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The St. Mary's Muse

OPENING NUMBER

VOL. XXV

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1919

No. 1

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 fast rolling years it will grow and endure;
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of thy past
With the best that new knowledge can bring.
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love. H. E. H., 1905.

The Seventy-eighth Opening of St. Mary's

Due to a slight and unexpected delay in completing the summer improvements, the seventy-eighth opening of St. Mary's School was changed from the usual Thursday to Saturday, September 20th.

Mr. Stone, assisted by Miss Gesner, Miss Leggett and Miss Quackenbos, met the girls at the train. To the Seniors, returning a day earlier than the other "Old Girls" as is the custom of St. Mary's, everything was very dear and familiar, especially the faces of old friends and classmates and the excited shouts of welcome that greeted the arrival of each one of them. Though the Senior Class this year is unusually large, the girls soon lost each other and themselves among the innumerable strangers, who, however, with their help soon lost the first hopeless feeling of utter aloneness and began to make themselves at home amid their new surroundings.

The next morning at breakfast came the announcement of an English test for new students in the Study Hall. The "Old Girl" smiled and said, "Thank goodness, that's one thing I get out of." Then she turned and answered the Freshman's question, "Is it very bad?" with a gay laugh and "Oh, you are sure to get through. It's nothing you'll mind at all."

Then came the job of getting matriculation cards straight. Here everyone was puzzled, from the Preps to the Seniors. "Must I take B Latin or A Math? M French or B Spanish?" were familiar questions.

In the afternoon the other "Old Girls" began to arrive, and again everything was confusion and rejoicing. Walking arm in arm through the buildings they "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" in amazement at the transformation of a mere Main Building into a Smedes Hall that must excel the founder's wildest dreams.

On Saturday morning, September 20th, at the opening Chapel service, Bishop Cheshire, President of the Board of Trustees, welcomed the girls and teachers in a brief but very helpful address. Assisting Bishop Cheshire and the Rector were Rev. Julian E. Ingle and Rev. M. A. Barber, members of the Board of Trustees, and Rev. C. A. Ashby, Rector of The Good Shepherd Church.

Mr. W. H. Jones, just assuming his duties as Director of the Music Department, was at the organ. The music was full and strong and the choir unusually large, and so the Chapel music promises to continue helpful and inspiring.

There is every prospect of having a most successful session this year. The School is filled to its capacity, having an enrollment of a hundred and ninety-nine resident students.

C. M. M.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price Two Dollars
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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.

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Raleigh, N. C.
Correspondence from friends solicited.

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CATHARINE BOYD, '20

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EDITORIAL

With this Opening Number of the Monthly MUSE the new Editorial Staff enters upon its journalistic career. We have not attempted anything elaborate in this first number of the MUSE, and crave the indulgence of our readers in perusing its pages. The greater part of its bulk is made up of the Commencement news, which, if somewhat out of date, will, we hope, prove interesting reading both to the Old Girls, in reminding them of "the happy days of the years gone by," and to the New, in giving them an idea of what St. Mary's really is like, and how the girls, when conflicts are settled, schedules arranged, and the work eventually brought to a successful conclusion, feel towards their Alma Mater.

Ours is a school of widely diversified interests. It is not all a monotonous round of classes, as a new girl at the beginning of the year may be led to suppose.

There are the Athletic Associations, an outlet for all the exuberant "animal spirits" the bright Autumn days are certain to produce. Basket ball is a sure antidote for the blues! Whether Mu or Sigma, show your pep by going out for practice, and attending the games and rooting for your side if you aren't so lucky as to make a team. Better luck next time!

There is the Junior Auxiliary, which is this year again to take a prominent place in the school activities. The Blue Ridge delegates have set out in a very determined manner to share the "Blue Ridge inspiration" with their less fortunate fellows who had not the opportunity of getting it at first hand. We are betting on Katherine Batts, with her carefully prepared plans, to prove a worthy successor of Susan Smith and Elizabeth Waddell, and to make of the Junior Auxiliary this year the success that she feels it should be.

Then there are the Literary Societies, with the great contest always hanging in the balance, and the MUSE as a constant spur. You may not be able to represent your Society in the Annual Debate; perhaps you cannot even read or recite in public, but you can still feel that you have a share in the MUSE. This year it is our plan to publish eight issues of the Monthly, an opening number, a commencement number, and six numbers between, these six to be in the hands of the Literary Societies, each Society getting out three numbers. Selected judges will decide which Society has published the best two out of the three numbers, and this will count twenty-two and a half points in the Literary Society Contest. When you write for the MUSE, however, you are not only working for your Society, but you may look at it from a personal standpoint as well. This year a prize is offered for the best story, the best poem, and the best essay published during the year. To be eligible for a prize, a girl must have had two contributions printed in the MUSE. So get to work! Sharpen your pencil, and your wits, and—who knows but the prize may be yours?

Not to dwell too long on the subject of the MUSE, it is our ambition to have every girl in school feel that she is a joint owner in the School magazine. It cannot be a real success unless this is the case. Of course you are going to take the MUSE. But that can never give

you the feeling of ownership that comes when you see something of your own production printed in it. Try it, and enjoy the sensation! You don't have to be a master of the art of writing to write for the MUSE. On the other hand, never be discouraged because your first attempt fails to "get in." Try again, and keep on trying. All working together, let us improve both ourselves and each other, and, incidentally, this will go a long way towards making our monthly MUSE of 1919-20 a School magazine of which we can be proud.

Miss Katie Retires

After many years of devoted service to St. Mary's as pupil and teacher, Miss Katie has retired this year from active service, but retains her position as guiding spirit in the Church work of the School. It is a great privilege for us to have Miss Katie with us again this year, for in her are embodied the sacred traditions and ideals of St. Mary's, enduring through all the many changes the School has undergone in the last few years. The St. Mary's girls, old and new, join with the trustees of the School, who, at their annual meeting on last Commencement Day, adopted the following resolution of love and respect to Miss Katie:

Resolved: That this Board extends its thanks and gratitude to Miss Kate McKimmon for her long and faithful service to St. Mary's School, covering a period of more than a half century as pupil and teacher.

Her love for and loyalty to St. Mary's and all its traditions are well known to us all. She has made a place in the hearts of scores of St. Mary's girls in the Primary Department of the School. In fact "Miss Katie" has for years practically been the Primary Department, and she has made a place also in the hearts of hundreds and hundreds of St. Mary's girls who now remember her with affection and gratitude the country over.

We rejoice that while she is to give up further active teaching, she is to continue her connection with the School, which is so dear to her and which she has served so faithfully and so well.

The old St. Mary's girls who come back from time to time find in her the same devoted and loyal friend that she was during their school days here.

We wish for her all the joy and happiness to which we feel she is entitled after so long and faithful service at St. Mary's.

WARREN W. WAY, *Director.*
MILTON A. BARBER.
H. NORWOOD BOWNE.

Dr. Lay Returns to North Carolina

Their many Tarheel friends were glad to learn that Dr. Lay and his family, after a little over a year in Springfield, Mass., have returned to the Old North State, where Dr. Lay is to have charge of the church in Beaufort. The following is a clipping from one of the Springfield papers:

Rev. Dr. George W. Lay, who served as minister in charge at Christ Episcopal Church during the absence of the rector, Rev. John M. McGann, and who since that time has been associate rector of the church, has accepted a call to Beaufort, N. C., and is to leave the city the latter part of September, his resignation taking effect the 15th of the month. Dr. Lay goes to become rector of St. Paul's Church in Beaufort and to take charge of the nearby mission at Morehead, both in the diocese of East Carolina.

Dr. Lay came to the city August 21, 1918, having been for eleven years rector of St. Mary's School at Raleigh, N. C. For the five months that Rev. Dr. McGann was engaged in Young Men's Christian Association work in France, he served faithfully and efficiently as minister in charge of the parish and since his return has been continuing as associate rector of the church. He came to the city directly after Rev. Edmund R. Laine, Jr., left to become a chaplain in the Army.

Dr. Lay and his family, who have been occupying the home on Crescent Hill of Miss Annie and Miss Louise Stebbins during the summer, expect to leave the city soon after the 15th for their new home. They have made many friends here who sincerely regret their departure.

SCHOOL NEWS

September 20th—The Opening Reception

On Saturday evening, September 20th, the Old Girls welcomed the New Girls with a delightful reception in the new "lobby" of Smedes Hall. Those receiving were the Rector and Mrs. Way, Mrs. Perkins, the new Lady Principal, Miss Katie, Miss Dowd, and Nancy Lay, the President of the new Senior Class.

Very popular was the corner of the room where, presiding at a prettily decorated table, Jane Toy and Mary Yellott served sparkling fruit punch, while Elizabeth Branson and Katherine Waddell, members of the Junior Class, passed little cakes among the guests.

Then the dancing began. Her escort had previously presented each New Girl with an attractive card, on which were written her "dates" for the dancing and conversation. The lobby was crowded and dancing was a little difficult at times, but no one seemed to care about that. The girls were there to get acquainted and to have a good time. They did both and when, at the sound of the nine-thirty bell, the pianist struck up "Home Sweet Home," every one left with a feeling of real regret.

C. B.

September 25th—Mr. Jackson's Talk

On Thursday, Sept. 25th, the girls assembled in the School Room for the usual Thursday night talk. Owing to Mr. Way's absence, the Rev. John Long Jackson, rector of St. Martin's Church, Charlotte, was asked to speak. Mr. Jackson is Secretary of the Nationwide Campaign in the Diocese of North Carolina and his address, which dealt largely with this movement, was most interesting and inspiring. During the few minutes in which he talked, he brought out many points that were new and startling to us. Among these was the fact that, while we speak with pride of the United States as a Christian nation, the number of Christians here is comparatively small. Mr. Jackson spoke of the many helpful positions which are open to the wide-awake girl of today, the need of missionaries for the foreign fields, and the necessity of thinking about our life work while we are young.

C. B.

September 27th—The Expression Class Entertains

On September 27th, the second Saturday evening after School opened, the girls gathered in the Auditorium for the first entertainment of the season. The program consisted of several musical numbers and a one-act play, produced last spring by four of Miss Davis' private expression pupils and revived for the occasion on very short notice.

The opening chord was struck by Nancy Lay, accompanying Estelle Avent, who sang several popular songs so beautifully that,

when reinforced by Edith Miller's violin obligato in "Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight," several in the audience were moved to tears.

From the moment the curtain rose on "Joint Owners in Spain" the audience shrieked with mirth, for who could refrain from laughing when Crichton Thorne, as Miss Dyer, sobbed "I ain't a well woman, and I ain't been for nigh these twenty years—and I ain't seen the worst yet, 'cause the worst ain't come!" or when Millicent Blanton, as Mrs. Blair, in her most astonishing manner took charge of Miss Dyer as well as her room, and showed her that she could be cheerful even if she hadn't been well for "nigh these twenty years"! Mildred Dawson, as Miss Fullerton, shook and trembled so artistically that hysterics threatened the audience, while Catherine Miller made an ideal matron for the Old Ladies' Home.

We wish to extend our heartiest thanks to Miss Davis and the girls who worked so hard to make this very enjoyable evening possible for us.

M. N.

September 28th—Mrs. Way Entertains the Faculty

Mr. and Mrs. Way entertained the faculty and officers of St. Mary's at after-dinner coffee on Sunday, September 28th. This was the first informal social occasion for the faculty and officers since the opening of the School and it proved to be a most enjoyable one.

C. M. M.

September 30th—The Opening E. A. P. Meeting

The opening meeting of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society took place in the lobby on Tuesday evening, September 30th. In accordance with the plans drawn up just before school closed last spring, the whole school was extended a cordial invitation, and as a result a good crowd was on hand.

The program, dealing with St. Mary's topics, was unusually interesting and was well rendered. Jane Toy, the E. A. P. President, opened the meeting with a short address of welcome, after which "Alma Mater" was sung by all. Then Dorothy Kirtland read an amusing poem on "The First Week at School," which was loudly

applauded as Dorothy always is, whenever and however she appears in public. Next Nancy Lay and Mary Yellott sang "Sweet William," which was received with the same appreciation as when, last year, Ellen Lay and Elizabeth Waddell first sang it at the School Party. The chief events of the fall term were described in an interesting and entertaining way by Nina Cooper, Catharine Boyd and Frances Mountcastle, who read short papers on "The Great State Fair," "Hallowe'en" and "The Christmas Tree." Millicent Blanton read again Jane Toy "Life at St. Mary's," which if the new girls could not fully appreciate they nevertheless applauded vigorously. The program, which had been greatly enjoyed by all, closed with the singing of "Hail St. Mary's."

C. B.

THE SUMMER IMPROVEMENTS

The School session of 1919-20 introduced to us a new St. Mary's from basement to third floor. Everywhere things were new and changed.

As we entered Main Building, now Smedes Hall, the change from the one to the other was at once apparent. Blazing light and startling whiteness first attracted our attention, which, however, was soon claimed by the handsome new mahogany furniture, especially the mirror, whose object we could not at first quite see, but which we have since found useful in the last minute arranging of hats and chapel caps! Gone the broad, low staircase and the little dark crooked stairs behind, and in their place we found a new spiral staircase winding artistically up to the third floor with a skylight of generous proportions lighting it all the way.

The lobby on the second floor of Smedes Hall is an addition to St. Mary's which at the beginning of school came in very conveniently for the first joint meeting of the two Literary Societies and for several entertainments and the nightly half hour of dancing. This spacious hall almost took the place of our beloved parlor, which was then closed but on the third Saturday night was reopened to an admiring throng. The predominant note in the color scheme is brown, shading from the soft tan of the paper to the rich mahogany of the

great beams across the ceiling. We had hoped that Mr. Erwin might be with us for the opening and that we might on that occasion express to him in person our appreciation of all that he has done to make Smedes Hall a possibility.

All over the building rooms have been newly plastered or papered and many new rooms have been added. The tiled bathrooms in Smedes Hall are a luxury we must admit we never expected to indulge in at St. Mary's!

The cement basement of last year has undergone numerous changes. The floors are now of wood, and the walls boast fresh white plastering. The old dining room has been divided into two modern school rooms, and the "grill room," somewhat to our selfish regret, has been converted into a very neat corner of the large Domestic Science room, which, through a front of glass doors, now proudly displays long rows of shiny cooking utensils and little gas stoves.

In West Rock the lingering remnant of the old dormitory has been divided into airy, comfortable rooms, and in East Rock the former "Teachers' Sitting Room" now bears a placard denoting it as the "Office" where, on week days, a crowd of impatient girls may be found at almost any hour, waiting to see Mr. Cruikshank, and on Saturday evenings a crowd of equally impatient young men, to see—er—Mr. Way.

The walls and woodwork of the Infirmary have been repainted with an ivory tint, the dear desire of "Miss Alec's" heart, and by which the whole effect of the interior is softened and brightened.

The greatly enlarged Laundry has been provided with a number of new electric irons, and the prompt delivery of our laundry bears witness that these are put to excellent use. We have little fear of the coming cold weather, as a much larger and more efficient heating plant has been installed and many new radiators have taken the place of the old ones.

Senior Hall is now being used entirely for students' rooms, while, driven from house and home, the Cruikshanks have sought refuge where best they might find it. They had expected to be comfortably settled in their new bungalow by the time school opened, but when we arrived a little heap of bricks out by the Auditorium was the

only indication of the fact. Among all the much needed improvements at St. Mary's we think there was none more needed than a comfortable home for the Business Manager and his family, and when the bungalow is completed, in our opinion it will be the greatest improvement of all.

C. T.

WITH THE SENIORS OF 1919

Mildred Kirtland, the President, during the early part of October was visiting in Alabama. She spent part of her time at Alice Seed's, going from there to New York. At present, she expects to come down to St. Mary's for Fair Week.

Elizabeth Kitchin and Margaret Fallon are the only members of the Class who are continuing the pursuit of "higher education." Elizabeth is to be at Hollins this winter, while Margaret, having put in her application too late to take a post-graduate business course at St. Mary's is at Salem.

Directly after school closed Ellen Lay visited Helen Battle near Tarboro, and then attended the University Commencement at Chapel Hill. After this short vacation she went to Goldsboro as Local Secretary in the War Camp Community Service and has there been so successful that when the W. C. C. S. was withdrawn in the non-camp towns of the State on September 1st, the people in Goldsboro continued the work and her position in charge of the temporary Community Building. We enjoyed very much the flying visit she paid us over the week-end of October 4th-6th.

Bertha Albertson is putting her business course into practice this winter. She is a stenographer for Scotland Neck's well known lawyer, Mr. Ashby Dunn.

Our ex-Business Manager, Louise Toler, after continuing her business year through a very successful summer in the insurance business, has now turned her talents in another direction. She is teaching music in Rocky Mount and when here for the Opening reported a large and flourishing class. She is, however, not the only teacher among the Seniors of '19, for 'tis rumored that Bonie, yes, Bonie, is teaching near Tryon! And Helen Battle, after a summer at home, except for two glorious weeks at the Rod and Gun Club,

has given up the pursuit of pleasure in favor of teaching the young intelligence to shoot and is now mistress of the Cross-roads School near her home.

After Commencement, Marian Drane and Mary C. Wilson went home with Nina Burke. They came back with glowing accounts of the wonders of Louisiana and of the fine time they had had at Nina's. Mary is keeping house for her mother this winter, Marian is to spend October in Connecticut with a friend of her sister's, and Nina is in New York at present. Marian and Nina both intend to stop by at St. Mary's on their way home.

Josephine Erwin paid us a brief and unexpected call shortly after school opened. She and Elizabeth Waddell seem to be following Mary Wilson's example—they both expect to be at home this winter. "Waddy" writes that she is coming up around Thanksgiving time for our first big basket ball game of the season. Here's a hearty invitation to the rest of the Class to do the same!

F. P. V.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

What are we going to do without them, the teachers and friends who didn't come back to us this year? Miss Jones is away out in Oregon, back at her old place in Miss Catlin's School for Girls, and Miss Meares intends to teach near her home in South Carolina this winter. She has just finished a busy summer at Blue Ridge, where the experience she got as "Hall Mother" at St. Mary's stood her in good stead as Housekeeper.

Miss Shields, after leaving St. Mary's midst the tearful farewells of her many friends, went to Chapel Hill for the summer, where she made good use of her business ability as Prof. Branson's secretary. This winter she is to be at home with her mother, and has gone back to teaching music, in which she was so successful at St. Mary's. On her way through Raleigh she has twice stopped by just long enough to say "Hello" to us.

Miss Trowbridge is demonstrating Domestic Art and Science to little would-be housekeepers down in Birmingham, Alabama, at the Central High School.

After school closed, Miss Thornton became interested in War Camp Community Service and quickly rose to prominence in that work. She is at present in the editorial department of the Playground Recreation Association in New York City.

Disappointed in her hope of spending a year in France, Miss Sheppard is parlying Francais with the French students at the High School in Connellsville, Pa.

After teaching here for a few months, Miss Caton accepted a position in the Randolph-Macon Institute at Danville, Va., where she is now teaching Math.

It seems impossible to get any very definite information as to the present whereabouts and intentions of Dorothy Ambler and Kathryn McDowell. So far as we know, Kitty is at home, but there is a rumor abroad that Dot has gone back to her schoolgirl days, and is at school in Washington. Miss Giddens also seems to prefer the life of a College girl to that of a teacher, and is now working for her B. S. at Farmville Normal School.

Last but not least (ladies first, you know) Mr. Owen. How busy he must be! He directs the choir at Christ Church in Savannah, he leads the Community Sings, he has a boys' choir and a male quartette in his charge, and in addition to all this he still finds time for a number of private pupils. We can only wish him as great success in his work as in his old, while at St. Mary's.

The new teachers have won our hearts already. Mrs. Charles E. Perkins comes to us from the National Cathedral School in Washington and is proving an efficient and sympathetic Lady Principal. Miss Genevieve Leggett is teaching our Domestic Art and Science pupils. From Oswega, N. Y., Miss Marguerite Gesner brings a charming voice and joy to the girls on first floor West Wing. She is giving vocal lessons. Miss Elizabeth Shearer is listening to, and remaining cheerful under, painful French conversation. Twice as remarkable is the unfailing good cheer of Miss Katherine Quackenbos, who has classes both in French and Spanish. Miss Mary Searle is in charge of the Mathematics department, and Miss Loulie M. Wilson has the Latin classes. Miss Anne Neave has taken Dot Ambler's place as Office Secretary, and Miss Florence Talbot has

succeeded Kitty McDowell as our busy housekeeper. Mr. William H. Jones (again a case of ladies first) is filling Mr. Owen's place as Director of the Music Department. He is an organist of rare ability, and under him the chorus and Chapel music gives promise of maintaining its usual high standard. L. P.

THE 1919 COMMENCEMENT

The session of 1918-1919 has been signalized by the largest enrollment of resident students that St. Mary's has ever had and the Commencement season was a happy and successful ending to the year's work. Nature put forth her best efforts to make every one comfortable, and the special Commencement speakers, Bishop Milkell and Mr. John Stuart Bryan, each in his way, made a deep impression on all who heard them.

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.

Saturday Night

The Annual Recital of the Expression Department

The annual recital of the Expression Department, under the direction of Miss Florence Davis, has come to be looked forward to as one of the special features of the Commencement Season. There is never the element of sameness in these annual appearances of the Dramatic Club and Miss Davis has been equally successful in her presentation of Shakespeare's plays, of Tennyson's "Princess," of the group of Little Theater plays which she gave last year, and of the plays from the French which formed the program this year. The performance is always finished, well costumed, and true to the spirit of the play, and reflects credit on the actors and on the director. This year's program was rather ambitious and included Moliere's Seventeenth Century play, "Les Precieuses Ridicules," and Rostand's Eighteenth Century

play, "Les Romanesques." Both comedies are famous and their presentation at this Commencement won hearty favor from the large audience.

"Les Precieuses Ridicules" is a wholesome and much needed protest against excessive freedom from restraint which characterized the language and manners during the Seventeenth Century and was threatening the French language.

"Les Romanesques" was first presented in 1890. Being more modern and with its more striking human interest features, it made probably more of an appeal on the audience. "All the world loves a lover," and the purpose of Rostand in making a plea for more poetry in life is carefully portrayed by Sylvette and Percinet, which characters were taken by the old St. Mary's favorites, Mary C. Wilson and Millicent Blanton.

To most of the audience it was a pleasing innovation that the costumes in both plays were true to life and to the period in which the scenes were laid. The parts were all well taken and the audience showed its appreciation by frequent and discriminating applause.

The cast of the plays was as follows:

"LES PRECIEUSES RIDICULES"
(THE AFFECTED YOUNG LADIES)
A Comedy in One Act, by Molière

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Du Croisy.....	}	Rejected Lovers.....	{	Mary Yellott
La Grange.....				Crichton Thorne
Gorgibus, Rich Merchant.....				Ellen Lay
Magedelon, Daughter of Gorgibus.....				Virginia Howell
Cathos, Niece of Gorgibus.....				Elizabeth Bonner
Marotte, Servant of the Affected Young Ladies.....				Mary Moffitt
The Marquis de Mascarille, Valet of La Grange.....				Dorothy Kirtland
The Viscount de Jodelet, Valet of Du Croisy.....				Mildred Cooley

SCENE: Garden of Gorgibus, Paris

PERIOD: 17th Century

"LES ROMANESQUES"

(THE ROMANCERS)

A Three-Act Comedy, by Rostand

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sylvette.....	Mary C. Wilson
Percinet.....	Millicent Blanton
Straforel.....	Kathryn Keith
Bergamin.....	Elizabeth Bowne
Pasquinot.....	Jane Toy

Musicians, Swordsmen, etc.

SCENE: Gardens of Bergamin and Pasquinot

PERIOD: 18th Century

Sunday

Commencement Sunday was ushered in by the celebration of the Holy Communion in the Chapel at eight o'clock. Bishop Cheshire was the celebrant, assisted by the Rector.

At eleven o'clock, the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Atlanta, the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Mikell, D.D., and some idea of the main points of his notable sermon may be had from the following extract from the News and Observer:

Vividly holding up before them the dangers that might come from pursuit in quest of political aspirations and eloquently reminding them of the sacredness of motherhood and sisterhood to society, Rt. Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., Bishop of Atlanta, yesterday morning delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the St. Mary's graduates, the services noting the onset of the seventy-seventh annual commencement of the school.

Drawing distinction between ideals old and new, Bishop Mikell preached from St. Matthew 13-52: "Therefore, every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

The minister assigned to the young graduates the place occupied by this householder referred to by Jesus, now clinging fast to the traditions and memories of the four years that have gone before and anxiously looking to a realization of bright hopes of the future. Like the possibilities that attend the unfurling of a new flag on the field of battle, the new life is attended with opportunities tremendous. Contrasting the difference in the physical ideals of woman a generation ago and today, he declared that the coming years hold many new ideals for the sex.

"The woman of a generation ago," said Bishop Mikell, "was most noted for the ease with which she could swoon away and the grace with which she could weep. The physical ideal today is more like the Greek Atalanta." And as he continued his sermon, he pictured the possibilities of womanly athletes, after Atalanta's mould, halting to pick up the apple that might fall in her path and, alas, lose the race.

"There is no use to belittle the physical life, though," continued Bishop Mikell, "for youth is the best time to enjoy it. The danger is in forgetting the Giver of that life in enjoying it."

The physical life, alone, he paused to say, is responsible for the sin and misery of the world. The body he defined a splendid servant but a dreadful master.

There is also a wide difference in the intellectual ideal of woman today and woman a generation ago, said Bishop Mikell. A generation ago, all a woman needed to know was a little French, nothing about English literature, and how to play "A Maiden's Prayer" on the harpsichord.

"And now-a-days there are women who would know the beautiful things and have the features of a great, big, beautiful doll," he added, with effective expression.

The need is not so much for learned women, he continued, as it is for women who think, the Virgin Mary affording an illustration. She read the best literature of her age, and the brand of uplift borne of reading great poetry and books is sorely needed today, he pointed out.

"The coming years hold new industrial ideas and new political aspirations for women. The danger and temptation is in seizing the new treasure and relinquishing the old. It would be a loss and not a gain to the world. If in gaining these things," he declared, she loses the opportunity of making a Christian home, both she and society are losers."

He depicted with feeling the prospects of losing the word "Mother" and coining in its stead "Stateswoman" and expressed grave concern over the survival of the motherhood and sisterhood of the world.

"There have been women holding to all that woman has done and accomplishing all that man has done," he suggested, "but others have missed both ideals. It is the 'eternal feminine' that draws ever upward and onward."

"It has been the influence of Jesus Christ," he concluded, "that has given power to all the learning of the world. To forget this is as unwise as the base Indian who threw away his pearl, better than all his truck."

At the afternoon service at five o'clock, which is known as the Alumnae Service, the Rector addressed himself more particularly to the visiting Alumnae, welcoming them back as paying a visit to their home and family. His brief address on the spirit of St. Mary's emphasized the essential facts for which the School stands as simplicity, sincerity, and sanctity.

Monday

The beginning of Class Day is much earlier than the audience, which assembles in the Grove at eleven o'clock, is apt to imagine, for one who cared to get up and investigate in the Muse room would find the Juniors as early as five in the morning busily weaving the daisy chain, which is to the Seniors such an important part of the Class Day exercises. There were more Juniors this year than usual to make the chain and apparently there were more daisies, for so massive and extensive was the chain that it seemed the surrounding country must have been scoured for flowers. The Seniors were very proud of it, and so were the Juniors. The Monday morning cloud, following Sunday's rain made the out of doors Class Day program seem well nigh impossible, but the sun broke through the clouds just in time, and with hurried last hour preparations the scene was made as attractive as heretofore for the eleven o'clock exercises.

The program was reminiscent of former years but very thoroughly colored with the spirit of the Class. The girls who had enjoyed their own Class Day at St. Mary's in years past could feel themselves living it over as the procession of the classes, led by the Marshals, came around West Rock singing, "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees," and wound its way through the arch in front of Main Building to the scene of the exercises. Then from Senior Hall through the East Rock covered way came the Seniors with the

daisy chain, led by Eleanor Sublett, Chief Marshal, and joining in the song, they took their places in a semi-circle around the platform on which the Class President presided.

Mildred Kirtland, the President, spoke her welcome briefly. Next followed the class songs, first used so effectively at the School Party. What they lacked in picturesqueness through the simpler costumes of Class Day, they made up in volume, and all the classes sang with a will. The history, poem, and prophecy of the Class, printed further on in this *Muse*, were then read.

The presentation of the athletic banner is a matter of keenest interest to the St. Mary's girls of the year, and this year's contest between the Sigma and Mu Athletic Associations had been most close, so close, indeed, that it took Margaret Barnard's victory in tennis the last Saturday of the year to give the Mus the victory, their second year of success. The final score for the year was Mu, 94; Sigma, 81, and the banner was gracefully presented to the winners by Elizabeth Waddell and was accepted by Nina Burke.

After the singing of "Goodbye 1919" by the Seniors, the Last Will and Testament was read and then came that interesting feature of Class Days, the announcement of the dedication of the Annual, which is kept secret until the moment. Louise Toler, Business Manager of the *Muse*, read the dedication:

To the Reverend
WARREN WADE DAY
Who in This, the First Year of His Rectorship, Has
Endeared Himself to All Those
Connected With
St. Mary's School
and in Whom We Feel That All St. Mary's Girls Have
"An Inspiring Leader"
"A Wise Counselor"
"A Steadfast Friend"

This Twenty-first Volume of the Annual *Muse* is Lovingly Dedicated
By the Senior Class
For the St. Mary's Girls of 1918-19

Miss Toler then presented Annuals to Bishop Cheshire. Bishop Mikell, Mr. Bryan, Miss McKimmon and other special friends of the Class and of the students as has been done in the past.

Anita Smith sang "Good-bye School," with the Seniors joining in the chorus, and then with the singing of "Alma Mater" the exercises were over.

And, as every old girl of recent years remembers, then came the rush to the postoffice to get the *Muse* and see, each for herself, just how far the Annual measured up to the expectations which had been so eagerly formed in the weeks just past.

Annual Alumnae Meeting

The annual meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association was held in the Grove Monday afternoon at 4:30. Miss Nannie Ashe of Raleigh, Vice-President, presided in the absence from the city of Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett, President. Prayer by Rev. Warren Way, Rector of St. Mary's, opened the meeting.

A roll of the alumnae who have died during the past year was read and resolutions of respect to their memory were adopted. These included Mrs. Mary Iredell, Mrs. K. P. Battle, Jr., Mrs. Margaret Little, of Raleigh; Mrs. Isaac T. Avery, Jr., of Morganton; Mrs. William A. White, of Duke; Mrs. Meares Harris, of Wilmington, and Miss Susie Carter, of Asheville.

On account of war work which had put aside Alumnae matters temporarily, it was voted to reelect the President and Vice-President, something which had not before been done. The officers for the next year are: Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett, President; Mrs. Thomas M. Ashe, Vice-President; Miss Kate McKimmon, Secretary; Miss Louise T. Busbee, Assistant Secretary, and Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Treasurer.

The Annual Concert

The annual concert of the Music Department was given in the Auditorium at eight-thirty, and was the crowning production of the year in the music work of the School. The piano, voice, and violin departments were all represented and all the players acquitted themselves with finish and musical feeling. That their efforts were appreciated was attested by the enthusiastic applause of the large audience present.

The program follows:

PART I

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| I. Hexentanz | MacDowell |
| | Nancy Lay |
| II. Scherzo | Mendelssohn |
| | Edith Hutson |
| III. Son of My Heart..... | Spross |
| | Grace Franklin |
| IV. Scherzo | van Goens |
| | Mary Ray |
| V. Cavatina, from "Roberto Diavolo"..... | Meyerbeer |
| | Anita Smith |

PART II

- I. *a.* Barcarolle Spross
b. March Wind MacDowell
 Florie Bell Morgan
- II. *a.* Si tu, m'ami.....Pergolesi
b. Robin, Sing Me a Song.....Spross
 Estelle Avent
- III. Presto, from 1st Modern Suite.....MacDowell
 Katherine Alston
- IV. Liebsträum Liszt
 Lou Spencer Avent
- V. *a.* By the Brook..... Boisdeffre
b. Spanish Dance Rehfeld
 Bessie Ray

The Art Exhibit

Of the art exhibit the *News and Observer* says:

The annual art exhibit was unusually attractive this year, and showed much talent and originality. There were three certificate pupils, Miss Josephine Erwin, whose work in oils made a fine display—three still life studies and an interior being the most noticeable; Miss Helen Battle, whose clear, excellent water color studies, a "Brass Kettle and Vegetables," an "Interior" and a sketch of the "Porch Columns" stand out conspicuously, and Miss Susan Linehan, whose still life studies, an "Interior" and "Out-Door Sketch of Wisteria" are most charmingly painted.

Miss Olive Lee has some good work in oil, "Violets in a Brass Bowl" and "Snowballs" being the best. Good work done by the specialists in water color was a feature of the exhibit, among this "A Library Corner" by Augusta Rembert. Conspicuous were some fine landscapes by Mary Fetter, Carmen Jones, Mary Wallace and Belle Besselieu, a "Tea Group" by Dorothy Kirtland, and some remarkably clever time-sketches done in two or four hours by all the students. The lamp and candle shades show originality in designing; those done by Mahallah Meekins and Margaret Yorke are the best. The poster work is very clever, ten on war topics and ten on commercial art. The best of the former is by Miss Martina Carr, an illustration of "Flanders' Fields," and the best of the latter are by Misses Ella Rogers and Hope Eccles. The cast drawings are excellent, "A Slave

Head" by Jane Ruffin being among the best. The mechanical drawings by Miss Elizabeth Branson show careful work and the designs by Miss Margaret Yorke deserve special mention. The pencil drawings of the first year work done by Harriet Barber, Evelyn Way and Madeline Jones show promise of good future work.

Altogether it is one of the best exhibits the school has ever had and reflects much credit on the pupils under the skillful guidance of Miss Clara Fenner.

At the same time as the Art Exhibit, there was a very creditable exhibit by the Domestic Art class of the Home Economics Department of work done under the inspection of the head of this department, Miss Mildred Trowbridge.

The Rector's Reception

The Rector's annual reception to the graduating class was held in the School Parlor immediately after the Annual Concert.

The Commencement visitors, including the parents, relations, and friends of the graduating class and the old girls, were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Way, Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire, Miss Jones, Miss Katie, and the thirteen graduates.

Tuesday

The day was most fittingly begun by a celebration of the Holy Eucharist in the Chapel at ten minutes of seven, which was largely attended. Following the custom of many years, the Rector was Celebrant, assisted by one of the trustees, Rev. F. P. Lobdell.

11 A.M. COMMENCEMENT DAY EXERCISES

(In the Auditorium)

The following program was presented:

Piano Solo: Valse Caprice.....	<i>Geehl</i>
Marietta Gareissen	
Salutatory	Marian Drane
Class Essay: "Leonardo da Vinci".....	Helen Van Wyck Battle
Address.....	Mr. John Stewart Bryan
Vocal Solo: Sweetheart Sigh No More.....	<i>Manney</i>
Anita Smith	
Violin Obligato	Edith Miller
Valedictory	Elizabeth Kitchin
Announcement of Honors	
Presentation of Diplomas, Certificates and Distinctions	

The *News and Observer* wrote as follows about Mr. Bryan's notable address:

Speaking to the graduates upon the importance of educating character as well as mind, John Joseph Bryan, publisher of the *Richmond News-Leader*,

admonished the young ladies not to seek after an over-dose of success in a material way.

Mr. Bryan chose no particular theme for his address, rather leaning to a discussion of the beauty and simplicity of a life founded on the spirit of righteousness and truth. He ridiculed the shams and whims of the world in a gentle vein, suggested a continuation of the spiritual things with which the young ladies had been in touch through their years in school, and implored them to strive for enduring success.

He confessed to a particular fondness for St. Mary's School. This, Mr. Bryan attributed to the reason that St. Mary's is a school that seeks to instruct after the old masters rather than engage in "finishing" under the tutelage of a woman with "neatly manicured nails and an eye on France for the summer."

Declaring that the power of victory in woman had been unfolded to the world by the war, he called attention to the English women and their plea for "work, not pensions," when the munition factories were closed, and they were told to go back to their tea rooms in the cities.

"The English and French women did as much to win the war as the men," said Mr. Bryan, "and I don't think any of us understand how much the men of France did."

Over a million Frenchmen are under the sod, he reminded his audience, and had America lost in proportion to population as did France, there would have been over two and one-half million deaths to mourn by those left over here.

"These things are appalling," he continued, "but we fail to grasp the new forces that have been unleashed by the war. There isn't any girl here this morning who hasn't more information than had Joan of Arc, whose spirit," he insisted, "was responsible for the valor of the French in the world struggle.

"There is no question about what won the war," he ventured. "The Americans helped, the English and French held them awhile, but it was the spirit of righteousness, of truth, and if life wasn't stronger than death, if God wasn't stronger than the devil, the men that went abroad and laid down their lives would have died in vain."

Congratulating the young ladies of the Senior Class on their attainment of honors so far, Mr. Bryan enjoined them to bear in mind always that for four years they had been tied up with something real, something enduring.

"What good will it do you," he asked, "in the depths of sorrow to know all the irregular French verbs?" adding, "And they are highly irregular! I am interested in this school because it educates the mind and the character."

Concluding Exercises in the Chapel

Processional Hymn, No. 396: "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"

Scripture Lesson

Benediction

Creed

Prayers

Hymn No. 311: "Ancient of Days"

Presentation of the Diplomas

Address to Graduates

Prayers and Benediction

Recessional Hymn: "Jerusalem, High Tower"

The Diplomas were presented by Bishop Cheshire, who then addressed the graduates with helpful lessons as to the meaning of the day to them, not only now, but throughout their lives, the keynote being suggested by the words, "Rejoice in the Lord alway and again I say, rejoice."

THE COLLEGE HONORS OF 1919

The Salutatory

MARIAN DRANE

It is a very pleasant privilege that is mine today, to welcome you, on behalf of the class of 1919, to these the closing exercises of our Commencement. We are happy to have with us our good friend, Bishop Cheshire, the Trustees, our Rector, and the faculty, the school and our friends, especially the "Old Girls," whom we are so glad to have back with us today. To each and all we give a hearty welcome.

THE CLASS ESSAY

Leonardo da Vinci: "His Life Was His Masterpiece"

HELEN BATTLE

Let us look at the life of Leonardo da Vinci as at an artist in the execution of a masterpiece. As there are practically three stages in the painting of a picture, so there are three in the life of this remarkable man. They are his childhood, middle manhood, and later life. His childhood up until the time he left Florence for Milan was the sketching in of the outlines and the first

laying in of the predominant colors of the masterpiece, his life. These are indefinite little things, yet telling in the final appearance of the whole. His move to Milan to be under the patronage of Duke Sforza and the favorite of the Milanese court is the second period. Here at the court Leonardo at last found a partial expression for all his mechanical and architectural projects, as well as an opportunity to use freely his brush and canvas. With great strokes he was painting his deeds and life on the indestructible canvas of time, filling in the bare outlines made in his youth, giving his work character, color, and a vivid aliveness which is characteristic of his paintings. He was in the prime of life. Next would come the finishing touches, but it was not to be so. It was as though the artist had found, on reaching this point, that his conception was greater than mortal man could accomplish. So, after viewing his Herculean task and idly touching up a few minor details, he left it—a magnificent, stupendous attempt at the impossible. Thus was the latter part of Leonardo's life spent until he died at the little Manor of Clues, four hundred years ago this May, leaving to the world the unfinished masterpiece—his life.

What was the inexpressible conception that was the subject of this masterpiece? What was the driving motive of Leonardo's life? They were one and the same, a passion for the perfect, an unending search for perfection which arose from a mind possessed of an insatiable intellectual curiosity. The aim of Leonardo's existence was to discover things which neither himself nor others knew and to explain them satisfactorily. It was a distinctive tendency from childhood, developing and strengthening with other characteristics no less marked.

The influences in his childhood were powerful factors in bringing out these qualities and characteristics. His early life was strange. He was born out of wedlock, in a little village called Vinci, from which he took his name. His mother was a woman in humble station, yet of gentle birth and moderately refined manners. His father was Sir Piero, an influential notary of Florence, and a man of tremendous vitality, mentally and physically. His son inherited these traits. Sir Piero did not allow Leonardo to remain long with his

mother, but took the child with him to Florence where he grew up under the guidance of four successive step-mothers; therefore, one might say that he was practically motherless. His stepbrothers and sisters were so much younger than he that during the formative period of his life he was often alone and neglected. This childhood solitude accounts for much in his later life; his intimate knowledge of nature and natural phenomena, and his love of wild strange things such as storms, rugged mountains and peculiar animals.

In his eighteenth year he had shown such promise in painting that Verrochio was chosen to be his master. Such a pupil as the sculptor had! We hear of him as a headstrong youth of individual taste, reveling in rich color and never satisfied with the knowledge already gained but delving into unknown depths to find reasons, explanations, and causes. He disregarded teaching, finding hidden laws by experience, and working out a method for himself. He showed an insatiable spirit of inquiry in many fields, flinging himself into each new subject with an ardor of delight and curiosity. In his search after truth and realism he advanced as a conquering hero, not as a bashful lover. He had apparently no desire to follow the ancient manner of painting and sculpturing; the antiques in the Medici gardens only attracted and influenced him so far as they awakened his passion for perfection. His mind was not occupied entirely with methods and manners of painting. Far from that! It swarmed with ideas on engineering, architecture, animal anatomy, and laws concerning mechanical forces. The projects were often of a daring which amazed his fellow citizens of Alberti and the surrounding villages, but were of such magnitude and intricacy that, with the limited opportunities of those days in Florence, they were unattainable.

Few figures were more attractive than Leonardo during this period of all-capable and dazzling youth. There was nothing of darkness and somberness in his temper; nothing of secrecy or littleness in his nature; he was open, social, genial to all. At times he loved solitude, shutting himself away from men in an intellectual absorption, and forgetting the world. But we can imagine him coming out of his fascinating study of bats, lizards and snakes, and gathering about

him a congenial company, jesting with them until they were in fits of laughter, in order to observe their burlesque expressions. We see him frequenting the society of men of science and learning, the mathematician, Benedetto Arithmetico, the physician and astronomer, Paolo Toscanelli; outrivaling all the youths of the city by charm of recitation, by skill in music, and by feats of strength and horsemanship. Again, we find him stopping in the market place to buy birds that he might set them free and watch them rejoicing in their flight as they circled over his head in the deep blue of the Italian sky; or standing radiant in his rose-colored cloak and rich gold hair among the throng of young and old on the Piazza, holding them spell-bound while he expatiated on the great projects which were teeming in his mind.

Meanwhile, he had begun work on his own responsibility, but remained poor, diverted from work in art by his various schemes in other lines. His interest was much too broad to be centered for long on one phase of work. Among other things he began to work out the laws of light and shade. Thus we see Leonardo launched enthusiastically in many fields. But as Florence became more and more old-fashioned and its conventions began to stifle all originality and initiative, Leonardo decided to leave the city. He had begun his masterpiece on an enormous scale, in broad strokes and rich colors.

At this time an invitation came to him to go to one of the most splendid courts in Europe—Milan. The reigning duke, Ludovico Sforza, was dreaming of making it a second Athens and a center of culture for Italy. Leonardo could fulfil his dreams in the artistic and mechanical way, so he gave him full rein for his imagination as a civil engineer, as a pageant master, as a sculptor, as a painter and as an architect. These Milanese years are among the most cultured and fertile of his life. He was superintending hydraulic works and continuing his various scientific investigations. Also during this time he did the famous equestrian stature of Francesco Sforza, painted the *Virgin of the Rocks*, and finished his greatest work in painting *The Last Supper*.

From the beginning of his residence with the Duke, his mechanical ingenuity and apt allegorical insight, his courtly charm and eloquence

made him the guiding spirit of all court activities. We find him designing "bathing pavilions of unequaled beauty for the Duchess," designing the "mechanical and spectacular part of the Masque of Paradise," and all the while "filling his note books with the results of his studies in statics, dynamics, etc." In thinking and planning he drew models and wrote descriptions of many different machines, and developed manners and methods of work. These manuscripts are almost undecipherable, being written left hand back-handed from the right to the left. Is it any wonder that we have remained in ignorance of really how far Leonardo penetrated into the fields of science and mechanics? We do know that he drew complete plans for an aeroplane and began to invent a submarine, but the thought of the diabolical work of the machine gave him a distaste for the idea and he never finished it.

In science Leonardo was practically a pioneer working wholly for the future; for the most part, alone. In art he was the perfecter and inventor. He early found the way to unite accuracy with freedom and fire, a correctness of expression with a vital movement and rhythm of line. He was the first painter to recognize the importance of the play of light and shade. Earlier schools had subordinated this feature to color and outline, but Leonardo saw the distinct importance of contrast in producing desired effects and set to work to conquer the kingdom of chiaroscuro. His aim was to achieve this conquest and, at the same time, to carry the old Florentine excellence of lineal drawing and expression to a perfection of which other men had not dreamed. The result was marvelous in quality, though meager in quantity.

Yet no imaginable strength of any single man would have sufficed to carry out a hundredth part of what Leonardo essayed. One reason for his tremendous energy and working ability was his entire confidence in himself. He writes to the Duke Sforza from Florence:

"In time of peace, I believe I can equal anyone in architecture, in constructing public and private buildings and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture whether in marble, bronze, or terra cotta, and in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may be. Further, I could engage to execute

the bronze horse in eternal memory of your father and the illustrious house of Sforza." This letter sounds conceited, but why should Leonardo not acknowledge his ability if he knew he could do these things? It is an example of his perfect frankness and self-confidence.

The year 1500 ends this second period of Leonardo's life. Duke Sforza was captured by the French and Leonardo left the Milanese court. He was in Florence off and on for several years, but as young Michael Angelo had become prominent and the two could not possibly get on together, Leonardo left Florence for good. Though the real work of his life was practically finished, his restless desire to solve new problems gave him no peace. After he left Florence he wandered from Rome, up through northern Italy, to France where the king, Francis I, gave him a palace and an income. Here in peace and quiet he spent the last three years of his life. He gave to the world, aside from his paintings, sculpturing, and scientific and mechanical investigations, a simple splendid example of what life *can* be. Filled with color, light and shadow, yet at the same time calm serenity and power, the life of Leonardo da Vinci very nearly reaches the artistic perfection which was his passion. So great was his aim and so broad his attempt that we are filled with admiration for this man who would labor all his life for the unattainable. This is the masterpiece he left to us, a glorious, powerful life, full of drama and beauty, and colored by a unique personality.

THE VALEDICTORY

ELIZABETH KITCHIN

This is the day to which we have looked forward for four years with so much pleasure and joy. The pleasure today is very real. We are happy to have known and won the friendship of so many lovely people here. We are happy to have had for our home for four years a place so beautiful and so imbued with the spirit of simplicity, sincerity, and sanctity. We are happiest of all that we have at last triumphed over all difficulties leading to graduation and are now about to become alumnae of what we think is the best school

in the world. We thrill with joy when we realize that now it is our turn to go out into the world and serve, and it is with heartfelt gratitude that we turn to St. Mary's and thank her that we are in part fitted to do this. But our feeling is not entirely one of joy. Mingled in is sincere sadness at leaving the spot so endeared to us all. We sorrowfully say good-bye to our beloved rector, our esteemed lady principal, and all our dear teachers and school-mates. Our grief, however, is lightened by the hope that we will see each other often again and that we will return to our Alma Mater as old St. Mary's girls. I voice the sentiment of every girl in the Class of 1919, when I say, "May God bless St. Mary's and everybody connected with her!"

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Class Poem

A song escapes our lips,
 By words left unexpressed,
 A song whose tone is mixed
 Alike with joy, distress—
 A song whose author is the heart
 Of those who would confess
 Thou art the truest friend
 That e'er a soul possessed,
 St. Mary's!

A song escapes our lips—
 The parting day is here—
 A song whose very tone
 Expectancy doth bear,
 A song whose soul goes piercing
 Through the future with a prayer
 And leads us onward from thee
 Our truest friend and dear,
 St. Mary's!

E. N. W.

The History of the Class of 1919

We were a jolly group of girls, noisy and carefree, who met together in the Fall of 1915 to organize our Freshman Class, which should go out from St. Mary's as the class of 1919. It was a large group, there being about sixty of us then, and after transacting our business with as little squabbling and in as wise a manner as could be expected from such a large number of Freshies, we adjourned, a well organized class, having as our adviser Miss Sutton, President, Jo Meyers, and colors, scarlet and gray. In that first year, we had all the experiences that could be expected from so large a class. Some of us kept Miss Thomas, our Lady Principal, busy reading out reports, and giving us "black marks," while others, from the very beginning, started to work in an earnest resolve to make the most of their school career. When the Juniors entertained us, we felt very proud and, at first, awed at the attention from such high and mighty people. But we enjoyed the party and discovered that Juniors and even Seniors are really like the rest of us, and when our turn came to entertain them, we felt on quite familiar terms with them, some of our number even being so bold as to claim one of the Juniors for her "crush!"

When we returned in 1916, we felt almost as if we were coming back home. We felt that we belonged to St. Mary's, and that she was as glad to have us back as we were glad to be here. Our class suffered a great decrease in number, there being only fifteen left from the sixty. Some of our fellow members of the class of the year before had passed us by and had become Juniors, while others had failed to return. But we weren't daunted, and settled down to work to keep up the good name we had established the year before. Estelle Ravenel was made our President that year, and with the prospect of having several new girls working and joining our ranks later, we felt sure that everything was bidding fair for a prosperous Junior year. The hospitality extended us in the fall by the Seniors was returned by us after Christmas.

And then vacation and fall again, and we were Juniors! We felt very proud of our privileges that accompanied the title, and not a

single week passed that we did not use our one permission to go shopping in the afternoon! Nina Burke was chosen to be our President, and early in October we entertained our sister class, the Freshmen, by giving a baby party in the parlor, when all of the Freshies dressed as little girls and boys and we, the Juniors, as nurses. We had a fine time, and after Christmas we enjoyed even more the dance given us by the Freshmen. But the biggest feature of the whole year, to us at any rate, and Bonie can prove (that as a class, we're none too humble-minded!) was the Junior-Senior Banquet. Although it was a war year and our time was fully occupied with making bandages and knitting for the Red Cross and our other war activities, we realized that the Seniors would never be Seniors here again, and we decided to give them the banquet just the same. So we planned to have an out-door party, behind the Auditorium. The lanterns were strung, the table set, and everything was prepared when a thunder storm came up, so that part of our plans was upset, and it was a great disappointment to us, but we moved everything inside the Auditorium, and as those Seniors are not here, I'll say for them that it was a fine party and everybody enjoyed it thoroughly. It was not much later that we once again honored the Seniors, when at the end of May we gathered daisies for the daisy chain. Will we ever forget the blisters on our hands, or getting up before day on Monday morning to make it? I don't believe we will. But we didn't mind the work, because we knew it was the last thing that we could do for our good friends whose mantles were to fall upon our shoulders the next day.

Back again, and Seniors! This was mighty hard to realize when we got back last fall, but neither did we wish to realize it, for it meant our last year at St. Mary's. We felt that a great responsibility was upon our shoulders because we were here to greet both our new Lady Principal and our new Rector. But with Mildred Kirtland at our head, we made up our minds to do everything in our power to help, and make things easier for them.

Our Freshman year might be remembered by the "Shakesperian Festival"; our Sophomore year by the celebration in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the School and the fiftieth anniversary

of Miss Katie; our Junior year as being the War Year; but this year we have no such distinctive mark to make us thus remembered. But we feel that the whole year has been a successful one, and we congratulate ourselves upon the success of the entertainments which we have helped to get up, during this year, for all say that they have been a credit to our class. We do hope that we shall be remembered, not as the dread collectors of MUSE dues, but the Class of 1919, honoring our Alma Mater, venerable for long and respected life and so endeared to each one of us here today that the thought uppermost in our minds is that we may, in deeds done and in loyal devotion, be worthy of our title of graduates of St. Mary's.

M. DRANE.

The Class Prophecy

Scene: a graveyard

From out the grave at this our hour we rise,
 The spirits of that famous class, Nineteen.
 As I the prophet was, I ope my eyes
 The first, on stones, the graves of all the rest.
 For once I'll say exactly what I know!
 Their fate, their fortunes, I will truly show.

When walking in the catacombs one day
 In Rome (a monk's garb hid my former self),
 I heard a woman's voice in Latin say
 That she a learned doctor was from Yale.
 A word too large for her aroused a sneeze.
 I turned and saw, it was—our own Louise!

Now Bonie's death was saddest of the sad!
 As matron in an Orphan's Home she served.
 She died of overwork, before she had
 Recovered quite from seeing Nina Burke
 Who cut her hair off short and straightened it.
 She, in Bohemia, made quite a hit.

Two celebrated lawyers, Kirt and Bert,
 Astonished all this country wide and far.
 Imagine Bertie changed to such a flirt
 That she could wink at Judge and Juror both,
 And Mildred moving every one that heard
 The powerful passion of her spoken word.

In North Dakota Josephine became
 A celebrated horticulturist.
 M. Fallon too became a farmer dame.
 Their seeds were famed because they always grew.
 They crossed a daisy with an ivy vine
 And so produced of plants the newest line!

Beneath that stone lies Waddy Nash Waddell.
 'Twas she became a belle in gay New York.
 Of all she did there I could truly tell,
 As I was in the Secret Service then,
 But it would take all night to tell her tale,
 Her catching of the quite elusive male!

E. Kitchin really was the only one
 Who showed her sense and took her chance when young.
 A bakery, where girls might buy a bun,
 She opened gayly in St. Mary's Grove.
 Her name was made, her time of trial o'er!
 For men and money both flocked to her door.

We always knew that Mary loved a cat,
 A fireside and a fragrant cup of tea—
 We never thought that she could e'er be fat
 And, with H. Battle, keep a Spinster's Hall.
 "To suitors, pay the very slightest heed."
 This was the rule to which they both agreed.

M. Drane, although when she was off at school
 Ne'er flighty grew, was dignified at times,
 In later life she crawled with oil and tool
 Beneath the body of a Curtis plane,
 Then swiftly mounted daringly in air—
 St. Mary's girls have seen her at the Fair.

The hour grows late. My time of speech is o'er.
 The other spirits rising glare at me.
 I'll silent grow and speak the truth no more,
 Else they might mob me for my truthful tale.
 I flee before the venom of their spite.
 Queer things one hears from spirits late at night!

—E. B. LAY.

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A PROBLEM

Given: Love is blind.

To Prove: The wind is blind.

Proof: The wind is a zephyr

Zephyr is yarn

A yarn is a tale

A tail is an appendage

An appendage is an attachment

An attachment is an affection

An affection is love

And love is blind

Therefore, the wind is blind.

—Q. E. D.

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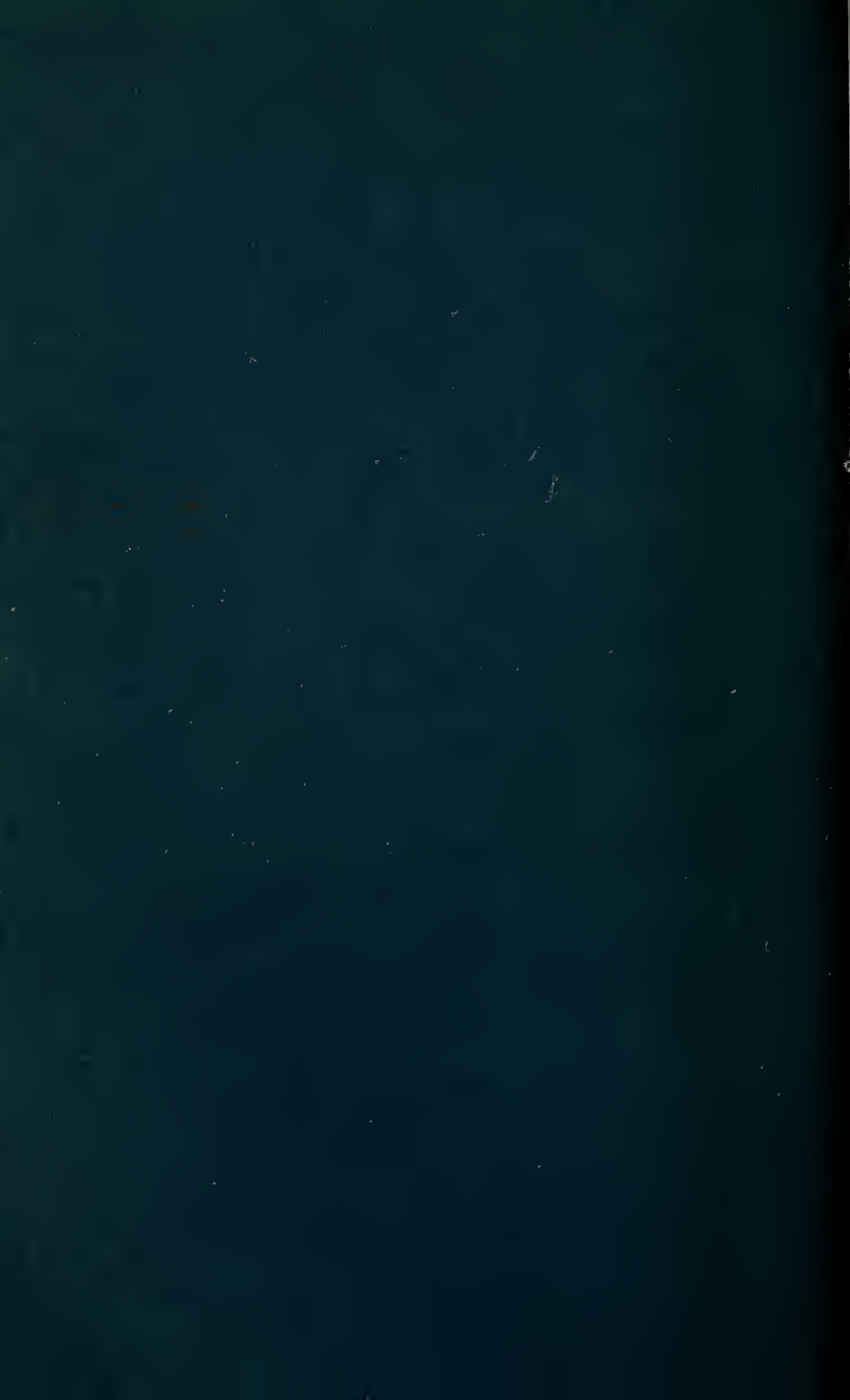
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Raleigh, N. C.

Thanksgiving Number

November

1919

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THE SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY

EDITORS

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON

MARY MOFFITT

Thanksgiving

CRICHTON THORNE, '23

Long years ago in forest shade a pilgrim maid
Kneeled all alone, far from the feast,
With lifted hands and prayed:

“O God, the sender of all good,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of food!”

Years later in cathedral shade a thankful maid
Kneeled all alone, far from earth's call,
With lifted hands and prayed:

“O God, who makest wars to cease,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of peace!”

Two Thanksgiving Days

CATHARINE M. MILLER, '20

A cold, drizzling rain gave additional grayness to the already dull November day. The streets were deserted except for an occasional hurrying figure garbed in raincoats and overshoes. Streams of water splashed noisily from the overfull gutters to the sidewalk. A wet, gray kitten crouched helpless and hopeless on some steps leading to a second-story establishment.

Margaret Marshall walked resolutely up the street. The wind tugged at her umbrella but she only made an attempt at struggling. The cold drizzle mingled with the scalding tears which streamed down her cheeks.

"He has gone," she said half aloud. Then she remembered her promise to be a brave little wife, and forced a smile to come. But the other thought was too absorbing, and the smile gradually faded. Her captain husband had sailed and she was alone.

"He has gone," she repeated to herself over and over.

She ran up the steps of her boarding house and paused, startled at the noise coming from the big dining-room. "Why, what is the matter?" she said. "Oh! Thanksgiving—Thanksgiving Day," she groaned, and crept noiselessly to her room.

As the great ship moved out of the harbor, bearing its load of thousands of soldiers and officers, Robert Marshall thought of Margaret and smiled. His Margaret—what a faithful, helpful little wife she had been! He hated to go, yet there was no fear in his heart. He had her love, and somehow it gave him strength to go on.

The sea voyage was interesting and dangerous; but without any real adventures the ship sailed into the great English port. Then came the trip across the channel; and the training camp in Southern France. Robert Marshall worked untiringly with his men. They loved him, and under every circumstance they trusted his judgment without questioning.

Then came the summons for the regiment to go to the front. The captain and his men made ready with feverish eagerness. Every man was quivering with the tenseness of the moment. There was excitement, yet calm prevailed. The men filed slowly through the underground passage to the section of the trench they were to hold. Struggling back and forth in the mud, Robert Marshall placed his men. Then the Allied guns began their roar. Shells exploded everywhere. The German guns thundered back an indignant retort. Hour after hour the struggle went on till it seemed that the earth must burst with the shells. It was almost time for the attack. Pistol in hand, Robert Marshall stood with two of his sergeants issuing final orders. A sudden explosion and one section of the trench was ruined. Half buried in mud and ruins lay Robert Marshall, his right arm broken; his right hand shot away. Beside him sprawled his two former companions, dead, shot by the exploding pistol in Robert's hand.

Pitying figures bent over and disentangled the three.

"Poor fellows," said some one. "Killed by American bullets—tough luck."

The words burnt themselves into Robert's half consciousness, and all through the painful journey to the dressing station and through the agony following the amputation the sense of blood guiltiness obsessed him, and he longed to die.

In the hospital, however, his splendid manhood reasserted itself and he gradually, reluctantly, became stronger. But always was there present with him that horrible scene. His men—his men dead at his hands.

Then he received orders to report in Washington for an honorable discharge, and he left France. When he received his discharge he started north. Margaret could never forgive him; he could not face her and tell her the horrible truth. He would go on—to the wilderness even—yes, he would go to Canada.

Margaret kept quietly at her work. Every day she rolled bandages and knitted—filling every stitch with love for her own and all soldier boys. Then one day her brother, Jackson Phillips, came home from France with the news that Robert had left there about two months ago. Startled and confused, Margaret went to Washington.

After a long search and tireless questioning one clerk told her that he had opened a letter from her husband, requesting that his mail be sent to Little Pine, Canada.

With despair and hopelessness in her heart she started forth. Little Pine in northern Canada seemed very, very far away, but she remained firm. Hour after hour she plunged forward still deeper into the vast wilderness of the northern Rockies. Then one afternoon at a tiny little snow-covered station the fast express train paused and Margaret found herself alone. In utter helplessness she walked slowly into the station where she hoped to find some little warmth and cheer, for it was briskly cold. She opened the door and saw a cheerful round-faced man lazily sitting in front of the tiny little stove.

"Walk in, stranger," he said brightly. "Pretty good wither today."

"Yes," said Margaret and hesitated. "Can you tell me—has a soldier—an American soldier come recently?"

"Why, sure, a captain," said the little station master. "'Long two months back one came and settled up yonder in the old cabin on the hill."

"Was his name Marshall?" cried Margaret eagerly: "Robert Marshall?"

"Well, see here, miss, I don't recollect exactly, but I'll take you up to the cabin. Here, take these snowshoes."

They started bravely out, making slow progress, as Margaret was awkward with her snowshoes. Finally, they reached the cabin and called out. No one answered, so they entered.

"My picture!" gasped Margaret. "It's his cabin. I have found it; but where is he?"

"Oh! probably fetching some firewood. You stay here. I'll go back."

Margaret thanked him from her heart for his kindness. Alone, she moved confusedly hither and thither about the room, trying to nurse the tiny fire on the hearth. At last she heard footsteps. Her heart leaped joyfully and she sprang behind the door. A tall man walked in rapidly, threw his armful of wood to the floor, and looked up.

"Margaret!" he cried.

"Robert, O why did you come here?" asked Margaret.

"Margaret, if you knew, could you ever forgive me?"

"But I do know," Margaret smiled through her tears. "My poor boy to suffer like that alone! Why couldn't you trust me?"

"But I do now, my little precious wife."

Back in the States small boys pulled the last shred of meat from the drumstick, and housewives cut fearfully into the plum pudding, hoping it was done. But in the tiny cabin at Little Pine two people were holding a real Thanksgiving Day without any turkey—just love.

Her Thanksgiving Message

FLORIDA KENT, '22

Was this indeed Thanksgiving? This cold, rainy day which made one feel that his last friend had deserted him. And was this the day to which every member of the little village of Jonesville had been looking forward? No, not every member, for in her little bungalow on the east side of Jonesville, Margaret Carson, the young widow of the late Lieutenant James C. Carson, was far too sad to look forward to anything so trivial as the arrival of a circus in a little "two by four" town.

Several weeks before, the horrible news that Lieutenant Carson had been reported among the missing had been received in Jonesville. It was hard for Margaret Carson to realize that she and her five-year-old son were left alone with her old Mammy. During the long months while James Carson was "over there" she had always cheerfully thought of the time when he would come back to her and "Jimmy, Jr." But now all such hopes were shattered and she looked forward into a blank nothingness.

Thus it was when this particular cold and rainy Thanksgiving dawned. Margaret scarcely realized that it was Thanksgiving until Jimmy, almost in tears, ran and threw his arms around her.

"Mother, aren't I going to the circus? I told Mary I was and she said I wasn't."

Then it was that Margaret realized that she had much to be thankful for in this little son.

.....
"O Jimmy, run and get Mammy to brush your hair. We have only ten more minutes before church."

Margaret brushed viciously at her curly hair to make it stay down, and Jimmy patiently held up the pants of his little Oliver Twist suit and struggled with the buttons.

"But Mammy's busy with that big old turkey what Mr. Jones sent."

.....

The little widow, holding her son's hand, walked rather hurriedly down the street which led to the church. As she walked into it, warm after the rain outside, she could see almost every mouth sympathetically form into "the war-widow"; and she realized that she was the center of attraction. When the benediction was pronounced and the last hymn sung, the church was quickly emptied, for there was no time for gossiping today. Every one was going directly from church to the circus grounds, and a lot of people who had found it too wet to go church, were now on their way to the circus.

"But mother, what you going that way for? This is the way to the circus. Don't you see the tents?"

Jimmy was very much excited at the idea of the big tents, and more so when he heard a roar from one of the lions.

"What must I do?" thought Margaret. "Surely it is not right to instill in so young a child the realization of his loss. No, he must go to the circus just as though nothing had happened. And I must take him."

They entered the main tent and, watched by every one, they sat down; Jimmy greatly interested in the clowns, tight-rope walkers, etc., and his mother feigning interest.

"And her husband hasn't been dead a month, and there she sits laughing at that silly clown. Why, my Walter was dead four years before I went to a place, outside of a church."

The widow of the aforesaid Walter looked askance at Margaret Carson and slowly shook her head as though she thought that Margaret was bound straight for the lower regions.

After the big show Margaret took Jimmy around to look at the animals all over again, and so almost every one had gone when she started back to her little bungalow. The rain had stopped and the sun had come out, and Margaret thought what a vast change the sun made in one's feelings. When they came within a block of their little home Jimmy noticed several horses tied in front of the gate.

"Why mother, we's got company." Just then Mammy came running out to the gate and handed Margaret a slip of paper on which, if we could have looked over her shoulder, we would have read as she did:

"Lieutenant James C. Carson falsely reported dead. Found gassed. However, not so seriously but that he will recover with proper attention. Has sailed for New York."

"Well, I tink yo oughta celebrate dat good news wid a sho' nuff Tanksgivin' dinna. All de turkey, an' jelly, an' silly-bulb, an' cakes, an' everyting is aw ready. So hurry up now, bof of you, for de gran' celebration—"

With this, Mammy bustled them into the little bungalow.

The Great Thanksgiving

REBECCA COLE, '23

"From battle, murder, and sudden death, good Lord, deliver us," the old padre muttered as he stumbled down the shell-torn road leading to his little village, which he had been forced to leave almost two years ago by the oncoming of the German horde. The Huns had evacuated the village about two months ago—after strong persuasion from the American troops—and Father Da Pre had been unable to secure passports until now.

As he stumbled along, shivering a bit in the chill November air, the old priest's mind wandered back over those four awful years of bloodshed and carnage. He had seen his young men, Jacques, Philippe, Paul, and the others, kiss their weeping mothers and sweethearts good-bye and march valiantly away, promising to return in a few weeks when they should have routed completely those insolent Germans. He had seen those same mothers and sweethearts go bravely about the men's work, planting the crops in the spring and gathering them in at the harvest, while each day the German barbarians crept closer and closer to the little village. Step by step they were forcing the French and English back. Then, after two years of heated struggle back and forth across the once beautiful fields of France, the time came for the villagers to leave their loved homes. Father Da Pre had helped those who were going to pack as many of their simple belongings as they could well carry, and started them off on their weary search for another home. But

some would not leave. They had come to him in an anxious body and asked him, tremblingly, "Ah, Father, do you think they would hurt us if we stayed quietly at home and offered them no harm? We *cannot* leave our homes for which we have worked so hard!" And Father Da Pre, in all the simplicity of his own pure heart forgot that this was a horde of barbarians who had no sense of chivalrous treatment of women and children. "Ah," he thought "how little I knew them!" and he thought of that horrible nightmare when the Germans had occupied the little village. They had shot down all of the old men except himself, and why they had spared him had always been a mystery. They had maltreated and abused the women and children, and had even sent some of the young girls to work in their factories. And then, as a final catastrophe, they had burned down most of the houses, after looting them of the few valuables they contained, and driven the villagers before them as they pushed on after the retreating allied forces. He remembered as well as if it had been graven on his heart that long march through the mutilated and devastated fields, shivering with cold, weak from hunger, stopping every now and then to help some poor woman with her bundles or to shrive some dying soldier who had dropped by the wayside. Then, those two years of anxious waiting in Paris; going about his daily duty of helping the poor, with the dread thought of *defeat* always in his mind. Well he remembered the day when the American troops had come. The crowds had gone out to welcome and cheer them, forgetting for the moment that they had come three years late. And again hope had been born in him.

And now, after the glorious victories of the American troops, the Germans had been forced to evacuate his loved village, and he was going home. But he was not happy. Would the war never end, he thought? Must this awful sacrifice of human lives go on forever?

Suddenly he heard the ringing of his old chapel bell. For what was it ringing? It did not ring in the blatant, military way it had rung when the young men were called to arms, not in the slow warning peal with which it had rung at the approach of the Germans. But it rang as clearly, loudly, jubilantly, as though there had never been a war, or ever would be one. He quickened his

step and soon arrived at the village and, as one in a dream, he saw some of his old parishioners in the market place, waving flags and shouting joyfully. Could it be that they had gotten there before him, or was this all a dream, an aftermath of the four years' nightmare? There were Jacques and Philipe, both crippled, but alive, and what were they talking about that made them so happy? He felt old and out of things. Then the villagers saw him and ran to him excitedly. They all crowded around and began telling him some good news, but all talking together so that he could not clearly make out what they were trying to say. At length he made out the words "armistice," "peace," "vive la France," and it suddenly dawned on him that they were trying to tell him that the war was practically over, and that the armistice had been signed. He tottered for a moment, but soon recovered himself and led his excited and joyful villagers to the ravaged little chapel. And there, in that ruined little village on that glorious day of November 11, 1918, while the word was ringing around the world, from London to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome to Moscow, from Moscow to Peking, and from Peking to Washington; while bells were ringing all over the world and guns were fired from one corner of the globe to the other, the good old village priest knelt down amid the ruins of his little chapel with the joyful peasants and gave thanks for the greatest Thanksgiving Day the world had ever known, on which all the civilized countries in the world gave thanks for peace after the greatest of world wars.

"Thanks be unto Thee, O God, for this, Thy bountiful mercy," the old priest murmured.

The St. Mary's Muse

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL

The second issue of the monthly MUSE comes out as the Thanksgiving Number, and is edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

Anything having to do this year with Thanksgiving is of especial interest to us all, for never before, with the exception, perhaps, of last year, has it been such a joyful occasion. How well we remember, as we entered the dining-room last Thanksgiving Day, the great sign that met our eyes—"Thank God for the Unspeakable Gift of Peace." This year we have not only to give thanks for the gift of peace, but for the safe return of so many of the boys who were then still "over there." How many homes are this year brightened by the presence of those soldier boys who, a year ago, were eating Salvation Army doughnuts, and well may many a gray old Dad's voice break in the middle of the blessing, preparatory to carving the turkey! Well indeed may "earth repeat the loud amen" to the words of the psalmist: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth forever."

Dr. Aldert Smedes

WRITTEN BY CATHARINE MILLER FOR FOUNDERS' DAY

To Aldert Smedes we owe the beginning of St. Mary's. At the request of Bishop Ives, Dr. Smedes undertook the founding of a southern school for girls in May, 1842.

Bishop Chesire, in his sermon at the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of St. Mary's, said: "St. Mary's in its foundation and first work was but the expression of its founder, Dr. Aldert Smedes."

Our School was erected on a foundation of indestructible character, for it sprang from the devotion, strength and faith of its founder. For thirty-five years he labored with untiring zeal as the pastor and spiritual father of "his girls." He lived the Christian life and this life has quickened many others. He taught his classes with the enthusiasm of his noble calling.

In the management of his School, Dr. Smedes was kind, wise, generous, just, acknowledging merit, pitying weakness, yet demanding faithfulness in teachers and pupils. He realized fully that the character of the teacher developed the personality of the pupils. He never forgot that we, ourselves, must be true, self-controlled, and noble if we would make our pupils so.

Dr. Smedes saw his ideal for St. Mary's when he first gave it its name, hoping that the life of the blessed Virgin Mary might inspire girls with the ideal of noble womanhood.

Through all the trying days of the war, Dr. Smedes still labored faithfully, and gave generously of his means to keep up the School. He had unusual executive and financial ability, and the School was a material success. He loved his work, his girls, and the St. Mary's he had made. It was the expression of his life. The ideals of our School are the result of his personality and the life he spent in the service of others.

Founders Day, 1919, sees the old Main Building where Dr. Smedes started his work greatly improved and beautified, and called Smedes Hall in memory of the founder. It is well that the center of the School Dr. Smedes loved should bear his name, and as today we see St. Mary's as the beautiful School we love, we think of Dr.

Smedes, the man who tried and succeeded, and say with thankful hearts:

"For all the good his faithful life hath wrought
We thank God always for the blessed dead,
And for the noble works that follow him."

How the Signing of the Armistice Was Celebrated at St. Mary's

WRITTEN BY JANE TOY FOR ARMISTICE DAY

It was in the wee sma' hours of a cold November morning. Outside the stars were shining, and all was quiet; inside it was still quieter, and every one of the hundred and seventy-five St. Mary's girls was sound asleep, snuggling down cozily and dreaming of—well maybe some were dreaming of home and days which were not meatless and wheatless, and others of the far-off days when "He" would be back from Over There.

Suddenly a shrill, piercing noise breaks in upon the dreamers. All through the buildings the awakened girls sit up in bed and listen. It grows louder, and louder. Factory whistles, bells, automobile horns join in. What can it all be? Is there a fire? Some brave girls run to the windows, but there is no red glow against the sky. And still the clamor grows louder; automobiles are passing out on Hillsboro Street, people too, and then come the newsboys, crying through the darkness, "Extra! Extra!" We can hear them as they come nearer. One is in the Grove, and we listen breathlessly for his voice. "Extra! Extra!" he shouts. "The war am over now for sho'. We done woke up Peace!" Peace! Can it be true? Can the war be over? We are stunned and dazed; we have almost forgotten how we felt before the war; we cannot realize that the boys are no longer fighting, that they are safe!

But we haven't time to stop to realize. The lights in the halls are on, and every one is dressing, throwing on sweaters and coats and rushing out. Already there are some girls in the Grove, running around and yelling. There! That last shoestring pops, but we haven't time to worry about a little thing like that. We tuck it in somehow, and rush out to the Grove. What a strange sight meets

ur eyes! There in front of Main Building (it *was* Main Building hen) is a crowd of girls, but my! can they be the same girls we anced with in the parlor last night—these girls with hair screwed ack in plaits or tight knots, and sweaters wrapped around them? But they *are* the same—maybe it is the glow on their faces, the awed ook in their eyes that has changed them. Some eyes are shining with a suspicious brightness, and over there a girl is crying even as he smiles. No wonder, for her brother is in a German prison camp, and now she knows that he is safe.

But look! Some one has started a snake dance out in the Grove. t is growing light; the stars are fading, and there in the gray light f the dawn the long string of girls with joined hands are dancing round. We all join in the mad dance. Everybody is yelling and eating on dust pans. Finally we stop quite breathless and still rather dazed. We find that our arms are around some girl's neck—we are hugging each other madly, and when we disentangle ourselves we don't even know each other's names! But what does that matter? The same great joy is making both of our hearts beat as they would burst. We squeeze each other's hands and say something quite senseless about "Jack" or "Bill" and "Can the War be ver?"

But see! Over in the East there is a rosy glow, and in a moment e see the rim of the sun peeping through the trees. "Keevie" has ough out the flag, and we find ourselves gathered around the flag- ple. We are quite still now, and as we watch the Stars and Stripes se against the pale sky a great solemnity comes over us—every hand es up to salute. Some one starts the Star-Spangled Banner, and how we sing! A hundred and seventy-five joyous voices ring ut through the morning air with the familiar words, but somehow ey seem different now. Something has made them sacred, and our earts throb with joy and thankfulness and peace as we sing them. And now we are silent again. The flag is floating above our eads and the sun is beaming through the trees. In the daylight e look at each other's ridiculous costumes and smile—we *do* look unny, and we realize that we must go back and get ready for eakfast.

The crowd disperses. Some go into the parlor to dance. There The familiar sound of the breakfast bell rings out, and we turn towards the dining-room feeling as if it were lunch, not breakfast that we are going to, we've been up so long. But what a breakfast it is! After the blessing we all clap wildly, and then from over at the day pupils' table comes a "Rah, rah—rah, rah, rah!" for Peace Wilson, Pershing, Foch, the Boys, etc. The Seniors are there, and all through the meal they keep yelling and singing so that even if we wanted to we couldn't eat anything. But nobody is hungry—what does food matter at a time like this? Eyes are shining, hearts are singing, and PEP is bubbling over, for PEACE has come!

SCHOOL NEWS

October 4—The Junior Auxiliary Reception

On Saturday evening, October 4th, the Junior Auxiliary Council gave a delightful reception to the new and old members of the Auxiliary, comprising the entire school. After the addresses of welcome, delivered by Miss Katie and Katherine Batts, the chairman of the Junior Auxiliary, interesting talks were made by several members of the Council. First, Rainsford Glass spoke on the special Lenten work of the Auxiliary, recalling to our mind's eye the picture of the six little "orphans," dressed by the various Chapters, who took dinner with us last Easter Sunday. Catherine Boy then told about the Bible Woman in China and the scholarships in St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai, and in the Thompson Orphanage which are maintained by our Junior Auxiliary. Dorothy Kirtland spoke on the Chapter entertainments, events of special interest during the latter half of the year, and Catharine Miller made a splendid talk about Blue Ridge. When the talks were over, the Council members withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return were hailed with delight, for some carried waiters laden with generous saucers of chocolate ice cream, and others, heaping plates of Nabiscoes. With the refreshments, all formality disappeared and dancing was the

order of the day until a warning flash of the lights sent the dancers scampering to bed.

C. B.

October 7—The Opening Sigma Lambda Meeting

The second inter-society meeting, this time under the direction of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, was held in the parlor on Tuesday evening, October 7th. The faculty, new students, and members of the E. A. P. Literary Society were invited, and there was a good attendance. Lucy London Anderson, the President, opened the meeting, and then an interesting program was presented, consisting of representations of the little everyday happenings that go to make up the school life at St. Mary's.

"First and Last" was read by Margaret Pou; "Monday Morning," by Catharine Miller, and "Saturday Night," by Frances Venable. "To Find Mr. Cruikshank," sung by Rainsford Glass, Mary Hoke, Margaret Rawlings, and Frances Venable, accompanied by Miss Roberts, proved very amusing to every one, especially the new girls who had never heard it before. Betty Bonner read Crichton Thorne's attractive little poem, "Dressing for Jim," and the last number was a very characteristic sketch, "Getting the Mail," which was well read by Martha Best. The program was closed by singing "Alma Mater."

The meeting was a decided success, and promised well for the Sigma Lambda Society in the contest for the year.

C. M. M.

October 11—The Japanese Tea

The basement of East Wing was the scene of a very pretty party given by the Muse Club on Saturday evening, October 11th. The Muse Room and surrounding halls were transformed into a veritable Japanese fairyland, with the conventional lanterns hung from the ceiling casting a strange glow over the familiar spot. Very effective were the chains of wistaria and the yellow chrysanthemums with which the room was artistically decorated. The little tea tables scattered around the sides of the room and in the hall were attended

by dainty Japanese maidens, who might indeed have glided out of far Japan instead of merely out of the Latin room opposite. They served, however, really and truly American refreshments of chicken salad, sandwiches, olives, crackers, tea and ice cream. It was a case of "come early and avoid the rush": indeed the late comers were too often greeted with the familiar "They ain't no mo'." While enjoying the refreshments, several musical numbers were delightfully rendered by favorite St. Mary's musicians: Miss Gesner and Estelle Avent, soloists; Edith Miller, violinist; Nancy Lay and Marietta Gareissen, pianists. As a grand finale Carolina Kirby-Smith did a Spanish dance, as only Carolina can.

The Tea was a great success from every point of view, and reflects much credit on the Muse Club as a whole, and especially on the Chairman, Eleanor Sublett, and her able assistants, Jane Ruffin and Mary Moffitt of the Refreshment Committee, and Dorothy Kirtland, chairman of the Serving Committee.

M. N.

October 14—Miss Knox's Recital

During the past month there have been two events of musical interest to which the St. Mary's girls were allowed to go—the violin recital given by Miss Emilie Rose Knox on October 14th, and the May Peterson concert on October 22d, the evening of the special St. Mary's Fair Day, which explains our very small attendance at the concert. There was, however, quite a party of St. Mary's girls at Miss Knox's recital, and this for several reasons. We are proud to claim her as an old St. Mary's girl herself, and there were many of us who were therefore anxious to hear "Emilie Rose" play. The rest were equally desirous of hearing "Miss Knox," of whose skill as a violinist they had heard. Moreover, not only is her father the School physician, but her accompanist was Miss Sue Kyle Southwick, our very popular music teacher. Thus it was an eager crowd of laughing, talking girls who took their seats some time before the appointed hour, amused themselves comparing the stage with our own Auditorium when decorated for the spring recitals, and impatiently awaited the appearance of Miss Knox.

We were not disappointed in our expectations. From the first note of the violin, silence settled upon the audience, broken only by the prolonged applause and the buzz of approving conversation at the end of each selection. We saw for ourselves how true were the newspaper comments on her playing, which we had read—that she had mastered the difficulties of technique, and played with fire and yet with perfect ease. A long-drawn sigh of bliss arose when, towards the close of the program, Miss Knox played the “Meditation from Thais,” a favorite of our School violinist, Edith Miller. On the whole, it was a most enjoyable evening, and we returned to school with increased pride and pleasure in being able to say, “Oh, yes—Emilie Rose Knox. She’s an old St. Mary’s girl, you know!”

October 18—The Bloomer Party

The annual Bloomer Party has the “rep.” of being one of the very nicest parties of the whole year, and this time it was no exception to the rule. The Gym. was conspicuously decorated with the Mu Championship Banners for the past two years, one on each side of the door, and between stood the punch table. If the Sigmas were less delighted with part of this decoration than were the Mus, their enthusiasm for the rest of it was not dampened thereby. Nor was their pride seriously wounded by the fact that, after all, due to the increasing lateness of the hour and the correspondingly increasing stubbornness of the Mus, they were obliged to “go first.” They marched in to the time of a peppy new yell, followed by the Mus, who, chanting their customary “um-ah-ah,” circled around them. From the very first every one seemed brimful of pep and enthusiasm.

The first event was an exciting game of Dodge Ball, played by the new Mus and Sigmas. In this the Mus were victorious. Then came the chief event of the evening, the basketball game between the Old Girls. The line-up for the game was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>
Toy }	{ Kent
Boyd }	{ Barber-Wimberley
Hoke }	{ Edmundson
Collier, S. }	{ Yellott
Cooper }	{ Glass-Scott
Everett }	{ Ruffin

The teams were well matched, and it was only after a hard fight that the Sigmas won with a score of 10 to 7.

After the game there was a rush for the punch table, where Eleanor Sublett and Patty Sherrod held sway. To the girls, heated from excitement, if from no more strenuous exercise, nothing could have been more welcome than the ice cold punch and crisp little cakes. All too soon the lights flashed for bedtime, and the long-looked-forward-to Bloomer Party was over. C. B.

October 19—The Inter-Chapter Meeting

On Sunday evening, October 19th, the first inter-chapter meeting of the Junior Auxiliary was held in the parlor. Miss Katie, the head of the entire Junior Auxiliary at St. Mary's, opened the meeting with a few words of welcome to the new members, then turned the assembly over to the Life Work Committee.

Annie Duncan, chairman of the committee here, explained the purpose of the Life Work Committee all over the United States as an issue of the Nation-wide Campaign. She stressed the importance of considering the subject while we are still in school.

Catherine Boyd then read a short paper on "The Nurse," one phase of life work. Louise Powell followed with an article on "The Woman as a Doctor." Nina Cooper gave a brief talk on "The Missionary," and Catharine Miller discussed the importance of the teacher and her work.

This meeting was a further indication of the interest our St. Mary's delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference took in the work done and the suggestions made there. The Life Work Committee is still in rather the embryo state, but it is hoped that it will come to play an important part in the life at St. Mary's. L. P.

October 22—The Great State Fair

The stream of automobiles was halted abruptly as a mass of girls pushed eagerly toward the waiting street cars. St. Mary's was going to the Fair! Some of the girls boarded at least three cars before finding our special one, laughing gaily at their mistakes, while each frantic chaperon did her best to keep her excited party

together. Mr. Stone played chief marshal and finally, with the assistance of irate conductors, installed us in our rightful places. At length the car moved off. The chaperons breathed sighs of relief, and Mr. Stone smiled again. But what is this? New Girls were heard loudly complaining, "I thought the Fair Grounds were out towards A. & E. What are we headed down town for?" Sure enough, we found that, to insure our getting seats, they had put us on a car that went all the way around the Capitol! Upon learning that we really would eventually reach the Fair Grounds, the girls gave themselves up to the delights of watching the crowd, and enjoying the extra ride.

Before long there were shouts of "I see the ferris wheel!" and soon we were actually there. Once on the grounds, the different parties separated, each going its own sweet way, in quest of side-shows, merry-go-rounds, "hot dogs," cotton candy, pink lemonade, and doll booths. Always there were one or two girls, persistently straying away from her crowd, but the vigilant chaperon usually managed to keep her little troop pretty well under her wing.

After four hours of cheerful jostling among the crowds, the various parties dragged themselves to the street cars. Everybody was tired, everybody was "broke," everybody had a balloon or a "squeedunk," if it hadn't burst, very few had the baby doll they had labored so lavishly for, and—everybody was happy!

L. P.

October 23—The Carolina-N. C. State Game

It required very little imagination to guess the reason for the crowd of laughing girls assembled in front of Smedes Hall on Thursday afternoon, October 23d. The Carolina-N. C. State game! It had been raining all morning, but what is rain compared to football? However, due to the motherly thoughtfulness of those to whom rain is a decided drawback to football, we had all been warned to take umbrellas and overshoes. Many of the girls forgot theirs in the excitement of getting off, and had to rush back for them at the last moment. In the meantime the procession, chaperoned by Mr. Stone, Miss Bottum, and Miss Leggett, started down the path by the Rectory. It left the school grounds and headed towards

State College. All the way out, we were busily discussing football, and joking about which side we should root for.

At last we reached the Athletic Field. The perils of the ticket office were passed without mishap, and St. Mary's was cheered by both sides as we took our seats on the bleachers. After a long wait the Carolina team appeared upon the field, and soon afterwards the N. C. State warriors came on. It was well known that the teams were very evenly matched. The umpire's whistle sounded and everybody craned their necks to see the start of the game. It was N. C. State's first kick-off and then the game began in earnest. Carolina made the first touchdown, and in a short time State College scored one, too. In the last half N. C. State scored another touchdown. Neither side had kicked the goal. Carolina made the next touchdown, and there was a tense moment while the score stood even. Another moment and frantic cheers rent the air. Excitement reigned supreme, and nowhere was it greater than among the St. Mary's rooters for Carolina, for it was Leonora Blount's brother who had kicked the decisive goal! Thus the game ended, with the score 13 to 12 in favor of Carolina.

That night a shouting pack of Carolina boys came running up the front walk and halted at the foot of Smedes Hall steps. The news spread through the buildings and the girls all gathered on the porch. The N. C. cheer leader climbed up on one of the stone posts and yelled:

"Who won that game?"

and back came the roar:

"Carolina!"

"Who helped win that game?"

"St. Mary's!"

Then the college yells, one right after another. Mr. Way was called upon to make a speech. He spoke a few words of congratulation and was cheered with great enthusiasm. The boys then sang their song, "Hark the Sound of Tarheel Voices," and with several parting cheers, marched away.

F. V.

October 23—"Maytime"

One of the most enjoyable events of Fair Week for St. Mary's was "Maytime," to which, thanks to Miss Davis's untiring efforts, all of us who did not prefer seeing the football game were given the privilege of going. On the afternoon of October 23d practically half of the girls, chaperoned by Miss Dennis and Miss Neave, went to the matinee at the Academy. The Seniors enjoyed the special privilege of attending the night performance, and Miss Davis chaperoned about twelve of them down to the Opera (?) House. In spite of copious tears at the sad fate of Oillie and Dick, every one had a good time, and all were delighted with the play.

The musical numbers which added so much to the play made quite a hit with the girls. The waning popularity of "Sweetheart" has revived considerably, and snatches of the other tunes are often hummed about the School.

C. M. M.

October 25—The Literary Society Reception

The joint reception of the Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary societies was given in honor of the new members on Saturday evening, October 25th.

Upon entering the parlor, each girl received her respective Society colors, which she promptly pinned on and wore throughout the evening with very evident pride. The room was simply decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and Society pennants, and the color effect was made still more beautiful by the gay colored evening gowns. Those in the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Katie, Miss Lee, Miss Sutton, Miss Fenner, Miss Dennis, Mr. Stone, and the officers of the two societies.

The following program was successfully carried out, to the great enjoyment of all:

"The Road to Paradise".....	Estelle Avent
"Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight".....	{ PianoNancy Lay
	{ ViolinEdith Miller
Reading from "Seventeen"	Catherine Miller
Recitation: "The Thief"	Millicent Blanton
Spanish Dance	Carolina Kirby-Smith

To the New Girls there may have been nothing extraordinary in the refreshments which followed, but the Old—the very Old—Girls were carried back to the days “before the war” when they appeared. Banana salad, with crisp lettuce, olives, and crackers! And yet, it was really no more enjoyed than the corn meal lady fingers of the war days! Dancing followed, and the party broke up reluctantly at the ringing of the nine-thirty bell.

The reception made a very favorable impression on the new members of both societies, and gave a good start to the literary year.

C. T.

October 31st—The Hallowe'en Ball

It is a quarter past eight on Hallowe'en. The parlor is a mass of color. High-pitched voices and constant moving about betray curiosity and excitement. One after another masked and curiously arrayed figure pauses to gaze intently at mysterious persons passing by. Suddenly there is a movement towards the hall; the line for the Grand March is being formed. What a strange assortment of partners! A “heathen Chinee” and a ballet dancer lock arms, so also do a tiny girl and a bold pirate; and what business has a saintly nun with that swaggering gypsy? But queer things happen on All Hallows' Eve. Sh-h-h! Do you believe in ghosts? Then follow the miscellaneous throng.

For a brief space it winds down dimly-lighted steps, passes into the night air, and thence to the “Gym.” Of course, it's hard to recognize the familiar room, for the spirits have been at work. Dusky witches lurk in darkened corners, ready to read your fate. Four grinning devils, hideous and red, entice you slyly to “The Devil's Cave,” oh, gruesome place! Carefree gypsies, unaffected by the dim shadowy walls and the shades of men long since dead, are anxious to tell your fortune. With gay music ringing out (Miss Ebie is at the piano) the light-hearted procession, led by Marietta Gareissen and Elizabeth Hines, enters and forms a circle. Then into this circle marches a party of surprisingly young witches, in groups of six. (I'm told they are the Class of 1920!)

These frivolous witches, with song and dance, are showing you how the styles for witches have changed since “long ago in eighteen

erty." Each group is attired in an elaborate crepe paper costume, in the style of the period which it represents, and even the conventional witches' hats are subject to the whim of Dame Fashion, for some indeed are "Merry Widow" and some are *very* small! Then, too, the styles in witches' broomsticks have undergone numerous changes, for while the 1840 witch lugs a heavy brushwood broom, her modern sister trips gayly along with an equally modern vacuum cleaner! Did you think of such a thing? Well, it's over now and very one is applauding loudly.

Dancing and talking, reading of fortunes, "ringing ghosts" and receiving a prophecy of your future in return, guessing who's who, all begins noisily. Shrieks issue from The Devil's Cave. Many peanuts and apples disappear, not to mention "all-day-suckers." It all happens rapidly, and before you know it every one, ghost, witch, or clown, no matter how imposing or what his rank in his time, is being sent to bed by a very real person indeed—Miss Sutton.

L. P.

November 1st—Founders' Day

In accordance with the time-honored custom of St. Mary's, Founders' Day was celebrated in conjunction with the festival of All Saints, November 1st. The day was appropriately begun by the celebration of the Holy Communion at ten minutes of seven, and the regular All Saints' Day service was held at nine-thirty. Mr. Way made a brief address on the founder of the School, Dr. Aldert Smedes, describing how he came to found St. Mary's, and explaining the peculiar fitness of remembering him and his worthy successors on All Saints' Day.

After lunch the whole school assembled in the parlor for an inter-Society meeting, conducted by the Sigma Lambdas. This was the first of the six Contest Meetings planned for the year, and a great deal of interest was aroused. The meeting opened with the singing of "Alma Mater," which was followed by an attractive and appropriate program. "The Life of Dr. Aldert Smedes" was read by Catharine Miller, and "A Day at Old St. Mary's" by Martha Best. Quite a hit was made by the song "When Miss Katie was a Teeny Little Girl," sung by Rainsford Glass, Grace Franklin, and Mar-

garet Rawlings, accompanied by Mr. Jones. The music for the song had been composed by Mr. Jones on very short notice. Rebecca Cole then read a sketch on "Early Life at St. Mary's," and the meeting closed by all rising and singing "Hail, St. Mary's."

F. P. V.

November 11th—E. A. P. Armistice Day Celebration

On the evening of November 11th the whole school assembled in the parlor for the Armistice Day Celebration by the E. A. P. Literary Society. The day was not a holiday at St. Mary's, and aside from Mr. Way's special talk in Chapel the inter-Society meeting was the only official notice taken of the day. This was the second of the Contest Meetings, and, with the Sigma Lambda celebration on Founders' Day, formed one item in the contest. Jane Toy opened the meeting with a stirring speech on the significance of Armistice Day, and following her talk "Over There," sung by everybody, carried the singers back to the war days, and brought back memories of the time when the boys were fighting in France.

Aside from being unusually well rendered, the patriotic program which followed was very much in keeping with the spirit of the day. Dorothy Kirtland recited "Pilgrims," by Robert W. Service, and Lenore Powell read John MacCrae's popular poem, "In Flanders Fields." Next Kipling's beautiful "Recessional" was sung by Estelle Avent and a chorus, accompanied by Mr. Jones and violin obligato by Edith Miller. Jane Toy's paper on "How the Signing of the Armistice was Celebrated at St. Mary's," giving a graphic description of that early morning celebration, was read by Mary Yellott, and her "Dawn of Peace" was then inspiringly recited by Millicent Blanton. Then as a fitting close, every one rose for the Star-Spangled Banner.

The judges decided this first item of the Contest in favor of the E. A. P. Society.

C. B.

"We Have With Us To-day"

Fair Week, besides all its other excitements and attractions, was an excellent excuse for a sort of semi-class reunion of the newest Alumnæ, and we enjoyed very much the short visit of Mildred Kirtland, Elizabeth Waddell, Nina Burke, and Mary C. Wilson. Mildred and "Waddie" stayed at the School and considerably enlivened Senior Hall by their pepful presence. Twice during their stay the Seniors serenaded, just for old times sakes, and many were the memories recalled by the familiar strains of "Eveline," the strong tenor booming forth in "If You'll Be M-i-n-e, Mine!" and Waddie's inimitable yodel. It is on the infrequent occasions of these serenades that, meaning no offense to the Class of 1920, the dear old Seniors are most missed, and by none more than their successors!

Josephine Erwin blew in Saturday evening, in time for the Literary Society Reception, and was promptly decorated with a green and gold ribbon, renewing her allegiance to the E. A. P. Society. Maude Moss was a guest of the School at the same time. The oldest Old Girls were delightfully surprised by a brief visit from Alice Latham the following week, and a few days later we caught a fleeting glimpse of Anna Dortch.

During the Fair there was such an invasion of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts, and the inevitable "cousins" that it is impossible to name them all. Many, however, were the girls made happy by being allowed to "spend the night out in town with Mother," and to all is extended a cordial invitation to "Call again."

Items of Interest

Twice during the past month we have been fortunate enough to have outside speakers for the "Thursday Night Talk." On October 30th Miss Flora Creech gave a very interesting account of some of her experiences while abroad with the Y. M. C. A. The applause which followed her talk was redoubled upon Mr. Stone's announcing that Miss Creech is an old St. Mary's girl. The following Thursday Miss King gave an enlightening, as well as enjoyable, talk on Mada-

gascar, where she has worked for a number of years, emphasizing the fact that its need of missionaries should not be overlooked, along with that of China, Africa, and the other mission fields.

St. Mary's has again come out 100 per cent strong for the Red Cross. The 1920 Membership Campaign was systematically conducted under the direction of Eleanor Sublett, the local chairman, and on Monday morning, November 3d, the captains of the four teams were able to report 100 per cent membership for the School.

The members of the Choir had a special treat on Thursday evening, November 6th, when they were allowed to attend Mr. Jones' organ recital at Christ Church.

The Bishop's daughter and her husband, Dr. Tucker, talked to the Junior Auxiliary on Sunday evening, November 9th. Knowing so well the conditions in China and her peculiar needs, Dr. Tucker gave a very interesting talk, and Mrs. Tucker told us some surprising things about the life of the Chinese woman.

The Nation-wide Campaign is now the chief topic of thought and conversation. The faculty study class is meeting weekly at the Rectory, and the girls are holding a "Morning Watch" daily in the Chapel. A very interesting talk on the subject was given by Mrs. Bonner on Sunday evening, November 9th. Mrs. Bonner was a delegate to the Convention in Detroit, and she described several of the most important meetings which she attended, among them the meeting at which the Triennial Offering was made, and the three-day discussion of the Nation-wide Campaign. She too emphasized the point of the Church's need of men and women workers, and expressed the hope that many of the present St. Mary's girls may some day feel the call.

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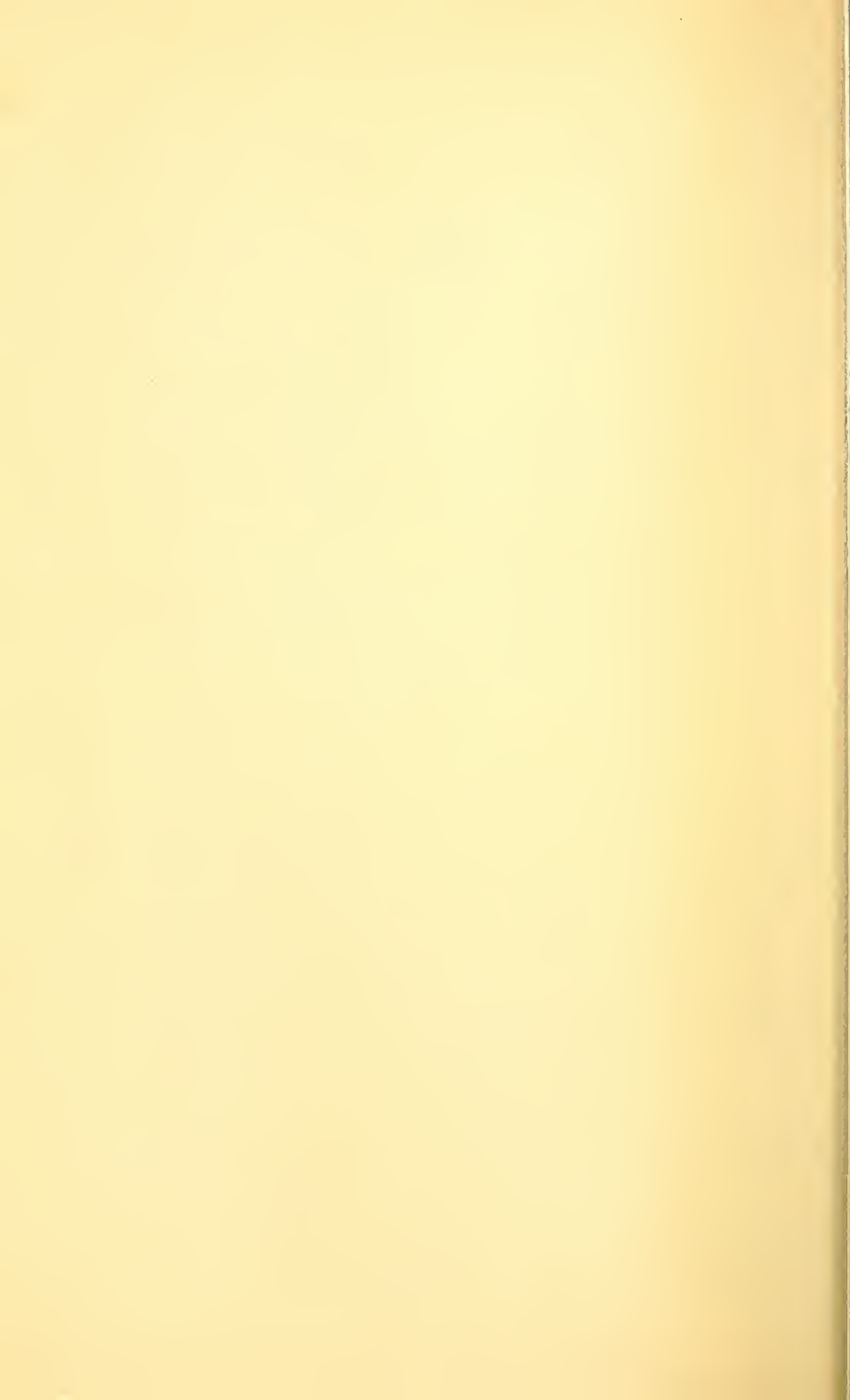
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The
St. Mary's Muse
Raleigh, N. C.



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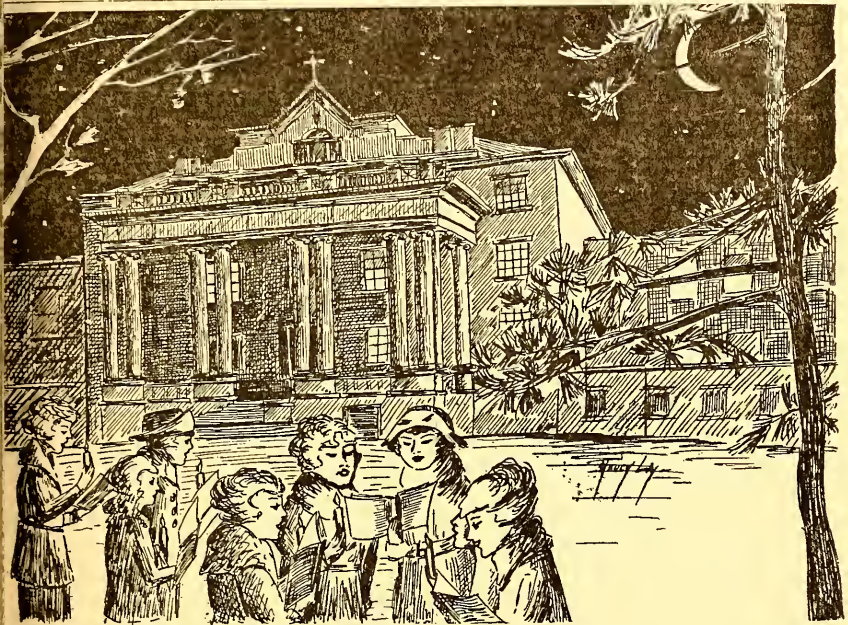
The St. Mary's Muse

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

VOL. XXV

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 3



The longest road must have a turning, and though it's been a long, long road we've traveled since September, the turning is in sight. The long-looked-forward-to holidays are almost here, and the nearer they come the longer we seem to have looked forward to them, and the more eagerly we look forward to them now. December Eighteenth to January Sixth! What can one not do with nineteen glorious days? After the first excited—perhaps weepy—greeting of the family (and nothing is more tearfully exciting than the greeting of one's family upon one's returning home for the Christmas holidays the first year off at boarding school) there are so many things clamoring to be done at once. Our "best girl friend" to call up and chat with, a ride with the "one and only" to see the sights (as if we didn't know them all by heart—the dear, familiar sights we've been brought up with!), but on this occasion we don't see

much beyond the one and only, and later must stroll down the street arm in arm, perhaps, St. Mary's fashion, with the aforementioned best girl friend, to take them in anew. After discussing every subject under the sun, with that sympathy and understanding one finds only in one's best girl friend, and laboring under some slight difficulties due to the necessity of nodding and speaking to everyone we pass, then comes the inevitable question—the question we have been awaiting, well knowing it would come, the question we must already have answered in our own minds.

“How do you like St. Mary's?”

Now is your chance to prove yourself a real St. Mary's Girl—and it won't be by slamming St. Mary's. After all, you know, it's not your *school*—it's *you!* It's the girls that make the School, and when you slam St. Mary's, you're slamming all the rest of us. And of course you like the girls! Some of them better than others, perhaps—some of them are nicer than others, though fortunately we don't all think the same ones are nicest, nor like the same ones best. But for all that, good, bad, or indifferent (and the indifferent ones are the worst) it's the girls that make St. Mary's!

So it's rather like the little verse you learned in the Fifth Grade to supplement your “Good-morning” to the teacher on Friday mornings:

“Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee!”

If you're only the right kind of diver, you'll find the pearls, and if you're only the right kind of girl, you'll love St. Mary's! If you don't, then keep it secret, and if you guard your secret well enough, perhaps people will never know it, and will think you are the kind of girl you would really like to be. (You don't admit it, of course, but you would, just the same.) And if you do, then talk up your School. Let people see you love St. Mary's, and know you are the kind of girl you are!

The MUSE wishes you all a Merry Christmas, and hopes that you will all be back in January, ready to start again on the long, long road, whose turning this time is a sharp corner and comes in far-off May.

Vanitas Vanitatum

JANE TOY, '20

Bowman's shop window was brilliantly lighted and festively decorated with be-berried holly. Its display was made up of hats—big hats, little hats, fuzzy hats, slick hats, hats of every color and description—but its crowning glory was high above the others, in the center of the window. It *was* a hat! Made of soft folds of purple velvet, it fairly glowed with the delicious richness of the satisfying color. But this was not all. Around the soft brim there was a fringe, a delicate, graceful, waving fringe of curling ostrich feathers, some turning provocatively up, some tantalizingly down, with an airiness that was fairly captivating. Oh, it was a dream, that purple hat, a dream such as one sees only once or twice in a lifetime, which one remembers with many a secret regret, even while one is buying and wearing commonplace sailors and toques.

All these longings and regrets were struggling now in Ella May's young heart as she gazed in at the purple hat from the bleakness of the cold December dusk. The dazzling window seemed a bit of fairyland, hardly real, that might vanish at any minute from before her hungry eyes. She gazed in at the purple dream, forgetful of time and place, conscious only of a great aching desire for it. She pictured herself in it; it was just her style—and Oh, how she wanted it! Every day for a week now, coming and going from Bettie Barker's Bonnet Shop, where she trimmed and fitted hats all day, she had been half afraid to look at Bowman's window, for fear that the purple hat would be gone. But each time she had breathed a sigh of relief as she saw the familiar shape poised proudly, carelessly, mockingly above the other hats.

Ella May had worked on hats for two years now, and she knew the fine points of the game. Her own hats she always contrived cleverly out of odd bits. At first this had been fun, but now she was tired of it. For two years she hadn't had a "bought" hat, and she longed for one with all the pent-up craving of her beauty and style-loving soul. And here was *the* hat, above all others, that she wanted! She needed it, too, for her old black silk hat was out of

season, and besides was growing shabby. She needed a dressier hat for afternoons and Sundays, and—here her heart gave a funny little jump—for day after tomorrow, Christmas! when she was going to ride with Jim Anderson. Jim was Junior Partner in Winton's Garage and Auto Station, and for several months he and Ella May had been "going together." Jim hadn't been around to see her for several weeks though, and she had heard rumors of his rushing the new manicure girl at Bowman's. Yesterday, however, she had met him on the street; they had had a sundae together, and he had asked for a date Christmas afternoon. She knew they would go riding—they always did—and she didn't have a decent hat to her name! If only she could get the purple one!

She sighed and turned away; then a happy thought struck her. Maybe after all, the hat wasn't so awfully dear; she could find out, anyway, and suiting the action to the word she made her way bravely into the store and asked the price from a condescending milliner.

"The purple hat with the feathers? Let me see—that's fifteen dollars, quite a bargain, indeed. Would you care to try it on?"

"Not today, thank you," Ella May managed to say, as she turned to go out. Fifteen dollars! After all, that wasn't much, if only she had a way of getting it! A swift calculation of her resources showed a bare eight dollars possible. And then, with a start, she remembered a resource that she had forgotten—Miss Bettie's Christmas gift! Every year Miss Bettie (who was neither young nor giddy, as her name suggests, but a capable lady with iron gray hair) gave each of her clerks a ten dollar bill. This was certain, too; there wasn't a doubt that tomorrow, Christmas Eve, as they left the shop Miss Bettie would give each of them an envelope as she wished them Merry Christmas, and in that envelope there would be a crisp ten dollar bill. So she could get the purple hat! It seemed too good to be true, after all her longings, which she had thought were vain! Ella May's cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled; she would ask the milliner to keep the hat for her till Christmas Eve. She turned to do so, and then—then her eyes fell on a pink crepe de chine negligee hanging on the counter above her. A dainty

thing it was, with its airy laces and ribbons; the most harmless, inoffensive looking thing imaginable, but it struck Ella May's hopes a deadly blow. For above the kimona was a price tag, \$16.98, and the moment the figures caught her eye she knew that she ought to get it for Ruth—Ruth, her little sixteen-year-old sister, who lay at home, an invalid. And Ruth wanted a negligee; Ella May knew, for she had seen her going over the pictures of them in catalogs, and she knew Ruth's love for pretty things. Poor child, she didn't have many, but those she had she cherished with a tenderness that was pathetic. Ella May looked up at the dainty kimona; it was lovely, and would suit Ruth exactly.

"Heaven knows," thought Ella May, "I know what it is to want things so bad that you can taste 'em, and I reckon the kiddie wants this as bad as I do the hat. Well, I won't have the woman put the hat up for me tonight, anyway," and she turned towards the door—and the hat! There it was, as tantalizingly beautiful as ever. If Ella May's heart had ached before with the longing for it, it was ready to burst now. She wavered, took a step back—she *would* have the hat reserved, and then something stopped her. She saw that the manicure girl was talking to the milliner, and she couldn't bear the thought of going in there again before *her!* So she turned out towards the cold street, her heart in a turmoil.

Though she had left the shop, the picture of the purple hat danced before her eyes, and even when she reached home it refused to be banished. When she carried Ruth her supper tray it took a great effort for her to be her natural self, for the sight of her little sister's wan face made the ache in her heart worse than ever.

"Get my boudoir cap, Big Sis," Ruth called gaily as Ella May entered, "the lacy one with the pink bow, and we'll have a real party, for it's most Christmas Eve, and we're all excited about what Santy Claus is goin' to bring us, aren't we, Big Sis? Want to see somethin' bee-uu-tiful? Promise not to tell anybody—look!" and pulling a catalog from under her pillow, she held up before Ella May the picture of a kimona, almost the exact counterpart of the one in Bowman's.

"That's lovely, kiddie," she smiled. "Maybe Santy'll bring it to you—who knows?"

"That would be too good to be true—and don't you go and tell Mamma I'm crying for it, 'cause I'm not. It's just so bee-uu-tiful I had to show it to somebody to get it off my mind, and now it's off! You know how it is, don't you, Big Sis?" And she played with Ella May's hand caressingly.

This settled it—the kiddie must have her kimona. The purple hat could go to the mischief!

"Through, honey? Now lie back while I do the dishes, and then I'll come back and see you some more," and she gratefully seized the opportunity to be alone. After all, though, now that it was decided it wasn't so very bad—not half so bad as the agonizing indecision.

Ella May was no coward. Having settled the question she stuck to it, even when she passed the purple hat next morning and relentlessly ordered the kimona to be put aside for her.

"There, that's over with, thank heaven," she thought, as she left the store—but she couldn't help throwing a last glance towards the purple dream in the window.

All day long she tried to feel virtuous, but the picture of her old black hat kept coming before her mind. "Well, I'll just have to make the best of the old thing," she thought. "I haven't the heart to scrape up a new one," and she grimly set about selecting some blue ribbons to freshen it up.

Closing time came at last, and in a moment Ella May was on her way to Bowman's. Miss Bettie had not disappointed her, and in her bag the new ten dollar bill fairly crackled with importance. Now she was at Bowman's, and her head turned from force of habit to the window. Horrors! What had changed it so? At first she could hardly realize it—the purple hat was no longer there!

"Nutty of me to think it would stay there forever! Well, I reckon it's best after all. Maybe I'll forget about it now," and having purchased the negligee she left the store, her head held bravely high, even when she passed the window, now so strangely bare.

"O-oo-ee, it's the bee-uu-tiful kimona! You precious Big Sis, you're just too sweet to me! How did you get it? I'm just the happiest girl that ever was!"

It was Christmas morning, and Ella May, looking at Ruth's happy face, was glad of what she had done, though even now in the back of her heart there was the aching memory of the purple hat. It refused to be banished, even that afternoon when she stepped into the car with Jim, and all during the drive it hung like a black cloud over her happiness. She felt that she wasn't being good company for Jim, that she hadn't any pep, and oh, dear, it was all because of that blamed purple hat! Something seemed to be on Jim's mind too, and in spite of their efforts they couldn't be free and natural with each other as usual. Altogether, the drive couldn't have been said to be a huge success, and as they stopped before the Rest-a-Bit Tea Room, Ella May felt ready to weep. And then, to cap the climax, what should she see coming down the street but the purple hat, *on the manicure girl's head!* That was too much! Tears started to Ella May's eyes; she couldn't keep them back, but she fumbled with her glove, and prayed that Jim wouldn't see them. He didn't, but what was almost as bad, he saw the hat—in fact, he stared at it, and its wearer, for what seemed to Ella May an agonizing length of time. Finally he broke the silence.

"Well, I'll say, that's *some* color for you—reg'lar nigger purple! Makes me sick, don't it you? And those feathers! Gosh, they give me the wiggles. The girl, too—that hat suits her to a T—that loud style. You know what I mean. And you're just what she's not, Ella May, dear and sweet and—and—but you know what I mean, honey," Jim paused, but his hand found hers, and when Ella May raised her eyes to his she was overcome by the glowing tenderness in them.

"Oh!" she breathed, "oh—oh!" But Jim didn't know everything those "Oh's" meant.

Four Christmases in France

NANCY LAY, '20

It was Christmas of 1913, and everywhere in the little village of Dinard could be seen the signs of festivity and rejoicing. Gifts were being made for "*la mere*" and "*le pere*," and the children were placing their little shoes in neat, even rows before the fire for "*le petit Noel*."

Perhaps the gayest time of all was being enjoyed in the "Little Red House on the Hill." They seemed so happy, this family of five. *La grand'mere*, wrapped in her bright, red shawl, sat by the fire with dancing eyes as she watched her daughter, Madame Monfees, baking little spice cakes in the oven and preparing bon-bons for the children. Julion, the eldest, sixteen years old, bustled in and out of the house, piling wood on the fire and shouting and laughing with his sister. Marie was almost thirteen and considered herself quite a young lady, especially as she had a sweetheart in the village, who came to see her every day and brought her little candies from the store. He was Henri Martin, and as his mother had died when he was very young, Madame Monfees had always taken a special interest in him. The three children had grown up together, having their agreements and disagreements, as children will. They were a happy trio, but of late the intimacy between Henri and Marie was ever increasing, so that Julion, in spite of himself, felt just a little left out.

Of course, much to Marie's delight, Henri was always invited to come over Christmas Day and see the little tree of pine and the little manger, glowing with the bright candles. Papa was also expected for Christmas. He had been released from his duties for the sole purpose of going home for the day. No wonder there was such merriment in the little house, such a bustle and hurry about getting things ready, and such love and joy in the hearts of them all.

The next day was Christmas, and toward the middle of the morning, when the children were getting tired of games and fun, Papa breezed in with his cheery greeting, "*Un joyeux Noel, mes cheries!*"

And oh, what a scramble there was to get next to Papa, to kiss him, and, incidentally, to see what he had brought with him! There was a present for each one of them, even Henri, for he had always been considered a member of the family.

And when the night came and all but Monsieur and Madame Monfees had gone to bed, the two sat there, watching the shadows dancing on the walls of their cozy home, and their hearts filled with Christmas joy and peace. They gazed into the flames, dreaming of the happy Christmases to come. Little they knew what the future held for them!

* * * *

A year had passed since that happy Christmas in Dinard, and more than a year's change had taken place in the little village. War had come in August, little Belgium had been drained of her life blood, and France was now fast falling into the clutches of the enemy. M. Monfees had gone in the early days of the war, leaving his wife and family in the night. It was a pitiful little group that had gathered around him to tell him good-bye. Poor old *Grand'mere* trembled as she kissed him, and Marie sobbed on his shoulder.

"Be a good little girl, *ma petite*," he said, "and be brave, my son," he said to Julion, who stood very straight by his father's side. "You must take my place. I do not know how long I will be gone, but have courage, Julion, and take good care of them all."

His wife's eyes were filled with tears as he clasped her to him and whispered in her ear. She choked back her sobs and tried to smile through her tears as he tore himself away from them.

"It has come, as I thought it would, and I must go. *Au revoir, mes amours!*"

Then had followed the black days of anxiety and uncertainty. Many of the French towns were taken by the Germans, but, so far, Dinard had escaped them. Once in a great many days news would come from M. Monfees, and although he tried to make the little notes cheering and encouraging, there could always be found that note of hopelessness and despondency.

It was Christmas Eve when one of these little messages came to Madame Monfees, telling her of his disappointment at not being able to be with them for Christmas.

"But we must try to make it a happy Christmas, my Julion," said Madame Monfees to her son, "although Papa will not be with us."

So the little manger was placed under the tree and Mamma scraped together what sweets she could find to give to the children. They could hardly be called children any longer, Julion and Marie. They had both matured. Julion declared every day was his last at home and that he must join his father and help him in the fight. Marie, too, had grown more serious. She helped her mother with her sewing and sat for hours at a time by *Grand'mere*, knitting for her Papa and the other soldiers. Henri also was no child. He often reminded Marie, as he sat by the fire holding her wool, that he would soon be going to war.

And so as Christmas Day dawned clear and cold, it was with heavy hearts rather than light that the little family gathered around the manger to sing their Christmas carols. As the last "Noel" died away, the door opened suddenly. The little group stood transfixed. Surely the Christ Child had wrought a miracle! In the doorway stood M. Monfees, a gallant figure in his uniform of blue. In a moment they were all about him, sobbing and laughing for joy.

"*Mes cheries*," he said, "I cannot stay. My men are waiting for me at the foot of the hill."

His eyes as they passed from one to another were filled with an infinite longing. In that fleeting moment he had a presentiment that he would never look on his dear ones again. Henri and Julion, standing on the edge of the little group, clasped hands, moved by the same emotion, thrilled to their very souls. The father's eyes met theirs. A spark of understanding seemed to flash between them. Henri spoke:

"We must go too. We can wait no longer."

"We are no longer children, *mon pere*," said Julion. "France is calling to us. We must go!"

M. Monfees was filled with a tender pride in his two brave boys. "*La pauvre mere,*" he sighed. "*Mais, c'est la guerre!*"

* * * *

There was a low rumble in the distance, and an ambulance rolled over the cobble stones, drawing near to the Little Red House on the Hill.

Marie looked up from her knitting and then, with a sigh, returned to her work. But what was that? The ambulance had stopped. Marie's needles ceased clicking. Her heart seemed to stop beating. There was a low knock at the door, and the latch was lifted. The door opened slowly and there, outlined in the soft glow of the fading twilight, stood Henri. His face was pale and drawn with pain and in his eyes still glowed the light of battle. His right arm hung in a sling.

At the sight of him there, wounded and suffering, Marie's heart seemed torn within her. In a moment she had thrown herself upon him, sobbing with uncontrolled emotion. He pressed her to his heart and kissed her tenderly. For awhile neither spoke, the moment was too sacred. Then Henri broke the silence.

"I cannot stay, *cherie,*" he said. "I am on the way to the hospital, and it was only the kindness of the ambulance driver that gave me this moment. Is all well?"

"We have had great trouble, Henri. *La pauvre Grand'mere,* she died last week." She cried softly awhile on his shoulder, then asked Henri if he knew anything of Julion.

"I saw Julion in our last encounter," he answered. "He was leading his men over the top, with his head thrown back and his eyes to the front. Then there was a flash and something struck my arm, and everything grew black. The next thing I knew, I was lying in the ambulance, on the way to the hospital."

He staggered a bit and fell into a chair. His face had grown pale with the strain and his strength was failing.

"Henri!" cried Marie, "you are ill!"

"It is nothing," he replied. "I am only a little faint." He paused. "And now I must leave you, *ma chérie*. The ambulance can wait no longer. Take care of yourself, darling, and be brave. '*Nous les aurons!*'"

"*Au revoir, Henri*. I will pray *le bon Dieu* for you," she said, as she passed her hand over his arm. He kissed her once more and then turned away.

"*Un joyeux Noël!*" she called after him. She watched the ambulance drive down the hill. It grew smaller, until it was a mere speck on the horizon. Then—nothing. A deep shudder trembled through her body. She turned from the threshold, closing the door behind her. The little candles on the tree had burned down to almost nothing, the light had died out of the room, and with a sigh Marie turned again to her knitting.

* * * *

Two years have passed since the sad Christmas of 1917, and *Noël* has come again to the little red house. Twilight is falling and the stars are coming out. Let us draw near to the window, where the candle burns so brightly, for the scene which the tiny panes reveal within is one of Christmas joy and peace.

The little tree stands on the table, where it has always stood, for so many years, and almost as many candles burn in the little manger as used to light it in the happy days of plenty, before the war. A bright fire crackles on the hearth, the sparks fly and the logs fall apart, making the shadows dance on the walls. All the family is here, except *la grand'mère* and *le père*. Poor souls! They have lived their lives and won their rest. *La mère* is sitting by the fire-side with a happy smile on her face. Her hair has just a tinge of white in it now and her cheeks are not so pink as they were. But she smiles as she looks down at her boy beside her. Julion is sitting here, his hand clasped in hers, and his eyes gaze up at her in perfect contentment. Tall, handsome Julion, who has fought so hard in the war to save his country and his loved ones! Yes, he has won his reward. A *Croix de Guerre* has been pinned upon his breast.

On the other side of the fireplace, very near the little manger, sits Marie. Her head is bent over the tiny bundle she holds in her arms and she laughs softly as the baby kicks and squirms. She is very happy tonight, and her eyes seem to outshine the candles that burn by the manger, as she looks up at the tall man who stands beside her. Yes, it is Henri who is there. But quite a different Henri from the one we saw last. His face no longer looks pale and thin, but glows with health and energy. His sling is gone now, and he rests his arm on the back of Marie's chair as he looks down at the tiny baby in her arms.

"*Ma cherie,*" he whispers to her, "this is the most beautiful gift *le bon Dieu* could have given us for this, our second Christmas of Peace!"



The Christmas Star

JANE TOY, '20

The street car clanged along the crowded street with a holiday jangle. It was dusk, with lights twinkling all around in the crisp winter air. Under street lamps and in front of shop windows people could be seen hurrying to and fro, all intent on some happy errand, loaded with bundles, and all with glowing faces. Small wonder—it was Christmas Eve, and even the impersonal street car was filled with the spirit of the season. All its occupants were smiling to themselves or at each other. The fat lady with the red plume on her hat beamed over the huge bundle she was hugging, and across the aisle a pale little shop girl flashed an answering smile. The man in the shabby overcoat shrank back diffidently to the edge of his seat (it was the one shared by the lady of the red plume), but his chapped hand seemed to persist of its own accord in sliding down to his bulging pocket, and feeling its contents caressingly. In front of him a little school boy had no scruples as to displaying his treasure; he held it up to watch it sparkle in the light, and sniffed it contentedly every few minutes, for it was a bottle of perfume for his "best girl." The other passengers watched him with sympathetic amusement; after all, it was Christmas Eve, so why not be gay and careless, and silly, maybe, for once!

The car stopped with a jerk. It had by this time passed the shops and now there were few lights to be seen and fewer people on the street. Only one person got on—a woman, past middle age, work-worn and homely. The merry passengers glanced at her unfestive appearance rather dubiously as she entered, but as she came down the aisle their expressions changed. The face of the little shop girl, who at first had turned up her nose at the stranger, grew serious, sympathetic, and her eyes shone with love and admiration. The little school boy, looking up from his perfume, suddenly seemed to forget all about it, for his mouth and eyes both opened wide with boyish awe. The lady of the red plume looked up, too, and her genial expression changed to one of genuine sadness, while her plump

hand fumbled for a frank pocket handkerchief. The man in the shabby overcoat, when he saw the newcomer, rose awkwardly, and taking off his brown derby he helped the old lady into his seat.

The car moved on through the night with the same holiday jangle, but inside all was different, for the spirit of the passengers had changed; they no longer smiled, but the glow in their eyes was better than a smile. By the side of the fat lady the newcomer sat unconscious of the change she had caused. She did not smile either, and there was no glow in her eyes. On her arm there shone a gold star, small and simple, mounted on a plain black band, but it shone with the same light that came from the Star of Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve, two thousand years ago.



The Spirit of Christmas

LOUISE EGGLESTON, '23

How it thrills our hearts and spirits,
Voices gay and laughter light!
How it speeds our eager footsteps
To the farewell feast that night!
While the candles shine on faces
Almost brighter than their glow,
Setting tiny trees a-twinkle
When the lights are burning low.

Hear the happy voices rising
As the oysters disappear—
Fill our hearts with joy ecstatic
And the room with nosy cheer.
So you want to know the reason!
Can there be the slightest doubt
What the noise and cheer and bustle
At St. Mary's is about?

Can't you feel the Christmas spirit?
Does it fail to thrill you through
When you know the train tomorrow
Will be waiting there for you—
To take its happy burden
To the dearest place on earth?
Oh, of course you've got that feeling
Of contagious joy and mirth!

Thursday morning from the Chapel
All with smiling lips we come,
Singing "On our way rejoicing"
.While our hearts sing "Home, Sweet Home."
Young or old, the wide world over,
Men, wherever they may roam,
Know that X-m-a-s, Christmas,
Just means H-o-m-e, home!

The St. Mary's Muse

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL

As announced in the first issue of the monthly, this third number, the Christmas MUSE, is edited by the E. A. P. Literary Society, and, together with the Thanksgiving number, edited by the Sigma Lambdas, forms one item in the literary contest. These two magazines will be judged as to the quantity and quality of the material submitted, and the decision of the judges will be announced in the January number. There are still four numbers of the MUSE to be gotten out by the two societies so, whether E. A. P. or Sigma Lambda, you have two more opportunities to see something of your own in print. Don't forget that the MUSE is dependent as much on you as anyone else, and unless you are going to bear your share of the responsibility, somebody else must bear an extra share. So far the contributions have been chiefly from the old girls, and from the older ones of those. Don't be bashful! You'll never get any-

where if you don't begin. Let's see if we can't have more contributions next month—stories, essays, or poems, long or short, serious or funny, we aren't particular as to style. It's the display of interest that's encouraging, and the lack of it that makes a down-hearted Editor and a MUSE that's not up to the mark.

Do you sometimes think—and sometimes say—"Life is just one blame meeting after another"? It isn't really, though it does sometimes seem so. But did you ever happen to notice that that remark never follows the announcement of a Sigma or Mu meeting? It's a fine thing to have pep in athletics, but it would be better to divide up your pep and save some of it for the other interests and activities of school life. If you went to every meeting with the same enthusiasm and ready interest you take with you to the "English and History Rooms in the Art Building," you would find the other meetings quite as worth while in their way. Chapter meetings, society meetings, committee meetings of any sort, class meetings—oh, above all, class meetings! When the president calls a meeting of your class *don't* say "I'm only one out of thirty, or forty, or fifty—they won't miss me," and stay away. You *are* one out of just so many, and therefore they *will* miss you. Why, if all the other ones took your view point and stayed away, what sort of class would yours be? It's a safe rule to follow—Go to all meetings and take your PEP along!

SCHOOL NEWS

November 15—The Muse Club Circus

One of the events of the school year most missed last fall was the Circus which, owing to the flu and other causes, had to be dispensed with. The Circus this year, however, more than made up for lost time, and even if the poster advertising it as "The Greatest Circus in the World" was guilty of a slight exaggeration, certainly the Muse Club Circus of 1920 was as worthy of the title as the past Muse Club Circuses which have claimed it.

There was everything needed for a first class circus—the sawdust ring, presided over by a very efficient ringmaster in the disguised person of Millicent Blanton, and side shows of every description, from the fat and thin ladies to a swimming match in the Great Red Sea, even including a wild woman, the maniac of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. There were animals, big and little, clowns, bareback riders, fancy dancers, and acrobats. And of course there were hot dogs, ice cream cones, pop corn and peanuts. What more could be wanted in a circus? A crazy house! O certainly, there was a crazy house, and never was any crazy house more popular. Attended by little red devils, it did a flourishing business throughout the evening.

Nancy Lay and her Bohemian Orchestra, organized for the occasion, made quite a hit and very good music, as well. The elephant found it too much for his dignity, and jazzed around the ring in perfect time to "That's Where My Money Goes." Resurrected from the past, the little white rabbit and the mock turtle lived again, and Puss in Boots strode proudly to and fro, disdaining the meddlesome monkey which insisted on getting in the way despite his owner's efforts to subdue him—or should I say *her*, for it was none other than Muriel Dougherty. As soon as the animals could be coaxed out of the ring the other acts followed in quick succession. The rollicking clown beseeched a country-come-to-town lady to step out of the way. The bareback riders managed their steeds beautifully, and daringly jumped off and on. Mary Strange Morgan tripped the light fantastic through a graceful little dance, and later in the evening she and Elizabeth Lawrence did their Italian dance and were

enthusiastically applauded. Under the skillful direction of Mary Hoke, the acrobats made pyramids of themselves and tumbled about most surprisingly. Altogether, the "Big Show" was well worth seeing.

Meanwhile, the side-shows were crowded, and eager throngs waited their turn at the "hot dog" stand, ice cream counter, and pop corn and peanut booth. Judging from the reluctance with which the "Gym" was cleared at nine-thirty, the "Greatest Circus in the World" was as much a success from the girls' point of view as from the Muse Club's, and the Muse Club considered it a very great success indeed.

L. P.

November 19—Expression Recital

In the auditorium on Wednesday afternoon, November 19, Miss Davis' Private Expression pupils gave their first recital. The stage was prettily decorated with ferns and yellow chrysanthemums. The program consisted of a number of monologues, selected with Miss Davis' usual good judgment, and the girls appeared to good advantage in the pieces assigned them. There was a large and appreciative audience, representing both the girls and the faculty, and a number of girls from Peace Institute came over for the occasion.

Millicent Blanton, reciting "Courting Under Difficulties," added another to her list of successes on the stage. An almost equal applause followed Eleanor Sublett's first appearance in a little-boy recitation, "Just 'Fore Christmas." Conspicuous among the new girls were Fielding Douthat and Lorraine Smythe, who gave dramatic representations of "Photographing Baby" and "At the Matinee." The program was rather long, but on the whole it was very well rendered and was thoroughly enjoyed. The other numbers were as follows:

"In Schooldays"	Phoebe Palmer
"Catching the Flu"	Frances Miller
"Dancing School and Dicky"	Josephine Dixon
"A Tailor Made Gown"	Lucile Hardy
"The Introduction"	Jean Gales

M. N.

November 20—The House Warming

On Thursday afternoon, November 20th, the Rector and Mrs. Way, Mrs. Perkins, and the Faculty held a delightful reception in the nature of a House Warming, to mark the improvements in the Main Building. The Alumnae and other friends of St. Mary's were invited, and a great many of the Raleigh people attended, despite the inclemency of the weather. The reception was also given in honor of the new Lady Principal, and in addition to Mrs. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Leak, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Root, Mrs. Bennett Smedes, Mrs. Mary Smedes Poyner, Dr. and Mrs. Aldert Root, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins Robards and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vass, of the Smedes family, were to be guests of honor. Some of the family, however, were unfortunately prevented from being present.

Ferns, autumn leaves, and yellow chrysanthemums played the largest part in the decorations, and toned in well with the general color scheme, which was carried out in yellow. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mrs. Perkins, Dr. and Mrs. Aldert Root, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Root, Miss Katie, Dr. and Mrs. Knox, and Mr. and Mrs. Vass. After being served by the Seniors with fruit salad and coffee, they passed into the hall where Miss Dowd, presiding over an artistically decorated punch bowl, served punch and cakes. Several Juniors, acting as guides, then escorted the visitors upstairs, where the spacious lobby, the tiled bathrooms and several attractive bedrooms, which made up part of the Smedes Hall improvements, were thrown open for inspection.

During the entire afternoon Nancy Lay and her Bohemian Orchestra, of circus fame, furnished music for the occasion, and added much to the enjoyment of the guests.

C. B.

November 22—Basketball Doubleheader

The Basket Ball season of 1919-20 opened Saturday night, November 22d, with a double-header between the First and Third teams of the Sigma and Mu Athletic Associations. The Sigma First Team was crippled by the loss of three of its best players, but nevertheless presented a formidable array when it came upon the court for the

opening game. Both sides showed excellent team work, and the game ended with the score 27 to 13, in favor of the Mus. Conspicuous on the Sigma side was the playing of Madge Blakeley, forward, and Mary Wyatt Yarborough, guard, substituting on the First Team. Among the Mu players, Harriet Barber starred in the center, and Margaret McCabe, the only new girl on the team, proved the wisdom of her selection as forward. The line-up was as follows:

Sigma			Mu
Hoke } Boyd }	<i>Centers</i>	{ Kent Barber
Underwood } Blakeley }	<i>Forwards</i>	{ Yellott McCabe
Baum } Roberson-Yarborough }	<i>Guards</i>	{ Glass, R. Ruffin

In the Third Team game the Mus were again victorious, with the score 20 to 15. Following is the line-up:

Sigma			Mu
Taylor } Powell-Ballou }	<i>Centers</i>	{ Glass, E. Sublett
Cole } Thompson }	<i>Forwards</i>	{ Gareissen Lay
Smythe } Battle }	<i>Guards</i>	{ Villepigue Ashworth

The Sigma yells were directed by Martha Best and Eunice Collier, and the Mus were led by Peggy Edmondson and "Cooley." Admirable sportsmanship was shown by both associations in cheering as well as in playing.

F. P. V.

November 27—Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day at St. Mary's was fittingly begun by an early celebration of the Holy Communion, a voluntary service which was well attended. The regular Chapel Service was held at 10:30, and Mr. Way preached a very appropriate sermon on the subject of giving thanks always for the things we have and not worrying over those we have not.

Immediately after the service, the Seniors piled into three big cars, and, chaperoned by Mr. Way and Miss Davis, set out for Chapel Hill to see the Virginia-Carolina game. It was a lovely day for riding and the outcome of the game, 6-0 in favor of Carolina, was quite satisfactory, so it was a tired but happy bunch that set their echoes ringing in Senior Hall about nine o'clock that night.

Meanwhile, those left behind had succeeded in having a very happy day, even without the Senior privilege of going to Chapel Hill! The "spreads," for the most part, did not begin until the afternoon, for memories of past Thanksgiving dinners, and prophecies of future ones, combined to prevent feasting beforehand. And no one regretted the delay, for a five-course dinner, planned by Mrs. Marriott, might well fulfill the greatest expectations!

"Oh me, oh my,
We had everything from soup to pie!"

Not literally, of course, for we began with grapefruit and ended with after-dinner coffee. It was a "purely excellent" dinner, and the three cheers for Mrs. Marriott were given with a will. The dining-room was decorated with autumn leaves and lighted by little candles on each table, with apples for candlesticks, and a very pretty scene it was.

The Thanksgiving offering was for the Thompson Orphanage, and to supplement it, an imitation Vaudeville Show, an Auction Sale and a "Boy-and-Girl" Dance were held in the afternoon and evening. Under the able leadership of Martha Best, and with Elizabeth Tucker at the piano, the Misses Blount, Smythe, Ballard, Hoyt, Lewis, Lasater, Buice and Mountcastle, gave a very good show—all the latest song hits, 'n everything! With "Cooley" as Auctioneer, the success of the Sale was guaranteed, and a very creditable sum was cleared for the Orphanage. The Dance also, with Peggy Edmondson at the head, was a great success, the orchestra and the punch adding considerably to the general enjoyment.

November 29—The Class Parties

The annual class parties, Seniors to the Sophomores and Juniors to the Freshmen, were given Saturday evening, November 29th.

The Seniors entertained their sister class in the Muse Room with a novel spiderweb, carried out in the class colors, green and white, and orange and black. Each guest was given an "end" of the web, and at the word "Go!" the unweaving began. At the other end of the ribbon was tied a little favor, a sweet-tuned whistle, a little gray mouse, or a wiggledy man that wouldn't lie down. When the spiderweb was all untangled, the guests paired off for a contest, "The Romance of Millan and Nell," a romance in very truth, with blanks to be filled in with the Sophomore's names. The first prize was awarded to Misses Dennis and Alice Hughes, and the second to Elizabeth Carrigan and Catherine Boyd. Refreshments came next on the program, consisting of tomato jelly with crackers, hot chocolate with "marshmallows on top" and little cakes. The party broke up at nine-thirty, and the teachers and Sophomores departed, each assuring the Seniors and everybody else that she had had a "lovely time!"

A Baby Party, meanwhile, was in progress in the parlor. The Juniors, dressed as nurse maids, received their visitors at the door, the little boys and girls giving names of famous characters of history and fiction. Later in the evening George Washington, Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," Daniel Webster and Henry Clay debated against Patrick Henry and Billy Sunday, Paderewski directed a "Gym" class, Jack Pickford made love to Louise Huff, Galli-Curci sang, and other celebrities performed according to their various talents. "Little Virginia Harrison" got the prize for pinning the tail on the rabbit. The "children" enjoyed the stick candy and animal crackers the nurses served them, and if they snitched a handful of little candy hearts, why, that's always done at children's parties!

The Preps, having no one to entertain them, entertained themselves in the "Gym" with a Tacky Party. In all the tackiness they could imagine and contrive on such short notice they appeared. Funniest, perhaps, were "Whedbee" and Martha Best, but the prize for

the tackiest went to Loulie Fitts. The Preps' refreshments were appropriate, and very popular as well—apples, candy, chocolate teddy bears, and (sh-h, speak it softly) chewing gum! Tacky, wasn't it? But then, you see, it was a Tacky Party!

December 6—The Mu Party to the Sigmas

Returning the hospitality of the Sigmas last year, on Saturday evening, December 6th, the Mu Athletic Association entertained their Sigma sisters at a Christmas dance. All day there had been considerable bustling back and forth between the Muse Room and the Parlor, and forbidding "No admittance" signs on the doors had warned the curious that none were welcome without special invitation. The mystery was solved at lunch time when every Sigma found at her place at the table a little note inviting her to

"A party in the parlor, Saturday night
At eight fifteen. Come dressed in white!"

Accordingly, the hall that night was crowded with girls all in white, and great was the excitement among them when the first crash from the Jazz Band gave the signal for the door to be flung open and the grand march to begin. The parlor as they entered presented a patriotic scene, which, however, soon resolved itself into streamers of red and white for the Sigmas, blue and white for the Mus, and red and green for Christmas. On both sides of the room little clothes pin dolls, dressed in the Sigma and Mu colors, hung suspended by white ribbon from a clothes line. In one corner stood a Christmas tree, the first of the season, laden with red and blue packages of candy. Just in front of the line stood Eleanor Sublett and Jane Ruffin, holding literally a yard of regalias, from which Mary Bryan Wimberly and Mary Yellott distributed one to each girl as she passed, red to a Sigma and blue to a Mu. In the course of the grand march the girls gathered the little clothes pin favors from the line, and before long the punch bowl claimed most of the marchers.

Led by Marietta Gareissen, the Jazz Band provided excellent music throughout the evening. There were two Contest Dances, the first for the best Sigma and Mu dancing together, in which "Mr."

Aiken and Miss Wimberly won the prize, and the second for the two best Sigmas, who, according to the judges' decision, were "Mr." Hines and Miss Anderson. Ice cream cones and candy were served, and the dancing went on with a vim until, as if by magic, it suddenly ceased, and the Sigmas melted, as it were, into one end of the room. Mary Hoke then briefly expressed their appreciation of the party, and, at a note from the piano, the whole association burst forth into song, assuring us that

"Mu girls have got the ginger,
 Mu girls are hard to beat!
 Mu girls, we surely like you—
 We think you're peaches to give this treat.
 Sigmas, come let us hail them;
 Sigmas, we think they're fine!
 Sigmas and Mus are both good,
 At games and meets they are sure to shine!"

The party broke up reluctantly at quarter of ten, the Sigmas bade the Mus goodnight, and a spirit of the friendliest good fellowship reigned among all.

December 10-11—The Model Meetings

Carrying out the literary society program as planned last spring, the E. A. P. and Sigma Lambda Societies held "model meetings" in the parlor on the evenings of December 10th and 11th. As the name implies, the object of these meetings was to show how the thing should be done, attendance, order, and the general interest of the program being chiefly stressed. It was evident that both sides had expended much time and thought on their program, and it is seldom our good fortune to experience two such enjoyable evenings in the same week.

The E. A. P.'s chanced to have drawn first place, which was regarded as both an advantage and otherwise. As the Society is too large to have all taking part, thirty members were selected as a fair representative of the whole. The President called the meeting to order in true parliamentary fashion at seven-twenty, and a hush fell upon the audience. The "business" proved of considerable interest to all, consisting in the report of a committee appointed to select

music and words for an E. A. P. song. The chairman reported the selection of "the music composed by Miss Eggleston and the words written by Miss Yellott." After a chorus had sung the song and it was duly approved by the Society, the following was presented by an all-star cast:

Kipling, the Man and the Writer.....	Mary Yellott
"Tommy"	Dorothy Kirtland
"How the Camel Got His Hump".....	Millicent Blanton
"Mother O' Mine".....	Estelle Avent

This concluded the evening's program and the meeting was officially adjourned. All that remained was to congratulate Jane Toy and her fellow officers on a model meeting which well deserved its name.

Rivalry is running high between the two Societies, and there was a very evident spirit of excitement in the parlor on the following evening, the occasion of the Sigma Lambda meeting. Oddly enough, both Societies had hit upon the same subject for their program, Rudyard Kipling, but this rather added to than detracted from the interest of the second meeting.

After the roll call and reading of the minutes by the Secretary, the President called for reports from the various committees. A novelty was introduced in the reports on the current events of the week by Eugenia Thomas and Dorothy Baum. The following program was well rendered, but ran a little over time:

Life of Rudyard Kipling.....	Catharine Miller
"If"	Fielding Douthat
Criticism of Kipling's Works.....	Mildred Cooley
"On the Road to Mandalay".....	Chorus
"Wee Willie Winkie".....	Mary Louise Everett
"Gunga Din"	Crichton Thorne

After the report of the critic, Lena Simmons, the meeting was adjourned, and the eyes and attention of all were focused on the judges, Miss Bottum, Miss Dennis, and Miss St. John. After but slight delay, they handed in their decisions, which proved to be two to one in favor of the E. A. P. Society. This is the second victory of the E. A. P.'s in the literary contest, and both sides have reëntered the fray with renewed determination to win.

"We Have With Us Today"

The Mu Team was greatly encouraged at the opening game, November 22d, by the cheering presence of Ellen Lay, star forward on the last year's team. She came over specially for the occasion, and returned to her work in Goldsboro, Sunday afternoon. Marian Drane was expected at the same time, but she did not arrive at St. Mary's until Sunday. She was on her way home from New York, and stopped by only long enough to say, "Hello."

Thanksgiving was the occasion of a general reunion at St. Mary's. The Seniors and older Old Girls were delighted to welcome back Novella Moye and Agnes Pratt, of the Class of 1918, and Bertha Albertson and Louise Toler, of 1919. "Katty" Arbogast and Camilla McMullan paid us a brief visit, Camilla as the guest of Jane Turner. Sarah Rawlings and Josephine Erwin dropped in at odd moments, and Elizabeth Champion spent the week-end of November 23d with Lucy London Anderson. "Bep" Branson came over from Chapel Hill and spent the following week-end with Eleanor Sublett. Margaret Little was the guest of Helen Roberson for Thanksgiving, and Hannah Townsend and Mary Pickett, friends of last year returned December 1st as the guests of Marietta Gareissen and Martha Best.

Among the "sisters" who have recently visited at St. Mary's was Kathryn Keith, who spent the week-end of November 30th with Jesse, much to the evident delight of Muriel Dougherty. Lucille Miller, Edna Jones Nixon, Lucille Edwards, and Anna Long were also guests of their sisters around Thanksgiving time.

Items of Interest

On Thursday evening, November 20th, Mrs. Patterson gave a brief, but interesting and instructive, talk on the Balkan States. She wore the Serbian dress, and in her talk laid special emphasis on Serbia, its age as a nation, its present importance in world politics, and the many attractions of its Crown Prince! She encouraged the study of languages, lamenting the average American traveler's ignorance of the languages demanded of a well educated person abroad.

Carrying out the general plan of the Campaign, the Nation-wide Campaign Pageant was presented in the parlor Sunday evening, November 30th. The principal parts were taken by Mr. Stone, as the Lay Reader; Mr. Jones, as the Priest; and Dorothy Kirtland, as the Spirit of the Nation-wide Campaign. The Pageant gave evidence of the thought expended on it by Katherine Batts and her assistant, Susan Collier, and it is to be hoped that it served its purpose.

Mrs. Bickett made a short talk on the subject of Red Cross Christmas Seals on Monday evening, December 1st. She described the work accomplished through the sale of these stamps in an interesting way, and we hope her suggestion that a stamp be placed on every Christmas present will be followed.

The first of the series of musical attractions for the winter was given in the City Auditorium on Wednesday evening, December 3d. The combination of the name of John McCormack and the desire to "get out" took a great many of the St. Mary's girls to the concert, and all returned singing the praises of McCormack, and humming snatches from his most popular number, "Roses of Picardy."

The Advent Mission Study Classes were opened Friday night, under the general direction of the Life Work Committee, of which Annie Duncan is the chairman. Catharine Miller and Nina Cooper are at the head of one class, and Catherine Boyd and Louise Boyd of the other. Both classes have been well attended, and reflect much credit on the leaders.

There were three conflicting attractions for Saturday evening, December 6th. In addition to the Mu party to the Sigmas, the members of the choir were given the privilege of hearing the Great Lakes String Quartette at the Woman's Club, and Miss Davis chaproned her Expression pupils to a Recital at Peace Institute.

The every-member canvass of the Nation-wide Campaign was conducted at St. Mary's in an orderly and systematic manner by the members of the Junior Auxiliary Council on Sunday afternoon, December 7th. The girls as a whole showed deep interest in the Campaign, and the introduction of the duplex envelope system will doubtless insure its financial success at St. Mary's.

The first of the Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series was the occasion of considerable excitement in the St. Mary's Auditorium on Tuesday evening, December 9th, when, assembled for a concert by the Tollefsen Trio, the combined student bodies of Peace and St. Mary's almost overflowed the building. The program was rather long but, on the whole, very enjoyable.

THE MUSE acknowledges with thanks the following Exchanges: *The Wake Forest Student*, the *Greensboro Coraddi*, *The Lenoirian*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Trinity Archive*, the *Meredith College Acorn*, the *Winston-Salem News*, and *The Deaf Carolinian*.



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The Seniors no more wooing go—
They've other fish to fry—
So Third Floor Main's deserted quite,
But Senior Hall—oh my!

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"Those eyes," she sighed, "those lips, that smile!"

Then blankly gazed at space a while.

"You're crushed," accused the madding crowd;

Then protests followed long and loud.

She stammered, pale she grew, then blushed—

"I like her fine, but I'm not crushed!"

Oh, no!

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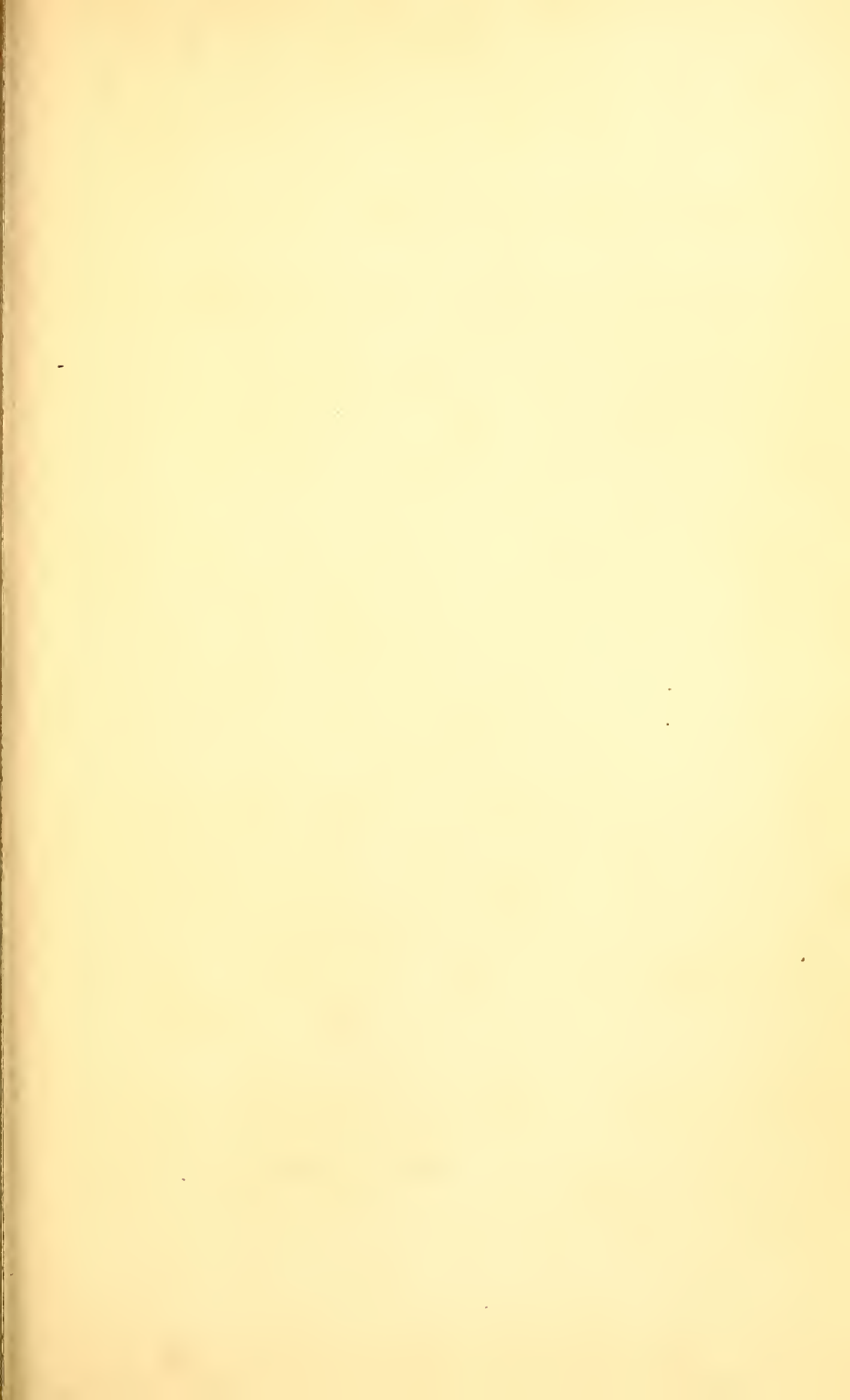
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Editors

Mary Moffitt

Catharine Miller

Lucy London Anderson

The New Year

HENNIE LONG, '22

The white moon mounted high
And from a cold, clear sky,
Down, on a village nigh,
Shed silvery light.
Earth slumbered sweet and well.
Then, rang a soft-toned bell;
Followed, a chorus knell—
Th' Old Year took flight.

Then came the New Year in,
Her new work to begin,
Ushered with joyful din
By the clear bells.
Her coming gave the earth
Repenting, a rebirth,
And so, with boisterous mirth,
Her joy she tells.

Peg and the Prince

KATHERINE WADDELL, '22

"O the snow, the beautiful snow,
Covering fields and hedges below,"

softly misquoted Peg, as she stood with her face pressed against the window pane, gazing on the quiet back alley that composed the view of New York seen from her hall bedroom window.

"I have never seen anything so beautiful and white before in all my life. Isn't it just too wonderful for words, Em?" turning to her roommate and bosom friend. She received no response, for Emily was deeply engaged in reading a book with a bright yellow cover, which bore the interesting and enlightening title of "A Bride for a Day." Peg turned back to the window.

All was quiet in the dark little room for the space of fifteen minutes. A quiet that was disturbed only by the thumping and bumping of a stone-cold radiator, whose business, it seemed, was to make a racket, rather than to give off heat. Emily ate apples and wept over the sorrows of deserted Genevieve, while Peg watched the snowflakes and dreamed.

A loud knock on the door broke the stillness and, in answer to Emily's invitation, a fat, gum-chewing woman of uncertain age stumbled into the room and set a big wooden box on the floor.

"It's for you, Miss Peg," she announced loudly. "I seen it settin' in the hall, so I brought it up." She regarded the object of these remarks with open curiosity.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Holder!" Peg ran to get a hammer from the dark recesses of a small closet in the farther corner of the room. "I know what it is"—she emerged, triumphant, with the hammer in her hand. "It is some picture frames for my latest masterpieces!"

"Well, Miss Peg, you sure are a fine artist. Your pitchers are some swell."

"Yes, they are wonderful," Peg laughed scornfully. "I am certainly one of the greatest wonders of the world, and my paintings are things of beauty, and—"

"Now, Peg," her roommate interrupted, "don't get bitter. Your paintings *are* good, but you can't expect them to be recognized and exhibited the very first year you are in New York."

"I don't expect it the first year, or the second—or the third, for that matter,"—she was pulling out nails with vigor and loosening boards. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Holder," to the retreating figure of that worthy personage—"or ever," she completed gloomily.

"Why, darling, that isn't like you at all! Why are you so down-hearted all of a sudden? You always see the bright side of things. I don't understand. What's the matter?" besought Emily, anxiously.

"Oh, I was just thinking. You know, at home, everybody nice goes with everybody else nice, but here there is a line drawn between the poor and the nice, and I'm on the wrong side of the line. Oh, it's dreadful to be poor!"

"Why, Peg, I thought you were perfectly contented with your lot, and wouldn't be one of the Idle Rich for anything!"

"Well, I wouldn't; but I'm just blue. Today, while I was at lunch at Grady's, I saw a big gray car at the curb, and in it was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen—dressed all in velvet and furs. She looked like a princess—golden hair, white skin, and beautiful, useless white hands. And with her was a prince—or he could pass for one—tall, dark, handsome and—wonderful! Of course, I'll probably never see him again, and I don't care, but it makes me furious to be in the same place with people, nice people you'd like to know, and then you can't—"

"Oh, Peg, Peg! You adorable little nut!" Peg was smothered in a bear-like embrace, hammer, wrapping-paper and all. "You have fallen for the prince, as you call him, and you are blaming it on the world. You little simpleton!"

In vain Peg protested and denied. Emily was all unbelieving, but altogether sympathetic and thrilled with the romance of it.

"Love at first sight," she laughed, delightedly. "I'll bet you flirted outrageously. Now, 'fess up!"

"Why, he didn't even see me, goose," Peg denied indignantly. But Emily smiled incredulously. "You can't fool me, Peg. I know you too well," she said.

Peg didn't deign to answer this remark. Throwing down the hammer, she returned to her window. Emily, seeing that a confidence was not forthcoming, resumed her book, which she had left at a very exciting point, the heroine being in the arms of the hero.

Once more, quiet reigned over all.

“Yes? Who is it?” Everett Reston rattled the telephone receiver irritably. “What the deuce—Hello! Oh, that’s you, is it, Helen? I’ve been trying to get you all afternoon. It sure is sweet of you to call up. Oh, dinner tonight? Fine. I say, have you an engagement for this afternoon? How about going to the Metropolitan? There’s a big art exhibit on, and everybody’s going. Four-thirty? All right, I’ll see you then. Good-bye.” He put down the receiver with a bang.

“Br-r-r-r, how I hate this cold weather,” he muttered, as he buttoned his overcoat and pulled his hat down over his eyes, preparatory to going out.

It was at the art exhibit that afternoon that Everett first saw her. She wore a bright red sweater with a dark skirt, and a red tam half hid her towseled curls. Her bright color and sparkling eyes made her seem like a mischievous spirit, as she stood looking up at a famous Rembrandt. What a contrast she was to Helen, this vivid slip of a girl in her flaming scarlet. Helen, tall, stately, and remotely superior, stood just where the sunlight painted a halo about her golden head. Only half interested in the works of art about her, she idly watched the restless streams of people. Everett had just been looking at her, his promised bride, and thinking how beautiful she was, for all her coldness, when he heard a laughing voice exclaim softly, “Oh, Em, the prince!”

He turned, but all he saw was two girls gazing absorbedly at a Rembrandt.

“What a pretty girl,” he thought, “and what a perfect profile!”

At this minute Helen turned to greet some friends, so Everett wandered over in the direction of the Rembrandt. He wanted to see

if the girl's face came up to the profile. Stopping near the two girls he coughed softly, and rattled the guide book in his hand; but all to no avail—the profile remained a profile.

“Do you like the painting?” he ventured at last. “It certainly is a fine one.”

The two girls turned simultaneously, and he faced heroically the battery of blue and brown eyes, the latter set in the lovely, vivacious face of Peg Rutledge.

“The profile hasn't even a showing!” Everett thought, while he wildly tried to think of something to say. “Rembrandt is a fine old fellow,” he began glibly, but stopped short. This evidently wasn't the way to do it. The brown eyes sparkled with laughter, and Emily giggled faintly. “Yes,” she said, sobering quickly. “He is a friend of my father's. He certainly is a fine old chap.”

“Oh, I say,” Everett felt himself becoming red.

“So do I,” interrupted Emily. “By the way, are you any kin to the Prince of Wales?”

“Oh, Em!” deprecated a small voice, and Peg smiled. Everett recognized at once the voice that had said, “Oh, Em, the prince!” He felt that now *he* had the advantage, so he recovered his composure and began again.

“I suppose the best way to go about it,” he smiled the smile that had captured many hearts, “is to introduce myself. I am Everett Reston, dealer in thoroughbred horses, bird dogs—and Stutz racers,” he added whimsically.

Em immediately became mistress of the situation. “I am charmed to meet you,” she said cordially. “I am Emily Ellesmere, and this is Margaret Rutledge, commonly known as Peg.”

“Peg,” thought Everett, “suits her to a T.”

Peg smiled again, and gave him her hand, half shyly.

“Isn't the exhibit splendid!” Em exclaimed, enthusiastically. “When I become a great artist, I shall have my masterpiece hung right here, where the light will strike it, and all the critics who see it will say, ‘How wonderful!’ and the fashionable ladies will stop under it, and talk about Mrs. Brown's new hat. We are artists,” she explained to Everett, adding laughingly, “in name only, I fear.”

"You, too?" he turned to Peg, increasing interest in his eyes. She nodded.

"Let's look at Flander's latest artistic attempt," suggested Em. Thus began a long ramble around the big room. They examined a painting here and there, but Emily did most of the talking. Peg was unusually quiet, and Everett, for some reason he could not have explained, couldn't think of much that needed to be said.

The late sunlight was slanting through a western window when Em, glancing at her wrist watch, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, how late it is. Almost everybody has gone!"

Everett turned quickly to look for Helen, but of course, she was gone, undoubtedly with rage in her heart.

"Come, Peg, we must be going. We'll be late for dinner if we don't hurry." Emily pulled on her gloves and buttoned her coat.

"I certainly have enjoyed the afternoon, Miss Rutledge, thanks to you," Everett extended his hand. He looked for a perilous instant into the brown eyes, then turned away.

"Oh, Peg," exclaimed Emily, as soon as they were out on the street, "he is just crazy about you! You look darling in that red tam, and I don't blame him one bit!"

"Isn't he wonderful, Em? I think he is the best looking man I have ever seen!" She raised sparkling eyes to her friend's face.

"But, do you know what I think, honey? I bet anything he didn't intend to leave that Grecian goddess of his for us—and won't she be mad? Whew! I don't exactly envy him when her wrath descends upon him."

In the meanwhile, Everett was vainly endeavoring to recall why he had left Helen's side in the first place. Of course, she was furious—and who could blame her? What should he do?

It was beginning to snow, and the leaden sky predicted more snow before the night was over. Everett pulled his hat low over his eyes and turned toward the Elevated. He'd have it out with her, right away. She couldn't do more than return his ring—and if she didn't love him enough to forgive him, he was willing to end everything!

There were other girls in the world—. His mind followed this train of thought until he rang the door bell of a pretentious stone house on a pretentious street.

"Miss Farley isn't receiving callers this evening," the butler coldly informed him.

"Oh, I say," Everett began, but stopped abruptly. "What's the use?" he muttered and turned again to the street. As he made his way toward his down-town apartment, his mind was filled with half worried, half relieved thoughts. Of course he loved Helen—or was it love? He certainly thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and he had expected to marry her since their school days. And yet, he had always considered it a rather one-sided affair; she was so cold and unresponsive.

John let him into his cheerful apartment and relieved him of his overcoat.

"Here are some papers for you, sir," he said, "and here are a letter and a package a boy just brought."

Everett ignored the papers, but hastily tore open the letter. It was written on plain white stationery, and about it hung the faint odor of violets that he always associated with Helen.

He read: "After the way you acted this afternoon, I feel that it is impossible to continue on the same terms with you. Please do not try to mend what is forever shattered. I am returning your ring. Helen."

"She never really loved me, anyhow," Everett said slowly, as he slipped the little package into his pocket. "Well, that ends one episode of my life."

.
"Oh, Em, it's the prince again— Look! I do believe he is coming in here!" Peg excitedly disregarded the menu and rummaged in her bag for her Dorine.

"The Grecian goddess isn't with him, this time. I don't suppose they are on speaking terms now. I don't blame her much, though," Em said thoughtfully, one eye on the menu and one on the door.

Everett came hurriedly into the cafe and stopped short in well simulated surprise when he saw the two girls.

"Well, this *is* a pleasant surprise!" he exclaimed, although he had seen them go in, and had followed on their heels as soon as he could get away from the business acquaintance with whom he was talking.

"May I order the lunch?" he asked, and immediately took possession of the menu card, and in spite of their protests, ordered such a meal as Peg hadn't eaten since the Rutledges were wealthy and good living abounded in the old Southern home.

"How about a ride out into the country?" Everett suggested, when the last vestige of the delectable pastry had vanished, and the waiter had presented the bill.

"Oh, Peg, why not? We haven't been in the country since last summer, and this is such a wonderful spring day!" Emily was all enthusiasm.

Peg shook her head regretfully.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Reston," she said, "but I have this afternoon all planned, and I have lots of work that I must do, as much as I'd like to ride on such a lovely day."

"I say, I sure am sorry. That's hard luck, for me, at any rate."

As they moved toward the door, Everett vainly tried to think of something to say or do that would prolong the interview, but Peg forestalled him by extending a small hand, when they reached the door.

"I am so glad I saw you," she smiled up at him, "and I'm awfully sorry I can't accept your invitation."

"Me, too," chimed in Emily, forgetful of grammar and manners. "Maybe, next time," she suggested smilingly.

"Sure," he agreed. "There is always a next time, and it must be soon." He held the door open for them. "Can't I take you home in my car?"

"No, thanks. We are not going home now," Peg refused quickly, before her companion could accept. Em looked at her in astonishment. "Why, I thought—" she began, but a quick pinch on her arm stopped her.

As the two girls walked homeward in the warm spring sunlight. Em took Peg by the arm and gave her a little shake.

"You goose," she scolded, "why didn't you go to ride with him? Seems to me you would have jumped at the chance."

"Oh, Em, I couldn't," Peg protested. "I know he asked us just because he has had a fuss with the Goddess, and he's just trying to pique her. I won't be a second fiddler, so there!"

"Well, I should judge from the way he looked at you that you were the one and only girl in the world for him, but, then, you always were obstinate."

.

"O Peg, come to the phone, quick!" Emily called excitedly from the foot of the stairs. "It's the prince, and you've just got to come and talk to him!"

Peg appeared on the top step, looking as adorable as only she could look. Above the pink artist's smock, her cheeks were flushed, her hair tumbled, and her eyes were bright with excitement.

"Em, I just can't talk to him! I know if I do, I'll give in, and I mustn't do that. You know I mustn't," she pleaded.

"Well, I don't see why," her friend insisted. "This is the forty-leventh time he has called up, and I think it is absurd for you to treat him so horrid. If he cared two snaps about that girl he would have gone back to her weeks ago. Come on and talk to him, there's a dear!" But Peg was obdurate.

"You can tell him that I am going away tomorrow, and I am busy packing," and with that she returned to her room, where all was in chaos, such as only a girl can make when she is packing. Emily went despondently back to the phone, to tell the impatient Everett that Peg was getting ready to go home, and was too busy to come to the telephone.

"Going home! Not for good?" he shouted, frantically.

"Not so loud," Emily protested. "I'm not deaf! Yes, for good, I guess, unless she comes back for a visit. She's given up art, you know, and she is done with New York. Nice of me, to tell you all of her affairs, but I guess you are interested."

"Ask her if I can come to the station to tell her good-bye," he begged. "When does she leave?"

.

The next morning found Peg seated in the chair car of a Dixie-bound train. She was surrounded on all sides by suit-cases, magazines, and boxes of candy.

Everett took her hand and looked pleadingly into her eyes, but she looked quickly away and withdrew her hand.

"Good-bye, Em dear," she said, turning to her faithful friend. "Write to me often, and tell me all about your successes. I am sure you are going to be a famous artist yet, and I shall be proud of you."

"Good-bye, you little darling. You don't know how much I am going to miss you."

"She is so dear and brave," Emily faltered, looking after the departing train with tears in her eyes. "Who'd ever know that she is heart-broken because her painting is a failure, and she can't have her career."

Everett's own heart was heavy as they walked away from the station. "She's the sweetest little girl that ever lived," he said, none too steadily.

.

The summer months passed slowly for Everett. He wrote to Peg several times, but received no reply. He saw Emily often, and she told him that Peg was well and happy in her old home, where she loved everybody, and everybody loved her. "But I know she misses New York," Emily told him one day. "She never says so, in so many words, but I can tell just from the tone of some of her letters."

"Well, New York isn't the same old place without her," he said, wistfully. "Do you suppose she is coming back?"

"She never says anything about it, but I am always hoping she will. She said, once, that she would surely come if one of my pictures should, by any happy chance, be presented at the Metropolitan, so I am working harder than ever."

The drowsy summer days shortened, and soon the air became crisp, and the sunshine more mellow. Autumn came, and with it the fall exhibit at the Metropolitan.

Everett went to the exhibit, though his only interest in it was on Em's account. At first he avoided the spot where the Rembrandt

had hung, that winter day so long ago, but it drew him irresistibly. As he neared the well-loved spot, a flash of scarlet met his astonished gaze! He felt an impulse to rub his eyes. It couldn't be true! It couldn't be—but it was! In the very same spot where he had first seen her, stood a girl in a red sweater and dark skirt. She wore a red tam that half hid a mass of tumbled brown curls. She and the girl with her were looking up at a painting which hung just where the light struck it.

"I am so happy for you, Em," said the sweet, soft voice of Peg Rutledge. "It is your dream realized, isn't it? It's hanging right in the spot you said you wanted it. Doesn't that last exhibit seem ages ago? Your future is mapped out, and I'm so glad, glad, glad!"

"Yes," said Em, with a little catch in her voice. "The wonder of it almost chokes me. I am going to live for my art for its own sake, as well as for the fame it will bring me—if I dare to hope for fame."

Peg took her friend's hand. "I know you'll get it, dear, and you deserve it as much as anybody ever did."

"Do you like the painting?" a voice full of suppressed emotion interrupted them. The two girls turned simultaneously.

"Oh, Everett Reston," exclaimed Em, "how you frightened me!" but Peg—Peg didn't say a word. Everett took both her small hands in his own, and looked down at the face of the girl he loved.

Emily turned away quickly, and looked out of the window with moist eyes. How long they might have stood there it is impossible to say, had not Em recovered her presence of mind and suggested a stroll around the room. There were many beautiful paintings on exhibit, but they were sadly neglected that afternoon.

At last the trio stopped in front of a western window, near a bust of Aristotle. It was here that kind-hearted Em left them, her heart singing over the happiness of her friend.

"Little girl," Everett took Peg's hand, "you'll never know how I have missed you!"

"I— I've missed you, too." The soft color flooded her face and then—but what happened then only wise old Aristotle saw, and he didn't tell.

The sun had vanished behind a bank of rose and gold clouds, leaving a faint pink glow over all the sky, when they awoke to the fact that the room was deserted except for an occasional straggler here and there.

"Are you happy?" Everett asked softly.

"Oh, so happy," Peg sighed. "I have my Prince at last!"

"Little Princess of my heart," he murmured.

Peg, looking like a real fairy princess in the sunset's glow, took her prince by the hand.

"Come, let's go tell Em," she said.

The Valentine Cure

CRICHTON THORNE, '23

Janie Ruth staggered with upturned face in the direction of the little brown schoolhouse on the hill. Her coat, that Mother had so carefully buttoned about her slim little figure, now clamped under one arm, trailed along behind her, jerkily catching and dropping the fallen pine needles beneath her feet. The strap of her blue book-bag was at intervals shifted to the other shoulder, and this alone seemed to remind Janie Ruth of the existence of material things. She was ever a strange child—"a queer mixture of day-dreamer and warm-heartedness," as her Aunt Betty had appropriately put it.

On this smiling February morning two particularly great interests absorbed Janie Ruth's thoughts and mingled themselves with the vague impression that her footsteps were belated. These were the facts: today was St. Valentine's and yesterday Walter White had raised her to a pinnacle of fame by presenting her with the biggest, reddest apple Janie Ruth had ever seen—just such an apple as one remembers having discovered in the toe of one's stocking at Christmas-time and dipping for in tubs of water at Hallowe'en.

Janie Ruth was a stranger in the little town of Newbern, Alabama. She seemed just to have dropped there, and as a delicate flower has more difficulty in taking root, so had Janie Ruth experienced the

pangs of bitter out-of-placeness. The first grade children in the little brown schoolhouse had greeted her curiously though cordially, and then had forgotten the lonesome-looking little stranger sitting three seats from the back. They had noticed she was shy and quiet and ever gazing wonderingly out of the window. Nothing ever seemed to disturb her peaceful attitude and they took it for granted that Janie Ruth was not of them.

But Janie Ruth, despite her abstraction, had noticed in turn that Anna Bell, owning the front seat and yellow hair, was quite partial to Walter White, and so seemed the other little beings that sat alert and fidgety in their crisp gingham. The fact that Walter White had several times passed a yellow bag across the aisle to Anna Bell had not escaped the dreamy observation of Janie Ruth and several times she had wondered why all the girls got caught when he was "*it.*" But such things had been only secondary in the thoughts of Janie Ruth until yesterday, when the paper bag had traveled down the row and landed on her desk with a terminating thud. She had ducked her head and become suddenly frightened, and painfully conscious that by so doing she was dodging the daggers Anna Bell was staring at her. Upon gaining the courage, she lifted her head and gazed again at the tufts of trees against the sky, as though Walter White showed such deference to her daily.

Recess came and Janie Ruth's popularity had visibly increased. Little flocks of her prior-distant schoolmates crowded around her for a "bite" with shyly admiring glances. Surely Janie Ruth was pretty or smart or something, if she had succeeded in directing Walter White's affections in a different channel.

The supple little body of Anna Bell appeared, legs first, from the schoolhouse porch and approached the little group near the side fence. "You're eatin' that ol' apple jes' like it's sour!"

Anna Bell put her arm affectionately around the waist of Sarah Lee and whispered audibly, "Walter White asked me to have that apple yesterday evening, an' I tol' him I hated sour apples. Don't you hate sour apples, Sarah Lee?" Ten astonished pairs of wide eyes turned on Anna Bell as the name of the first grade hero slipped thus lightly into the little circle.

But Janie Ruth was the new heroine of the first grade as now became evident. Silence brooded, then Sarah Lee lisped inquiringly, "Doith Walter all-time bring you thour apppleth, Anna Bell?" The thought struck Janie Ruth as funny and she threw back her head and laughed. She stopped suddenly, however, for Anna Bell was glaring at her with an unwavering glare. Her snapping blue eyes glittered fire and the lunch had dropped from her fisted right hand. There were no two ways about it—one angle of the eternal triangle was suffering the pangs of jealousy.

A great lump rose in Janie Ruth's throat. Her very heart quivered for a second—then with full, surprising force she returned the deadly gaze of Anna Bell. They were enemies, sworn enemies, enemies to the bitter end.

That was only yesterday, but on her way to school the knowledge of possessing a sworn enemy disturbed but little the tranquil and dreamy Janie Ruth.

"Why are you late, dearie?" Miss Nancy's pleasant tones gently remonstrated.

"I— I— it smells so good out doors. D-doesn't it, Teacher? And, please, I didn't come very fast, I reckon." Miss Nancy nodded and, as if from force of habit, added another "T" to the numerous T's by Janie Ruth's name.

Janie Ruth passed Anna Bell's desk and met her malignant eyes with seeming indifference. Then dropping into her seat she turned to her page of Nature and studied through the window for several intense minutes.

"Children, this afternoon we are going to deliver our Valentines. Walter White will be the postman, so you must all mail your Valentines in this box on my desk. Remember to write on each one the name of the person you are sending it to. Janie Ruth, are you paying attention?"

Janie Ruth dropped from the clouds, passed the lazy bird wheeling in the radiant blue, and found her voice to answer, "Yes'm, Valentines." She herself had cut out a rather deformed heart and printed

on it "To Teacher." She felt a comfortable sense of duty done, and gazed out again in the warm spring sunlight until the bell rang for recess.

The little box on Teacher's desk was jammed and crammed to overflowing. Janie Ruth's only interest in the affair was the wrinkled paper heart somewhere in its profound depths, bearing the nearly illegible "To Teacher." Her interest suddenly broadened as Walter White, wearing a gray cadet cap three sizes too large for him and with a book-bag banging from his sturdy young shoulder, approached the desk and emptied the Valentines into his bag. Teacher and pitch-pipe came forward. "La-a-a," sang the pitch-pipe. "Ready, children?"

"O letter man in suit of gray,
I want a letter, please, today.
You know the house in which I live
So will you not a letter give?"

Passers-by might have mistaken the treble chorus for "Maryland, My Maryland," but how beautifully the words suited the actions of the first grade hero!

Janie Ruth, meanwhile, became uncomfortable. Why, she didn't quite like to reason out; only she was certain that Anna Bell would smile victoriously in her direction when the "letter man in suit of gray" had piled her desk with distorted hearts and love messages, utterly ignoring the lonesome-looking desk third from the back. Her eyes for once forgot the window and her head fell on her arms.

Distantly the chorus sounded—

"O Valentine, Saint Valentine,
He was a dear old friend of mine"—

Then something lightly touched her hair and slipped to the desk. Scarce daring to hope, she raised her head. Janie Ruth had a Valentine! With trembling fingers she opened the carefully folded slip of drawing paper. Inside were two hearts, one a chubby little heart, the other tall and thin. Her sparkling eyes painfully deciphered the words, "Love me little; love me long. Walter White."

That afternoon Janie Ruth lightly tripped with upturned face and triumphant brow in the direction of home, her book-bag holding the precious Valentine pressed close to her throbbing heart. Anna Bell was waiting on the stile near the big pine as Janie Ruth came to climb over. *She* was below Janie Ruth's notice.

"Going home, Janie Ruth? Let's go by the gin and cut off the Brown's corner. I go that-a-way 'most every day."

Anna Bell took naturally Janie Ruth's free arm and the latter responded civilly, "I cert'ny do want to go that way, Anna Bell. How'd you find it?" And why shouldn't she answer civilly? Was not the world, and all that there is in it, her very own?

This favor of disclosing a newly-found path was basis enough for friendship and Anna Bell was the more zealous builder.

"You know, I like you, Janie Ruth, an' I was jes' funnying 'bout Walter White askin' me to have that apple. He does like me best, though, 'cause he's known me lots the longes' and he's my beau."

A thrill of secret triumph rose beneath the Valentine pressed against Janie Ruth. She hastened to change the subject. A feeling akin to pity for her defeated rival softened Janie Ruth to answer, "Anna Bell, would you like to wear my Chinese beads home with you?"

"Oh yes," replied the friendly Anna Bell, "and you can wear my silver ring. You see those two hands holdin' each other—they mean frien'ship fr'ever."

Behind the gin the path forked. Lengthening shadows and a crimson west reminded the happy little pair that at home mothers were impatiently awaiting their return.

"Janie Ruth, if—if you'll 'cross your heart and hope to die' you won't tell, I'll—I reckon I'll show you a Valentine the letter man gave me."

Janie Ruth would keep silent till death. Anna Bell dived in her book-bag and opened a carefully folded piece of drawing paper. "From Walter White," she chirped, then, soothingly, "You see, he's been knowing me so much longer."

The two familiar little hearts on the Valentine smiled up at Janie Ruth. A tiny pang rose within her, but was straightway crushed by

the thought of having made two brand new friends. "Love me little; love me long," it read. The two girls kissed each other goodnight, and the secretive Janie Ruth turned down the rambling little lane leading home. Her gaze no longer wandered in the clouds, but her warm heart beat fast, rich in the love for two new friends and a neatly folded Valentine.

'Possum Huntin'

CRICHTON THORNE, '23

When de frost has kissed de 'simmons
 And de leaves has all turned brown,
 When de Autumn nights is chilly
 And de large, white stars stare down;

When de hounds, a-huntin' rabbits,
 Can be heard for miles about,
 An' a moon through empty branches
 Of a bare tree shimmahs out.

Den dat's 'possum huntin' weather—
 Dem's de symptoms good an' strong.
 All yo' need's er axe an' lantern
 An' to call yo' dawgs along.

Ain't yo' been a-'possum huntin'?
 Honey, den dere's somethin' mo'
 To be added to yo' pleasures
 As yo' seek 'em heah below.

Fer a 'possum hunt in Autumn
 When de harvest fields is cleah
 Comes nigh garnerin' yo' harvest
 Of de pleasures of de yeah.

You've a feelin' dat's nigh holy
 When yo' blue-dawg trees fer true,
 An' dar hangs ol' Mistah 'Possum,
 Scared an' grinnin' down at you.

But de sweetes' pa't's just huntin'
 In de night dat's cold an' still,
 An' yo' heah yo' blue-dawg's barkin'
 Echo 'way off on de hill.

A Rainbow Romance

FIELDING DOUTHAT, '22

It was not the scene of a romance, this murky walled dining-room, with its long table and soiled cloth and its odor of boarding-house breakfast mingled with the odor of many other such breakfasts gone before. Nor was it a romantic crew seated around the table, busily attentive to the work in hand, namely, that of swallowing with the greatest possible speed the food set before them. A damp wind coming in from a damp side street flapped the pepleless curtains and knocked back and forth the odors of coffee, bacon and eggs; knocked them right into the faces of the poor unfortunate boarders, as if the silly wind was trying to assist the thoroughly capable looking Mrs. Gummy by making her boarders think they had had something to eat even if they had not. To a casual onlooker it would seem that every person at the table was fully consistent with the room, the odors, the spotted cloth and all.

There was Mrs. Gummy at the foot, fat and untidy, pouring the coffee, and an empty seat at her right which denoted that her niece, Fanny Alice, had not arrived. Then there was that old relic, Col. Lawdon, burrowing his whiskers in the morning paper, and the young shoe clerk, Harold Fitzgerald, running a race with Miss Delphenia Spinnny to see which could consume the most in the least time and catch the 7:45 to their respective places of business. And so on, down the long line of every day personages that filled the table.

It is in this setting that our heroine will first appear. Fanny Alice arrived breathlessly, sticking the last hairpin in her tangled yellow mop and cramming a powder puff in the front of her blouse. Rouged, powdered, arrayed in a georgette waist and grimy woolen skirt, and chewing gum, she betook herself to her chair and flopped down upon it. She cast her eyes in the direction of Mr. Fitzgerald and remarked, "Good morning, everybody."

The Colonel was the first to give back the answering good morning. He always was. The others invariably held back, waiting for him without quite realizing it. This morning as usual he raised his whiskers from the paper and said, "Good morning. You look as

bright as a May morning today," and returned his whiskers to the paper. Then the others dutifully chirped good morning and fell to work again, except that Mrs. Gummy found time to say, "I sure be sick and tired o' seein' you wear that waist every day." This was an unfortunate remark.

"Well, what else could I wear, will you tell me? This is the only georgette I got, and the firm of Besse & Clesse is too nifty a place to put up with clerks dressed in one o' those poor cotton ones."

"Oh, it ain't the waist I'm objecting to. I jest likes variety."

This fact had never occurred to Fanny Alice before and it cut deep. As long as she wore a silk waist she could not see why she was not dressed in the most elegant style. Knowing this, however, she could no longer go to work in peace. Her brain seethed in her eager search for a scheme. She had never before lacked ingenuity, but this morning it failed her.

"Well, what shall I do?" she wailed to the table at large.

Many suggestions followed, but as all of them held the idea of a new one as a basis, Fanny Alice powdered her nose violently in despair, for every cent that she made went to Mrs. Gummy and forthwith disappeared.

The old Colonel rattled his paper and the table fell silent—the Colonel was going to make a suggestion. He sucked the ends of his moustache for a minute and looked very wise. Then his watery eyes lit up and narrowed in a smile. "Why not dye it?" he murmured.

There was a rising rumble of approval and "Why *not* dye it?" piped up Mr. Fitzgerald, wiggling his bandolened head at his originality.

"Oh, *great!* That's what I'll do. I'm here to tell you, you hit the big idea that time!" exulted Fanny Alice.

And thus began the tragedy. It happened that evening when Fanny Alice came trudging home in the foggy twilight, anxious to reach Mrs. Gummy's warm dining-room, that a little negro boy, the proud porter of a neighboring drug store, came running up to her.

"Dis heah is fer you, Miss Fanny. I'd be bledged if you'd tek it."

Eagerly she tore off the paper. What could it be?

"O-o-o, a package of dye—*pink!* Well, who—" She did not know who was so thoughtful, but her heart beat high with a faint fluttering hope and through the gray mist gleamed a smooth black head and the shine of a flashy scarf pin.

She put the question to the table that night. They all looked innocent. However, after that Fanny Alice and her dyed shirt-waist became the pet conversation of the boarders. They soon wearied of the pink, which by the way, turned out a great success, and expressed their various preferences as to the prospects of another color—variety, as Mrs. Gummy said quite often, being the spice of life.

Mr. Fitzgerald was strong for lavender. The Colonel said that lavender was all right, but was loud in the praises of yellow. Mrs. Gummy argued that red was by far the most serviceable color and that anything else would be mere "tom fool business." They talked this way until one night Fanny Alice was at last persuaded to dye it again. She did it at night, from necessity, by the flickering gas light in the dingy little kitchen. It was while they were at supper that night and the discussion as to colors was in full swing that another mysterious package arrived.

"Dye!" cried Fanny Alice, ripping off the paper. "Let's see—*lavendar dye!*" The glorious hope now swelled high in her heart, for had not Mr. Fitzgerald expressed his fondness for lavender? He certainly had. Then surely it was he—dared she hope it? If so, he must mean something by this mysterious procedure. She held it up in her hand and pouted her red mouth. Fanny Alice had a pretty mouth under the paint, with a wistful childish droop to one corner, and the thin lips of a dreamer. "Who sent it?" appealingly. She saw a blur of denying heads and they all looked black and shiny.

But in spite of that, hope grew and grew. She blushed shyly as she came in to breakfast next morning, arrayed in her lavender waist, a trifle streaked, perhaps a bit worn, but nevertheless, a lavender silk waist. The approval of the table was not so general as before. Lavendar was not becoming to Fanny Alice and the table was not satisfied. They began at once to make suggestions for yet another color. But Fanny Alice was tired of lonesome hours spent in the

dingy kitchen and she put her foot down firmly on the idea. The boarders overruled her, however, and the Colonel gave a lengthy lecture on the virtues of making the final color a good, strong purple, Mr. Fitzgerald backing him up as a close second. Fanny Alice almost ran home from work that night. If there was a package of dye waiting for her, there could be no doubt.

There it was, resting calmly on the little hall table. She opened it and let it fall again, radiant, her heart beating joyfully. She slipped into the dining-room to tell the news. Supper was not ready and the boarders were crowded around the stove while black Sarah slammed the plates on the table. The Colonel raised his whiskers from the inevitable paper.

"You look as bright as a May morning today." This duly said, he subsided and the rest began. Mrs. Gummy's voice broke in and stilled the hum of conversation.

"Ye be a bit early t'night, Fanny Alice. I wisht ye'd run up and take two buckets of water to Col. Lawder's room. He said as how he'd need more'n his two pitchers t'night." Mrs. Gummy believed in putting every minute to use.

Fanny Alice scooted to the kitchen on joyous feet. She was gone about ten minutes and when she came downstairs she stopped in the chilly hall to snatch up the little package of dye from the table. A stream of fine purple powder ran out. Evidently somebody had opened the package and helped himself to a bit! Now just what could that mean? It didn't take Fanny Alice's brain long to solve the mystery. She had it—it was like this (and it was very sweet!). She dyed her waist with dye that he bought and sent her, and then he took some of the same dye to color a tie or something of his. This signified that he wished to marry her and to dye with the same dye until either he or she should die! Oh, what a dear, quaint way of putting it.

She took extra pains with the time-worn process that night, but in spite of her, the product was rather streaked.

She could not sleep that night for thinking of the morning and whether his tie or socks or something would be purple. At last dawn broke over the row of dull tenements and Fanny Alice rose and

arrayed herself in royal robes of purple. She lingered a minute in the outer hall before she could get up nerve to enter the dining-room. A bright green tie first smote her eyes, but under it she saw unmistakable signs of a lavender shirt. Hope was not yet dead. She had not seen his socks! But that could easily be done. In the midst of breakfast, Fanny Alice, with careful carelessness, dropped her napkin on the floor and dived under the table to get it. To the right of her she saw, oh cruel fate, a pair of bright green socks peeping above pointed brown oxfords. But wait—across the way, above stubby, polished shoes rose two purple clad legs, a rather dampish purple, and unmistakably streaked. Fanny Alice prayed hard that the floor would fall through and take her with it.

Her head came slowly up again and her eyes met the Colonel's, which twinkled and narrowed in a smile.

It was not the scene of a tragedy, this smudgy kitchen, redolent of bacon and eggs and dye-soap. Yet Fanny Alice crouched there in a bottomless old kitchen chair and pressed to her wet face a crushed little purple ball—the fateful waist!

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EDITORIAL

Exams are over! Some of us look back on them with a feeling of triumph, and with no regret for the hours we spent in "cramming." Some of us prefer not to look back at all. In any case, now is the time to wipe the slate clean and start over. Exams are inevitable, but after they are over, why not let the dead past bury its dead and—begin thinking of the next set! A certain amount of "cramming" at the end is necessary and desirable, but much of the frantic, last-minute agony may be avoided by sensible, systematic studying from day to day. We are not here only to pass examinations, but to learn things that will be of use to us later and to train our minds so that they may serve us better when we leave school and have no one to direct them for us. Cramming, taking it in the ordinary understanding of the word, while it may enable a skillful student to pass an exam very creditably, does not serve this primary end of education, for it is impossible that a miscellaneous collection of facts tem-

porarily absorbed will be long remembered. Moreover, it is much easier to "cram" at the end and hit the high spots if, as something to go on, there is a solid foundation of fact, built up from day to day.

Moral: Let's get to work and make this second half year a successful one from every point of view.

Did you ever stop to think that it may be just as much a duty to be cheerful as to be good? There is, indeed, no greater bore than a person who is good without being cheerful. At the other extreme there is the person who is *too* cheerful, always cheerful, cheerful even to the extent of being boring. But this at least is erring in a good cause. No one in this world lives altogether to himself—there is always association in one form or another with other people. How much more true is this in a place like St. Mary's, necessarily somewhat cut off from the outside, where one sees the same people and does more or less the same things every day. Since every one of us is bound to influence the rest in one way or another, why not let your influence be the very best possible? It's just as easy to smile as to frown, once you get the habit, and it's very much more pleasant for the girls you pass in the halls or in the Grove to catch a glimpse of a mouth turning up at the corners than of one with a perpetual droop. So let's be cheerful—think cheer, talk cheer, and act cheer, no matter if it is a horrid day and you've an hour's exercise to make up for yesterday. Remember when you're tempted to grumble and frown

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
 It freshens all the day,
 It tips the peak of life with light
 And drives the clouds away.
 The soul grows glad that hears it
 And feels its courage strong—
 A laugh is just like sunshine
 For cheering folks along."

SCHOOL NEWS

December 13—The Christmas Expression Recital

On the last Saturday evening before the holidays, Miss Davis' Expression pupils entertained the School with a varied program of readings and one of her always successful little "one-act plays." Music before, between, and after, provided by the usual "Orchestra," added much to the enjoyment of a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The five recitations which preceded the little play were all creditably presented, the laurels going to Catharine Miller, who handled Henry Van Dyke's "The Lost Word" in a peculiarly appealing way. The other numbers on the program were:

"The Story of the Fir Tree".....	Edith Miller
"When Love and Duty Meet".....	Fielding Douthat
"The Ballad of Sweet P".....	Rebecca Cole
"The Gift of the Magi".....	Millicent Blanton

After a brief interval, the curtain rose on a well-stocked hat shop and whispers could be heard all over the building, "There's So-and-so's hat!" From the moment Lorraine Smythe, as Gertie Gay, opened her mouth to emit a yawn and announce in her own inimitably funny way, "Lawsee, but I'm sleepy this morning!" the audience was in hysterics. "Gertie" was far and away the "shero" of the playlet, though the other parts were played unusually well. Following was the cast:

Gertie Gay.....	Lorraine Smythe
Mary Mocker.....	Josephine Dixon
Miss Ann Thrope.....	Frances Miller
Miss Waver.....	Lucile Hardy
Miss Aider.....	Betsy Ballou
Mrs. Eminence Blount.....	Eleanor Sublett
Francesca Blount.....	Phoebe Palmer
Miss Optimist.....	Jean Gales
Mrs. Daniel Cheery.....	Annie Lee Edwards

December 15—Second and Fourth Teams Doubleheader

Two of the most exciting games of the Basket Ball season were pulled off in the Gym on Monday, December 15th. Mus and Sigmas alike were full of pep and their enthusiastic cheers added zest to the game.

The Second Teams were the first to take the field. They were well matched and the game was very close until the end, the final whistle bringing it to a finish while the score stood 18 to 16 in the Sigma's favor. The line-up was as follows:

SIGMA		MU	
E. Collier } Everett }	Centers.....	{ E. Glass { Ashworth	
Blakely } Thompson }	Forwards.....	{ Venable { Edmundson	
Baum } Smythe }	Guards.....	{ Wimberly { Scott	

Although not so well matched, the Fourth Teams played an unusually exciting game. Bessie Brown, one of the new forwards, played up beyond the wildest dreams of the Mus, and was easily the star of the game, throwing goals with dizzying accuracy. Against her the Sigmas from the beginning stood no chance of winning, and the final score was a complete wipe-up, 46 to 14. Following is the line-up for the game:

SIGMA		MU	
Ballou } Taylor }	Centers.....	{ Johnson { Sabiston	
Turner } M. Nixon }	Forwards.....	{ Lay { Brown	
Yarborough } Battle-Pegues }	Guards.....	{ Lenoir { Jordan	

C. B.

December 17—The Seniors' Christmas Surprise

All the girls were in a grand good humor as they flocked into the Auditorium Wednesday night, December 17th. And indeed there was cause for good spirits, for the long-looked-forward-to Christmas

Tree was at hand, the Christmas vacation began next day and all had been invited to a very mysterious surprise "something" given by the Seniors. No wonder the audience joined in heartily and sang as the orchestra, composed of Elizabeth Tucker, Edith Miller and Margaret Elliott, played some favorite pieces. Then the programs were given out by the marshals, Mary Moffitt, Annie Higgs and Jane Ruffin, and the nature of the Seniors' "mysterious something" was disclosed. It was a presentation of the ever-popular "Birds' Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin! Cheers for the Seniors and for Miss Davis, their Director, were given with great enthusiasm, and loud applause followed the raising of the curtain.

Very good judgment had been shown in assigning the characters, for each actor carried out her particular part extremely well. Catherine Miller displayed her talent in the role of Carol Bird, and Millicent Blanton was at her best as Mrs. Ruggles. Of the "seven little Ruggleses," perhaps Katherine Batts as Peoria got into her character most perfectly, though Margaret Rawlings as Sarah Maude and Patty Sherrod as Larry were both so good that it is impossible to say which of Mrs. Ruggles' seven young'uns was best.

The cast was as follows:

CHARACTERS

Carol Bird, a brave and generous little lame girl.....	Catherine Miller
Mr. Bird, a wealthy banker, Carol's father.....	Mary Yellott
Mrs. Bird, Carol's mother.....	Nancy Lay
Jack Bird, Carol's uncle.....	Jane Toy
Elfrida Clifford, Carol's nurse.....	Mary Hoke
Mrs. Ruggles, a voluble and good-hearted mother of seven..	Millicent Blanton
Sarah Maude, the oldest of the brood, aged fourteen....	Margaret Rawlings
Peter, a lank youth of thirteen.....	Nina Cooper
Peoria, aged eleven.....	Katherine Batts
Kitty, aged ten, considered the family beauty.....	Eleanor Sublett
Clement, mischievous and quick, aged nine.....	Lucy London Anderson
Cornelius, who smiles much but says little, aged eight....	Catherine Boyd
Larry, the youngest, aged six.....	Patty Sherrod
The Butler.....	Rainsford Glass

Act I. The Birds' nest.

Act II. Some other birds are taught to fly.

Act III. Same as Act I.

In Act III curtain falls for a minute's intermission, which represents a half hour.

STAGE DIRECTORS

Annie Duncan
Alice Cheek
Adelaide Smith

Sarah Davis
Ruth Womble
Eugenia Thomas

Pauline Miller

After the final curtain, the light-hearted throng filed out of the Auditorium, everyone showering praises upon the Senior Class. Then one girl voiced the thought of all:

"It was just purely excellent!"

F. P. V.

December 17—The Christmas Tree Entertainment

At St. Mary's no occasion is looked forward to with more general pleasure than is the Christmas Tree. After the usual "Surprise Supper," served in a Dining Room transfigured by the Christmas decorations so ingeniously arranged by Mrs. Marriott and Miss Talbot, everyone hurried eagerly from the Auditorium to the Gym, and there impatiently awaited the opening of the doors. Lighted by candles and decorated with the cedar rope and wreaths upon which so many hours of song and laughter had been spent, the Gym was hardly to be recognized as the scene of our Physical Training classes, basket ball practices and games, the Hallowe'en Ball or the Circus! In the center of the room stood the Christmas Tree itself, adorned with all the glory of shining ornaments, tinsel, candles, and innumerable red streamers from the tip of the tree to the cedar rope. What long-drawn Oh's and Ah's greeted it!

After the first burst of admiration there was a hush, and from a distance came the sound of carols. The door at the side opened and a long line of girls, dressed in white and carrying candles, entered and, singing as they came, formed a semi-circle about the tree. The spirit of Christmas, unconsciously, perhaps, at first, came upon us as we listened to the carols we loved best. The beauty of it all filled our hearts with peace and love.

Then Santa Claus peered over the top of his chimney and the familiar voice of Millicent Blanton, a trifle muffled, 'tis true, by her huge Santa Claus head, welcomed the laughing crowd. He first introduced Miss Evelyn Way, who, dressed as a little French maiden, read a French Christmas poem, "L'Alsace et La Lorraine." After this he read and presented the "general knocks," always a characteristic feature of the Christmas entertainment at St. Mary's. Some of these were highly appropriate and caused a great deal of amusement. The Juniors then distributed the individual knocks and bags of candy. This year marked the return to the old befo' de War custom of having ten-cent presents to represent the knocks, and every one found her efforts to find something "knockable" in her friends very amusing.

The entertainment was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable events of the year, and the thoughts of the morrow brought a smile to every face, even the Seniors, though deep down in their hearts perhaps there lurked a secret regret that they had seen their last Christmas Tree at St. Mary's.

C. M. M.

"Homeward Bound"

At six o'clock on the morning of December 18, 1919, we were awakened by the voices of the Seniors, singing Christmas carols in the shivering cold of a dark, real-winter morning. Awakened to the fact that the most glorious day in the history of man had dawned—or was about to dawn—at last. For today we were going home! Ah, that magic word, "Home!" Why, joy fairly radiates from it. Work was over. For nearly three weeks we would not see a text book, nor be roused from our peaceful slumbers by the nerve wracking clamor of "that rising bell."

Will we ever forget the thrills that tingled through us as we stepped aboard the street car that was to start us on our happy journey? And O, at the station—why, every face "shone as the sun," despite the skilfully applied powder of a thousand varieties. The

odor of train smoke—was ever a perfume more delightful? For, of course, smoke meant a train and a train meant home!

“Fifteen minutes to wait!” Eternity of agony! “There, I knew I’d forget something! I left my Carolina pillow right on the window seat, and I just know it’ll be gone when I get back. Do you reckon if I dropped Mr. Cruik a card he’d mind putting it away for me? He’s always so nice about things like that. The time I left my pocketbook with every cent I possessed in the world in it in my top bureau drawer, I just wrote to him about it and he kept it for me. I think I’ll do that now while I’m waiting. Where on earth’s my fountain pen? I know I put it in my pocket—no, I remember, I left that in my French book. Well, I’ll just ask him to put that away too. It won’t be any more trouble. Lend me yours, will you? Oh-h! Is that *our* train? Well, I can write when I get home. Let’s hurry so we can get a seat. Did you ever see so many people all trying to get on the same train at once? This is pandemonium for sure, isn’t it? But do you know, I’ll be *Home* in exactly four hours? Let’s *run!*”

And so there is a mad, mad rush, and at last, with much waving of hands and shouting of good-byes to those left behind, St. Mary’s is homeward bound.

M. N.

“Back Again”

“We’ll be in Raleigh in fifteen minutes!”

The conductor thought he was being kind, but it was his mistake. Fifteen more minutes! And each minute our sinking spirits were weighed down more heavily. Why must the train rush on so fast? Each chug of the heartless engine was bearing us farther away from Mother, from home, from cozy firesides, from days that began at eleven and ended at two, when we fell asleep, exhausted by that “marvelous heavenly dance.” Each chug was also bringing us nearer to cold, unyielding discipline.

The well-meaning porter collected our suitcases. A scramble for hats followed, but it was a mild scramble. We didn’t specially care whether we *had* any hats. What difference did it make? We were nearly there, nearly back to St. Mary’s, to books, to painful classes, to rules and to bells, bells, bells!

O! The train was slowing down. Slower, slower, stopped! Of course we got off; that was inevitable. And there was Mr. Stone waiting for us and our baggage checks, and cheerful as of old. We greeted him with smiles a trifle forced.

We pulled ourselves aboard the street car, and began chatting half-heartedly with our next door neighbors—"Did you have a wonderful time? O, did you see Charlie? You *did*? O, my *dear*! You know you didn't! Yes, I went to that dance. Met the cutest boy—you know him? Isn't he simply killing? I 'clare I don't see how I'm ever going to get back to studying and going to bed at ten o'clock. I haven't hit the hay before one or two since I left here. Danced all night and most all day. Oh, dear, are we here?"

No, just a change of cars. The Capitol, Hillsboro Street, St. Mary's! And here we were. Excitement reigned supreme as friends parted for three long, short weeks met again, as crushes peeked out of front windows to see if "She" had come or, more bold, rushed out to greet her in the Grove. Glances of curiosity were thrown in the direction of the New Girls, and tongues wagged unceasingly. Where were the tears we had expected to shed on this doleful occasion? Forgotten in the general excitement of seeing everybody again—and if a vote had been taken on the spot, I think the majority would have decided that being "back" was not really so bad after all.

L. P.

January 10—"Uncle Remus"

On Saturday evening, January 10th, the St. Mary's girls gathered in the parlor to hear Dr. Richard Lewis, a prominent member of the Board of Trustees, give his long looked forward to "Readings from Uncle Remus." Dr. Lewis read several stories, including the ever popular "Tar Baby," a poem, "When Melindy Sings," and told two or three jokes "just like a North Carolina nigger." We all owe "Uncle Dick" a vote of thanks for making us laugh away the natural blues which came on our first Saturday night back at St. Mary's after the Christmas holidays.

M. N.

January 21—A Wedding in the Chapel

Excitement reigned supreme throughout St. Mary's on Wednesday afternoon, January 21st. Our own little Chapel was to be the scene of a wedding! We had wondered all day how Mr. Stone could possibly sit there and conduct his classes, knowing that his daughter, Florence, was to be married that very afternoon, and there had been much speculation as to whether or not he would meet his C History at quarter of three. (He didn't.) The wedding was to take place at five o'clock, but all day there was much scurrying about in the Chapel, preparing everything for the great event. The keynote was simplicity, and the Chapel was beautiful with its decorations of green, and tall white cathedral candles, shedding their soft glow on the impressive scene.

The guests began arriving ahead of time, and were ushered to their places by Mr. George Howard, Jr., of Tarboro, and Mr. Oliver Smith, of Raleigh. The little Chapel was soon well filled, and on the stroke of five, as the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March pealed forth, played by Mr. Jones, the wedding party entered. The bridesmaids in their rainbow evening gowns were a lovely sight, but the center of attraction was the little bride, who entered on the arm of her father, wearing an exquisite gown of ivory satin draped in iridescents and pearl passementerie and carrying a shower of pink bride's roses. In her coronet veil was combined some of her grandmother's wedding lace. At the foot of the chancel steps they were met by the groom, Ernest P. Hough, of Indianola, Miss.

The ceremony was performed by Mr. Way, after which Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played as a recessional while the wedding party withdrew; Mr. and Mrs. Hough leading, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone bringing up the rear. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party and a few of the bride's friends and relatives were given an informal reception at the home of her parents on Boylan Avenue. The bride and groom left on a night train for New Orleans, and after their honeymoon they will be at home in Indianola, where Mr. Hough, having recently received his discharge from the Navy, where he held the rank of Ensign, is at present in the wholesale drug business with his father.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Upon our return after the holidays, we were surprised to discover the lights as of an inhabited building twinkling merrily away out behind the Auditorium. It was almost impossible to believe the obvious fact—after weary months of waiting, the Cruikshanks were at last established in the little cottage familiarly and affectionately referred to among us as “The Cruikshank Mansion.”

Instead of the usual Chapter meetings, on Sunday evening, January 11th, an Inter-Chapter meeting was held in the Parlor, the subject of the meeting being Foreign Missions. Interesting papers were read on Africa, China, Japan and Latin America.

An informal concert in the Parlor, Sunday, January 18th, was the occasion for the unusually large assembly in that room about eighty-three. Miss Morehardt was the star performer, and her lovely voice completely charmed her audience. Miss St. John was enthusiastically encored at the piano. The other performers, Estelle Avent, Edith Miller and Margaret Elliott contributed much to an evening's enjoyment, and were rewarded with appreciative applause.

In celebration of the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on January 19th and 21st respectively, the Sigma Lambda and E. A. P. Literary societies held a union meeting on Tuesday, January 20th. Jane Toy opened the meeting and, after “Dixie” had been sung with the usual pep, Catharine Miller read a sketch of the lives of these Southern heroes. Miss Katie then told us a little about the love of the South for Lee, and the meeting was closed by Lucy London Anderson after “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground” had been sung, with, perhaps, a shade less feeling than when it closed a similar meeting two years ago, during the War.

Judging from appearances, the Duplex Envelope System is working at St. Mary's even better than we had confidently expected. The envelopes on the first Sunday after its introduction overflowed the plates to such an extent that two additional Wardens had to be appointed to take up the collection in the transept.

After a year and a half of glorious freedom from the tyranny of an Exercise Chart, a new and very business-like one has been posted in the Schoolroom, and every girl is required not only to be out in the Grove an hour a day, but to *state* that she has done so. It is now a common sight, especially after breakfast and lunch, to see a straggling procession of girls hurrying around the Grove, anxious to complete the required ten circuits and, with a sigh of relief at duty done, post her little W on the chart.

The "Cruikshank Mansion" was the scene of a merry party on Saturday evening, January 24th, when Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank gave the Seniors a candy-pull. Despite the fact that due to the extreme dampness of the weather the taffy refused to act as taffy should, the party was a great success, and even those Seniors most devoted to the pursuit of knowledge voted it a much more pleasant way of spending the last Saturday night before exams than the customary cramming.

So far the lectures which we have attended this year have been of interest mainly from a geographical and historical point of view. On Thursday evening, January 15th, Miss Shearer and Miss Quackenbos chaperoned the French pupils, of a standing sufficiently advanced to appreciate the treat in store for them, to a French lecture over at Meredith. Monsieur Thomas lectured for an hour on "Maroc," in common everyday language known as Morocco, and his audience was evidently deeply impressed, if not highly edified, by his lecture. The following Thursday evening Mr. Edgar C. Raine delivered in our own Auditorium an illustrated lecture on Alaska. Some of the views he showed were beautiful, and the stillness reigning throughout the darkened building testified to the interest of the audience.

On Wednesday evening, January 21st, the School turned out almost in a body to attend the second of the series of concerts to be given during the winter in the City Auditorium. This time the attraction was Galli-Curci, and on their return, St. Mary's was ready to add a word to the general praise of the famous singer. If the last two concerts measure up to the standard of those already given, we have certainly two pleasant evenings to look forward to.

It was a great pleasure to the old girls and members of the faculty to welcome back Dr. Lay, when he paid us a flying visit. He preached the sermon at the morning service on January 25th, and as the familiar, earnest voice filled the Chapel many of us felt positively homesick for "the good old days of the years gone by."

On Thursday afternoon, January 29th, Mr. and Mrs. Way delightfully entertained the faculty with a reception in honor of Mrs. Lay.

The Inter-Society Contest is progressing as the year rolls on. The Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers of the MUSE were submitted to outside judges, who rendered their decision two to one in favor of the E. A. P.'s. This is their third victory in the contest, having been voted winners of the Contest Meetings held on Founders' Day and Armistice Day, and again of the Model Meetings held on the evenings of December 10th and 11th. There remain two MUSE contests, four "contest meetings," two "model meetings" and the Annual Debate.

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The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Early Spring Number

February 1920





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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by The Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

Editors

Jane Toy

Eleanor Sublett

Nancy Lay

Spring Song

O youth is the Spring o' the year, love,
And love is the light o' the Spring!
Then love me while we are young, love,
For youth is a fleeting thing.
And love may fly with our fleeting youth,
Its fresh bloom faded too soon, in truth—
Then love me while we are young, love,
For youth is a fleeting thing!

O love me not then for my eyes, love,
For time may soon dim their dark blue.
Then all that is lovely in them, love,
Will be the reflection of you.
Nor love me because I am fair, dear,
For beauty lives scarce but a day
And love that lives only on looks, dear,
No longer than beauty will stay.
Nor love me alone for my kisses—
Too sweet they are likely to prove—
O question not, dear, why you love me,
Be satisfied only to love.

For youth is the Spring o' the year, love,
And love is the light of the Spring
Then love me while we are young, love,
For youth is a fleeting thing.
But love may live through eternity,
And mine is such deathless love for thee
I'll love thee till Heaven is old, love,
For youth is a fleeting thing!

Tommy's Uncle Dave

LENORE POWELL, '23

Titters floated over the room; mischievous heads ducked towards desks in furtive glee; one particularly bold little head tossed its black curls and laughed in open defiance.

On the platform stood Elizabeth Bryan, young, indignantly flushed, black eyes flashing.

"Will the class please come to order!" The voice, for all its firm, angry tones, sounded a bit helpless. "Mary Ellen Morris, what have you there?"

Sympathetic murmurs, intermingled with giggles of anticipatory delight, rose. Mary Ellen Morris, known most aptly to her friends as Tommy, lifted fearless gray eyes.

"Nothing, Miss Betty. Nothing 'cep'in' a picture of that sissy Sam Willard. He's 'bout the sissiest boy I ever saw. Don't you think so, Miss Betty?" The eyes were frankly smiling now, looking positively roguish as Tommy put her question.

"Certainly not, Mary Ellen. Bring the paper to the desk at once!" Betty remained heroically unmoved.

Tommy, thus commanded, walked up the aisle, her little feet picking their way as grandly as any duchess. She handed the offending slip to Miss Betty, who laid it decisively down, vaguely determined not to look at it. But somehow her glance did fall in that direction, and then, suddenly, Miss Betty was seen to bite her lips to keep an irrepressible smile from them. For there lay a remarkably clever caricature, most unflatteringly life-like, of Samuel Allen Willard, holding in his hand a baby doll and between his lips a rubber pacifier.

"I want to see you—for a few minutes, after school, Tommy," and thus Betty ended a little episode, the like of which took place nearly every day.

And then proceeded the usual, rather unexciting, order of lessons. Stumbling recitations were interspersed, not too often, with brilliantly flowing speeches of star pupils. The hilarious few minutes of recess were spent by the boys and a certain black-haired little

damsel in a boisterous game of ball, and by the more sober-minded little girls in playing jump-the-rope.

When the last of these carefree ones had left the schoolhouse, abandoned and more brownly bare looking than ever, Betty confronted her small antagonist.

It was a peculiarly lovable little face upturned to hers, honest and mischief-loving. The blue gingham dress which covered rather than adorned the slender figure, was scanty and in dire need of mending. The holes in the stockings displayed remnants of summer's tan on the wiry legs.

"Yes 'm?" Tommy opened the conversation with this meaningful query.

"Tommy, why are you so naughty? I know you don't mean to make it hard for me, but—you really do, Honey. Can't you see when you continue to make the class so disorderly they will never learn anything?"

"Uncle Dave told me as how it was all right for me to do everything I wanted to. Anyways, he said it didn't matter if you didn't learn nothin'. Uncle Dave's a powerful smart man, Miss Betty, I reckon he must be right."

Betty was genuinely shocked. That any man should seemingly be so blind to the absolute necessity of education! With her mind literally brimming over with up-to-date college instilled ideals, Betty felt herself, in this her first year of "school-marmship," confronted by a disconcerting problem. So this accounted for Tommy's long-continued misbehavior! There was but one course left that she could conscientiously pursue.

Betty knew that Tommy's sole guardian was this "Uncle Dave," a surveyor well thought of by the people of Goshen, and a newcomer to the town. This was as far as her knowledge extended. Dutifully she told herself that she must interview "Uncle Dave."

"Tommy, do you think if I walk home with you this afternoon that we will find your Uncle David there?"

"Oh, *will* you come, Miss Betty?" Tommy's response was eager. The prospect of having the adored-from-afar teacher come home with her was evidently beyond her wildest expectations.

"But—will your uncle be home, Tommy?" Miss Betty repeated her question.

"Oh, yes'm. I'm sure he will. He's the plum busiest man I ever saw, but he's 'most always there when I come from school."

"All right then. Hurry, Tommy, and get your coat."

As they walked along the country road, the chill wind cutting their cheeks and blowing their hair into charming disarray, Betty only half-listened to Tommy's childish prattle. She was thinking of the most diplomatic way to approach an erring guardian, the most successful way to put her argument. The art of changing any man's views on a subject was new to her, and Betty felt her timidity increasing as they drew nearer the house.

All too soon they came in view of Uncle David's domicile. Betty was surprised to see the bungalow so quaintly comfortable looking, set far back in a woodsy nook, the brown and green of its shingles blending gently into the foliage and trees of the background.

Trembling fingers clasping tightly Tommy's slender hand, Betty ascended the incline that led to the house. They were up the rustic steps, across the porch and on the threshold of the door in what seemed to Betty less than a second. Here Tommy, with unnecessary boldness, flung wide open the door.

It was not the friendly coziness of the room that first attracted Betty's attention, but the figure of a man bending over the fireplace, in the act of putting a log on the blazing hearth. His six feet of height fairly radiated strength, and his arms, bare to the elbows, were tanned and muscular. The black hair, with its suggestion of a wave very like Tommy's, proclaimed its owner to be young. Before Betty could collect her scattered thoughts, Tommy's "Hey, Uncle Dave!" called the young man from his task. Quickly, with a "Hello, Sweetheart," on his lips, he turned, and then abruptly stopped, mouth open in wonder at the radiant vision he saw there.

For it was indeed a wind-tossed, flushed and angry Betty he saw. The brown eyes sparkled with hostility, the little jaws were set firmly together, and there was the least suggestion of lady-like scorn in the

tilted nose. In that minute of discovery that "Uncle Dave" was by no means a person superior in years, all trace of fear left her and the old fury returned.

"This is Uncle Da—I mean, Mr. Morris, isn't it?" Betty recovered her dignity and finished with a touch of defiance.

"Why, yes. Yes, indeed." The voice was boyishly courteous, but it was easily to be seen that the young man was flabbergasted. Grinning, he displayed a row of even white teeth. Betty steeled herself against the admission that he had a rather engaging smile.

"Why, Tommy! Where are your manners? Introduce me to the pretty lady."

Now Betty *was* furious. To her this seemed the last straw. But Tommy, all unmindful of this and feeling that she had at last been given her rightful prominence in the conversation, thought to make the best of her opportunity. In her most finished manner she said, "Uncle Dave, this here's Miss Betty. Miss Betty, I am pleased to in'erdooce Uncle Dave."

Formalities being thus disposed of, Betty knew it was up to her.

"I came to speak to you, Mr. Morris, about Tommy. Perhaps, if it's convenient, Tommy might—"

With an instinct rather uncommon to his sex, Betty thought, he instantly divined her meaning and with a "Run upstairs, Tommy, and get ready for supper," he dismissed the little girl.

"All right!" Uncle Dave, beginning to feel somewhat natural once more, gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment. "Now, Miss—Miss Bryan, is it not? What was it you were saying about my wild little niece? But first, let me ask you if you won't be so kind as to stay with us to supper. It's getting rather—"

"Oh, no. No, indeed. I couldn't possibly. Thank you so much, just the same." Betty realized that she was chattering as foolishly as a school girl, and attempting to redeem herself, she continued.

"You see, I merely came to see about Tommy. She really is so sweet. But I had no idea it was so late, of course—"

"But, Miss Bryan, surely you didn't come to tell me that Tommy is a sweet child. She *is* sweet, though, isn't she?"

The man was actually playing with her!

"I wanted to say—that is—I came to tell you—Oh, Mr. Morris, I think you are horrid! So thoughtless not to pay any more attention to your ch—I mean, your niece's education than you do! She would be well-behaved, I'm sure, and certainly she would care more for her studies, if only you would encourage it. Actually she says that you think it unnecessary to learn anything!"

Betty grew hotter and hotter. She stopped at last, from sheer lack of breath.

During this attack Uncle David sat wondering, rather surprised at the suddenness of it all, an unmistakable look of admiration on his face.

"Bravo, Miss Bryan! I can truthfully say that's the best lecture I've ever received. And now, will you believe me when I say I had no idea—not the slightest—of wrecking Tommy's future by—well, let us say by the instilling of wrong ideals? You see, I'm rather new at this game of guardianship, and all I need is a little coaching. It didn't take me long to find that the best way to manage Tommy was to let her manage me. And so I did!" He smiled disarmingly. "You know, Miss Bryan, she really *is* a sweet child, though!"

At this point Tommy presented herself, hair combed back with painful care, face gleaming unnaturally from the too violent use of soap.

"Oh, Miss Betty! Gee, but you look mad!" was Tommy's tactless remark.

"My, Sweetheart, but *you* look clean," Uncle Dave came to the rescue. "Now, talk to Miss Betty while I get the buggy to carry her home. She won't be able to stay with us to supper. We're sorry, aren't we?" and in two or three long strides he was out of the room. Betty felt grateful and confused.

The ride back to Goshen, through the fast-falling dusk, bade fair to be strained, Betty sitting with hands primly folded in her lap, David looking straight forward, with forced intentness, on the shadowy road. Betty drew the furs closer about her neck, a little ashamed of her fear of the night, but feeling a strange comfort in the presence of the man beside her. Repenting her outburst and thinking that perhaps, after all, "Uncle Dave" wasn't such a bad

sort, she began, "I love this cold, dark, mysterious sort of night, especially when—when there isn't any cause to be afraid, don't you?"

"Oh—oh, by George, I certainly do! Never thought about it before. I like riding along, this way, too."

"Do you? I'm having an awfully good time. Only I feel that this isn't exactly where I ought to be. A school teacher, you know—"

"Oh, say! I've been wanting to ask you a question. How do you come to be teaching anyway? It doesn't seem right, exactly, to me."

They were rapidly growing acquainted; David, with the "peppiest, best-looking little girl he ever saw"; Betty, with an "unusual man, so strong, and funny—and dependable, you know."

This was only a beginning. Many were the rides that the "best-looking girl" and the "unusual man" took together. The brownly bare little schoolhouse witnessed some interesting things as it looked innocently on. One St. Valentine's Day, when the brownness of it was hidden by a great mantle of snow, and the bare limbs of the trees were cheerfully glowing in their white coverings, the same "unusual man" drove up in a jingling sleigh, and wanted to see the same "best-looking girl."

When Betty came out with the mischief-making Tommy at her side, her cheeks had that same glow that they had had when she first encountered "Uncle Dave," but a soft, almost bashful light took the place of the angry flash in the brown eyes.

"Why, David! Tommy and I have been waiting fully five minutes, I know," she said, as she held out a small gloved hand.

Had a stranger, all unknowing, viewed the scene, he would perhaps have marveled that the girlish figure was the awe-inspiring schoolmarm of Goshen, and the man the staid uncle of the black-haired little girl.

Tommy, as from long practice, climbed in the back of the sleigh, while the two took their places. Gliding smoothly over the sparkling snow, Tommy forgot her companions as she became engrossed in what she held in her hand. Perhaps it was just as well, for indeed, the others were engrossed in each other. In Tommy's hand was a valentine, most beautiful with flowers, cupids, and lacy frills, upon the

back of which was written, "Will Miss Betty be our Valentine? Tommy and David." Tommy had failed to deliver it! But, did it matter?

Traditions at St. Mary's

JANE TOY, '20

Life at St. Mary's, in all its many different aspects, is rich in traditions, small in themselves, but each contributing to give St. Mary's an atmosphere all her own. They range from ridiculous to solemn, from the Tacky Party of the Preps to the last serenade of the Seniors, and altogether they make up a part of the life of St. Mary's that is by no means a small one.

Perhaps the traditions most often called to mind are those that cling to the different parts of the buildings and grounds; the Parlor, where year by year the old portraits look down upon the ever-changing pictures of the girls who dance; the Chapel, filled with solemn memories, not only of the daily services, but also of those which stand out in each year, traditions in themselves—the Easter service, with the long line of white-clad girls filing into the Chapel in the gray-green light of the spring dawn, and, again in white, the last Chapel line as it passes down the aisle to the triumphant notes of "Jerusalem, High Tower." The Grove, too, with its familiar paths and benches, what memories it holds of walks with arms entwined and heads together! Traditions these, nor is there any danger that they will be forgotten! More hidden, but still sweeter, is the woodsy spot behind the Auditorium where eager groups of girls flock each year in violet time. No one announces that the prettiest violets grow here—there is no need of it, for from year to year the tradition is handed down, and each spring adds to the number of girls who know the thrill of finding the first violets behind the Auditorium.

But there are traditions other than those that cling to these memory-laden spots, and chief among these are the traditional entertainments which are given each year. The Old Girls' Party to the New, in itself a tradition, typifies the spirit of consideration and kindness to the new girls which is a part of the St. Mary's code. The Class

Parties, when the Seniors and Juniors entertain their sister classes carry on this spirit, and later in the year when the Freshmen and Sophomores return their hospitality, again the bond is strengthened. The Hallowe'en Ball stands out as one of the events of the year, and it, too, has traditions all its own. Miss Sutton, at the piano, plays for the grand march as only Miss Sutton can play, and later the Seniors, entering the circle of gayly costumed and masked figures give their "stunt." Next in the year comes the Christmas celebration, and this, too, is enriched by customs handed down from year to year. For days before the momentous occasion, happy fingers are busy with the fragrant cedar rope, happy voices are humming carols, and the air is full of excitement, suppressed and otherwise, which culminates on the night before leaving day. A substantial tradition indeed are the fried oysters and ice cream which greet us at the dinner table, but after dinner comes the climax—the Seniors' entertainment to the School (sh-h-h, this is a secret!) and the Christmas Tree in the Gym, with the cedar rope proudly displayed, the piles of mysterious "knocks," the white-clad choir with candles, singing carols, and the crowning touch of all, a "really truly" Santa Claus rising out of the chimney in the corner. The Seniors' carols at crack o' day next morning and the final recessional in the Chapel, "On Our Way Rejoicing," ends the traditional Christmas celebration, an event not soon to be forgotten.

The Colonial Ball, next, just before the long Lenten season, when there is no dancing in the Parlor and the Chapters are busily engaged on Friday evenings in special Lenten work. Then Easter, with the egg hunt, and finally the School Party and Commencement. The School Party especially is a tradition individual to St. Mary's, and one filled with particular interest. The classes, wearing their colors and singing their songs, appear then as units, from "the little Prep-lets, a-sitting over here," to the Seniors, in caps and gowns, who drink toasts in ginger ale and sing the traditional School Party songs, ending with "Good-bye, School, we're through." Following close upon the School Party comes Commencement, in many ways like the Commencement exercises of countless other schools, but different, too, because of its individual traditions. The Seniors, bearing the

precious daisy chain, pass on Class Day under the flowery arch which stands in front of Smedes Hall, and on Commencement Day the Chief Marshal there ends the ceremonies, as well as the school year, with the traditional "School is dismissed!"

Traditions at St. Mary's are not confined to red-letter days, however. Every day, consciously or unconsciously, they form a part of the life here, in the shape of customs and expressions which are handed down from one set of St. Mary's girls to the next. Where but at St. Mary's do they "shake" for the extra dessert, or make wishes on joined rolls at the dinner table? The hurried good-night calls of the Seniors, too, are traditions, and there are a host of others, so familiar that we take them for granted. But small though they seem, they are one of the pleasantest parts of the life here, and it is they that make St. Mary's different from any other place in the world.

The Average Girl

LOUISE EGGLESTON, '23

The average girl she's got a beau,
Most likely he's named Bill or Joe
Or Tom or Fred or Dick or Sam,
And 'cording to her he's the "Sam what am!"
But since I've got nobody much
I reckon I'm not listed such

as

"THE AVERAGE".

The average girl on Friday nights
Is 'scorted out to see the sights,
To see the movies or the town
And watch Joe sling his quarters round.
Ah woe is me—I have no beau,
I must be very much below

"THE AVERAGE".

The average girl can dance and play,
She isn't shocked at cabaret.
She smokes good cigarettes and blows
The pretty smoke right through her nose.
But Ma'd die if I smoked, you see,
And so I think I'll never be

'mong

"THE AVERAGE".

But some day I am going to see
A boy that likes a girl like me.
Of course, his name's a special kind
But if he's nice, I'll change my mind.
Then when he comes and falls in love
I'll be so very much above

"THE AVERAGE".

Sweet Sixteen

MABEL NORFLEET, '23

At exactly 7:05 A.M. on Friday, February the Thirteenth, Jacqueline Pennington awoke to the realization of the fact that she was sixteen. She was thrilled, yes, that is the word, thrilled! She had always, from her very childhood, thought of sixteen as *the* age; in fact, when one was sixteen one must be quite a young lady, well versed in the ways of the world. "Sweet sixteen, and never been kissed," she repeated to herself, as she lay warmly in bed. True to life. She knew nothing of the world, of men, etc. She would know, she would begin that very day!

"My goodness, I have been a kid—I don't believe there is another girl my age who has such childish ways. I'll change them though, sure as I was a tomboy and a good little sport, like Jim says, yesterday! Why, I even wear my hair down my back. Guess I'd better get up and begin my transformation. It will take some time to get my hair up on my head."

So, suiting the action to her words, she jumped out of bed and began her first "sweet sixteen" toilette.

When she walked into the dining-room, hoping she looked her age, she was greeted by, "Many happy returns of the day, Jacqueline," from her father and mother, and from her complimentary twelve-year-old brother, "Happy birthday, Jack. Gosh, but you've got your hair up! You look a hundred!"

"Yes, Jack, you really have grown up over night; you look quite twenty with your hair up. But I hope you don't mean to put it up every day. Of course you may today," came from her gentle mother.

"Quite right, Ruth," said Jack's doting father. "I can't believe my little daughter is even sixteen yet. It seems only yesterday that we were married."

"That's just it, father. Everybody regards me as a perfect baby. I think I'm old enough now to show them differently, and I will, too!"

"Aw, shut up, Jack. Anybody might suppose you were as old as mother. You're beginning to act silly just like all the other girls. Next thing you'll be spooning around with beaux. Gosh! Girls make me sick!" This, of course, from her brother Bob.

Jack merely turned up her nose, coldly ignoring him as she took her place at the table. To tell the truth, she was rather disappointed at not having received any birthday presents. Usually they were handed out to her as she entered the dining-room. She seized her napkin and jerkily unfolded it, and as she did so a bright five-dollar gold piece, a pretty pearl pin, and a silver thimble flew from its folds to the floor. Jack's face brightened, though she was disappointed that she hadn't received something suitable for a young lady of sixteen. Baby's presents, those! However, she managed to thank her family with fairly good grace.

"Say, Jack, what d'ye expect to do with that five dollars Dad gave you? Bet you buy powder and p'fume and all sorts of silly girl fixings. I don't believe you like that thimble I gave you, or the pin mamma gave you, either. Think you ought to have something more grown up when you're swe-e-e-et sixteen, don't you, huh?"

"Mother, will you make that little smarty hush up? It seems to me he might behave on my birthday anyhow."

"My dear children, what can be the matter? I never heard you quarrel so before. Why, Jack, my dear, you never used to mind Bob's teasing at all. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Now, see what you've done, Sweet Sixteen!" cried Bob.

A call to the telephone saved Jack the necessity of making a reply. She was excited beyond measure to find that Paul Reid, quite the handsomest and, with the girls, the most popular boy in town, wanted her to go to the dance with him that night. Things were turning out nicely after all—why, Paul was twenty years old, and every girl in town would be green with envy. She accepted his invitation almost breathlessly. She already had a date with Jim Philips, but no matter—she was tired of Jim. She had been to almost every

dance with him since she began "going out." Besides, he was only eighteen. She could give him any excuse, and he wouldn't mind.

"Jack," cried Bob, who had been listening to her conversation, "I thought you were going to the dance with Jim! That's a plain up and down dirty trick to play, and going with that sissy Paul Reid, too! I don't see how you girls can stand him. I'm going to get Jim to beat him up—he can do it, even if he is only eighteen and Paul's twenty." Bob was quite hot; he resented anything done against his hero, Jim Philips.

Another quarrel was broken up as the voice of Mrs. Pennington called, "Bobby, it's time you were going to school—it's ten minutes of nine. Run along, son." So Bobby obediently ran along.

"Jack, it is time you were going too, even though you have only a short distance to go."

"Just a minute, mother. I want to ask you something. I haven't a single thing nice enough to wear to the dance tonight. I'm going with Paul Reid, you know. Can't I get an evening dress down town this afternoon—I think I'm old enough to have one now. Ple-e-e-ase, mother."

"My dear child, what *is* the matter with you? Why, you never used to care a thing about dress. Besides, my dear, it isn't what you wear that makes you. Beauty is only skin deep, you know."

"Yes, yes, mother," impatiently, "but I've never had a real pretty dress. Plea-e-e-ase, mother!"

"Well, I suppose you might as well have one. You father was going to give you something you really wanted today, anyhow. He meant to tell you to ask for something this morning at the table, but he was so annoyed, he quite forgot it. Now run along to school, you have just a few minutes."

At school Jack stood aloof from her companion. How *could* they play such unladylike games? (She forgot that she had been the ringleader of those very games just yesterday!) Her comrades urged her again and again to join them, then became disgusted and

left her alone. "Must have a fit of blues, I reckon," was the conclusion one of her boon companions finally reached. "Yet she puts on such airs, you might suppose she was the Queen of England!"

As Jack was walking home from school, she met Jim Philips. His fine face brightened when he saw her.

"Why, hello, Jack," he greeted her. "I'm in luck it seems. Here, let me take your books." Then, "Goodness, my little pal has suddenly grown up into quite a young lady. Just look at her hair! Oh, by the way, Jack, what time shall I call for you tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Jim, but I forgot I already had a date when I accepted you. Besides, you must be tired of me, I've been with you so much. And Jim, I wish you wouldn't talk so about my being grown up—you must remember, I'm sixteen." So saying, she turned the corner and left him.

Jim stood stockstill for a few seconds. He was thunderstruck at the change in Jack. She usually greeted him so gaily and always had such interesting things to say to him. He wondered who it was she had a date with—well, he would just go to the dance and find out. Nobody should take Jack from him, she always was, and always would be, his.

At eighty-thirty that night Jack gazed at a reflection in the mirror of her ideal sixteen-year-old lady. She was well worth looking at, and for the first time she realized it. Her bright brown hair was dressed high on her head, with a tiny rhinestone hairpin just over her left ear. Her new evening dress of turquoise blue lent a deeper shade to her eyes. Her shapely little feet were encased in her first high-heeled slippers. Little wonder that she smiled!

Just then Bob yelled from downstairs, "Jack, Paul's here for you. Stop primping and come on down." So Jack went down, wabbling rather uncertainly on her new high heels. Bob was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. He burst into a roar of laughter when he saw her. Paul came out into the hall as she was standing there.

"Paul, she sho has dolled up for you," Bob announced. "Will you look at those stilts she's walking on? Sis, if I couldn't be more graceful, I'd wear tennis shoes, that's a fact!"

Jack longed to slap him, but instead she haughtily ignored him. "Come, Paul, I guess we'd better be leaving."

For a few seconds Paul had gazed at her with a blank expression. Could this be the little kid he was to escort to the dance? This would never do! He had asked her merely to spite Margy. Now the joke was on him sure enough. Margy would never forgive him! He finally recovered himself, gasped a few words, and followed Jack from the house to his car outside.

"Oh, Paul," she began, "isn't this the most wonderful night? Just look at that heavenly moon! Oh," she sighed, "wouldn't it be just the ideal moon for lovers?" Jack had spent an hour and a half that afternoon reading a book entitled, "How to Entertain Men."

"It really is a right big moon," was the unromantic reply. Then he hastily turned the subject, and put on such speed that his little car flew to the dance hall.

The dance had just begun. Paul, of course, had the first dance with Jack; then he left her in the hands of one of his friends. She certainly did not lack partners during the early part of the evening; in fact, she had what might be termed a "Grand Rush." Jack had created a sensation. Her old friends scarcely recognized her. She looked so coolly at the boys her own age with whom she usually danced that they steered clear of her. She had not caught a glimpse of Jim. After a time, however, she noticed that the same man never danced with her twice. Her partners dropped off one by one until, after dancing five dances with one man, she realized that she was "stuck" for the first time in her life. Now she began to wish her hair was down her back and her shoes, those tight, pinchy things, were her old, comfortable low-heeled pumps. She was desperate. Finally she excused herself on the plea that she must go to the dressing-room for her handkerchief. She would have sworn her partner breathed a sigh of relief.

Once in the dressing-room Jack had a wild desire to run away from it all. There was not another soul in the room. Then she heard men's voices coming through the open transom. They were in the hall outside. She recognized Paul's voice.

"Ed," he was saying, "I'll do anything for you if you'll take that girl home. Margy never will forgive me if she sees me with the little fool. I'll never hear the last of it as it is. Why, I only meant to kid Margy along a little by bringing Jack, just a kid, you know. Jack used to be the best little sport, and one of the sweetest kids I knew—that was yesterday, mind you. And here she is tonight, a grown up girl, talking mushy moon stuff. Come on, Ed, old man, be a sport—take her home!"

"Sorry, but I have another engagement. That girl tried the moon talk on every fellow she danced with tonight. I know, because several of us compared notes. Bye-bye, old top!"

"Ed," entreatingly, "if you'll take Jack home—"

"Why, hello, Paul," broke in another voice, which miserable little Jack recognized with a thrill of joy as Jim's, "I heard you say you'd like somebody to take Miss Pennington home for you. I'll be glad to look after her. But—if I ever hear you speak of her in such a way again, I'll thrash you!" Jack imagined she could see his gray eyes flash as he said it.

"Ha, ha! So that's how the land lies, rather sweet on her, eh? Don't let's quarrel now—just take the kid off my hands, then later I'll—" But Jim was angry, and they began to quarrel fiercely. Jack could stand it no longer. The last shred of her pride was torn away. She opened the door of the dressing-room and confronted the dumfounded boys.

The handsome Paul was for once ignored. "Jim," cried Jack, "don't quarrel with him—I'm not worth it. Besides, every word he said about me is true. You see I heard it all." Then turning to Paul, her eyes flashing scornfully, "No, Mr. Reid, you need not see me home, and what's more, you need never see me again. Come, Jim, let's be going," and they walked off, leaving Paul, for once, without a word to say.

"Let's walk home, Jim," she said as they reached the street. "I've so much to say."

"All right, Jack, what you say goes. But, please, let's not talk about tonight. That cad!"

"Jim," with a little choking sob, "will you, can you, *ever* forgive me for telling you that lie this morning?"

From the squeeze a soft little hand received from a big brown one, it seemed that he could.

The Unpardonable Accusation

LOUISE EGGLESTON, '23

Mrs. Thomas Johnson, up to her ears in Monday housecleaning, looked up in surprise as the door opened and her better half rushed in hastily, knocking over vases, umbrella-stands, stools, etc., on his way through the disordered living-room.

"For Heaven's sake, Thomas, what is the matter?" she called after the retreating figure of her husband.

Receiving no answer she dropped her duster and followed him upstairs. There he was pitching collars, socks, ties, and shirts on to the bed in wild disorder.

The scene required no explanation and Mrs. Thomas went silently to work, deftly persuading four square feet of clean shirts to occupy about one square foot of space at the bottom of her husband's small hand bag.

"Big deal on with Roberson in Trenton—Boss can't get away—sending me to put it over—train leaving in fifteen minutes," he explained between jerks at his troublesome collar and cravat.

"Will you want something to eat before you go?" she asked him hurriedly.

"No, but get me a taxi!"

Mrs. Johnson hurried downstairs and dispatched these last details so quickly that she was able to close the door on her husband with a sigh of relief, five minutes later.

Scarcely had she possessed herself of her duster and started back to work again when she heard a stealthy tread on the stairs. Who could be going upstairs at such a time? The cook was away, her son at school, and she was the only person in the house who had a

right to be there, she told herself. For a minute she stood still, uncertain what to do. And then marched bravely upstairs after the intruder.

Putting on a bold front, she opened the door of her son's room, which was the first at the head of the stairs, and faced—not the masked revolvered villain she had expected—but no less than her own Thomas Junior.

He started guiltily and dropped his eyes as she entered.

"Thomas, what are you doing at home?" his mother demanded sternly, scenting trouble.

"Don't feel so well!" he returned shortly.

"What's the matter with you? Have you got fever?" feeling his head carefully.

"I don't know. I reckon I'm all right."

"Well, if you're sick I reckon you're not all right. Go to bed and I'll get some castor oil. I guess that's what you need."

Thomas rebelled at once. "Aw, I don't feel that bad. It ain't nothin' much. I'll just lie down."

"I'll ask Dr. Saunders to stop by and see you. He'll know what's the matter."

The situation was getting rather pressing for Thomas. He hesitated for words. "I don't want a doctor! I feel all right. Aw lemme alone, Mamma!"

Mrs. Johnson grew suspicious. "Thomas, tell me the truth. What made you come home this morning?" she inquired, eyeing him sharply.

Thomas did not answer.

"Been fighting?" she urged again.

He hesitated, then "Just a little, with Dick Burns," he burst out at length.

"And Mr. Lewis sent you home!" she finished triumphantly. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? And then to attempt to deceive me!"

Thomas remained silent.

"And now, sir, what was the trouble?"

He looked her full in the face and calmly delivered himself of his verdict. "I'm not agoin' to tell!"

No amount of questioning could bring any more satisfaction from the culprit.

"Well, you stay right here till you decide to answer me, young man," she announced and shut the door behind her as she went out, turning the key in the lock.

A slightly hurried but determined Mrs. Johnson was admitted to the office of the principal of the Maplewood Grammar School half an hour later.

"I'm Mrs. Thomas Johnson and I've come to see about the trouble which caused my son's sudden suspension from school today," she announced.

The principal smiled as he drew up a chair for the little lady. Evidently she meant business and—well, for that matter he did, too.

Long and earnestly they talked, but things did not clear up much in Mrs. Johnson's mind.

The principal accompanied her to the door. "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Johnson, but I'm sure you see my point. Fighting on the school grounds is a suspension offense, and the parties were not equally matched. Neither would explain, but I think your son was the author of some slur against the little boy's honor. Both were sent home," and he politely bowed her out.

Mrs. Johnson walked quickly down the street. What was to be done? Pondering the question thus deeply, she was too much occupied to notice a small boy approaching her. Dick Burns was not one to be ignored, however, and growled a surly "good morning," at the lady. She looked at the child's dirty blouse, tousled hair and black eye and decided on the diplomatic course.

"Tell me what you and Tom got mad about," she coaxed, stopping and pulling the child from the edge of the sidewalk.

"Naw, I ain't either. Let him tell you!" he returned, breaking away and running down the street. "Tom's a dirty dog to slander me," he shouted back.

"I wonder where he's bound for now. This is so unfortunate!" she sighed and started on again.

At three o'clock the nerve-racked lady answered the loud clanging of the bell, and opened the door to face a hot, excited Mr. Richard Burns.

"Why, good evening." She began in surprise, but Mr. Burns cut her short.

"Mrs. Johnson, I'd like to speak to your husband, please."

"Why he isn't here right now, but—"

"Where is he, please?" he cut in again.

Mrs. Johnson's manner grew chilly.

"He is out of town today, Mr. Burns. Would you like to leave a message?"

"I guess you know what I've come for," he returned, ignoring her question. "Do you know anything about Dick?" rather belligerently.

"Dick!" she returned in surprise.

"Yes, Dick. He hasn't been seen since he was sent home from school this morning with your son."

"How did you know he was sent home?" she inquired curiously.

"Quite naturally, I went to the school for my information," was the dignified reply.

"Well, yes, Mr. Burns, I did see Dick this morning on Main Street. He was going in the opposite direction, however."

"I understand he and Tom had a fight. Do you know what the trouble was?"

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Burns, but I'm as much in the dark at present as you are."

"Well, I'd just like to know where he is and why he didn't come home."

"Maybe he had good reason," Mrs. Johnson could not help suggesting.

"What do you mean?" demanded the outraged Mr. Burns.

"Oh, nothing at all. I hope you find Dick. Good-day, Mr. Burns," and she shut the door behind her.

After two hours' heated search of the town, Mr. Burns turned over the quest of Dick to two police officers and presented himself again at Mrs. Johnson's door.

"Mrs. Johnson, this is a serious affair, and I demand Mr. Johnson's return to assume his share of responsibility, if only as Thomas's father," he said calmly, and took his leave.

Poor Mrs. Johnson, visibly worried, wired her husband, and while waiting for his return tried to extract a confession from Thomas. In vain she begged to know the cause of the trouble, and finally ended by locking Tom in his room again and threatening dire punishment upon the return of his father.

At nine o'clock a silent trio might have been seen making its way down the street in the direction of the Burns' home—Mr. Johnston, stern and uncommunicative, though inwardly worried over the state of his unfinished business; Mrs. Johnson on the verge of tears, but biting her lips to keep them back; and Tom, as silent, surly, scowling and obstinate as ever. Mr. Burns and his wife, worried and unnerved to the point of utter collapse, received them and the two men went at once to the point.

"This is a very unfortunate affair indeed, Mr. Burns, and especially so for me, as I was recalled in the midst of important business," began Mr. Johnson.

"I beg leave to consider that I have the greater cause for anxiety, Mr. Johnson. You may be aware that my son has been missing since noon."

"So I am informed. And I am prepared to do all in my power to help you find him."

"The police are at work. If you don't mind, I should like an explanation from your son. His assault on Dick was unwarranted."

"Though that is scarcely worth arguing about now, Mr. Burns. I think you are hardly competent to judge. You don't know that Tom started it."

"I didn't," put in Tom from the sofa, and shut up again like an oyster.

"There now, Mr. Burns," Mr. Johnson spoke triumphantly.

"Do you expect me to take his word?" Mr. Burns demanded.

"I'd like to know why not!" returned the father of the party under discussion, hotly. "It's all you have to take. At least till Dick turns up to contradict it," he added.

Dick's mother, sitting in the corner, dabbed at her eyes with her moist handkerchief.

"Well, whoever started it, he made Dick run away," stormed the irate Mr. Burns.

"Look here, I move we cut out this talking and do something to recover the lost property," Mr. Johnson suggested wisely.

"Come, come, now, man! Make this boy talk!" Mr. Burns demanded, indicating Thomas, sitting gloomily on the sofa with his anxious mother.

"Humph! Make him talk yourself. You can lead a—"

"Well, I'll give you just five minutes to get something out of him," taking out his watch.

Mr. Johnson crossed the room. "Now look here, Burns," he said threateningly, "there are ladies—"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of an officer of the law, accompanied by the prodigal Dick himself, dirty, shamefaced and rebellious, but sticking it out like a hero.

"Found on a north-bound train at Hampton," announced the officer, and bowed himself out.

Dick's mother, her eyes suspiciously bright, endeavored to take her boy in her arms. He was not to be petted, however, and broke away. Shaking his dirty first at Tom he turned to his father, who had collapsed in relief on the nearest chair.

"I fought him," he said defiantly, "and I'd do it again if—if—"

Here his courage weakened, his resolve was shattered. He made a valiant attempt to go on but failed and sobbed bitterly on his mother's shoulder for a few minutes.

"Tell mother, darling," she whispered, "tell mother what he said."

A great wail broke the tense silence.

"Oh, mamma," he sobbed, "Tom said—he—he—he said—he said I had *ancestors!*"

How We Do IT

LENORE POWELL, '23

A bell, sharp and clear, pierced the cold morning air. A pair of sleepy brown eyes opened reluctantly, then, blinded by a cheerfully officious sun's rays, hastily closed. Ellen, half audibly, called out from the depths of her blankets, "Your turn at the window, Dot! Tough luck, old girl. Make it snap—" These last words were barely mumbled, trailing off at length into nothingness, as Ellen fell into untroubled slumber.

Dorothy, thus roused, turned over luxuriously in her friendly warm bed. Then, as though forced by unseen powers, she crawled unwillingly out, shiveringly crossed the floor in bare feet, shut the window with a reckless bang, and, thus thoroughly awakened, ran breathlessly back, diving once again under the covers.

Silence. Blissful sleep. Nay, but not for long. Ere many weary minutes had ticked themselves away on their endless journey, a second bell, more insistent than before, called the happy ones from an unreal dreamland to a very real, prosaic world.

It was not a bell to be trifled with. Its summons was unquestionable. With dismayed shrieks Ellen and Dot bounded from their beds. Followed thereupon a mad rush. As few clothes as their maidenly modesty deemed proper were thrown on in excited haste. Stockings were pulled on and knotted beneath their knees. Un-combed hair was twisted into insecure knots. Finally, careless dabs of powder, applied to unwashed noses, completed their toilettes. Flinging on sweaters, they darted from the room.

Several seconds later, two girls slip into the dining-room just before the doors are closed. They grin in triumphant relief. They have made it!

The Typical New Girl and When She's an Old Girl

DOROTHY KIRTLAND, '21

A typical New Girl

Carries on an extensive correspondence and takes more interest in her mailbox than anything else in school.

Stocks up in groceries every Monday and Thursday and every other time she gets the chance.

Pays attention in Assembly.

Goes to town every Monday.

Talks incessantly about the narrow escapes she has.

Uses "marvelous," "cute" and "crazy about it" most extravagantly.

Is very much interested in Crushes.

Wouldn't come back next year for love or money.

But when she's an Old Girl she

Writes only to the family and intimate friends, and frequently not to them.

Is always "broke."

Studies her lessons in Assembly.

Goes to town when there's something to go for, and only then if she can't send some one else.

Feels a sublime disregard for the rules and regulations of which she stood, when new, in mortal terror.

Still uses "marvelous," "cute" and "crazy about it."

Laughs good-naturedly at Crushes, or else goes in for them stronger than ever.

Talks about how grand St. Mary's was last year, and

Wouldn't miss being back next year for love or money.

The St. Mary's Muse

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ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, *Faculty Director*

EDITORIAL

Lent is now well on its way, a solemn season, more solemn, of course, to some than to others. Lent, to some, means little more than a time when there is no dancing in the Parlor; when there is Chapel on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and none on Wednesday and Friday, when there are voluntary services at odd hours which it is possible to avoid; a time when one "gives up" those delicacies one craves—candy, it may be, and sugar in one's coffee; or possibly one is yet more nobly self-sacrificing and eats the things one at other times disdains—hash, perhaps, and "butter."

But Lent is more than this. It is not our purpose to go into its deeper meaning. We have most of us been brought up in homes where the Lenten season is observed in one way or another; and all of us are familiar with its principles. But we should like to make a few suggestions as to a thoroughly practical way of "keeping Lent."

After all, its final object is to bring us to the joyous Easter season a little more fit than we were before, and in this purpose, eating or not eating candy and butter is only incidental.

Less general, perhaps, but more helpful is the practice of trying, especially during Lent, to break ourselves of those little habits that develop almost unconsciously and then cling most tenaciously; the mean little habit of saying horrid catty things about people behind their backs, or of saying cutting things to their faces; the habit of forgetting promises and of telling secrets with never a thought of the real sacredness of a confidence. Lent is as good a time as the New Year for making resolutions, and an even better time for keeping them. It is easier to stick to a good resolution for forty days than for three hundred and sixty-five, and Mite Boxes afford an excellent spur. Of course, it's harder to keep a resolution if there is no penalty attached to breaking it. And you'll find it a gentle reminder to guard against that slip of the tongue if each time you forget you pay a forfeit to your Lent Box.

We ought to have a splendid offering from these little boxes this year anyhow, since, due to the quarantine, there are so few temptations to spend money on other things.

The Quarantine! It's an awful bore, of course, but after all, like spats and Chapel caps, it's for our own good, and there's no use fussing about it and making every one else miserable just because you are dissatisfied. There's another chance for a Lenten resolution. How about dropping a nickel in that little yawning slot every time you grumble about something that can't be helped? It's wearing on the disposition, your own and those around you, and—every nickel helps!

SCHOOL NEWS

January 31—The Dutch Tea

“A Dutch Tea in the Muse Room Tonight” was announced by an attractive poster on the bulletin board Saturday morning, January 31st. The poster, a Holland landscape done in blue and white, created quite a sensation, and many were the compliments showered on Nancy Lay when the secret leaked out, as secrets always will, that she had painted it in half an hour! The hungry girls who flocked around it gave gusty sighs and glanced at watches as if with the desire of speeding Father Time up a bit.

Long before the appointed hour for the opening of the Tea Room, the crowd began to collect in the hall and in the neighboring class rooms. When the door opened at last, there was a wild scramble for tables. The expectations aroused by the poster were fully realized by the scene within. The blue and white covers on the tables, the Dutch pictures on the wall, and the decorations in general, all combined to give a most “Dutchified” effect. Dainty Dutch maidens tripped in and out of the room, bearing nourishment in the shape of chicken salad, hot chocolate, ice cream, etc., to their famished customers.

In the midst of the excitement, the members of the Orchestra appeared, late but smiling, and costumed as little Dutch boys. Under the able leadership of Nancy Lay they coaxed forth sweet sounds from their miscellaneous instruments, producing the ever-popular “music-while-you-eat.”

From a business standpoint, the Muse Club reports that the Tea was quite a success, and judging from the comments heard afterwards, it was equally as successful as an entertainment.

F. P. V.

February 7—The Return Class Parties

On Saturday evening, February 7th, the Sophomores entertained their sister class, the Seniors, at a Valentine Party. The Muse Room was very attractively decorated with hearts and other frills

betokening the presence of St. Valentine. Bookie Lasater's "1920" done in hearts well deserved the admiration and appreciation it won from the Seniors.

The Entertainment Committee, with Marietta Gareissen as chairman, assisted by Fielding Douthat and Josephine Rose, presented a very amusing contest in the shape of a Valentine telegram, using the letters of the word "Valentine." The most original of the telegrams were read aloud, the prize being awarded to Jane Toy, who submitted the following startling bit of information and advice: "To the University of North Carolina:—Vamps are loose. Endeavor not to introduce needless entertainment." There was hidden pathos in Katherine Batts' telegram as from a New York relative to the entire family: "Van ate Lemon Extract November tenth. I need everybody." An "adjectiveless" description of the Seniors coming to breakfast was written for the occasion by Fielding Douthat, and each person present contributed an adjective. Then the complete composition was read, to the amusement of all and especially of the Seniors as they heard the adjectives, complimentary and otherwise, applied to the members of their class, and had a chance to see themselves as others, all too often, see them!

A salad course that was truly a Valentine was served by the Refreshment Committee, with Louise Powell at its head, assisted by Elizabeth Hale and Jane McMillan. Tiny little red hearts decorated the delicious pineapple salad with which chocolate and Marguerites were served.

At last when "the winks" warned us that we must be up and away, the Seniors and Sophomores matched hearts, and the Sophs proved to be as charming escorts as they were hostesses.

C. M. M.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the Parlor, the Freshmen were heartily entertaining the Juniors. The whole room was in a rosy glow and hearts of every size had somehow found a resting place in most effective spots. A "Romance Contest" was very appropriately won by Nancy Hart, and the fortunate winners of the Lucky Number Dance were Marjory Nixon and Madge Blakely.

After popular refreshments of ice cream cones, mints and cakes had been enjoyed by all except those in training for the game Monday night, dancing was the order of the hour until the faithful 9:30 bell announced that Romance was at an end and in its place stern Reality had resumed her accustomed sway.

M. N.

February 9—Fifteen Points for the Mus

Excitement reigned supreme on Monday, the 9th of February, the evening of the second doubleheader between the First and Third Teams. At 8:15 the Gym, newly decorated with the Mu championship banners for the last two years, was filled with a cheering throng of Mus and Sigmas. "Linesmen, timekeepers, scorekeepers!" Miss Bierce's voice rang out, silencing for the moment the new songs and yells.

Then the First Team game began. It was fast and furious, a fight to the very finish. At the end of the first half the score stood four points in favor of the Sigmas, but the Mus picked up in the last, and when the final whistle sounded no one was certain just how matters stood. For one tense second there was utter silence. Then the scorekeepers announced the score 20 to 19 in the Sigmas' favor, leaving the First Teams tied at one all. Quick dribbling characterized the Sigma side and pretty pass work the Mu. Mary Bryan Wimberly, subbing in the center for Harriet Barber, played a splendid game, and Mary Hoke's beautiful field shots repeatedly called forth the Sigmas' triumphant cheer for "Moke."

Following was the line-up:

SIGMA			MU	
Toy	}	Centers	}	Kent
Boyd				Wimberly
Hoke	}	Forwards	}	McCabe
Underwood				Yellott
Cooper	}	Guards	}	Ruffin
Everett				Glass—Venable

The Third Team game was equally as exciting. Bessie Brown, the Mu star in the last Fourth Team game, was up to her old tricks, but Rebecca Cole proved almost a match for her. In spite of Mary Wiatt Yarborough's vigorous guarding, however, the Mus came off victorious, not only with a score of 39 to 35, but with the Third Team Championship.

The line-up was as follows:

SIGMA			MU	
Batts	}	Centers	}	E. Glass
Smart				Sublett
Cole	}	Forwards	}	Brown
Thompson				Gareissen
Yarborough	}	Guards	}	Fitts
Roberson				Lenoir

C. B.

February 17—The Colonial Ball

With Miss Sutton at the piano on Tuesday evening, February 17th, the last evening of dancing before the Lenten quiet settled down upon St. Mary's according to time-honored custom, the Colonial Ball was thrown into full swing as a stately line of be-powdered dames and gentlemen marched into the Parlor. Blushing little maids in dimity and handsome damsels in satin smiled artfully at their cavalier companions clad in knee-breeches, silken coats, and frilly jabots. Led by "Master" Cooley and Mistress Wimberly, the procession went through the measures of the Grand March, the ladies and gentlemen receiving little patriotic favors as they passed the matronly Dame Lay and her partner, Lord Stone. Then it melted into couples and the dancing began in earnest. George Washington from his flag-bedecked picture over the mantelpiece seemed to smile down upon the gay throng whirling around beneath him, and his smile broadened when Dame Lay announced that the next dance would be a "George Washington," which turned out to be only a good old Paul Jones renamed for the occasion.

After almost an hour of dancing, refreshments were served by some of the Colonial gentlemen, turned butlers for the moment. The delicious ice cream and "Colonial Curls" were partaken of with great enthusiasm. Next came a Contest Dance, and Sir M. Huske and his partner, Mistress Ballard, were the successful contestants. Even with a few extra minutes allowed us, the final march came all too soon, and with many regretful sighs the ladies swept out on the arms of their suitors.

Thus ended one of the most popular events of the school year, and one of the most successful Colonial Balls of many years.

F. P. V.

February 14—The Dramatic Club Presents "Cousin Kate"

On the last Saturday night before Lent, the Dramatic Club gave its annual mid-year play, this time Hubert Henry Davies' three-act comedy, "Cousin Kate." Always a popular event in the school year, the play was well attended and the general spirit at the sound of the bell seemed to be "Come early and get in the rush." The Bohemian Band of increasing fame, led by Rene Glass, helped while away the tense minutes both before the curtain rose and between the acts, though these intervals were almost professionally brief and spoke well for the systematic teamwork going on behind the scenes.

There were but seven characters in the play, and under Miss Davis' careful training, they had worked up their parts to a perfection hardly to be criticized. Those who had seen Millicent Blanton as the hero of previous plays were rather disappointed on hearing that she was to take a woman's part this time, but from the minute the door in the rear opened and Cousin Kate appeared, an utterly fascinating woman-of-the-world, all such regrets were forgotten and "Milly" as the heroine rivaled the memory of "Milly" as the hero. She was at her invariable best, and played the part of Cousin Kate with all her usual dash and vim. "Cooley" made a perfect hero and the love scenes sent thrill after thrill through the sympathetic audience, moving many even to tears. Dorothy Kirtland was splendid as

the worried Mamma, a character part in which "Pussy" had an opportunity to display her unusual dramatic ability in that direction.

The cast of the play was as follows :

CHARACTERS

Heath Desmond	MILDRED COOLEY
Rev. James Bartlett	JANE TOY
Bobby Spencer	MARY LOUISE EVERETT
Mrs. Spencer	DOROTHY KIRTLAND
Amy Spencer	FIELDING LEWIS DOUTHAT
Jane	REBECCA HASTINGS COLE
Kate Curtis	MILLICENT BLANTON

The action takes place in a rural district of England and covers a period of five hours.

Acts I and III. Drawing-room at Mrs. Spencer's.

Act II. Sitting-room at "Owlscot."

February 15—The "Living Pictures"

Miss Fenner and her Art pupils brought before the delighted eyes of St. Mary's on Sunday, February 15th, a series of "living pictures," the masterpieces of great artists of all times. The announcement was made Sunday evening that the Art Department would entertain us in the Studio, forbidden sanctum, after supper, and, like the little Ruggleses entering the gates of heaven, at the appointed hour we trooped in.

At one end of the Art Room there was a screened and curtained partition over which certain of the taller guests caught fleeting glimpses of dunce caps, high coiffures and be-plumed bonnets. A large picture frame, gracefully draped with green curtains, was the central point of interest. Lois Bell and Hope Eccles, in bloomers, smocks and tams, drew back the curtains and we exclaimed in delight and astonishment at the picture before us, *The Age of Innocence*. The delicate and artistic touches were all there, and surely the picture must have been alive had not a move betrayed the fact. Each pic-

ture was presented in its original colors. Miss Fenner gave short and instructive lectures on the lives of each of the masters represented.

The program was as follows :

The Age of Innocence	Martina Carr
Duchess of Devonshire	Alice Cheek
The Laughing Cavalier	Millicent Blanton
The Broken Pitcher	Lenore Powell
Vegie LeBrun and Daughter	D. Drew and H. Newberry
Pierrot	Josephine Rose
Princes in the Tower	D. and A. Kirtland
Holland Maid	Callie Mae Roberson
Whistler's Mother	Mary Powell
Puritan Maid	Margaret Elliott
Spanish Student	Frances Venable

The general burst of applause and the genuine appreciation of the audience persuaded the "living pictures" to pose a second time for our benefit and, being better acquainted, this second time was perhaps even more enjoyable than the first.

C. T.

February 16—The Fashion Show

Mary Bryan Wimberly, President of the St. Margaret's Chapter, keenly interpreted the workings of the feminine mind when she chose a Progressive Fashion Show to entertain us on Monday afternoon, February 16th. With the help of Miss Neave and the willing members of her Chapter, Mary Bryan arranged and carried off successfully a program of fascinating interest.

Dark screens at one end of the Parlor formed the background for a veritable exhibition room. In the center was an opening with a tier of green-carpeted steps, down which the "model" tripped—or glided, according to her day and time—while Miss Ebie at the piano, assisted by Estelle Avent, lent "atmosphere" in a most pleasing way.

Conspicuous among the models of an earlier day were Mary Hoke, as Queen Elizabeth, and Patty Sherrod, as the coquettish Hoopskirt

Maid. Jessie Keith scored a triumph as "The Vamp," and Laura Underwood as the Bathing Suit Girl. Dorothy Blount and Dorothy Baum appeared to good advantage, one in a dashing street costume and the other in a snappy riding habit. While Miss Ebie played "School Days," Maurine Moore and Ellen Lewis strolled leisurely before us in girlish gingham, to be followed by Lucy London Anderson and Irene Grimsley in evening dresses. Then, as the strains of the Wedding March pealed forth, came Florence Aiken, resplendent in white satin, and attended by Ruth Andrews and Alice Walker as Bridesmaids. After their withdrawal the music changed to "In a Grove of Stately Oaktrees," and there was a general tendency to rise, which was, however, restrained under the circumstances in courtesy to those in the rear, who clamored, with good reason, to see the funny little figure who now appeared. It was Sarah Irwin, the typical St. Mary's Girl, ready to take her exercise on a damp day, but well shielded from the inclemency of the weather by a heavy sweater, fastened with a leather belt, a Chapel Cap, gloves, spats, rubbers, and an umbrella. Truly beautiful, for did not Keats hold that "Beauty is truth, *truth beauty*"?

This was a fitting climax to the Fashion Show, but there was a moment of stillness as if something further was expected. After a second's pause Margaret Rawlings took the floor, and amid wild applause read the results of the Statistics vote taken just after lunch. The last number on the program was Dancing—Open to All, and all with one accord took advantage of the invitation.

February 21—Second and Fourth Team Series Tied

The second of the series of Second and Fourth Team games came off Saturday, February 21st. Mus and Sigmas were out in full force, with all their pep, and all signs pointed to an exciting evening. Nor were they wrong. Both teams were well matched, and from the first to the final whistle, there was not a dull minute.

The Second Teams were the first to take the field, and it was at once evident that both were out to win. Rebecca Cole and Bessie Brown were so capably held down by Mary Bryan Wimberly and

Dorothy Baum that at the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 9 in the Sigmas' favor. In the second half the Mus made up the missing point, and both sides played evenly until, at the sound of Patty Sherrod's emphatic whistle, the score was announced a tie! The ball was immediately put in play for the deciding goal, and every nerve was strained to the snapping point. The suspense was mercifully short—a quick twist of one hand, and the Mu cheers rang out for Bessie Brown. So the game ended, 19 to 17, leaving the Second Team Championship to be decided by their next encounter.

Following is the line-up for the game:

SIGMA		MU
I. K. Taylor } E. Collier }	Centers	{ Nelson Ashworth
Cole } S. Collier }	Forwards	{ Brown Edmundson—Venable
Baum } Smythe }	Guards	{ Wimberly Villepigue

The Fourth Teams, while not displaying the same pretty playing as the Second, were equally well matched, and their game was no less exciting. Both sides had several new players on the field, all of whom were a credit to their colors. The Nixon Twins, one playing Forward and the other Guard, did good work, and Lois Dunnock, the new Mu Forward, contributed her share towards the final score, which was, however, in spite of her, 18 to 15 in favor of the Sigmas. This left the Fourth teams tied, and if the members live through the final Second Team game, their fate will be decided in the next fifteen minutes.

The line-up was as follows:

SIGMA		MU
Smart } Ballou }	Centers	{ Gresham Sabiston
M. Nixon } Lilly }	Forwards	{ Lay Dunnock
Pegues } Battle—D. Nixon }	Guards	{ James Fitts

C. M. M.

Items of Interest

During the Quarantine, since it was impossible for the girls to get out on Thursday afternoons as usual, like the mountain to Mohamet, the "Little Store" had to be brought to them. St. Catherine's Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary introduced the idea on Monday, February 2d, and the following week it was taken up by the Kate McKimmon Chapter. The proceeds were to be given to the Near-East Relief Fund, and so well was the "Store" conducted by Nancy Lay and Louise Powell, assisted by the members of their Chapters, that St. Mary's was able to turn over a very creditable sum to this worthy cause.

The long-threatened arrangement of the Chapel Line according to height actually took place on Monday afternoon, February 2d. The last two rows are still reserved for the Seniors, who, seated strictly according to height, are led out by Mary Hoke and Sara Davis. Mary Powell heads the rest of the School, and Virginia Jordan and Marguerite Darst bring up the rear. The Choir proved the only insurmountable obstacle to this aesthetic plan, but as Sopranos and Altos do not go by feet and inches, the end of the line is an unexpected jumble of Mutts and Jeffs. Unpopular as the plan was when first suggested, it is now generally admitted that the Chapel Line has been much improved by it.

Impromptu debates of unusual interest made up the program of both Literary Societies on Tuesday evening, February 10th. The point of dispute was: "Resolved, That in furthering the good of St. Mary's, Chapel Caps are a greater factor than Spats." As the Affirmative won in the Sigma Lambda and the Negative in the E. A. P. Society, the problem remains to be solved by Experience.

Mrs. Perkins delightfully entertained the members of the Dramatic Club in her room just after the Play on Saturday evening, February 14th.

At the Sunday night meeting of the Muse Club, February 15th, the following new members were welcomed: Misses Kent, Nolan, Dougherty, Budge, Gareissen, Edmundson, Carrigan, Douthat, Newman, MacMillan and Pegues. With such reinforcements, the Muse Club hopes to get out an Annual that will forever answer the question, "What's the use of Pay Day?"

With the six o'clock service Friday afternoon, February 20th, the regular Lenten services were begun. On Fridays Mr. Way is speaking on some of the great Christian saints and on Wednesdays his address is on some of the great thoughts of the Christian religion.

Mrs. Marriott this year chose Washington's Birthday as the occasion of her Surprise Supper. A miniature representation of the cherry tree episode testified to the combined skill of Miss Fenner and Mrs. Marriott, and the delicious supper was enjoyed by all, the more from the fact of its being totally unexpected.

The first of the Lenten Mission Study Classes were held on Sunday evening, February 22d. There are three of these classes, conducted by Mrs. Way, Susan Collier and Annie Duncan, and Katherine Batts and Mary Hoke. The leaders have chosen interesting subjects for the classes, and all are welcome to attend.

Having caught the germ of the girls' enthusiasm, the Faculty have organized two Basketball teams and are planning a game, the proceeds from which are to be included in the Lenten offering. Judging from all indications, the game will be well attended.

The Literary Societies opened the series of preliminary debates on Wednesday evening, February 25th. The Sigma Lambdas discussed the question of the reelection of President Wilson, in which Lena Simmons and Frances Venable, of the Negative, succeeded in downing their opponents, Dorothy Baum and Rebecca Cole. The query chosen by the E. A. P. debaters was not quite so deep, but was

of equal interest, "Resolved, That St. Mary's should have inter-scholastic rather than intersociety athletics." Here, too, the Negative, upheld by Rebecca Hines and Elizabeth Nolan, won out over Evelina Beckwith and Josephine Dixon.

With this number, issued by the E. A. P. Society, the second Muse Contest is ended. The Mid-Winter and Early Spring numbers will be submitted to outside judges as before, and the decision published in the next issue. There remains but one number to be gotten out by each Society. This may be the deciding item in the Contest, and both sides have evidently gone out to win.

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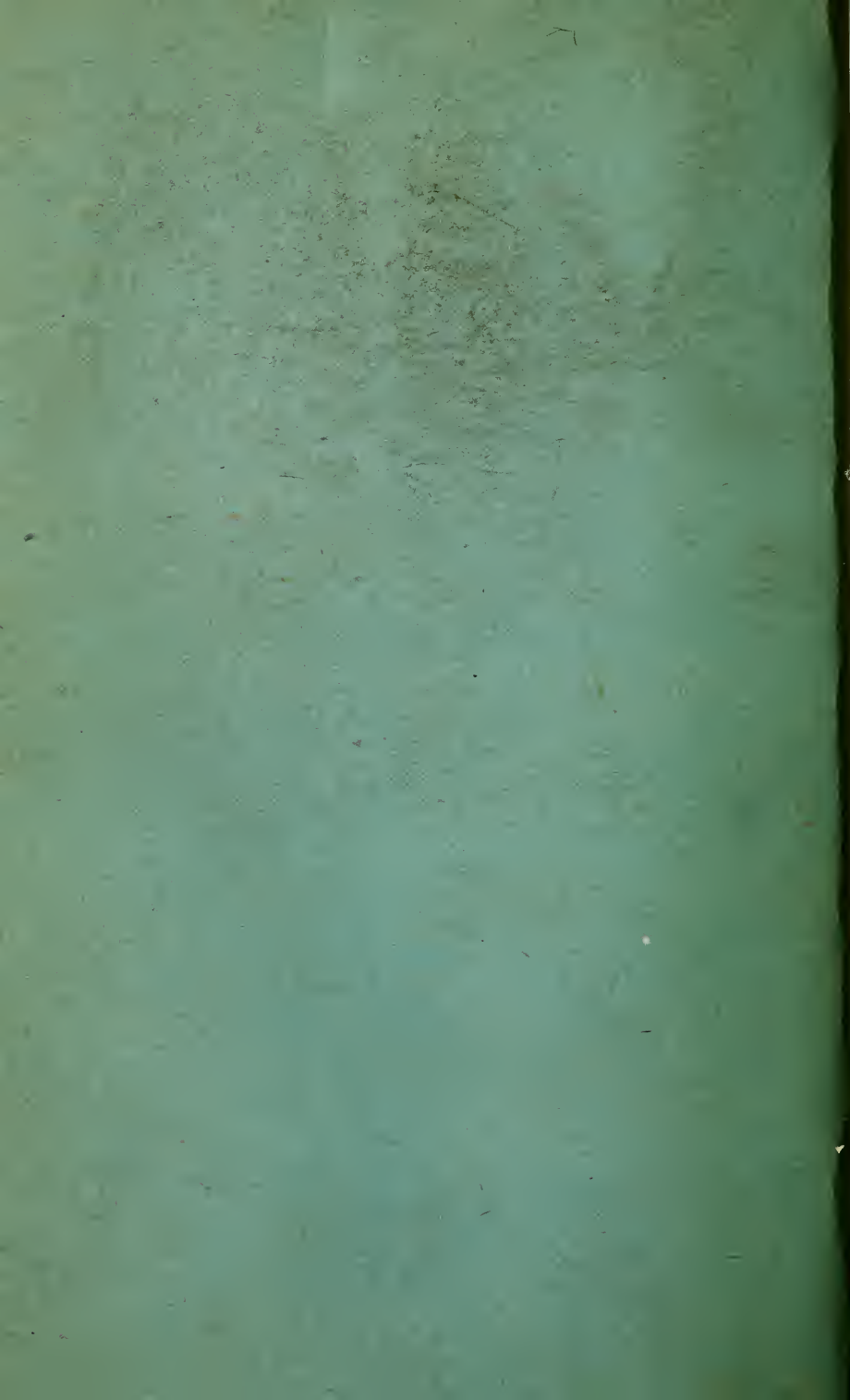
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Raleigh, N. C.

Spring Number

March, 1920





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No. 6

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by The Sigma Lambda Literary Society

Editors

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"Spring Fever"

CRICHTON THORNE

Ain't exactly happy and ain't exactly blue,
Ain't exactly caring, but I'm caring some for true.

Ain't exactly longing, but something's missing there—
Can't exactly figure if it's me or in the air.

Ain't exactly sunny, yet it don't look like rain,
Seems to me skies is so set they'll never change again.

Ain't exactly lonesome, but a friend would help along
T'wards stirring up the greyness and lending it a song.

Ain't exactly natural, yet it's undecided, too,
All the scales is needing for to balance right is—you.

The Way of a Maid With a Man

KATHERINE WADDELL, '21

"On de udder side ob Jordan,
In de sweet fiel's ob Eden,"

sang Aunt Tilly at the top of her lungs. The dishes rattled in the warm soap suds, the kettle on the stove sang merrily, and the cat dozing in the warm sunlight, purred contentedly.

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary!"

Mary Ann joined in the refrain, and for a few minutes the two voices and the clatter of the dishes were the only sounds heard in the cheerful little kitchen.

"Miss Mary Ann!" The singing stopped abruptly. "Look at that pestiferous cat. He's gwine git dem croquettes, sho's you're born, if'n you don' keep yer eye on 'im. Look out, you'se gwine trip on 'im! Scat!" Aunt Tilly's comfortable form bestirred itself to scare off the inquisitive cat. Coming back into the room, she paused near the table where Mary Ann, her hair disarranged and a smudge of flour on her nose, mixed with an assured hand a large bowl of fluffy yellow substanace.

"Dat's fine, honey," Aunt Tilly beamed, "Add a speck mo' cream an' de seasonin', an' it'll be ready to go in de oven. Law, but yo ma'll be pround ob dis heah dinnah, an' dem boarders'll be tickled plum to death."

"Do you reckon they will, Aunt Tilly?" Mary Ann asked anxiously. "We've just got to keep them! If we can only pull through the summer, I can support mother next winter by teaching. Did you put fresh flowers in the dining-room, and put an extra place at the table? You know, a new boarder came this morning."

"Yes'm, I done it. Eberything looks fine. I seen dat new mar dis mornin', an' he sho' is a nice gemman. I was dustin' his room an' jes' lookin' at de pitcher ob a smilin' young lady settin' on de dresser, when he come walkin' in, lookin' foh his tennis racket, he say. He was real pleasant, askin' 'bout de people 'round heah

He say he wuz gwine stay awhile if'n we'd keep him. Den he went out, an' I seen him walkin' towards de court wid dat fuzzy-headed Miss Dixon. What you say his name wuz, honey?"

"He's Mr. John Marshal." Mary Ann, who had been guilty of neglecting her cake to listen, resumed her stirring with renewed vigor. "But this isn't getting dinner, Aunt Tilly," she remonstrated. "Put some wood in the stove, and let's get this cake in, then start making the biscuits."

"Lawd hab mercy, it's nearly ten o'clock, an' de parlor ain't been dusted yet!" Aunt Tilly seized a pan and turned toward the store-room, while Mary Ann brushed the flour off her apron, tied a towel around her head, and disappeared in the direction of the parlor.

John Marshal, tennis racket in hand and an irritated scowl on his brow, threw open the front door noisily.

Why in the world were girls always so inconsistent? Here he'd put himself out to be nice to the curly-headed Miss Dixon because she had seemed to be homesick, and in need of cheering up, but no sooner had they gotten down to the tennis courts than she had unceremoniously deserted him for a chap in a panama hat who plainly didn't care to play tennis. Wasn't that just like a girl? He slammed the door, and said something naughty under his breath.

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time," a high sweet voice near at hand caroled gayly.

Marshal looked up at the ceiling, down at the floor and out of the window. Where did the voice come from? Oh, he had it, the door to the left. He tiptoed quietly over and cautiously opened it. A small figure enveloped in a big blue checked apron was down on its knees, dusting vigorously the legs of the piano seat. A grotesque head-dress almost hid the wavy brown hair, but an elusive strand insisted on slipping from beneath the towel and caressing a very pink cheek. The pink cheek looked as if it might have a dimple lurking near the merry mouth, and Marshal was considering this possibility when the figure turned and faced toward the door. A

pair of wide gray eyes looked up into his and a dusty little hand reached up hastily to hide the truant wisp of hair.

"W—who are you?" stammered an amazed little voice.

"My name is John Marshal, but who in the deuce are you?"

"I—I'm the m-maid, please, sir."

"The maid!" he exclaimed aloud. "Pretty maid, by Jove," he said to himself.

"Mary Ann, please, sir," the dimples flashed in the pink cheek for an instant, and the gray eyes laughed at him.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" she hastily got up off of her knees and glanced suggestively towards the door.

"Er-no," he stammered, confusedly. "That is—you're a very extraordinary maid, er—Mary Ann." So this was the kind of maid they kept in this remarkable boarding house where old Mammies of the Southern type examined without compunction the picture of a fellow's best girl. Just a maid. Why she was a darned sight more interesting than any of the carefully rouged and coiffured young ladies who made up the society of the small summer resort.

"Thank you, sir. Is that all, today?" and this time she looked at the door in a very pointed manner. He was forced to take the hint.

"Yes, that's all, thank you." He turned toward the door, inwardly calling himself all kinds of an idiot for letting a mere maid in exceedingly becoming blue gingham get the better of him.

As he stalked disgustedly up the stairs, he was conscious of the high voice, provokingly sweet, singing its carefree lilt, "Come down to Kew in lilac-time." He was relieved to shut the sound out by loudly slamming his room door.

"Girls are nuisances," he told himself, as he flung himself down at his desk to write to one member of that sex, who smiled sweetly at him from among the books and letters.

"Dear Ellen," he scrawled across the sheet, and was irritated to discover that a charming face, framed in a ridiculous towel, smiled mockingly up at him from the page. He tore the paper with disgust, threw it into the waste basket and reached for his "Kipling."

A loud knock on the door interrupted him just as he found his place, and in response to his invitation, Aunt Tilly, broom in hand, appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, Mammy. Going to clean up?" Closing his book with a snap, Marshal got up from the desk.

"Law, no, mistah," Aunt Tilly smiled assuringly. "Jes' been brushin' up de hall a little, an' thought I'd stick mah head in, an' see if'n you didn't want nothin'. Did you hab a good game of tennis, suh?" she came further into the room, evidently with intent to be sociable.

"Rotten!" Unpleasant thoughts of the inconsistent Miss Dixon caused him to grimace.

"Now, dat's sho' a shame, but den I knowed that fuzzy-headed Dixon gal couldn't play no tennis. Dat game takes somebody wid a li'l life in 'em. I knows, mistah, coze I done seen mah young mitis play, an' she sho' make de dus' fly on de tennis court. Dey ain't no lively young ladies 'round dis heah quare place. Dey all 'pears to be so tired an' listless like, but down in Winchester, Virginia, de ladies all likes to play an' ride horseback. It sho' is hard on mah young mistis to hab to gib up dem things, but de Lawd sees fit to deal wid his chillun in debious ways," Aunt Tilly shook her head mournfully.

"So your young mistress is here with you. I haven't seen all the members of the household, then?" Marshal's interest was somewhat aroused by this description of a tennis-playing, horseback riding young person from Virginia.

"Law, Mistah Marshal, ain't you seen huh, yet? We sho' wouldn't be runnin' no boardin' house if'n old marse hadn't gone an' died wid out leavin' a cent. We ain't de boardin' house kin'," and she tossed her head with evident pride in "our" family traditions.

"But bless yo' heart, dis ain't puttin' dinnah on de table," turning toward the door, "an' I bettah be movin' on." A flash of white teeth, a curtsy of the kinky head and she was gone, leaving Marshal

to wonder about the remarkable person she had described in such glowing terms, her "young mistis."

The first time Marshal learned that she wasn't really a maid was the afternoon when he was returning from the nearby lake with a crowd of picnickers, and met her in a small white racer, with a dangerously good-looking chap in a jersey sweater. She wore something blue, and under the bewitching feathers that waved from the brim of her hat, her piquant face smiled adorably. Like a flash, the truth dawned on Marshal. What a fool he had been: Taking her for an ordinary maid and willing to let it go at that, when he might have known that she was at the very least, extremely unusual. For the past few days he had been carrying on a half-flirtation with her, calling himself an idiot for doing it. Now he realized that he had lost his chance.

He was still telling himself the different kinds of an idiot he was, when he got back to his lodgings after a prolonged farewell to the picnickers and plans for the next day. The first sight that met his eyes was that of a trim little figure with pink checks and a sunbonnet watering the potted plants on the front porch. Lost his chance! Why, here it was right before him. Didn't he see her three times a day, at least, and couldn't he see her oftener if he tried? The trouble heretofore had been to keep away from her for his own peace of mind. Of course he didn't once consider that she ever gave him a thought, little knowing that every word that Aunt Tilly let fall about the handsome gentleman who had the "front room" and with whom she seemed to delight to talk, was listened to with deep interest by the apparently preoccupied Mary Ann.

As Marshal approached the vision in pink gingham, he was debating in his mind whether or not to let her know that he had discovered her identity, for of course she could be none other than Aunt Tilly's beloved "young mistis."

He had just resolved to let things continue on the same basis, and to resume for a time his flirtation with "the maid," when the vision turned and smiled at him in a friendly way. So she wasn't going to tease, today. He returned the smile and with a careless "hello"

seated himself on the edge of the porch. He whistled softly under his breath, while out of the corner of his eye he watched her moving about among the plants. Except for her first smile, she hardly seemed to know that he was within a hundred miles.

Suddenly she put down the watering-can, tied more securely the strings of her sunbonnet under a firm but dimpled chin, picked up a flower basket and started down the steps.

Marshal stopped whistling and stood up.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he asked lightly.

"I'm going to get some roses for the dining-room." The "pretty maid" moved off without so much as a glance for the eager questioner. "And you can't come," she added unkindly.

"Who says I can't?" he wanted to know, and with two long strides he had overtaken her.

"This is such a perfect afternoon, Mary Ann," he told her with his most convincing smile—as if the birds and flowers and sunshine weren't assurance enough. "Too nice to waste hanging around the house. Let's go for a stroll down to the lake," forgetting how he had hated the lake a little earlier in the day.

"Please, sir, I have to get supper," Mary Ann began, but he interrupted.

"No, you don't. Aunt Tilly can do it perfectly well. It's just five o'clock, and we'll have nearly two hours." John Marshal was a good pleader, and the little maid, having had a taste of the old-time freedom that morning, with an old-time beau from Virginia, knew she had yielded, even when she only smiled, and began clipping roses with a ruthless hand.

"Say you will," he begged, and Mary Ann nodded her consent even while her conscience was telling her that maids didn't go to walk with interesting and handsome boarders, and that maybe mother wouldn't approve. Through the trellis she could see Mrs. Bingham in the back garden, gathering tomatoes in a big basket. She looked quickly away that her conscience might not get the better of her.

"Come on, let's go now," John insisted, and almost before she realized what they were about, they were outside the gate and walking along the friendly little path that led to the lake.

"Oh, this awful sunbonnet!" she gasped breathlessly.

"It's a nice sunbonnet," he objected, and they both laughed. She thought that only a companionable sort of person could laugh so heartily over a sunbonnet, and he thought how pretty her cheek was when she laughed and showed the dimple.

All the way to the lake they talked and joked as if they were friends of long standing. She was such a easy little person to get along with when she didn't feel inclined to tease, and he was very good company, as the feminine half of the summer colony had discovered.

What a wonderful time they had, tramping along the shore of the lake and breathing the salty air! Mary Ann entirely forgot her role of maid, and Marshal found himself becoming more and more captivated.

It was nearer eight than seven when the truants returned to a worried Mrs. Bingham and a cold supper. Aunt Tilly fussed over them in her most motherly manner, fixing a cozy little meal for them, and gossiping about the events of the day.

"Let's go to the dance over in the pavilion," John suggested when the last vestige of salad and sandwiches had disappeared.

"Oh, no, I can't I've got a lot of sewing to do," Mary Ann's mood had changed, and she was beginning to regret her rashness.

They talked rather intermittently for a while, and then she slipped out, on pretext of work to be done.

It was that night that Marshal turned the smiling young lady's picture to the wall, and went to sleep to dream of pink sunbonnets, roses and laughing gray eyes. His dreams wouldn't have been so sweet had he known that the girl who figured in them was lying awake, accusing herself of extreme foolishness, and resolving to avoid a certain young man thenceforth.

"Law, Miss Mary Ann, don' stir it lak that. Jes' don' let it bile over. Dare now!" and Aunt Tilly pulled the huge kettle of boiling red liquid to the back of the stove.

"It'll sho' turn out fine, honey, so don't git het up over it."

But Aunt Tilly was wrong. The jelly didn't turn out fine, although they were hopeful even after it had been poured out in glasses and set on the shelf outside, to cool.

Aunt Tilly started for the kitchen garden, assuring Mary Ann that "It'll jell, sho', in a li'l while."

Mary Ann, flushed and tired, sat disconsolately on the steps and waited. Fifteen minutes passed and still it hadn't jellied. After assuring herself that it wasn't going to, Mary Ann buried her head in her arms and gave way to nervous, uncontrollable sobs.

She heard steps on the path, and thinking it was Aunt Tilly, looked up and exclaimed tearfully, "I—It didn't j-jell!"

"What didn't jell?" said a masculine voice, and Mary Ann raised dismayed eyes to John Marshal's face.

"F-fudge, of course," she said contemptuously, but the disdainful effect was spoiled by the fact that a large tear trickled, in the most humiliating way, down the side of her nose.

"Please, little girl, don't cry," said John consolingly, and he sat down beside her on the steps. "Who cares about the old jelly anyway?" and he proceeded to comfort her in a most satisfactory way.

It was so nice to be comforted that Mary Ann forgot to be dignified and cried away her grief on a strong, broad, tweed shoulder.

"Dat's right, Mr. Marshal," said Aunt Tilly, coming up the path with her basket of vegetables. "Dey ain't nothin' lak a li'l lovin' when things goes wrong. But, dare now, de kitchen steps ain't no place for co'tin'. I invise you to go to de rose arbor, where dey ain't no grocer boys or nothin' gwine disturb yer."

Under the rose arbor, on a small, rustic bench, where there was just room enough for two, John forgave her for her seeming indifference, and Mary Ann forgave him for believing that she was a maid.

"Anyway, I knew you were the most wonderful girl in the world, maid or no maid," he assured the soft, brown mass of hair against his shoulder, and the friendly roses nodded their agreement.

Food

RAINSFORD GLASS, '20

The term food is, indeed, a very broad one and one which may be treated from various standpoints. It embraces many topics which may be worked out in different ways; it gives varied scope for the imagination and it is practically limitless in extent. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that food is one of the most important factors in human life and is, indeed, absolutely necessary to life itself; notwithstanding the fact that food has brought about the development of the human race, I wonder how many of us stop to think of its great importance. We know that it means a great deal to us in our narrow life, but do we stop to think of its manifold results; of its part in the great movements of creations; of the dependence put upon it by all sorts and conditions of men in the past and in the present? I am afraid we do not. It is my purpose, therefore, to try, in a brief space, to point out some interesting facts about food which may not have come to the attention of many, and also if I may, to arouse interest in this great question.

In the first days of the world, Adam and Eve were driven from the garden because they yielded to the temptation offered in the shape of the apple. So we see that food, indirectly, brought evil into the world. Esau, in Biblical History, sold his birthright for a mere mess of pottage, another example of bodily temptation. Instancing once more from Scripture, we find that the journey by the Israelites into Egypt was necessitated by a failure of the crops in Palestine.

In the pastoral stages of the development of man, practically all wars were fought for the possession of pasture land which fed the flocks, which in turn served for food of the people. The great migrations or movements of whole peoples were due to the search for better lands.

Migrations of families, more commonly called emigration, from European countries to the United States have been largely due to the food question. For example, the failure of the currant crop in

Greece threw many men out of employment and destroyed their means of making a livelihood, and they were forced to seek employment elsewhere. Again, the failure of the potato crop in Ireland about 1848 sent thousands of starving Irish to the shores of our flourishing land. In this connection it is of interest to note that in return for having brought the new article, tobacco, into England, Sir Walter Raleigh was granted large estates in Ireland. Into these estates he brought the American potato, which formed such a valuable food from that time on, that it gained the name "Irish" potato. Even our most common articles of food have an interesting history, if we did but know it.

Of all foods, the ones to which we in America are most indebted are spices. These apparently trifling, insignificant luxuries we are to thank for our existence as a nation. For was it not in the search for a nearer route to India and the Eastern spice land, that Columbus discovered this continent? If the Europeans had been content to eat their foods without seasoning or variety of taste, who knows but that America might today be an unknown continent?

If it were not for the food question, wars would be quite different propositions from what they now are. For it is lack of food which causes the surrender of cities, of defenses, and indeed of whole armies of thousands of men. Even after holding out impossible lengths of time, no human beings can last forever without food, and must eventually, surrender. The chief question in military tactics, over which many hours of labor and thought are spent, centers around the most expedient way of cutting off the food supply of the enemy, and so causing his downfall. Not only in the field is the food question felt. For can anyone forget the wheatless, sweetless, meatless, and, as we were apt jokingly to say, eatless days of the war?

The lack of food in the winter months of the year has given birth to several industries which have become most useful to us in our everyday life, canning and the beet sugar industry. The discovery that sugar can be obtained from beets has surely been a God-send—especially to those countries which in time of war cannot obtain sugar from the cane growing districts. And what has been more

practically useful than the canning industry which enables us to live through the non-productive seasons of the year in comparative comfort? Indeed, how could we have kept such huge armies in the field during the past war if it had not been for the canned goods? This is too evident to admit of doubt.

To take up another phase of this same question. Food, or the transportation of food, is at the root of all commerce. The need of our nation for food not raised within its own boundaries has given rise to this method of exchange, which has formed the basis for the code of international law which forms our platform with regard to neighboring nations.

Food has brought about many industrial improvements. Famines have occurred in certain sections of a country while other sections have been flourishing for the simple reason that there is no adequate means of transportation. In India, especially, the railroads have been built to carry food from one part of the country to another. In our own western plains the great work of reclaiming the desert was started with the view to making a greater amount of soil productive. Examples along this line could be given *ad infinitum*.

I wonder how many of us when we sit down to a meal give any thought at all to the great and manifold forces at play in the preparation of the food that is set before us? We are prone to take these products as a matter of course, without wondering where they come from, or thinking of the varied experiences of each thing from its production to its final resting place before us on the table. Let us, for a few minutes consider an ordinary dinner. The majority of the dishes are probably home grown, but even their history is interesting. Take, for example, the meat. Does it not bring to mind the great stretches of our western prairies, dotted with thousands of peacefully grazing cattle? And then the rice calls to mind the warm, wet rice fields of our southern Seaboard and Gulf port states. The vegetables are probably raised in the near neighborhood, but we make a great skip of conditions and continents in considering the pepper, which is raised in the hot climates and is prepared by brown skinned natives who are far different from our own people. The

salt recalls still another great industry of our country while the coffee again takes us, in imagination, to our brown skinned benefactors. The sugar brings to mind either our southern states or the neighboring islands off the coast of Florida.

And now to come from the broader survey of this great question to a more narrow view of its importance to us here at St. Mary's. The one word "food" sums up the chief thoughts of girls away at school; it makes the heart beat faster and the "mouth water," as the darkeys say. The "meal" bells call us to a brief respite from our numerous tasks and serve to satisfy our apparently insatiable appetites. Perhaps, if the food is not to our liking we may engage in enlightening conversation.

Once again, the chief question asked of one who is fortunate enough to have been at a party is always, invariably "What did you have to eat?" Indeed, anything to eat, constitutes a party, whether it be a cake or a whole box of "eats." The general meaning of a "busy" sign is that food is in the process of being devoured.

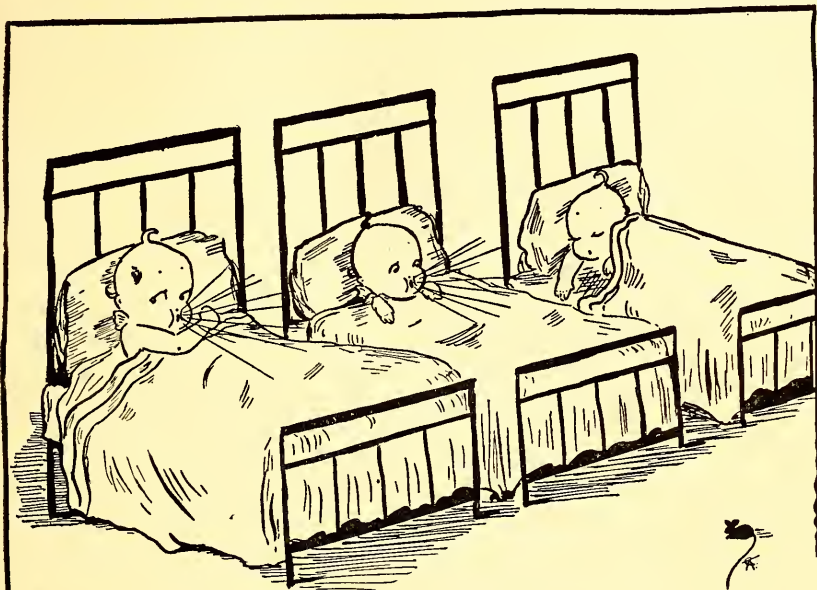
One of the most distressing of rules is the one forbidding the longed-for boxes from home. We must needs sit by and see our good homemade food sent away. Life is indeed hard.

On Mondays, the most popular places of all are the tea-room and drug stores. Odds and ends can wait but we must get food first and foremost. This in ordinary times. But what of extraordinary times such as quarantine days? The words "Little Store" have been indelibly engraved on our minds, for without it we would have been in a sad state. True, we had basket ball games and debates—food for excitement and thought—but this intangible diet furnishes only temporary relief.

Is it not the "customary" thing for a girl to send her crush food in some shape—candy or fruit—as a sign of her devotion? It is the first real sign that one has that she has a crush. One might infer that, as the way to a man's heart is through food, a crush's heart might be reached along this same highway. In this connection it might be mentioned that the only substitute for food is a crush. For they say that in critical cases, appetites have been lost—for a while at least.

By the aforesaid examples, we see what a vastly important part food has had to do with our life in the past. It is natural to think that the same question will be one of concern in the future. Even now, we are face to face with a serious problem. We have been selling food to Europe with no guarantee for payment. Europe cannot pay the debt incurred by the war, or even the interest on it, and therefore it cannot be expected that she can pay for foodstuffs. Are we to give food away? Or, if not, what will happen? There will be a surplus amount of food in this country; men will be thrown out of employment and prices should come down—but this will cause the parallel labor questions and there will be general economic unrest, of which the outcome is, as yet, a mystery. These are mere possibilities—not certainties.

So it is, that throughout all the ages, from the beginning of time to the present day, food has been one of the chief factors in the development of civilization and of the human race, and will continue to be so in the future. The question is one of vital importance and, as I hope I have shown, one of keen interest.



Infirmary Blues

CRICHTON THORNE

When you are feeling awful blue and the ward ain't big enough
To hold your thoughts and the small white beds, and they fill
you up with stuff;

When your neighbor coughs until she's hoarse, and you blow
and groan and bark,
When your cover feels all prickly and outside it's growing dark;

When home is miles and miles away and the distance gives you pain,
When you feel like Sarah with your lunch will never come again;

Then cheer up, Honey, 'cause you know, it's worse than all your
"Flues"

Just to lie there kinder listless like and have Infirmary Blues.

But this life ain't all of darkness and your cares don't
seem so near

When Miss Alex tucks your covers in with a "Feeling
better dear?"

A pity every School we know can't have the luck to
choose

An angel knowing how to cure colds and Infirmary
Blues.



A Romance of the Sea

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON, '20

In the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and forty, there spreads through the village on the Isle of Jersey the astonishing news that a ship is in sight, and that it is headed directly for the harbor of the Isle. As this unusual report reaches the people, they eagerly and anxiously hasten to the shore to welcome the ship in port. Not far off, on the hill, the chimes of the little chapel peal forth the joyful tidings of the arrival of the long expected ship. Immediately the doors of the chapel are opened, and men, women, and children rush out, after the Easter Service, to join their friends on the shore.

Mingled with this crowd of spectators are many French Huguenots, who a few years before had fled from the cruel tortures and persecutions of the French king, and sought peace and shelter on the Isle of Jersey. The inhabitants of the Isle had received these Huguenots with open hospitality and kindness, protecting them for many, many months until a ship should come to take them to the New World. Time after time their hopes had been aroused over the sight of a sail, but only to be dashed to pieces when the sail did not turn into the little harbor.

So, now, as this good ship Baliol glides into port, 'tis no wonder that cries of joy and excitement greet her from the awaiting crowd. The anchor is cast—the captain and sailors hasten ashore. It is soon learned that the ship can remain only a short time, and that all who expect to leave, must be on board in three hours. 'Tis even rumored that a very important personage is on the ship, which necessitates the short stay. Some whisper that it is an ambassador of the King.

Everyone runs here and there collecting their necessary equipments for departure. At last the crowd once more assembles on the shore; but this time there is a tinge of sadness intermingled with the previous cries of joy. For 'tis true that these Huguenots must bid farewell to their kind and beneficent hosts of the Isle, and leave for a new land—perhaps never to return. The ship's bell sounds—

friends call out to each other—handkerchiefs wave a last good bye—and the little ship with its full cargo of brave Huguenots sails out of the harbor. Thus it is that on this clear and beautiful Easter, a little ship starts forth on its dangerous passage across the Atlantic, bearing a people who have been oppressed, and who turn their eyes and hopes to America in order to achieve their ideals of peace and happiness.

Another bright and beautiful day dawns upon the voyagers, but this time they are in mid Atlantic. All seems quiet on board. The "important personage" has been sick, but is reported better. On the upper deck, the figure of a tall man may be seen pacing to and fro. 'Tis a tall and manly figure indeed, enveloped in a flowing military cape. The sea breeze is blowing his wavy black hair, but even this does not disturb his deep meditation. He rounds a corner—and stops short. A slight noise attracts his attention, and he turns his eyes to behold the sleeping form of a young girl, who is entirely unconscious of the neglected book, her wind tossed curls, or the purring of her pet cat at her side. Rather she seems lost in a land of dreams and romance. The man gazes so intently at this picture, that suddenly the long lashes move, the large blue eyes open, and the lovely lips murmur: "Mon chevalier!"

"Oh, pardon me, my little one, have I disturbed your sleep?" he hastens to say. At last the girl becomes conscious of her surroundings, and likewise embarrassed.

"No indeed," she says with a slight accent, "I was reading my fairy stories, and just fell asleep. I was dreaming about a wonderful cavalier, who saved me from an awful beast. I called him my "chevalier." Then I woke up and saw you. My name is Anne Manger. My father is Henri Manger, Governor of the party. But I don't know you, Monsieur, how is it I haven't seen you before?"

"No, my little Huguenot maid, you don't know me, nor can I tell you my name at present. But may I pray you call me by that name you did a moment ago, when you first awoke; and besides let me sit here by you while you tell me more of your fairy dream, and your other "chevalier."

Thus, it happens, that fate places the handsome Englishman and the French maiden together. As the days pass into weeks these two become more and more intimate. Many are the happy hours they spend together on deck (whenever the mysterious stranger can successfully elude the other voyagers). Watching the blue waters, they discuss each others' dreams, hopes, and aspirations for the new life. Gradually those worried looks on the stranger's face become less frequent, and his countenance assumes the look of determination and perseverance. To him, though somewhat of a child, Anne becomes a sort of angel, who trusts and inspires him: and to Anne, he soon takes the place of the dream cavalier, and becomes in reality her knight, her "chevalier," as she always calls him.

As the ship nears the coast of the Carolinas, the season for storms approaches. The weather becomes less favorable, and finally one night there is a terrible storm. The little ship tossed about by the huge waves, strikes a reef. The crash awakens everyone. Instantly there is a clamoring on deck, and the small boats are lowered. Women and children go first, of course, and when there is room the men follow. In the rush and excitement Anne loses sight of the stranger, who, after helping the last of the women, suddenly dashes back to his cabin for some valuable papers. Another crash comes, and the little boats are separated.

All night and all day the boat in which Anne and her father are, drifts about, and on the second day is picked up by a fishing boat. After several weary weeks of travel, the Mangers at last arrive in Charleston, where they find many of their Huguenot friends and relatives have preceded them, and who hospitably welcome them into their midst.

.

Once more an Easter Morn dawns on these Huguenots, but now ten years have elapsed since that joyously eventful Easter when they set sail from the Isle of Jersey. These years have proved very prosperous, since they brought the fulfilment of the Huguenots search for peace and religious freedom. Many of the families have

prospered in commercial ways, and become important factors in the social and political life of the Carolinas. Henri Manger is now one of the acknowledged leaders in political matters and lives on his estate, just outside of Charleston, with his daughter Anne. On this particular Easter day, when the last words of the anthems have been sung, a crowd of gayly dressed young people pour forth from the open doors of St. Paul's. Among the number of new bonneted girls, stands one, who evidently seems to be the center of the admiring crowd. 'Tis true she has on a new bonnet covered with flowers, and also a new silk dress, both just lately arrived from the shops in London. She looks unusually pretty in her new attire, and as person after person stops to chat with her, and perhaps pass a few delicate compliments, she nods and smiles at them, and a stray golden curl escapes from beneath her bonnet strings.

All these young people seem very much excited as they gossip together, and such stray sentences as these may be heard.

"Oh, dear, what shall I wear?" "I wonder will he be very handsome." "Surely he will not disappoint us." "Oh, won't Anne be a lovely Queen, just look!"

From all this we have an idea that some great event draws near, and we are right too, because surely they are discussing the great annual Festival, which is held every Easter Monday in Charleston.

At length the "center of the attraction" of this crowd starts toward her carriage. Immediately several gallant gentlemen step forward to assist her in. She thanks them all very gracefully, calls to her coachman, and drives away.

Down the palm shaded avenue she goes, until passing a similar coach, in which a very stately lady and gentleman are seated, she stops.

"Good morrow, Mistress Anne, and how fares our lovely Queen of tomorrow's Festival," the Governor of the colony calls out.

"Why, how are you today Governor, and Mrs. Calvert?" Anne answers.

"Anne, I've some very startling news for you indeed. Now, hush," begins Mrs. Calvert, "and don't run because I intend to tell you about a man. Only this morning the post from Wilmington

brought me word that the noted Sir John Pendleton was to arrive here in time for tomorrow's celebration. Cousin William DeRosset writes that Sir John is very charming, very handsome, sure to please even the most fastidious dancing partner, besides being the most accomplished and brilliant lawyer of North Carolina. 'Tis whispered, too, that he is highly trusted and esteemed by the King. So, my dear Anne, prepare to look your prettiest, for Sir John will be the Queen's partner for the minuet."

In the crowded ball room of the Governor's Mansion, the trumpet blows as a signal for the formation of the minuet. Amidst raining confetti and gayly colored ribbons the partners are sought out. A pause—the Queen of the Festival ascends her dias—is crowned with a garland of flowers. Sir John steps forward to claim her as his partner, bows low over her hand,—she curtsies,—and looks up,—two pairs of familiar blue and brown eyes instantly meet.

"My Chevalier," she murmurs.

The minuet is over, the Festival is ended, the couples begin to depart. Yet, under a Southern sky, in an old, old Southern garden, a couple walk, arm in arm.

"My Chevalier, why did I never know your name? Why did I never hear from you?" asks the girl.

"My little one," he answers, "then, when I was coming to America, I was not my own master. I served some one higher. I served his Majesty, the King. As a secret messenger, I bore important documents from him to the Governor of North Carolina. It was those documents I sought to save the night of the wreck. I was on my honor to deliver them and not until then reveal my identity. On the ship I was, therefore, forced to live apart from the others, and feign sickness. Those stolen hours I spent with you, my little Anne, were the most wonderful of my life. It was you who inspired me to do as I have, and now that my mission is fulfilled, I ask you to share with me those same honors and successes you inspired."

Thus, this does not end, but only begins a romance of the sea.

An Uncomfortable Hour

RAINSFORD GLASS, '20

Characters

Mrs. Black }
Mrs. White } Callers

Susie Laycock, Mary Ann's younger sister

Mr. Laycock, Mary Ann's father

Jimmy Brandon, Mary Ann's fiance

Mary Ann Laycock, the heroine

Scene—Living room of the Laycock second floor apartment. Susie is standing looking out of open window in rear. Mary Ann is standing at center table strapping an overcrowded suitcase.

MARY ANN. I simply can't get this strapped. (*Turning to window*). Come here quick, Susie, and hold this end down.

SUSIE. I told you not to try to put so much in. I can send the other things in a box.

MARY ANN. Now if I can just get safely out before Daddy comes in.

SUSIE. He's going to work late tonight. You'll have plenty of time. (*Taking suitcase from table and sitting on it*). There, that's done at last!

MARY ANN. Oh, goodness, where did I put my coat? (*Rushing to sofa*) Here it is. Now where's my hat?

SUSIE (*hurrying out of room, unseen by Mary Ann*). I'll get it. Wait a minute.

MARY ANN. I may be doing wrong, but I've told Daddy if he wouldn't consent to my marrying Jimmy I'd do it anyway, and now I've waited long enough. He said he'd be here at eight-thirty sharp, and leave the car around the corner. (*Looks at watch*). Goodness! It's already eight-twenty. Susie! Oh, I thought—

SUSIE (*rushing in with hat*). Here it is, Mary Ann. (*Stops and listens intently*). Oh! (*with relief*) I thought I heard the door bell.

MARY ANN. The bell? (*Looks up quickly*). That's just the trouble with this old apartment—there's no possible way to sneak out the back door. I wish to goodness they'd hurry and finish our house.

SUSIE (*scornfully*). Much good it will do Mrs. Jimmy Brandon.

MARY ANN (*with a smile*). That's so too. Well, I'll visit you all in the new house. (*Picking up suitcase*). Here, Susie, put this with my hat and coat over by the window. (*Seeing look of surprise on Susie's face*). No, you goose, I'm not going to jump out—merely lower them to Jimmy. (*Stopping short*). There's his car now! Come here quick and help me.

SUSIE (*tying rope around suitcase, coat and hat*). Now it's all ready. (*Looking out of window*) There's Jimmy now, under the tree! (*Whistles to Jimmy*) Let it down easy! (*They both let the bundle down slowly and carefully; then both draw a sigh of relief. Bell rings*).

MARY ANN (*listening intently*). It can't be Jimmy. What shall I do?

SUSIE. Be calm, my dear Sis, be calm. It may be merely a messenger. (*Goes to door and opens it*). Why, how do you do, Mrs. White! What do you—I mean (*confusedly*) won't you sit down? Mother's not here, but if there's anything we can do for you—

MRS. WHITE (*surprised*). Oh! Your mother hasn't come home yet? Well, I heard some little news today I thought she might be interested in, and I had an idea she was expected this afternoon. (*Sits down as if to pay a visit*).

MARY ANN (*to Susie*). Oh, that woman is here for good! I feel it in my bones. (*Turning to Mrs. White*) I'm sure she would like to hear it, but she's not coming home for a week yet. (*Looks at window*).

MRS. WHITE (*with surprised look*). What's the matter? (*Seeing Susie evidently motioning to somebody from window, aside*). What a rude child! (*To Mary Ann*) How sweet your little sister is getting to be, isn't she? Well, as I was saying—

SUSIE (*returning from window*). Father won't be home till late, Mrs. White. Can we do anything for you?

MRS. WHITE (*raising left eyebrow significantly*). Oh, no, thank you: I merely wanted to tell your mother about—er—that is, as she isn't here, I'll go on over to Mrs. Black's and tell her about it. (*Exit*).

SUSIE. Isn't she the limit, Mary Ann? Nothing but a town gossip. I'm glad Mother wasn't here; she'd have been bored to death.

MARY ANN. Thank goodness she's gone. Susie, run to the window and motion Jimmy that I'm on my way. (*Susie goes to window and, looking out, nods head affirmatively; then turns to Mary Ann.*)

SUSIE. You'd better hurry, before somebody else happens along.

MARY ANN. Well, I'm ready now. Good-bye, Susie dear. (*Kisses her hurriedly*). You've been an angel to help me out as you've done. I'll be back in a few days. (*Takes note out of table drawer*). Give this to Daddy. I hope he won't take it out on you. (*Walks quickly towards door*).

SUSIE (*Brushing away a tear and blinking hard*). Don't worry about me—only please don't stay too long at first!

MARY ANN (*Opens door while looking back and thereby nearly overturns a lady about to knock*). Why—er—please excuse me, Mrs. Black. I was in a big hurry. Mother's not at home, you know.

MRS. BLACK. She hasn't returned? (*Making no move to get out of Mary Ann's way*). Well, my dear, I will tell you about it—and it may interest you too. Come! (*Pulls Mary Ann into the room with her. Mary Ann looks despairingly at Susie.*) You poor dears, how you must miss your mother. Who does the housekeeping?

MARY ANN. Both of us.

MRS. BLACK. Well, well, now isn't that fine? You know it's really an excellent experience for a girl. Is your cook doing all right?

MARY ANN. Yes.

MRS. BLACK (*undaunted*). It's a good thing you two have each other for company. What do you do all day?

SUSIE. Oh, everything, and when night comes we're always ready for bed early. (*Yawning*).

MRS. BLACK. You poor children! No wonder. By the way, where is your father? Are you two here alone? That's a real downright shame.

SUSIE. Oh, no, we really like it. (*Whistle sounds again. Mary Ann and Susie start guiltily*).

MRS. BLACK (*comfortably*). That's nothing—only a messenger boy outside.

MARY ANN. I guess I'm—er—a—a little bit nervous. (*Telephone rings and Susie runs to answer it*).

SUSIE. Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Laycock's number. No, this is Susie. Yes, she's been here about five minutes. Can I give her a message? Oh, certainly—wait a minute. (*Puts receiver down and calls Mrs. Black to phone*) It's for you, Mrs. Black!

MRS. BLACK. Thank you. (*Rises and goes to phone*). Hello—yes—why, I'll be right over, Mrs. White. Just wait till I get there. Yes. Oh, you were? How did I miss seeing you? Well, good-bye.

MARY ANN (*whispers to Susie*). Thank goodness she's going!

MRS. BLACK. Well, I'll be over in the morning to tell you the story. Mrs. White says she has some exceedingly important news to tell me and hasn't long to say. That's the reason I must rush along now. Goodnight, my dears. (*Exit*).

MARY ANN. Just let her get out of sight and I'll make one more attempt. If that fails I guess I'll have to give up my plans. (*Flops drearily down on chair near door. Whistle outside*).

SUSIE. Poor Jimmy—I guess he's about as nervous as you are. (*Goes to window and looks out*).

MARY ANN (*sighing deeply*). Here goes my final plunge. (*Exit*).

SUSIE. Well! (*Sinks down in arm chair by the table and silence reigns, broken only by the ticking of the clock. Soon the door reopens to admit Mary Ann and her father*). For goodness' sake, what's happened now?

MARY ANN. Daddy said I couldn't go to Julia's by myself at night. He met me on the steps, and he said he wanted to talk to me anyway. (*Drops in chair*).

MR. LAYCOCK. Yes, I don't at all approve of young girls going out alone at night—too many toughs around. Susie, get me some tea, will you please? I'm absolutely played out. (*Exit Susie*).

MARY ANN. I'm awfully ner—I mean, sleepy tonight. I—er—don't know what's the matter. Guess I've done too much tonight—I mean today.

MR. LAYCOCK. Better go to bed early. What have you been doing tonight?

MARY ANN. Jim—I mean, Mrs. Black and Mrs. White both called—I thought they'd never leave. Mrs. White, as usual, had heard some news she wanted to tell Mother.

MR. LAYCOCK. Blessing she hadn't come back. (*Lights cigar and puffs in silence for a few seconds. Mary Ann picks up book and is very fidgety*). Mary Ann, there's something on my mind I must tell you. (*Coughs and clears throat in evident embarrassment*).

MARY ANN. Well, I'm listening.

MR. LAYCOCK. Guess you know what I'm talking about—Jimmy Brandon. I've been watching him pretty closely. He's got more in him than I thought—got nerve and brains and perseverance.

MARY ANN. I told you—

MR. LAYCOCK. Yes, of course you did—who wouldn't have said so under the circumstances? As I was saying, I've been watching him—business doing well—prospects look bright. Altogether, more desirable addition to the family than I thought at first—

MARY ANN. Oh, I'm so glad you—

MR. LAYCOCK. Don't interrupt. So after careful consideration of all matters concerned I've decided—

MARY ANN. Oh, Daddy, have you really? (*Jumps up to sit on arm of her father's chair*).

MR. LAYCOCK. Don't be too hasty. I've decided to let you marry him—eventually. But you must wait at least three months to be good and sure. I want no mistakes made in this matter—too serious. (*Enter Susie with the tea*).

MARY ANN. Oh, Susie, Daddy has at last given in! (*Susie almost overturns tray as she sets it down on table*).

SUSIE. Let me call Jimmy right now: (*Runs to window and calls loudly*).

MARY ANN (*blushing furiously and shamefacedly looking down*). Daddy, I've a confession to make. I was just on the verge of running away tonight. Thank goodness I met you first. I'd lots rather do it the other way—but we just couldn't wait.

MR. LAYCOCK (*Looks up and frowns, remains silent a moment, then sighs*). Well, the young are often wild. (*Refectively*) I was in my day.

Enter Jimmy, almost on the run. Susie rushes up and grabs his arm.

SUSIE. Isn't it grand. Jimmy? Daddy says you and Mary Ann can get married and won't have to elope, and I can be in the wedding, and—

JIMMY. Susie—Mary Ann—Mr. Laycock, what in the world does this mean? I thought sure somebody had been killed from Susie's wild calling. (*Looks from one to another, puzzled*).

MR. LAYCOCK. It means, Jimmy, that I have consented to your marriage with my daughter.

JIMMY. Well, sir, I feel really guilty. Has Mary Ann told you?

MARY ANN. Yes, of course, and he didn't seem a bit mad!

MR. LAYCOCK. No, it's no use. Love will find a way, I suppose, and I'm only too glad I came along in time to stop this elopement. Now I am certain of having my little girl with me at least three months—can't I say that, Mary Ann? (*appealingly*).

MARY ANN. You surely can. Oh, I'm so happy—but I've certainly been through an uncomfortable hour! (*Crosses to Jimmy, and he takes her hand*).

SUSIE. And I can put up my hair and wear high heels and be Miss Laycock—goody! (*She parades back and forth across room with head held high and hums*) "Here comes the bride!"

Curtain.

Fire Drill

MARY HOKE, '20

Lunch is over on this cold Saturday afternoon—always on Saturday—and the girls stroll leisurely out of the dining room, some to a “meeting of St. Catherine’s Chapter,” others to report, and the luckier ones to take their “three times ’round the grove”—Suddenly: What! recess over already! It can’t be, and yet the bell is ringing with an even more determined clang than usual. Every one gazes at every one else. Still that bell continues. A sudden inspiration communicates itself swiftly from one to another. Fire Drill! The girls in the grove fly to their respective places, down the front path or the side ones as the case may be; and simultaneously doors on all sides are flung open, and girls pour out pell mell down the steps, creating pandemonium as they fly. Miss Bierce, at her station at the head of the grove, watches in vain for order to come out of chaos. Wild cries are heard, as “Are you twelve? Then I’m thirteen; I’m next to you, or am I eleven? I just can’t remember from one time to the next!”

At last an approximate line is formed, the columns straight except for a frequent shiver which runs through the whole line when a particularly cold blast passes. The teacher or monitor of each section calls, “Count off!” and “One, two, three” is heard from each line. Why what has happened to that line at the head of the right path! The yelling and shrieking and jumping around surpasses all the rest. Is that Senior Hall? Impossible! But so it is. The Seniors finding Miss Lee missing cannot wait for the absence to be reported but send the distracted Senior Hall courier in search of her. She sends the message back that she is already burned up so they may proceed as usual without her. These distressing tidings only increase the confusion.

The drill, however, continues, and the East Rock courier from down the line comes up and the reports go to Miss Bierce. “Mildred Cooley missing? In the Infirmary? All right, but where’s Margaret Rawlings? Somebody must go for her. She’s in the burning

building!" The bravest courier is despatched to the rescue, and presently returns supporting the panting miscreant, buttoning on a sweater and showing other signs of hurried exit.

The buildings emptied, Miss Bierce's attention is again attracted to that "bedlam" to the right. She can stand it no longer, so leaves her post and descends the hill. The Seniors struggle to come to attention, but all in vain. (Is that a snicker heard down there at the end? Surely not when all the while some one may be in the flames.) Miss Bierce reaches the line and "Girls, this is discouraging to say the least! Not one word more until you reach your rooms." The Seniors hang their heads.

Comparative quiet reigns through the lines at last, probably because everyone has become too frozen for words. A second bell is rung. Up the path, Indian file, and in step, come the three silent processions. The bell is rung again, this time for classes, and the excitement is over.

Chapel Line

FLORIDA KENT, '22

St. Mary's is, as we all know, a Church school; and it certainly lives up to its reputation. It has its own chapel where services are held twice every day—and woe to her who fails to attend one of these services.

Promptly at eight-forty-five the chapel line leaves Assembly to make its supposedly quiet way to chapel. First comes the choir, a group of about forty girls, arranged according to voice, not height. Immediately behind the choir is the student body with the general appearance of "the animals come in two by two," beginning with the shortest girl in school and ending with the tallest. Then there comes a break in the human stairway; for following meekly behind the tallest girl in school comes the shortest senior and then upward.

In order to add to the idea of uniformity, each girl is crowned with a chapel cap. The few originals are round, are made of black serge, and are placed directly on the center of the head, and give the appearance of monkeys to the unfortunates forced to don them.

The majority, however, concocted at the last minute, range from a hat lining to a middy tie and are adjusted at various angles according to the personal taste of the wearer.

The appearance of the line is influenced greatly by the weather conditions. In cold weather, as at present, each girl is equipped with spats or high shoes, wraps, and heavy dark skirts. As yet we have had no experience with warm weather and the future holds many changes.

When the threshold of the chapel is reached the facial expression of each girl becomes one of conscious piety. Every eye looks directly in front as if afraid that it might swerve from the straight and narrow path. There is not a smile to one side or the other. Simultaneously a general removal of hands from sweater pockets takes place, accompanied by an awkward effect of not knowing just what to do with arms, etc. With an effort, but a poor one, to keep step, the chapel line moves on.

Taking up the other division of order, occasionally there is quiet. The order within chapel depends largely upon psychological influences—for instance whether or not the music be sadly religious or rather “jazzy,” or whether the day be Ash Wednesday or the nineteenth of December. The quietness is interrupted occasionally by the sallies of the setter pup who trips lightly into chapel, seemingly for the express purpose of affording amusement and of gaining a free ride out at the expense of Miss Dennis or one of the youthful owners of the dog.

After a lapse of some fifteen minutes, the doors are opened and the line emerges. There is a general gasp for the grateful fresh air and a sudden reaching for chapel caps. Hands drop automatically as the words come up before the mind, “Do not take off your chapel caps until you have reached Assembly.”

Suppressed whispers spreading the latest news; girls walking three abreast with arms entwined; louder talking as soon as the line is safely past the covered way; stumbling over the door mat; chanted singing of the last hymn, and a fruitless attempt to keep the line straight, bring the chapel line at last to the Study Hall, where at one tap of the bell, the student body disperses and goes its several ways.

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EDITORIAL

"Spring is coming!" The age-old chant is being sung anew. The birds sing it, first of all, of course, and the little green things peeping boldly up proclaim the fact with a questioning air, as if ready to dive back into their warm brown beds if they find a chilly welcome awaiting them. The First Breath o' Spring has triumphed at last over its many disheartening setbacks, and after one final glory of blossom, the little white flowers have given place to the lazier leaves. The Grove has caught the prevailing epidemic of Spring Fever and is proudly attiring herself in her new green dress, trimmed with pink rosebuds and fairy lace of dewy cobwebs. The old Rocks have begun to take on a more festive air, and before long the wistaria will be out in all its tempting sweetness. Even the little gray squirrels feel the change, and as they chase each other up and down the trees, within which new life is beginning to stir, and across the young, green grass, the very flirt of their pert little tails betrays the

fact that they know the long winter is over and that Spring is at least on its way.

Surely, the world must have begun in the Spring. It is the most beautiful season of the year, when everything is just waking from the long sleep and Nature's face is nightly washed in dew, to be dried in the morning by the caressing warmth of the early sun. The blue sky is never bluer than after an April shower when the sudden clouds are as suddenly cleared away and the sun smiles down again on a smiling earth.

But the Spring is more than the season of beauty; it is the season of hope. It is the beginning of all things, the end of nothing. So it should be an inspiration to us to renew our lagging energy and instead of making these last two months a long-drawn anticlimax, to make them the very best of all.

By the way, are you coming back next year? It is a question that you don't hear as much yet as you will later, but you can't begin thinking about it too soon. ("Rooms are assigned strictly in order of application!") Some of you know you are coming back; some know you are not; some can if they want to, but haven't quite decided. "Ask a Senior!" You will hardly find one who won't tell you, "I'd give my head for your chance to come back." Oh, it's all very well to talk about not liking this and that, but when it comes right down to it, next September you'll be wishing you were back, spats, chapel caps and all!

SCHOOL NEWS

February 28—Sigma First Team Triumphs Again

The Mu and Sigma First Teams met for their third conflict Saturday, February 28th. For the first time this season, however, all members of both teams were on the floor and from start to finish the game was a close one. The teams were in splendid condition and did some of the prettiest playing ever seen at St. Mary's. During almost the entire first half the ball was kept whizzing from one end of the court to the other without a single basket. All four guards were at their best, Jane Ruffin and Nina Cooper having apparently determined that their forwards should not have a chance at the goal.

Early in the second half the score stood six to six. Laura Underwood had made three exceptionally pretty shots and between them, the Mu forwards had brought the score to a tie. For several tense minutes the game went on, fast and furious, while the second hand of the timekeeper's watch flew round and round. At the crucial moment almost as Patty had taken breath to blow her whistle, came the protest, "Time out," and for five more endless minutes the tie remained a tie. Then the ball was put in play again, with half a minute left to go. Down to the Sigma end it went and straight into the waiting, confident hands of Laura Underwood. While the basket still circled the ball, the final whistle sounded and the scorekeeper's "Eight to six in favor of the Sigmas" was drowned in the Mus "fifteen rahs" for their opponents.

Following is the line-up for the game:

Sigma		Mu
Toy	} Centers	{ Kent
Boyd		{ Barber
Hoke	} Forwards	{ McCabe
Underwood		{ Yellott
Cooper (Capt.)	} Guards	{ Ruffin
Everett		{ Glass (Capt.)
		C. M. M.

March 1—The Faculty Game

A very unusual entertainment was given in the Gym, Monday evening, March 1st. It was nothing less than a thrilling Basket Ball game between the "Blacks and Blues" more familiarly known as the Faculty. Just before the hour set for the game, forty Mus and forty Sigmas, baby-blue beribboned, marched down the steps singing "Blue Team's Gonna Shine Tonight." Almost immediately forty Sigmas and forty Mus came in the side door, keeping time to "Your Pep." They were not chief mourners as their get-ups might have led one to believe, but were the staunch upholders of the Blacks. Ear splitting cheers were given on both sides as the rival teams tripped out upon the battle ground. Lo, a miracle had been wrought! Gone were the dignified teachers who are at times, rather awesome in everyday life, and in their places were twelve jolly athletics, clad in bloomers and middies.

Each team stood under its goal and cheered its opponents. The game was called by Nina Cooper who, in stentorian tones, shouted the time-honored phrase, "Linesmen, Timekeepers, Scorekeepers—Ready, go!" and tossed the ball up between the centers, Miss Shearer and Mrs. Cruikshank. Miss Quackenbos was indeed the star of the Blacks, for as forward she threw in successive goals with dizzying rapidity. Miss Wilson playing side center for the Blues won great applause, for even when she fell down and had to be assisted to her feet by guardians appointed for that purpose, she came up smiling and continued to stop the ball with her usual success. In the second half, Rene Glass was the referee and she, too, carried out her part in a most business-like manner. The final score was 24-12 in favor of the Blacks and after it had been written in flourishing figures on the blackboard provided for the occasion, all who were not too convulsed with laughter gave a parting cheer for their respective teams and left the Gym, voting the game even funnier than the Faculty fray last year.

The line-up was as follows:

Blacks		Blues	
Cruikshank	}	Centers	{ Shearer
Marriott		Wilson (Capt.)	
Bierce (Capt.)	}	Forwards	{ Dennis
Quackenbos		Leggett	
Morehardt	}	Guards	{ Neave
St. John		Bottom	

F. P. V.

March 6—Mus Win Second and Fourth Team Championships

The biggest surprise of the Basket Ball season came off Saturday night, March 6th, when the Mus raked in thirty points at one fell swoop by defeating the Sigma Second and Fourth Teams. The game was called at eight-fifteen, as the Second Teams took their places. Edmundson and Brown played well together and were unusually successful in evading their active guards, Smythe and Baum. So capably, on the other hand, did Wimberly and Villepigue hold Cole and Blakely down that the final whistle brought the game to a close with the score 27-9 in favor of the Mus. There was pretty playing in the center on both sides, especially on the part of Glass and Ballou.

The line-up follows:

Sigma		Mu	
Ballou	}	Centers	{ Glass, E. L.
Collier, E.		Ashworth	
Cole	}	Forwards	{ Edmundson
Blakeley		Brown	
Smythe	}	Guards	{ Wimberly
Baum		Villepigue	

The Fourth Team game was closer, but again the Mus came out ahead, this time with a score of 28-19. Dunnock starred for the Mus, and the Nixon Twins were again fighting for the Sigmas.

Lilly's field shots were the feature of the game, however. This was "Little Nina's" athletic debut, and she bids fair to uphold the reputation of her big sister.

Following is the line-up for the second game:

Sigma		Mu
Taylor	} Centers	{ Gresham Way
Cooper, D.		
Nixon, M.	} Forwards	{ Dunnock Lay
Lilly		
Nixon, D.	} Guards	{ Fitts Nolan
Pegues		

March 11-12—The Model Meetings

The last two "Model Meetings" were staged in the Parlor on Thursday and Friday evenings, March 11th and 12th. For several weeks both Literary Societies had been planning and preparing their programs, and remembering the first meetings of this kind, the whole School was looking forward to two pleasant evenings. Nor were they disappointed. Alternating from last time, the Sigma Lambdas had first place, so at seventy-twenty on Thursday evening the President, Lucy London Anderson, called the meeting to order and the contest began.

Consistently following the idea of a "model meeting," after the roll had been called and the minutes read and approved, the chairman of the several committees made their reports and the current events of the week were summarized by Audrey Stone. The Society then discussed the question of continuing the present plan in the Literary Societies next year, and those who were responsible for that plan may be glad to know that it met with general approval. The business of the meeting having thus been satisfactorily disposed of, the subject of the evening was announced as "Ireland" in honor of St. Patrick's Day so near at hand. The entire program was one of unusual interest and was exceptionally well rendered, the laurels

going to Dorothy Baum, who talked about the legends of Ireland, and Fielding Douthat, Mary Louise Everett and Margaret Elliott, who presented a fanciful little Irish play, "The Traveling Man." The other numbers on the program were:

"The Wearing of the Green" Chorus
 "Katie's Answer" Martha Best
 "A Little Bit of Heaven" Mary Ellen Travis

After the critic's report, the meeting was adjourned and the audience dispersed, loud in the praises of the Sigma Lambda, and rather dubious as to the chances of the E. A. P. A good crowd was on hand, however, promptly the following evening, and the second meeting was opened by the President Jane Toy in the midst of considerable excitement.

The roll was duly called, the minutes read and approved without comment, and the President then called for the report of the Program Committee, the chairman of which presented a plan for the remaining six meetings of the year, which was adopted by the Society. Mattie Lou Newman reported for the *Muse* Editors on the progress of the Monthly, and the Society, acting on Patty Sherrod's motion, then gave a rising vote of thanks to the editors and contributors to the *Muse*. The business was concluded by the President's reminder that the Debaters and Commencement Marshals would be elected at the next regular meeting, and the program for the evening was then announced to be the last preliminary debate of the season with the query, "Resolved: That the United States should adopt a policy of further material restriction of immigration."

A debate is seldom a popular program, "model" though it be, but the appreciation of the audience testified to the fact that this one was unusually interesting. Nancy Lay and Millicent Blanton, on the Affirmative, presented a convincing argument, but the judges, Misses Sublett, Sherrod and Powell, decided in favor of the Negative, upheld by Catharine Boyd and Mary Yellott. The decision was announced at the close of the E. A. P. song and the meeting was

adjourned after the distribution of the new *Muse*, just come from the press.

The final decision, two to one, of the contest judges, Mrs. Cruikshank, Miss Searle and Mr. Stone, was in keeping with popular opinion. The Sigma Lambda meeting, presenting quite as "model" and a more interesting program, well deserved its victory, and the E. A. P.'s bade farewell to the coveted fifteen points with no hard feelings on either side.

March 15—Mus Victorious in First Volley Ball Game

The first Volley Ball game of the season was played in the Gym Monday night, March 15th. The teams were pretty well matched, but both showed a great need of more practice. Although most of the spectators were rather in the dark concerning the rules of the game and were doubtful as to the proper time to yell, there was no lack of pep and enthusiasm. Conspicuous among the Sigma players were Everett and Cooper. Mary Louise's playing was quite up to the Sigma yell, "Mary Louise: Sure to please!" and in the last Sigma serve it seemed almost too much for the Mus to down Nina. On the Mu side Villepique, or "Captain Piggy," was decidedly the star; she was astonishingly successful in stopping difficult balls and her serve contributed more than its share to the total score. Another Mu star was Dorothy Dodd. This was her first appearance in athletics and she lived up to the high expectations aroused from reports from the practices.

In spite of the desperate efforts of the Sigmas, they were unable to prevent the Mus from keeping the lead they got in their first serve, and the game ended with the score 43—37 in their favor.

The contestants were:

Sigma		Mu
Hoke (Capt.)	Villepique (Capt.)	
Everett	Dodd	
Cooper	Kent	
Smythe	Barber	
Cole	Glass	
Thompson—E. Collier	Simmons	F. P. V.

First Team Championship Goes to Sigmas

On Saturday evening, March 27th, an expectant crowd piled into the Gym to witness the last and most exciting game of the basket ball season. The cheers on both sides were peppier than ever and did credit to the splendid leading of Martha Best and Peggy Edmundson.

While lacking in the usual quick pass work and betraying a slight let-up in practice, the game was the stiffest and hardest fought of the season. Both teams did some splendid playing and again the guards, especially Jane Ruffin and Nina Cooper, starred throughout. Dorothy Baum and Mary Bryan Wimberly, subbing in the center for Catharine Boyd and Harriet Barber, played a good game and proved themselves worthy substitutes for the regulars. At the end of the first half the score stood 5-4 in the Sigmas' favor and when the final whistle blew the score-keeper announced a tie, 9-9.

Three tense minutes followed while Mus and Sigmas alike struggled for the ball. From end to end it whirled, in and out and in again, till suddenly with a quick spring "Moke" caught the elusive ball and threw it with unerring aim straight into the basket, thereby gaining eternal glory for herself and at the same time capturing thirty-five points for the Sigmas.

The line-up was as follows:

Sigma		Mu
Toy	} Centers	{ Kent
Baum		{ Wimberly
Hoke	} Forwards	{ Yellott
Underwood		{ McCabe
Cooper (Capt.)	} Guards	{ Glass (Capt.)
Everett		{ Ruffin

C. B.

Items of Interest

The second of the series of preliminary debates were held in both Literary Societies on Wednesday evening, March 3d. The debates this year have been unusually good and these were no exception. In the Sigma Lambda Society Eugenia Thomas and Florida Kent were defeated by Audrey Stone and Jane MacMillan, upholding the Affirmative of the query: "Resolved, That the Federal Government should compel arbitration in labor disputes." The E. A. P. query: "Resolved, That Hoover is a better man for President than Wood," was debated by Dorothy Kirtland and Louise Egleston on the Affirmative and Jane Toy and Lorraine Smythe on the Negative. Here again the Affirmative proved the winning side.

The modified quarantine was lifted on Sunday, March 7th, in order to enable the School to attend service at the Church of the Good Shepherd in the absence of Mr. Way. On the following evening Mlle. Alda's concert in the Auditorium was a second occasion for the lifting of the quarantine, and those who had the pleasure of hearing Mlle. Alda reported that hers was quite up to the earlier concerts of the series. The lingering quarantine was finally lifted on Sunday, March 14th, having served its purpose in that during the epidemic there was not a single case of influenza at St. Mary's. There were, however, no regrets expressed when the huge "Quarantined—No Admittance" sign was removed from the column on the porch of Smedes Hall.

Two very creditable Thursday afternoon recitals were given by the Music Department on February 26th and March 11th. Miss Davis' pupils entertained the School on the intervening Thursday afternoon by giving one of their always popular Expression recitals.

Wednesday evening, March 15th, was the occasion of the Literary Society elections of the Annual Debaters and the Commencement Marshals. The Chief Marshal this year being a Sigma Lambda, this honor was conferred on Frances Venable, and the other girls

elected by that Society were Katherine Waddell and Caroline Moore, Assistant Marshals, and Lucy London Anderson and Lena Simmons, Debaters. The E. A. P. Marshals elected were Dorothy Kirtland and Elizabeth Nolan, and the Debaters, Jane Toy and Mary Yellott.

An Inter-Chapter meeting of considerable interest was held in the Parlor on Friday evening, March 19th, under the auspices of St. Agnes', St. Anne's and St. Catherine's chapters. The subject of the meeting was mission work in the mountains of North Carolina, and in a very brief time Lena Simmons and Katherine Waddell pointed out some interesting facts about the mountain people and the work that is being done and remains to be done among them.

A general exodus from St. Mary's took place on Saturday, March 20th, when the School was allowed its spring week-end. A surprising number of girls went home for this little holiday and the Seniors took full advantage of their privileges of visiting elsewhere, if they were unable to go home.

We have lately had the pleasure of listening to several interesting and unexpected talks, on various subjects. On Wednesday evening, March 24th, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, one of Mr. Stone's college-mates, spoke to us in the dining-room of the woman of the future. Friday morning in Assembly, Miss Czarnomska, a former Lady Principal of St. Mary's, gave a little account of the St. Mary's of her day, and the following morning Miss Tillotson talked on the mission work of the Church.

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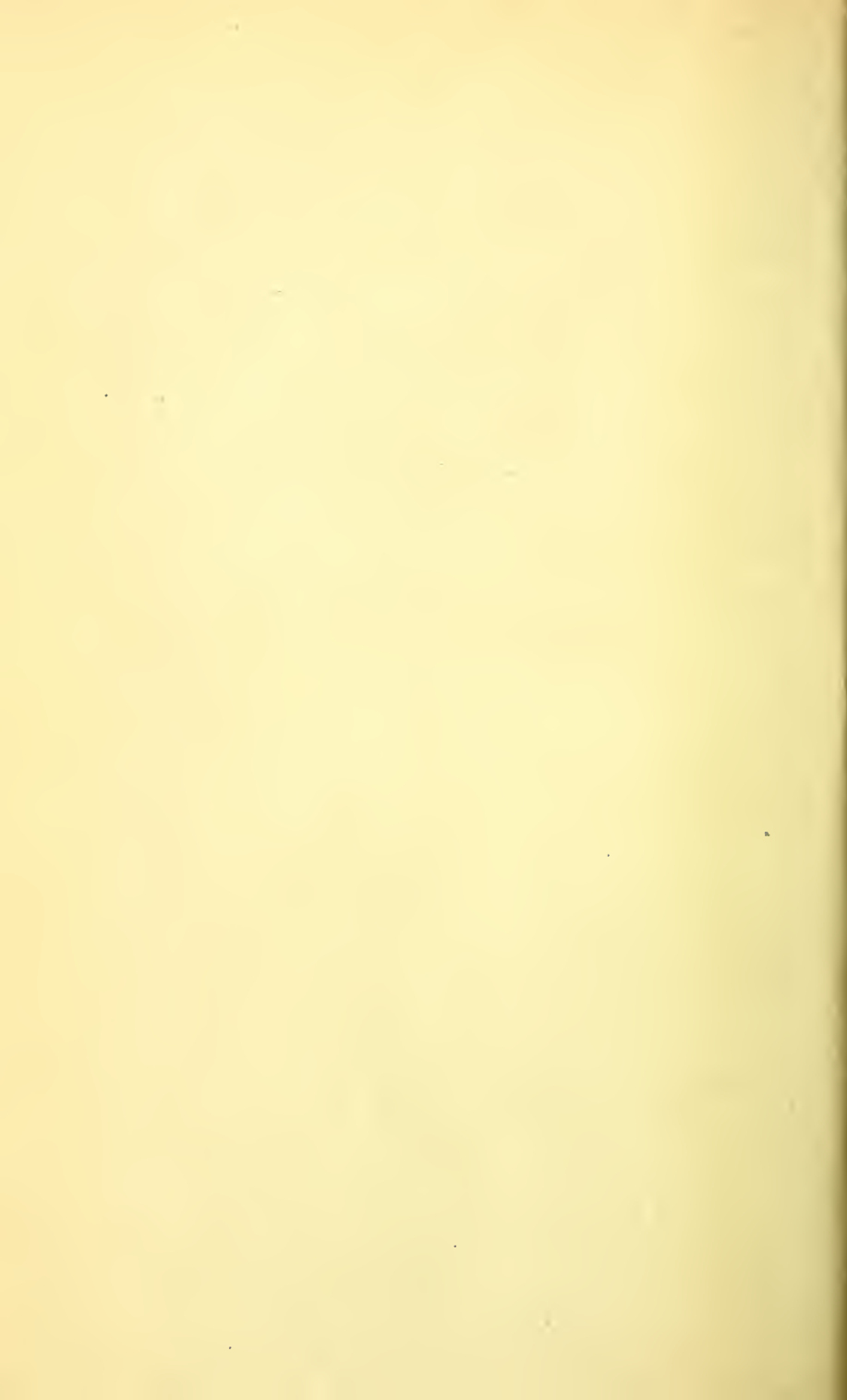
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Pre-Commencement Number

April, 1920



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The St. Mary's Muse

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No. 7

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by The Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

Editors

Jane Toy

Nancy Lay

Eleanor Sublett

A Dream

MARY T. YELLOTT, '20

'T was a little old garden, old-fashioned,
And proud of its pretty defiance
Of the modern conventionalism
Demanded by gardening science.

There were violets lurking in corners
Half hidden by low-leaning trees,
And lilacs in purple profusion
Swung heavy perfumed in the breeze.

The paths were a glory of jonquils—
Great, gold-hearted goblets for sprites
That sleep, poppy-lulled, in the daytime
But dance in the moonlight o' nights.

There were hyacinths, faint with their sweetness,
And bright-painted tulips between,
And jessamine, yellow as sunshine,
And faintly perfumed as a dream—

A dream of fair women, it may be;
A dream of the days that are done;
A dream of an old-fashioned garden,
And jessamine, kissed by the sun.

The Course of True Love

LOUISE POWELL, '22

Mollie and Stan had weathered many storms and were none the worse friends for wear. Mollie was a Sophomore, Stan a Senior. By this time the High School crowd had paired them off, as High School crowds will do, to be nobody's property but each other's. This suited Stan; he adored Mollie—in fact, he had been adoring Mollie since the day "Prof." Edwards had demanded that the young lady leave her seat in the back of the study hall—where she was "evidently finding it inconvenient to study"—and take the "first seat, second row." Stan was in the first seat, second row. He had admired the cheerful, unembarrassed way in which Mollie had obeyed "Prof.," not to mention the sparkling brown eyes and the cloudy blond hair. As for Mollie, she had surrendered her heart completely when Stan slipped a piece of notebook paper in her hand with "I'm crazy about you" written on it.

The two had been participants in many unfortunate scenes, which, they declared on their reunions after frequent "final" farewells, were only a proof of their undying affection for each other, because—"The course of true love, you know—"

Mollie and Stan were in the Jackson's comfortable sitting room. It was a windy March and a cheerful fire crackled on the hearth. The rose-shaded floor lamp spread a pleasant glow over Mollie in her pink dress, seated beside Stan on the large Davenport. Nothing but peace should have pervaded this cheerful atmosphere, but strife was in the air.

Stan inspected Mollie critically.

"You'd be real good-looking tonight if your face wasn't so red, Mollie. What have you been doing to it?"

"My face? Why—why you've no right to ask me about my face! I—I haven't done a thing to it!" Mollie managed to say indignantly, although she wondered inwardly if she could possibly have applied too much of Aunt Ethel's rouge.

"Well, it looks mighty queer, but let's be cheerful. I never could understand why girls get touchy the minute you mention their looks to them."

Molly closed her lips primly a moment before answering, which she did gently but somewhat cattily. "Stan, I'd expect little Eddie Williams to make such a remark, but hardly you. I can't think of one of the older boys who'd deliberately comment on a girl's appearance unless he meant to be pleasant—it isn't exactly the thing to do."

Stan grinned cheerfully. "I suppose Mr. R. Fulton Warner would never be guilty of such a breach of etiquette," he remarked teasingly.

Mollie saw her chance. She brightened surprisingly and said easily, "He never has. I can always depend on Bobby to say the right thing. Are you going to Laura's dance?"

"What can I say? I'd like to be of service also! Shall I tell you your eyes are radiant as the stars that shine above?" pursued Stan.

"I'm not talking about that, Stan," Mollie said petulantly. "Tell me if you're going to Laura's, Friday."

"I guess so—we're both invited, aren't we?"

"Yes," innocently. "Who're you taking?"

"Why, I thought I'd take you, Mollie. Isn't Friday night a standing date?" asked Stan, uneasily.

Mollie turned toward Stan, a picture of surprise and disappointment. "Oh, Stan," she said. "I didn't know. I'm so sorry! I promised Bobby. I thought it was a standing date *except* for parties." And Mollie looked very contrite, but down in her wicked little heart she knew she was fibbing. She awaited the customary outburst from Stan. To tell the truth, Mollie rather liked to irritate Stan; it was so much fun to get him "all heated up," as she expressed it. But on rare occasions Stan was inconsistent. This was one.

"Well, I'm sorry. I'll see you at Laura's. Save me a few dances. I guess I'd better go now; I told Barnard I'd meet him at Smith's." Stan uttered these words with bored politeness. Mollie was provoked; she was angry, too, because Stan hadn't taken the cue for an

argument. However, not to be outdone in the least, Mollie rose and said sweetly, "I'm sorry you have to go. Did you leave your hat in the hall?" she added, with what Stan thought unnecessary consideration.

"Don't bother; I'll get it," said Stan, gruffly, and followed Mollie to the door, which she obligingly held open for him.

"Goodnight, Mollie," said Stan; then he paused.

"Goodnight," answered Mollie with finality.

So Stan departed, muttering savagely to himself. "Broke another date! And she didn't even ask me to stay longer. That's the least she could have done. Don't think I'll meet Barnard after all." He stuck his hands in his pockets and walked gloomily home.

When Mollie shut the door after Stan she gave way to her real feelings. She stamped her foot. "Hateful thing!" she thought. "He said my face was red and I just had a *little* bit of rouge on, and then he didn't even care when I told him I was going with Bobby. Oh!" impatiently, "I hate him!"

Mollie walked petulantly upstairs to her room and began undressing. Her little sister Alice, who was always interested in Mollie's process of disrobing, came in to watch, very sleepy in her little night-gown, but none the less interested.

"Is Stan gone, Mollie?" asked Alice.

"Of course. Do you think I'd be upstairs if he *wasn't* gone?" was her sister's cross reply.

Cross replies never daunted Alice. Big sisters were apt to be cross sometimes.

"Oh, Mollie! Look at your face!" cried Alice.

"What's the matter with it?" Mollie was alarmed now and ran to the mirror to inspect her much-slandered features.

"Oh!" gasped Mollie.

"Mother!" screamed Alice. "Come here quick! Mollie looks just like me when I had the measles!" And Alice danced delightedly around the room.

"I haven't!" stormed Mollie. "Go on to bed and let me alone! You're always in my way. There's nothing the matter, Mother,"

Mollie protested as Mrs. Jackson entered. "It's just that awful child. Can't you see I'm all right?" she begged.

Mrs. Jackson surveyed her eldest daughter kindly, if critically.

"I'm afraid Alice is right, dear. Get your clothes off as quickly as you can and get in bed. I'll phone Dr. Adams. And Alice, keep away from the room and don't tell the neighbors till we see how sick Mollie is. I'll be back in a minute, Mollie. Come on, Alice."

Mollie flung her clothes over the chair and crawled disconsolately in bed, hot, uncomfortable and fighting back the tears.

Mrs. Jackson came in softly and turned the light low.

"Doctor will be here soon. How are you feeling now, dear?" The sympathetic voice was too much for Mollie.

"Oh, Mother," she choked, and started sobbing violently. It was so humiliating to have the measles!

Mollie was a beautiful invalid. She knew just how exacting to be, just how sweetly grateful for little favors. Mother was—well, just motherly. Dad stopped by every day before going to his office to tease and to leave a new dollar bill in her hand, and Alice was in her glory. She was a womanly little girl and loved to wait on people. She trudged up and downstairs many times a day to bring trays to the door of the darkened room. She was forbidden to go to school and, except for the times when her mother forced her to go outdoors to play, Alice stationed herself within range of the excitement, ready to answer bells and run errands.

It was Mollie's second day with the measles. She was uncomfortably conscious of the rash and secretly grateful that the room was dark. She didn't even want her mother to see her. "I know I'm a fright," she mourned to herself, "and oh, gracious, today is Thursday. Everybody'll go to the dance tomorrow but me, and everybody'll know I have the measles. Stan will laugh about it, and probably dance a lot with Nancy. Well, anyway, I haven't freckles on my nose!" (Nancy had.) "And Bobby will be sorry, but even he will go ahead and dance and have a good time. Why did it have to be measles! It sounds so—so *young*."

"Mollie," Mrs. Jackson broke in on her thoughts, "the doctor is

here. He's coming upstairs now." She smoothed the bed covers and laid a soft, cool hand on Mollie's feverish forehead.

"Poor little girl," she murmured, and Mollie caught the cool hand and kissed it. Tears came to her eyes as she thought defiantly, "*Mother* cares."

In the afternoon Mollie awoke from a restless sleep to hear Alice talking at the phone in the hall: "Oh, yes, Mollie's got the measles. She looks awful funny. Really? All right, I'll tell her. Goodbye."

"Alice!" called Mollie, sharply. "Who were you talking to?"

Alice ran to the door, eager to display her helpfulness. She opened the door slightly, for she knew her mother was downstairs.

"It was Stanford, Mollie," she whispered loudly; "and he says—"

"You told Stanford I had the measles!" interrupted Mollie.

"Well, you have, haven't you," consoled Alice, "and he says—"

"I don't care what he says! Go away! Hush, Alice, I won't listen! Mother!" Mollie raised her voice. "Come here and make Alice go away!"

"Wait just a *minute*," pleaded Alice. "Stanford told me to tell you—"

"I told you I don't care *what* he told you! If you don't go away this minute—"

Mrs. Jackson arrived at this point to investigate.

"Alice, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, Mother. Stanford just now phoned and Mollie won't let me tell her what he says, and she's going to make you send me outdoors!" This last was indignant.

"If Sister doesn't want to hear about it, you mustn't bother her. You know she's sick and you mustn't disturb her. Run downstairs and see if the grocery boy has come." Thus Mrs. Jackson dismissed Alice, who left with her feelings very much hurt. When her mother came into the room Mollie was crying in her pillow.

"You mustn't cry, Mollie. It might injure your eyes. Let me put this damp towel on them. Alice is little and doesn't understand how badly you feel—"

"She didn't have to tell—Stan—I had—measles," Mollie wailed.

A half-hour later Mrs. Jackson came into the room with a bowl of violets.

"Feeling better?" she asked brightly. "Robert Warner brought these violets while you were sleeping. He was very pleasant and left this note for you. Shall I read it to you?"

"Please," said Mollie, smiling. It was nice to have flowers sent to one. The note was short, very solicitous, and mentioned her "illness." "That was nice of Bobby," thought Mollie. "Some people I know would have said *measles*."

"Mother," shouted Alice outside the door. "Here's a letter for Mollie."

Mrs. Jackson brought it to the bedside, after reminding Alice not to be so noisy. "Here it is, Mollie."

"It's from Stan, I reckon—yes, read it, too, Mother," said Mollie, hesitating, and Mrs. Jackson went to the window and began. "Hello, Measles. Isn't—"

"Never mind, Mother! Don't read it! I don't want to hear it. Send it back, throw it away! I don't want it!"

Her mother looked at her in surprise. "All right, dear, if you say so, but I'm sure Stanford didn't mean anything."

"He *never* means anything. That's the trouble with him," exclaimed Mollie, unreasonably.

"Well, don't think about it, dear. I'm going down to talk to Dad now. He's just come in. I'll leave your letter on the bed. If you want anything, call me." Mrs. Jackson left the room with a soft rustle.

Downstairs she confided to her husband that she had never known Mollie to be so temperamental. "She seems especially sensitive to the fact that she has *measles*. I think it hurts her pride. The poor child asked me to read a note the Robinson boy sent her and simply because he made some teasing remark about her affliction, Mollie wouldn't listen to the rest of the note. I suppose she's nervous," ended Mrs. Jackson with a sigh.

Mr. Jackson looked up quickly. "Wait a minute, Margaret. I'm going to tell the kid something that ought to cheer her up." And with a laugh he hurried upstairs.

He pushed Mollie's door gently open.

"Baby," he whispered.

"Yes, Dad, but please don't call me Baby; I'm sixteen," replied his invalid daughter.

"All right, Miss Mollie; it shall be as you wish. Er—I saw Mr. Robinson down town today," Mr. Jackson paused.

"Did you?" answered Mollie, gazing unconcernedly at the ceiling.

"You know his son Stanford right well, don't you?" suggested Mr. Jackson.

"Yes, sir, right." Mollie was squirming.

"Well, I thought you'd like to know—Mr. Robinson said Stanford has the measles. Bye-bye." And Dad disappeared.

Measles? Stan? Oh, it was all her fault! Jumping out of bed and disobeying an order not to use her eyes, Mollie ran to the window to read Stan's note. "Hello, Measles! Isn't it great to be in the same boat? They say misery loves company—" and so on. It was all nonsense, but so "nice and cheerful," thought Mollie, penitently. She forgave Stan instantly. It was so sweet of him not to blame her. She remembered the phone call and went for Alice.

"Alice, what did Stan say the other day?"

"Well," said Alice, looking important; "he said, first he said, 'Hello. May I—'"

"Oh, leave that part out. What did he say that was important?"

"Lemme see—He said he had measles, but they weren't as bad as yours and he could stay up but not go out of the house, and for you to answer his letter. That's all." Alice smoothed the front of her dress approvingly.

"Thank you, Alice," said Mollie almost reverently.

Mollie did answer the letter as soon as she could and she wrote more besides. For days the letters flew back and forth between the two houses. Stan recovered first and waited impatiently for Mollie's appearance. Days came when Mollie could walk around the house and talk through the window to Stan when he passed by her home. This only added to Stan's impatience. After much waiting Mollie was released, completely well. It was nearly April.

Dressed in white, with a blue straw hat partly hiding her fluffy hair, Mollie waited on the porch for Stan, holding her racket. They were going to play tennis with Bobby and Nancy. Mollie's eyes twinkled when she remembered how fretful she had been when she and Stan were last together. She jumped up and ran to meet him when she saw him coming.

"Hello, Stan!" she called.

"Well, Mollie, aren't you ashamed for giving me the measles?" he grinned happily as he approached.

"And aren't you ashamed for accepting them from a mere girl?" she retorted.

"Not when the girl's *you*. Come on, let's go. Bob and Nancy are waiting. They think they're going to beat us, but they've got another think coming. Let's make it a love game!" Stan was enthusiastic.

Mollie stopped still in mock astonishment, dropped her racket, and clasped her hands. "A love game! Oh, Stan; this is so sudden!"

The Playground as a Factor in Social Service

ELEANOR SUBLETT, '20

Wide awake men and women throughout all the world have come to realize that social service is one of the greatest problems that we must face today. In fact, many people believe that we are living in an age of which the first and greatest problem is the social question. There are numerous phases of social work which are intensely interesting and of vital importance. One which is of especial interest and which appeals strongly to the girls of today is that part which the playground takes in social service.

No person can work in any field of social service long without witnessing tragedy. Hunger, cold and needless pain—surely these are tragedies. But real tragedy is not reached until one has unveiled another picture—one which deals not with externals, but with the spirit of life itself. This is a picture of a life devoid of pleasure and play. The great educators and philosophers of today agree that

play is as much a part of life as work; that each day if complete in itself is made up of work, play and rest; that play is not a preparation for more work, but is a part of life itself.

In ages past, before the crowded city districts commonly called slums grew up, mothers had always taught games to the little children, but the narrow city streets and the over-full tenement houses have furnished no place for such amusements, and the mother's hard work from morning till night has left her no time for it. The children, who live in these slums of the city and spend most of their time on the narrow crowded streets, at best can find in life only a grim struggle for existence, and are apt to be led into vice and crime. The public schools have for several years realized that they were not able to cope successfully with these city slum children. The rules and regulations of school are too severe, too stringent, to allow the proper development of the character and every-day life of these children. To make life complete for the children of the slums is the imperative obligation of the world of today. And it is to meet this obligation that the Playground Movement has arisen.

Probably the most apparent benefit which comes from a Playground in the crowded slum districts is the great improvement that it causes in the health of these children. As we all know, outdoor life must be given to children if they are to become physically strong and healthy men and women. Experience has shown clearly that it can be given to the best advantage through joyous, spontaneous play. Properly directed play will make the children want to be outdoors. The surroundings about the Playground are clean and neat and in this way the children are led away from dirt and unhealthy surroundings, and the percentage of tuberculosis and other diseases so common in the slums falls considerably. This alone makes the Playground a very important factor in the field of social service.

Viewed from another aspect, the importance of the Playground, while it may not be quite so apparent, is equally as great and of even more vital and enduring qualities. This is the improvement which it brings about in the moral character of the children. Children love a fair game; they want to be treated "fair and square" and so, in turn, they treat their neighbors "fair and square." Nowhere is

contempt for a "dirty player" or a "poor sport" more hearty than among the little newsboys, most of whom come from these same slums. So it is at the Playgrounds, where games are taught, played and thoroughly enjoyed, that the child's idea of honor is brought out and strengthened. Lack of resources for the use of leisure time is responsible for much immorality among these slum children. When a Playground is established affording a place where the energy of the children is given an outlet in play and fun of the right sort, experience has shown that there is a great decrease in juvenile crime. Joy and pleasure have greater force than misery and pain. The proper development of the child's character prepares him for the part that he will take in life. It is essential then for the welfare of the future that his sense of honor and his desire to do the fair and square thing should be cultivated. The Playground can cultivate this love of honor and fair treatment among the children as nothing else can.

Americanization! We all know that this is the great word of today—it should be our watchword, continually in our minds with reference to all social service. We may wonder what connection it can have with Playgrounds, but this is not hard to discover on a moment's consideration. We would laugh at the idea of social equality among the slum children—yet the question of equality is ever present and of just as great importance to them as to any one of us. On any Saturday afternoon a few years ago the streets of the West Side of Chicago were a battling ground for rough and tumble fights between the little Italian and Polish boys. National characteristics and international misunderstandings every bit as real to them as to us were the most frequent causes for quarrels. The Italian boys claimed that they were much "better society" than the little Polish boys, and vice versa, causing always an endless feud. The Italians and Poles were not alone, for Hungarians, Jews, Irish and Germans had many a fist fight caused by the same sort of quarrels. A playground and recreation center was established in the neighborhood. Now, on any Saturday afternoon a long line of Poles and Italians, as well as Hungarian, Irish and Germans, may be seen outside the door of the swimming pool, awaiting in perfect equality their turn. On a basket

ball team a Jew, a Pole and an Irishman play side by side for the honor of the team. Consequently, these children forget their various races, and by proper training in leisure and play, and by joyful contact with other children, they are gradually promoting the spirit of Americanization.

The Playground, then, has a unique and most important part in the Americanization of today, and it is paving the way for social readjustment as nothing else can do.

We see now why it is that the Playground Movement is a vital factor in the field of social service. It is of great physical, moral and social value to the children of the slums. The opportunity which is afforded the Playground is a very great one, for it must not only supply a place for the child to live, but must prepare the child to continue living. It is out of his play life that the child develops his health, his muscles, his emotions, his will, his quickness of judgment, his sense of honor and his executive tendency. Through all ages play has been the fundamental form of education. Is it a wonder then that the Playground Movement is classed as one of the chief opportunities, as well as one of the most vital problems, with which we are met in the field of social service today?

Candy and Corsage

LENORE POWELL, '23

'Twas ever a much-debated question with young men as to which to send, with young ladies as to which young men would send—candy or flowers. In the days when our grandmothers were young and maidenly, it is to be hoped that the feminine preference ran toward flowers. But who can help but feel a faint, almost an imperceptible, suspicion that even they, on rare occasions, became so unaesthetic as to wish for candy?

With children, the little lady's preference is poorly disguised. Is the adoring swain with his painfully plucked daisies or the dashing youth armed knowingly with a bag of all-day suckers, looked upon with greater favor? We regret to admit that it is undoubtedly the

latter. He it is who, with the slightest touch of embarrassment, acknowledges the boldly coquettish smile shot out from under yellow curls lowered industriously over the desk. It is he who proudly takes the proffered books and escorts the little yellow-haired individual home.

But with girls—girls, for example, of the St. Mary's age—the sentiment is, on most occasions, divided. There are those who are incurably romantic. They are content to feast solely upon the long-stemmed red roses that "He" has sent. The words that he is evidently eager to "say with flowers" are music to her ears. On the other hand, there are numberless ones whose more prosaic souls crave nourishment. Their eternal cry is "Food! Food!" Why, they do not even endeavor to find a more elegant term for their heart's desire. They live in hope that the "expected" will be candy in some form, rather than a decorative corsage. Oh, the flowers are beautiful—yes! But, then, to a starving mortal——!

There is a time, however, when every single maiden in every single school and every single home all over the world dreams of and longs for flowers. This unusual, wrought-up condition comes on the victim, generally, about the Monday before Easter. The charming creatures whose strings of admirers are known to be the longest are chief among those who raise the moan, "Oh, I know I won't get any—I'm sure not to! Now, what must I do?" And this despairing remark is fully as frequent: "Well, I've already got my bed in the Infirmary engaged. I wouldn't be seen Easter Sunday without flowers!" And so on, ad infinitum. Of course, there are some who bravely declare, "Oh, I don't care. It won't make a bit of difference to me. Why, I can have just as good a time without them—admiring the others!" But these are usually the hopeless ones, of whom there are very few. It is, indeed, an unusual girl who fails to cherish deep down in her heart, if not the full-fledged hope, at least a faint glimmer of the hope of an Easter corsage.

When Easter dawns, clear and bright, and we are dazzled by the resplendent, colorful scene—a veritable flower garden of girls and corsages—it is hard to believe that a single maiden has been overlooked. It develops that the girls who prophesied themselves corsage-

less are in raptures with five or six in their possession; she, who, methinks, a bit overconfident, predicted several, the owner of only one. And, perhaps one or two of the really hopeless damsels shamefacedly receive boxes of Whitman's. Everyone is happy. It is a joyful occasion, and even she who deems herself unpopular because of her lack of flowers finds that it is, indeed, quite possible to enjoy and admire—"the others!"

In Fiducia

LOUISE EGLESTON, '22

I'm just a battered fly-leaf
 Of a book much used and old,
 But doubtless you would marvel
 At the secrets I've been told.
 There's nothing really shocking,
 And they're all anonymous,
 So the verdict of inspection
 Touches neither one of us.
 And I'm such a dumb old record—
 Such a faithful confidante—
 That the authors feel no tremors
 At their manuscripts extant.
 For I'll not betray the writers,
 Nor the faces that I knew.
 I fear you'd ne'er decipher,
 So I'll read you just a few
 Of the woes and wails and troubles,
 Of the joys and pleasures, too,
 That in such a mixed collection
 Bring a history to view:

"One month of school is over!
 (October, nineteen eight)."
 "I plumb forgot my money,
 And yonder comes the plate!"
 "Great day, it's hot!—You tell it!"
 "I'm so hungry I could croak!"
 "Do we go to town tomorrow?"
 "I don't—I'm purely broke."
 "Did you know 'She's' taking dinner
 At the Yarborough today?"
 "Her beau?" "Oh, no; her 'cousin'—"
 "Shucks, I bet it's goat souffee!"
 "Did you hear about the burglar?"
 "I can't find my diamond comb."
 "Just twenty-one days longer
 And it's me for Home Sweet Home!"
 "It's Easter Day—and flowers?
 They would fill a room or two!"
 "The day before Commencement,
 And tomorrow school is through!"

I know the hearts of schoolgirls
 From long experience,
 And it's inside dope I've shown you,
 Shown to me in confidence.
 So if ever you are questioned—
 As you're very apt to be—
 And the person wants the "straight stuff,"
 Just you send him here to me.

Indifference Wins

NANCY LAY, '20

"Oh, I like Bill fine, but—I'm not in love with him!" Marian raised her pretty arms above her head and laughed heartily, much to the perplexity of Harriet, her chum, who sat perched upon the porch railing opposite her.

"You're naturally hard-hearted, that's all, Marian," she said. "I don't see how you can be so indifferent. Bud certainly is wild about you."

"Well, it *is* hard not to love him, considering whose brother he is and how much he is like you. I suppose it's because he's so adorable to me. If Bill should be as horrid to me as I am to him—I know I am horrid sometimes—I should die of a broken herat!" said Marian, more soberly.

"Well, anyway, even if you do refuse to love my onliest twin brother, I bet you a chocolate soda I can beat you a love set of tennis. Let's go!"

Gathering up their rackets and balls, the two girls wended their way in the direction of the tennis court. As they walked and gossiped (as girls will do) their conversation turned to the subject of the masquerade ball to be given that night at the Country Club.

"I can't go, worse luck," sighed Harriet. "Mother's not well today, and I think I'd better stay home with her. I don't think Bud's going, either; he said something to me about having to work tonight."

"Bill not going?" asked Marian, opening her pretty blue eyes in amazement. "You tell him I say not to think of missing that party. I am absolutely depending on him. I haven't the faintest desire to uphold the wall all evening."

"You a wall-flower?" laughed Harriet. "That's a good 'un, Marian! How about the rush you got last week at the College Dance?"

"Oh, don't," protested Marian. "You're positively sarcastic. Old girl, I'm sorry as can be that you aren't going—you know I'll miss you horribly."

"What are you going to dress as?" asked Harriet, taking her position on the court.

"I'm going as Pierrette," Marian replied, "and I've been trying my best to get Bob to go as Pierrot, but he just won't take a hint."

"Dense creatures, men, anyhow," commented Harriet. "But you'll look adorable as Pierrette. By the way, how do you like Bob?"

"Oh, well enough. I'm not crazy about him. Let's play."

"Marian! I believe Indifference is your middle name! Are you ready?"

"Serve!"

"Out!"

"Oh, rats!"

The night was warm and all was still except for the slight breeze which stirred among the brightly colored lanterns hanging in the little garden behind the clubhouse. Above hung the brightest lantern of all, the moon, big and round, smiling down on the peaceful scene. Inside, in the ball room, there reigned a gaiety anything but quiet. The room was filled with strange figures in fancy costumes, quaint Colonial dames, demure Puritan maids, boisterous clowns.

At one end of the room, lingering in the doorway, stood Pierrette. She was a dainty little figure, from the pom-poms on her tiny slippers to the fluffy golden curls that peeped beneath her tilted hat. Her red lips were parted in a smile and beneath the mask her bright eyes sparkled with suppressed excitement. She glanced around the room for a moment to see whether she could recognize any of her masked friends, then followed her partner into the crowd of dancers.

Almost immediately her attention was attracted by a slender figure standing near the big French window. He looked as if he had been made for her partner—a perfect Pierrot! His head was turned so that he did not see her as she passed. A sudden suspicion flashed into her mind—he certainly looked like Bill! But, no—he was almost too good-looking and attractive. Her eyes followed him as she danced, and she found herself sadly neglecting her partners.

Soon she had danced with almost every one but Pierrot and his neglect was doubly apparent because of the likeness of their costumes. He was moving near her now; perhaps he would dance with her—and it was about time, she thought.

“Pierrette, may I break? Don’t you know me?” he asked, as she gave herself up to him, almost too gladly. Of course she knew now who this Pierrot really was.

“Why, Bill, you’ve had me guessing all evening who in the world you could be. Harriet said you weren’t coming, but she gave you my message, didn’t she? What do you mean by not dancing with me sooner?”

“Well, to tell you the truth,” answered Bill, “there were so many other pretty girls to look after that I hardly—oh, too bad!” as George Washington broke. “We’ll continue in our next.”

“So many other pretty girls! Well, I like his nerve,” thought Marian, indignantly. That wasn’t like Bill. He was generally rather gushing and never had the audacity to mention another girl when he was with her. Soon, she thought, he would be asking her to sit a dance out with him in the garden, and then, for the sixteenth time, he would throw his heart at her feet. Contrary to her custom, she didn’t seem to resent the idea; she would probably enjoy it tonight, for he was looking so handsome in his fancy costume.

“He is good-looking,” she thought, “but he certainly is acting queerly.”

“Marian?” It was Bill at her elbow. “Will you go in to dinner with me?”

“Oh, I might,” she answered, with the indifference which had become habitual in her relations with Bill.

“You might? Well, don’t trouble yourself,” he flung back at her as he turned away.

Now, this was queer; it was unaccountable; and it made Marian feel decidedly aggrieved. She went in to dinner with Bob and had a miserable time; Bill continued to ignore her.

Once back in the ball room, Marian managed to push her way through the crowd and out into the cool, dark garden, where she flung herself down on a bench. She felt like crying. Bill had

never treated her like this before. But why should he make so much difference? Did she really care for him after all? Perhaps he had become tired of her and cared for some one else. She began to realize how attentive he had been to her ever since she could remember, and how utterly indifferent she had been to him. It had always been taken for granted that Bill belonged to her, and this sudden change in his attitude towards her was a shock which shattered her usual self-possession.

So engrossed was she in her thoughts that she did not hear a light step in the grass as Bill came up behind her.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, Marian?" he asked.

"Oh—oh, is it you, Bill?" Startled, she raised her eyes, but could hardly see him in the darkness.

"You've been crying, Marian. What's the matter?"

"Matter? I—oh, nothing."

"Tell me, little girl. I know something's troubling you. I didn't mean to bother you at all tonight, because you haven't seemed to care lately. But I missed you, and had to come and look for you."

He sat down by her and Marian began nervously tearing the petals from a rose.

"I've been terribly horrid to you, Bill," she began in a penitent voice, "but I didn't think it would matter, until tonight when you wouldn't pay any attention to me—I almost d—died!"

She broke off in a sob, and suddenly turning away from him, she ran up the path and disappeared through the side door of the clubhouse. Extracting Bob from the crowd of dancers she plead a headache and asked him to take her home. Good-natured Bob was all solicitude and went at once for his car. Waiting on the porch, Marian saw a familiar figure approaching through the shadows.

"Good night, Bill," she whispered, without looking up. "I really do care!"

No sooner had the glare of the headlights died away than a second roadster followed. Pierrot was leaving, too, but not in chagrin as might be supposed, for there was a smile of evident triumph on his handsome face. Having reached home, he dashed up the steps and into the library. There, seated at a desk and poring over a book,

was a young man, strangely like Pierrot; so like, indeed, that except for the difference in dress it was almost impossible to tell them apart.

Pierrot threw himself down on the couch and as he pushed his cap aside an avalanche of curls fell around his shoulders. These smiling lips and merry brown eyes could belong to no one but Harriet.

“Oh, Bill, my own darling Buddy, she is absolutely yours! Oh, I know you think I’m crazy, but give me time and I’ll explain. She’s loved you all along, and just didn’t know it. It was indifference that did it!”

Concerning Crushes

LENORE POWELL, '23

Sara, notwithstanding her unmistakably sensible name, had a decided weakness for crushes. The crush might be boyish and funny; maidenly and charming; fascinating and indifferent—oh, she might possess almost any such deadly attractiveness, and invariably Sara “fell.” She showered each in her turn with flowers—violets preferred. Sara cherished in the depths of her heart a picture of her ideal girl, and never did this lovely apparition lack violets—with candy and with fruit. Sometimes, though not often, she grew bold enough to proffer little books of poems—impossibly sentimental poems. Her greatest source of annoyance, perhaps, was the constant battling within herself as to whether she could really, really and truly, be so heartless as people accused her of being. They said she was fickle. Was she really? I wonder!

It was quarter of ten—just five more minutes before she would have to be in her room, and Sara was bewailing the fact that she had not had a glance at Margaret since Chapel. (Margaret, by the way, was her “latest.”) It was cruel that she had to go to bed without one brief, delicious little good-night kiss. Sara never dreamed of expecting more than a second of this bliss. Somehow she felt tremble in the presence of Margaret; Margaret, who, unlike all the others, was dashing and at the same time dignified; Margaret, whose adorable dimples seemed to contradict the firm red lips. Her nearness rendered Sara quite breathless, and just a wee bit light-headed. Sara assured herself that it had never been like this before.

Her well-meaning roommate (whose name was Josephine, but who could be called nothing but Jo) seemed unusually irritating tonight with her good-natured jokes.

“Didn’t kiss her good night, did you, Sara?” she began, teasingly. “Oh, well, don’t you mind, even if I did see two other little nuts hanging around her door, trying—”

“Oh, hush, hear, Jo?” Sara was cross. “Tonight of all nights,” she said to herself, “to be worrying me.”

"Well, if you don't want me to tell you what she—"

"Have you—have you really been talking to her, Jo? Oh, and what did she say? She didn't—oh, of course she didn't mention *me*?"

"But she did! Here's exactly what she said."

"Yes! What was it? Oh, go on, Jo. You're—you're too slow for words."

"I'd like to know how can I, when you interrupt me every minute? I was just saying—as I was passing by her door, where Jane and Alice were hanging around, looking like two little lost—oh, all right, I will. Well, she called me over there and, Sara, she took me off all by myself and said, 'Tell your sweet little roommate I missed seeing her tonight.' That's exactly what she said. Sara, she's vamping you hard."

"Wasn't—wasn't it sweet of her to—to say that? Oh, the darling thing!" and Sara relapsed into speechlessness, quite awed and altogether happy. She went to bed, contented, and in a few seconds was sound asleep.

No one knows just when it was that Sara had her great adventure. Man does not reckon time as measured by one in Dreamland. Suffice it to say that Sara, all too soon, found herself in the strangest, severest of buildings, confronting the strangest, severest-looking individual she had ever seen—an individual in the shape of a spare, black-taffeta-clad lady who looked to be at that elastic age which some people term the prime of life. She was the personification of iron will. Her rebellious, wiry gray hair bore witness to this; her sharp, unflinching black eyes strengthened it; but her thin, tyrannical nose left no doubt of it. Lo, this dread spectre was speaking, and, horrible to relate, she was addressing none other than the helpless Sara.

"Your name, I think, is Sara Webb. Isn't it? My, my, child, it is Sara Webb; you know very well it is. Stop cringing so and speak up."

But Sara was silent. It is doubtful whether any power in heaven or on earth could have brought speech from the terrified "child" at that moment.

"So! I see you won't talk. Stubbornness, no less! We don't countenance that, child, as you'll learn soon enough. And first of all,

let me say that our rules, which are numerous and stringent, must be obeyed ab-so-lute-ly. Do you understand?"

Sara stirred under her covers.

"Why do you stand stupidly holding your bag? Put it down immediately. Don't—don't whimper, Sara; nothing is so disgusting in so large a girl. You must be fifteen at least. Of course, I have to guess. You, to all appearances, are quite dumb."

The lady paused for breath.

"I shall enumerate a few of the rules of the school. It is well that they be duly impressed from the start. You have the manner of a brainless, silly little girl. No doubt you are given to crushes. Eh," accusingly. "Ah! I see you are! I can't imagine where you have been, to have been allowed to indulge in such frivolity. Oh, that is far too mild a word. Such inexcusable misbehavior, I should say. This inane worship of a girl is stupid beyond all words. Do you hear? It is, I say, it is!"

The lady-in-black was trembling, and her tones waxed shrill.

"Perhaps, perhaps, Sara," sarcastically, "you aren't aware that this is an offense that calls for no less severe treatment than expulsion. Expulsion! As soon as a girl is discovered in such misdemeanor, our decision is irrevocable. Irrevocable, I say! She is sent home in the deepest disgrace!"

Her voice emphatically loud, the thin, black-clad lady quavered as she reached her climax. She was dreadful to behold.

With a nervous shiver Sara jumped up in her bed. "Oh, Jo, Jo, did you hear that?"

Jo opened a pair of drowsy eyes and muttered, "Um-m-m, d-d-did you say the—the bell's rung?"

"No, no, not that!" With a relieved sigh Sara snuggled down again beneath the covers. "Oh, I'm so glad it's not true," she thought. "I—I wonder what Margaret is dreaming about!"

Worth the Trouble

ELEANOR SUBLETT, '20

Buz-z-z sang the alarm clock. Patty sat up in bed, reached for the offending timepiece, and silenced it with difficulty (this was a new experience to her). But this morning was different from other mornings. Today was Class Day, tomorrow the last day of school!

"I'm so sleepy," murmured Mildred, her roommate. "What time is it, Patty?"

"Five-thirty," was the sleepy reply, "but such is the life of a Junior! Let's get up before we go to sleep again."

Exactly eight minutes later Patty and Mildred tiptoed down the shadowy hall. They joined a large group of girls already busily working, surrounded by masses of daisies.

"It's time you were coming, sleepyheads," said Betty, their enthusiastic president, as wide awake as usual. "Get to work fast. Patty, you wrap; Mildred, you bunch, please."

"I never worked so hard in my life," exclaimed Mildred a half hour later. "And the sad part is the Seniors don't appreciate it one bit."

"Oh, yes they do," put in Katherine.

"Well, sure thing we'll appreciate it when we are Seniors. Just think, the Juniors will be making it for us this time next year!" added Patty.

And so they talked and laughed together, yet not a second was wasted.

"Gracious, there's the rising bell!" called Mildred. "A yard for every Senior—will we ever finish?"

"Four more yards to make in thirty minutes. Go to it hard, girls!" encouraged Betty.

"The breakfast bell! Oh, shoot," was Patty's next exclamation. "I've only five more inches to make. Mildred, do come help me."

"Goody," they exclaimed together a few seconds later, "we are through at last!"

A happy crowd of twenty ran breathlessly up the steps and just managed to slip through the dining room door. Their dresses were

wet and muddy and their hands were none too clean. But their faces were shining with pride as well as lack of powder.

"We finished twenty-four yards! You know we are smart," announced Patty at the breakfast table. "And even if I do say it as shouldn't, it's the prettiest daisy chain I ever saw."

After breakfast the twenty happy Juniors, obeying Betty's parting instruction, "Don't forget to come clean up," met again. In a few minutes the room was spick and span.

Then, "Everyone come fix the grove," ordered Betty joyfully. "Don't you marshals work too hard, or you will be all tired out."

At eleven o'clock the grove was filled with laughing, talking people. Mothers and fathers, sisters and friends of the graduating class were everywhere. Suddenly there was a hush. The school, arranged according to classes, each class led by a marshal whose blue regalia pointed her out to the assembled crowd, came two by two singing "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees." They took their places and waited—everyone waited.

"There they come," whispered Katherine to Mildred.

And, sure enough, they were coming. Betty, as chief marshal, led them—the Seniors! Slowly they came through the arch of roses, carrying the precious daisy chain. They reached their chairs; then gently and even sadly laid the heavy rope of white and gold at their feet.

"They do appreciate it; they do, Mildred," murmured Patty. "Oh, I'm going to cry! No, I am not," she corrected herself. "I'll be a fright."

"Patty," said Mildred, putting her arm around her roommate, it was worth ten times the trouble, wasn't it?"

"You bet it was!" agreed Patty.

The E A II Song

Words by MARY T. YELLOTT, '20

Music by LOUISE A. EGGLESTON, '22

Tempo di Marcia

Vamp

Voce

Part of the life of St. Ma - ry's, One of the mem - o - ries

That live in days when for - got - ten Are you the sweet van - i - ties;

Dear to the hearts of her mem - bers Is our So - ci - e - ty

Leading to higher a - chieve - ment - The good old E. A. P!

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia' and 'Vamp'. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a soprano clef. The lyrics are: 'Part of the life of St. Ma - ry's, One of the mem - o - ries That live in days when for - got - ten Are you the sweet van - i - ties; Dear to the hearts of her mem - bers Is our So - ci - e - ty Leading to higher a - chieve - ment - The good old E. A. P!'. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, beams, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

Chorus

Come then and join in her praise - es. Live up to her good name!

In-spired by Foo's own ex - am - ple We're marching on to fame!

...live and gold are our cool - - ors. proud of them too are we; So

Come then and join in her praise - es - - The good old E. A. Pi

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Sayings of Shakespeare as Applied to St. Mary's

"Our revels now are ended."—*Monday night.*

"Some of us will smart for it."—*Caught with the goods.*

"Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?"—*Never.*

"And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

—*Reporting after lunch.*

"They say we are almost as like as eggs."—*The Nixon Twins.*

"Flat burglary as ever was committed."—*The Senior Hall episode.*

"A very ancient and fish-like smell."—*Friday night.*

"They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps."—*French and Spanish tables.*

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing."—*Thanksgiving and Easter.*

"For there was never yet philosopher

"That could endure the toothache patiently."

—*Dr. Pegram's Patients.*

"My pride fell with my fortunes."—*Broke.*

"Answer me in one word."—*Mr. Stone.*

"Devise wit, write pen."—*M. English.*

"I am slow of study."—*Most of us.*

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."—*Study Hall.*

"Fill all thy bones with aches."—*Gym.*

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."—*Ma Sweet's Gals.*

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"—*Crushes.*

"Stand not upon the order of your going

But go at once."—*Miss St. John to the Seniors on Third Floor.*

"When I was at home I was in a better place."—*The Prep., Sept. 18, 1919.*

"O, call back yesterday, bid time return!"—*The Senior, May 25, 1920.*

The St. Mary's Muse

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EDITORIAL

The year is nearly over, "for better or for worse." That, of course, depends upon how you look at it, and some look in one way and some another. If you count it "for better" to have come in contact with many girls and to have made close friends with a few; to have been introduced to new fields of study, in which you may wander to your heart's content and your mind's edification; to have been given the opportunity to share "St. Mary's Spirit" which has meant so much to so many girls in the past—if you count all this "for better," why, so much the better then. If you count it "for worse" to have misused these opportunities, to have shut yourself up within yourself and made close friends with none; to have regarded much study merely as a weariness to the flesh and in consequence have slackened in the pursuit of learning; to have mistaken the "St. Mary's Spirit" for a mere topic of conversation among pious people who had nothing else with which to amuse themselves—if you count

all this "for worse," then, indeed, so much the worse. And yet, if you do count it "for worse," in a way, so much the better, too, for, at least you realize that you have missed something that might have been yours.

The reason people prefer an old school to a new one is not because its work is necessarily better; it is because of the traditions which enshroud the most commonplace facts of its existence in a sort of romance; it is because of the indefinite, intangible, but perfectly apparent "Spirit" which pervades it. It is that St. Mary's Spirit working, perhaps, unconsciously, upon you and within you which to your surprise, impels you to answer, "Oh, I love it!" to the question "How do you like St. Mary's?" instead of the terse "Hate it!" you may once have thought you would reply. For it is that Spirit which lives on through the years when the sad memory of the times you were restricted when you wanted to go out has quite faded into oblivion. Those are the memories which, fortunately, always die young. There are others which live to a ripe old age, and grow mellow with time. Such are the memories of our schoolgirl friendships, which may fade indeed, but which a familiar song, a well-remembered bit of poetry, the sweetness of a rose may recall in the full vigor of their youth.

After all, it is these friendships, cemented through long days of work and play together, that make school life so thoroughly worth while. An admiration for Horace and Virgil is a fine thing in its way, but it will never afford the same sort of satisfaction as that produced by an admiration for the Latin teacher, or the girl who shared your book in class—not a silly, sentimental sort of foolishness, but a deep, enduring friendship based on a recognition of her admirable qualities.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,"

advises Shakespeare, and his advice is good. Never lose track of an old friend; never miss an opportunity to make a new one. According to a still more ancient authority—

"Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough."

SCHOOL NEWS

April 10—Domestic Art and Expression Pupils Entertain

With the able assistance of Miss Leggett and Miss Davis, the Second Year Domestic Art pupils gave a novel Fashion Show in the Auditorium Saturday evening, April 10th. Instead of merely passing across the stage in a revue, as was naturally to be expected, they showed off their fine new dresses by means of an attractive little pantomime, "Tables Turned," written by Miss Davis for the occasion. The aforementioned "fine new dresses" ranged from handsome taffetas and satins to dainty organdies, and were most stylish and Parisian-like. The most remarkable thing about them was the fact that the proud owners had made every stitch themselves. And the owners have indeed a perfect right to be proud, for they have set an example which has fired the ambition of the "Beginners."

Immediately after the Fashion Show, a two-act play entitled "Captain Jo" was presented by the Private Expression pupils, under the direction of Miss Davis. The little play was very entertaining, and, being written about college girls, it was well adapted to the audience. The girls took their parts extremely well. Especially good were Lorraine Smythe, who played the heroine, and Daisy Cooper, the little Freshman, "crushed" on Captain Jo.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Josephine Scott, "Captain Jo".....	LORRAINE SMYTHE
Mildred Linn, her roommate.....	JOSEPHINE DIXON
Kate Winston, second team forward.....	ANNIE LEE EDWARDS
Pat Dickinson, class president.....	LUCILLE HARDY
Sue Carpenter, unathletic.....	JEAN GALES
June Powell, the little Freshman.....	DAISY COOPER
Cheer Leader.....	PEGGY EDMUNDSON

C. B.

April 13—Mus Win Volley-Ball Championship

On Monday evening, April 12th, an excited and enthusiastic crowd was on hand in the Gym to witness the second and last game of the

Volley-Ball season. Both teams played well and the game showed considerable advance over the preceding one. The Sigmas, well aware that the Mus had won the last game, played with might and main. The Mus, however, were able to hold their own and the score was close until the very end, when the scorekeeper announced the Mus victorious by one point—33 to 32.

The line-up was as follows:

Sigma	Mu
Hoke (Capt.)	Villepigue (Capt.)
Everett	Dodd
Cooper	Kent
Smythe	Barber
Cole	Glass, E
Everett	Simmons

C. B.

April 13—The Junior Auxiliary Sends Delegates to Oxford

At twelve o'clock on Tuesday, April 13th, Miss Katie, representing the Woman's Auxiliary, and Susan Collier, Nina Cooper, Elizabeth Thomas and Katherine Batts, representing the Junior Auxiliary, forgot such a thing as school in leaving for Oxford to attend the Woman's Auxiliary Convention of the Diocese of North Carolina.

Of course Miss Katie was a regular delegate, but the rest went primarily to make a modest report of the Auxiliary work at St. Mary's and to show wherein our Blue Ridge delegates are of importance, and thus to endeavor to make an indirect appeal for funds that some of the girls of '21 might have ten of those days of jolly good fun and indescribable inspiration, besides training for "carrying on" next year. Too, we wanted to learn of the new organization of the old Junior Auxiliary, which is non-existent now. But it is replaced by the big organization, the Church School Service League, which includes all church work of boys and girls under twenty-four.

We were royally entertained; we were shown the beautiful little town of Oxford; we heard the endless reports from the various branches with interest; and returned Wednesday night full of our experience, which was described Thursday night in the School Room

instead of the usual Thursday Night Talk. Moreover, in our short stay we had accomplished our task. Our reports were made Wednesday morning, and when the President of the Auxiliary returned from the Convention she reported that one hundred and fifteen dollars had been promised for a Blue Ridge Fund, and that there were hopes of its being increased.

K. G. BATTIS.

April 22—The Inter-Society Debate

The St. Mary's Auditorium was the scene of a spirited contest Thursday evening, April 22d, when the Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi debaters met in the annual battle of words. The stage was simply decorated with St. Mary's banner and the Society pennants, with a table in the rear of the center for the presiding officers and one on each side of the stage for the debaters. The girls came in, brave in their Society colors, and took their places, the Sigma Lambdas to the right of the Auditorium, the E. A. P.'s to the left. The air was tense with suppressed excitement.

At 8:15 the Chief Marshal announced the readiness of the judges, and the debaters appeared upon the stage. As it happened this year that both Presidents were debating, the Vice-Presidents took their places, and Millicent Blanton opened the meeting, announcing the query for the evening: "*Resolved*, That the United States should grant the Philippines independence within a period of three years." The first speaker for the Epsilon Alpha Pi, upholding the affirmative, was Jane Toy, who delivered a clear, concise argument with evident conviction in the right of her side. She was followed by Lena Simmons, first on the negative, who presented her argument in her usual decisive and convincing manner. Mary Yellott, second on the affirmative, resumed the work her colleague had begun, concluding with an earnest plea for the recognition of the Filipinos' right to independence. The last speaker was Lucy London Anderson, representing the Sigma Lambda for the third time, and again justifying their faith in her by her clear, well-delivered speech. The rebuttals were excellent, showing quick thought and a good knowledge of the subject.

Upon the conclusion of the final affirmative rebuttal Rainsford Glass rose and made the annual announcement: "The audience will stand and sing 'Alma Mater' while the judges are rendering their decision." Of all the memories awakened by the familiar air, none are more vividly recalled than those few minutes of suspense, especially nerve racking to the debaters, torn as they are between relief that it is all over and anxiety as to the final outcome. At length the Chief Marshal Frances Venable, had collected the three slips, and just at the close of the first stanza she reappeared and handed them to the waiting officials. There was silence while, with trembling fingers, they tore open the envelopes; silence for a moment after the announcement "The decision is in favor of the affirmative." Then the echoes were awakened by the cheers of the E. A. P.'s, triumphant for the first time in several years.

The papers showed careful preparation, and much of the credit for them is due to the invaluable assistance of Miss Dennis in getting them up, and of Miss Davis in putting on the finishing touches. The final result was well worth the time and energy expended upon it for the Debate was pronounced one of the best and most interesting ever given at St. Mary's.

April 24—The Spring Meet

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. April 24th, the outdoor basket ball courts regained for a time their long-lost popularity, and for the next two hours they were the center of attraction to Mus and Sigmas alike, thus including the entire School. During the course of the afternoon if there were ten girls who were not out on the courts they were very little in evidence elsewhere. And the cause of all this excitement? The Spring Meet, of course! The Mus were fighting for the seven points which would mean the year's championship for them; the Sigmas were out in full force after the twelve which would give them another chance at the banner by winning the Tennis Tournament. With so much at stake, both sides were ready to fight to the finish.

The first event was the Goal Shooting Race, run off this year in two divisions, because only one goal was available. The Sigmas threw the first run, and their forwards' basket-ball practice here stood them in good stead, for they won the race by 10 seconds. In the Shuttle Race they were again victorious, and things began to look rather black for the Mus. The tension, however, was relieved at this point by the Suitcase Race, most amusing to the spectators and destructive to umbrellas, which resulted in a victory for the Mus. Next came the 50-yard Dash, in which the Sigmas triumphed again, Nina Cooper winning first place and Mary Hoke second. This was followed by the Long Distance Throw, in which the number of contestants was unlimited and in consequence almost every member of both Associations took part. In this the greater total of inches beyond the 40-foot mark counted 4 points and the champion throw 1, and both of these went to the Mus, thanks to the strong arm of Dorothy Dodd, making the score at this stage of the game 7 to 6 in the Sigmas' favor, and leaving the Relay Race to "end everything." And it did, so far as the Mus' hopes of the Meet were concerned. For again the Sigma runners came out ahead, securing the 5 points necessary to make up the coveted 12. So the Meet ended, with a score of 12 to 6, making the year's score 66 to 47, with the odds in the Mus' favor, but leaving the 20 points for the Tennis Tournament to determine the championship for the year.

April 24—Estelle Avent's Song Recital

The first of the Certificate Recitals took place in the Auditorium Saturday evening, April 24th, when Estelle Avent, certificate pupil of Mr. R. Blinn Owen and Mr. William H. Jones, gave her Song Recital.

The stage had been tastefully decorated by her friends with dogwood and roses, and made a lovely background for the white-clad figure of the young artiste, whose sweet voice completely charmed her enthusiastic audience. Her most difficult number, "Una Voce" from "Barber of Seville," Miss Avent handled with ease and skill, but

perhaps the most popular was her final encore, "Me and My Little Banjo," which she had to sing again and again before the applause subsided. She was assisted by her instructor, Mr. Jones, who had good reason to be proud of his pupil.

The program was as follows:

I

Wood-wandering	<i>Grieg</i>
Sylvelin	<i>Sinding</i>
Serenade	<i>Strauss</i>

II

Aria: "Una voce" ("Barber of Seville")	<i>Rossini</i>
--	----------------

III

Danse	<i>Debussy</i>
-------------	----------------

WILLIAM H. JONES

IV

Three Notes: Three Words	<i>Jones</i>
The Danza	<i>Chadwick</i>
Moonlight Song	<i>Cadman</i>
The Joy of Spring	<i>Woodman</i>

April 25—"Blue Ridge Night"

The Inter-Chapter Meeting of the Junior Auxiliary held in the Parlor on Sunday evening, April 25th, was under the direction of the Blue Ridge Delegates, from which the name "Blue Ridge Night," which they had been planning ever since their return from the Conference last summer. Katherine Batts, the President of the Auxiliary opened the meeting, and the Rector introduced the first speaker, Mr. George Denney, a Carolina delegate, and an admirable example of "what Blue Ridge does for boys." He made an earnest little talk on the importance of putting the summer months to good use and the advantages of Blue Ridge in this connection. Mrs. Bickett then spoke very complimentarily of last year's delegates and expressed the

hope that the girls this year would be equally as enthusiastic. The concluding number on the program was the presentation of the little play the Blue Ridge delegates gave last summer at Oxford and Henderson to show what the Conference had meant to them.

It was a short but inspiring meeting, and a fitting preliminary to the elections of the delegates for 1920, held the following week.

April 26—Nancy Lay's Piano Recital

The second of the series of Recitals was that of Nancy Lay, certificate pupil of Miss Sue Kyle Southwick. The piano recitals are not, as a rule, looked forward to with any great anticipation on the part of the School, but this one was an exception, partly because of the Senior President's popularity; partly because she had played before and established her reputation. Assisted by Estelle Avent, she gave one of the most enjoyable recitals held in the Auditorium in years.

Again the stage was decorated with dogwood and flowers, the gifts of admiring friends. Miss Lay's real talent as a pianist was evident throughout her program, which included selections from famous composers. She was especially successful in her interpretation of MacDowell's "Polonaise." The program follows:

Sonata, op 90 (first movement).....*Beethoven*

Moment Musical.....*Schubert*

La Fileuse.....*Raff*

Callirhoe (Air de Ballet).....*Chaminade*

Allah.....*Chadwick*

My Marguerite.....*Old French Song*

MISS AVENT

Clair De Lune.....*Debussy*

Polichinelle.....*Rachmaninoff*

Polonaise.....*MacDowell*

April 29—Millicent Blanton's Expression Recital

The third and last of the Certificate Recitals was given in the Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 29th, by Millicent Blanton, pupil of Miss Florence C. Davis. Expression recitals are rather a rare treat, and since Miss Blanton's first appearance in "A Bachelor's Romance" three years ago, hers had been eagerly awaited. It was no disappointment. A charming figure in her white taffeta gown against the green background brightened by innumerable baskets of roses, she delivered her selections with that pleasing naturalness of manner which had so often delighted her audiences in the past. She was obliged to give encores to all three of her numbers, "The Highwayman" receiving especially vigorous applause. "The Maker of Dreams" was her longest and most difficult number, and the three characters in the playlet she portrayed with rare interpretative skill.

She was assisted by Nancy Lay, and in the final encore they appeared together, Miss Blanton reciting to Miss Lay's accompaniment. The program was as follows:

I

- (a) Tewkesbury Road.....*John Masefield*
 (b) Comfort.....*Robert W. Service*
 (c) The Highwayman.....*Alfred Noyes*

II

- The Maker of Dreams
 A Fantasy in One Act.....*Oliphant Down*

III

- Moment Musical*Schubert*
 Polonaise*MacDowell*

MISS NANCY LAY

IV

- The Americanizing of André Francois.....*Stella W. Herro.*

May 1—The Junior-Senior Banquet

The Muse Room on Saturday evening, May 1st, was the scene of that most delightful party of the year, at least in the estimation of the Seniors—the "Junior-Senior Banquet." For years these "Ban-

quets" have been held annually, and each Junior Class vies with its predecessors in the beauty of the decorations, the originality of the entertainment, and the general excellency of the menu. The yearly attendants of the Junior-Senior Banquet have had to admit that the Class of '21 took a place in the front ranks in all three of these particulars. The decorations were carried out in green and white, the 1920 Class Colors, and the fresh green vines against the snowy table cloth made a most attractive scene as the guests entered and took their places around the tables arranged in the old Roman fashion. At one end of the room was a slightly raised platform, and from this eminence Betty Bonner spoke the "word of welcome."

The ice thus broken, the guests turned their attention to the dainty fruit cocktail before them. When this course had been deftly removed by the green-and-white-clad waitresses, Caroline Moore, Elizabeth Nolan, Susanne Pegues and Maurine Moore, again the eyes of all were drawn to the platform, and this time Fielding Douthat delivered a clever little monologue recalling the Senior Hall Burglar episode. So the Banquet proceeded, the courses interrupted by some little reminiscence of the School Year. The next was a gathering of Seniors, (supposedly), admiring their graduation gifts, and leading up to Estelle Avent's singing "Perfect Posture," an amusing parody on "His Attitude" from "The Pinafore." After the last course Katherine Waddell appeared in cap and gown, with a huge suitcase, from which she produced miniature suitcases for the Seniors, "to be used not only in going away, but in coming back to visit," and on opening them they were found to contain several souvenirs of the year—a much-needed key to Senior Hall, a tiny Chapel Cap and pair of spats!

Dorothy Kirtland, the President of the Junior Class, then spoke a few words in eulogy of the Senior Class and the pleasure her classmates had in entertaining them, to which Nancy Lay, the Senior President, replied in kind. The other Classes expressed their good wishes for the Seniors through their Presidents, and just then the orchestra which had provided music throughout the evening softened into "Home Sweet Home," and the Banquet was over. All that re-

mained was for the Seniors to assure their hostesses that they had never seen a "cuter party" nor had a more "marvelous time," and to congratulate Katherine Waddell on the entertainment, Susan Collier on the menu, and Dorothy Kirtland on the success of the whole.

Items of Interest

On Thursday afternoon, April 1st, Mrs. Way took a group of representatives of the Mission Study Classes to the final union meeting of all the Lenten Classes, held in the Governor's Mansion. There was an interesting program, in which several of the St. Mary's girls took part.

The last of the Winter Concert Series was held in the City Auditorium Wednesday evening, April 7th. The Ganz-Lazzari Concert was well attended by St. Mary's girls, as all the others had been, and was equally enjoyed.

Mr. Jones managed to secure the well-known American pianist, John Powell, for the 1920 Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series, and his Recital, given in the St. Mary's Auditorium on Saturday evening, April 17th, was a great success, despite the fact that the pianist was feeling far from well.

Mrs. Way entertained the Seniors after Nancy Lay's Recital at an informal reception. The green and white color scheme, in honor of the guests, was prettily carried out, even to the cake icing.

On Thursday evening, April 29th, Mrs. Josephus Daniels addressed the School assembled in the School room.

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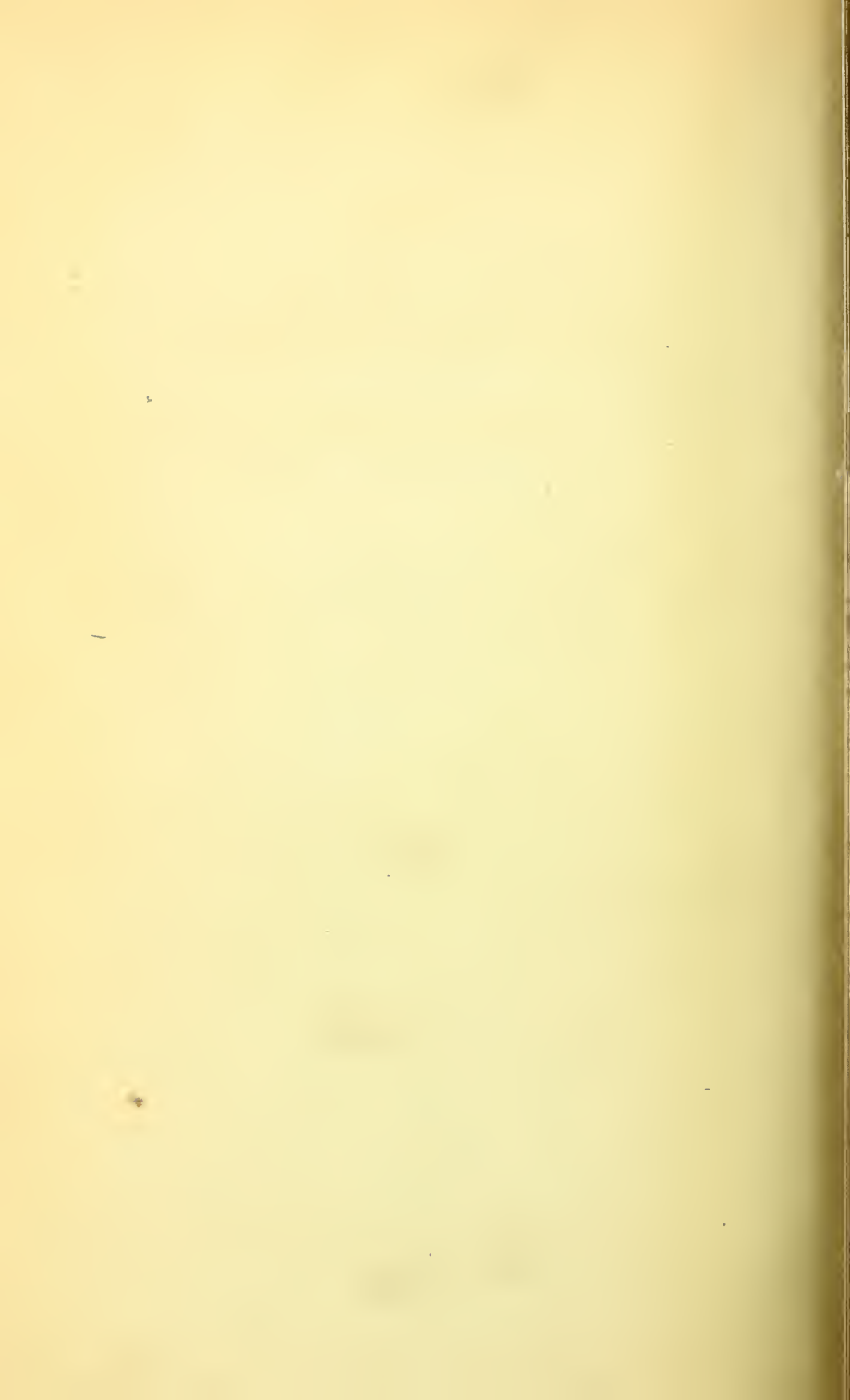
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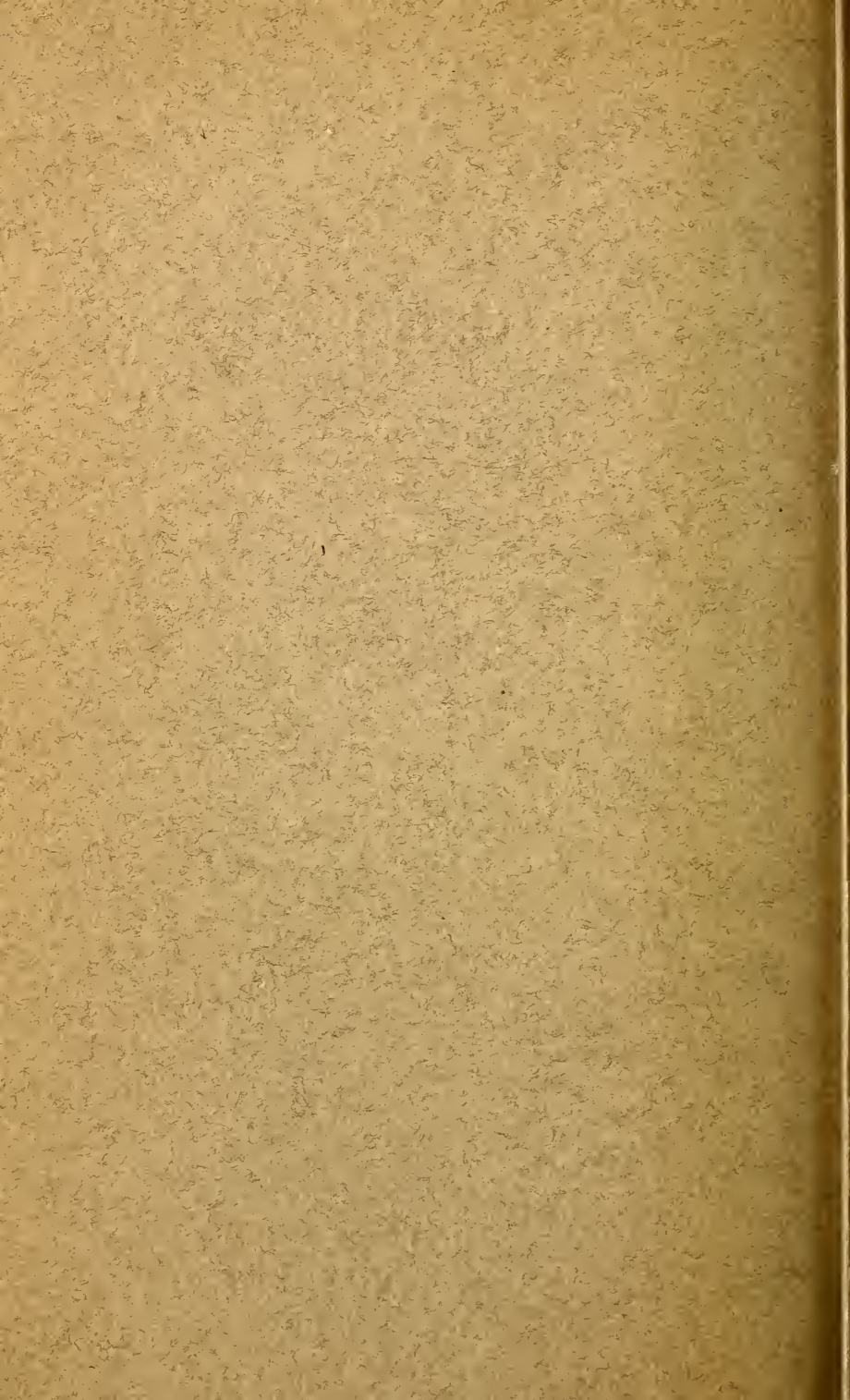


The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Commencement Number

May 1920





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The St. Mary's Muse

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. XXV

MAY, 1920

No. 8

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 recollection and love.

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

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

H. E. H., 1905.

THE 1920 COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement Program

- Saturday, May 22, 8:15 p.m., Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium, "Twelfth Night."
- Sunday, May 23, 7:50 a.m., Celebration of the Holy Communion.
 11:00 a.m., Commencement Sermon in the Chapel, by the Rev. Wallace E. Rollins, D.D., Professor at the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Va.
 5:00 p.m., Alumnæ Service in the Chapel.
- Monday, May 24, 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 the Parlor.
- Tuesday, May 25, 11:00 a.m., Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium. Annual Address by Mr. J. Nelson Frierson, of the University of South Carolina. Closing Exercises in the Chapel, with address to Graduates by Bishop Guerry.

Saturday

THE DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

The Commencement festivities began, as usual, with the Dramatic Club Play in the Auditorium on Saturday evening. This year Miss Davis returned to her old custom of presenting a Shakesperian play at Commencement, and "Twelfth Night" had been selected for the occasion. No elaborate stage setting was attempted, and none was necessary, for the woodsy background, while perhaps a trifle incongruous, made a beautiful setting and the Shakesperian costumes lent the desired atmosphere. The play is a difficult one, but was marked throughout by intelligent and spirited action, and bore witness to the skillful training of the director, Miss Florence C. Davis. The parts had been happily assigned, but perhaps none more so than in giving the inimitable Sir Toby to Lorraine Smythe, who kept the

house in such gales of merriment that it is to be feared the audience was sometimes laughing *at*, rather than *with*, the rascally joker. *The News and Observer* handed the bouquets to Millicent Blanton, who took the part of Viola with singular charm, and whose acting, according to the paper, "showed considerable finish"—*finish*, in more ways than one, for this play marked the last of Miss Blanton's appearances on the St. Mary's stage, where, during her three years, she has taken a prominent part in every play presented. Fielding Douthat, playing the part of Viola's twin, Sebastian, did excellent work, and bids fair to be the dramatic star next year. The work of Dorothy Kirtland as Maria, the witty waiting maid, also deserves mention.

The Auditorium was crowded with town people and visiting relatives, and the play was received with great enthusiasm.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....	Jane Toy
Sebastian, brother to Viola.....	Fielding Douthat
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.....	Audrey Stone
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.....	Miriam Silversteen
Valentine, gentleman attending on the Duke.....	Mary Louise Everett
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.....	Lorraine Smythe
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Katherine Batts
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.....	Sara Davis
Friar	Catherine Boyd
Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia.....	Mary Yellott
An Officer.....	Nina Cooper
Olivia, a lady of fortune.....	Betty Bonner
Viola	Millicent Blanton
Maria, Olivia's waiting woman.....	Dorothy Kirtland

Sunday

Commencement Sunday was appropriately ushered in with an early celebration of the Holy Communion. The eleven o'clock service was marked by the sermon of the Rev. Wallace E. Rollins, D.D., of the Virginia Theological Seminary. Dr. Rollins took no text, but announced as his subject, "The Verbs of the Moral Life." These he enumerated in their relative order, "I am, I ought, I can, I will, I must," and proceeded to take up each one in its turn, showing its importance and significance in the moral life.

"The development of your personality, which is the most wonderful and most mysterious thing in the world, and which is a gift of God that makes it possible to have fellowship and to distinguish between the ideal and the actual, should be your first consideration as you enter into this new experience of life," said Dr. Rollins. It was a very timely address, well constructed and easy to follow, and the twenty-five graduates will long remember Dr. Rollins' five "verbs of the moral life."

At the afternoon service at five o'clock, which is known as the Alumnæ Service, the Rector addressed himself particularly to the visiting Alumnæ, extending to them the cordial welcome with which St. Mary's always greets her daughters when they return.

The special feature of Sunday evening was the union Muse meeting of the present Muse Club and the members of the Class of 1910, which held a reunion at the School during the Commencement season.

After lights, the Seniors serenaded, assisted by Ellen Lay and Elizabeth Waddell, the only members of last year's class back for Commencement, and when the old familiar sound of "Waddy's yodel" was heard, many were the eyes dimmed by tears called forth by memories, bitter-sweet, and so affected were the Seniors that they found considerable difficulty in joining in the following chorus, "If You'll Be M-i-n-e, Mine!" After singing the songs of the Class of 1910 beneath the windows of the Infirmary, where the "Reunionists" were sleeping (?), even the Seniors retired at length, and peace settled down upon the School for a few hours.

Monday

Peace indeed for a few hours, but only a very few, for Monday morning the Juniors were up at four o'clock, according to the time-honored custom, working on the Daisy Chain. Poor Juniors, there was more truth than poetry (with no insinuations against the poet!) in their lament at the "Junior-Senior Banquet":

Seniors, why weren't you brilliant
 With forethought and fertile brain?
 Why did not you think to pickle
 For us poor Juniors that Daisy Chain?

For it would, under any circumstances, have been a problem to find sufficient daisies for twenty-five yards of chain, but due to the unusually late spring this year, it seemed well nigh impossible to the six desperate Juniors. Necessity, however, here again proved herself the mother of invention, and the Juniors were given an excellent opportunity to display their ingenuity.

By breakfast time Monday morning, the required twenty-five yards of "daisy chain" were completed, and if the chain did not exactly resemble past daisy chains, some reason for the difference may be found in the fact that this particular one was made largely of hedge and spirea, with just enough daisies scattered through it to give the "proper spirit." The Juniors and their Sophomore assistants were justly proud of their work, and the Seniors, recalling their own Junior days, were sufficiently appreciative to satisfy the most demanding.

Monday morning was a busy time for all, the Juniors engaged in arranging for the Class Day Exercises in the Grove, and casting now and then an apprehensive eye in the direction of a particularly dark cloud which threatened momentarily to blot out the struggling sun. Great was the excitement when, at a rate of speed permitted only to fire engines in case of emergency, the Edwards & Broughton truck tore through the Grove and delivered the Annual *Muse* into the arms of the frantic editor. From that moment all went well.

At eleven o'clock the Class Day procession appeared from behind West Rock, and, led by their Marshals to their respective places, the classes marched into the circle prepared for them, surrounded by an admiring throng of friends and relatives. Last of all came the Seniors, led from East Rock by Frances Venable, the Chief Marshal, and tenderly carrying the precious daisy chain, which, when they reached the chairs reserved for them, they laid gently on the ground at their feet.

Nancy Lay, President of the Senior Class, presided at the exercises, and, in the name of her class, extended a welcome to the assembled guests. The Secretary, Patty Sherrod, then read the final roll-call with impressive solemnity, which was followed by the singing of the class songs in order, as at the School Party. Jane Toy read the

History of the Class of 1920 through its checkered school career; the Class Poem was read by Mary Yellott, and a very clever and amusing Prophecy by Mary Hoke. The Seniors then sang, "Good-bye, 1920," and their Last Will and Testament was read by Margaret Rawlings. Next came the awarding of the athletic banner, which was won this year by the Sigma Athletic Association, and was presented to Mary Hoke, President of the Sigmas, by Rainsford Glass, President of the Mus. The score for the year was 67 to 66, from which it may be gathered that the fight for the banner was a hard-fought battle, and the Sigmas are to be congratulated for their well earned victory. The final score of the literary societies was in favor of the Epsilon Alpha Pi, which was credited with 62½ points against 22½ for the Sigma Lambda. The prizes in the literary contest were announced as follows: best story, Crichton Thorne, Sigma Lambda; best sketch, Jane Toy, E A II; best essay, Eleanor Sublett, E A II; best poem, Mary T. Yellott, E A II.

Miss Yellott, the editor-in-chief, then read the dedication of the annual *Muse* to Mrs. Caroline V. Perkins, and gift copies of *The Muse* were presented to the Bishop, the Rector, the Commencement speakers, and others, whom the Class of 1920 wished to honor with this mark of their esteem.

Greetings from the Class of 1910 were extended the Seniors by Miss Rebe Shields, of Scotland Neck, who announced that her class would honor the School by the giving of a scholarship. Miss Lay responded for the Seniors and stated that her class would also give a scholarship of \$100 as a gift to the School. After the Seniors had sung, "Good-bye, School," the exercises were closed with the singing of "Alma Mater." Then there was a mad rush for East Rock, and for the next fifteen minutes a long white line of girls might be seen, impatiently awaiting their turn at the postoffice window where the annuals were being given out.

The class exercises in full, being of special interest to the present day St. Mary's girls, are given at length further over in this MUSE.

The members of the Class of 1910 held their reunion luncheon at the Woman's Club at 1 P. M., over half of the class being present for the delightful occasion.

The Alumnae Meeting

The annual meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association was held in the parlor at 4:30, with about fifty present, including a large number of out-of-town Alumnae. Mrs. T. M. Ashe, Vice-President of the Association, presided in the absence of Mrs. T. W. Bickett, the President. In the election of officers, Miss Rebecca Hill Shields, of Scotland Neck, was named President for the coming year, and Miss Susan Marshall, of Raleigh, Vice-President. The other officers were reelected. Interesting talks were made by the Rector and Mr. W. H. Jones, Director of Music. Final arrangements were made for the unveiling of the Iredell Memorial Window on All Saints' Day, and the matter of a new organ, which as Mr. Jones pointed out is seriously needed both for purposes of worship and instruction, was discussed. Mrs. W. W. Vass was made chairman of a committee to interest the various chapters in securing a suitable front entrance to St. Mary's. Two new members of the Alumnae Council were elected for a term of three years each, being Miss Annie Cameron, of Hillsboro, and Mrs. Jane Withers, of Raleigh. Members of the Class of 1910 attended the meeting and were welcomed by Miss Katie. The newest Alumnae were welcomed by Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, and Miss Lay responded.

The Annual Report of the Alumnae Treasurer

RECEIPTS

Brought forward	\$ 229.63
Interest on Bonds	300.00
Interest on Liberty Bonds	12.75
Interest on Bank Account	8.72
Dues, Gen. Asso.....	3.00
Balance Chapel Hill Chapter, 1919	1.00
Dues Chapel Hill Chapter, 1920	8.00
Dues Raleigh Chapter, 1920	36.00
Returned by A. Cameron, Expense Account.....	.55
Total	\$ 599.65

EXPENDITURES

To Miss McKimmon (interest on Bonds).....	\$ 300.00
Balance in Bank to date, May 24.....	299.65
Total	\$ 599.65

TOTAL RESOURCES

In 6 per cent Bonds.....	\$5,000.00
In Liberty Bonds.....	300.00
Cash in Bank.....	299.65
Total	\$5,599.65

Respectfully submitted,

M. CRUIKSHANK, *Treasurer.*

The Art Exhibit

The Annual Art Exhibit was unusually attractive this year, showing splendid work and careful training. The pupils in the First Year Course had a good showing, especially in original design. Course B, the Second Year work, was strong in Cast Drawing and original posters for Commercial Art, the most striking among which were *Southern Pines*, by Callie Mae Roberson; *The Horse Show*, by Jane Ruffin; *Vantine's*, by Josephine Rose, and *Keith's Vaudeville*, by Nancy Lay.

The special work in water color by Carmen Jones and special work in oils by Mary Fetter deserve mention.

The three certificate girls showed excellent work in a variety of subjects. *Snow Balls* and an Interior, by Jane Ruffin; *Wistaria* and an Interior, by Dorothy Kirtland, and *Bananas* and *Roses*, by Nancy Lay stood out most prominently in their exhibits.

Some of the up-to-date features were the candle shades and lamp shades with original designs. A lamp shade with nasturtium design by Josephine Forbes and one by Alice Cheek, also a pair of candle shades by Eva Lee Glass, were conspicuous.

A Coat of Arms by Alice Cheek was quite well done. Altogether it was an excellent exhibition of the year's work in the studio, and reflects great credit on both pupils and teacher.

The Annual Concert

The annual concert was given in the Auditorium at 8:30 P. M., and the rather elaborate program was thoroughly enjoyed by a very large audience. The young musicians all played and sang well, but special mention should be made of Margaret Elliott, who played

a beautiful violin solo, "Reverie," and later took part in a string quartette. Louise Egleston handled two difficult piano selections with ease and skill, and Estelle Avent revealed a voice pure, flexible and brilliant in her soprano solo, "Una Voce." The Part-Song, "The Song of the Bells," which concluded the program, was a beautiful and fitting climax, and the guests then dispersed, some to view the Art Exhibit, others proceeded at once to the Rector's Reception.

The program follows:

PART ONE

- Piano Duet: "Malaguena" ("Boabdil").....Moszkowski
Misses Edith Hutson and Mary Hoke
- Piano Solo: DriftingFriml
Miss Emily Hart
- Violin Solo: ReverieVieuxtemps
Miss Margaret Elliott
- Piano Solo: a. March WindMacDowell
b. SerenadeSinding
Miss Louise Egleston
- Contralto Solo: A Summer NightGoring-Thomas
Miss Elizabeth Sabiston
- Piano Solo: BoleroLack
Miss Bessie Brown

PART TWO

- Soprano Solo: Berceuse ("Jocelyn")Godard
Miss Gladys Williamson
Cello obligato: Miss Mary Ray
- Piano Solo: AutumnChaminade
Miss Vannie Drew
- String Quartette: Andante CantabileTschaiikowsky
First Violin, Miss Bessie Ray; Second Violin, Miss Margaret Elliott
Viola, Mr. Gustav Hagedorn; Cello, Miss Mary Ray
- Soprano Solo: Una Voce ("Barber of Seville").....Rossini
Miss Estelle Avent
- Piano Solo: PolonaiseMacDowell
Miss Nancy Lay
- Part-Song: The Song of the Bells.....Coombs
Incidental Solo: Miss Grace Franklin
- First Soprano: Misses Avent, Travis, Speed and Hagan
Second Soprano: Misses Stone, Hannah, Brown and Rhea
Alto: Misses Franklin, Lay, Sabiston and Hutson

The Rector's Reception

Immediately after the annual concert, the Rector's reception was held in the parlor. The faculty and guests, including the parents, relatives and friends of the graduating class, and the old girls, who were back, were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Way, Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Katie, and the twenty-five graduates. It was a receiving line of formidable length, but the Seniors, in their evening gowns and rather resembling a garden of roses, proved such an attraction that more than once the line was blocked, and the gentlemen guests had to be prodded from behind by a reproving finger to start things moving again. The Juniors served ice cream and cake, and a thoroughly delightful evening was enjoyed by all who were present.

Tuesday

The Commencement Day Exercises

Commencement morning dawned dark and cloudy, but the day was brightened by the two hundred white-clad girls who thronged the Grove until the bell called them to the final assembly of the year. From the school room they marched to the Auditorium, and when they were seated and the trustees had taken their places on the stage, the twenty-five graduates were led on by the Chief Marshal, Frances Venable. There the following program was presented:

Sextette (with soprano obligato): Chanson Provençale.....Del' Aqua
Soprano Solo, Audrey Stone

First Soprano: Estelle Avent and Mary Ellen Travis

Second Soprano: Bessie Brown and Edith Hutson

Alto: Nancy Lay and Mary Yellott

SalutatoryJane Toy

Class Essay: "Folk Songs of the Carolina Mountains".....Audrey Stone

AddressJ. Nelson Frierson, Esq.

Piano Duet: "Wedding Procession".....Hoffmann

Margaret Elliott and Elizabeth Nolan

ValedictoryMary Yellott

Announcement of Honors

Presentation of Diplomas, Certificates, and Distinctions

Professor J. Nelson Frierson, of the Law Department of the University of South Carolina, was introduced as the annual speaker by the Rector. He enlisted the interest of all at the very start, especially the feminine majority present, when he announced his subject as: "Rights and Obligations of Women in the World of Today."

The News and Observer had to say of Prof. Frierson's address:

Prof. Frierson stated that he was not appearing as a suffrage advocate, but stressed the fact that the education of women should be broadened to enable them to meet the more serious duties which they will be called upon to perform in the future in the interest of the State and Nation. He began his address by stating that up until very recently the law sanctioned the subordination of women, and gave examples of this, beginning with the time of St. Paul, who, influenced by the teachings as to the position of woman, assigned her to a place of silence in the Church. The law of the land was that woman was absolutely subservient to her husband. Prof. Frierson then called attention to the legal and social status of woman at the time of the Norman conquest. The unmarried woman with property, he said, had little or no property rights, and in the case of a married woman, everything she possessed in reality belonged to her husband.

The French Revolution, stated the speaker, was one event which put women forward as to further rights, and the Abolitionist movement in America had a somewhat similar effect, calling, as it did, for the equality of mankind. John Stuart Mill was in advance of his time on the proposition of giving women more rights. He introduced a bill in the English parliament providing that women be given the vote. He wrote that most of the male sex were slaves and that all the female sex were slaves. Mill said that the ballot was essential for women to protect themselves, as no class of persons ever got their rights and privileges unless they had the power of enforcing them. The speaker told of the suffrage fight in England just prior to the outbreak of the war. "Suffrage advocates then made vicious attacks on English statesmen in an effort to have them grant them the ballot, but when the war came the noise of battle was silenced and both sides united to fight the common foe on the battlefields. So well did woman do her work during the war that when the struggle ended her request for the ballot met little opposition and she was granted the voting privilege.

"The movement for further rights for women is world-wide. Are we going to try to turn back the mighty tide that is coming on or bow to the inevitable and make the adjustment demanded? Right now women are working in the commercial and industrial world, and most of them have to work because they have to eat. It is for these that protection is demanded and the ballot is a necessary step for rights more broad and liberal than before.

"Legislation is the only means of social reforms. In Australia, where the women have long had the right to vote, great prominence has been given to

social and domestic legislation. The needs of the home, the school and the social order have gotten a better showing and received more legislative attention.

"It is incumbent upon you young women," Prof. Frierson concluded, "to pay more attention to the serious side of education rather than to the frills. I do not say that music and art should be stopped, nor that the cultural branches of education are not necessary, but the educational system for women should be shaped to give them a broader view of their responsibility in life and ability to exercise greater power. A greater measure of self-reliance must be instilled in them, so that they can take their proper places in the new social order."

Following a piano duet by Margaret Elliott and Elizabeth Nolan the Valedictory was delivered by Mary Yellott, and the Rector concluded the exercises in the Auditorium by announcing the honors and presenting the certificates and distinctions. The remainder of the exercises took place in the chapel, the march from the Auditorium to the chapel being one of the most impressive scenes of the Commencement season. The order of service in the chapel was as follows:

Processional Hymn, No. 396: "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"
Scripture Lesson
Benedictus
Creed
Prayers
Hymn No. 311: "Ancient of Days"
Presentation of Diplomas
Address to Graduates
Prayers and Benediction
Recessional Hymn: "Jerusalem, High Tower"

The service was attended by three bishops, Bishop Cheshire, Bishop Guerry and Bishop Darst. Other clergy in the chancel were: Rev. A. B. Hunter, Rev. Milton A. Barber, Rev. T. T. Walsh, and Rev. F. P. Lobdell. The scripture lesson was read by Bishop Cheshire, who also presented the diplomas, and the address to the graduates was made by Bishop William A. Guerry, of Charleston, S. C. Bishop Guerry urged the young ladies to go out into the world and represent the truth, to be patriots of intellectual and moral liberty. He called attention to the present time of crisis in the Nation and in the world, and said the principles of right must be applied to the problems con-

fronting the country. He said there was never so great a necessity for right thinking, and urged the graduates to use their brains with understanding.

After the benediction had been pronounced by Bishop Cheshire, the familiar notes of "Jerusalem, High Tower" pealed forth, and one more class of graduates passed from the shadow of the little chapel, singing the same triumphant words which had been on the lips of so many graduates before them. After the clergy and trustees had walked past the long white line of tearful girls, extending almost from one Rock to the other, the Chief Marshall, standing beneath the rose arch, raised her hand, and with the traditional "School is dismissed," she ended at once the Commencement Exercises and the School Year, 1920.

The 1920 Commencement Awards

CLASS PROMOTIONS, 1920

To be SENIORS:

Elizabeth Bowen Bonner	Mabel Merritt
Elizabeth Hill Carrigan	Caroline Brevard Moore
Susan Moore Collier	Elizabeth Nelson
May Deaton	Mary Elizabeth Nolan
Fielding Lewis Douthat	Suzanne Payne Pegues
Nancy Hart	Sarah Eleanor Tiplady
Virginia Lanier Jordan	Frances Preston Venable
Florida Freeman Kent	Katherine Mason Waddell
Dorothy Florence Kirtland	

To be JUNIORS:

Evelina Gilbert Beckwith	Maurine Moore
Rebecca Hastings Cole	Jane Dickinson MacMillan
Muriel Dougherty	Lenore Christine Powell
Marietta Cobb Gareissen	Louise Henrietta Powell
Rebecca Elizabeth Hines	Mary Evelyn Thacker
Margaret Strange Huske	Frances Moring Williams
Mary Lybrook Lasater	Mary Wiatt Yarborough
Henrietta Estelle Long	

To be SOPHOMORES :

Julia Winston Ashworth
 Estelle Brown Avent
 Betsey Ballou
 Dorothy Berrien Baum
 Bessie Brown
 Helen Porter Budge
 Carroll Moore Cave
 Caroline Dargan
 Louise Aiken Egleston
 Margaret Blow Elliott
 Mary Louise Everett
 Josephine Lewis Forbes
 Mary Page Franklin
 Jean Cameron Gales
 Eva Lee Glass
 Emily Elizabeth Hart
 Edith Genevieve Hutson
 Elizabeth Lewis Lawrence

Hallie Augusta Lenoir
 Mary Strange Morgan
 Frances Holt Mountcastle
 Mabel Norfleet
 Beatrice Josephine Parker
 Helen Elizabeth Roberson
 Josephine Mann Rose
 Lena Evelyn Simmons
 Ruth Doris Swett
 Katherine Taber
 Idie Kerr Taylor
 Susie Hill Taylor
 Mary Elizabeth Thomas
 Minette Gordon Thompson
 Elizabeth Gordon Tucker
 Hilda Grace Turrentine
 Evelyn Lee Way
 Marjorie Willard

To be FRESHMEN :

Dorothy Dodd
 Martha Carolina Gresham

Helen Bond Webb

THE HONOR ROLL

The highest general award of merit, open to all members of the School, is the Honor Roll, announced at Commencement. The requirements are :

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

(2) She must have had during the year a full regular course of study or its equivalent, and must have carried this work to successful completion, taking all required examinations and obtaining a mark for the year in each subject of at least 75 per cent

(3) She must have maintained an average of "Very Good" (90 per cent), or better, in her studies

(4) She must have made a record of "Excellent" (less than two demerits) in Department, in Industry, and in Punctuality.

(5) She must have maintained a generally satisfactory bearing in the affairs of her school life during the year.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF 1919-20

1. Mary Traill Yellott, '20	95.0
2. Josephine Lewis Forbes, '23.....	93.6
3. Mary Josephine Josey, Bus.....	93.2
4. Sue Byrne Hutchinson, '24.....	93.0
5. Evelyn Lee Way, '24.....	92.8
6. Jane Bingham Toy, '20.....	92.8
7. Marietta Cobb Gareissen, '22.....	92.5
8. Louise Egleston, '23.....	92.1
9. Katherine Taber, '23.....	92.0
10. Elizabeth Lee Hale, Bus.....	91.6
11. Mary Strange Morgan, '23.....	91.3
12. Katharine Galloway Batts, '20.....	91.3
13. Rainsford Fairbanks Glass, '20.....	91.0
14. Elizabeth Lewis Lawrence, '23.....	90.8
15. Mary McBee Hoke, '20.....	90.7
16. Crichton Alston Thorne, '23.....	90.5
17. Lola McIntyre Walton, Bus.....	90.5
18. Mabel Norfleet, '23.....	90.4
19. May Deaton, '22.....	90.1

THE NILES MEDAL

The Niles Medal for Highest Average was instituted by Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., in 1906. It is awarded to the student who has made the best record in scholarship during the session.

The requirements are:

- (1) The student must have taken throughout the year at least "15 points" of regular work; and have satisfactorily completed this work, passing all required examinations.
- (2) She must have been "Excellent" in Department.
- (3) She must have taken all regular general courses assigned and have done satisfactory work in them.
- (4) She must be a regular student of the College Department.

In accordance with these conditions this fifteenth award of the Niles Medal is made to

MISS MARY TRAILL YELLOTT, OF THE SENIOR CLASS

whose home is Bel Air, Md., and whose average for the year is 95.0 per cent.

Commencement Awards

IN THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Full Certificates

Elizabeth Hale	Halifax, N. C.
Sara Irvin	Reidsville, N. C.
Charlotte Johnson	Raleigh, N. C.
Crichton Thorne	Warrenton, N. C.
Lola Walton	Morganton, N. C.

Certificates in Stenography and Typewriting

Grace Barbour	Irene Grimsley	Mary Josey
Katherine Batts	Nancy Hart	Jessie Keith
Rebecca Cole	Virginia Herrick	Hester Lilly
Mildred Dawson	Elizabeth Horton	Adelaide Smith
Virginia Flora	Evelyn Hughes	Lorraine Smythe

Certificate in Typewriting and Bookkeeping

Mary McCabe

Certificates in Typewriting

Eunice Collier	Elizabeth Cross	Lucia Nottingham
Susan Collier	Frances Higgs	Patty Sherrod

Certificate in Bookkeeping

Iva McAulay

IN THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Full Certificate

Annie Geneva Higgs.....	Greenville, N. C.
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Certificate in Domestic Science

Caroline Dargan	Raleigh, N. C.
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IN THE ART DEPARTMENT

Certificates

Dorothy Kirtland	St. Augustine, Fla.
Anna Rogers Lay	Beaufort, N. C.
Jane Reynolds Ruffin	Mayodan, N. C.

IN THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT

Certificate

Millicent Frances Blanton.....	Shelby, N. C.
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IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Certificate in Piano

Anna Rogers LayBeaufort, N. C.

Certificate in Voice

Estelle Brown Avent.....Rocky Mount, N. C.

THE GRADUATES

THE CLASS OF 1920

Lucy London Anderson.....Fayetteville, N. C.
 Katherine Galloway Batts.....Tarboro, N. C.
 Millicent Frances Blanton.....Shelby, N. C.
 Catharine Cole Boyd.....New Bern, N. C.
 Alice Mutter Cheek.....Henderson, N. C.
 Nina Horner Cooper.....Oxford, N. C.
 Sara Lorton Davis.....Seneca, S. C.
 Annie Virginia DuncanBeaufort, N. C.
 Rainsford Fairbanks Glass.....Orlando, Fla.
 Annie Geneva Higgs.....Greenville, N. C.
 Mary McBee Hoke.....Raleigh, N. C.
 Anna Rogers Lay.....Beaufort, N. C.
 Catherine Margaret Miller.....Henderson, N. C.
 Pauline MillerRaleigh, N. C.
 Mary Myrtie Moffitt.....Asheboro, N. C.
 Margaret Muse Rawlings.....Wilson, N. C.
 Jane Reynolds Ruffin.....Mayodan, N. C.
 Pattie SherrodHamilton, N. C.
 Adelaide Evans Smith.....Charlotte, N. C.
 Audrey Gray Stone.....Thomasville, N. C.
 Judith Eleanor Sublett.....Harrisonburg, Va.
 Eugenia Agnes ThomasSavannah, Ga.
 Jane Bingham Toy (Second Honor).....Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Ruth WombleRaleigh, N. C.
 Mary Traill Yellott (First Honor).....Bel Air, Md.

THE COLLEGE HONORS OF 1920

The Salutatory

JANE B. TOY

It is a great pleasure that is mine today in welcoming you, on behalf of the Class of 1920, to these our Commencement Exercises. This is an event to which we have looked forward for four long years, and we wish to share with you the happiness of the day. We are glad to have with us our good friend, Bishop Cheshire, the Trustees, our Rector, the Faculty, and all our friends, especially the Old Girls, who are back with us today. To each and all, the Class of 1920 extends a hearty welcome.

The Class Essay

FOLKSONGS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

AUDREY STONE

“Jolly is the miller who lives by the mill,
The wheel goes round with a right good will;
One hand in the hopper and one in the sack,
Girls step forward and boys step back.”

High above from the depths of the woods came the first faint voice of the summer morn. Half awake, I listened to my dream melody. And then, as the peculiar strain, this time stronger, again floated into my cabin window, I roused with a start to the realization that the singing was real and not a fantasy. Stronger and louder grew the carols. The very air seemed to throb with song. The singing of the first faint voice had proved as infectious as the morning prayer of the Arab that passes from tower to tower. It came from everywhere—from the woodsmen down in the hollow, from the lads at the milking gap, from the birds in the trees, and from the little children of the white people who live on the hilltops. All the mountainside seemed to be singing. It made me want to sing too. And that is the magic and the charm of the “Highlands of North Carolina.”

The towering mountains with their softly rounded contours and glorious wooded heights are dreams of beauty. The setting could not be more ideally romantic for a fanciful people. Everything tends to lend itself to the carefree musical atmosphere. The voices of the boys and girls are always soft and melodious, and even the land cock crows with a rhythmical southern accent. And the primitive inhabitants of this enchanted world live with a song on their lips from morn till eve. They are uncultured, untutored—often they cannot even read. But not knowing that anything is lacking they laugh and take life as they find it. Their hearts are glad always. And to sing is the one way they know to express their happiness.

The two songs, "Fair Ellendu" and "Fair Ellen and Sweet William" have practically the same text. Both are more recent versions of "Earl Brand," a ballad dear to the hearts of both the English and Scotch. It is a very ancient story, closely related to an old Scandinavian ballad of like theme and perhaps itself of Scandinavian origin. At least all indications tend to show that this song belongs to the interesting Hildegasa group. Another song which the Blue Ridge backwoodsmen are very fond of singing is one entitled, "The Three Crows." A careful comparison will show that this is a counterpart of the favored English ballad, "The Three Ravens," which was first printed in *Melismata* in 1611. "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight," which seems to have attained the widest circulation of all folk songs throughout the world, has found its way into the mountains of North Carolina under three different titles. In one section we find the mountaineer singing his beloved "Sweet William," in another "The Seventh King's Daughter" is often heard, while in a third we find the same story chanted in the song, "The Six Fair Maids."

The last of these ancient ballads, "The Wife of Usher's Well,"

which was first discovered among the "poor whites" in the mountains of Polk County, North Carolina, needs no introduction to us:

There was a lady fair and gay,
And children she had three;
She sent them away to some northern land
For to learn their grammeree.

They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About three months to a day,
When sickness came to that land
And swept those babes away.

There is a king in the heavens above
That wears a golden crown;
She prayed that he would send her babies home,
Tonight or in the morning soon.

It was about one Christmas time,
When the nights was long and cool,
She dreamed of her three little lonely babes
Come running in their mother's room.

The table was fixed and the cloth was spread,
And on it put bread and wine;
"Come sit you down, my three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine."

"We will neither eat your bread, dear mother,
Nor we'll neither drink your wine,
For to our Saviour we must return
Tonight or in the morning soon."

The bed was fixed in the back room,
On it was some clean white sheets,
And on the top was a golden cloth
To make those little babes sleep.

"Wake up! wake up!" says the oldest one;
"Wake up! its almost day,
And to our Saviour we must return,
Tonight or in the morning."

"Green grass grows at our head, dear mother,
Green moss grows at our feet;
The tears that you shed for us three babes
Won't wet our winding sheet."

Another class of native songs which must not be overlooked are the frontier ballads of 1849, many of which have drifted back from the plains and are to be found in the mountains of the Asheville district. These are particularly weird and unusually effective when sung with the correct accent and pauses by the backwoodsmen to the accompaniment of his guitar. Three such songs are "The Buffalo Skinners," "The Cowboy's Lament," and "The Dying Cowboy." This last one, of which the refrain is given, is perhaps the most well known :

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dancing,
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;
But then I took to drinking an' then to card playing,
Got shot by a gambler and now I must die."

Last of all, there is a group of ballads, perhaps the most interesting of all to us because they are true mountain songs—the primitive compositions of our plain mountain folk. As compared with the ballads which have found their way over from the old country, they are young, but there's never to be found a man, woman, or child who does not know them by the score. Some of the favorites are: "Sal's in the Garden Siftin' San'," "Owen's Confession," "Sourwood Mountain," "Cotton-eyed Joe," "Huckleberry Bush," "Blue-eyed Girl," "Old Uncle Joe," "Aunt Sally Goodin'," and "Pretty Sarah."

"Pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, I know, etc."

With what pleasant memories I recall this song! It was in the cool of the mountain evening when the day's work was done and all cares laid aside. Outside there was moonlight and a gentle breeze lightly sighing through the pines; inside all was enchanting darkness save the log fire in the big fireplace, around which we were seated. There were many of us there, for it was the regular night for the visit of my host's neighbor and his family.

In the glare of the burning logs, providing the visitors with entertainment, sat a red-haired youth with his violin rendering with zest the compositions of a local celebrity. In high glee he played and

sang one after another of these until he finally struck the haunting melody of "Pretty Sarah":

"When I came to this country in 1829,
I saw many lovers, but I didn't see mine.

I looked all around me and saw I was alone,
And me a poor stranger, a long way from home.

It's not this long journey I'm dreading to go,
Nor leaving my country, nor the debts that I owe.

There's nothing to pester, nor trouble my mind,
Like leaving pretty Sarah, my darling, behind.

My love she won't have me as I do understand,
She wants a freeholder and I have no land.

But I can maintain her with silver and gold,
And its many pretty things my love's house can hold.

I wish I was a poet and could write a fine hand,
I'd write my love a letter that she could understand;
I'd send it by the waters when the water overflows,
I think of pretty Sarah, wherever she goes.

I wish I was a dove, and had wings and could fly,
About my love's dwelling this night I'd draw nigh,
And in her lily white arms all night I could lay
And watch some window for the dawning of the day.

As pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, pretty Sarah, I know
How much I love you, I never can show.
At the foot of old Coey, on the mountain's sad brow,
I used to love you dearly and I don't hate you now."

Their songs are true songs—simple narrative ballads that tell a story, based either on an event of legendary or real history, or on some happening of ordinary life. Very seldom does one of them have an ascertainable date and never a known author. In most cases, the song, composed in the popular style of the time, has been handed down by oral transmission from generation to generation and has consequently undergone many changes.

Strong racial characteristics are revealed by the southern mountaineer's songs. They are lively and vivacious strains, coming straight from the heart of the folk and revealing very vividly and expressively great depth of emotion, as well as reflecting the social and intimate life of the people. Though gruesome in details they always express genuine pathos, but seldom teach a moral lesson; their plots are brief and simple, always implying a degree of probability which renders them intensely impressive and dramatic.

The subject-matter of the mountain ballad is of a popular nature, appealing to all the people as a whole. It consists of "riddles, miraculous harvests, elopements, love affairs that ended unfortunately, battles, shipwrecks, enchantments, fairy stories, return of the dead, secular and religious legends, and all things of a like nature which were momentous in any way."

In order to appreciate the full value and beauty of the songs one must hear them sung to the tuneful melodies, as the mountaineer alone knows how to sing them, for the rhythm is the keynote of their appeal. In fact so pervasive is the lilt in some ballads that they cannot be recited at all; they must be sung.

The North Carolina mountain section is one of the richest localities in ballad material of any section of the United States. There are corn husking songs, tobacco stripping songs, traditional songs, war songs, and songs which show the Indian influence. The latter were for the most part inspired by the striking natural phenomena of the mountains. Surrounded by such inexplicable mysteries as the rumbling mountains and isolated tower at Chimney Rock, the weird Brown Mountain light, the cave at Linville Falls, and the famous Blowing Rock, it is not at all surprising that the fanciful minds of the Cherokees should have woven around them many legendary songs.

The three American wars have been responsible for a goodly number of ballads, which are today being sung by our southern highlanders. A popular favorite is one used originally by the Confederate soldiers in the "War between the States," which mentions the Louisiana Tigers and Buck Rangers of Pennsylvania, whose names grew out of bucktails on their caps.

Another Confederate song adaption of Yankee Doodle is:

“Yankee Doodle had a mind
 To whip the Southern traitors,
 Because they didn't choose to live
 On codfish and pertaters.”

Several of the war songs are due to the influence of the French and Indian War, as well as the War of the American Revolution, while the text of the following would indicate it to be a conglomerated medley of several wars:

“Brave Washington, he led the way to victory and renown,
 Planted the tree of liberty Great Britain can't pull down;
 The roots they spread from shore to shore,
 The branches reach the sky;
 The cause of freedom we adore,
 Will conquer, boys, or die.

Brave Tennessee has sent a band
 To fight at New Orleans;
 With British blood we'll wash the land,
 The Tories cord the sea.

And with a shout our eagle roared,
 And fluttered as she flew;
 Her arms are like a lion grown,
 Her arms are ever true.

There's Iowa and Kentucky,
 New knights with heart and hand;
 There's several, too, the north we'll fight,
 Our union to defend.”

Many of the mountain songs are of very ancient origin. Recently it has been ascertained that more than three hundred of them are only modern versions of old English and Scotch ballads, which centuries ago were chanted in the old country by the ancestors of those who now hold them in cherished possession. In fact, most of them came into existence as early as the first part of the 12th century. In this class belong “Barbara Allan,” “Fair Ellen and Sweet William,” “Fair Ellendu,” “Three Black Crows,” “Sweet William,” “The Six Fair Maids,” “The Seventh King's Daughter,” and “The Wife of Usher's Well.”

In some cases the original songs bore different names from those by which we now know them. Yet modern people still sing them to the very old tunes. "Barbara Allan" is a mere modification of the age old Scotch ballad, "Bonny Barbara Allan." From an entry made by Pepys in his diary January 2, 1666, we know that this song was in vogue at that time:

It was in and about the Martimas time,
When the green leaves were a' fallin',
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly, rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtains by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan;"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood were a'spillin'."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a' drinkin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing;
And every jow that the dead-bell gi'd,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O Mother, Mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

This was surely the favorite song of all. The young and the old were on their feet at once. All were enchanted by the magic charm of the melody. They danced as I had never seen people dance before and as they danced, they sang lustily with full open lungs, supremely happy and all unmindful of me and the little fire-flicker children who looked on from their shadowy corners. For there it is decreed always that:

"The nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Special honorable mention was made of the essay of Catharine Miller, "Symbols in the Christian Religion," which space prevents our printing here.

The Valedictory

MARY T. YELLOTT

It is a privilege rather than a pleasure that is mine today, for it is never a pleasure to say farewell to people and places we have loved. This is called our Commencement Day, and rightly, for we are indeed commencing life anew; and yet it is not of that life into which we are born today that we are thinking, but rather of the life which is just past—a life endeared to us through four happy years of storm and shine together; a life which will live forever in our memories.

So it is with a feeling of sadness that I, as representing the Class of 1920, come to bid you farewell. It is hard to say good-bye to our beloved Rector and kind Lady Principal; to the Faculty, and especially those who have been our teachers and advisers throughout our school career. It is hard to say good-bye to our schoolmates, who, from the littlest Prep to the most dignified Junior, have been an integral part of our life here and are closely associated with many of our happiest memories. But it is hardest of all to say farewell to you, dear classmates, who in these years together have felt "the bonds of friendship strengthen" until it is now impossible to break them. And they must not be broken. We have devised various plans for preserving the unity of our class, but even if these should not be carried out, in our love for St. Mary's we will still be one in spirit. So to our Alma Mater I shall not say good-bye, for in losing the actual protection of her "guiding arms," we are in reality only drawing closer to the heart of her.

And now, with an earnest prayer for St. Mary's and for you, friends all, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"Go thou thy way and I go mine,
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And God keep watch 'tween thee and me—
This is my prayer;
He looks thy way; He looketh mine—
God keep us near."

THE CLASS DAY EXERCISES

History of the Class of 1920

JANE TOY

It was "a jolly band of Freshmen" that gathered in the Latin room some fifty strong, four years ago, to organize what is now the Class of 1920. Then it was that our class came into being, but this "jolly band of Freshmen" was very different from the Senior Class of today. Only four of us, "Moke," Nancy, "Batts," and Sara, can claim the honor of being charter-members of our class, and most of us, at that time either had not entered St. Mary's, or were still mere Preplets.

To these Freshmen of 1916 we owe many things—our organization, our adviser, Mr. Cruikshank, our colors, white and green, and our motto, "Ever onward, ever upward." With Nancy Woolford as president, this first year of our class history passed with many good times, notably the "Baby Party" given us by the Juniors in the fall and our return Freshman-Junior dance in the Spring.

In the spring also came the celebration of St. Mary's 75th anniversary, in which many of us took part. The close of this year, 1916-17, is remembered by the abolition of the Alpha Rho Literary Society, which caused some of us to transfer our allegiance to the Sigma Lambda and E A II. And while here among us these things were happening, outside St. Mary's great events were taking place, for the United States had just entered the war.

It was the war that occupied our thoughts during these months and when we came back in September it was to begin a "war year" at St. Mary's. Our class, no longer jolly Freshmen, but learned Sophomores, had shrunk considerably, and now numbered only nineteen. Helen Battle, as president, led us through a happy year, marked by the Song Contest party given us by the Seniors, and our Irish party to them. But most of all, of course, the year was marked by war work; what vivid pictures the name recalls! Pictures of panting girls tugging at lawn mowers in the clean-up teams; of

flushed maidens in straw hats weeding Miss Lee's war-garden, and of businesslike damsels in becoming white veils making surgical dressings; pictures of cards of green thrift stamps, and echoes of the song, "Where, Oh Where Has My White Roll Gone!"

But other things besides war work stood out in the year of 1917-18. For one thing, it marked the entrance of many of us at St. Mary's, about half of our class, in fact, arriving then. The May Day festival of 1918 we remember, when under Miss "Gym" Barton's direction we displayed our agility in Highland Flings, Scotch reels, and flag drills—to do honor to the May Queen, Katharine Drane. After May Day the days flew fast, and before we could realize it Commencement had come, and Dr. Lay read out our names as "promoted to be Juniors."

Juniors! We felt a little awed at the honor, a little uncertain as to our new responsibilities as "Upper Classmen." Many changes had taken place when we came back in the fall; our new Rector welcomed us, and we saw many improvements in the buildings, especially in the remodeled schoolroom. Our class, by this time, had begun to take its final shape, for it included nineteen of our present twenty-five members. With Mary Yellott as president we started our activities by a "Baby Party" to the Freshmen, at which we acted as nurses of all descriptions, from black mammies to trim French maids.

The year began under difficulties, however, in the shape of the "flu," but even this was over at last and we settled down to hard work, for we couldn't afford not to pass now. Then, in November, came the signing of the armistice, and in spite of our newly acquired upper-class dignity we rivaled the giddiest of the Preps in the snake dance around the grove, one of us even leading it, to the tune of dustpans and tin whistles. It was glorious to know that the war was over, and we began to look forward to the homecoming of the boys—a wish which was realized in the spring, when with the return of the 113th we had another gala day.

With the spring, too, came several happenings of importance to our class, the "adorable" Valentine party given us by the Freshmen, and the crowning event of the year, the Junior-Senior Banquet.

How we racked our brains for ideas, and how we labored in carrying them out! But it was worth the trouble, we all agreed, for we were glad to do our utmost for the Seniors of '19.

Class Day, with the making of the daisy chain, came next, and none of us will ever forget our trip to Cameron field at four o'clock in the morning in search of ever-elusive daisies. But Commencement was over all too soon, and we parted for the summer in eager anticipation of the year to come.

September found us back again, with Nancy Lay as president, to begin the last, and what we hoped would be the nicest, year of our class history. And now, in looking back upon the year, I think that our hopes have not been disappointed. It has been a year filled with many good times, such as the Thanksgiving trip to Chapel Hill, *The Birds' Christmas Carol* and the wonderful banquet given us by the Juniors only a little while ago. But it is not only the gala days of the year that have been filled with pleasure, for as we look back, even the days which as they passed seemed humdrum are filled with happy memories of work and play together.

The year has made us realize more than ever before how much we owe our Alma Mater, and now as we are about to leave her, it is our earnest wish that we may never fail to prove ourselves worthy of the title of *graduates of St. Mary's*.

THE CLASS POEM

MARY T. YELLOTT

"Ever onward, ever upward," we have struggled
Through four long years of sunshine and of shower,
Through four long years of work and play together,
Seeking always for the knowledge that is power.
Now, whether we have found it or have missed it,
We've gained at last the goal we long have sought,
And, having climbed the lofty tree of knowledge,
The time we spent in climbing seems but short.

So here we stand, upon the windswept summit,
And, wistful, view the world that beckons on;
Half fearful of the strange on-coming future,
Half wishing for the days forever gone.

Yet here we stand. Tomorrow will not find us
Still standing where the brook and river meet,
But having left the dear old days behind us
Pressing on with eager eyes and anxious feet
To broader fields of action, always happy
In doing things we learned while here to do;
And in the joy of life and love and service
To the mem'ry of St. Mary's ever true.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

MARY HOKE

In the good year 1940,
 Just twenty years, you mind,
 Since we parted on our several ways
 To see what we might find,
 I one day began to wonder
 Just what had been the fate
 Of all the Class of '20—
 I really couldn't wait
 To write them all and ask them,
 So I began to look around
 In all the latest papers,
 And this is what I found.

Shelby, N. C., May 5.—The very popular play, "The Follies of Fashion," which was given here on Monday night with Miss Margaret Rawlings as the star of the evening, was greeted with great enthusiasm by all who attended, except our fellow-citizen, Miss Millicent Blanton. This maiden lady quite distinguished herself in an ardent harangue against the evils of the theater, and steps will have to be taken to stop her if the people of Shelby do not wish the theater to be entirely expunged from the town.

Venice, Italy, June 12.—The contract for planning the new gardens of the Prime Minister of Italy has been put into the hands of Miss Alice Cheek, the noted American landscape gardener, who has risen steadily in her work for the past twenty years.

Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 4.—The mystery attached to the disappearance of Mr. John Green has not yet been solved, but our local detective, Miss Adelaide Smith, who has just returned from New York, has taken the case in hand, and we hope that all difficulties will soon be cleared away.

Chicago, Ill., July 15.—Since the National Art Exhibit in this city, at which the paintings of Miss Nancy Lay gained so much distinction, the leading art critics of this country and Europe have prevailed upon her to spend next winter abroad in order to use her talent in a new field.

Hamilton, N. C., Sept. 3.—The confusion which ensued from last night's burglary episode was calmed down mainly by the bravery and energy of our native policeman, Officer Sherrod. This is not the first time she has saved the situation, and the daring way in which she climbed through the window and seized the culprit is worthy of the highest praise.

The Scientific Farmer, May 3.—We are happy to announce that the prize for the best collection of preserved fruits has been awarded to Mrs. Silas Jenkins, who before her marriage was Miss Katherine Batts, of Tarboro, N. C. Mrs. Jenkins lives in an obscure hamlet in southern Idaho, where she and her husband are engaged in applying scientific principles of farming. She is one of our most regular subscribers, and it gives us great pleasure to present her with the patented potato peeler promised as the prize in this contest.

Columbia University, Oct. 5.—An important scientific discovery has just been made by Miss Ruth Womble, Dean of the Science Department of this University. Miss Womble deserves unlimited credit for this, since it will be of the greatest use to scientists the world over.

Fifth Avenue, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Mlle. Lucy London Anderson wishes to announce the opening of her Parisian Millinery Shop at 205 Fifth Avenue. Latest styles—exclusive prices. All are asked to attend the opening, which will take place on Tuesday. Only French will be spoken.

Asheboro, N. C., Oct. 7.—The people of Asheboro took a holiday yesterday to celebrate the triumph of Miss Mary Moffitt in the World's Tennis Tournament. Miss Moffitt sailed for England four weeks ago, where the finals with the champion from Australia were to take place. We had waited with impatience for the result, but were confident of Miss Moffitt's success.

Thomasville, N. C., June 6.—The Sunday School picnic which took place on Saturday was largely attended and greatly enjoyed by young and old alike. The success of the affair was due to the zeal and efforts of the enthusiastic superintendent, Miss Audrey Stone.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 20.—The well-known globe trotter, Miss Rainsford Glass, who is noted for her extensive journeys to distant lands, and who has just returned from London, where she saw her former roommate defeat the Australian tennis champion, has paused in her travels long enough to spend a week in Nashville and see Sewanee's victory over Vanderbilt in the Thanksgiving football game.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 30.—The Grand Opera season opened tonight, featuring as leading soloist Miss Sara Lorton Davis, who has been easily the hit of the past season in New York. Miss Davis lived up to her reputation, and we predict for her world-wide fame.

Louisville, Ky., Mar. 5.—The Rev. and Mrs. Robert Brown recently arrived in the city, Mr. Brown to have charge of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Mrs. Brown was before her marriage Miss Eleanor Sublett, of Harrisonburg, Va., and by her charming manner has already endeared herself to the hearts of the parishioners.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 1.—A heated debate took place in the Senate today between the Hon. Jane Toy and the Hon. Eugenia Thomas, Senators from North Carolina and Georgia, respectively. These ladies graduated in the same class from St. Mary's School, Raleigh, but they apparently forgot all their past relations for the time being and attacked each other with zest in the interest of their cause.

Baltimore, Md., April 3.—The success of Alphonzo Petrarch's musical comedy, "The Mad Maidens of Mars," which was presented here last evening, was due to the unusually attractive and spirited band of chorus girls, the most prominent among whom was Miss Mary Yellott. Miss Yellott discovered her talent along this line when she took the part of Boatswain in "Pinafore" at the end of her school career, and since then she has been a popular figure in many musical comedies.

Hong Kong, China, July 7.—The friends and fellow workers of Miss Pauline Miller are distressed at her being obliged to leave the city. But her energy and zeal have urged her to go into more isolated parts of the interior, where the missionaries are few and far between.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 25.—Probably the most elaborate and enjoyable of the festivities of the season was the reception last night at the home of Miss Catharine Miller, given in honor of her guests from Henderson, N. C. Miss Miller is one of the most prominent leaders of the social activities of the city.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 3.—The Army and Navy Journal announces the promotion of Private Annie Duncan to the rank of Corporal. Her many friends in this city, where she has been stationed for some time, feel that she truly deserves this honor for her bravery in chasing a Mexican bandit over the border in the recent skirmish.

Mayodan, N. C., Aug. 20.—We are very fortunate in having with us for a few days Dr. Jane Reynolds Ruffin, the eminent surgeon, who is making a tour of the South for the instruction of local physicians. Dr. Ruffin is a native of this city and we are sorry that her busy career does not allow her to visit us more often.

Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, May 29.—The Castle is very fortunate in having obtained as its physical training director for the coming year Miss Annie Higgs, of Greenville, N. C. After specializing in physical culture at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, she attended more advanced institutions and is well equipped for her position.

Greenland, Nov. 20.—The “Greenland Iceburg” has just heard of the landing on our coasts of the famous aviators, Misses Cooper and Boyd. Great is the excitement over having them honor us with a visit. After graduating from St. Mary's School, Raleigh, these young ladies went to an institution of *higher* learning, where they mastered the art of flying.

And so at last my list's complete.
As you, no doubt, surmise
Each one of them, except a few,
Has caused me great surprise.
Oh, goodness, there's the fire alarm,
So I'll have to say good-bye,
And go to get my engine out,
For a great fire chief am I.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1920

MARGARET RAWLINGS

We, the Senior Class of St. Mary's School, of this city of Raleigh, of this county of Wake, of this State of North Carolina, being of supposedly sound mind, memory and understanding, do hereby make, publish and declare the following as and for our last will and testament:

FIRST. I, Millicent Blanton, do will and bequeath to Fielding Douthat my ability to sing, so that, should she give an Expression Recital next year, she may charm her audience with a vocal solo as well as with her charming impersonations.

SECOND. I, Eleanor Sublett, do devise and bequeath to Nancy Hart my dignity and stately bearing, so that she will not have to be worried with acquiring it during her Senior year.

THIRD. I, Nancy Lay, do hereby will to Dorothy Kirtland my wonderful public dignity and executive ability, so that she may be successful in leading the Senior Class of 1921.

FOURTH. I, Catharine Miller, do give and bequeath to Katharine Waddell this copy of Patience, to help her in securing material for the Sigma Lambda Muse next year.

FIFTH. I, Jane Ruffin, do devise and bequeath to Susan Collier my ability to collect "MUSE Dues" and get "ads," so that next year she may come out even with her finances.

SIXTH. We, Lucy London Anderson and Margaret Rawlings, in a generous frame of mind, do hereby bequeath to Betty Bonner our knack of going downtown on all occasions, so that she may have as many "once-a-weeks" as she wants next year.

SEVENTH. We, Alice Cheek, Patty Sherrod, Adelaide Smith, Mary Moffitt, Annie Higgs and Millicent Blanton, do will to the "Tuneless Six" our voices, so that they may be able to render "Good-bye, School, We're Through," with deep emotion at the School Party next year.

EIGHTH. We, the Senior Class, do give and devise to the Seniors of 1921 our key to Senior Hall, with the sincere hope that it may be in its proper place at the proper time on, at least, two or three occasions.

NINTH. We, the Senior Class, do devise and bequeath to the Preps our colors—green and white—to be worn by them until the good year, 1924.

TENTH. We, the Senior Class, do bequeath to the girls of St. Mary's, one and all, deep affection, with the hope that we may live in their memories for some time to come.

ELEVENTH. We, the Senior Class, do hereby bequeath to the Faculty our steadfast love and deep appreciation for all their efforts in our behalf.

TWELFTH. We, the Senior Class, do give and devise to Miss Lizzie Lee sincere love and warm thanks for her many kindnesses to us during the year.

THIRTEENTH. We, the Senior Class, do will and bequeath to Mr. Ernest Cruikshank our undying friendship and sincere thanks for his constant guidance during our days at St. Mary's.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator, the Senior Class, at its request and for its last will and testament, in the presence of each other, having hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this twenty-fourth day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty.

Witnesses: NANCY LAY,
MARGARET RAWLINGS,
PATTY SHERROD.

The St. Mary's Muse

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1919-20

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CATHARINE MILLER, '20

CATHARINE BOYD, '20

CRICHTON THORNE, '23

MABEL NORFLEET, '23

FRANCES VENABLE, '22

LOUISE POWELL, '22

JANE RUFFIN, '20, *Business Manager*

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, *Faculty Director*

EDITORIAL

And so the year is over—its trials and tribulations, its frolic and its fun. School closed on Tuesday, and by Wednesday noon St. Mary's was quite forsaken by all except its summer stand-bys, and the buildings had already assumed the air of dejection characteristic of deserted dwellings. Only Ducky's cheery voice was to be heard in Senior Hall, that home of cheer, as she went determinedly about bringing order out of the chaos left by the Seniors in their tearful exit. And, while not for a moment forgotten by those left behind, the only actual reminders of the departed girls were the inevitable telegrams, "Please look in my left-hand dresser drawer and send me my bedroom slippers!"

With this closing number of the monthly *MUSE* the journalistic career of the 1920 editorial staff comes to an end—whether glorious or otherwise we leave it to others to judge. We are proud of having accomplished what we set out to do; humble that we have done no

more. This, however, is the eighth issue of our MUSE, and it may not be amiss briefly to sum up the activities of the year, as outlined in the Opening Number.

The Athletic Associations have maintained their high standard of spirit and of deed. Sigmas and Mus alike have struggled valiantly through Basketball, Volleyball, Tennis and the Meet, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, but always with a smile, and hope for better luck next time. The final victory went to the Sigmas, so that next year they will have to revise their yell, "A Red and White banner will hang upon that wall!"

The Junior Auxiliary, in its different way, has been equally successful. Under the direction of Katharine Batts, the Chapters have done some very creditable work, a report of which was made at the final inter-Chapter meeting, and with which Miss Katie was well satisfied. The "Blue Ridge Inspiration" is making itself felt more and more at St. Mary's, and the twelve delegates to the Conference this year have a splendid opportunity before them.

It is generally admitted that the Literary Societies have taken several strides forward this year under the able leadership of their enthusiastic presidents. The Literary Society Contest, as described in the Opening Number, resulted in victory for the Epsilon Alpha Pi, and the prizes offered for the best story, essay, sketch and poem were awarded respectively to Crichton Thorne, Eleanor Sublett, Jane Toy and Mary Yellott. These announcements, made on Class Day, showed that this year we did not begin anything we could not finish, and finish well.

And so the year is over! It has been a happy year—it will be a happy memory in years to come. And it is with hearts reëchoing the words that we can truly sing:

"Let us hope, though now we say 'Farewell,'
We'll be back, in the sweet by and by!"

SCHOOL NEWS

May 8th—The "School Party"

The ninth annual "School Party" was held in the parlor on Saturday evening, May 8th, following the general plan of these parties since their institution by the Freshman Class of 1912. While the "School Party" is the "beginning of the end" of the school year, still, as Nancy Lay, the Senior President, pointed out in her address of welcome, it is "not a time for tears, and if the tears will come they are neither those of gladness that the year is so nearly over, nor of sorrow for lost opportunities, but just an overflow of good old St. Mary's feeling. But there are better ways of showing that feeling than by tears." This the Seniors emphasized in their welcoming song, and, perhaps in accordance with their request, perhaps because the program was intentionally rather comic than tragic, tears were very little in evidence.

The parlor was prettily decorated, as usual, with streamers of the School colors in the center and of the various Class colors in the corners of the room where the classes were to sit. The arrangement was slightly different from in the past, for instead of being ranged along the side, the Seniors were seated in a semi-circle at one end of the parlor with the piano in its accustomed place. The classes in attractive costumes featuring their colors, entered beginning with the Preps, singing: "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees," and last of all came the twenty-five Seniors, very stately in their caps and gowns.

After the welcome, the President of each class responded and the classes sang their songs, all newly written to popular airs for the occasion. An especial hit was made by the six Juniors in their "tuneless song," the words of which were fitted by Katharine Waddell to the familiar round, "Three Blind Mice," and which the "Tuneless Six" sang with great "zest." A novelty was introduced in the Senior Medley, combining the songs of the Class of 1920 "from their Prepdom to today," with the strain of Helen Battle's "We're Seniors" running through the whole.

Next came the "Echoes of the Year," always a feature of the "School Party," and this part of the program was as follows:

Song: Mary's Troubles (Spats and Chapel Caps).....	Dorothy Kirtland
	Grace Franklin
Duet: In the Old Swing on Senior Hall.....	Bessie Brown
Recitation: Fire Drill.....	Mary Louise Everett
Song: The Latest Fashion.....	Anne Kirtland
Monologue: "In Quarantine".....	Fielding Douthat
Song: Perfect Posture.....	Estelle Avent

The next number was "The Senior's Tribute" to Mr. Cruikshank, their Class Adviser, delivered by Millicent Blanton with more than her usual effectiveness. This was a slight expression of the Seniors' gratitude for all that Mr. Cruikshank has done for them, and the prolonged applause at the end testified not only to the success with which the poem was rendered but to the fact that the entire school, as well as the Class of '20, recognizes and appreciates the value of Mr. Cruikshank's sympathy and help. Then followed the "Toasts" to the Rector and Lady Principal, to Miss Katie, the Faculty, and the Girls. After Audrey Stone had sung, "We'll Be Back," a song to the tune of "Madelon," written last year for the "Junior-Senior Banquet" but not used until this School Party, there was an intermission for the refreshments, served by the Juniors. When this excitement had subsided the Seniors rose once more at a chord from the piano, this time to sing the two farewell songs, without which it would hardly be the "School Party" at all, "Good-bye, 1920," and "Good-bye, School, We're Through!" When the last soft notes of the Seniors' farewell had died away the School united in singing, "Alma Mater," and the party came to an end with the last words of the song:

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.

May 12th—Alumnæ Day

The twelfth of May was celebrated as usual as Alumnæ Day, and the Alumnæ Luncheon, so many years a feature of the day and omitted last year, was resumed. The School was given a half holiday in honor of St. Mary's seventy-eighth birthday, and the girls appeared in the dining-room at 1:30 in gala attire. They were seated around the sides of the room, the center being reserved for the Alumnæ, of whom there were many in attendance. The luncheon was as delicious as those who had had previous experience with Mrs. Marriott's luncheons had anticipated, and after the fruit salad had been removed Mrs. Perkins briefly welcomed the guests and regretting the absence of the Rector called on Mr. Stone to act as toastmaster.

Nancy Lay, president of the Senior Class, welcomed the visitors in the name of the School, and Mrs. J. J. Bernard, representing the Raleigh Chapter, responded, expressing their pleasure at having a share in the birthday party. The Bishop made a brief talk, and his daughter, Mrs. Tucker, excused herself from speaking on the subject, "St. Mary's Girls Abroad," on the score of ignorance, but voiced the hope that some of the girls before her would go into Mission work abroad and so come back one day qualified to speak on the subject. Miss Nell Battle Lewis gave an interesting talk on the importance of a college education to the woman of today, a subject in which she is deeply interested and about which she is qualified to speak from her own experience. Mrs. H. W. Whichard (Miss Patty Carroll), a member of the Norfolk Chapter, briefly described their Alumnæ meetings, and Miss Dowd spoke at some length on the St. Mary's of her day, concluding with a beautiful and touching tribute to Miss Katie.

The Alumnæ Meeting in the parlor was the next event. Here the Iredell Memorial window was discussed, and a committee appointed to confer with Mr. Way as to the time and manner of the unveiling. Another matter of interest which came up before the meeting was the question of providing St. Mary's with a proper entrance way. After

the business had been satisfactorily disposed of or referred to the proper committee, a very pleasing program was rendered by some of the girls. Miss Fenner's "Living Pictures" posed again, and Fielding Douthat, Mary Louise Everett and Margaret Elliott gave the little fantasy, "The Traveling Man," which they had presented with such success at the Sigma Lambda Model Meeting. Estelle Avent sang "When Miss Katie Was a Teeny Little Girl," which seemed singularly appropriate with the alumnae grouped around beneath the two old portraits of Bishop Ives and Bishop Ravenscroft.

The meeting adjourned in the neighborhood of five o'clock, and the alumnae dispersed, all voting it a very pleasant birthday celebration.

May 15th—The Choral Club Presents "H. M. S. Pinafore"

The St. Mary's Auditorium was—in imagination—transformed on Saturday evening, May 15th, to the deck of the good ship "Pinafore," when the Choral Club, in the guise of sailors, sisters, cousins and aunts, entertained the school and a large number of visitors with a very creditable amateur production of Gilbert and Sullivan's ever-popular operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore, or The Lass Who Loved a Sailor." As it was impossible to do any adequate staging, none was attempted, but whatever atmosphere was lacking was more than supplied by the nifty uniformed sailor lads who were discovered, upon the rising of the curtain, engaged in playing cards, shooting craps, and other sports equally unknown to St. Mary's. Under the able direction of Mr. W. H. Jones, and thanks to Miss Davis' training, the girls took their parts very well, especially the lordly Admiral, Sir Joseph Porter, played by Elizabeth Sabiston, and Dick Deadeye, played by Lorraine Smythe, who though she had not the deep voice usually considered a characteristic of Deadeye nevertheless succeeded in bringing down the house several times, which after all, is the end and aim of a comedian. The parts of the hero and heroine, Ralph and Josephine, were well played by Audrey Stone and Estelle Avent. Miss Avent in Josephine's long solo-soliloquy had an opportunity to display her range of voice, of which she took full advantage. She sang throughout with ease and was, perhaps, as she should have

been, the star performer. The white clad Middies and the sisters, cousins and aunts in evening gowns made an effective background, and showed careful drilling in the choruses.

The cast of characters was as follows:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty,	Miss Elizabeth Sabiston
Captain Corcoran, commanding H. M. S. <i>Pinafore</i>	Miss Bessie Brown
Ralph Rackstraw, able seaman.....	Miss Audrey Stone
Dick Deadeye, able seaman.....	Miss Lorraine Smythe
Bill Bobstay, boatswain.....	Miss Mary Yellott
Tom Tucker, midshipmite.....	Miss Muriel Dougherty
Josephine, the captain's daughter.....	Miss Estelle Avent
Hebe, Sir Joseph's first cousin.....	Miss Mary Ellen Travis
Little Buttercup, a Portsmouth bumboat woman.....	Miss Nancy Lay

May 16th—New Muse Club Members Admitted

The members-elect of the Muse Club for 1920-21 were admitted on Sunday evening, May 16th. The Muse Club is the goal of every St. Mary's girl's ambition, and to be elected to membership at the end of one's first year is a high honor indeed. Out of the eleven new members seven were first year girls—Dorothy Baum, Louise Egleston, Rebecca Hines, Elizabeth Nelson, Eleanor Tiplady, Lorraine Smythe and Emma Villepigue. The four old girls elected were Mary Louise Everett, Virginia Jordan, Mabel Norfleet and Crichton Thorne. After being welcomed by the chairman, Eleanor Sublett, and her usual assistant on such occasions, Mary Yellott, the new members responded, expressing their appreciation of the honor conferred upon them, and the meeting then adjourned to "The Cottage," where Mrs. Cruikshank graciously received the bevy of laughing, chatting girls, threatening almost to overflow the diminutive bungalow. There, after refreshments in the form of delicious strawberry Charlotte Russe and cakes had been served, it seemed appropriate that Millicent Blanton should recite "The Seniors' Tribute" to Mr. Cruikshank, which she did with deep feeling, and to which he responded in kind. The informal meeting then adjourned, being the last regular meeting of the year, and next to assemble under the new chairman, Frances Venable.

This admission of new members marked the close of what might be called "Election Week." The Sunday night previous, Frances Venable had been elected chairman, and Susan Collier business manager of the MUSE. The prospective Seniors reëlected Dorothy Kirtland president of the class. The Literary Society elections were held on Tuesday evening, resulting in the election of Lena Simmons, president of the Sigma Lambda, and Elizabeth Nolan of the Epsilon Alpha Pi; and Katharine Waddell and Louise Egleston, associate editors of the monthly MUSE; Sigma Lambda and E A II respectively. The athletic associations held their elections the following Saturday noon, the Sigmas choosing Dorothy Baum president, and the Mus, Emma Villepigue.

Under such able leaders, the outgoing Seniors feel confident that things will move along next year without a hitch, and THE MUSE wishes to extend to the newly elected officers its heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success.

May 17th—The "Garden Party"

The Faculty and Seniors were much surprised on Saturday, May 15th, at receiving formal invitations to a "Garden Party" to be given by Mrs. Perkins and Miss Lee on Monday evening. In the experience at least of the Seniors and the younger members of the Faculty, such a thing was an utter novelty, and so it was with no little excitement that the guests decked themselves in their party finery and picked their way through the darkness to the place designated in the invitation, behind the Auditorium. Once there, however, the darkness gave way before the magic light of Japanese lanterns, which cast a soft glow over the familiar spot and transformed it into a kind of strange fairyland. The guests, on passing through the rose-twined arch, were welcomed by the lovely hostesses, and on looking around to discover the source of the music which sounded so sweetly on the evening air, Miss Fenner was seen presiding over the Victrola. It was not long before the Seniors were dancing, as free

from care as if no such things as examinations existed—which was, perhaps, one of the motives of the delightful party.

White-aproned butlers served coffee and sandwiches, and after the guests had wearied themselves with dancing and laughing—for it was a merry party!—the welcome butlers appeared again, this time with strawberry ice cream and cake. The party broke up at ten o'clock, and the Seniors thanked Mrs. Perkins and Miss Lee for a very happy evening, which, as Miss Lee had wished, they had only to enjoy.

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