

JUNE

1906

# CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
Beta's New Chapter House—Helen Hicks.....	109
Poem—The Queen's Flower—Austiana Taylor Goreth....	111
Notes in Greece—Sarah E. Veeder.....	116
As Others See Us—Helen Thoburn.....	110
Impressions of Nashville Convention—F. L. Robinson.....	125
Y. W. C. A. Conference.....	127
Agora—	
Two Sides of Fraternity Life—Josephine Stone.....	129
A Plea for the Crescent—N. E. R.....	132
In Memoriam.....	133
Appeal in Behalf of the Song Book.....	134
Thirty-second Annual Convention.....	135
Editorials.....	136
Gamma Phi's Reunion.....	140
Chapter Letters.....	141
Personal.....	161
Announcements.....	167
Our Contemporaries in Black and White.....	167

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Beta Chapter House.....	Opp. 106
Delta Chapter.....	" 121

---

Entered as Second Class Matter December 17, 1903, at the Postoffice at Columbus, Ohio, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

# THE CRESCENT

---

## Editorial Board

Editor and Manager

ANNA MORRIS DIMMICK,  
Columbus, Ohio

### Associate Editors

- ALPHA. Elizabeth Opp, 709 University Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.  
BETA. Helen Hicks, 1102 Oakland Avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
GAMMA. Lenora Horan, 428 Sterling Ct., Madison, Wis.  
DELTA. Anne G. Goodsell, 15 Harris Street, Brookline, Mass.  
EPSILON. Sara Shute, Willard Hall, Evanston, Ill.  
ZETA. Helen Armor, The Woman's College, Baltimore.  
ETA. Rebecca S. MacNair, 2429 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.  
THETA. Margaret S. Carman, 1154 Corona Street, Denver, Col.  
IOTA. Jean M. Bruce, 476 West 141 Street, New York City.  
KAPPA. Sara Morrow Preston, Box 163, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.  
LAMBDA. Elizabeth Kaufman, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.  
MU. Helen Thoburn, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California.  
CHICAGO. Mrs. Alice H. Preble, 490 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.  
SYRACUSE. M. Corinne Lewis, 1721 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.  
BOSTON. Ella Cole Bohr, 15 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plains, Mass.  
NEW YORK. Florence Heermans, 209 West 108th St., New York City.  
MILWAUKEE. Mrs. Frederick B. Peterson, 344 Walker Street, Milwaukee, Wis.  
SAN FRANCISCO. Elizabeth Rothermel, 1960 Baker Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Volume VI

JUNE, 1906

No. 3

THE CRESCENT  
OF  
GAMMA PHI BETA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE  
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GAMMA PHI BETA

Published by  
THE SORORITY  
ANNA MORRIS DIMMICK, Editor and Manager  
26 North Fourth Street  
Columbus, Ohio

# GAMMA PHI BETA SORORITY

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 11, 1874

## Executive Board

PRESIDENT,	. . . . .	Mrs. Florence C. Savage 3019 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
VICE PRESIDENT,	. . . . .	Miss Gertrude C. Ross 2904 State Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
SECRETARY,	. . . . .	Miss Amy Louise Phelan 1128 Tenth Street, Sacramento, Cal.
TREASURER,	. . . . .	Mrs. T. L. Berry 1019 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
ADVISORY,	. . . . .	Miss Mabel E. Stone 410 University Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
ADVISORY,	. . . . .	Miss Marion D. Dean 489 Swains Pond Avenue, Melrose, Mass.

---

## Roll of Chapters

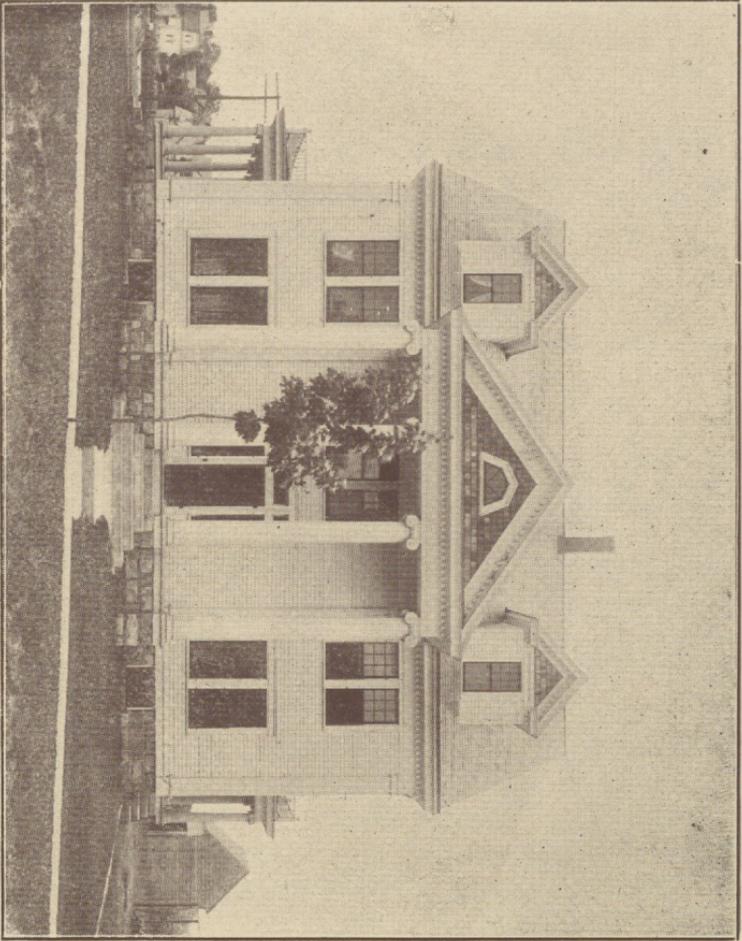
### GREEK LETTER CHAPTERS

ALPHA	. . . . .	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
BETA	. . . . .	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
GAMMA	. . . . .	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
DELTA	. . . . .	Boston University, Boston, Mass.
EPSILON	. . . . .	Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
ZETA	. . . . .	Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.
ETA	. . . . .	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
THETA	. . . . .	University of Denver, Denver, Col.
IOTA	. . . . .	Barnard College, of Columbia University, New York City
KAPPA	. . . . .	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
LAMBDA	. . . . .	University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
MU	. . . . .	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal.

### ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

CHICAGO  
SYRACUSE  
BOSTON

NEW YORK  
MILWAUKEE  
SAN FRANCISCO



BETA CHAPTER HOUSE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

# THE CRESCENT

VOL. VI

JUNE, 1906

No. 3

THE CRESCENT is published regularly the first of November, January, March and June. All matter for publication should be in the hands of the Editor the fifteenth of the month preceding the month of publication.

The Crescent is sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued and until arrearages are paid.

Subscription price per year, One Dollar, payable in advance. Thirty Cents (\$ .30) per copy.

For advertising rates address the Editor.

Send all subscriptions and address all communications to

THE CRESCENT,

26 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

## Beta's New Chapter House

BETA felt a deep interest in the description of Gamma's house, published in the March CRESCENT, and is glad in her turn to give some account of her own new home.

In the spring of 1905, we became very anxious to better our conditions. The house which we had occupied for four years, though satisfactory in many respects, had sufficient drawbacks to make us hesitate about renewing our contract. However, it was extremely difficult to find suitable houses for rent, and we had little hope of finding one. Dr. Jane Sherzer, an old Beta girl, was with us as chaperone at the time, and she was very anxious to leave us well situated for the following year. Although we had long talked and dreamed of owning a house of our own, it was Dr. Sherzer who first conceived the dream as a reality. It was through her perseverance and sustained interest that a house suitable for our needs was found, and through her untiring efforts that plans for obtaining it were formed.

Gamma's scheme of forming a stock company did not seem feasible in Ann Arbor, so we raised our funds under a somewhat different system. Under the management of Dr. Jane, we first of all were incorporated under the laws of Michigan, thus becoming an organization that could legally receive and disburse moneys. Letters were immediately sent to all members of the Chapter, in which were inclosed subscription lists and the systematized plans for our organization. The response to these appeals, together with the money contributed by the active Chapter, made the first payment on the house possible; and through the assistance of Major Soule, the final arrangements for ownership were completed early in April.

Owing to the fact that the membership of the active Chapter changes from year to year, it was deemed advisable to put the management of the corporation in the hands of the alumnae, who hold the offices of the organization. Thus the active Chapter holds the position of tenant to its alumnae, and is relieved of the responsibility of the corporation. The house rent pays the interest on the notes, and keeps the house in repair, while the pledges, which have been, and are, continually being made, apply directly on the principal.

The house itself is well arranged and commodious, and will accommodate thirteen girls, a chaperone, and the maids. With the few alterations that seemed necessary, our house has proved highly satisfactory in every way.

We feel under great obligation to Dr. Jane for her persevering efforts in our behalf, and to Major Soule for his support and assistance. We are also deeply grateful for the interest and generosity of our alumnae, and especially for the practical kindness and many good offices of our town alumnae.

HELEN HICKS.

## The Queen's Flower.

A HASUERUS mused; his heart was glad  
 With gladness growing daily deep and sweet.  
 His court, now free from Haman's crafty wiles,  
 Magnanimous Mordecai in wisdom ruled;  
 But like a pleasant, soft-diffused light,  
 Through all the palace stealing unawares,  
 Fair Esther's grace and loveliness were shed  
 On king and courtier, soldier, priest and mage.  
 And oft among themselves her name they spoke  
 In accents reverently chaste and low,  
 All seemly for a consort deity;  
 But when her beauty crowned the banquet hall,  
 Where revel wild had Vashti erst dethroned,  
 She from the dais high beside her Lord,  
 Blazed in white light of sovran purity,  
 Yea, Star of Shushan was her bridal name.  
 Then every several potentate and prince  
 With matchless pride fraternal on her gazed,  
 Feeling her loveliness in every vein,  
 Yet bowing to her peerless chastity.

But once a lord, emboldened by the wine  
 That seldom wrought to madness where was she,—  
 Himself the captain of the myriad host  
 That marched from great Euphrates to the West,—  
 Made answer, when Ahasuerus bade  
 "Ask to the half of all my realm! 'Tis thine,  
 For in thy honor is this festal week,  
 Because thou hast o'ercome our legion foes"—  
 Made answer then that Captain of the Host,  
 "Then may I wear one moment on my breast  
 What lieth next thy heart; I ask no more."

A silence like to that before the crash  
 Of hurtling bolt upon the banquet fell;  
 The King's white nails bit deep into his palm,  
 And o'er his brow majestic rolled a cloud  
 Beneath which leaped the lightning of his glance.  
 Soft on his hand the touch of Esther fell,  
 Light as a snowflake, light and sweet and cool;  
 Then in her shimmering robe inwrought with pearls

She glided from the dais to his feet,  
 And "May it please my Lord," she softly said,  
 "That I fulfill thy promise as I will?"  
 A gentle murmur ran throughout the hall;  
 "Yea! Yea!" he heard the princes answer, "Yea!"  
 The golden sceptre then he straight held out,  
 And Esther rose and passed adown the hall,  
 And bowed before the Captain of the Host.

Now on her bosom flashed a fiery gem,  
 That caught and prisoned every wandering ray  
 From myriad lamps and cressets far and nigh;  
 And pendant from this wonder, link on link,  
 A chain of rubies ran like to a stream  
 From out her loyal heart, and then was clasped  
 Unto an armlet brought from farthest Ind,  
 All studded thick with gems of price untold.  
 Smiling she laid her hand upon her breast,  
 And caught the captain's gaze within her own,  
 While with the pride of goddess, queen, and wife  
 She said "Ahasuerus' heart lies here;  
 And wouldst thou wear on thy courageous breast  
 What lieth next that heart? Behold thou shalt!  
 Henceforth be it thy proudest ornament."  
 Down from her snowy arm she slipped the circue,  
 And clasped it round the war-bronzed captain's wrist,  
 Then fastened on his heaving humbled breast  
 The dazzling emblem of her queenly state.  
 Whereat he bowed his knee and kissed the robe  
 That flowed about her on the ivory floor.

"Now, brave my lord, arise, for I of thee,  
 Will beg a boon, then lead me to the King.  
 My native land lies far unto the West,  
 And oft my thoughts fly thither on the wing  
 Of airy fancy; couldst thou bring from thence  
 A flower that groweth not upon this soil—?"

"What flower?" in haste the grateful Captain asked,  
 "How shall I know it? For by Bel the Great,  
 I swear that thou shalt wear it on thy breast  
 In place of this fair token on my own.  
 With mine own hand I safe will bring it thee,

And fates propitious will my life preserve  
 From hostile onslaught till the deed be done;  
 But tell me how the flower I shall know."  
 A gleam of girlish gladness filled her eye,  
 As she replied, "Bring hither then, my lord,  
 The flower that seemeth liketh unto me,  
 Remembering this—I was not reared in courts."  
 Touched to the quick in all his soldier's pride  
 That not an easy task was his to do,  
 He proudly led her up the banquet hall,  
 While reeied the arch with laudits manifold.

Three summers dragged their weary length along,  
 Two winters crowned the cedars dark with snow,  
 And e'en the third had melted into spring,  
 When Esther's cheek glowed rarer than the dawn  
 At tidings of the captain's near return.  
 For tho' Ahasuerus for her sake  
 Had peopled Shushan thick with singing birds,  
 And carpeted the city streets with bloom,  
 And mocked the very skies within her bower,  
 And fountains gushed where'er she set her feet,  
 Still in her secret heart the Jewess pined  
 For that one blossom from her native land.

And now the day, the very hour had come,  
 The palace rang with triumph and acclaim,  
 For dear to every breast was Esther's wish.  
 Again upon the dais sat the King,  
 Again beside him shone the beauteous queen,  
 And all the princes and the potentates  
 Again upon her gazed with awe and pride.  
 Ahasuerus' voice rang loud and clear;  
 "Hail, Captain of the Hosts! Stand not aloof!  
 Behold I stretch the golden sceptre out.  
 Draw nigh, and tell us of thy quest in lands  
 Far bordering on the mighty inland sea."

Then to the throne advanced the captain tall,  
 In stature like unto the King himself;  
 Noble his mein, and on his armed breast,  
 The glittering star that had illumed his way

Across the trackless waste of tawny sands  
Between Euphrates and far Palestine.

"Behold, O King, thy servant is returned.  
Let the King live forever! May it please  
Thee and the queen to hear what me befell?"  
And all the princes answered, "Let us hear."  
Then thus commenced the captain of the host:—  
"O King, it is a country full of flowers  
And rich with fruits. And up and down the land  
I drove my chariot, often through the fields,  
Beside the river's marge, beneath the trees,  
And oft I wandered by the running streams  
In search of such a flower as is the queen.  
Many were fair, but drooped ere hardly plucked,  
Many were sweet, whose sweetness made me swoon,  
Many were gay that had no pleasant scent,  
Many were beautiful, but waste and wild;  
Oft would I seize on what I deemed the prize,  
Only to find some blemish or some lack.  
Once I was sure, and sped my chariot wheels  
In haste to proffer it unto the queen,  
But lo! 'twould live alone in Palestine,  
And sadly I returned. Then winter came,  
And treasuring my patience I remained,  
Till flowers again awoke. Anon my quest  
I urged by hamlet and metropolis,  
Till one fair night I slept beneath the sky,  
And ere mine eyelids closed, a falling star  
Shot from the zenith, leaving there a wake  
Of foamy light, as though a fairy craft  
Were cleaving with keen prow the upper deep,  
Sped by a wind unheard by mortal ear.  
I took it for an omen favoring,  
And soft was slipping into hopeful dreams,  
When to my senses stole a fragrance fine,  
Breathing of orient spices and sweet gums  
Of Araby. Methought a caravan  
Had passed not far away, and raised my head.  
There on the earth beside me lay a flower.  
Trembling with joy I raised the blossom up

And pressed it to my nostrils. Rapture! Bliss!  
 But what its hue? Methought that it was white,  
 Ye gods! It turned to crimson in my hands!  
 Then—then to blushing pink, to amber then,  
 With streaks of flaming sunset all shot through,  
 Then once again to glistering virgin white,  
 Like to the queen in all her purity.  
 All life and charm, all maiden modesty,  
 All ripened womanhood and love intense,  
 All wanton childlike gaiety and glee,  
 Maturity of age and dew of youth,  
 Illusive fragrance, quickening soul and sense;  
 Spicy it is, and honey sweet, and cool  
 As drops that hang upon the bending grass  
 At dawn, when all the world is rosy fresh  
 From sleep, and strong young warriors gird themselves  
 Impatient for the fray.”

“And now, O King,  
 Have I done well?”

From out his mailèd breast  
 He drew the flower whose odor filled the air  
 With haunting sweetness. At fair Esther's feet  
 He laid it, but Ahasuerus put  
 His jeweled sceptre by, and took the flower  
 And held it light above her upturned brow,  
 And gazed absorbed into her brimming eyes.  
 When, lo, a miracle! It budded, bloomed,  
 Twined round her queenly head in loving wise,  
 And made a diadem more rich and rare  
 Than ever minèd gems in costliest gold.  
 Of cunning workmanship from far Cathay.  
 The princes and the potentates arose,  
 Music unseen filled all the throbbing air,  
 And when its trancing chords had died away,  
 A voice soft murmured to the listening throng;  
 “Far to the westward there shall rise a maid  
 Princess and Goddess, and this self-same flower  
 Shall crown a woman perfect e'en as thou.”

AUSTIANA TAYLOR GORETH, Alpha, '92.

## Notes in Greece

THESE few notes made during a recent visit to Greece may perhaps be of interest to the readers of THE CRESCENT. But who would dare attempt to describe the Greece of today, much less that other Greece whose radiance still lingers about the shattered remains of its former glory. Like the afterglow of its own incomparable sunsets rests the memory of great achievements recorded in the language of art, for the marvel of the world. The ungentle hand of time and the still more ruthless hand of man have destroyed and pillaged until it is hardly possible to reconstruct even the sites of the ancient buildings.

At Olympia, earthquakes causing landslides, have levelled and covered over the many temples until the excavated space is filled only with fragments, with here and there a lonely column erect. The Stadium, scene of the famous Olympian games, has hardly been touched in the excavations, but the marble stone serving as a starting point still shows depressions made for the feet of the runner. It has been said that these Olympian games in Greek life corresponded to a combination of the following modern institutions: A Methodist conference, a political campaign, the St. Louis Exposition, a football game, and a Salon.

Here stood that great temple of Olympian Zeus, containing the wonderful gold and ivory statue of the god by Phidias.

The marble statue of Hermes unearthed in these ruins stands in the small museum. A type of manly beauty, it deserves to rank with the Venus di Milo.

Let us pass to the height whence the Delphian oracle controlled the affairs of the Greek world. Here we pause to drink from the far-famed Castalian spring, its clear cold water bubbling from the rocks, being most refreshing after the long dusty scramble up the mountain, on donkeys.

The German archeologists have charge of the excavations at Olympia, and at Delphi the French have accomplished a tremendous task in removing and rebuilding a native village which had

grown upon the site of the ancient buildings. Delphi was the seat of the worship of Apollo and within the temple has been located the crevice in the rocks whence issued the fumes of vapor which, inhaled by the priestess, caused her to utter prophecies. The Apollo Belvedere has been thought to be merely a copy of a golden statue formerly in this temple. Delphi rests like a queen upon her throne of mountains, their rocky peaks stretching toward the sea, from which one is never far distant in Greece.

From Delphi we proceed through the Corinthian Canal and Saronic Gulf to ancient Mycenæ and Tiryns. The railway and a drive in curious two-wheeled carts bring us at last to the citadel of Mycenæ and we are facing the famous Lion Gate where the two sculptured lions have been keeping guard for perhaps more than twenty-five centuries. Here within the walls, Dr. Schliemann discovered the graves which he firmly believed to be those of Agamemnon and his companions. The immense treasure of golden ornaments found in these tombs is now in the Museum at Athens.

In the midst of a civilization which antedates history, stretching back within the mists of antiquity, the active twentieth century life seems very unreal and far away.

Stopping at the Island of Aegina, and climbing to the Temple of Athena, its few columns left erect, present a beautiful picture.

Pilgrims before a shrine, we approach the city of Athens, seeing dimly from the sea, the Acropolis, Lykabettos, and Mt. Parnassos towering above the flat-topped roofs of the city. As in a dream we stand before the Parthenon, that priceless heritage of beauty.

“The crown and glory of consummate form;  
The jewel of all the world most nobly set;  
High Beauty’s shrine, outwearing every storm;  
Shattered but not undone; thrice lovely yet.”

A visit to the Parthenon by moonlight is an experience never to be forgotten.

The Propylæa, or gateway, to the Acropolis is most imposing with its expanse of wall pierced by a columned entrance.

To the right stands the tiny temple of Nike, a perfect gem of Ionic architecture, as the Parthenon is the most beautiful example of the Doric.

The Erechtheion is very irregular in plan, differing from other Greek temples in this respect. It bears also the unique portico of Caryatids, or "Porch of Maidens," where six statues are used in place of columns to support the roof. A small museum just beyond the Parthenon suffices to preserve the few remains of sculpture which have escaped destruction and which Lord Elgin deigned to leave when he transported the Parthenon sculpture to London.

From the Acropolis is obtained an inspiring view over the city, out to the town and harbor of Piræus, the seaport of Athens, the islands of Salamis and Aegina, and Bay of Eleusis.

At one side of the Acropolis stands Mars Hill, where Paul made his memorable address. The sight of the temples may have suggested his reference to temples and to carved images. On the opposite slope of the Acropolis lies the Theater of Dionysos with marble seats arranged in concentric tiers. Here in the open air were presented among other masterpieces those of Sophocles and Aristophanes.

An early morning visit to the theater peopled it in imagination, with the audience, and a chorus, ready at the first peep of day to burst into a glorious ode to the rising sun.

Nearby are three small rooms cut in the rock called the Prison of Socrates, where he drank the poisoned cup.

Beyond the remains of Roman magnificence left by Hadrian's temples, lies the Stadion reconstructed in marble by the generosity of a Greek gentleman. Here are now being held the Olympian games in which American athletes are winning many laurels.

In the museum, the collection of vases, especially the paintings upon the white *lekythi*, or funereal vases, are a revelation of what the ancient art of painting must have been, so exquisitely are the faces and figures delineated by a single sweep of the brush. No one but a Japanese artist might attempt to equal it.

The brilliant life of modern Athens flows on, surging and eddying about the wrecks of its past grandeur.

The keynote of Greek civilization was, "Nothing in excess," a keen sense of proportion and fitness dominating every activity of life. "One can feel the very *geist* of the old Greek life, which was a life of heroic effort, of strength that came through struggle, of aiming after, even if it could not attain, that which is higher than life—ideal beauty and perfection."

SARAH E. VEEDER, Alpha.



### As Others See Us

THE Chairman of the Committee on Student Affairs, sometimes known as the Professor of Etymology, climbed the Rookery ladder slowly, because he was tired, the ladder was rickety, and he had a bundle of papers under one arm. The Rookery was the only place to go to correct papers on Saturdays, when the rugs were up and the children were home from school. One could shake quarts of ink off the edge of the platform from a stubborn fountain-pen, with no one to scold but a few chattering jays; one could tear up unsatisfactory papers and throw the pieces down into the chicken-yard, if one leaned far enough over the railing on the side toward the barn; and there was a box nailed up against one of the limbs rising through the floor which contained an apple or so and excellent tobacco, provided the children hadn't been monkeying in the Rookery recently.

The Professor drew the red-blanketed old arm-chair up to the wobbly little table that stood in the center of the platform, and settled comfortably down into it. The apples and tobacco might

come later, when some headway had been made on the pile of examination papers; and meanwhile he spread it out on the table before him and pulled out his fountain-pen. A look of deep and genuine contentment was spreading over the Professor's face—the Rookery always put him in this mood. The afternoon sunlight sifted through the oak leaves and dappled the table with light and shade; a trace of smoke lingering from a neighbor's Saturday bonfire tinged the air with a camping atmosphere; a fat towhee hopped along a branch within two feet of the Professor's chair, and cocked a bright eye at him, quite unafraid, and the Professor was at peace with the world.

Then towards the bottom of the pile of papers a corner of white caught his eye, and the three words on it turned his mood,—“of Pan-Hellenic.” He pulled the paper toward him, and sighed heavily as he glanced at it. It was the first draft of rules drawn up for “mitigating the publicity, expense, and general strain of Pan-Hellenic rushing,” which, as chairman of his committee, the Professor had worked out the spring before. No doubt it had been lying in the bottom of his drawer ever since, and had been mixed in with his papers as he took them out. At the time, he and his colleagues had been fairly satisfied with them, feeling that they met the demands reasonably and well, and would fulfill their purpose. A few weeks of putting them to the test had as yet given him no proof of their efficiency; but he was letting matters take their course, trusting to find out the results when the season was over, so far as one of the laity is privileged to know. Surely, though, they had made a difference, they must have done so, in fact he had noticed, he was sure he had noticed that very little rushing occurred in the eyes of the public, that the sorority girls and the freshman seemed to be undergoing less strain than before, that on the whole the system was immeasurably improved. A fleeting thought crossed his mind that after all he was on the campus only during the mornings, and perhaps

didn't see all that was going on, but he thrust it from him, with the white paper, and took up the first examination blank.

The fountain-pen worked this time. The red ink flowed smoothly, and there was much to do. The Professor was an expert in correction,—the pile of papers on the left gave over steadily to the pile on the right, and the towhee, and other towhees, and even a big bluejay, hopped nearer, in confidence, until one, more daring than the rest, flew up to the back of the Professor's chair. There was no sound but the scratch of the pen, and the occasional rustle of a paper; and once in a while a breath of air fluttered an oak leaf to the platform.

Suddenly the birds whirred and were gone in a flash, and the Professor dropped his pen and ran his hand through his hair irritably, for his train of thought was shaken. Shrill children's voices were coming around the house, turning towards the tree, and what seemed to the Professor a veritable avalanche of small girls streamed into the clearing directly below the platform. They seemed to have something under way, and their voices rose higher and higher in dispute till the Professor closed his eyes and leaned his head back wearily against his chair, for there was no writing till they grew a little quieter. Finally one voice rose definitely above the rest:

"Olivia's the only one that knows how to play it, I tell you. She lived out at her sister's house while her mother was away last week, 'n' she knows *all* about it."

The rest quieted down with an effort. Olivia had evidently taken a post of prominence, probably on the first step of the ladder, for it seemed to shake a little, and the others were paying her a grudging sort of attention.

"Well, it's this way. I made it up out of my very own head, but they play it truly out there. You call it Panney Lennick. No, of course, it doesn't make any sense, but neither does Chick-aray-Craney-Crow, or any of those things. You take a fresh-

man, and—oh, here,—let's play it right off—that's the only way you can learn it."

The listener from above was becoming interested. Here was to be a realistic delineation of the very system he had been questioning, and from one who knew. He rose and tiptoed very carefully to the cot next the railing, and knelt on the sagging springs, his elbows on the rail, his chin in his hands. The etymology papers could wait.

Down in the circle Olivia was energetically disposing of one small girl after another, now on an upturned apple-box, now on an old grain-sack spread on the ground; for herself, for lack of something better, she reserved a rather precarious barrel lying near the foot of the ladder. When they were all settled into place she stood on one foot, surveying them critically—at least the Professor, from acquaintance with Olivia, surmised the attitude and expression, for about all that he could see of her was the straight white line that marked the parting of her yellow hair. The unswerving path which it made across her little cranium seemed indicative of what the Professor's wife called "Olivia's frantic go-ativeness," and the Professor almost shuddered as she made a sudden swoop at his youngest, who was comfortably ensconced on an old stump in the middle of the play-ground.

"Kitten, you come over here." She half dropped the protesting little three-year-old over to the outside of the circle, and plumped her down on a huge packing-box facing the chicken-yard. Kitten's fat little legs straightway slid from under her, and she dissolved into a tearful heap at the foot of the box. The Professor was ready to descend the ladder on the moment, but Olivia forestalled him by picking Kitten up bodily, depositing her again on the box, and assuring her that she was going to play the most important part. Then she turned to instruct the others.

"Kitten's it,—I mean she's the freshman. We'll pretend this is the Libe—oh, that's the regular school-room out at the university, and it's the only place where you can play this, except at

the House. Now you mustn't pay any 'tention to Kitten till four o'clock, but we can talk about her all we want. Come on—let's begin."

Olivia seated herself astride the barrel. Her blue-clad legs curved round its fat sides, not quite touching the ground, and she tilted from side to side, now touching one toe, now the other, as she waited for the rest to start. An expectant silence ensued; the others sat primly on their respective sacks, boxes and stumps, appalled by the possibilities offered by this game of games, racking their brains for something to say; the Professor was becoming so absorbed that he was letting his foot go to sleep; and Kitten, completely pacified, squirmed on her post of honor, and drummed her little heels against the side, waiting, an unknowing victim, for the slander to come.

"Aw, you're no good," scorned Olivia presently, as to a backward class. "You've got to pretend better. I don't like the way she does her hair, do you, Dorothy?" She turned to the little girl sitting next to her, after an open stare at the back of Kitten's head.

Dorothy caught the cue. "Why, no," she replied confidentially, in a shrill whisper perfectly audible to the Professor. "I think her mother wets it too much when she braids it, and see how fidgety she is—we keep our feet still."

"Why, of course," affirmed Olivia with dignity, as she held herself very straight on her barrel. "Now—do you think the boys like her?"

"Fujiyama does," piped up the Professor's Marjory, now confident of being thoroughly in the spirit of the thing. "He always gives her the dough left over from when he's makin' pies, 'n' he's all the time pretendin' to play jiu-jitsu tricks with her."

Olivia nodded patronizingly. "Yes, but now,—do you think she's a good dresser? See where that hole in her apron's pinned up with a safety-pin! Don't you think—"

Up flamed Marjory. "My mother made that apron. Don't you dare to say it ain't perfectly all right. You got a hole in your own stockin', anyway, so there."

Olivia, abashed, but resourceful, hastily pretended to consult an imaginary watch. "It's most four. The minute it's time we can go and get her, and whoever gets a hold of her first—beats, I guess," she finished lamely. "Here, we'll divide up. You girls over there—" she dismounted from the barrel and swiftly drew a line in the dust with the toe of her shoe. "You can be Siginas, 'n' we're Alfalfa's over here—that's my sister's house—my sister, she's an Alfalfa, or something like that. Now we've each got to try 'n' get Kitten, and—"

"What do we do with her when we get her?" queried one.

"Oh, hug her, and make an awful fuss over her, like you wanted something from her awful bad."

"But I thought we'd just been pretending we didn't like her."

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference. That's what the game is—that 'n' getting her first. You Siginas over there act as if you didn't see us, but when I say one, two, three, four, so—I'm the clock—then we all rush."

They waited on tiptoe, fidgeting to be off. If this game was rather unintelligible, it at least contained the charm of action. Kitten was peacefully crooning a little song as she sat on her packing-box. She had forgotten the game, for the view of the chicken-yard was most absorbing. The Professor tried to change his position—the cot creaked, and an acorn rolled off the platform, but the children didn't look up.

"One!" began Olivia—"two, three—four—go!"

Off like a shot went the two factions. The Siginas aimed directly for the box, but the Alfalfas, led by Olivia, circled around it and fell on Kitten as one man, laying strenuous hands on the astonished child, patting her, poking her, squeezing her, forming a bulwark on all sides, till the discomfited Siginas, who had tried to reach her from behind, fell back in a body. One small girl,



DELTA CHAPTER, BOSTON UNIVERSITY

unable to get any closer, had grabbed the hem of Kitten's apron, and in the melée fell, dragging the apron with her. The sound of ripping cloth was followed by a sudden terrific roar from the now thoroughly frightened Kitten. Kitten's crying, once aroused, was a fearful and wonderful thing, and even Olivia relinquished her fervent grasp as the terrified child gave way to her sobs. The Professor, amused, but at the same time alarmed, prepared to hurry down the ladder, but around the corner of the house Mrs. Professor came flying to the rescue. Anxious and frightened, she broke through the crowd of girls, gathered Kitten up in her arms, and bore her off to the house, alternately comforting—"My precious baby, what *did* they do to mother's pet!" and casting indignant glances at the silent little group left behind.

"Well," finally said Olivia slowly, "I never saw it turn out just that way. I suppose that was what they call the committee. Let's go play Chickamy-Craney-Crow around in front."

The train of small girls disappeared around the house, a trifle subdued, and silence reigned in the back yard. The Chairman of the Committee on Student affairs rose slowly from the cot, went over to the table, and drew a fresh sheet of paper from the drawer. Then he seated himself, took up his fountain-pen, and began to think.

HELEN THOBURN, Mu.



### Impressions of the Nashville Convention

HOW much a single word can suggest is well illustrated by the many memories the word Nashville suggests to those who attended the great Student Volunteer Convention. Weeks of anticipation and planning: then the railway journey during which the delegates became acquainted with each other; the stop at Cincinnati where ice-bedecked cars from Canada and Michigan met cars from Ohio, New England and the Middle States, all laden with students southward-bound; finally the cordial welcome by the people of Nashville, and the geniality of "the warm, beautiful, sensitive South," which made itself an inseparable part

of the convention days; these are some things which Nashville suggests.

But the first memory the word calls forth this moment, while, sitting pen in hand, the thought of CRESCENT readers rises to view, is the noon hour on that windy Saturday, when eight Gamma Phi girls stood in front of Ryman Auditorium and submitted cheerfully to the inevitable kodak. In this group Beta and Kappa each had one representative, Mu had two, and Zeta four, two of whom, however, were ex-members and not a part of the delegation proper. Four of the eight were Student Volunteers, one of them being at present in the Y. W. C. A. Secretariat work, as is also her other sister from Mu.

To the writer this meeting of Greek with Greek was a new experience, and very delightful was the sudden at home feeling that was felt on spying the Gamma Phi Beta pin and knowing that these strangers were our friends and sisters. This chance for acquaintanceship and friendship was one great feature of the convention, and we learned to appreciate the grand possibilities for contact with other students as one of the foremost privileges of the convention.

But take away this element of inter-collegiate contact, and the greatest part of the convention would still be left. In fact, it can never be exhausted. If each delegate could contribute a share to a single common report of that week, the convention would still be unreported. It would be presumptuous then for one alone to try to report it, and we can only pick out a few points which seem separable from the rest only because they stand out as especially significant of the convention as a whole. For no part was really isolated, but formed some continuous part of the whole. Even the messages which came in such close succession from speakers of so different types, seemed to be subservient to some great plan and to add their weight directly to one great pre-eminent thought. This thought, weaving itself into the entire fabric of the convention, and including the many other lessons

of those five days, taught the lesson of taking infinite pains to give the Divine Master His rightful place in our lives; not alone by recognizing His right to our service and possessions, but by recognizing His right to be made our friend and by cultivating the Divine Companionship. This was the lesson emphasized in so many ways, and with which Donald Fraser's voice and presence are, in the writer's mind, especially connected.

I have tried to suggest the outer and inner side of the convention. But so inadequately can this be done here, that one can scarcely be blamed who still asks, "Was Nashville worth while, in view of the sacrifices necessitated by attendance on it?" There is only one answer: its name is Legion and it speaks best in the language of memory. Yet Nashville is not only a matter of memory. It is perhaps an old story to those who had to take it secondhand, but new ever to those who once felt and still feel the life of it. A widening of interests, of knowledge, of friendship, perhaps of influence, was part of its gift to us, but the part that cannot be told was even greater.

F. L. ROBINSON, Zeta, '08.

### Y. W. C. A. Conference

CAPITOLA is a word which signifies to the university women of this coast the very essence of love and fellowship and power.

The seventh Pacific Coast conference of the Young Women's Christian Association was held at Capitola, California, from the thirty-first of March until the tenth of April.

The Capitola hotel and adjoining cottages were used. The hotel is further down on the beach washed by the Monterey bay. At one side of the hotel a high cliff juts out over the beach. On the grass under the trees here meetings are held two or three times during the conference. On the other side, further along, is the river which offers one of the diversions

of the afternoon hours. To add to the beauties of the scenery, the full moon on the waves held us spellbound watching it, sometimes for many minutes after the lights were out.

The conference was led by Miss Ruth Paxson. Miss Paxson and Miss Condé were in charge of the student department, with Miss Wilbur, whom our colleges are proud, though reluctant, to give to the national work. Miss Sims was the secretary of the city department and Mrs. Thurston of the missionary work.

The plan of the conference was carried out about the same on every day. At fifteen minutes after eight in the morning came the missionary meeting, then the Bible classes and there were two of these. After that the student and city sessions were held at the same time and for three quarters of an hour before lunch the platform meeting was held when we were addressed either by one of the secretaries or by some minister from around San Francisco.

The afternoons were given up to recreation. Walks, drives, excursions to the Big Trees, rowing and swimming. After luncheon you could see little groups of girls going off to enjoy any of these.

One of the greatest pleasures of the afternoons was the personal talks with the secretaries when the girls came with their problems and troubles and always went away strengthened. But the afternoon was not the only time for appointments with the secretaries or with some of your friends whom we looked to for help. Late at night, before breakfast in the morning—there were so many girls with so many needs that the time was all too short.

In the evenings there was a general meeting, after which the representation from each college went to its delegation room where we talked and prayed together and this was a fitting close to each beautiful day.

It is the regret of the Berkeley girls that they cannot attend for the whole time at the conference. But we have no

spring vacations so most of us went down on Friday night, the sixth of April, and stayed until Tuesday morning. We were there for college day, when the spirit of fun prevails and for the banquet on the last night.

But we feel that things were worked up to a climax for us and immediately we too caught the Christ-like spirit of the conference and it meant to all of us more than we had ever imagined.

The delegation from Berkeley numbered about seventy. There were in all three hundred and seventy-five in attendance at the conference.

The theme of the conference was, John 17:10: "All mine are thine and thine are mine and I am glorified in them," and the purpose, "To lead young women into the doing of God's will and the service of his love as the one satisfying mission in life."

We fraternity girls have returned home with a broader outlook and a stronger purpose to accomplish all through Him and for Him because we realize that only as we work in His strength can we have real gain.

And last and greatest of all we have in our hearts a deeper love and sympathy for the world-wide sisterhood in Christ.

CARMEL RILEY, Eta.



## Agora

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

### The Two Sides of Fraternity Life

THE principle upon which fraternity life is based is the principle of friendship, so to talk about our life as fraternity sisters is to talk about the relation of true friends. But before speaking of the close friendship within our own circle, let me say something about our relations to others in order that we may not lose sight of the altruistic side of fraternity life.

Fraternity is not synonymous with aristocracy. We have not chosen each other because we think each other superior to others in all points of excellence. There are non-fraternity girls in college who may surpass us in many ways, and for that reason are deserving of our highest respect; but whether the non-fraternity girl is brilliant and attractive or quiet and unpretentious we owe her something, and she too can give as well as receive. We need to be interested in other girls and to have their happiness at heart. Our fraternity life should be our private life. When we are thrown with other girls in any way whatsoever, it is best to forget fraternity distinctions, to feel that in public our duty primarily is toward others. As the members of a family do not select each other for special attention when in company, but rather make the most of such opportunities to enjoy their friends, reserving the expression of the closer relationship for a more private and appropriate hour, so in the truest sisterhood the relationship is so close, the bond of love and harmony so strong that we do not have to make them known by public displays of affection and preference. Gamma Phi Beta stands for democracy, and in no way can we be truer to ourselves, truer to others than by carrying out this principle. Each of us represents Gamma Phi, and we must all line up to the same principle if we are to continue the reputation of the fraternity.

While we have friends outside, it is inside the fraternity that we find our closest and dearest. To form these friendships is the aim of the fraternity, and our aim as individuals is to make these friendships mean to us all that they can mean. There is no limit to the growth of true friendship. We are all warm friends now, but every day and every week of our lives welds us more firmly together, and brings us more happiness in sisterhood.

But perhaps we do not all realize what is the secret of such friendship. You say, "love," and that is very true, but for us to try to love each other would be like a plant trying to grow. There is a condition which, if fulfilled, is sure to result in the

perfect friendship which we desire, and that condition is mutual understanding. We shall find a world of good in each other heretofore undiscovered, if we only find each other out. We do not yet know each other as we may. We do not know what our best friends think in their moments of highest, of deepest thought. We have not yet sounded each other's depth of character, and I dare say that when we do we shall be surprised at the wealth of true value which before we had not known and in not knowing had missed the most precious part of friendship. The most brilliant diamonds lie deepest, the most beautiful picture is not always the one in the most gorgeous frame. Every one of us is a Gamma Phi because she was believed to be worth finding out, worth knowing, and we cannot afford to miss this full deep knowledge of character.

On the other hand let us give ourselves to our friends. We do not want to wear our hearts upon our sleeves, but there are times when it is our duty to come out from our sanctuary of reserve, to be open-hearted, and to show our best selves.

Friendship is a very important factor in college life. It exerts a strong influence upon us while we are yet very susceptible to impressions, and the influence which we exert as well as that exerted upon us is much greater than we realize. Fraternity sisters influence each other more strongly than others because of their intimate acquaintance, but I really believe that they also have a stronger influence upon non-fraternity girls than others have. Their position makes them more or less conspicuous and whether the non-fraternity girl acknowledges it or no, she does give added importance to the action of a fraternity girl, and if her conduct is thoroughly Christian, her influence for good is so much the greater.

Thus our fraternity life while bringing to us social advantages and an infinite amount of fun, also brings to us responsibility, for it opens up opportunities for giving and receiving benefit which would otherwise be closed.

JOSEPHINE STONE, Zeta.

### A Plea for the Crescent

THE question has been asked over and over again, why hasn't Gamma Phi a larger and more representative magazine? Whose fault is it? It certainly isn't the fault of our editor. She surely has done and is now doing all that is in her power to do. It is true that since she undertook the work of editing our magazine, it has grown and is better than it has ever been before. I am sure that we all appreciate her good work and that each and every Gamma Phi thank her most sincerely.

The fault is not entirely that of the active chapters for usually they are prompt in responding. The fault must then fall on the shoulders of the *alumnæ*.

Why, can't we, as *alumnæ*, do our part? We, who at present are readers of THE CRESCENT, might urge some sister Gamma Phi, who has neglected to subscribe, to renew her interest. We, as *alumnæ*, might occasionally respond with a written article on some interesting and timely subject and help our magazine to grow.

Let us do our part in making THE CRESCENT as good, if not better, than any other fraternity magazine. Let us aim to build up THE CRESCENT so that it will be a paying magazine within a few years. In this way our officers would get some recompense for their labors. You remember the story of the unhappy pendulum, which you and I read in our fourth readers. The point of it was that the clock was a unit and that which affects one of its members, affects the entire unit organism. When the pendulum ceased to swing the dial, the hands and the clock springs ceased to do their duties.

If we allow our sorority magazine to suffer from our neglect, we will injure our present high national standing of which each and every Gamma Phi from Alpha to Mu is so proud. Let each one of us then send to the editor of THE CRESCENT at least one new name and thereby double the subscription list for next year.

N. E. R.

---

### In Memoriam

EMELINE STUART GEARHART, Zeta, Ex-'08.

BORN, OCTOBER 18, 1877.

DIED, JANUARY 11, 1906.

"And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle, and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."



RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MABELLE GRAY  
FREEMAN, IOTA.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to take unto Himself our sister, Mabelle Gray Freeman, of the Class of '04, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the Iota Chapter of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority, do hereby express to her bereaved ones our heartfelt sympathy; and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and be published in THE CRESCENT.

JEAN M. BRUCE,  
ETHEL M. KNOX,  
LINDA B. SAVITZ,

For the Chapter.



### Deaths

Lida French Thurston, '98, of the Syracuse Alumnae Chapter, on February 22d, at the House of the Good Shepherd.

---

### Appeal in Behalf of the Song Book

THE Song Book Committee have been working at their task faithfully. As yet they have not brought about the desired results, but this is through no fault of theirs. The facts in the case are these: About one-third of the money pledged has been paid. The new plates for the new songs are nearly finished, but the work will have to stop at that stage until the remaining subscriptions are paid. The work was begun in good faith that all enthusiastic subscribers would be prompt in their payments. It seems unfair that those who have sent their subscriptions should be forced to wait for their books because of the delinquents. But, as the committee has no financial backing except the amounts pledged by individuals, they cannot continue without funds to pay the bills. It should not be expected that they should assume the debt themselves and advance the money. Had the subscriptions been sent by April 1, the time set for them, the books would have been issued before the close of any college term. The delay has caused an indefinite postponement.

This is to be regretted. It has been several years since the edition of the last song book has been exhausted, and consequently many have been unable to own a song book. There are doubtless many more than the number required to insure the issue who are wanting a song book, but the veritable procrastination has caused the delay and stopped the work of the committee. To be sure your subscription for the book amounts to but little, but not so when you are multiplied by one hundred.

Please communicate with Miss Emma F. Lowd, Chairman of the Song Book Committee, 417 West 120th street, New York City.

## The Thirty-Second Annual Convention

October 16th to 19th, 1906

To be Entertained by Lambda Chapter, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

**Miss Jeanette Perry, 322 Thirtieth Avenue, Seattle, will be glad to give any information concerning the convention.**

THROUGH THE CRESCENT, Lambda extends a cordial invitation to all Gamma Phi Betas to attend the convention of 1906, which will be held in Seattle, Washington. There will be provision for all alumni as well as for the degelates who may attend, and Lambda urges each chapter to be represented at the convention. In coming to the northwest, delegates will make a trip of great educational value to themselves. They will be able to see the vast extent of their wonderful country, for they may come by a northern route and return by a southern, or vice versa. The delegates will have an excellent opportunity to visit other of our chapters, than which along sorority lines nothing is more helpful. That each chapter may be represented by at least one delegate is the earnest wish of Lambda, and for as many of the alumni as may be able to attend there will be a warm welcome.



THETA sends greetings to her sister chapters and wishes to extend a most cordial invitation to all girls expecting to go to the convention next year, to stop over in Denver. If you have never been here you should not miss an opportunity of seeing the "Queen City of the Hills," and if you have, you will surely want to come again. The Denver Gamma Phi's will be only too delighted to meet eastern sisters and since we can't all go to the convention will enjoy having a little of it with us. Do make your plans to stop with us for a little time on your way, and we will try our best to give you a good time.

MARGARET S. CARMAN,

1154 Corona Street, Denver, Colorado.



ALL Gamma Phi Betas unite in extending congratulations to our president, Mrs. S. A. Savage (Florence Clifford, Delta) on the birth of a son, Donald Clifford, March second.



THE thirty-second convention is to be entertained by Lambda Chapter at Seattle at an earlier date than usual, as will be seen in the announcement, in order that the Eastern delegates and visitors may take advantage of the summer rates.

The heartiest of invitations have come not only from Lambda, but Eta, Theta and Mu too, urging every one to attend the convention and afterward visit in California on the way home. The hospitality of the west is proverbial, so those who do not accept these pressing invitations from some of our younger chapters will miss a very great deal of pleasure.

This convention really promises to be the largest and most enthusiastic we have had and every one is urged to do her part in making this promise good.



ALL the dreadful anxiety and suspense of these last few weeks, when we did not know the true condition of affairs at Stanford University and the University of California, has at last been removed. The most courageous and hopeful letters have come from both these chapters as well as from the

San Francisco Alumnæ and as a consequence we have experienced a greater relief than can be expressed. The weekly and daily papers are giving us more and more of the harrowing details of those first few days of the earthquake and fire until we can begin to appreciate in a small measure the horror of it.

But the thing that seems almost inexplicable is the heroic spirit of those who have passed through all these terrors, to say nothing of the great losses. Is it not somewhat the common sorrow that has developed in them, the hero that is in the gentlest as well as the strongest and has it not in spite of distances proved our true sisterhood?

We all wish we could in some material way help our brave western girls and in that way show how very thankful we are that their loss is not nearly so great as we feared. At present we would assure them of our heartiest sympathy and sincerest love as well as our strong pride in their cheerful bravery.



OUR Beta girls have gone into their new house and are doubtless enjoying the experience this settled condition has presented. All the inconveniences that are incumbent upon a rented house are no longer a trial to them. They have perhaps taken a greater financial burden upon themselves, but what is that to real householders who are working toward the acquisition of a home of their own? At any rate our Beta sisters are all optimistic and hopeful and we congratulate them cordially upon their splendid success thus far and the brave spirit with which they are looking forward into the future.



GRACE SMITH RICHMOND, Alpha, has started another serial in the Ladies Home Journal, "The Dixons." The first part appeared in the May number.

MRS. GORETH wrote "The Queen's Flower" as a toast for Zeta's spring banquet in 1899. We are glad to have the privilege of publishing this, that every Gammi Phi may read it. We frequently hear toasts which we would like all to hear, but it is seldom that we have one given which has such merit as has this.

Our interest in Greece and its art is increased by the experiences of Miss Veeder, who has recently returned from a year's study abroad. The year's study doubtless has created many delightful experiences, but she has shared with us the days spent in Greece.



#### News from Stanford University

IN response to a letter written to ascertain the situation at Stanford University we have received the following:

My Dear Miss Dimmick: It's worth while to have a thing like this happen, just to find out how good people are. Your letter and that of Mrs. Savage, and the letters and telegrams from other chapters have been more welcome than I can tell you.

Of course you know a great deal more of the facts now than you did when your letter was written, but I do wish I could show you how much better conditions really are than the outside world seems to know. I went up to San Francisco yesterday, and in a whole day spent in walking the streets I didn't see a sign of tragedy or suffering of any kind. What would be tragedy if it were in isolated cases is so universal that it is all taken as a matter of fact, and everyone is cheerful and making the best of things and rather enjoying being the center of world interest. I don't mean to depreciate the situation, but that's really the strongest impression one gets from seeing San Francisco.

As for just the Chapter, we escaped better than most of the organizations here, I think, because we don't own our house

and won't have to pay for the necessary repairs, and because we have no San Francisco girls, or girls whose fathers will be seriously affected financially. I feel very sure that every girl will be back next year, though I couldn't have said that before the earthquake. The biggest blow we suffer is the postponement of our new chapter house, but the girls themselves are what count, and the house will come later.

So you see the baby chapter, though it has lived through a pretty big experience, will come out safe and whole. I wish I could have shown, in the chapter letter, our appreciation of the loyalty which the National has shown in the letters which have come in in the last few days. Thank you again for your sympathy and desire to help. Faithfully yours,

HELEN THOBURN.

N. B.—I have found an article in the San Francisco Chronicle which will give a good idea of the situation at the university:

Stanford University, April 26.—Because of the recent earthquake exaggerated reports have been spread about over the country detailing the devastation of the buildings of Leland Stanford Junior University. The sudden cessation of regular work at Stanford in consequence of the great fire in San Francisco and the general disorganization ensuing have allowed these reports to go uncontradicted. It is to place before the various Stanford alumni associations in the country and to prospective students of Stanford the exact state of affairs, that the Sigma Sigma Junior honorary society decided to circulate this letter.

Stanford University has not been entirely destroyed. The university will be in as good condition to receive the incoming class next August and to provide them with working facilities as it was in the fall of 1905. The regular Stanford library was not badly damaged and could be opened tomorrow if necessary.

Encina Hall will be ready to receive over three hundred men next fall and will be in better condition than ever. It is now considered the strongest stone building in the state. A falling chimney caused the only damage to the building during the earthquake. This can never happen again.

Roble Hall was not damaged to any serious extent by the earthquake and is perfectly safe.

There will not be a tuition fee charged, and registration fees will not be increased to any great extent, if any.

There will be no reduction in the strength and numbers of the faculty. A number of strong men have been recently engaged from the east and others will be engaged as needed. In the end the reputation of a university stands on its faculty and on its men. Buildings are a splendid addition but they are not vital. Stanford, however, has the most comprehensive scheme of university architecture in the world. It will stand as a model for years to come. Great buildings like the Memorial church and the Memorial arch, which were without peers in the United States, will be rebuilt as soon as possible. Work on the arch will be commenced at once.



### Reunion of Gamma Phi

RECENTLY, while visiting Louise White Haller, Epsilon, at Ironwood, Michigan, we were delightfully banqueted by Zaidee Vosper and Margery Rosing, Beta, '04.

Our favors were pink carnations and the toast cards were very appropriately done in Gamma Phi colors by Margery. After the banquet we had a genuine Gamma Phi sing and an enthusiastic Gamma Phi talk. Zaidee and Margery having been active such a short time ago, served as an information bureau, telling us of Beta's beautiful home purchased about a year ago, and answering question upon question put to them by us, who live out of range of any direct Gamma Phi news. Let me here add in echo to an Epsilon alumna's "Plea for Definiteness." We depend on THE CRESCENT and our chapter letters for knowledge of Gamma Phi. I think an active chapter cannot realize the disappointment of her alumna when a letter from their chapter fails to give definite news, or worse, fails to appear at all in THE CRESCENT.

SADIE PLATT GREENING, Beta.



## ALPHA

DEAR SISTERS IN GAMMA PHI: The chief events in Alpha during the past few months have been a tea and the annual donation party. The tea was given to the faculty, and the other sororities on the Hill. The faculty were invited in the evening, the sororities in the afternoon. The house looked unusually pretty for the occasion. The parlor, in which green is the prevailing color, was decorated with white tulips banked upon the mantelpiece and with smilax. The electric lights were shaded in green. In the hall, too, green predominated. Here behind a screen of palms the orchestra sat. In the library were American Beauties, hyacinths, and red shades on the lights. Red carnations, candles and smilax decorated the dining room. As all the guests appeared to enjoy themselves, we felt that the tea was worth the time and trouble we had expended upon it.

The donation party was held the evening of March 31st. The sophomores, who got up the entertainment for the occasion, gave a clever little Japanese play written by Ruth Laycock, one of their number. The house was decorated with branches, to which had been fastened pink and white flowers of tissue paper to simulate the cherry blossoms of Japan. Although something of a botanical novelty, these gave an extremely pretty effect. A little pagoda in one corner, over which the blossoms grew in great profusion, was quite "Japanesque." Many of the girls, even those not in the play, wore kimonos with wide sashes to help on

the idea. The play, "O Yoshi," passed off very successfully. "Reggie" Waters, as the heavy villian, scored a remarkable hit, and all agreed that "Reggie's" proper career is on the stage. After the play, the girls served tea and wafers and sang Gamma Phi and other songs.

The alumnæ, who are always extremely kind to us, fairly outdid themselves on this occasion. We received ninety-five dollars in cash, silver and table linen for seventy people—no more borrowing for banquets—vases, pictures and plates. A Stickley chair and table from the sophomores and freshmen respectively were among the gifts.

Moving-Up Day is Friday of this week. The freshmen are as usual busy with their preparations.

We have the honor this year of having had Elizabeth Wildman elected as class poet of 1906, and Ruth Laycock chosen on the 1908 Onondagan Board.

To all the Gamma Phis, Alpha wishes successful examinations, a happy Commencement and a pleasant, restful summer.



### BETA

BETA sends most cordial greetings to all her sisters in Gamma Phi. Beta has been unusually fortunate this semester in the number of old girls that have been back to college. Kate Balentine Heavenrick was in Ann Arbor the last week in March, dividing her time between the active girls and Winifred Kinne. Schoolmaster's Club, which came on the fifth, sixth and seventh of April, brought back Edith Kimbell, Cornelia Steketee Hulst and Marion Brownell. We were especially pleased to have Marion with us, as it is undoubtedly the last time that she will be here before her marriage to Dr. den Bleyker, the twenty-sixth of June. Frill Beckwith, Irene Gilbert and Kate McGraw, three of our girls who are teaching in the State, spent their spring vacations in Ann Arbor, and Alma Paine Sterling was here over Easter. This week Wednesday we had the pleas-

ure of having with us once again Caroline Johnston, whose marriage to Mr. Bradford of Alpena is to take place early in June.

Since our last letter to THE CRESCENT, there have been but few entertainments of any kind. Marion Dickinson gave a very pretty tea on Valentine's day, which was followed by a dinner at the House. Our annual fancy dress party, which comes on Washington's birthday, was more than ordinarily successful, showing a number of exceedingly clever and original costumes. Winifred Kinne gave an informal bridge party just before Lent, and while Kate Heavenrick was in Ann Arbor, Marie Shearer gave a tea for the girls.

Our spring banquet comes this year on the sixteenth of June, a date which we have tried to arrange to suit the greater convenience of the greater number. We are very desirous and hopeful of having an especially large number of girls back, and count on the pleasure of entertaining them for the first time in *our own* house.



### GAMMA

GAMMA sends greetings to you all. With the advent of spring, Madison has been visited with a perfect flood of sunshine and a startling abundance of balmy weather. It seems quite natural to see the large expanse of blue lake dotted here and there with sails and canoes. The usual spring madness seems to be quite universal this year, as everyone is recklessly indulging in cross-country strolls, canoeing, and driving and consigning all thoughts of the dread finals to a dim and distant future. Occasionally we underclassmen are brought down to earth rather suddenly by the studied dignity of one of our seniors in her awe-inspiring cap and gown, but I caught one of these same grave seniors going off on a lark with her cap perched at a saucy angle and a merry twinkle in her eye to match, so it is evident that even they are not immune.

May is the month of formal parties and general social activity. At present we are looking forward with great impatience to June 1st, when Gamma will entertain her men friends at her usual formal party. We are especially delighted at the prospect of having with us at this time a number of girls from Epsilon and Kappa Chapters, and also some of our alumnae members.

Gamma is most unfortunate this year in losing five seniors—Euretta Kimball, Elizabeth Whitney, Berenice Hunter, Josephine Allen and Louise Durst. These girls have rendered very material aid in raising the Chapter to its present high standard. We regret most sincerely that they must leave us now and only hope that the girls who fill their places will put as much conscience and energy into the performance of their duties as these girls have.

We will end the scholastic year with our annual Gamma Phi banquet, which seems to us a fitting climax to a successful and happy year.

Gamma wishes you all a happy and restful vacation.



#### DELTA

**D**EAR SISTERS: The rubber plant has made its annual appearance in the front vestibule, the Common is growing green, the Gardens are just a glory of red and gold and purple, and every Delta girl is just as happy and full of spring sunshine as can be.

Just now our world is so full of a number of things that it is little wonder we are happy. And busy! Why we feel like squirrels in a cage chasing round and round after themselves and only stopping long enough to get breath to go on again.

The first nice thing that happened to us since our last letter was the election of Rachel Bessom as valedictorian of the senior class—the highest class-day honor.

Then early in March came Klatsch Collegium—the largest social event of the year—when our freshmen distinguished

themselves as hostesses of the 1909 table. Before we had recovered from the after effects of Klatsch we were confronted with the awful necessity of procuring a play to be presented at our sorority Philomathean. Not since "Julius Caesar" had been laid to rest with full military honors had Delta appeared upon "the boards." We were in the darkest despair until Esther Bates came to the rescue with the cleverest little comedy sketch, "The Engagement of Janet," which she had written for us with—O, joy of joys!—an "all girl" caste. To say that Esther wrote it is equivalent to saying that it was an unqualified success. Beside this, we gave another play which was highly commended for its excellent presentation. We were a very happy crowd of Gamma Phis that received the congratulations of our friends in chapel that night, you may be sure.

We had a vacation Easter week—very few days and very many papers, sort—you all know that kind of holiday. Then for the next week or so we were simply deluged with invitations to informal teas and receptions. It seemed as if every sorority in college was entertaining for some one and we were all glad of the chance to meet our sister Greeks in this delightful way.

Meanwhile, the juniors have been planning their college work ahead so that they may let lessons slide for one whole blissful week and revel in the junior festivities. Delta has an added interest in the revels of the week because there are so many Gamma Phis on various committees.

By the time you girls are reading this letter junior week will be a thing of the past. So will exams. and commencement and we shall all have attained the even tenor of our way instead of pursuing it as we are at present. We wish you all the jolliest, happiest kind of vacations and send our best love to each and every Gamma Phi Beta.

Dear girls of Eta and Mu, we have thought of you ever so many times lately. We want you to know that you have our

sincerest sympathy and an especially warm and tender share of our love.



### EPSILON

WITH "mid-year's exams" safely passed, Epsilon has again assumed a normal attitude toward study, and has entered into college activities with the usual pleasure. Most of the formal affairs here at Northwestern are given during the second semester. The "Pan-Hellenic Prom" opened the season of gayeties, on the evening of February 23d. It was a brilliant party, and one of the most successful "proms" ever given here.

As each sorority and four of the fraternities give formal parties, these last few weeks are rather strenuous. Here our guests are members from the different sororities and fraternities.

Gamma Phi Beta gave the first post-Lenten party on the evening of April 20th, at the Ravinia Casino. We had about one hundred and fifty guests and the evening was a "grand success." Our programs were the work of Gamma Phi Betas. Miss Florence Snook of Kappa designed them, and three of our girls illuminated them. The last dance on the program was a new Gamma Phi Beta waltz by one of our freshmen, Katheryn Crawford.

Another nice affair which Gamma Phi has had was a dinner party given by the freshman girls to their men friends.

The Junior Play, which came on the thirty-first of March, was a great college event. The play given was "Follies," and all the parts were well interpreted. One of our girls, Sarah Shute, played in the role of an aspiring wife of a poetic husband. After the play the men of Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, and Delta Tau Delta entertained at supper at the Ravinia Casino.

"Trig," the light opera, given by the freshman men comes the last of May. The plot always deals with the extinction of Mr. Trig; each year he meets his end in a new way. The music and play are written by the freshmen.

The "Woman's League," which is rather an infantile organization here, has had several functions both formal and informal,

In sorority circles the all-absorbing question now is "rushing" rules for next year. No compact has been agreed upon yet in the "Pan-Hellenic Association," but there will probably be one proposed. We have tried ten days, and also a four weeks' restricted "rush," and do not like either plan extremely well, yet we prefer having a compact, rather than to return to unrestricted rushing and pledging.



#### ZETA

**D**EAR SISTERS: Since our last letter to THE CRESCENT we have added one to our number. Our girls were never more happy than when the pledge pin was put on Elizabeth Zatch, 1906, who has since become a loyal Gamma Phi.

Shortly afterward the return of Caroline Smith for a few day's visit surprised most of us. Her stay was not as long as we might have wished, but we made good use of the time while she was here, and now we are looking forward to seeing her again at Commencement.

In the spring elections which have just taken place, we know that you will be glad to hear of Gamma Phi's successes. One of our girls, Josephine Stone, was made President of the Students' Organization for next year; Ethel Shriner is one of the Supervisors of Athletics, and some minor offices are held by other Gamma Phis.

Of all the college year one of the most popular social affairs was given last Friday night, and for it we have to thank the clever energetic Freshman Class, who got up a Country Fair at their own suggestion for the benefit of the college magazine. They worked like Trojans the entire afternoon, making the gymnasium look like anything but a gymnasium; and when evening came they found no rest, but played their parts with tireless zeal.

Needless to say the fair was a great success, not only financially but in every other way.

The annual spring and Commencement events will begin next week when the freshmen take the juniors down the bay. From then on the air will be filled with the Commencement spirit and the time until June 5 will pass like a flash. At the close of college we are going to the shore for a house-party, and then about six of us will go to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay, where we hope to meet other Gamma Phis.

In her last message of the year Zeta wishes to thank her sister chapters for their good letters. We shall look forward eagerly to a renewal of them in the fall, and in the meantime, we wish to all a most delightful summer.



#### ETA

**D**EAR SISTERS IN GAMMA PHI: This letter will begin with the present, for our minds are filled with the terrible catastrophe of last Wednesday. On the eighteenth of April, as everyone knows, we were awakened by a violent earthquake which lasted some twenty seconds. Chimneys fell down and walls cracked, but no serious damage resulted in Berkeley. In San Francisco, however, a hundred fires started at once and, since waterpipes were broken by the earthquake, the flames gained such headway that they raged for three days. Now only a fourth of the city remains and Berkeley is filled with homeless and penniless refugees.

Fortunately the college buildings were not injured at all. College work is suspended for the time though, except that seniors will be graduated in some manner, but not with the usual festivities of senior week.

Now to resume the narrative of events of this semester. The first great event of the term was the "Christmas Tree," celebrated on the evening of January 22d, when the alumnæ and active Chapter met together to have a jolly time. First the presents

were displayed, then came refreshments and a general good time.

A month later, on the twentieth of February, we gave a reception both afternoon and evening to our friends in college and about the Bay. Eight hundred cards were sent out, and all who came reported an unusually pleasant time, so that we felt that the affair was a success.

Systematic rushing began with informal affairs once or twice a week at the house, besides college events. The sophomore burlesque and two other plays given by the men's and women's dramatic societies and musical organizations were very good. Three of our girls took part in one of them, "The Pirates of Penzance."

A series of events of great importance, not only to college people, but to all who live about San Francisco Bay, were the symphony concerts. These were given every other week this term in the Greek Theatre, under the direction and leadership of Dr. Wolle, head of the newly-established Department of Music. No more wonderful sight can be imagined than the audience of five thousand people listening to the symphonies of the great masters played in the open air.

The University was also fortunate in having on display in its art gallery the wonderful needlework copy of the "Sistine Madonna, the work of Fraulein Ripberger of Dresden. This representation is exactly like the original in size and coloring and is considered a marvellous reproduction. The Prytanean Society, the woman's honor society of the University, was responsible for having this great work of art on exhibition. They entertained Fraulein Ripberger, whose life work it is to travel about exhibiting the great work of her sister. Through two of our girls, who are Prytaneans, we had the honor of entertaining Fraulein Ripberger at dinner, and she told us most interesting stories of her sister.

This term we had a call from Imogene Kean, Epsilon. She is spending the winter at the home of her uncle, Professor Hatfield, and is doing work in college.

We also enjoyed a visit from Nellie Talley, Zeta.

Sarah Morgan, from Theta Chapter, is registered in college as a regular student. Her father was stationed in San Francisco, but they are now in Berkeley, having lost their home in the fire.

The annual banquet was held in April at the Chapter house. A great many of the alumnae joined with the active Chapter in celebrating the eleventh birthday of Eta, and the affair was a very delightful one.

Now we are beginning to scatter for the summer, but hope to be together again in August. We will then look forward to a splendid term of college work. It will be especially interesting because we are to have convention on this coast and hope that all eastern Gamma Phis who come out West will pay us a visit on their way. We can assure to all a hearty welcome from Eta. San Francisco will be at least partly rebuilt then and we will be very glad indeed to show you the new city. So plan, one and all, to arrange your time so that you can stop and visit us on your way. Our best wishes to every Chapter for a very happy vacation.



### THETA

ONCE upon a time there lived in a beautiful golden palace far up in the heart of the mountains eighteen happy princesses. Surrounding the palace was a great green garden filled with beautiful trees and flowers. But there was one bed of flowers which grew more luxuriantly and which the princesses tended more lovingly than any other, and that was a bed of pink carnations. Every quarter they picked great bunches of these lovely blossoms and sent them to their sister princesses in a far country. One beautiful morning in the spring when the tender grass was just getting a delicate green, when the trees were sending forth their tiny leaves and when the birds were trilling their liquid notes in sheer happiness of heart, the maidens all came joyfully into the garden to pick the flowers for their usual offering

of love. But one, the one whom they had chosen to assume the responsibility of sending the flowers, wandered away from the rest into another part of the garden. She saw so many beautiful things that she quite forgot her sisters and their work, and spent the day in idleness and dreaming. When the sun began to sink and the shadows in the garden grew long and cold, she started up in alarm and hurried back to the palace. How her heart sank in contrition when she saw lying neglected on the broad marble steps the beautiful carnations picked in the morning with such loving care. Never before had they been so large and so rich in coloring, but now they were wilting and drooping their heads as if in sorrow. The maiden gathered them into her arms with a little sob. They were so beautiful even while dying. She knew that she never could send withered flowers to her sisters and her heart was very sad. But she carried them with her as a reminder of her carelessness and resolved never to be neglectful again.

And this is how it happened that Theta had no letter in the last number of THE CRESCENT, when she had so much and such good things to tell you all. Well, we might as well start to tell what should have been told before, and of course, our play comes first. This year Lindsay Barbee wrote another play for us entitled "Minerva versus Venus," and this is even more clever than last year's. Beulah Hood, who is a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, staged and directed it for us, and Fern Mitchell, another one of our seniors, managed it, and aren't we proud of our *family* talent? Every one of our eighteen girls was in the play and there was not a single one that did not do beautifully. We took in about two hundred dollars and the house was packed. The tickets sold for twenty-five cents only. The proceeds above expenses we have turned over to the Athletic Association. We were so proud of ourselves the morning that the Chancellor acknowledged our gift in chapel, and told everybody what he thought of us that we could scarcely come down to the common

things of life. After such hard work we felt that some acknowledgment was our just due.

The prospects of our University were never so bright before. Every year the attendance increases and every year there are many improvements made. Mr. Carnegie has promised us a thirty-thousand-dollar library and everybody is happy over that. Denver University is a mighty good place to be happy, anyway. Everybody is—it is just in the air. And the Gamma Phis, of course, are the very happiest of all these happy people. We work and play together in the joy of sisterhood, and although with the beautiful thoughts of spring comes the air of Commencement and parting, still we know that the bond of Gamma Phi Beta is stronger than time and place, for it is the bond of love.



### IOTA

DEAR SISTERS IN GAMMA PHI BETA: Iota's strenuous social life is drawing to a close, for now our "rushing days" are over at last. Our final party took the form of a luncheon and musical given at the home of one of our seniors, Edna W. Stitt. Many of the New York alumnae and several from the chapters were with us, and we all had a real jolly time. This was on Saturday; the following Monday we pledged our two long-cherished freshmen—Helen Newbold and Helen Louise Aigiene.

On April 12, during the Easter holidays, we had our initiation and spread at the home of Willa M. Fricke, '06, Riverside Drive. We now have five Helens in the Chapter. As one of the girls said in her toast, although we have nothing to say about Hebraism, we certainly make a specialty of "Helenism."

After pledge day we had a spread just for ourselves; to get acquainted with each other once more, for truly we have scarcely seen anyone save freshmen. We are going to enjoy each other now.

One of our seniors, Emma B. Lee, has been compelled to leave college because of ill health. After mid-year's her health failed her, and after several weeks illness, has returned to her home in Idaho. We all feel the great loss which she has occasioned, but all hoping for the best, and that she will return to complete her course in the fall.

Anne Carroll, '07, has also been out of college with the measles. She hopes, however, to be sufficiently strong to withstand "finals."

Our last social function for the year will be a tea given early in May, and then comes our last Chapter meeting for the year, our spring banquet, then "finals," and all "goodbyes" for the summer.

Iota has been very glad to have Miss Luella Stree, Beta, '03, with her for Chapter meeting and several social affairs. We are always anxious to welcome any and all Gamma Phis.

Since this will be the last issue of THE CRESCENT this year, Iota wishes each one the best of success in "finals," a happy summer vacation and Godspeed.



#### KAPPA

DEAR SISTERS IN GAMMA PHI BETA: Are all your skies as blue, your college lawns as green and shady, your hearts as light and your brains as rebellious as ours these glorious days? Or is spring at Minnesota so much more beautiful and tantalizing than anywhere else? This has been such a long winter, with a short Christmas vacation and no spring holiday, that it is very welcome to us, and we are making the most of it.

The campus presents a very animated appearance just now. Workmen are busy on both the Woman's Building and the new Main, both of which are to be carried to completion as soon as possible. Alice Sheolin Hall, as the Woman's Building is to be called, is of vital interest to all the girls of the university, not

only because it will add so much to their comfort, but because with the Woman's League, we all feel we have some share in making it a possibility. This long-felt want filled, the League has turned its efforts toward securing the appointment of a Dean of women, and we hope to see such an appointment made before long. We are very proud of Katharine Taney, one of our seniors, who has been president of the organization during this important year.

Among spring "doings" about college there have been the Military Ball, the Crack Squad Hop, the Glee and Mandolin Club concerts, and the Euterpean Club concert. The last is a girls glee club, of which Jeraldine Brown, Mu, '04, is president, and Rewey Belle Inglis, Grace Kingsley, Lella Albrecht and Helen Lovell, all of Kappa, are members. The junior class party took the form of a river trip and return by moonlight, which has been the envy of other classes ever since.

On May first Kappa entertained with a tally-ho ride and informal dancing at the Minikahda club. Other fraternities and sororities have done their part in entertaining, so that the calendar has been full.

Already senior week is upon us. This year we have five sisters in that august class, and then we are vitally interested in class play secrets, prom. committee's plans and class day's mystic rites. When they are all over we shall carry the girls away with us to a true Gamma Phi house party at one of the lakes. Doubtless some of the rest of you will be gathered around the festive campfire at the same time in chosen spot ever so far away. But we can feel, at the end of the long June evening, when the last song is sung, and the embers are glowing red, that we raise the toast together to the jolly college days, and dear old Gamma Phi!

Best wishes to you all for the best of vacations.

## LAMBDA

THERE has not been much of interest with Lambda since her last letter. We had the honor of meeting last week the Grand Presidents of three sororities—Miss Rose Smith of Delta Gamma, Mrs. Mallory of Kappa Gamma, and Mrs. Earl Garretson of Kappa Alpha Theta. Lambda turned her usual night at home into a reception in their honor.

The juniors and all of us are looking forward with much interest to junior week, two of our girls being in the Junior Opera.

Some of the girls are planning to see Florence Coffman married. The wedding is to be quite a large affair. Miss Ethelyn Coffman, her sister, is to be maid of honor, and several of the girls bridesmaids.

As this is the last letter before college closes we wish you all a pleasant summer and hope to see you all out here for convention next fall.



## MU

DEAR SISTERS IN GAMMA PHI: In the hardest letter a chapter ever had to write, we have to prove to you that though we are shaken up in many ways, our spirit is as strong as ever. You all know the facts about the University. As for just ourselves, the house is unharmed except that it will have to be entirely replastered, and the girls are all right save for the inevitable shock and strain. College was closed immediately, and we all got our credits without any further work or final examinations; but I believe every one of us would barter the four months vacation before us for the senior week we've lost. Our four seniors, and the rest of us, too, are thanking heaven that none of them were planning to graduate till Christmas, for the fate of the May graduates of 1906 is the hardest of all.

The girls have gone home, and the house is empty, but next September it will hold the same fourteen girls that have just left

it, with the addition of Edna Earle of Los Angeles, our new pledge, for the last words of every girl at the station to those of us left behind, were: "I'll be back in the fall." Pessimists are predicting small attendance at college next year, but never were loyal students more anxious to come back, and we're sure of our fifteen, at least.

In this number of *THE CRESCENT* we were to have had the supreme happiness of announcing that by convention time we would be in a new house of our own, and it is one of the greatest losses that we must suffer that this will have to be deferred for at least the coming semester. But we'll let our strengthened love and pride in our University make up for the lack of the new house, and we urge most warmly that all of you who can arrange to return East after convention by San Francisco, will plan to come to us on your way. We are only thirty miles south of the city, you know (there will be a bigger and better San Francisco than ever by that time), and we can take in just as many as can possibly come. The University is still worth coming many miles to see; we promise there'll be no more earthquakes; and we do want to welcome and know in our own home as many of you as possible. If you are planning to come, or wish further information, write to Winifred Gilbert, Stanford University.

You of the other chapters will have to enjoy your Commencements doubly for us. Our girls have been on all sorts of class committees, but college honors and college activities count very little just now. This is being written just a few days after the earthquake, you see, but by September everything will be normal. Till then, when we shall meet again in our letters, we wish you all the happiest and most restful of vacations.

## SYRACUSE

SYRACUSE ALUMNÆ has held its regular monthly meetings since our last letter to you. We gave the active Chapter a chest of silver and table linen at their donation party, and our work lately has been to hem the napkins.

Our banquets are held at the Chapter house and heretofore the active girls have been forced to borrow silver and linen from nearby alumnae. We hope we have lightened their work and we know we have received pleasure in the satisfaction of having our own silver ready for use whenever needed.

Our meeting this week is with Hattie Budd Waddleigh and we should be pleased if some of the other chapters might be represented at that time. We send you all best wishes for the approaching vacation.



## BOSTON

DEAR SISTERS: Since our March letter little of interest has happened in Boston Chapter. Fourteen Gamma Phis attended the March meeting, after which we had luncheon at the college club. We had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Ruth Holling Gordon, Alpha, 1905, and Miss Marion J. Moulton, Beta, 1905, on that occasion. In April, we were not as fortunate in regard to numbers, our roll call showing only ten girls present. The meeting in May is the last held in the rooms, but in June, following our usual custom, we expect to meet at the home of some hospitably-inclined alumna.

On the sixth of April, many of the alumnae were fortunate enough to witness the play given by Delta in the college hall. As Delta's letter will contain details, it is enough for us to mention our pleasure in the performance. The play, written by Esther Bates, is a most clever and amusing one, and the parts were especially well taken. We were very proud of both author and actors. Rumor has it that we are to have a second performance at the spring reunion, but that, too, is part of Delta's story.

Just now the thing uppermost in the minds of all of us is the dreadful disaster in California. As yet we have had no word from our chapters there, and we anxiously await news of our sisters in San Francisco. Our hearts are full of sympathy and we are eager to do our part, if in any way we can be of assistance.

Boston Chapter sends best wishes to all sister chapters for a happy vacation time.



### MILWAUKEE

ONE meeting tells the story of Milwaukee Chapter since the last letter. Miss Addie Loeper, Gamma, '98, was spending the Easter holidays in Milwaukee, and her cousin, Mrs. Laura Case Sherry, entertained us in her honor. The afternoon was so pleasant and passed so quickly that the general opinion was that we certainly ought to meet oftener. Therefore next time it is to be hoped that our letter may contain more of interest to our sister chapters.



### SAN FRANCISCO

FROM our ruined city the San Francisco Alumnae Chapter sends heartiest greetings. In the earthquake and subsequent fire no serious injury has come to any of our members, as far as we know; every one has suffered loss, but we are fortunate in comparison with thousands.

Mrs. Harriet Harazathy Hunt and Mrs. Maud Allen Allen both lived within the burned district, but both are now safe in Oakland. Our other members living in San Francisco escaped with damaged chimneys and harrowing adventures on the day that the fire seemed doomed to consume the remainder of the city. The earthquake shook up Oakland and Berkeley, but as the fire did not ensue, the girls living across the bay have forgotten their loss in china and bric-a-brac and their discomfiture incident upon overturned chimneys in their splendid work of assisting the throngs of destitute people—who were driven

by the flames (especially from the Latin quarter) across the bay, Some of our members are at a distance and now that the mails are emerging from chaos, we receive their letters—fine, generous, hearty letters that make the readers feel good though the rain is threatening and no fires are allowed within the houses, and dinner must be cooked over the improvised fireplace at the street curb, when the result is the best meal you ever tasted, though the cook acquires the fragrance of a side of bacon.

We seem to have forgotten what life was before the fire—conditions have so completely changed. The Baltimore ruins are but a handful compared with our many square miles of desolation. Think of San Francisco without a hotel or restaurant, the retail and wholesale districts gone, the great "South of Market" wiped out, and only the resident section about Pacific Heights and the Park left. In all the parks and the Presidio are the great camps for the homeless, and at convenient corners throughout the unburned district are the supply stations. As the calamity came upon us so suddenly, even among the prosperous, there was a lack of ready money, and the few supplies left unburned could not at all suffice. So the "line" was formed. Made up of all sorts and sizes of individuals, with soldiers to preserve its symmetry, the line moved slowly onward past the distributing tables. Those worst days a chunk of bread was eagerly stowed away, and when we waited for bacon the fear was great that the supply would not stand against the length of the line, but each got a fine greasy hunck. In the line were your aristocratic neighbors mixed in with refugees from smouldering Chinatown. Though it sometimes rained, no one seemed to mind; the extent of the calamity took away any feeling of personal discomfiture. When a bakery was put in operation the line before it was blocks long; if one wished to pay, he did so; but two loaves of fresh bread were given to each person. One man offered a small boy fifty cents (four bits) for

his two loaves, but the little man sadly refused. Rough looking men put women before them in the line; everywhere there was good nature and consideration, and such pitiful sparklings of humor. A cosmopolitan city crowded into limited districts, the roughest elements forced into the wealthy residence portion, and no lights at night and yet order and safety throughout.

We are still under martial law, and still must carry water a block, and fires inside are forbidden, but the glow in the sky at nightfall has died to nothing, and before the ruins were cool, the spirit of hope and resolution was strong to rebuild our city better and more wisely than before. The open air life we are forced to lead gives huge appetites and sound sleep, and there is less sickness than before the disaster. Also the generous assistance from everywhere has minimized the suffering.

The last meeting of the San Francisco Alumna Chapter was held at Miss Kellogg's home in Oakland. I only remember that we were planning to give a luncheon in honor of the Eta seniors.

As soon as affairs are more straightened out and our energies are not exhausted on questions of food, shelter and raiment, also when transportation is not so generally dependent upon "Shank's Mare," the San Francisco Alumna Chapter will have a reunion, and the half-minute earthquake and the terrible three days of fire will be a memory which shall serve but to deepen our bonds of sympathy and love and hopefulness.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

The old home of Mrs. Lillian Allen Parker which her grandfather had brought in sections around the Horn in the early fifty's, still stands, together with the home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson on historic Russian Hill.

Helen Martin, Eta, '01, is sojourning at La Jolla, San Diego, and so missed the earthquake.

**Personal****Gamma**

Alice Bevans, '03, is at present in California.

Etta Findeison, '04, with her sister Florence, is spending the year in Germany.

Gamma enjoyed a visit from Eunice Grey sometime ago. Eunice is a loyal Gamma girl.

Carrie E. Morgan, '86, is expected back in May from abroad, where she has been since last August.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fisher (Josephine Ross, '02), have moved from Chicago to Roanoke, Md.

Nell Smith Case, '89, of Manila, and son Archie, are spending two or three months of the hot season in Japan.

The engagement of Lillian Barkhousen to Mr. Sam Hastings, Green Bay, Wis., has been recently announced.

Nell Perkins Dawson, '91, is the literary editor of the New York Globe, of which her husband is the editorial editor.

Annie G. Chapman, '90, is expected to spend the summer in Madison. She and her mother have been in Italy this winter.

Daisy Stott, one of last year's seniors, spent a few hours between trains in Madison in March. It seemed like old times to have Daisy with us again.

Gamma was extremely sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Clark, Waterloo, Wis. Mr. Clark was the father of Mrs. Thomas Brittingham, '86, and always sang the praises of Gamma Phi.

Minnie Knox Kreutzer, '87, and her family have returned from a two months visit with her sister in New Orleans. Her sister, Lena Knox Winton, '89, and family have been in New Orleans all winter.

Mollie Pritchard, '03, was married January 1st to Mr. Archibald Nash, at Manitowoc, Wis. Mr. Nash was a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at Madison. He is now engaged in practicing law at Manitowoc, where they will make their home.

An Iowa club has been formed at the University of Wisconsin. Nearly a hundred students are enrolled from Iowa.

It may be interesting to know that every year of the twenty-one years since Gamma Phi was established at Madison, there has been a Sioux City, Iowa, girl in the chapter.

The following changes of the residence of the Gamma girls may be of interest to the readers of THE CRESCENT.

Jessie Bell Woodward, '89, is in Houston, Tex., this year.

Bessie Pyre Roetz, '04, and family are at Markeson, Wis., this year.

Lillian C. Fitch is in Salt Lake City, 425 East South Temple street.

Florence Baker Hays, '91, is at 315 North K street, Tacoma, Wash.

Since her marriage, Marjorie McCauley Taylor, '04, has lived in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Edith Mitchell Hambright, '04, has changed her residence from Racine to Antigo, Wis.

Nellie Etter Royce is in Platteville, where her husband is connected with the Platteville Normal School.

Helen Richardson Berryman, '02, has moved to California, where her husband is in the real estate business.

Barbara Curtis Rose is now living at Tucson, Ariz. Her husband is interested in the Twin Butte Mining Company.

Bertha Van Deusen Mathews, '91, has been for the last year at 397 North Raymond avenue, Pasadena, Cal., with her family.

Anna Spencer Harrington, '92, whose husband is connected with the Oldsmobile Company, moved last September from Detroit, and is now at 212 Hillsdale street, Lansing, Mich.



### Delta

Rachel Bessom, '06, substituted in Laconia, N. H., for a few weeks this spring.

Mary K. Taylor, '09, is going abroad in July to spend two years in foreign study.

Katharine D. Hardwick, '07 has been elected editor in chief of the Boston University Beacon.

Delta is trying to console herself for the loss of one of her freshmen, Bertha Perley, who has left college on account of the illness of her mother.

The marriage of Francis Sanders, '05, to Paul E. Brodbeck (Boston University, Theta Delta Chi) is to take place in June. They will reside in Denham.



### Epsilon

Helen Jackson, '07, came back for the Epsilon formal party.

Sidney Hall spent two weeks with Evanston friends at Easter time.

Madge Miller of Beta came out to see the Epsilon girls during her visit in Chicago.

The marriage of Mr. Edward C. Dapples and Victoria E. Gazzalo, '01, took place on March 15, at Chicago. At home at 1350 Wilson avenue, Chicago, Ill.



### Zeta

Nell Watts, '05, will sail shortly for Europe.

Adeline Webb, '01, visited the chapter in Baltimore.

Mary Sawyers, ex-'07, is traveling in Italy and Greece.

Letitia W. Simons, '00, sails for a summer in Europe, June 30.

Jane Smart, '04, passed through Baltimore on her way to New York.

Caroline Smith, ex-'07, visited the Chapter in Baltimore for a few days.

Mary Maxim, '04, will sail in June for a tour through England and Scotland.

Ann Williams, ex-'08, has returned from Finland and is spending the spring in Dresden.

Born, February 27, 1906, a daughter, Frances Evelyn, to Alma Groves Cookman, Zeta, ex-'98.

The engagement of Frances Robbins, ex-'04, to Mr. Rankin Kane of Baltimore has been announced.

Myra Manifold, '05, has been making a tour over the island of Porto Rico, and will return to the States in June.

The engagement of Lucille Reilley, '08, to Mr. Laban John MacDonald of Charlotte, N. C., has been announced.

The engagement of Elsie Robbins, ex-'07, to Dr. Solon Dodds of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., has been announced.



#### Eta

Katherine V. Willis, ex-'03, is living in San Francisco this winter.

Mrs. William Colby (Rachel Vrooman), '95, is now living in Berkeley.

The engagement of Alice Collier, ex-'03, and Mr. Rorer of San Francisco is announced.

Mary R. Underhill, '05, graduated in December. She is now doing post-graduate work.

Pearl Curtis, '04, paid a brief visit at the chapter house lately. She is teaching this year at Concord.

Marguerite Campbell, ex-'03, and her sister have been spending the winter in Pasadena and are now in Berkeley.

The engagement of Gertrude Thayer, ex-'03, and Dr. Edgar Alexander was announced at a luncheon at her home in January.

Sarah Morgan, a Gamma Phi from Denver, is registered at the University of California as a member of the Sophomore Class.

The engagement of Wanda Muir, ex-'05, and Mr. Thomas R. Hanna has been announced. The wedding will probably take place in the fall.

**Tota**

The marriage of Mary Gould Gray, '05, to George O. Tamblyn, Colgate College, Union Theological Seminary, took place on the nineteenth of April, at the bride's home, 246 Fourteenth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



**Kappa**

Grace Foster, ex-'07, spent a fortnight in May with the chapter.

Born, to Edith Todd Jones, '02, a daughter, Marian. Kappa welcomes her as the chapter's first baby.

Eleanor Sheldon, '04, has been appointed instructor in English at the University of Minnesota. Miss Sheldon has not yet taken her master's degree, so that the honor is a signal one.

Rachel Beard, '08, returned to Minneapolis upon the closing of Leland Stanford, after the earthquake. Kappa was much relieved to learn from her that "our girls" did not suffer any serious damages during that terrible event.



**Lambda**

Mrs. J. R. Finlay (Edith Adams), now residing at Colorado Springs, has a son.

Florence Coffman of Chehalis, Wash., is to be married to Malcolm Donahoe, May 1, 1906.



**Syracuse**

Born, on April 26th, a son, Dwight Marcellus, to Emily Wells Simons of Chicago.

Mable Stone, Syracuse Alumnæ, and her mother, Mrs. H. G. Stone, are spending several weeks at Mt. Clemens.

Several of the Syracuse Alumnæ plan European trips this summer. Nettie Sadler, Janet Kevand and Jennie Henderson are among the number.

Georgiana Taylor Carpenter was in Syracuse a few days in February. The Chapter House and its occupants seemed as attractive to her as when she was an active girl.

Kate Gardner Cooke, Genevieve Ostrander Porter and Gertrude Fuller of Syracuse recently spent a day in Auburn, the guests of Corine Brown, who is in very poor health.

Leland Briggs Wadleigh, son of Hattie Budd Wadleigh, died very suddenly after but three days illness on March 1st. His parents have the sympathy of a large circle of college and city friends.



### Boston

Frances W. Sanders, Delta, '05, will be married in June to Mr. Paul Brodbeck, at Wollaston.

Grace L. Durgin, Delta, '02, will be married to Mr. Harvey Hilton on June 27th, at Wollaston, Mass.

Ruth E. Clarke, Delta, '02, will be married in June to Dr. Clarence Staples, at Sommerville, Mass.

Mrs. Edward Grabow, Delta, ex-'04, has returned from Jamaica, and is at home at "The Empire," Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

On April 11th, Harrit Ross, Delta, ex-'04, was married to Levi Willcutt, at her home in Wollaston, Mass. They will reside in Southern avenue, Dorchester, Mass.



### Milwaukee

Mary Laffin spent the Easter holidays in Chicago.

The death of Mrs. Anna McNaney Rains (Mrs. Leon F.), sister of Mrs. Elizabeth McNaney Peterson, Milwaukee, occurred February 28, 1906.

### Announcements

PI BETA PHI FRATERNITY announces the reestablishment of Iowa Gamma Chapter at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, Saturday, February 24, 1906.



THE ALPHA XI DELTA FRATERNITY announces the installation of the Kappa Chapter at the University of Illinois, on Friday, December 15, 1905.



#### Our Contemporaries in Black and White

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following quarterlies, and ask that exchanges be sent to the following:  
Mrs. F. C. Savage, 3019 Fifteenth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Miss Gertrude C. Ross, 2904 State street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Miss Anna M. Dimmick, 26 N. Fourth street, Columbus, Ohio.

For December—The Shield, Theta Delta Chi.

For January—The Arrow of Pi Beta Phi, The Rainbow of Delta Tau Delta.

For February—Alpha Phi Quarterly, The Eleusis of Chi Omega, The Tau Kappa Pi Quarterly, Alpha Xi Delta, Delta of Sigma Nu, Kappa Alpha Journal, Beta Theta Pi, The Scroll of Phi Delta Theta, The Phi Gamma Delta, The Sigma Chi Quarterly.

For March—The Trident Kappa Alpha Theta, The Lyre of Alpha Chi Omega, The Rainbow of Delta Tau Delta, The Shield of Phi Kappa Psi, The Phi Gamma Delta, The Record of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, The Delta Upsilon Quarterly.

For April—The Arrow of Pi Beta Phi, The Anchora, The Shield of Phi Kappa Psi, The Phi Gamma Delta, The Beta Theta Pi, Kappa Alpha Journal.

For May—Kappa Alpha Theta, Alpha Phi Quarterly, Eleusis of Chi Omega.

WE who stayed at home, have been unusually fortunate in being able to share the enthusiasm of last summer's convention. Even the bare details in the minutes are full of energy, spirit and good work accomplished; and for this, much credit is due Miss Green. The Journal too, has been full of the convention-story, and delegates came home eager to tell of their experiences in Philadelphia. I feel that there has been a wonderful awakening of Theta spirit.

What is the meaning of all this enthusiasm? It means that Kappa Alpha Theta is certainly advancing along the best lines. One has only to read the historical number of the Journal to realize the rapid and splendid growth of our fraternity. Our organization is one to be proud of. And to what do we owe our great success? To our chapter-roll. Our attainments today are due to the fact that representative women in the best universities of America have allied themselves with Kappa Alpha Theta. From the beginning a wise and generous spirit of expansion has animated our fraternity. "Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows," was surely one of the first principles of our founders, and it is this spirit that has brought Kappa Alpha Theta into national prominence.

It is, therefore, with conviction that I say that the strength of Kappa Alpha Theta lies in their chapter-roll, and our chapter-roll has not reached its limit. With the growth of education in America, Theta expansion must continue. The time has come when our newer state universities are worthy of our attention; so are the universities of our larger cities.

To meet the demands of widening opportunities, Theta has instituted extension committees. These will insure wisdom and discretion in founding new chapters and an alertness in seizing desirable locations. To quote from the "Key" of Kappa Kappa Gamma for April, 1906: "I believe in judicious fraternity extension. Nothing so proves the sagacity of a fraternity as its timely pre-emption and occupation of good ground. Nothing so surely indicates its narrowness and unrealized weakness as the conceited conservatism which fails to reach out for the good on every side." To my mind there is no doubt that with the widening of her sphere, Theta will grow in strength and power.

And if we are to enter new fields, let us not enter a good field too late. We all know the value of prestige. Theta cannot afford

to wait until some other fraternity has discovered the desirable ground and gained a foothold. Among groups of girls applying for charters, there is always a choice. Let Kappa Alpha Theta begin with the best material.

Sometimes one hears the argument that we have enough chapters, that we should strengthen those we have. Yes, let us strengthen the chapters already existing, but how do it by denying a chapter to a group of girls who, by all our ideals and standards, should belong to Kappa Alpha Theta? Are not new chapters an inspiration to the older ones? To quote from the "Anchors" of Delta Gamma: "The great benefit of fraternity expansion comes not so much in the acquisition of new chapters as in the greater vigor and life it puts into the old." Are we not a stronger fraternity for the addition of our new chapters—those in Toronto, Texas and Tennessee? To this question we would all answer yes. Then why doubt the advantage of judicious fraternity extension? In considering new fields save us from the two extremes: careless, hasty granting of charters and blind, narrow conservatism. With our present method of investigation by extension committees, grand council, active and alumnæ chapters, I believe that Kappa Alpha Theta is in little danger of entering inferior fields.

In the work of fraternity expansion we can make good use of alumnæ chapters. Those in our larger cities are made up of Thetas from all parts of the country, who are actively interested in the welfare of Kappa Alpha Theta. Zeta Alumnæ, with an active membership of nearly fifty and representing seven active chapters, has already interested herself in Butler College.

The long list of alumnæ chapters is another sign of increasing interest in our fraternity. Let us make the list still longer. College life is at an end in four years and who is ready to give up Theta associations in so short a time? The alumnæ chapters offer a life-long membership. After having belonged to Zeta Alumnæ more than twice as long as I was a member of my college chapter, I can say this: While college days had their peculiar pleasures, which I would not exchange for any others, life in the alumnæ chapter has had even a deeper significance. The alumnæ chapters prove the enduring qualities of our Theta ideals. They prove, too, that there is a Theta type. Mrs. Berryhill, a member of Alpha in 1874, now president of Zeta Alumnæ, once said to me: "In no club or church organization does one meet

the even character and type of womanhood that one finds throughout our alumnæ chapter."

There can be no doubt as to the advantage of alumnæ chapters. We need more of them. With their growth and the judicious extension of active chapters, Kappa Alpha Theta will ever grow toward a greater fraternity. Let me say again that the strength of Kappa Alpha Theta lies in her chapter-roll.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA.



NEW chapters are the inspiration which means progress. They introduce new life, new ideas that keep the old chapters from settling down into a rut. The influence which comparatively new chapters, such as the Kappa and Upsilon, have had on our national growth cannot be estimated.

Just as soon as a national fraternity as a whole or any chapter in a fraternity gets the idea that *it* is the strongest and best and can rest a little on *its* honors, then *it* starts to decline. This is true, no matter how strong the chapter or how strong the national fraternity. Over-confidence always brings failure sooner or later. We must keep alive; no matter how fine we may be there is always room some place for improvement.

Wherever there is a growing university, full of life and enthusiasm, there is found to be a class of girls that would make a vigorous, hard-working chapter for a fraternity. It is in such universities that Delta Gamma should have a footing. We need and must have, if our fraternity progresses, the inspiration of these new chapters.

It is, of course, impossible in a great country such as ours to avoid some isolated chapters. As soon as possible, however, such chapters should be helped on in their struggle by new chapters being granted near them. Where a chapter is so far away from all Delta Gamma influence it is very liable to lose its national enthusiasm. It needs the influence and incentive in neighboring chapters. It is very hard for one chapter to establish the reputation which Delta Gamma always wins for itself.

Let your policy be conservatism, but not to such an extent that progress and development are impossible.

THE ANCHORA.