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FOR THE SORORITY

MARCH

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Volume V

MARCH, 1905

No. 2

THE CRESCENT
OF
GAMMA PHI BETA

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GAMMA PHI BETA SORORITY

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ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

CHICAGO
SYRACUSE
BOSTON

NEW YORK
MILWAUKEE
SAN FRANCISCO

Two Auntz and a Photo

BY MAIZIE B. WHITING, DELTA.

Characters

JESSIE WILLSINS a college girl
EMILY DAY her chum
MEHITABLE WILLSINS } Spinsters and joint guardians of Jessie
SOPHIE SMITH }

SCENE—*Neatly furnished room; table center back; row of young men's pictures around room, an especially large picture of young man over table. JESSIE alone.*

JESSIE (*putting down broom.*) Now that I have brushed up a bit I suppose I must take down my pictures. (*Sighs; takes down extreme right-hand picture.*) No use. Tommy, you've got to come down. You've been a has-been for a long time anyway. (*Takes down next.*) And you, too, my dear Lieutenant Withers. (*Holds up picture; makes a military salute.*) You look very dignified and proper in your military uniform, but my! can't you flirt. (*Takes down next.*) And here's poor Dickie. Let's see, I knew Dickie just five days when—

EMILY (*who has been standing at door L.*). What in the world are you going, Jessie? Holding a wholesale funeral of your past flames?

JES. O, no; just temporarily removing my art gallery. Come in and help me, won't you?

EM. (*entering*). Art gallery! *Rogues' gallery*, I should call it. I say, Jes, some of these men would grace a side show. But

what are you taking them down for, when only yesterday you put up your latest?

JES. Well, the fact is my aunts are coming to see me.

EM. Your aunts! Good gracious, both in one afternoon?

JES. Yes, both in one afternoon, and I hardly think they would approve of my wall decorations. They are not artistic, you know.

EM. Hardly. I can imagine your saying to Aunt Mehitable (*takes broom; uses handle for a pointer*), my dear aunts, it has been my custom ever since I entered college to hang the pictures of my sweethearts about my room in order of their succession (*pointing to picture over table*). This is my latest; he is captain of the football team, champion broad jump, fine student; in short, everything that could be desired. The next is the Rev. Zackariah Solomon Sweetwater. I refused him two months ago and he immediately went on the vaudeville stage to drown his grief. The next is—

JES. (*snatching broom away.*) Do stop your nonsense. Do you know what Aunt Mehitable would say? She would say (*shaking broom at EMILY*), Jessie-Sophie-Willsins, I will take you out of college tomorrow and send you to the orphan asylum, and I believe she would. Just let me read you her letter. (*Takes large envelope from table; takes out little wad of paper from one corner; unfolds; reads.*) "I do not think it advisable to allow an inexperienced girl to remain too long without advice from some responsible person, so tomorrow I shall pay you a visit. I have very important news to tell you. Your aunt, Mehitable Willsins."

EM. Charming effusion, is it not?

JES. And here's Aunt Sophie's. (*Takes small envelope from table; takes out paper which unfolds into an enormous sheet, and reads.*) "My darling little niece, I know you must be lonesome, for you haven't seen me for so long; so tomorrow afternoon I am coming up to see you, and then I have such lovely

news to tell you. Your own dear auntie, Sophie Smith. P. S. The black cat has three kittens. (*Putting down letter.*) If there is anything I despise it's that cat and her kittens.

EM. Your aunt is delightfully juvenile, isn't she? But we must get to work; they'll be here before we know it. (*Starts to take down picture over table.*) I say, Jes, I suppose this picture of Fred's has got to come down?

JES. Well, now, I don't know. It's good, isn't it? It was taken by Perkins. No; I'm going to leave it up if it raises a cyclone. Come on; let's take down the others. (*Girls take down pictures.* JESSIE, R.; EMILY, L.)

As they work, enter MEHITABLE, R., carrying carpet bag and umbrella.

MEHITABLE. Well, what is this?

JES. Oh! (*Drops pictures, rushes to MEHITABLE, puts her arms around her neck and leads her front, holding her so she cannot turn her head; signals EMILY with one foot backwards. EMILY puts pictures under table and puts sofa cushion over them; slides broom out door L.*) My dear aunt Mehitable, you don't know how pleased I was to get your letter, and how I was expecting you, and—

MEHIT. (*striving to turn her head, JES. preventing her*). But, my dear—

JES. We were just talking about you and wondering if you'd come, and—

MEHIT. My dear, I am choking. (*Business as before.*)

JES. Oh, Aunt Mehitable, you can't imagine how I feel to see you and what a surprise you really were, and—

MEHIT. (*breaks away*). Jessie, how demonstrative you are!

EM. (*who has finished*). This is your aunt, Miss Willsins; is it not Jessie?

JES. (*sighs*). I suppose I musn't be selfish and keep Aunt Mehitable all to myself. You remember Emily, don't you, auntie?

MEHIT. Yes, indeed; a most excellent young lady. (JES. turns her aunt to face wall R, so that she does not see picture.) What were you girls doing at the wall when I came in?

JES. At the wall, Aunt Mehitable?

MEHIT. Yes, at the wall.

JES. Why, really I had forgotten, but now you remind me. I believe we were looking for—flyspecks.

MEHIT. *Flyspecks!*

EM. (*nodding her head*). Yes'm; flyspecks.

MEHIT. That's all young girls know, anyway. (To EMILY.) But you seem quite flustrated, my dear. I fear your nerves are unstrung by overstudy. You should take catnip tea.

EM. I'll get some at once and take it five times a day.

MEHIT. Three will do. This is a very comfortable room you have, Jessie; only I think this chair is too straight-backed. I fear it will make you round-shouldered.

JES. I will put it in the missionary box tomorrow.

MEHIT. That's right, my dear; always be charitable. And I think this chair (*poking it with umbrella*) is too deeply upholstered. I fear it will make you lazy.

JES. I never knew what made me feel that way before. I will send it away at once.

MEHIT. And I think a red rug would be better than a green one on the floor, and this cushion—(*lifts cushion*. EMILY puts it back.)

MEHIT. (*spies picture on wall; throws up both hands, clutching umbrella*.) HORRORS! What do I behold! A man's picture; a young man's picture in my niece's room. (*Points to picture with umbrella*.) Jessie, what is that thing?

JES. That? O, that's a picture by Perkins.

MEHIT. Who is the bold-faced villain?

JES. Why, he's a friend; that is, in a business way, you know.

MEHIT. A business way? What sort of business I should like to know. Is he your teacher?

JES. Yes, auntie; he is at present my instructor in sociology.

MEHIT. I am relieved to hear it. I feared it might be otherwise.

JES. But won't you take off your bonnet and shawl, Aunt Mehitable?

MEHIT. No, thank you. I guess you and I will take a walk on the campus, and I will tell you my news.

JES. But you'll leave your bag and umbrella, won't you?

MEHIT. I think I'll take my umbrella; it may rain, you know, but I'll leave my bag. I didn't have anything to bring in it anyway, but it seemed strange to be traveling without one. Come Jessie, let us go, and if there should be any foolish notions in your head about that wretched picture it won't take me long to get rid of them. (*Exeunt JESSIE and MEHITABLE; girls nod good-by.*)

EM. Won't it, though? I reckon Aunt Mehitable has got her hands full this time. I suppose I had better do some studying. Let's see. I've got an eight-line ode to write for tomorrow's English; subject, Maria Theresa. Shall it be in rhyme or blank verse? Rhyme, I guess; then it doesn't need to be sensible. Let's see—what rhymes with Theresa? I know. (*Writes; surveys it thoughtfully; reads.*) Maria Theresa got pinched by a lemon squeezer. Sounds kind of funny. I might say got froze in the icecream freezer. Horrors! That's worse still. (*Knock at the door.*) Mercy on us, there's the other one. Misfortunes never come singly. (*Goes to door R.*) Ah, Miss Smith, is it not? Come right in. Jessie was expecting you, but has just stepped out.

Enter SOPHIE carrying large covered wicker basket.

SOPHIE. Jessie gone when she expected me? Where is the child?

EM. Her Aunt Mehitable is here and they have gone out to walk for a little while.

SOPH. Mehitable here? How very fortunate! Now I can tell them both my news.

EM. Can't I take your basket, Miss Smith?

SOPH. (*putting basket on floor and removing cover*). What do you suppose I have brought? You know our black cat has three kittens, and I brought these two (*holding up two kittens*) to show Jessie. Jessie just loves kittens, you know. I wanted to bring the old cat and the other one, but Tabby made such a fuss in the basket and the other kitten was so pindlin' I was afraid he couldn't stand the jaunt. Won't Jessie be surprised?

EM. I should say she would. But shan't I take them down stairs to get some milk?

SOPH. Are you sure the milk's pure?

EM. Oh, perfectly, I assure you.

SOPH. I hate to have them out of my sight, but I suppose it's for the best. (*Kisses them, puts them in basket; EMILY takes basket and exit, returning immediately. SOPHIE spreads her shawl and bonnet carefully on a chair; takes notebook from table.*) Jessie's notebook in mechanics. How interesting. (*Reads.*) The efficiency of a couple depends upon the length of the arm. The efficiency of the couple—the length of the arm—I really don't see the connection, do you?

EM. Jessie tells me the connection is often quite—er—close. Jessie is quite proficient in things of that sort, you know.

SOPH. Is she? The dear child. But what a peculiar place to keep a sofa cushion. (*Takes hold of one corner of cushion under table. EMILY takes hold of other corner.*)

EM. Now, I wouldn't touch that cushion, Miss Smith. Jessie is awfully particular about her things. She thinks a sofa cushion under the table lends an air of tone to the room. She read it in the Ladies' Home Journal.

SOPH. But, my dear, I insist on taking it up. (EMILY relaxes her hold.) I fear it will get soiled. (Taking up pictures.) Er—just what are these, my dear?

EM. Why, I believe Jessie calls them her art collection, or something of the sort. But did you notice this table cover? Jessie embroidered it.

SOPH. I will look at these first, my dear. Don't you think this might be a copy of a Reuben?

EM. Yes, indeed. I always considered it the genuine article. But don't you think this rather a unique cushion, Miss Smith.

SOPH. I will consider that later. It seems to me I observe a striking similarity of subject. Now, this one—(holds one off; turns it on back; rises; scatters pictures to floor; goes to light; reads.) With undying love for Jessie—Zackariah Solomon Sweetwater. Can I believe my eyes? Oh, what do these dreadful words portend?

EM. (picking up pictures). I believe there *was* a story connected with that picture. I believe the model *did* have a sweetheart Jessie, and that was actually the picture he intended for her. Jessie heard that it was on the market and got hold of it. It took her an awful lot of time—the better part of two months—but she said she didn't begrudge it, for her aunt was so fond of curios. I believe that's the story, Miss Smith, but Jessie can give you the details.

SOPH. (putting down picture, laughing). Do you know, I actually thought it might be our Jessie. How absurd! I believe I'll tell you my news. Our Jessie is going to be married.

EM. You don't say! And she never told me.

SOPH. Of course not. I haven't yet told her. She is going to marry Charles Vane—Cholly, he calls it, but I think Charles is more dignified—the son of an old friend of mine, and he has such splendid prospects. Just think, he is going to the Philippines as a music teacher.

EM. (*aside*). I wonder if I hadn't better put in a good word for Fred. (*Aloud*.) But suppose Jessie should object?

SOPH. Jessie always follows my advice.

EM. But suppose she should be in love?

SOPH. In love? My Jessie in love without asking me! Impossible. What do you mean?

EM. Well, you see that picture over the table. Now, between you and me—

Enter JESSIE and MEHITABLE.

JES. Oh, Aunt Sophie, I am so glad to see you. (*Kisses her.*) I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.

SOPH. Oh, no, indeed. And here's Mehitable. (*MEHITABLE and SOPHIE embrace; both talk at once; examine each other's clothing, combs in hair, etc. Scattered bits of conversation are heard: Will it wash—my black cat—our new minister—three kittens, etc. GIRLS whisper together; business of surprise. Exit EMILY. JESSIE approaches aunts.*)

SOPH. Emily entertained me beautifully while you were gone, Jessie. She showed me all your pictures under the table.

JES. She didn't, did she? (*Aside.*) I never would have believed it of Emily, never.

SOPH. Of course she did. Why shouldn't she?

JES. Oh, nothing—only I thought she might bore you.

SOPH. Not at all. And she told me all about the one with writing on the back—how it didn't mean you at all.

JES. (*laughing*). That was kind of her. (*SOPH. leads JESSIE R. MEHITABLE examines things on table.*)

SOPH. But, Jessie, what is that picture over your table?

JES. Oh, that's a picture by Perkins.

SOPH. Where did you get it?

JES. You see, every time you get a spool of thread at Whitney's, you cut a chip out of the spool. When you get ten chips they give you a picture. I got that yesterday. Pretty, isn't it?

SOPH. Well, no; I don't think so. But I'm glad to hear it's nothing worse.

Enter EMILY with wicker basket.

EM. You haven't seen the kittens yet, Jessie.

JES. (*looking gingerly into basket, her hands behind her*).
Oh, yes—very pretty.

MEHIT. (*holding up one by nape of neck*). Now, I think this black one would be prettier if it had a few white spots on it. (*Holding up other.*) And this spotted one would be far prettier if it were all black.

SOPH. (*with dignity*). Now, I think that the black one is prettiest black, and the potted one, spotted. How confusing it would be if they were as you suggest. But, oh, Mehitable, I have *such* news for you. (*Exeunt GIRLS, whispering and carrying basket.*)

MEHIT. And I for you.

SOPH. Our Jessie is going to be married.

MEHIT. Of course she is, but how did you know? I suppose the dear child managed to tell you; she is *so* happy.

SOPH. Of course she didn't tell me. I haven't yet told her. You must have found out through Emily.

MEHIT. Emily? How should Emily know?

SOPH. I told her not half an hour ago.

MEHIT. My dear Sophie, you seem somewhat confused. Let me explain it to you. Jessie is going to marry Erastus Black.

SOPH. (*laughing*). How did you get that idea into your head? Only yesterday I told Mrs. Vane that her Charles should marry our Jessie.

MEHIT. And only yesterday I promised Jessie to Erastus, and I always keep my promises.

SOPH. Erastus Black! The idea! A widower with seven children. Anyway it's all settled, for I have given my word to Mrs. Vane, and I *always keep my word*.

MEHIT. Charlie Vane hasn't a teaspoonful of brains in his skull. Jessie shall marry Erastus Black.

SOPH. (*stamps her foot*). She shan't. I say she *shan't*.

MEHIT. I will never give my consent to her marrying Charlie Vane—never, never, *never*.

SOPH. (*goes to left, turns back to MEHITABLE*). Erastus Black is a bald-headed old miser.

MEHIT. (*goes to right, turns back to SOPHIE*). Charlie Vane is an empty-headed young fool.

Enter JESSIE and EMILY.

JES. Why, my dear aunts, what is the trouble?

SOPH. (*wiping her eyes*). Your Aunt Mehit—hit—hitable wants you to marry that hor—hor—horrid Erastus Black.

MEHIT. And your Aunt Sophie wants you to marry that silly fop, Charlie Vane.

SOPH. (*bristling*). Jessie, come here. (*JESSIE goes to SOPHIE*.) Jessie, will you disobey me?

JES. Never, Aunt Sophie.

SOPH. (*turning her head to MEHITABLE*). There!

MEHIT. Jessie, come *here*. Come, I say! (*Aunts both seize her and pull. Business.*)

JES. Dear me! Don't pull me to pieces.

MEHIT. (*to JESSIE*) Jessie, will you finally disobey me?

JES. Not for anything in the world, Aunt Mehitable.

MEHIT. (*turning her head to SOPHIE*). I told you so!

EM. Then isn't it a pity?

MEHIT. Isn't what a pity?

EM. That Jessie will have to move to Utah.

MEHIT. } O—O—Oh!

SOPH. }

EM. Or else——

MEHIT. } What?

SOPH. }

EM. Be an old maid.

MEHIT. }
 SOPH. } (*each throws up hands.*) O—O—O—Oh!

SOPH. Heaven forbid!

EM. Or else——

MEHIT. }
 SOPH. } What?

EM. Marry another man.

SOPH. But there isn't any other man, is there, Jessie?

MEHIT. Do you suppose you could find one, Jessie?

JES. Well, there *is* a young man; he hasn't proposed yet, but you can't ever tell.

MEHIT. When I was your age I never saw the man I couldn't make propose if I wanted to.

JES. Oh, Aunt Mehitable, if he does propose, may I——

MEHIT. Rather than your Aunt Sophie should have her way—take him.

JES. Oh, thank you. And you will consent, Aunt Sophie?

SOPH. Rather than give into your Aunt Mehitable—marry him.

JES. Oh, you dear things.

MEHIT. Who is this young man, Jessie?

SOPH. And what does he look like?

JES. Well, if I tell you all about him, you must make up and be friends. You will, won't you, Aunt Mehitable? (*Puts her arm around MEHITABLE and leads her facing center R.*) And you, Aunt Sophie—that's a dear. (*Leads SOPHIE facing center L; goes in back of them; takes picture from wall; stands between them and holds picture up.*) My dear aunts, I cannot tell a lie. This is his picture—taken by Perkins.

(CURTAIN.)

Song of the Wood-Fairies

BY REWEY BELLE INGLIS, KAPPA.

Merrily, merrily, dancing go,
Down through the shadows of the sun-flecked row
Where the little leaves bend to caress the laughing burn
And the May-buds beckon to the wild-wood fern,
Here anon, there anon,
Never still, ever on,
Dancing to the measure of the wild wind's pleasure.

Merrily, merrily, singing go,
Down where the aspen trees are murmuring low,
Where the warm breeze whispers to the gay sunbeam
And the wee feathered folk swell the chorus of the stream,
Here a note, there a note,
From a tiny scarlet throat
Singing to the measure of his love-mate's pleasure.

Merrily, merrily, sparkling go,
Down where the many-colored wood flowers blow,
Where they glisten in the sunlight, and glow in the shade,
Adorning every cranny of the gray-green glade.
Here away, there away,
For a Maytime holiday,
Onward to the measure of our May-queen's pleasure.

Song

WRITTEN FOR THETA CHAPTER BY LINDSAY BARBEE.

Sung to the tune "Teasing."

Oh, you were quite forlorn
When first we spied you that September morn,
When you saw that little crescent-shaped pin;
Then we entered in,
And we vowed we would win,
And there we took your hand,
And spoke to you in accents soft and bland;
Then asked you to a luncheon and a tea,
And evening parties, one, two, three.

CHORUS—

Rushing, rushing, we are only rushing you,
 Rushing, rushing, since you are a Freshman new.
 (Oh! Gamma Phi is only)
 Rushing, rushing, matinées and dinners, too.
 Smile your sweetest,
 Gamma Phi is only rushing you.

How on a certain night,
 When all the enemy were out of sight,
 Swift we bore a Freshman maiden away;
 For with no delay we had something to say,
 So there without ado,
 We softly whispered certain words to you,
 And asked you to evermore share
 Gamma Phi's tender love and care.

CHORUS—

Bidding, bidding, we are softly bidding you,
 Bidding, bidding, frightened if you only knew;
 (Oh! Gamma Phi is softly)
 Bidding, bidding, listen to our pleading, do!
 For we love you,
 Gamma Phi is softly bidding you.

And now with mystic sign
 We lead you to our dimly lighted shrine,
 Where you pledge your true love and loyalty;
 Vow on bended knee a true sister you'll be.
 How crescent's light
 Is shining o'er you, ever calm and bright,
 Gaily we greet you—gaily we cry,
 "You are a pledge to Gamma Phi."

CHORUS—

Pledging, pledging, we are gladly pledging you,
 Pledging, pledging, wear our knot of dark brown hue,
 (Oh! Gamma Phi is gladly)
 Pledging, pledging, loyal be and ever true.
 Wear our crescent,
 Gamma Phi is gladly pledging you.



CHARTER MEMBERS OF MU CHAPTER OF GAMMA PHI BETA

The Installation of the Mu Chapter of Gamma Phi Beta at the Leland Stanford, Jr. University

ON the afternoon of January 9, 1905, the blinds of the Gamma Beta Chapter House were closed, the curtains down, and the late-comer or any chance caller was directed to the back door. Once inside the mystic circle all was familiar to me, and I watched with interest the dignified and beautiful rites by which the fourteen candidates were being initiated.

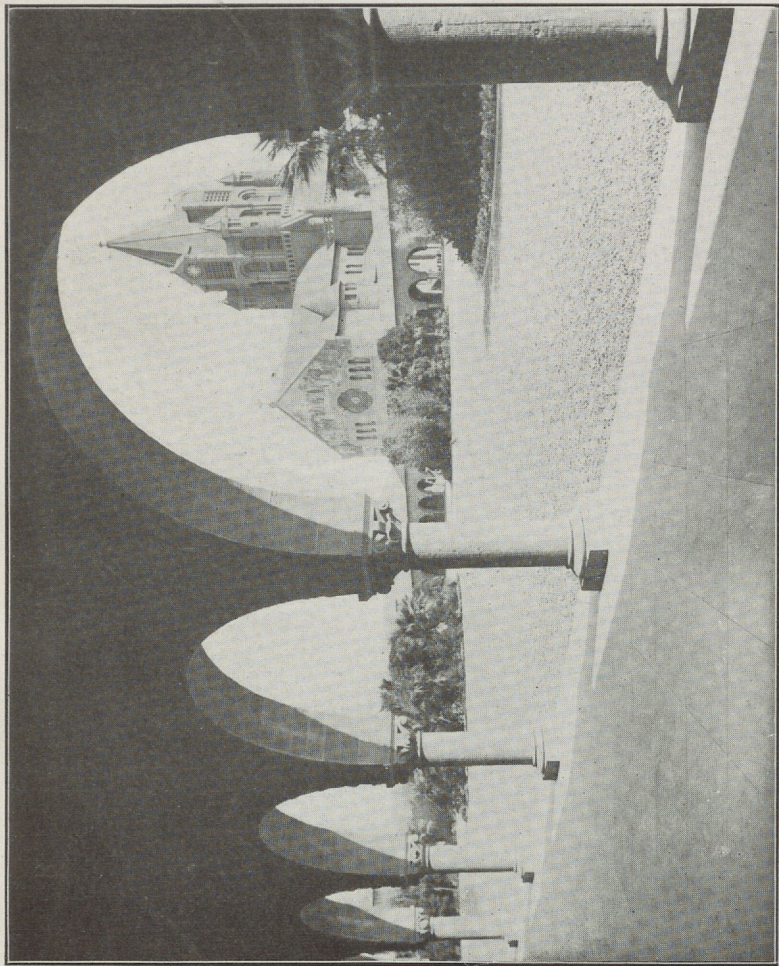
Although more than twenty years had elapsed since I had been present at an initiation, I rejoiced to find the original spirit of Gamma Phi Beta pervading everything. To be sure, there were developments and improvements in the ceremonies, but the spirit was the same, and during the afternoon and evening with them all, I lost just twenty years and lived again in the spirit of my youth—the spirit of hope and faith and love.

The Eta girls certainly understand their business and are well-informed and thoroughly in practice in all ritualistic work. I have never seen a more beautiful initiation. Each girl seemed perfectly adapted to her part, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony and impressiveness of the event. The Sorority colors and the Sorority flower were in evidence, and in the evening when the thirty-one Gamma Phis were seated at the banqueting tables, they made a bright and memorable picture.

There were present four Alumnæ members: from Beta, Jessica Thompson Washburn (one of the charter members) and Margaret Douglas Bement, of more recent date; from Gamma, Eunice Thompson Gray, and from Theta, Beulah Steele Jenness.

From Eta there were present thirteen active members: Rita Daniels, Estelle Dunbar, Marietta Edwards, Grace Foulds, Sidney Gray, Cecil Harrold, Mary Le Conte, Wanda Muir, Mamie Minor, Hazel Pierce, Pearl Pitcher, Carmel Riley and Zoe Riley.

From Mu of Stanford University: Jessica Bird, Jeraldine Brown, Mabel Crow, Emma Charlebois, Helen Dorrance, Pau-



INNER QUADRANGLE, SHOWING THE ARCADES AND THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL,
LELAND STANFORD, JR. UNIVERSITY

line Gartzmann, Ruth Gilbert, Winifred Gilbert, Mabel Gray, Georgia Mullin, Hazel Patterson, Helen Salisbury, Helen Thornburn and Milola Ward.

Miss Eunice Gray, of Gamma, who has been of inestimable help to the girls of Stanford from the first, made a most charming toastmistress, and toasts were responded to in the following order: Mrs. Washburn, of Beta; Mrs. Jenness, of Theta; Miss Pierce and Miss Muir, of Eta, and Miss Salisbury, of the "baby" chapter. College songs were then indulged in and both Eta and Mu proved themselves musical.

The menu was both dainty and generous and did ample credit to the traditions of Gamma Phi. One of the Gamma Phi husbands, Mr. Bement, will live in the memory of Mu so long as any who were present on this occasion survive, and deservedly, for his gift of a *large* box of elegant chocolate creams of light and drak complexion. In fact, the two browns, so dear to Gamma Phi, never showed to better advantage than in this candy and in the ice cream served.

After the banquet, all adjourned to the spacious parlors, where music and fun ran riot until the canonical hour. One of the merriest events of the evening was the placing of the *Phi* on the front door. The suggestion once made, it was the work of a moment on the part of an ingenious girl to manufacture a pasteboard *Phi* that would match well enough, when well inked over the *Gamma Beta* already in place. And then came the song, with its jolly chorus:

"Now we have a Phi on the door,
A Phi on the door,
A Phi on the door;
Now we have a Phi on the door,
A Phi on the door, a Phi."

Congratulations are now in order. Gamma Phi Betas all, and especially those who know of the struggle the Mu girls have had, congratulate them on getting the charter they so richly deserve. Their pluck, their loyalty and their patience have stood



INTERIOR OF THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT LELAND STANFORD, JR.
UNIVERSITY

all necessary tests and they come into the bonds of Gamma Phi fitted to be conservative, loyal sisters, with the prestige that belongs to those who have not been found wanting.

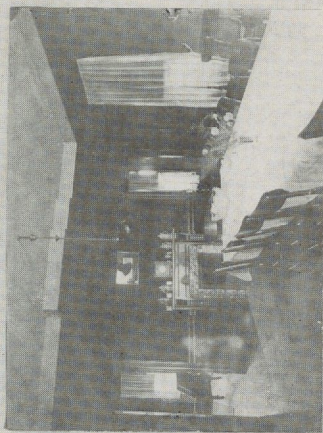
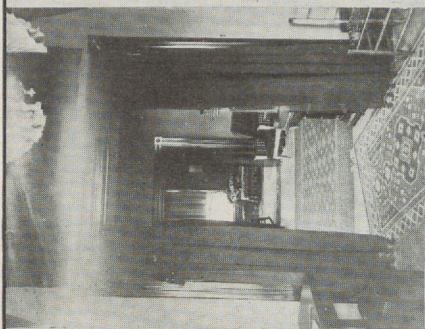
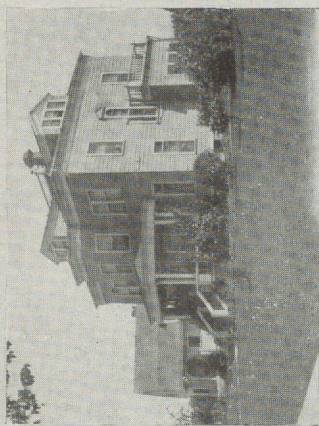
Gamma Phi Beta is to be congratulated upon the character and social position of the girls in Mu. Here they are, as grouped last week especially for THE CRESCENT. Five of the girls, who are the only original Gamma Betas left, will be presented individually.

Beginning at the left of the group in the upper row is Mabel Gray, a little Freshman from Albany, New York. She prepared for college at a private school near her home and has entered Stanford University as a German Major. She is not only scholarly, but artistic, musical and athletic.

Second in the row is Jeraldine Brown, a granddaughter of the late Senator E. S. Brown, of Minnesota, where Jeraldine was born. She prepared for college at the Washburn School, San Jose, California, where she was greatly beloved for her sweet, womanly ways. She possesses a beautiful voice, and from the time she entered the university she has been prominent in musical circles. She was elected in her Junior year to the high honor of soloist in the dedication of the Memorial Church. As a Senior she took the leading lady's part in the opera of Patience, and as post-graduate, she was given a part in the farce, "Best Laid Plans," given by the Faculty Club last term, and has been cast for a leading part in the Eighlish play, "Every Man in His Humor," to be given next month. Jeraldine is not only charming, but earnest in her desire to be helpful to others, and as General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., makes her influence felt for good in the entire university.



JERALDINE BROWN



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE MU CHAPTER HOUSE

The third girl in the row is Helen Dorrance, a tall, graceful brunette, and an excellent student in the advanced courses in history, which she is taking. She won a place on the basketball team, has musical tastes and is thoroughly practical and loveable. Her common sense appeals to the girls, and her democratic tendencies make her a general favorite.

Dear Milola Ward comes next in order. She was born in Illinois, but early removed to California. She prepared for college in the high schools of Redlands, California, and Portland, Oregon. She holds her own in her college work and her sweet disposition and sympathetic nature win friends for her everywhere.

Number five is Ruth Gilbert and number eight, at the end of the row, her sister, Winifred Gilbert. They came to California as little tots in 1891, at the opening of Stanford University. Their father, Dr. C. H. Gilbert, had held the chair of zoology in the Indiana University and came to establish the same department here. The girls both entered the university from private schools, Ruth in 1902, Winifred in 1904. Ruth entered the English department with a reputation for brilliant scholarship, which she has sustained. She has gained membership in the English Club, and has been appointed as assistant editor in the woman's edition of the Chapparral. Winifred is more quiet and retiring than her sister, but like her, is a good student, doing earnest, successful work in the History department. She is artistic in her tastes, one of the youngest members of the Chapter and a great favorite with the girls.

Helen Thoburn is sixth in the upper row. She is the daughter of Professor W. W. Thoburn, who during his life was head of the department of Bionomics, and the spiritual leader of the



MILOLA WARD



IN THE ARBORETUM

university. Helen has inherited many of her father's fine traits. She entered the university from a private school and easily won and kept a high place in the German department. She is one before whom royal roads seem to open in whatever she undertakes. She, too, has been elected to the English Club, an honor open to a restricted number only of the best literary students.

Next to Helen Thoburn comes Emma Eulalie Charlebois, the only native California daughter in the group. She was born in Ventura, and is of French descent, her relatives having been prominent in Canada and as pioneers in California. This heritage accounts in part, perhaps, for Emma's ability and willingness to take responsibility in engineering the things that need a level head.

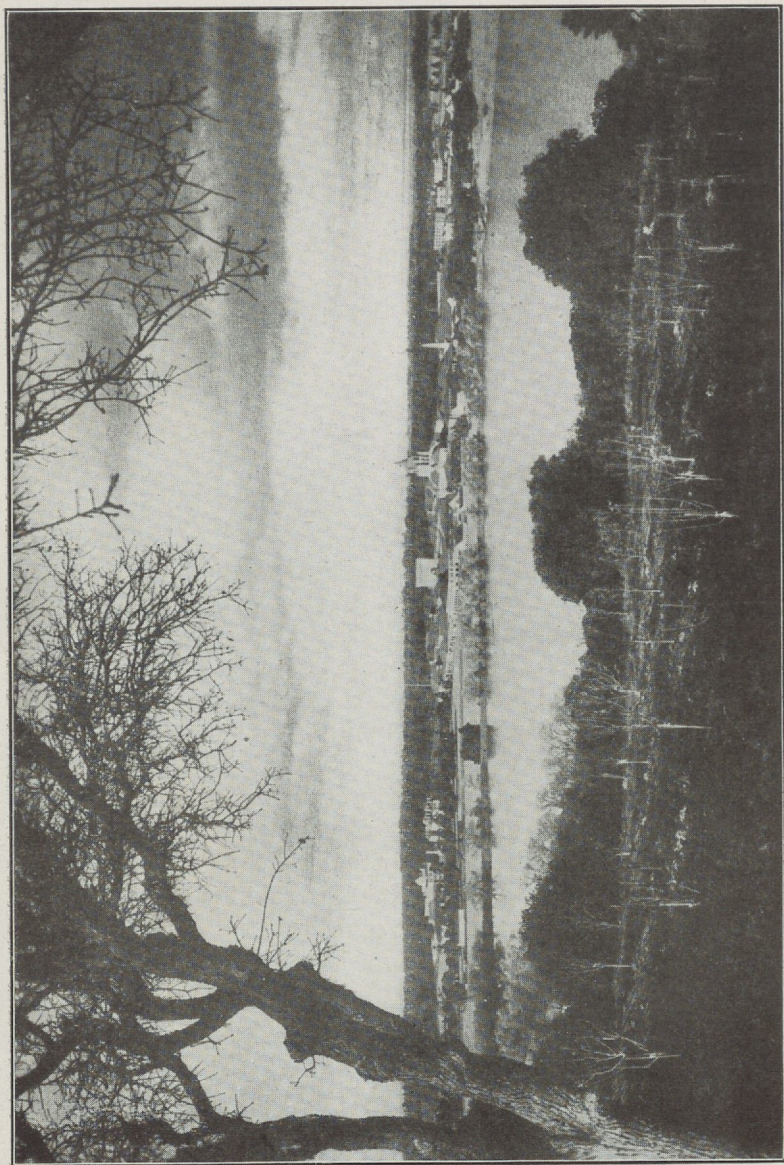
Following on the lower line, next to Winifred Gilbert, comes Mabel Crow, who came into Gamma Beta at Christmas time. Mabel is a sunshiny girl from Alhambra, California, who is a German Major with marked dramatic ability. Her thoughtfulness for others and uniform cheerfulness have endeared her to all. She has been obliged by illness to return to her home, but is expected back next year.

Jessica Bird, the second from the right on the lower row, is one of the most original girls in the Chapter. She comes from Banning, California, and is an English Major. She is the happy little outdoor girl, the youngest of them all, and delights in whistling, horseback riding and basket-ball. She, too, is artistic and musical in her tastes.

Georgia Mullen came into Gamma Beta, with Mabel Crow, at Christmas time. She comes to Stanford from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is a girl of fine presence and fine judgment, able to see both sides of a question and to stand firmly for the right. She



EMMA CHARLEBOIS



A VIEW FROM THE FOOT HILLS LOOKING DOWN ON THE UNIVERSITY TOWARD THE BAY

has attractive social qualities and makes herself felt wherever she goes. She is taking a German Major course and doing good work. She impresses all as being well-balanced.

Hazel Moore Patterson, whose father is president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. She prepared for college at Mills Seminary, California, and entered Stanford University as an English Major in 1902. She has been elected a member of the English Club and has had articles and drawings accepted by the college publications. She, too, is on the staff of the woman's edition of the Chapparal. Hazel is a strong girl socially, musically and artistically, besides being considered by the girls particularly level-headed.



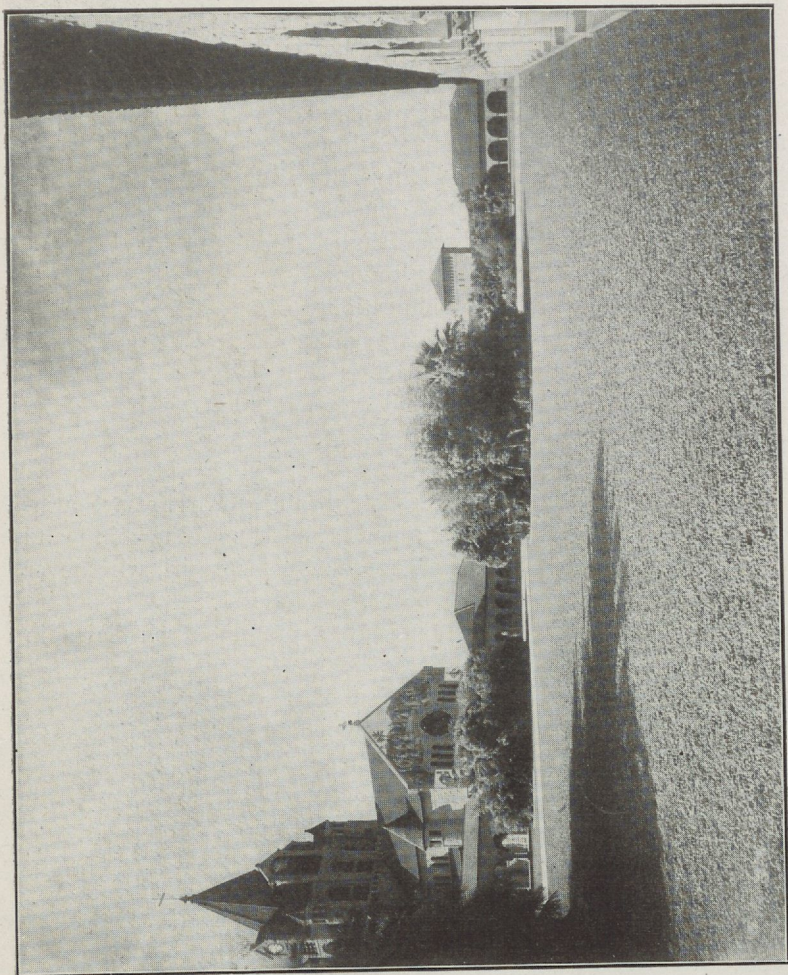
HAZEL PATTERSON

Pauline Gartzmann is a wholesome, beautiful girl from Southern California, athletic and popular. She has a fine mind and is an English Major. She is a generous, helpful girl, who never loses an opportunity to be of service to others.

Helen Salisbury is the daughter of a prominent physician in Los Angeles. She prepared for college at the Marlborough School of that place. She was born in Ohio, but came at an early age to Los Angeles, where amid the flowers and fruits of Southern California, she has developed an enviable sturdiness both of mind and body. During her college course she has been President of Woman's Athletic Association in her Junior year; President of the Y. W. C. A. in Junior and Senior years; Vice President of the Gymnasium Club in her Senior year, and in these



HELEN SALISBURY



THE INNER QUADRANGLE

ways and many others prominently before the student body. She is always a sincere friend and an earnest worker in every good cause.

Helen Lewis is a pledgling to Gamma Beta and will enter college in September from a private school in Palo Alto. She is a thoughtful girl, exquisitely refined and the girls are looking forward to her as a welcome addition to their number.

These girls, as you see, are a musical set, and really form a charming glee club. They stand for scholarship, sterling good sense and are loyal to the truest interests of the university. They impress me, one and all, as girls that will *keep on growing*, girls to whom may be trusted without hesitation the aims and ideals of Gamma Phi Beta.



HELEN LEWIS

It is pleasant to note that they have been most cordially received by the other fraternities at the university and to feel that a bright and happy future is assured them.

And finally, Gamma Phi Beta is to be congratulated not only on the girls, but upon having such a Chapter at the Leland Stanford Junior University, a university with a high destiny. Beautiful for situation, with its rich and substantial buildings, looking as if they were built not for time but for eternity, endowed with the most magnificent endowment, and manned by men, the peers of any in the world, Stanford University will bless all allied with her, who prove worthy of that alliance.

The university is conservative in its policy and at the same time progressive. Its restrictions have resulted in the gradual and steady elevation of its standards of scholarship and character. The idle and unworthy young men are flunked out without consideration, and the "five hundred limit" for young women has resulted in the admission of only the best prepared Fresh-

men. This restriction alone is bound in time to secure to the university the most select class of young women in the country.

One can hardly find a truer expression of the beauty of the university and its surroundings and of the spirit that prevails there than is to be found in the favorite song of the girls of Mu, the well-known Stanford hymn:

“Where the rolling foothills rise
Up toward mountains higher,
Where at eve the Coast Range lies
In the sunset fire,
Flushing deep and paling;
Here we raise our voices, hailing
Thee, our Alma Mater.

REFRAIN.

“From the foothills to the bay
It shall ring
As we sing,
It shall ring and float away;
Hail, Stanford, hail!
Hail, Stanford, hail!

“Tender vistas ever new
Through the arches meet the eyes
Where the red roofs rim the blue
Of the sun-steeped skies,
Flecked with cloudlets sailing,
Here we raise our voices, hailing
Thee, our Alma Mater.

“When the moonlight-bathed arcade
Stands in evening calms,
When the light wind, half afraid,
Whispers in the palms,
Far-off swelling, failing,
Student voices glad are hailing
Thee, our Alma Mater.”

JESSICA THOMPSON WASHBURN.

Agora

This Department is open to all, and it is hoped that both Alumnae and Actives will send in their contributions.

Strength in Unity

UNLESS there is unity of purpose within a Chapter there can be no strength. It sometimes would appear that Sorority life is but for broad, noble spirits. All self-seeking and narrowness has little place among the members of a Sorority. Yet the good and true, the petty and small, must always go side by side.

The ungrateful one will learn a lesson of fidelity,—the strong will receive discipline in bearing with the weak. Each nature has need of the other. Different types of womanhood are not moulded into harmony in a short time, since not all are capable of realizing what the Sorority expects of them. It is by a gradual development that some members come to realize what unity means.

How often these ideals of unity are ignored! Yet there is always a renewal of strength when the discords are smoothed out. Trifles cause lack of harmony. Therefore, a watchfulness is required upon the part of each member that she keeps control of those feelings that are unnatural, seeking always to deal with each and every one on the highest plane.

Each member is a part of the whole. All opportunities within the Sorority are equal. In order to thoroughly enjoy its blessings a member must put herself into harmony with the whole. To this end many personal sacrifices must be made. Bitter feelings that cause unhappiness must give place to thoughts of love and goodness. Thus unity will bring strength, for in seeking to maintain harmony a Sorority woman will give forth the best she has, and in return the best will flow back to her.

LAMBDA.

FOUND A KINDRED SPIRIT

HOW often, as we read an article in a magazine or other publication, a sentence strikes us with particular force and we are conscious of having known the truth of it always without ever having chanced to express it. And so the very familiarity of the idea gives us a feeling of fellowship with the writer.

Now all Gamma Phis have a feeling of fellowship with each other anyway, but oh! how I would like to commune with our CRESCENT correspondent for Chicago Alumnæ Chapter! In our last issue these inspired words greet my eye: "For my own part I have always been glad that our Alumnæ Chapters are not mere social gatherings. This constantly recurring business, keeping us in close touch with all the active Chapters, is the very life of our Alumnæ Chapters."

That goes straight to my heart, and so I say, "three cheers for the one who wrote it, and again three cheers for Chicago Alumnæ," who are thus shown to take an active interest in the progress of our Sorority.

There are times, I will admit, when old friends who seldom see one another except at Alumnæ Chapter meetings, have much of personal interest that they would like to talk about. Can you not, then, come just a little earlier and stay just a little later and do the social chatting? I know full well that to start a little earlier and remain a little later means a great deal to members who are situated in towns some distance apart, as for instance New York members, who come from various points on Long Island, all parts of New Jersey and towns along the Hudson in New York, but the meetings are few and far between and it should be possible for each one to arrange to spend a little extra time away from home once in two months, with the long interval of no meetings from June to October.

No organization can be carried on without the transaction of business and all kinds of heads are needed to transact the busi-

ness successfully. Youthful enthusiasm and the calm judgment of mature years must unite to make a wise decision.

Whole-souled devotion to a good cause is an inspiration. So I am inspired tonight with a longing to grasp the hand of my unknown sister, for there certainly is a bond between us.

We are not all made alike and no doubt the methods and ideas of anything so formidable as *business* are as foreign to some of our members as they are to artists or authors or other dwellers in aesthetic realms. But I admire the woman who can buckle down to the real things of life and I earnestly hope that our future Alumnæ, as they leave the college portals at commencement, will feel it a privilege to maintain an active part in the business affairs of Gamma Phi.

FLORENCE C. SAVAGE.



A Sonnet

F. ETHEL WORKS, EPSILON.

Although the multitude surrounds, how much
 Alone is man! Past clustered homes where dwell
 Those clasped in Luxury's soft embrace, which tell
 Of wealth; past those which show the iron clutch
 Of Poverty's grim hand, without the touch
 Of gentle Comfort, on he hastes to swell
 The home-returning tide. Naught he can tell
 Of life so near, close jostling his, and such
 It e'er must be! Each life is but a thread
 In woof or warp of Life's fair tapestry,
 Which ever crosses others, gay or drear;
 Each one, no matter if it gleams of red
 And gold, is bright or dully plain, must be
 In its own place to make the pattern clear.

"In Action Faithful, and in Honor Bright"

BY HARRIET STORER FISK, DELTA.

There is a tale that once a maiden fair,
Like sweet Elaine, "Elaine the lovable,
Elaine the lily maid of Astolot,"
Who, "in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot,
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam,"—
A maiden, pure and good as fair Elaine,
Kept faithfully the shield of her dear knight,—
And let no rust nor soilure tarnish it,
But burnished it until it blazed a sun
Amid the shadows of the old dark tower.
The shield was simple, bore no strange device,
Only an azure field with words of gold,
"In action faithful, and in honor bright."
But these few simple words meant more to her
Than all the heraldry in all the land.
This was the motto of her own dear knight,
Became her motto and her ruling guide;
And as she lived from one day to the next,
These words became emblazoned on her heart—
"In action faithful, and in honor bright."

The maiden is our princess—Gamma Phi,
Guarding the sacred shield of love and truth,
And keeping it from soilure and from rust.
Oh, may she ever guard that sacred shield!
And may she ever keep it clear and bright!
And ever wear its motto on her heart.
Oh, may she not desert her sacred trust!
But witness to her loyalty alway
Within her own breast and before the world.
May she be worthy of her own true knight,
"In action faithful, and in honor bright."



AND now Lambda has been required to give up all the privileges of being "baby" and pass them over to Mu, but this has been done with all grace and good wishes for our new Chapter. To the Gamma Beta girls in that far western university there is proffered an hand of welcome with a firm grip indicative of the joy we have in offering it and of the strength of the bonds into which we welcome you. You have been launched into our midst, and that would not have taken place had we not been confident that you were in every way fitted to hold your own and thus the glory of Gamma Phi Beta high above all. It has not been the privilege of many of your sisters to personally tell you how much pride we take in having you among us, but this is shared by all and expressed in this manner. As students of Leland Stanford University you come to us laden with possibilities which bid fair to "blossom as the rose" and your influence to spread as an aroma from Alpha to Omega of Gamma Phi Beta.

Though you have a great opportunity of giving us strength and glory, it is ours to be unto you all that our experience and love can be. With this intention, we greet you and entrust to you the mysteries of our beloved Sorority.



THE editor has been brought to a point of expression of our regret that there is so much laxness, and neglect on the part of our chapters in performing certain duties. Every one who has been in college recognizes that it is an exceedingly

busy life, and one in which it never seems possible to crowd an additional task. However, we all recognize that we owe a certain amount of time to our sorority at large, and neglecting to serve it cannot help but narrow its usefulness. The issuance of THE CRESCENT has not multiplied the duties of our chapters, but tho it is known that the fifteenth of certain months is the date fixed for the chapter letters to be in the editor's hands, procrastination on the part of the chapters makes it so that few reach us on time. And this—after notification has invariably been sent to each and all. It is not a spirit of indifference or utter neglect which engenders this condition but simply a lack of being punctual. Not this alone would have prompted us to have spoken—but we are affected somewhat indirectly by the slowness in replying to important measures sent from our executive board. The duties of this body are legion and we as sisters should be more than willing to spare them the repetition of work necessitated by compelling two or three letters being sent for one reply. Each chapter is but a small part of a greater whole—and what you are called upon to do cannot be done by another. Your place must be taken and held by you, and you alone. So let it be done with all promptness, accuracy, and care.



M R. S. G. COSGROVE, a presidential elector from the State of Washington, stopped for a short time on his way from Washington, D. C., at the editor's home. It was a treat for her to meet one from so great a distance and find that her father's old college friend was the father of a sister in Gamma Phi Beta. Miss Cosgrove is of the Lambda Chapter.



ALPHA

Greetings from Alpha to Each Sister Chapter:

THE past weeks have been busy ones for us; the mid-year examinations occupied our time completely so we have done very little in a social way.

Following the examinations came "Senior Week." The festivities were ushered in on Monday evening by three receptions. Psi Upsilon entertained at its Chapter House in honor of the refitting of its rooms. Phi Delta Theta departed from the usual fraternity custom and gave a formal reception at the Alhambra Assembly Hall. Phi Kappa Psi received at its Chapter House, where the entire lower floor was thrown open for dancing. On Tuesday evening the concert of the University Glee and Instrumental Clubs was given in the Assembly Hall of the John Crouse College of Fine Arts. The program was varied and unusually interesting. Following the concert Beta Theta Pi and Delta Upsilon entertained at their respective Chapter Houses, and several of the members of Psi Upsilon with their lady friends enjoyed a banquet at Hotel Warner. On Wednesday evening Delta Kappa Epsilon and Psi Upsilon each gave a dinner-dance. Their houses were elaborately decorated and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. On Thursday evening occurred the crowning event of the week, the Senior ball, given under the auspices of Phi Kappa Alpha, a Senior society. This ball is always held in the Alhambra, which has a very large audito-

rium. Each fraternity rents a box, which it fits up as a reception room. Here it entertains its friends between dances.

We are beginning to plan for our annual donation party. To this party we invite our Alumnæ and all who are interested in us. We thankfully receive their donations, furnish them with some form of entertainment and serve light refreshments. As we need money more than anything else this year, it has been thought best to give a play and charge an admission fee. This plan has never been tried before and we hope it will prove successful.

Our Freshmen are meeting our expectations in every way. They are willing workers and as loyal Gamma Phis as one would wish to see.

GAMMA

GAMMA extends greetings to all Gamma Phi Betas and wishes to cordially welcome into our midst our new Chapter, Mu.

Since the last publication of THE CRESCENT Gamma has been interested in many affairs, probably the foremost being the "House question." We have already formed a stock company and have purchased a lot in Irying Court, a very desirable location near the university. Our Alumnæ have been very good in helping us with out project, and we have already accepted plans for our house, and expect to begin building in the spring.

One of the greatest society events of the year was the Junior Prom., held in the university gymnasium on the night of February 17. The decorating and lighting scheme was gorgeous and the general effect indeed magnificent. Gamma was well represented at the Prom. and also at the fraternity house parties given in honor of the occasion.

On the afternoon of February 17 Psi U. gave a reception to their university friends and Prom. girls, and on Saturday, February 18, Sigma Chi was "at home."

Euretta Kimball, one of Gamma's Juniors, took an important part in the play given the night after the Prom.

Gamma was so glad to hear that Mu Chapter had been installed. We had watched the progress of Gamma Beta, and were more than anxious that she should receive a charter. We again welcome you, Mu, with heartiest greeting into the folds of Gamma Phi Beta.

DELTA

DEAR Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta: Since we wished you all a Happy New Year, Delta has been busily occupied in carrying out old plans and making new ones.

Of course our Christmas tree was a great success. This year we gave each child two gifts and a pair of mittens, which a Delta friend made for us.

During the holidays Boston Alumnæ gave us the time-honored but ever delightful Christmas spread.

The week of January 16 came the mid-year exams., with their customary accompaniment of wailing and gnashing of teeth, black coffee and midnight oil.

On the Saturday after registration for the second semester we initiated a girl whom we are proud to present to you as a true and loyal Gamma Phi Beta—Susan Philbrooke, '08. Miss Putnam, our Grand President, opened her beautiful home to us for initiation and from the first greetings to the delicious spread and Gamma Phi Beta songs that constituted the grand finale, we spent a most happy afternoon.

We have sent out cards for the twenty-first of February to Beta Theta Pi, who entertained us so royally in December.

Klatsch Collegium, the largest social function of the college year, comes on February 17. Delta is to be well represented. Helen Osgood, '07, will preside over the Gamma Phi table and Carlotta Brant, '06, and Harriet Fisk, '05, are to serve at the Junior and Senior tables.

Of the several festivities which we are planning now we will tell you in our next letter.

Delta's love and best wishes to you all!

EPSILON

EPSILON, through THE CRESCENT, again greets her sister Chapters and extends to them her love. We find ourselves started out on a new semester and almost have to stop and catch our breath, so fast has time hurried us along these last six weeks.

We all came back after Christmas with our minds filled with thoughts of the mid-year examination, and all of our energies were bent toward passing them creditably for the sake of dear old Gamma Phi, as well as for ourselves. Now they are over and we can look back on them with a very comfortable feeling, for there have been some very good old records maintained and equally as good ones begun.

When examinations were over those whose vacations were long enough went home and our circle was somewhat broken up. But now we are all back again and our Seniors begin to realize that for them it is the home-stretch. During the recess we who remained here visited around among the girls in town. A house party from Friday to Sunday at the home of Edwina Pope was one of the pleasantest features of the vacation.

Social life begins with renewed vigor now, formal parties and Junior Prom., which takes place February 24. We were all looking forward to the Prom., as Gamma Phi is to be well represented. She was to have had the honor of leading the grand march this year. But all of our jest has been taken away by the sudden death of Mr. Works, the father of two of our town girls, Ethel Works and of Bernice Works, who was to have led.

Our days are full of work as well as play, for we ever bear in mind the high ideals of Gamma Phi, toward which we are striving. Until the next issue Epsilon wishes the best good luck and good times to all of her sister Chapters.

ZETA

ALTHOUGH Zeta is contemplating the addition of two new sisters to her circle and is planning a rushing party in the form of a luncheon for them, all the real news of rushing season, always the most interesting time of the year for Chapter letters, is a tale that is told. So we can only describe a few functions we have had lately.

On St. Valentine's day we gave a tea in the "Den" to Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, who stopped off in Baltimore on his way north from Florida to see his daughters. The President, Dr. Goucher, Dean Van Meter and many members of the faculty were present. Refreshments appropriate to the day were served.

We also enjoyed having one of our Alumnæ, Blanche McNeal (Smith) and her husband, Dr. Smith, of Harrisburg, with us at a luncheon given by one of the girls on the fifteenth.

At our last meeting the Freshmen entertained the active Chapter and several of our city Alumnæ with a play given in the frat. room. Anna Palmer, a charter member of Zeta, sang several pieces on the same occasion.

We send best wishes to our sister Chapters.

ETA

DEAR Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta: We came back to our studies on January 17. And how easy it is to take up the round of college work again. The Chapter life is just the same, with the exception of one member, who graduated at Christmas. There has been a little rushing done, but as yet we have no new names to add to our Chapter roll.

Through some mistake the name of one of our initiates of last term did not appear in THE CRESCENT. This latest member is Alma Eastin, of Nevada City, California, and a member of the class of 1908.

On the second Tuesday after college opened we gave our Christmas gifts to the house. We really did not need to buy

much new furniture, because we bought so much in the fall, so the Alumnæ made presents of china and table linen. Mrs. Dunbar, the mother of one of the girls, sent jam and jellies to us. You all know how much we can appreciate such things. A good many of our active members gave presents of money, and money is always acceptable. We had a good visit with our Alumnæ members present and spent the evening talking over the fire and toasting marshmallows. About 10 o'clock we sat down to a supper of salad, sandwiches and coffee.

This term the girls are at home to their friends on Wednesday evenings. We have very enjoyable times.

The biggest event that Eta has to mention is the installation of Mu Chapter at Stanford. The initiation was very impressive, but we wished very much to have more of our sisters present to help us welcome our new sisters into the joys of Gamma Phi Beta. The reception was in every way a success.

The Prytanean Society, the women's honor society of the university, gives the comic opera the "Mikado" on the twenty-fourth of February. Two of our girls will take part in it.

We have done no entertaining to speak of thus far in the term. But we are now planning to give a farewell party to Pearl Pitcher.

May the spring of 1905 be good to Gamma Phi Betas.

THETA

THE Denver Gamma Phis started out the New Year beautifully, and so far nothing has happened to halt our smooth progress nor mar our perfect happiness.

The very first thing we did was to be "At Home" on New Year's day, or rather on Monday, the second. Mamie Gallup was our hostess and her home is so large and so arranged that we were able to do some very effective decorating. Then we had our old friend, the harpist, "to warble his native wood notes wild,"—and besides the serving was very gracefully managed. About two hundred young men called and I think every one

enjoyed himself, if we can believe all the flattering remarks we have heard.

Since then we have rested on our oars, in a social way, and are saving our energies and incidentally our pennies for a grand party to be given in the spring.

Soon after the beginning of this term we initiated our last two pledges, Sarah Morgan and Edith Garriguess, and a happier lot of girls than we were that night couldn't be found anywhere. In the afternoon we had been invited to Sarah's house—some one hinted she was anxious to propitiate the fates for the terrible event that was to follow—anyway we had a lovely time and enjoyed ourselves as only Gamma Phis can when they are all together.

Our Alumnæ entertained the new girls, that is the girls who have been initiated this year, a few weeks ago at Edith Wallace's. We all dressed in our best and went with humble intentions of making the best impression possible. But when we were so warmly and lovingly welcomed by our older sisters and made to feel so thoroughly at home, we forgot our strangeness and spent a very, very happy afternoon.

We have been playing hard this winter, but working harder, as our grades show, and we hope that spring will find no decrease in our standing.

We hope that all our dear sisters scattered throughout the breadth of this great land will find life as sweet and love as constant as do the girls of Theta.

KAPPA

TO ALL her sisters in the bond of Pi Kappa Epsilon, Kappa sends cordial greetings. Before beginning the chronicle of her joys and cares her poor scrivener wishes to apologize to the bands assembled for her neglect in sending a letter for the last issue of THE CRESCENT. She can only say, "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," to exonerate her more faithful sisters. Be it said to their glory that she still lives.

Of course by this time mid-year exams. are over and we, rejoicing in our survival, have settled down in the routine of a new term. A few of the girls have dropped their college work, but as most of them reside in town they join with us in our resolve to make the year even more successful than last.

Already we of Kappa have begun to look forward to "our" convention. We think of it, talk of it, dream of it—and plan for it.

On Saturday, February 11, we held a St. Valentine's cake and candy sale at Mrs. Backus' home in Minneapolis. (Possibly the connection between conventions and cake sales may be not apparent to the uninitiate, but our older sisters, at least, will surely read between the lines.) It need only be said that it was charmingly successful.

The Pan-Hellenic League, which was formed here to regulate the inter-course of the Sororities, has been by no means idle. Kappa's two delegates, Katharine Taney (active), and Marible Jones (Alumnæ), have watched most tenderly over Gamma Phi's interests, while at the same time working for the best and broadest final results. Nothing definite has been decided as yet in regard to pledge day and rushing regulations, on account of one Sorority, who is reluctant to give up present conditions. However, we hope something will turn up, "next time."

As for our social doings there seem to have been not many. The Pan-Hellenic ball, on February 4, was the great event of the year. Gamma Phi was, of course, well represented, and the girls had a glorious time. Besides this there have been the usual armory dances and fraternity parties at the different country clubs.

Kappa hopes that you all may have a most successful season and that your hopes may bud and blossom with the spring.

MU

WITH love and deep loyalty Mu greets her new sisters in Gamma Phi Beta. Already we feel a personal acquaintance with the different Chapters, from the many letters we have

received from them congratulating us and welcoming us into the new bond. We realize the deep responsibility which rests on us, as Gamma Phis, to fulfill the ideals and trusts of our Sorority, and knowing the strength and sympathy which come from our sisters, are resolved that we shall never be found wanting.

We are most fortunate in having near us Eunice Gray, of Gamma, who has been to us always a most faithful and loyal friend, and to whom we owe so much.

Margaret Douglas Bement, of Beta, lives but a few steps away and we see her often and love her dearly.

Our Eta sisters are also very near and we have many pleasant and profitable visits together.

Stanford has welcomed Gamma Phi Beta into its midst most cordially. On January 20 the Delta Gamma entertained for us at a tea, to which all the Sorority girls came. The refreshments were served in two shades of brown and every one united in making us feel that our welcome was truly sincere.

On January 28 Mu gave her first reception. We had with us Mrs. Washburn, of Beta; Miss Gray, of Gamma, and five of our Eta sisters. There was a large crowd and everything went beautifully.

Dear sisters, Mu looks forward to the time when she may meet you all in convention next year, and in the meantime trusts she may grow in the strength and love of Gamma Phi Beta.

CHICAGO

DEAR Sisters in Gamma Phi: We have had but two meetings since our last letter to THE CRESCENT. One was held with Antoinette Shryock, and one at Marshall Field's Tea Room. Miss Shryock has a cunning little flat in Evanston, just large enough for herself and her father. She informed us "confidentially," that while she felt perfectly capable of managing any ordinary domestic affair, a luncheon for our honored Chapter was quite beyond her skill; so the dainty lunch we ate

at small tables was brought in and served by a caterer. As there was no business of moment, we spent our time in sociability in the accustomed fashion. The more industrious of us hem napkins and mark handkerchiefs, and do even more intricate things in needlework, but the rest are content to rock and talk (whenever the modern parlor furnishes a rocking chair) and admire the progress made by our energetic members.

A luncheon at Field's has a charm of its own; the great room filled with dark polished tables, surrounded by well-dressed, interesting people whom one often longs to know,—the hurrying waitresses carrying luncheons which you feel convinced are far superior in point of selection to the one you have unfortunately ordered, the general air of ease and satisfaction make a background for your own particular table of familiar friends and their delightful talk.

That is I suppose it did, for I must here confess the truth—that I was not of the meeting, and have seen no one who was.

I hope you will take the above as the best account I could give of the meeting from my imagination.

SYRACUSE

THE Syracuse Alumnæ Chapter sends greeting to each and every Gamma Phi.

We held our January meeting with Mrs. Gertrude Dada Fuller. We had a good attendance and after transacting some business we spent the remainder of the afternoon socially.

Later in the month Mrs. Myra Haven Draper opened her home to us for a parlor basket picnic. Every one had a delightful time. Mrs. Draper brought many curios home from Japan and an afternoon spent in her home is a very interesting one and profitable as well, giving one a good idea of Japanese life.

Our February meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Alvia Fish. Almost no business to attend to left us a good afternoon

for visiting, which every Gamma Phi knows how to make the most of.

With best wishes for all the Syracuse Alumnæ bids you farewell till the next issue of THE CRESCENT.

BOSTON

DEAR Sisters in Gamma Phi: There is but one explanation—to my mind—accounting for the lack of exciting occurrences I have to offer you at the present moment. It must be that Boston Chapter has been converted to *The Simple Life*! If it be true, it is an eminently praiseworthy proceeding, but inevitably embarrassing for one who is constrained to write her history. Simplicity is indeed charming, ethically speaking, but apt to be less desirable from a literary or dramatic standpoint. At least our complications stimulate the world of art, in which letter-writing may claim a very modest corner.

By this time you have probably discovered that the preceding nonsense is simply to pacify the editor, when I confess to her and to you, the emptiness of our news budget.

Boston Chapter has had two meetings since the last issue of THE CRESCENT, and although they were well attended and thoroughly enjoyable, their programs were in outline so similar as to sound monotonous in recounting them. At the February meeting the election of officers was followed by the customary luncheon and hour of sociability, amusingly dominated by the young married contingency. We are blessed or afflicted with a round half dozen brides, whose recital of their original research work in culinary and domestic science is contributed freely to the convulsion of their audience. We listened to one harrowing tale about the *swelling* capacities of *split peas*, which was truly pathetic.

In our last letter notice was given of the Christmas spread then in preparation. You will be glad to know what a jolly afternoon Boston alumnae and the delegation from Delta spent at Katharine Whiting's home on that occasion. The mysterious

plans for our amusement developed most engagingly. Not only were we diverted by the "Battle of Blenheim," illustrated by the humorously grotesque pantomime of four sheeted figures, but we were also delightfully entertained by Grace Ward who read several stories, from her own newly published book, "In the Miz." Eugenie Ward, her sister, gave us a bright, original monologue. Our "home talent," as the woman's club calendars have it, was distinctly a success.

With loving remembrances to all our sisters of Gamma Phi Beta, Boston Chapter is faithfully yours in Pi Kappa Epsilon.

MILWAUKEE

CONVENTION news came late to Milwaukee Chapter this year, as our delegate, Miss Ross, prolonged her visit in the East until after the holidays. We celebrated her return at Pauline Richardson's and our New Year's meeting was made especially enjoyable by her account of convention. We, one and all, wished that we had been fortunate enough to enjoy the hospitality of our New York sisters.

We have been taking an active interest this winter in Gamma's welfare in doing what we can to induce college going girls to go to Madison. By a very pretty tea, given at the home of Mrs. Mary Pratt Bright, we think we succeeded in persuading a few, at least, out of some thirty young girls that the University of Wisconsin and Gamma Phi Beta together are the goal of all endeavor. We were aided in our efforts by Mrs. Ina Judge Hanks of Madison, Mabel Walker, Racine, and three Gamma girls, Clara Kemler, Loretta Carey and Philena Yutsey. The interest and enthusiasm aroused caused us to feel that we would do well to continue our rushing.

Milwaukee sends affectionate greetings to you all.

SAN FRANCISCO

SINCE the sending of our last letter we have had two especially jolly meetings. The first was the regular Christmas house-party and jinks held on the night of December twenty-sixth in Eta's empty chapter house. The whole house hummed with "old grads," for there was absolutely nothing to check the flow of Gamma Phi spirits—not even the presence of a Chinaman in the kitchen or at the front door. The latch-string was out, and the kitchen, too, was ruled by Gamma Phi cooks. Margaret Webb and Mrs. Lida Baldwin Thompson were in charge, attired in business-like aprons and bent upon supervising a dinner suited to the occasion. The rest of us brought each a fancy-dress costume and appeared at table in something more or less picturesque. It will be long before we will forget what a good dinner that was, and what a happy time we had talking things over. Christmas always brings the girls from a distance, who have been too busy to write often about themselves; and this Christmas was no exception. Later in the evening we held the regular business meeting, and very much later separated for the night. Morning came in what appeared to be less than thirty minutes, and with it the business of breakfasting and washing an array of dishes. It was noon when we left, but every minute had been a joy.

Our Christmas jinks was soon followed by Eta's Christmas tree, to which we have always a standing invitation. Many of us were able to present our offerings in person, and those who did certainly tasted the satisfaction of being fully appreciated.

This has been the sum of our social gatherings for the winter. Those of us who live about San Francisco bay need no special meetings to keep fairly well in touch with each other. A membership in Gamma Phi, an experience of good old times experienced in common, (and, too, the telephone) are enough to keep us the best of friends.

The happiest of greeting to you all, and good wishes from the San Francisco alumnae.

Births

To Mrs. Millie Morgan Dow, Alpha, a son.

Engagements

The engagement is announced of Jessie Christian Kunkell, Theta, '02, to Dr. Walker Franklin Pike, Omega Upsilon Phi, of Twin Falls, Idaho.

The engagement of Barbara Curtis, Gamma, to Mr. Earle Brown Rose, Phi Delta Theta, has been announced.

Personal

Mrs. Alice Coates Mott, Alpha, has moved to Auburn.

Alice Smalley, Gamma, attended the Prom at Northwestern.

Aileen Higgins, Epsilon, is spending the winter in Denver.

Arte Meade, Alpha, '04, is teaching in Tonawanda, N. Y.

Mrs. Chellie Stevens Wright, Theta, is now at home in Denver.

Clara Barkhausen, '03, visited Gamma for a few days in February.

Mary Reed, Gamma, was in Ann Arbor for the Michigan Prom.

Grace Eaton, Alpha, '07, has left college on account of ill-health.

Laura Fenton, Alpha, '08, has left college on account of ill-health.

Anna Reed Palmer, a charter member of Zeta, is spending the winter in Baltimore.

Lucile Timberlake, Theta, who is now Mrs. Fred Stover, is at home in Fort Collins.

Louise Shearer, '98, of Janesville, has visited Gamma several times during the winter.

Rose Lamphear, Delta, 1900, has given up her school in Melrose, on account of her health.

Mrs. Florine Courtwright Grabow, ex-Delta, is spending the winter months at Port Antonio, Jamaica.

Atossa B. Thomas, Delta, '03, is employed in the law office of Mr. A. P. Long, 22 Congress street, Boston.

Irma Schoepflin, Alpha, '03, who is teaching in Waverly, N. Y., returned to Syracuse for Senior week.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox, Alpha, has gone to Boston for a visit. While there she hopes to meet many Gamma Phis.

Blossom Henry, Theta, who had to leave college last year on account of her eyes, is back at work again this term.

Whilimena Case, who is teaching school in Lake Geneva, spent a few days with Gamma during her Christmas recess.

Nelle Miller, who is teaching at River Falls, Wis., visited Gamma for a few days during her Christmas vacation.

Florence Marshall, Delta, '99, is manager of the Trade School for Working Girls, which has been recently established.

Ruth Piatt, Alpha, who was prevented by illness from graduating with the class of 1904, has returned to college.

Louise Williams, Chicago alumnae, and her mother have gone to Florida to spend the winter, on account of Mrs. Williams' health.

Boston alumnae wish to extend sincere sympathy to Miriam Parker Rice, who lost her young sister, Elise Parker, February seventh.

Blanche McNeal Smith, Woman's College of Baltimore, '98, spent several days in the dormitory with the Zeta girls during February.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, visited his daughters, who are Gamma Phi's at the Woman's College of Baltimore.

Ino Proctor, Gamma, is supervisor of music and drawing at the State Normal School, Weston, Ore., twenty-five miles from Walla Walla, Wash.

Marion Dean, ex-Delta, is on the point of departure for Port Antonio, Jamaica, where she expects to remain until April, visiting Mrs. Grabow.

Mrs. Minnie Knox Kreutzer, one of Gamma's charter members, was in Madison with her husband at the time of the meeting of the state legislature.

Mrs. Luella Palmer Ford, Alpha, has moved from Lowell, Mass., to Chicago, where her husband, Rev. S. F. Ford, has accepted a call from the Englewood Baptist church of that place.

Grace Ward, Delta, '97, at the request of Prof. Warren, addressed the class in Introduction to the Theory and Practice of Education, at Boston University, Thursday, December twenty-second. Miss Ward has been asked to contribute an article on her methods of teaching for the *Bostonia*, published by the faculty of Boston University.



We are in receipt of the following:

“THE Grand Council of Pi Beta Phi announces the re-establishment of California Alpha of Pi Beta Phi at Leland Standford, Jr., University, on Saturday, February the eleventh, nineteen hundred and five.”



HINDS, Noble and Edredge, publishers, New York, have put out a collection of songs about seventy-five in number, entitled “The Most Popular College Songs.” They are indeed all that the title indicates, gotten up in a neat style. For every college student this handy little volume will help pass many an hour delightfully.