



MARCH

1907

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THE CRESCENT

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CHICAGO	NEW YORK
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The Elect

I.

*The Wind that stirs the sleeping birds, and bids them wake and go.
And what we seek we know not—nor greatly care to know:
The Wind that blows across the world hath called us, and we go.*

When the eyes of the Dreamer are dim, and the feast is over and gone,
'Twi'xt midnight and the dawn the Wind's call comes to him.

Rise up! Rise up from sleep!

Thou art mine.

The pain thy heart must keep

Is the sign.

Lo! I touch thy dull ears, and they hear;

Thine eyes, and they see;

And thy soul is cleansed from fear

By kisses three.

Our temples feel the thrill: our sluggish blood is stirred;
Till they learn the Master-word our chrism'd lips are still.

*Weak arms that dare not clasp
The perfect forms we see; dull brains that cannot grasp
The heavenly harmony!*

*Ah! feet that find no rest,
But are scourged from dark to dark
By the fever of the longing in the breast,
Where the Wind hath set his mark!*

The purple mystery
And the strength of the hills is ours;
The grace of wayside flowers;
The glamor and the magic of the sea.

Dame Nature is our mother:
Her birds are kith and kin;
The gypsy owns us brother
By more than the swarthy skin.

Where earth and ocean meet,
We know the roar of the surf:
And the dew of the upland turf
Is brushed by our restless feet.

When the sun in flame-girt state
Leaves his station in the skies,
Pacing through the jacinth gate
Where the towers of dreamland rise,

Oh! our longing eyes grow dim, and our souls press after him,
Rapt and risen from the thralldom of the years.
Hark! a far-off veery sings; and he sweeps the strained heart-strings
Till the solemn vision fades in foolish tears.

When the darkened welkin reels 'neath the crash of thunder-peals,
And the blue-tongued lightnings flare,
Then our steady eyes grow bright, flashing back the battle-light
Of the Titan-strife our warring souls would share.

One kneels in rapt delight where the lotus-petals white
Lean to kiss their pale reflection in the Nile:
For his soul has caught the key to the Hall of Mystery
That another finds in Mona Lisa's smile.

All heaven lies before our eyes
When the organ-thunders play;
Or the song of a thrush in the twilight hush
Can steal our hearts away.

One of us sings i' the courts of kings,
 And silver has to spare;
 And one is best i' the motley dressed:
 But the sign—the sign is there.

(Motley in dust and tatters
 Doffs with a cheerful grin;
 Broadcloth,—who knows what matters—
 Smiles back, and owns his kin.)

One, who bides in the fair green-wood,
 Hath learned the Song of the Trees;
 And one has carved a path through the sullen tempest's wrath
 When it dared him to a battle on the seas.

One of us wears a royal crown,
 And a mighty king is he.
 His ermine mantle weighs him down,
 But his soul goes free.
 From out the rout of the Carnival
 A Beggar kneels at the throne.
 The great Wind sweeps through the silent hall,
 And Cophetua knows his own.

II.

The Wind that blows from the throne of God hath stirred in our heart-strings.

Ah! sweet and strong we hear the song, and ever as it rings

Our eyes grow dark with world-pain and we smile at little things.

The Wind that blows from the throne of God—we know the song it sings

"Spoiled children of Fortune" you name us, who are blind to her smile
 or frown;

Who are deaf to the shouts that acclaim us; who tread our bay-leaves
 down.

Masters, the painting you prize
 Is as the stars dimly glimpsed in a pond
 To the face that our wind-swept eyes
 Caught up from the fair Beyond.

When you cry, "He speaks as never man has spoken,"
 Or assail us with the vitriol of your jeers,
 You are angered when you see our calm unbroken
 By the windy cries that beat about our ears.
 Though our awkward words eclipse the dream-truths as they come,
 If the Wind have touched our lips they can nevermore be dumb.
 But we, who judge the failure by the aim,
 Who know the glory lost in stumbling phrases;
 Who are writhing 'neath the scourge of our own shame—
 Can we greatly prize your censures or your praises?

You weep when we sing, and the plaudits ring:
 You wonder our lips fall mute.
 Ah! the song we sung—how false it rung!
 Penny-whistle that aped the flute.

Poor things at the best were they—the strains that we turned to noise;
 But the kind World lays them away as a mother her dead child's toys,
 When the slender hands are still,
 And the golden voice is dumb:
 When the bravos cannot come
 Where the grave has worked his will.

Is the silence then eternal? Is the envious grave so strong?
 E'en the full-voiced choirs supernal would be richer for that song.
 Nay—of paeans and contritions
 When the dust hath dulled the strain,
 The Master of all Musicians
 Shall set us in tune again.

And down the ringing years we shall no more lose our own;
 We shall catch the Chant of the Spheres and answer it, tone for tone.
 "Fables," one says, "a show the shivering soul to dress.
 The silence—that we know: the rest we only guess."

Is this then all—the bitter strife
 That thrusts us from the earth?

Sorrow, and joy and love—
The Wind that blows across the world hath set our blood aglows
 Or is it the stir of the quickening life
 When the young soul comes to the birth?

Shall we fear to face the dangers of the night,
 We who fronted Nature's terrors undismayed?
 Shall we cower like beasts afraid
 At the noon-tide of the dawn that gave us light?

Ah! the Veil that hides our Isis we have seen
 Since the Wind hath touched our eyes:
 Nay, the very shuttle moving in the sheen
 Of her garments' traceries:
 Waves, pearled by the kiss of dawn;
 Purple of shadowed hills;
 The wayward flush that thrills
 O'er the face of Spring new-born;
 Blue of the star-gemmed roof;
 Sorrow, and joy and love:—
 We who have watched the woof,
 Shall we fear the Hand that wove?

Eyes that have seen so much,
 Lips that are grave and sweet,
 Beautiful, restless feet,
 Hearts steeled by the great Wind's touch:
 When the fearless thrushes sing where the swift feet rest,
 When daffodils nod and swing over the tranquil breast,
 When earth-mould stops the breath,
 When ashes with ashes blend, when Life lies thrall to Death,
 Answer:—is this the end?

By the dreams our clumsy hands have turned to stone,
 By the haunting notes whose perfect strains we seek,
 By the mighty words we know but cannot speak,
 By the utter joy and sorrow we have known,
 By all beauty we have seen or dimly guessed,
 By the Voice that roused from sleep and bade us go,
 By the yearning pain that will not let us rest,
 We, the Chosen, thunder back the eternal No.

KATHARINE ALDRICH WHITING, B. U., '99.

A Trip To Convention

I HAVE received so many demands from Miss Dimmick, members and ex-members of the Executive Board and other Gamma Phis to write them "all about my visit to the chapters," that the shortest way out of the task imposed upon me seems to be to comply with Miss Dimmick's request and so have it over once for all. Not that I am not delighted to talk to anyone who will listen, until she regrets my beginning, but to write such volumes in a few pages seems an utter impossibility.

I wish that I had been able to visit to my heart's content every chapter that I was fortunate enough to have as a hostess; not quite that either, or should still be in Minneapolis, my first stopping place. By force of immediate necessity I was with some of the chapters only a few hours, so making it impossible for me to enter into detail as much as I would like.

I arrived in Minneapolis the middle of September, and was the guest for nearly a month of Helen Hendrix, one of the charter members of Kappa. Fortunately it was before the close of the rushing season, so I attended several parties. At the first I was a stranger to nearly all the girls, yet felt assured of my welcome immediately. They have a way of taking you in as one of themselves, so that you feel as if you had a permanent place among them.

In addition to several rushing parties, all of which were great successes, there was a household shower for Geraldine Brown Batson (then minus the Batson), at Marion Jones' house. Geraldine received everything from tin pans to Irish lace, and we, a treat in watching her delight in opening the bundles. The account of Gerrie's wedding was in the November number of THE CRESCENT. It was a great event for us Gamma Phis. I felt especially famed in being one of the guests, since I was so recent an arrival. Rewey Belle Inglis was kind enough to give a pretty dance for me at her home. The Beta Theta Pis gave another at their chapter house for my hostess and myself.

The Pan-Hellenic rules at the U. of M. are not as yet very stringent, consisting principally of an order among the sororities in the choice of dates with the "rushing," the sorority that registers her, having the first choice. The bidding for registration may not be before a certain date in the senior year of preparatory school. Rushing may not begin until after registration.

The active and alumnæ girls are wonderfully united here. Each has the utmost deference for the opinions of the other, and the subject of "rushing" is of as much interest and importance to those out of, as to those in, college. They have eleven fine freshmen, making a total of twenty-three girls in the chapter.

Four of the alumnæ are in the faculty, Mary Peck and Eleanor Sheldon being in the English Department; Mildren Hunter assisting in Geology, and Helen Griffith in Rhetoric.

The University campus, consisting of forty acres, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Mississippi River. The buildings are many and well scattered, giving each a suitable setting. An interesting description of their new building, Alice Shevlin Hall, was in the January issue of this magazine.

I have nothing but praise for the Kappa girls, collectively and individually, and the utmost appreciation of the royal and sisterly reception they tendered me. It was with exceeding regret that I left Minneapolis, but with convention and the far West at the end of my journey, I had even more consolation than I realized at the time.

Edna Elmer, the Kappa delegate to convention, and myself, left for Seattle by the Canadian Pacific. We planned a twenty-four-hour stopover at Banff, but the trains, customarily late, shortened our stay. It was out of season for much travel in the Canadian Rockies, but we found the weather mild and beautiful. I will not attempt to describe our visit to the sulphur baths, our walks through pine groves with greyhounds for escorts; our canoe trip up the pretty Bow River, forty-five hundred feet above sea level, and the beautiful sunrise tinting the tops of the snow-

capped mountains with an exquisite rose-pink. All too soon we were forced to leave.

After two days and two nights spent among the stupendous, snow-covered glacier-bearing Rockies or beside the rushing, tumultuous Frazer River, we arrived at Vancouver, where we took the boat for Seattle. We landed at half-past twelve at night, so, of course, expected no one to meet us. What was our surprise to hear someone say, "Aren't you Gamma Phis"? and to see Edith Prosch standing by the gangplank. This hearty reception was typical of our whole stay in Seattle. A detailed account of convention was given in the January issue, so I will speak here of the University of Washington itself.

It is situated five miles from the centre of Seattle, on a height overlooking Lake Minn and Lake Washington, and commanding a superb view on a clear day of Mt. Rainier and the Olympics, a long line of misty white mountains that look like a glimpse into another world.

The Lambda girls have a large, strong chapter. Their strength, however, is tempered by a readiness for assimilation and an openness to conviction, which make them a large and important part of Gamma Phis whole. They are full of western business and activity, so are bound to progress with rapid strides. From several outside sources, I heard them commended for their helpful college spirit, which shows how unlimited are their capabilities.

After a delightful week full of good times and Gamma Phi friendships, either singly or in groups, we were obliged to turn our backs on Seattle. Edith Prosch, Julia Dixon, Alice and Carolyn Benson and myself went to Tacoma for a few days. There we were entertained by Ruth Guppy, Beta, who is a teacher at the Annie Wright Seminary, and Florence Balser Hays, Gamma, whose home is in Tacoma. It was another convention in miniature, and helped to make us think that all was not at an end after all.

Here, again, we had to separate, Alice and Carolyn and myself

going on to Portland, Oregon, where I was their guest for two weeks. I soon learned to cease regretting the passing of a good time, for sure, and soon were others to follow.

My Californian visit was very hurried, and I had not planned to go there when I left home. I went first to Berkeley, where I stayed with the Eta girls at their chapter house. They proceeded to overwhelm me with honors and attention from the first. On the second afternoon, they gave a reception for me, having girls from the other sororities, Miss Sprague, Dean of Women, and Mrs. Wilson, wife of President Wilson, as guests. It was a delight to meet so many Californians and find the same cordiality that I had met with among my own sisters. The Kappa Kappa Gammas invited two of the Eta girls and myself to their house to luncheon, which thoughtfulness was much appreciated.

The alumnæ flocked in at every available opportunity, each one doing some kindness to make my stay pleasant. Although I was there only four days, I met a large number of the girls and grew to know some very well. Eta Chapter is particularly characterized, it seems to me, by a reaching-out, for a broader conception of things. They are eager for self-improvement, and as a result of this spirit are well represented in the Y. W. C. A., college dramatics, on the literary staff, and various committees of college functions.

The buildings and campus of the University of California are different from most others in the West. The buildings are older and nearly covered with a dense growth of ivy. The paths and roads through the campus are rambling, taking you now through a eucalyptus grove to the top of the hill where is situated the new and large Greek Amphitheatre, the pride of the University, as it may well be; now down on the other side of the hill by the steps of South Hall, where no fair co-ed ever dares venture, into a truly tropical garden. Here are plants and shrubs too numerous and strange (to us Easterners at least) to mention, growing as dense as to conceal mother earth herself. Hedges of fuschias,

stone walls covered with ivy, geraniums resplendent in their pink blossoms, and huge roses are some of the many natural attractions the warm Pacific Coast has in November for those who feel the cold winds and snowstorms approaching. Is it any wonder that with these many and varied inducements, I was sorely tempted to prolong my stay in Berkeley at the girls' hospitable invitation, and left California with regret.

I was able to spend a little time in San Francisco. Although much has been said about the city since the earthquake and fire, yet I find that few know the true conditions of things there. The extent of the devastation impresses one fully as much as the ruins themselves. One-story wooden stores are seen on Van Ness avenue, which formerly was in the residential portion of the city. The streets down-town are nearly ankle-deep in a clayey dust, which the trade winds blow into every crack and crevice. Even the beds of the streets are full of unexpected hollows, where the ground has given way underneath the pavement. The terrible force and intensity of the fire is noticed on all sides. Steel-framed buildings are bent and distorted into unrecognizable shapes, and iron balconies are no longer worthy of the name. Low, one-story wooden shacks take the place of the once imposing Palace and St. Francis Hotels.

It is astonishing though how much has been accomplished since the quake. Business has started with renewed vigor and all are making ready to rebuild, if they have not already begun, as soon as labor and material may be procured. This wonderful faith in what seems to some to be a "doomed city" can be readily understood by one who has been there. He would not hesitate to trust himself to the elements if once the love for California possessed him.

An hour's ride took me to Palo Alto, from which it is only a short drive to Leland Stanford Junior University. The entrance arch was destroyed by the earthquake, yet the approach is most imposing with its long, broad road lined on both sides by trees.

All the sorority and fraternity houses are in the grounds, the lots being loaned by the college, to be withdrawn at their pleasure. As one enters, he passes the ruins of the once large and beautiful museum and the new gymnasium, which had just been approved but never used. The other buildings are in use, either in whole or in part.

I descended upon the girls quite unexpectedly, so found most of them "pelicaning" in the library, it being Saturday afternoon. A party of us went for an auto ride over the hills around the University—the brown hills of California's fall. Their smooth irregularities have a fascination of which one never tires. Dinner time found the girls returned, and I wish every Gamma Phi to know how fine a baby Mu is. The chapter could not have had a better beginning; in fact, they are far beyond the "beginning" stage, as far as quality is concerned. They are girls of excellent mental calibre, as well as social distinction in college affairs, a combination of attributes that we may all hope to attain.

The next morning several of us went driving. We passed the cactus garden, which was hardly damaged by the earthquake, the mausoleum to Leland Stanford, Jr., also the remaining tree of the two from which Palo Alto was named, "high tree." Dinner was well attended by the girls from the village, as well as the house girls, and after we had sung a few songs, I had to leave. I was there not quite twenty-four hours and the girls had no warning of the time of my visit, so they deserve extra credit for their quick response to the exigency of the occasion. I would so have liked to stay longer and know them better. They are so eager to meet other Gamma Phis that I hope all who can will avail themselves of the privilege of making them a visit.

At Salt Lake I met Carolyn Benson, with whom I went to Denver. We were twelve hours late in arriving, so had only a few hours with Theta Chapter. They were planning for a longer stay from us and made most enticing offers if we would only stay longer. Allene Seaman met us and took us to luncheon, then we

went up to her house, where the sorority meeting was to be held. We were fortunate enough to arrive on that afternoon. We saw all the girls together in their own life, and the Thetas may well be depended upon for Gamma Phi enthusiasm and endeavor. Last year they gave a play, written by a Gamma Phi, staged by a Gamma Phi, and acted by Gamma Phis. This year another is to be given.

The girls received us most sincerely, even to the freshmen, one of whom insisted upon taking us home to dinner with her. They have a fine freshman class, which speaks well for any chapter. Our time was too limited to enable us to see anything of the University, but the picture of their little lodge made us wish that we might have seen that at least. We had to leave that evening for Chicago, but are hoping to see more of Denver and our Theta Chapter some other time.

Carolyn went up to visit Kappa and Gamma. I was most sorry to have to pass by the latter both going and coming, but have heard such glowing accounts of the girls and their house that another time I shall make an extra effort, if needs be, to see them.

I arrived at Northwestern University in time for an Inter-Sorority Matinee Dance, and I was proud of the standard our Epsilon girls were able to hold among the other college girls. I lived with them at Willard Hall, one of the college dormitories, three days and received during that time the minutest attention and most considerate hospitality. The girls' rooms are cosily grouped on the sunny side of the house, with the "Frat Hall" upstairs, so that they are nearly as comfortable as in a house of their own. The University grounds are on the very shores of Lake Michigan. The first building, which is still in use, is so near, that after a storm the waves outside make it difficult for the professor to make himself heard in the lecture-room. The campus abounds in shade trees, so that it must be a beautiful spot in the spring.

Monday evening was initiation for two later pledges. Mrs.

Berry, one of our new board members, was there, and Lillian Thompson, one of our ex-presidents and our Inter-Sorority representative to Pan-Hellenic, so it was in all respects a delightful affair. Miss Thompson very kindly entertained me at her house and Miss Ross, our president, invited me to Milwaukee for Thanksgiving, which invitation I gladly accepted. I wish that all Gamma Phis could know our sorority representatives-at-large, and see how, with all their new and added interests, be it school or family, Gamma Phi has as large a place in their thoughts as before.

I was very sorry not to be able to accept Beta's invitation to visit her, but happened to be in Detroit during Thanksgiving vacation, when all the girls were away.

Carolyn and I met in Toronto and came home through Montreal and Quebec.

It was an ideal trip, both by reason of the country I saw and the people I met, but in thinking it over, I realize that if I had not been so sure of a welcome and had not received one so far beyond my hopes wherever Gamma Phis were found, that the best part of my trip would have been lost. One does not realize what it means to belong to a national sorority until she has been to some other chapter besides her own. We allow our conception of Gamma Phi to become purely local. Of course, we can not all visit other chapters, but we can help entertain those who come from chapters to our own, and make them feel as enthusiastic over Gamma Phi in its broadest sense, as we who are more fortunate.

There is much I would say about these numerous chapters and girls which there is no room for here. I would like to acquaint you all with the different girls individually—what they are doing, thinking, and are, but all this must pass. Briefly, I left every chapter feeling proud that I was their sister in Gamma Phi Beta.

MARION D. DEAN, Delta.

Some Views on Expansion

THE problem of expansion is most vital in our sorority life at the present time, and demands earnest thought and careful deliberation. This is not a question that can be left open for extended discussion and debate, for cases are continually presenting themselves which demand our immediate action. It is necessary that we determine ere long just what shall be our attitude toward local societies that come to us with petitions to enter into our bonds of Pi Kappa Epsilon. We all desire to follow that course which shall make for the greatest good of Gamma Phi Beta. There are none of us who wish to draw so closely together in exclusive self-satisfaction as to become narrow and self-central and stunted. On the other hand, we cherish our unity—that feeling of “togetherness” that holds our chapters bound firmly to each other, because our small numbers admit of such intimate fellowship. So we hesitate, not knowing which road to follow—feeling that upon our decision depends the future of Gamma Phi, what she shall mean to generations yet to come. Shall we say, “Oh, we are so contented with our sorority as it is; let us keep it just so”; or shall we reach out into broader fields and admit new chapters into our fellowship?

It is well, in a case like this, to profit by the experience of organizations like our own; and we have abundant proof that the most powerful factors in the fraternity world are those that have followed the principle of expansion.

By so doing, they have broadened their spheres of influence; they have made their names widely known and respected, and—more important than all—they themselves have grown in power. The increasing march of life onward demands that we change our plans to meet it. The days of the few and simple pleasures and the limited circle of acquaintances are rapidly passing away. Our world is bigger and broader than of yore, with an ever-extending horizon; and our sorority, if it is to prosper, must keep pace with this world movement. We cannot content ourselves by

saying, "Let us stay just where we are." We must fail if we do. The old Latin motto that has served so often the theme of a high school graduation discourse, "Non progredi est regredi," loses none of its force upon application to our sorority life. We need the inspiration of these new chapters coming into our midst, the fresh enthusiasm and loyal devotion which they bring, and the larger opportunities that are ours through them, of broadening our sphere of usefulness and of making our power more widely realized. Moreover, the over-increasing facilities for communication lessen constantly the dangers of our unity that might result from a larger chapter roll. But this expansion, which must come, cannot move too cautiously. We desire chapters of our sorority in those colleges only, whose name and fame are firmly established, and whose standards of scholarship are of the very highest order. Again, we most certainly cannot afford to admit into our sorority any society the girls of which are not representative of the best that such a college affords. We want no chapter that must be "worked up" before it can stand on a level with the rest of Gamma Phi Beta. The most careful consideration and investigation must ever attend the admitting of a new chapter, for there is nothing in fraternity life that is more to be deplored than the too thoughtless placing of chapters that in the course of time prove so unworthy as to necessitate the revoking of their charters.

EDITH LESLIE RIGGS, Delta, '07.

WHILE on my way South last November, I was so fortunate as to attend a meeting of the Milwaukee Alumnae Chapter. I had not seen any of the girls for several years, so naturally the time was far too short for more than a rapid fusilade of questions and answers concerning our individual comings, goings and stayings since we had last met. I was a little surprised, therefore, to find in the report of that meeting in the January CRESCENT that I had declared myself as decidedly in favor of expansion. I had not realized that I was "speaking out in meeting" or I might have been a bit more cautious. Upon

thinking the matter over, however, I have concluded that for several reasons I am very much in favor of that policy.

There was a time when I was proud of our conservatism and I rather enjoyed flaunting it when comments were made upon the small number of our chapters; but that was when our own splendid university was about one-fifth its present size and when we feared that an extra hundred students might spoil all college sport. When I went back to our jubilee in 1904 I lost all skepticism on that point and was glad for everyone of the several thousand voices that sounded our thrilling "U-rah-rah-Wisconsin!" Each convocation of that week was a proof that we were a great and growing power and that we were recognized as such by our sister universities and colleges all over the world. Conservatism is a picturesque thing. I have had occasion during my sojourn in Williamsburg, Va., to see it in all its forms and from a wholly selfish standpoint I dread to see the disappearance of its results from this quaint little city. Williamsburg, with its near neighbors, Jamestown and Yorktown, ought to be preserved forever in all their quaintness as memorials to the great and glorious historical events for which they furnished the background. But since two of them, at least, are not only picturesque and historical but also the present homes of living, growing Americans, there must necessarily be progression and growth. I know that some of you will sympathize with the dainty bit of decayed gentility who represents to me the conservatism of the Old South.

We had been talking on the subject of an ordinance to keep the cows from running about and grazing in the main streets. She told me how it used to terrify her to stumble over one on her way across the "Green" to evening service and how she had to run back and forth on our broad Duke of Gloucester street to avoid them on her shopping expeditions. "Then," I said, "you will be in favor of this ordinance to keep them shut up." She sighed and then sadly admitted: "Oh, yes; I would, but it means the breaking down of an old custom." The cows have disap-

peared. The spirit of progress arrived and they had to go, but many charming and more comfortable evidences of conservatism remain, and it is to be hoped that, for the sake of the picturesque and historical, all progress on this particular bit of "the Peninsula" will be slow and cautious. Gamma Phi, however, is far too young to be either picturesque or historical, and I think she must be very careful lest her conservative tendencies prevent her greater usefulness.

One of the most delightful experiences of a California sojourn six years ago was the opportunity to become acquainted with the girls of Eta Chapter. I marveled to find them, at that time, so isolated from all their sister chapters—such typical Gamma Phis—and it seemed to me that they were a fine proof of what can be done in transplanting Gamma Phi stock to far distant gardens. That same stock is, I believe, strong enough in itself to live and flourish *true to name* wherever there is good soil to receive it. Surely there are a number of gardens among the several hundred that know not Gamma Phi, which would gladly give her rich soil and a fruitful growth.

My most selfish reason for expansion is the one that I gave to the Milwaukee girls. I have wandered about considerably in the last nine years, and I can truthfully say that in all my journeyings I never met a Gamma Phi except once. I was ill at the time and on my way to a Northern hospital, but I speedily pursued that Gamma Phi pin and enjoyed a few hours visit with its owner, a Zeta girl going to her Indiana home. I am not clever at finding four-leaved clovers or needles in haystacks, so I ought not to be too surprised at my ill success in discovering Gamma Phi traveling companions. But there have been others—plenty of pins of different shapes and sizes, but just once our beloved Crescent, which symbolizes growth. Is there any friendship that "gives the heart such a stir up" as that formed in Gamma Phi? Why, then, not pure ourselves of this truly altruistic age and give our good gift to our neighbors? There must be some who deserve it and would cherish it. ANNE TURNER CHAPMAN, Gamma.

The Manners of the College Girl

IT has been said by unfriendly critics of the liberal education for women "That college bred women are underbred and have none of the graces of life," and that "The manners of the modern girl are lacking in all they should have, and have all that they should lack."

Is it not our duty as undergraduate students of many of the finest colleges and universities in the country to overcome such impressions? Until we are willing to admit that our manners are faulty we cannot improve them. We go to college because we wish to become educated and refined women, but if, in the free atmosphere of the college, we become careless of our manners we are surely leaving out of our courses one of the most important parts of our training.

A true friend of the college girl writes: "There are two human relations, the recognition of which underlies most of the customs required by good manners. These relations are those of the inferior to the superior—whether in age, in learning or in position—and those of the strong to the weak. The ill-mannered girl continually ignores these, though they are among the most fundamental facts of life. By every act she proclaims her conviction that she has no superior and so testifies to her own stupidity." We cannot be too punctilious of our manners toward our elders and those in authority over us; nor can we be too considerate of those who are weaker than ourselves, either mentally or physically.

There comes a certain period in the life of the college girl when she feels so independent and self-reliant that she grows careless of her manners. She neglects to perform little courtesies that mean far more than she realizes at the time. She may forget to rise at the approach of an older person or she may form the habit of loud and insistent talking. We all agree that a low and gentle voice is "an excellent thing in woman" and though

we are quick to appreciate the charm in others, we fail to use our own voices with dignity and fitness.

A group of girls returning on the street car from some function are often so full of their own good times that they attract a great deal of attention. One ill-mannered girl may make the entire group conspicuous, though, by their own behavior, the others may be entitled to remain unnoticed.

The lack of good manners which has been so severely criticised in the college girl, has arisen from thoughtlessness and disregard of the rights of others. Good manners are nothing more or less than a recognition of these rights.

The college girl is certainly the one who should be well bred and not underbred. She should have charming manners and they should be hers wherever she goes, whether at college, in society or at home, and not "for special people or special occasions."

It lies wholly within our power to hasten the time when college girls shall be mistresses of a gracious and gentle manner as well as of languages and science.

HELEN HERSEY, Theta.



The Best Alumnae

WHEN Alpha expresses her opinion about alumnae, the expression is likely to end up in a mere eulogy of her own graduates. The past year especially we have had borne in upon us how much the tie between older and younger women many come to mean, when both have a common object. When the chapter needs a little financial backing—the alumnae's purse strings are loose. When we need a little dignity added to rushing—send for those good old rushers who won so many girls in the past! When the toils of Pan Hellenic press too closely, and unlicensed power in the control of immature minds has resulted in a tangle there are legal and diplomatic brains to straighten things out—among the alumnae. Most of all, when advice and counsel is sorely needed, and

every girl is tired out trying to solve the little problems which at home "my people" settled so instantly—some dear, kind member of "our alumnae" is ever ready to hear it all and give carefully sugar coated pills of wisdom to the sufferer.

Well, these things goes to make up the alumna. A good alumna, then, must face demands on her bank account, her social tact, her logical mind, and, most of all, her instinct to love and counsel young girls. Truly the white woman's burden may be as great as the white man's.

One sometimes hears of a graduate who didn't come back to the house for some special event or who doesn't run in very often to see the girls, because "I wasn't invited." Thereupon the active girls looked perplexed and say:

"Well, but none of the others were. They just came."

It is in this as in all things of life—those who will, just come. They do not stop to question whether they will be welcome or not—they know that they are a part of things. We do not send engraved invitations to a married sister or daughter to run in and see mother again. The old home is her old home just as it was before she left it.

Girls in college are rather busy young things. Probably they waste a vast amount of time and crowd in numberless details which were better left out, but this is their age of experimentation and occasionally they may act crudely or thoughtlessly.

The good alumna does not offer too much advice. When things are in a tangle, and she sees the way to loosen it, she intimates what "we"—never "you"—had better do, in the same tone which the active girls use. There is no dictation about it, but probably its very common sense makes it as useful and obligatory as a command.

Furthermore, the good alumna makes up her mind after due thought, and keeps it made up. Nothing is more hopelessly say in a dilemma than to find some head which was assuredly to be relied upon, turning like a weather cock with each breeze

from the active chapter. Better no opinion at all than a changing one, unless due reasons arise for such change.

The good alumna is just as interested in the kind of girls brought into the chapter as are those making the choice. But perhaps some of the active girls have seen cherished friends "dropped," or have had to make concessions to others. The good alumna never uses her chapter as a vehicle for landing a friend in social position, or for any other reason. She wants her friend to join only if she is sure that such a friend will be of positive, not even negative, good to her chapter. In matters of one's own feelings, there is one thing to be considered, first, both by active and alumna—one's own chapter. The girls are never more quick to recognize anything than they are to know the alumna who "works" them, not for them.

Also, the good alumna never mixes in the natural differences of opinion between the younger girls, except a matter of chapter good be concerned. She has the part of a peacemaker rather than a war instigator.

In fact, the all-round best alumna is the one which we all have in quantity, who loves us for ourselves as we love her for herself; who forgets herself as we must forget ourselves, and who works always hand in hand with us for the glory and honor of Gamma Phi.

RUTH A. LAYCOCK, Alpha.



IT is usually the girl who has been most keenly interested in her chapter's welfare during her college course who proves the most helpful alumna. She is one who appreciates the real things of life and deems it a privilege to be actively engaged in the affairs of Gamma Phi at large, pursuing a broadminded policy which is so nearly impossible to those who for the first time, face problems which she has more than once seen solved.

She unites her unbiased judgment to the fresh enthusiasm of her younger sisters to aid them to act wisely, for the future as well as for the all pervading present. They know that she understands, for she shows that she does in a thousand little ways, from congratulatory messages to freshmen to telegrams at initiation or the annual banquet is she cannot be present in person. Above all, the chapter is made to feel that nothing is done or given grudgingly.

Embodying the ideals of the sorority, she raises the ideals of the girls with whom she comes in contact by her cosmopolitan wisdom and sweet womanliness. In every one she finds a world of good and reveals the true value of our sisterhood, the beauty of sweet friendship.

KAPPA.



EVERY senior on the day of her graduation plans to do great things for her chapter. She thinks to herself, "When I am out of college, I will never forget Gamma Phi, for when I was taken into the sisterhood I was taken in for life and not merely for the four years which I spent in college." This resolution is certainly a most excellent one and one that should be kept ever in mind. The alumna who is most useful to the active chapter is the one who never forgets that she has made a Gamma Phi for life. If she remembers this she will make a special effort to get back and visit "the girls" occasionally. She will show her interest by recommending desirable girls to the chapter and by numerous other ways. As a result, there will be brought about that closer union between active and alumna girls which makes better Gamma Phis of all.

ETHEL B. CLARK, Gamma.

"O Tempora! O Mores!"

PROBABLY few college women have escaped the mortification of correction in English by some non-college friend. The delight which the latter finds in pointing out some slight error or colloquial phrase brings home to the college graduate the realization of the exalted position to which the degree of Bachelor of Arts has raised her. For if that position is not regarded as exalted by the world, why, then, is the offense so great when a "lapsus linguae" does occur? We may plead that constant association with the great ungrammatical world has made us careless, yet we cannot escape the responsibility which the sheep-skin brings with it of preserving the old "blue-stock-ing" traditions of precision and accuracy of speech.

What can be said, however, in extenuation of the college girl who mixes up her numbers and genders in the use of the word "alumnus?" While Greek is rapidly becoming less and less a requirement for an A. B. degree, yet Latin still retains its old prestige and there are few of us, however recently we have conned the first declension, who have forgotten that "alumna" refers to one woman graduate and "alumnae" refers to more than one such graduate. So frequently has a mistake in the use of the word occurred in chapter letters, representing such scattered sections of the country that no one university can be criticised as deficient in entrance requirements, that we are compelled to regard the error as another example of the lack of thoroughness characteristic of modern society.

We may reach the point when simplified spelling robs English of many of its pitfalls, but I question if even the iconoclastic spirit of Young America will ever presume to "reform" Latin inflections until each student is a law unto himself. The moral of this gentle rebuke is too obvious to need further elucidation—it is enough to add that "he who runs may read."

NOT A TEACHER.



THE sorrow which has befallen Gamma in the death of Mae Douglass, one of her seniors, is greatly intensified by reason of the cause of her death. The accident was one which might have been avoided. Surely the sacrifice of this young life must have something but sadness for those who mourn her death. In her few years she crowded much joy and sunshine, for such was her disposition that these were constantly emanating from her life. The memory of these charming characteristics is the legacy which is ours. In so far as we endeavor to imbibe some of that sweet, womanly way which was hers, do we gain from the friendship which we enjoyed for a season. Our sincerest sympathies and love go out to Gamma.



THE High School Fraternity is a factor in educational circles which appears to be growing with rapid strides. It has its loyal adherents—who, in the freshness of their youth, are giving it vigorous support. On the other hand, a formidable array of opponents has arisen. These come from educators, both as individual and as organizations, and not a small part is the college fraternity. The many serious objections which have been made to this organization seems to leave but little room for its existence. Still it does continue to be. Therefore the question is what attitude should be maintained toward this organization?

To Gamma Phis this subject is being presented. We have no power of disbanding the organization, and thus freeing ourselves from the pernicious effect which it has upon those who later enter college. Therefore some other method must be pursued if we agree that they are a detriment to us, to its members, and the schools in which it lives.

If determined and positive action can be taken as to methods of dealing with this problem, by the Inter-Sorority Conference, then a blow will be dealt which will be effective.



NEVER before has the publication of the quarterly been so late. Lest the blame may be put upon the wrong party, for altogether there are many who have a part in its make-up, the editor wants to assume the entire blame. The correspondents and the printer have been well trained in punctuality. Our plea for tardiness is serious illness, and consequent disturbances. This we trust will never again occur.



“THE ELECT” is a poem of which we may justly be proud. It was written by Miss Whiting, Delta, some years ago, for the commencement occasion of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Tufts College. To her has been given the honor of being the first and only woman to deliver such a paper at that college.

Previous to this Miss Whiting has had published poems in the Atlantic Monthly, Bliss Perry having recognized her ability.

This poem has been well received, and we know it is a delight to many who were not afforded the pleasure of hearing it read, to see it printed in the Quarterly.



ALPHA

DEAR SISTERS: This is a paean of victory. If it doesn't seem to "paeinize" very loudly, it is only because we don't dare give full vent to our feelings. Pledge day is over and we present you with a class of fourteen; the girls we wanted—and got. It is a large delegation, even for Alpha, but we couldn't spare one of them.

It has been a long rushing season since the middle of September, and the freshmen were about tired out, but pledge day raised their enthusiasm to a high pitch. It was amusing, but it gave us a good, warm feeling around hearts, to see them going around college with their coats off, "because it's so very warm, you know." We remembered that coats were quite generally worn in class rooms, prior to the appearance of certain little crescents.

For the first time, Alpha has been able to show her appreciation of former Gamma Phis by her love for their daughters. Elizabeth Brooks, Syracuse, and Irene Batrel, Lyons, N. Y., have pledged, and their mothers were Alphas; Bertha Boomer, '81, and Jennie E. Reals, '82. Besides these two, the following are soon to become good Gamma Phis.

There was a very good entering class this year, but none of the other sororities have delegations as large as ours. This is a large university, and chapters, as a rule, have more members than in other colleges. Therefore, it is a great victory, both in number and quality, as we may have remarked once or twice before.

Marion Heffron, '09, Syracuse; Mildred Fulmer, Syracuse; Marian Beecher, Syracuse; Florence Dale, Syracuse; Helen Johnson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mary Nellis, Herkimer, N. Y.; Clara Hain, Red Hook, N. Y.; Glayds King, Ilion, N. Y.; Margaret Metzger, Williamsport, N. Y.; Eleanor Puder, Savannah, Ga.; Olive Hunt, Clyde, N. Y.; Olive Pierce, Watertown, N. Y.

Gamma Phi has been very fortunate in all ways for several years; and we are hoping and working for as great success in the future.

There has been quite an epidemic of scarlet fever in the university, and many of the chapter houses and dormitories have been under quarantine, but our girls have been free from ills so far. The Psi U's had been out of quarantine but a short time when their beautiful chapter house burned. This had been remodeled two years since, and was as fine a house as any here, but the men have started in immediately to rebuild, meanwhile renting another house. Their presence of mind, during the calamity, and quick rallying after it, showed to all of us what strong fraternity feeling can do, and the immediate and kindly offers of assistance from the other fraternities displayed a spirit which we often think is lacking in our Greek letter world, until some such trouble brings it forth.

Our senior week festivities begin February 25, with fraternity parties, glee club concert and the senior ball. Shortly after will follow the Fine Arts "Fake Show" and then the production of "The Rivals, by "Boar's Head." So, with all these things added to our own play for alumnae and friends, and the usual party to introduce our freshmen, Alpha will not be without something to kill time, even though rushing is over.



BETA

BETA sends most cordial greetings to all her sisters in Gamma Phi Beta. We are indeed all relieved to find that mid-year examinations are over and now are again pursuing our ordinary routine.

We were grieved to hear of the death of one of our older sisters, Anna Wiley Bellhouse, who was here in '92. She died but a few weeks ago in Detroit..

Beta wishes to express her deepest and sincere sympathy on the death of May Douglass of Gamma. It seems but a very short time ago that our convention delegate was telling us of meeting her, and it was indeed a great shock to hear of her sudden death.

Last month Dr. Jane Scherzer stopped in Ann Arbor for a day and you may be sure we were delighted to see her again.

Vera Lay, '06, surprised us by stopping here for a few days and then telling us she was on her way to New York, from where she would sail for Europe to be gone a year.

Last week we had the pleasure of meeting Grace MacDonnell, from Gamma, who was here for the "Junior Hop."

One of our freshmen, Ellen Simrell, gave a very pretty card party for a friend who is visiting her from the South. All of the Gamma Phis were invited with a few of the Alpha Phi freshmen. It was a progressive euchre party and we all had a most enjoyable time.

Tonight, February 14th, we are to have a large valentine dinner, to which the girls not living in the house are invited. Each girl brings three valentines, which are "home-made," if possible. After the dinner, these are distributed to each girl who reads aloud her verses, so we can all enjoy the fun. We are expecting a jolly time.

On the 22nd of February is our annual "Fancy dress" party. The Gamma Phi mothers always come to this and provide a spread for us. It is customary for the freshmen to give some sort of an entertainment for the rest of the crowd that evening. So all in all it will be great fun. It is too bad that these few entertainments are not something of the past, so we could tell you more about them, but this will give you an idea of what we are doing outside of our college work.

In Memoriam



MAY DOUGLASS, GAMMA

BORN MAY 25, 1885

DIED JANUARY 31, 1907

GAMMA

DEAR SISTERS in Gamma Phi Beta: We of Gamma Chapter are bowed down in deep grief over the sad tragedy which has lately occurred in our midst. For the first time in the history of the active chapter, unrelenting Death has entered our charmed circle and taken to himself the life of our beloved sister, May Douglass. It is extremely hard for us to realize that she, who has been so closely united to us by the dearest bonds of love and friendship, has now gone forever, leaving for us the deepest sorrow, only alleviated by the sweet remembrance of her dear life among us. Her sudden death has brought grief, not only to her sisters in Gamma Phi Beta, but has cast a gloom over the entire university. She possessed those magnetic qualities which go to make up an attractive personality and her whole life was one of expression of loyalty and unselfishness. It was a sad office of love to watch the departing breath of the dear one and to attend the last sorrowful rites at the lodge, where they brought her on the night of her death and where we all saw her, who, but a short while ago, had been so full of life, lying there so strangely still and white among the flowers. Probably the most heart-breaking and beautiful touch in the whole sad ceremony, and one which proves to be a striking coincidence, was the recital of the following poem by Prof. Freeman, which he had given her to learn on that last eventful day, realizing, at the time, what a deep significance it was to have for her and how perfectly and beautifully it was to interpret her sudden death:

“Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part
And when or how or where we met
I own to me’s a secret yet.
Life! we’ve been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
Is hard to part when friends are dear;

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning.
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night, but in
Some brighter clime,
Bid me good morning."

You who are Gamma Phis with us perhaps realize more truly than any others the deep, dark sorrow which is overshadowing us, but there is not a Gamma girl now who does not carry the dear image of May Douglass in her heart, and our bonds of Gamma Phi Beta has a more beautiful significance than ever before, since she has lived and died among us.

LENORE HORSAN.



DELTA

DEAR SISTERS: I presume the Boston letter will tell you all about the lovely time we had at the Christmas spread, which the alumnæ gave for Delta. We won't steal their thunder, but just tell them that we did have such a grand time and are more in love with our alumnae than ever. A couple of weeks ago a large proportion of the girls of the college came together for a social love-feast. It was the occasion of the annual banquet of Gamma Delta, the girls organization. A genuine spirit of mutual interest and fellowship seems to be growing as the results of these banquets, for which we are very happy. Many of our girls had the "time of their young lives" at the happy party which Beta Theta Pi gave us not so very long ago. Last Thursday many of us were surprised at the ingenuity which some of the girls exhibited in getting up such cute valentines. For once we had to take the good-natured slams at our pet hobbies and failings, and not refuse to read them to all assembled. We are looking forward to having some of the faculty visit us in our rooms this coming Thursday. This April,

Delta celebrates the twentieth anniversary of her founding. No definite plans have been made yet, but we hope all members will bear this in mind, and plan to come if possible. This semester, Mary Poor represents us as Treasurer of the junior class, and the rest of us are trying our level best to be good in our respective duties in college and elsewhere.

EPSILON

DEAR GAMMA PHIS: Here we are safely through our semester examinations, with bright prospects for some Phi Beta Kappas in the future. Many of the girls are spending their vacations at home or with friends, so that the hall is very empty and lonely. We few that are left are waiting eagerly to welcome Helen Cowles and Idah Bierer, who will take up their work again next semester.

We have the pleasure of announcing this month the name of a new Gamma Phi. Dale Goble is a loyal young freshman, whom I know you would all like if you only could know her. The name of Margaret Williams has, through oversight, never been published as one of Epsilon's freshmen. She was initiated with our other freshmen in the fall and we want all our alumnae to know that we have gotten Louise Williams' sister.

Pan-Hellenic Prom. is the 21st of February this year. Whenever a group of girls is together all that can be heard are such suggestive words as "Crepe de chine," "chiffon," "taffeta" "suede," "marcel," etc. Epsilon is happy in the prospect of having many girls back at that time and place are being made for a party in their honor. We have missed Kathryn Crawford, who has lately moved to Detroit, very much, indeed. But the fact that she is to be with us two weeks at prom. time is some comfort.

We join all the chapters, I know, in extending sympathy to Gamma. Epsilon felt the loss very deeply, for May Douglas was known personally to many of our chapter.

Best wishes and love to all the sisters.

ZETA

DEAR SISTERS in Gamma Phi Beta: Now that the flurry of mid-year is over, Zeta has settled again into her accustomed routine works.

Since our last letter, we have pledged and initiated Carolyn E. Kline, '09, a most attractive girl and a "true Gamma Phi" in every sense of the term.

The Woman's College has just had a five-days' visit from Miss Wilbur, a "Young Woman's Christian Association" secretary. She has been a great source of help and inspiration to us.

Senior dramatics will be given on the 22d of February. They will present "Robin Hood." Ethel Shriner and Josephine Stone, "our two seniors," take part.

In closing, Zeta would send love and best wishes to all chapters, active and alumnae.



ETA

TO every sister in Gamma Phi, Eta sends love on this bright February day. College life is at its best now in California, for the first busy weeks of general readjustment are over. Exams are too far ahead, as yet, to cast their gloom upon us, and we have just emerged from a two or three weeks rain into a wealth of sunshine and warmth. The campus and hills back of it are green and beautiful. Every face is smiling and altogether we are very happy.

Since our last letter many things have happened to Eta. The dreaded exams have come and gone—gone also the four weeks vacation, which we looked forward to as our own right and just reward. We are again busy, both in classes and in college affairs generally.

This term we have our full share of class offices, for Carmel Riley is second vice-president of the senior class; Marguerite Daniels is the unanimously elected president of the junior class and three of our sophomores were on the committee for the

sophomore hop, which took place on February 8, and proved a great success.

Very few girls enter college in January here, so the first week or two of college in January is not nearly so busy as in August. However, on the 18th we had a dance in the hall of the Hill Club, in North Berkley, where everyone seemed to have a good time. Several times since then we entertained informally, and we are going to have a Valentine party on the 14th of February.

But what I think we really enjoyed most of all was our annual Christmas celebration, which we held the last of January. We always look forward to this event with the greatest anticipation, and this year the reality was as good as the anticipation. Many of our alumnae were at the house, some of whom we hadn't seen for many a day, and I tell you it made us happy to see them again. We received many beautiful and useful presents from the four classes and from individuals, and some of the alumnae gave us table linen and some silver. We received forks, soup spoons, teaspoons, a dozen each, and four tablespoons, all marked with Gamma Phi Beta. Don't you think we have good reason to be very grateful?

After we had "ohed" and "ahed," clapped and sung to each one individually, and to everyone in general, we had a cozy time together, talking, singing and eating. So that when all was over and it came time for the "good-nights" to be said, everyone declared that they had had "the best time."

On Thursday, February 7, the Alpha Beta Sigma gave a reception to Mrs. Mullen, Grand President of Alpha Omicron Pi, and announced that they had received a charter of that sorority. This came as a surprise to most of us, as the girls had succeeded in keeping the matter a secret until the day of announcement. This makes the eighth national sorority at the University of California, and we welcome Alpha Omicron Pi and the "Alpha O's" to us.

And now best wishes and good luck to you all from Eta.

THETA

WE HAVE two new Gamma Phi Betas to introduce to you this time—Lisle Brownell, “who sings like a nightingale,” and Elizabeth Ramey, who has no special talent, but is simply good, beautiful and beloved. We are proud to have them know you and proud to have you know them.

We have been busy, of course, since the beginning of the year and we feel with Iota that sometimes we are so busy with our college work that we haven’t time for our lessons. But what has really made us so rushed at this time is our play. It is to be given the 21st of February for the benefit of our new athletic field, the finest in the West (without exception). We expect to have “a full house” as our Dean says, in speaking of chapel, and make some money. The play, “A Trial of Hearts,” is better than it has ever been and we wish that every Gamma Phi could be with us on that occasion.

Our building fund is growing slowly but surely and before our juniors graduate we expect to have a *real* house of our own.

Socially we have done little since New Year. Pi Beta Phi entertained us not long ago at a beautiful little tea in honor of one of their national officers who was visiting them. It helps a lot to put on your glad rags and drink tea with your “dearest enemies.”

Next time we will tell how our play came out and what plans we have for rushing, etc. So good-bye for the present.



IOTA

DEAR GAMMA PHIS: Mid-year followed so quickly upon the holidays this year that the few weeks in January seem rather a blank in looking back. It was wretched weather most of the time, and perhaps the worst day was that on which we gave our January rushing party—a luncheon at the Hotel Astor. Everybody came, however, including a number of the New York alumnae, and we had a very jolly time.

The junior prom. came unusually early this year—the 8th of February. It was held in the Columbia gym., which was elaborately decorated in blue and white. Of our alumnae, Una Winterburn, Louise Kimball, Laura Van Cise, Hazel Plate and Edna Stitt came back for the prom., so that we Gammi Phis were quite a company.

Close upon the prom. followed our Valentine party at Una Winterburn's. From the big heart in the parlor, through devious ways, we followed our fate upstairs and downstairs till we found our valentines. After this quest we played other games and finally came home in the wee small hours with the feeling that this last affair was the best ever.

There is not much college news this quarter, the grand exception being the dedication of St. Paul's, the new chapel of the university.



KAPPA

SINCE our last letter, Kappa has passed that time of trying and momentous ordeal, commonly known as examination week, and has just succeeded in getting the wrinkles well out of her forehead and brain. On the Saturday evening following the last "final," we celebrated the close of the week with a jubilee, to which the alumnae were invited. After a short meeting we had a sing, followed by a chafing dish supper. What a relief it was to get down to normal pressure and know that cramming was a thing of the past, at least until June.

Just before the end of last semester, the officers for our new Alice Shevlin Hall, which is governed by the women students, were elected. Lella Albrecht, one of our juniors, was chosen for vice-president, a position of importance equal to that of president. After much thought and deliberation as to what the chapter's gift to the new building should be, Kappa decided upon a handsome mahogany grandfather clock, which has been duly installed in the large main hall, whence its beautiful chimes can be distinctly heard.

On the 12th of February the freshmen gave a luncheon at Donaldson's tea rooms, an affair which was regarded at the time as exclusive to the point of selfishness; but they are forgiven, for we know now that they were making plans for a reception for the upper classmen and alumnae which is to take place on Washington's birthday.

We recently had occasion to be very proud of one of our Kappa alumnae, Mary Gray Peck, under whose direction the old Elizabethan play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," was given in chapel by her class in "Modern Drama." Its presentation marks an epoch in our university drama, as every detail was carried out in true Elizabethan fashion. In every respect the play was a marked success, and interest in it extended far beyond college circles.

The junior ball, the most brilliant social event of the college year, is a thing of the past, as are also fraternity and inter-fraternity entertaining until after Lent.

All best wishes for the new semester and love to every Gamma Phi.



LAMBDA

DEAR GIRLS: The examinations have come and gone and the spring term at the University of Washington has begun. As few girls entered college this semester there was no rushing. We had our annual Christmas tree for the house, after the girls came back from their Christmas vacation. We had a fine time, as we always do, at our trees, for so many alumnae girls come back at this time. The house received many useful and pretty gifts.

With the exceptions of our "at homes," Lambda has not entertained this last month. The first Wednesday afternoon of each month we are "at home" to our lady friends, and the third Wednesday evenings we received the men.

Lambda received a visit from Mrs. Potter, of Kansas City, a

Beta girl, who was traveling in the West, with her husband. We enjoyed her visit very much and wish we could see more of our Eastern sisters.

Lambda was much grieved to hear of the death of May Douglas, of Gamma. We met her at convention and thought her a very lovable girl and can appreciate the great loss to Gamma, as to all Gamma Phi Beta.

❖
MU

SISTERS all in Gamma Phi: Let us congratulate each other on the new sister that Mu offers to the sorority. Winifred Higgins entered college this semester, and soon after her matriculation pledged her loyalty to Gamma Phi Beta.

The semester is beginning with all the activities of the spring season. Everyone is liberated into the outdoors, now that the winter rains are over. Athletics are beginning again with lots of vim, both for the men and the women. Those among us who do not go in for basketball, or hockey, or tennis, are loyal spectators of the baseball practices, or are pulling long strokes or languid strokes, as the case may be, up on the lake.

Our Christmas party was late this year, but none the less joyous on that account. The girls came dressed in the costumes of almost every walk of life; and even St. Nicholas himself appeared—if it is true that he brings people presents according to their deserts—the chapter must have been very good and some of its members very bad, because the house received such things as chairs, table linen, cushions and silver, while some of us contented ourselves with little red lobsters—signifying nothing (?).

Not long ago Mu had a delightful surprise in a visit from Mrs. Lewis Parker, of Beta, and Chicago alumnae. Now we are enjoying the prospect of a visit from some of the Eta girls this week, at the time of our reception. We wish you were all near enough to come.

Mu sends love to all her sisters and the very best of wishes for a happy season.

Mu extends to Gamma deepest sympathy in her trouble.

CHICAGO

DEAR SISTERS in Gamma Phi Beta: Chicago Alumnæ send greetings to all sister chapters.

Our January meeting and luncheon was held with Mrs. Esther Rich Reilly, and, although the attendance of members was not what it might have been, we had a good time and enjoyed having with us two Gamma Phi mothers—Mrs. Rich and Mrs. Thompson.

The February meeting was held with Mrs. Mary Ickes Watson, and those who attended reported a fine luncheon and a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Gertrude Bundy Parker was absent from both meetings on a western trip. She has recently returned and is full of enthusiasm at the cordiality with which the Eta and Mu chapters greeted her.

Miss Emilie Flinterman has recently accepted a position in Detroit, Mich., much to our regret, for in losing her we lose a capable Associate Editor and an enthusiastic and valuable member, and Chicago Alumnæ can ill afford to lose such a one.



SYRACUSE

GLOOMY days with sudden changes from extreme cold to mild weather, and about every third person ill with "la grippe," have dampened the ardor of Syracusans. We long for spring and sunny weather, and resolve to "do something" if they ever come. Our ambition may lead to several first-class articles for THE CRESCENT. Let us so hope. In spite of illness and stormy weather our monthly meetings go on.

The holiday reunion was held at the old home of the "Boomer" girls, where, at intervals, for thirty years, Gamma Phis have met and talked of the sorority nearest their hearts.

Ella Boomer Howard, '83, and Bertha Boomer Brooks, '81, were the hostesses, and about thirty guests just visited and recalled olden times.

Mabel Boomer Hodder, '94, was present from Cambridge, Mass., and also Edith W. Hamlin, '90, a teacher in the Pennsylvania College of Music, was another out-of-town guest.

The January meeting was held with Helen Graves Sprague and Alice Graves.

Four out-of-town sisters were present—Lillian Lewis, '98; Blanche Knapp, '97; Laura Lattimer, '00, and Leola Jermy, '03.

We met with Sarah Avery in February, and Helen Saxton of Clyde was the only out-of-town guest.

The active chapter are still in the throes of rushing.

Personally, I am not in favor of the long rushing season. It is demoralizing to scholarship. The active members suffer almost as much as the freshmen.

After a semester with parties two or three times weekly, calls innumerable, five or six engagements, at least, to some of the most popular freshmen girls there came a slight lull during the time of the mid years. Then comes two weeks of unlimited rushing, with engagements twice a day (or more) throughout the entire time for the rushees. It is all wrong. What time has the freshman for study? The first is the hardest year throughout the whole college course, and the student should be undisturbed.

Many parents feel this, and it is a strong argument against sororities. Waiting a whole year would simply prolong the agony. To me, the old-fashioned way seems the best. The men's fraternities had a brief rushing season and then dropped the subject and settled down to work.

In the same way, we managed to secure a pretty fair lot of members in the olden days, with less friction with our sister sororities, and we certainly had more time for the true work of college.

BOSTON

WHEN this letter reaches you, dear Gamma Phi sisters, we hope the bluebird will have flashed across your horizon with his message of spring, for here in ice-bound New England we longingly await the approach of spring after a winter that has brought us nothing but snow and zero weather. But don't think that long weeks of storm uninterrupted by sunbeams can keep Gamma Phis apart, for we have come together, a goodly and a jolly company, each second Saturday in the month.

Our Christmas gathering at Katharine Whiting's was noteworthy, especially for the large number of the alumnae present, many of whom we had not met for several years. Elma Dame, May Wonson, Helen Smith Johnson, Edith Whitaker, Mabel Dyer, Bertha Junkins and Anne Boardman, the last two, now members of New York Alumnae Chapter, gladdened our eyes with their unaccustomed presence. And there were others whom we would be glad to welcome oftener.

We have begun to make plans for Delta's twentieth anniversary, which occurs on the twenty-second day of April, and, judging by the enthusiasm which the alumnae show when it is mentioned, it bids fair to be the largest gathering of Delta girls we have ever had. Our girls are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and have escaped destruction by earthquake in San Francisco and Kingston. A feature of our program will be a message from every one we can reach, telling us of her experience since the last time we were gathered together. If a formal notice fails to reach any girl reading this letter, she is asked to communicate with the writer. From our first initiate in 1887 down to the newest freshman, we want to hear from you all.



NEW YORK

DEAR SISTERS in Gamma Phi Beta: Please imagine, if you can, the luckless correspondent of the New York Alumnae sitting for full half an hour with pen poised in hand

and that faraway look and general dejection of countenance which so plainly asks the question, "What shall I write"?

One of our members remarked the other day that she wished someone would get engaged or married so that we could send some items for the personal column.

Now, of course, we continually urge greater interest in THE CRESCENT, but it is a question whether many would be willing to sacrifice themselves to that extent for the purpose of swelling its pages. So we are dwelling on the dead level of the commonplace, which means, at present, that everybody is busy or has the "grippe." Some are managing to combine the two.

But then, in a letter, one should only talk of pleasant things,—meetings, for instance, you say. Our October assemblage was called to order at the Martha Washington Hotel, and we were proud of the large attendance, as "rainy" is too mild a term to apply to the state of the weather on that day. The November meeting was held with Mrs. Dawson, at White Plains, and took the form of a luncheon. It turned out to be mostly luncheon and very little meeting, as it occurred during the Thanksgiving holidays, and many were out of town.

In December we had a special meeting at Miss Lowd's to hear the report of our delegate and to discuss the questions brought up by convention. On an exceedingly sloppy, slushy Saturday afternoon a goodly number of us met at the home of Mrs. Beakes, and enjoyed business-like discussion and convention, improving and otherwise judiciously mixed with tea and cake.

In that same month a number of us attended a luncheon given by Iota to eleven Freshmen at the Hotel Astor. We hope we impressed those freshmen. When you learn that it poured pitchforks, tynes downward, and that we wore our very best hats, you may realize the limit to which our self-sacrificing spirit carried us.

There seems to be no other remarks to make, except that there will be more to tell next time—a most unsatisfactory conclusion.

We might devote another paragraph to the weather, but as that is a mixture of snow, slush, ice and mud combined, most of the time, with the strongest sort of a west wind, it does not seem wise to strain our vocabulary.

It seems rather trite to say, in closing, that we hope you are all well and happy, but, after all, it is not our fault that all the wealth of our affection can be expressed in only two or three words. So we send our love and greetings to all, and the assurance of our ready sympathy at all times.



MILWAUKEE

MILWAUKEE has had but two meetings since our last letter to THE CRESCENT, the December one being held at Mary Laflin's, where a few of the out-of-town girls joined us at luncheon, and last week we were entertained by Mrs. Moss and Miss Ross, at the latter's home, at a very pretty luncheon.

We decided a short time ago to all entertain at luncheon and have our business afterward and wind up the afternoon with a good visit and talk over old times.

Miss Ross had just been out to Madison to visit Gamma.

Miss Laflin gave up her position in the West Side High School last week and is busily preparing for her wedding.

Julia Richardson McLenegan and little son are on the west coast of Florida for the winter.

Hope Woodbury Gibson, an old Milwaukee girl, is living at Fifteenth and Brush, in Oakland, Cal.

With greetings and good wishes to you all, Milwaukee Alumnæ still urges a few more good chapters and enjoyed every word of Miss Gray's letter.



SAN FRANCISCO

DEAR SISTERS in Gamma Phi Beta: San Francisco Alumnæ sends cordial greetings and best wishes for the New Year, to one and all! Each year brings (in our chapter) a

renewing of friendships and freshening of hearts and deepening of mutual interests, and we cannot but feel gratitude to an organization, that, enfolding us into its midst, has strengthened and developed us into broader and better women. The spirit of Gamma Phi, breathed through its written and unwritten codes,—its “peanuts and olives, too”—follows one day by day, and year by year, and will, as long as we can frame the questions with heart or lips: Where is——? How is——? Why is——? The “Where and How and Why” in Gamma Phi is its humanly divine element, and to us all, broadly, THE CRESCENT itself is the mouthpiece, uniting us in a common interest and keeping us all abreast of the times and in touch with our sister chapters. I always search for familiar names, of friends made in the far-away East, years ago. I love to read the changes in their names, their change of occupation or of their travels. The personal element should be encouraged in our writings, for we grow to know and love by name—and then how sincere and joyous the meeting of old friends! The good and growing feature of our conventions is the encouraging of this social element whereby representatives of chapters gain personal impressions for themselves which are never forgotten and which cement them and their chapter more closely to the whole. To me, the business transacted is of minor importance compared with the interchange of social confidences, chapter histories and college notes. From this standpoint we cannot have conventions too often to satisfy the spirit—but as far as business is concerned, with our competent executive board, once in two years would appear sufficiently often to satisfy these demands. But the spirit of Gamma Phi, to my mind, is a fine and satisfactory friend to cultivate.

We have gatherings among ourselves which always are happy moments and full of the inquiries by which I would test an alumna. Our Christmas jinks are as hilarious as they are private, and we relieve our college days, and laugh anew at the ridiculous, and sigh at the solemncholy, and behave as nearly as we can as

we used to. Then our Thanksgiving dinner and evening are pleasantly spent in company with the active girls, and each one of the alumnæ in turn contributes to the fun in amusing the gathering, the freshman especially, with such choice bits as we can spare from our sweet hoard.

In January comes the Christmas tree for the "House." The alumnæ contributed to a fund which was expended for silver for the chapter house, and silver forks and spoons and knives we received almost amid tears of rejoicing. And so with love and good will, to one and all, at home and abroad, we must close, wishing you all joy and success proportionate, as it must be, with earnest endeavor and sincerest good will to all.



Personal

Beta

Helen Douglass, Beta, '96, was married December 27th, to George Creelman, Harvard, '96. Mr. Creelman is one of the Masters of Hill's School, Pottstown, Pa., where they are now living.

Gamma

Edith Bowen, '06, visited Gamma for a few days after Christmas.

Euretta Kimball, '06, was a visitor at Gamma's chapter house several weeks ago.

Mrs. Honta Smalley Bredin, of Beta, is at present very ill at the Madison Hospital.

Hazel Milverstedt of Chicago will return to college at the beginning of the second semester.

Born, November 13, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Allen (Genevieve Sylvester, Gamma, 1899), a daughter.

Louise Durst, '06, who is taking post-graduate work at Wellesley, spent a few days at our lodge after the Christmas holidays.

Delta

Gladys Wilton, '08, has gone to spend some time in Gold Field, Nevada.

Carlotta Brant, '06, is in the editorial rooms of Ginn & Co. Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

Katherine D. Hardwick, '07, is spending her mornings this last semester, assisting in the English Department at Wellesley High School.

Elsie Hatch, '08, had a fine article in a recent number of the New England Magazine, which was illustrated by photos taken by the author.

Harriet S. Fiske, '05, is doing graduate work at Chicago University in English and History. Her address is 65 Foster Hall, Hyde Park, Ill.

Epsilon

Grace McDonald attended the prom. at Madison.

Mary Bierer, ex-'07, visited Epsilon, February 21st.

Kathryn Crawford, Epsilon, has moved to Detroit, Mich.

Born, to Loula Mann Gray, Epsilon, a son, on December 19, 1906.

Born, to Ruth Phillippi Sparling Epsilon, a daughter, on January 4, 1907.

Ruth Palmer, Epsilon, '10, was called home on account of her grandfather's death.

Ruth Palmer, Sara Shute, and Anne White, Epsilon, spent the week end with Florence Wallace at Chicago Heights.

Helen Cowles and Ida Bierer, who have been at home during the last semester, begin their work again at Northwestern University.

Zeta

Flora Robinson, '08, has been ill for the past two weeks.

Jessie Wilson, '08, went home last week to attend a dance given to the graduate students of Princeton University.

Jane Smart, '04, will return soon from her trip to Japan, and will be the guest of Elizabeth Brown, '03, in Baltimore.

Margaret Axson, '02, and Margaret Wilson, ex-'07, will be the guests of Nellie Watts during the week of Senior Dramatics.

Caroline Smith, who has been visiting Margaret Axson, '02, at Princeton, N. J., will be the guest of Ethel Shriner during the coming week.

Eta

True Aiken Stern paid us a short visit recently.

Charlotte Sanderson, '98, is to be married on February 16th.

Pearl Curtiss, '04, was with us for a day or two in February.

Marin Waterhouse spent two weeks with us at the beginning of the term.

Mary Le Conte, '06, and John Hoffman, of Beta Theta Pi, were quietly married at St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, on December 26th.

Theta

Mumps have been the fad in Theta for the last few weeks.

Three of our girls, two juniors and one senior, are assisting the faculty with work in the Preparatory School and other departments of the University.

Winnie Shumway was married, January 17th, to Mr. E. S. Thompson. The wedding was a very quiet one and none of the Gamma Phis knew of it until it was all over. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson live at Cedarhurst, Colorado.

Iota

Helen Fairchild McKelvery, '02, intends to take a trip West in March.

Emma Enright, '04, attended Iota's rushing luncheon at the Hotel Astor in January.

Iota girls were very happy to meet their sister, Carolyn Ben-

son, of Mu, who dropped in upon them just before the Christmas holidays.

Olive V. McDowell is spending the winter in De Land, Florida. She is enrolled as a special student in Stetson University, where she is studying music.

On January 16, '07, a son was born to Grace Conover Ross, '05. Rev. and Mrs. Howard Victor Ross make their home in East Hampton, Long Island. Iota rejoices in its new Gamma Phi baby.

February 4-8 was Junior Week at Columbia. The men's fraternities busied themselves in giving very pleasing teas to their friends. 'Tis hardly necessary to say that Gamma Phi girls were much in evidence.

Lambda

Elizabeth Frye, '00, was married to Mr. Virgil Bogue, January 17, 1907.

Edna Byrd, Helen Russell and Myrn Cosgrove attended Louise Wetzel's wedding in Spokane, on New Year's day.

Boston

Mabel Robbins, '91, is teaching in the High School at Wallingford, Conn.

Florence Clifford Savage, Delta, '94, is visiting her mother in Chelsea, Mass.

A son, Paul, was born to Professor and Mrs. Frank Wren (Mary Ingraham), in November.

Caroline Brown, '02, accepted a position, January 1st, in the Girls' Technical High School, Springfield, Mass.

Delta Alumnæ sympathize with Elma and Katharine Dame, and with Edith Everett, for the death of their mothers.

Syracuse

Lillian Lewis, '98, was a recent guest of Corrine Lewis.

Laura Lattimer, '00, has lately passed the examinations for entrance to the New York schools.

The engagement of Ruth Piatt of Tunkhannock, Pa., to Walter E. Lewis is announced.

Nettie Sadler has been transferred from the Business High in Syracuse to the Central High School.

Bessie Cowles Gibson, '95, is rejoicing over the birth of a daughter. The little lady is named after a Gamma Phi college-mate—Ethelwyne Osborne.

Syracuse High will soon have Gamma Phi teachers enough to form another alumnæ chapter. We are especially proud of our representatives on this faculty.

Mrs. Clara Morgan Lewis, '01, who recently visited her friends in Syracuse, was seriously ill at her mother's in Auburn. She has recovered and returned to her home in Providence, R. I.

Jessie Hurlburt Hodge, '95, of Glen Side, Pa., also has a daughter several months old. This future Gamma Phi has never been officially announced in THE CRESCENT, and we owe her an apology.

Elizabeth Mason, '02, spoke before the History Division of the New York State Teachers' Association, which held its annual meeting during the holidays. Her subject was, "Methods and Aids in Teaching History."

Mrs. Minnie Mason Beebe lectured on "The Passion Play" in January at one of the city churches. Mrs. Beebe is a member of the faculty of Syracuse University, and saw the production at Oberammergau when last given.

Blanche Knapp, '99, has recently been appointed a teacher in the Syracuse High School from her standing at the head of the

eligible list of applicants. Miss Knapp is teaching in the Fulton High and her popularity there stands in the way of an advance in salary. The Fulton authorities refuse to release her.

Syracuse Alumnæ announce with great pride their first twins. Can any other chapter equal this? We introduce to you James Ernhout Barnes and Milla Ernhout Barnes. The mother, Merriam Ernhout Barnes, '00, is almost as proud as her sisters in Gamma Phi Beta. Long life to the Gamma Phi twins!



Announcements

The Supreme Governing Council takes pleasure in announcing that Delta Chapter of Chi Omega will be installed at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., at some time in February.

Alpha Phi announces the establishment of Nu Chapter at the University of Nebraska, October 7, 1906, and of Xi Chapter at the University of Toronto, December 4, 1906.

Kappa Kappa Gamma established her Beta Upsilon Chapter at the West Virginia University, December 22d.



Our Contemporaries in Black and White

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of the following quarterlies, and ask that exchanges be sent to the following:

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

Miss Amy Louise Phelan, 1128 Tenth street, Sacramento, Cal.

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

November—The Alpha Phi Quarterly, The Themis of Zeta Tau Alpha.

December—The Trident, The Lyre of Alpha Chi Omega, The Phi Gamma Delta, The Triangle of Sigma Sigma Sigma, The Shield of Theta Delta Chi.

January—The Anchora, Beta Theta Pi, The Rainbow, The Shield of Phi Kappa Psi.

February—The Phi Gamma Delta, The Trident, The Key, Kappa Alpha Journal, The Eleusis of Chi Omega, The Scroll of Phi Delta Theta, The Journal of Omega Upsilon Phi.

March—Kappa Alpha Theta, The Delta Upsilon Quarterly.

To look over the exchanges is indeed a pleasant task and a profitable one. This work was delegated to another, who has been hindered from doing it, and so but a hasty glance can be taken at the material in hand.

For the first time a copy of *The Key of Kappa Kappa Gamma* has come to us. It has been published since 1882, and represents the growth of those years. Its best article is "The Pan-Hellenic," by Lucy Sprague, Dean of Women at the University of California. It goes to show the wide service which such an organization can render, and suggests how it may be conducted most successfully.

I would merely say in conclusion, that I heartily believe in fraternities if they are reasonably controlled; that I believe the most natural and effective way of gaining that control is through their own Pan-Hellenic; and that if the Pan-Hellenic succeeds in establishing a wise self-government, it will not only do away with the fraternity evils of exclusiveness and abused privileges, but will also help the entire student body to formulate and enforce its own standards and thereby acquire that greatest of possessions,—self-control.

The Tridents for both December and February are before us. Miss Fitch, who is the able editor, has had the added advantage of being the visiting delegate, and as a result the pages are full of interest and touches of intimate relations which are not often found elsewhere. Among the editorials we find the following:

At almost regular intervals, that ghost of the old bugbear comes to life. "We'll vote against that petition. We believe in being conservative." Doubtless, but did you ever stop to think that if every chapter had felt that way, there would be no National Fraternity?

"What Has Inter-Sorority Accomplished"? is the title of a carefully prepared article in *Delta Gamma's "Anchora."* Accompanying the article is a tabulated report showing the various features which have been undertaken by local Pan-Hellenic organizations, to modify rushing, and in addition the changes which are advocated by *Delta Gamma Chapters.*

The last number of *Alpha Phi* is one of which the fraternity may be justly proud. Its frontispiece is artistic typographically—and even better from the standpoint of thought. It is from the pen of Cora Stranahan Woodard and is as follows:

"I ask you to pledge with me that sweet influence which seasons the freshness of youth, and freshens the sometimes staleness of later days;

that embodiment of the ideals of girlhood which stands unabashed in the presence of womanhood; that conservator of friendship which has planted stations from sea to sea where the faithful may come, like penitents to the stations of the cross, and be lightened of their burden of weariness, age or maybe, inexperience: The Fraternity, God bless her; may earth yield her increase; may heaven receive her votaries. And may she so impress our spirits that when we meet in the pearly streets we may know one another without the aid of badge or color."

After an exhaustive article on the convention held with the chapter at Barnard, the visiting delegate writes an article both instructive and interesting.

In closing, I wish to speak of extension. We have been nurtured in traditions of conservatism, until it has well-nigh become our fetish. We have all laughed at the claims of New York's four hundred, but in our pride of small numbers, we reveal scarcely more enlightenment than those at whom we scoff. Perhaps no one is, at present, acquainted with a larger number of Alpha Phis than the writer. Certainly no one more ardently admires our women. The years have brought richness of development to the friends of youth, and the new-found friends of the year are a source of joy and pride. And yet—we have no monopoly of fine women, in college and out! Some chapters suffer because desirable girls come to college familiar with claims of our rivals, but ignorant of our very existence.

We have received fifteen applications for charters during the present administration, and we have granted one. This is no plea for indiscriminate extension, but rather for a recognition of the advantages of growth, and for an open-minded attitude toward opportunity therefor, as it arises.

Kappa Alpha Theta bears the stamp of dignified and carefully arranged material. A weak point, which may be experienced by any chapter, is seen in "Off Years."

It is probable that almost every chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta—or, for that matter, of any other fraternity—has had some years that might be designated as "off years." Perhaps the strongest "old girls" have not returned to college, so that the management of the chapter is in more or less inexperienced hands. Perhaps the freshmen have not quite come up to expectations. Often indeed the real cause of a general let-down is hard to put a finger on, al-

though a cause is generally lurking somewhere. * * *

Perhaps the quickest solution for the trying problem of recovering from an "off year" may be found in the maxim "Keep everlastingly at it." Do not let any false pride in your fraternity keep you from seeing its weak points or from noticing and appreciating the strong points in rival fraternities. Do not be afraid to look the matter squarely in the face, to be frank with each other individually, and thus to find out the source of the trouble.

Such a discouraging year can thus develop the true Theta spirit in each chapter member. It may even be a very happy year for the girls are of necessity brought closer together and get really to know one another. A chapter, therefore, can make her "lean year" of adversity the best possible school in which to learn to overcome the far more dangerous evils that may come in the "fat years" of prosperity.

Alpha Delta Phi is the name assumed by a society of young ladies in one of the Georgia colleges. It has existed for many years under a name not Greek, but has recently become incorporated and the parent chapter is granting charters to other societies.—Beta Theta Pi.

Four good friends representing Kappa Alpha Theta, Gamma Phi Beta, Alpha Phi and Delta Delta Delta recently went to Madison as delegates to investigate the Pan-Hellenic situation there. They were asked the question, "Are you all members of the same fraternity"? Immediately came the answer from the Gamma Phi lady, "Yes—the Inter-Sorority Conference." —Trident of Delta Delta Delta.



Lost

ON the afternoon of September 8, 1906, either in the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Station, in Chicago, or on the sleeper between there and Sioux City, Iowa, a Gamma Phi Beta pin was lost. It is a Wright-Kay pin, the Phi crown set with diamonds and the Gamma and Beta in Roman gold. The name of the owner, A. Pendleton, was on the back.

Any knowledge of the pin will be acceptable news to Mrs. A. Pendleton Darling, 674 Nineteenth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

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