

# THE KEY.

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## BEAUTY OF MIND.

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PRIZE ORATION AT L. L. U. CONTEST, HILLSDALE COLLEGE, MICHIGAN,  
FEB. 23, 1887.

WHEREVER beauty is found it attracts, whether it is in the soft petals of the rose, the grandeur of the planets as they roll in their orbits, or in the soft strains of music which the fingers of the musician bring from his instrument. It may be in the pearly dew-drop, or in the landscape whose lofty mountains rise in sublimity, displaying all their mighty strength. But these have needed not the hand of man to make them beautiful. They are given to him as they are, to enjoy. But there is that given him which is capable of possessing more loveliness than the rose, more grandeur than the stars, and more endurance than the mountains. This is his mind. This he must cultivate and purify. He is the one who can make this wear a robe of beauty. It is like the rough block of marble placed in the sculptor's hands. He cuts from it the beautiful form, perfect in its design and execution. Its graceful curves and delicate angles show the strokes of a careful and steady hand, and one gazes at it with admiration. Or he may bring forth the wretched work of the careless workman whose plan was only half conceived. The mars and scratches, here and there, and its coarse finish show forth the workman who has spoiled even the natural beauty of the marble. So man is able to make his mind beautiful, or rob it of its natural grace.

Beauty of mind has two attributes, purity and strength. Both are necessary to make it complete. A mind may have strength of purpose, be decided in its views, eager in its desires, but if its desires and pur-

poses are not high, if its tendencies are entirely toward evil things, if it has not high aspirations, there is no true beauty, and its force is worse than lost.

Purity elevates the aims and perfects the desires. The pure mind rises above common things. Of their coarseness and vulgarity it is not capable. In its refinement, it cannot fail to elevate those with whom it comes in contact. Like pure water, it cleanses what it laves; but an evil mind, like foul water, discolors whatever it touches. The pure mind strives ever to attain loftier heights. It glories not in its own goodness, but ever seeks to acquire more. It labors for the advancement of those things which tend to elevate man and make him nearer what his Creator intended. Tender sympathies, self-sacrifice, and unassuming simplicity are attributes of which only the pure-minded are possessed.

But purity without strength would not stand against the warfare of the world. A mind may be pure, but if it has no strength it is tossed by every current. Its purposes are true, but in the contending strifes of opinion it is not able to carry them out. Its intents and designs are good, but in its weakness they fail. Strength makes a sure foundation on which to build the palace of crystal. It gives the mind the stability with which to encounter the world. A mind, determined in its purposes, high in its aims, and strong in its principles, is one not to be changed by circumstances. It stands firm to its own beliefs and convictions, commanding the respect of all. It is not disheartened by trifles or dismayed by difficulties, but goes on with its plans, intent on their accomplishment. Great things have been achieved, but not without force of mind. Weak-minded men are never seen heading reforms. It is always those who, having opinions of their own, are bold enough to assert them. They fear not public opinion, but with a knowledge of doing right, they go forward undaunted to success. They may have discouragements, but disregarding them, press on and gain that at which they aimed.

We see in this some of the influence of a beautiful mind. Pure, strong, and brave, it has brought the multitude to follow. Its beauty attracts, as did the landscape or the rose, but in a different way, for it has accomplished something more. Those pleased the eye, while this has affected lives.

As the distance which an arrow flies depends on the force with which it is shot, so it is with an idea. The force and strength behind it gives it motion and makes it effective. Some may have ideas as pure and high as others, but they have not their influence if they lack strength.

Influence is exerted in different ways. It may be by the unconscious teachings of a beautiful mind, or the deeds of one to which purity is unknown, the leadership of the bold reformer, or the enticement of the smooth-tongued villain, who leads men down. By this one, man is elevated, by that one, polluted; by this one, inspired to labor for the good of others, by that one, robbed of even hope. The contrast is indeed so perceptible that even the unobserving see and feel it. Which is the better?

The beautiful mind lends dignity and strength to others. Thus influencing those in its immediate society, through them it influences the world. Though it may not be esteemed great, yet

"No star ever rose  
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Like autumn leaves, we see our great men falling all around us. Their names may be forgotten, but their influence lives on.

Man makes his mind what he will. Then why should it not be beautiful, strengthened by the discipline of study and definiteness of purpose, and purified by love to God and man? Nations shall rise and fall, and magnificent cities crumble to ruin; the roses shall fade, the dew-drops vanish; the rock shall melt, and even the stars fall from their places, but "Beauty of mind endures forever."

SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH.

From the *Herald*.

## GUSTAVE.

I WAS the only son of a Southern planter. My father was wealthy, and our plantation extended for miles around. How well I remember the gloomy old place! the luxuriant dark foliage, the tangled masses of undergrowth, the long, weird gray-moss streamers from the trees, the dark shadows moving in the moon-light in the avenues. Near our house flowed lazily the river, quiet and over-hung by trees; from my window I could catch little glimpses of its grayish current by day, and at night its continuous, lulling murmur soothed me to sleep. Our house, of gray stone, covered with creepers, seemed a part of Nature's, not man's, handiwork, and seemed better fitted for its animal than its human residents. Our neighbors were few, and after my mother's death, I was left much by myself, excepting for the companionship of the blacks on the place. I remember my mother well. She was a fair-haired, Northern woman, who, having married very young, came to this secluded place, and, away from all that made her northern life happy and gay, she became listless and dull. My father was much older and sterner, and had never sympathized with her; and it is my opinion, so far as I remember now, that my mother died as much heart-broken for her old life, as from the consumption which the doctor affirmed. From that time I became much more lonely. I always felt a longing, an emptiness in my heart, a sense of incompleteness in all my play and occupations. You know how imaginative children are. I used often wish for a companion, and finally, I began to fancy myself two children. In my loneliness this became my favorite and invariable pastime, and I used to talk to my other self, tell stories to it, run with it to the river; I even gave it a name—Gustave. One fancy used especially to please me. My mother had brought with her from the North some sea-shells, of which I was fond. One of these, a large curved shell, with a beautifully pink-tinted interior, I used to take with me to the river, and, sitting on the bank, with the murmuring river at my feet, I held the beautiful shell to my ear, and listened to its stories of the North, and the great ocean, and the white-sailed ships.

More often it told me of my Gustave, my play-mate. It said: "Paul, Paul, see how the water sparkles, let us play in it! Run with me along the bank! How I love you, Paul!" And so, in time I think I grew to love my Gustave like my real self, with a special feeling of secrecy and proprietorship in him as mine alone.

In time I grew large enough for a tutor, and then I came North to college. I had never lost my sense of loneliness and incompleteness. Other young men, however much they might attract me, repelled even more. I gathered no real friends in college, and was as isolated as ever in my childhood. I had never had a room-mate, preferring my own solitude to the companionship of any college man I knew. I had never forgotten my childish fancy, and used often to smile at the old days in Northern Louisiana, and my fabulous Gustave.

It was in the first term of my Junior year. All the term I had been feeling strange and unwell. I had neglected study altogether, and was passing my time in a listless, careless fashion, idly waiting for something to turn up to interest me. One morning I awoke with a curious, expectant feeling, as if something were that day to be consummated. Did you ever experience it? It is like the heaviness in the air before the thunder-storm, like the sudden calm before the sirocco. One seldom experiences such a sensation, but its tokens are unmistakable. After breakfast, I was walking in the quadrangle, when I heard the men talking of a new arrival—a Junior. I listened with sudden interest, and heard that the new-comer was a Frenchman, who had come to this country a few years since, had entered one college, and had left in dissatisfaction to try another. His name was Gustave Dorne. At the name all my childish fancies rushed back to me, and I longed eagerly to know this man. That night I met him. I felt his presence before I saw him, and with almost a feeling of relief, I began to talk with him. He was tall, dark and magnetic. From the moment I saw him, I felt an irresistible attraction. It was not friendship, it never became love, technically speaking; it may have been animal magnetism, I do not know, only he seemed to complete my life, to satisfy my cravings. With him I felt new powers, added brilliancy of mind and even of body. I was uneasy in his absence, and could even think better and talk more freely

in his presence. We shared the same room, and our intimacy soon grew to be a matter of course.

One evening we were sitting, reading, when suddenly it came into my mind that we would attend a concert the next evening. Gustave said quietly: "No, Paul, we cannot. The evening is promised already." I started. Had Gustave really read my thoughts? So it seemed. Then we noticed that the thoughts of one seemed to affect those of the other; our facility in this silent speech became more and more marked. Frequently, we spent hours in that eloquent silence, which made conversation mere chatter. We studied our case with true scientific interest, and soon gained the power to influence at a distance, with nearly the same ease which closer proximity allowed.

After graduation, we decided to go South to visit my home. My father had already died, and the place needed supervision. We determined to run the plantation for a while, until we could form more ambitious plans. To while away the time, we visited our few neighbors, and made an interesting discovery. A young lady, very beautiful and interesting, was visiting one of our neighbors. She was certainly very attractive, and our visits became frequent. We always went together, and the next day used to discuss our friend's charms with much interest and unanimity. For months this continued, until at last I fancied we were not quite so united as formerly. We could not influence as we used. The gap increased, and although neither spoke of it, there was a certain uneasiness in our intercourse which had never before existed. We ceased to wish to be together. For the first time, Gustave made his visit alone; I did not wish to go, I was dissatisfied and unhappy; after that we never went together. My feeling for Louise deepened, and I resolved to ask her to marry me.

One night Gustave left the house, saying that he would be back shortly, that he was going down to the river to see the overflow which a recent freshet had made. I bade him good-bye, and started to our neighbor's, to tell my story and receive my answer.

Entering, I called for Miss Louise, and after the usual comments, I passionately began my tale. She listened quietly, and at length replied: "I cannot, Paul. I do not care for you." I importuned, asked her to

take time to consider, said that I would wait for years. She shook her head. A sudden suspicion came over me. "Is it Gustave?" I demanded. She did not answer, and with my suspicion made certain, I returned home wretched. My life seemed bitter. I had no plans, no hopes. My life had always been a selfish one. Excepting my friendship for Gustave, I had never cherished kindly feelings towards any one, and my friendship for him was more a selfish impulse, a ministering to my own necessities, than a healthy, sacrificing love.

Gustave had not returned. I wondered idly, but with little interest, where he was. He was to win the love I coveted so much. His was to be the blessing, not mine. In my jealous, angry mood, I cursed him and our friendship, and bitterly thought that without him, I should have succeeded.

At midnight I heard a call in my ear, "Paul, Paul, come to me, I am drowning." I got up, looked around. The light was burning dimly, no one was there. With a sudden revengeful feeling I thought of Gustave. Should I go to help him—help him live to gain the prize I might otherwise obtain? Besides, I was only dreaming. The river was all right. I hushed my scruples, and went back to bed. Again it sounded in my ears. "Paul, Paul, I am drowning. Help!" With an angry exclamation, I got up, blew out the light, locked the door. A third time it came, "Paul, forgive me; she shall be yours; help, save my life!" A tide of passion came over me. "I will never go—drown, you have betrayed your friend and spoiled my life; I will never lift a finger to aid you!"

I heard nothing more. Gustave did not come that night, nor in the morning. Two days later, some negroes who had been down to the river, brought in his dead body. In crossing the river, his boat had struck a hidden rock, had overturned, and he was drowned. Seeing him, all my old affection rushed back. Bitterly I knew my sin, that I had committed murder. The sight of home grew hateful to me—it was associated with the face of my friend. In penance and sacrifice I have tried to expiate the passion of that night, but I have lost half my soul.

M. G. BRADFORD.

## KAPPAS IN PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

AMONG the professions open to women, are those of teaching, journalism, medicine, architecture, and mechanic arts. It is my purpose to mention members of our fraternity who have attained eminence in some of these callings.

Edgar Fawcett, in a recent article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, says: "Learn your trade, gentlemen, or your art, if it be an art, before you attempt to practice it. Science points you the path, not whim or conceit or vainglory." It is fitting that those who have "learned their trade or art," and have reached a practical success, should tell something of their experience for the benefit of their friends. However, I have found great reticence on the part of my sisters to narrate even a small part of their history. A general fear of "getting in the paper" seemed to seize those with whom I conferred, or else modesty deterred them from saying anything that bordered on egotism. Hence I am personally responsible for any encomiums, and record my data in no spirit of praise or panegyric, but in order that we may know our sisters better.

Tribute to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has previously been paid in the columns of our magazine, to which I wish to add the words of her personal friend, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "It is good to have her power, her wisdom, her influence, and her fame. It is better to have her tenderness, her self-oblivion, her human happiness and her home. It is best to know that she has been able to balance these qualities and quantities with a grace that has not fallen short of greatness, and that she has accomplished greatness without expunging grace."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is well known as an author, poet, philosopher, and reformer. Her works of travel are very interesting, those relating to her travels in Europe and Cuba being most noteworthy. She composed "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was our "Marseillaise" during the Rebellion. Her volumes of poems have received recognition of the highest kind from Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes, who gladly admitted her as an honored member of their glorious guild. One of her most interesting literary productions is a five act drama in



blank verse, "The World's Own," a powerful tragedy which had a long and successful run in Wallack's Theater.

She was one of the three original members of the "Brain Club," which was formed for the purpose of bringing together the most intellectual people of Boston. For this she wrote many brilliant comedies and humorous essays, in such strong contrast to her previous work, that her friends were amazed at the versatility of this many-sided woman. The results of her philosophical researches were embodied in a series of essays upon practical ethics, which made a profound impression at the time of their publication, and placed her on a level with the eminent thinkers of her time. Since 1870, Mrs. Howe has had much experience as a lecturer on philanthropy and moral reforms, maintaining ever the dignity of true womanhood, and striving to lift her sex to the level she has attained.

Among those who have made a specialty of science is Miss Florence Lee, of Beta Chapter (St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.), who for some time had charge of the department of science in a collegiate institute at Fort Plain, N. Y., and is now studying abroad.

Miss Cora Loyd, a graduate of De Pauw University, has also given special attention to this branch. At her graduation she won the most important commencement honor, the "Porter prize" in chemistry, and lectured, with illustrative apparatus, before a large audience. She is now teaching in the Terre Haute High School, where she has charge of the department of Natural Philosophy. The reason of her special interest in science she assigns to natural taste, and to the enthusiasm of her instructors. Her method is the inductive, requiring small use of text-book.

Miss Minnie Barney of Tau Chapter, Syracuse University, is one of the corps of editors of *The Chautauquan*, published at Meadville, Pa. Miss Barney participated in the exercises of our convention at Akron, and is well remembered by all who met at that time. She believes that journalism is a field wide open to women, although at the present time there is no profession of whose requirements they seem to understand less; and that with a broad education, courage to serve a long and perhaps tedious apprenticeship, and the power to work continuously and

cheerfully, and to keep on growing with the work, a woman may command the highest places there as elsewhere.

In the annals of K. K. F., Miss Minnetta T. Taylor deserves more than a passing notice, both for her merits and for her services. Probably no one has more effectually benefitted the fraternity than did Miss Taylor in her editorship of THE GOLDEN KEY for the first three years of its existence; nor have we another sister possessed of more positive literary talents. Her poem, in the December KEY of 1885, is a gem; I would call attention to her conception of Epicurus in the following lines:

“I think of him as one who made  
A melody, who liquid song  
Through endless varying cadence played;  
Then gave his time and labor long  
To teach it to the general throng.

“And they caught up the chords, in sooth,  
But sang them harshly, jangling on;  
And spite of all the teacher’s ruth,  
Heard not the words till they were gone.”

Mrs. Sue M. D. Fry is professor of Belles Lettres and History in Illinois Wesleyan University, and is well known as a writer. She is a lady of tall figure, pleasant grey eyes, and smiling face. She is quick and vivacious in her manners, social, genial, and witty. She traveled in Europe in 1873 and '74, and her articles descriptive of foreign travel (published in leading periodicals,) are very interesting. “Glimpses of the Eternal City;” “A Desire to sleep under a Thatched Roof and what came of it;” “Mariazell, the most frequented shrine of Austria;” and others indicate the alert traveller and the ready writer. She was educated at the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, O.; received the honorary degree of A. M. from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1878, and the degree of Ph. D. (on examination) from Syracuse University in 1881.

Miss Emma L. Cooper of Phi Chapter, is teaching Mathematics at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. Her department consists of the classes in Trigonometry, Analytic Geometry, Calculus, Algebra, and Higher Arithmetic. She was graduated from Boston University in 1885.

During her connection with the University, she held the position of editor-in-chief of *The Beacon*, a college paper, and was elected to that office by vote of the students. Her literary talents are well known in the fraternity. Articles from her pen have appeared in local papers. Some of her best efforts have been in the line of poetry; "The Legend of the Maiden Hair," read at the Canton Convention in 1884, is remembered by all in attendance.

Among our western "girls" are some who have met with great success in teaching. The superintendent of schools in Canon City, Colorado, is Miss Belle Minor, a young lady of talent and culture. The teachers under her direction hold her in high esteem, her pupils love her, and the people of Canon City appreciate her services. Miss Alice Grace, a member of Beta, is meeting with success among her corps of teachers.

Among those who have recently left the profession of teaching, and entered upon matrimony, is Mrs. George Herrick of Cadillac, Michigan, (formerly Miss Florence Eaton). She was graduated from Parson's College, Fairfield, Iowa, in 1883, and had charge of the classes in French in that institution during her junior and senior years. She has attained a high reputation as a teacher in the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio. In September '85, she was made principal of the Birmingham, Iowa, public schools, where she served most acceptably, and gained the esteem of all her pupils.

I might wish to dwell longer upon the merits of these women, or name others equally successful, but at present I must follow the advice given in "The Legend of Goode Women," written long ago:

"Whoso shall so many a storrye telle,  
Say shortly or he shall too longe dwelle!"

In a later article I may speak of other meritorious Kappas.

ELLA S. BLAKESLEE.

## THE GARDENER'S TALE.

One morning, glorious to see,  
A sample of Dame Nature's best,  
Some Bachelor Buttons I was sowing ;  
(They needed sewing on my vest.)

When, looking on the sand, I saw  
Of Lady-Slipper's prints a pair ;  
I traced them to a rustic seat,  
And found a young girl weeping there.

The maiden Prim rose to her feet,  
An Ice-plant could not be more cold ;  
"Why come you to this Virgin-bower,  
And who are you to be so bold?"

"Only an Umbel gardener,"  
I, stammering, made haste to say,  
Longing to be a-guardin' 'er,  
And taking all her Caraway.

"Begonia, wretch !" the maiden cried,  
" 'Tis plain enough for one to see  
You've grown quite old in laying Plots,  
Though still you're in the Nursery !"

" 'Twas pity for your Bleeding-heart  
That brought me here, so have no fears ;  
I'd offer Balsam for your grief,  
And stem the Current of your tears."

"Alas ! I have no Poppy now,  
My mother's dressed in Weeds," she said ;  
"My brother, dear Sweet William's sick ;  
We fear he'll never leave his Bed."

“Accept this Bridal Wreath,” I cried,  
“Sweet Peas shall be yours all your life ;  
I’ll Hedge you in with every joy,  
If you will only be my wife.”

Her Tulips curled most scornfully,—  
“You’re good at making flowery speeches.  
You ought to wear a Prince’s Feather,  
And not such ugly Dutchman’s Breeches !

“Whole Phlox of lovers I’ve refused,  
Who at my feet have come to kneel,  
From that Old Man, the Dusty Miller,  
To the young Coxcomb, Marshal Neil.

“But I’m resolved to Marigold ;  
The man I promise to obey  
Must rule me with a Golden Rod,  
Or else I’ll Rue my wedding-day.

“Your green-house is too small for me,  
The White House suits my fancy more,  
Or, at the very least, I’d be  
A lovely Belle of Baltimore.”

I turned to leave her with a Bough,  
To Stalk away with many a sigh ;  
My Love-Lies-Bleeding, but I hope  
To grow more Sage as Thyme rolls by.

MINNIE A. BARNEY, in *The Judge*.

## Alumna Post.

*Dear Key:*

May I have a little corner in some out-of-the-way place to ask you a question? You know how interested we Alumnae are in the doings of the younger folks, and with what pleasure we read the articles and letters they send you. Now can you unlock and open their hearts far enough to see whether they think us rather dull and uninteresting, and — well, rather aged and slow, and whether they breathe a deep sigh of relief when they have read, from a sense of duty, something by one of us? May I tell them what we do, and try to show them that we do not feel so much older than they, as they think?

Of course in this enlightened section the majority of us are passing along the kindness shown us by the previous generation and are endeavoring to instil in the youthful mind the principles and beginnings of those studies which are now so distasteful, but which later on will be the source of much pleasure. What queer things these same boys and girls say and do! I sincerely hope they do not realize how thoroughly we appreciate and enjoy their funny remarks and the tricks they play on one another, for it would encourage them too much and spur them on to greater effort. If they should see us comparing notes and laughing over the stories about them all the more heartily because we could not do it at the time, what would the consequences be?

As so many of us are interested in the same line, we of course have an impromptu "teachers' meeting" each time we greet one another. But we have gatherings where our own experiences are not the only subjects of which mention is made. A number of us belong to the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, an organization whose work makes us feel akin to the whole world of college girls, for our chief aim is to be of service to those now studying, and make the four years of mental labor easier for them than it was for us. In connection with this society — for we do not want to be behind the times in anything — we have clubs for all sorts of

things, such as English literature ancient and modern, political and social science, and sight reading of languages.

But of all the innumerable societies, organizations and clubs of which we Alumnæ Kappas may become members, none will so interest our younger sisters as one which has just been started. Only last week, those of us around Boston who could be present adopted a constitution, organizing ourselves into the Boston Alumna Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Of course at present we must exist as a separate society, but we hope that at the next Convention we, too, may be recognized as forming an integral part of the Fraternity, and may have not only an interest, but a share, in its work. Perhaps the active chapters then will not object to little hints and suggestions from us, but will be willing to let us work in full sympathy with them for our common object, our Fraternity.

The members of Phi treat us most hospitably. They are very kind in asking and quite urging us to attend the regular meetings, and those of us who can find time to go to the room enjoy them greatly. The best part of these gatherings is the fact that we feel so much at home, for they all, oldest and youngest, try to make it pleasant, and the new faces do not long remain strangers. Moreover each year so far they have held one meeting especially for us, at which the program was gotten up particularly well and was followed by a feast. We alumnæ appreciate the kind treatment and look upon that occasion as one of the great events of the year. Soon, too, we are to unite in celebrating a date of much interest and importance to us here, and are looking forward to the appointed day with anticipations of unusual enjoyment. I doubt not you will receive a report of it later.

I nearly forgot to ask you to please answer my questions the next time you come,

In confidence,

ONE OF PHI'S ALUMNÆ.

*Editors of The Key:*

Phi is to be congratulated on the first numbers of THE KEY. I like the new shape and cover. I was also pleased with the exchange editorial about pet names, but at the same time noticed this rather formidable array of "ie" names in the chapter letters of our own December number: Allie, 1; Annie, 3; Birdie, 2; Carrie, 3; Daisy, 1; Hattie, 1; Hettie, 1; Lettie, 1; Lizzie, 1; Lou, 1; Lula, 1; Madge, 1; Minnie, 3; Nellie, 4; Nettie, 2; Sallie, 1. And even this is not a complete list. The climax was reached when we were informed that "Nellie is now professor of domestic economy at ——." Cannot something be done? I know it is often the case that the unfortunate girl has been christened "Kittie" or "Birdie," but if so, why can she not improve upon the record of her parents and, outside of home at least, use a straightforward sensible name? Would it not be possible to request the chapters to do their utmost in discouraging the use of pet names among their members, and, if possible, prohibit it in the official chapter letters?

Phi may not care for any suggestions as to editing THE KEY, but, not knowing positively, I venture to say further that there is a goodly number of Kappas who earnestly desire to have all trivial personalities and undignified expressions cut out of the chapter letters and items. The editorial department surely has the right to do this, and the chapters ought to feel that the editors would be kinder in suppressing than in publishing the fact that "after a musical program, elegant refreshments were served." And, with the most fraternal spirit, let me say, some of us are tired of hearing that "more links were added to the golden chain." How would it do to always write names of Kappas without the "Miss"?

This criticism is made in all friendliness and will at least assure you that I have not forgotten Kappa Kappa Gamma or lost my interest in her welfare, although out of college and busy every day.

With best wishes for your success, and assurance of willingness to help as I can, I am,

Yours sincerely,

PSI, '86.



*Editors of The Key:*

As an interested Alumna I want to write a note, suggested by some of the editorial remarks in THE KEY. I think it is a mistake, if our worthy editors will allow me to express my opinion, to consider that either lack of interest on the part of alumnae, or lack of cordiality towards the alumnae on the part of the student Kappas, has anything to do with the fact that graduates still residing near their Alma Mater do not constantly attend Kappa meetings and take active part in the chapter work. It is due here certainly, however it may be elsewhere, to an entirely different thing, and that is that we have duties to attend to which prevent. We have first our business or profession, whatever it may be, which Kappa has taught us ought to be done thoroughly. If it is that of motherhood, we must be not merely nurse and maid to our children, but mother, guide, philosopher and friend, in order to follow out the principles of Kappa. If our business is anything else, it must demand our first attention. And then if Kappa Kappa Gamma has taught us anything, it has taught us to be public spirited, and that when we leave our college walls and take upon ourselves the responsibilities of life, we ought to interest ourselves thoroughly in the community in which we live, to work for its good in various ways. The church, schools, temperance, public libraries, charities, more things demand us, in fact, than we can possibly attend to, so that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of Kappa. It was a duty when we were students, but since, with our maturer years, we have taken upon ourselves larger duties, it remains to us rather as an occasional pleasure. And so, far from feeling that we have had our day, we feel that our day is just beginning and that it behooves us to use its strong morning hours to the best advantage.

With us here, at least, the greatest cordiality exists between the student Kappas and the alumnae, and they have pleasant reunions several times each year, the alumnae being very cordially welcomed and ready, too, when extra help is needed in work or money, to take hold heartily and help. But constant attendance and work are prevented by other duties.

I am somewhat doubtful of the utility of alumna chapters. For one

thing, they would separate the interests of student and graduate Kappas which need rather to be more closely bound together. Then they would be useless unless we worked well, and that we cannot do because more important work demands our time and strength. Kappa, as you elsewhere say, is "limited to those who have the common interest of collegiate study." I write of course from the standpoint of our own chapter and college, so it may seem otherwise to others, but I should say, let the students work in Kappa and let us graduates work in the outer world, carrying into our work to make it better (as we know it does) the help and training we received in Kappa, and never losing our fraternity interest.

Sincerely,

CLARA WEAVER ROBINSON,  
Canton, N. Y.

### Editorial.

WHAT would the "composita" of Kappa Kappa Gamma be? Would she be fair or ugly, wear her hair long or short, have the Roman or the Greek profile? Who can tell? Who cares to know? But the expression, the soul-mark, the actual Kappa essence, if the composite photograph reveals this, let us have it. Think of all the Kappas you have seen at conventions, or met in travel, or greeted in your own hall; what characteristics does the average of all these present? Our own type-picture has but two features in distinctness, the eyes and the mouth, all the rest being undefined in the misty veil and halo of the composita. The eyes and the mouth, because these are changeable, heart-fashioned, really the "windows of the soul" and the expressed-impress of the spirit. These eyes are far-seeing and near-seeing, eager and earnest, seriously merry and merrily serious; eyes that meet and bear a steady scrutiny, that do not flinch before the strong light of truth; eyes that droop the lids and will not see what is not theirs to see, will not note the skeleton in the neighbor's closet, or secrets of the neighbor's heart; eyes that will not waste their vision, but look right on, through fog and mist perhaps, but still right on, to the fulfilment of the ever prophetic self. The mouth is too decided to be weak, too tender to be hard, too much accustomed to smile to drop at the corners, too earnest to be forever laughing; a mouth that shapes itself to true words fitly spoken, a mouth that is too closely shut to let a scandal through.

Here comes the depressing suggestion that our composita is drawn from the ideal, not the actual. But if we turn the camera, will the photograph be truer, do you think?

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FOR us all, in Kappa Kappa Gamma or out, there are two equations, the equation of the ideal and the equation of the real. The ideal equation of one is that of a straight line, the direct course, the sharp decisive word, the prompt and definite action; of another, that of a

hyperbola, the life more out of the world than in it, the heart reaching upward and outward to the infinities and yet revealing certain precious qualities, certain finite values, more to those who seek more; and of another, the equation of a circle, the rounded life, the symmetrical development, the self-poised and self-contained, whose love-radii are all equal. And yet, diverse as they are, all are necessary to the mathematics of life. Equations, actual and ideal, how hard to solve! And each must solve her own. Good cheer, fellow students. The Teacher gives a hint to the solution: make the actual equation and the ideal equation simultaneous, and solve for  $x$  and  $y$ . The Teacher will not be surprised if  $x$  is found to equal courage and  $y$  to equal work.

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A PERUSAL of several chapter letters in the last number of THE KEY, brings the modest flush to the editorial phiz. We do not deserve, THE KEY does not deserve, any encomiums. The worst that can be thought or said of it has, doubtless, a grain of truth, and here we shake hands with our severest critic.

But whatever the magazine is, there is one thing it does merit at your hands now and always—support. We need contributions, not warmed-over Freshman compositions, but recent expressions of genuine Kappa thoughts, and discussions of fraternity questions from individual standpoints. How refreshing it would be, for instance, if a Kappa from the West should challenge one from the East to a pen to pen contest on a live subject, or if a Kappa, disagreeing with some paper or chapter letter or editorial, should promptly write a presentation of the other side of the question! For the honor of the magazine, for the rank of your chapter in the fraternity, find out your gifted members and relieve them of other duties sufficiently to allow them an opportunity to write a paper, not such as you think will please the editors, but such as your chapter desires to see in THE KEY. The alumnae should be invited by their own chapters to make contributions, either letters or formal articles. Remember, Phi has made no contract to be your servant, but willingly works shoulder to shoulder with you.

We gladly acknowledged the papers which have been received. Written without a direct and personal request, they are a source of much encouragement. The editors are also grateful for the private letters of interest and suggestion from alumnæ members of Tau and Psi. May others emulate them.

Support of our publication means more than contributing to its columns. It means reading it, reading it thoughtfully and with a sense of ownership. Whether the matter is good or bad, well or poorly presented, loyalty, if not a lost virtue, should make Kappas eager to see its contents. Read it from cover to cover, contributed articles, editorials, chapter letters, exchanges, book list, directory, and even the advertisements. A quarterly cannot tax the time or eyesight, but if carefully read will benefit the reader and the reader's chapter. The publication will then serve its purpose and become a medium of communication between members and chapters widely separated. Until this faithful reading can be secured, the magazine would better not be published.

Of course this will call forth the remark that if a publication is worthy it will not need to ask for readers. Be reminded, then, that it is not a question of worthiness or unworthiness. Of making many magazines there is no end, and it is easy to neglect a specialist in these days. Good or bad, then, read it. Take THE KEY as a dose of bitter medicine, or as a drink pleasant to taste, but take it.

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“KAPPAS in Professional Life,” kindly written for this number, is a step in the right direction. It is essential to the welfare of the fraternity that the members be informed concerning their alumnæ. If all that our Kappas are doing and being could be known, there would be a new enthusiasm in Kappa Kappa Gamma. But the list given in this paper is, as the writer intimates, necessarily incomplete, for each reader will readily think of a dozen more who ought to be mentioned. In view of the promised second article, would it not be well for each chapter to forward immediately to Miss Blakeslee the names of its graduates who

are in professional life, giving such items as may be interesting to the fraternity public? This appeal is made entirely on our own responsibility, but we venture to give the writer's address, 173 Troup Street, Rochester, N. Y., and hope for general response.

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WE often hear the remark that the presence of women incites men to greater effort and nobler results, whatever may be the matter at issue. The teacher who has both boys and girls in her class assures us that the presence of the boys stimulates the energies of the girls and vice-versa. In a club, an afternoon club, a thing not entirely unknown in Boston, the members are chiefly ladies, but let there be never so few of the sterner sex present at the meetings, and how the interest swells! In fact, not long ago a lady remarked, "I should not care to belong to a circle composed entirely of women, the talk is fruitless, the time thrown away." This is not altogether surprising, when we consider that there is a natural admiration and approval of the other sex which, unless suppressed from a desire to appear indifferent, comes out in many ways, and is a strong incentive to great deeds. This admiration is really much less spontaneous in the case of man with man, and woman with woman. We are not slow to admire where there is no feeling of envy and jealousy, and readily approve of action in a line different from our own. When comparison is possible, then, alas! the admiration of the other is lost in gratification at the results of our own efforts. There is, too, a desire to nobly represent the sex, to distinguish one's self, that womankind may receive more honor at the hands of men, and that the equality of men and women may be demonstrated. How much truth there may be in this idea that the presence of both sexes is necessary to the best work, cannot be decided here. The thing for us as Kappas is to show what we can accomplish without this incentive. Can we keep each other spurred on to the best there is in us?

We have one opportunity to do this in our business meetings. Shall not our affairs be transacted in a business-like way? There is an idea

floating about somewhere that woman has no head for parliamentary discipline. If she has not, it is from lack of experience. Our meetings can easily be made orderly and correct in their proceedings. Helps are abundant for those who really desire to perfect themselves in this branch. Why not solve some of the intricate problems of parliamentary ruling? In a general way our meetings are business-like, but it is very easy to swerve a little from our purpose, to let the meeting become informal too soon. The social meeting should always follow the business meeting, never accompany it, or both will suffer. Let our officers know their duties, let every member study the art of making motions as concise and clear as possible, let amendments straighten themselves out, reconsiderations come from the right side of the house, in short, let the whole meeting run on "like clock-work," so skillfully conducted that not a minute shall be wasted or one superfluous word uttered. It is not impossible, nor is it impracticable. Instead of having our formal and informal meetings together, and in so doing lose the benefit of both, we have the one a little later. It will surely come, and when it does come, the change from the preceding, the relaxation, the reaction, will give a zest to it that we should otherwise miss. Every Kappa is possessed of dignity, we know; can she not afford to show it, when necessary, to her own friends? Is there any need of keeping it for strangers? It may be unnecessary to suggest that in a business meeting the members try to find chairs rather than sit on the floor, that friends keep their heads apart, their hands and arms to themselves. All affectionate demonstrations should be saved for the social meeting. As college-bred women, everything is expected of us. We must, therefore, try to make ourselves equal to any emergency, able to respond to any call, of whatever nature, that may be made upon us. Have you not often seen a woman appear most ridiculous from a want of this very knowledge of parliamentary rules? A president of a social club is absent, the vice-president must preside. She is driven to despair at the thought, becomes hopelessly involved in the confused tangle of motions and amendments and makes a wretched failure. Again, a member of a young woman's club stammers, "It seems to me—I think—wouldn't it be well—I want to make a

motion, but I don't know how!" These things we can understand in the case of one who has had no experience in this line, but a college girl ought to do better, and if she does not acquire this knowledge along with her college course, that course is sadly incomplete. Let us not neglect this opportunity, the benefit of which we shall all realize sooner or later, but let the presence of one another urge to as faultless performance of these duties as if there were experienced senators in our audience to criticize and condemn. We might rather feel that if they should chance to overhear they would be able to find no fault, but might sound far and wide the praises of a body of young women who, without masculine assistance, could conduct a meeting better than most organizations of men.

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**T**HE members of the Grand Council, who were appointed by the last convention, to serve as committee on the fraternity cut, submit their report with this number. We move that the report be accepted.



## Exchanges and Reviews.

The *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly* for January contains a most valuable article upon Greek Letter Clubs, which makes us anxious to be old and powerful enough to found clubs connected with our fraternity. The account of the fortieth convention also interests us, and we have stored up in our minds many suggestions gathered from the after-dinner speeches of the great men who gathered to do honor to the "Dickey," so that we may know how to "do it" when our turn comes to reply to toasts. Unless we go faster than is our custom, however, we shall not be able to give an account of going home in a maudlin and besotted condition. Being a woman and belonging to a woman's fraternity, has such disadvantages, you know!

The exchanges are rather ancient, it seems to us; about the last of 1889 we hope the *Quarterly* may learn that THE KEY had a new board of editors in August of '86.

The *Beta Theta Pi* for April contains one article over which we have been puzzling ever since we received the magazine. We have at length formulated and given up the problem; if any Beta boy can solve it we wish he would do so for our benefit—is that article about the Diogenes Club a joke, where and what is the point, can an ordinary non-Beta intellect grasp the wit displayed therein, did the writer mean to be funny, and does any one think he succeeded? This is a part of the problem—if any one will answer these questions we will give him some more like them.

The Betas have evidently been enjoying life this winter, and the accounts of the banquets will undoubtedly serve to revive delightful memories in those who had the privilege of enjoying the feasts.

The editorials in the current number are uncommonly good, and we wish that we could quote entire those upon loyalty and chapter life. The manly spirit of this department seems carried over into that which contains the chapter letters. Query—is it the Beta spirit? Although the letters seem copied from that recommended by the Diogenes Club, still they show a loyal, hearty devotion to the fraternity, and the gush may be excused when the youth and inexperience of the writers are considered.

The April issue of the *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly* contains very little of general interest, although it is doubtless entertaining to those to whom it belongs.

We are much pleased with the clear and concise History of Epsilon Deuteron Chapter, and can recommend it as a model of chapter histories. We miss the usual number of menus and are forced to content ourselves with only one account of what the Feejees are eating. The chapter letters are excellent and show a hearty, boyish spirit, especially the jubilant and flowery epistle from Zeta Phi Chapter. We think the boys of that chapter must be "uncommon nice boys to go to school with."

In the March number of the *Rainbow* the opening article gives a practical scheme for equalizing "the traveling expenses of convention delegates according to the distance traveled, and the active membership of the chapters." If this plan were carried out many advantageous results would follow: Representation at convention of every chapter, and an equitable distribution of the burden of delegates' traveling expenses. We would recommend this plan for its evident fairness and general desirability.

From Mr. Kent's article in the April number:

"The fraternity itself may be the great agent in counteracting this over specialization, and giving, to some extent, a liberal education to the student. By liberal education I do not, of course, mean mere book-learning, but the opening of all the 'windows of the soul,' as Locke says; the development of the whole man, as man. Suppose in one chapter hall there meet a mathematician, a biologist, a digger of Greek roots, and a historian. Each, if left in solitude, might develop into a monstrosity; but, in the chapter, each rubs against the other, 'rubs the knots off him,' so to speak, and becomes thereby a better rounded man. The chapter may encourage each in athletic sports, in political and moral education, in music, in social intercourse, in travel, in the use of the eye, the ear and the hand, in everything that is 'beautiful and good.'"

An editorial in the April number of *Kappa Alpha Theta* remarks, in speaking of a recent act of convention, that "the true field of fraternity work is within the college walls." Those of us who are still in college can indeed say most cordially that it is a true field for fraternity work, but that graduate members are in any sense less capable of good work for fraternity, we cannot believe. In the first place, a graduate regards the subject from a broader and more unbiased point of view. The feelings of petty jealousy, of animosity toward rival chapters, and all the little worries of an active collegiate's fraternity life, are reviewed in the calmer light of a graduate's life, and are seen at their true value. The

influence of even one enthusiastic and well balanced graduate might prove very great.

Good work is being done in many fraternities by alumnæ chapters, whose power cannot fail to be felt in years to come.

And so we wish, what cannot fail to come, prosperity to the new enactment of Kappa Alpha Theta—the admission of graduate members to active college chapters.

“Again, let every active member be taught to look forward to the time when he shall become a member of the State Association as an *advance upward in the ranks* of the fraternity, just as in those organizations having different degrees and lodges. Indeed we are almost prepared to advocate making the State Association such, by a ritual, paraphernalia and a badge of its own.

To be sure there can be no friction or jealousy between the chapter and the association. Each has its peculiar work, and that of the one cannot be done by the other. If we could awaken this sentiment, that the future greatness and glory of the fraternity lie in the work of the alumni, we should feel that we had done what must certainly redound to the good of the order. What a stimulus such a sentiment would be to the alumnus in working out his destiny! What an inspiration to the active member!”—From the *Alpha Tau Omega Palm*.

The *Kappa Alpha Journal* for March discusses, in an editorial, the plan of having an editor-in-chief, who, by means of a salary given him by his fraternity, shall be able to devote the greater part of his time to the work of editing the paper. We think a fraternity that is able to do this will greatly strengthen that important element in fraternity life.

*Kappa Alpha* has planted one more chapter, in William Jewel College, Liberty, Mo. Can any Kappa Alpha explain to us the intricacies of tense, meter and meaning of the Bud and the Babe, in the April number of the journal? We cannot refrain from quoting:

“I walked in the garden one morning”  
 And saw a fresh rose bud appeared  
 “It was lovely and tender and beautiful.”—

Notice the unique effect of this elision,

“All nature was rapturous and joyful  
 As the mock-bird gave forth a sweet tune.”

and the flowing rhythm of

“The fuchsias, geraniums and daisies”—

The use of the words *secure* and *cherub* seem to us particularly felicitous in the following stanza :

“The Father from his home on high  
Sent an angel down to earth,  
To secure another cherub,  
To join the heavenly mirth.”

We have heard a man telling a story plentifully scattered through with “says I” and “says he,” but we scarcely thought this vice to extend to the poet, till we read—

“But no, I’ll wait, says the angel”—

And again—

“‘Oh, I must have him,’ says the angel,  
And now he plays with the cherubims”—

Truly a heavenly notion, a precocious child and a most unpardonable poem. We regret we were not able to get farther into the Journal.

In *Sigma Nu Delta*, for March, there is a plea for consolidation of some of the lesser fraternities. The writer says: “There are now thirty-two fraternities in the colleges of this country. If the present system and methods continue, before many years one of two states will result: Either, the stronger will overpower and extinguish the weaker, or, in their efforts to avoid this fate, the weaker will open still wider the door to the mystic halls, already too easy of entrance. This will have its reflex and deteriorating effect upon the stronger and the whole system will fall of its own sheer rottenness. We can reduce the number of competitors by equitable and judicious consolidations. In this direction lies the hope of the perpetuity and ever increasing glory of the Hellenic brotherhoods.” Never having been in the position where we desired consolidation, we can hardly appreciate the writer’s feelings, yet, while we miss that never-give-up loyalty to one’s fraternity, it would seem to be a plan that might in some cases prove judicious and strengthening in the end.

A careful resume of Greek Letter Societies in Washington and Lee University, with a cut of that University, brings us to the usual editorials and chapter letters.

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We can commend the alumni department of the *Delta Upsilon Quarterly*, but in other respects the January number proves very uninteresting. A review of John Liske's "Darwinism and other Essays," and "Myths and Mythmakers" is a little late, since both these books have been out for several years. We would recommend a more forcible leading article.

The exchange managers are requested to be careful to send their magazines to the correct address.



## Chapter Letters.

αἱ τῶν παρόντων πράξεις.

IOTA—DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, Iota Chapter, K. K. Γ.

Hello! Please connect with "Phi," Boston University. All right! Sketch of college life, social phases, system and character. Is that your request? Yes. We respond willingly to such a call, for at present our thoughts, interests and work are centered here, and we desire Kappa Kappa Gamma to know of one province of her vast dominions. De Pauw University, principally noted for being the location of Iota Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma, is situated in the west central part of the grand old Hoosier State, Indiana. January 10, 1837, the legislature granted a charter for the Indiana Asbury University. To quote the year book, "The Indiana Asbury University that was, has become the De Pauw University that is. De Pauw is the result of a transformation. The whole work has been the process of a careful change, the record of which is too tedious to relate."

College life here in the wild (?) West consists principally in studying five hours a day on each of four studies, leaving four hours for eating, sleeping and exercise; so you may easily see that we are an unusually enterprising people. And this is not a characteristic of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity alone. And speaking of fraternities, we boast of eight gentleman's and three lady's fraternities, while confidentially the bright smiling face of another will appear in the near future. However, there is no rivalry, no wrangling, no conflicts in "spiking," as you would suppose, but all are friendly and live in harmony. Although these facts can certainly not be disputed, there is a lurking fear that Phi may come West sometime to investigate the matter. The ladies' hall of the University is a large brick structure in proximity to the Music Hall, so that ladies on the south side have the benefit of the nightingale notes,

which, striking the brick wall, bound and rebound, producing a variety of beautiful sounds, similar to Mark Twain's famous echo—in no way interfering with study. At the beginning of each term, the Y. M. C. A. hold a reception for all students, especially new ones, in the reception room of the ladies' dormitory, and the evening is spent in a very pleasant, informal manner, causing those who are timid and homesick to retire praising the social life of D. P. U. This feeling continues, and the social element is largely developed in the D. P. U. student. The aforesaid timid stranger does not long remain so. A strange combination results—a student and society lady or gentleman.

But Kappa sisters from East, West, North and South! all ye lovers of the blue and blue, we desire to relate how here in D. P. U. we have young men and women who are seeking the higher and better knowledge, who strive to wear the colors of Him who reigns on high.

We hope to hear and know of our sister colleges, and as we have filled our allotted space—write.

PSI—CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

It is with the greatest of pleasure that this attempt is made to make you acquainted with a few features of Cornell life.

The approach to the college grounds, from the station, is the beginning of many surprises: either you are first made acquainted with the town and hill, or your vision is extended, by a bend in the road, from apparently a farming district, to the summit of a hill, dotted with pretty Queen Anne houses, and the more compactly arranged buildings, chiefly of blue Ithaco stone, devoted to University purposes. These buildings are ten in number, including a magnificent private residence, bequeathed to the University for an art gallery. The college claim, however, is still imperiled by the vicissitudes of litigation. The armory has the largest seating capacity, and has to be used for the accommodation of all mass-meetings of students, now numbering over eight hundred. Of these, seventy-six are women.

One of the benefactors of the University gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a building to be used as a dormitory.

This is the Sage College, under the charge of a matron. The upper rooms are devoted to the young ladies, but the lower floor comprises the dining-hall and parlors, the young ladies' gymnasium, and also the conservatory, botanical laboratory and lecture room. There are but few regulations, and the parlors are open at any time to the friends of the students. Generally twice a term, many of the Faculty and gentlemen friends are invited to a reception or informal dance. The gymnasium also is used for dancing three evenings in the week.

The ladies do not act as editors of the college papers, of which there are three. Social life is divided very largely into the society, and non-society elements; society meaning those who are members of Greek letters fraternities. The atmosphere seems favorable to the latter, and there are so many that there are all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent. The literary and debating societies have but a feeble existence, and are supported chiefly by the independent elements. The Cornell Dramatic Club is quite an active organization of about forty members, with the head of the department in literature and the instructor in elocution among its directors.

As to its religious character, Cornell is non-sectarian, but the chapel pulpit is filled every Sunday in the fall and spring terms, by eminent clergymen from all parts of the country. The Episcopal service is always read before morning and after afternoon services. Many of the students have formed themselves into a Christian Association, and are making plans for a building of their own, as their number has outgrown their present accommodations.

The University, as a whole, is much interested in athletics, and the navy has the Cayuga right-at-hand, where they practice assiduously.

Although Cornell's charter only dates from 1865, no college can record such rapid advancement. The Faculty numbers over ninety members, not including non-resident lecturers. Among them are celebrated names in scientific and literary annals. The classical and literary departments are most excellent; yet their reputation is somewhat overshadowed by that of the technical schools, of which the Libbey Schools of Mechanic Arts is best known. The departments are con-



stantly receiving valuable additions, and next fall sees the opening of the law school, as well as a school of pharmacy.

The dormitory system is not in vogue here, there being but one hall, excluding Sage, for that purpose. Some of the chapters have society-houses, but the students are largely dependent on being admitted to private families.

The University and state provide many scholarships, so that every inducement is offered for thorough work. This sketch may as well conclude with a remark of our ex-president, Andrew D. White, who, although he has seen most of the college grounds of this country and across the water, knows of none so favored by nature as those of Cornell.

BETA—ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

Perhaps the most important point in which St. Lawrence University differs from other colleges in which Kappas are found, is its isolation. It is the only college in northern New York, and draws its students largely from north of the Central Railroad. The Theological School attracts students from all over the United States, since it is the oldest and perhaps the best known of all the theological schools of its faith. The College of Letters and Science opened its doors to women at its foundation, which was much in advance of the general movement, and many women have been graduated here who came from distant homes. But as women's colleges have become more numerous, we have found our ranks more generally filled by students from this and neighboring states. Our college was founded largely on faith, and hence, has lacked many of the essentials to perfect work. It has but lately been put on a sound financial basis, and we must still husband our resources most carefully. At first thought, it must seem that we have missed much through this condition of things; and so we have, but we have gained much also. It is a commonly accepted truth, that the man who succeeds in life against great odds, develops a more perfect manhood than he who reaches the same success through the help of his friends or his circumstances. We fully believe this to be the case with colleges and would be slow to

exchange the training we receive, for that of our sisters. Our president and the majority of our professors have clung to the college for the love which they have borne it, and have given us not only of their instruction, but of themselves. We know them intimately, both in and out of the class-room, and receive without stint much that we must be deprived of if our classes were numbered by the hundreds.

Our college homes would very likely be the next point noticed by the stranger. There are dormitories provided on College Hill, where those who choose may establish their "Lares and Penates." But it is a very unusual thing to find one of the young women established there, and comparatively few young men avail themselves of the opportunity. We are scattered through the village in private houses, and in very few cases are there more than three students found at the same place. We have, in fact, just the same home feeling and just the same privileges as the other inhabitants of the town. So long as our work is well done, and our behavior that of ladies and gentlemen, we are not subjected to the slightest surveillance. We do our work when we choose, go and come according to our own liking and are absolutely without restraint. We escape, thus, the ill effects conceded to result from the massing of large numbers in any building and under any circumstances, and do our work under the normal conditions of family life.

Our work has few distinctive features. The elective system has gained but little favor among us, and most of the students take either the regular classical or scientific course. St. Lawrence has always exacted full three years' work in mathematics, believing the discipline to be indispensable. During the freshman and sophomore years, the recitations are largely oral, with written reviews and examinations. For the rest of the course, we have written recitations and lectures in about equal proportions, with some oral work. Good work is done during the whole course, although we miss much in the sciences which wealth might procure. In political economy, psychology, rhetoric, English literature, logic, in all those subjects, in fact, which do not require the expenditure of large sums of money for experiment or illustration, St. Lawrence takes high rank; while we believe that the privileges and opportunities

of the senior year can be equalled in but few American colleges. We have a finely appointed reading-room, and a library rich in rare old books. The shelves devoted to modern authors are not so well filled, but afford means for all ordinary researches.

There are two terms in the year, with long summer and winter vacations. The first term closes with the holidays and is broken only by the Thanksgiving recess. The last term closes for the seniors with the month of May, but the other classes work on until commencement, late in June. The last Friday in April is Tree Holiday, established long ago with the sole purpose of beautifying the campus, but which has come to be the most delightful day in the whole college calendar. It opens with the planting of the Kappa tree, long before any but Kappas have left their beds, and closes with a feast in the dining-room at which enthusiasm runs high. Professors and students share in the after-dinner talks, and we go home with quickened ambitions for all good things. Field Day, the last Friday in May, is devoted to athletic sports, in which the young men take great interest.

As a chapter, we are especially fortunate in that we are released from all necessity for "spiking." During the most of our existence, we have had no rival; and we have none now. We learn to know the girls before inviting them into our ranks and make the fraternity but another and a firmer bond of friendship. We were formed from the Browning Society, which had a room long before its members ever heard of Kappa, and so have never been homeless. We have been in our present quarters seven years and find them dearer every year. We have a long list of alumne members, many of whom came to us from the ranks of the Brownings, but they are all true and loyal Kappas, devoted to the fraternity. Beta Theta Pi has a strong chapter in the college, which, like Kappa, antedates the fraternity connection. There is also a good chapter of Alpha Tau Omega, and during the past four years, the Delta Gamma sustained an organization. There is one open literary society, the "Thelomathesian," which is almost as old as the college itself, and which affords us many opportunities for social intercourse, that would otherwise be lacking. Chief among its pleasures are the quarterly

"hops," which have been as regular as the seasons for untold student generations. A local Alumni Association has been formed during the past year. It has already entertained the students once and promises to make it the regular order of each term. The Commencement festivities, chief among which are the Kappa Reunion, the Senior Class Concert, the Commencement Dinner, and the Alumni Reception, make up the list of our regular social pleasures. With these we have numerous merry-makings of lesser pretensions, and unlimited opportunities for boating and other out-door sports.

St. Lawrence is wholly free from the vices which follow the advent of the rich man's son or daughter. The students dress plainly, live plainly, and, almost without exception, seek only such pleasures as shall not interfere with a healthful development of mind and body. Realizing that we miss much which older and richer schools might give us, we cling to our Alma Mater for the virtues which she hath and wave the scarlet and brown proudly, while we cry, "Long live St. Lawrence."

#### CHI—MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY.

Is there a campus anywhere more beautiful, at this time of year, than that of "our college?" It is situated on a high, abrupt bank of the Mississippi River, below the Falls of St. Anthony, away from the turmoil of the daily life of so large a city as Minneapolis. Surely no spot could have been selected that would have been so well adapted to an institution of this sort. With the exception of some large flower-beds scattered along the walks and about the buildings, art has interfered little with nature.

About the Main Building is an oak grove, which, within the last week, has sent forth its little leafy tassels, and now the leaves form a very grateful shade. Far away to north and south, embracing forty-five acres, extends an undulating surface, cut in one part by a little stream. I might add that this aforesaid stream is not as beautiful as it was of yore.

How well I remember in my youthful days of coming away over to University grounds for picnics, of invading these and gathering flowers,

thinking that there never could be found such a lovely place. And it *was* beautiful. But since that time, that dear little ravine has been selected as a bed for a railroad. And now every half-hour a train comes whizzing by, disturbing not only the little retreat, but also the recitations going on in the "institution of learning." I know that I ought to leave the campus and come to more personal affairs, but just one moment longer, to tell of a beautiful spot found on the river bank. Picture it: One hundred and fifty feet above the water, the top of the bank sloping gradually for a short distance, then plunging down almost perpendicularly. On the slope is a little, winding path, densely shaded in spots, again coming out into the bright sunlight. In the damp places can be found now little clusters of violets, and farther on dandelions and a variety of flowering shrubs.

Of late, three of "our girls" have sought this secluded spot, thinking that, being so removed from things earthly, and so entirely surrounded by Nature, our minds would be free to wander in the realms of thought, as suggested by McCosh's Psychology. Foolish girls! Before we were aware, our minds followed our eyes down, down to the river, where on the bank below we could see women from the flats stationed either in the water or on a rude little wharf, in hand a long pole, on the end of which was an iron hook. There they had taken a stand to catch the drift wood as it came down from the saw-mills. And you would be surprised to see the long piles that they have gathered and left to dry.

But enough for this. You can see the beauties of our surroundings, and will appreciate that, for dreamers and lovers, this is indeed a delightful retreat.

At present we have four buildings, the Main Building, Building of Mechanic Arts, Agricultural Building and the Military Hall. To the latter I scarcely knew what name to give. It is an immense structure, with a seating capacity of thirty-five hundred, and behind the stage an endless labyrinth of rooms. A few of these rooms are used for military drill and a gymnasium, hence the name given the building. Feeling that the auditorium must be put to some use, it has been the custom of late

to hold Commencement exercises there, though the audience seems lost in such a vast expanse of seats.

During the next year two buildings are to be erected, one Science Hall, and the other for the Students' Christian Association.

You probably would like to hear something of the students whose great privilege it is to attend such an institution as this.

If you were to come to chapel some morning at eleven o'clock, you would see gathered there about three hundred and fifty students. It might be a surprise to see so large a foreign element, but in this class are found the conscientious, hard workers. I think on visiting our college, one would be impressed with the seriousness and earnestness of the students. They have come here for the purpose of study, and they carry out that purpose.

Few of our city people have seemed to appreciate their own institution until of late, since President Northrop came. So that now students are coming from the "Twin Cities" in large numbers.

Now as to our college life more specifically. In the Main Building there are separate parlors for the ladies and gentlemen. These parlors seem to be places of gathering for social intercourse. Sometimes there will be heard only a buzzing from two heads in the corner. Then some young girl will rush in, and fly into the lap of a bosom companion, and tell of some intensely interesting talk she has just had with some Freshman. The remaining girls in the room will have the benefit of the blushes and giggles of this strict confidence. At another door a soph enters, enraged at not finding her German dictionary that she left right there on the table. You have all seen these same trifling, but amusing, phases of college life. But we, perhaps, this winter, have experienced a new kind of excitement not indulged in by many of you. We became very careless about leaving our wraps in the parlor, when lockers had been provided for each one in the cloak-room below. We had received injunctions from the only lady professor in the institution, that we must keep the parlor in better order. We did not voluntarily disregard her wishes, but as some of us had to go from building to building, we could not run down stairs each time on returning to the parlor. Consequently,

in time, we forgot that there were such things as closets below. At last, two girls, juniors I am ashamed to state, ever hungry and prying about for some one or thing that they might pounce upon, thought it would be capital sport to take the girls of the University in training, as to the place for their wraps. So one day, at the end of the fourth hour, we came down to the parlor, opened the door and saw a few girls sitting there pretending to study, but with their eyes over the tops of their books watching us. Presently we saw that they were laughing, and we looked about for the cause. Some one called our attention to the stairs, and as we gazed what looks of disgust, indignation and revenge in turn swept over our faces. There on the stairs and floor below, in one mass, lay hats (best ones too), cloaks, overshoes, leggings, mittens, neck-scarfs, veils, hand-bags with contents spilt. As we assorted the things, we uttered strong threats upon every suspected girl. But no guilty one was found, and so the matter gradually quieted.

A few days later the same thing was repeated, and this time no language can express our wrath. The culprits were soon discovered, but rather than cause a scene, we concluded to utterly ignore the perpetrators of such a childish joke.

A third time the deed was committed. This was more than human being could endure, and severe punishment was resolved upon. A good opportunity presented itself within a few days, and though few of those eager for revenge were present, the number was sufficiently large to give the victims, in turn, a very successful bouncing. From the expressions on their faces during the awful punishment, they must have been greatly relieved when, once more, they stood upright on their feet. Judging from the results, we can highly recommend this mode of treatment for similar offenses.

One could gather from the above sketch that quiet does not always reign in the ladies' parlor. It is necessary often to seek a more quiet retreat. And this can be found in the library, where most of the students gather for study. Not all of them, however, for, here and there, in the Museum, behind the chapel stage, and at this time of year,

on the campus, may be found two, reading either German, French or Scandinavian.

Of course we have our share of recreation and amusements. In a social way we have many advantages offered us by the Faculty. Every Saturday evening, this past winter, the President has held receptions to the students and his friends. In this way we are brought in contact not only with the professor, but with the most intelligent and cultured people of the city.

Almost the only dancing and opera parties and receptions, in which we participate as students, are given by the six Greek letter societies. The Chi Psi, Phi Delta Theta and Delta Tau figure more prominently than the others. We, as Kappas, have done nothing in the line of social entertainment, the past winter, as we were too busily occupied with other things. As is natural, our best friends are in our own fraternity, but as class-mates we are bound together.

I suppose a class meeting is the same thing the world over. When the under-class men get together, the girls gravitate to one side of the room and the boys to the opposite. And there seems to be nothing that can break up this awkwardness like refreshments. And even after these they are very apt to become assorted again. Of course, games are resorted to, but only a few enter into them, the majority would prefer to watch the rest. Nevertheless we believe in class-meetings.

In the winter we have class sleigh-rides, and every one enjoys the informality that must of necessity characterize these occasions. But setting aside winter and its sports, let us return to spring, whence we started.

Next week Tuesday, Prof. Moore has invited the juniors to his home, to an old-fashioned May-party. We are to come in German peasant costumes, and dance about the May-pole. I wish all of you could come and participate.

I fear from the foregoing one would not gather much information as to the talent that is continually revealing itself among us. Yes, we have talent, and in all directions. Some of us seem best fitted to grace society. Others aspire to literary fame, and still others have golden



dreams of musical achievements. But I must not overlook the decided dramatic ability.

Those who thirst for rewards for literary labors, have good opportunity for practice and development in our two literary societies. And I must say that often very creditable work is done. Those who long to move the world with a single tone, can join the Choral Society, conducted by Professor Morse, the director of the Northwestern Conservatory of Music. This society affords us a rare opportunity for studying the very best music, and is, I think, fully appreciated by the students. But I must draw to a close. Commencement comes week-after-next, and still, though the seniors are through with work, they continue to come to chapel, and are seen wandering about the buildings with sad and melancholy faces.

We rejoice that we have no Kappa representative in the senior class, as we cannot bear to lose one of our girls. After all what would a college course be without the dozen girls among whom the most sincere and tender friendships are formed and who are bound by ties that can never be broken!

#### XI—ADRIAN COLLEGE.

Xi sends cordial greetings to her sister chapters.

April 13, we indulged in a good old-fashioned feast, in our hall, and it proved a very enjoyable occasion. We have not made any additions to our chapter this term, for we agree with one of our sister chapters: we want quality, not quantity.

Last term we had our pictures taken in a group; we had a large key (six feet long) made expressly for the purpose, and all were arranged around it in a becoming manner. We were greatly pleased with the result. The key now decorates one corner of our hall.

We have four seniors this year, Enid Ware of the literary, and Hettie Meikle, Hattie Smoot, Hannah Henry of the musical department.

Our chapel, which was badly damaged by the severe wind-storm, November 14, is being repaired and handsomely frescoed.

Upon the resignation of the one first elected to that position, Miss Sarah Palmer of Xi was elected to represent the Lambda Phi Society in the inter-society contest of Commencement week.

SIGMA—NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY.

We have made a little progress this spring. April 16, we initiated Eugenia Linn of Humboldt, and April 18, Lucy Braun of Sutton—both members of the freshman class. April 20, we gave a reception to the new fraternity, the Kappa Alpha Thetas, at the residence of Rae Mauley in South Lincoln. About forty of the "Greeks" were present.

The University is to have a new Science Hall and a Grant's Memorial Building, which are to cost \$70,000. The girls expect a gymnasium in the latter building.

Laura Roberts has been chosen as one of the orators for Commencement day. She represents the classical course and will be the only lady speaker. Dell Stratton is president of the Philodicean Literary Society. Sarah R. Daley and Hattie Curtiss are to take part in the annual exhibition of the same society. Cora Fisher and Josephine Young are taking a vacation, teaching school in the country.

TAU—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

Since November, we have initiated Ellen Bryant, '89, and Lena Hammond, Grace Hill and Grace Townsend, '90.

During January and February we had no chapter rooms, but met at the home of one of our members. In March we took possession of the new and permanent rooms which were fitted up for us in the Durston Block. They are larger and much more convenient than our former rooms in the same building, and we have spent much time in furnishing them. The girls personally superintend the work, in order that all the appointments of the rooms might harmonize, and the result is in every way satisfactory and pleasing.

The election of class day officers, which is usually attended by much contention, took place this year very quietly. Committees from the

three ladies' societies met and declared that they would have peace. As a result, each of the societies will be represented in an honorable place, Miss Allis of Kappa Kappa Gamma being historian.

Our literary work this year has not been confined to any particular line of thought. At present, among other things, we are trying to write some songs for the new book.

We have recently received visits from four Kappas who are no longer in college—Ella Blakeslee, Carrie Fisher, Hattie Blakeslee Wallace, and Grace Sweeting.

Several members of our chapter have cause to thank our sisters of Psi for their cordial entertainment, on the occasion of the concert given at Ithaca by the Cecilia Club of Syracuse University. May it be our privilege to extend our hospitality to the Kappas of Psi, or indeed to any one of the other chapters!

#### UPSILON—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Upsilon is in a very prosperous condition, although very little that would be of interest to our sister chapters has taken place since our last letter to THE KEY.

The plan which we developed last term, in regard to having an afternoon tea in our hall once each month, induced us to purchase a very pretty set of china. This addition has already proven to be a source of great satisfaction and pleasure.

April 18 was the fifth anniversary of the founding of our chapter. The occasion was appropriately remembered by two of our former members, Kate Sharp, '85, and Frances Chick, ex-'89, who presented to the chapter a dozen silver teaspoons, with "Kappa" engraved upon them.

We had the pleasure, recently, of entertaining Miss Marie L. Olcott from Iota Chapter, who has lately removed to Chicago.

Clara I. Thompson, who was compelled to leave us last term on account of ill health, has resumed her work among us.

## PHI—BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

A few days more and the college year is over. It has been a successful year for us. We have initiated eleven girls, the last being Florence Nichols of '89. This term's work has been carried on similarly to the winter term's—the afternoon's programme being placed in the hands of a leader who appoints topics to various members of the chapter. Subjects relating to fraternity and chapter life have perhaps predominated, with occasional reviews of books in reference to some central idea. On May 13th we celebrated the fifth anniversary of Phi's chapterhood at Hotel Victoria. A number of our alumnae were present, and the banquet passed very pleasantly, with reminiscences of the past and plans for the future. Then came the toasts, not the least of which was "Fraternity," to which our Grand President, Miss Barrell responded—and the Kappa yell was not wanting, you may be sure. The evening closed with three cheers for everybody and everything connected with Phi's welfare, particularly for Upsilon of Beta Theta Pi, who very kindly sent flowers.

We are again happy to announce that one of our girls has the Commencement speakership—Margaret G. Bradford, who has been for the past year editor-in-chief of the college monthly *The Beacon*. Mary Helen Teele, whose name is familiar to all readers of THE KEY, is alternate speaker. This makes the fourth speakership Kappa has obtained during its five years at Boston University.

It is pleasant to feel, too, that we have a prominent place on Class Day, two of the four parts assigned to the ladies being given to Kappa girls. Elizabeth Deering Hanscom has the Address to Undergraduates, and Mabell Shippie Clarke the Class Prophecy. We lose eight members in the graduation of '87, but even then we are seventeen strong, and so we have a hopeful outlook. We have, beside, a pillar of strength in our alumnae, a number of whom have organized into a graduate chapter to be called the Boston Chapter.

Phi sends greeting to all loyal Kappas.

## New Books.

[This list is selected for Kappas by a Kappa. Bear this in mind in choosing books for summer reading.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

- Burnley, J.—The Romance of Invention. Illustrated. Cassell. \$1.50.
- Coston, Mrs. M. J.—A Signal Success. Lippincott. \$2.00. An interesting account of how the "International Code of Coston Signals," (devised by F. B. Coston, U. S. N.) were established by the personal efforts of his young widow.
- Frothingham, O. B.—Life of W. H. Channing. Houghton. \$2.00. Full details drawn largely from an unpublished autobiography.
- Griswold, H. T.—Home Life of Great Authors. McClurg. \$1.50. Written with a sympathetic feeling that gives it an exquisite charm.
- Haskins, D. G.—Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Maternal Ancestors, with Some Reminiscences of Him. Cupples. \$1.00.
- Robinson, A. M. F.—Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre. Roberts. \$1.
- Symonds, J. A.—Sir Philip Sidney. [English Men of Letters Series.] Harper. 75c. A brief biography of a great and good man by a scholarly and entertaining writer.

### EDUCATION.

- Laurie, S. S.—The Rise and Early Constitution of Universities. Appleton. \$1.50.
- Wheatley, H. B.—How to Form a Library. Second edition. Armstrong. \$1.25.

### FICTION.

- Balzac, H. de—Cousin Pons. Roberts. \$1.50.
- Besant, W.—Dorothy Forster. Harper. 20c.
- Blackmore, R. D.—Springhaven. Harper. 25c.
- Bynner, E. L.—Agnes Surriage. Ticknor. \$1.50.
- Colby, F. M.—The Daughter of Pharaoh, a Tale of the Exodus. Phillips & Hunt. \$1.50.
- Craik, Mrs. D. M.—About Money and Other Things. Harper. 90c. Ten short stories full of good advice.

- Craik, G. M.—A Daughter of the People. Harper. 20c.
- Dostoyeosky, T. M.—Crime and Punishment. Crowell. \$1.50. A remarkable study and analysis of the influence of the commission of crime upon a human soul.
- Gogol, N. V.—Tchitchikoff's Journeys, or Dead Souls. Crowell. \$2.50. A picture of life in the Russian provinces about forty years ago. Undoubtedly one of the greatest novels of this century.
- Gréville, H.—Count Xavier. Ticknor. \$1.00.
- Haggard, H. R.—Jess: a Novel. Harper. 75c.
- Hugo, V.—Les Misérables: Illustrated edition; 5 v. Routledge. \$3.00.
- James, H.—The Princess Casamassima. Macmillan. \$1.75.
- Murfree, M. N.—In the Clouds. Houghton. \$1.25.
- Shorthouse, J. H.—Sir Percival: a Story of the Past and of the Present. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- Stinde, J.—The Buchholz Family: Sketches of Berlin Life. From the 49th German edition. Scribner. \$1.25.
- Turgenieff, I. S.—An Unfortunate Woman. Funk & Wagnall. 75c. Sad but graphic illustrations of Russian life of fifty years ago.
- Yonge, C. M.—A Modern Telemachus. Macmillan. \$1.50.

## FINE ARTS.

- Clement, C. E.—Architecture. White, S. & A. \$2.50 and \$5.00.
- Clement, C. E.—Stories of Art and Artists. Ticknor. \$4.00 and \$4.50.
- Delaborde, H.—Engraving: Its Origin, Processes and History. Cassell. \$2.00.
- Hamerton, P. G.—Imagination in Landscape Painting. Roberts. \$6.50.
- Matthews, Brandner and Hutton.—Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Vols. 4 and 5. Cassell. \$1.50 each.
- Upton, G. P.—The Standard Oratorios: Their Stories, Their Music and Their Composers. McClurg. \$1.50.

## HISTORY.

- Adams, B.—The Emancipation of Massachusetts. Houghton. \$1.50.
- Biart, L.—The Aztecs: Their History, Manners and Customs. McClurg. \$2.  
By the best living authority on the Aztecs.
- Gilman, A.—The Story of the Saracens. [Story of Nations Series.] Putnam. \$1.50.
- Moumsen, T.—The History of Rome: The Provinces, from Cæsar to Diocle-

- tian. Translated with the author's sanction and additions. 2 vols., 10 maps. Scribner. \$6.00.
- Poole, S. L.—The Story of the Moors of Spain. [Story of Nations Series.] Putnam. \$1.50.
- Stephens, H. M.—History of the French Revolution; in 3 vols.; vol. 1. Scribner. \$2.50. This history, which contains a mass of new material, treats the subject impartially.
- Strickland, A.—Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Abridged. Estes. \$2.50.

## LITERATURE.

- Corson, H.—An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry. Heath. \$1.50. Prepared to meet the needs of Browning clubs and private students.
- Goethe, J. W.—The Sorrows of Werther. Cassell. 10c.
- Hunt, T. W.—Representative English Prose and Prose Writers. Armstrong. \$1.50. A history of the prose style and a scholarly estimate of the prose of English literature.
- Lamb, C.—Essays of Elia. Illustrated. Appleton. \$2.00.
- Richardson, C. F.—American Literature, 1607–1885. Putnam. \$3.00.

## MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

- Fischer, K.—A History of Modern Philosophy; Descartes and his school. Scribner. \$3.50.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

- Allen, G.—Common-sense Science. Lothrop. \$1.50. Twenty-eight papers on every-day scientific subjects, which though not exhaustive treatises, are yet bright and suggestive.
- Curtis, G. I.—Creation of Evolution? Appleton. \$2.00. The author's study leads him to the conclusion that "the theory of evolution is ingenious but delusive."
- Heilprin, A.—The Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals. Map. Appleton. \$2.00.
- Holder, C. F.—The Ivory King. A popular history of the elephant and its allies. Scribner. \$2.00.

## POETRY.

- Goldsmith, O.—*She Stoops to Conquer*. Illustrated. Harper. \$20.00.  
 Jackson, H. H.—*Sonnets and Lyrics*. Roberts. \$1.00.  
 Longfellow, H. W.—*Complete Poetical and Prose Works*. 11 vols. Houghton.  
 Each \$1.50.  
 Matthews, B.—*Ballads of Books*. Coombes. \$2.00.  
 Perry, N.—*New Songs and Ballads*. Ticknor. \$1.50.  
 Shakespeare, W.—*Dramatic Works and Poems*. 8 vols. Armstrong. \$3.75,  
 \$6.00, and \$10.00.

## POLITICAL.

- Beers, Rev. R. W.—*The Mormon Puzzle and How to Solve It*. Funk and  
 Wagnall. \$1.00. The product of two years' careful study and research.  
 Bowen, J. E.—*The Conflict of East and West in Egypt*. Putnam. \$1.25.  
 Newton, R. H.—*Social Studies*. Putnam. \$1.60. Discusses questions of the  
 day and gives a good list of books on the subject.  
 Parkhurst, C. H.—*The Question of the Hour*. Randolph. 15c.

## RELIGION.

- Briggs, C. A., D. D.—*Messianic Prophecy*. A critical study of the Messianic  
 passages of the Old Testament in the order of their development. Scribner.  
 \$2.50.  
 Channing, W. E.—*Dr. Channing's Note-book*. Passages from unpublished  
 MSS. Houghton. \$1.00.  
 Clement, C. E.—*Christian Symbols*. Ticknor, \$2.50.  
 Du Boie, Rev. H. C.—*The Dragon, Image, and Demon; or the Three Religions  
 of China*. Armstrong. \$2.00.  
 Gladden, W.—*Applied Christianity; Moral Aspects of Social Questions*.  
 Houghton. \$1.25.  
 Godet, F.—*Commentary on the Gospel of John, with an Historical and Critical  
 Introduction*. Vol. 2. Translated from the third French edition. Funk and  
 Wagnall. \$3.00. The Bible student will find few books for his library  
 more valuable and attractive.  
 McClintock, J., and Strong, J.—*Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological and Eccle-  
 siastical Literature*. 10 vols. and supplementary vol. Harper. \$5.00,  
 \$6.00 and \$8.00. The completion of this authoritative work, whose  
 preparation has occupied thirty years.



- McIlvaine, J. H.—The Wisdom of the Apocalypse. Randolph. \$2.00.  
Moon, G. W.—The Monograph Gospel; The four gospels arranged in one continuous narrative in the words of the Scripture, without omission of fact or repetition of statement. Randolph. 80c.

## TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION, ETC.

- Bacon, E. M.—Dictionary of Boston. New edition. Houghton. \$2.00.  
Cort, M. L.—Siam. Randolph. \$2.00.  
Elliot, H. W.—Our Arctic Province, Alaska, and the Seal Islands. Scribner. \$4.50.  
Johnson, H. M.—About Mexico, Past and Present. Pres. Board of Pub. \$1.50.  
Meriwether, L.—A Tramp Trip; How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day. Harper. \$1.25.  
Monteiro, M.—Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People. Illustrated. Armstrong. \$3.75.  
Oliphant, L.—Haifa; or Life in Modern Palestine. Harper. \$1.75.  
Plongeon, A. D. C.—Here and There in Yucatan. Bonton. \$1.25.  
Skottowe, B. C.—A Short History of Parliament. Harper. \$1.25. Specially adapted for popular reading, yet accurate, clear and concise.  
Wells, D. A.—A Study of Mexico. Appleton. \$1.00. These papers are brilliant and entertaining and full of information.

## Fraternity Directory.

### GRAND COUNCIL.

PRESIDENT—Charlotte C. Barrell, 342 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.  
 SECRETARY—Mary Krenzke, Kent, Ohio.  
 TREASURER—Martha Murry, Irvington, Ind.  
 MARSHAL—Kate B. Cross, 2634 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

### CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

#### ALPHA PROVINCE.

PHI, BOSTON UNIVERSITY—Berta G. Young, 12 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.  
 BETA, ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY—Eva M. Smith, Canton, N. Y.  
 TAU, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY—Lizzie S. Bridgeford, 18 Third North Street,  
 Syracuse, N. Y.  
 PSI, CORNELL UNIVERSITY—Katharine Bates, Ithaca, N. Y.  
 LAMBDA, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY—Mabel Douglass, Wooster, Ohio.

#### BETA PROVINCE.

DELTA, INDIANA UNIVERSITY—Ida Faris, Bloomington, Ind.  
 IOTA, DEPAUW UNIVERSITY—Helen Cunningham, Greencastle, Ind.  
 MU, BUTLER UNIVERSITY—Kate B. Hadley, Irvington, Ind.  
 KAPPA, HILLSDALE COLLEGE—Jennie B. Winship, Hillsdale, Mich.  
 XI, ADRIAN COLLEGE—Alberta Oakley, Adrian, Mich.  
 ETA, WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY—May Stewart, 772 Langdon Street, Madison, Wis.

#### GAMMA PROVINCE.

EPSILON, ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY—Lillie E. Dimmitt, 814 N. Main  
 Street, Bloomington, Ill.  
 UPSILON, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY—Matilda P. Hutchinson, Woman's College,  
 Evanston, Ill.  
 CHI, MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY—Isabel Gale, 1 Eastman Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 OMICRON, SIMPSON COLLEGE—Lizzie Proudfoot, Indianola, Ia.  
 ZETA, IOWA UNIVERSITY—Rose B. Ankeny, Box 1032, Iowa City, Iowa.  
 OMEGA, KANSAS UNIVERSITY—Cora L. Kimball, 933, Vermont Street, Lawrence,  
 Kansas.  
 SIGMA, NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY—Cora E. Fisher, 1619 R Street, Lincoln, Neb.  
 THETA, MISSOURI UNIVERSITY—Zannie Denny, Columbia, Mo.