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OF
GAMMA PHI BETA

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GAMMA PHI BETA

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THETA—UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

RUTH ZERKLE
(Right Zealous)
Zealous in college work and play,
Zealous for Gamma Phi each day.

ADALINE BULLEN
(Always Boasted-of)
She is one of whom we like to say
"In rushing time she came our way."

CONSUELO HARMON
(Captures Hearts)
Hooray! Hooray! 'Tis pledging day!
Here is a double bid—right this way!

HELEN WHITFORD
(Hard Worker)
Each chapter duty she'll fulfill,
She says, "I'd love to" and "I will!"

LUCIA HERBERT
(Light Heeled)
She flits 'twixt Cupid and Terpsichore!

CELESTE PORTER
(Cultivates Pep)
She shines with splendor on the stage,
And wisely writes the CRESCENT page.

HELEN STRAUSS
(High Scholarship)
She is so everything that a freshman should be.

GLADYS HILL
(Gets Hundreds)
She's clever and she's jolly and she's sweet.

ELIZABETH MORGAN
(Enchantingly Microscopic)
"She's a bonny wee thing!"

LAUREL GRIMES
(Loved Generally)
What will we do next year the while—
Without our Laurel's beamish smile?

EDITH FALES
(Efficient Freshman)
All this freshman's faithful work
We never can forget.

DORIS MOSER
(Demure Maid)
"True she is as she hath proved herself.

ROWENA SCHAEFER
(Radiates Sunshine)
Always a cordial word or two—
A smile for me and a smile for you!

RUTH WHITFORD
(Real Worth)
We've worked for Theta since our freshman year,
Fiddle and I!

JUANITA DUNLAP
(Just Dear)
Villain—only in the play!

HELEN CORNISH
(How Clever)
Since first she donned the double brown,
She's brought us honor and renown.

JULIA RAMSAY
(Jolly Rusher)
She's so charmingly gracious and sweet ev'ry way,
That ne'er to her pleas could a rushee say "nay."

LOUISE BLAUVELT
(Loquaciously Brilliant)
A history shark
With a shining mark.

EVELYN HEISEN
(Evolves Harmony)
Gracious words fall from her lips
And music from her finger tips!

MILDRED ROBINSON
(Modestly Reticent)
Thinks of herself, last.

ETHEL YOUNG
(Enthralls You)
This junior maid is fair in form and face,
Of gentle dignity and quiet grace.

LOUISE
(Likes
Blue eyes,
A saucy ai

EDITH FALES
(Efficient Freshman)
All this freshman's faithful work
We never can forget.

OUNG
You)
fair in form and
nd quiet grace.

LOUISE ROBINSON
(Likes Rushing)
Blue eyes, brown hair
A saucy air.

MILDRED NUTTING
(Mighty Nice)
Her winning smile
Can e'er beguile!

KATHERINE RAMSAY
(Kindles Rapture)
No rosebud more sweet and more dainty than she.

ETHEL TOBY
(Exceedingly Talented)
And still our wonder grew
That Ethel's head could carry all it knew!

BERNICE BOWEN
(Busy Bee)
An artist she'll be
Some day—*You'll* see!

KATHRYN HERBERT
(Knows Heaps)
The chapter guide—both wise and true.

PATTY FLINT
(Pledgeling Frolicsome)
Barbarian thou wert
Pledgeling thou art
Initiate thou shalt be—
Hail! All Hail!

GLADYS EAST
(Gratifyingly Enthusiastic)
This is her slogan—she writes it high—
"I work for my college and Γ Φ."

HELEN FALES
(Heart Faithful)
"Striving successfully always to please."

MARGARET HANDY
(Most Helpful)
"Modest and simple and sweet."

MARY HITCHCOCK
(Makes Hit)
"A peach, my dear—a perfect peacherine."

MABEL BURTON
(Manner Bewitching)
She deftly guides her trusty car;
As chauffeur, she is quite a star.

ELIZABETH HARDY
(Eyes Heavenly)
The baby of the chapter!

MABEL RILLING
(Magnificently Regulates)
One who can always do and say
The wisest thing in the wisest way.

THE CRESCENT

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HELEN WARD

Social Service (taught classes of Italians in the Ghetto).
Alethenai Literary Society (Treasurer '15).
Class Offices Newman Club of Northwestern (Social Chairman '15).

GRACE CORLETT

Social Service (taught sewing class in Northwestern Settlement).
Syllabus Board 1918

MARION VAN PATTEN

Social Service (taught classes in Christopher House).

GLADYS O'CONNOR

Social Service (taught classes in the Ghetto).
Anonian Literary Society.

MARGARET ROSS

Social Service (taught sewing class in Northwestern Settlement).
Y. W. C. A. (member of the second cabinet).

ALICE BOYD

Social Service (taught class in sewing in Northwestern Settlement).
Y. W. C. A. (member of the second cabinet).

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Y. W. C. A. (member of the Geneva Club and of Freshman Commission).

FRANCES PHELPS

Sigma Sigma (Intersorority).
Syllabus Board 1916.
Anonian Literary Society.
Dramatics (in *Admiral Crichton*).
Class Offices (on social committee and leader of Senior Prom).

FLORENCE PHELPS

Sigma Sigma (Intersorority).
Anonian Literary Society.
Minstrel Show.

MARGERY WESTON

Syllabus Board 1918.

SARAH RADEBAUGH

Syllabus Board 1918.
Freshman Honor Roll.
Class Offices (on social committee).

MARY UNDERWOOD

Anonian Literary Society.
Freshman Honor Roll.

MAGARET WALSH

Anonian Literary Society.

RUTH WHITE

Freshman Honor Roll.

MARGERY GRANHAM

Athletics (swimming team).

WILLA JANSKY

Athletics (basketball team and swimming team).

RUTH KOENIG

Dramatics (leading part in German play).

MILDRED ROSS

Dramatics (leading part in *Admiral Crichton*).

LEILA NAGLE

Dramatics (in *When We were Twenty-One*).

ENTIRE CHAPTER

Cup for best circus stunt.

THETA

LAUREL GRIMES

Kedros.
Senior Play Committee.
Senior class secretary.
Phi Alpha.
Assistant in psychology.

KATHRYN HERBERT

Head assistant in English department.
Senior Program Committee.

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Evans Literary Club.
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Y. W. C. A. cabinet.

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Scroll and Torch.

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Assistant in philosophy.
Phi Alpha.
Y. W. C. A. cabinet.
Kedros.

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Biological Society.

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Kedros.
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Spanish Club.

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ROWENA SHAEFER

Spanish Club.

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Assistant in English department.

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Vice-president of Drama Club.
Drama Club play.
Evans Literary Club.

DORIS MOSER

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German Club.

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Scroll and Torch.

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Assistant in department of public speaking.
Drama Club
Drama Club play.
Evans Literary Club.

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Drama Club.
Evans Literary Club.

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French Club.

MILDRED NUTTING

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Drama Club.
Drama Club play.

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Drama Club play.

GLADYS EAST

Drama Club play.

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Drama Club.

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Spanish Club.

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Kedros.

KAPPA

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Woman's Self-government Association.
Sigma Tau (honorary—composed of twenty girls from entire senior class).

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Skin and Bones (Rival to Sigma Tau).

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Sophomore Vaudeville.

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Pinafore.

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Jeannette Welch
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Elizabeth Odell
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Ella Morse
Jean McGilvra
Grace Muir
Mary Mosher
Emma Bolt

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Women's S. Society.
Tennis Club.

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Captain Junior Basketball Team.
Captain Junior Crew.

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Tennis Club.

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Cap and Gown.

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Sociology Club.

HERVA DUNSHEE

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Varsity Baseball Team.

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Cabinet of Y. W. C. A.

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Secretary Sociology Club.
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Senior Picnic Committee.
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ZETTA MILLS

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Senior Prom Committee.

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Frances Howe	Zetta Mills
Eleanor Norton	Lorene Wilcox

OMICRON

DORIS HOLLOWAY

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K Δ Π—Honorary Educational.

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Vice-president of Athletic Association.
Captain senior basketball team.
Championship hockey team (senior).

RUTH FOX

Illini reporter.
Championship basketball team (junior).
Junior hockey team.

HARRIETTE DADANT

Athletic Association.
Championship basketball team (junior).
Junior hockey team.

MARGARET BALDWIN

Athletic Association.
Junior hockey team.

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Secretary of Y. W. C. A.

JENNIS BARRY

First cabinet of Y. W. C. A.

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President of Sophomore Illinae.

MARTHA MCCAMMON

Advisory Board of Sophomore Illinae.
Athenian Literary Society.

LILLIAN JOHNSTON

Advisory Board of Sophomore Illinae.

LUCILE PEIRSON

Yo Ma.
Illiola Literary Society.
Chairman of Y. W. C. A. Jubilee Committee.

RUTH MCELHINEY

Yo Ma.
Illiola Literary Society.

GERTRUDE SWIFT

Secretary of Gregorian Literary Society.
First Cabinet—Y. W. C. A.

AGNES HELMREICH

Leading lady in German play *"Alt Heidelberg."*
Vice-president of Deutsche Verein.

ASTRID DODGE

Alethenai Literary Society.
First Cabinet—Y. W. C. A.

HAZEL BARACKMAN

First team—freshman hockey.

PI

DORIS WEAVER

Latin Club.
Silver Serpent.
Vice-president Y. W. C. A.

KATE HELZER

Vice-president Home Economic Club.
Committee for Vocational Guidance Conference.
Girls' Club Board.

LOIS HARDY

Mystic Fish.
Girls' Club Board.

MARJORIE COBB

Y. W. C. A. cabinet and Xi Delta.

MARJORIE GREEN

University Night program.
Junior play.

NELL MORRISSEY

Mystic Fish.

CAROLYN KIMBALL

German Dramatic Club.
English Dramatic.
University Players.

MILDRED PEERY

Y. W. C. A. cabinet.
Girls' Club Board.
Treasurer senior class.
Senior Cap and Gown Committee.
Senior Gift Committee.

AILEEN EBERMAN

Reporter, *Daily Nebraskan.*

SIGMA

Lucille Nowlin

Sophomore representative to Women's Student Government Association.
Second Cabinet of Y. W. C. A.

Gail Hall

Quill Club.
Theta Sigma Phi.
Junior Mixer Committee.
Social service committee of Y. W. C. A.

Sarah Rowe

Vice-president of Y. W. C. A.

Anita Hostetter

Quill Club.

Marie Hostetter

Social committee of Y. W. C. A.

Opal Holmes

Senior representative to Women's Student Government Association.
Senior Memorial Committee.
Big Sister Committee of Y. W. C. A.

Dorothy McKown

Quill Club.

Opal Plank

Sophomore Farce.

Irma Wullenwaber

Chorus of Sophomore Farce.

Olive Reynolds

Chorus of Sophomore Farce.

Doris Roebke

Second Cabinet of Y. W. C. A.

Olivia Dale

Publicity Committee of Y. W. C. A.

Isabel Gilmore

Big Sister Committee of Y. W. C. A.

PHI BETA KAPPAS

First row, left to right—Mary Ray, '16, K; Anna Baker, '16, Λ; Jean McGilvra, '16, K.

Second row—Margaret Wayland, '17, Λ; Ella P. Winslow, Λ; Gezina Thomas, '16, Λ. Katherine Crocker, '16, K

Marion Nowell, Emily Stewart, Jeanette Dyer, H

Lois McBride, '16, Λ

TAU

HENRIETTA PAULSEN

Woman's Athletic Association (president).
Y. W. C. A. (social committee).

MARIE HARRIS

Woman's Upperclass Council.
Y. W. C. A. (Chairman of Religious Meetings).
Dramatic Club.
Attendant to May Queen (senior).

KATHLEEN TULLY

Woman's Upperclass Council.
Dramatic Club.
Scribblers' Club.
Collegian Staff (Literary Editor).

NITA WILLIAMS

Dramatic Club.

DOROTHY MARTIN

Dramatic Club.

ROMONA WOODHAMS

Dramatic Club.

ANNA CORREY

Glee Club.

VESTAL DEFFENTAUGH

Attendant to May Queen (freshman).

CHAPTER STUNTS

ETA

A month or so ago, Eta, in combination with several other sororities, gave an evening's entertainment for the benefit of the local Y. W. C. A. Each sorority presented one stunt, and Eta's contribution was *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* as posed for the camera of the moving-picture man. It was screamingly funny, especially the angels, who appeared on every occasion and the hounds, whose tails ranged from small switches to black fox furs. Of course, it is all pantomime; the only one who has anything to say is the camera man, and he gives only brief directions to the actors.

On April 1, the alumnæ and active chapter gave an April Fool's party and every one came dressed in a costume appropriate for the occasion. Two of the girls appeared as the Gold Dust Twins, another as a Kewpie, a third as a dog who sat on the floor and growled and snapped at every one, and still others as handsome young men, old ladies, Mutt and Jeff, a rag doll, a lamp shade, a Turk with two beauties from his harem, and many more which I am unable to recall.

MU

On February 25, the Gamma Phi house was the scene of a very original and enjoyable rushing party, to which eight prospective freshmen were invited. Those from out of town we entertained over the week-end. The house was decorated with acacia blossoms, giving a very summery appearance. After dinner, we danced for a short time, then placed wicker tables around the rooms where soda water and candy was served. For entertainment, several original stunts were presented. A number of the girls were dressed in costume.

One of the most interesting of these stunts was a melodramatic moving picture enacted behind a white curtain, and accompanied by explanatory reading.

There were several singing and dancing stunts, and to cap the climax, three girls in nondescript costumes played the *Miserere* on combs covered with tissue paper. A burlesque is usually incapable of being described and this, like most, had to be seen to be appreciated. Between acts there was dancing by all who wished to take part, and late in the evening the party adjourned.

NU

The best stunt Nu has given, won the prize last year at the April Frolic in which all of the women's organizations on the campus compete. It was called "Evolution" and represented various stages in the evolution of the race. A song interpreting and explaining each stage was chanted behind the scenes. At the beginning the world came spinning into view. The world was a girl dressed from neck to ankles in a huge brown ball with white continents pasted on it. On her shoulder rested a white pasteboard tube which completely hid her face. Then came a squirming amoeba in a shapeless white bag, and after it a long green worm with a big yellow head and brown feelers. Next, a frog with a green back and a yellow front hopped around. Next, a realistic monkey occupied the stage and after him a fierce looking wild man. The present age was reflected in a large mirror drawn slowly before the audience. The future was prophesied in a short ultra-suffragette

playlet. To complete the cycle, Father Time stalked slowly across the stage with his long scythe. Large signs were displayed at the beginning of each stage to be sure that the point was not lost. All of this was done in pantomime accompanied by the chanting.

Another stunt we gave during first week last fall to entertain rushees. We transformed the house into a moving-picture theatre. With a ticket seller in a ticket window, real posters pasted on signboards at the entrance of the show and gum-chewing ushers—the regular performance was quite complete. Chairs were arranged as in an auditorium and an imitation movie was shown. After the show was over, the guests were invited to patronize an ice-cream store where white-aproned waitresses served them at little tables.

Omicron

Our formal has been the only real "party" in which we've indulged recently, and it was given on March 3. The feature dance was a "robber dance" with the robbing done by the girls in approved leap year style. "Original Party" might apply to a masquerade which we had at the very beginning of the semester—for girls only. Most of the evening was taken up with stunts by the girls. Tight-rope walking—done on the floor on the electric lamp wire, style shows with Gamma Phi models, and an exhibition of ultra-latest in dance steps, all figured in the program.

We are planning this year again to submit a stunt to the annual stunt show contest, in which we won the silver cup two years ago. We are pinning our hopes quite high, for the idea, originated by Dorothy Cawthorne, is very clever. The stunt is supposed to portray the origin of leap year and is staged in fairyland. If all goes well, and we find out in time whether or not it has been accepted, I shall write about it in the chapter letter.

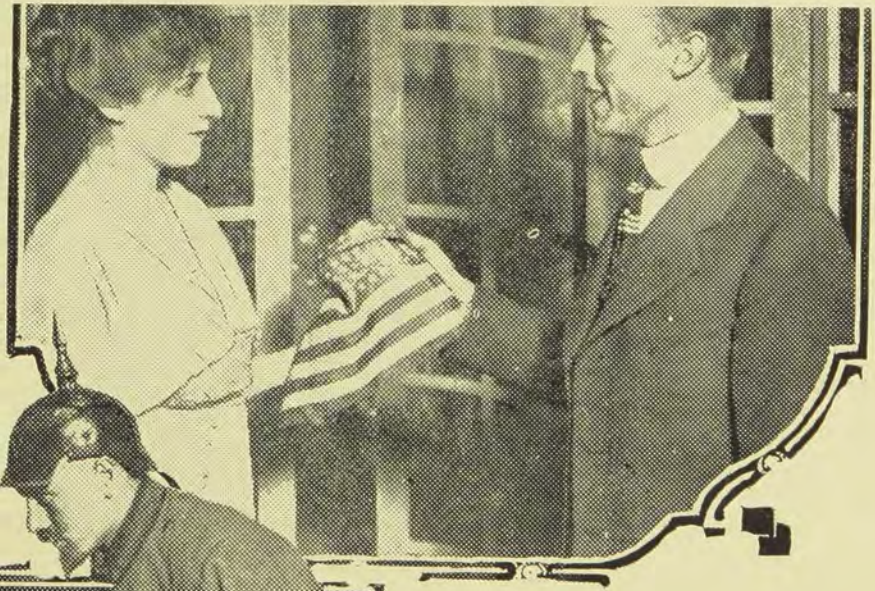
Theta

The Promise of Tomorrow, a three-act drama, written for the occasion by Miss Lindsey Barbee and presented by the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority of the University of Denver, Thursday evening, March 2, 1916, Woman's Club Building.

THE CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

Ralph Stanfield—A United States government official.....
.....J. Keith McLeod
Kurt von Wentz—A foreign agent.....Oliver Parish
Leslie Stanfield—Ralph's sister.....Kathryn Herbert



Upper right—Herbert Wilkins as Sidney Lyle.
Kathryn Herbert as Leslie Stanfield.
Act I. of "The Promise of Tomorrow."

Lower left—Oliver Parish as Kurt von Wentz.
Juanita Dunlop as Olga Petronovitch.
Act II. of "The Promise of Tomorrow."

Kamura—A Japanese servant.....William Boehm
Kristine—A peasant girl.....Lucia Herbert
Mrs. Wilmot—Of conversational tendencies.....Louise Blauvelt
Patricia Stanfield—"Pat".....Celeste Porter
Olga Petronovitch—A spy.....Juanita Dunlop
Dick Van Buren—Almost a Senior.....William Schaetzel
Marie—A maid.....Helen Whitford
Reiter—A guard.....Ralph Peoples
Sidney Lyle—An American.....Herbert Wilkins
Sadie—An office girl.....Gladys East
John Hoyt—A diplomat.....Frederick Fleming

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—A Chateau in France—August, 1914.
Act II.—The same—two weeks later.
Act III.—An office in Washington—several weeks later.

Play staged and coached by Miss Edna May Sprague; performance given under the business management of Miss Eunice Robinson and Miss Helen Cornish; advertising manager Miss Laurel Grimes.

[The following fraternities were represented:
Kappa Sigma—Keith McLeod.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon—Oliver Parish.
Sigma Phi Epsilon—William Boehm.
Phi Delta Theta and Phi Delta Phi—Herbert Wilkins.
Phi Kappa Epsilon and Phi Delta Phi—Frederick Fleming.
Alpha Pi Nu (local)—Ralph Peoples.
Beta Theta Pi—Frederick Rantchler (head usher)].

CRITICISM BY SARA FARRAR (Dramatic Critic of the *Rocky Mountain News*)

The Gamma Phi Beta Sorority play, given on Thursday night at the Woman's Club, was the artistic event that these annual performances of the sorority usually are. *The Promise of Tomorrow,* written for the occasion by Miss Lindsey Barbee, was up to the standard that this clever playwright has established in the years that she has sponsored the sorority plays. *The Promise of Tomorrow* is timely. It is teeming with the spirit of the times. The scene is laid in France at the beginning of the war and the American and the foreign attitudes toward war are cleverly brought out in situations and dialogue. Miss Barbee was eminently successful in her character drawing in showing the national characteristics. The Americans, alert, slangy, and of a variety of amusing types, were well etched.

EPSILON CIRCUS PICTURE—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Back row, left to right—Gladys O'Connor, Florence Phelps, Clara Hagerman, Celia Merry, Mary Underwood, Ruth White, Margaret Walsh, Margery Grantham, Leila Nagle, Mildred Ross, Beatrice Von Babo, Grace Corlett, Ruth Bartels, Willa Jansky, Helen Ward, Margaret Ross, Frances McCarty, Alice Boyd, Irmgard Zethmeisl, Marion Van Patten.

Front row—Margery Weston, Sarah Radebaugh, Frances Phelps, Lillian Fortin, Marguerite Stokes, Jane Kendall, Florence Stallwood, Ray Latimer.

The performance could hardly be classed as amateur when considering the lighting, stage-setting and management. Miss Edna Sprague, who staged and coached the play, is an expert and her achievement was remarkable. There were no harrowing waits and none of the eccentricities that are the hall-marks of the amateurish were present.

The play opens in a chateau in France where an American family is living, when war is declared. Ralph Stanfield, an American government official and his sister, Leslie, are giving a house party. This gives a chance for the introduction of spies, secret agents and the story involves these and a young American who undertakes a desperate journey to England on which hinged some American diplomatic relations.

There was a large cast and the play on the whole was well acted. Standing out as particularly clever bits of acting are the conversational Mrs. Wilmot, played by Louise Blauvelt and Celeste Porter's Pat Stanfield, a slangy American girl. Sidney Lyle was naturally and easily portrayed by Herbert Wilkins.

Katherine Herbert was attractive as Leslie Stanfield. There was a good deal of atmosphere in the part of the spy played by Juanita Dunlop. A breezy comedy bit was the Dick Van Buren of William Schaetzel.

Epsilon

How We Won on the Cup

Did you know that Epsilon is the proud possessor of a large silver loving cup, the trophy for the best girls' stunt put on at the Northwestern circus? We are, and I shall tell you how we did it. About one month before the great circus was to be given, each of the sororities, literary societies, and fraternities appointed a stunt manager. These stunt managers held meetings and decided the nature and limitations of the stunts. Then each manager was given two weeks' time to develop and write up an original idea. Ray Latimer wrote our stunt, "The Evolution of the Dance," and it was passed by the "National Board of Censorship."

Our first practise was a little over a week before the date set for the circus. The first few rehearsals were very discouraging as we lacked the atmosphere and spirit of the thing. Each girl made her own costume and naturally the girls with hoop skirts had a great deal of trouble in making them "hoop" at the right angle. However, as the costumes developed so also did the interest and enthusiasm. Although we had few rehearsals, what we *did* have were pretty lengthy ordeals as we simply kept on until we went through the stunt without a hitch.

At last the great day arrived and after having much difficulty in obtaining and blowing up the balloons, curling straight, stringy hair, getting the orchestra to play suitable music, and resigning ourselves to no footlights and to being the first number on the program, we began our stunt with much fear of losing all chance to win the cup.

First the Indians, in regular costume with beads, braided hair, etc., had a war dance. The audience paid little attention until the wild war whoop made them look up to be sure whether the Indians were real or not.

Next was the Puritan stiff walk to the music of "Rock of Ages." This was, of course, a very striking contrast to the Indian dance and on that account it held the interest of the audience.

The minuet was then danced by four rather tall girls in colonial costume. This was done exceptionally well and was one of the prettiest features of the whole stunt.

Then eight smiling little freshmen, in Civil War costume with hoop skirts and pantalettes, skipped out on the stage, courtesied low, and danced the Dixie Two Step. This seemed to please the audience even more than the other dances although each one received its share of applause.

The last of the series of dances was the modern dances. Four girls in party dresses with balloons on their shoulders and wrists and in their hair, danced the one step, fox trot, and other modern dances. At the end they went off the stage at different corners and tossed the balloons into the audience. This made a very effective close for the series of dances.

The real climax and prize winner of our stunt was the patriotic dance to the "Star Spangled Banner." Marguerite Stokes, in flag costume, danced this very gracefully and easily, and gained the loud applause of the audience.

After she had finished her dance and as a grand finale we all formed single file ranks in the order of our dances and marched around the stage singing an original Northwestern song.

Afterward the authorities told us that our stunt had the unanimous vote of the judges. This pleased us very much for—after we saw the stunts put on by Tri Delta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Chi Omega—we were very doubtful as to our chance of winning the "much sought for loving cup."

PREPAREDNESS

By M. Ruth Guppy (Dean of Women in the University of Oregon)

Preparedness is one of the popular words of the day. It is a watchword, tense and powerful in its expression. Everywhere we hear it:—a call arousing the people to be up and doing. As a nation, we are sufferers from the disease—Americanitis—which is diagnosed as nervousness and undue haste in everything undertaken —whether it is eating, sleeping or working. And with it there comes a lack of thoroughness, and appreciation of detail so plainly shown when individuals are put to the real test. Again, as a nation, we are an optimistic, happy-go-lucky sort of people. Years of peace and commercial success have dulled, in certain ways, our perceptions and our vigilance. We have heeded in a desultory manner, the words of warning uttered by Washington, Jefferson and other prominent statesmen. Nevertheless, situations today show how little we have actually profited by their admonitions.

European countries, never quite free from possible attack, have had the advantage, for generations, of that specialized training for competent service—a service which has untold value in times of danger. Preparedness, however, has not only to do with war, but with everything that concerns our welfare, preëminently with leadership—that thorough preparation of men and women which enables them to grasp the helm and guide the ship in times of need. Especially now does America demand leaders in commercial circles; on the high seas; and organizers of men. Even with the threatenings of war, there are golden opportunities for those well-equipped—those who are "up and doing with a heart for any fate."

Prominent in circles from which leaders are to come are college men and women—those to whom opportunity has opened the door to wealth untold. America has the right to expect much from such sons and daughters. Has she been disappointed? In a way, yes. The spirit is there, but not the exact technical training in the chosen work which comes from close application and observation. The fault is in the individual—whose duty it is to do—not to dream.

The first lessons of preparedness—the principles of right living —begin in the home. The little tots may be taught the value of pennies and shown the result of digging their gardens; to say nothing of being cheerful and dealing with their companions "on the square." Further on, in the high school the attention of boys and girls should ever be called to the different vocations. They should be taught to "stir up their gifts" and find out the work for

which each is best fitted. The days when science and mathematics were considered unwomanly, and of such anomalies as lady Greek and lady tennis, are long past: and the girls are as free to follow their tastes and inclinations as their brothers. Vocational guidance should be a most potent factor in all high-school training.

The freshman year in college will, then, not be one of slips, failures, and disillusions, but rather one of interest, insight and wiser preparedness.

Laura Drake Gill, ex-president of the National Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and president of the College for Women, Sewanee, Tennessee, says: "I believe that every woman needs skilled occupation developed to the degree of possible self-support. She needs it *commercially* for an insurance against reverses. She needs it *socially* for a comprehending sympathy with the world's workers. She needs it *intellectually* for a constructive habit of mind which renders knowledge effective. She needs it *ethically,* for a courageous willingness to do her share of the world's work."

In the college community of today, the fraternity clubhouse plays a most important part. And there, as elsewhere, preparedness is not to be lost sight of. With her vocational ideas before her, the freshman enters a new world in which high ideals, self-reliance, concentration, and the power of selection, are to be cultivated; to say nothing of sympathetic understanding and the art of being a good "mixer." The upperclassmen in the fraternity or clubhouse have grave duties thrust upon them in helping the underclassmen to make the most of their opportunities, and in teaching the need of responsibility and of good citizenship. College life is not the success that it should be if each member does not do her part in raising the standards of a house and also that of the community of which it is an integral part.

Aim for leadership. Let your motto be thoroughness in whatever you undertake. And though ambitions are unfulfilled, the world is better and brighter for your presence and your labors.

REPORT OF FRATERNITY EXAMINATION COMMITTEE

The Fraternity Examination of 1915-16 averages, generally speaking, higher than that of last year. It has been taken by postgraduates, seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen and pledges —a total of 424. And all grades are represented from 48 to 100.

Epsilon stands first with an average of 96, closely followed by Zeta, and Rho (95), Mu, Gamma, Tau, and Nu (94). Zeta and

Tau had papers of excellent arrangement and workmanship. Some of the chapters have fallen below their standings of last year; for what reason, they best know—though to the committee it seems from carelessness and undue cramming.

Deans of Women would be startled, I am sure, to know that they are official organs of Panhellenic. And what would our worthy forefathers say, could they learn that no date in United States History could be found coincident with the founding of Phi Beta Kappa (1776). And that "Phi Beta Kappa was founded in 1776 at the close of the Revolutionary War." Also the patriotic dames of D. A. R. would raise their eyebrows quite knowingly when told that theirs was the oldest *honorary* society in America.

Each set of papers has its own individuality and tells a tale of university life and training. What we need is more nationalism. The spirit is there—but it needs cultivation. Why several chapters should ignore interfraternity compact and give their own version of the code of ethics, the chairman does not see.

The committee cannot close without speaking most highly of many of the papers, especially those of the postgraduates and the seniors. They are certainly a credit to any organization.

Let there be more systematic reading, studying—and discussion, girls, of the leading questions of the day, by no means ignoring the publications of fraternities and universities. Then, unconsciously will knowledge be woven into thought and speech; and late hours and cramming become unnecessary and a thing of the past.

FRATERNITY EXAMINATION COMMITTEE

Name	*No. Examined*	*When Arrived*	*Average*	*95 and Over*
Alpha	42	April 4	86	9
Beta*				*Delay on acct. of illness of examiners
Gamma	44	March 24	94	25
Delta	15	March 26	81	2
Epsilon	22	March 18	96	16
Zeta	19	March 21	95	10 (excellent)
Eta	26	March 20	86	2
Theta	30	April 4	74	1
Iota	—	—	—	—
Kappa	26	March 22	77	—
Lambda	24	March 20	90	6
Mu	19	March 18	94	7
Nu	33	March 25	94	30
Xi	24	March 21	80	4
Omicron	26	March 21	89	4
Pi	19	March 26	77	2
Rho	10	March 21	95	9
Sigma	22	March 20	89	2
Tau	23	March 23	94	14 (excellent)

Total number examined 424; total number (95 and over), 143; total average 87.

NURSING, A PROFESSION FOR EDUCATED WOMEN

[The Collegiate Committee of the Nursing and Health branch of the Teachers' College Alumnæ Association wishes to bring to the attention of college women the desirability of nursing as a profession for educated women. Miss Bridge (Delta Delta Delta), a member of this committee has written an article relating to the subject, which is printed in this issue of THE CRESCENT and which is accompanied by the appended note from Miss Fitch. Gamma Phi Beta is grateful to Miss Bridge for presenting this profession to college women in such an interesting and practical way.

To the N. P. C. Editors:

I am indeed glad to endorse Miss Helen Bridge and her article to which she refers. Miss Bridge is a member of the Collegiate Committee of the Teachers' College Alumnæ Association (Columbia University). Last year this organization desired to have the nursing profession and its possibilities more widely known. They wished especially to reach college girls. Miss Bridge prepared an article for the November number of the *Trident* and she is now anxious that this be given wider publicity. Her article in the *Trident* was approved by the Teachers' College Committee. Both she and the Department of Nursing and Health in Teachers' College will be grateful for any publicity you may care to give the article in question or to a different treatment of the same if you prefer.

(Signed) R. LOUISE FITCH,
National President Delta Delta Delta.

Eugene, Oregon, January 31, 1916.]

In these days of social unrest, while people of all classes and professions are bending their efforts toward the betterment of the public health, the thoughts of the educated young woman are turned forcefully toward the necessity of choosing wisely, a profession which will make of her a greater social asset. The young women of our generation have a wide choice of vocations. And one of the most useful of these and one for which women are peculiarly adapted is the oldest of all professions, Nursing.

For the majority of people the history of nursing begins with tales of the Crimea and accounts of the heroic work of Florence Nightingale. But those familiar with the story of its development realize that the rudiments of nursing were originated in primitive times. From those far-off days, the history of nursing reads like a fairy-tale, into which is woven sufficient romance to make of it an absorbing study.

Twenty-five years ago there were only two professions open to women—teaching and nursing. And the young woman who took up the latter found that she was limited to a choice between two fields of endeavor. For a few there were institutional positions but for the great majority there was nothing in the future but private nursing.

Private nursing is still an important field, but the nursing situation is greatly changed at the present time. More and more people are being educated to the point of demanding hospital care for their sick. This, coupled with the rapid advance of medical science, has created a demand for institutional workers of various types and at the same time has narrowed the field of private nursing. The result is that the young nurse, upon the eve of graduation, finds that, instead of a choice between two lines of work, she is offered such a wealth of interesting opportunities that she is often at a loss to know which to choose.

The need for private nurses is so familiar that further elaboration is unnecessary. Although fewer workers are needed than formerly, this field will always require and will, no doubt, attract a goodly number of young women.

Hospital positions are many and varied and may include positions in the hospital proper or in the training school. Among these are those of superintendent, assistants, supervisors, head nurses, surgical nurses, housekeepers and dietitians. A comparatively new position is that of instructor of nurses.

The very name, "Public Health Nursing" gives one an idea of the scope and importance of this branch of work in which nurses are engaged. This work is chiefly educational and preventive, although it is also concerned with the care of the sick in the home. District or visiting nursing is the oldest of its branches, but some of its newer ones are equally interesting. Among the latter are, Infant Welfare Work which includes the teaching of mothers as well as the care of sick babies; Insurance Nursing, which differs from Visiting Nursing only in that the nurses are paid by the insurance companies for visiting sick policy holders and lastly, School Nursing. This is vastly interesting as well as important, for not only is it hoped by this branch of the work to discover physical defects and provide proper treatment for the same, but also to bring about an earlier recognition of cases of the acute infectious diseases to which children are subject. Another subdivision of this branch of nursing offers the position of resident nurse in schools and colleges. Here the nurse often has a great deal of actual nursing to do although her work is frequently a combination of teaching and nursing.

Social Service Welfare work differs from the preceding in that the latter requires less actual nursing. Hospital Social Service aims to conserve the strength of the patient after he has left the hospital by attending to home conditions and getting him the right kind of employment. Welfare work in department stores and

factories is especially designed to keep employees well and happy and to render first aid in case of accidents.

Philanthropic societies specializing in such lines as Child Welfare and Mental Hygiene often secure the services of nurses for organization and publicity work. Other lines of social activity in which nurses have proven successful are sanitary inspection, investigation work with criminals and probation work.

As laboratory assistants, nurses are widely employed. These positions vary greatly in their scope and advantages offered but present many interesting opportunities.

Army and Navy nursing prove interesting fields for many women. The service is spent in hospitals and nurses are transferred from one station to another, traveling at home and abroad.

Red Cross Nurses do emergency duty in time of war or of any national calamity. It has been the aim of those women in charge of this work to enroll for this service, the very flower of the nursing profession. The women in the Red Cross Town and County Nursing Service do visiting nursing which is true pioneer work. In some of the mountain districts, the nurses visit their patients on horse back, carrying their supplies in saddle bags. Here, indeed, the nurse must be preëminently the teacher, if she is to be a success.

In all these branches of work in the nursing field, the salaries vary from $50 to $250 per month, some with and others without maintenance.

For these fields and for others which are less clearly mapped out, the nursing profession needs reinforcements. And the recruits are needed from the large body of educated women who are yearly leaving our colleges. A great many of the problems before us are extremely practical but so many radical changes must be made, and such extensive organization of the old as well as organization of the new lines of work must be accomplished that we need women who are well trained mentally, who have the highest kind of executive ability and have the vision to see far ahead and the power to grasp the shadowy things of the future and make them realities. For this we need women who can lead, who have the courage of their convictions, initiative, boundless courage and enthusiasm.

To women of the right type, nursing offers advantages that can be had in few other professions. Most important of all it offers opportunities for real and lasting service to humanity. The expense of the nurse's education is comparatively small and after graduation she finds it possible to begin her work with little fear of competition. She need not stay in one place, for wherever she goes,

a competent woman is sure to find a demand for her services. In addition to this, nursing could scarcely be said, if one may be allowed to quote an anti-suffrage phrase, "to take a woman out of her sphere," since it is a splendid training for domestic responsibilities.

It would hardly seem wise to close even such a short article without offering a few suggestions for the benefit of the young women who may contemplate entering a school of nursing. This should be chosen as carefully as one would choose a college since every student nurse wishes to become a recognized member of the profession. This can only be done by graduating from a good training school.

Before making a choice, applicants should visit several schools or write, making full inquiries regarding the following important points: (1) The size of the school and the character of the service. The scope and character of the work are of greater importance than the size of the school. Training in a hundred bed hospital with an active and varied service, would prove more profitable than in a much larger institution which did not admit all varieties of cases. (2) The reputation of the school. The value of a school is not always in direct proportion to the prestige of the hospital with which it is connected. Some hospitals that have built up reputations upon the brilliant work of famous surgeons, offer a very inadequate training. The reputation of the nursing school depends upon the standards set for the care of the patient and the teaching of the student nurse. (3) The standards of entrance. If there are no educational standards or if they are very low, it is fair to draw the conclusion that the educational work of the school is not of a high character. (4) The course of study. It is well to ascertain the extent of the class teaching and by whom it is done. This latter is most important, since it is necessary in the nursing as in others, that teachers have special training. (5) Living and work conditions. These are important considerations, since the efficiency of the worker depends to a great extent upon the health of the individual. An eight hour day is greatly to be desired and at least a three weeks' vacation yearly. (6) Registration. It would be well for applications to inquire whether graduates of the school they think of entering are eligible to the title of Registered Nurse (R.N.) If in doubt about the reputation of the school, it would be wise to consult some officer of the State Nurses' Association or to write to the editor of some reliable nursing periodical, such as, *The American Journal of Nursing*, 45 S. Union St., Rochester, N. Y.

Helen Lillian Bridge, B.S., R.N.

Assistant Superintendent of Nurses,
Washington University Training School, St. Louis, Mo.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

MINNIE BINGHAM WILLOUGHBY

Oh the pioneer! The pioneer!
Striding over the prairie wide,
Pacing the steady pace of the oxen by his side,
Smiling into the face of his brave and trusting bride,
Then gazing ahead with eyes of the seer,
The pioneer.

O pioneer, pioneer!
Brave bride with the trusting smile,
Knowing of dangers that wait but awhile,
Guessing vaguely at others, as mile after mile
Lengthens 'twixt you and the past,
The safe, traditional past,
O pioneer.

Ye four young dreamers of dreams so high,
Who set your feet in a path unworn,
A path so smooth for us, the later born;
Say, have we dreamed after you those dreams, so high,
Or have they faded from out our sky?

And what did you see, O Founders Four,
That turned you aside, from the trodden way
To a path where maidens were few?
And why did you band together, you four out of all
Separate and again separate unto yourselves?
Did a torch lighten?
Did a star beckon?
Did a young crescent wax bright in your vision?
Did you see women in a great sisterhood
Reaching from ocean to ocean,
Bound by a tie that makes the heart leap,
Leap at that crescent upon the breast of a stranger?
Did you hear vows repeated in hushed and reverent voices?
Did you feel the clasp of unnumbered hands in friendship,
While a spark flew from eye to eye, and the lip trembled?

Ay, all this you saw in your vision;
Again and again that vision's fulfillment has gladdened
your eyes.

Now, at the passing out upon the Great Untried Path
Of one of you four, we pause.

Hail and farewell, O Dreamer!
Thanks for thy vision splendid.
We girdle the globe today in a circle wondrous and mystic,
Thyself the center.
Fare forth! Beside thee we walk a few steps as we may,
Singing the songs thou didst love.

But oh, another vision now draws thee,
A vision more splendid.
We see the light in the sky,
We follow, still singing.
Hail, and farewell.

AUSTIANA TAYLOR GORETH, *Alpha '92.*

[This poem which was read at the Baltimore Memorial Service for Mrs. Willoughby arrived too late for publication in the March CRESCENT.]

THE MODERN STAGE

BY MARGARET PACKARD TAUSSIG (*Theta and Denver*)

When you were somewhere between two and ten years old, did you ever say "Let's pretend"? "Let's make believe you are the mother and I am a naughty girl and Tommie is an Indian—(or perhaps a policeman)." How vivid the play grew when you could borrow some long skirts and exchange calls with other dimunitive ladies in equally flowing draperies—or could find some feathers to stick in your hair and a blanket to wrap around you—while with blood-curdling whoops, you made believe scalp the trembling palefaces!

It was most disturbing in the midst of this thrilling and wholly satisfactory life to be called in to wash your face and hands for dinner—and so real had your rôle become in these back-yard dramas that it was hard to remember you were no longer a "naughty girl"—or an Indian.

Then one day the great idea came to one of your little crowd to give a show—in which you would all dress up and have star parts.

The first thing was to find a place to give it—some attic or barn where you could make a stage. There had to be wonderful costumes—but the scenery didn't matter much—a few chairs and a table—or some branches; and one could so easily imagine a palace or dark lonesome woods.

Then you had to decide what to give—a fairy-story or a funny piece—or something with robbers and rescues. And finally on the great day, all the children you knew and a few favored elders would come to see your show—and behold—there you had all the elements that in all ages have made a play.

"A play," say our critics, "is a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage, before a representative audience"—the theatre, the actors, the audience, and a story capable of holding the interest, these

are the elements that in their variations and their interactions on each other have conditioned the plays of every land and every epoch. For, in every country and every period of time we find some kind of dramatic representation of life—just as in every child we find the adorable quality of "make believe."

Before we begin to study how these elements have combined, (to use the analogy of chemistry) to form the compound known as the modern stage—will you make a swift round of visits with me to see what they have produced in other ages?

Shut your eyes a moment while that swiftest of aëroplanes—the imagination swings us far away. Now open them and look around if you are not blinded by the brilliant sunlight reflected from blue sky and bluer sea.

We are in a theatre but no roof protects us from the warm March sunshine. The uncushioned seats seem a bit hard, but in what a glorious sweep of white marble they rise, row upon row, in a semicircle around that central place below that contains something like an altar in shape. In the flat wall that cuts the semicircle we see a pillared entrance before which is a narrow platform with steps leading down to the space about the altar. The fragrance of almond blossoms draws our eyes out over the wall where their pink glory contrasts against grey masses of silvery olive trees on the slopes of a snow-capped mountain. Around us, above, below, sits an audience of some 30,000 people, full of high anticipation and eager solemnity. What is that starry-eyed youth whispering to the grave elder beside him? That on this festival of Dionysus a certain far-famed actor is to be protagonist. But his eager voice is hushed, as from the pillared door, emerges a majestic figure of more than human height, his tragic dignity enhanced by a finely modelled mask of solemn aspect. With wonderfully modulated voice, and gestures whose breadth and simplicity are as rhythmic as the lines he speaks, he pronounces the first word of the Agamemnon of Æschylus. Soon in garb of exquisitely harmonizing colors the chorus circles round the altar to the measure of a stately march. Then, in rhythmic dance and passionate song they tell of the tragic past.

Such perfection of motion and of harmony lifts us out of ourselves and in spell-bound awe, we follow the fate of these doomed offenders against the gods. In vain the individual struggles against the decree of fate. The gods prevail and the multitude receives with religious fervor the mighty lesson of the old legend it knows so well. What wonder that the performance is more like a religious ceremony than a theatre, for it is only a development of the chant of the priest at the altar—accompanied by the festive dances of his assistants!

The subjects of all the Greek tragedies being taken from their familiar legends, were of interest to the whole people, and so called for a theatre of enormous size where everyone who chose might see them. But in this great place, where no tawdry scenery was needed, the drama had to be limited to the demands of what we call the unities of time and place and action, and the actor's art must be the perfection of simplicity in gesture and speech. His heightened stature, too, and mask, made swift and violent motions impossible, therefore the tragic incidents must take place behind the scenes.

So, theatre and audience—theme and actor—conditioning each other produced the perfect structure of Greek drama.

If we had time I should take you on a still longer flight—though it would bring us eight centuries closer in time—to the screened women's

balcony, looking down on the court yard of a gorgeous palace in India, where a strange drama was being performed. We should notice again rich colors, rhythmic gestures, and melodious recitation, bringing the story of one of the adventurers of Vishun before our imagination without aid of lights or scenery. Here again, we should find a drama, grown out of the recitations of the priests in the temple. But this would take too long, so we must quickly fly over the centuries and, leaving behind the brilliant sunshine of these Southern lands, for a moment enter reverently the dim aisles of a high-arched cathedral, amid an eager throng. Let us press forward if we can, between the close packed worshippers, for the altar is the point to which all eyes turn. With solemn and reverent gesture and half chanted speech, the priests are representing the passion of Christ.

Great Nobles jostle elbows with Maître Jaques, the merchant, and back of them the common folk stand on tiptoe to see the sacred drama. With agonized pity they follow it, breathless, to its close and then with bowed heads go quietly from the church, their hearts filled with the truth of the divine sacrifice their eyes have seen. "Seeing is believing," says the old adage and what greater proof of it can there be, than the fact that the wise priests of those mediæval times as well as in Greece and India and many another land—used dramatic representation to enforce belief in the deepest truths mankind has known. What a pity that, when this first-born of the church grew strong and lusty, demanding its own way, and cutting up all kinds of pranks like every growing boy, its parent was utterly unable to manage it, and send it adrift to go into a far country and waste its substance in riotous living.

But our visits are by no means over, so let us wipe out another 500 years and enter an eight-sided wooden building on the banks of the Thames. What we see inside is a good bit like the courtyard of an inn, for around all sides but one run galleries, and there is no roof except a kind of hood—partly covering the big platform that takes up half the floor. The rest of the floor space is crowded with a poor sort of folk, who look a little like the valiant Dogberry or Launcelot Gobbo.

We will take our seats in one of the aristocratic galleries—directly above the side of the platform stage.

At the back of this platform is a structure somewhat like a palace front and on either side of it a few housefronts and trees. The palace has great gates which, when open, as they are now, show a shallow interior. There sit a king and queen discussing the affairs of some courtiers who stand on the steps of the building. Alone, far to the front of the big platform, under the open sky stands a lone figure, black-garbed, nearer, indeed, to the spectators crowding about the stage, than to the royal court.

When the king addresses him as cousin and son, his murmured comment, "A little more than kin and less than kind," would hardly have reached the royal ears as it must do on our less spacious stage.

We are listening to a performance of *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre, London, in 1602. There is not much to distract our attention from the wonderful words that the actors pronounce trippingly upon the tongue—and that is well—for since the church has disinherited her prodigal, the theme of the play is no longer one of the old legends familiar to all. We must give heed while the actors relate to each other events that both already know, and describe the scenery that is not there. The play is the thing.

And on this great platform so near us, lighted only by the soft English sun, our unspoiled imaginations will let the action develop before our eyes in

leisurely violation of the unities of time and space. Those common fellows standing down there about the stage want plenty going on, and something to laugh at once in a while to make them forget their aching feet. And if you but give enough variety they are as ready to believe it all happens on a sea coast in Bohemia as in a room in a palace—so it be explained to them in the soliloquies, the asides, the long speeches of this rhetorical drama of the spacious days of great Elizabeth.

The characters on the stage are still of noble birth and lofty ranks, but they are no longer struggling against the will of the gods. Through some defect in their own natures, some weakness of the will, they are brought to extremity, as though some lingering influence of the parent church had set the dramatists trying to solve that problem of individual responsibility, which the Christian religion had propounded.

Now, on our final journey to the modern stage, let us stop just long enough to peep in at a performance, say of the *School for Scandal* at the end of the eighteenth century. Great changes meet our eyes. For one thing we have a roof over our heads, and with the light of day shut out, there must be a row of candles or lamps to serve as footlights. They are not bright enough to make the whole scene clearly visible, so the actors must stand well out on the protruding fore-stage or apron, to utter the brilliant epigrams and gay repartee that characterize the drama as well as the superficial life of the time.

There is scenery, too, a painted back drop that rather crudely suggests the back of the room, and at the sides the actors go on and off between the parallel drops, painted to represent hideous marble pillars or stiff draperies, as though through the walls of the room; a table and a few chairs add another proof that the stage is supposed to represent an interior. These scenes can even be changed during the performance, but to do that brings the need of a curtain.

All these changes come about from the closing of the public theatres by Puritan Oliver. Plays could only be given then in the covered and artificially lighted hall of some royalist noble, and before an audience necessarily small and of the upper class. So, when the Restoration brought back the theatre, it was no longer the democratic art of the people, but an amusement of the aristocracy. The easy morality and superficial brilliancy of that class in that age was reflected in the plays with their witty dialogue, falling alike from the mouths of valets and fine lords and ladies.

It was but natural that the *actor*, in his enforced position near the footlights, should often eclipse the *play*, and so began that long cult of the "star" which led us to say we were going to see Booth or Salvini, careless whether bombastic *Richelieu*, or *Hamlet* or *Othello* were the play, and which found its culmination in the popularity of the matinée idol.

But in the nineteenth century, scientific discoveries in the realm of light stepped in to restore equilibrium, for when electricity made it possible to light the whole scene it was no longer necessary for the actor to take the center of the stage—indeed, the apron stage itself disappeared, and at last the action moved back behind the proscenium arch, which enclosed it like a picture frame. Then, with the frame came the demand for a real picture within it, a picture of real life to correspond to the slices of life that the new drama of Ibsen and A. Dumas fils, Pinero and our own Clyde Fitch were showing.

The hideous old parallel drop scenes disappeared before the set scene, which represented a real room with three walls and a ceiling, and real

doors on hinges through which the actors entered. The stage was soon crowded with real pianos and pictures and bric-a-brac, real horses and autos, and real turkeys really roasted on the stage for Thanksgiving dinner, and in its climax in Bowery melodrama, real sawmills and tanks of real water. Belasco once paid $5000 for a cork tree, so natural that one forgot the play to wonder at its realness.

Alas! where was the rich imagination of the times of Greek and Elizabethan drama, or of the "show" of our childhood, when we could create our own scenes from the suggestion of the players' words.

The desired impression of reality was too often lost in the dead flat glare of the side and footlights which threw no shadows except occasional incongruous life-sized ones against the lessening perspective of the canvas back-drop, whose painted mountains or towers shook at every breath of wind. The color scheme was as haphazard as in a mid-Victorian parlor, where every chair in the set was upholstered in a different color. And the actors were as independent of their background as the occupants of a hotel bedroom. It was reality, but the diffuse and scattered realism of life, not the realism unified by art.

Now, with this lack of unity and of a prevailing atmosphere in mind, let us come at last to our visit to the modern stage.

Our destination is the Kaiser's brilliant capital and I hope, once there, we shall have no trouble in getting taxis, for the Deutsches Theatre, where we are going, though the best theatre in Berlin—and the best in this whole round world—is in a most out-of-the-way part of the city, four blocks from a line of cars that run only once in fifteen minutes. Perhaps you wonder if such an out-of-the-way house will be filled. Well, I have stood the three hundredth in line from the box office when seats were first on sale for the week's performances, and when in two hours or so I had reached the ticket seller, there were still as many to come as at first.

You will notice two entrances as we drive into the court before the theatre. The lights over the first announce "Kammerspielhaus," and I know that after your tiring flight through some twenty-two centuries you would like to stop in there.

The beautiful hall without galleries or boxes, panelled from floor to ceiling with fine mahogany, the thick crimson velvet carpet, would make you feel as though you were in some fine mansion, and as you sank into one of the great, soft, upholstered arm-chairs your body would be so completely at rest that your mind would not be distracted from the words of one of Ibsen's or Shaw's or Strindberg's or Schnitzler's plays of discussion. Around you the audience of only three hundred people, without a tired business man among them, would be following with eager attention every fine point in the conversation on the stage, every idea brought out by the exquisite action of the actors.

But no, this is not our present goal. We are going on to the second door, where we enter a most ordinary theatre, with ordinary boxes, even a never occupied royal one, and extraordinarily uncomfortable seats, the rows being so close together that a long person can not sit straight. Here with our programs we are given a little pamphlet containing reprints of the best critical essays on the play we are to see, and usually some interesting article on modern stagecraft. So, we have a *chance* at least to become units of that intelligent and sympathetic audience that is the dream of every stage director and dramatist.

Without musical introduction the curtains part. We look up and out, into the infinite space of a star-lit sky, and almost purple in its deep

intensity. Nothing solid is seen but a stone platform bordered by a parapet that silhouettes sharply against the infinite star-lit space,—a brazier of burning coals but adds to the suggestion of mysterious chill. Listen to what one sentinel asks the other: "What! has the thing appeared again tonight?" and a moment later the exclamation "Look where it comes again!" as a dim shape glides along the parapet.

Once more we are seeing the play of Hamlet, nay, we are almost *being* Hamlet. So profound is the emotional effect that that simply set stage creates. Perhaps, though, you are tired of Hamlet, or let us change the program for the nonce.

Now, we are looking at a shallow scene, enclosed at the back by dark curtains on which are woven bright-colored primitive hieroglyphs. Nothing is on the stage but a high, rough-hewn throne, no gilded chairs nor futile ornaments and yet we know that we are in the court of a king, one whose pride lifts him above all others—where primitive emotions dart sudden and swift as the lines of the barbaric pattern on the curtain. As the courtiers come in we marvel at the costumes, straight hanging, smock-like, and dark, with more of the barbaric patterns on them. When the King has mounted to his throne the grouped figures below him form a design as perfect as the composition of old Italian painting. Each motion of the actors makes a new design and even their voices are tuned to harmonize with the action. The light falls from above throwing dark masses of shadow that unite with the picture. Every element joins in a rhythm that carries us through the great scene, as it throbs steadily on to the self-doom of the pride-deluded Lear.

At the end darkness falls, a dull rumbling sounds for a few seconds and without fall of curtain we see, as the lights come on, a palace court-yard. How did it happen? Surely a sorcerer's trick, but before we learn the secret let us look at a scene from one more play.

It is night again, but soft moonlight shines through the trees. Fairies are abroad, one they call Puck, and two Athenian maidens and two youths are following each other in confused flight. White birch trunks are reflected in a quiet pool, but the lovers pass them and run on into the shadow of dark oaks whose roots seem to grin maliciously, and then the wood lightens and they come to an open grassy plot always running and so back to birch-shaded pool.

We have followed them through scene after scene, without drop of curtain or even a moment of darkness, through all the enchanted forest as though enchanted ourselves. And perhaps we are, for we are under the spell of that magician of the modern stage, Max Reinhardt, the manager of the Deutches Theatre, and what we have just seen is one of his best tricks, the famous revolving stage. By its means we can pass from one scene to another. As just now in the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* or with only a moment's interval the stage may be turned to give a complete change, as in Lear. It is really a simple mechanism. The whole central part of the stage cut out in a circle some forty feet in diameter and resting on a strong central shaft imbedded in a base of concrete, may be turned about, by electricity, or even by hand. Usually but half or quarter of the circle is visible in one scene, and even half a dozen scenes may be set at once on portions of the stage shaped like a piece of pie. All sorts of ingenious schemes may be worked out in setting it. If, for instance, the first scene shows a low ceilinged room, as in the first act in *Faust,* when the stage turns to show the outdoor setting, for the Easter morning walk, the hill at the back may be built up over the low chamber of Scene I.

The greatest advantage of the revolving stage is in giving continuity to plays that demand many changes as do those of Goethe, Schiller and all the older dramatists, but most of all Shakespeare. And every German stage must be able to give Shakespeare. In 1913 there were 1133 productions of his plays in Germany, and it is well known that, when at the beginning of the war Reinhardt asked if he should stop producing Shakespeare on the ground of his having happened to be born in the enemy's country, the answer was universally "No." The Germans will unmurmuringly do without butter on their bread, but not without Shakespeare. We saw seven different plays of his in 1913-14 at Reinhardt's theatre. This year he has staged a wonderful new production of *The Tempest* which vies in popularity with his other more patriotic success, Schiller's *Maria Stuart.*

But Reinhardt's productions have other features as interesting as the revolving stage, some of his own invention, some adapted from other workers in modern stage art. From Adolphe Appia he learned to perceive the unifying and emotional quality of *light,* which he makes play as important a part as the living actors.

The old shaking painted canvas no longer forms the background of these impressionistic scenes, but in its place the neutral tinted *cupola horizon* or cyclorama, a curved backing, solidly built of plaster and rounding up to a half cupola at the top, catches and diffuses the light in an infinite variety of effects, always giving the impression of wide space.

The light itself, that precious element that unifies and gives life to the whole picture, falls from above, as light should fall. Great arc lights above the stage cast their rays on bands of colored silk which reflect them onto the stage in any tint or line desired, and with any degree of brilliancy or mysterious gloom. When this soft light falls on the curved background, being a second time reflected and diffused a most perfect illusion is created of quivering light-filled space.

Not only in the realm of light has the modern stage called on both art and science for their latest discoveries, but also in that color, and the interaction of the two on each other. No change in the intensity, or tint, of light can be allowed to injure the color scheme which is so important a factor in the whole stage design. For now that the psychological influence of color, and its suggestive power over the mind and the emotions have been studied, there is no longer a haphazard use of color. It must typify the inner meaning of each scene. For instance, in one of D' Annunzio's plays where a young girl was to be smothered under roses, each actor coming on the stage was dressed in red, the first soft and subdued, then each successive one harsher, of a more cruel tone, until at last four crimson-robed servants carried in a mass of roses of such intense purplish red that the very spirit of murder seemed embodied in the color. In another scene where two characters were in violent opposition to one another the brilliant yellow of one costume clashed with the fierce purple of the other, so that the conflict had begun before a word was spoken.

Leon Bakst, in his designs for the Russian Ballet of which we are hearing so much, has carried the symbolistic as well as the decorative use of color to its most brilliant and daring heights; with his hot reds and yellows glowing and changing to cold glittering blue or mystic greens, his decorative black and white and gold he plays on our emotions like a master drawing the desired tones from the strings of his instrument.

The creators of the Russian Ballet have been the leaders not only in the use of color, but in that rhythmic gesture and motion. Their dance dramas have brought back, in the smooth ebb and flow of every gesture and every movement, the perfection of rhythmic grace we imagine in the choric dances of Greek drama. Reinhardt and his contemporaries, grasping the value of this art of beautiful human movement and pose, have used it in working out a rhythmic design for their productions in which the actors, now in flowing motion, now in pose and grouping that recall the sculptor's art, express in one more way the theme and mood of the play.

No less important to the whole wonderful design are the tones of the actor's voices, the subtly interpreting music Reinhardt uses as often as possible to accompany the action, harmonizing with the key of the whole.

So the modern stage becomes the meeting place of all the arts and each makes its contribution: painting gives the design, light and color; sculpture, the grouping of the figures; architecture, the fine proportion of line and mass; from dancing comes the rhythmic unity of the action; and from music, the universal harmony of sweet sound. To many of the greatest productions literature brings its offering of great ideas clothed in lovely and suitable words but from the seeming paradox that a fine play need not be great literature, it may happen that this one daughter of the gods is absent. It is none the less true, however, that only those plays of former times have lived, that have been great in the literary, as well as the dramatic, sense.

The universal artist who, with untiring labor, profound study and æsthetic intuition, creates this union of all the arts is the director, that new factor of stagecraft in modern times, and Max Reinhardt is a typical member of the profession.

His two theatres, the little Kammerspielhaus, in which he gives the thoughtful plays that draw a small but intimate audience, and the larger Deutches Theatre for plays of more general appeal, are not enough for his tireless experimenting.

He is also director of the New Free Folk Stage, but his ideal is what he calls the "intimate" theatre of 5000. To him the theatre is not a select institution for the aristocracy but an absolutely democratic one for all ranks and classes, and the huge audience he dreams of sitting close around a central stage, as in old Greece, with no curtain or proscenium arch to separate them from the actors, should bring such sympathy of emotion, such understanding that they would enter into the play and be as essential a part of it as the actors on the stage.

Producers in England and more especially in America are, however, hampered by their audience, to come back to one of our four original elements of a play.

Theatre-goers here are still given to the cult of the individual actor and accustomed to plays designed for long runs, produced with the ordinary methods of the commercial theatre. In contrast to the commercial theatre, a repertory theatre like Reinhardt's or the fine old Théâtre Français, where a new play is produced every two or three weeks, continuing then through the winter, in its turn, with a dozen others, has advantages for the actor, the management, the audience, and the play itself, with which our wasteful "long run" method can never compete. The manager need not invest an enormous sum in high-priced stars and extravagant costumes and striking scenery, nor need he cater solely to the part of the crowd that is only attracted by sensational novelties, or, as they say, "shows with a punch" for he is not taking his whole year's success on one play; the

actor, relieved of the fear of being left without an engagement, in case the one piece fail, works without nervous strain, and is inspired to study and improvement, instead of growing stale in a single rôle repeated hundreds of times; the *play* will not be judged by its first, least finished performance, but will be given a chance to prove its merit, and the audience will be able to see a greater variety of plays at more reasonable prices. It is estimated that two-thirds of the plays produced in London and New York every winter are failures, and as the management must in some way make up for these losses, the prices charged for the successful one-third must cover the cost of these expensive failures.

The democratic character of the theatre is lost by the high prices charged—for people of small means are prohibited from going—and turn to the "movies" and cheap vaudeville—while those of even moderate means can go too seldom to produce the intelligent and discriminating audiences that exist in Europe—and that alone can make the theatre the power for good which is one of the great excuses of its existence. The effect on the American theatre of catering only to that part of our people that has money to spend in seeking amusement of far from the highest type—is evident in our surfeit of flashy musical comedies, extravaganzas and melodramatic problem plays of doubtful moral quality.

On the continent of Europe, where puritant influence never wholly condemned the theatre, it has always been recognized, in company with the church, the school, the library and the newspaper, as one of the great social forces for suggesting and creating ideals; the governments of city and state and also individuals have always contributed to the support of the theatres, but those of high merit like Reinhardt's can be and are self-supporting.

Percy Mackaye in the United States, as well as Granville Barker and William Archer in England have recently been agitating the question of endowed repertory theatres for these countries and in view of the wide interest taken nowadays in everything pertaining to the theatre it seems possible that they might succeed.

The great increase in published plays, the serious dramatic magazines such as *The Drama, Theatre, The Mask, Poet Lore*—dealing with plays and theories of staging instead of gossip about Lillian Russell's matrimonial ventures and Ethel Barrymore's tendency to stoutness, the study of plays and playmaking in the colleges—as for instance Dr. George Pierce Baker's fine courses and his 47 Workshops at Harvard, the Little Theatre movement, the folk theatres, the revival of masques and pageants, and the growth of such an institution as the Drama League—all prove that we, too, are beginning to realize that the drama is the elemental art of mankind. and the theatre—where great truths emotionally received, sink deep into our hearts; for nothing makes so deep an impression as what we actually see—is an influence in civilization comparable only to its mother, the church.

In those little "make believe" dramas of our childhood we unconsciously expressed our childish conception of life, especially as to the omnipotence of parents, and in a like way, the dramas of our grown up theatre express the prevailing problems and beliefs and tendencies of the time. In Greece we saw man struggling against the decrees of the gods, and, in Elizabethan times the destiny of the individual thwarted by his faults and weaknesses. In modern times, when the keynote of life is the awakening of the social consciousness, the growth of the democratic ideal, our dramas are mainly concerned with the individual in his relation to society, to use the Darwinian term—in his struggle for existence, in both the material and the moral sense. From Dr. Stockmann in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* fighting for

principle against the blinded and grasping self-interest of the mob, to Brieux sternly scientific treatment of such social problems as marriage and divorce, maternity and disease, and to Echegaray's terrible picture of the destructive power of the world's idle gossip, each deals with some phase of society as a whole, tearing away shams, and social hypocrisies, exposing conventional morality, and breaking open conspiracies of silence.

The characters in such plays can no longer be the princess and fine ladies of the older drama—but doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief, meet Salvation Army women, shop girls, stenographers and commonplace married women. Once in a while a play has still a heroine, perhaps owing to the terrifying effect on militant suffragism—but the hero is a thing of the past. The principal characters are often failures—from the worldly point of view at least, overwhelmed by the opposing forces of society—but through all this disillusionment and defeat rings the cry for social justice—and the belief that it is to come.

Our age's underlying belief in the ultimate good and beauty of life comes out in the success of such plays as *The Servant in the House, The Passing of the Third Floor Back, The Poor Little Rich Girl,* and *The Blue Bird,* and the popularity of the old morality play *Everyman* which surprised its manager most of all, showed how willing the public still is to see and hear great truths in the theatre, if only they are made interesting and not *too* didactic.

But these plays with the more serious purpose can, and should never be allowed, to exclude from the theatre, pure comedy and even farce, and burlesque, the spontaneous products of that play spirit in man, of which the theatre is the most characteristic outgrowth. It was that need for pure fun and frolic that led the people of medieval times to prefer a farce built perhaps remotely on some legend of the saints, but acted by jolly actors in the market place, to the homilies or solemn performance of the priests in the cathedral and so led to that long estrangement between the church and her exuberant offspring.

Bitter recriminations and the unkind gossip of the neighbors have constantly widened the breach, as too often happens in a family quarrel, but many signs point to an approaching reconciliation, and it was my good fortune to see in Berlin a production which seemed to me a strong indication of that happy solution of the age old domestic difficulty. It was one of Rheinhardt's pantomime dramas, *The Miracle,* by Carl Vollmueller, and was given in the old Circus Busch, the whole of which for the time was converted into some semblance of a Gothic cathedral.

Up above between the pillars were colored windows through which the lights felt softly on audience and players. We sat, an intimate audience of five thousand, around the three sides of the old circus ring, so close to the action that we seemed part of the crowd that surged in and out, and Humperdinck's wonderful accompanying music interpreted our emotions as well as theirs.

At first we sat in darkness, then the soft lights came on showing the old ring, made into a floor of a cathedral, partly filled with Gothic benches that faced a high altar, where sat a miraculous image of the Virgin. Was it an image that sat so still holding the Christ Child in her delicate expressive hands? One could hardly believe a human being could be so motionless, for not a jewel of her gorgeous mantle sparkled as she sat twenty minutes on her throne.

The nuns come in to kneel before the beloved image, last of them the young, eager Mechthildis darts in, on flying feet. Though she must be

chidden first for her thoughtlessness, she is so beloved of the reverend mother that she is intrusted with the keys of the gate, and the sacred oil for the virgin's lamp. Now a great crowd comes in, and most of them are cripples, blind, maimed, disfigured outcasts, who crowd the altar with beseeching hands so that all one sees is waving supplicating arms, for it is the day when the Virgin performs one miraculous cure. With them come many spectators, among others a young knight, who looks more at Mechthildis than at the virgin, and with him is a mysterious piper who plays a weird menacing melody on his pipe. At last a thrill runs through the waiting crowd, the music voices their cry, partly of wonder, partly of disappointment; *one* has been healed, many must wait. All go out, and Mechthildis stays alone in the big church. Musing on the handsome young stranger, she hears the weird note of the piper, and falteringly at first, then in rapture, she begins to dance—a dance of alluring grace and rhythm. As she dances, the young knight appears at the iron grating begging admittance. At last she lets him in and after listening to his pleading—to the call of youth and love and life she kneels before the sacred image begging a sign that she may go and live a woman's true life. When no answer comes, in a rage, she snatches at the sacred babe, which disappears in a rosy cloud, while the bereaved mother sits with outstretched empty hands, sorrowful and alone. Mechthildis flees, to the weird alluring sound of the piper's tune. Then with slow but exquisite motion the Madonna raises her white hands, unbuckles the gorgeous mantle and, descending from the throne, puts on the discarded robe and veil of poor Mechthildis. The nuns, coming in, discover the empty throne of their wonderful virgin and accuse the pretended Mechthildis, but when she is miraculously raised above their chastising hands they believe her innocent and she dwells among them unknown, performing the humblest tasks. Meanwhile, the wandering Mechthildis passes from one adventure to another, brought on by the fatal charm of her beauty, and the lure of the dance, which she must tread, whenever the piper's melody sounds.

The young knight is killed by a bandit and he in turn by a prince, for love of Mechthildis, and when the prince leads her to the palace the old king, his father, slays him to gain the beautiful maiden.

The people rise in horror accusing her of witchcraft and she is brought before a tribunal; *three* judges in turn try to pronounce her sentence but each is overcome by her charm and rushes away to death. At last, the piper, disguised as judge, leaps up and condemns her; but the brutal executioner himself cannot lift his bloody sword against her, and throws himself into the river in despair. At least the people who, before they had seen *her*, had murmured threateningly "witch," release her, and lead her away, overcome by her charm—away in triumph.

One horror piles on another until as a camp follower with a pale baby in her arms she is fought over by brutal soldiers. In her misery the piper comes to her, and by his weird melody conjures up the sorrowful processions of the ghosts of her victims. In pale array they pass from knight and bandit to the last rough drunken soldier. Then with fiendish glee the piper, whose spell has drawn her on through all these tortures, claims her, soul and body, for his own. In despair she starts to flee, but the blessed sound of bells draws her to the old Convent church which she had left to seek love and life. Within the church the sweet-faced nun, who has been called Mechthildis, has been playing tenderly with the little children of the sister's school, but when they leave her, she kneels long in prayer then puts off the black veil and gown, and ascending her throne clasps the

jewelled mantle around her and sits once more with out-stretched hands. The poor fugitive rushes in and flings herself before the altar; then coming to herself she tries to warm and comfort the pitiful babe in her arms, but its little breath has ceased, and in an agony of grief she lays it at the feet of the sacred mother. Then for the last time Madonna moves and bending gently takes the poor dead baby into longing empty hands, while a smile of ineffable comfort steals over her sorrowful face. The real Mechthildis, seeing her veil and gown, puts them on as in a dream, and as the nuns come in, full of joy at the return of their beloved image, a shower of heavenly roses fans over the returned wanderer proving her complete forgiveness and the acceptance of the sweet virgin's atonement for *her* sin and shame.

QUOTH THE ALUMNA

Quoth the alumna—"Do you know that we have a première danseuse in Beta, one in Theta and one in Sigma? Well, we have.

Helen Ely is our Beta representative and in her enthusiastic letter upon the subject of dancing, she modestly fails to tell of her own achievements in this line. For Miss Ely's fame has gone beyond Ann Arbor while in the college world she is known as the chief exponent of the terpsichorean art. Let me read you her letter—

'I feel very incompetent to write on the subject of "dancing" and I should dislike having a "Pavlowa" or a "Ruth St. Denis" read this article. However, I am intensely interested in the subject and I have proved literally quite often that "I would rather dance than eat." This statement can best be illustrated by the fact that when our chaperon is away for dinner, my roommate and I have several times disappeared before dessert and danced in the living-room.

I began dancing when I was four years old on a *Sunday!* Mother will always remember the incident, for she was covered with embarrassment by the presence of a Methodist minister! I entered dancing school only a few years later and I have never missed a year since without training either in ballroom or the æsthetic dancing. But I do not think that long years of training make a beautiful dancer. I have seen some girls who have had plenty of lessons and yet who still think their heels are better for purposes of rhythmic motion than their toes. On the other hand, only the other day I saw a girl in the junior girl's play who does not even profess to be able to dance well but whose arm movement, nevertheless, reminded me of the airy and graceful motion of a bird's wings.

There are all kinds of dances—clogging, toe, modern, folk and interpretative. The first two types I have never accomplished. I understand that most of the professional toe dancers have a certain cord cut in their feet while they are very young.

Modern dancing is like fashion—quick to come and quick to go. But I believe that the waltz stays on forever and is always good. I would also add in this connection that ballroom dancing should not be a "follow-the crowd" process but ought to be made more distinctive. Just a little different way of holding one's partner, a tiny little step or a pause will secure this original touch.

The folk dancing is not always pretty but it is full of buoyancy and the sheer joy of living. Our gym teacher is making an interesting collection of colored pictures of folk dances in their native costumes. I worked along a new line this year in this kind of dancing, namely the Hawaiian "Hulu Hulu." This Hawaiian scene was one of the acts in that project, *La Revue des Nations* which was given here. To a great many people this dance was "suggestive," even vulgar, but to me it brought out the whole life and characteristics of the people of a tropical country.

All these different classes of dancing require gymnastic work but not so much as do the interpretative. This last involves so many intricate steps that gymnasium technique is absolutely necessary. In *La Revue des Nations,* I had the opportunity of seeing Allertina Rasch of the Metropolitan Opera Company dance. Each time just before she was to appear, she went through gymnastic tactics. It is only this way that one gains perfect control over one's muscles.

There are two kinds of interpretative dancing. The first is the interpretation of a dance by another; the second is your own interpretation. An example of the first is the beautiful myth of "Persephone" told entirely through dancing which the gymnasium director put on here last year. As for the second, I am only at the experimenting stage. One of my favorite pieces is the "Moonlight Serenade." It seems to me that it tells so much. Last fall for a rushing stunt, three of us girls danced out a little story that I had "day dreamed" for some time. The story ran like this: The mother butterfly with her little child are frolicking together when a little girl comes out and chases them. The mother tries to protect her child but the latter is finally caught and carried off. Then the mother mourns. (The minor strains of "Adantino" are wonderful for this.) At last the little butterfly comes back but her wing is broken. The mother mends it, however, and they play happily together again.'

In Lucia Herbert's (Theta) sophomore year, a discerning friend discovered that she had the knack of imparting dance steps—in which particular art, she excelled. Straightway, two children's classes were formed and the busy college girl became busier still. The classes grew; the original quarters were deserted for a private studio and adjacent ballroom—and soon the venture became a pronounced success. In the following summer, Miss Portia Mansfield Swett, the well-known authority upon classic dancing opened a school in the Colorado mountains near Denver—which Miss Herbert attended, taking the entire course, studying everything from social dancing to the artistic Hungarian Rhapsody and the far-famed but inartistic clog and receiving the graduate diploma. During the last winter, classes for children, for high school students, and for adults have been formed; and instruction in æsthetic and in artistic dancing has been given. Miss Herbert has had exhibition solo work at the Three Arts Dances (prominent social affairs) and her original compositions have been greatly admired—the *Shadow Dance,* first presented at the Gamma Phi Beta play, being an artistic triumph. Her enthusiasm for her chosen work is best expressed in the little pamphlet which explains her work. 'Artistic dancing

LUCIA HERBERT (Theta)

GLADYS HARRIES (Sigma)

aims at the expression of the spirit through the interpretation of beautiful music. The perfect dance is the natural outpouring of the spirit of beauty through motion. Self-expression and individual unfoldment are essentials of both health and art, and by making the body a spontaneous channel of expression we can unite utility and beauty in perfect harmony.'

As to the representative from one of the baby chapters, here is her own interesting account of her work:—

'All the real training I have ever had was what I received last year at Kansas University. There were several classes in æsthetic, interpretive, and folk dancing and along with this, there was a little classic work. Dr. Alice Goetz, the instructor, teaches the principles of the Chalif Normal School of Dancing in New York.

Year before last, in May of 1914, the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ in Kansas City gave an Elizabethan Pageant. The alumnæ had the parts in the court procession and in the play, *Robin Hood*. There were over a hundred children in the May Pole dance and the Sprites of Pan. One of the private schools gave the Masque of Calidore and the seniors of the four Public High Schools, under the supervision of Miss Lenora Thompson, a Y. W. C. A. dancing teacher, gave the Masque of Chloridia. It was a celebration of the rites done to the Goddess Chloris (Miss Thompson) who had been proclaimed sovereign Queen of the Flowers by the Gods. With three others I was lucky enough to be chosen to dance with Chloris as her handmaidens, the four favored flowers: Lily-of-the-valley, Tulip, Hyacinth, and Violet. For our Class Day program I was asked to give Chloris' dance alone. I hardly gave it a serious thought until I got out on the stage; but then I began to realize that dancing with several others on the lawn before hundreds of total strangers was a great deal easier than dancing *alone* on a stage before all of the people who know one. But then—one must smile and *act* as if she were used to it!

Last year most of the time was spent in preparing for the May Fête on the K. U. campus, but we had time to dance for several other college affairs. Our class of twelve gave the Grecian Ball Dance and Pavlowa's Glow Worm for the Girls' Prom. Later between the games at the Freshman-Sophomore Basketball Tournament, four of us did a Mazurka, Polish Court Dance, and a very pretty dance to Dvorak's Humoreske. For the faculty banquet the twelve of us, carrying baskets of flowers danced and showered both friend and foe with the blossoms. I do believe the friends became better friends afterwards and the foes, *better* foes.

In the midst of our preparation for the Fête, Dr. Goetz came to me with the glorious news that I was to have the solo dance. I had been working hard before, being responsible for fifty freshmen in a flower dance; but from then on life for me was one dance after another. Well—the Fête was a success. The seniors chose and crowned their Queen; then the flowers, four groups representing as many flowers, came and danced before her. One of our girls and the only man æsthetic dancer in school gave the Wind Dance, a beautiful, wild thing, to the Bacchanal music. Then came my solo, the Golden Butterfly, to a version of Nevin's *Shepherds All and Maidens Fair*. As the name implies, I represented a butterfly with a yellow body and huge brown wings flecked with gold.

After Mary and her lamb, Little Bo Peep, and Robin Hood had been found in the crowd and brought before the Queen, the Jesters romped

and tumbled on the "Village Green." Then our class gave the Milkmaid's Dance to Anitra's Dance of the Peer Gynt suite. After our dance came the Jesters and Morris Men. As an interlude we gave the Humoreske. It was particularly effective with our scarfs in the different shades of the rainbow and the green grass and trees. The Shepherdesses and Boy Blues who followed scored quite a "hit." Then came the Momento Musicale. Three of us in pastel shades—green, pink, and buff—were the wood nymphs and a chorus of dryads in white was the background. So ended the May Fête.

This year, being at home, I was able to take part in a musical comedy, *The Girl From Frisco,* which the society people put on for charity. As ingenue I gave a popular song and dance with a young man and also the Nightingale Dream Song, a toe dance. A girl sang of her love and longing for a nightingale and falling asleep dreamed she possessed one. As the Nightingale I floated in and danced for her. Although I am on my toes most of the time in any kind of dancing, this was the first exclusive toe-dancing I ever did and I surely enjoy it.'

It is again the season of the year when the editor and the chapter correspondent unite in deploring the departure of the seniors—a perfectly good and reliable lamentation, by the way. For the sake of variety, let it be the object of this particular paragraph to offer a pæan of thanksgiving because Gamma Phi Beta is given the opportunity of sending into the outside world those who have been trained to be useful members of society, who are expected to reflect in word and in deed not only the teachings of their college but the precepts of their sorority. And, if the Greek-letter organization is on trial for its life, what better proof of our right to exist can we have than these same graduates who have absorbed four years of chapter house training—who are supposed to exemplify in their conduct the very truths for which the organization stands. Then let our seniors be our best advertisement; let them refute the accusation of snobbishness by putting into practice the great lesson of democracy; let them use their trained minds, their quickened intellects and their breadth of view for definite service; let them vitalize the theory and the ideals of life by contact with humanity itself.

"This has been a great year for the chapter"—we say with complacent pride; and we enumerate the various activities into which the wearers of the crescent have made their way. We are truly glad that the maid with the dramatic germ in her system has had an opportunity to display her talent; that the real student has won her way to Phi Beta Kappa; that the athlete has been given every device and every improvement along her chosen line of work; that the scribbler has found admission to a band with like ambition; that every desire and every craving of a student has been met and satisfied by the college; that every avenue of self-improvement has been open to freshman, sophomore, junior and senior. Now, on the

other hand, let us ask ourselves squarely, "What has the chapter done for the college?" Has it lived up to every tradition, satisfied every demand, paid in any way the debts it must necessarily have to its Alma Mater? 'Tis a question to meet soberly, each one of you active chapters of Gamma Phi Beta, now that another college year has taken its place in the procession of the past. Can you say—

We have aided our Dean of Women in all that she has suggested.

We have been active in each enterprise of our university.

We have, to the best of our ability, been loyal members of the student body.

We have drawn no line between sorority and nonsorority girls.

We have proved that lack of scholarship cannot be attributed to the sorority girl.

We have shown, by material assistance, that the sorority is willing and happy to assume its share of any financial burden.

We have earnestly desired to exemplify the teachings of our Alma Mater—to live its ideals—to glory in its fame.

For after all, it is poor policy to take all and to give nothing, isn't it? Rather let us balance the scales; let us be a potent factor in the life of our institution; let us learn to say and to live "my college first—my sorority, second."

"She is a good rusher." Is it an epitaph or a tribute?

Perhaps, in some chapter of some sorority, there is a member who is, in herself, a distinct type. She does nothing worthy in a scholastic way—she merely "makes" her class; she is never known to participate in a college activity unless it be of a social nature; she does not care to know those outside of her own sorority; she gains no college honor, wins no college office.

And yet—

In rushing season, she expands, she shines, she wins, she has the knack—the gift, perhaps—of attracting the freshmen and she glories in her strength; she is popular with men and figures conspicuously at each social affair—'tis there, she advertises her sorority; she is pretty, fascinating and showy—and she makes an impression.

"She is a good rusher." Is it an epitaph or a tribute? This is a "lady-or-the-tiger" paragraph—answer it as you will.

As we have previously announced, each issue of THE CRESCENT will contain (if possible) a contribution from the Dean of Women in some college where Gamma Phi is represented. In this number, our own Miss Guppy, Dean of Women in University of Oregon,

gives us a message of "Preparedness"—obligingly and unselfishly writing the article in the midst of her mammoth task of correcting the fraternity examination papers. In addition to this "department"—if we may call it such—the staff plans to have a paper or a lecture from some member of each alumnæ chapter. The first to be represented is Denver and the paper "The Modern Stage," which Mrs. Claude M. Taussig (Margaret Packard, Theta) read not long ago before the Fortnightly Club, one of the oldest and most exclusive literary organizations in the city, has been presented several times since then. Theta and Denver are very proud of Mrs. Taussig—she is one of the celebrities not only in our own group but in the city. Educated abroad, she is known as one of the most gifted of linguists and also as a thorough and accomplished scholar. She is now at the head of the Department of Romance Languages in the Saturday college of the University.

Every well-brought-up baby has a baby book in which all its achievements are chronicled—why not every baby chapter? If Tau possessed such a volume, there would certainly be several entries of real distinction. First, Miss Guppy would place the date March 23 and after it—"First fraternity examination; average 94; number 95 and over, 14—*excellent.*" Then, on February 22, would be found a note by Miss Heermans—"$25 for social service work"; and again, the editor would emblazon October 15, January 1, March 15 and June 1—and would write "Prompt replies to requests; complete copy; carefully composed and exceedingly interesting letters for each issue of the magazine." Here's to our infant chapter—for "she is wise if I may judge of her."

We have several important announcements in this issue which are worthy an editorial reminder (and here the question arises—*is* there such a thing as an editorial reminder, for does anybody ever read the editorials?)—the message from Baltimore concerning convention, Miss Thompson's warning about the pledging of high school sorority girls and Miss Elliott's plans in reference to the cookbook. All chapters are urged to be prompt in replying to the requests of the cookbook committee—for the capable chairman is determined to make the volume, not only a special credit to Gamma Phi but a positive necessity to the outside world. So, if we all unite in this enterprise, we shall add many pennies to the endowment fund.

Here is a word of appreciation and approbation for those who have gained the shining golden key—our Phi Beta Kappas!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONVENTION NOTICE

After a discussion of the date for holding Convention, we have decided that the third week in March, 1917, will be most practicable. June and August were both considered; however, for several reasons, they were voted impracticable. Anyone, who is acquainted with Baltimore knows that in June it is not a place of soft, summer breezes by day, and cool mosquitoless airs by night. Then, in August there is the disadvantage of the various opening dates of the different colleges. At Goucher, college does not officially open until the last week of September.

Accordingly, we felt that March would be the most feasible time—and the third week of March, since it is the beginning of our spring vacation. The definite days will be announced later.

Zeta and the Baltimore Alumnæ hope that this date will be such that it will bring many Gamma Phis to Baltimore, in March, 1917. We bid you all welcome!

MARGARET E. SLOAN.

COOKBOOK

Through THE CRESCENT, I am writing to every Gamma Phi Beta personally, to each alumna, and to each member of each active chapter on a very popular subject—the subject of "something to eat." Very soon the alumnæ are going to publish a cookbook, and the money realized from the sale of it is to go to the endowment fund.

We want this book to contain recipes which you have found to be very good. Each one of you please send me your choicest recipe, whatever it may be. We are going to have a section for each class of food (cakes, salads, breads, meats, etc.), some menus particularly suited for each season and, for special occasions, and a section for large quantity recipes. The latter we hope will be useful to the house managers of sororities, to those who plan refreshments for receptions, teas, etc., and to those who have the church supper "fall to their lot," wondering just how much coffee they will need for fifty or a hundred people, how much cold meat, and how many rolls.

There are special Sunday tea dishes and special menus which are "dear to the heart" of every chapter. I wonder if our cookbook may be favored with these recipes? You may not want to give up the hidden secret which has made your house popular for

good eating, but we promise to give back to you several ideas for every one you give us.

We want to make our cookbook so valuable that people will want to buy it for the information contained in it and not just to help out Gamma Phi. To do this we need all of your assistance, and we need your ideas and suggestions right away. Will you please send me your recipes signed with your name, class, and chapter?

May I thank you now, for all the help you are going to be to us?

Address mail to Gertrude Elliott, Clarke Hall, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

PANHELLENIC NOTICE

To the Superintendent and Principal of the.....School:

The problem of the high school fraternities and sororities was again discussed at the National Panhellenic Congress held in Berkeley. It was found that the ruling passed by so many fraternities two years ago, was not passed by all, as was erroneously reported. Moreover, the hundreds of letters received from all over the United States showed that the meaning of the ruling was not clear. For these reasons the following resolution was passed:

"After January 1916 no girl who becomes a member of an organization bearing a Greek name, and called a fraternity or a sorority, shall be eligible to a National Panhellenic Fraternity. This is exclusive of Junior College and Professional fraternities."

The fraternities of National Panhellenic are:

Alpha Chi Omega	Chi Omega	Kappa Delta
Alpha Delta Pi	Delta Delta Delta	Kappa Kappa Gamma
Alpha Gamma Delta	Delta Gamma	Phi Mu
Alpha Omicron Pi	Delta Zeta	Pi Beta Phi
Alpha Phi	Gamma Phi Beta	Sigma Kappa
Alpha Xi Delta	Kappa Alpha Theta	Zeta Tau Alpha

Will you kindly see that this resolution is brought clearly and emphatically before your school? The Congress fraternities will adhere strictly to the rule, and will not sustain any of the evasions either of the spirit or the letter of the ruling, such as are now practiced in many schools where the board has already ruled against the fraternities and sororities.

LENA GRANDIN BALDWIN, *Alpha Xi Delta*
MARY C. LOVE COLLINS, *Chi Omega*
ETHEL HAYWARD WESTON, *Sigma Kappa*
Executive Committee N. P. C.

The above notice has been sent by the executive board of the National Panhellenic Congress to the high schools of the country. The definition of "High School Sorority" here given is authoritative, and must be your guide in determining whether or not a girl belongs to a society, membership in which would bar her from joining Gamma Phi Beta.

You should remember also that by vote of Convention, at Madison, Gamma Phi Beta determined not to take girls from high school sororities whether other fraternities took them or not. Please be most careful to inquire of every girl you rush concerning the high school societies she belonged to. If you do this at once it will save you trouble later on.

LILLIAN W. THOMPSON,
National Panhellenic Delegate.

Once more may we ask you to send all letters, personals, etc., to Mrs. Graham and all other articles to Miss Barbee? Carelessness in this matter causes unnecessary worry and work and much valuable time is wasted by sending material to the wrong destination.

At the date of writing (April 19) the following chapters have responded to the requests of the editor—Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Theta, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Sigma, Tau. Delta was first to send its chapter group.

The editor has received a most attractive Yearbook from Portland Alumnæ chapter which proves that our sisters in the northwest are truly progressive. The pamphlet—very fetching in its double brown—contains the program for 1916; also, lists of officers, active members and associate members. Chicago Alumnæ, also, has issued a list of its members in the city and suburbs which is of invaluable aid.

Helen Paddock of Epsilon sends the following interesting announcement for insertion in THE CRESCENT:

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

A Community Center for Evanston

It is proposed that this building house the following:

1. An Audience Room with raised floor, permanent seating, a well-equipped stage with adequate fittings, and a seating capacity of 1,000 to 1,200.

2. The University Guild Room. This to be sky-lighted, in order to allow for ample wall space and correct lighting of pictures; wall cabinets to be included for the display of works of art. In such a room Art Exhibitions may be held, and Assemblies, not sufficiently large to require the Audience Room.

3. A gymnasium and swimming pool will relieve the congestion at Patton Gymnasium which was originally intended only for men; but which has been courteously shared with the women.

4. Reception and Study Rooms will have moveable partitions making it possible to throw all into one large room for special occasions.

5. An adequate lunchroom and kitchen equipment.

6. The building will house the Women's Campus Organizations: (a) The Woman's Athletic Association. (b) The Literary Societies. (c) The Campus Club. (d) The Sororities. (e) The Woman's League. (f) The Young Woman's Christian Association.

The University architects, Palmer, Hornbostel & Jones, are working on the plans and have been instructed to make "a study of Willard Hall Campus and adjacent land, in view of their harmonious development as a site for future building for the women of the University." It is understood that the material used for the building will be of brick and it will be practically fireproof.

To realize this community center, the following is needed:

5	10	20	30	125	600	1000
$10,000	$5,000	$1,000	$500	$250	$100	$50

Small amounts $23,750. Total $300,000.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Up to the date of sending corrections to the printer, May 15, no corrections in list of officers for next year had been received from the following chapters: Beta, Epsilon, Zeta, Theta, Iota, Kappa, Mu, Xi, Sigma, Chicago, Boston, Milwaukee, Detroit, Baltimore, Seattle, and Portland. The officers for the present year are given for these chapters.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GRAND COUNCIL

The third regular meeting of the Grand Council was held in Chicago on March 25. Three busy sessions were held, but as the work concerned chiefly the Grand Council, there is little of general interest to report.

Miss Ethel Garbutt, who had just returned from her visit to the eastern chapters, gave a very complete and detailed report of her work. Some items of especial interest have been mentioned in the circular letter that was sent out after the meeting.

Plans for the investment of part of the money in the treasury were further discussed and a full statement of what was done will be sent out to the chapters.

The president regrets to state that Miss Gertrude Ross, whose appointment as Chairman of the Committee on Directory was announced in a previous issue, is unable to assume the work this year, but Mrs. Roland Coerper, 2625 Clybourn St., Milwaukee, Wis., has signified her willingness to undertake the work, assisted by the Milwaukee alumnæ. Any isolated alumnæ, who chance to read this notice, can assist in this work by sending their names and addresses to Mrs. Coerper. We hope to begin work immediately and push the matter hard, as we are much in need of a new directory. The addition of five new chapters since the publication of our last directory makes the necessity for another very urgent.

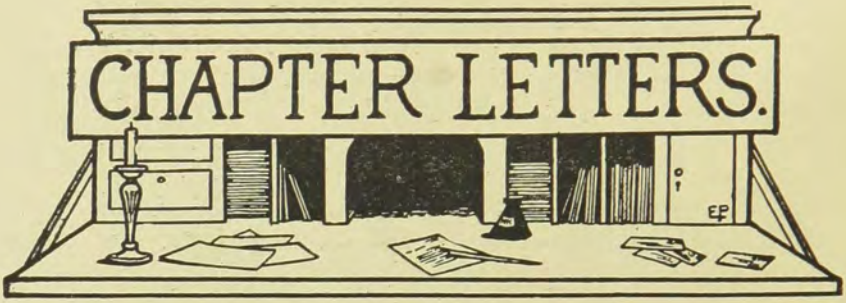
The president was pleased to receive the report of Miss Guppy, chairman of the Committee on Uniform Examinations, and to note that the general average was higher than last year. Eight of our eighteen active chapters had an average of ninety or over, the highest being ninety-six. We all need more education along the lines of general fraternity work and the president is pleased to recommend to any alumnæ the reading of "Banta's Greek Exchange," which was adopted as the official organ of the Panhellenic Congress at its session last summer. One of the chief dangers in sorority life is narrowness. Let us learn what others are doing and see whereby we can improve our own sorority.

The matter which will soon absorb our chief attention is that of the coming convention to be held in Baltimore. As this city is too warm for convention in the summer time, and as November, our former time for holding convention, will be

most inconvenient for our hostesses on account of local conditions, it has been decided to hold the next convention in March, and a notice of the same appears elsewhere in this issue. Let us all plan to meet in Baltimore next March to make new acquaintances as well as to renew old ones. Those who attended convention at Asilomar will agree that there is nothing like a convention to arouse interest and enthusiasm. Join the convention party and add your mite to the efforts of all those who are striving for the betterment of Gamma Phi Beta.

Most sincerely yours,

CARRIE E. MORGAN, *President.*



MRS. WM. J. GRAHAM, Alumnæ Editor, 380 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send *all* Chapter Letters and Personals to Mrs. Graham. Next letter *must* be in her hands by September 15.

ALPHA—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

Dear Gamma Phi Sisters:

Since our last letter Syracuse has simply been buried in snow and on many occasions we didn't attempt to walk but merely ploughed through the campus to classes. But in spite of the large amount of "weather" we had a delightful formal dance at the Onondaga Hotel on March 11. We were sorry not to have had the affair in the chapter house, but unless some of us had danced on the side-walks, that would have been impossible. The juniors and seniors waited in fear and trembling for that dread day, April 3, the date set for the Sophomore Donation Party. Upon that fatal occasion

BETA—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Top row, left to right—Lynda Eberbach, Margaret Hoyt, Helen Nipps, Ada Heath, Annis Jewell, Pansy Blake, Alice Weiber, Hester Cooper, Adèle Crandall, Florence Vivian.
Middle row—Clara Stimson, Charlotte Kelsey, Eleanor Trumann, Helen Hughes, Ruth Ely, Florence George, Vivian Kerr, Ruth Kelsey, Clara Hagermann, Margaret Kerr, Dorothy Durfee.
Bottom row—Ethelyn Bolen, Helen MacDonald, Helen Ely, Isabel Hicks, Helen Tuthill, Constance Orcutt, Winifred Roehm, Anita Kelley, Agnes Gorman.

the sophomores in an exceedingly "skittish" skit called *All for Love*, set forth with a large amount of local color, the whims and foibles of the sadly misused upperclassmen. Aghast and stunned, each of us listened to our own particular giggle, or witnessed what we had never before realized was a very characteristic walk. On the fifth of April, one hundred Syracuse girls took part in a very successful glee club concert, the proceeds of which went to the fund for the Woman's Building. The members of the glee club, after many years of hard and faithful work, have now formed an organization which is recognized as a college activity.

A few weeks ago our alumnæ gave us a dinner at the chapter house. Besides doing ample justice to the repast, we all had a delightfully jolly time together. Syracuse is endowing a hospital in the European war zone and many of us have been busy winding bandages each week.

On April 14, we initiated Ernestine Spaulding, '18, and Margaret Robinson, '17, two more brand new Gamma Phis to add to our long list.

Alpha sends best wishes for a happy summer vacation.

DOROTHEA SMITH.

PERSONALS

Gladys Fearon, '16, of Fultonville, spent a few days recently at the chapter house.

MARRIAGES

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Potter announce the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. Robert France of Cobleskill, N. Y. Mr. France is a graduate of Syracuse and a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

BETA—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Dear Sisters:

In but a short time now, we'll be off for our various parts of the country. It's rather sad, isn't it, when you think that some of us will not be taking the trip back next fall; but we shall have to console ourselves with thoughts of the new sisters-to-be. But now to more cheerful things!

We have been so exceedingly busy here at Beta, especially in dramatics. The greatest thing of all on the campus was, of course, the Michigan Union Opera. If ever there was a successful musical comedy, it was that. The men made wonderful girls and the costuming was marvelous. But we girls are not so backward, either. Every year the junior girls entertain the senior class with an original play. We juniors flatter ourselves that it was pretty fine. Two of the Γ Φs took leading rôles while others were presented in the rôle of chorus girls (and men). And if that isn't enough —one other wrote a goodly share of the lyrics. It was a wonderful feeling to look across the audience of capped and gowned seniors and hear their applause and the songs they sang to us. Then, for the first time in the history of junior plays, we were allowed to give it to an audience of men. They appreciated it, too!

The Classical Club of the university gave a play, called the *Menae-Chimi*. All parts, as custom was in old Roman days, were taken by men. The actors and musicians were excellent and the audience was delighted.

The French play is yet to be enjoyed. It is to be given on April 27. The play, *Miquette et La Mère*, gives Adèle Crandall, in the leading rôle, ample opportunity to display her talent in that line. Margaret Kerr is also taking part in the production.

The Queen's Progress, the Shakespearean pageant, is also an event of the future and several of Beta's star dancers will appear in that.

On April 1, President Emeritus James B. Angell died. On the day of his burial all university exercises were suspended, and the entire student body made a double row, through which the procession passed, from his home to the gates of the cemetery. All were only too eager to show homage to the greatest of Michigan's men.

The annual Woman's League banquet took place at noon April 1. The tables were spread in Barbour Gymnasium and were beautifully decorated with hyacinths. The walls were hung with white and also decorated with flowers. It was as dainty and spring-like as possible. The freshmen made capable waitresses and looked very sweet in their costumes. The Junior Play was to have been presented after the luncheon but was postponed because of Dr. Angell's death.

How I wish I could tell you everything we do! Of the parties, the social hours, the walks on the boulevard—and all that makes up our life here. If I should once start I'm afraid I would *never* stop, so I mustn't encourage myself.

With the best of wishes for a glorious vacation, Beta says goodbye until October.

WINIFRED I. RAEHM.

GAMMA—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Since the last publication of THE CRESCENT we have nine newly initiated Gamma Phis to introduce to you: Gertrude Germer, Chicago; Alberita Richards, Hannibal, Mo.; Helen Marie Nielson, Pasadena, Cal.; Marion Platt, Grand Rapids, Wis.; Katherine Horner, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mirabelle Netherwood, Madison; Eleonore Fischer, Milwaukee; Marion Flaherty, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lucile Works, Madison. They are all girls whom we can be proud to welcome into our sisterhood.

Soon after initiation our present sophomore class gave a party for the pledges and upperclassmen. The presence of town alumnæ and Gamma Phi parents lent an added charm to the affair. Our annual faculty reception, April 29, and our formal, May 6, are our next social occasions.

GAMMA—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

First row, left to right—Helen Aurland, Myrtle Milner, Edith Dodd; Dorothy Bannon; Gertrude Germer, May Westcott; Helen Aurland; Penelope Westcott, Edith Dodd, May Westcott.
Second row—Lucine Rousseau; Angela Sullivan; Katherine Bundy, Angela Sullivan, Lucine Rousseau, Myrtle Milner; Myrtle Milner.

Last Monday the town alumnæ held a meeting at the house for the purpose of organization. They graciously accepted our invitation to remain for dinner and chapter meeting. We found this opportunity for becoming better acquainted a thoroughly delightful one, and we sincerely hope our alumnæ will come often.

We are pleased to announce the election of Helen Marie Nielson to the office of secretary of the university Y. W. C. A.; the election of Catherine Combs to the varsity baseball team; and the election of Edith Dodd, Helen Langer, and Verena Baker to "Clef Club."

Gamma sends best wishes to you all.

BEATRICE UTMAN.

DELTA—BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Dear Gamma Phis:

At last the long-expected and much-planned-for—the Spring Recess—is here. And the Gamma Phis? Scattered far and wide. I saw them last, yesterday, in the Old South Church, at the University Easter Convocation that ended our term in a flood of the golden music of Franck and Palestrina, exquisitely rendered by the College Choir and Glee Clubs, with Professor Marshall as organist and a 'celloist and harpist from the Symphony Orchestra.

But to come down to earth—for to soar over Parnassus today is to run a frightful risk of being mistaken for hostile aircraft—and treated accordingly—I must tell you about our April Fool's Day party at Cambridge. To begin with, we all dressed the part in red and white,

DELTA—BOSTON UNIVERSITY

First row, left to right—Dorothy Taylor, '16, Eleanor Simmons, '17, Isabel Turnbull, '17.
Second row—Frances Davis, '17, Eva Mabel Saoler, '17, Sonjetta Vanacole, '17, Lucy Waite, '18.
Third row—Amy Buck, '18, Eleanor Ferguson, '18, Eleanor Burbank, '18, Gertrude Freeman, '18, Rachel Clarke, '19.
Fourth row—Thelma Hollander, '19, Mildred Cheney, '19, Miriam Phillips, '17, Helen Carleton [pledged 1919], Mary Holland [pledged 1917].

black and white, yellow and white clown costumes that would rouse jealousy in the breast of a Zuzu man—and pointed caps, balloons, paint and patches, that transported the realm "of mathematics and of Greek" into quite another ward of the universe. The Delta alumnæ were our guests —I musn't forget to tell you—and from four till nine we romped wildly, ate ravenously—a combination of delicious food and savage exercise must be held guilty for this—sang many a touching Aria across the footlights of the Hall stage, danced with—I think *abandon* is the word to express it, and generally reconfirmed our opinion that the alumnæ are the very best sports in the world.

The next Front-Page-Headline event has been Klatsch. Klatsch, let me tell you foreign chapters, is the annual Boston University evening when everyone comes to college and meets all the faculty and one's fellow inhabitants of the Halls of Wisdom. But 1916 Klatsch was—I will have you know—far from an ordinary and matter-of-fact affair. This year being the tercentenary of the death of a certain rhymer of rhymes and verser of verses, Boston University celebrated in due fashion. Twentieth Century, 688 Boylston Street, underwent as bewildering a transformation as Stevenson's Superfluous Mansion, and the Hall of every day on April 7 became Kenilworth Castle in gala dress for its royal guest, where even the most democratic of us did not scorn to be "presented at court." In the wings —The Mermaid Tavern—where a select company of wits was assembled— and in the precinct of the dumb-bells and parallel bars, the Globe Theatre, a most shocking performance of St. George and the Dragon was witnessed by gaping spectators. Nor did the guest of honor fail us—and we were only saved from being quite overcome with awe by discovering his close resemblance to a member of the faculty—a familiarity of feature that put us once more at our ease. In Sleeper Hall, *Midsummer Night's Dream* was charmingly presented for the author and scattered here and there one came upon a scene from *Twelfth Night, The Merchant of Venice* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* In all the Klatsch revels Gamma Phi was well represented.

— — — — — These dashes are to take the place of a "connecting paragraph." Kindly excuse its absence and permit me to regret that this letter must be mailed before we have our dance and the Spring Luncheon that promise to antidote the ghastly depression of pre-"final" days in the weeks after Recess.

A very happy vacation to the rest of you Gamma Phis—if you are lucky enough to be having it—anyway, an extremely nice vacation to you, for whatever date it is booked on your College Calendars.

EVA MABEL SADLER.

PERSONALS

Eva Mabel Sadler has been given the rôle of Lady Braucknell in the Junior Play, *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

EPSILON—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Dear Gamma Phi Sisters:

The thing that stands out as the most pleasant and most important event since our last letter is the initiation on February 26 of our eight pledges: Ruth Bartels, Willa Jansky, Celia Merry, Margaret Walsh, Mildred Clark, Grace Corlett, Margery Grantham, and Jane Kendall. Soon after this we met and pledged Emelia Otto of Chicago, who entered Northwestern second semester.

As we thought it would be a splendid plan for the active members to meet and know the alumnæ more intimately, we arranged a little informal reception for them down at "Pat" Moses' in Chicago. We hope that the alumnæ enjoyed it as much as we did.

Since "Gamma Phi is given to dancing" Epsilon had her share on March 10 when she gave a formal party at the Evanston Woman's Club. It was our big dance of the year. Many of our alumnæ were back for it and we entertained one girl from each of the other thirteen fraternities. Some of our out-of-town alumnæ, who were present, are: Ardis Ade, Ruth Wattras, Mary Richardson, Jeanne Wheeler, Jessie Vawter, Mabel Gay, and Harriet Coffman.

Since the second semester began Northwestern has had an epidemic of scarlet fever. The Phi Kappa Sigma House was quarantined for at least six weeks as almost all of the members had the pleasure of a visit by "Mr. Scarlet Fever." Several other houses were quarantined for a shorter period but at last the spread of the disease has been checked.

The Northwestern girls and those interested in Northwestern have been working with all their "might and main" to raise funds for our new Woman's Building. Numerous plans have been tried and have proved successful. So far the Woman's League has carried off the honor of having had the best plan for raising funds. They had an old-fashioned "County Fair" in Willard Hall. Stunts were planned and given by the different groups on the campus and a charge of five or ten cents was made for seeing each stunt. On that night everybody just seemed to "turn loose" and staid and settled Willard Hall would never have been recognized by an outsider visiting it for the second time. There was yelling, laughing, singing, dancing, and every sort of "noisy noise" imaginable, all going on at once with absolutely no restraint. This, of course, indicated that every one was having the "time of his life." The affair was a success in every sense of the word, and was greatly appreciated by the Woman's Building enthusiasts.

Since Sarah Radebaugh made a semester average of A for Gamma Phi Beta, she will represent us at the annual Panhellenic scholarship banquet this month.

Lillian Wering from Goucher College visited Ray Latimer during her spring vacation. We all greatly enjoyed having a sister from the "East" with us and hope that some day we will have more visitors from other chapters. In her honor we gave a luncheon in the Narcissus Room at Marshall Field's, and in that way we—both alumnæ and active members—became well acquainted with her. As she was also out to two meetings, we all feel that she belongs to us.

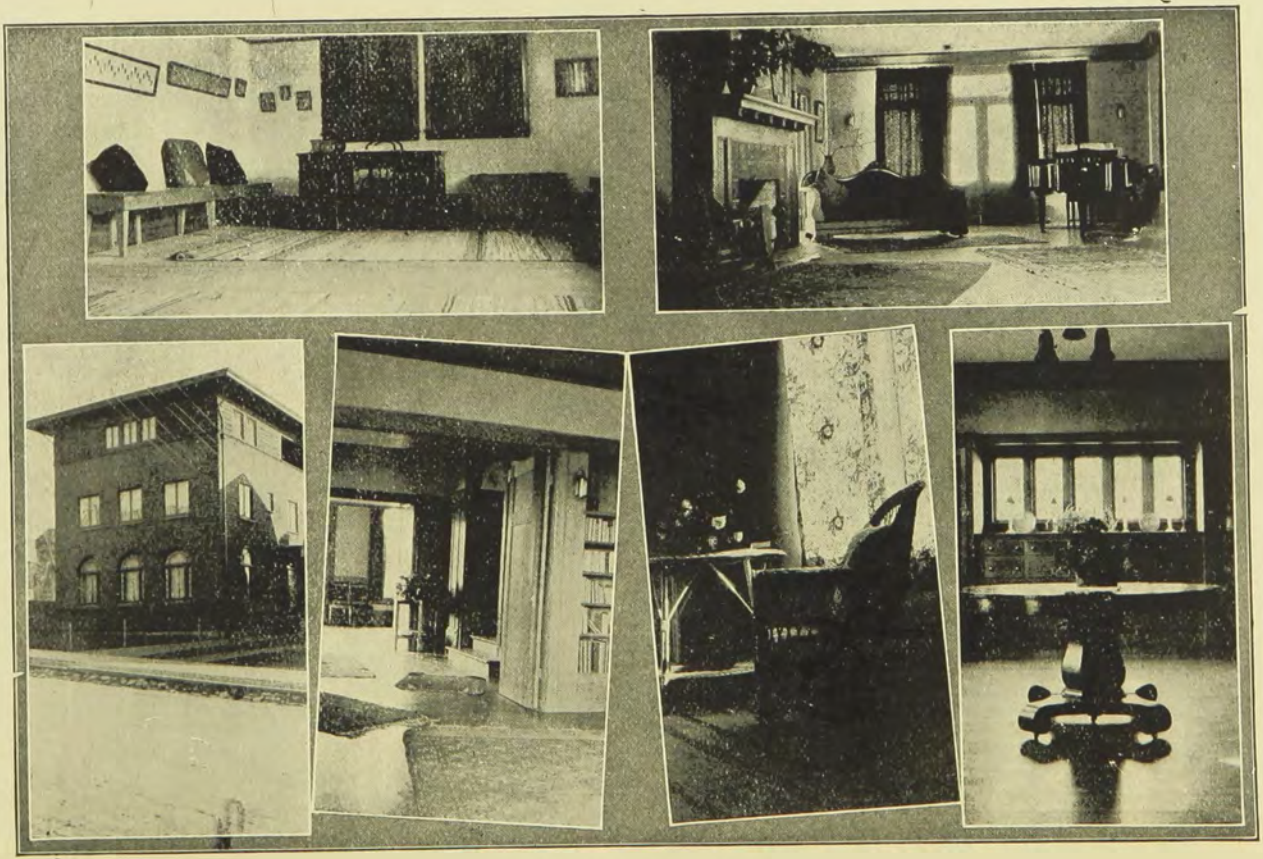
We feel greatly honored that Frances Phelps has been chosen to head the last Senior Prom ever to be held at Northwestern. The senior class elected Clifton Merry, a Sigma Alpha Epsilon, to lead Prom and he asked Frances to assist him. Elaborate plans have been made and it will undoubtedly be the largest and best Senior Prom in the history of our college.

As the springtime ushers in, we begin to think about graduation and all that accompanies it. We have five sisters who will graduate: Frances McCarty, Frances Phelps, Mildred Ross, Margaret Ross, and Mary Underwood. This will leave quite a hole in our circle but we have enjoyed them and hope that they will come back to visit us often even though they are interested in outside things.

We are looking forward to a grand meeting at our annual spring banquet for at that time we are expecting many of our alumnæ back. This banquet will be about the finest event during the remainder of the college year.

ETA—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Top row, left to right—Eunice Barstow, Jeanette Dyer, Ellender Wills, Muriel Cameron, Sarah Daniels, Catherine Saunders, Mrs. Buell, Beth Hoyt, Marian Nowell, Leslie Underhill, Emily Stewart, Florence Macaulay, Cora Keeler.
Second row—Margaret Boveroux, Lesley Williams, Alice Bradley, Irma Wann, Sibyl Scott.
Third row—Barbara Bridge, Elizabeth Ruggles, Esther Sinclair, Frances Jones.
Fourth row—Isabel Faye, Grace Partridge, Margaret Hannah, Jeune Fiske.
Fifth row—Olive Mills, Carolyn Bolles, Elsie Jones, Irene Ray, Dorothy Daniels.



ETA CHAPTER HOUSE

At the time when this CRESCENT appears we shall all be out of college with plans for a fine summer vacation, so here's wishing you a good rest from your year's work.

RUTH H. WHITE.

PERSONALS

Epsilon has had the pleasure of having visitors from other chapters with her recently—Grace Burgard from Gamma, Mildred Bigelow from Alpha, and Lillian Wering from Zeta.

Florence Phelps was fortunate enough to visit her Gamma sisters recently. She attended the Σ A E Prom.

Margaret Ross and Alice Boyd were royally entertained by Omicron during the week-end of March 31. They attended a Σ X formal dinner dance and the Cadet Hop.

Clea Cozzens was back for our alumnæ reception.

Esther Stoffel was here for our formal party.

ZETA—GOUCHER COLLEGE

(No Letter)

KATHERINE TREIDE.

ETA—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(No Letter)

MURIEL M. CAMERON.

THETA—UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi:

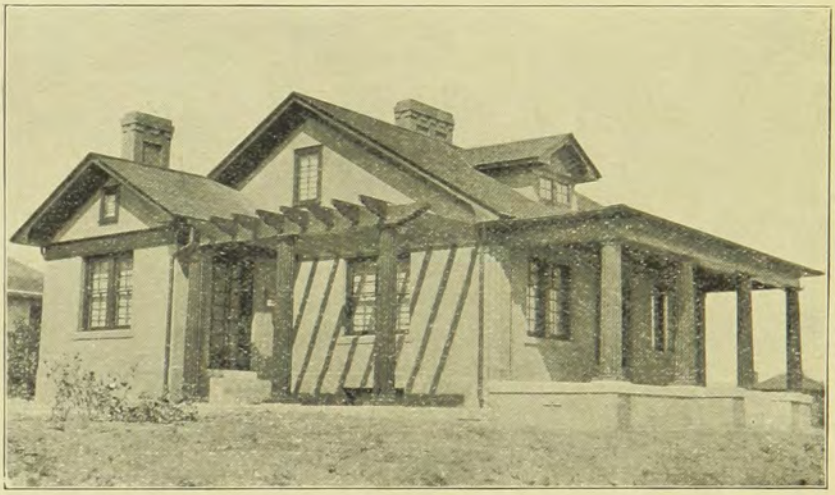
I am the "Rat Princess" who married the Duke of Theta Ratdom and I know all about the Gamma Phi maidens who own the little brown lodge in which I dwell. So I'm going to tell you what has been happening of late.

On the next to the last day of March they had their high school day luncheon, as they call it. I smelled wonderful odors from the kitchen above my palace in the coal bin, but you may believe I didn't venture upstairs until they sat down to eat. I crept up and O! such things as I saw! Long tables all lighted with candle-sticks and little crescent shaped place cards that looked to me as if Lindsey Barbee had made them, yes, you may be sure that she is the one who always thinks of the sweetest things to do for the girls.

After all the delicious things to eat had been daintily devoured, they removed the tables and prepared to be entertained. The freshmen presented a most tragic one-act drama which stirred the blood of the spectators as none other but Macbeth could do. The curtain fell upon the last dread scene, after the drama had been produced, without a spoken word; the deep plot and depth of emotion, all portrayed by stiff mechanical action of feet, hands, head, and particularly eyebrows. I know that every one who witnessed it will ever and anon carry a mental vision of that fair college maiden, wearing a crescent, lying upon the campus, her eyes fixed with a cold and stony stare. Beside her lay the form of a college youth, the degree to which she had aspired, but as mother disapproved, there stood a large empty bottle bearing the label "CARBOLIC ACID." I slipped back to my home, and the party, after singing some Gamma Phi songs, broke up. All that I could hear was the rattle of dishes in the

kitchen, and I knew that there were some sorry freshmen doing their duty toward *God and Man.*

After a couple of hours the freshmen left and once more there was silence. But harken my dears, that night thieves entered the house in search of the remains of the feast. I didn't venture forth to see who they might be, so no one knows to this day. It may have been Sigs and it may have been Betas and it may have been neither or both.



THETA LODGE

On the next Friday afternoon the Duke told me that they had a beautiful reception, at the home of one of the girls, for Miss Morgan and I've heard them say since how much they liked her and how glad they were to find that a grand president is a perfectly lovely human being, and doesn't wear horns at all.

That very same Friday night the Duke and I went to their ball at the Woman's Club, and you would better believe they looked beautiful, which made me wish I were young once again.

They are having spring vacation now so I shan't see them for a whole week. They are planning to beautify the yard on Arbor Day. I might add that their scholarship reports are fairly good, although spring fever is in the air, I fear.

CELESTE L. PORTER.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ruth Carson, ex-'16, to Dr. Ralph J. Gilmore of Huron, South Dakota. Dr. Gilmore is an influential and prominent member of the Huron College faculty.

Personals

Several of the girls from Tau chapter were down for a meeting in April.

Laurel Grimes will play Luciana in the *Comedy of Errors,* which is the senior class play.

Doris Moser was elected vice-president of Y. W. C. A., Helen Strauss secretary.

We have five seniors this year.

Iota—Barnard College

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi:

As the time for the final decision about her fate draws near, Iota feels quite encouraged about her future. On the whole, the fraternity situation at Barnard appears to be improving. Throughout the year the various chapters have given parties to which the undergraduates have been invited in order that the fraternity members might meet them, for, of course, this year all fraternity members are alumnæ. Gamma Phi gave a tea at Anna Paddock's, on February 26, to which about seventy-five undergraduates were invited. From what was said we judge that they liked us pretty well, and we reciprocated.

For the past month the fraternity question has been the foremost topic up at Barnard, for this spring marks the end of the probation period and the college will be called upon to decide whether or not we are to come back. The question has been particularly acute during the last few days, following the publication of the names of about twenty juniors, who have joined together to form a social club. Aside from the fact that there is no secrecy about the club—that small point about fraternities that seems to cause so much feeling—this club is practically similar to fraternities, and consequently is causing great excitement. It is not yet known whether or not Student Council will charter it, and without the charter, it cannot be recognized.

It was decided, in undergraduate meeting, to hold a meeting in the last week in April, at which three alumnæ pro-fraternity, and three antis, should speak, and then the question should be voted upon by the college, the following week. A series of Panhellenic meetings have been held, and complying with our request the meeting has been postponed until the first week in May. The vote will occur sometime about the middle of the month. Just at present (April) times are rather exciting, with one conference after another, for we are trying to decide upon some scheme of reorganization which will meet with the approval of our national organization, and also of the college. None of the chapters have any desire to go back on the basis on which we existed before, and our desire to adopt remedies appears to have impressed the college authorities very favorably. Some of the faculty who were previously antagonistic have come over to our side, as have some of the students, who are leaders of opinion. They seem to be quite surprised to realize that we are willing to acknowledge any faults, and are really perfectly honest and fair-minded people. Whatever happens, it is quite evident that the need is felt for some sort of social organization. If it were possible to postpone the vote until next fall, after the senior class, our worst foes, is out, we feel that we would have a pretty

good chance of reëntry. But just now it is all up in the air, and this goes to print too soon for the decision to be known. Our fate will probably be sealed by the time you read this. We hope it will not prove our obituary.

FREDERICKA BELKNAP.

PERSONALS

Elsa Berghaus, '15, has completed her course in secretarial work, and now has a position as private secretary in the Charity Organization Bureau.

Sophie Lingg, '13, is studying at Columbia this year.

Anna Paddock, '15, has been engaged in social service work this year.

Aurill Bishop, '11, is secretary for the dean, at Barnard.

The sympathy of the chapter is extended to Ruth Decker, '15, in the recent death of her father.

Bert Sayre, '15, has been spending the winter in Florida, where she has been engaged as tutor in a private family.

KAPPA—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Dear Gamma Phi Sisters:

In the March CRESCENT, I reported horrid, cold weather, and for fear you will get the wrong impression of our Minnesota climate, I make haste to tell you that we are now enjoying wonderful spring days, warm, sunshiny and powerfully enticing, leading astray the intellects of even our Phi Beta Kappas, who, by the way, are thoroughly human. When the elections were announced on Cap and Gown Day and we found we could claim three out of the list of twenty-three, we were individually and collectively seized with the desire to employ football methods of celebration. I mean we wanted to shout—but we didn't. Instead, we just grinned broadly and tried to look as unconcerned as possible but not succeeding too well. The names of the three are Mary Ray, Jean McGilvra, and Katherine Crocker.

June and Commencement will seize upon ten of our sisters and convert them into alumnæ. We will miss them one and all, and we will have to work hard to fill their shoes with freshmen, culled from the class entering next fall.

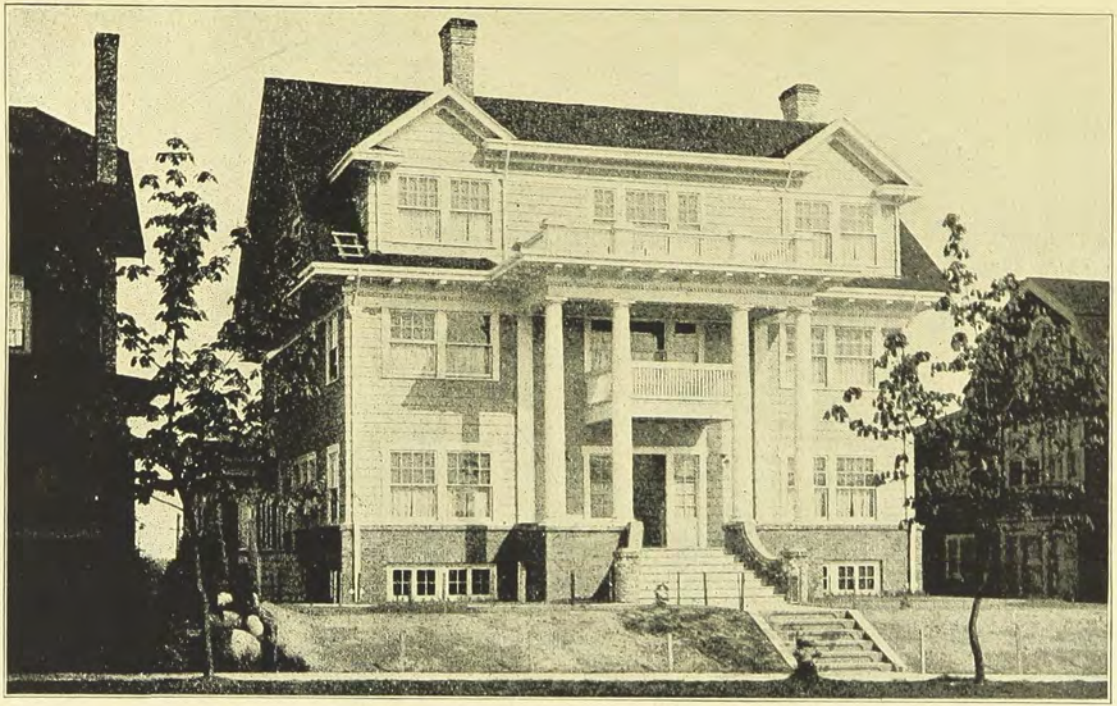
The Junior Ball was a great success and so was the Military Ball. Between those two events and today have come the Sophomore Vaudeville, the Spanish Entertainment, all sorts and conditions of fraternity plays, and a full quota of informal affairs. At the house, the most prevalent and prominent modes of driving dull care away have been Lenten teas and challenges at bridge. The Lenten teas have taken place in Ella Morse's room, and are delightful affairs where the guests gather on bed and couch, drink tea with cloves in it, munch cookies, and talk much. The special significance of the title has not been fully explained, as these gatherings do not differ from those regularly occurring at all other times of the college year, but no one cares if she but happen in before the piéce de resistance is entirely eliminated. Our greatest hope is that someone else will carry on this system of sisterly social service when Ella no longer lives in our house. The bridge combats are fast and furious, and are accustomed to wage immediately after luncheon and on the less busy evenings, until eight o'clock sends the combatants study-wards.

Basketball has had an unusual amount of attention this spring. For the first time, the sororities have all had teams and have conducted a tournament. We beat Alpha Phi but fell before Theta's doughty attack. Next year we'll do better, but it must be said that we have some excuse because of temporary cripples who were handicapped in the course of their activity, and for whom we lacked fitting substitutes. But wait until next year!

KAPPA—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Standing, left to right—Ruth Eaton, Louise Weesner, Elizabeth Odell, Marion Parsons, Doris Leach, Jessie Scott, Mollie Holloran.
Seated, back row—Louise Arosin, Alice Gall, Jeanne Rounds.
Second row—Marjorie Hurd, Ruby Laird, Mary Mosher.
Third row—Jean Brawley, Mary Ray, Dorothy Jones.
Front row—Ella Morse, Kenena McKenzie.

KAPPA CHAPTER HOUSE



LAMBDA CHAPTER HOUSE

We are looking forward to an interesting week of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration. The Drama League of Minneapolis has planned something for every day of the week and the entertainments are to be of an attractive variety. Because of this, and the many spring formals we have had to postpone an entertainment we had planned, until next fall. Our formal comes on the evening of May 17, and our Annual Banquet on May 27, while final examinations disrupt our peace on the day preceding, and cover the following week. After that, comes the house party, probably at Lake Minnetonka where it has been for several years, and then, Commencement over, the girls will scatter to the four winds. Those who remain in or near the Twin Cities will see each other once in a while at least, for we have biweekly afternoon meetings at different homes, where we catch up with all the news and do sewing for our winter bazaar.

There are yet two things I must mention: the Panhellenic Banquet and Gopher Day. The first took place last Saturday evening. The great majority of each of the chapters on the campus was present, decked in their best, and everyone had a good time, especially during the stunts—each sorority presenting one—for they were all unusually clever. Gopher Day comes on the twenty-ninth of April this year and is the momentous occasion when the Junior publication, *The Gopher* appears. It is a gala day when no one thinks of going to class or of doing anything but finding a vacant spot on the knoll upon which to sit while pursuing the hundreds of pages of pictures and talk. In my love for Minnesota, I must not forget that all the other universities must have fully as exciting days, so I will say no more, with the exception of wishing you all an enjoyable summer vacation and highly successful rushing season next fall.

MARY L. MOSHER.

PERSONALS

Gertrude Hagy, '15, is spending her Easter vacation with her mother at the chapter house. She has been teaching this winter in Black Duck.

Lucile Babcock, '15, was home from Des Moines recently for her vacation.

Pauline Schwartz, '19, was home from St. Cloud Normal a short time ago.

Louise Brace has returned from a trip to New Orleans.

Katherine Sullivan and Harriet Ahlers were among the out-of-town girls who came for Jessie Phillips' wedding to Dr. Johnson of Bemidji.

The active chapter entertained their mothers at an informal tea on the afternoon of March 31.

Jean McGilvra, '16, was elected to Lambda Alpha Psi, honorary fraternity of modern languages, in addition to Phi Beta Kappa.

LAMBDA—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Alas! Spring vacation is over and Washington is on her "home stretch" toward the finals. After a week for "sleeping off" the spring fever we feel quite fit for the last two short months of college.

First of all we must get all the conceit out of our system; but we can't help but add that we feel it well earned. Lambda is at present patting herself on the back for recent honors as we proudly announce four new Φ B Ks in our midst; Margaret Wayland, deserving special mention being only a junior, Ella Winslow, Gezina Thomas, and Anna Baker. Adding to these, Lois McBride, who received the honor last year, we have now a list of five active Lambda girls as Φ B Ks, out of nine sorority women.

LAMBDA—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

First row, left to right—Marion Shipman, Katherine Pendleton, Katherine Kerr, Janet Alexander, Gladys Morris, Christine Thomas, Helen Sully, Mrs. Laird (housemother), Freddy Sully.
Second row—Elfreda Smith, Lois McBride, Pauline Smith, Ella Winslow, Willow Coffman.
Third row—Charlotte Mann, Edna Stuchell, Charlotte Dohery, Esther Gilpin, Lou Waynick, Gezina Thomas, Ruth Frye, Helen Allen.
Fourth row—Shirley Skewis, Emma White, Dorothy Condon, Isabel Hoffman, Lucy Gallup, Violet Sheppard, Eleanor Hedden.

The same day that Φ B K honors were announced Christine Thomas was elected treasurer of the Y. W. C. A. We also have a candidate for both the A. S. U. W. secretaryship and for president of the Women's League. If luck doesn't turn we have great hopes for the coming election.

We are at present very interested in a new plan for our Social Service work. We have undertaken to help support the "Hadassah" home, for the children of working mothers or widows. Γ Φ B has taken the responsibility of supporting one child in the home by paying a certain monthly sum to cover the expense of the child's board, clothing, and education. One of our girls pays weekly visits to the home in order to keep in touch with its needs and report to the chapter. Later on we are planning to give a musicale as a benefit for the same purpose. The freshman meeting hour has been transformed into a busy sewing circle, making clothes and dressing dolls for the "Hadassah" children.

We are all looking forward to the twenty-ninth of April as it is the date set aside for our Formal. We are having it a little different this year as it is to be quite an elaborate dinner dance.

Spring sports are keeping us busy at present so that when the teams are chosen Γ Φ B will by no means be missing.

Our college surely had a most interesting two days inauguration session in March when Dr. Henry Suzzallo was formally inaugurated as president of the University of Washington. We entertained several of the other college presidents' wives at luncheon and also gave a formal dinner at the chapter house, in honor of the president.

With "Regatta," Campus Day, and all the class picnics coming off in close succession in the near future, we Washingtonians will have no time for idle minutes between now and that delightful, yet almost regretted time when we must part for the summer. However, before each one of us packs her trunks for all corners of the world, Lambda wishes that every Γ Φ B may have a wonderful summer.

CHRISTINE THOMAS.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ella Winslow, '16, to Mr. L. W. Scudder from O. A. C. Agricultural College. The marriage will take place some time early in the summer.

MU—LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Spring vacation is over and everyone is having a hard time settling down to work again. But after this week-end there will be little to detract from study until after finals, which begin the eleventh of May. We will lose five seniors this year, Zetta Mills, Evelyn Haydock, Georgia Haffner, Dorothy Womack, and Marion Dorn, and one graduate, Mary Calloway, who is getting her master's degree in English. Pauline Cartzman, '07, is also back this year for her M.A. in the English department. Two or perhaps three of our seniors expect to return for further work next year.

Tomorrow the big track meet of the year will take place, between Stanford and California, on the Stanford field. It is predicted to be a very close meet, and everyone is breathlessly waiting. The second basketball game will also be played tomorrow, which adds still more to the prevailing excitement. The first game was played last Saturday at California, and they won in fourteen innings, one to nothing, so you can see why we are eagerly waiting.

In women's athletics the most important past event is the interclass tournament between Stanford and California, in which one of Mu's girls,

MU—STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Back row, left to right—Eleanor Norton, Marion Crist, Luella Behrens, Marion Bocks, Herva Dunshee, Mayowen Edwards, Marcella Hayden, Mrs. Lyon, Ruth Long, Zetta Mills, Frances Holman, Agnes Boezinger, Mary Calloway, Frances Martin.
Front row—Frances Howe, Georgia Haffner, Maude Lowell, Lorene Wilcox, Gladys Knowlton, Dorothy Womack, Mabel Angell.

Maude Lowell, '16, won great honor. The fencing match with California will take place tomorrow, and the tennis match on the twenty-second. As a local event, Women's Field Day, on April 29 will stand out. All women can take part in the various events which include, field and acquatic sports, as well as tennis, volleyball, basketball, gymnastics, and dancing.

Several of our girls have been spending many of their afternoons this semester, at the Maude Booth Home, a home for delinquent and dependent children about a mile and a half from the campus. Dorothy Womack, who was doing welfare work in Minneapolis last semester, has taught them games and folk dancing. Lorene Wilcox, Eleanor Norton and Frances Howe have also been over there, and Frances spent one afternoon giving the children a ride in her machine, which is a five passenger, but accommodated about three times that number on that occasion.

Of our seniors this year, three have been doing practical work in teaching in the University, Eveleyn Haydock is assisting in the Physics department, and Georgia Haffner in Economics, while Zetta Mills has a class in English History.

Eta chapter is hostess this afternoon and evening at a reception and dance, to which six of our girls have gone, remaining at the chapter house in Berkeley over night. We expect many of the Eta girls down here tomorrow for the track meet.

Our social calendar will end with a dance on April 29. Our last dance was an impromptu affair, given during vacation, smaller than usual, but enjoyed in true holiday spirit.

Mu sends her wishes to all for a happy summer.

GENEVA STEWART.

PERSONALS

Alice Rowell, ex-'13, is our guest over the week-end.

Ruth Lorraine Close, '15, is visiting her aunt in San Francisco, and is expected down for a visit soon.

Grace Helmick, '13, who has been visiting in San Diego, is expected on the campus next week.

NU—UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Top row, left to right—Helen Currey, Katherine Stanfield, Grace Lilly, Beatrice Locke, Eva Brock, Mrs. Hamilton Weir, Katherine Bridges, Grace MacKenzie, Pauline Potter.
Second row—Alice Hill, Anne Geiser, Florence Sherman, Joy Gross, Dorothy Downard, Mignon Allen, Harriette Polhemus, Emma Wootton, Agnes Miller, Mary Johns, Ruby Steiwer, Sara Barker, Dorothy Collier, Helen Johns, Marguerite Gross, Dorothy Dunbar.
Third row—Vernice Robbins, Dorothy Montgomery, Constance Fulton, Lillian Boylen, Esther Hill.
Bottom row—Mildred Thomas, Nita Hunter, Helen Guttery, Florence Parelius, Genevieve Dickey, Mary Cellars.

Ruth Neimeyer, '15, who was in Southern California this winter, was unable to visit us before her return to Duluth. She is to be married in September.

Luella Behrens, '15, was on the campus Wednesday and will come down again tomorrow for the track meet.

MARRIAGES

Edith Englehard, '12, was married to Warren Tucker, in Los Angeles on the twelfth of April.

BIRTHS

Born to Jennie Heartt Richardson, last fall, a son.

NU—UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Spring vacation is over and the last stretch of the college year is before us. Nearly all of the girls went home to spend the vacation. However, those left behind were amply amused by a camping trip and a house party. The house party was considerably the more successful for it lasted all the week while the camping trip was cut short by the rain.

We have six seniors to be graduated this spring: Katharine Bridges, Grace Mackenzie, Katherine Stanfield, Grace Lilly, Eva Brock and Beatrice Locke. Commencement is to take place before examinations. That is, we are to have a week of festivities and then the undergraduates will have to settle down to a week of hard work. This is to be tried for the first time this year and we don't know how it will succeed.

The excavation has been started for a new Education Building which is to cost about $45,000, and be finished by September.

Dorothy Collier won the only prize offered this year at April Frolic for her original costume. She was dressed as an alarm clock.

XI—UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

First row, left to right—Constance Gyde, Malinda Shurtz, Myrtle Sampson, Gladys Dittimore, Belle Willis.
Second row—Catherine Frantz, Gladys Johnson, Bernadine Adair, Nora Ashton, Evelyn Cox.
Third row—Grace Eagleson, Florence Richardson, Verna Johannesen, Gertrude Hays, Ola Bonham.
Fourth row—Anna May Bonneville, Carol Ryrie, Rosemarie Malou, Catherine Chrisman, Marjory Zumhof.
Fifth row—Permelia Hays, Charlotte Lewis, Byrd Wall, Marion Mansfield, Tress McMahon.

It is nearly time for Junior Week-end again. We are trying this year to mitigate the usual nightmare by limiting the number of guests to twenty. This may seem a large number of additional people to stow away in a house already full but in comparison with former years it is small.

HELEN JOHNS.

MARRIAGES

Constance Fulton, ex-'19, and Lloyd Van Dusen, Z N, were married at the bride's home in Astoria Saturday evening April 8. They will make their home in Astoria. Mignon Allen, Dorothy Dunbar, Helen McCornack, Emma Wootton, Dorothy Montgomery and Sara Barker attended the wedding.

PERSONALS

Esther Hill, '19, is at home recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

XI—UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Dear Sisters:

I haven't much to say for Xi this month. All of us who are not struggling in a sea of novels for Sophomore English are too busy with German or "Home Economics" courses to do anything startling, such as getting engaged or married. The work doesn't even seem to be killing us off at a rapid rate, either—instead, we actually appear to thrive on it. So what is a poor, discouraged correspondent to do. I think I'll have to go to Europe or Mexico if someone doesn't "come through" with some excitement.

Our chief interests are centered in "the new house"—you see, we speak of it as a concrete thing, although the only tangible part of it so far is a little pile of plans. We are incorporating under the name of Alpha Delta

Pi and have already sold about $2,000 worth of bonds. The business men and friends of Gamma Phi have been most generous and helpful in buying bonds and making things easier for us. But our Professor Angell, whose name, for us at least, may be taken literally to describe his character, has done the most for us, and has saved us a great deal of worry and trouble in business matters, of which in general we are femininely ignorant.

Of course, in connection with the house, comes a thought of the girls who will fill it next year. We started our rushing proceedings earlier this year, and Byrd Wall is making a wonderful head for the rushing committee. We are particularly enthusiastic over our prospects, because we have already pledged two sisters, who will enter college as freshmen next fall. They are Farrel Richardson and Virginia Dermott, and you would have to see them to really appreciate how proud we are of them. They are both unusually keen, good-looking girls, and are already popular at college.

Last week-end the German department gave one of the most interesting parties that we have had this year, a "Deutsche Gesellschaft." It began with a German banquet at six-thirty, served in the German style to about 200 students and guests, many of them dressed in costume. Then a German program and play followed the banquet and the toasts. Marjory Zumhof and Nora Ashton had parts in the play, and Gertrude and Permelia Hays gave some German dances afterwards. This party is one of the annual college events, and everyone looks forward to it because of its novelty and quaintness.

A movement which the faculty members are making this year is of great interest to most of the students. They are petitioning Phi Beta Kappa to establish a chapter at Idaho. We rank well with other universities and colleges, and there seems to be a good field for Phi Beta Kappa here. An honorary dramatic society is also being formed with a view of petitioning a national dramatic fraternity. Much can be done along these lines, because the old English Club was too general to do a great deal of real work. There is an honorary law and an honorary agricultural fraternity, but we feel the need of one for exceptional students of all of the schools.

Last Wednesday Miss French, our Dean of Women, and our Alumnæ members who live in town came over in the afternoon, and talked over our weak points and our strong ones with us, and we discussed means of improvement and advance. It was a helpful meeting, and we have decided to meet together informally and socially every other Sunday evening to discuss things and get nearer together. I think it's an excellent idea for keeping up our standards and for really getting to know our sisters who are no longer in the active chapter.

CAROL RYRIE.

PERSONALS

Miss Marybelle Meldrum spent the week-end in Moscow not long ago. She was a welcome visitor at the house on Sunday.

Mrs. Eagleson, wife of the State Treasurer, is spending a few weeks at the house with her daughter Grace, whose illness called her to Moscow.

Ola Bonham did some clever work in *Spreading the News*, one of the three short plays given by the junior class, and Byrd Wall and Charlotte Lewis made us all proud of them by their acting in the dainty Japanese comedy *The Flower of Yeddo*.

Out of the fancy dancing class eight Gamma Phis and two Kappas were chosen to dance for the Faculty Ladies' party. Our girls were: Marjory

Zumhof, Gertrude and Permelia Hays, Florence Richardson, Tress McMahon, Evelyn Cox, Carol Ryrie, and Catherine Chrisman.

Bernardine Adair, '19, went as soloist with the Glee Club on a short trip to Palouse, and Evelyn Cox, '18, is now on the big Southern Idaho trip as the only woman soloist in the company.

OMICRON—UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Chief and foremost among the many "things that should make us all as happy as kings," is the super-joyous fact that our stunt for the stunt show contest, has been accepted, and Omicron will again enter the race for the cup, after her respite of last year. Two prizes are to be awarded this year—one for beauty and another for originality and local "hits." Our stunt combines a happy amount of both, so we are thinking that if we work very hard:—no—not that we will win both of them—but at least make a lively grab for one. Many of the scenic effects, such as lightning, moonlight, and rain, are to be secured by a special use of the spot light.

The stunt is a little playlet called *The Origin of Leap Year.* The scene is laid in the depths of a forest at midnight and the fairy queen is holding court with her elves and dryads and gnomes. Although the night is silvery with moonlight, the elves and the gnomes as gay as ever, and the queen has everything she could desire—yet—she is vaguely dissatisfied. It has been her custom to dance a different dance for every night in the year, and tonight, the twenty-ninth of February, she can think of nothing to do. All her resources for pleasure seem exhausted. Echo, the fool and favorite of the queen, scours the forest for bird, beast, or fowl with which to entice his languid sovereign. Nothing can arouse her interest, until finally in a burst of impatience she commands Echo and the gnomes to bring her a mortal. She does not care what means they take to capture him, but capture him they must. The stage darkens—thunder rolls, lightning flashes, and the rain descends in a torrent. When it is past, and the light comes again, the gnomes are discovered dragging a flower-decked cage before the queen. In the cage is a man. The queen comes forward rapturously, and raises the cover of the mortal's prison-house to free him. Then, in a transport of joy she dances before him, trying to win him by her beauty and grace. In a short time—a slave to her charms—he is led by the happy queen to the throne in the background, where she tells him of her love. The stage now darkens again for a moment, and where the light is thrown on, the fairy throne has given place to the Senior Bench, and two seniors, in cap and gown, are approaching the old landmark. They seat themselves, and the girl, assuming her leap year prerogative, asks the man the age-long question. And when the curtain falls, the origin of leap year has been unfolded and tested before your eyes.

The May Pole dance is to represent May Day at Stratford this year, in honor of Shakespeare's Tercentenary. Old English dances will predominate, and the fairies and Puck will be in evidence. The stunt show always follows the May Pole on the same evening, and as it is to be May 13, we shall begin to practice our stunt right away, and then make the most of every minute until the event comes off.

A spring picnic, instead of a spring dance, will be our little eddy in the social whirl for this semester. There will be a hay-rack ride into the country and a picnic supper in the woods;—and we *do* pray for a moon! The annual Senior Breakfast—the farewell of the seniors and the time for announcing engagements, is also drawing near in our immediate

OMICRON—UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Top row, left to right—Georgia Brownfield, Margaret Baldwin, Jennis Barry, Anna Bancroft, Hazel Barackman, Dorothy Cawthorne, Jamie Chester, Harriette Dadant, Astrid Dodge.
Second row—Ruth Fox, Alma Gerlach, Grace Geyer, Agnes Helmreich, Flora Hottes, Doris Holloway, Lillian Johnston, Helen James, Carol Keefer, Martha McCammeron.
Third row—Ruth McElhiney, Alida Moss, Lucile Peirson, Gertrude Swift, Gladys Treat, Clara Tillotson, Ella Tillotson, Frances Withrow, Lillian Woerman.

future. We are pursuing our studies with a little more than the usual springtime fervor, because although we didn't get first in scholarship last semester, we *should* like to get second anyway *this* semester.

We have a few of our pledges still to initiate and then we will all be Γ Φs. With the circle complete we can be ready to close the college year.

Springtime wishes and gladness to all from Omicron.

FLORA HOTTES.

PERSONALS

Laverne Burgan, '17, has reëntered the university this semester. After an absence of over half a year, it certainly seems good to see her "old familiar face" again—only it isn't old!

We all wish our love and sympathy to our housemother, Mrs. Hunt, in her sorrow for the death of her brother-in-law, Doctor Burrill.

HONORS

Doris Holloway, '16, Κ Δ Π, Honorary Educational.
Grace Geyer, '16, Vice-president of Athletic Association.
Agnes Helmreich, '16, Vice-president of Deutsche Verein.
Margaret Baldwin, '17, Athletic Association.
Ella Tillotson, '17, Secretary of Y. W. C. A.
Gertrude Swift, '18, First Cabinet of Y. W. C. A.; Advisory Board of Junior Illinæ.
Astrid Dodge, '19, First Cabinet of Y. W. C. A.
Anna Bancroft, '19, Vice-president of Sophomore Illinæ.
Clara Tillotson, '19, Advisory Board of Sophomore Illinæ.

PI—UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

Amid all the excitement and rushing around we have almost forgotten that college is so near at an end. We will be glad in a way and yet it is fun to dash around to committee meetings, play rehearsals, etc., isn't it?

Since our last letter we have been kept busy with college activities of all kinds, saying nothing of our own personal "doings" and, of course, I must tell you of them.

First came the Aksarben party given by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Almost every organization in school, either gave some stunt or else had charge of a booth. Our girls had a booth which they expressed as being just a "dream." They were dressed in colonial costumes and sold punch. The evening was a great success, too.

Next came the "Farmers' Fair" given by the University State Farm students. At noon a very original parade took place and in the afternoon and evening on the farm campus booths and exhibits were patronized by everyone. Kate Helzer had charge of the "hamburger's" and proved her ability as "town crier" by making a profit of forty dollars.

Gamma Phi's really big day was March 11 when we initiated Nell Morrissey, Iva Harter, Lois Hardy, Bertha Bates and Marguerite McPhee. After the initiation came our second annual banquet at the Lincoln Hotel. Constance Syford was toastmistress and proved herself a capable one indeed. The various toasts, developed from the subject, "The Pi from the Larder of Gamma Phi" were enjoyed by everyone except the victims that had to give them! Everything was just lovely and as we sang "The Pin," "Peanuts and Olives" and all the others, we felt more than ever the real meaning of the crescent.

PI—UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

Upper picture, left to right—Gladys Wilkinson, Ruth Irvine, Virginia Chapin, Betty Dysart, Sara Cole, Doris Weaver, Marjorie Green, Florence Jenks, Carolyn Kimball, Aileen Eberman, Marjorie Cobb, Bertha Helzer.

Just before spring vacation came the third pledge day of the year. Only a few of the sororities observed it but we were very proud indeed to announce the pledging of Virginia Chapin of Winsted.

On Tuesday of spring vacation week Miss Morgan visited us. Most of the girls unfortunately did not meet her but it was certainly a pleasure for those who did and we only hope that she may come some other time when we can all learn to know her.

With all our good times, though, we are not forgetting to earn our dollars for social service. Iva spends all her extra time keeping Aileen's shoes and gloves immaculate, Babe Helzer substituted in the Lincoln schools for a part of a day, Carol is hairdresser, and Aileen spent part of her vacation in her father's department store so I think that by June we will all have our money ready for the national chairman.

With best wishes for a happy vacation to each Gamma Phi sister from Pi chapter.

CAROL KIMBALL.

PERSONALS

Mrs. F. J. Bahr of Broken Bow spent the week-end with her daughter, Vivian.

Doris Bates, of Lodge Pole, spent several weeks at the house with her sister Bertha.

Mabel Morrissey of Chadron has been the guest of her sister Nell during the month of March.

Jessie White Ryons, who has spent the last eight months in California, is expected to return to her home in Lincoln very soon.

Mrs. R. V. Cole and daughter Evelyn visited at the chapter house over Sunday with Sara Cole.

Helen Haines, Omicron, who is teaching at Falls City was the guest of the chapter during initiation and banquet.

Sylvia Prokes Schuyler came back to Lincoln for initiation March 11.

Bertha White, Epsilon, of Omaha, was Pi chapter's guest for the annual banquet.

Ellen Pollock Minor, Epsilon, Plattsmouth, was the guest of the chapter during her visit in Lincoln at the D. A. R. convention.

RHO—UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Dear Gamma Phi Sisters:

The usual "just before vacation" excitement is in the air. Most of Rho's girls are packing suitcases and consulting time tables on the side as Easter vacation begins tomorrow and everyone wishes to reach home as soon as possible.

The new initiates who have had their pins such a short time are especially anxious to show them off at home. Initiation was held March 16, at the chapter house, adding six new members to Rho's active chapter.

One of the new initiates, Frances Turner, has been in the hospital in Des Moines for an appendicitis operation. She is doing very nicely, however, and will, we all hope, be able to return to work at the end of Easter vacation.

We were all delightfully surprised by Miss Morgan's visit in March. Although we would have liked to have had her with us longer, we enjoyed the day she spent here very much indeed.

The big question of S. U. I. now is that of student government. The Woman's League is making plans for the election of a council which

hopes to take over a part, at least, of the government of the girls. The question has long been debated, and it seems that, at last, a definite step will be taken.

Woman's suffrage, too, which is being agitated all over Iowa, has aroused the interest of the university girls. Not long ago a Suffrage Dance, was given, under the management of the students, to raise money for the Suffrage Club of Iowa City. It was very successful and other plans for furthering the cause of equal suffrage will probably soon be formulated.

Rho is already making plans for next summer. We hope to spend the first two weeks of August at Lake Okobagi, and would be glad if any of our sisters from other chapters could visit us there.

Best wishes to all.

L. ORLEE SPENCER.

PERSONALS

Ruth Kelso's mother spent a week-end at the chapter house last month.

Catherine Sims who is teaching in Logan, Iowa, spent her spring vacation with us.

Miss Morgan visited us Monday, March 13.

Hermione Ellyson spent last week-end at her home in West Branch.

Mrs. Wyland and Mrs. Spencer spent a few days at the chapter house last month, visiting their daughters.

SIGMA—UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

Dear Gamma Phi Sisters:

'Tis almost Easter now, and everyone is planning a visit to her own or to some friend's home to spend the vacation time.

Gail Hall will entertain with a house party at her home in McPherson, Kansas. The following girls will be her guests: Mary Lou Leonard, Irma Wullenwaber, Rhea McBride and Doris Roebke.

SIGMA—UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

Top row, left to right—Jeanette Parkinson, Olivia Dale, Opal Holmes, Genevieve Dahlene, Mary Louise Leonard, Rhea McBride, Doris Roebke.
Second row—Opal Plank, Marguerite Gregory, Margaret Davis, Isabel Gilmore, Dorothy McKown, Gail Hall, Lucille Nowlin.
Third row—Marion Le Suer, Marie Nusz, Mina Canfield, Marie Hostetter, Olive Reynolds, Irma Wullenwaber, Anita Hostetter.
Other members, not in the picture, are: Seniors, Evelyn Peck, Lucille Hildinger, Helen Greer, Clara Kent; Pledges, Sarah Rowe, Pauline Hildinger.

We have been discussing plans for our fall rushing, lately. Rush week will last only one week, this coming fall, instead of two weeks as has been the past custom. Panhellenic has also placed a limit upon the amount of money to be spent by each sorority during rushing. This sum is not to exceed $50, which amount includes livery and all phases of entertainment. Anyone guilty of violating any of the Panhellenic rules concerning rushing, will be brought before a committee. The penalty for disobeying rules is the holding back for one day all bids of the offending sorority. National standing of sororities is not to be discussed with rushees, at all.

The Saturday after Easter vacation we will give a card party and luncheon for friends, and several Lawrence High School girls who enter the University next fall.

Another affair, which we have discussed thoroughly and have been delayed in giving, is a Mothers' Day. We have finally set the date at May 12. This is the date of our annual May Fête. The May Fête this year, from all accounts, will be quite a success. It is on the general plan of a Grecian Festival. The dancing is done by freshman and sophomore gymnasium classes and by classes advanced in æsthetic dancing. The May Queen, who will represent Alma Mater, is a girl chosen from the senior class, by the senior girls.

Gamma Phi is fairly well represented in the farce given at the annual Sophomore Hop, this spring. Opal Plank has a leading part, while Olive Reynolds and Irma Wullenwaber are in a chorus of twenty freshman girls.

The Kansas State Editorial Convention meets in Lawrence the last of April. The fraternities are to accommodate as many of the editors, as possible, while the sororities will care for the wives of the editors. This has never been tried before but should work out quite successfully as the average fraternity and sorority house is quite large enough to accommodate a number of guests.

Only six more weeks of college and then our commencement exercises come, which last almost a week. On Sunday is the Baccalaureate sermon;

on Monday, Alumni Day; on Tuesday, Class Day; and on Wednesday the graduation exercises proper. We have seven seniors who will be granted degrees at this time, and they will truly be missed next year. Some may return for their Master's Degrees, though!

We wish every Gamma Phi a very happy Easter and a long restful summer vacation.

OPAL A. HOLMES.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Wullenwaber of Harper, Kansas, visited her daughter, Irma, the second week in April.

Mrs. Dr. Hall of McPherson, Kans., visited a few days with her daughter, Gail; and attended the Convention of Federated Clubs in Topeka, Kan.

Rhea McBride enjoyed a pleasant visit from her father, Doctor McBride, of Lyons, Kansas.

Helen Greer entertained with a buffet supper for her friend Helen Grey, of Kansas City, Sunday, March 12.

Mr. A. M. Kent and son, Roy, visited their daughter and sister, Clara, at the Gamma Phi house, April 1 to 3.

ENGAGEMENTS

Marie Nusz, '17, of Abilene, Kansas, to Carl T. Baer, '16, Acacia, of Moundridge, Kansas.

TAU—COLORADO AGRICULTURE COLLEGE

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Spring has come to our campus now and is making us realize that we have only two months more in which to enjoy it. It is rather unfortunate that we can not have Commencement about the first of April; it would

TAU CHAPTER

spare one's feelings so. For in the late spring our campus seems so beautiful and so alluring that it is cruel indeed to compel us to leave it. However, I have heard some of the men take a different view of the matter—they say that if they could leave at the time of the spring vacation they would be spared a great deal of future sorrow—for the balmy days at the end of the year work havoc with their hearts and they are led to renounce their freedom and make promises that bind them for life.

While speaking of the weather, I must go on and apologize for its behavior when Miss Morgan came to visit us, the last of March. There was no sun to greet her, but a great deal of cold and wind and I am afraid that she gained a bad impression of our boasted Colorado climate. Then when Miss Nachtrieb was here at our installation there was continual rain and we are now praying that Mrs. Silverson may find us enjoying the sunny days that we claim as our usual portion.

We were able to have Miss Morgan with us for only one day, but we surely appreciated her coming, during her brief vacation, to become acquainted with us. We were very glad to have her at our regular weekly meeting for she was able to explain so many little puzzling things that come up; then she talked to us about the building of chapter houses and gave a foundation, so to speak, to the vague dreams which we have been having of, some day, owning our own home.

There are many college affairs to look forward to in these last weeks. One is the College Picnic when the whole college, faculty and students alike, board a special train and go into the hills for a day to play and get better acquainted with each other. The lunch that is taken is prepared in the Domestic Science department and is taken in charge and served by the junior class. Games and interclass contests are held in the morning and in the afternoon everyone is free to "hike" to the various springs and water-falls which are near the picnic grounds.

Then, our May Festival is to be held on May 18. This, as I told you in my last letter, is to be a Fairy Revel and we are now working hard on the dances and drills which are to be given. The May Queen, attended by four maids of honor (representing the four classes) presides over the dances. This year she is to have a special guard of Zouaves, clad in white and red to surround her throne. At the close of the program of dances these Zouaves will come forward and give a military drill before Her Majesty. We are proud to boast of two attendants to the Queen, Marie Harris and Vestal Deffenbaugh, who represent the senior and the freshman classes.

The festivities of commencement week are probably very similar to those of other colleges. We have one interesting ceremony at which the seniors and juniors "bury the hatchet" and "smoke the pipe of peace." Then a great bonfire is lighted and the "chief" of the seniors gives an address in which he delivers into the charge of the juniors the ideals and traditions of the senior class.

During the week a Campus Play is given with a cast composed largely of seniors, although it is given under the direction of the Dramatic Club. Our three Dramatic Club seniors, Marie Harris, Nita Williams and Kathleen Tully, and also one of the freshmen, Dorothy Martin, are to have parts in the play this year, which is *The Piper* by Josephine Prescott Peabody and is an adaptation of the story of the *Pied Piper of Hamlin*.

Another event, which is held in commencement week, is the Sunset Drill of our four companies of "soldiers." With the band playing and banners flying it is a very impressive ceremony. Two prizes are given, one a cup, for the best drilled company, and the other, a medal, for the best individual

drill. There is great rivalry for these prizes, especially among the four companies, for the company, which wins the cup for three successive years, has permanent possession of it.

Our own sorority entertainments have been very few. In fact, the freshman party is all that occurs to me now. Our freshmen entertained us one Saturday afternoon at a vaudeville, made up of some singing and dancing acts and a thrilling drama of modern life entitled *Girl*. During one of the impassioned speeches in the drama the villain's moustache and beautiful goatee fell off and intermission was hastily called while "he" retired to the wings for more glue.

Our "Annual," as we call it, is now occupying all of our attention and many wild suggestions have been entertained in the effort to be original. Heretofore, we have given a formal dinner at the sorority house and Fate has always aided us at the critical moment and provided a dance afterward—one year our patronesses entertained us and another year Helen Humphrey's mother gave a dance for us. So this year we cannot make up our minds to forsake tradition, but must have a dinner dance. We are therefore trying to be original. Colonial Hall, where we hold our dances, has in connection with it a smaller hall, called Little Colonial, which is used for smaller parties. So we are thinking of having the dinner in Little Colonial and then going into the larger hall between courses to dance and also having "stunts" of various kinds going on during the dinner. The regular dance will then follow. This has, so far, met with the greatest satisfaction and will be carried out if Miss Corbett, our Dean of Women, approves.

We have also a couple of other parties to anticipate. Florence Jones is to entertain the chapter at supper this coming Sunday night and then in May, Marie Harris is to give her "engagement party" at which time we are to receive the five pounds of candy which is due us from the lucky man.

By the time this letter appears, we shall have three more Gamma Phis in our chapter. Next Wednesday we shall initiate Elizabeth Aldrich, Vestal Deffenbaugh and Gertrude Sharp, and we are indeed happy in looking forward to this addition to our number.

I must not close my letter without telling you of our summer plans. We are planning a house party in Estes Park, our far-famed summer resort, for the week after college closes and nearly the whole chapter is planning to go. We think that a "change is as good as a rest" and that a week of strenuous mountain climbing will give our overworked brains a chance to recuperate.

Tau sends her best wishes to her Gamma Phi sisters for a very happy vacation.

KATHLEEN TULLY.

ALUMNÆ CHAPTERS

CHICAGO

The Chicago chapter seldom has any thrilling events to relate. We meet—have luncheon and discuss the necessary affairs of the sorority—and disperse for another month. We live so far apart and have such diverse personal interests that but few of us meet between meetings and personal notes are hard to get. Our last meeting was short and the business consisted chiefly of general reports which each chapter has. One item of interest was the announcement by Mrs. Esther Rich Reilly that the Alice Preble fund has now reached the sum of about $1,500. We also had a report on the

Lezinskis'—our widow with seven small children—from which we were forced to believe them a species of human centipede—as the pairs of stockings worn by them in a year appeared to run into the hundreds. We hope to have this family on a self-supporting basis before August. And we also hope that something interesting will happen to us before the next issue. Most of our letters are merely to indicate that we are alive and working, not because what we are doing is of great interest to the other chapters.

BEULAH L. HOUSTON.

PERSONALS

Augusta Krieger has been lecturing to the women of Highland Park upon *The Immigrant in America.*

SYRACUSE

Dear Sisters:

In some unaccountable way our alumnæ editor's gentle reminder that it was time for our chapter letter for March failed to reach men, so when I had sent in my baby pictures and items, I thought I had done my whole duty.

Although it is out-of-date news, I want to speak of the circus. When Mabel Hoyt decided to become a Barnum and to gather together the circus force that was doing stunts twenty years ago more or less, she had need of all her patience and sense of humor. From the most unexpected quarters came announcements that the mantle of matrimony had become a coat-of-mail of dignity that made impossible such childish freaks. But finally the call to come on and have a good time in the old-fashioned way for the glory of Gamma Phi and the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. building, got together a group that backed up by the talented Alpha girls made quite a troupe. I think what roused me was Mabel's remark "Well, this will prove whether or not we have grown old in spirit." But in spite of the work, it really was a most refreshing evening and I think that none of us felt disgraced in the eyes of our offspring as they sat on the floor and gazed up in wonder at their mothers, playing this most unexpected rôle. There was considerable excitement when the trained bear, the mother of a Gamma Phi sophomore, nearly cracked the ribs of the ringmaster, causing her to give forth a yell that had a real note of terror in it.

A new spirit seems to be abroad in the air, touching the most conservative and broadening all. Here is a secret. Gamma Phi used to mean to me a delightful sense of secrecy, an almost puritanical sense of sorority duty and a good deal of self-complacency that I was one of such a very nice group. I have an idea that nowadays Gamma Phis are thinking less of the good to be gained for themselves and more of the part that such a strong and resourceful group can play in the world. Likewise the grim school teacher duty seems to be more in the background and the charming fairy joy is coming more to the front, joy of giving, joy of service, doing something for the other person because we want to and not because it is our duty.

One of the chief benefits to be gained from a national group ought to be the exchange of ideas and viewpoints. The magazine can help in this, conventions do much and the visiting delegate can do a great deal. Miss Garbutt possessed a rather unusual sense of values. Her judgment of individuals, and her summing up of personalities, showed a keen insight. This, combined with her ready tact and her charming self, made her a valued delegate.

Since my last letter, we have had a delightful meeting at Emogene Day's. The beautiful big house spread out its hospitable arms and took in all Gamma Phis that day, for the active girls were invited to join us after the meeting.

We met with Florence Crouse when Miss Garbutt was with us. It was a delightful meeting. We had Miss Garbutt and the pleasure of being entertained in Florence's lovely hilltop home which is not only a joy within but from its immense windows we could see all Syracuse lying before us with its needs and opportunities. Our last meeting was at the chapter house, and we stayed to supper with the active girls. In the evening the girls presented a problem play written by Jean Leete. The faithful wife was represented by Amelia Mansfield who was her own lovely self but it is hard for us to think of our capable Y. W. C. A. president, Flora Judd in the rôle of an extremely tough street woman. However, this was not another side of Flora's character but another demonstration of her ability. I have run on long enough, being goaded, as it were, by these reproachful words, "Laura Page Flick, no letter"!

Sincerely,

LAURA PAGE FLICK.

GLOWING TRIBUTE PAID MEMORY OF REV. DR. DAWLEY, SERVICE DEEPLY IMPRESSIVE

Scores of men and women prominent in all walks of life, and clergymen of many denominations comprised part of the congregation at the impressive services for Rev. Dr. W. W. Dawley, pastor of the First Baptist Church, in that church at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Eulogies of the late minister were made by many who had come into contact with him in their daily spiritual and worldly life. Mayor Stone of the bearers, was among the leading citizens of the city who gathered to pay their respects to the clergyman, whom persons of all creeds respected and revered.

The service was begun after the body laid in state, with guards of honor, from 10 until 1 o'clock. A continuous line of hundreds of persons filed by the casket during the three hours.

In accordance with Dr. Dawley's wish, there was no singing. Five minutes before the service began, "Nearer my God to Thee" was played on the town chimes, and when finished, Charles M. Courboin continued the hymn on the organ chimes. During the service Mr. Courboin also played the andanté from the grand piece "Symphonique" by Cesar Franck, and Schumann's "Abendlied."

Dr. Fulton, officiating pastor, having worked closely with Dr. Dawley, was particularly fitted to speak of his noble attributes. He dwelt particularly on the late minister's self-sacrifices, even in his last illness, when he thought more of helping the poor than of protecting his health. He said in part:

"As much as any man I have known, Dr. Dawley deserved that honorable appellation: A good minister of Jesus Christ. He had exceptional gifts as a preacher. He had the faculty of minting his thought so it could be carried in sparkling quotations, like coins of silver and gold.

"By his published writings he reached many whom he never saw, for years in the Y. M. C. A. and elsewhere he taught large classes of Bible students, that they in turn might teach. Dr. Dawley was a faithful, devoted, untiring pastor; if one could trace his foosteps from street to alley, into the homes of wealth and up the worn steps of the tenement, if one could

somehow gather up the record of the years, what a story of Christ-like ministry to need would be revealed!

"It did not matter that he was ill and weary. The objections of those who sought to protect him were silenced by the query: 'What would you do if they needed you?' What he appeared to be, that he was. What he said you could take at its face value. Men knew that they could trust him, and they did. He was a genial and a sympathetic friend. No company but was made brighter by his being added to it.

"Our departed brother was broad in his interests. Large and beautiful as is this temple which he helped to rear, it would have been a prison to him had he been compelled to hold his sympathies and confine his efforts within its walls. He cared for the things of the city, the state and the nation. He leaves a large place vacant in his passing. He will be missed intensely and extensively.

"But we must not wrong the departed by speaking as if he had met defeat. He was too brave and too reliant upon God for that. He would not complain nor falter until his strength proved traitor to his will. He gave to God and to the cause he loved all that he had to give, even his life."

There were about sixteen hundred persons in the church before the service was begun. The invocation was offered by Rev. Geo. K. Warren, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church. The Scripture reading was by Rev. Dr. F. T. Keeney of the First M. E. Church, and there followed prayer by Rev. Dr. DeW. B. Thompson, financial secretary of Syracuse University. A stirring tribute was given from the standpoint of a layman associated with him in Christian effort, by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He told how he had repeatedly and constantly called on Dr. Dawley for his support, and never even when the clergyman's vitality was sapped by his illness had he failed to respond to appeals which had been issued when the Y. M. C. A. workers did not know how sorely afflicted he was. Dr. T. A. Fenton of the Fourth Presbyterian Church spoke with more than usual feeling in paying his personal tribute, for he and Dr. Dawley began their work in Syracuse, on the same day, Easter, 1904.

The floral pieces sent to the home represented the following: Board of Trustees of First Baptist Church; the entire church body; King's Daughters; Crusaders' Club; W. C. T. U.; Delta Kappa Epsilon and Gamma Phi Beta of Syracuse University; Theta Delta Chi Alumni Association of Central New York; Rotary Club; Pastor and deacons of the First Baptist Church of Gloversville, N. Y.; Delaware Baptist Church and from friends of the family.

Dr. W. W. Dawley was born September 20, 1850, at North Wilna, N. Y. He received his education in the Academy at Antwerp, in Watertown High School and Hamilton College, from which he graduated in 1875. The following year he received the degree Bachelor of Laws, and was admitted to the bar in Utica. While studying for the bar he was vice-principal of the Amsterdam Academy; he practiced law one year.

In 1877 he entered Colgate Theological Seminary, graduating two years later. His successive pastorates before coming to Syracuse were at Guelph, Ontario; First Church at Gloversville, N. Y.; Woodland Park Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn.; First Baptist in Duluth; Central Baptist of Minneapolis. The *Standard* of Chicago spoke of his work in Minnesota as follows: "During the seventeen years of his residence in the state he has served as pastor of important churches in the three largest cities of the state—his work in the pastorate, however, does not by any means

show his value to the work in the Northwest, where he has been a tower of strength. Generous and accommodating, he has ever been ready to respond to calls for service. Judicious as a counselor, able as a preacher, faithful as a pastor, genial as a Christian gentleman, beloved as a friend and fellow-worker, Dr. Dawley, with his extended service in the state, easily ranks first as a leader in Baptist work in Minnesota."

Returning East in 1904, Dr. Dawley became pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Syracuse. In 1910 the Central and First Baptist churches united, Dr. Dawley being pastor. During the next four years the magnificent temple, now occupied by the church, was built, and dedicated May 31, 1914. In April, 1915, he was compelled by illness to relinquish the work, and he was made pastor emeritus in August.

Undoubtedly the culmination of Dr. Dawley's career is found in the uniting of the two churches, which now constitute the First Baptist Church, and the erection of its wonderful building. For more than five years he served the united churches with complete success. Tremendous difficulties have been overcome. Enormous financial burdens have been successfully provided for. The membership has been largely increased, and the church has been greatly blessed spiritually.

Tender as a woman, manly as the manliest of men, combining the simplicity and directness of childhood with the wisdom of ripe experience, sympathetic in sorrow, yet cheerful and even jovial on occasion, untiring in service, devoted to the work of his church and of the Christian ministry, Dr. Dawley stood as one of the foremost preachers and pastors of his denomination in America—and best of all, he held a position in the love and reverence of his people such as is given to but few men in all time and in all the world, to inspire.

[Dr. Dawley was the father of Katherine Dawley (Mrs. Henry W. Brown, of Alpha and Syracuse Alumnæ.)]

ENGAGEMENTS

It has reached our ears that Marion Beecher is engaged to Walter Scott, Marion Scott Brace's brother, and that Christine McLennan is engaged to Spottswood Bowers of New York.

MARRIAGES

Dorothy Potter and Robert France had a wonderful wedding. Many Gamma Phis were present.

BIRTHS

To Marion Scott Brace, a son, Clement Scott Brace.

DEATHS

The Syracuse Alumnæ Chapter wishes to extend sincere sympathy to Florence Palmer Baker, who has recently lost her mother.

The chapter also wishes to extend sympathy to Corinne Lewis Robinson and Jane Lewis Guy on account of the death of their mother, Mrs. Lewis at Mrs. Robinson's home in Terra Ceia, Florida.

BOSTON

To all the sister chapters, Boston sends most cordial greetings:

When this letter will reach you, the editors and publisher of THE CRESCENT alone know, but at least it is written in April, and so is compounded of smiles and tears. Let the smiles come first.

Late in March, a most mysterious Missive appeared in Alumnæ mail boxes. It bore a stalwart jester, bauble a-kimbo and hand knowingly stroking his beard, and it read as follows:

Come, Alumna, come with me
And join in Fool's Day revelry.
With quips and cranks and wanton wiles
We will wreathe your face with smiles.

Cambridge Y. W. C. A. April 1. Four.

Can anyone imagine anything more tantalizing and mysterious? Hasty consultation of time-tables followed, for most of us were planning to go to May Wren's at Tufts for the April Boston Chapter Luncheon, and we strongly suspected that this was an invitation from Delta, temporarily quartered under Flora B. Smith's sheltering wing at the Cambridge Y. W. C. A. We found that—contrary to all the rules—we could eat a perfectly good cake at May's—and then have a second edition, after sallying forth by various and devious ways—known only to our guardian angels and the Boston Elevated cross-country experts.

The handsome concrete building overlooking its trim lawn, and the lovely entrance hall filled with plants and cozily-grouped chairs and low tables made us quite sure that we had reached a more homelike place than the old-fashioned red brick institution, and then we remembered that "Flora B." is neither antediluvian nor institutional—and were proud and thankful that the Cambridge Y. W. C. A. has her for its secretary.

No one but an amused clerk at the desk greeted us, but she told us that "somewhere on the next floor" we should find "the girls." Tinkling bells sounded mysteriously from around corners, harlequins dashed madly past —and the fun was on. Delta had turned herself into a troop of Jesters, and they and we held high revel under the resourceful and strenuous leadership of Miriam Phillips and her co-and-tireless-adjutors. After a royal feast, we were still further entranced by the performances of the "troupe" before the curtain. The present scribe had to tear herself reluctantly away before the final Virginia Reel, but she still has a jumbled but delightful memory of Games, Grub, Gabble, the tinkling of tiny bells, and the laughter of the dearest girls in the world. Aren't we glad that some of us are their grandmothers—and oh! aren't we proud!

And then—before the echo of the laughter and the tinkling bells had died away, the news came that on that lovely, tender nineteenth af April Leona Chandler Raymond had slipped away from us on the fifth anniversary of her marriage, leaving behind her three little children, the youngest only two months old. Only a week's illness, and that happy, useful life has ended here—and the Omega Chapter is richer by another sister.

So ends the April letter—so twist the mingled strands of the Circle we love.

KATHERINE A. WHITING.

PORTLAND

Dear Gamma Phis:

This letter comes just before the spring vacation events, so I must speak of them in anticipation. On Friday evening, April 14, the Portland Panhellenic gives its second annual "Cotillion Fête," and Gamma Phis are prominently concerned in arranging it. Ruth Guppy and Alice Benson Beach are both patronesses; Lenora Hansen is one of the organizers of the affair, and Florence Kendall, Flawnice Killingsworth, and Zillah Crawford

have the concession which is the punch booth in cöoperation with Pi Beta Phi. Last year, the Fête was highly successful from a social as well as a monetary standpoint, so we are hoping for a like success.

Our annual spring luncheon will be held on Saturday, April 15, at the Benson Hotel, and we look forward to having with us a large number of the active girls from Nu chapter.

Our last meeting was at Flora Dunham's, at which there was little business, but much visiting, for we never seem to finish our gossiping. We have but two more meetings, one in May and one in June, after which, as we scatter so far in the summer, we discontinue the gatherings until September.

Florence Cleveland is with us again. She has been away a great deal of the time in the last three years, doing Y. W. C. A. work. It is a joy to us to have her here again, for her vivacity and spontaneity never cease to delight us. Florence had us over for tea the other day to meet Grace Bean, who is down from Salem.

I am wondering if other alumnæ chapters have a yearbook. The expense for ours was trifling, because it is merely a concise, little pamphlet, but it contains the places of meetings for the year, a list of all the members, their addresses and telephone numbers, and a list of names and addresses of our out-of-town associates. Its uses are manifold, and it has come to be almost indispensable.

RUTH HANSEN WORD.

PERSONALS

Ruth Duniway is expecting to attend summer school at Berkeley, California.

NEW YORK

Dear Sisters:

In spite of the fact that New York is becoming more and more a city of "magnificent distances," as the outlying sections develop, and although many of our members have long journeys to take, coming in from Long Island, New Jersey and Westchester, our second meeting in Brooklyn this winter was well attended, and as at Mrs. Graham's the month before, the gathering at Mrs. Richardson's on March 26 was a much more social and "talky" affair than it has ever been possible for us to hold at the Woman's University Club.

Among the matters decided that day was the date of our Endowment Fund Tea, which we are to have on April 29 at Mrs. Palmer's. It will be a "Birthday Tea," one of those affairs when each one brings a penny for each year, and we are all to pretend to be terribly old, centenarians in fact. So, the dollars will flow into our coffers. In the fall we are planning to have a studio tea, where the talent rich and rare which members of our chapter possess, and which is all the more varied because gathered from all over the country, will simply dazzle our guests.

As usual, we shall be widely scattered this summer, for New York people are so devoted to the idea of leaving the city for the hot months. With so little foreign travel and fewer transcontinental pilgrims than last summer we shall probably, in a general way, distribute ourselves over the Eastern part of the country, so, look out for us, you visitors of the East, you may see Mrs. Graham and Miss Russum with Mrs. Richardson at the Thousand Islands, Miss Newbold on the Jersey Coast, Mrs. Robinson

at Shippence Point in Connecticut, Mrs. Harsen having a little conference with Miss Garbutt in The Catskills or Miss Lowd on the east of Maine, who knows? You may.

JESSIE GROAT RICHARDSON.

DEATHS

The sympathy of the chapter is extended to Mrs. Key, whose father, Professor John Webb, died early in April.

SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

We have held just two meetings of our alumnæ chapter since our last CRESCENT letter. But they were both very interesting as well as instructive.

In March we met with Florence Noyes way up in the pines of Greenwood Terrace overlooking the bay in their little Swiss chatteau-like cottage. The business meeting was short and after adjournment, Mrs. Noyes showed us the very interesting map of the war, which she has kept since it's beginning in August 1914. There were colored pins marking the positions of the different armies and representing the number of men in each. There were also little pins with flags showing the capitols of all the countries, where the struggle is going on. The map gave us a very clear idea of the situation in Europe at the present moment and also showed plainly all the changes in boundary lines since the war began. The number of pin pricks from former moves made it clear just which localities have been most fought over and devasted. Mrs. Noyes also had some of the pamphlets, written in the language of the people, that have been spread through Poland to influence them against Russia. Knowing that they came from the actual scene of trouble, made it all seem very realistic and terrible and not "far away in another world," as the peace and beauty in our own country sometimes allows us to feel.

I wonder, if you would like to take the little walk with us, that we had after leaving Mrs. Noyes' that afternoon? La Loma is the winding road, which joins Greenwood Terrace and many of our most artistic and original homes have been built on this little street, at is climbs up to the very tops of our Berkeley hills. They are in a pine grove and look down on Berkeley, Oakland, and the Bay and across to San Francisco and out the Golden Gate. There is the rambling home of Mr. Maybeck, who designed the Temple of Fine Arts for the Exposition in San Francisco, and another home of his design with oddly shaped windows and very brightly colored walls. One of the University Professors lives up here in a little plaster house of perfect Moorish architecture. But most unique of all is the Greek Temple. This home is possible only in such a climate as California's but, even to us, it is a great curiosity. Great tall Corinthian columns stand in the shape of a figure eight and the roof, that rests on them is partly glass and partly covered with painted canvas, which represents blue skies and white clouds. A canvas wall about six feet high stretches between the pillars on the side toward the public thoroughfare. On the other sides roses climb unhampered about each pillar and a line of rolled canvas high up near the roof suggests their means of protection from the winter storms. It is hard to believe, that this is the home of a prominent lawyer in San Francisco.

Our April meeting was held at Lena Redington Carlton's in San Francisco. After the regular business, Rachel Vrooman Colby gave us a fine talk on the laws of California, in regard to proposed changes to be

made in them governing the wife's interest in Community Property. Mrs. Colby is State chairman of legislation of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. She has made a complete study of these laws. And, realizing the present tendency of our legislative to grant some of the changes suggested by the women of the State, Mrs. Colby and her committee have decided on a conservative campaign with which to fight the proposed changes of a very radical group of newly empowered suffragettes. She is talking to the Women's Clubs in every part of the State, discouraging the popular idea of the laws partiality to the husband's rights and showing, that in reality the actual courts and laws favor the wife. She also makes clear how many sides and points of view of tradition and class have to be considered in changing established laws and therefore advocates slow and careful changes of the smaller details. Then she presented four or five of the changes, that her committee are now offering for the consideration of the Women's Clubs of California. They are conservative and just and include benefits for both husband and wife. We were both grateful to Mrs. Colby for her instructive and worth-while information and proud and happy to have the privilege of hearing in our small circle facts and opinons, which she has been giving to so many California women, who have met in large numbers to hear her speak.

As this number of THE CRESCENT is to be devoted to stunts, it is particularly fitting to tell you of our recent April first Disguise party. Eta gave it for the alumnæ at the chapter house. It was the finest lark ever trying to discover your friends and sisters, who were running about as rag dolls, kewpies, dogs, blind Belgian Soldiers, Gold dust twins, brides and grooms, and all sorts of heroes and heroines of every nationality. A grand prize of soap-candy was awarded the rag doll for sitting limply against the wall all evening and escaping identification by her huge head, her speechlessness, and her extended and rag-bound hands and feet. The evening was completed by games of a spooky nature, a grand rafle of interesting objects and a truly good little musical skit, enacted by four of the active girls.

In closing, we wish for every Gamma Phi a vacation full of rest and good times.

IDA HALE LIVINGSTON.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Brown (May Morgan), are planning to spend four or five months in Washington this summer. Mr. Brown will do research work on Constitutional law in the Library of Congress.

Lurita Stone (Eta '14) is expected home this summer from Boston, where, for the last six months, she has been studying in the Edith Coburn Noyes School of Expression.

May Atkinson (Eta '12) surprised us all by coming to our April meeting. She has been teaching in Los Angeles, for four years, and this is her first trip to San Francisco since May, 1912.

Thoda Cockroff (Eta '14) completes a two years' course this spring at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

Mrs. Sumner Raney (Ione Garnet) has been visiting in Berkeley for several weeks. Ione's sixteen months old son is with her.

MARRIAGE

Mary Underhill, Eta, and Perry Cecil Hall were married in the early spring. They are now living in Belmont, California.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hincks (Hazel Pierce, Eta), a son, William Pierce, on March 3, 1916.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Harker (Bertha Gray, Epsilon), a son, on April 1, 1916.

DEATH

The Alumnæ chapter sympathizes with Edna Wyckoff Mosher in the death of her father.

DENVER

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

We are approaching the end of what has been a delightful year in the Denver alumnæ chapter. We extend gratitude to the retiring officers for their successful efforts in our behalf; to the president, Mrs. Smedley; the vice-president, Margaret Carmen; the recording secretary, Ruth Coldren; the corresponding secretary, Grace McDonough; the treasurer, Mary Puffer; and the Panhellenic delegate, Katherine Woodward.

At a recent meeting at Miss Iliff's, Mrs. Claude Taussig read a very interesting paper on "The Modern Stage" (printed elsewhere in THE CRESCENT) which she had delivered before the Fortnightly Debating Club. An introduction was given by Mrs. Arnold Taussig. Miss Edna Hendrie read a German play.

Miss Morgan made a short stop in Denver a few weeks ago. It was a great pleasure to have our president with us. An impromptu luncheon at Daniel's and Fisher's was held for her, with about twenty present; and a reception in the afternoon at the home of Louise Blauvelt, 1401 Detroit Street. May it happen soon and often!

On April 14, we had a meeting for the election of officers. Those elected were Mary Puffer, President; Viola Smedley, Vice-president; Amy Speers, Corresponding Secretary; Gertrude Bant, Recording Secretary; Ruth Coldren, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. Grant, Treasurer; Lois Jackson, Panhellenic Delegate; Madelyn Keezer, CRESCENT Correspondent.

RUTH WALLACE.

PERSONALS

Eleanor Reynolds has been spending the past two months in California.

Helen Welles Thackwell has gone to the Jackson Hole Country, Wyoming, forty miles from a railroad, where her husband is engaged in civil engineering.

Elizabeth Hessler Carroll has moved into her new home at 142 South Downing Street.

Mary Woy Puffer is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mary Carmen has gone to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis.

Jessie White Ryons, Epsilon, on her way home to Lincoln, visited one afternoon with Jessie Austin Weiner and Lindsey Barbee.

Florence Slocumb Southard, a charter member of Theta whose home is in Glendale, Cal., has been in the city for a few weeks. Lucia Pattison Young entertained a few of the other charter members in her honor.

MINNEAPOLIS

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

To think that it is time for the June letter! Why, it seems only a day or two since I sent my March contribution. Whither has the spring fled? the whole year, for that matter.

As we held today our last regular meeting before the summer session, my mind is so crammed with ideas that I must get them on paper before they hasten in the footsteps of the vanished time above mentioned.

We have demonstrated to our own satisfaction that the larger the chapter, the greater its fever for work; with this net result: that with fifty-five members, the necessity of laboring all summer for the Christmas Fair seems quite pressing. Whereas, with less than half the membership last year, the bulk of the work was done in the fall. We have voted to have all-day meetings every two weeks, to which such of the active girls as happen to be in the Twin Cities are cordially invited. The planning of the sewing, and arrangements for meetings will be in charge of a committee. We have already made a goodly beginning on nighties, aprons, and such, so we shall expect to realize quite a fortune when the appointed time comes.

Our more immediate interest, however, is centered upon butterflies' wings, bumble bee's stings, the manner of locomotion of the bear for in this case the bear who walked like a man is entirely out of place. No, it is not a class in Natural History. And if I had mentioned tickets to begin with, I should have given the whole thing away. If your curiosity is sufficiently aroused, explanations are in order. To wit—first item, necessity, in the form of demand for currency wherewith to meet our pledge for the Γ Φ Endowment Fund. But necessity in this case did not live up to her parental privileges in relation to Invention, for the Invention was perfected before the traditional mother thereof came into official being. You still cannot solve the riddle? I was about to remark that it is quite simple; but genius is never simple, and we have the same in our midst, in the person of Edith Moss Rhoades, a Kappa acquired this year, who has written an entrancing children's play based on the story of the *Three Bears*. The cast, printed below, will suggest the manner of the play, which, by the way, has won highest praise from Dr. Benton, head of the English department at the University. I regret that you cannot, at this time, read it for yourselves, but trust that you may in a later issue of THE CRESCENT. Children of the Γ Φ Alumnæ all but one of whom are under six years of age, plus 3 of the older folks take the parts. As the play is exceedingly artistic in conception, and poetically charming as to language, we are looking forward to its presentation with keen appreciation.

Here I am in the middle of my story, with nothing for it but to begin again. When we found that we had this unique entertainment ready to our hand, we at once discarded our proposed splash and dancing party ideas in favor of a double dramatic bill, consisting of Rhodes' play, and one to be presented by the active chapter. But the active maidens threaten to alternately cram and attend formals from now until vacation, and so we substitute a "Bridge" for their play. The ticket reads in part,

Bridge two o'clock, *Three Bears* four o'clock, but it fails to mention tea or ices with their conventional appendages to be served in the "Trot Inn" after the performance.

The entertainment is to be given May 11, in a very attractive ballroom and the parlors adjoining. The infant spectators will be seated in honor in the two front rows of "little red chairs," and may have a table to themselves when tea time arrives.

I should have said before that we are hoping to sell at least four hundred tickets at fifty-cents each, and as many children's tickets as we may at twenty-five cents. If our anticipations arrive at the point of realization, we shall be able to live quite nobly for a spell by the cutting coupon method.

I just stopped to realize how long I had been talking, and find that my time is up. Let me talk just a minute more to wish you all the very happiest of vacations.

SARA T. MARSHALL.

Cast of *The Three Bears*

Father Bear ..... Jessie Roberts
Mother Bear ..... Alice Westley
Little Bear ..... Marjorie Laws
Hunter ..... Ted Taney
Goldie Locks ..... Betty Smith
Bumble Bee ..... Robert Nye
Butterfly ..... Mary Louise Sudduth
Leader of Honey Bees ..... Patsie Woodhull

Honey Bees—Dale Robertson, Jane and Martha Robinson, Wright Brooks, Ivan Thorson, William Sudduth, Charles Silverson, Katharine Hall, and Arthur Hoffman.

The parts of the Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Hunter are taken by grown persons. The children, with the exception of Robert Nye, who is nine, are under six years of age, some of the Honey Bees being only three.

PERSONALS

Margaret Menzel leaves May 4 for a trip in the East.

Katharine Taney Silverson, Charles Silverson, and Ted Taney, will motor through the East during June, July and August.

Clara Taney Will will spend June in St. Paul with her parents.

Grace Kingsley Wales, of Seawaren, New Jersey, will visit her parents in Minneapolis this summer.

Maude Hyser Wallace and two children will spend the summer in Minneapolis visiting her parents.

Lora Gooding Tanner has returned to her home in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, after a visit in Minneapolis.

Kathleen Hart Bibb sang the part of Juliet in the Balcony Scene, the offering of the "Ladie's Thursday Musical" in a Shakespearean program given at the Schubert theater, April 24. Margaret Menzel had charge of the manuscripts.

Margaret and Sara Marshall will spend the summer in the East. Edith Moss Rhoades, and Jessie Roberts will return to St. Joseph, Mo., for the summer. They have been taking graduate work at Minnesota this year.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mary Hill Heritage (Kappa '10) has announced her engagement to Dr. Ernest Hunter Wright, Professor at Columbia University.

The wedding of May Marguerite Welch and William Heinrich of Minneapolis will take place May 17. June Welch Legg and Frances Young Welch, sister and sister-in-law of the bride are to be matrons of honor.

Marion Brown has announced her engagement to Mr. McLean. The wedding will take place July 6.

MARRIAGE

The marriage of Jessie Phillips to Dr. E. W. Johnson occurred March 1. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson will make their home in Bemidji, Minnesota.

BIRTH

To Laura Wilberton Shephard (Epsilon) a son, Lawrence Irwin, April 10.

DETROIT

Dear Sister in Gamma Phi Beta:

Detroit Alumnæ Chapter has to report a very pleasant and enthusiastic meeting in Detroit, March 11, at the College Club.

There were about thirty members present from Port Huron, Ann Arbor and Detroit. After luncheon, we held a business meeting, discussing the social service problem and the subscription to the Endowment Fund. The President, Grace Breakey, appointed a committee consisting of Amelia Flinterman, Caroline Parker and Edna Thuner to consider the advisability of undertaking some one line of social service work, as a chapter.

As I stated in the last letter, the Detroit Chapter is made up of members from various cities; Port Huron, Toledo, Ann Arbor and Detroit. We have but four meetings a year. Each member is actively engaged in social service work in connection with educational or philanthropic organizations in her own city.

We expect a report from this committee at our next meeting to be held in Toledo some time in May.

A motion was carried to instruct the Corresponding Secretary to write Mrs. Palmer that our surplus for this year has been given to the Alice Hosmer Preble Fund, but that next fall we hope to be able to make a substantial contribution to the endowment fund. The Toledo members were not with us at our last meeting on account of the meeting at Collegiate Alumnæ in Toledo on the same day.

This is reunion year for Beta Alumnæ during Commencement week. We are hoping to have a large number of old girls return. Many have not seen our beautiful new Chapter House—have not seen the active chapter of which, I am sure, they would be very proud.

The members who were fortunate enough to meet Miss Morgan when she visited the chapter in February, were much disappointed that she did not return at the time of the State Conference of Collegiate Alumnæ following week, when a number of our alumnæ were in Ann Arbor—Mrs. Violet Jayne Schmidt, Esther Braley, Rose Anderson and Sadie Satherwaite Leslie.

The Alumnæ were greatly disappointed not to meet and entertain Miss Garbutt, the visiting delegate, but she had left before most of the alumnæ had any knowledge of her being in Ann Arbor.

Detroit sends best wishes for a happy and prosperous spring and summer for all the members of Gamma Phi Beta.

CAROLINE COLVER PORTER.

PERSONALS

Word from Eva Hill Lewis of Mexico City has been received under date of January 30. She noted the alarming fatality of typhus fever prevailing at that time but did not mention any intention on the part of her family of leaving Mexico.

Mabelle Leonard Douglas is gradually improving from her recent illness but is, however, still confined to her home.

Georgian Mogford is expecting to spend the summer in Detroit, arriving sometime in June, and will probably attend Beta reunion.

Mary Colver, of the English Department of Los Angeles High School, is expecting to spend the summer in Ann Arbor with her sister.

Alice Newman of Jackson is spending the spring in Los Angeles.

Isabella Hosie Mackay and Caroline Parker of Detroit and Emma McMoran Murphy of Port Huron visited Ann Arbor recently attending the Michigan Women's Alumnæ Luncheon at Barbour Gymnasium.

Violet Jayne Schmidt was a guest of Beta Chapter during State Conference of Collegiate Alumnæ in February.

BALTIMORE

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

I am sorry that I have no interesting news this time. Our luncheon, which was to have been at Marion Jones's, had to be postponed because of her illness, but, by the time this letter reaches you, it will have taken place at the home of Mrs. Arthur Dulaney (Ethel Shriner, '07), and we are all looking forward with much anticipation to a May Day at her lovely country place.

All of us, who knew the Webb girls in college, have been saddened by the news of the death of their father, Mr. John M. Webb, co-principal of the famous Webb School at Bell Buckle, Tenn. Mr. Webb's death marks the passing, not only of one of the foremost educators of the South, and one of the most prominent citizens of his state, but it also marks the passing of an ideal father, a Christian "gentleman of the old school," and of a man of most scholarly attainments particularly along classical lines. The Dean of Vanderbilt University has said, "One could not be with Mr. Webb for even a few minutes without being impressed with the intellectuality, scholarship and deep spirituality of a most unique, gentle, lovable, and remarkable man." Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Webb and the girls.

There appears, in this number of THE CRESCENT, an announcement of convention, which, as I have written you before, is, at present, our chief concern. We have even gone the length of wondering what sort of weather we will have the latter part of next March, for the climate of Baltimore is "fearfully and wonderfully made," but we are comforting ourselves with the realization that "it's always fair weather when a crowd of Gamma Phis get together"—so here's hoping!

With the wish that the summer may bring rest and strength and good times to every one of you,

NELL SNOWDEN WATTS.

PERSONALS

Mathilda Omwake, '12, has been visiting Mrs. Rock (Isabelle Klein, '12) in Jersey City, N. Y.

DEATHS

Died on April 5, at Bell Buckle, Tenn., Professor John M. Webb, father of Mrs. Stewart Mims (Mary Webb, '15), Mrs. B. W. Key (Sarah Webb, ex-'05) and Cornelia Webb, '04.

BIRTHS

Born April 3, Elizabeth Baker Treide, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Treide (Bell Baker, '05).

MILWAUKEE

Dear Sisters in Gamma Phi Beta:

Milwaukee Alumnæ have little to recount in the way of chapter activities for the winter. We have had a fairly good attendance at our monthly meetings and have always had most congenial times.

In February we gave a Γ Φ B bridge charging a set price for each seat. We had a large and enthusiastic crowd which helped us out most successfully. We served punch and gave a prize for each table. Even after this we were the possessors of a goodly sum which we will give to our Endowment Fund. The party was such a success we intend to give more for the same purpose.

Our social service work has been rather lax, but we hope to be able to do something for the Baby Week Rally which is to be promulgated largely through the Central Council of Social Agencies of which we are a member.

Ethel Garbutt, one of our members who is assisting Mrs. Silverson, has returned from the East where she has been visiting different chapters. She has given us some interesting reports of the various college and fraternity activities.

At our next meeting, April 13 at Miss Gertrude Ross's, we expect to start a campaign for record breaker attendance at the Γ Φ reunion banquet in June at Madison. Each member of the chapter here is to write to all her old classmates and urge their return at that time.

MARIE T. LEAVENS.

PERSONALS

Gertrude Ross has recovered from a severe operation and is again teaching.

Grace Burgard has returned for spring work in designing.

We were very glad to have Miss McCawley of Minnesota with us at our last meeting.

Mrs. Roland F. Coerper has returned from a trip to Baltimore and New York.

Anna Spencer Harrington was in Milwaukee through January and part of February. She was called here by the deaths of her father and mother. Marion Spencer has returned to her home in River Forest.

Allison More Kieckhafer has returned from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Evan Jones has charge of a class in Red Cross work every Friday afternoon. The class is making bandages for French hospitals.

SEATTLE

(No letter)

MARGARET MEANY YOUNGER.

DIRECTORY OF CHAPTER MEETINGS

ALPHA meets every Friday evening at 7:30 in the chapter house, 113 Euclid Ave.

BETA meets every Monday evening at 7:00 in the chapter house, 1520 S. University Ave.

GAMMA meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in the chapter house, 428 Sterling Court, Madison, Wis.

DELTA meets every Thursday afternoon at 4:45 in the chapter rooms, 196 Washington Ave., Boston, Mass.

EPSILON meets every Monday from 5:00 to 6:00 P. M. at the sorority rooms, fourth floor, Willard Hall.

ZETA meets every Saturday evening at 23rd and Calvert, Altheim Hall.

ETA meets every Monday evening at 7:30 at the chapter house, 2732 Channing Way.

THETA meets every Thursday afternoon at 2:30 at the Lodge in University Park.

KAPPA meets Monday afternoon at 5:30 at the chapter house, 310 10th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

LAMBDA meets Monday evening at 6:45 at the chapter house, 4524 17th St., N. E.

MU meets every Monday evening at 7:15 at the chapter house.

NU meets Monday evening at 7:00 at the chapter house, 1316 Alder St.

XI meets every Monday afternoon at 5:00 at the chapter house.

OMICRON meets Monday evening at 7:00 at the chapter house, 1002½ California Ave., Urbana, Ill.

PI meets every Monday at 7:00 at the chapter house, 330 N. 14th St.

RHO meets Monday evening at 7:00 at the chapter house, 227 N. Clinton, Iowa City, Iowa.

TAU meets every Thursday evening at 7:15 at the chapter house, 121 West Olive.

BOSTON meets the first Saturday of each month at 11:00 A. M. at 284 Dartmouth St.

CHICAGO meets the first Saturday of each month at the Chicago College Clubrooms—17th Floor, Stevens Bldg., 16 N. Wabash Ave. Luncheon at 12:30.

SYRACUSE meets the first Friday of every month at the homes of members.

DENVER meets fortnightly at 3:00 on Friday at the homes of members.

DETROIT meets the third Saturday of each month for an informal luncheon at the College Club.

NEW YORK meets for luncheon at one, at the homes of members, on October 21, November 25, January 13, February 17, March 24. Tea at Mrs. Palmer's April 28.

MINNEAPOLIS meets the last Friday of the month at the homes of members. Banquet in May.

SAN FRANCISCO meets the third Wednesday of one month; third Saturday of next month.

MILWAUKEE meets the third Saturday of every month at the homes of members.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

FEBRUARY—*Beta Theta Pi;* Delta Chi *Quarterly;* Sigma Chi *Quarterly; Star and Lamp* of Pi Kappa Psi; *Centaur* of Alpha Kappa Kappa; *Quarterly* of Phi Alpha Gamma.

MARCH—Delta Upsilon *Quarterly; Palm* of Alpha Tau Omega; *Kappa Alpha Theta;* Alpha Phi *Quarterly; Lamp* of Delta Zeta; *Arrow* of Pi Beta Phi; *Alpha Xi Delta; Caduceus* of Kappa Sigma; *Phi Gamma Delta; Record* of Sigma Alpha Epsilon; *Journal* of Kappa Alpha; *Garnet and White* of Alpha Chi Rho; *Delta* of Sigma Nu.

APRIL—*Trident* of Delta Delta Delta; *Anchora* of Delta Gamma; *Shield* of Phi Kappa Psi.

EXTENSION

A Σ Φ—University of Colorado.
A Γ Δ—University of California.
Δ Δ Δ—Oregon Agricultural College.
University of Michigan (reëstablished).
University of Missouri.
Kansas State College.
A Δ Π—Southern Methodist University.
A T Ω—Indiana, and Iowa.
Δ Σ Φ—North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College. Hillsdale College, Thiel College, and Franklin and Marshall College.
Δ Υ—Indiana.
Γ Φ Β—Kansas, and State Agricultural College of Colorado.
Z T A—Southern Methodist University.
Z B T—Virginia.
Θ X—Richmond College.
Θ Δ X—Pennsylvania.
K K Γ—University of Idaho.
K Σ—University of Arizona, and Oregon Agricultural.
K Δ—Bucknell University.
K A Θ—Lawrence College, University of Pittsburgh.
K A (Southern)—Southern Methodist, and Johns Hopkins (revived).
Λ X A—University of Illinois, Union University, University of Georgia, Knox College.
Π Β Φ—Oregon and Nevada.
Π K A—University of New Mexico.

Σ N—George Washington, Colorado Agricultural, University of Idaho.
Σ A E—Washington Agricultural.
Σ Φ E—Lawrence College.
Σ T—Pennsylvania State College.
Φ M—Southern Methodist, George Washington, Southern California.
Φ Σ K—University of Michigan.
Φ X—Kansas University.
Φ K Σ—Leland Stanford, and Minnesota.
Φ B K—Vermont.
Φ X—Kansas, and Arkansas.
X Ω—Kansas State Agricultural.

The following extracts from chapter letters will prove of interest to all CRESCENT readers:

A beautiful tradition, and one distinctive custom of Randolph-Macon, is the "sister class relationship"—the odds and the evens—the juniors and freshmen being sister classes, and the seniors and sophomores. There is a relation between sister classes which is different from any other college tie. Each senior has her special sophomore, who hoods her at graduation and who is a squire, more or less, to her during her senior year. From the sister class idea has grown up the rivalry between odd and even classes and the observance of an annual class day by each "tribe." Loyalty to "evens" or "odds" runs high and our enthusiasm for class expands into college spirit. Of course, we have our college celebrations just as other colleges. Our May day is always characterized by field day sports, and in the afternoon the crowning of our May Queen and a brilliant pageant of some description. On Thanksgiving we have our interclass basketball game for the championship cup, and at commencement we have our outdoor class day exercises, with our senior daisy chain, which is made by our little sophomore sisters, and is transferred from their shoulders to the seniors. On Halloween, we have a Jack O' Lantern parade of the seniors, who march in cap and gown in single file from the senior parlor out on the campus, each bearing a pumpkin lantern and singing college songs.—Randolph-Macon correspondent in *Trident*.

At present, the conditions of the university are very unsettled. Not only has the announcement of a shortened term—which means a greater pressure of academic work—cast a gloom over the students, but also the fact that our ranks are being steadily depleted, as man after man leaves his classes and dons the khaki, to perform the higher duty that has been imposed upon him. The whole academic atmosphere is completely changed. The campus we hardly recognize now as the former scene of pleasant sports, for every day, from nine till five, it is entirely given to military activities. Only the most daring attempt to cross it in journeying from building to building; the more discreet take the long way round rather than face the danger of being surrounded suddenly and unexpectedly by soldiers.

As already stated, the university men are responding eagerly to the call of the colors. Proof of this lies in the fact that in Victoria College there are only three men left to write the examinations of the final year, all the rest having previously enlisted. It is rumored also that owing to a scarcity of men students, some of the faculties of the University will be compelled to discontinue their work next year—notably the departments of Forestry and Applied Science.—Toronto correspondent in *Anchora.*

And now for our freshie party—an event preceded by much mysterious preparation. On January 21, about thirty Alpha Phis in middy costumes met at Edith Littlefield's where they were informed an athletic meet would be held. Captains were chosen for Dalhousie, Queen's, McMaster and McGill, four of our Canadian universities. Teams were picked and armed with paper pennants, arm-bands and other paraphernalia. The opposing parties retired for fifteen minutes to invent stirring and ear-splitting yells. The results were marvelous as anyone present can testify! Ten events were announced by the trackmaster's megaphone and for each four competitors lined up. Backed by enthusiastic rooters they put forth their best efforts to win the silver (?) loving-cup adorned with streamers of silver and bordeaux, and great excitement prevailed, especially over the "standing high jump" where three contraltos valiantly strove to reach great heights with middle C as a starting point. The whole party was so original and funny that we expect it to be one of our nicest next rushing season, though then we won't demand ten cents for the Red Cross fund from each guest.—Toronto correspondent in *Alpha Phi Quarterly.*

First of all you must know that we have long been striving for an ideal which we believe will be realized this year; namely, a Woman's Building at Northwestern, where besides the gymnasium, swimming pool, restrooms, etc., every sorority is to have its fraternity room with a kitchenette attached. The Women's Athletic Society is engineering the campaign.—Correspondent A O Π. Quoted from *Alpha Phi Quarterly.*

One of the most interesting things in fraternity circles at Illinois is the growing tendency for all of the girls to move to Urbana, instead of remaining in Champaign, where all fraternities have always resided. (Champaign and Urbana are twin cities.) The reason for this is that our Dean of Women, Miss Kyle, wishes to separate the men and the women. Alpha Delta Pi and Gamma Phi Beta have moved this year, and it is expected that many more will follow their example. This unwritten wish will not affect us as our Theta home is very near the campus and out of the fraternity district.—Illinois correspondent in *Kappa Alpha Theta.*

One of the most treasured activities of Beta is the publication of *The Kite.* The book is the seniors' last gift to the chapter, and every copy is most precious to us.

Some time through the year every active member is expected to write an article of five hundred words, and hand it to the seniors. Expected to—yes, more than expected to—in fact, if she does not do so, she must hand over a fine of five dollars, to those same seniors. The subject matter of each is kept secret. The piece may be humorous or serious, prose or poetry, though most of them tend toward the humorous, and many are at least jingles. For instance, last year there were several character sketches of all the girls; there was one clever prophecy; there was one history of

the year in rhyme. One girl haunted the telephone all of one day, in order to write up a ridiculous account of the conversations as heard from one end of the line. Throughout the book are suitable cartoons. Toward the end of the year the tardy girls go around with vacant expressions or valiantly thoughtful ones, as they desperately search for a good idea or subject.

During the last two weeks, the seniors gathere together the material, go over it, select some, and then settle down to hard work. Every chosen article is copied by hand, while the rest of us stand around and wonder whose articles were accepted. Finally the sheets, together with the cartoons are bound into a cover of leather or suede and the book is finished.

The last Sunday of the year we call "Kite Day." That day we hold last fraternity meeting. The town girls all come out to the house for dinner and stay the rest of the day. And in the afternoon *The Kite* is formally read aloud by the seniors. All day, pictures, large and decorous, or small and ridiculous, are taken, to be pasted into the book as soon as they are finished. And, finally, when the day is over, the leaving president hands over her gavel and book to the new president, and one of our most delightful customs of the year adds another volume to our history shelf, the Mecca of every returning alumna.—*Kappa Alpha Theta.*

We have been busy lately planning our midwinter Informal, which is to be very informal this time. We are going to have a midwinter picnic, and partake of our "eats" from little picnic baskets, and drink coffee from tin cups. We have had solemn promises of many of the "old sisters" to be right here for this event, and we are looking forward to a regular A Ξ Δ reunion then.

Having dwelt upon our plans for the future, I will now survey the past in search of a little news. One of the nicest things which has happened lately was the masquerade which was held in the reception hall of the Library on January 21. It was a very successful affair, and there were some weird costumes floating round—devils, chorus girls, colonial dames, Puritans and clowns—not to mention Charlie Chaplin—were all gathered in one motley throng.—Bethany correspondent in *Alpha Xi Delta.*

The local Panhellenic has started a series of exchange dinners in which every Wednesday evening six girls from every fraternity dine at some other chapter house. It is hoped that a more friendly feeling will exist between the chapters and that a broader spirit will be a result.—Washington correspondent in *Alpha Phi Quarterly.*

Perhaps never again in history will such famous groups of people be gathered under one roof as the juniors and freshmen marshaled in to luncheon in their "Review of the Warring Nations." First the "Bally English Chaps" came in twirling their canes, and squinting through their monocles. Not far behind these English brothers came the "Campbells," jumping along in their Scotch plaids and kilts, who presently danced a real highland fling most artistically; and, as if afraid of being left out a band of Irishmen came hurrying after them, looking very comical in their bright green trousers and stovepipe hats. The English, Scotch and Irish sang "Tipperary," as King George, in military costume entered and swept majestically toward them, his black plumes waving, and his gold braid and medals glittering. No sooner had King George taken his place among his subjects than the French damsels came tripping in decked out in evening dress, and carrying powder puffs and mirrors as

their only weapons. Then close behind came the Czar, followed by a band of Russian peasants, whose sombre dresses and black shawls contrasted sharply with his ermine caps and resplendent coat.

Quite different and unexpected was the next division, the Belgian Babies, who came toddling along after their guardian angel, Miss Parkinson (our lady principal who is always collecting money for the Belgian Babies. She was impersonated by Evelyn Fishburn). Following these babies came a group of Italians, some playing violins, others guitars, while the rest sang and danced.

Next an extra loud flourishing of the bugle announced a band of German students. In they stalked, the Kaiser at their head, inspiring awe by his grim visage and bristly mustache, and with his black helmet looming above those around.

King George, the Czar, and the Kaiser, having met joined in the song "Everybody Fight with Me," in which the Kaiser's voice was strongest, and his sword brandished most fiercely.

As the song died away, Secretary Bryan entered, a snowy Dove of Peace perched on his finger, and a bland smile bespreading his countenance. Then lo! behind him, riding in a car of his own make, came Henry Ford and his Peace Party, including "Miss Agnes" (our history teacher, impersonated by Jennie Snead). Henry came to settle the turmoil of the nations; and this he did by presenting miniature Fords to the three crowned heads, and, at this happy juncture, in walked Uncle Sam. At sight of him all broke forth into "America," and as they sang Uncle Sam looked on, his benign smile resting upon them in benediction.

Well, enough of Founders' Day. This is just one of the interesting and clever "stunts" given on that day. I wish I had time to tell you of them all. —Hollins correspondent in *Trident*.

This year we have been trying a new plan to become acquainted with our pledges. Every other Tuesday we invite or summon our pledges to an open A Ξ Δ meeting and give them lectures on "Our Ideal Pledges" and Panhellenic questions, or have them entertain us. One night they gave a "take off"—bringing out the characteristics and peculiarities of the active girls. We didn't tell the pledges that they pleased us but down in our hearts we were proud of them.—South Dakota correspondent in *Alpha Xi Delta*.

This year instead of having a bazaar, the Young Women's Christian Association had a booth in the shape of a ship in Lathrop Hall for a week before the holidays. Each day two fraternities had charge of the booth and contributed the things sold and the saleswomen. We were in partnership with Gamma Phi Beta and together we cleared $26. At present the association girls are planning for the jubilee to be held in February, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Young Women's Christian Association.—Wisconsin correspondent in *Kappa Alpha Theta*.

Miss Mary Graham, Dean of women, was our guest at dinner January 10. She talked to the girls before fraternity meeting, on *What a fraternity girl can do for the university*—stressing the idea that unity and democracy among all women students is vital.—Nebraska correspondent in *Kappa Alpha Theta*.

You ask us what we like most about Syracuse—the impression that comes first, and lasts all through our college years? It is the impression of democracy that pervades the entire university, the cordiality of exchanged greetings, the frank hellos of everyone to everyone else. Next to that, comes the exceptionally good-fellowship of the men, and the girls. We do not make any comparisons between the coeducational standards of Syracuse, and other institutions of the kind, but we emphatically assert that a fairer scheme of things is not often marked out. In all college activities, whether work on the *Onondagan*, our yearbook, or in the university chorus, men and women have equal representation. There is no snobbery of sex here. And finally, there is true friendly spirit between sorority and neutral girls. Whether we live in "dorm" or chapter house matters little in our college status. The closest of friendships are formed between the girls of a Greek-letter society and those who are not of that particular family.—Syracuse correspondent in *Trident*.

Why can't Gamma Phi be a pioneer in saner rushing?

That expensive and public rushing is nothing more than flaunting ourselves in hostile eyes is hard to believe. Big parties, promiscuous auto riding, endless treating, in fact all public displays simply invite criticism, sarcasm, and hard feeling. If all entertaining could be made more *natural*, a great forward step would have been made.

I would like to see a definite limit set to rushing expenses. It isn't how many parties or how much they cost but how cordial the girls are, how worth while, and how sincere, that counts in the end. The girls who are gained by big, outward show are the girls we don't want. The simpler the "stunts" the more time for forming of friendships and the smaller the amount spent the more chance for ingenuity. For instance, a big, formal party is poor policy as well as expensive and foolish. No one really has a *good* time. The rushee is a stranger in a strange land, afraid that her dress isn't as up-to-date as "Miss Pinky" or that her style of dancing is not the same as danced in the college town, and then she knows practically no men. The men grumble at taking girls that they don't know and can't dance or talk another sorority, while the poor hostesses are distracted trying to see that each rushee is properly cared for each dance or that Mr. So and So gets to talk to "Miss Desirable" and make a *good* impression. A great sigh goes up after it is all over, the rushees are no better acquainted with you or you with them, but you felt you had to do it because it was the usual thing to give a formal dance. So viewed from all sides a big dance is a failure, an obsolete custom, a big expenditure of money and time without value received. And what is true of the dance is also true of all big, expensive parties.

The object of all rushing is to get acquainted—new girls to meet the ones in college and vice versa. This can be accomplished best by small, simple entertainments, by using clever and original methods rather than by extravagant, senseless chases over the streets in hired autos and parties in public halls or cafés. If "no one else does it" let us establish it ourselves, and make others follow our lead. Let the watch words of our next rushing season be —"Cleverness, Originality, Simplicity, and Cheapness."

Miss Jean Marie Richards, Dean of Women, has announced that freshman women will not be allowed to live in sorority houses with the opening of college next fall. Miss Richards further announces that in order to

board or lodge women students, each off-campus house must obtain and post a signed card stating that such permission has been given.

The announcement of the new rules follows:

"In order that chapter houses may make plans early and not suffer hardship from a new and unexpected ruling, announcement is made now that with the opening of college in the autumn of 1916, the university will not allow freshman women to live in sorority houses."—*Syracuse Daily Orange.* —Quoted in *Alpha Phi Quarterly.*

"What are you determined to accomplish during this last semester of your senior year?" It's a thought to conjure with. I put the question to one girl and she unhesitatingly answered, "Make Phi Beta Kappa!" I asked another: she said, "Just know girls, live with them, love them, and make them love me." Another said, "Work a little, play a little and make the most of my last year in every way." These were all perfectly good answers but they seemed to fall short. So I asked still another and her answer rang true: "Make every organization to which I belong just so much better for my having been a member." It was a noble thought: yet I felt a lack. It seemed not broad enough. And as I thought the answer came to me evolved from all the rest. In the stress of these last crowded days there is little need for precept; in many things she cannot choose, a girl's time is practically allotted for her if she has shared it at all with others through her college course. And through it all if by her efficient work, her culture and her friendly, coöperative spirit she inspires other girls to give the best they have to their work and their play and above all to their Alma Mater, she has done well.—*Alpha Xi Delta.*

Chapter editors, please read this clipping from the *Key* of Kappa Kappa Gamma:

You all who do not have the privilege of nosing your way through twenty (average) chapter letters multiplied by about a dozen (magazines) may not experience the thrill of internal applause with which we were stirred on reading "An Analysis of the Chapter Letter" in the *Garnet and White,* extracts of which article we are about to append. Though written to, for, about and at the "Brothers" it applies so aptly to the "Sisters" as well. May each chapter correspondent read it and consider it more or less personal.

The chapter letter is the editor's staple and the editor's tribulation. No matter what other elements go to make up the fraternity magazine, no matter though college presidents may write able articles on education, or national officers expound the fraternity's principles out of the depth of their experience and wisdom; this, after all, is but contingent; and the fixed quantity (and what a quantity of it there is!) is always the information, indifferently spelled and badly worded, that "Ham" Jones attended the pink tea on the 24th inst. given by "Zip" Johnson's sisters; that there were lots of eats; that the chapter has planned *thé dansant* to be given in honor of these and other chapter peaches on the fourth of next month, and issues a cordial invitation to all brothers to be present; etc., etc. The letter always beginning with the mystic words "We have just completed the first term of the most prosperous year in our history, and have added to the roll of the chapter the five best men in the entering class"; and ending with the formula "We extend to all sister chapters a cordial greeting, and would like them to come and see us in our house."

The National Editor is paid according to the number of feet of blue pencil he can use in a year. And although the salary thus earned is not available for pocket money, but goes into the treasury of the publication, it is real money for all that. A page of *The Garnet and White*, for instance, costs about two dollars; and six inches of blue pencil costs five cents. That five cents worth of pencil will do to line out six hundred and fifty-seven pages of matter beginning "The beautiful spring weather has nearly gone, but it is always spring in the hopes of the chapter to make this year the most successful," etc. (extract from a late chapter letter. N. B. It was extracted before publication).

Let us have some rules for omission which may suggest others. Cut out information which is common to all chapters and to all years, and hence is wearisome; as for instance, "Examinations have occupied the attention of our brothers for two weeks"; "The brothers have returned from the Christmas holidays, which were crowded with enjoyable incidents and scenes," etc. . . . . "Winter has come again, and the ground is covered with a cloak of dazzling whiteness. . ." Such stuff is easy to write and hard to read. The item "We are eagerly looking out for new matrial, and are hoping before the end of the term to increase our numbers and our chapter strength" is also overworked. The item "The recorder is waiting anxiously for dinner, and intends shortly after to enjoy a brief period of refreshing sleep" has not appeared, but no doubt will have its turn in the eternal flux of word combinations apparently uninfluenced by any directing mind.

Lots of words may be saved in describing the future, which is notoriously uncertain. Cut out forecasts of the great things your new men are going to be and do. We'll believe it when we see it. Like Kipling's "Banderlog" in *The Jungle Book*, a chapter can easily work itself up into a high state of self-satisfaction and stagnation by reciting on every possible occasion all the wonderful deeds they are going to do.

When you have written your letter, it is a good thing to get some brother to typewrite it neatly on 8½ by 11 paper, omitting as he does so the first and last sentences (list of visitors excepted). The Editor will probably do this latter anyway, unless you have got right down to your information at the beginning, and left off as soon as you are through, taking good wishes to other chapters and offers of hospitality for granted.

Don't think you are the only fraternity on the campus. You may be the best. But if any other fraternity has moved into a new house, or achieved some special distinction, or won, as you hope to do next year, four out of five of all Phi Beta Kappa keys, or had a bad fire, or entertained the President of the United States, don't be bashful about sounding their praises. Some day they may sound yours.

The March *Alpha Xi Delta* quotes entire Celeste Porter's letter from Theta chapter which appeared in the October CRESCENT—with the following note: "Here is a refreshing letter from Theta chapter of Gamma Phi Beta."

An article in the Delta Zeta *Lamp*, "What Does the World Expect from a College Woman?" by Dean Caroline M. Breyfogle of Ohio State University, is particularly appropriate for our chapter number:

Whether the world of the college graduate receives her with sympathy or merely with forebearance, whether it be conscious of the standards by which it tests her out or whether it be not so conscious, there are certain elements regarded as the legitimate product of education, the lack of which is always noted with disappointment and comment.

The first of these might be termed *Womanliness.* By womanliness is not meant that false valuation of herself which makes one a parasite on the community, enduring existence until such a time as marriage shall provide one who shall lay at her feet the fruits of his toil and who shall serve as a buffer between herself and all that is harsh and disagreable in life. On the contrary, womanliness believes in co-partnership of labor; it implies a difference between the feminine and masculine character and their ultimate contribution to the community. It realizes the future of a woman is "hers to make, not to receive."

Again, the world expects the graduate to be *trained.* Whether this training should be vocational is the mooted question. Shall our colleges and universities turn out architects and interior decorators or women students who know the principles of design, who have a feeling for beauty of form and color, leaving the strictly vocational skill to be acquired in the industry itself. However this problem works itself out, the tools for the reasonable mastery of the concrete job should be acquired in college. Training of mind and character should lead to the basic qualities of accuracy, concentration, thoroughness, and responsibility. This much is expected by the college girl's world and who shall say the expectation is an unreasonable one?

The third characteristic ascribed to a college graduate is *cultivation.* The college student is supposed to have lived through the great moments of the world which tested men's souls. She has followed the progress of man from small beginnings, learning to speak his language, to read his literature, to appreciate his art, to interpret his social environment, to analyze his philosophy and religion, to admire his discoveries and practical inventions, to forecast his future. She has thought great thoughts, dreamed great dreams, been inspired by great visions both human and divine—will she not be a creature of broader sympathies, keener understanding, finer feeling for the true and beautiful, a contempt for the vulgar and immoral, a more delicate consideration for the experiences and opinions of others, a more reverent appreciation of the good? If she is not all this, do not her friends share some disappointment and perplexity concerning education in general and college education in particular?

Lastly, her little world expects her to possess a *prophetic vision, a philosophy of life,* an orientation which shall hold her steadfast when practical difficulties obscure and oppress. Shall the four years of college life simply prolong the period of youth and preparation, making our women still more adaptable, personally charming but blunderers who know not the chart of life? To steer one's bark by a star implies a knowledge of heavens as well as an art in handling the craft. Both should become the possession of our women; a philosophic or religious orientation and some little skill in the art of living that the craft be kept true to its course and come in the end to its desired haven.

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