the road in front of St. Mary's.

Dr. Smedes had the School out at the road with food and water for those weary boys and many a sweet word was passed to us and has been treasured through all these years. I have a vivid memory of a little sun-bonneted girl who on handing a cup of water to a weary soldier had this said to her (with a courtly bow such as only an old time Southern gentleman can give) "Water tastes well from a fair Hebe." The little girl did not understand at the time and all she could say, and that at the instigation of a schoolmate, was "Thank you sir." Later came the surrender of General Lee and the murder of Abraham Lincoln, both of which were terrifying to our childish minds for we were in the enemy's country then.

It would be difficult to get data to tell of all the good accomplished by Dr. Smedes, for his influence was felt through those sad years and is still at work with those of us who had the privilege of being with him and are still here.

It should be told that food was good and abundant. I remember the lovely "corn dodgers," the roe herring, the beautiful Southern "light rolls" and much more.

Dr. Smedes knew how to select teachers who would study the best interests of the girls and who added greatly to the happiness and well being of the 130 girls entrusted to their care. I cannot with such poor words do the subject justice for Dr. Smedes was a patient, gentle, God-fearing man, beloved of teachers and pupils alike and it was a sad day for the school when he was taken away. Blessed be his memory.

## St. Mary's in the War Days, 1917-1918

By A Present-Day St. Mary's Girl

It is awful to have to be a girl in war time! So thought we all when St. Mary's opened in September, 1917. We were just beginning to wake up to the fact that there was a war, and when we saw our brothers and our friends leaving for camp we decided that girls were no use at all. If only we were men, and could join them as they marched! But, being only girls, we left for school instead.

Before long, instead of the single cry for men, we began to hear a new and even more insistent cry, "Food! Food!" At that the woman in us all began to sit up and take notice, for we knew they were calling to us. But how to answer the call was a question. We held a Students' Meeting, and after discussing the matter decided that since we could not go and fight ourselves, the next best thing was to send our wheat and meat to fight in our stead. In consequence, Wheatless and Meatless Days were instituted, and we even went so far as to give up ice cream and candy one Monday in the Month.

The Mondays came and went, and Christmas approached. The question of Christmas-giving was brought up, and another Students' Meeting was held to settle that problem. We decided that in these days even the spirit of generosity must be held carefully in check, and lavish Christmas-giving was an improper extravagance. So, in many cases, "real Christmas letters" were substituted for the usual gifts, and those of us who sent and received those letters did not feel that any of the Christmas spirit had been lost.

Just before the holidays opened the Thrift Cards began to appear. Our Rector spoke to us on the subject, and expressed the hope that when we returned in January we should all possess a card with at least one stamp. That was the very modest beginning of our great Thrift Campaign. After the holidays each girl and every person connected with the School owned a card, and then plans were discussed for selling the stamps at school. There were so many calls



for money that the idea of investing our few spare quarters in Thrift Stamps did not particularly appeal to us at first, and there was some difficulty in getting the girls thoroughly interested. The club idea was adopted and the whole school was divided into five sections. A prize was offered to the section buying the greatest number of stamps, and rivalry ran high. The contest was won by the S. O. T. K's (Stamp Out the Kaiser), but much more important is the fact that over a thousand dollars worth of stamps were sold between January and June. Meanwhile the Liberty Loans claimed our patriotic attention, and we became the proud possessors of two bonds, amounting in all to \$350, which was turned over to the Endowment Fund.

The Red Cross, like the poor, is ever with us, and very fortunate it is for the poor that it is so. In January we held a Membership Campaign, with the object of securing one hundred per cent membership in the Red Cross. A strenuous campaign it was, but a great success withal, for within a week every girl and teacher in the School was enrolled either in the Raleigh Chapter or in her home Chapter. During Lent a course in surgical dressings was given at the school, and twenty three girls and teachers received certificates. The Muse Room was converted into a Red Cross Work Room every Monday afternoon, and all of the girls were welcome to go in and work on the dressings. Many of those who did not take the course devoted their spare time during Lent to working on hospital garments and baby clothes. And always there was knitting going on, sweaters, mufflers and socks innumerable, and great was our pride in the St. Mary's blanket, made of forty-two knitted squares. And who will say that we were not justly proud of the \$600 we pledged and raised for the Second Red Cross War Fund.

As spring came on, and help grew more and more scarce, the question of gardening became a serious one. It began to look as if the girls would have to turn in and help if they wanted anything to eat! And that is just what happened. Any fair afternoon there might have been seen a large number of bloused and bloomed gardeners, busily hoeing and planting and weeding. It is safe to

say that no vegetables were ever hailed with greater pride than the first of those that found their way from the St. Mary's War Garden into the dining room.

Not to be outdone by those in the garden, the weeds in the lawn began to grow apace, and with the same result. Armed with mower and rake, the girls marched to the fray, and by the end of "Clean-up-Week" the Grove was a joy to behold. "Cleaning-up" became the latest style, and at all hours of the day girls might be seen mowing and raking their little plots. Two girls took charge of each plot, and inspections were made twice a week and the marks posted. There was keen rivalry among the different groups, and three plots received a perfect mark at every inspection.

Now the end of the school year was at hand, and plans were set on foot for summer work. So many things could be done, there was not a single girl unable to find something which she could do. Canning, drying, preserving, Red Cross sewing, surgical dressings, saving money and conserving food—did anyone ever say that girls were "no use at all?" Perhaps they did, but we all agreed that it is splendid to be a St. Mary's girl in war time.

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### My Year in England

By "OLIVE SMITH," 1909-14 (Mrs. Giles B. Cook, Washington, D. C.)

I went to England with my brother, on the "St. Paul," in August, 1916. We landed at Liverpool—the only port—and went by train direct to London. After a few days sightseeing, the best galleries either having been closed and given over to war offices, or nearly emptied of their choice exhibits, and protected everywhere with sand bags, etc., I went to visit my aunts in East Molesey a little town on the Thames River, half an hour outside of London and five minutes walk from Hampton Court Palace.

In East Molesey there is a big Red Cross Chapter which I promptly joined and was put in the slipper room. There were about fifteen different kinds of slippers for wounded feet, of all sizes and shapes,

some laced up, others buckled, some to be tied on, others just slipped on. But all came under the two main heads of "Ward" and "Surgical." The first were plain slippers like those sold in stores for bedroom use and were for well or nearly well feet; these were made of cretonne, velvet, carpet, most anything in fact, and had colored linings. The latter had to be most carefully made as they all had white linings and were used in the hospitals for the worst wounded feet.

Later, when a hospital was opened across the river, we often saw the soldiers out on crutches, wearing our slippers, and one and all spoke with the deepest feeling of their great comfort, so we felt we really were doing good.

There were several other rooms at the Red Cross Depot—the surgical, old linen, swab, etc., but the slipper one was far too interesting to leave, though the heads of the rooms would permit some little changing about of the workers, occasionally. By hard work, one pair of the plainest slippers could be made in a day, all hand work, seven hours a day. I wish now I had kept a record of the slippers I made—instead I have a medal awarded by Queen Mary's Needle Work Guild which is a good souvenir. When I first commenced to work at the Depot we had quite elaborate afternoon teas for which each worker contributed threepence (six cents), but, when cake was forbidden, and, later still, bread portioned out, one began to feel the War even nearer. Potatoes and sugar were always popular raffles—a way the rooms had of raising money when funds were low—for each room was self-supporting.

Before and after the big drives, hurry orders were sent down from Headquarters in London, for special orders of, say, thirty thousand swabs or several hundred pairs of slippers and everyone would be asked to come and work over time.

It got into Hospital work rather unexpectedly. The matron of the Military Barracks Hospital at Kensington-on-Thames sent out a request for workers trained or otherwise so I volunteered. I was put under a sister—there are three grades, Matron, who is in charge; Sister, who must have had at least a condensed nurses' course; and nurses who may or may not be trained.



Sister Boxall was in charge of two wards containing twenty-six beds and besides the two orderlies I was her only assistant. Orderlies are only in the Military Hospitals, I believe. I went on duty at 8:30 a. m. and was supposed to get off at 2:00 p. m. My duties at first were mainly dusting, washing, ironing of bandages or doing whatever Sister said, but it was not very long before I was taking temperatures, giving medicines, bathing patients and feeding them, as Sister Boxall did everything to help others along and was a splendid one to work with. The doctors too were thoughtful in that way and once, I remember, when I was called over to substitute in the surgical ward, the doctor helped me bandage a stump (the patient had lost his leg just below the knee), when I told him I had not come to bandaging in the Red Cross lectures I was attending at the time.

As the Kingston Military Hospital is small and not prepared for such, only minor or convalescent cases are handled, the others being sent to Woolwich, Hampton Court Hospital or others near by.

From Molesey in Surrey County I went to visit my aunts and a sister living in St. Ives, Cornwall (the extreme southern part of England). Here I got in for gardening as the man had to go to the Front and the people advertised for a lady gardener to take his place. It was a lovely garden and a real joy to keep and the people were charming and I hated to leave when I returned alone in August, 1917, having been in England just one year. The return trip was uneventful except for one submarine which missed us by three seconds.

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### A Letter From the Field

September 22, 1918.

*Dear Miss Cameron—*

I am indeed almost startled when I look at the date. It seems impossible that the time could have flown so rapidly. We have indeed been busy, still are, and every prospect indicates that we will

be in the future. But as the boys say "We're winning" so we mustn't grumble. The front line news is wonderful, the wounded are so enthusiastic that our work is really lightened.

I wonder if I could give you a glimpse of a British War Hospital—at least of this one—quite typical. We are very proud of it—it being more or less of a show one. We rather pride ourselves on our polish and general neatness, with reason. The paths and roads are very straight and evenly graveled, the flower garden, bordering the paths and in the Administration block, are always blooming abundantly from the early spring tulips and crocuses through the summer sweet peas to the fall asters. No space is wasted—between the wards are flourishing vegetables, potatoes, leeks, beets, carrots, peas, beans, and the inevitable cabbage and cauliflower which old friend one meets every day.

The Administration buildings, wards, and quarters are the long, one-story wooden huts. At the quarters one sees the tennis and badminton courts, clock golf and croquet for the off duty hours. The rooms to accommodate two sisters or V. A. D'S and generally are very attractive with bright chintzes and pictures. What if beneath that bright exterior are ingeniously utilized packing boxes—the "tout de ensemble" is very good. Thankful we are for the sterno stoves reposing on the tea tables which provides us with hot drinks at short notice.

The wards contain about forty beds, the only heat and hot water supplied by two stoves, one at either end. A strip of shining linoleum runs down the center. Small tables with figured colored covers hold plants and flowers so that the general appearance is of cheeriness. This is carried out no less by the patients who, no matter how ill or in what pain, have a smile and "thank you sister" ready for the slightest service accorded them. This is where our interest is really centered and the sorrows and tragedies come home to us, where we are forced to watch many a fight for life carried on so bravely though all too frequently lost. There are so many who make the supreme sacrifice, so many, many more who have given an arm, a leg, sometime both, and many who will never see again. But if they realize the years ahead of them, no sign is

given. They joke about their own infirmities with glee. Never shall I forget a youngster of eighteen, who having lost a leg, was on his way to Blighty and calling me remarked "I say, sister, what's this? a pair of boots to go to Blighty?" and then rolled in laughter.

Is it any wonder that we are more than glad we came over, that though we frequently grouse over inconveniences and plan that after the war we shall go home and be comfortable, that we shall stay to the very end. I have a dream in which there are three points of interest, a wide soft bed, a bath tub brimming over with hot steaming water, a table of delicacies, chief ingredients, green corn and ice cream and I shall have them "*apres le guerré.*" At present I am keeping wonderfully fat on rations and work—both agreeing with me altogether too well.

I have told you so little, when there is so much, but though the spirit is willing the time is lacking.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY BROWN.

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### St. Mary's "Honor Roll"

Ever since the beginning of wars it has been woman's hard lot to stay behind while those whom she holds dearest go forth to battle. Mothers, wives, daughters and sisters, with brave hearts and cheerful faces must stand aside and watch them go, sons, husbands, fathers and brothers. Theirs will be the weariness of marches; theirs the toil and heat of battle; hers the empty loneliness, the aching anxiety, the constant fear. While they fight and suffer and die, she must wait and watch and hope and pray for their return. Hers is a sacrifice second only to that of the soldier himself and after all, who will say whose is the harder part?

In this "Honor Roll" we have tried to record the names of those St. Mary's girls who have been called upon to make this sacrifice. We realize that this list must be woefully incomplete and we request all the information possible so that we can fill in the absent names

which should be here. We fear too that it contains errors and for these we beg pardon and hope that we will be notified of the same so that they may be corrected.

Among the St. Mary's girls having sons in the service are:

- "Blanche Griffin," '78-79 (Mrs. W. O. Temple), two.
- "Mamie Scott" (Mrs. J. E. Wood).
- "Minna Curtis" (Mrs. M. L. Bynum), Capt. Curtis Bynum, 81st Division.
- "Sally Manning" (Mrs. F. P. Venable), Lieut. Manning Venable, U. S. M. C., 305 Field Hospital.
- "Ella Creecy" (Mrs. E. F. Lamb).
- "Annie Collins" (Mrs. W. L. Wall), Lieut. George Wall.
- "Rebecca Collins" (Mrs. Frank Wood), George Wood.
- "Ella Tew" (Mrs. W. E. Lindsay), two, Courtney and Charles Tew Lindsay.
- "Rebe Smith" (Mrs. R. W. Shields).
- "Sadie Smedes" (Mrs. W. A. Erwin), Lieut. W. A. Erwin, Jr.
- "Lily Shields" (Mrs. Gideon Lamb).
- "Julia White" (Mrs. Faulkner), William White Faulkner.
- "Claude Paxton" (Mrs. Jonathan Old), two.
- "Bettie Stark" (Mrs. W. B. Martin).
- "Anita Hughes" (Mrs. Basil Manly), two.
- "Mary K. Gatlin" (Mrs. Collier Cobb), two, William Battle Cobb (Aviation); Collier Cobb, Jr., 42 Engineers, A. E. F.
- "Lucy Warren" (Mrs. Myers), Capt. E. W. Myers.
- "Athalia Cotten" (Mrs. Tayloe), Lieut. John C. Tayloe.

Among those with grandsons in the service are:

- "Sallie Waddill" (Mrs. H. P. Duvall), Sgt. M. H. Duvall, Jr. (Aviation Corps).

Among the St. Mary's girls with husbands in the service are:

- "Agnes Barton," '15 (Lieut. John O. Dysart, 322 Infantry).
- "Theodora Grimes" (Capt. W. C. Rodman).
- "Fannie Lamb Haughton" (Lieut. Frank Williams).
- "Evelyn Maxwell."
- "Mary Lamb" (A. A. Bunn).
- "Arabelle Nash" (Col. Albert L. Cox).
- "Susie Gay" (Sgt. Edward G. Joyner, 120 Infantry).
- "Sue Rosemond" (Lieut. Owen S. Robertson, 120 Infantry).
- "Mae London" (Lieut. Edwin G. Cansler).
- "Sarah Erwin" (Lieut. Hargrove Bellamy).
- "Julia Rowe."
- "Helen Harris" (R. A. Owen, Jr., Marine Corps).

- "Gertrude Brigham" (Lieut. Walter L. Faust).  
 "Josephine Knowles" (Lieut. ....).  
 "Katherine Small" (Major J. S. Gaul).  
 "Fannie Cooper" (Augustus Zollicoffer, Naval Reserves).  
 "Belle Davis" (Joel Cheatham, Naval Reserves).  
 "Elizabeth Campbell."  
 "Evelyn Saffold."  
 "Kate Meggs."  
 "Margaret Sparks."  
 "Melba McCullers" (J. J. Misenheimer, Camp Jackson).  
 "Winifred Rogers."  
 "Lois Roberts" (Elton Shands).  
 "Alice Munnerlyn."  
 "Helen Wright" (Lieut. H. F. Munt, Medical Corps).  
 "Fan McNeely" (Capt. Wallace Scales).  
 "Margaret Temple" (Capt. George R. Osier).  
 "Helen Robinson" (W. G. Gaither, Jr.).  
 "Elizabeth Leary" (George Wood).  
 "Rebecca Cushman" (Leo Perla, Asst. Psychologist, Camp Greenleaf).  
 "Annie Welsh" (Lieut. Gilliam Craig, 316 Field Artillery, 81st Division).

Among St. Mary's girls with fathers in the service are:

"Helen Laughinghouse," '18 (Major Chas. O'H. Laughinghouse, Medical Corps).

Among those with brothers in the service are:

- "Elizabeth Corbitt."  
 "Mary Butler."  
 "Sue Brent Prince" (Mrs. Calder), Private Edmund Prince, Engineers.  
 "Jessie Degen," Lieut. Col. J. A. Degen.  
 "Arabelle Thomas," Capt. George Thomas, 313 Machine Guns, 80th Division.  
 "Annie Robinson," Sgt. Page P. Robinson, 307 Engineers.  
 "Frances Sears," (Mrs. Rufus Cage, Jr.), Capt. Claude W. Sears, 144th Regulars.  
 "Esther B. Means," Robert and William Means.  
 "Anne Mitchell" and "Mary Gibbs Mitchell," Alex. R. Mitchell.  
 "Mary Belle Small" and "Katherine Small," Lieut. John Small.  
 "Mary Gaither" (Mrs. VonEberstein), W. G. Gaither, Jr., and B. W. Gaither.  
 "Olzie Clark" (Mrs. Rodman), Ensign James A. Clark.  
 "Frances Hill" (Mrs. Nicholson), Lieut. Chas. Hill.  
 "Margaret Temple" (Mrs. Osier).  
 "Ida Flora" (Mrs. S. Harry Johnson) three.  
 "Jennie Simpson."



- "Eva Rodney" (Mrs. Harold Foreman).  
 "Rebecca Wall," Lieut. George Wall, 130 Field Artillery (Radio Service).  
 "Bessie White" (Mrs. Walter Small).  
 "Nellie Wood."  
 "Anna Mullen White."  
 "Margaret Griggs."  
 "Huyla Hughes," two.  
 "Elizabeth, Sarah and Annie Cheshire," Capt. Godfrey Cheshire and Lieut. James Cheshire.  
 "Sarah and Annie Welsh," Thos. J. Welsh and Stephen A. Welsh, 348 Infantry.  
 "Mary and Isabelle Perry," two.  
 "Agnes Barton" (Mrs. J. O. Dysart), Russell Barton.  
 "Mary Thompson" (Mrs. J. G. deR. Hamilton), Capt. Hugh A. Thompson, M. R. C.  
 "Della Clark" (Mrs. Ed. Battle), George M. Clark, Field Artillery.  
 "Virginia Lee," Capt. Archie Lee and Sgt. George Lee.  
 "Effie and Beatrice Fairley," Sgt. Archie B. Fairley.  
 "Alice Stack" (Mrs. Gilmer Joyce), Sgt. Amos Stack.  
 "Rachel Howie," Sgt. Robt. L. Howie and John Howie.  
 "Nancy Woolford," A. W. Woolford, 307 Infantry.  
 "Ellen Johnson."  
 "Rebecca Wood," George Wood.  
 "Frances Geitner," John Geitner.  
 "Katharine Bourne," Henry Bourne.  
 "Gertrude and Amy Winston," Capt. Robt. Winston.  
 "Elizabeth Lay," George Balch Lay.  
 "Eliza and Katharine Drane," Capt. Robert Drane, M. R. C.  
 "Margaret, Kincey and Katherine Boylan," Capt. William Boylan and Lieut. Rufus Boylan.  
 "Elsie Alexander."  
 "Kate Lois Montgomery."  
 "Mary, Minna and Susan Bynum," Capt. Curtis Bynum, 81st Division.  
 "Bessie Durham," three.  
 "Sallie F. Smith" (Mrs. Philip Barraud).  
 "Eleanor Smith."  
 "Laura Clark."  
 "Rebecca Kyle."  
 "Fannie Dockery" (Mrs. C. K. Waddill), Henry C. Dockery and William E. Dockery.  
 "Elise Lloyd" (Mrs. George Landy), Capt. Lloyd.  
 "Mary Bryan Griswold," two.  
 "Sue Hayes," Dr. R. B. Hayes, M. R. C.

It will be realized that the foregoing list is decidedly incomplete, and is made up from information furnished to the Editors, infor-

mation that has been very complete from some localities and meager or entirely missing from many others.

And service in many cases has meant sickness, wounds, and death.

Miss Helen Urquhart's brother, Lieut. Douglas Urquhart, died of wounds last July 29th. Kate Lois Montgomery's brother was killed while flying across the English Channel in an aeroplane. Julia Rowe's husband died this fall of pneumonia during the epidemic in the camps. Sarah Erwin's husband, Lieut. Marsden Bellamy, is reported in October severely wounded and as having lost an arm.

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### **A St. Mary's Group at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City**

ARABELLE THOMAS, 1913-15

There are four of us "St. Maryites" left here now, Julia Cooper, Annie Robinson, Nancy Woolford and myself, and although I don't know much about Julia, the rest of them I see quite often. Annie, at present is on night duty. Nancy rooms right under me and so I see her quite often.

Annie, Nancy and I each have a brother in France. Nancy's is named A. Witters Woolford and is with the 313 Machine Gun Company, 80th Division. Annie's brother has not been over very many months. There is nothing else to tell about them except that they are well and happy.

We can say the same about us here in the Hospital. We fuss and complain about our work but we have more fun than a box of monkeys and our years in training will always be counted as happy ones I know.

I know that each one of us feels keenly the absence of Elise Stiles every day. She kept us together—us "St. Maryites" besides influencing us in many ways. Personally, I can never express how much of a loss her death was and is to me and her absence in school is shown over and over again. Her standing here was certainly a high one and I love to think of her as wanting us who are left to do our work so as to meet with her approval.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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## ALUMNAE EDITORIAL STAFF, 1918-1919

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## EDITORIAL

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This is the first of a series of two "Alumnæ Muses" to be issued this year by the Alumnæ Association. The second number is to appear on April 15th. This is the first time that the Alumnæ as a body have edited and published a number of the "Muse" and we hope it is the beginning of a yearly custom and that year by year the "Alumnæ Numbers" will become a regular part of the yearly volume of the "Muse" thus ever binding us closer to each other and to St. Mary's.

In hearing from the many scattered St. Mary's girls the thing which is to us most interesting and most satisfying is that St. Mary's girls everywhere are so universally engaged in Patriotic Work. Every town, every Chapter, every Class has its record of unselfish, faithful workers. In the face of the splendid record made by present-day St. Mary's Girls in the way of Patriotic Service and War Work it is especially satisfying to know that the Alumnæ, the "Old Girls" of St. Mary's have not failed their sisters of today but



that in Red Cross Rooms, in Business Offices, in Home Work, and in Foreign Service have answered the call and are unselfishly giving their time and energies to the service of their country.

Our thanks and appreciation are due to many of the Alumnae (far too many to name here) who have made this number of the "Muse" possible by furnishing news and articles. Secretaries of Chapters, Class secretaries, and individual contributors have responded with wonderful promptness and enthusiasm and we extend to them most hearty thanks.

For the many mistakes which we fear will be found in this number we crave pardon and leniency. Please look upon this number with tolerance, we hope to do better next time.

We will appreciate it very much if corrections of mistakes and all news items will be sent to the editors.

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### A Request of "Muse" Contributors

Will those who are sending in contributions for the "Muse" please

- (1) Have all manuscripts typewritten if possible.
- (2) If manuscripts are not typewritten please write on only one side of the paper.
- (3) Please send in all contributions for the April Number not later than March 1st.

This will save a great deal of time and trouble and we will be very much obliged to you.

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### Life-Membership in the Alumnae Association

At its last meeting, our Association took action establishing a Life-Membership Class of Alumnae. One can now become a life-member by the payment of twenty-five dollars, which also includes a life-time subscription to the Muse. The primary object of this action was to secure a fund out of which to meet the current expenses of the Association. But it has its advantages also for the life-member. By the payment of twenty-five dollars at one time she is relieved for the rest of her life from the payment of that troublesome little dollar every year—that dollar which is so apt to be the bugbear of

our fall meeting! And furthermore the life-member is placed on the subscription list of the Muse without extra cost. Your committee therefore recommends life-membership especially to the young, since for them it may prove a financial investment paying for itself several times over. But we would recommend it also to the aged among us, since to them it yields an opportunity to reap the reward that comes from giving good measure, pressed down, and running over.

Perhaps, however, the crowning appeal that this life-class of membership will make to us all at this particular moment is the opportunity that it affords for us to serve our country while serving ourselves and our Alma Mater; for the fund thus created is to be invested in Liberty Loan Bonds. The present-day St. Mary's girls are doing wonderfully patriotic service; shall not we, the Alumnae, emulate them, and signalize for ourselves the Fourth Liberty Loan by making an investment for St. Mary's that shall be worthy of the cause?

A check for twenty-five dollars sent to our treasurer, Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank (at St. Mary's), and marked "Life-membership," will be promptly loaned to the Government, and the interest used to carry on the work of the Association.

EMILIE ROSE HOLMES, Chairman Life-Membership Committee.

### Maternal Reminiscences of the Muse

"SADIE JENKINS," '05 (Mrs. George C. Battle)

*Dear Little Muse—*

Do you ever think of your mother, the class of 1905? You know we revived you from the dust of oblivion so, though we were not your first mother, it was we who did the real mother's part in rescuing you after you had been given up for dead, and in teaching you to stand on your little feet again.

You are thirteen years older now than you were then, and we wonder if those feet have grown much larger and stronger, so that you can walk along boldly; or if they have stayed so dainty and small that the Muse editors of each year have to rush to your support every time you are ready to "Come out"—you started out with:

rather dependent nature and I wouldn't be surprised if you still need the love and support of all your friends to keep you healthy and flourishing.

We feel that these war days with the strained situation regarding food will seem like old times to you—poor little Muse! It was so hard in those days to get enough for you to eat! You required such queer nourishment—stories and poems and editorials and such things, and, my! but they were scarce!

Anna Clark was a sort of supervising mother of all your interests, and Margaret DuBose and Sadie Jenkins were responsible for your bodily health that year—time after time they found it so much less work just to give you the food they had on hand than to beg it from someone else, that one of those two has just a few scattered remains of brains now. You see we cooked all the ideas we had into stories and poems for you then! Of course no one else realized how much and how brilliant was the brain work expended upon you, but you appreciated it, didn't you?

You used to look very neat and well dressed in your simple blue coat, but—rather thin. I've seen you in greys and whites and other colors since then, sometimes wearing Easter lilies or holly, and I am always glad to see how well you look in your handsome new clothes.

Mamie Rossell, Rena Clark, Dorothy Hughson, and Ellen Gibson were responsible for the financial side of your well-being during your first year and they worked very hard for you, seeing that you were properly clothed, and getting the warm-hearted merchants down town to give them money in exchange for the privilege of letting you wear their ads.

Others of the class worked very hard too—all worked for you, and loved you, and really I'm afraid we spoiled you some—you demanded so much and we nearly always gave you whatever you asked for.

Well, 1905 says goodbye once more to the child of her youth, and sends her love to all the classes who have taken care of you since she left, and to all those who are coming hereafter. You are a very exacting child, but on the whole a very gratifying one, and we're proud of you.

Lovingly,

S. M. S. 1905.

## Memory

ELIZABETH A. LAY, '15

Empty your little room when you first left,  
 Empty and sounding, grown so bare and strange  
 With loneliness and longing for your face  
 And all the nearness of familiar ways—  
 But now, in pity for the empty place,  
 Remembering the beauty which is gone,  
 A little vine has grown beside the door.  
 We see it softening all the pain of loss  
 And, stooping low, we part the tendrils wreathed  
 Above the door and enter in your room  
 And see sun-shadowed leaves upon the floor.  
 Empty your place but softened with new growth.

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## Alumnae Notes

By ALICE LATHAM, '17

"Marie Solomons" of Savannah has a position with the railroad. She has been working since January and likes it very well.

"Courtney Crowther" '15 of Savannah is a member of the Motor Corps. I don't know whether she is going over any time soon or at all.

"Evelyn Saffold" is now Mrs. Landley Taber. Her husband is on the firing line in France. I think he has been there three months.

"Margaret Sparks" is married. Her husband is now in France.

"Lois Roberts" is now Mrs. Elton Sands. Her husband is now in some training camp over here.

"Margaret Jones" of Mobile, took a business course this spring. She was taken sick after she had worked two weeks and her mother brought her to Asheville to recuperate. I think she intends to resume her work this fall.

"Catherine Jones" of Birmingham, Ala., is teaching aesthetic dancing in New York.

"Ruth Gerbert" is going again this year to the University of Alabama.

"Anna Hodgson" (Mrs. Ragland) has a son now nearly a year old and so has "Gussie Howard" (married name unknown.)

After having a most successful year of teaching in Green, S. C. "Anne Mitchell" still continued her Social Service work there this summer. I think she intends to teach there again this winter.

"Laura Clark" has a Government position in Washington.

"Elsie Alexander" spent most of last winter down in Spartanburg entertaining the soldiers. I don't know her plans for this winter. The last I heard she was going to return but of that I am not so certain. She and Kate Lois Montgomery were at the head of some large Social Club. She has a brother in the Aviation Corps, Kate Lois' brother was killed. I think it was while crossing the English Channel in an airplane.

"Catherine Gilmer" and "Bess Durham" have been greatly enjoying their canteen work in Charlotte, "Bess Durham" is her father's private secretary. Catherine did not have a position when last I saw her but I think she intends to work this winter although I'm not so sure about it.

"Sue Northrop" has announced her engagement to a soldier from the North. Whether she is to marry him before he leaves, or not, I do not know but my impression is she is not. The last I heard of her she was up visiting his people.

I hope to take examination for Civil Service next month and hope to get a Government appointment.

The following extracts were taken from a letter from "M. Louise Evans."

"I'm at home and as you may note; Editor and Assistant Manager, of *The Warrenton Times*. I gave up newspaper work in 1915 after a long illness as the doctors ordered a complete rest for two years then a new line of work; this I did and two years ago this month began work with The Peoples National Bank here. I was with them until June 15th when I came here at a better salary. I have found that this work is not as good for me as the Bank work (which means *finished for the day* when one walks out of the Bank in the afternoon,) so I am very apt to return to the Bank in September or



later. My duties in there were general, and as my Cashier said in his letter of endorsement when I left "Miss Evans can do and has done everything that arises in a Country Bank.,, I do a lot of little things on the side to break the monotony of the small town. I fool with articles now and then for the city papers, magazines, etc., am a member of the Associated Press and also a Notary Public. I do a little insurance and real estate on the side, have two extra sets of books to keep and my last departure is to read Commercial Law. I am interested in it and was lured to it by the legal work I do from time to time for the lawyers here. As a matter of remuneration, let me say I have been offered many city positions lately but I can do as well here tho it takes more irons in the fire to net me the same figure. My first consideration always is health.

"Ida" is as you know Librarian here and loves her work.

"Mamie Rossell" who is working in the New York Library is due here on Saturday for a visit.

"Jean Carson" is still in the Tea Room business and doing well.

I forgot to say we are all taking a hand at the Red Cross work etc., "Ida" knits etc., and I handle the figures for the drives and different performances for the benefit of the cause.

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### St. Mary's Girls in Unusual Occupations

Although most St. Mary's Girls have on leaving school, busied themselves with teaching, office work, nursing or managing their own homes, a few have wandered outside the beaten path of these occupations and taken up work in various different lines. Among these might be mentioned "May F. Jones" who is at the head of a large Life Insurance Company in New Orleans. "Sue Pringle Frost" who has just resigned from the U. S. Court where she has served for sixteen years and has started a new business; and "Carrie Claytor" who is Proprietor and Principal of the Durham Business College.



### Alumnae Babies

Among the recent additions to St. Mary's granddaughters and grandsons are:

Susan Brent Calder, Jr.—Mr. and Mrs. Calder (Sue Prince).

Muriel Seligman—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Seligman.

Carl A. Korn, Jr.—Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Korn. (Jennie Woodruff '13.)

Archibald Horton, Jr.—Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Horton (Margaret Steadman.)

Robena Dixon—Mr. and Mrs. Dixon (Robena Carter.)

Thomas Haughton Pardee—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pardee (Janie Haughton.)

Helen McBride—Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McBride (Helen Liddell.)

Edward Quintard, Jr.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quintard (Caroline Jones, '13.)

A son—Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Ragland (Anna Hodgson.)

A son—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Small (Bessie White).

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### St. Mary's Girls in War Work

Of course, at a time like this, anything connected with the War is of paramount importance and all kinds of War Work hold a special interest for us. It is a pleasure and a satisfaction to all of us to know how many St. Mary's Girls have "answered the call" and are unselfishly giving up their time and energy in War Work both at home and abroad.

We have at least two nurses now in France:

"Madelon Battle" (S. M. S.) Mrs. Mortimer Hancock, who has become so well known as Mrs. "Glory" Hancock and who has four times been decorated for bravery. The following clipping from the *Asheville Citizen* will be of interest to her many friends:

"A large crowd gathered at the station in Asheville Saturday to welcome home Mrs. 'Glory' Hancock, before her marriage, Miss Madelon Battle, daughter of Dr. S. Westray Battle of that city. It is said that she is per-

haps better known today in the allied world than any other representative of the Red Cross. Some years ago she married Major Hancock of the Royal Fusiliers, now a brigadier general in the English army. They were in England when the war began. Close after the 'contemptible little army,' as the Kaiser called it, went across the channel, Mrs. Hancock followed as a Red Cross nurse. Since those first summer days she has been at her post almost incessantly, often under fire, several times wounded, never beyond the sound of the guns. Four times this daughter of the Old North State has been decorated for bravery and heroic devotion to duty. For distinguished service on the field of battle the French Cross of War has been given her. She has received decoration from the kings of England and Belgium. She is a courageous and splendid woman, worthy of the blood of patriots that courses in her veins. Her father was long an officer in the United States Navy and her mother a daughter of Admiral Belknap."

"Dorothy Brown" (S. M. S. 1910-11) who is stationed at No. 6 General Hospital, B. E. F. is our second nurse in France.

Another St. Mary's Girl in France, is "Esther Barnwell Means" (S. M. S., '04) who is a Y. W. C. A. worker among the girls employed in a munitions factory in Lyons. Their headquarters is a "*Foyer des Allies*" where entertainments are given and where the girls can rest and play. Miss Means was in Paris on Good Friday when the long range gun first shelled it and more than once had to seek shelter from air raids when the alarm sounded. She is enthusiastic over the French spirit and morale. She is in a place where she sees many "mutilés" and "repatriés" the saddest victims of the War but comments on how willing they are to have suffered and to suffer for France. She emphasizes the need of food and clothing—all we can spare and then more.

Still another is "Bessie Wood" (Mrs. J. Harper Stewart) who enlisted for foreign service with the Y. M. C. A. and sailed for France about the middle of September.

"Grace Crews" (S. M. S. '14) who, on graduating from the Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C., held the responsible position of Superintendent of Nurses at Watt's Hospital at West Durham, which she resigned in order to take up the duties of an Army Nurse, and after service at the Base Hospital in Biltmore, nursed during the influenza epidemic at Camp Jackson is now overseas.

Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett (S. M. S., '93), wife of the Governor of North Carolina, and President of the Alumnae Association for 1918-19 who has been very active in various lines of War Work, sailed for France the middle of August as a member of the special committee of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. delegates who went for a month's tour of inspection, in preparation for acting as special speakers in the fall campaign for \$115,000,000 for the United War Service, in which work she has been busily engaged since her return.

St. Mary's will also have one representative in Italy, "Mary Battle" '00, of Rocky Mount, who sailed in September, to do Red Cross work there.

Among St. Mary's Girls in various kinds of war service in Washington are Misses Louise Venable, Margaret Bottum, Rebecca Merrit, Louise Merrit, Fannie Stallings, Eugenia Griffith, Blanch Gregory, Mrs. George McGhee, Eliza Skinner, Laura Margaret Hoppe, Eleanor Relyea, Mary Butler, Virginia Eldridge, and Mildred Brown.

"Josephine Wilson" (S. M. S. '16) who took her A. B. degree from Goucher College this year, is now a Government Interpreter in French and Spanish and is stationed in New York City.

"Mary Floyd" '16 has also been in New York working for Federal Food Administration Board.

We have two "War Workers" in Norfolk, "Miss Jessica Smith" who is a Chief Yeoman and "Julia Washington Allen" (S. M. S. '14) who enlisted in the Navy as a Yeoman.

A third Yeoman, "Camelia London" (S. M. S. 1913-14) is at work in Raleigh.

A rather unusual form of War Work was that done by "Lee Edwards" (S. M. S. 1915) the latter part of July. She describes it as follows:

There is a huge orchard 8 miles from here and a Miss Noland enlisted 150 girls to take the place of the men that have gone to the front. Some of the girls are from Georgia and Florida and quite a few from New York.

We had military rules. We got up at 5:20, had setting up exercises and then breakfast. At 7:00 we went to the orchard and picked until 12:00,

then we had dinner. At 1:30 we went back to work and at 4:00 everyone stopped for the day except the "graders." I worked in the packing house until 6:00. At 8:30 we went to bed.

Everything was really very nicely arranged. We slept in a huge house, one large room downstairs and one upstairs. We had showers and an office on the main floor. The dining-room was in the basement. Miss Noland is hoping to do the same thing during the apple season, it has turned out so well.

On account of the lack of teachers, the girls of Rockingham have volunteered to fill the vacant schools in their county as their share of "War Work." Among them is "Mossie Long" (S. M. S. 1905) who will teach in Rockingham this winter.

"Anne Mitchell" (S. M. S. 1913-14) attended the Blue Ridge Conference this year to prepare for duty as Chairman of the Junior Patriotic League in Greenville, S. C.

"Augusta Jones" (S. M. S. '99-'02) (Mrs. D. D. Taber) is Educational Secretary and Chairman of the War Work Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary of South Carolina.

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## NEWS FROM THE CHAPTERS

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### Chapel Hill Chapter

By "MARY KNOX GATLIN" (Mrs. Collier Cobb)

We are greatly interested in the forthcoming Alumnæ-edited MUSE and take pleasure in sending a list of our St. Mary's Girls and some record of our Honor Roll.

Our Mrs. J. S. Holmes (Emilie Rose Smedes) with her usual enthusiasm has been doing good work as President of our Alumnæ Association.

Mrs. W. D. Toy (Jennie Bingham) is chairman of our chapter. Her daughter Jane is a student at St. Mary's. Her son Calvert has attended the summer Training Camp at Plattsburg.

Our Vice-Chairman is Mrs. F. P. Venable (Sally Manning). Her husband is a member of the Advisory Board of Chemical Warfare Service, War Department.

Miss Louise, who has been in Washington City for some time, is a secretary with the Council for National Defense.

Charles is Assistant Superintendent in the Chemical Warfare Service, Cleveland. Arsenal Manning is 1st. Lieut. in the U. S. M. C. 305 Field Hospital. Her daughter Frances enters St. Mary's this year.

Miss Mary S. Manning could report a number of nephews in the service and tell of much knitting done.

Miss Alice Noble is serving as an efficient and hard-working officer of our Red Cross.

Mrs. Beard (Mary Polk McGehee) finds her hands full in looking after her lively young son. Miss Anne McGehee is training at Watts Hospital, Durham, and is enthusiastic over her work.

Mrs. J. G. de R. Hamilton (Mary Thompson) reports her brother in the Service. Capt. Hugh Alexander Thompson, M. R. C., on duty in England, having been lent to that Government.

Mrs. Archibald Henderson (Minna Bynum) also has a brother overseas, Curtis Bynum, Captain in the 81st Division. Mrs. Henderson's daughter Curtis will attend the Frick School, New York.

Mrs. G. K. G. Henry (Bessie Harding) announces that four young Henrys are flourishing and buying Thrift Stamps.

Mrs. Algernon Barbee (Mary Parker) is another of our faithful St. Mary's Girls—we are sorry to record the death of her husband within the year.

Miss Harriet Bowen trains the young ideas of our village and she does it in that good old conscientious way.

Miss Katherine Bourne is another of our teachers. She attends our meetings tho Tarboro is probably claiming her too.

Mrs. J. O. Dysart (Agnes Barton) is in Hartford, Conn., for the present. Her husband is Lieut. in the 322nd Infantry and is in France, her brother, Russell Barton, is in training for overseas duty.

We like to claim Miss Alice Jones as her name is on our roll but we share her with all St. Mary's now.

Mrs. Ed. Battle (Della Clark) has recently come to make Chapel Hill her home and we straight-way claim her. Her husband is with the 23rd Engineers in France. Her brother, George M. Clark, is with the Field Artillery also over there.



Mrs. George Elliott (Dora MacRae) with small Virginia is often a visitor with us. Her husband is now at Camp Gordon attending the O. T. C.

Mrs. Collier Cobb (Mary Knox Gatlin) is secretary and treasurer of our Chapter. She wishes to add to our Honor Roll the names of William Battle Cobb who is training to drop bombs on the boches and Collier Cobb, Jr., who is with the 42nd Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces.

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### Charlotte Chapter

By SADIE THOMAS

Bringing the facts up to date concerning the goings and comings, the births, deaths, marriages of old St. Mary's Girls who live in Charlotte or are connected in some way with Charlotte, takes us back for a few months, and if we repeat old news, we beg forgiveness of the Editor and the forgiving readers:

Births should come first. Several have happened in Alumnae circles here in the past few months. Janie Haughton (Mrs. J. G. Pardee) has a little son, Thos. Haughton Pardee, and Helen Liddell, (Mrs. D. B. McBride) has a new little Helen, now ten weeks old. There is another McBride baby, Walter Liddell McBride, who is quite promising as a future President or General or something of the kind.

And while there are no recent arrivals in other families we feel sure that St. Mary's Girls are always interested in young families and they will be interested to know that Sarah Wilson (Mrs. John A. Tate) has a small girl, Betsy and a little John Tate, Jr., while her sister-in-law Mrs. Robert Tate (Lois Holt) has two small girls.

The goings and comings of old St. Mary's Girls comprise a good deal of news. We have several who have moved to Charlotte recently from other places, among them Mary Seaton Gales (Mrs. Charles E. Storey) and her small son, Cameron. Mr. Storey has charge of Ligget Jordan's Drug Store here. Daisy Scales (Mrs. George Jones) formerly of Greensboro is also a recent addition to



the Charlotte Alumnae, and Melba McCullers (Mrs. J. J. Misenheimer) has come to Charlotte as a "war bride" as her husband has joined the National Army at Camp Jackson, in Columbia. Mary Morgan Myers (Mrs. Harold Dwelle) is living at Kings Mountain, N. C., where Mr. Dwelle holds a responsible position with some cotton mills and Marguerite Springs (Mrs. Richard Myers) is living in South Carolina. Mary Morgan and Marguerite each had a small son named for their grandfather in common, Mr. John S. Myers of this city.

Of course, everyone wants news of Caroline Jones who was one of the most beloved of St. Mary's Girls of the last ten years. Caroline (Mrs. Edward Quintard) left her home in Washington, D. C., to bring her young son, Ted, Jr., to spend the summer with her mother at the far famed Little Switzerland. Reports come from those who have seen her that she is the same old Caroline—which is enough to say.

And speaking of Caroline reminds us of May London, of course. May was married last Fall to Lieutenant Edwin T. Cansler, Jr., of Charlotte, and like the rest of the "war brides" has spent the intervening time following her soldier husband around from camp to camp.

Norma Van Landingham (Mrs. Jacob Binder) who has lived in Philadelphia since her marriage several years ago has returned to Charlotte, her old home. Norma Binder has several small sons to bring back with her and share in the welcome awaiting her from her friends here.

We haven't very definite news of Susanne Bynum at this writing, but she and her mother are "somewhere in New York" where Susanne has made quite a success on the moving picture and legitimate stage.

A number of St. Mary's Girls in Charlotte are "doing their bit" in various ways at home. Maria Tucker is an enthusiastic canteen worker and spends odd moments from her work as organist of the Holy Comforter Church in doing various services for the soldiers stationed at Camp Greene. Marie Thomas is working in the United

States Labor Department office in Charlotte, helping to find labor for farms and shipyards, Sadie Thomas is Private Secretary to Charlotte's Mayor. Mrs. W. W. Robards (Sadie Root) is lending a helping hand in her husband's bank and Lula Taliaferro is taking a business course preparing also to release a man for the front.

Arabelle Thomas is in her Junior year of training at St. Luke's Hospital in New York City, where she finds interesting work while fitting herself to nurse wounded soldiers "over there" of course, if the war lasts long enough. Florence Thomas (Mrs. Brent S. Drane) with her three children, Jaquelin, Robert and Maria, has gone with Mr. Drane to Toledo, Ohio, where he is engaged in construction work for the Government.

A sad bit of news is that of the death of little Hamilton C. Jones, whose mother, Bessie Erwin, of Durham, is the granddaughter and niece of the Smedes, the fathers of St. Mary's. Since living in Charlotte, Bessie Jones has added many warm friends to the number of those she already had and the death of her beautiful baby has saddened all who knew them.

Laura Griffith, who has been helping her father in his insurance office for quite a while, has broadened her activities recently. At the State meeting of the Shriners, just held in Asheville, she attended in the official position of assistant recorder for that organization.

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### Cheraw Chapter

By ELIZABETH WADDILL

"Sallie Waddill" (Mrs. Henry P. Duvall) 1863-1865 has a grandson as First Sergeant in Aviation Corps. She also has two sons as Chairmen of County Exemption Boards, Mr. E. W. Duvall, Cheraw, S. C. and Mr. M. H. Duvall, Augusta, Ga.

"Elizabeth W. McLean" is teaching in Sumter, S. C.

"Bessie Watts" (Mrs. Robert Royall) 1904-'06 is now living in Denver Colorado.

"Courtney Watts" 1903-'05 is living in Cheraw, S. C.

"Augusta Watts" 1902-'04 was married on September 4th to Mr. Jared Dunklin Sullivan, of Laurens, S. C.

"Ellen Duvall" 1905-'08 who is Chairman of Canteen Committee of the Red Cross in Cheraw, has a nephew in the Aviation Corps.

"Fannie Dockery" (Mrs. C. K. Waddill) 1907-'08 has two brothers in the 81st. Division.

"Susie McIver" 1910-'14 is teaching in the Cheraw Graded School.

"Elizabeth Waddill" 1905-'08. I can't think of anything interesting to tell about her. She spends most of her time in Cheraw with her brother and I believe that's all I know about her.

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### Durham Chapter

By MRS. JOHN MANNING

Just a few words to tell where the Alumnæ of St. Mary's now living in Durham are and what they are doing.

"Claudia Erwin" (Mrs. Edward K. Powe) is interested in War Work, Church Work, and all kinds of charity and betterment work in her community.

"Lottie Sharp" (Mrs. Kemp P. Lewis) is active in Red Cross work. She has three attractive little daughters—future St. Mary's Girls.

"Sadie Smedes" (Mrs. W. A. Erwin) has a son William Allen Erwin, Jr., in the service. He is a Lieutenant and is on the border.

"Margaret Boylan" (Mrs. Claiborn Carr) has four handsome boys not yet big enough to follow the colors but her brother Capt. William Boylan is with a Truck Train now in France.

"Jessie Carroll" (Mrs. Laurence Tomlinson) is a good worker in the Red Cross and President of St. Margaret's Branch of the Auxiliary.

"Lillie Cowan" (Mrs. D. C. Mitchell) has been doing fine work in War Gardening and has won several prizes. She has two stepsons in the Service in France.

"Kate Henderson" for years a trained nurse, trained at St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond, is now Superintendent of a Hospital in Savannah.

"Margaret McGary" is teaching in the Primary Department of the City Schools.

"Margaret Thomas," canteen worker, and interested in Home Service work in contemplating a course in Baltimore in that line in October.

"Elise Lloyd" (Mrs. George Landy) is managing the firm of E. A. Lloyd & Co., Hardware, since the death of her father, for one of her brothers is in China and the other is a Captain in the Army, now stationed at Camp Jackson.

"Mary Bryan Griswold" is helping in her father's office and has two brothers in the Service.

"Margaret Erwin" (Mrs. Jack Glenn) is living in Winston and is active in War work.

"Bessie Erwin" (Mrs. Hamilton Jones) is living in Charlotte. Her friends will be pained to hear of the death of her baby.

"Sarah Erwin" (Mrs. Hargrove Bellamy) was one of our War Brides. Her husband, Lieut. Bellamy, sailed for France about three weeks after the wedding.

"Amy Winston" (Mrs. Watts Carr) has a brother Capt. Robert Winston in the Service now in France.

"Mary Louise Manning" is an active Canteen Worker and is a student at Trinity College.

"Gertrude Winston" (Mrs. Frank Webb) has a brother in France. She has two lovely little girls and is a member of the Red Cross.

"Mattie Moyer Adams" is interested in Red Cross and other War Work. Mrs. John Manning is an active member of the Red Cross and has for thirty years been organist of her church. She is proud to have seven nephews in the Service.

## Elizabeth City Chapter

By MINNIE LEARY

We have about thirty "St. Mary's Girls" in Elizabeth City and although they are not all active we still count them as members of the Alumnae Association and hope with the new "Muse" full of news about their friends we can get them interested in the meetings.

We have among our numbers two members who are quite inactive Mrs. Reuben Overman (Lizzie Storey '54) who is almost blind and Mrs. Nixon (Sarah Sawyer '52-'55) who is an invalid.

Miss S. A. ("Sac") Russell ('53) has been living in Elizabeth City but has now moved to Norfolk to live with her brother. She is quite proud of the fact that she has eight nephews and grand-nephews in the Service and especially of the fact that they all volunteered. All of these are now in France except one and five of them are sons of old St. Mary's Girls, three are sons of the late Mrs. W. J. Griffin (Minnie Vaughan '79) and two are the sons of Mrs. W. O. Temple (Blanche Griggin '78 and '79), these last two being brothers of "Margaret Temple" (Mrs. George R. Ogier) whose husband is a Captain and is now in France. She has one son and is with her mother in Denver during the war.

Mrs. A. H. Worth, Sr., (Almeda Hurt) lives with her daughter, Mrs. Edson Carr (Morgia Worth). Mrs. Carr has three children.

Mrs. J. E. Wood (Mamie Scott) has one son in the Army. She also has one daughter with whom she lives.

Mrs. E. F. Lamb (Ella Creecy) has one son in the Service. Miss Hennie Creecy, her sister, has never married and still lives here.

Mrs. Aydlett (Evelyn Thomas) has two children, one son and one daughter.

Misses Marcia, Minnie and Catherine Albertson live together here. Miss Marcia is County Home Demonstration Agent and has charge of all the canning clubs in the County, she is doing a fine work and making quite a success of it. Miss Minnie is Educational Secretary for part of the Diocese of East Carolina and is quite a painter. Miss Catherine taught History at the Summer School at the A. & E. and has done quite a bit of literary work.



"Bessie Wood" (Mrs. J. Harper Stewart) is our prize member at present. She has enlisted for foreign service with the Y. M. C. A. and expects to leave for France about the middle of September, of course we are quite proud of her. She has been spending the summer at Nag's Head with her sister, Mrs. Folk.

"Ida Flora" (Mrs. Harry Johnson) has two children. All three of her brothers are now in France. They have been spending the summer at their cottage at Nag's Head. Present day St. Mary's Girls will know her as Virginia Flora's sister.

"Jennie Simpson" (Mrs. Harold Overman) has one son and her only brother is in the navy.

"Eloise Robinson" is the Chairman of the Elizabeth City Chapter of Red Cross and is doing a splendid work here. She spent part of the summer at Lexington, Virginia, and the rest at Nag's Head at their cottage.

We have several adopted members, or rather they were not Elizabeth City girls before they were married. "Estelle Farrior" from Wilson is now Mrs. Carl Blades, she has two children. They have spent part of the summer at Morehead and part of it at Black Mountain. "Tillie Haughton" (Mrs. J. C. B. Ehringhaus) has three children, two boys and a girl. It might be interesting to add that the last two were twins and have Tillie's names "Matilda" and "Haughton." "Eva Rodney" from Laurel, Delaware (Mrs. Harold Forman) has one brother in France. We also claim "Fannie Lamb Haughton" (Mrs. Frank L. Williams) as she made her home with Mrs. Ehringhaus before she was married. Her husband is a First Lieutenant and is now in France.

"Helen Robinson" (Mrs. W. G. Gaither, Jr.) is living here with her parents as her husband is now in the Service. She spent part of the summer in Lexington, Virginia, while her husband was attending the Summer Training Camp at V. M. I.

"Bessie White" (Mrs. Walter Small) has one son and her brother is in France.

"Ada Burfoot" (Mrs. William Lester) has one son. She is President of our Alumnæ Chapter for this year.



"Nellie Wood" has one brother in the Service who has been sent back to this country recently to do special work here. "Nellie" and "Fannie McMullan" have been spending part of the summer at Virginia Beach together. "Fannie" is planning to spend the winter in California with her sister.

"Anna Mullen White" has one brother in the Service.

"Lillie Mae Stevens" spent part of the summer in New York where she went on an automobile trip through part of the State.

"Margaret Griggs" is at Nag's Head for the summer. Her only brother was graduated with honors from the Naval Academy this June and is now, of course, in the Service.

"Huyla Hughes" has two brothers in the Service. She spent part of the summer at Ocean View and is expecting to visit some of her school friends in the Western part of the State during the Fall.

"Nellie Grice" spent the summer at their cottage at Nag's Head.

And me, well I am working, doing stenographic work in the office of "Tillie Haughton's" and "Bessie White's" husbands. They both are quite active in all war activities and I have been doing quite a lot of work along that line. This summer I had a most pleasant visit to "Mary Shuford" (Mrs. R. G. S. Davis) in Henderson. She has one son. While there we went over to Franklinton and spent the day with "Betsey Dixon" (Mrs. A. H. Vann). She has three little girls. It is needless to say that we enjoyed talking over old St. Mary's days. I had expected to go on over to Raleigh and visit "Ida Rogerson" (Mrs. J. B. Cheshire, Jr.) but was called home on account of sickness. However I am looking forward to that visit later on.

All of our girls are active in the Red Cross Work here and St. Mary's is always well represented when the work rooms are open.

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#### Mrs. Elizabeth Russell Griffin

Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin, (nee Russell), who was a St. Mary's Girl of the long ago, entered into rest August 8th, at her home in Elizabeth City, N. C., in the eighty-third year of her age. By those who knew her best, Mrs. Griffin will always be remembered as one of those for whom

"All sounds of life assumed one tune of love."

Her warm and ready sympathies, always open to the varied interests of home and children and a wide circle of friends, reached out beyond these to every call of want or sorrow. A deep and abiding love for the Church, with its privileges and duties, and for the Church's Head, kept her spirit as that of a little child. The mingled pride and pathos of seven grandsons "over three" or in training, gave a personal touch to the keen interest with which she followed to the last the great movements of the day.

In this Christian gentlewoman, her friends have lost much of the old-time charm and sweetness which we shall not often see again,

"Till with the morn those Angel faces smile  
"Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile."

MINNIE ALBERTSON.

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### Henderson Chapter

By "MARY LAMB" (Mrs. A. A. Bunn)

"Belle Davis" (Mrs. Joel Cheatham) and "Fanny Cooper" (Mrs. A. A. Zollicoffer) are spending some time in Norfolk to be with their husbands who have enlisted in the Navy. When they return home Belle will live with her sister "Eleanor Davis" (Mrs. Erskin Clements).

"Helen Harris" (Mrs. R. A. Owen, Jr.) is living with her husband's people at Buck Hill, Richmond. Her husband is at Paris Island, S. C., with the Marine Corps.

"Isabelle Perry" is spending the summer with her mother. She has been studying medicine at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia for the past two years and is very enthusiastic about her work. Isabelle and Mary Perry have two brothers overseas.

"Mary Lamb" (Mrs. A. A. Bunn) is living with her parents at present. Her husband is at Camp Jackson, Columbia.

"Mary Butler" stood the Civil Service Examination and is now in Washington doing Government work. Anybody who went to school with "Mary Butler" knows that Uncle Sam is getting good services.

## Hillsboro Chapter

BY ANNIE CAMERON, '16

I don't know why it is but whenever I think of the Alumnae Chapter here I immediately think of the Red Cross. Perhaps it is because these terms are somewhat synonymous. At any rate it is true that if the St. Mary's Girls should be withdrawn the Red Cross would lose some of its most active members. "Henrietta Collins" is Secretary of the Red Cross chapter and is sure to be on hand both morning and evening whenever the Work Room is open. Besides this she is President of the Woman's Auxiliary, Treasurer of the Daughters of the Confederacy and an active member of the Betterment Association.

"Annie Collins" (Mrs. W. L. Wall) is also busy with Red Cross and Church work. She is in charge of the Box Work of the Woman's Auxiliary, a worker at the Red Cross Rooms and an active member of the Betterment Association. She is proud to have both a son and a son-in-law with the American Forces in France.

"Rebecca Wall" has just finished a very successful dancing class. She expects to be in Raleigh this winter where she hopes to have a position after taking a course at Kings Business College.

"Eliza Drane" (Mrs. J. Cheshire Webb) is very busy with different kinds of patriotic work. She is Chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, Supervisor of Women's Work in the Red Cross Chapter and also active in Church and Betterment Work. Besides this her time is greatly taken up raising a son and a daughter, Elizabeth and Joe Webb. She is living with her mother-in-law "Alice Hill" (Mrs. J. C. Webb).

"Sue Hayes" among her various duties, is Supervisor of Surgical Dressing for the Red Cross and is in charge of the Work Room. She is one of the most active members of the Betterment Association and is also occupied with Church Work being both Organist and a Sunday-School Teacher. In between times she gives music lessons and helps her father in his drug store. She has one brother Dr. R. B. Hayes in the Service. Her aunt "Maria Beard" who attended St. Mary's also lives here.

"Lily Hamilton" is another faithful Red Cross worker. She never fails to come when the Rooms are open and besides this is Chairman of the Comfort Bag Committee. She is also a very active member of the Betterment Association, is Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary and Corresponding Secretary of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Sue Rosemond" (Mrs. O. S. Robertson) is our one "War Bride." Her husband Lieut. Owen S. Robertson is now in France.

"Annie Peebles" (Mrs. Norfleet Webb) is an active Red Cross worker. She was Chairman of the Woman's Committee for the Second Liberty Loan. She is also much interested in the Community Chorus. She has two sons and two daughters, Robert, Alice, Norfleet, and Annie Webb.

"Charlotte Brown" our youngest Alumna has spent a pleasant summer at home. She was a very successful worker during the War Savings Campaign.

"Annie Graham" (Mrs. R. F. Smallwood) is now living in New York.

"Annie Gray Nash" (Mrs. Allen Ruffin) and "Grace Snow" no longer live here. Mrs. Ruffin lives in Tarboro and "Grace Snow" in Greensboro.

"Annie Cameron" is again teaching the First Grade in the Graded School.

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### Monroe Chapter

By "EFFIE FAIRLEY" (Mrs. N. C. English)

Our Alumnae chapter is a very small one and we haven't any members doing War Work abroad, but each one is doing what she can at home to help win the war.

Monroe has a Canteen which serves all passing troop trains. Belonging to different teams of the canteen are the following St. Mary's Girls: "Virginia Lee," "Mary English," "Sarah Welsh," "Be Fairley," "Elizabeth Sikes" and "Effie Fairley" (Mrs. N. C. English). Every member of our chapter except two has brothers

in the Service and we have one War Bride, "Annie Welsh" (Mrs. Gilliam Craig). Lieut. Craig is with Bat. B. 316 F. A. 81st Div. now in France.

The Welsh girls have two brothers in the Army; Stephen A. Welsh, Co. F. 348 Inf. Camp Dix, N. J., and Thomas J. Welsh, Co. 6, R. R. D. Camp Hancock.

"Virginia Lee" has two brothers in the Service, Capt. Archie Lee has just returned from the battle front in France and is now training officers at the Central Officers Training Camp, Camp Pike. George Lee is a sergeant in the M. P. at Camp Jackson but will soon enter an Officers Training School.

Sergt. Archie B. Fairley, a brother of "Be Fairley" and "Effie Fairley" English, was with Bat. D., 113th F. A. 30th Div., but is now at an Officers Training School in France.

"Alice Stack" (Mrs. Gilmer Joyce) has a brother, Sergt. Amos Stack in the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

"Rachel Howie's" brother Sergt. Robert L. Howie, Field Supply 2nd. Motor Machine Reg., Co. 6 is now in France, also John Howie, with the Engineers Corps from Alabama.

Lieut. S. I. Parker, brother of "Caroline Parker Dixter" (Deceased) whose mother, "Frances Johnstone Parker" was a pupil of St. Mary's during Dr. Aldert Smedes lifetime, is with Co. K, 28 Inf., A. E. F. He has been at the front for some time and where the fighting was fiercest.

Two members of our chapter have recently moved to other towns: "Kate Fairly" (Mrs. J. H. Beckley) going to Wadesboro, N. C. and "Connie Fairley" (Mrs. Key Scales) to Albemarle, N. C. "Allie Welsh" (Mrs. V. C. Austin) one of the most efficient and popular teachers of our graded school has resigned her position on account of ill health.



**Norfolk-Portsmouth Chapter**

By MRS. WALTER WICHARD

As requested I am sending some items from the Norfolk-Portsmouth Chapter for the Alumnae Muse.

Mrs. Augustus Zollicoffer (Fannie Cooper) of Henderson, N. C. and Mrs. Joel Cheatham (Belle Davis), Henderson, N. C., are in Norfolk where their husbands are at present with the Naval Reserves.

Mrs. Basil Manly (Anita Hughes) has two sons "Over There," one in the Navy in foreign waters, the other with the University of Virginia Ambulance Corps in France.

Mrs. W. B. Martin (Bettie Starke) has a son at Fortress Monroe in training in the Coast Artillery Corps.

Miss Rebecca Kyle has a brother who is Lieutenant in the Construction Division of the Q. M. C. in Norfolk.

Miss Julia Allen of Goldsboro, N. C., enlisted as Yeomanette in the Naval Reserves in July and is stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

One of our members, Mrs. John Reid, has moved to Wilmington, N. C.

Mrs. Jonathan Old (Claude Paxton) has two sons in the Service, one is Lieutenant in the Aero Squadron and the other Midshipman in the Naval Academy. She also has two sons-in-law in Foreign Waters.

Mrs. E. D. Murdaugh's (Eugenia Dickson) son-in-law is Brigadier General in command of the Marines with the A. E. F. in France. She also has a grand-son-in-law who is Lieutenant Commander in the service.

Mrs. Landon Hillard's (Page Shelbourn) husband is in the Service.

Mrs. Ellsworth VanPatten (Josephine Boylan) has moved from her home in Norfolk to the Hampton Roads Naval Base where her husband is Pay Inspector in the U. S. Navy.

Miss Carolista Bond has been working as a stenographer in the Y. M. C. A. but hopes soon to find employment with the Shipping Board.



### Pittsboro Notes

By CAMELIA LONDON

Myrtle Pilkington is staying in her father's Drug Store on account of the shortage of men in Pittsboro.

Henrietta Morgan, '18, is teaching school this year, upholding the high standard of St. Mary's teachers.

I am enlisted in the Navy as Yeoman. Went in the Service a year ago and have been stationed at the Recruiting Station in Raleigh ever since. I've been promoted once and expect to be again soon. The Navy is the finest branch of the Service! And they need all the girls they can get—for every girl enlisted means one more man released for sea duty.

Betsey London married Jim Cordan from Washington, N. C., and they have a small Jim!

Carrie and Mary Peter Hill are both married and busy raising families.

We have no Alumnae Association in Pittsboro, but that doesn't keep us from being interested in everything connected with St. Mary's and loving her very dearly.

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### Rocky Mount Chapter

By MRS. O. BEAMAN HARRIS

I haven't anything very definite to report for the Rocky Mount Chapter but we feel very proud to say that among the number that have been instrumental in promoting and carrying on the Red Cross here are St. Mary's Girls.

Miss Bessie Bunn is treasurer of the Rocky Mount Chapter of the Red Cross and has done a wonderful work.

"Annie Lee Bunn" (Mrs. R. B. Davis) has been and is still a leader in the different divisions in and around Rocky Mount. Her efforts have been untiring and under her direction wonderful work has been accomplished.

Miss Mary Philips as Vice-chairman of the Battleboro Auxiliary has accomplished wonders for the Red Cross. On July 4th, at the horse races, she cleared nine hundred and fifty dollars for the Red Cross.

Miss Mary Battle is the only one of us to offer her services in the foreign-field. On September 12th she reported in New York to go to Italy with the Red Cross Division. As yet she does not know what kind of work she will do but supposes it will be clerical.

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### Salisbury Chapter

By "HELEN CRENSHAW" (Mrs. Robert Bernhardt)

I fear I cannot give a very accurate account of our thirty-four Alumnæ members but will give the names as best I can and what they are doing.

"Mary White" (Mrs. Linton) is, perhaps, doing most as she is head of all charity work in Salisbury. She is also Librarian and never has one performed a task with more perfect success. No one has ever been or meant more to the youth of our town than she. She has one brother in the Service in this country.

"May Shober" (Mrs. Boyden) knits a great deal for the soldiers.

"Rosalie Bernhardt" (Mrs. Henry Hobson) is very public spirited and does regular Red Cross work and Canteen work. Of "Mary Henderson" the same could be said, also she is President of the Y. W. C. A. and quite a leader in all affairs of the town.

"Fan McNeely" (Mrs. Wallace Scales) is at present with her husband, Capt. Wallace Scales at Newport News. When he goes over she will probably return to her old home.

"Alice Vanderford" has spent a delightful time at the camp where her brother-in-law is a Major.

"Katherine Overman" stays in Washington some and may do some War Work there.

I do all the Red Cross work I can. My special forte has been raising money in campaigns for Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, and St. Mary's.

I was the most successful of the women workers in each of the large campaigns. Also with the help of "Mary Henderson" I raised over five hundred dollars for St. Mary's.

I am also local secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

We are of course deeply grieved to give up our beloved rector Mr. Way, but we can only rejoice at such good fortune for St. Mary's.

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### Scotland Neck Chapter

By "NANNIE SHIELDS" (Mrs. D. F. Bryant)

There is not much to write of interest about the members of our Chapter but we will be very glad to "help out" with the interesting Alumnæ work and do our bit.

Several of our members have sons in the Service. Among them are:

"Rebe Smith" (Mrs. R. W. Shields) and "Lily Shields" (Mrs. Gideon Lamb).

Several others have brothers in the Service. "Sallie Smith" (Mrs. Philip Barrand), "Eleanor Smith" and "Laura Clark" each have a brother in France.

"Laura Clark" is doing Government work in Washington.

Our chapter has been more or less dead for some time, but we hope to have a meeting this Fall and soon be a real live Chapter.

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### Washington Chapter

By RENA HARDING

There are in Washington twenty-five who have the privilege of calling themselves Alumnæ of St. Mary's. In counting them over we find that St. Mary's in the sixties is represented by two of our number, Mrs. Olivia Tayloe Gallagher and Miss Sallie Midyette, who were at St. Mary's during the Civil War. Though none of our

members have gone abroad to take part in the war of today, they are doing their part at home, both at the Red Cross Rooms and in other war activities.

Mrs. J. Stuart Gaul (Katherine Small) has been living in Washington, D. C., taking there a course in reconstruction work, fitting herself to teach in the hospitals, the soldiers sent back to this country.

Miss Mary Belle Small has made a record for herself as a farmerette near Washington city, this summer.

Miss Lida Rodman has been prominent in work at home being Chairman of the Woman's Committee for the third Liberty Loan Campaign for this county and also chairman of the Woman's Defense.

The chairman of our Chapter, Mrs. Stephen C. Bragaw (Maud Amyette) has been made a member of the board of trustees of the new State Home for girls.

There is nothing particularly important to say about the rest of us. There are those who are busy at home with their husbands and children while some are busy with other folks children, such as Mary Virginia Bonner and Rena Harding who are teaching in the Graded School here. Mary Gaither, now Mrs. Wm. von Eberstein, makes a fine farmer's wife and lives at Chocowinity, five miles from town. She is making a very efficient church worker being one of the leaders at Trinity Chapel and also active in Red Cross Work.

Fannie Lamb Haughton is just as attractive as she used to be. She is now Mrs. Frank Williams.

Robena Carter Dixon is very busy now, rolling Robena, Jr., out in the fresh air.

Our youngest Alumnae in Washington, Mamie Latham Richardson, is in town at present and seems to be having a very good time.

All of us, whether mentioned by name or not, love St. Mary's and ever wish for our Alma Mater the best that the years can bring her.

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## NEWS OF THE CLASSES

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### The Class of 1894

By "MARY WILMERDING" (Mrs. F. A. Ambler)

I am sorry not to be able to give some information about the Class of 1894 but I really do not know where any of them are.

"Jessie Degen" who has been teaching for a good many years is this year at the May School in Boston.

"Julia Daggett" was married in 1902 and died soon afterwards.

As for myself, my husband is Rector of St. Paul's Church, Summerville. I have two daughters, 16 years and ten years old. Both are going to St. Mary's, the older next year. Their grandmother "Mary Gregg" and their aunt "Eleanor Gregg" were there in the sixties. I am glad to hear there is such a large enrollment at St. Mary's this year. I always have her interests at heart.

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### The Class of 1895

By "MARIE WALKER" (Mrs. G. H. Holmes)

Fairinda W. Payne, now Mrs. Cameron McRae, Class President and Salutatorian lives in Asheville, N. C. She is just as "fair" and jolly as ever and is justly proud of her almost-grown daughter and her son. She is active in the local Red Cross. The years have dealt kindly with Fair and the class would enjoy hearing her laugh again.

Lula Briggs, Class Secretary, has made music her specialty and is at present the Choir Director of the First Baptist Church in Raleigh. She has a special gift for organization and is always ready to help with any good work. We could always depend on Lula.

Our Prophet, Margaret Hill, married Dr. Charles Schroder. She is now at Alto, Ga. with her three boys. We give her own words when we say she is "busy raising three healthy soldiers for Uncle Sam's army for the preservation of peace. Dr. Schroder devotes his life to fighting "The Great White Plague" and Margaret does all she can to help.



Elizabeth Ashe, Class Orator, has been Mrs. George B. Flint almost ever since she graduated. She is the mother of six, and we are proud of her. We hear she is a model housekeeper and very happy—the mother of six should be!

The Class Historian, Marie Walker, married Evelyn Holmes' brother, George Hamilton, and lives in Tryon, N. C. She has two sons who keep her busy and contented and she does her Red Cross work as Director of Women's Work for Polk County Chapter.

Eleanor Vass our Valedictorian and class Poet has not changed her name. She still lives in Raleigh, the same enthusiastic, conscientious Eleanor, doing her best as "Office Boy" as she puts it for the Red Cross. Says she is better at figures than at bandages. No wonder! We haven't forgotten Eleanor's record. We are still proud of it, and of her.

Two years ago Evelyn Holmes married Mr. James R. Brumby of Marietta, Ga. She is happy and lives a somewhat nomadic life going back and forth with a Ford and "Trailer" camping outfit between Flat Rock, N. C., their summer home, Marietta, Ga., and Dunedin, Fla., their winter home. It seems strange to think of Evelyn without a horse, but she still has a dog. Has the Class forgotten the time she picked up the toad that had gotten into the Class Room and dropped him out of the window? Brave deed!

Miriam Lanier lives in Tarboro, N. C. She and her mother are just as devoted as they were in the St. Mary's days and just as hospitable. Will we ever forget our visits to "the Lanier's room"! Miriam is happy doing good where ever she finds a place to do it.

Last but not least we would mention our Honorary Member, Miss McVea, Principal of Sweet Briar College. We mention her, not to give news of her, but just to let less fortunate classes know how we of '95 were honored.

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### The Class of 1898

Unfortunately it has been impossible, so far, to obtain any news of the Class of 1898 as a whole but Mrs. Geo. D. Crow who is a member of that class writes the following news of her family:



"I have four children now, two boys and two girls, one a North Carolinian, the others Texans, the youngest born in Dallas. She is only three months old. We moved to Dallas in the spring. Mr. Crow is manager of the Trust Department of the Federal Reserve Bank here. We like Dallas very much, it is a hustling town. West, the little town we moved from is a Bohemian settlement with a sprinkling of Americans. The Bohemians hate the Germans and they make good citizens. I was President of the "Mothers Club" in West when we left there. The mothers had installed a fine playground equipment in the school and also in the park there and donated books to the school. This, I think, is doing pretty well for a small club in a small town.

We have just bought a place in Dallas, so will move soon. We bought near St. Mary's Episcopal College here. I want my girls to love *one* St. Mary's if not the same one I love."

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### The Class of 1900

By "MARY THOMPSON" (Mrs. J. G. deR. Hamilton)

"Mildred Cunningham" who has been teaching since 1912 at Henderson, N. C., is now principal of the Central Building with twelve teachers and four hundred pupils under her.

"Alice Love" is now Mrs. H. P. S. Keller and lives in Raleigh where her husband is a very successful architect.

"Annie Love" is now Mrs. Walter Kruze and lives in Charleston, S. C.

"Mary Andrews" is Mrs. Will Person and is having difficulties in the camp town of Chattanooga where Mr. Person is doing construction work.

"Mary Renn" (Mrs. Paul Tayloe) lives on Tanglewylde Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

"Reba Bridgers" has just finished a course of interesting training for Y. M. C. A. work and will sail in October for France to join the Canteen service there.

"Caroline Means" is registrar of the Department of Physical Education of the New York Y. W. C. A. Her address is 610 Lexington Ave.

"Louise Pittenger" now Mrs. Leigh Skinner has recently moved from Raleigh to Atlanta.

"Ellen Bowen" who is quite an expert in office work lives at her old home in Jackson, North Carolina.

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### The Class of 1902

By a Member of the Class

I am very glad to send what news I can but I don't know very much news to send. It is always a pleasure to meet St. Mary's Girls as I often do in the many places I have been during the past few years and I always find them doing good work and standing for the best and highest things.

The work of the Class of 1902 has been so different for the different members that I have not kept up with them very closely. I have heard nothing of "Mary Weeks" since her marriage which was many years ago now. I don't even know her name. St. Mary's people are in closer touch with Louise Venable than I am for I only know that she is doing Government work in Washington.

"Marie Brunson" (Mrs. Wilcox) is now the happy mother of three lovely children. She is living in Florence, S. C.

I was doing assistant Principal's work in a private school in New York City last winter and will be there again this year. One of my greatest pleasures was attending the meetings of the St. Mary's Alumnae where I had the great pleasure of seeing many "old girls" some of whom I had not seen since our school days. Miss Thomas was in New York last winter and of course the hours I had with her were unalloyed joy. She and I had lunch and a happy afternoon at a theater with Esther Means the day before she sailed for France.

We also had a delightful Sunday afternoon with Miss Czarnomska who was good enough to invite us into her most attractive sitting room

at Columbia University. You can imagine what a pleasure it was to hear of the people and "doings" at St. Mary's even before my day. Miss Czarnomska is studying now for her Ph.D. at Columbia. She is just as powerful and vigorous as she ever was.

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### The Class of 1903

By "ANNIE ROOT" (Mrs. W. W. Vass)

Judging from the answers or rather the lack of them, to my postals all the members of my class must be excellent patriots deep in War Work, but I have scraped up a few bits of news anyway.

"Kate Meares," our first honor girl is to teach Latin at St. Mary's this year.

"Mae Wood Winslow" our second honor girl, besides teaching in the Hertford High School is always busy about something whether at home or the summer cottage at Nag's Head.

"Annie Cheshire", the last whom we would have suspected of being a missionary did work in this State first, then in the foreign field in China. While there she met Dr. Augustin W. Tucker a medical missionary, son of Bishop Tucker of Va., and since her marriage to him lives in Shanghai. We are looking forward to her next visit home when we will see her three fine children for the first time. Dr. Tucker has recently joined a Y. W. C. A. unit for Siberia.

"Mary Holman" is living in Raleigh and doing fine work in her teaching at the Centennial school.

"Julia Harris" is following the fate laid down by our Class prophet "Universities she'll attend in ambitious strife," having stended until she has passed all her exam. for a Ph.D. She has ly to write her thesis before getting her degree and is now teaching a Western College.

"Mary Henderson" has studied law and is proving herself a pable business woman and War Worker.

"Mary Day Faison" is married to Mr. George W. Mordecai of s city.

"Florence Thomas" (Mrs. Brent Drane) is now living in Charlotte with her three attractive children, after sojourning in strange and distant climes with her Civil Engineer husband.

"Mary Allen Short" (Mrs. Arthur B. Skelding) our Class Prophet did not fulfill her prophecy of herself as an illustrator but prefers to devote her time to winning golf trophies and caring for her three little daughters and her debutante step daughter. She spends her summers at Wrightsville Beach.

I have not heard from Elsie Gregory and Mary Hunter. For myself, I married Mr. W. W. Vass of Raleigh, and have two little girls.

### With the Class of 1905

By "MARGARET DUBOSE" (Mrs. Isaac Avery)

"Anna Clark" (Mrs. Willie Gordon) writes most enthusiastically of the mission work at Spray, and even more so of her small daughter—Anna the Second.

"Rena Clark" writes of pleasant trips and golfing.

"Margaret Dubose" (Mrs. Isaac Avery) being the proud possessor of four babies decided "There's no place like home" this summer. Mrs. Dubose, St. Pierre and St. John visited her, also McNeely, on his way to Washington Barracks, where he joins the First Replacement Regiment of Engineers. McNeely's engagement was announced to Miss Isabel Vann of Baden, N. C.

"Ida Evans" wrote of trips to see Old St. Mary's Girls, Mami Rossell and the Beebe's. She is also Librarian in Warrenton.

"Effie Fairley" (Mrs. N. C. English) told of their move to the country for her health, the pretty bungalow and her two young daughters.

"Florrie Grant" has been teaching in the graded schools in Wilmington since she left St. Mary's.

"Ellen Gibson" (Mrs. McRae) "set the river on fire" by writing a movie Scenario, having it accepted and seeing it played in her own home town. She taught Kindergarten before her marriage.

"Dorothy Hughson" (Mrs. Philip Goodell) lives in Mont Clair, N. J., and has two little girls and a small son. They spent this summer on the coast and the two oldest children were eye-witnesses of a fight between a man-of-war and a German Submarine. The waters were so covered with oil that no one could go in bathing for several days.

"Sadie Jenkins" (Mrs. George Battle) is living in Asheville now. Her husband has offered his services as a Doctor to Uncle Sam and has been accepted.

"Mossie Long" wrote of her success with a chicken farm.

"Bessie Poe Law" (Mrs. Paul Davis) wrote of her husband and on and advised all the members of the Class (who hadn't done so ready to get married at once.

"Mamie Rossell" told most interestingly of her Librarian training. He is now a full fledged Child's Librarian of New York.

"Linda Tillinghast" (Mrs. Angelo Tillinghast) was married last summer. Her husband was in the Coast Artillery in a Florida camp.

Mr. Avery and I had a delightful two weeks' trip to Florida in April. We went as far as Palm Beach and enjoyed it so much.

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### Class of 1909

By EVA ROGERSON

In these days of service and adventure our lives seem rather self centered and uninteresting, but be that as it may.

Sallie Haywood Battle, the dignified "Sal," who has to become speaker of Woman's Rights, and who was sorry for "mere men" yielded to one, and is now Mrs. Johnson King. For awhile after marriage she lived in Rocky Mount, but her husband is in theacco business and has moved to Wilson where she now lives. She a dear little son a little over a year old now, who bids fair to ow in his mother's footsteps and be president of everything.

Georgia Hales' fate has been much more happy than that foretold the fairies. It is true she is talking still, but her husband, Mr.



W. A. Goodson, more familiarly known as Will A. still survives, and instead of the dog and the phonograph they have two unusually attractive children, Georgia Hales, who is now two and a half years old, and the baby, Will A., Jr., who is six months old and demands so much of his mother's attention that she only has leisure for an occasional visit to the Red Cross Work Rooms. Georgia has been the wanderer of the class, for like Sallie Haywood, she married a tobacco man and soon after her marriage went to Lexington, Kentucky to live. From there she moved to Huntington, W. Va., and is now at home with her mother for the summer, but expects to move back to Kentucky early in the fall. The class on the whole was rather brotherless, but through Gorgia we have representative in both branches of the service, for Felix is at present at the Officer's training school for the field artillery, at Camp Taylor, Louisville Kentucky, and Raleigh is at Annapolis.

Minnie Leary who was to become the social butterfly of the class was just that for some time, but as parties and dances have rather gone out of fashion she took a course in stenography and is now working at home in the offices of Ehringhaus & Small, the husband of Tilly Haughton and Bessie White.

Julia McIntyre, the country school teacher, did teach school at St. Mary's and later at home, I think, but was soon married and now Mrs. James Johnson and lives in Marion, S. C., or did what last heard from about three years ago.

Eva Rogerson's vocation seems to be collecting, and for the last year she has canvassed the town so thoroughly for so many different causes that now when she goes calling she is greeted with, "What is it this time?" Last winter, she like Minnie took a course in stenography and this summer has been doing some War Saving Star work. This doesn't take up all her time, however, and as prophesied, she is still singing to Edenton Bay and still waiting for the suitor who "hasn't gotten there yet".

Another prophesy which came true was Frankie Self's, Mrs. Charles Bagley, for she was the bride of the class and has many things to make her happy. Her husband is a member of the I.



Firm of Self & Bagley at Hickory, but since December has been Postmaster. He is very acive in all kinds of war work, and is Secretary of the Catawba County War Saving Committee, Liberty Loan Committee, Jewish Fund, etc. Frankie belongs to the Red Cross, of course, but most of her time is taken up with the "only children in the world," Mary Frances and Frankie Self, who are already planning to go to St. Mary's some day, and with her household affairs. As FOOD IS AMMUNITION she has really done more actual war work than any of us, even if she hasn't time for the Red Cross, for this summer she has canned three hundred quarts of fruit and vegetables to say nothing of the jelly and preserves.

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### The Class of 1912

By PATSY SMITH

The class of 1912 has done nothing brilliant or thrilling either collectively or individually, so what news I shall be able to gather will be most drab-like in nature.

"Anna Strong" who has been in Raleigh working for the Food Administration Department, has, since graduation, finished a Kindergarten course at Columbia, taking a fine stand, and has taught in Vichere, La.; San Jose, California, and last year, at Davenport, Iowa. She will teach again next year at Davenport. While in California she was one of the girls chosen by a film manufacturing company to represent a "true California type of Western Womanhood" picturesquely posing against an orange tree.

"Elizabeth Hughes" has been doing her best to train the youthful mind along the most advanced pedagogical lines and is in Halifax now recuperating from the effects of the winter's strenuous teaching.

"Lina Lockhart" is now Mrs. William Nash Everett, Jr., but I do not know where to reach her.

"Nellie Hendricks" still lives at Marshall and is interested in all kinds of War Work, as we all are.

"Frances Bottum" has had the Chemistry Department at St. Mary's as you know.

I don't know a thing about "Margaret Broadfoot's activities. She lives in Fayetteville.

"Fannie McMullen" from Elizabeth City has been having gay times, but of her I know almost nothing at all.

I took English, Art, and Music at Teachers College, Columbia University and then a year of Illustration Advertising at Parson's School in New York and have had three timid covers on the local magazine "Everywoman's." I have been given the Art Department of The Woman's Club for the coming year.

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### With the Class of 1913

By "JENNIE WOODRUFF" (Mrs. Carl A. Korn)

"Mary Brown Butler" our Valedictorian is in Washington, in the Supply Division of the Ordnance Department as a Captain's clerk.

"Caroline Jones" (Mrs. Edward Quintard) and son are living in Washington. They visited at "Little Switzerland" this summer.

"Ellen Johnson" is doing her best at home, but is very anxious to go to France with the Red Cross. Her brother William is at an Officers' Training Camp; Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

"Rebecca Kyle" has a brother who is Lieutenant in the Construction Division of the Q. M. C. in Norfolk.

"Bessie White" (Mrs. Walter Small) has a son. Her brother is in France.

"Amy Winston" (Mrs. Watts Carr) is living in Durham. She has a brother in France.

"Jennie Woodruff" (Mrs. Carl A. Korn) is living in Cape Charles, and finds her time very much taken up with her small son, Carl Korn, Jr.

## The Class of 1915

By VIRGINIA BONNER

The Class of 1915 still, as it always will, feels itself an integral part of St. Mary's and looks forward eagerly to each copy of the Muse, more so in fact, than ever, for by this means they are able to keep in touch with each other and feel drawn together as by a common tie. "The best of friends must part" and, sad to say, no matter how dearly classmates love each other, they naturally drift into different paths, their interests change and they lose sight of each other. However, each member of our class expresses pleasure at being once more to hear from the different ones through the Muse and sends her love and best wishes to them all in return.

Mattie Moye Adams, who always comes first in the class by natural right, has been at home all the summer, working a part of the time. A few weeks ago, her eighteen year old brother was drowned and because of her severe loss, she has made no definite plans for the winter.

Agnes Barton is the fourth fortunate one of our class. She was married on the 7th of June in Chapel Hill to Lieut. John Overton Dysart of Lenior, who is now with the 322nd Infantry. They stayed in Greenville, S. C., for five weeks and enjoyed the fascinating camp life. When Lieut. Dysart sailed for France, Gypsy went to work in the banking department of the Trust Companies in Hartford, which work she finds very interesting.

Virginia Bonner is doing office work at the A. & E. College, or at least she has been, for at present she is hanging out the window, watching the soldier operations in the Fair Grounds. The only hope for any more work in this particular office is to have the shades nailed to the windows.

Margaret Bottum is in Washington, D. C., with a branch of the Red Cross office.

Elizabeth Carrison is studying Physical Education and will remain at Columbia University, next winter. .

Florence Clarke is still in St. Vincent's Hospital at Norfolk. At the time of her father's death, last spring, Florence spent several

months at home and was thus delayed in graduating until some time in December. After that, she is thinking of army or Red Cross work but her plans are not completed.

Margaret Edwards is living in Wake Forest and those who have seen her recently, say that she is prosperous and happy.

Lanie Hales is at present nursing—"no not a regular job" she says, but is looking after her sister's two babies who are visiting her. She has made many little trips, this summer, was in New York in May and thrilled to see Miss Thomas. Then, she went to Old Point and Morehead. Lanie is doing local Red Cross, Canteen, knitting, etc. If she does not get into war more definitely, she will go to Kentucky to visit her sister, later.

Matilda Hancock is busy doing Junior Red Cross work and any other work of that kind that needs her and she had a very pleasant visit from Catherine Butt, this summer. Matilda has had one brother in France since November 1st in the Rainbow Division, who has already received one service stripe and in two months will receive another. As he was in this last big drive, she is awaiting news with some anxiety. Matilda had planned to spend some time with another brother in El Paso, Texas, but as he has been drafted for limited service, after having been turned down several times because of broken arches, she has no definite plans for the winter.

Maude Hotchkiss was married last January to Mr. Alger Geo. Maclaurin, to whom she had been engaged for two years. They were together until May, when he sailed for France and is now in an Officers' training camp in Southern France, where he will be given a commission very soon. Since his leaving, Maude has been at her home in Raleigh.

Gladys Jones-Williams has just spent six weeks in New York, studying at Columbia University. The first part of the summer, she helped run a Red Cross tea room. Next winter, Gladys will teach in the high school where she taught last year.

Anna Belle King has been unusually fortunate in being able to take the grand trip she had this summer. She went with a party to Detroit, Michigan, where one of the party bought a beautiful new

car, and then made the trip home in it, going from Detroit across Lake Erie to Buffalo, where the trip in the car really began, with a day in Canada, stopping over in Albany, and then on to New York City. She says the prettiest part of the trip was the moonlight ride over Lake Erie and the trip along the Hudson from Albany to Poughkeepsie. Anna Belle spent a week in New York and had a wonderful time. After leaving New York, she came straight home, stopping over nights in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond.

After this, she had a trip to Atlanta, where she visited her brother, before he left camp. Next winter she will go back to teaching and will have the second grade as usual, which she likes very much.

Elizabeth Lay has been teaching a little girl, this summer, and has been "experiencing New York"—and has had a very instructive summer. This fall, she will go back to Carolina, where she is a senior. Elizabeth was Vice-president of the University of N. C. Woman's Association and had the terrifying experience of appearing in the play presented by the Dramatic Club, with girls in women's parts for the first time and where she also made a splendid impression. Elizabeth intends to teach English, after she graduates, which is surely her vocation.

Edith and Margaret Mann taught in a high school near their home last year, and were at home all the winter. This summer they attended an institute at Chapel Hill and are going to teach at Gastonia this winter. Edith is to have the 7th grade and Margaret the 5th. Edna taught at Elizabethtown last year and the year before. This winter she will have the first grade at Jackson. She stayed at home all summer, except for a few days at the beach.

Louise Merritt has also joined the ranks of office workers and is in Washington, where she has been in the office of the Inspection Division of the Ordnance since last October. She finds War Work very interesting. In addition to her work, she studied piano last winter and hopes to do the same this year. Louise intends to spend some time in New York during the opera season.



Florence Stone, as usual, "has just returned from a trip." This summer she has been doing Red Cross work three days a week at the Red Cross rooms and every Sunday Canteen work; she has also been doing work at the Food Office and took the business course at St. Mary's last year, and kept up her voice lessons. In June Florence was in Greensboro and South Carolina, near Columbia. In August she went to Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Washington and Berwyn, Md., near the College Park Aviation camp, where the aeroplane carrying mail from Washington to New York started. Her plans for the winter are unsettled.

Frances Strong is doing Civil Service work in Washington. She spent her vacation in Raleigh and was very enthusiastic over her work.

Allene Thornburg has been working with the War Risk Insurance Department in Washington for seven months and she considers it an education in itself to be there in the "meeting place of the Union." In February she took a flying trip to New York, where she took in the most interesting places. In May, she took a trip of ten days with her room-mate, a Western girl, to the North West, taking in Chicago, Minneapolis, Sioux Falls and Lead, S. Dakota, where she went through the gold mines. In this place, they struck a regular western blizzard, where they had to plow through great drifts of snow in the Black hills. Then, she came down through Nebraska and back to Chicago, where she saw Sarah Bernhardt. From Chicago she went through Canada to Toronto, to Niagara Falls and back to Washington. Now, she is trying to get into some overseas work, but as one must be twenty-five to do almost anything now, her extreme youth will probably keep her from her dreams.

Pency Warren has been playing the "role of trained nurse" to her sister, who had a severe accident several weeks ago. Pency is "crazy about" teaching, so until she deserted that for the more thrilling and modern role of nurse, she and a friend took turns teaching summer school. When school opened on September 2nd, she again took up her fourth-grade work and is very much interested in it. In



addition to her other pleasures she has just moved into a nice, new bungalow, and so I imagine that the evenings cannot be too long for Pency.

Gladys Yates was married to Lieut. Frank Fahrion last spring, and is now in Raleigh, where she spends most of her time when her husband is on the water. She makes flying trips to New York, Washington, Norfolk and other places, where her husband is stationed at intervals for a short time.

In this day when everyone wants to be useful—and above all, wants to appear useful—when we have brothers and cousins and friends “over there,” helping to finish up the Big Job, the class of 1915 is not found wanting, but each one is filling a place, doing the best she can, whether it is nursing, war work, teaching or staying at home, where there are so many things to do, and may they all continue throughout the years to be of service wherever they are, to be successful and a credit to our Alma Mater.

VIRGINIA BONNER, Class Secretary.

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### The Class of 1916

By FRANCES GEITNER

We are very proud to have among our number three “War Workers”:

“Jo Wilson,” who is a Government Interpreter in French and Spanish at New York; “Mary Floyd,” who is working for the Federal Food Administration Board also at New York; and “Fannie Stallings,” who is doing Government work in Washington.

“Mary Floyd” will have charge of the Latin Department in the High School at Hartsville, S. C., this term.

“Katherine Bourne” will teach this year in Chapel Hill. She has a brother in the Service.

“Selena Galbraith” expects to teach in Johnston, S. C., again next year. During the summer she visited “Jane De Loatch” in Portsmouth, Va.

"Helen Wright's" husband has gone across. He is 1st Lieut. H. F. Munt, Medical Corps. Helen will live in Wilmington until he comes back. I've just been down to see her and while I was there Dr. Munt got his orders, so we went to Saluda and stayed awhile. Then I went over to Asheville to see the Holmes girls and Katherine Bourne, who has been spending the summer there.

My brother John went over in April. He is a First Lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Infantry, 3rd Division.

"Rena Harding," after a very pleasant summer visiting in South Carolina and in Chapel Hill, expects to teach the fifth grade in Washington, N. C.

I think that "Sue Lamb" will teach in Henderson again this year, but am not sure.

"Annie Cameron" will teach the first grade in Hillsboro again this year.

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### The Class of 1917

By VIRGINIA C. ALLEN

Last winter "Virginia P. Allen" taught a little private school, visited around this summer and is now working for her father in the Goldsboro Shoe Co. She has three uncles in the Navy, two of whom are Commanders and one a Rear-Admiral.

"Emma Badham" is going to teach again on her native heath. She had a most delightful trip up North with her father this summer.

"Frances Cheatham" taught the fourth grade in Henderson last year and is going to do the same thing this year. She has one brother in the Service, Private Alston Cheatham, Intelligence Division, now in France with the 81st Division.

"Elmyra Jenkins" is going to teach again at home this year. Her brother, Kelly is a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps and has just been sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa.

"Golda Judd," now Mrs. Henry Grady Walker, the matron of our Class, is living in Greenville, N. C., and while she has no brother or husband in the Service her "Honor Roll" is filled to over-flowing with her little daughter, Judith Rosalind Walker, aged four months.

"Alice Latham" taught in Hendersonville last year. She is not going to teach again but thinks she will take the Civil Service examination, with aspirations toward Washington, but she doesn't know.

"Rubie Thorne" visited several places, including St. Mary's, in the summer, took a surgical-dressing course and is going to teach English and History in the High School of Prosperity, S. C.

"Eva Peele" went to Southern Pines in July to see her brother, who is a 2nd Lieutenant in 317th Field Artillery, 81st Division, now in France. She is going to teach Latin and English in the Robersonville High School as she did last year.

"Annie Robinson" is, of course, at St. Luke's, and is still most enthusiastic about her work. She went for a visit to her family in May. Her brother Page is in France and another brother Edmund is at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.

"Eleanor Relyea" has been doing Red Cross work this summer; she was at the information desk at National Headquarters. She also did Canteen work. She is now visiting a great aunt in Saginaw, Michigan, before going to New York for a while with her mother, before she goes back to Smith College.

"Virginia C. Allen" is again teaching the second grade in Hickory, N. C. Nothing has been heard from "Nellie," "Jean Fairley" or "Georgia Foster."

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### With the Class of 1918

By ALINE HUGHES

From the Class of '18 comes one chorus of good times during the summer holidays. Even our two busy stenographers, Katherine Drane and Helen Laughinghouse, tho' working hard in Raleigh, Katherine in the St. Mary's office and Helen in the office of the Secretary of State, seem to have enjoyed the summer. However, the whole class seems to be preparing for work during the winter, most of them with a business course, or something of the kind in view.

Katherine and "B" Folk have spent a part of the summer at Nag's Head, where one always seems to have a good time.

"Gertrude Pleasants" and "Henrietta Morgan" have spent the summer at home, Gertrude's sister Rose being married during the time to Dr. Moncure; while Henrietta has been preparing to teach the fifth grade in one of the Greensboro schools next winter. Katherine Hughes and Maude Miller have been having a good time most of the summer at home, tho' Katherine has been to Norfolk and Maude to Wilmington. Agnes and Novella Moye have been visiting together all around the State and having a "wonderful" time. Estelle Ravenel, or "Ravie," paid quite a visit to our classmate, Ruth Gebert, in Louisiana, and Aline Hughes has had a delightful time visiting in North and South Carolina.

Patriotism seems to have been in evidence all the time, however, from the reports of canning, gardening, Red Cross work and so forth. With the exceptions of Novella, and Henrietta, who are going to keep house, and teach school, the whole class seems united in taking up business, either to take Government positions, or places left vacant at home. Whatever they may do, however, they think very often of school and wish very often that they might go thru those dear St. Mary's days again.

# The St. Mary's Muse

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Subscription Price  
Single Copies

One Dollar  
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 Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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1918-19

ELLEN B. LAY, '19.....*Editor-in-Chief*

LOUISE TOLER, '19.....*Business Manager*

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## Announcement

THE MUSE like so many other things has suffered as a result of the influenza epidemic and the difficulties resulting from it. This Alumnæ Number is the first number which has been published since last spring. Other numbers are now ready for the printer and will follow at short intervals.

The copy for this Alumnæ Number was prepared and furnished by the Alumnæ Editor in time for publication by November 1st, Founder's Day. That it was not issued by that date is the fault of the publishers, not of the Alumnæ Committee. The close of the War has caused some of the material to suffer in newsiness more than it would otherwise have done.

We deeply regret that the publication has been delayed and hope that the supporters of THE MUSE will have no further cause to wonder at the nonappearance of the paper.

E. C.

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The  
St. Mary's Muse  
Raleigh, N. C.

Spring Number  
April-May, 1919

## POST-EASTER CALENDAR, 1919

- Sunday, April 20: Easter Day.
- Monday, April 21: Easter Egg Hunt. 7:30.
- Wednesday, April 23: Elocution Pupils' Recital. 5:00.
- Thursday, April 24: Cello and Violin Recital. Misses Ray. 8:15.
- Saturday, April 26: St. Margaret's Chapter. 8:00.
- Monday, April 28: Piano Certificate Recital. Miss Florie Belle Morgan.  
8:15.
- Tuesday, April 29: Inter-society Debate. 8:00.
- Thursday, May 1: Piano Certificate Recital. Miss Lou Spencer Avent.  
8:15.
- Saturday, May 3: Junior-Senior "Banquet." 8:00.
- Thursday, May 8: Voice Recital. Miss Anita Smith. 8:15.
- Saturday, May 10: Annual "School Party." 8:00.
- Monday, May 12: Alumnae Day. 77th "Birthday" of St. Mary's.  
"Al Fresco Evening" (in honor of the Alumnae).  
8:15.
- Saturday, May 17: Annual Chorus Concert. 8:30.
- Monday, May 19: Piano Certificate Recital. Miss Katharine Alston.  
8:15.
- May 22-24: Final Examinations.
- May 25-27: Commencement Season.
- Saturday, May 24: Annual Elocution Recital.
- May 25: *Commencement Sunday.*  
7:50 a. m. Holy Communion.  
11:00 a. m. Service, with Commencement Sermon by  
the Rt. Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., Bishop  
of Atlanta.  
5:00 p. m. Alumnae Service.
- Monday, May 26:  
11:00 a. m. Class Day Exercises in the Grove.  
4:30 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Associa-  
tion.  
5:30 p. m. Annual Exhibit of the Art and Domestic  
Art Departments.  
8:30 p. m. Annual Concert.  
9:30 p. m. Rector's Reception in honor of the  
Graduating Class.
- Tuesday, May 27:  
7:00 a. m. Holy Communion.  
11:00 a. m. Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.  
Final Exercises in the Chapel.

# The St. Mary's Muse

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. ~~XXIV~~ ~~XXIII~~ APRIL-MAY, 1919

No. 3

## Dawn of Peace

The stars still shone in the deep sapphire  
Of the sky, like flecks of gold;  
The murmuring voices of Night's soft choir  
Were hushed, but the wind blew cold—  
    Blew strong, blew free,  
    From 'cross the sea,  
With news of peace and victory.

The stars grew dim and the sky grew pale,  
    Then flushed with a golden flood  
Of color, as Day drew back her veil,  
    And the sun rose red as blood.  
    Rose high, rose free,  
    O'er land and sea,  
With news of peace and victory.

And with the sun, in equal power,  
    O'er all the wondering world,  
There floats aloft o'er dome and tower  
    The Starry Flag unfurled.  
    Float high, float free,  
    Eternity  
Shall ring with peace and victory!

MARY T. YELLOTT, '20.

---

## The Return of the 113th

LOUISE C. WALTON, Σ Λ

The war was real to us: we could almost see the battle-lines, and our brave men, as they played a part in them to be ever recorded in history. We could feel the hot, smoky air, and we experienced through sympathy the suffering, the privation, the strong endurance,

and the dauntless resolution of the men we so loved. When the news of peace came to us, we at St. Mary's still lived with the spirit of our men, and having fathers, brothers, cousins as well as friends in their ranks, we doubly gloried in their success, and our hearts rose up in thankful prayer to see our flag wave once more over a land of peace; to see the sun shed her golden rays over the smiling, rejoicing land, now, as ever, victorious in the right. Even then we waited expectantly for the day of return, when we should greet the heroes, whose every move we had so long sympathized with, and whom we had longed to cheer and comfort, and to lessen the hardships and home-sickness they were called upon to undergo in a far-off land.

We at St. Mary's were thrilled to the uttermost when the North Carolina regiment returned. We were glad and proud to welcome them as our American boys, but there was an added sweetness because they were Southern boys. The contrast was perhaps striking between these boys of Carolina, and those other dear ones in tattered grey, that halted before our school some sixty years ago; and yet I am sure beneath the brown of Today, as in the grey of Yesterday, is the same courageous, unconquerable, dauntless spirit; the same noble instincts, and charming courtesy that is as undying in the Southern gentleman as is honor itself. We Southerners, when we viewed their resolute faces, their unbent ranks, felt that the South had indeed come into her own at last. Vanquished but unconquered, the noble spirit of a true and noble race has passed into a fuller growth, and now a great nation accepts her men as her true and loyal sons, and acknowledges them to be the bravest of all.

St. Mary's was hushed by the sight that, though so joyful a one, was solemn, and for a while we could scarcely sing our welcoming songs, but as the well-loved words of "Dixie" came from our lips, and the soldiers halted to listen, there was instilled into our song a new note of feeling, a sympathy for all that the men of *this* war have gone through, mingled with welcoming pride. Even in this hour of gladness the war was brought closer to us; we realized that our men have suffered even more than we had thought, and have been sustained through all by the chivalry and honor common to all Americans, but especially so to those from Dixie.

## Oh, All the World is Happy—Even the Birds

LOUISE C. WALTON, Σ A

Through all the long, dreary winter evenings Agnes had sewed, mitted, or written letters, and always she had planned for the Golden Future that was coming. Then, when her heart began to fail a bit, she used to kindle a blazing fire in the old-fashioned sitting-room, and listen to the crackling logs, and watch the firelight play on the tall brass andirons. Then when the logs fell apart, and only golden embers sparkled, and a weird ghostlike host of shadows played in and out, behind the old bookcase, and lighted up quaint portraits on the wall: then Agnes would dream. Usually she dropped upon a cushion on the hearth-rug, and leaned her elbows on her knees and, with her chin on her palm, would make her own gay Golden Future in the glowing coals. Again, she would pull old "tabby" to her lap, and stroke her grey back until her purr outdid the bubbling teakettle. Agnes loved purring cats and kettles for they indicated perfect comfort and Home to her. Here in the old Southern house, with its white columns and rose gardens, and giant oaks, here with only Aunt Polly for companion, had been home in a way—but oh, for a cozy cottage, with wee bits of rooms, all, all, her own, with her own bubbling kettle and fat tabbies, and her *own* cozy parlor to be decked according to her girlish taste. She dreamed of things like these when she watched the sparkling embers; but, when she listened to tabby and the kettle, her thoughts were of—perhaps—a high stone wall over which hung a large bough of Mrs. Brown's (the lady next door) apple tree, full of such tempting loads of red fruit that Little Eve could not resist, and when a Saturday came and Aunt Polly contentedly baked her Sunday pasties, and Young Adam, rejoicing in his holiday, came to spend it with his fair neighbor, mischief brewed behind the old stone wall. And then their pretty heads together, and Eve's brown eyes, full of delicious awe, were fastened on his mischievous blue ones. Then as "tabby's" purrs grew louder and she raised a friendly back to be stroked, Agnes' dark eyes would open with a little start as though she were surprised to find herself a lady grown, and . . .

Far over the surging, blue Atlantic a young officer lay on a hospital couch, his whole body half swathed in bandages. As the night nurse

dozed, he opened a pair of blue eyes that in health and happiness must have held a fund of rich humor, now wearing a pathos that pain cannot give. With his eyes on a bright star that peered through a shell-hole in the roof of the tent, as though seeking to know the secrets of the inmates, the young Adam of yesterday fell a-dreaming. Through the dim fields of his memory floated a little figure with loose brown curls and dark eyes full of awe, and confidence—in him. Just now, he beheld a high stone wall to which he clung, ever and anon dropping a rosy-cheeked apple into the pinafore of a wee bit of a girl with smiling lips and a blue sunbonnet that fell back, disclosing her pretty face and tousled curls. . . . The soldier sighed and moved his one free arm, and flung it over his scarred face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Agnes turned with a guilty start to view Aunt Polly, with lighted candle and curl-papers—Aunt Polly in tight blue kimona, with tight lips.

“Just dreaming of the Past, Auntie, dear.” The tight lips relaxed, and a voice that must have always only *pretended* to be stern replied:

“Silly one! The Past at twenty-two! To bed with your fancies, child—and don’t forget to put ‘tabby’ out.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The soldier tossed in abject misery on the cot, which was too short for him, and the night nurse rose with reproofing finger:

“Suffering, Captain? No? Then to sleep at once! The doctor has told you the consequences of moving. There! Could you tell me?”

Her capable hands swept the dark hair from his forehead, and the face that had grown strong from viewing much suffering relaxed. The Captain shook his head, and closed the blue eyes that had begun to show a hint of suppressed mirth.

“Merely dreaming of the Past, thanks Nurse—and—and—”  
Weary, he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the old stone wall, yellow daffodils blossomed; crocuses pushed their winter burden of sodden leaves aside and smiled up at



he blue sky, in gay groups of red, and blue, and lilac. Agnes, with rake and in big straw hat, was raking round the rose bushes, while Aunt Polly, with savage shears, pruned the bushes right and left. A blue-bird chirruped on the bough of the old apple tree that hung over the wall, and Agnes stood at attention.

“Behold, Auntie, Happiness seeks us already! Oh, isn’t it ideal *o live!* The whole world seems coming to—and—”

Of a sudden she fell to work with renewed vigor, her pretty lips firm, and her brown eyes steady.

“My dear,” mused Miss Polly, examining a twig of rose bush, “dear, dear, I believe it’s about to *sprout!* Spring is truly here. What? Oh, yes! I believe Captain Jack will be home ere long. His mother is heart-broken. Do you know, Agnes! *What* are you doing to that bush?”

\* \* \* \* \*

On the steps of the old Winthrop house Captain Jack stood with uncovered head. His mother’s arm still lingered on his shoulder, and her eyes still glistened with unshed tears, all hidden behind the world of hope, and fear, and mother love, and the brave strength that heaven had given in that hour of need.

“As though it will matter! Why, son, if it mattered you wouldn’t *cant* her! Why, dear, your father was ten thousand times *more* beloved because he could not walk, for all those years! I know little Agnes, dear little Agnes—to think you could consider—”

“No, mother, I didn’t ‘consider’—father was your husband, and, besides—besides, do you think I’d offer myself to *any* girl—and *Agnes!*—a—cripple?”

“But go and tell her, my son, right now, now, before you even go inside your home—don’t let her think you have—forgotten.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Aunt Polly hummed, and patted her dainty pasties, giving each a final prick, as she bestowed it to the oven.

Outside, Agnes sat upon an old rustic bench, beneath the apple-bough; her eyes were sad, and her rake lay on the ground beside her, and on it the big straw hat. Of a sudden a little flutter of wings reached her ears, and Bluebird hopped on a twig, and swayed. Agnes

kept still, and he eyed her, disapprovingly, then, deeming her harmless, began to prune himself, and to sway. Giving himself a final shake he hopped nearer, and cast suspicious eyes on Agnes, who never stirred, then began to twitter. The sun gleamed through the branches, and stirred the sap in every twig; more crocuses opened bright, starry faces to the clear sky, that smiled back with scarcely a fleck of white. Somewhere on the topmost twig of the old apple tree another bluebird cast adoring eyes on the dainty little lady who twittered on the twig, and swayed—then a burst of exultant song swept through the branches, and Milady turned her head, and Agnes dared scarce to breathe.

“All the world is happy—even the birds—I alone—” She had not heard the gate creak, so rapt was she in the bluebird’s song, and now she turned at a slight rustle beside her.

“Agnes! Oh, Agnes! All the world is happy—even the birds—except you and—me!”

And then, will you believe it, the bluebirds never stirred, and only cast bright approving eyes at one another, and now and then twittered a bit of joyous song, and below—

“Dear Jack, to think that it would make a difference! Dear Jack, it makes you ten thousand times *dearer*. Oh, all the world is happy—even the birds!”

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### Letters

RUTH WOMBLE, '20

In my bedroom, over by the wardrobe, stands an old shabby trunk which looks as though its proper place were in the attic, or, better still, in the trash pile, but even if others see nothing in it but an old relic, this old trunk means much more than that to me, for in it are some of the best friends I ever had. Now, gentle reader, don't mistake my meaning, or take it too literally. I mean that this old trunk holds many of my letters, long cherished, saved from my youth, some of them yellow with age, but, nevertheless like wine, more precious because they *are* old. Letters *are* friends, or just the same as friends, to me, for in reading them each one recalls to me some one whom I

ve loved, or if not loved, at least respected. When I was a shy young lass, I acquired this habit of saving my letters, for I suspected even then that I would some time grow old, and perhaps would enjoy looking over them in my leisure hours. What a blessing my youthful thoughtfulness has proven to my old age! I used to tie the choicest ones in packets with ribbons from candy boxes and other things, and put them away. These I still have, my grandmother's old trunk being my treasure box.

I often spend whole afternoons, not always rainy ones, with my treasure box. As I reverently lift the packets, one by one, old memories and familiar faces flock about me. The first recalls the face of my little friend E., who used to be my best girl friend, and at whose house I have spent many pleasant days. She had one fault, that of talking too fast, and too much, and I believe she retains that habit to this day, but I believe it is one not uncommon to members of our sex. We next meet R., little R. who you might say was "crushed" by me. She was a little grey-eyed, black-haired girl, ten years my senior, at whose home I once visited. She took a liking to me, and wrote me in her dear childish way for quite a while. I remember how fond she used to be of "tootsie rolls," and how one day she poured me Hoyt's cologne (my readers will doubtless recall its odor) into my new white slippers, and the scent remained until the slippers were worn out. And this next packet, smelling still faintly of tobacco, alas! some of its letters are even tear-stained, for it contains the ones from my one and only lover, at least the only one I was ever engaged

to. How my tender heart used to thrill over the smiles of the handsome, black-eyed S.! We decided after we had known each other but a few weeks that one's life would be incomplete without the other, but it seems we were wrong, for after a violent quarrel over almost nothing, he forsook me for another! Hence I have lived a life of single blessedness feeling that I could be happy with no other man, and, indeed, not having had a chance to see if I could. But let us not linger over these sad thoughts. The cramped, old-fashioned writing on the plain envelopes is that of my respected Aunt J., who has long since left this "vale of tears." She used to write me as regularly as a week came, and I sometimes didn't even bother to open the letters,

for I knew them by heart. They were practically the same every time. As the weather, and the number of hens she had set varied, her letters varied. She was a good old woman—Aunt J. She remembered me in her will, because I was named for her, and I will never forget her. One more glimpse of a packet containing letters with red crosses on the envelopes—some of them yellow (not from age and post-marked “France.” These represent my “Great Adventure.” For a long while I wrote to a soldier boy whom I had never seen. That was nothing unusual, however, for those were the days of the great war, and many other girls were doing the same. He was a handsome fellow, I knew by his writing, and I dreamed of a romantic meeting when my hero should come marching home, but alas! the dreams never came true, for he suddenly stopped writing and I’ve never heard from him since. That was right after I sent him my picture. I tried not to mind, because his name was Woodhouse, and I said to myself I could never have married a man named Woodhouse. There are many many more packets, my friends, which as I look over, make me wish the happy days of youth might last forever.

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### Blue Ridge

ELIZABETH WADDELL, Σ A

The very term, Blue Ridge, makes those of us who have learned to love it eager to hear what will follow. You will love it, too, when you hear what it has meant to the four St. Mary's delegates who were sent there last year. We attended the Missionary Education Movement Conference with a special purpose in view. Each of us wanted to help in the Junior Auxiliary at St. Mary's, and in the many Christian movements and societies in our own home towns.

You can readily see, then, with what enthusiasm we went to the Conference, and, better still, with what love and respect we came away.

Perhaps a day's program will give a complete idea of what our work and pleasure comprised. We got up at six-thirty, to the bugle call and dressed hurriedly in order to attend the “morning watch” a

even o'clock. This "morning watch" was what we call prayers. Everywhere on the mountain-side could be seen at this hour different small groups, offering morning prayer out in the open, where everything seemed so near to God and nature. Then came breakfast! and although our many cheers and songs took much of our time, one could not say we neglected this part of our program. Then followed chapel services and classes. "The Why and How of Foreign Missions" was one subject and well worth taking. We learned all about missions as well as how to conduct a class. Imagine St. Mary's girls teaching a class of grown women, and most of them *terribly* wise. "The Negro," and the "South Today" were interesting social problems of today, and those of us who took those were especially well instructed. Of course the entire interest at Blue Ridge was, is, and will be kept up by the many splendid teachers and workers. We, ourselves, were just "in love" with Dr. Sturges, Miss Claudia Hunter, Miss Richardson, and Dr. Myers.

To resume. After lunch we spent the afternoon in climbing mountains, swimming and attending story-hour. Then supper, and afterwards, vesper service. This service was our small way of showing great thanks for the happy day which had just passed. The bugle blew only too soon, for each time, the day of departure drew near.

So you see our ten short days were always full of pleasure and a wonderful work, which every one agrees to call "The Blue Ridge Inspiration."

### A Spring Night

MARY T. YELLOTT, '20, E A II

The sun had kissed the heavens good-night,  
And left them flushed with rosy light,  
All deeply blushing.  
The gathering twilight by degrees  
Had tucked the birds in bed, the breeze  
To silence hushing.

The crescent moon, still young and shy,  
Hung wavering in the dark'ning sky,  
Alone and far,  
While slowly paled the western glow,  
And throned in purple state hung low  
The evening star.

So Night came on, still, peaceful, calm,  
And lovely in her robes of warm  
Star-studded blue;  
And from the goblet in her hand  
She sprinkled all the sleeping land  
With sparkling dew.

Now softly in the pale starlight  
The myriad voices of the night  
In concert sing.  
The dawn, the day, the dusk are fair,  
But none in beauty can compare  
With Night in Spring!



## SCHOOL NEWS

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### January 18th—The Gym Party

On account of the "flu" and the period of recuperation that followed it, athletics were at a stand-still up to Christmas, and the invitations to the new girls who were to become members of the Sigma or Mu Athletic Association were not issued until January.

As usual the reception to the new members on Saturday night, January 18th, took the form of a bloomer party in the gym.

The Mus arrived first and were waiting as the Sigmas came in, and then with each occupying one end of the gym, there was a hearty exchange of the Association yells, etc. Dancing followed them for a short time, after which there were two basketball games between the new members of the associations. Honors were even as the Mus won a game and the Sigmas won one. Punch was served during the evening.

Everybody showed much "pep" and enthusiasm, and at the ring of the bell the party came to a very reluctant end.

R. GLASS, '20.

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### January 25th—"Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works"

On Saturday evening, January 25th, St. Anne's Chapter presented the old favorite, "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," for the benefit of the Thompson Orphanage.

As of old, the entertainment was in the Parlor, and Josephine Erwin made an excellent Mrs. Jarley and, with her statues, highly amused the audience.

The figures presented included: Liberty (Miss Dennis), Woodrow Wilson (Florida Kent), A Soldier (Bertha Susman), Opera Singer (Anita Smith), Araminta and Arabella (Ella Rogers and Annie Carr), Organ Grinder (Frances Kern), Monkey (Muriel Dougherty), Negro Singers (Mildred Kirtland and Elsie Freeland), Dolls (Dorothy Powell and Margaret Springs), Tom (Belle Bessellieu), Little Nell (Lucy London Anderson), and, most effective, The Maniac (Margaret Rawlings).

**January 30th—Mr. Thomas Skeyhill: Soldier and Poet**

Thursday night, January 30th, was the occasion of a very entertaining talk in the schoolroom by Mr. Thomas Skeyhill, the Australian soldier-poet. Mr. Skeyhill, who was with the Anzacs at Gallipoli, was wounded and blinded and invalided home. A year ago he came to America, still blind, on a lecture tour, and his sight has been wondrously restored since he has been here.

With Mr. John A. Park, publisher of the *Raleigh Times*, who introduced him very agreeably, Mr. Skeyhill took dinner with us and then spoke for an hour in the schoolroom, after which he had a brief impromptu reception in the Parlor. Miss Jones was entertaining the Seniors the same evening, and Mr. Skeyhill was later an honor guest at this party.

Mr. Skeyhill has been in the English army since the war began, serving in the Dardanelles in 1914, and later in France at the battle of the Marne. His accounts of how a foreigner feels on becoming acquainted with Americans and American customs were exceedingly humorous, and kept us continually laughing. The most interesting account of his life as a soldier was his graphic description of the English landing on the Turkish coast in 1914. The entire audience remained spellbound while he pictured the Tommies trying to land on the rocks secretly at night, the struggles in the hidden nets and wire, the awful destruction by the Turkish guns, and finally the successful assault up the cliff. Mr. Skeyhill was an intimate friend of Rupert Brooke, and was with him when he died. He spoke of the part poets have played in this war, and of how very much they have aided and encouraged.

Mr. Skeyhill recited a number of poems, including several of his own. Most of his poems were written while he was in service, such as "My Little Wet Home in the Trench," and "Old Pull-Through." His poem, "War, War, War," is very martial and inspiring. Mr. Skeyhill seemed much pleased with the South and has entitled one of his poems "Dixieland."

L. L. A., '20.

### February 1st—Kate McKimmon Chapter

The old dining-room was the setting for an attractive scene Saturday night, February 1st, when the Kate McKimmon Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary gave an entertainment in the form of a Spanish abaret. The room was transformed with the wisteria blossoms and vines twined about the columns, the lights covered and vines and flowers artistically arranged about the room. Small tables were placed about the room, and the steps leading to West Rock were entirely disguised to form an attractive "cozy corner." Girls in Spanish costume served light refreshments. A "jazz band," under the able leadership of Elizabeth Bowne, afforded excellent music(?) for the dancing and the dancers crowding the room. Every one had a lovely time and delighted to hear the band play "Home, Sweet Home." E. S., '20.

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### February 3d—"Billy" Sunday

On Monday evening, February 3d, we had the unusual opportunity of hearing "Billy" Sunday, who addressed the students and Faculty of St. Mary's, Peace, and Meredith College at the First Presbyterian Church at six o'clock.

Hon. Josephus Daniels introduced Mr. Sunday and his musical assistant, Mr. Rodeheaver, who gave on his trombone several selections which he had recently played for our boys in France, among them "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Then Mr. Sunday, in his inimitable manner, spoke on "Doing Usual Things in an Unusual Way." At the close of his speech he introduced the audience to "Ma Sunday," who talked for a few minutes. This was the first time many of us had ever heard Billy Sunday and we were all impressed with the noted evangelist. L. L. A., '20.

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### February 6th—Clarence Burjo

On Thursday afternoon, February 6th, Mr. Clarence Burjo, 'cellist, at the invitation of Mr. Owen, gave a very delightful concert in

the Auditorium. The program was a popular one and included such favorites as Jocelyn's "Berceuse," "Humoresque," etc. "Hindustan," "Rainbow," and "Smiles" were especially enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

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### February 9th—The Valentine Party—Freshmen to Juniors

Saturday night, February 9th, the Freshmen entertained the Juniors in the parlor. The parlor had been closed all afternoon to all except the Freshmen, but vague rumors had managed to come to us of how beautifully the parlor was being decorated. However all that we heard could not begin to describe what a wonderful success the Freshmen had made. We Juniors felt that we had stepped into a real fairyland. There were "millions" of little red hearts arranged on red ribbons so that they seemed not to be strung but to fall gracefully from the center chandelier to the four hanging lights and from corners of the room. The whole wall was covered with hearts of all sizes. Four small white tables were placed about the room, and on each an artistic candlestick with shades made of hearts. Under the large mirror a punch bowl was arranged containing fruit punch, and next to it a table which was piled with small packages wrapped in white and ornamented with hearts and arrows. We soon found these packages held delicious sandwiches, and every one thoroughly enjoyed these delightful refreshments. During the evening we danced the Freshmen seeing to it that the Juniors were given quite a rush. When we tired of dancing a new pleasure awaited us. We were blindfolded and each one enjoyed trying to pin a gold arrow upon the center of a big red heart. The evening ended with a series of lovely tableaux. The door leading from East Wing was transformed into what appeared in every particular and detail to be a large lace valentine. The lights were turned out and the first tableau was a Colonial lady and gentleman, the second a girl of today and a soldier, the third a typical little girl holding a broken heart. Everybody hated to hear the 9:30 bell ring and the Juniors all declared there never was a more attractive party, and they just wished the whole school could have enjoyed it with them.

E. S., '20.

### February 10th—Major Dupont

We were fortunate Sunday evening, February 10th, in having Major Edouard Dupont of the French High Commission speak to us in the parlor. Major Dupont is a personal friend of the Rector, and at Mr. Way's request he told us in an interesting and informal way much about the great war and its effect upon France. His home is at Chateau-Thierry, which of course is of particular interest to us.

After the talk he elated us further by singing several French songs in a full and strong voice, beginning with the "Marseillaise." Mr. Owen accompanied him upon the piano. After "Marseillaise," "Madelon" was our favorite.

E. S., '20.

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### February 13th—"The Surprise Supper"

On Thursday night, February 13th, the eve of St. Valentine's Day, as the bell rang at six-thirty the girls gathered from all the buildings to what they expected to be a usual Friday night dinner. Imagine then the surprise on the part of every girl when we reached the door and found the dining-room transformed, and what was expected to be a usual dinner became a regular banquet for hungry school girls. The whole building echoed with clapping and cheer after cheer for Mrs. Marriott whose sweet thoughtfulness had been the cause of this lovely surprise supper. On each table were two artistic candlesticks decorated with hearts, and lighted, which cast a beautiful glow over the whole room. In the center was a lovely vase of flowers about which was an attractive centerpiece made of eight red arrows and eight red hearts. Just enough for each girl to have one as a souvenir. Then came the dinner itself, which was just what every school girl likes best. The first course consisted of ham, beaten biscuits, chicken salad and mayonnaise, with delicious sandwiches and fruit punch. Then followed ice cream with marshmallow sauce, and cakes and candies in the shape of tiny hearts. We left the dining-room a laughing, happy crowd, all declaring that we would never forget the wonderful surprise supper Mrs. Marriott arranged for us.

E. S., '20.



### February 13th—Reed Miller

On account of the influenza, it was impracticable to begin the Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series in the fall. The first of these concerts for the year was given on February 13th, when Mr. Reed Miller appeared in a song recital. Mr. Miller has a charming tenor voice, which was heard to the best advantage in a well-selected program. Mr. Owen accompanied him in his usual skillful way at the piano. Many of the numbers were familiar and all of them most attractive. Mr. Miller received many encores and was most accommodating in his responses. The program was as follows:

a. Recitative and Aria—Soft Southern Breeze.....	<i>Barnby</i>
(Rebekah)	
b. Moonlight .....	<i>Elgar</i>
c. Under the Greenwood Tree.....	<i>Dunn</i>
A Couplet (Eugene Onegin).....	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
Aria—Salvator Rosa .....	<i>Gomez</i>
Cycle—A Beggar at Love's Gate.....	<i>Strickland</i>
(East Indian)	
a. Morning and Sunlight	
b. Breath of Sandalwood	
c. Temple Bells	
Cycle—Love's Epitome .....	<i>Salter</i>
a. Since I First Met Thee	
b. In the Garden	
c. She Is Mine	
Ye Auld Scotch Songs.....	<i>Crist</i>
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.....	<i>Spilman</i>
Piper of Dundee.....	<i>Old Scotch</i>
Pipes of Gordon's Men.....	<i>Hammond</i>
A Khaki Lad.....	<i>Aylward</i>
To Madillon .....	<i>Koemmenich</i>
By and By	} .....
Nobody Knows	
Dars Gwinter be er Lanslide.....	<i>Strickland</i>

### February 15th—Mid-Year Dramatic Play

Instead of the usual appearance just before the Christmas holidays, the first appearance of the Dramatic Club this year was on the 15th of February when Miss Davis presented "A Change of Fortune," in



three acts. These annual mid-year plays are always looked forward to with the greatest of interest, and that this one was most enjoyable reflected much credit on the actors and on the training of Miss Davis.

Mildred Cooley and Millicent Blanton, as the quarrelsome business partners, Nettleton and Johns, took their difficult parts with unusual ability. The audience was greatly delighted with Tony Toler, represented by Elizabeth Bowne, who displayed an unsuspected dramatic talent. Rebecca Baxter, judging from the way she took the part of Miss Sally Parker, will make some fortunate business man a very charming stenographer. Mary C. Wilson played the heroine's part as she has done in several former Dramatic Club plays, and this time was quite up to her usual standard. Betty Bonner, a newly discovered star, as Mrs. Nettleton, had a difficult role to play and thoroughly charmed her audience. Dorothy Kirtland's unusual ability in the line of character work was again shown in her handling of the part of Coddles, the "Henglish" maid-of-all-work.

Following was the cast:

George B. Nettleton	} Business partners	} Mildred Cooley
T. Boggs Johns		
Krome, their Bookkeeper.....		Jane Toy
Miss Sally Parker, their Stenographer.....		Rebecca Baxter
Thomas J. Vanderholt, their Lawyer.....		Ellen Lay
Tony Toler, their Salesman.....		Elizabeth Bowne
Mr. Applegate .....		Mary Yellott
Office Boy .....		Virginia Howell
Mrs. George B. Nettleton.....		Elizabeth Bonner
Miss Florence Cole.....		Mary C. Wilson
Coddles, an English maid-of-all-work.....		Dorothy Kirtland

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#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Offices of the Eureka Digestive Pill Co., New York.

ACT II—Home of Mr. Nettleton. Two weeks later.

ACT III—The same as act second. One week later.

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### February 22d—The Colonial Ball

The Annual Colonial Ball took place Saturday night, February 22d. At 8:15 the big bell rang and in a short time the hall was trans-

formed into a scene of old Colonial days. The grand march was led from the hall into the parlor by Nina Burke as a Colonial lady and Marian Drane as a Colonial gentleman. The march was quite effective for there were ladies with snow-white hair plaited down their backs, girls in hoops and pantaloons, and in fact every sort of costume of Colonial times. The parlor was decorated with numerous small flags and one very large one. During the evening attractive favors were given to every one. The evening was spent in dancing, and as usual the 9:30 bell rang all too soon. E. S., '20.

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### March 1st—Grasshopper Cantata

On Saturday night, March 1st, the Lucy Bratton Chapter presented the "Grasshopper Cantata," the ancient tragedy with modern perversions.

The Cantata has been given by Miss Sutton's Chapter on several occasions at St. Mary's, but not in the memory of the present generation of St. Mary's girls, and if it was as amusing in the past as it amused the girls this year, it has always been a decided success.

The songs of the bumblebee, black-bugs, and grasshopper were very funny, and the grand finale a most effective closing. The members of the Chapter took part.

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### March 2d—Captain Cotton's Talk

On Sunday evening, March 2d, St. Mary's had the privilege of hearing an informal talk by Captain Lyman Cotton, U. S. N. At the invitation of Mr. Way, Captain Cotton had consented to give us an idea of the work of the Navy during the war, besides telling as a whole what the Navy has done. He told us of the inventions pertaining to submarines and other naval crafts which had been perfected during the war, and of the other inventions which through the close of the war had never been in actual use. He explained the details very clearly and told us of many things of which we were ignorant.

Captain Cotton during the war was in command of a large division of submarine chasers which operated in European waters. He told us of many of his personal experiences—chasing submarines, the escapes or captures, and many other interesting details of navy life during the war, including some humorous sketches of the life of the sailors while on board ship. The whole talk was most instructive as well as most interesting.

After Captain Cotton had finished speaking, his wife, a former St. Mary's girl (Miss Bessie Henderson, of Salisbury) spoke a few words of St. Mary's and what it had always meant to her.

The whole evening was most delightful, and Captain and Mrs. Cotton had our very hearty thanks.

R. GLASS, '20.

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### March 4th—Sigmas to the Mus

One of the most enjoyable parties of the year was that given in the hall, Tuesday evening, March 4th, by the Sigmas to the Mus. The Parlor was tactfully decorated with the red and white and blue and white colors of the associations. Streamers were hung from the center light to all corners of the room. A basketball was suspended under the central light. To carry out the idea, tennis racquets were crossed on the walls which also bore many Sigma and Mu pennants. The lights were covered with red crepe paper which shed a soft glow over the room. The girls in couples, dressed in white, a Sigma with a Mu, entered with the Grand March, and as they entered were presented with an arm band of their respective associations. Contest dancing was the feature of the evening—Margaret Yorke, Nelle Blakeley, Hannah Townsend, Marietta Gareissen, Dorothy Powell, Frances Whedbee being winners in several contests. During the general dancing, paper dusters were given out. Punch was served during the evening and home-made candies were passed around. Just before the bell rang, Nina Burke, President of the Mus, voiced the general appreciation of a very enjoyable evening.

## THE BASKETBALL SEASON

### March 3d

The basketball season had a late start but opened with much enthusiasm on Monday, March 3d. The Mus won, making a score of 32 against the Sigmas 20. The game was fast and clean and showed good team work on both sides.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Mu</i>		<i>Sigma</i>
Barnard	F	Brown
Kern	F	Waddell
Burke	G	Cooper
Glass	G	Battle
Lay	C	Toy
Barber	S C	Boyd

Field Goals: Barnard 3; Kern 12; Brown 6; Waddell 3.

Free Throws: Barnard 1; Kern 1; Brown 1; Waddell 1.

The second team game on the same afternoon resulted also in a victory for the Mus. The score was 21 to 13.

<i>Mu</i>		<i>Sigma</i>
Edmundson	F	S. Collier
Yellott	F	Dent
Wimberly	G	Higgs
Ruffin	G	Roberson
Kent	C	Fairley
Chrismon	S C	Hale

Field Goals: Edmundson 7; Yellott 0; S. Collier 5; Dent 1.

Free Throws: Edmundson 4; Yellott 3; S. Collier 1; Dent 0.

E. L.

### March 22d

On March 22d the first teams met again, but the Mus were crippled through the loss of their star, Fanny Mae Kern, although they put up a stiff fight. The final score was 28 to 14 in favor of the Sigmas.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Brown .....	F.....	Barnard
Waddell .....	F.....	Edmundson
Cooper .....	G.....	Wimberly
Battle .....	G.....	Glass
Toy .....	C.....	Lay
Boyd .....	S C.....	Barber

Field Goals: Brown 5; Waddell 8; Barnard 2; Edmundson 3.

Free Goals: Brown 1; Waddell 1; Barnard 3; Edmundson 2.

E. L.

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### April 5th

With each team having won one game, the contest on April 5th proved to be one of the most exciting games in several years. The Mus tried a new combination with Ellen Lay as forward and a new player, Florida Kent, as center. The Sigmas placed Jane Toy at guard and put in Hoke at center. Both teams played hard, fast, and well; the passing of the Mus was quick and sure, but they were weak on goal throwing. Elizabeth Waddell and Marjorie Brown played most effectively for the Sigmas and added much to the score. Elizabeth Waddell was knocked out towards the end of the second half, but came back and played her usual brilliant game. Margaret Barnard threw a beautiful goal from a very difficult position far off to the side against the wall, the ball not touching either the goal or the backboard. The score was very close, being 7 to 8 in favor of the Sigmas in the first half and ending 17 to 21 in favor of the Sigmas.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Waddell .....	F.....	Lay
Brown .....	F.....	Barnard
Toy .....	G.....	Burkè
Battle .....	G.....	Glass
Hoke .....	C.....	Kent
Boyd .....	S C.....	Powell

Field Goals: Waddell 4; Brown 6; Barnard 6; Lay 3.

Free Goals: Brown 1; Barnard 1.

E. L.

### April 21st—Final Game

On Monday, April 21st, the most exciting game of the season took place. It was a double-header between the first and junior teams. Both sides put up a stiff fight in this final contest, but the Sigma first team came out victorious and the Mu junior team. The first team score was 34 to 27 in favor of the Sigmas. The junior team score was 35 to 20 in favor of the Mus. These games ended the basketball season, the final score being even.

The line-up for the first team was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Waddell	.....F.....	Lay
Brown	.....F.....	Barnard
Cooper	.....G.....	Burke
Battle	.....G.....	Ruffin
Toy	.....C.....	Ken
Boyd	.....C.....	Barber

The line-up for the junior team game was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Whitaker	.....F.....	Wilson, M. B.
Collier, E.	.....F.....	Gareisset
Lay, L.	.....G.....	Scot
Everett	.....G.....	Jame
Best	.....C.....	Venabl
Yarborough	.....C.....	Doughert

L. L. A.

### Cheer Up

The rain it poured,  
 The sea it roared,  
 The sky was draped in black.  
 The old ship rolled,  
 She pitched and bowled,  
 And lost her charted track.  
 "Oh, dear, Oh dear!  
 Sir, will it clear?"  
 Loud wailed a dame on deck.  
 As they heaved the lead  
 The skipper said,  
 "It allus has, by heck!"



## LENTEN OBSERVANCE

Lenten quiet began with the observance of Ash Wednesday (March 5) as a holy day, with school duties omitted.

The special Chapel services were on Wednesday and Friday afternoons at six o'clock. The Rector, the Rev. Warren W. Way, gave brief addresses on Wednesday afternoons on "Some Actors in Our Lord's Passion," and on Friday afternoons on "The Sermon on the Mount."

On Sunday mornings during Lent Mr. Way preached a series of sermons on "Christ as Our Example," and at the Sunday afternoon services he gave the Confirmation Instruction.

On the Thursday evenings the Rev. Dr. A. B. Hunter gave a series of illustrated lectures in the Auditorium on Church History.

Much interest was taken in the Mission Study classes held on Friday evenings. The three classes were taught by Mrs. Way, Ellen Lay, and Marian Drane.

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### We Can and We Will

If you think you're beaten, you are;  
 If you think you dare not, you don't;  
 If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,  
 It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,  
 For out in the world we find  
 Success begins with a fellow's will,  
 It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
 You've got to think high to rise;  
 You've got to be sure of yourself before  
 You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
 To the stronger or faster man.  
 But soon or late the man who wins  
 Is the fellow who thinks he can.

—Walter D. Wintle.

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## AND SO FORTH

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Edited by MARY T. YELLOTT

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This is a school of weighty things,  
 Where scales and measures abound;  
 Miss F. says, "Dears, just use your ounce,"  
 Miss B., "This for the pound!"

---

### The Tuneless Sextette

Stop! Look! Listen! Now  
 What harmony we hear—  
 What chords and rhapsody so sweet  
 Now fall upon the ear!

A treble clear, an alto soft,  
 A bass note deep and low—  
 What soulful burst of harmony,  
 So soothing to all woe.

They sing, and lo! our hearts arise,  
 The world with music rings;  
 With chords of soothing sound sublime  
 The peerless Tuneless sings!

Sweet songs of love and moonlight still,  
 A winsome, joyful tune;  
 A rag or two, a symphony—  
 The end comes all too soon.

The songsters bow, the treat is o'er,  
 But oh! we'll ne'er forget  
 That music sweet that thrilled our hearts,  
 The peerless, grand Sextette!

K. WADDELL.

---

D. K.: "Nina Cooper and those girls certainly are smart. They're taki  
 just 'bout the highest Math. there is."

M. D.: "They are! What is it?"

D. K. (in an awed voice): "Calisthenics!"

### Base Hospital Number 42—A Sketch

(Based on true facts, the story of a wounded soldier just returned, a knitted quilt sent through the Red Cross to France from St. Mary's, and the report of a nurse that "the bright-colored knitted quilts gave much joy to the sick boys in the gray hospitals.")

---

Tim opened his eyes and looked around him much bewildered. Everything in sight was gray, the walls, the floors, the bit of sky outside; the uniform of the nurse's aid across the room was somber gray. Tim immediately closed his eyes. The world was entirely too gray to keep one's eyes open.

He began to think then, with his eyes tight shut however. It was near Soissons; the American boys were ordered to advance again. They rushed over the top, ran a few hundred yards, at the command fell on their faces in the grass. In a moment the order came to advance again. Tim sprang up, only to fall back for his ankle "would not work." On investigation he found it to be shattered by a machine gun's deadly fire. Making a crutch of his gun, in disappointment, Tim turned back as his companions rushed on. He stopped many times to bind up wounds for other comrades lying there helpless in No Man's Land. One of them applied a better bandage to Tim's bleeding ankle, and it was hard to leave them there, but the pain was getting him," and Tim knew he must go on while he could. The shells whistled past his head, but Tim had no fear.

He opened his eyes again, for the moment forgetting the gray surroundings that would greet him. Pulling himself to a sitting posture, a comrade suddenly whistled.

"Why, IT ain't gray!" he exclaimed.

"Rave on if you feel any better fer it," good-naturedly commented the companion on the right.

"Boy, howdy! Ain't it pretty!" cried Tim, as he fingered with genuine happiness the many-colored patches of his new-found joy, a knitted quilt.

"Ye didn't know we were goin' to be the only bouquet at the show, did ye now?" said Tim, addressing it gleefully. "Say! that is some gift to Stars and Stripes in the middle of ye. 'S. M. S.,' now I reckon

that's the lady that made ye. 'Raleigh, N. C.,' too, all in blue a white knittin'. Well, Miss S. M. S. of Raleigh, in the good old State I take my cap off to ye right here. Ye'll do yer bit by many a fello with bloomin' so pretty an' bright in this gray outfit. Boy, howdy but you're pretty!"

Pulling the corner of his new-found treasure up under his chin, Tim, smiling, went to sleep. M. U. B.

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### The Pathetic Ballad of the Miller of the Dee

The breezes of the summer's day  
 LOW whispered in my ear this LAY,  
 How once there lived, far o'er the LEE,  
 The well-known MILLER of the Dee.  
 His wee BROWN hut upon the HILL  
 'Midst FIELDS of yellow grain stands still,  
 But the summer rain and the winter HALE  
 Beats down on the Miller's grave. His tale  
 Was very sad—he cared for none—  
 A BLOUNT old man was he. No fun  
 He ever found in life; what's worse  
 He always tried to DRANE the purse  
 Of the BAKER who bought his flour and meal,  
 And he always won on every deal.  
 Not a single cent from the price he'd set  
 WOODY ever BUDGE, nor soon forget  
 A loan he'd made, or an unpaid debt.  
 By the SWETT of his brow he earned his bread—  
 We must judge him FAIRLEY, now he's dead.  
 Remember that while he cared for few,  
 None cared for him, and no one knew  
 That all the while he was only faking,  
 His kindly HART within was AIKEN  
 For love denied him—'tis too true!  
 Before he died, this truth he knew—  
 Joy is a thing of many HUGHES,  
 And yet, whatever are your views,  
 The BEST of happiness on wings  
 Of self-denial always SPRINGS!

---

Mr. Stone (in German class): "Miss Batts, you may read."

K. Batts: "Oh, my dear!"

Mr. Stone (blushing): "Not so publicly, please, Miss Batts."

### At the Table

Why, oh why is George so slow?  
We're waiting for the bread;  
The soup gave out long time ago—  
Where's George? (or John or Ned?)

The other tables are most through,  
George, that is plainly seen.  
Here's pickles by the score, 'tis true,  
But not a single bean!

Come, George, bring beans and bread and soup,  
Molasses don't forget;  
Bring apple-butter, tea, and milk,  
For we are hungry yet!

This is the hungriest table  
Poor George has ever fed—  
He has to rush so much, I guess  
He wishes he were dead!

Poor George! we'd plant asparagus  
And turnips at his head,  
And he'd be glad no more to hear,  
"George, hurry with the bread!"

K. WADDELL.

---

Did the Flu start with Florence Aiken?  
Did Virginia Howell for Weeks or Moore?  
Does Waddie like Martha Best?  
f Margaret Springs into the wrong Pou, will Helen Budge?





### Inter-Society Debate

Tuesday, April 29th, was the date of the eighteenth Annual Inter-Society Debate, always an event of the first interest and importance all at St. Mary's. By winning this year the Sigma Lambda got greater lead over the Epsilon Alpha Pi, as they have now won eleven debates to the E. A. P's seven.

The question for debate this year was: "*Resolved*, That Ireland should have complete independence." Ellen Lay, '19, and Millicent Stanton, '20, upheld the affirmative for the E. A. P., while Elizabeth Bowne, '19, and Lucy London Anderson, '21, debated for the Sigma Lambda on the negative. Elizabeth Bowne was the new representative; the other three spoke for their respective societies last year.

The Commencement Marshals who are elected by the literary societies were chosen on March 25th. E. A. P. elected Eleanor Sublett, '20, as Chief Marshal. The Society's other Marshals are Millicent Stanton, '20, and Dorothy Kirtland, '21; while the Sigma Lambda chose Jane Ruffin, '20, and Rainsford Glass, '20. The regalias have been delivered, and the Marshals took up their regular work ushering all school functions after the Easter holidays.

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### St. Mary's Notes

In the months without the publication of the MUSE, we have tried to supply the principal school news in tabloid form by the semi-monthly publication of the *St. Mary's News-Letter*. Eleven of these sheets have been issued to date.

Extra caution due to the prevalence of the influenza in the fall is doubtless partly responsible for the absence of the minor contagious diseases in St. Mary's as elsewhere this spring. There was no recurrence of the "flu" and no outbreak of other disease on the return after the Christmas holidays.

The registration of resident students has this session decidedly surpassed the attendance at any previous session, and the average attendance has also been larger than ever before. The 200 mark was passed for the first time in January of this year. The total registra-

tion of boarding students for the year has been 203, and the average attendance 170.

On account of the epidemic of influenza, which caused the suspension of school duties for two weeks from September 25th to October 9th, there has been an adjustment of the School Calendar for the year to provide for making up the lost time.

The changes in the Calendar included the shortening of the Christmas vacation one week; the omission of Founder's Day and Alumni Day as school holidays, and the readjustment of the final examination to give two days more time for regular recitations.

Dr. A. W. Knox, School Physician for many years, and master worker during the epidemic, who has held many offices of trust in connection with the war work, became Military Medical Aide to the Governor late in September with the commission of Captain in the United States Medical Reserve Corps. His place here as school physician was filled from October 1st to January 1st by Dr. Alde Smedes Root, whose connection with the school has always been close and who is namesake and grandson of the founder.

The visit of the delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference last July has shown much fruit this year in the Junior Auxiliary work. Elizabeth Waddell, Katharine Batts, Ellen Lay, Marian Drane, Helene Battle, Catherine Miller, and Susan Smith represented St. Mary at Blue Ridge.

The Rector, the Rev. Warren W. Way, in February made a brief trip to Virginia on St. Mary's business. He visited Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Mary Baldwin Institute, and Stuart Hall, and spent the day with Miss McVea at Sweet Briar College, preaching on Sunday, February 2d, at Staunton.

Mr. Way went to Chattanooga for the great Sewanee rally on Monday, February 24th. This enthusiastic meeting under the chairmanship of General Leonard Wood perfected plans for carrying to completion the \$1,000,000 Endowment Fund for the University of the South. On the way to Chattanooga he spent Sunday, February 23d in Atlanta, preaching in the morning at the Cathedral and in the evening at St. Luke's Church. In the Rector's absence, the Rev. Edwin H. Goold of St. Augustine's School had the morning service and preached at St. Mary's.

### With Former Teachers

Miss Eleanor Thomas is this year Associate Professor of English at Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio. She received the Master's degree from Columbia University last June.

Mlle. Rudnicka is successfully teaching at St. Mary's Hall, Fairbault, Minn. She prefers the southern surroundings but likes her work.

Miss Elizabeth Myrick, of the English Department the past two years, is this year teaching English in the Burlington (N. J.) High School.

Miss Helen Urquhart, who resigned from the Latin Department last April to take up Red Cross work in Washington, continued with the Personnel Division of the National Red Cross until its work ended the past winter, and has since been with the United States Shipping Board in Washington.

Miss Margaret Bottum, after several promotions in the Red Cross service in Washington, is now County Agent for Home Service for the Red Cross at Logan, West Va., a work which she finds sufficiently arduous but very satisfying.

Miss Lillian Fenner continues very successful in her position as Dietitian at the Watts Hospital, Durham. She makes frequent visits to St. Mary's.

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A Prep she would a-wooing go,  
To Senior Hall she went,  
Well armed with cake and candy too,  
And flowers and verses not a few,  
So sweet was her intent.

This Prep no more a-wooing goes  
With sentimental gush,  
For she has learned, as all can see,  
'Tis 'neath a Senior's dignity  
To entertain a crush!

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.  
ANNIE S. CAMERON, :16, Alumnae Editor

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## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittenger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	- - - -		Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - -		Mrs. Nannie Ashe, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	- - - -		Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	- - - -		Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## The Alumnae Muse

Thanks to the energy of the Editor, Miss Annie Cameron, '16, the Founder's Day Alumnae MUSE, even though delayed, finally appeared the first of the year, and has been the sole representative of the "monthly MUSE" this school session. It was an excellent number and has received many compliments. Our chief regret is that it has not been more widely distributed.

The Alumnae Day MUSE (the spring Alumnae number) will appear a few days after this Spring Number and will be a memorial to Mrs. Iredell and other prominent alumnae who have died in recent months.

E. C.

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## The Iredell Memorial Window

The death of Mrs. Iredell at the home of her brother, Col. Charles E. Johnson, in Raleigh, on Tuesday, January 7th, removed one of the most devoted friends and supporters that St. Mary's has ever had. Mrs. Iredell and Miss Kate McKimmon are without doubt better known and more beloved of all generations of St. Mary's girls than any other alumnae. Their lives have been most closely interwoven with the life of the school since the days of the War Between the States, and there have been few events of importance in the development and growth of St. Mary's in which they have not been a potent influence.

If the alumnæ generally were informed of the purpose to place a window to her memory in the St. Mary's Chapel the necessary funds would be at once forthcoming, but it has been impracticable thus far to reach many of those who would be especially interested. If the readers of the MUSE would either bring this matter to the attention of the girls of their school days or localities who would like to know how to help the window they would be helping along decidedly with the fund. Something less than half of the \$300 required has been given to date. Checks should be made out to Miss Lizzie H. Lee, Treasurer, and mailed to the ST. MARY'S MUSE, Raleigh, N. C.

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### The \$250,000 Fund

The illness of the Rev. Francis M. Osborne, in charge of the campaign for the \$250,000 Fund, has delayed the intensive work for the fund for several months, but Mr. Osborne is now fast regaining his strength and hopes to complete the work in the Carolinas by the time of the Diocesan Conventions in May. He has lately issued the following statement and appeal:

For many important reasons it is necessary to finish the campaign for the \$250,000 Fund for St. Mary's School in the North Carolina Dioceses by the time our conventions meet in May.

The Diocese of North Carolina has raised approximately four-fifths of its quota.

Four of the seven groups of parishes in East Carolina have been successfully canvassed.

The campaign in the District of Asheville is drawing to a close.

It remains for those who have not yet acted in this matter to show a prompt and ready willingness to cooperate, so that when our annual Diocesan Conventions meet we will have finished our task. Very shortly your Diocesan Local Committee will call on you for your help. Please be ready.

The School is full to overflowing and in fine condition, but never more in need of the financial support of those who own it, in order that it may continue its progress.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS M. OSBORNE,

*Special Representative of the Trustees.*

April 5, 1919.

## Easter Morning, 1919

By RUTH NEWBOLD VAIL

The soldiers' shaded human eyes  
 Quickly passing on their way  
 Fearing, when the Lord did rise  
 On that first glad Easter Day.

Believing not that earthly tomb  
 Failed to hold Him in its gloom.  
 Christ had risen from the grave,  
 All the world from sin to save.

Oh, that happy Easter morn,  
 Faithful hearts upraised the strain,  
 Sang glad tongues the thrilling song  
 Of that holy Lamb, Christ slain.

Now He sits in shining glory  
 By His loving Father's side,  
 He who paid the price so gory,  
 Suffering hung, and suffering died.

Never more for sin He suffers,  
 He has paid the price, and life  
 Everlasting to us offers,  
 Free from sin, and care, and strife.

On this day a prayer we offer  
 God, for victory of Right  
 Thanking Him for peace most blessed  
 That is shedding soft its light.

Prince of Peace! All nations praise Him,  
 Sing it o'er and o'er again,  
 "Victory's Ours"! Shout alleluias!  
 Raise our throbbing heart's refrain.

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 Alumnae Notes

The officers of the Alumnae Association for 1918-'19 are: Mrs Thomas W. Bickett (Fannie Yarborough, '87), President; Mrs Thomas M. Ashe (Nannie Jones), Vice-President; Miss Kat McKimmon, Secretary; Miss Loula T. Busbee, Assistant Secretary



and Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank (Margaret Jones, '96), Treasurer. The Alumnae Council, which is the governing body of the Association, is made up of the officers and the following elected members: Miss Susan F. Iden and Mrs. E. McC. Snow of Raleigh (until 1919); Mrs. Ashby L. Baker and Miss Gertrude Royster, '93, of Raleigh (until 1920); and Miss Emilie McVea, '84, Sweet Briar, Va., and Mrs. John S. Holmes (Emilie Smedes, '84), of Chapel Hill, until '21.

Mrs. Mary Iredell of Raleigh was Honorary President-for-life of the Association, and Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak of West Durham and Mrs. I. McK. Pittenger of Raleigh are the Honorary Vice-Presidents.

At the June meeting of the Alumnae, Miss Annie Cameron, '15, of Hillsboro, Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank and Miss Isabel T. Busbee of Raleigh were made the Alumnae Committee in charge of arranging the Alumnae numbers of the MUSE, to be gotten out through agreement with the Muse Club, which publishes the MUSE. The Alumnae undertook to make substantial additions to the subscription list of the MUSE, and the Muse Club publish the Alumnae numbers as two of the numbers of the MUSE. Miss Cameron is the Alumnae Editor this year, not only for the special Alumnae numbers, but for all the numbers of the MUSE.

The Alumnae Chapter meetings, regularly appointed for Founders' Day, All Saints', November 1st, were greatly interfered with this year by the complications due to the influenza. It is hoped that doubly successful meetings can be held at the spring date, May 12th, Alumnae Day.

The Alumnae MUSE, which had been planned for publication by Founders' Day, was issued January 1st, with December date. The Alumnae Editor, Miss Annie S. Cameron, '15, of Hillsboro, has earned high praise for her excellent work, and this MUSE is the most complete and interesting Alumnae number that has appeared for years. In addition to remarkably full and complete chapter and class reports, the MUSE is characterized by several especially interesting articles contributed by well-known alumnae.

Notable among the articles in the Alumnae MUSE are: Miss Jessie W. W. W. W.'s article on "Secondary Education," deliciously flavored by

her characteristic humor; Miss Florence Slater's article on "The Americanization of the Immigrant Child," and Miss Emilie McVea's warm tribute to the late Miss Janet Brownell Glen. Miss Deger '94, is now teacher in the May School in Boston; Miss Slater, '82 is in the Science Department of the Washington Irving High School New York City, and Miss McVea, '84, is President of Sweetbriar College.

Grace Crews, '14, of Raleigh, recently arrived in France with her hospital unit. While the unit waited for orders she had a day off in Paris. Of course she went to the Hostess House. There the first person she saw was Nell Battle Lewis, '11, now overseas with the Y. M. C. A. and also awaiting orders.

Miss Esther Means, '04, who has been in France almost a year, is in Paris with the Children's Bureau in the Educational Service of the Red Cross.

Margaret Bottum, '14, who has been since last June with the Red Cross in Washington, after finishing preliminary training, has been assigned to field work and is at present located at Logan, West Virginia.

Mrs. Margaret Busbee Shipp of Raleigh, well-known short-story writer, former President of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association, and one of the best-loved alumnae, is preparing to sail in April to take part in the reconstruction work in France under the auspices of the American Committee for Devastated France.

Miss Mary Brown Butler, '14, of Henderson, who has been engaged in war work in Washington for the past six months, has also been accepted for overseas service with the Y. M. C. A. and sailed for France in May.

Miss Elizabeth A. Lay, '17, who is a member of the graduating class this June at the University of North Carolina, has made an enviable record in her dramatic work at the University. Last year she took a leading part in the annual play, and this year one of her

plays has been given with decided success by the Carolina Play-makers, the new dramatic organization which is extending the scope and influence of dramatics at Chapel Hill.

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### Deaths of Alumnae and Other Friends

Mrs. Mary Johnson Iredell, Honorary President of the Alumnae Association and life-long worker for St. Mary's, died at the home of her brother, Col. Chas. E. Johnson, in Raleigh, on Tuesday, January 12th, in her 81st year.

Until her health failed several years ago, Mrs. Iredell was a familiar figure to all at St. Mary's, and on her retirement from the active service in which she had been pupil and teacher, adviser and friend of St. Mary's girls, guiding figure in Alumnae affairs, and field agent for the Trustees, the Alumnae Association made her its Honorary President for life.

Mrs. Isaac T. Avery (Margaret DuBose, '05) died at Grace Hospital, Morganton, of a complication of diseases following influenza, on Monday, January 3d. She was a student leader during her school days at St. Mary's, later for a year a teacher here, and since her graduation a most devoted alumna. The daughter of Rev. McNeely DuBose, fourth Rector of St. Mary's, she married Mr. Avery while her father was rector at Morganton, and had made her home there since. Her husband and four small children survive her. Her death is a great grief to a host of friends.

In the death of Mrs. Isaac M. Aiken of Pensacola, Fla., who as Annie Bryan of Wilmington was a St. Mary's girl of the '50s, the school has lost one of her most devoted daughters. Mrs. Aiken's granddaughter, Florence Aiken of Brunswick, is a present St. Mary's girl. St. Mary's is the poorer for the loss of several other loyal alumnae as a result of the influenza. These include Mrs. Wm. A. White of Duke, N. C. (Susan Porter Rawlings, 1909-'13, of Wilson); Mrs. John McFall of Washington, D. C. (Marion Haigh, 1910-'11, of Fayetteville), a bride of only a few months; Miss Susie E. Carter,

1904-'05, of Asheville, who had done valiant work as a volunteer nurse in the epidemic before being herself stricken—all of whom died in the fall, and Mrs. Edmund T. Cansler (May London) of Charlotte, who died in February.

All North Carolina mourns the death of President Graham of the University of North Carolina. He was close to St. Mary's in many ways, and his wife, now several years dead, was Miss Susan Moses, formerly a much-loved teacher in the school.

The Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., for the past nine years Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, N. J., died at his rectory on Wednesday, January 22d. Dr. Niles, while rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., established the Niles Medal at St. Mary's, and this medal has, since 1906, been annually awarded at Commencement to the student with the best average for the year. Dr. Niles preached the Commencement Sermon here in 1915. He was beloved by all who knew him and will be greatly missed.

Another victim of the influenza epidemic was Mr. C. E. Hartge of Raleigh, the school architect, who designed the Wings and Clement Hall and formulated plans for the further development of the school buildings. Mr. Hartge showed the deepest interest in his work at St. Mary's and the buildings of the Lay administration will always be a real monument to him and to Dr. Lay.

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Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Iredell Memorial Number

May, 1919









*MRS. MARY JOHNSON IREDELL*

*1838-1919*

*Honorary President for Life of St. Mary's  
Alumnæ Association*

*who gave the greater part of a life of usefulness to the work of  
St. Mary's as student, as student assistant, as teacher, as  
traveling representative, as organizer of the Alumnæ,  
and as President of the Alumnæ Association.*

# The St. Mary's Muse

IREDELL MEMORIAL NUMBER

VOL. XXIII

MAY, 1919

No. 4

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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.

---

Almighty Father, whose mercy is over all Thy works, bless, we beseech Thee, with Thy providential care St. Mary's School and all schools and colleges of Christian education, and prosper all right efforts for their support. Help us in the work being done for the improvement and endowment of this School, to pray earnestly, to labor diligently, and to give generously. Grant to the teachers and the taught the light of Thy Holy Spirit to lead them into all truth and to build them up in Christian grace and character: for the sake of Thy Kingdom and the honor of Thy name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

---

## 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 the 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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# St. Mary's Muse—Alumnæ Number

*Committee on Publication for the St. Mary's Alumnæ Association*

ANNIE S. CAMERON, Hillsboro

LULA T. BUSSEE, Raleigh

MARGARET CRUIKSHANK, St. Mary's

ANNIE S. CAMERON, Editor

## EDITORIAL

This is the second and last Alumnæ Number for the term of 1918-1919, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped us with the work and to ask pardon for all the mistakes and inadequacies of these numbers. We hope that this is only a small beginning of bigger things and that year by year the Alumnæ MUSE will become better and stronger until it keeps us in close touch with the movements, activities, experiences, and achievements of St. Mary's girls everywhere, thus forming for us a close bond to each other and to our Alma Mater. Of course the realization of this ideal calls for widespread interest, coöperation and work. It is not enough for the Alumnæ Chapter secretaries and class secretaries to send in news, because there are many St. Mary's girls included in no Alumnæ Chapter or class. We must all be ready to help. If we come across a bit of news about St. Mary's girls, even if it is only one or two small items, let us send it in to the Alumnæ Editors. They will be only too glad to receive it. If they already have it we will have done no harm and they will at least appreciate our thoughtfulness and interest. After all, what is our goal? Why should we bother ourselves about Alumnæ affairs? Why should we trouble to get out an Alumnæ MUSE and worry ourselves trying to keep up with the whereabouts and doings of St. Mary's girls? Simply this: a strong, well-organized, interested Alumnæ is one of the greatest assets any school can have; and it is quite true that whatever we feel a responsibility toward and take trouble for we are more or less interested in, and the more interest we can awaken in St. Mary's past, present, and future, the more ready we are to render her real, definite help in her work. And aside from all personal interest and affection there remains that feeling, which belongs to all right-minded people, the feeling of wishing to make some return for what has been done for them. Let us think, only for a moment, of what St. Mary's has meant to us and we will surely feel convinced that whatever time we devote to helping forward her splendid work is indeed time well spent.

ANNIE S. CAMERON.

## Hic Discamus

(To St. Mary's.)

Let us store sunshine here,  
Store sunshine, and learn laughter, for the days  
That, stretching on to unknown ends afar,  
May lead through darkened or through checkered ways.

Let us store knowledge here of books and life,  
Of ancient lore, and problems of our peers,  
Of facts and fancies; knowledge for delight,  
That ripens into wisdom with the years.

Let us find courage here for toilsome tasks,  
For noble purposes, and high intent;  
Let us learn patience that will still press on  
To reach the goal, after the flame is spent.

Let us find friendships here, the human touch  
That wakens hope, and kindles faith anew,  
Asking and giving only of our best,  
To teach us loyalty and keep us true.

Let us learn cheer and gay *camaraderie*  
For all our journeyings, where'er they tend,  
Cheer for the journey with its lightened load,  
And peace for the journey's end. ANNIE R. C. BARNES.

### Mary Johnson Iredell, 1838-1919

For more than forty years Mrs. Iredell's name was one "to conjure with" at St. Mary's, and her personality impressed itself deeply on the girls of St. Mary's, on the life of the School. Next to the Smedes' themselves, Mrs. Iredell and Miss McKimmon have been the enduring personalities in St. Mary's for all St. Mary's girls. Coming to the School as little girls, deeply impressed with the ideals of the founder, standing always for the best things in character and in life, their lives have been lives for St. Mary's, and they have lived and will live on in the lives and works of the hosts of St. Mary's girls who have admired them.

No other woman has impressed St. Mary's at so many stages of her life and of the life of the School as has Mrs. Iredell. As a student in the late 40's and early 50's, she knew St. Mary's in its earliest days; as a young teacher in the 60's, she gave the loyal and able assistance to Dr. Smedes which was to make her increasingly valuable to him with the years and which in the days of the second Rector brought her to the post of principal teacher and Lady Principal; as an alumna and churchwoman deeply interested in the future of the School and its relation to the Church, she threw herself in the late 90's with her whole energy into the movement to insure the permanence of St. Mary's, and under Church ownership her influence and energetic work played no little part in the successful outcome of those trying days when faith was deep but funds were very low.

Until her failing health kept her away from the School, no St. Mary's girl would have felt she knew St. Mary's fully unless she knew Mrs. Iredell. She was a familiar and welcome figure at each opening and at each commencement and at the functions in between. Any movement in the interest of St. Mary's was sure to have her unqualified and enthusiastic support.

Happily St. Mary's did not fail to indicate the appreciation of her worth during the life and strength of Mrs. Iredell. She was shown every deference and accorded every honor. She had a chief part in building up the Alumnae Association, and was chosen its President year by year without question so long as her strength lasted. When he was forced to retire, the Association made her Honorary President

for life. As an enduring honor to her and to Miss McKimmon, the Association raised the Mary Iredell and Kate McKimmon Scholarship Fund. In the near future, as the gift of Alumnae and friends with the Alumnae Association fostering the movement, a memorial window in her memory will be placed in the Chapel which was so dear to her.

As a further evidence of appreciation, this Alumnae Number of the MUSE, paying special tribute as it does to her and to others dear to St. Mary's who have passed on in recent months, is called the "Iredell Memorial MUSE."

E. C.

### Mrs. Mary Iredell: A Tribute

MARTHA A. DOWD

After several years of gradually failing health, followed by a brief week of illness, Mrs. Mary Iredell, the friend of St. Mary's, died January 7th, and was laid to rest by the side of her husband, Captain Campbell Iredell, and their little son. Her spirit, as we believe, has passed to its reward, to the freer, fuller activities beyond, alive in Christ forever more. Her name appeals to a large number of St. Mary's girls. It is widely known throughout the Southern States and wherever known it stands for loyalty and service to St. Mary's in the varying capacities of daughter, teacher, Lady Principal, representative, and President of the Alumnae. The news of her passing has made many a woman pause in her busy day to look back in memory to her school-girl days, to recall not only Mrs. Iredell's dignity and gracious womanhood, but also some special act of kindness which made the world a happier place, or it may be some principle taught which stirred one's finer nature and became in after years a controlling force in one's life.

Mrs. Iredell's father was Dr. Charles E. Johnson of Raleigh, a man of note in his profession; her mother was Emily Skinner of Edenton.

Mrs. Iredell was at St. Mary's as a school girl from 1847 to 1854 and left behind her a noble record as student, lady, and friend. In 1859 she married Mr. Campbell Iredell and made her home in

Raleigh. In 1863, Captain Iredell met a brave death on the battlefield at Gettysburg, his last act being one of unselfish consideration for the welfare of a dying comrade. Their one child, a boy of one and one-half years, had died some months before, and at twenty-five Mrs. Iredell found herself with her heart stunned, the light of life gone out, and a waste of years before her. It was then, at the suggestion of Dr. Aldert Smedes, a man of tact and gentleness and a keen judge of character, that she came to St. Mary's as a member of the Faculty, to begin life anew. From that time until the death of Dr. Aldert Smedes she was faithful to her post at St. Mary's, giving the school the benefit of wise judgment, good teaching, and refined influence, and the Rector the further help of one whose heart was in the work.

When Dr. Bennett Smedes took the School he turned naturally to Mrs. Iredell as his father's valued friend and one who would value and reserve the traditions and help "to hold up his hands" in the great work which had fallen to him. A lady who was at St. Mary's during all the years Mrs. Iredell taught there gives it as her opinion that no teacher ever exerted a more universal and healthful influence over young girls. There was nothing of that sentimentality which so often tinges the relation between a school girl and a popular teacher, but while inviting ease and confidence, her influence was bracing and tended always to the development of character—it was that of a wise mother with her daughter. Out of school hours her interest in the girls did not cease, and many a woman with a family of her own can trace her interest in sewing and embroidery and in the art of "making pretty things" back to Mrs. Iredell's evening Reading Class. She declined to "read to empty hands" and planned and directed many a piece of fancy work, which was the pride of the worker and the delight of her family, who had previously had no reason to suspect the hidden talent. Her bright room, softly radiating refinement and comfort, was as a well of fresh springs to many a weary school girl who went in homesick and discouraged, and came out with a higher ideal of life and heart for the duties of the moment.

In September, 1889, Mrs. Iredell was made Lady Principal of St. Mary's, which position she resigned in January following, on account of the death of her sister, whose family of young children she took



in charge, making her home with them in Asheville. For several years her immediate connection with the school was severed, though her interest in it never faltered. It was renewed when she returned in November, '96, to make her home in Raleigh with her brother, Mr. Charles E. Johnson. Dr. Smedes had given the school into the hands of the Diocese, whose first act was to purchase the school property which up to this time had been rented from the Camerons. The Bishop asked Mrs. Iredell to accept the position of representative agent for St. Mary's to solicit funds and patronage for the school. Perhaps no severer test could have been found for her loyalty. She had been tenderly nurtured, brought up in the old ways when women were not accustomed to travel alone and were never heard speaking in public, and her life at St. Mary's had but been a life in a large family. Her heart misgave her and she shrank from the task. But she undertook the work, and we hear of her first public speech being made in church in Charlotte at a meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, when, as she turned to address the Brotherhood, they rose to a man, to do homage to her gentle womanhood. Having undertaken the work, she did it with her might at all times, with unabating energy and zeal, with the result that she succeeded in raising a goodly part of the purchase money and in establishing St. Mary's Guilds throughout the country, which have been valuable aids both to the Purchase Fund and to the Alumnae Fund. This work of hers still goes on, and by personal visits and innumerable letters she revived and strengthened the life of the Guilds and kept them in immediate touch with the life of their Alma Mater. For ten years she was President of the Alumnae Association, and the two chief works accomplished during her regime—the founding of the Smedes Scholarship and the enlargement of the Chapel, were both greatly furthered by her enthusiasm and practical efforts.

The writer is not in a position to tell all that Mrs. Iredell has done for St. Mary's, but it is hoped enough has been said to reveal the purpose of this article, viz.: to show St. Mary's girls of today what Mrs. Iredell was to the girls of the past and to explain why it is that "her children rise up and call her blessed."



## Reminiscences of Mrs. Iredell

LIZZIE WILSON (Mrs. W. A.) Montgomery

The death of Mrs. Iredell, perforce, reminds those who were earlier associated with her, as pupil or co-worker, of the historic events and domestic conditions connected with the great Southern catastrophe—the War of 1861-65. The development of her strong character began in those troublous days; and her usefulness increased as she developed in force.

Much beloved by her family and admired by a large circle of devoted friends, in her young womanhood she became a happy bride. Within four years she was bereft of him whom she had chosen for her companion in life—Campbell T. Iredell, who became a captain in Pettigrew's brigade. He fell in the Confederate cause at Gettysburg, one of the most renowned battle-fields of the world, and one even to this day remembered with pain in many sorrowing hearts. The young widow under her affliction was as courageous as was her chivalric husband; marched to her field of duty with as much alacrity and bravery as did he to his post and destiny. She connected herself with St. Mary's School within the next twelve months, and for thirty-five years was a conspicuously useful and helpful teacher and adviser.

I was a pupil of St. Mary's when Mrs. Iredell came to take up her duties there as a teacher, and it was my good fortune to have fallen under her care and instruction in the classroom and her gentle helpful influence in the daily intercourse of school life. If her nature had been a self-absorbed one her recent affliction would have caused her to have withdrawn herself from the social life of the School, but not with her. She had caught a vision of the peace that comes to every one who lives for others, and in that spirit she went in and out among us as one who came to give helpfulness and cheer; and with that gentle smile and winning manner characteristic of her, she made each pupil in the School feel that in her she had a personal friend. Her widow's dress and the sad face when in repose drew largely upon the sympathies and love of even the most thoughtless, and so touched the heart that each girl felt she should do her best to bring comfort to one so patient under so heavy a sorrow.

Mrs. Iredell was of a most striking personal appearance. She was somewhat above the regular height of women, slender and very erect, with a grace of carriage much to be envied and often remarked upon. Her features were regular and symmetrical, her brow particularly beautiful and crowned with soft brown hair. Her dress was always in beautiful taste and faultlessly neat. She was an earnest and interesting talker and with a grace of manner so pleasing that, having met her you would never forget the kindness of that manner or the pleasure that had been yours in the personal contact.

By her wonderful tact, her firm but kindly and impartial discipline, and her affectionate disposition she won the respect and love of her pupils, and probably, by her teaching and example, influenced more young women than any other individual in the State.

LIZZIE WILSON MONTGOMERY.

(Mrs. W. A.)

## To St. Mary's Chapel

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16

Once more within thy sacred walls  
We meet, but not alone.  
The hearts of all who hold thee dear  
Meet with us here as one.  
We feel their silent blessing  
Upon us as we pray.  
The hopes and prayers that once were theirs  
Still live in us today.

For thee they labored, thee they strove;  
They loved thee and passed on,  
Leaving to us an heritage  
Of all that they had won.  
A sacred charge they gave us  
In trust divine and deep:  
Thine honor and thy name they left  
For us to guard and keep.

Thou art to us the token  
Of that we hold most dear,  
Mute bond of love unbroken,  
Thy sheltering arms we near.  
Thou dost our love enkindle,  
Our loyal hearts enroll  
In kinship stronger than of blood,  
The kinship of the soul.

And through the discord of the world,  
Thy music, rising clear,  
Dispels the doubt that once we had,  
Casts out our craven fear.  
Hopes by defeat once shattered  
And sullied with the dust,  
We pledge again at thy dear name,  
In holy love and trust.

Like these who loved and labored,  
Led by thy steadfast light,  
We pass from thee with strengthened hands  
To battle for the right.  
And as we strive to follow  
The pathway they have trod,  
We pray God's peace be ever thine,  
Oh, little house of God.

### "Fannie Hines Johnson," 1888-1919

The death of Mrs. Meares Harris on January 14th, at the home of her father in Raleigh, removes another of the Alumnæ whose connections with the School have been very close. She was the daughter of Col. Johnson, who has been for more than twenty years—ever since St. Mary's was acquired by the Church—a leading member of the Board of Trustees and of the Executive Committee, and of Mrs. Johnson, who while not an alumna of St. Mary's has always shown great interest in the School as daughter by adoption, and the niece of Mrs. Iredell, who made her home for many years with her brother Colonel Johnson. Mrs. Harris as "Fannie Hines Johnson" spent many years as a student of St. Mary's, the latter part of the time specializing in the study of the violin, in which she had much talent. She was for several years a member of the St. Mary's Orchestra, which, under the direction of Miss Hull, was an important factor in the musical life of the city.

On March 26, 1912, Miss Johnson married Mr. Meares Harris of Wilmington, and went to make her home in that city, but she has since paid frequent visits to her parents. She had brought her children, two bright boys aged three and one, to visit their grandparents when she was stricken with influenza, and this developed into pneumonia from which she failed to rally.

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### Margaret DuBose Avery, 1887-1919

St. Mary's has had to mourn the loss of but very few of her younger Alumnæ in recent years, and the death of "Margaret DuBose" this spring is both a deep shock and an abiding loss. In the days of war we have come to feel death as more incidental, and to accept the losses occasioned by the war as a necessary sacrifice in which we partly did our part by enduring. A year ago this May, when we had hardly grown to realize our full participation in the war, we read one morning in the paper that the coast steamer *City of Savannah* had been accidentally rammed and sunk the night before off the Jersey coast.

by a French cruiser, and among the lost was "Elise Stiles." It was one of the first close indications of the approaching "fortunes of war." But the influenza with its complications in the past months has done less spectacular but as deadly work, and the news of the illness and death of "Margaret DuBose" in February seems almost as sudden and disturbing as that of Miss Stiles the preceding May.

From a St. Mary's viewpoint, the two girls while vastly different in many ways had essential elements in common. There are each year in a school a few girls or boys who have more or less of a dominating influence through their energy, their interest, their ability and character. They are ready to take part in everything of moment that comes up, and when they take part it is always a part that counts. Such were these girls. Girls who were at St. Mary's with them would not think of the St. Mary's of their day without thinking of their part in it.

Margaret DuBose had been at St. Mary's a year before her father, the late Rev. McNeely DuBose, was called from Trinity Church, Asheville, to become the fourth Rector of St. Mary's in succession to Dr. Bratton, who had accepted the bishopric of Mississippi. She continued to be a resident member of the School instead of living at the Rectory, and played a dominant part in her class of 1905, being a leading editor of the excellent Annual Muse gotten out by the class and having a prominent part in the success of the monthly MUSE in that first year of its revival. Her stories are among the best that the MUSE has ever published.

After her graduation, Miss DuBose returned to St. Mary's for two years as an instructor, and went with her father and family to Morganton when he retired from St. Mary's and took the rectorship of Grace Church, Morganton. At Morganton she met Mr. Isaac T. Avery, a well-known member of the bar of that town, and they were married in 1910.

As Mrs. Avery, "Margaret DuBose" continued to take a deep interest in both church and Alumnae work, and she was always called on when any Alumnae project was on hand and never failed to respond. She had a most interesting family and was a devoted mother, and it was a benediction to see her with her children.



It is difficult to write of those especially dear to you, but her close friend and room-mate in her school days, "Sadie Jenkins" (Mrs. Dr. George C. Battle of Asheville), pays tribute to her thus:

"You ask me for 'an appreciation' of Margaret DuBose; it is a hard thing to do—to write down in so many words something which comes anywhere near expressing a person you have known and loved as intimately as I did her.

"There was no grudging littleness in Margaret's friendship; she was ready to love more than she was loved in return if necessary, in answer to which quality she had many friends only too glad to love and admire her to a degree of deep enthusiasm.

"Responsibilities just naturally went to Margaret when they were looking for some one to take care of them. With her splendid personal health and her keen intellect and executive brain and warm heart she seemed ready to take hold of any duty or pleasure with the same amount of ease and enjoyment. We roomed together at St. Mary's and I visited her several times after her marriage to Mr. Avery and found her always with that joyous interest in life.

"Theirs was a very happy home, and motherhood seemed so appropriate to Margaret. It seemed exactly right that she should have those lovely children with her, as if they always had "belonged" somehow. With the many duties incident to a large house and family, she was always the same old Margaret, with her duties well taken care of and plenty of time and spirit left for playing her violin, taking part in the activities of the community and church, helping the MUSE and St. Mary's in any way possible, or just being ready with that contagious laugh of hers for a "good time.

"I'll close this very incomplete tribute with every good wish for the MUSE, in which Margaret took such a live interest."



### Susan Rawlings White, 1892-1918

St. Mary's is again the poorer through the loss of "Susan Rawlings" (Mrs. William A. White) of Duke who succumbed to pneumonia following influenza on October 13, 1918.

Susan Rawlings was the second of the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Rawlings of Wilson, all of the four being St. Mary's girls as was their mother (Sallie Daniel, '82) before them. The youngest daughter, Margaret, is now a Junior at St. Mary's. Mrs. Rawlings' constant and devoted interest in the School has been manifest on many occasions, and it has always been a joy to her that her daughters have followed in her footsteps as loyal St. Mary's girls.

Susan Rawlings entered St. Mary's in September, 1909, and was here for four years, taking the Certificate in Organ in 1912 and the Diploma in Organ in 1913. During her last year she was assistant organist in the Chapel. Throughout her student days she was highly regarded by her fellow-students and took an important part in student affairs. While she has not been able to visit St. Mary's frequently since going out into the world her old teachers and friends here had always felt that she was ready to respond to any call that might be made on her.

After leaving St. Mary's she spent a year at home and then took up teaching, and it was while teaching at Duke that she met Mr. White, whom she married, November 23, 1916. She was devoted to her new home and the community in which she made it.

A handsome oak hymn board has been given to St. Stephen's Church, Duke, by her husband as a memorial to her who for the two years of her married life was organist for St. Stephen's and a teacher in the Sunday School. The board is furnished in heavy brass with a plate bearing the following inscription: "To the glory of God and in loving memory of Susan Rawlings White, 1892-1918."

### Dr. C. M. Niles Succumbs to Long Illness

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

The Rev. Dr. Niles of Atlantic City, N. J., donor of the Niles Medal, awarded annually at Commencement, several times speaker at St. Mary's, and a deep friend of the School, died at his rectory in Atlantic City, N. J., on January 22d last. The following account of his life is taken from the Atlantic City *Daily Press* of the following morning:

Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., Rector of Ascension P. E. Church, fell into his long sleep at 12:25 o'clock, noon, yesterday, at the rectory, 1722 Pacific Avenue, following a period of ill health which had been of long duration. While the whole city knew that Dr. Niles' health had been impaired for a long time, and that for several days past he had been confined to his bed, the announcement that the spirit of this man of God had taken its departure and winged its way to its Maker came as a great shock to the entire community.

Dr. Niles was born near Rutland, Vermont, and was the son of Captain Erwin Niles, of the 10th Vermont Volunteer Infantry, who was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, and of Flora Wright, of Rutland. He was a graduate of the St. Stevens and the General Theological Seminaries and was given his degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of Vermont. Later he took a course in Christ Church College in Oxford, England. He served as Rector of Trinity Church, at Rutland, Vt.; St. Paul Church, at Ossining, N. Y.; Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C.; and, prior to accepting the call to Ascension Church in this city, was the Archdeacon of Western Florida, with his residence in Pensacola. He came to this city in October, 1909, to succeed Rev. John Hardenbrook Townsend, who is now serving St. John's M. E. Church, Camden.

#### WAS TWICE MARRIED

Dr. Niles was twice married. His first wife was Mary Webster Parker, daughter of Dr. Parker, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. One son was born to them. He is the Rev. C. E. Niles, Rector of the Episcopal

Church at Jordanville, N. Y. His second wife was Mary Frances Doyle, of Wilmington, N. C., by whom he also had a son, Charles Martin Niles. Both the latter and his first son survive him.

Dr. Niles was ordained a deacon on Trinity Sunday, May 27, 1888, and the following June was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Littlejohn at Garden City, L. I. Had he survived until next Trinity Sunday he would have completed his thirtieth year in the ministry.

#### INTERESTED IN YOUNG MEN

Dr. Niles was always interested in the young men of the churches he served. Dr. Lewis, whom he called to this city as his assistant, was a choir boy in one of his former charges, and he it was who took him into the church and led him to become interested in the work of the ministry. Eight other young men turned to the ministry as a result of the interest which Dr. Niles displayed in them.

Big of body, noble of heart, broad of mind, a splendid Christian character, Dr. Niles met all people upon their respective level. He could talk with the poor and illiterate and make them love him as readily as he could converse with the most polished and educated and command their respect. He was loved by the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and to him men and women in all walks of life went with their troubles and woes for comfort and advice.

He was Rector of Ascension Church and was faithful to his people, but he was also beloved by the people of all other denominations in the city, and no call upon his strength for service, no matter by whom made, was ever neglected or refused. He responded to calls of distress when he well knew that by responding he was sapping of that strength which he needed for his own physical welfare, but he always said he felt that he was the servant of the people as well as of God, and he did with his might what his hands found to do.

Only yesterday morning, when he realized that the end was not far distant, he told Mrs. Niles: "Tell Mr. Lewis to tell my people that if I am called to go that I am resigned and willing. Tell them not to grieve for me, but to carry on the work so dear to my heart, for the only satisfying and worth-while life is that of the Christian, which brings peace at last."

He was conscious almost to the last, and his son, Rev. C. E. Niles, who left Utica the night before, arrived here at 11:30, and was in time to see his father before his spirit left its earthly temple.

Dr. Niles several times represented the Episcopal Church at the general conventions of the denomination, and was a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress, which was held in London several years ago. He was several times offered a bishopric, but steadfastly declined these high honors in order that he might live closer to and work among the people whom he loved.

Dr. Niles was a close, personal friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt, was a member of the American Embassy Association, of the Masonic fraternity and was a Knight Templar. At the request of the people of his parish and his hundreds of other friends in this city, Mrs. Niles has consented that his body shall rest in the cemetery at Pleasantville, instead of being taken to her old home in North Carolina.

## Our Heart's Country

(To the American Soldiers in France.)

July, 1917.

## I

We have crossed the sea with Pershing to the far-famed fields of France;  
We are ready for the trenches, every man to take his chance.  
We have never been unmindful of an ancient honor debt,  
Glorious still the Cause of '76, and gallant LaFayette;  
But the thought that gives us courage to essay the hero's part  
Is the memory of a fireside in the country of our heart.

## CHORUS:

O America, hearts' country from the mountains to the sea!  
O America, God's country, land of peace and liberty!  
To uphold thy cherished bulwarks, at the call of destiny,  
We have come forth to do battle for humanity and thee.

## II

From the staunch Canadian border to the South's remotest "Key,"  
From the Golden Gate of sunset to Bartholdi's "Liberty,"  
From the Vale of Mississippi and the blue Virginia hills,  
Comes the faith of Pilgrim Fathers, and the fire of Cavaliers;  
Comes the rugged strength and spirit of our dauntless Pioneers,  
Every smiling plain and city hallowed by their blood and tears.

## III

With a heritage so potent all our manhood to inspire,  
With a Crisis to enkindle every patriot's sleeping fire,  
With a pride and faith unbounded in our land of Freedom's start,  
Haste we to the fields of honor for the country of our heart;  
Past and Future in the balance, on our strength and courage wait,  
And the fate of children's children with our lives we consecrate.

ANNIE R. C. BARNES.



### "A Visit to France in War Time"

MRS. THOS. W. BICKETT (Fannie Yarborough)

My trip abroad was different, far different, from the one I had planned, but wonderful beyond anything I had ever dreamed.

It was a bright and beautiful day when I started off alone for the boat, and after much questioning and inspection of bag and baggage, finally reached my destination, the *Chicago*, an old French boat, so grey and weather-worn that there was little need of camouflage to make her seem a part of the grey waves on which she tossed.

We were the first of a convoy of thirteen. Our busy steel-clad escort went before, and above the watchful eyes of the observers kept guard. As we passed wharf after wharf, boats filled with khaki-clad soldiers were waiting to cast anchor and join us, with flags flying and hearts beating high, in the "Great Adventure."

There was no sleeping in the musty cabins. The port-holes were closed at five, as no ray of light must be seen, and the smell of old damp pillows, stale wine and the unwashed of many races, with the sight of flying moths, crawling ants, scampering mice and bounding black cats, was quite too much for a mere woman, and so we slept in our steamer chairs, finding fresh air and peace in the darkness of illimitable space. Dawn brought the white wings of the deck, and it was either go or be washed off, and we usually retired to our cabins very early, where, after strenuous efforts of memory coupled with a dictionary and a liberal "pour-voire" we succeeded in getting a salt bath and "petit dejeuner," consisting of a cup of coffee and a small piece of bread.

There were about five hundred men and women war workers on our boat. There were Red Cross nurses and aids, Y. M. C. A. workers and canteen workers, Y. W. C. A. secretaries, K. of C's, monks, priests, nuns, members of Mond, Duryea and Anne Morgan units, and Salvation Army commandant and assistants, and two thousand soldiers—our boys. Many hours of the day were spent with these boys, a special permit having been granted by the captain. We took them books, scrap-books, candy and cigarettes, fruit saved from our dinners, and our coffee sugar, and darned and mended all we could



find that needed it. One day a boy brought a young fellow up and said, "This fellow has been cutting buttons off his blouse so you girls would sew them on." You may be sure the girls felt mighty good, not only that the lad wanted us to sew them on but that he had called us girls.

The night before we landed, as was his custom, the commandant of the Salvation Army gathered the boys together on deck. The sun had set, and in the sky and reflected in the waves below the rosy glow still lingered; one by one the stars came out and sweet and clear over the still waters sounded the songs and hymns of the home-land. Then one who loved the boys spoke to them of the mothers and sisters and sweethearts, of their love and pride and faith in their boys; told them of the prayers that went up at home for the boys when the sun set, and wished them a safe return, a victorious return, victorious over not only the Huns but the evils and temptations that lurk in every land and every clime. And again the voices rang out in sweet melody; a prayer was said, and silence came to the great company, and thoughts too deep for words. Next day the boys went their way and we ours, but carrying in our hearts memories of those days and nights that many years cannot dim.

A steel-clad escort came out to guide us into harbor. The trip up the river was indeed surpassingly beautiful. The quaint stone houses with their red roofs and flower beds were high on the hills, which stretched green and peaceful down to the sparkling waters. Bordeaux, which was our landing place, was to me peculiarly attractive being the first French town I had seen. It has more of the Spanish type of architecture, and with the tiny balconies, doors opening on the crooked cobble-stone streets, walled gardens, historic old gates, wonderful grey and cream and pink of the buildings, many of which were wonderful cathedrals, made a picture I shall not soon forget. From the tower of one of these we had a most wonderful view of the city, the rivers, and the green fields and vineyards stretching far away. Here we found a delightful Y. W. C. A. Hostess House and Signal Corps Home where charming secretaries gave us a royal welcome. The attractive French maid, with her la, la's and vivacious gestures, quite enchanted us. As we sat at dinner we heard the boom

of many explosives and in rushed Maretta with exclamations of distress. An ammunition factory had been blown up; a number were killed and the works destroyed. Near Bordeaux was Hospital No. 6, where a splendid North Carolina unit was stationed. Major Bernizer and Dr. Turner, as well as many more of our splendid North Carolina men, were making a name for themselves and were much loved and admired by all in the hospital. We went through the many wonderful departments here, and just as we were leaving a bunch of men who had been injured and were going back to the front came up. It was our happiness to wish them a loving "God-speed." One of the wounded boys here, when he saw the Red Cross dressings, said, "Gee maybe my mother made that; she's great on the Red Cross."

The trip to Paris was an all-day one through well-tilled, beautifully neat fields and vineyards; the haystacks like little round houses with thatched roofs, bright-colored flowers about all of the houses, and old men and women and little children gleaning and working in the fields. The diner on this train was especially good and the chef d'ouvres and omelettes works of art.

Paris at last, late at night; and as there had been a recent air raid it was dark as pitch. Much persuasion and more "pour-bois" finally procured a family coach, and in this we drew up at the Hotel Petergand, 33 Rue Caumartin, the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House.

It is not possible for me to describe in words this Home for War Workers. Suffice it to say that it was a Home to all who needed one and the wonderful personality of the women here and in the other places filled by the Y. W. C. A. secretaries was an inspiration and blessing to all who came in contact with them. Here the boys were always welcomed and entertained, and numbers of the girls did without their lunch that they might have a homesick boy in for dinner. One of the girls who, with a friend, had tried to make healthfully happy the vacation of two of these boys received a letter something like this, as I remember it: "Dear Miss:—My buddie and I wish to thank you and your friend for a beautiful leave. I wrote my mother about it and said, 'Mother, it is to these girls I owe a happy holiday with no regrets.' A boy next tent to me said last night, 'Lucky for you fellows that you struck that kind. I came back with empty

pockets, a bad taste in my mouth, and memories that bring no pleasure. Bless you, girls for what you did.' ”

A visit to the Prefêt de Police and other dignitaries resulted in various permits and a little book, “Carnet d'Etranger,” which was an open sesame, and after visits to the tailor and hat shop I was fitted out with uniform a la mode, and ready to travel.

During the days of waiting for these essentials I wandered and drove much about Paris and its environs. I visited Versailles, in company with the British, Y. M. C. A., Sèvres, “Les Invalides,” the wonderful gardens and museums, “Notre Dame” and “The Madeleine,” and many quaint and interesting shops and restaurants. In the Latin Quarter we dined at “Henriette's,” a famous little eating house quaintly decorated by some impecunious artists to pay their board. Delicious indeed were the things to eat here in spite of “La guerre.” We dined in a summer-house by the lake at Corot's old home, where things to eat were as dear as delicious. One night we supped at the “Sign of the Cuckoo,” where wonderful omelets and salads are to be had and where, in the shadow of the wonderful Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, we looked down on Paris by moonlight. We lost our way going down, and seeing a light we knocked at a door in the wall, which was opened by the quaintest old woman I ever saw who, with another just like her, was darning a blue blouse and a pair of scarlet trousers. They held a tiny lamp high over their heads to light us down, and followed us with kind and courteous phrases.

The visits to the foyers for munition workers, government employees, and shop girls, the Signal Corps Houses, and the French Y. W. C. A. home, presided over by a charming French lady, were all interesting in the extreme. One of the French girls said, “How lovely it is to see the happiness and brightness of your American girls. They could not be so had they lived in the shadow as long as we.”

One day we went to the Vesture started by Madame Qhentliet, another to Mme. Duryea's, and another to the headquarters of the Anne Morgan unit, where a friend, met on the boat, was starting in a camion filled with useful articles and guided by a Belgian dog for a devastated town. The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Salvation

Army, the Jewish Relief, and the Knights of Columbus headquarters were all most interesting and each organization doing all in their power to cheer and care for the boys.

I served dinners for the soldiers with the British, French and American Red Cross, poured tea at the Hotel Pavillon for the Y. M. C. A., and helped with many teas and entertainments at the hostess houses and other places where the boys were entertained. I visited the wonderful school for the blind and for wounded soldiers, the Crystal Palace of the Y. M. C. A., and so many hospitals. I never visited one where the boys were not brave and bright and wonderful. One young fellow at the tent hospital said, as I stopped to speak to him, "I wouldn't mind, but I am being sent home and have never seen Paris." He was terribly wounded. One day as I was visiting another hospital a bevy of little French girls came in, each carrying a bag for the boys, and on the card accompanying the gift was written "To our dear American brothers from their little sister in France."

Loveliest of all were the drives through the city in an open carriage drawn by big black horses and driven by a typical French cabby. The sunshine was so bright and the beautiful streets of the Champ Elysees beyond description. The boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli, the wonderful gardens, the river, winding in and out through the city and spanned by wonderful stone bridges ornamented by beautiful statues, and everywhere soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. It was in one of the quaint shops far out that the French maid told me, "There has been much of grief and sorrow, but Paris—Paris is never sad long. She always forgets—forgets the pain, forgets the darkness, and soon laughs—even when all has been lost."

My first trip from Paris was to Tours. In spite of my new uniform, my carefully procured permission to leave Paris and visit Tours, and my "Carnet d'Etranger," I came very near being shipped back to Paris that night, but thanks to my numerous papers and an obliging M. P. I finally was permitted to proceed on my way.

Tours is indeed charming. It was Saturday and wares of all kinds—dry goods, meats, vegetables, flowers—were all displayed on the public squares and interesting conversations were being carried



on at top speed. The Hostess House, Signal Corps Home, and the Foyer with their directors were charming, and loveliest of all was the Y. W. C. A. Recreation Island. I have rarely seen a lovelier sight than this island as I looked back on it. The sun was just setting and a wonderful light still lingered in the sky, tinted the river with rainbow hues, and fell softly on the grass and trees. In the middle of the river women with skirts tucked up were pounding the clothes and two boys were catching their supper fish, while from the shadows of the island the sweet notes of exquisite music floated on the peaceful evening air. One could hardly realize that near-by the guns of battle were thundering and war's blood-red banner floating wide. There is a fine cathedral, a wonderful view from Charlemagne's Tower, a museum containing some very interesting relics, pictures and tapestries; and very lovely parks where many of our soldier boys strolled, always followed or accompanied by crowds of little French children—so bright, so courteous, so sweet. Many of the women here wore caps of a very attractive shape; each province has its own peculiar cap and some are exceedingly dainty. Here also were the American barracks, located where there had been a large French school, and the largest salvage plant in the world where "auld things were made to look amaisht as guid as new." Hundreds of German soldiers in green, with red hat-bands and with P. W. or P. G. on their backs, worked here or on the road.

As interesting but very different was my visit to Lyons, once a great silk center but then a big munition industry. Twenty thousand men and women were coming out of the factories as I drove up the long street. Refugees from every part of France and Belgium, Morroceans, Chinese, Japanese—almost every race under the sun—some white, some black, some yellow with the powder that stained so they were known as the Canary men and women. To one side there was a larger house, and to this hundreds of women went. It was crowded as I went in—over a thousand women gathered for the noon entertainment given by the Y. W. C. A. That day a French soldier was singing and I watched their faces as he sang. Some smiled, down the cheeks of one or two a tear rolled, and as they passed out to give place to the next thousand all looked cheered and refreshed. "It is so good to feel that some one cares," they said.

Two other Foyers were here and all doing a wonderful work. Fazan was the first Foyer built, and here there was a most wonderful girl who had lost her father and sweetheart in the war and was giving her life to these women in the most depraved place perhaps in all France. One old woman who had lost everything begged to come and sweep the floor that she might be near one who believed in God. Here as everywhere, the Y. M. C. A. was doing fine work. A Chinese Y. M. C. A. was peculiarly interesting.

On the top of a very high hill in Lyon one gets a wonderful view of the river, the town, the far distant mountains and, on a fair day a glimpse of Mont Blanc.

At Bourge the Foyers were splendid and the crèches where the babies of the munition workers were cared for interested me greatly. The cathedral here is one of the four most famous Gothic cathedrals in France. The carving over the doors was exquisite. One of the towers is known as the butter tower because built from butter indulgences. Here I also visited the W. A. A. C's, who were auxiliaries to our regiment and looked out for by one of our Y. W. C. A. secretaries. They were interesting but not especially attractive to me. The short hair of many, the cigarette smoking and picturesque language being not exactly to my taste.

My next tour included Chaumont, Toul and Nancy, these three towns being in the war zone and difficult of access. Even then Chaumont was spoken in a whisper as Pershing's headquarters, and those who got there were considered most fortunate. Chaumont itself is rather dirty unattractive little place, but there is a very attractive ruined chateau, splendid Y. M. C. A. headquarters, and charming Y. W. C. A. quarters. Here there is a splendid hospital and a Red Cross Rest House for the nurses, looked after by Miss Willie Young and a blessing it is indeed to those wonderful women who have taken our places and been to our boys, nurses, mothers and sweet and cheerful companions. The rooms were bright with gay curtains, easy chairs and couches, gay rugs, writing tables, piano, and a cosy table in one corner. "After one has heard only the groans of the suffering, looked only on drear white walls, and smelt the sickening



odor of ether, you cannot imagine what this place means," said one of the nurses. "It is an oasis in a desert, a home to the homeless, heaven after hell."

Toul is one of the few walled cities of France and has been for years used as barracks by the French soldiers. There is perhaps next to Paris the most popular Y. M. C. A. hut in France, and here I heard first the sound of the guns and saw the light from the battle. The charming courtesy of a little French Red Cross girl was one of the pleasant memories of this place. She walked with me an hour until she found a place where I could stay.

The ride from here to Nancy is short. Nancy is another of the walled cities of France, the other being Verdun. I did not see a place I thought more attractive. The large court, in the center of which stood a splendid equestrian statue, had seven ornate gates which led to the streets of the city. There was an air raid as usual and all night and day you could hear the big guns. I was promised a trip to the trenches to take the papers to the boys, and so very early in the morning, with my gas mask and helmet on my arm, and with cigarettes and chocolate galore, I waited for my escort. Six, seven, eight, nine o'clock, and then he came but no papers came and so we could not go. It was a great disappointment, but later in the day I had a chance to go over the St. Mihiel sector and through the devastated towns in that region. It was pouring rain and the mud was fierce, but the boys in great numbers were marching on for there was to be a big battle. It was a joy to see their faces as we gave the cigarettes and chocolate and occasionally could get a few words with them. At one place we stopped far to the front at a Y. M. C. A. hut and watched them drink their hot chocolate and listened to their merry songs. There was hardly a stone left here; a few walls of houses were standing. Over where one door had been was the sign, "M. Perrin, Boulanger," but that was all that remained of M. Perrin and his bakery. The tower of one church still stood, and in it was still hanging the bell. The fields were shell-ploughed and covered with tangled wire, on all the hills were the little crosses that marked the graves of our glorious dead, on field and hill was the blood-red of the poppies. One of the men told me that when, on Decoration Day, they

went out to put flowers on the graves of their dear comrades they found the little French children kneeling at the foot of flower-covered graves.

Brest was my final stop. It rained, rained, rained here, but in spite of it the stay was interesting. The Red Cross work, the Hostess House, and Hospital 65, where Colonel Long and Colonel Haynes with many of our North Carolina boys, are doing such fine work, and where I lunched one dreary day, were all wonderfully interesting. The peasants here turned out the one sunny day I was there in holiday attire, and the picturesque smocks and hats of the men, caps, brocade and velvet skirts and aprons, beautiful lace, long gold chains and quaint shoes of the women were different from anything I had ever seen.

My return trip was made on an American transport with General Gorgas, many American officers, four ladies, and three hundred and fifty wounded boys. There was much of interest on the trip, but standing out ever to me far above all else was the spirit of those boys! One young fellow three times under and gassed was going back to get well and "go at them again." Three brothers were lying on the fields of Flanders, two were fighting with the marines, and one in the aviation. Another bright-eyed young fellow said, "Just think, I have a kid at home I've never seen and don't know if it's a boy or girl; sure, I hope 'tis a boy." Another with a leg off got a crowd who had his same luck and had a one-legged dance. Another had a letter from his sweetheart. He had written her telling her he would never claim her for he was just a piece of a man. "As long as there is enough body left to hold your noble soul I will take you, and thank God that you are back," she wrote.

We were almost home. Life-belts, canteens and malted milk tablets had been laid aside. The boys were singing, some talking, when with a horrible noise the alarm shrieked out. Belts and provisions were secured, and up to our places in the boats every man and woman went as if to a stroll on deck. Just as we reached the boats, boom! boom!! boom!! went the big guns, and as we looked out down went something under the water. The recall was sounded, and the captain rushing past shouted, "False alarm; just a berg."

The Statue of Liberty was before us when we woke next day, and never did anything look more beautiful for, in spite of adventure and wonderful sights, my heart was wearying for home.

Danger there may have been, fatigue and discouragement and home-sickness there surely was, but while life lasts I shall not cease to be thankful that it was granted me to have a part, small though it was, in so great an adventure; and when the sands run low and the shadows grow long, the memory of those days will still be bright and enduring. Great indeed was the heroism of these boys of ours. May we be worthy of them, and as memorials to them "Carry ou" in every good and glorious work.

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### A St. Mary's Girl in Italy

Among the St. Mary's girls who offered themselves for foreign service during the war is "Mary Ann Battle" of Rocky Mount, N. C., who, on September 12, 1918, sailed for Italy where she is now stationed in the office of the delegate in charge of the Roman district of the Red Cross in Italy.

The following account of her experiences was given in the Rocky Mount *Telegram* of January 223, 1919:

Several stories of experiences of local boys overseas have been published, but here is the first one about a Rocky Mount girl, who is with the American Red Cross in Italy. She is Miss Mary Ann Battle, and is stationed in the office of the delegate in charge of the Roman district of the Red Cross in Italy. Miss Battle, in a letter received here, gives a vivid description of the great civil relief work being done in Italy by the Red Cross, and throws in some entertaining personal experiences that make the epistle more interesting.

The great outstanding fact in the letter is that the American Red Cross was responsible to a great extent for bolstering up the morale of the Italian people, and making it possible for them to present a solid front to their enemies during the last year of the titanic struggle.

Miss Battle volunteered for overseas work several months ago, and is the only young lady from this city doing Red Cross work in Italy.

She begins her letter by referring to the epidemic of Spanish influenza that prevailed in Rocky Mount during October and November. The letter was written December 16. Miss Battle then proceeds to tell what the disease did in Italy.

"The disease really amounted to a plague over here. In many of the villages and towns the people died so fast it was impossible to provide sufficient

coffins to bury them in, and the supply of sheets, etc., for wrapping the bodies was exhausted. Some of the things the social workers in this department told me were appalling.

"For instance, a mother was found dead in bed, but the little child with her was still alive although half-starved. The mother had been dead for over twenty-four hours. A soldier coming from the front for his first visit home in two years was met at the station with the news that his wife and mother had died that day. There were many, many other cases just as heartrending.

"The poverty and living conditions of the people are almost unbelievable. The American Red Cross gave all the emergency relief possible, sending doctors, nurses, lay workers, and supplies into the disease stricken districts. The fact that conditions have improved so materially is probably largely due to the relief and preventive measures taken by the Red Cross. The Red Cross in Italy has certainly done some wonderful work, and I do not think it is too much to say that the American Red Cross was a big factor in the winning of the war, for it certainly strengthened the Italian morale and helped them to put up a solid front, which they could not have done with the country in the condition it was in.

"The people here are grateful for what the Red Cross has done for them. You hear their gratitude and appreciation expressed on every hand, and everywhere President Wilson's praises are sung.

"Italy is divided into sixteen (Red Cross) districts, under the head of the Civil Service Department. I am secretary to Captain Parsons, delegate in charge of the Roman district, embracing the provinces of Lazio, Umbria, and Abruzzi.

"This district has charge of about sixty-five different activities in about forty towns. There are four colleges or schools in which refugee boys and orphans are cared for and educated; there are also two other orphanages, seven *ouvroirs* or work-shops in which refugee women and girls, and wives and daughters of Italian soldiers are paid to make garments which are used to clothe the children in the various institutions of this district.

"In this way the *ouvroirs* serve a double purpose—by giving employment and wages to the needy, and supplying clothing for the children.

"There are four shoe factories, operated on the same plan as the *ouvroirs*; one basket factory and eight kitchens in which free rations are served to some and paid for in some instances, the Red Cross supplying the food and the town or commune paying so much per meal for a certain number of meals for the needy. Besides there are also over thirty *asili*, or day nurseries, where the Red Cross looks after and feeds the children so that the Italian mothers may work in the fields, the *ouvroirs*, factories, etc. In addition to this the Red Cross also conducts several summer camps and schools for delicate children of refugees or soldiers at the front.

"This is only one of sixteen districts, and I do not know how the work in the other fifteen compares with that in this district, but this gives you some idea of the extent of the civil relief work done in Italy by the American Red Cross.

"I do not think there is any exaggeration in the statement that Italy could not have stood the strain of the past twelve months had not the American Red Cross helped hold up the morale of the Italian people. I have seen more poor people since I have been here than I ever saw in my life.

"Rome is interesting and fascinating, but I am more strongly convinced than ever that the United States is the best country in the world. I do hope we citizens of that great republic will be true to our ideals and measure up to our responsibilities. I have faith that we will.

"It is an inspiration to come over here and see how we are looked up to. I wish you could just see how our United States boys over here compare with any and all that I have seen so far. In my estimation they are head and shoulders above any I have yet seen as a whole. It is true that I may be prejudiced in their favor, and you may allow something for that, but it is an undisputable fact that they are a fine clean bunch, doing their job well, whether it be fighting or loafing—which is the case at the present time, and I am told it is the hardest thing they have to do—with a spirit that inspires one with confidence in them for the present and for the future.

"There is a Y. M. C. A. hut here which I am told measures up to the best, and as it is only a few minutes walk from my boarding place I go there quite often. Rome is filled with soldiers and sailors, either passing through or on leave. They seem to thoroughly enjoy seeing and talking to American women.

"Just let your imagination have full play and you will have some idea as to what Rome is like. There is only one house in all Rome built of wood, and that is very small. The others are of brick, stone, etc., and the exteriors of most of them are extremely plain, and often ugly. Nothing is ever changed here. If an old stone wall is found standing and it is desired to erect a new building on that location, the wall is left as it is and the structure built onto it, the wall being neither covered nor torn down. Some of the churches would never be recognized as churches on the outside were it not for the crosses; they are often irregularly built, and have a dilapidated appearance. Some of the churches, of course, are beautiful without as well as within.

"Nothing is considered old here unless it dates B. C. I went over an old bridge last Sunday that was built 500 years before Christ, and it is still standing on the same old foundations, which look now as if they will continue to stand firm for generations to come. Needless to say, this structure is used daily. It is said here that when this bridge was built the contractor had to put up a guarantee that it would last thirty years. He didn't take any chances on losing, did he?

"I have been fortunate in seeing Rome—at least a great deal of Rome—under very pleasant circumstances. Indeed, I have met with good fortune throughout this whole experience. I am situated in an office where I am thrown in touch with just the kind of work I desired.

"The personnel of this office is very interesting, there being several Americans, several Italians, and a Belgian girl. All of them are lovely to me.

"One of the Italian girls is just fine to me. She is rather quiet and unassuming, but wonderfully well informed. We have struck up quite a friendship. Not long ago I took Sunday lunch with her, and spent the afternoon



at her home. It was one of the most interesting experiences I have had here. Her father is a poet, her mother born in America but educated over here; she has three brothers in the Italian army, two of the girls work with the American Red Cross, and a younger brother and sister remain at home. She is a Miss De Bosis and a member of one of the old families here.

"They live about twenty minutes drive from the city limits in the 'cart'—a two-wheeled concern with a broad seat just above the axle, and, believe me, it is some rough riding over the cobble-stone streets. You enter between two big stone pillars and drive up a long lane over-arched with privet and laurel. The lane leads into an old garden, with fountains here and there, and in the midst is a square stone house, all of it looking as if it had been there for ages.

"Although they are Italian, the members of the family all speak English to some extent, and they made me feel welcome and at home at once. They are people who believe very much in individual liberty; they were brought up with that idea, which is so different from the majority of the Italian families.

"After lunch, guests began to arrive, and during the whole afternoon tea and coffee and sandwiches were served.

"Among the guests was an Italian captain, just home from his post in the region of eternal snow, who spoke English fluently. There were also several other Italian officers, and a Bohemian captain and his three lieutenants. The four Bohemians were particularly interesting.

"The Bohemian captain had organized 30,000 Bohemians, some of them deserters from the Austrian army, and some of them prisoners taken by the Italians and French. These Bohemians had been fighting side by side with the French and Italians. Before Bohemia declared her independence they wrote to their people at home as if they were prisoners, and through arrangement with the Italian government their letters were mailed as from some prison camp. This was because of the fact that if it was known they were fighting with the Italians they would be hanged on their return to Bohemia after the war, providing Bohemia was still under Austrian rule. Now, however, as Bohemia has declared her independence they can take their stand openly with the Allies.

"I danced with the Bohemian captain, around and around in one direction until I thought I must surely call for mercy. But just at that moment he suddenly changed and we started in another direction, then in another, until I didn't know whether I was coming or going, but I kept on until the end, and we didn't miss a step.

"One of the Bohemian lieutenants seated himself at the piano and played whole operas through. Then they all four sang their national and popular songs. Wasn't that an interesting experience?"



## "Henrietta"

Henrietta, in a casket  
Of my great-grandfathers, two,  
I have found a small memorial  
That is eloquent of you.

Just a tress of silken softness,  
Chestnut brown of faded hue,  
Wrapped and labeled "Henrietta,"  
Nothing else to give a clue,

Save two dates that quite perplex me,  
"Sixteen-Seventy" on the lid,  
With the name of one grandfather,  
While within the chest lie hid

Notes and papers of that other  
Who in "Eighteen Hundred Two"  
Bought and sold and "willed" and "deeded"  
Just as men today still do.

And amid the deeds and titles  
This soft lock of faded hair  
Lingering like a subtle perfume,  
Or a long-forgotten air.

The romance of which grandfather  
Have I here disclosed to view,  
He of "Sixteen Hundred Seventy,"  
He of "Eighteen Hundred Two?"

Were you sweetheart, wife, or daughter,  
Loyal friend or comrade true,  
That have left so fond a memory  
To at least one of these two?

Were you my remote ancestress,  
For whose wisdom, wit and grace  
Even I, your last descendent,  
Find the world a better place?

Beats my heart a bit more bravely  
For the courage yours once knew?  
Leaps my thought to truth more surely  
For some truth held fast by you?

Or when jest or mirth provoking,  
 All my eyes with laughter shine,  
 Look your own from out their gladness,  
 Smiling on the world through mine?

Were you "Sixteen Hundred Seventy?"  
 Were you "Eighteen Hundred Two?"  
 Were you sweetheart, friend or daughter?  
 Henrietta, if I *knew!*

Anyway, of this I'm certain,  
 You were young and you were dear  
 To him who, with touch caressing,  
 Folded this and placed it here.

ANNIE R. C. BARNES.

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## CHAPTER REPORTS

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### Chapel Hill Chapter

By "MARY KNOX GATLIN" (Mrs. Collier Cobb)

Mrs. Ira T. Turlington (Hortense Rose) is making her home in Chapel Hill for the present. She is taking special work in the University. Her two sons are still in the service of Uncle Sam. She proudly shows charming photographs of her daughter, Mrs. Lee Turlington.

Mrs. Robert Allston (Beatrice Holmes) is spending the winter here. Her youngest daughter attends the graded school. Her son William has received his discharge from the Navy and will enter college for the spring quarter. Ellen is a student at Fassifern.

Miss Mary Grimes Cowper has been with Miss Alice Noble for a gay and festive week's visit.

Mrs. James M. Poyner (Mary Smedes) with her mother, Mrs. Bennett Smedes, and her three children are with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Holmes and will probably remain through the spring. Mr. Poyner died at Charleston, W. Va., March 3d, and was buried in Raleigh the afternoon of March 5th.

Mrs. Archibald Henderson (Minna Bynum) has a splendid little son, John Steele, born on March 5th.

Mrs. Charles Verner (Louise Gary Huggins) of Manning, S. C., is spending several weeks at the old Battle home with her mother, Mrs. Mary Verner, and her grandmother, Mrs. Laura Phillips.

The following verses, written by "Hortense Rose" (Mrs. Ira T. Turlington) in honor of Dr. Kemp P. Battle of the University of North Carolina, shortly before his death, were sent by the Chapel Hill Chapter:

"OLD PRES."

Oh, do not call him old, for still there lingers  
 Upon his smile and in his cheery voice  
 The spirit of youth; and even Time's iron fingers  
 But daily show him new cause to rejoice.

With each incoming class, his youth renewing  
 As the young eagles, with them high he soars;  
 With each outgoing class, their steps pursuing,  
 He knocks anew at fortune's waiting doors.

Not old—but some day, its clay casket rending,  
 That strong pure soul shall hear a voice, "Arise  
 To meet thy God." Angelic hosts attending  
 Its flight, 'twill mount beyond the vaulted skies.

And then a thousand years of peaceful lying  
 By heaven's fair river resting there shall be,  
 Where there is no more sin nor pain nor sighing,  
 While mortal puts on immortality.

Then, when the Judge reads from the book what writ is  
 Of him, "Well done," he'll hear with joyous thrill,  
 And say, when offered kingship o'er ten cities,  
 "I thank thee, Lord, I'll just take Chapel Hill."

HORTENSE ROSE TURLINGTON.

Cheraw Chapter

By ELIZABETH WADDILL

MY DEAR "MUSE:"

March 1, 1919.

It was so nice to have you come to us, after Christmas, with all the news about everybody that we all were wanting so to hear, and now we are looking forward to seeing you again soon and hearing some

more Alumnæ gossip. We think it's a grand idea of yours to make us two visits a year, and do hope you'll get such a warm welcome everywhere that you'll never want to skip a visit. The Cheraw Chapter is jogging along in almost the same old way, though several things have happened since you came to see us last. "Gussie" Watts, who is now Mrs. J. D. Sullivan, is living at Cashes, about seven miles from Cheraw, and "Bessie Watts" (Mrs. Robert Royal), who lost her husband last fall, is making her home with "Gussie." "Courtenay Watts" was married, on January 20th, to Mr. Frank Stokes of Mountville, S. C. Ellen Duvall has had a bad time with the flu this winter but is much better now. "Susie McIver" is very busy with her school work in Cheraw after the long holiday which was forced on the Cheraw school teachers by the flu situation. "Bessie McLean" holds a very important position in the school system of Sumter, S. C. We in Cheraw see very little of her these days, and are always so glad when she gets back to us every now and then. "Fannie Dockery" (Mrs. C. K. Waddill) has two little daughters now—Frances Dockery and Ermine Everett, the last-named having been born on February 25, 1919. Elizabeth Waddill is in Newark, New Jersey, at present with her aunt, and expects to be back in Cheraw in April. She spends her summers in Western North Carolina at one of the missions of the Episcopal Church, and enjoys the life and the work very much. "Emily Carrison's" husband, Rev. Albert S. Thomas, is again Rector of St. David's Church, Cheraw, and it is so good to have her with us once more. She has two boys, Henry Carrison and Albert S., and a little two-year-old Emily.

The time has come, Miss Carrison says,  
 My pen to lay right down,  
 So here's a heap of lovingness  
 From all of us in Cheraw town.

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### Edenton Chapter

By "PENCIE WARREN"

March 1, 1919.

In response to your card asking for news from our Chapter I will try to tell of the "goings and comings" of a few of our thirty-one members, trusting that the readers will find some "new ones."

"Annie Wood" completed a course in shorthand and typewriting this summer and now has a government position in Washington, D. C. She expects to return home soon.

"Sophie Wood" is assistant bookkeeper for the Chowan Cotton Oil and Fertilizer Company at Edenton.

"Elizabeth Leary" (Mrs. George Wood) went to Richmond, Va., in the fall and completed a business course in order to keep busy during "war times." She and George are now back again to their lovely old home at Greenfield.

"Rebecca Collins" (Mrs. Frank Wood) and her daughter Rebecca spent the fall at Greenfield. Mr. Wood was caring for the farm in the absence of their son George, who was in the service.

"Lizzie Badham" (Mrs. Julien Wood) has two sons in France—Lieutenant Julien Wood and Private Thomas Wood of the Marine Corps. She and "Ruth Newbold" (Mrs. J. M. Vail) are doing good work as leaders of the Junior Auxiliary.

"Mary Philips" (Mrs. Hal. G. Wood) has her only son, Lieut. Fred Wood, in France. She is a faithful worker in each campaign or drive.

"Anne Shepard" (Mrs. Wm. Graham) has lately returned with her two sons to their home in Edenton, having spent the fall at Chapel Hill, N. C.

"Julia Bond" is stenographer for the Edenton Peanut Company. We deeply sympathize with her in the loss of her brother, Lieut. Edward G. Bond, who died of wounds in a hospital in France on November 9.

"Duncan Winston" (Mrs. Charles Wales) spends most of her time now near Elizabeth City where Mr. Wales is representing the Dare Lumber Company.

"Allulah Speight" is doing clerical work in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court here.

"Mary Conger" (Mrs. Elton Forehand) is now living on the farm and is doing a great deal of Red Cross work in her community.

"Annie Wood" (Mrs. W. D. Pruden) is Chairman of the Home Nursing Corps and has done splendid work in the "Flu" epidemic. She has a son, Lieut. Dossey Pruden, in France.

"Eva Rogerson" has a position as stenographer in the Edenton Cotton Mill.

"Sarah Wood" has recently returned from a trip to Annapolis where she attended the dances. She is now at Athol, their fishery, near Edenton.

Katherine Drane, Emma Badham, and Pencie Warren are teaching in the Edenton Graded School.

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### Fayetteville Chapter

By "LUCY LONDON" (Mrs. J. H. Anderson)

The Fayetteville Alumnae have not done anything startling, but every one of them is trying to uphold the teachings of St. Mary's in her church and Red Cross work.

Mrs. F. R. Rose (Mary Haigh) is the efficient Secretary of the Red Cross Chapter here and has had a great part in making it one of the most wide-awake in the State. She is also the Diocesan head of the Junior Auxiliaries.

Kate Broadfoot, of the class of '94, is the valuable teacher of French and Latin in the High School here. She is the same old Kate with a head brimful of knowledge. She is Chairman of the St. Mary's Alumnae of Fayetteville, and is a teacher in the Sunday School also.

Kate Hawley (Mrs. Milton Bacon) has a class of small boys in our Sunday School. Her own son, Billy, is a promising lad. Kate has been active in Red Cross work, being an instructor in surgical dressings.

Anita DeRosset (Mrs. Justin White) has been spending her time here while Mr. White was in the service, in the Intelligence Department of the Naval Reserves. Justin, Jr., is a fine boy of three years.

Sadie Williams of Augusta, Georgia, is living here now, the wife of Benjamin R. Huske, Jr. She is the Superintendent of St. John's Altar Guild.

Lulie Biggs of Oxford, now Mrs. E. R. McKethan, is living here. She has two small sons and a baby daughter. Lulie is the former President of the U. D. C. and President of the Parents-Teachers Association.



Maud Haigh is one of the best "business" girls and still sheds sunshine. Ever since her St. Mary's days she has been a member of the choir and teacher in the Sunday School.

Bessie Underwood is Mrs. Henry Pemberton, with three fine youngsters. She is Secretary of our Altar Guild.

Ellen Underwood is Mrs. David McKethan and a fine help-meet to her doctor husband.

Margaret Broadfoot, of the class of 1912, is teaching school at Hartsville, S. C., this year. She was formerly the leader of the Children's Chapter of the U. D. C. here. Margaret was Editor-in-Chief of the MUSE and a good one, too. Margaret assisted in organizing the Comaraderie Club and was President until she left.

Mamie Holt, a daughter of a former St. Mary's girl (Mamie DeRosset), has been greatly interested in the naval arm of the service? She has lots of others who are interested in her. She is a faithful member of the choir.

Ruth Sedberry is the wife of a rising young dentist, Dr. R. M. Olive.

Annie Gregg, formerly of South Carolina, is living here, the wife of Mr. Wallace Sutton, and has a family of six healthy children.

Annie Wetmore (Mrs. John B. Tillinghast) has a dear Annie, Jr., of six years. Annie, Sr. is active in church and public health work and for some years was head of the Young Woman's Auxiliary.

Addie Riddick (Mrs. J. Alves Huske) has two attractive daughters of fifteen and thirteen years. Addie, Sr. has been the leader of the Junior Auxiliary until recently.

Helen Slocomb (Mrs. Purdy) is now living in Black Mountain and has a daughter, Marion, two months old.

Norcott Broadfoot (Mrs. Clarence Pemberton) during the war kept a cafeteria in Winston-Salem while her husband was overseas as a "Y" secretary.

Our lovely Marion Haigh (Mrs. John McFall), a bride of barely one year, died of pneumonia last October. She has left us "dreaming how very fair it needs must be since she lingers there."

Among our older and most honored Alumnae are Mrs. Charles Haigh (Alice Swann) whose grand-daughter, Aline Hughes, took so many honors at St. Mary's last year.

Mrs. W. L. Hawley (Amelia McKimmon) is a sister of our Miss Kate, and has been for years our Altar Guild Treasurer.

Mrs. Thomas Hale (Alice Mallett) for years was one of the most zealous church workers and the faithful Superintendent of our Altar Guild until sickness came to her.

Frances Lilly is a business girl in Asheville and of course is making good. Her brother Edmund is a lieutenant in France.

Fan Broadfoot is the same fine type of girl, doing her bit in a quiet but helpful way.

Lucy Wooten of Wilmington (Mrs. Robert Herring) makes her home in Fayetteville now.

Lucy London (Mrs. John Huske Anderson) has a daughter of the same name at St. Mary's. Also two small boys at home. She has tried to do her bit in war work and has been specially interested in keeping a "Soldiers Column" in the daily paper, wherein the doings of the county's boys are chronicled. She is Publicity Chairman of the Red Cross Chapter. She was at St. Mary's under Dr. Smedley and Miss Battle.

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON,  
*Secretary of St. Mary's Alumnae of Fayetteville.*

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### Hillsboro Chapter

By "ANNIE CAMERON," '16

At least two of our members have had the joy of welcoming back soldiers from the front.

"Sue Rosemond's" husband, Lieut. Owen S. Robertson, arrived quite unexpectedly, a few days before Christmas and Sue had the delightful experience of spending Christmas with him in New York. He was then sent to Atlanta and has now gotten his discharge. They expect to leave in a few days for Kansas City where Lieutenant Robertson will learn the automobile business. They then hope to return to North Carolina.

"Eliza Drane's" (Mrs. J. C. Webb) brother, Captain Robert Drane, arrived a few weeks ago and she went to New York to meet him. She has lately had the pleasure of a visit from him.

"Henrietta Collins" and "Annie Collins" (Mrs. W. L. Wall) have spent a large part of the winter with relatives in Edenton. "Henrietta Collins" went away just before Christmas and has not yet returned. Mrs. Wall came home the first week in March after a very pleasant visit. Her son, Lieut. George Wall, and her son-in-law, Lieut. W. A. Heartt, are still in France.

"Rebecca Wall" had a delightful trip to Richmond about Thanksgiving time and since then has been spending a very gay winter in Raleigh as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Bennehan Cameron.

"Lilly Hamilton" spent Christmas with her brother, Dr. J. G. R. Hamilton, in Chapel Hill. She returned home early in January.

"Charlotte Brown" is teaching in the country between Chapel Hill and Hillsboro. She is the principal of a two-teacher school and seems greatly pleased with her work.

It is with great regret that we report the death of Miss Maria Beard, who was a St. Mary's girl of Dr. Smedes' time. She died last October after a very short illness.

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## Rocky Mount Chapter

By BELLE GULLEY (Mrs. O. Beaman Harris)

We enjoyed the last Alumnae Number of the MUSE so much that we take pleasure in sending a list of our St. Mary's girls. Although our Chapter has been quite inactive lately, it was due to various causes and not from lack of interest in St. Mary's.

Mrs. Howerton (Josephine Arrington), who was a St. Mary's girl of the long ago, is unfortunately quite inactive on account of total blindness.

Annie Simpson, Chairman of our Chapter, spends much of her time in the Red Cross rooms doing refugee work. While a student at St. Mary's she lived in Wilson, but Rocky Mount has the privilege of claiming her as her very own now.

Augusta Divine, Vice-Chairman of our Chapter, is always ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed. She has been an important factor in all patriotic work here, and is also leader of the Junior Auxiliary of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. F. S. Spruill (*nee* Alice Capehart Winston) is President the Woman's Auxiliary of the Church of the Good Shepherd. She has also been active in Red Cross work, and is in charge of the Surgical Dressings Department. She has a son and two daughters. Her son, Frank, is first lieutenant in the Army of Occupation in Germany. Her daughters were both former students at St. Mary's. Alice Winston, who married Mr. Thomas W. Alexander, a prominent lawyer of Charlotte, and Martha Byrd (Mrs. William Branch Porter of Richmond). The latter is spending some time with her mother in Rocky Mount while her husband, Dr. Porter, is in France, where he has been located with Base Hospital No. 45.

Maude Philips is doing stenographic work in the office of "The Rocky Mount Insurance and Realty Company."

We have the privilege of having five of the Bunn sisters members of our Chapter: Maude, who married Mr. Kemp Battle, Catherine (Mrs. William C. Woodard, Jr.), who has two fine boys, Annie Lee (Mrs. R. B. Davis), who is very public-spirited, and of whom I have reported as doing wonderful Red Cross work, Mary (Mrs. George L. Wimberly) has three sons and two daughters. One of her sons, George, Jr., is still in the service, another one, Benjamin, is a V. M. I. at school, while one of her daughters, Mary Bryan, is a student at St. Mary's now.

Bessie Bunn is still Treasurer of the Red Cross Chapter, and also holds a responsible position with "The Rocky Mount Savings and Trust Company."

Mrs. Ivan Battle (Emily Marriott) is quite busy with her two sons. Her husband is one of our most prominent physicians.

Mary Philips is still living near Battleboro but a member of our Chapter. She is quite active in all war activities and betterment work in her community.

Susie Battle is busy with home duties this year while her sister Hattie Battle, is working as stenographer in the office of Lawyer M. V. Barnhill.

Mrs. W. H. McDonald (Lizzie Battle) has her time greatly taken up with raising a family of four sons and one daughter, while her sister, Mary Ann Battle, is still in Italy with the Red Cross Division

I am sending a copy of one of her letters home. It will give an insight into the work there, and is, I think, very interesting.

Mrs. Hugh Battle (Maude Arrington) has a lovely little daughter of whom she is justly proud.

Mrs. J. Weisiger (Lula Davis) is at the head of our Canteen Service. She is a very active and enthusiastic worker. Her sister, Mrs. Turner Bunn (Annie Davis), has a bright and lively son. She has also done "her bit" in war work.

Mrs. Will Spruill (Florence Chalk) has a dear little girl, Florence. She had the misfortune to lose her older daughter who was such a bright and lovely child.

Josephine Smith has a very responsible position with "The Planters Bank."

Mrs. O. Beaman Harris (Belle Gulley) is Secretary and Treasurer of the Chapter. She has two children, Josephine and Perrin, and expects to send Josephine to St. Mary's in a year or two.

---

### The Class of 1886

BY MRS. WALTER D. TOY

The short and simple annals of the class of '86, St. Mary's, are quickly given, that class being I alone.

The information as to members of my family who were in the service I give herewith: Calvert Rogers Toy, aged 19, would have graduated at the U. N. C. in May, 1919. Last year he went to the Plattsburg S. A. T. C. At the close of the camp he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, U. S. A., and is now instructor S. A. T. C., St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My daughter, Jane Bingham Toy, is a member of the Junior Class at St. Mary's.

---

### The Class of 1887

BY MRS. TROY BEATTY

I'm afraid our class was not a very patriotic one as to sons in the service, as I have the only one I believe, but we all did our best.



"Henrietta Smedes," of Washington, D. C. (I think), and "Bessie McLean," of Sumter, S. C., never married. I heard Henrietta had adopted two little children. I heard of Bessie from a mutual friend about four years ago. She was a much valued teacher in Sumter.

"Kate Gregory" is Mrs. Harry Roberts, of Macon, Ga. She had either three or four daughters before the little son came, so he is still a child.

My eldest is Troy Beatty, Jr., cadet in the flying section of the aviation. We have a daughter in her senior year at Bryn Mawr and a second daughter in her senior year at the West Tennessee State Normal. This girl was destined for St. Mary's two years and a half ago but we moved to Memphis at that time after living twenty years in Athens, Ga., so she decided not to make another break in the family that year; but I had so much wanted one of my girls, at least at St. Mary's.

Our youngest son was too young for the army. I know I have told you more than you wanted to know about my family but thought it might be of interest in some Alumnae notes at some future time. I should love to read more of my own friends in the MUSE and know that the data is difficult to get.

"Mollie Sargent," a girl of my day though not a graduate, is Mrs. Rugeleaf Pearson, the wife of Judge Pearson of Richmond, Texas. Their son and only child, Philip Pearson, is in the aviation.

My other two special friends are both dead—Maude Mathewson who died very young, and Mina DuBose married the Rev. Robert W. Barnwell. She left a son and a daughter. I suppose the son went into the army but I have lost sight of him. He went to Sewanee long before my son was there.

I wish for dear old St. Mary's every success in this new year.

---

In connection with Mrs. Beatty's letter, it is interesting to note that while this MUSE is in preparation her husband, the Rev. Troy Beatty, Rector of Grace Church, Memphis, Tennessee, has been elected Bishop-coadjutor of Tennessee.



## Alumnae Weddings

- Hardison-Smith*: On Saturday, June 1, 1919, at the First Baptist Church, Macon, Ga., Katherine Clark Smith (S.M.S., 1914-15) of Raleigh and Lieut. Joseph Hammond Hardison, U. S. A., of Wadesboro, N. C.
- Lockwood-Beckwith*: On Saturday, June 8, 1918, at the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., Florence Marie Beckwith (S.M.S., 1906108) of Jacksonville, Fla. and Mr. William Gaillard Lockwood, Lieutenant Engineer, U. S. A.
- Hammond-Henry*: On Tuesday, June 11, 1918, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Columbia, S. C., Dorothy Frances Henry (S.M.S., 1914-15) and Lieut. Morris Graves Hammond, U. S. A.
- Verner-Huggins*: On Tuesday, June 11, 1918, at Manning, S. C., Louisa Gary Huggins (S.M.S., 1912-13) and Lieut. Charles Vermulin Verner, U. S. R.
- Hoag-Rowe*: On Wednesday, June 19, 1918, at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., Julia Staton Rowe (S.M.S., 1911-13) of Tarboro, N. C. and Mr. James Archibald Hoag, U. S. A. (Mr. Hoag died in September at camp.)
- Campbell-Woodard*: On Tuesday, June 25, 1918, at St. Thomas' Church, New York City, Bessye Knox Woodard (S.M.S., 1900-01) of Raleigh and Lieut. Hurst Vincent Campbel, U. S. N. A. (Lieut. Campbell died in October in New York.)
- Misenheimer-McCullers*: On Wednesday, June 26, 1918, at the Horne Memorial Church, Clayton, N. C., Melba McCullers, '14 and Mr. John Jacon Misenheimer, U. S. A.
- Faust-Brigham*: On Saturday, July 6, 1918, at Murry Mill, N. J., Gertrude Brigham (S.M.S., 1911-13) and Lieut. Walter Livingston Faust, U. S. R. C.
- Craigie-Stovall*: On Wednesday, October 30th, in the English Church at Berne, Switzerland, Pleasant Stovall (S.M.S., 1910-12), formerly of Savannah Ga., daughter of the American Minister, and Mr. Robert Leslie Craigie, Secretary of the British Legation at Berne.
- Gilland-Thorn*: On Wednesday, November 6, 1918, at St. Alban's Church, Kingstree, S. C., Selma Thorn (S.M.S., 1904-05) and Mr. Wilmot Singleton Gilland.
- Rhett-Prettyman*: On Wednesday, February 19th, at Summerville, S. C., Virginia Selden Prettyman (S.M.S., 1907-11) and Mr. Barney Rhett.
- Williams-Hendricks*: On Saturday, February 22d, at Marshall, N. C., Nellie Hendricks (S.M.S., 1907-12) and Mr. John Hays Williams.
- Harris-Sears*: On Saturday, April 5th, at Raleigh, N. C., Frances Sears (S.M.S., 1911-17) and Mr. John Fleming Harris. At home: 111 Maple Avenue, Edgmont Park, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Leatherbury-Nottingham*: On Wednesday, April 9th, in Holmes Presbyterian Church, Bayview, Va., Mildred Inez Nottingham (S.M.S., 1911-13) and Mr. Alanzo Taylor Leatherbury, Jr.

- Van Dusen-Smith*: On Tuesday afternoon, April 23rd, in St. James Episcopal Church at Washington, N. C., Elizabeth Maund Smith (S.M.S., 1910-12) and Captain Dana Burgess Van Dusen, Infantry, U. S. A.
- Gray-Critz*: On Wednesday, April 23rd, at the Reynolda Presbyterian Church at Winston-Salem, N. C., Ruth Reynolds Critz (S.M.S., 1909-11) and Mr. Samuel Wilson Grey.
- Wright-Smith*: On Wednesday, April 23rd, at Wilson, N. C., Jacquelin Smith (S.M.S., 1915-17) and Mr. Edward Kendall Wright.
- Hambley-Overman*: On Wednesday evening, April 30th in the First Methodist Church, Salisbury, N. C., Kathryn Baird Overman (S.M.S., 1905-09) and Mr. Gilbert Foster Hambley.
- Snow-Overman*: On Wednesday, April 30th, in the First Methodist Church, Salisbury, N. C., Grace McDowell Overman (S.M.S., 1912-13) and Mr. Edgar Morris Snow of Greensboro, N. C.
- Danzer-Freeman*: On Thursday, May 15th, at St. Thomas' Church, Windsor, N. C., Anna May Freeman (S.M.S., 1913-14) and Mr. Charles Milton Danzer.

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### Alumnæ Babies

An Alumnæ Baby—Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Fell (“Sallie London”).

“Elizabeth Biggs”—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McKethan (“Lullie Biggs”).

---

### Alumnæ Deaths

It is with great regret that we report the following other deaths among the Alumnæ:

“Mae London” (Mrs. Edwin Cansler, Jr.) died at her home in Charlotte, February 18, 1919, after a long illness following influenza. Captain Cansler was in France at the time of his wife's death.

“Annabelle King” met a sudden and tragic death in an automobile accident near her home in Louisburg, March 2, 1919.

Miss Maria Beard, a St. Mary's girl of Dr. Smedes' time, died at her home in Hillsboro, October, 1918, after a very short illness.

Miss Susie E. Carter (1904-05) of Asheville, of pneumonia, October 26, 1918.

## Alumnae Notes

Miss Pattie V. Battle is teaching at Nashville, Nash County.

"Lucy May Battle" (Mrs. John F. Wall) lives at her old home at Pee Dee. Her oldest son has just been mustered out of the army and is at home superintending the farm. Her second boy is with the electric company in Raleigh, leaving two younger brothers at home. Her daughter is married.

On March 22, 1918, "Annie Graham" (Mrs. Robert Smallwood) went to Newport News, Va., to take part in the launching of the destroyer *Graham*, of which she had been appointed the sponsor by Secretary Daniels, the boat being named in honor of her grandfather, Hon. Wm. A. Graham, who was at one time Secretary of the Navy.

On March 14, "Elizabeth Lay," who is attending the University of North Carolina, was paid the honor of having the University Play-Makers present a play which she had written. The play was a great success and was repeated the next night to an enthusiastic audience.

Julia Horner Cooper, '14, of Oxford, N. C., graduated from the Training School for Nurses of St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, on April 29th. She completes her three years training in June. Her mother, Mrs. H. G. Cooper (Julia Horner, '85), was in New York to see her graduate.

Tinsley Harrison (1908-11), of Atlanta, is now in France with the Y. M. C. A. Mary Brown Butler, '14, of Henderson sailed from New York May 6th to enter upon similar work.

Miss Marion Hanckel, of Charleston, S. C., who with her sisters, Misses Marion and Saida Hanckel, is a St. Mary's girl, has just received additional honors in an invitation from the National Kindergarten Union to serve on the advisory committee to the Bureau of Education to aid in making out the course of study for the primary grades of the United States. Miss Hanckel, by invitation of the U. S. Bureau of Education, was also one of a small group of school workers who met in Chicago, February 24th, to discuss elementary school problems, the solution of which is regarded as vital to conditions after the war. She has been for several years Supervisor of Primary Schools for Cumberland County, Md.

# 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 Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to  
THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,  
Correspondence from friends solicited. RALEIGH, N. C.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1918-19

ELLEN B. LAY, '19, *Editor-in-Chief*

## REPORTERS

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MARY T. YELLOTT, '20, *Editor of "And So Forth"*

LOUISE TOLER, '19, *Business Manager*  
JANE RUFFIN, '20, *Assistant Business Manager*  
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, *Faculty Director.*

---

This Iredell Memorial Number of the MUSE is the third number of the monthly MUSE to appear this school session. The Founders' Day (first Alumnæ) Number was issued early in January, and the Spring Number came out the first of May. The Pre-Commencement Number will be ready by May 24th and will be followed by the Historical Number June 1st. The Commencement Number, ready June 10th, will complete the current volume. It is a disappointment to have had to publish the MUSE this year so irregularly, but except for the irregularity in their issue it will be found that the issues of the year compare favorably with those of former years, and certainly through the efforts of the Alumnæ Editor a greater amount of Alumnæ news and matter of interest to the Alumnæ will have been published than in any one year hitherto.

Through the slowness in publication it was impracticable to push the campaign last fall for Alumnæ support in subscriptions. A few less than a hundred Alumnæ responded to the call last summer. As it has required the cost of upward of four hundred annual subscriptions to issue the two Alumnæ Numbers alone it can be readily seen that the MUSE has not worked to financial profit in its publication agreement with the Alumnæ Association.

It is evident that next year the MUSE must either have a largely increased Alumnæ subscription list or must increase the subscription price.

The MUSE Club has high hope of being able to get out a better publication next year than for many years. Alumnæ interest and support will go a long way in encouragement.

E. C.

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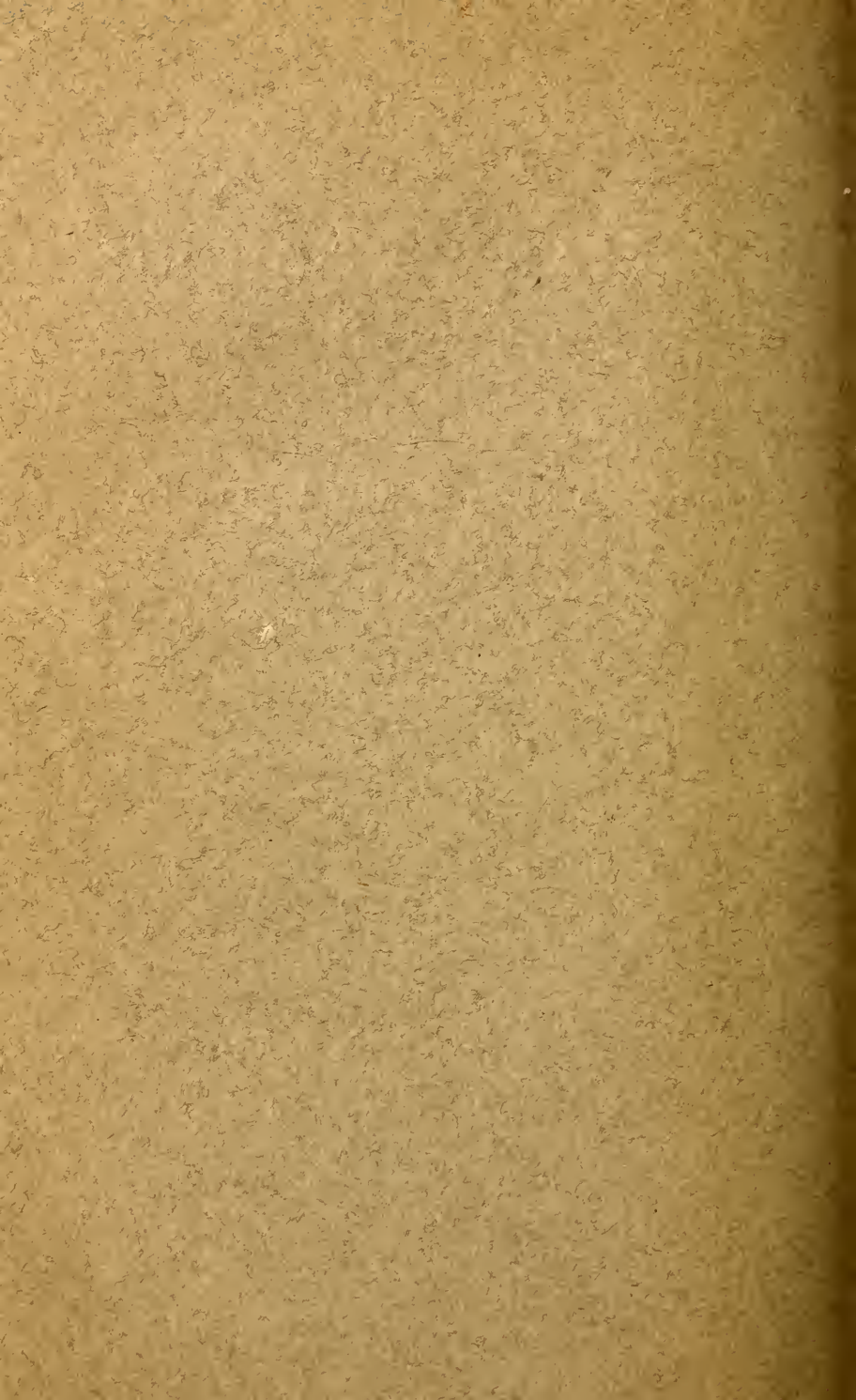
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The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Pre-Commencement Number

Third May Number

1919





# The St. Mary's Muse

PRE-COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. ~~XXIV~~ ~~XXIII~~

MAY, 1919

No. 5

## Commencement Program

1919

- Saturday, May 25, 8:30 p. m.—Annual Elocution Recital in the Auditorium.
- Sunday, May 26, 11:00 a. m.—Commencement Sermon in the Chapel by the  
Rt. Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., Bishop of Atlanta.
- 5:00 p. m.—Alumnæ Service in the Chapel.
- Monday, May 27, 11:00 a. m.—Class Day Exercises in the Grove.
- 4:30 p. m.—Annual Alumnæ Meeting in the Parlor.
- 5:30 p. m.—Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the  
Studio.
- 8:30 p. m.—Annual Concert in the Auditorium.
- 9:30 p. m.—Rector's Reception in Honor of the Graduating  
Class in the School Parlor.
- Tuesday, May 28, 11:00 a. m.—Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.  
Annual Address by Mr. John Stewart Bryan,  
of Richmond, Va.  
Closing Exercises in the Chapel.

## The Seventy-seventh Commencement

The Commencement season, now so near, marks the close of the first year of the rectorship of the Rev. Warren Wade Way, who took charge of St. Mary's last August and who during the year has endeared himself to the many who have come to know him here.

The Commencement brings the graduation of a Senior Class of thirteen members, about the average size for St. Mary's. The number of certificates however will be much more numerous than usual, especially in the Business Department, which has had more than double its usual enrollment.

The year is marked by the largest enrollment of resident students in the history of the School, 202, the first time past the 200 mark, the total enrollment of both resident and day students being 290.

With many rumors current as to the improvements planned for the summer, much interest is also felt in definite announcements as to these plans which are expected after the annual meeting of the Trustees on the afternoon of Commencement Day.

---

### Young Spring

E. B. LAY, '19, E A II

Today there is sunshine, pale glimmering shafts,  
 Warming the winter-chilled hillsides and plains,  
 Streaming through shadowy, slumbering woods,  
 Bringing fresh odors of wakening earth.

Today there are breezes, soft whimsical winds,  
 Stirring anemones, violets sweet,  
 Skipping through tender leaves, daintily hung,  
 Kissing the waters to smiling anew.

Today there are bird notes, swift, hovering strains,  
 Calling, caressing, alluringly sweet;  
 Singing of life again, love on a twig,  
 Waking the dreamers to living again!

---

### "Everyfreshman"

(A modernized morality play.)

CRICHTON THORNE, Σ Λ

#### ACT I

#### SCENE I

*Everyfreshman*—So this is school. My! it seems a lonesome place to be, so full of people; and they all seem to know each other, too. I wonder where they are going to put me to room. Oh! I hope it's a front room, so I can see the cars pass; maybe over that lovely little balcony with the flower in the window. I wish I knew.

(Enter Fate.)

*Fate*—Are you *Everyfreshman*?

*Everyfreshman*—I am.



*Fate*—I have come to lead you to your room. Here is the number. Had you rather find it alone?

*Everyfreshman*—No; lead the way please, Fate.

## SCENE II

(The average Freshman's room.)

*Fate*—I leave you here. Another companion will soon come to you.

*Everyfreshman*—My room-mate?

*Fate*—Yes, and still another. May happiness too find her sweet way up here.

*Everyfreshman*—She'll have about sixty-two steps to climb if she does. (Exit Fate.) This certainly is a bare-looking room. I can't see much from the window either. Oh! that lovely little balcony I saw. (Everyfreshman sits mournfully on the bed and powders nose.)

*Everyfreshman*—A knock at the door! But I don't intend to answer it. I want to be just by myself until I make out what it's all about.

(Homesickness comes in unsummoned.)

*Homesickness*—So you have come, have you? I knew that you felt alone and miserable, therefore I have come to be your constant companion for two weeks. There's no telling, you know, when your trunk will come; it may be lost. Chances are that it is. I'm sure you won't like your room-mate, and your home is millions and millions of miles away. Isn't the rain terrible? You don't know a living soul in school, do you? Poor little girl, so far away from everybody that loves you. Come, come, Everyfreshman; take me for a friend of your own free will. I'm going to stay with you anyway.

*Everyfreshman*—You make me very dissatisfied and unhappy. I was promised good and congenial friends before I came. Get out of my room! Who are you, anyway? Surely not a pretended friend.

*Homesickness*—I am Homesickness; and, friend or not, I am your constant companion for two weeks. You will need gloom- tonic when you get through with old Homesickness. Count on that.

*Everyfreshman*—But my promised friends, where are they—Latin, Science, Math, Music, History, Gym?

*Homesickness*—Gym! Ha! ha! ha! So you are in love with Gym, too, are you? Well, that's one friend you'll get enough of before he's done with you. Indeed, he is most fastidious! You can't even see him without dressing especially for Gym. But he is the only pair of pants that you will ever see around here. To tell the truth he is popular in a way. Every Senior, Junior and Sophomore and Everyfreshman—they all dress for Gym.

(Everyfreshman dabs eyes with crepe de chine handkerchief.)

*Everyfreshman*—But, *Homesickness*, the others—aren't they interesting?

*Homesickness*—Oh! the others! Well, are you particularly interested in—

Angles, curves and lines;  
 In sharps and flats,  
 In formulas, equations,  
 And in roll of sulphur vats?

Infinitives and passives;  
 In slanted rays,  
 In theorems,  $H_2 S$ ,  
 And in the old English plays?

Symbols, roots, and squares;  
 In stated rules,  
 In irregular French verbs,  
 And in government of schools?

## ACT II

### SCENE I

(Everyfreshman, with hair up, skirts lengthened, sitting at desk in room writing letter. Reads aloud.)

*Everyfreshman*—

My Benevolent Mater:—Two weeks in the life of a young woman at college makes a great deal of difference in the young woman. I am very, très changed. I am aussi très popular. Two Seniors have spoken to me and six other people. The Seniors were very interested in me, enough, in fact, to ask my name and where I was from, respectively. (Interrupted by loud knock at door.)

(Pep sticks head in door.)

*Pep*—Jolly day to you, Everyfreshman! Beautiful weather, isn't it? Why on earth don't you wear buns? That's a "ridic" way you've got of fixing your hair. Who are you crushed on?

BANG!

(A pepful voice is heard dying away gradually in the distance, singing):

*Pep*—Oh! 'twas Pep, Pep, Pep  
That won my rep, rep, rep.

*Everyfreshman*—So that's Pep, is it? And talking—talking about being crushed. Well, I never had the feeling before.

### ACT III

Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

### "The Open Gate"

ELLEN B. LAY, '19

"Don't see why I haff to stick here all th' time, them old cows ain' gonna git out. Ev'n if I do leave th' gate op'n 'n they tromp down th' wheat 'n corn, I don' see why I haff to watch 'em. I ani' gonna leave th' gate open no mo'."

Thus soliloquized a little darkey boy, hanging idly on the gate to Miss Lucy's pasture, the cattle's paradise. He gazed wistfully towards the fresh green border of the woods through which Mossy Creek flowed. The whole landscape was simmering in the summer-heat. The road stretched away until it buried its dusty self around a corner. From the road the ground rose in a smooth slope. Near the top of this hill a large group of oaks raised their branches protectingly around a spacious building—the life-long home of the Stewarts. Miss Lucy, the idolized daughter among four brothers, exercised absolute tyranny over every one on the place. Since the death of her mother four years ago she had managed the affairs of the family, sending the boys to "prep" school and to college in the winter and to camps in the summer. The little negro looked at the

house, remembering his mistress' command not to let the cows out or leave the pasture, and scuffed his bare feet discontentedly in the dust.

"Wisht I could go fishin'!"

"Darn!" This was an expression newly acquired and thought to be very elegant.

A little figure came whistling blithely along the road.

"C'mon, Rastus. Le's go fishin'."

"Huh?"

"Fishin'!! C'mon. I got the worms."

"Huh!"

"I saw a big ole fish th' other day, down to Pike's Pool. Couldn't catch it. Betchu couldn't neither."

"Huh!"

Rastus slipped down from the gate and joined his comrade.

"Lemme see th' worms, Jim." After a very careful scrutiny of the wiggling creatures:

"Guess I kin ketch 'im with one o' these."

Down the white road, into a by-path through the woods trudged the pair, perspiration dampening their brows, but their eyes shining with the ardor of the catch soon to be made. Presently they came to the banks of the creek and progressed up it until they came to a spot where the water flowed slow and deep and had caved hollow under the banks—dark corners where the fish loved to lie. Soon the anglers were busily at work. The baited hooks were lazily nibbled at by the slippery fish, causing delight to shine from the dark eye of the fishermen, but no fish were caught. After half of the worms were gone, Rastus wearied of the sport.

"Miss Lucy's gonna git me," he said. Jim threw his rod aside and walked further down the creek where the bank sloped gradually to the water's edge. He sank his feet into the cool mud, watching it "squash up" through his toes and rolling his eyes in glee. A thoughtful expression came into his face.

"Rastus," he said, "what become of that man what uster t' com aroun' here t' see Miss Lucy? Mammy sez Miss Lucy 'uz in love with him. Why don't he come back 'n marry her?"

"Huh! You don' know nothin'! They hed a fuss 'n he went away."

Rastus was still standing on the bank of the creek where it was steep and slippery. He now assumed a patronizing air.

"Didn't you never hear 'bout that ball Miss Lucy hed a year ago?"

"Un uh."

"Miss Lucy let me dress up in white cloes 'n help serve th' refreshments. Mos' everybody there she'd sent invitations to fer her house party. They was mo' soldiers 'n sailors, but Miss Lucy's man hed on jest regular cloes. I peeped in through th' door 'n saw him dancin' with Miss Lucy mo' times. She looked mighty purty with her blue eyes shinin' 'n her skirts flutterin'. He'd say something low in her ear 'n she'd laugh 'n then seem sorter sad. After a while they went out."

Rastus seated himself on the ground and clasped his hands around his bare knees. Jim threw himself down at his feet prepared to hear an enthralling tale.

"Mammy sent me out to th' summer-house to carry some ice cream t' somebody 'n when I went by th' arbor I hear Miss Lucy say, 'Oh, Bob!' So I slump th' ice cream down on the table in th' summer-house 'n sneak back to th' arbor."

Rastus rose to his feet and gave a very good imitation of the villain in a movie play about to kill the hero.

"'N why won't chu dance with me any mo'?' Mister Bob sez. Miss Lucy does'nt answer fer a lo-ong time. Then she sez:

"'Bob, you ain't in th' service! I thought you'd go. I thought— Oh! I didn't think you'd be a slacker.'

"He turns aside and sez:

"'My instinks tol' me she'd think that. I wisht I could explain.'

"When he turns aroun' she's gone.

"'Lucy,' he sez, an' runs out th' arbor after her, but she was gone. Aft'r a while I was in th' little music-room outside th' ball-room and I hears some man say:

"'Well, old boy, why ain't chu participating in the dancin'? Come on an' break on somebody!'



“Oh, what's th' use!’ sez Mister Bob. I peeks through th' door and sees him flop his head on his hands.

“Come on, old felluh,’ sez th' other man.

“Oh, well,’ sez Mister Bob. So they goes out from behind the palms and ferns 'n—Ouch! Oh! Whew! My soul, lookit that fish!”

Sinking cautiously to the ground Rastus and Jim crawled to the edge of the bank and peering over gazed at a large fish lazily moving his fins in the current.

“Golly,” said Jim. A rush was made for the poles, the hooks re-baited and cautiously dropped into the water again. The fish saw the worm on Jim's hook come floating down to him and turned to bite, but the current carried the worm past him too swiftly. Rastus let his hook proceed more slowly and was rewarded. There was a dash on the part of the fish, a swift tug, a splashing of the water, and on the bank gasped and floundered a large fish while Rastus glowed with pride and Jim looked on with envious eyes.

“Some fish,” were the only words Jim had to say, but Rastus recounted the whole history of the catch from the buying of the hook to the present moment.

Rastus planned to take his fish as a peace offering to Miss Lucy, so the two chose the path that would take them through the pine grove, up and out into the little clearing near the house. As they neared the clearing Rastus gasped excitedly:

“I declare! That's sho Mister Bob's voice.” He moved quietly nearer the edge of the spot, admonishing his companion to silence. Then he heard Miss Lucy's voice not ten feet away, and saw Miss Lucy and a young man in uniform with their backs to him seated on a rustic bench in very close proximity to each other.

“Bob, I was so unkind, so thoughtless. I should have known that you would choose the most dangerous task, least likely of recognition. Will you ever forgive me?”

“Lucy,” he said, and took her in his arms.

It was not this sudden embrace which made Rastus gasp. Looking down the hill he had seen the cows standing in the growing corn and filling themselves with the succulent leaves.

“Gosh,” he said, “I lef' th' gate open!”



## Our Mountain Folk

MARY C. WILSON, '19, E A II

Among the coves and notches of the Appalachians, in the east and west, there lives a people of the purest American stock. Through more than a century the amount of foreign blood that has been introduced among them has been a small fraction of one per cent, so small in fact as not to be detected at all. At the close of the Revolutionary War the great-grandfathers of these people were pressing along the highway from the east westward. Most of them broke through the mountains and founded new commonwealths in Tennessee and Kentucky. But some stopped in the mountains. A horse would die, a cart would break down, a young couple could not leave the grave of their only child; illness, fatigue, the lure of the mountains, any of these and many like excuses caused scattered dwellings to be seen among the grand hills, after the horde had passed over. The few hundred that stopped became the fathers and mothers of many thousands, and they all began a life which was to continue unchanged for generations.

The doors which had opened for these mountain dwellers closed behind them. Easier routes across the mountains were discovered, and no more pilgrims came that way. The silence of the everlasting hills settled down upon them, and the nation, the people beyond, in their turn forgot their very existence.

It was less than a generation ago that these people were recalled to our memory. It was then that "Charles Egbert Craddock" and people like her began to write their stories of the hills. Then seekers after coal, lumber, and moonshine whiskey, scientists and ministers of religion began to invade the mountains and bring back tales of the primitive people dwelling there.

It was in this way that we have been introduced to our great-grandparents, surviving in the present generation. Some one said that the mountain people are "our belated ancestors," and the phrase gives a vivid and true picture of life among them. With rifle, axe, and hoe our forefathers came into the woods and mountains and with the same simple implements their descendants in the hills have lived, and worked, and fought, and died.

A typical mountain house is a small cabin of logs, the space between the logs being plastered with yellow mud. There is a chimney of piled stones. There are usually no windows at all. A typical setting for this house is a few gnarled old apple trees behind which can be seen the towering hills covered with forests. In close proximity to the house is usually seen a hog-pen with two or more very thin, bristly hogs residing in it. There are always no end of dogs drooping around the door of the cabin. This door stands open the year round, not for air, because a plenty of it comes through the cracks in the walls but for light. The cabin contains only the most primitive furniture. The cooking is done on the coals or in the ashes. In one house that I know of the entire culinary equipment consisted of one old penknife and the lids of lard tins. This is not a rare thing but the average.

Much of the slow progress that the race has gone through in developing from a naked forest-roving animal to clothed humans has yet to be gone through by these people of the hills before they reach a stage sufficiently elaborate for outside communities. The women of the hills wear, ordinarily, two garments, a sunbonnet and a calico wrapper. The men, a shirt, trousers and a hat. Shoes, the people understand but do not wear. They see no necessity at all for undergarments or stockings.

The people depend upon the forest, the wild animals, and their stony fields for the supply of their needs. The diet consists mostly of greasy pork and uninterrupted corn pone. This does not tend to longevity.

Sanitation is not to be dreamed of in homes where only one room exists for a dozen persons to live in. In this line some of the customs of the people are barbaric. The babies are sewed into their clothes at birth and are not taken out of them until the clothes have to be replaced because there is nothing left of them. To remove the clothing is thought to produce any kind of sickness.

The open doors of the houses, scant heat, and insufficient clothing of the people have let in the first cases of the tuberculosis with which the Southern mountains are being ravaged. One case, without knowledge of the dangers of infection, has caused countless others where living conditions are such as these in the mountains. In most cases

the only doctors have been the old grandmothers who concoct herbs and bitters for all diseases and who kill more often than they cure.

Educational advantages have been few or altogether lacking. In some cabins two or three books have been handed down from past fathers, but for two generations at least no one has been able to read them.

The religion of these people has been found to a great extent in the wild harangues of the mountain preachers, who excite them like whiskey, which has been their only solace in their solitude, the only stimulus of their uneventful lives.

Recreation is never thought of. The same humdrum existence is lived day after day. The young look old and the old dead. The extreme isolation has made them lose all sense of relation with each other or the outside world, and they only live their own narrow individual existences. An inertia has spread over them which they can't shake off. This is illustrated by what one woman answered when asked what they did after supper. "We just set by the fire a spell," she explained. If they had books no one could read, so they "just set," and this just sitting means that inertia which has gripped them.

These people are far from hopeless, however, in spite of the deplorable condition that I have set forth. Emerson Hough writes: "It is simply arrested civilization. You will find great personal beauty, and a certain self-possessed and distinctive charm which you can only call good breeding, in ignorant families who live twenty in two rooms without a pane of glass in the windows; and of all the family not one will be able to read or write. You will find grown men of powerful body and powerful mind, with an exactness of mental view simply astonishing, yet perhaps their total book knowledge will not equal that of a five-year-old child in communities more fortunate. It is a state of affairs singular and almost unbelievable in our country."

### The Bronze Slippers

KATHERINE WADDELL, Σ A

They graced a pair of tiny feet  
 Beneath a ball gown bright,  
 Where hearts were gay and music sweet  
 They danced the live long night,

With buckles bright and pointed toe  
 And small with high French heel,  
 So lightly tripping to and fro  
 In graceful waltz and reel.

. . . . .

In an old trunk behind the stair,  
 Beneath the cobwebs gray,  
 Long hid in yellowing finery there  
 They came to light one day.

There is the same high, polished heel,  
 But worn the pointed toe;  
 They hint of graceful waltz and reel  
 And breathe of long ago.

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### SCHOOL NEWS

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#### April 21st—Easter Monday

Easter Monday was, as always, a very enjoyable day at St. Mary's. All restrictions were lifted, and this of course caused an added pleasure.

In the afternoon we went to the ball game between A. and E. and Wake Forest. This was a good game, and we enjoyed it very much since it was the first we have attended this year.

After chapel, the whole school took part in the Easter egg hunt. This year the eggs were in bags, marked with each girl's name, and there was a great deal of excitement in the hunt. The first twenty girls who reached the Main Building steps with their eggs received an Easter chicken as a reward. This year's Easter egg hunt proved more fun than any for a long time.

On Easter Monday night Miss Davis took the Dramatic Club and the Seniors to the Academy to see "The Boomerang." The play was good, and everybody had a fine time. This was the first play we have been able to attend this year.

For those girls who did not go to "The Boomerang" there was a very nice dance in the parlor. This was the first dance since Lent, and there was a great deal of "pep." The bell rang all too soon for the happy girls, calling them to bed.

M. B.

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### March 26th—St. Margaret's Chapter

Saturday evening, March 26th, "the first Saturday night after Easter," St. Margaret's Chapter had gleefully planned for a "garden party" in the Grove, but the weather was against them, and it seemed better in the cool to have the party in the "old dining-room," which was done. Artistic decorations of vines and wistaria blossoms transformed the room, and the refreshments were delicious. It was a most delightful "indoor garden party."

E. S.

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### April 27th—The Inter-Society Debate

Considered by many the best of the debates they have heard at St. Mary's, the eighteenth annual meeting between the representatives of Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi, on the evening of Tuesday, April 27th, was both interesting and exciting. The stage was simply decorated with the banners of the societies on their respective sides and the St. Mary's banner in the center. Marian Drane, '19, President of Sigma Lambda, and Helen Battle, '19, President of E. A. P., presided jointly. The judges, Supt. Harry Howell of the Raleigh City Schools, Rev. Milton A. Barber of Christ Church, and Mr. Joseph B. Cheshire, Jr., were seated in the audience and expressed themselves in their votes, awarding the debate two to one to the negative. It was a popular decision—except to the E. A. P's—but it gave Sigma Lambda a still longer lead, for her representatives have now won eleven debates to Epsilon Alpha Pi's seven.



The question was one of current interest: "*Resolved*, That Ireland should have complete independence," and all four speakers acquitted themselves with much credit, speaking with ease and without notes. Millicent Blanton opened the debate for the affirmative, and was followed by Elizabeth Bowne, who was the only one of the four who had not also represented her society in the debate of last year. Ellen Lay had the second speech for Epsilon Alpha Pi, and Lucy London Anderson closed for Sigma Lambda. The retorts, limited to three minutes, were to the point and well done.

The debaters deserve much credit for their pains in preparation and their good presentation of their subjects, while the special thanks of the societies and the School is due Miss Dennis, of the English Department, who spared no pains in her coaching of both teams of debaters.

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### May 3d—The Junior-Senior "Banquet"

Great was the interest with which the Seniors and invited guests looked forward to the Junior-Senior "Banquet," which was resumed this year on Saturday evening May 3d, along the lines of similar parties in the years before the war.

Seated around the three sides of the table in the form of a hollow square, in the Muse room, the forty guests—members of the Faculty, Seniors, some Juniors, and the presidents of the other classes—admired the tasteful and dainty decorations of the room and table; partook of the six-course banquet, and thoroughly enjoyed the after-entertainment—Mary Yellott and Jane Toy's farce, written for the occasion—"Up in Mildred's Room."

Mary Yellott, Class President, welcomed the guests, regretting the absence of the Rector, who was out of town. Mildred Kirtland, Senior President, responded for the Seniors, Mrs. Way for the Rector, and Miss Katie on behalf of herself and other guests.

The repast was served by the dark-haired girls of the class wearing becoming caps and aprons of red and grey, the Senior colors. The waitresses were Annie Higgs, Alice Cheek, Catherine Boyd, Eleanor Sublett, and Eugenia Thomas. The place cards of red and grey were



the work of Augusta Rembert. Between the courses Millicent Blanton read Jane Toy's break into free verse, "Life at St. Mary's."

At the conclusion of the banquet the end of the room was curtained off and quickly transformed into an informal stage, which did not require much imagination to recognize as a well-known room in Senior Hall. There in three scenes the Juniors appeared as Seniors, holding conversation in true Senior style. The first scene was November 14th, following the "flu," and looking forward to the holidays. The second scene was supposed to take place February 4th. The third scene was on the eve of Commencement.

Even the Seniors felt that they were "taken off" very well, and the sketch as a whole made a very good picture of student life during the year.

The parts in the farce were taken by Patty Sherrod as "Bonie" (Elizabeth Bowne), Nina Cooper as "Mildred" (Mildred Kirtland), Jane Toy as "Ellen" (Ellen Lay), Rainsford Glass as "Marian" (Marian Drane), and Lucy London Anderson as "Nina" (Nina Burke).

Mary Moffitt was chairman of the Refreshment Committee, which looked after the arrangements for the menu, and she was ably assisted by Jane Ruffin, Annie Duncan, Sara Davis, Katharine Batts, Catherine Miller, and Adelaide Smith.

Margaret Rawlings was chairman of the Committee on Decorations, which was responsible for the very pretty room, the border of roses in green around the walls being one of the most effective pieces of decoration seen in a long time.

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### May 10th—The "School Party"

The eighth Annual School Party, given as usual in the Parlor, on the evening of Saturday, May 10th, was possibly the most pleasant and best of these annual events, which are looked forward to so interestedly by St. Mary's girls year after year.

There was no attempt at special novelty, and the party was given along the lines instituted at the first party eight years ago. The spirit of coöperation was manifest throughout, and never have all the

classes entered more heartily into the program. The parlor was decorated simply as usual with the colors of the several classes in paper festoons forming a rectangle overhead and surrounded by the blue and white of the School. The most effective part of the decorations of course being the costumes of the classes.

The Faculty entered first and took their places to witness the march of the classes, which began at eight. First came the Juniors in their green and white, costumed as Irish maids, then came the Sophomores with lavender and purple tam-o'-shanters and large bows. The Freshmen, in yellow and black, were conspicuous with their tall dunce caps; and the Preps were even more conspicuous in their unique sandwich boards of black cardboard variously decorated with legends announcing their several forms of nothingness. After the singing of "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees" and a verse of Mr. Owen's St. Mary's Hymn, Mildred Kirtland, Senior President, spoke a brief welcome, and the other class presidents replied in order. Mary Yelott spoke for the Juniors, Dorothy Kirtland for the Sophomores, Frances Venable for the Freshmen, and Laura Hawkins for the "Preps." Most effective were the "Prep." and Freshmen songs which were heartily given. The singing of the Senior Class Song was followed by topical recitations. Millicent Blanton read again Jane Toy's "A Day at St. Mary's," first used at the Junior-Senior Banquet; Rebecca Baxter gave some of Elizabeth Bowne's up-to-date adaptations of Mother Goose, and Patty Sherrod recited the legend of "A B-abs." Next came the topical songs. The Seniors sang "The Seniors' Fate" to the tune of "Bangor," used at the Fifth School Party, it being Annie Cameron's lines beginning,

"Now the days are flying, swiftly do they go;  
And Commencement's coming, in a week or so;

with the up-to-date conclusion:

"We'll come to old St. Mary's we'll hear the latest news,  
Mary's off at college, and Olive runs the MUSE."

Estelle Avent sang "Muse Dues" to the tune of "Tit-Willow," from the "Mikado," as it was used in 1916 when written for Fannie Stal-

lings; but the hit of the evening was Ellen Lay and Elizabeth Waddell's rendition of Mary Yellott's new song, "Sweet William," in honor of Mr. Stone.

Margaret Rawlings, chairman of the committee, next presented to the School, for the Endowment Fund, \$150 in Victory Loan Bonds lately raised by the girls for this purpose in completing the \$500 which has been given by the girls in Liberty Loan Bonds to the School for the \$250,000 Fund. The Rector gracefully accepted the gift.

Next came the toasts. In turn the Rector, Lady Principal, "Miss Katie"—the oldest inhabitant, were toasted by the Seniors for the School with suitable responses, and toasts were given to the Faculty and the School. Then the Seniors gave some toasts for their Faculty friends who had especially helped them in various ways during the year—Miss Sutton as Class Adviser, Mr. Cruikshank, Mr. Stone, Miss Lee, Miss Davis, Mrs. Marriott, and Mr. Owen. After the toasts the Seniors sang a verse of "Good-bye, 1919," and then were surprised and pleased by the other classes singing "Good-bye, Seniors," for which Katherine Waddell was largely responsible. The refreshments served by the Juniors were strawberries with ice cream.

The evening ended with "Good-bye, School," and "Alma Mater." The feeling was deep, but tears were but slightly in evidence.

The teachers and girls all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the evening which reflected much credit on all responsible.

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### May 12th—The Alumnae Celebration

St. Mary's was founded on May 12, 1842, and the 77th "Birthday," which is celebrated by the School as Alumnae Day, fell this year on Monday. It was decided to omit the Alumnae Luncheon, which is usually given on that day, and to confine the celebration to the evening entertainment given in special honor of the Alumnae.

The Raleigh Chapter met in the Library at seven for their spring meeting, and went from the meeting to the Auditorium for the operetta and dancing. Mrs. Bickett, President of the General Association, Mrs. Bernard, President of the Raleigh Chapter, and a goodly

number of local Alumnæ formed a part of the audience which greatly enjoyed the evening, and pronounced it one of the most successful they have attended at St. Mary's.

Mr. Owen, Director of Music, was responsible for the program, which had been worked up with much skill and a great deal of patient and efficient training by Miss Shields, Miss Roberts, and Miss Bierce, with the assistance of Miss Davis and others. Miss Shields directed the Operetta with Miss Roberts assisting, and Miss Bierce presented her Æsthetic Dancing Class in a series of attractive dances. Miss Ruth Oldham and Miss Mildred Chrismon were the pianists, Miss Edith Miller the violinist, and Miss Mary Ray the 'cellist.

Both the Operetta and dancers were tastefully and prettily costumed, and the acting and dancing was finished and effective. Miss Mary Strange Morgan starred in both parts of the program; Misses Augusta Bristol, Louise Powell, and Elizabeth Lawrence were prominent in the dancing, while Sylbert Pendleton and Adelaide Boylston had the other leading parts in the Operetta.

The cast and program was as follows:

Priscilla .....	Mary Strange Morgan
John Alden .....	Sylbert Pendleton
Dame Goodley .....	Adelaide Boylston
Governor Winslow .....	Margaret Raney
Elder Carver .....	Gertrude Low
Elder Bradford .....	Edith Hutson
Elder Brewster .....	Mary Yellott
Elder Allerton .....	Ellen Lay
Mary .....	Frances Green
Desire .....	Sara Denson
Elizabeth .....	Anne Lawrence
Charity .....	Kathryn Raney
Miles Standish .....	Elizabeth Lawrence
Medicine Man .....	Josephine Copeland
Other Puritan Maidens: Lois Hopkins, Violet Wright, Susie May Robbins, Martha Hamilton, Margaret Hughes, Ray Preston, Julia Andrews.	
Youths: Mary C. Wilson, Anna Ray, Kathryn Klingman, Frances Mountcastle, Leila Meggs, Elizabeth Waddell.	
Indians: Louise Powell, Augusta Bristol, Mary Yarborough, Evelyn Way, Lonie Morris, Mildred Dawson, Christine James.	

PROGRAM

- Dance: Tarantella  
 Elizabeth Lawrence and Mary Strange Morgan
- Dance: Flower Waltz  
 Elizabeth Lawrence, Mary Strange Morgan, Augusta Bristol,  
 Louise Powell
- Dance: Primrose Flower  
 Augusta Bristol, Louise Powell, Lonie Morris, Mary Yarborough,  
 Eleanor Mason, Elizabeth Lawrence
- ACT I. *A Clearing in a Forest*
- Dance: Mazurka. Puritan Maidens  
 ACT II. *Same as Act I*

**May 17—Annual Concert of the Chorus**

The last of the annual pre-Commencement events is the Chorus Concert, given on the Saturday evening before Commencement. This was the tenth year of the Chorus under the direction of Mr. Owen, and the concert was in every way well up to the standard which has made him so favorably known.

The Chorus was assisted by the advanced Voice Pupils and Miss Edith Miller, Violinist, and Miss Ebie Roberts, Pianist.

The soloists each acquitted themselves with much credit, and the sympathetic accompanying of Miss Roberts at the piano added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The last number on the program was Chadwick's pastoral operetta, "Love's Sacrifice," given in concert form with Misses Anita Smith, Estelle Avent, Grace Franklin, and Nell Blakely taking the principal parts.

The program and members of the chorus were as follows:

PROGRAM

Nymphs and Fauns.....*Bemberg*  
*Solo obligato, MISS ANITA SMITH*  
 CHORUS

I

a. Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold.....*Whelpley*  
 b. Fairy Bark .....*Ware*  
 c. Robin, Sing Me a Song.....*Spross*

MISS ESTELLE AVENT



## II

Scene de Ballet.....*de Beriot*  
MISS EDITH MILLER

## III

a. Shepherd, Play a Little Air.....*Stickles*  
b. Serenade .....*Strickland*  
c. A Khaki Lad.....*Aylward*  
MISS ANITA SMITH

## "LOVE'S SACRIFICE"

*A Pastoral Operetta by Geo. Chadwick*

## CHARACTERS

Daphne, a Shepherdess.....A. Smith  
Myrtil, a Shepherd.....E. Avent  
Laura, a Priestess of the Temple.....G. Franklin  
Esta, a Wise Woman.....N. Blakely  
Cecilia, a Shepherdess.....N. Blakely

Other Shepherdesses and Shepherds

SCENE—Arcadia

## MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS

Avent, E.	Kirtland, M.	Pegram, M.
Avent, L. S.	Klingman, K.	Powell, D.
Barnhill, M.	Lay, E. B.	Ray, A.
Blakeley, N.	Lay, N.	Sherrod, P.
Cooper, N.	Lay, L.	Smith, A.
Daugherty, M.	Lindsay, C.	Sussman, B.
Duncan, A.	Low, G.	Tucker, N.
Fields, M.	Meekins, M.	Waddell, E.
Franklin, G.	Morris, L.	Wilson, M.
Glass, R.	Morgan, F.	Wimberley, M.
Hoyt, M.	Mountcastle, F.	Yellott, M.
Hutson, E.	Patch, A.	York, M.
James, C.		



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 THE SPRING PUPILS' RECITALS
 

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## April 24th—The Misses Ray

The first pupils' recital of the season was given on Thursday evening, April 24th, by Miss Bessie Ray, violinist, and Miss Mary Ray, cellist, pupils of Mr. Hagedorn, accompanied by Miss Sue Southwick. The music was delightful and thoroughly enjoyed. The program was as follows:

Concerto No. 7.....	<i>de Beriot</i>
Allegro moderato	
Andante	
	MISS BESSIE RAY
Scherzo .....	<i>von Goens</i>
	MISS MARY RAY
Berceuse .....	<i>Tschetschulin</i>
Serenade .....	<i>d'Ambrosio</i>
	MISS BESSIE RAY
Dedication .....	<i>Popper</i>
The Swan .....	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>
	MISS MARY RAY
By the Brook.....	<i>Boisdeffre</i>
Spanish Dance .....	<i>Rehfeld</i>
	MISS BESSIE RAY
Concerto No. 4.....	<i>Golterman</i>
Allegro moderato	
Andantino	
Allegro molto	
	MISS MARY RAY

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## April 28th—Miss Florie Belle Morgan, Piano

Miss Florie Belle Morgan, of Oriental, N. C., certificate pupil of Miss Dowd, gave her recital in the Auditorium on the evening of April 28th. She was assisted by Miss Mary Ray, 'cellist, pupil of Mr. Hagedorn.

The *News and Observer* said of the recital:

"Miss Morgan presented an interesting and well-rendered program. The opening Bach numbers were played with clean technique and mental poise, and the Schubert Impromptu with brilliancy and good tone color. The Chopin Scherzo, which was the most ambitious number on the program, showed thorough study and an intelligent appreciation of the varying moods of that great composition.

The program was:

## I

- a. Allemande, E major, 6th French Suite.....*J. S. Bach*  
 b. Sarabande, E major, 6th French Suite  
 c. Gigue, G major, 5th French Suite

## II

- Impromptu, A flat.....*Schubert*

## III

## MARY RAY

- Dedication .....*Popper*

## IV

- Scherzo, B flat minor.....*Chopin*

## V

## MARY RAY

- a. The Swan .....*Saint-Saëns*  
 b. Scherzo .....*von Goens*

## VI

*Modern Group*

- Barcarolle (American) .....*Spross*  
 Humoresque (Norwegian) .....*Kjerulf*  
 Chorus and Dance of the Elves (French).....*Dubois*

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### May 1st—Miss Anita Smith, Voice

The *News and Observer* said:

"Miss Anita Smith made an exceedingly good impression at her debut last night in St. Mary's Auditorium. Miss Smith's voice is regal in quality, rich and dramatic. The voice is young and not full-bloomed but it bids fair to be one of exceptional beauty. She sang the old folk songs with commendable smoothness and intelligence, and she entered into the spirit of the modern

school with equal facility. Miss Smith's fresh, warm voice and sympathetic manner won the listeners' respect and attention from the outset. She was assisted in a most delightful manner by Miss Edith Miller, who plays the violin with a great deal of ability and style. Miss Miller's Scene de Ballet was done in true de Beriot style, her bow arm being free and easy."

This was the program:

## I

- a. One Bright Summer Morning (Cadir Idris)  
 Welsh song (known as "Jenny Jones" and generally supposed to be one of the old Welsh melodies), was composed, 1804, by .....*John Parry (Bardd Alaw)*
- b. Minuet tendre (old French)
- c. O Bocca Dolorosa.....*Sibella*

## II

Cavatina—"Roberto il Diavolo" .....*Meyerbeer*

## III

Scene de Ballet.....*Ch. de Beriot*

MISS EDITH MILLER

## IV

- a. Serenade .....*Lily Strickland*
- b. A Dream Fancy.....*Marshall*
- c. A Khaki Lad.....*Aylward*

## V

Sweetheart, Sigh No More.....*Manney*

Violin obligato, MISS MILLER

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### May 7th—Miss Lou Spencer Avent, Pianist

On Thursday evening, May 7th, Miss Lou Spencer Avent, certificate pupil of Miss Dowd, gave a very enjoyable piano recital in the Auditorium.

The effective floral decorations made a lovely setting for the recital, the program for which was well chosen and contained many lovely selections. The last selection was rendered with especial skill.

Miss Avent has a lovely touch, plays with ease, and shows much ability. Her recital was thoroughly enjoyed.

She was ably assisted by her sister, Miss Estelle Avent, whose voice was well suited to her selections. Mr. Owen, whose pupil she is, accompanied her in his usual masterly style.

The program was as follows :

## I

Minuet .....	<i>Bach-MacDowell</i>
Le Bavolet Flottant.....	<i>Couperin (1668-1733)</i>
Jig .....	<i>Lully (16—1728)</i>

## II

Elevation .....	<i>Flörshelm (16th century)</i>
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## III

Impromptu—C sharp minor.....	<i>Reinhold</i>
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## IV

Si tu, m'ami .....	<i>Pergolesi</i>
Le Rêve, from "Manon".....	<i>Massenet</i>
Robin, Sing Me a Song.....	<i>Spross</i>

MISS ESTELLE AVENT

## V

Liebestraum .....	<i>Liszt</i>
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## VI

Intermède (for two pianos).....	<i>Chaminade</i> (Miss Dowd, <i>second piano</i> )
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### May 19th—Miss Katherine Crichton Alston, Pianist

The final certificate recital of the season was that of Miss Katherine Crichton Alston, of West Raleigh, pupil of Mr. Owen, given in the Auditorium on the evening of May 19th. Miss Alston is possibly the youngest pupil ever presented for certificate in music at St. Mary's, and is a young pianist of unusual artistic merit.

The presto movement from MacDowell was done with exceptional clearness, and the Chopin was done with translucence of tone and crisp rhythm.

Miss Alston was ably assisted by Miss Anita Smith, who sang a group of American songs with her usual beauty and sweetness.

The following was the complete program:

## I

- Præludium from 1st Moderne Suite.....*MacDowell* (1861-1908)  
 a. Minuet from G minor Suite.....*Bach* (1685-1750)  
 b. Rigadoun .....*Couperin* (1668-1733)

## II

- a. Etude .....*Chopin* (1809-1849)  
 b. Waltz .....*Chopin*

## III

- Away on the Hill.....*Ronald*  
 A Little Winding Road.....*Ronald*  
 Time of May.....*Salter*

MISS ANITA SMITH

## IV

- a. Undes Sonores .....*Sinding* (1856-....)  
 b. The Pompadour's Fan .....*Cadman*  
 c. Dawn .....*Friml*  
 d. Danse Nègre .....*Scott*

## V

- Presto from 1st Moderne Suite.....*MacDowell*

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### The Domestic Science Luncheons

Miss Trowbridge and the Domestic Science girls entertained on April 21st and May 5th with two luncheons for the Faculty. There were sixteen guests on each occasion at the luncheons which were served in the Domestic Science dining-room.

For the luncheons there were large bowls of dogwood in the windows and long strands of roses intermingled with honeysuckle around the walls and over the doorways. The mirror in the center of the table was a mass of white roses and ivy leaves and pale pink rose-buds intermingled with the green leaves.

The first luncheon being on Easter Monday, the place cards were in the form of Easter eggs in various colors. They were done in water color by Ella Rogers, who shines in both Domestic Science and

Art. Small chickens peeped out of the center-piece of roses and were also at each place. For the second luncheon, dainty rose-buds were at each place and place cards in a pretty jonquil design were again to the credit of Miss Rogers.

The two Domestic Science classes were divided and each section coöperated in working together to plan, market, prepare for and serve the luncheon. The girls were taken down early in the morning to the city market and the various grocers to purchase the supplies.

At the first luncheon Catherine Miller and Grace Franklin were the waitresses, while the cooks were Helen Ashton, Margaret Barnard, Lois Bell, Helen Budge, Sara Davis, Selma Fishel, Margaret For-ester, Grace Franklin, Mildred Kirtland, Catherine Miller, Ella Rogers, Nannie Tucker, and Dorothy Whitaker.

At the second luncheon Caroline Dargan and Nancy Lay were the waitresses and, and the cooks were Edith Bissett, Clarissa Bonner, Elizabeth Cross, Caroline Dargan, Mary Will Daughtridge, Maria Fields, Virginia Flora, Eloise Hannah, Annie Higgs, Mary Hoke, Nancy Lay, Ethel Marshall, Sara McMurry, Margaret Pou, Margaret Raney, Jane Grimes.

The menu was as follows:

	Lamb Chops	
Creamed New Potatoes		Creamed Peas in Timbales
Tomato Salad		Cheese Straws
	Rolls	
	Strawberry Short Cake	

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### School Notes

On Saturday, March 26th, due in part to Miss Davis' plea, a party of nearly 150 girls saw "Come Out of the Kitchen" at the Academy, and thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon, May 13, a party of fifty attended the matinee of the Kirmess at the Academy. This was the most ambitious local entertainment of a number of years and proved very pleasant in every way.



Thursday night, May 15th, May Peterson, of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was heard in concert at the Raleigh Auditorium, and again the party who heard her were delighted.

Swift & Co. were hosts to the Domestic Science Department of the School Friday, May 16th, when Miss Trowbridge took the girls of her department to the local branch of the packers to see their new refrigerating plant. Various points of interest were explained by special representatives of the company, and a great deal of pleasure as well as much profitable instruction was gotten from the trip.

Among the old girls who have been back for week-ends in recent weeks are Katharine Drane of Edenton and Helen Laughinghouse of Greenville, of last year's class, Maude Moss of Elizabeth City, Dorothy Wood of Norfolk (this year a "yeomaness"), Wirt Jordan of South Boston, Va., Gertrude Merrimon of Greensboro, and Margaret Lesley of Mulberry, Fla.

Her host of friends were delighted to welcome back "Miss 'Gyp' Barton," less familiarly Mrs. John A. Dysart, on her recent trip to spend her vacation in the South. She has been living this winter with her father at her old home in Hartford, Conn., and showing her proficiency in business in one of the large city banks. She hopes to welcome Lieutenant Dysart back from France during the summer, and they plan to make their home in Columbia. Mrs. Dysart spent a week in Raleigh with her friends, the Misses Busbee, in Cameron Park, and with Miss Frances Bottum and other friends at St. Mary's, and went for her second week to Chapel Hill to visit her aunt and uncle, the Pratts. Doctor, now Colonel, Pratt has just returned from his war services in France where he led the Carolina regiment of engineers.



is going off to school. Whether we have left the old School for good or merely for the summer, let us show that we have caught the St. Mary's spirit, and

"Carry her teachings o'er woodland and hill,  
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love!"

And so we say, "Good-bye, 1919—good-bye everything!"

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### Special Services in the Chapel

Bishop Cheshire paid his annual visitation to the Chapel for confirmation on the first Sunday after Easter, March 27th, and confirmed a class of six—Belzora Baker, Belle Bessellieu, Margaret Brown, Mabel Cooley, Maude Moss, and Frances Venable. Maude Moss, a St. Mary's girl of last year, came up from her home in Elizabeth City.

Saturday afternoon, May 10th, the Rector baptized Olive Echols Cruikshank, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank. The little girl is named for her maternal grandmother. Marian Drane, acting for her sister Katharine, Jane Ruffin, and Mr. A. W. Graham, Jr., of Oxford, were the sponsors.

At the afternoon service on the Fourth Sunday after Easter, May 18th, the Rector baptized little Chloe Noel Owen, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Blinn Owen. Mrs. W. W. Stancill (Frederika Gilbert), Miss Ebie Roberts standing for Mrs. Jane McKimmon, and Mr. Charles Root were the sponsors.

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### Burlington

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese was held this year on March 22-23 at Burlington, and St. Mary's was represented by Mrs. Way, delegate for the Senior Chapter, and Ellen Lay, Katharine Batts and Rainsford Glass, for the Junior Chapters. The Junior delegates were elected by the Junior Auxiliary Council.

The primary reason for sending delegates this year was to revive the interest in the work at St. Mary's by outlining to the meeting the work done during the past year as a result of the inspiration gained at the Blue Ridge Conference last summer by the four delegates sent from St. Mary's in large part through the help of the Diocesan Auxiliary. Ellen Lay led the Conference on Blue Ridge, making the account most interesting. Several others who had been there also gave short talks on the different phases of life at Blue Ridge, and all were quite helpful in depicting the real good and inspiration that comes from attending one of the Blue Ridge Conferences.

On account of the meeting coming during the week, we could only stay one day, but during that time we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Grace Lindley, of the Board of Missions, who is a very interesting and inspiring speaker. The other meeting we attended was about Sunday School work, and this proved very helpful to those who have or expect to have Sunday School classes.

The Auxiliary decided at the end of its meeting to give \$100 toward sending five delegates to Blue Ridge this summer from St. Mary's. We feel deeply grateful for their interest in us and feel sure that those who attend will return filled with the spirit of Blue Ridge and ready to make the work in the Auxiliary at St. Mary's next year alive and interesting. We feel that the Auxiliary will not regret having done this if the interest in the work next year comes anywhere near being as great as it has been this year. And we know that this interest is due in large part to the work of our delegates to Blue Ridge last year.

RAINSFORD GLASS, '20.

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No one interested in the work of the Junior Auxiliary Chapters at St. Mary's should forget the noteworthy impetus amounting almost to a revival imparted to the Chapters in 1917-18 by Susan Smith, Chairman of the Council of the Chapters last year, and representative of the student religious work of the School at Elon College, at Chapel Hill (where the Woman's Auxiliary met last year), and at Blue Ridge.

On account of her health Miss Smith has been at home (in Charlotte) this year, but it is gratifying to note in connection with this account of the Burlington trip dealing with the furtherance of the work in which she is so greatly interested, that she has just been accepted for training in the Church Training and Deaconess House in Philadelphia, where it has been her ambition to continue her training toward her life work.

E. C.

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### Exchanges

EDITED BY JANE TOY, '20

The Magazine.....	University of North Carolina
The College of Charleston Magazine.....	College of Charleston
The Pine and Thistle.....	Flora McDonald College
The Bessie Tift Journal.....	Bessie Tift College

*The Magazine* of the University of North Carolina is a publication worthy of its name, and we wish to congratulate the editors upon its excellence. Its high literary standard and broad field of subject matter furnish an example to be admiringly followed by all similar publications. It is of special interest to us of St. Mary's because of the contributions of Elizabeth Lay, an old St. Mary's girl, whose numerous verses and folk-play, *When Witches Ride*, all form a valuable part of the magazine. *When Witches Ride* shows unusually great talent and is reviewed by the Baltimore Sun.

The March and May issues of the *College of Charleston Magazine* which we have received, are creditable productions showing talent as well as good work. *Cornebi Tibi* is an appreciation of student publications which shows clear insight and facility of expression. *Sweet Memories* and *An Unfortunate Incident* are refreshing bits of humor in verse and prose, both of which are very well done. A *Discussion of Elections* is an article which is very much to the point, and applies to practically all schools and colleges. Its plea for thoughtfulness in elections appeals to every college girl or man, and if taken to heart would surely prove a blessing to any school.

*The Pine and Thistle* for February and March is up to its usual standard of interest and enterprise. It reflects a good school spirit



and contains two contributions of real merit, "Confused Love in a Shop Window," and "East Nth Street," the former a one-act dramatic sketch with scene laid in a toy shop and character dolls, is very well written and cleverly worked out. It is quite out of the usual order of things, and is a pleasant variation. We would suggest that the "Act 1" at the beginning of the sketch is unnecessary, however, since there are no other acts. "East 76th Street" is an unusually graphic and appealing picture of Eastside; it is very well written and holds the reader's interest until the end. The rest of the material in the *Pine and Thistle* is of about the average, showing very fair treatment of old themes, but scant originality. We would urge the author of "First Breath of Spring" especially to leave the well-trodden way and strike out to "pastures new."

The *Bessie Tift Journal* of April is a well-balanced magazine, containing no one contribution of striking qualities, but maintaining a good standard of merit in every line. It lacks, however, a real short story of some length, though it contains several very fair short-short stories. "How the War Came to Jack" holds one's interest through about half of its length, and after that point ceases to be effective, for one cannot resist the temptation to turn to the last line, and see if it all really was a dream. We advise its author to boil down her next attempt, for her work shows imagination and ability, which promises much. The *Message of Spring* is the most satisfying contribution of of the *Journal*, and deserves honorable mention for its facility of expression as well as for the beauty of its thought.

In this, the last issue of the MUSE, we wish to heartily thank the editors of all the magazines which have been exchanging with us. It has been a great pleasure to receive their publications, and we look forward to the renewing of that pleasure even more fully in the next year, which we hope will be uninterrupted by that unwelcome visitor "the flu."



## AND SO FORTH

Edited by MARY T. YELLOTT

## Life at St. Mary's

JANE TOY, '20

The rising sun peers from behind the Auditorium  
And smiles when, peeping into our windows,  
He sees girls lying in bed after the bell  
Long since has ceased to ring,  
Trying to decide to get up.  
Hark! Brazen clanging smites the air—  
The breakfast bell!  
And springing up as if they had been shot,  
The dozing girls do reach the dining room in time,  
Quick panting, but triumphant—  
Thus the day begins.  
Then follows:  
Hurried exit from the dining room,  
And breathless racing for the least bad broom;  
Confusion then and clouds of dust  
Pervade the buildings.  
That mail line  
With anxious shouts from upper windows  
"Have I any?" and radiant joy  
Or blank dissapointment at the nothingness  
Which stares so mockingly from out an empty box.  
Assembly! Dire reckoning place of our misdeeds,  
But also valued minutes in which  
We cram that long-neglected lesson  
Soon to be recited.  
Chapel—a brief respite from our toils  
And then, Classes,  
Boredom personified, or else  
The torture of brain-racked endeavor  
To give answer to those questions which we ought to know  
But don't!  
Or practicing the mingling of one's hands in that  
Wild clamor of unseemly discord which  
Arises from the tortured practice halls  
And almost drives its hearers to distraction.  
At last the luncheon bell, that blissful sound,  
Which calls us once again together in the dining room,  
This time made ravenous by our hours of toil.

We thankful, raise a sigh of joy if by good luck  
'Tis beans which greet our eyes—  
Those beans, so succulent, so sweet,  
Ambrosia to our famished tastes!  
An interruption—'tis the bell  
And ten announcements then are made—  
A meeting of the Preps, Business, and Specials  
Right after lunch in the Math room,  
Very important, and nine others equally so at the same time.  
Classes again,  
And gym, with Basketball perhaps,  
Or merely with "Right dress!"  
Then leisure, save for those  
To whom the hours of so-called leisure are the busiest,  
With Annual, Dramatic Club, Debate,  
Or some such thing  
Until again the clanging of the bell  
Invites us to the evening meal.  
Now care is banished—joyous intercourse  
With brilliant repartee and gentle mirth,  
Which as the meal advances grows more loud,  
And yet *more* loud, until a wave of sound  
Surges across the room in clamorous peals—  
Then sudden silence.  
We regain our self-control, and calm is now restored.  
Chapel again, with chasing of a cap  
Lost or forgotten,  
And mail; then recreation time,  
That golden hour for those  
Who worship at some shrine,  
Whom others laugh at and call "crushed."  
They now pursue the worshipped one  
With timid smile or bold, with spreading grin;  
Now seek a dance, or better still a stroll  
In the green twilit grove  
With arms entwined.  
But Ah! too soon the bell again  
Breaks in upon this bliss,  
Calling the crushed one to the Study Hall,  
Where with an unread book before  
Her dreaming eyes she spends the weary hour  
In musing how to best gain an advantage  
O'er a hated rival in her suit.  
The worshipped one,  
One of those privileged  
To pass the hour in her room  
Spends it in earnest digging at the root

Of the great Tree of Knowledge,  
 As only those before whose eyes  
 The shining goal of graduation  
 Looms up in fearful nearness  
 Know how to dig, with an unfeigned zeal,  
 And then when the relenting bell  
 Announces that the study hour is o'er  
 She turns to her well-earned reward,  
 A can of beans, perchance,  
 With several friends, and crackers,  
 Or, productive of still greater bliss,  
 An onion feast, that crowning touch of joy,  
 Till, as all joy must end  
 The three winks of the light hasten its close.  
 A brief farewell to friends, a hurried dash  
 For a last glass of water. Then the single flash  
 And blackness over all,  
 And rest.—But not for long!  
 A troubled rattling, weird and ghostly sound—  
 Ah! a "rat," after the apple core in the waste basket!  
 Quickly remedied, a walking shoe, well aimed, and thrown  
 With force inspired by noble motive.  
 Then at last true rest until the morrow.  
 Such indeed is life at boarding school,  
 One blamed thing after another!

---

### The Same Occasion—Dressing for Jim

CRICHTON THORNE

She stood and powdered her nose, and tucked in a curl or two,  
 And she primped and she primped and she primped  
 As though she would never be through.  
 She carefully patted the frills and tied the blue sash with a vim.  
 'Twas summer, and life seemed so gay—  
 She was joyfully dressing for Jim.

She stood and jerked on her blouse and twisted her hair in a knot,  
 And she fussed and she fumed and she fussed.  
 She vowed dressing thus was "too hot."  
 She recklessly pulled out her tie, and threw on her shoes with a vim—  
 'Twas springtime, and life should seem gay—  
 And that same SHE was dressing for Gym!

## The Pleasures and Pains of Editing

E. B. LAY, '19

Editing! Oh, dear Reader, what conflicting feelings of pleasure and pain does the word arouse! Can there be a more pleasant experience than to hold a MUSE in one's hand and to hear the admiring and relief-expressing exclamations proceeding from the mouths of those who are reading the MUSE for the first time? After days and days of toil, after the poor Editor's throat is worn out from pleading "*Please* write me something for the MUSE," after hours of proof-reading and correcting, to see a real flesh-and-blood MUSE disporting itself around school and to feel that this is partly the result of your labor, oh, Editor, what pride and pleasure is thine!

But, alas! Consider the excruciating pain that is also the Editor's lot. She does not mind the work, the pleadings she is forced to make; she endures stoically and bravely the printer's errors, corrects them willingly—oh, Reader, The Editor has set an ideal for herself; a MUSE where the "freight train does not meet a cow," where there are no apples, on top O O O O O O, and below o o o o o o. Imagine her pain when both the cow and the apples appear in the proof, living manifestations of the Editor's limitations. But, dear Reader, if you have tears, prepare to shed them now. The cow and the apples are eliminated, and replaced by "Hey diddle diddle, the uke and the fiddle," and the corrected proof sent back to the printer's. The day arrives on which the finished MUSES are delivered into the Editor's hands. "Oh, glorious day!" she sings, but not for long. Alas, while perusing the back pages of the MUSE, a horrible sight meets her eye, one that causes her heart to sink, full of despair. For there on the page stands another of those old-timers, those old fillers—"Hush, little thrift stamp"—How careless! How disappointing to think that the ideal is not attained. Dear Reader, how futile is the life of the Editor!

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And led her to the broom.

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