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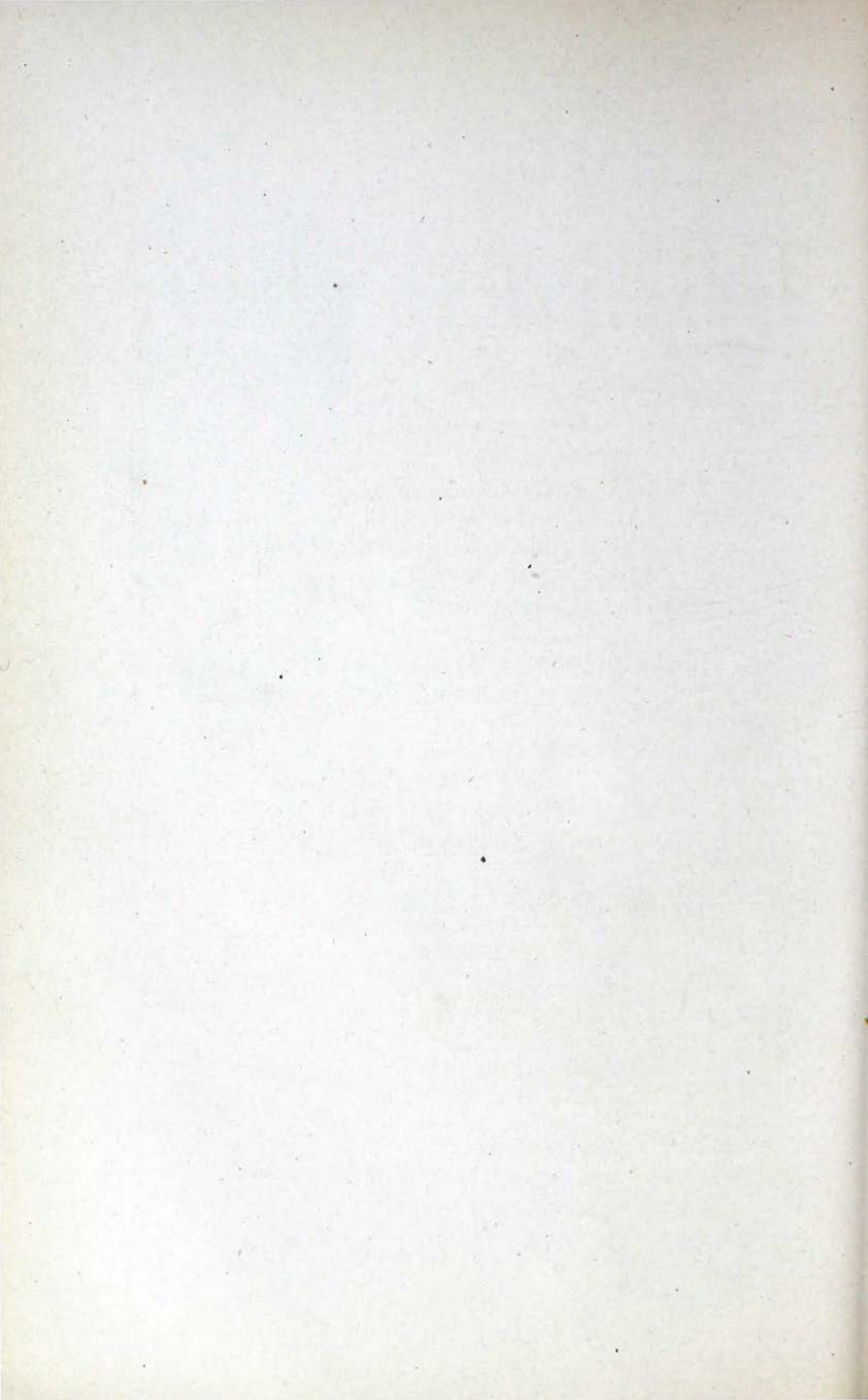
THE
GOLDEN KEY

PUBLISHED BY THE

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA FRATERNITY.

*“Every door is barr’d with gold,
And opens but to golden keys.”*

INDIANAPOLIS:
CARLON & HOLLENBECK, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1884.



THE GOLDEN KEY.

VOL. ~~III.~~ GREENCASTLE, IND., APRIL, 1884

No. 2.

2

MY MOUNTAIN.

I am standing on the mountain
I have often called my own,
Friend of babyhood and childhood,
Friend of girl and woman grown;
Earliest memories round it cluster,
Later years have held it too;
Now I stand upon its summit—
Dear old mountain, is it you?

O, how well do I remember,
Dearest voices breathed your name,
When the sun went down behind you,
Leaving you a crown of flame.
Now I stand upon your summit,
Waiting while the sun goes down;
But, alas! a mountain westward wears
To-night a golden crown.

Oft in childhood I concluded
That if once I gained this height,
I could look straight through to heaven,
But I look in vain to-night.
I have gained the mountain surely,
But another rises far,
And the sunset has retreated,
With my dream of gates ajar.

This is not the only mountain
 That for years has been in sight,
 This is not the only mountain
 That has lured me toward its height—
 That has reared its lofty summit
 Grand against a golden sky—
 That has been a goal unfading
 To my eager, wistful eye.

I am stepping toward a mountain,
 Rising in life's glowing west;
 Golden glory lights its summit,
 Heavenly radiance seems its crest.
 Shall I ever stand upon it
 But to find its glory' gone,
 But to find a higher mountain
 With the sunset farther on?

Shall I ever, disenchanted
 Watch the fading of the light,
 Waiting while life's sun is setting,
 As I watch and wait to-night?
 Yet, O, mountain of my dreaming,
 I will hold you free from guile;
 I will love you that your seeming
 Drew me upward all the while.

EMMA L. COOPER, *φ*.

KATE SHELLY.

Heroism in any form always demands and receives universal admiration and respect. The soldier who, fighting for home and loved ones, has faced death on the battle-field, is honored and revered by all; but far beyond and above him stands he who risks his life for those whom he has never seen, for those whose only claim on him is the common, slighted bond of the brotherhood of humanity, the fatherhood of God.

The pages of history offer no more striking example of this higher aspect of heroism than that displayed by our noble sister, Kate Shelly. Think of it! a girl, fifteen years of age, alone in the night and the tempest, opposing her slight form to the fearful onslaught of the elements, toiling bravely on in the shadow of impending death, for the sake of those of whose very names she was ignorant!

Miss Shelly was born in Ireland, September 25, 1865, and while yet an infant came to America with her parents, who settled at Moingona, Iowa, Miss Shelly's present home. Her father died when Kate was only thirteen years old, leaving a wife and five children in narrow financial circumstances. As the oldest child, Kate felt some responsibility; and anxious to help her mother and the little ones as much as possible, was in school very little, after her father's death, until she came here.

In personal appearance Miss Shelly is about medium height, perhaps a little below, with dark hair, blue eyes, small, even teeth, a shapely figure, and a pretty hand and foot. As an intimate friend, we have learned to love her; discovering in her a noble unselfishness in little things, as well as in great. She is always thoughtful of the interests of her friends, and possesses a heart so affectionate that, although she is surrounded by warm friends at school, she never ceases to remember and regret the absence of those at home.

The story of her brave deed, on the night of July 6, 1881, is known all over the land, and, indeed, has been recognized by letters from England, Scotland and Ireland. But as to us the account of it becomes more vivid every time we can lead her to speak of it, we will give it here in her own words, as nearly as possible:

"My home is among the bluffs, near the Des Moines River, and about fifty yards from the bank of a stream called Honey Creek, which flows into the Des Moines River, a few miles below. This creek winds around through the bluffs, so that the Chicago Northwestern Railroad, running directly east and west, crosses it six or seven times between Boone and Moingona. The city of Boone is four miles east of us, the town of Moingona about a mile west.

"About six o'clock on the evening of that memorable night, it began to rain; and for over five hours the storm raged and the rain

fell in torrents, until the face of the earth seemed like a mighty lake. . Soon the waves could be seen rolling and lashing like great, dark hills against the banks of the stream, and sometimes overleaping all barriers and rushing on until lost to sight in the woods that skirt the stream.

“The water rose higher and higher, until the fence around our farm lifted, and was swept away under the bridge; and I was obliged to go and turn the stock out of the barn that they might seek safety for themselves on higher ground. Returning to the house, my mother and myself waited and watched the storm, until suddenly I thought I heard a train coming down the track from the west. Mother tried to persuade me that no train would venture on the road in such a night; but as we listened in suspense, I could hear the wheels of an engine, and in a minute the bell gave two taps as if swaying from side to side, and then there came a hissing as the boiler struck the water. I sprang up, saying, ‘That is No. 11!’ I at once recognized the engine as one of the helpers going over the road from Moingona to Boone to examine the bridges and see if all were safe before the night express came by with its load of human freight. I knew the terrible water had washed the piers from under the bridge, and as the rails and ties across the river had deceived the men in the engine until *too late*, all must have gone down. The thought was terrible, and I told mother I must go to the aid of the drowning men, for we could faintly hear above the roar of the storm their cry for ‘*help*.’ Again the thought of the coming train, bearing so *many* precious lives, coming on to *certain doom*, if not stopped in time, moved me till I felt that I *must go*. Having only the frame-work of an old lantern at hand, I contrived, with the aid of an old miner’s lamp, to fix a lantern to serve me. Although mother felt that she would never see me alive again, she could not urge me to stay. It was about 11 o’clock, and I knew I must reach Moingona or the night express would come dashing along heedless of the danger ahead, and if not stopped would follow in the track of the other fated engine. So, taking my lantern, I started out into the darkness and rain. Oh! the night was terrible! The brilliant and almost continual flashes of lightning showed the waste around me, tossing and raging like an angry sea, with great trees torn up by the

roots, drift-wood crashing against any and every thing in its way, and above all, the thunder rolling through the heavens, where every flash of lightning was succeeded by a dreadful blackness. But I must save the passenger train.

“How was I to reach Moingona? One way the swollen stream stopped me; another, the bridge was gone. The only way left was to go west half a mile, through the thick, dark woods and brush, around the bend in the river to the railroad track, a little above the place where the bridge went out, and from there on the track to Moingona. I set out on my journey.

“Passing through the woods, my light threatened to go out every minute; and knowing if it did I would be unable to find my way in the dark, I held the lantern as high over my head as possible and waded steadily through the water. Bruised and bleeding from the thorn bushes and underbrush, I reached the scene of the wreck, and finding I could do nothing there I started for Moingona, only half a mile away now, but between me and the town was the Des Moines river *bridge*, five hundred feet long, a bridge not built for human feet, consisting of nothing but ties and rails. I looked at my lantern, and shaking up the oil to make it burn better, with a silent prayer to God, I started for the dangerous bridge. When I was about twenty yards from it, my light went out and I was left in total darkness with only the lightning to guide me. But I could not think of turning back. The coming train, with its load of people and the awful danger ahead of them urged me on still faster. Gathering all my courage, I walked on until I came to the bridge; then getting down on my knees and asking God for strength, I *crawled* over that long and dreadful space. When about two-thirds of the way over, by a flash of lightning I saw coming down the river a mighty tree standing upright in the water. I involuntarily rose up and clasped my hands, I thought the *end had come*, for if the tree should strike the bridge with its great force and momentum, the whole structure would go down.

“By the mercy of God, the tree swept under, and only the green branches brushed my feet. Resuming my slow and toilsome way, I finally reached the other side. For a few minutes I thought I must give up, even then, for I felt too weak to go farther, but as I

went I gained strength until I ran as fast as I could. The station reached, I burst into the room with: 'Stop the passenger train! the bridge has gone out! the engine gone down!' then fainted. But the people were saved; and there were many to save, for on that night the train was five passenger coaches and two sleepers.

"Restored to consciousness, I led the way back to the wreck, followed by a great number of men well equipped and supplied with lanterns. Everything in human power was done to save the drowning men; but of the four who were on the engine, only two, who had clung to some driftwood in the river, were saved. There was nothing farther that I could do, and I started to go home through the woods as I had come; but I had to go much farther around, for the ground I had come over had all been swept away in a landslide, and had probably been moving even when I crossed it. By the time I reached home, the strength that had been given me was all spent, and I fell fainting into mother's arms."

The intense excitement of those hours, the exposure to storm and rain, had been too much, and it was three months before the brave girl was able to leave her room again.

The conductors of the different roads were not slow in recognizing and honoring such courage. The conductors of the Burlington road presented Miss Shelly with a handsome gold watch and chain. Those of the Chicago Northwestern road, in memory of her poor, old, hastily constructed lantern, gave her a beautiful silver lantern. Among the many who wrote to her afterwards expressing their sympathy and admiration, was Francis E. Willard, who, learning of her great longing for an education, presented the matter to the W. C. T. U., and to that body of earnest workers she is indebted for what college life she has known. She entered college here in the fall of '82, and a few weeks later became a sister in the bonds of *K K T*. She has proved a diligent and earnest student.

The medal awarded Miss Shelly, by the Legislature, in commemoration of her heroism, is at the Capitol, where all visitors can examine it, and is pronounced by those who have seen it to be both beautiful and appropriate.

All honors, both public and private, are accepted by Miss Shelly with a true grace, which proves her worthy of them; and though

her name has been sounded all over the land in praise for nearly three years, there is not a trace of false ambition or pride about her. She is, and we believe always will be, a true, unselfish, noble hearted woman.

INDIANOLA, IOWA.

OMICRON CHAPTER.

SONG—WHEN SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

AIR: *Blue-eyed Lynette.*

[From Epsilon Chapter, Bloomington, Ill.]

When summer zephyrs fan my brow,
 And flowers neath weight of dew-drops bow,
 As twilight falls on vale and hill,
 And crickets chirp beside the rill.
 When cares seem softened like the light,
 And musings sweet my soul delight,
 My tend'rest thoughts are all of thee
 Oh, circle of the golden key!

CHORUS:

The years may come, and years may go,
 And rippling waters seaward flow,
 Time can not change our love to thee,
 Blest circle of the golden key.

When autumn's sunset hues are shed
 On field and wood, with purple shred,
 And partridge whirring from the glen
 Attracts the eager huntsman's ken.
 When melody of voices sweet
 Is heard in groves with nuts complete,
 Each leaflet's hue reminds of thee
 Dear circle of the *golden key.*

CHORUS:

When winter's snow and ice abound,
 And raging tempest surge around,
 When landscapes hoar are bleak and drear,
 And earth seems vegetation's bier;

When yule-logs glow in chimneys wide,
 And glad hearts greet the Christmas tide.
 Then from the coals arise to me
 Bright visions of the golden key.

CHORUS:

In the poetic dream of youth,
 When riper years bring sterner truth,
 Where Lethe's peaceful waters glide,
 Where Scylla's surging billows chide.
 In tropic bower, or land of ice,
 Wherever sounds my duty's voice,
 Still will my heart be true to thee,

CHORUS: Blest circle of the golden key.

[Written for Epsilon Chapter, by E. M. Van Petten.]

INDIA.

On the southern slope of the Himalayas, lapped in the Indian Ocean, lies one of the fairest lands upon which the sun shines, but one whose history is but a record of successive misfortunes, bearing on every page the story of conquest and oppression, or of anarchy and distress. Nature and art made an Eden, but man's selfish desire for conquest placed within it the flaming sword of destruction.

Nestled within the shadow of the snow-capped mountains, the lovely vale of Cashmere mirrors itself in the clear waters of the Dhul. Southward and westward stretch the plains of the Indus and Ganges, the battle ground where for ages each conqueror has erected his trophy. Southward still, within the tropics, rises the broad plateau of the Deccan, with its mines of jeweled wealth.

He who would know the early story of this rich peninsula must read it in her architecture and language. These carry us back four thousand years, to the first conquest by a band of Turanians, the future temple-builders of India. Thence we dimly trace the successive invasions by Aryan, Scythian, Persian, Greek, until ushered into the full splendor of the era of Mahommedan rule. Passing

by the Afghan dynasties, we pause to watch the rise and culmination of the house of Tamerlane, the most glorious epoch of India's past. We see it founded by the dauntless Baber, and established by his son Hermayoun; Akbar made the people laws, and Shah Jehan gave them Delhi for a capital. But when in the brilliant though intolerant reign of Aurungzebe the Mogul empire reached its broadest limits, its power began to wane. The mighty temple totters, shaken by the fanatical zeal of its own worshippers; floods of persecution have undermined its foundations, and soon it must fall. Over its ruins who will build, and what will be the form of the structure?

In 1498 the discovery of a passage around the Cape of Good Hope gave to European commerce a new impetus, and Portuguese, Dutch, English, and French hastened to establish trading-posts in India. The first three thought only of gain; the French dreamed of conquest. Not until after the fruitless struggles of Dupleix and Lally, did the other European powers awake to a realization of the prize within their grasp; and in the contest that followed, Great Britain's final success was due rather to the misfortunes of her rivals than to her own superior skill. Had France, instead of dooming her generals to disgrace and execution because of their failures, but given them the assistance needed for success, she might to-day be mistress of India, leaving England more time to devote to Irish reforms.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, the English held undisputed sway in southern and eastern India. In 1803 the subsidiary policy of the Marquis of Wellesley rapidly extended British territory, and to-day the Queen of Great Britain is also Empress of India, and under the shadow of the former palace of the great Moguls an English Parliament assembles. An hundred years of foreign rule! And now all Christendom asks, What is the result? Has the century been one of progress? At the bar of the world England proudly answers: "Here is my record. Search and see if at any time I have sacrificed the happiness of India for selfish gain. Let not the mistakes and sins of Clive and Hastings blind your eyes to the noble deeds of after Governors. Behold the Marquis of Wellesley, the Marquis of Hastings, Lord Amherst, Lord Bentinck, Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Mayo! Is it,

then, so slight a task to transfer the government of a nation to an alien race with scarce a struggle, that such men have no claim to admiration and respect? Can it be said of my most zealous servant that he saw England's glory and India's shame? No: glory is too dear at such a price! England seeks subjects, not slaves. I found a people steeped in superstition and ignorance, with few schools, and those for the wealthy; and I have made it possible for every Hindoo boy in the land to receive at least a partial education; while each province has its colleges and academies. An hundred years ago he who left the faith of his fathers was an outcast from society, forfeiting his ancestral estates; to-day religious liberty is granted to all, and the law protects the property of the proselyte. Then men walked from town to town, or traveled in go-carts at the rate of twelve miles a day; now travel is a luxury, and the iron rail sends its branches through every province, while the Hindoo, like the European, talks by lightning. Steamboats have supplanted punks and sailing-vessels; courts of justice are held in district, and the freedom of the press is unchecked. If the people complain that the taxes are burdensome, yet none of them would see the decline of the government for whose support those taxes are levied. Ask the peasant of northern India, as he tills the little field of which no man can rob him, what he can tell you of the oppression of the Hindoo. Visit the rich coffee plantations of Southern India, owned by natives, who, a quarter of a century ago were living in poverty, and there inquire about heavy taxation. Agriculture is encouraged, and the manufacture of silk and cotton goods. The Punjab, which was the most barbarous and troublesome province twenty years ago, is now quiet and its people are intelligent and progressive, while the rude mountain tribes have become honest farmers. Mysore has already proved herself capable of self government, and is returned to her hereditary prince; and it is hoped that gradually other provinces will follow her example, until the burden of government shall rest upon the natives rather than the English. I found paganism, I brought Christianity; I found despotism, I established a constitutional government."

Thus speaks the ruler; what say the ruled? India answers: "We are not slaves. Whatever power England possesses is hers, because

in her we recognize a wiser sovereign than Hindoo or Mahomedan. India's trained troops are strong enough to massacre every Englishman in the land. Why do they not rebel? Because the end of British rule means anarchy and misery, instead of peace, order, and prosperity."

This is the present. What shall be the future? The following words, written by one of England's Hindoo subjects, will find an echo in the heart of every lover of humanity and justice, as a prophecy of what shall sometime come to pass:

"As India advances in civilization, her children will share yet more and more in the administration of the country, till a day shall come when no office of the State shall be closed to a native, when the Secretary of State will take the advice of his India members of council, when the Viceroy of India will see among his colleagues as much of the native element as of the English; when laws will be made by the consent of the country; when the highest tribunal will propose laws through native as through English mouths; when the commissioned appointments in the army will be as often filled by natives as by Englishmen. * * * All this may happen, and we hope will happen some day, without the name and head of the British sovereign being removed from the coin of India, without the British flag being pulled down from the fortifications of Fort William and Fort George. * * * India is ruled by the consent of her people and her princes; she is guarded from foreign aggression and secured from internal disorder by the combined valor and disciplined efficiency of her British and her native troops; her administration is carried on by the guidance of the virtue and wisdom of England and the trained ability of her English and native officials. The result is peace, order, and prosperity."

CONTRASTS AND PARALLELS.

"From Chaos sprang Heaven and Earth, gods, men and all things." The Greeks made no attempt to explain by what power Heaven and Earth sprang from infinite space. The Persians believed in their Ormizd as the representative of goodness and truth,

brother of Jealousy, who, for his sin, was hurled from the heavens to misery and all evil. The godhead of the Veda is represented as the god of light; Brahma, an impersonality.

“Eye, tongue, mind can not reach it;
We comprehend it not.”

The mystic syllable ômi was the symbol of this deity; the vowel is a diphthong, hence the trinity of the godhead. From Buddha:

“Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal, and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine, which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.”

Over against these stands clear and distinct the Christian belief in a personal power. “In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.”

The tradition of a deluge is common to many people. The Veda relates the story of the first man and a dire flood. The Greeks and Romans had their legend, and the people “feared lest should return the age of Pyrrha.” The Druid worshippers likewise have chronicled:

“The bursting forth of the Lake of Llion, and the overwhelming of the face of all lands.”

The cause, as in the Hebrew Bible, is the sin of the people. Like Noah, too, Deucalion among the Greeks, and Hu among the people of the far West, escaped by means of a wonderful boat. Hu, according to ancient chronicles, “after the deluge, held the strong beam of the plough;” Dionysus was the god of wine and revelry; “Noah planted a vineyard and was drunken.” The story in the land of the Druids of a beautiful woman in a chariot glowing with brilliant colors, near, yet ever escaping, the prince of the land, suggests Iris and “the bow in the cloud,” the messenger of reconciliation.

Following the Genesis are the law and the sacrifice. Through the mediation of the priest the Druids offered their victims, the Romans consulted their auguries, and the Greeks their oracles. The

Greeks had a Moses in Lycurgus, who, after giving them a new code of laws, departed from them,

“And no man knows his sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er.”

Iphigenia was sacrificed by her warrior father, even as Jephthah's daughter of old. Both Druids and Greeks had their hero of mighty strength in Arcol and Hercules. The Zendavesta has its Pentateuch, the Vendidad, declaring the origin of all things, the law and expiation of sin, and the Yaçna, or book of prayer and praise. The prophet Zoroaster was the medium between Ormizd and the people. The ceremonial law of the Veda declared penance greater than the gods, and sacrifice a contract rather than a free-will offering. Buddha taught:

“One shall not wash his spirit clean by blood,
Nor gladden gods, being good, with blood,
Nor bribe them, being evil.”

In the Christian Bible sacrifices were but “figures of the true,” and Christ was the “one sacrifice for sins forever.”

Into the religion of the ancient Greeks came no Redeemer; the Persians had none other than Zoroaster. Much has been written of the language of the Koran and of its hero who said, “Whoso worketh evil shall only be rewarded in equal proportion to the same, but whoever worketh good, whether male or female, is a true believer; they shall enter paradise, they shall be provided for superabundantly.” For strength of language, compare, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” The keynote of the Koran and the “reading between the lines” is, “Consult among yourself what is convenient.” License is given in worst vices; self-gratification is the prevalent sentiment. Indeed, coming as it did six centuries after that wisdom “which is first pure,” the contrast is yet greater. Far different from the hero of the Koran was the prince of India, who, six centuries before Christ, lived and taught a philosophy of bloodless sacrifice and unselfish living—

“Lord Buddha,
All-honored, wisest, best, most pitiful.”

Wonderful are the incidents of his life handed down through many years; many of them recalling familiar New Testament stories at the time of his birth.

“ From afar came merchant men
 Bringing rich gifts in golden trays.
 * * * * *

“ 'Mongst the strangers came
 A gray-haired saint, Astia, one whose ears
 Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds.”

Later, wandering afar in search of the truth, he came upon the hearsman's flock.

“ Full tenderly
 He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
 Saying, ‘ Poor woolly mother, be at peace,
 Whither thou goest, I will bear thy care.’ ”

In his sore temptation,

“ The prince of Darkness, Mara,
 Gave unto all his evil powers command.”

When the victory was won, and Buddha taught his people,

“ Each
 Forgot to speak; only gazed
 Eye-wrapt upon the master; only hung
 Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,
 Commanding, perfect, pure.”

But Buddha's claim was to teach the truth. He did not say, “ I am the Truth.” The principle of the religion he taught is, indeed, “ Do right; it recompenseth.” Yet it is hedged about with—

“ Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony;
 Only its pains abide; ”

While the Christian religion promises “ manifold more in this life.”

What, then, is the conclusion? What part of the religions of the world are derived from the revelation from God to man as related in the Hebrew Bible? How much may be claimed by each people as its individual religion, the result of man's necessity? The essence of each is the belief in some mysterious cause, a sense of sin committed, a way of atonement, “ works meet for repentance,” and

loyalty to a supreme Power. That religion which, besides these principles common to all, is of the heart, which best stands the test of time, which lifts the fallen, strengthens the weak, guides the erring, and satisfies the inward longing and unrest of man's soul, is his who said, "I am the Life." SARAH M. HOBSON. *φ*.

Editorial.

OUR HEROINE.

There is something in the contemplation of true nobility which arouses a corresponding sentiment in every heart which possesses a particle of generous ardor; and this is especially true when the heroic character arises within our own knowledge and from our own place in life.

There is a tendency in every-day affairs to relegate heroism to the domain of romance; to put it away in the shadows of bygone ages, or to assign it to some superhuman character who has nothing in common with ourselves. Even then, the name of hero has something ennobling in it; and we believe there is no one who can repeat to himself the words courage, purity and truth, without becoming braver, purer and truer than he was.

But it is when a hero rises from among ourselves that the sense of personal responsibility is awakened; that the realities of life stand out in bold contrast to the shams with which we surround ourselves; that we can no longer excuse ourselves from the attempt to attain the highest point of human character; that a keen, emulous admiration constantly repeats: "This was no king or queen of romance, no inspired saint, no profound philosopher, who did this thing. It was a mortal like to thee; hampered as thou art by little things, knowing the same weaknesses and terrors, compassed by the same excuse to refrain from a noble act, living the same life and not a wider one. The deed itself may not be thine; but darest thou stand beside the spirit of the deed and be a lesser thing?"

Such a realization of heroism has shaped itself in the ranks of *K K Γ*. No royal Elizabeth, standing Titan-like beside the guns of Tilbury Fort, no Jeanne d' Arc, seeing visions on the plains of Domremy, and making them tangible realities among a people dim and indistinct through the mist of years, and never like to us. Our heroine is a girl of our own time and country; like us by the common ties of youth, associations, studies and pursuits; bound to us far more closely by the mystic vows of our fraternity, by its hand-clasp, by its magic key, by its motto, unspoken but unforgotten. And if we are like Kate Shelly in these things, shall we not also resemble her in courage, perseverance, sympathy and humanity? There is but one answer to such a question. Let us make that answer not only a truth, but a visible truth.

ART STUDIES FOR FRATERNITY MEETINGS.

Literary work of some kind is a necessary feature of our regular Fraternity meetings. But it is a mistake into which we are too likely to fall to model our exercises after the plan of a literary society. Our Fraternity is not a literary society; it is more than that, and we should take advantage of the broadness of its scope to develop a plan of work which will aid us in our efforts for full cultivation of all our powers. Essays, orations and debates are valuable drill, but they are too much in the line of our ordinary college work to be the most desirable for fraternity exercises. There we should learn to talk readily in a conversational manner upon subjects of intrinsic merit or common interest. Such subjects are numerous, but the one on which the most advantageous work can be done in our fraternity meetings is that of art.

The modern idea is the development of the individual. In this development the newest thought is the necessity of developing the artistic faculties if we would have a true and full cultivation. We who attend college have for our aim the highest education we can obtain. Our regular college studies may fulfil their mission, and we yet complete our course with only part of our faculties cultivated. Our four years in college are during the most plastic period of our

lives, when our faculties are most easily molded and directed. Art is truly ennobling. Its study brings happiness in increased appreciation of the beautiful around us, gives us refinement, and adds a polish to pure intellectual vigor. Strength and beauty go together in the well-rounded character. Our college studies are for the purpose of adding to our mental strength. Is it not the province of the fraternity to add to our mental beauty? All well educated women are not expected to be able to execute with the fingers the conceptions of the mind or reproduce the impressions of the eye, but they are all expected to have some clear idea of what constitutes the beautiful, to be able to form an opinion of the work of others, to talk intelligently on the subject, to know something of the beginnings of art and the works of the old masters, and the modern characteristics. Creative power can not be directly cultivated, but any person not absolutely deficient in brain or eye can cultivate a fair critical power, and can materially add to his own pleasure by becoming able to appreciate that which he might never be able to reproduce. Much time is wasted in after years and a confused notion gained when some opportunity of studying great master pieces is offered by an ignorance of the historical part of art. This historical study can be taken up in our fraternity meetings and be a source of increasing refinement and valuable knowledge. It would be a check to that frivolity of spirit which they say a company of girls is apt to show.

As to the plan of study, we think that each chapter can best devise the mode which will suit its own needs and character. That plan which would make each individual talk on the subject under discussion at all times devoted to it, instead of reading some prepared essay at stated intervals, would be preferable. If it be possible to draw all into the discussion, then let a leader be appointed who can make special preparation and be able to direct the thought. But however the work be managed, our fraternity should give careful attention to the study of art as a means for the improvement of its members.

L. T.

ARE THE FRATERNITIES ALWAYS MAGNANIMOUS?

Our acquaintance with fraternity journalism compels us to answer this question with a reluctant negative. That college fraternities are, in their relations to each other, a sort of political organizations, and that political organizations can not be expected to praise each other very warmly or very sincerely, is true; more than this, in our opinion the fraternity that can bestow unlimited praise upon a rival, is on the high-road to dissolution; for a divided admiration is a very tepid thing, and apt to grow stone-cold on the nearer side.

But there is reason in all things. That each band of Greeks should find its rivals not so nearly perfect as itself, is natural; that it should try to impress its own superiority upon the public is also natural. In view of the existing rivalry in "spiking" and in fraternity extension, we expect to see every Greek journal chronicle faithfully all the faults and blunders of each of its opponents; thereby showing the chronicler's fraternity to advantage, and thereby, also, in the wise provision of nature, spurring the defaulting fraternity to achieve better things.

But in fraternity affairs, as in other matters, it often happens that a brave and wise organization, courageous, wary, of good judgment and of irreproachable conduct, is overcome and humiliated by the mere force of circumstances. Some college Faculty has started out on an anti-fraternity crusade, and suppressed a leading chapter; some dying chapter has attempted a revival and failed; some chapter-house was to have been finished this year, but is delayed until next. And then, we are sorry to say, the fact is advertised in every Greek periodical in the land, and is accompanied with such a visible smirk of satisfaction as might make the immortal Olympians on their cloudy heights weep.

And it is this which makes us fear that the Greeks, as a whole, are not magnanimous. For in such cases, there is no question of individual fraternity policy, or of keeping up the general Greek standard. None of the Greeks claim that they could have done better in the position in which the unfortunate was placed. No one can censure the fraternity's action. Therefore no "spiking" can be done on account of the incident. It is useless as political capi-

tal, and to parade it up and down shows a petty malice that is unworthy of the fraternity idea ; and this is the more so, when, as is frequently the case, journals smile over the misfortunes of a fraternity with which they have never had any relations, and the successes of which have never found a place in their pages.

The blemish is not inherent in the Greek body, however, and will doubtless disappear as views broaden. Meantime we are pained to see in the Achaians any symptom of a littleness which is characteristic of ruder and less enlightened minds.

BUT THEY WERE NOBLE GREEKS.

We sometimes criticise fraternity methods ; but when it comes to an earnest and sincere belief in the loftiness of sentiment, the purity of purpose, the actual, practical good unalterably fixed in the Greek fraternities, we yield to no one. Here are a few of the teachings of the fraternity journals, risen from the fraternity spirit, acting upon the fraternity spirit ; ringing out among many made better, wiser, stronger, making others better, wiser, stronger, too. For these also are teachers and helpers of men ; not to be lightly held, but to be revered as significant factors in the great problem of life ; and it is with pride and pleasure that we hear them saying such things as befit them to say, such things as we can only chronicle in part, for they echo from East to West, from North to South, wherever the Greek idea finds an utterance.

[From the *Sigma Chi*.]

The fraternity system is founded on a practical faith in the trustworthiness and permanence of *character* ; and character is but the resultant of our moral forces. The order that attempts to ignore morality can never attain the highest success ; the chapter that fails to recognize it, must fail of its noblest mission. It may achieve apparent success, but the deep strong undercurrent of fraternal attraction flows only from a reliance upon the supremacy and permanence of morals. Here alone we have a foundation upon which can be erected the ideal fraternity ; and the Rev. Otis E. Glazebrook is

building wisely and well for the future of *A T Ω*. We are no disciple of the sanctimonious Pharisee; but we urge with the strongest emphasis upon every chapter of *Σ X* a practical manly recognition of the foundation truths of morality and Christian integrity. Do not forget that your Fraternity professes to be built upon *individual honor*. The essence of honor is morality, and without morality it becomes mere hypocritical pretense. Let the honor of *Σ X* be the pure honor of the Christian gentleman, the highest type of human excellence. Let all infractions of its laws be met with the unswerving condemnation of our chapters; and the future of our order is assured.

[From the *Phi Kappa Psi Shield*.]

Honors obtained through the tortuous channels used by cliques are to be avoided rather than sought, for they are more than hollow and empty; they are tainted and soiled. Honors belie their name when coming as the gift of power in the hands of a few shrewd manipulators of votes, when not the spontaneous offering laid at the feet of talent or industry or both.

[From the *Alpha Tau Omega Palm*.]

We do not fear to teach and appreciate the nobility, the sacredness, the dignity of friendship. We shall not dread but rather pity the Apemanthus who prays for no man but himself; and we shall cherish the great principle of Alpha Tau even when college days have been forgotten and the burdens of sterner life press heavily. For it goes out beyond the chapter halls; it reaches out into human life, and underlies the lessons of the Great Teacher.

[From the *Beta Theta Pi*.]

Brothers! it is because that vow fraternal
 Has merged in one life many varying lives,
 That we can sometimes mount the heights supernal
 And know the rest for which our spirit strives;
 Are conscious that the aimless, idle yearning
 To lessen in some way the world's great woe
 Is quickening into thrills of fervor burning,
 And meets all hearts in sympathetic glow.

To rise from self into RENUNCIATION,
With wide humanity our largess share ;
Such is our later, nobler consecration—
The incarnation of each life's grand care.
And by this dedication are we chastened
Of all the dulling rust of pulseless dream,
And into keener, swift intenseness hastened,
Fulfilling issues perfect and supreme.
To leave the shadows of sophistic dreaming,
The ethics, logic, and the well-wrought plan
How each may bring the glad millennial gleaming,
But fails in duty to his fellow man ;
And from the sloth and passive languors breaking,
This higher purpose shall our lives inspire,
Whose longings, into finer ardors waking,
Shall lift up and ennoble our desire,
Bringing our deeper selves in rare subjection
To know a kinship with all human grief,
The trust that falters not, the pure affection
That works for others' sorrows sweet relief.

—*Chambers Baird.*

Exchanges.

We have the pleasure of welcoming with especial cordiality our first exchange from a ladies' fraternity, and the second periodical published by the feminine Greeks, our own being the first. The *Delta Gamma Ancora*, published in the interests of the Delta Gamma fraternity, at Akron, Ohio, is before us; and, while it is small and unpretentious in appearance, it shows a creditable amount of energy and purpose. We offer our sincere congratulations on the advent, and our best wishes for the future, of the *Ancora*.

Another exchange, new to us, though familiar to many other Greeks, is the *Sigma Alpha Epsilon Record*, organ of the Southern fraternity $\Sigma A E$. It comes from the romantic region of the Se-wanee River, and is well edited, and pleasing in appearance and contents. Its chapter letters show an appreciation of the real field of fraternity usefulness, and, to quote a characteristic editorial sentence, the *Record* "stands like the sailor at his watch aloft, warning the pilot of danger ahead, or seeking to find a passage for his good craft."

The *Sigma Chi*, for February, contains a prize essay from Omega Chapter; a graphic description of Sigma Chi life at Washington and Lee University; some strong editorials on Sigma Chi subjects; and three pages devoted to the Greek press, in which the editor quotes the *\Delta K E Quarterly's* "Antaeus, or the Boomerang," and says of us:

"The GOLDEN KEY of $\kappa \kappa \Gamma$ retains its leading position among Greek journals. Its management is progressive, and although of a more decided literary cast than the other journals, it contains much of general fraternity interest."

The April number of the *Sigma Chi* presents a reminder of the essence of fraternity qualities, entitled, "How Do I Stand?" an amusing but rather indiscreet account of a "terrible temptation"

that befell a ΣX , and a Greek Press department, in which we find a lofty and vigorous view of the moral necessities of fraternity that pleases us very much, and is reprinted elsewhere in the KEY.

The *Delta Tau Delta Crescent* for current issues has been uniformly able and attractive, though apparently contending with an unusual combination of the difficulties that surround a fraternity paper. The December-January number contains a poem, The Legend of the Rhine; a song from Adrian College, in which we find the following lines:

“The Crescent and the Golden Key
Fraternally are bound,
And over both the Watchful Eye
In approbation’s found;”

editorials on the new constitution, the advantages of removing weak chapters, and the needs of the *Crescent*; lastly, a review of the fraternity press, in which the editor says, “a non-aggressive, upright, reliable journal must be a powerful assistance and support to the fraternity it represents,” gives just praise to the manly course of the *Phi Kappa Psi Shield* and remarks concerning us:

* * * * “The KEY maintains the high position it has obtained in the past. The last number is especially meritorious.”

So far as our experience of the journal goes, the *Phi Gamma Delta* has been better in every way under its present management than under any other. The literary part is much improved; the editorials are energetic and characteristic; the reviews are temperate and discriminating, and the Greek World items fairly interesting. This year’s *Phi Gamma Delta* has certainly elevated the standard of the paper, and the editors are to be congratulated on their success, especially in view of the fact that they are all college students, and subject to the exigencies of student life.

The *Phi Kappa Psi Shield*, changed and improved in dress, continues to be as original as of old. There is something very real about the *Shield*, a sense of uncompromising and austere virtue, a sort of “let justice be done, though the heavens fall,” that reminds

us rather of the ancient Romans than of the modern Greeks. But while this quality gives absolute weight to everything the *Shield* says, and makes moderate praise from it worth more than elaborate compliments from others not so severe, its very fairness tends to grow unfair; and it is so particular not to discriminate in favor of its own fraternity, that in effect it discriminates against it, and presents Phi Kappa Psi in a far less favorable light than that fraternity deserves; and this not only to outsiders (for whose opinion the *Shield* states that it has no regard), but to the various chapters of the fraternity itself. It is true that self-laudation is disgusting, that excessive praise makes its object ridiculous, and that it is no kindness to a fraternity to gloze over its faults. But the sunny hours should be registered as well as the cloudy ones. For chapters can not grow in an atmosphere of eternal cold; and if you convince them that their government is bad, their members indifferent, their successes moderate, and their failures great, they will inevitably conclude that they have no cause to fight for, and put their armor off, since they can accomplish nothing with it on.

The *Shield* has no exchange notes, but quotes occasionally from exchanges. The January number reprints and approves our editorial on the literary aspect of fraternity journalism.

Surely the *B θ II* does not believe that "consistency is a jewel." In its last four numbers it has been demanding our opinion of it—in the first and second in the style mandatory, in the third in the style deprecatory, in the fourth (May number) in the style conciliatory. But it seems to forget that however sensible we might be of the excellences of the *B θ II*, we would hardly be likely to say anything on the subject, after the following exposition of the editor's views of inter-fraternity criticism, found in the December number. * * *

"Editors of fraternity magazines are highly favored above other kinds of word-pilers, in that they have ever a subject to write on when their own brains fail them. They can write about other fraternities. This performance brings a mutual pleasure to the parties concerned—is a sort of double acting, as it were, in making fun for all sides. The editor smiles at his own wit and at the card houses he has battered down with his blade of lath as he prances about in

the harlequin colors he wears, while the others are equally amused at the vivacious antics and pardonable bravado of the assailant. Such fun as it is! The combatants slap and slash one another in a charmingly exciting manner without knowing a thing about each other or even what they are doing, sometimes, so illusive are their imaginations. They hang all sorts of placards on each other, removable at pleasure, and no more signifying truth or propriety than a patent medicine display on a yellow barn. Why, it's all romance! We haven't anything else to do, and so we'll make fools of ourselves. * * * What a merry Andrew it is! He will act the model of knight-errantry for you and play out the part in such a humorous guise that you would believe him a born fool, instead of one for the occasion only."

Shall we, then, put "a patent medicine display on a yellow barn," or, to speak more respectfully, imprint our sign manual on the bulging brow of the noble Wooglin? Now may the fates forefend! The cap and bells would ill befit our feminine brows, and as for harlequin colors, blades of lath, vivacious antics, pardonable bravado—words fail us, in spite of our alleged superabundance of languages.

We are simple folk, O "sparkling" brother (if, indeed, there can be any fraternal tie between the peaceful dove of *K K I* and the wild, ferocious dragon of *B Θ II*), and unless the December speech is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, we shall not have, in Beta affairs, even the one tongue you allow us.

We deeply regret our former remarks with reference to the *Alpha Delta Phi Star and Crescent*. We had observed that though the *Star and Crescent* possessed an unusually full corps of editorial contributors, it had no editorials; and thinking that half a dozen able men ought to have some leisure at their disposal, we gave utterance to a desire to see an expression of an Alpha Delta Phi opinion—supposing, of course, that the matter was one of pure volition. But the editor replied briefly that he preferred not to wear his heart upon his sleeve; and from the fact that editorials are not usually matters of the heart, and from various peculiarities

in the *Star and Crescent's* composition, we are led to believe that we have heedlessly intruded upon a very painful and delicate affair; that in short, the position of editor of the *Star and Crescent* is one of penance, not of honor; and that the delinquents are constantly watched lest they should speak out and disgrace the fraternity. This is the only reasonable solution of the matter, for of course it is not possible that Alpha Delta Phi has not a single idea of its own. We see, too, that the peculiar position of the editors makes them humble in the extreme, for in noticing us they say: "Our sisters of the KEY are much concerned that we, forsooth, devote ourselves exclusively to Alpha Delta Phi." Really, gentlemen, you depreciate yourselves unduly. We would never think of saying the *Star and Crescent*, forsooth. No, indeed! With the exception of its too sensitive and conspicuous heart, the *Star and Crescent* is a very fair average paper, quite above the for-r-sooth! of tragic scorn. Not the less, there remains at the Round Table of the Greeks, a veiled figure; and since it has refused to give its name or uncover its face, we are at liberty to paint what portrait we please of it. We had thought of it as the Veiled Prophet; but on the whole, that is not a pleasant fancy. Mokanna is said to have hidden a loathsome face behind his veil, and we do not relish the idea of a *memento mori* at our feast of reason, however well covered from sight. Considering the *Star and Crescent's* ignorance of modern persons and affairs; considering the mediæval character of its own conduct and its bluff disregard of the amenities of life, we picture it rather as a knight of the Middle Ages—the Knight of the Broken Heart, M. Crève-cœur by name. His shield is a heart gules on a field noir with a dagger perçant, above it a daw jessant, below it a bear couchant; the motto, *Noli me tangere*. He is armed *cap-a-pie*; but the hauberk links have slipped, on the left side. He is on horseback, of course; and even as we meet him we lose sight of him in a cloud of dust. Adieu, Monsieur! Keep your visor well down lest the light of modern times should flash into your unaccustomed eyes and put them out.

The *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, in common with several of our exchanges, is late in making its appearance. The October

number of the *Quarterly* preceded its date by some two weeks; but the April number is so far from doing so, that it reaches us in the very last days of May. Since the *Quarterly* has all the facilities for speedy work, this decrease of enterprise might seem to indicate a corresponding diminution of interest; but the carefully arranged contents of the April number amply refute such a supposition.

One of the most interesting papers to us is BAYARD TAYLOR, *Δ K E*, by John De Witt Warner. After viewing Taylor's vigorous and many-sided character from other stand-points, it is peculiarly interesting to catch a glimpse of him in his fraternity aspect; though we learn with surprise and disappointment that he was merely an honorary member of *Δ K E*, and consequently not closely connected with the fraternity. The editorial on the Part of the Chapter in College Reform, is timely and thoughtful. We quote as follows from it, regretting that space does not permit us to give it all:

"The existence of a chapter is justified when it is shown that the balance of its influence is to the good; its methods are justified only when they are calculated to secure the greatest possible good with the least possible conflict with other means of culture. And it is therefore incumbent upon each chapter for itself, and upon the fraternity at large for all, to so arrange meetings as to interfere as little as may be with class work. * * * But the chapters owe to their institutions the more important and delicate duty of giving positive moral support to every legitimate method by which such institutions attain the objects of their existence, and of resisting every movement, within or without, which lessens their efficacy. * * * [With regard to deficiencies and evils within the colleges]

"We believe, however, that as a rule, reform is rather retarded than helped by any act of the student which goes beyond direct expression to the authorities of his convictions; that when the student finds the methods of his institution such as are not to be tolerated, he can best express his convictions by dropping from its roll; that in short, while he choose to attend a college, he can do so profitably only in subordination to its constituted authorities, and that he will retard, not hasten, reform by causing it to be confounded with

rebellion. * * * As for chapter action, until it is ready to leave in a body—and such instances must be rare—it should be characterized by loyalty to the institution to whose usefulness it is auxiliary.”

With the exception of an awkward expression or two, such as “direct expression to the authorities of his convictions,” and the error in grammar in the last part, the above is a lucid and able exposition of a truth which ought to be impressed upon every fraternity and every member of fraternity; so that each might realize that loyalty to a fraternity chapter includes loyalty to the college where the chapter is placed; and that, when the two sorts of loyalty are found to be incompatible, the only course for the chapter or for the individual, is to go to some other college.

The *Quarterly* Exchange Notes are brilliant as usual, and show a breadth of information, a keen perception, a close analysis, a ready and delicate wit, and a power of quiet, almost innocent, sarcasm, that form a combination as rare as it is admirable. But, Ἡὸδδμητις ὀβὸσσεν, your treatment of the *Sigma Nu Delta* is by no means generous. We think that there is no doubt that the *Delta* is doing the very best that its environment will permit, and we gently suggest that the *Quarterly* editors themselves might not be able to make a greater success of a paper published in Georgia and supported by eight chapters. The *Delta* shows an energy and courage that make it worthy to live, unmolested by the Greeks; and for its difficulties, we say with Seneca: “*Si aliquando impetum capiunt, spectant di magnos viros conluctantes cum aliqua calamitate. * * * Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus; ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum fortuna mala compositus, utique si et provocavit.*”

Doubtless the *Quarterly's* criticism caused the *Delta* some such a crisis of fear as the Anglo Saxon Cædmon describes:

“Folc waes âfaered, flôdegsa becwom gastas geomre, geofon dead hweop.”

Or, perhaps, such a silence of terror as Goethe portrays in *Meeres-Stille*:

“Keine Luft, von keiner Seite!
Todes-stille, fuerchterlich!

In der ungeheuren Weite
Reget keine Welle sich."

The memory of former praise was there, but it could not comfort the *Delta*, for, as Dante says:

* * * "Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

However, as to the future, the *Delta* can console itself with the old Spanish adage:

"Il sabio muda consejo, il necio no."

And, of course, if that is true, the *Quarterly* is likely to change its opinion. For ourselves, we hope to hear something more from the *Sigma Nu Delta* than the refrain of the popular Magyar song:

"Hortobagy puzta,
Hortobagy ortâz."

And we say very sincerely and cordially:

"Oh! l'avenir est magnifique!
Jeunes héros, jeunes amis,
Un siècle pur et pacifique
S'ouvre à vos pas mieux affermis."

In general, we like to imitate the brief style of the Russian General Suwarrow, who reported a great victory in this single couplet:

"Slava bogu! slava vam!
Krepost vzala y iä tam."

But we can not close our comments on the *Quarterly Exchange Notes* without saying that the editor has an exaggerated idea of Mr. Foster's *KKI* sentiments. It is only the Yale or Harvard student who sings after the Persian poet Hafiz:

"Koosh biu sheen bu kilwuté
Chung nuwaz-a sa uté,
Bosu sitan bu kam uz o,
Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou!"

News-Letters.

GAMMA CHAPTER

Dear Golden Key:

WOOSTER, OHIO.

By some unfortunate circumstance, we have as yet failed to make an appearance by letter this year, but it has not been because of idleness, for Gamma has been active and prosperous.

Nine active and a few resident members met at the opening of the year. To this number have been added Maribel Curran, '86; Lizzie Lindly, '88; Lorena Shaeffer and Pearl Kious, 89. Cordelia Freeman, of the Musical Department, has also joined our number and has done *KKI* a great honor in her public appearances as a vocal soloist. We now number fourteen active and five resident, two alumnæ and one honorary member. Furthermore, our girls rank as high as any in college—not only of the girls but of the boys—gentlemen, excuse me!

It has been our pleasure, during the year, to receive visits from various Kappa sisters, every one of which has proved an inspiration in fraternity matters.

Miss Rose Humphrey, of Gamma, who is now teaching in Ashland, Ohio, and Miss Mary Krenzke, of Lambda, visited us at the same time last fall.

On February 5th Mrs Mary A. Livermore lectured here, and was entertained by one of our number. Mrs. L. won unbounded praise, as she always does, and you may be assured every Kappa's heart swelled with pride when our handsome and distinguished representative appeared on the stage wearing the Key.

Miss Susan Dickey, of Cleveland, and Misses Flora Welch and Anna Millets, from Delaware (all of Rho Ohio, which, though defunct, yet speaketh), visited Miss Ella Parsons, one of our number, during the Ohio State Oratorical Contest, held here February 28th.

We are always glad to welcome the GOLDEN KEY among us, and always feel inspired by reading the letters it brings us from sister chapters. With earnest wishes that prosperity may crown your faithful efforts, we remain

Yours in the bonds, GAMMA.

EPSILON CHAPTER.

Dear K. K. I., Greeting:

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Not long ago we received a letter desiring particular information concerning our college buildings, grounds, faculty, etc.; and it is with pleasure that we publicly comply with the request.

On a campus of about five acres stands Wesleyan University, composed of two brick buildings. The older building, which was the University fourteen years ago, now stands back, and is used for the preparatory department and college of commerce. The newer building is a spacious brick edifice—the seat of the College of Letters and Sciences, Colleges of Law and Music. Dr. Adams, the President of the institution, is a most genial man, and a favorite with the entire body of students. The faculty of the College of Letters and Sciences consists of seven professors, the Law College of seven, College of Music of seven, Commercial College and College of Short-hand of eight. The number of students in attendance this year is more than five hundred, about two-thirds of whom are gentlemen, and one-third ladies. The school is denominational, being Methodist in its tendencies. It supports three literary societies, besides six secret fraternities. There are four gentlemen's fraternities. The chapter of $\Phi \Gamma \Lambda$ was established here in 1862, and now contains ——— members. $\Phi \Delta \theta$, established in 1878, has eighteen members. ΣX was established last May, and has fourteen members at the present time. The $\Phi \Delta \phi$, a fraternity of law students, was established in 1878. $K \Lambda \theta$, the only rival of $K K I$, was established in 1875.

Epsilon Chapter of $K K I$ is flourishing greatly this year. We have initiated seven into our mystic circle, our chapter at present

consisting of twelve. Although we are not as strong in numbers as some of our sister chapters, yet our strength lies in our congeniality and the rank of the young ladies as students. Our literary work has been broken somewhat by the different initiations, but, with these exceptions, we have progressed well.

This is the first year that we have been able to have a hall. Heretofore we have met at the homes of our members, but we are now proud to say that we possess a haven for Sir William Caper within the walls of the Wesleyan.

Ten of our girls are owners of fine pins, five of them being received this term.

By far the most enjoyable event of the present school year was the Pan-Hellenic leap-year party given by the *K A θ*, and *K K T*, at the home of Grace Funk, one of our Kappa sisters, to the gentlemen of the Greek fraternities. The gathering was large, the invitations amounting to nearly a hundred. A number of the faculty were present and added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Refreshments were served during the evening, and the hours sped quickly, laden with conversation and music. We doubt whether there are many colleges in which the fraternities are on as pleasant terms as here, and we rejoice over our happy lot.

With best wishes for each chapter, we remain as a link in the mystic chain,

EPSILON.

ZETA CHAPTER.

Editors Golden Key:

Zeta Chapter would long ago have sent you her first greeting and well wishes for this year, which has brought so much prosperity and happiness, but she to whom was first given the enjoyable task of writing the letter, was prevented by unforeseen circumstances from so doing, and hence quite a good deal of valuable time was wasted before a substitute could be regularly appointed. But let us hope that we will not be prevented from contributing our mite.

We are in a very flourishing condition, having almost as many members as can well be accommodated, and all are happy and con-

tented in their beloved sisterhood. We are making a thorough study of the works of that noble author, that majestic type of womankind and sympathizer with all humanity, George Eliot. We have begun our work with the reading of "Adam Bede." All are enthusiastic over the plan, and much pleasure is anticipated.

Quite a pleasant affair occurred in Kappa circles yesterday. One of our sisters who has left us in one of those sad times of yearly departure, sent us as a specimen of her art, a most delicious cake, and, although we are all opposed to the eating of such things, of course, under the circumstances, we felt as though we might, with safety, break over our rules of hygiene, and we partook of the dainty with thousands of thanks to our sister, who evidently is cognizant of the desires of school girls.

Wishing you all success and prosperity, I am, Yours, etc.,
ZETA.

ETA CHAPTER.

Editors of the Golden Key:

MADISON, WIS.

Owing to some misunderstanding, we were not represented in the last KEY. We shall be very careful it does not occur again.

We were in a very unsettled state last term, having decided that we could no longer remain where we were and suitable rooms seeming almost unavailable. But before the close of the term we were very cosily settled in our present pleasant quarters, and the rest of the year promises both peace and pleasure.

Our first frolic of this year was an initiation, which was more than usually hilarious, old Billy becoming quite unmanageable before the evening was over.

Again, one of our resident members very kindly offered us her house, where we entertained a few of our gentlemen friends. The German was the order of the evening, and every one pronounced it a great success.

With all good wishes, we remain,

Yours in the bonds,

ETA.

 KAPPA CHAPTER.

Dear Golden Key :

HILLSDALE, MICH.

Several months have elapsed since last we heard from our sister chapter, but if those months have been as eventful to them as to us, surely this number of the GOLDEN KEY will be interesting and we shall peruse its contents with more than usual pleasure.

Our meetings have been weekly, and well attended ; our chapter numbering fourteen. The usual degree of enthusiasm in Kappa affairs has been evinced, indeed, at one time new stimulus was given us.

On Christmas eve the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity of the college tendered the Kappa girls an elegant reception and banquet at Smith's Hotel, the finest in the city. As to giving an adequate description of it, we feel quite unable to do so without taking more space than we think belongs to us. Safe to say, however, that it was as *recherche* an affair as has ever occurred here during the history of the college ; but owing to the anti-fraternity spirit of the faculty and college rules, the results were not appreciated in exactly the same way as the banquet. The members of the Phis were quite appreciably diminished a few weeks later, and the Kappas also feared the necessity of initiating many new members in order to keep the chapter at its usual size. As both fraternities are, however, important factors in the higher classes of the college, the matter was dropped, the gentlemen being partially restored to favor, though some now prefer a college course in some other school.

Peace, therefore, reigns once more. The clouds having been dispelled, the sky again looks clear.

With best wishes for the prosperity of our fraternity and its many chapters,

In Kappa bonds, KAPPA.

 IOTA CHAPTER.

To Golden Key :

GREENCASTLE, IND.

While the elements are contending for the sovereignty of this insignificant sphere—while the fierce winds have been giving us a stormy adieu, and now in these few pleasant days we behold the

graces of Spring—in the midst of it all we turn our dreamy minds to our sister chapters, and wonder if they have also caught the “Spring fever?”

Although in the past three months we have not enjoyed the sweets and anxieties of spiking, and “Sir William” has departed to pastures new, yet we have had our share of pleasure. Shakespeare has sunk into oblivion, and a new and novel program presides in his stead. Seeing that the “Immortal Bill,” with all his “love” and “murder,” could not command a full attendance, the elder sisters adopted the plan of dividing the “frat.” into two parts—having one division entertain one evening, while the other criticised, and *vice versa*. This works like a charm, for in their endeavors to excel the girls are developing into musicians, orators, and tragedy queens.

In our college work we have won much honor, one of our seniors (Mattie Tarbell, of Indianapolis) carrying off the prize on the Kinnear-Monnette Debate. At Sophomore performances we were ably represented, and may justly be proud of our girls in their class work.

Our farewell term meeting was held at the home of an esteemed alumna, who surprised us after a private theatrical exhibition with elegant refreshments. Our gentlemen supporters, who were so fortunate as to partake of the delicacies, all avow their intentions of being Kappas as soon as the goat can be found.

With best wishes for the closing week of the spring term against that destroyer of energy and will—spring fever,

We remain in the bonds,

IOTA.

MU CHAPTER.

IRVINGTON, IND.

You scarce can expect a Kappa so wee

To write a long letter for Golden Key,

But failure in duty by a Kappa, though new,

Has never been heard of, and shall not from Mu.

With quaking heart we approach the “sanctum” and present our

little piece. We were told to write a letter for Mu, and ever obedient to the call of Kappa, we respond.

To begin—"we are seven" modest, bright and good looking young ladies. We are proud of ourselves, and feel that a few honest words of self-praise are not out of order. Mu has had her dark days, and now that she has reached the light through the efforts of a few brave girls invested with a genuine Kappa spirit, we can not resist the feeling which prompts us to say, "We killed the bear." We did not really kill the bear, but we shared in the celebration of victory, and feel now that nothing will quench the ardor of Kappa.

On account of some opposition and a lack of material to work on, Mu took a rest, so that at the beginning of 1881 there were

Four little Kappas as forlorn as they could be,
One graduated, and then there were three.

Very patiently these three girls waited till Nov. 9, 1882, when

Three little Kappas thinking 'twould be fine
To surprise the Butler students, made their number nine.
Nine active Kappas wanting something to do,
Worked and spiked till, in June, they had increased their
number by two.

Since then we have prospered, and, though the field for spiking is limited, we keep our eyes open and continue an earnest, happy band. In our ranks are two noble Seniors, one aspiring Sophomore, two admiring Freshmen, and two very promising students from the Preparatory Department. Our meetings are held every two weeks in one of the college society halls, and consist of literary exercises, with occasionally exercises in calisthenics, conducted by "His Majesty, Sir Billy."

With all our fun, we ever keep in view the true Kappa aim, and think that Mu will always be ready to encourage and support our Golden Key, of which we are justly proud. Fraternaly, MU.

XI CHAPTER.

Dear Golden Key:

ADRIAN, MICH.

We write to let you know we are among the living and thriving. We hope in the future to be more regular in our correspondence.

How pleased we are when the time comes for your visit; would that you might come more often.

Two of our members become *alumnæ* this year, but as both live near we hope to have them with us often. Three absent members expect to return next year. Two of our former members, Carrie B. De Graff and Rose McCloskey, have joined the ranks of the wedded, and another will soon distinguish herself in like manner.

In our recent anniversaries four of the five girls taking part were Kappas. Two will take part in our annual society contest in June, one of whom, Miss Lannie Condict, has already won the prize in English literature.

On the evening of February 20th, after our regular meeting, we partook of a supper served at the home of Florence Raymond, a lately initiated member, with whom we are greatly pleased. What with feasting, music, and various other employments, we certainly spent a delightful evening and went home feeling more loyal than ever.

Our "birthday" comes in May, and we are making arrangements to have a time befitting such an event.

Wishing the KEY great success and every chapter the same, we remain, yours sincerely,

XI.

OMICRON CHAPTER.

Dear Golden Key:

INDIANOLA, IOWA.

We are sorry that Omicron's letter did not reach you in time for publication in the last issue. We are moving along peaceably and quietly at present. As it is near the close of the term, the Greek world is very quiet. The tide is always highest in the fall term; and by its rising it surrounds many a victim; in its ebbing it launches him upon the sea of society, while a few are left desolate upon the beach, perhaps to be "picked up" afterward, and often to prove perfect gems.

You can have some conception of how high the tide rises, when you learn that there are three fraternities for gentlemen and four for ladies. Only two of the latter are Greeks—the *K A Θ* and *K K T*.

Secret societies are not opposed by the Faculty, and each new member comes out full fledged in his badge the next morning after his initiation; that is, if he is able to survive the "shock," or does not choose to play sub-rosa. This year the Kappas have fully realized that numbers alone do not constitute the strength of a society; for our meetings this entire college year have been characterized by a unity and interest unparalleled in our previous history.

Our literary work often consists in the discussion of some prominent author, and at times partakes of a humorous nature. At our last meeting pantomimes engaged our attention, and convulsive laughter served for interludes. Sir William Caper's neck-tie, of dark and light blue has held him fast to his place in Kappa's sanctuary, for we have had no use for him this term. Last term, however, he was led forth five times; and thinking that Mollie Foulks, Minta Howard, Kittie Stafford, Susie Henderson and Abbie Creighton were fitted for a higher sphere in life, he proceeded to lift and carry them to loftier heights. Last fall we had a "bum" (no other word will express it); representatives from each of the fraternities were present, and all had a "jolly good time." Our girls have been represented in all the public performances in which ladies have participated, both this term and last. I would tell you much more about our chapter, but sister Kate Shelly's history will occupy some space, and we would not have you think us selfish in trying to monopolize the GOLDEN KEY.

Wishing all the chapters as pleasant and enjoyable meetings as our own, we remain your sisters in the bonds of *KKI*,

OMICRON,

Simpson Centenary College.

UPSILON CHAPTER.

The North Western University consists of Garret Biblical Institution, Law and Medical Colleges, and College of Liberal Arts. The Law and Medical Colleges are situated at Chicago; the Biblical College and College of Liberal Arts here at Evanston; the latter are located on the banks of Lake Michigan. There are at the pres-

ent date about one thousand students, and sixty professors. The greater part of the students are of the masculine persuasion, and a hard battle is said to have been fought before this college was brought to a co-educational view of the case. But the battle was won; hence the prosperous condition of the University. Girls comprise about one-third of the attendants at college, but with the present prospect, in the face of woman's rights, *et cetera*, there will, ere long, be an equal proportion of men and women. The character of the school is of high moral standard; as the denomination is Methodist, it could not be otherwise. There are three lady and five gentlemen fraternities at present, all in a flourishing condition. A proportion of about one-third of the entire school remains non-fraternity, leaving a very good majority for the Greeks. Upsilon of $\kappa \kappa \Gamma$ holds her own, and hopes to present a lengthy account of herself soon.

Yours in the bonds, Upsilon.

PHI CHAPTER.

Editor of Golden Key:

BOSTON, MASS.

Our interest in the News Letters grows with the receipt of the second copy of the KEY. They acquaint us with the worth and work of other chapters, and their writing and reading will promote fraternity interest.

The presence of several ladies from Western chapters—Misses Moore and Rood, and the Misses Sarles—at one of our meetings, was a source of cheer and inspiration. Miss Sarles addressed us briefly, and by her helpful words gave us a home feeling in the fraternity, which we had never felt so strongly before. As most of the chapters are far away, the connection has sometimes been difficult to realize.

Our number has been increased by four worthy members of '87, who promise energy and strength to the chapter. We now count sixteen.

The work of the society this winter was in Greek sculpture. We

find it a delightful study, varying the programme from meeting to meeting. A recent one afforded us the pleasure of a visit to the Parthenon, with a Kappa as guide.

That our thoughts may not be engrossed by the past, we strive to preserve the live *KKΓ* spirit in other ways. Sentiments, quotations from favorite authors, are circulated on different days, and so, beneath the various college duties, there is an under-current of sympathy and an incitement to united effort.

Phi's one member in '84, Miss Carrie Stone, has been elected Commencement speaker by the faculty. We are justly proud of her leading scholarship and her general abilities. We rejoice, too, in the fact that the senior and junior proctors are Kappas—the former, Miss Stone, the latter, Miss Barrell.

Another year may turn the tables, but the worth and strength of our present chapter is unquestioned. We desire no unmerited honors, however. We have great needs, and our ideal is ever beyond us. May others reach it, while we still strive.

With good cheer to all, you have the greeting of

CHAPTER PHI.

PSI CHAPTER.

Editor of the Golden Key:

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

At the last issue of the *KEY* we had just entered upon our fraternity life, consequently the first of the term was spent in organization. Now we are in regular working order, and hope to do work which will not only benefit the chapter, but each individual member.

Two new members have been added to our number, one from '85 and one from '87. Each one is a valuable addition, and we feel sure will enter into our work with zeal.

One of our members recently visited Tau, and was very cordially received.

The Kappa Alpha Theta Chapter have received us very kindly, and we hope that nothing in the future will occur to change the pleasant relations between us.

With best wishes to the *GOLDEN KEY*, very sincerely, Psi.

OMEGA CHAPTER.

Dear Golden Key:

LAWRENCE, KAN.

We are glad that we are privileged to add our greeting to the Golden Key for the first time and unite in sisterhood as well. *

We now have ten members in our chapter. One of them has returned home until next year. Two members have been lately initiated, Carrie C. Morse and Carrie A. Fisher. We all deeply realize that this love which binds together the Kappas is true and steadfast.

The morning set apart for making our appearance with our gold keys was quite rainy and cloudy without, but all sunshine within the circle of Omega Chapter, which received many hearty congratulations. From that time to this has been all pleasure. Soon after our initiation we were entertained by the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity and the I. C.'s were also present. The reception showed the kindly feeling existing between them and us. After partaking of a bountiful repast, we spent a pleasant evening in music, recitations and games.

In our short life we have enjoyed much happiness, but hope to begin now trying to be an honor to the Kappa fraternity. We are last, as we are the Omega Chapter, and feel least. We need your watchful care. Yours, sincerely,
OMEGA.

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