

THE KEY.

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NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES.

THERE is no more interesting sight to a stranger in New Orleans than her cemeteries. In the city proper no person is buried in the earth. You see nothing but tombs, either of white marble or imitation, large enough to hold from four to six coffins. The cemeteries may fittingly be called "cities of the dead," for the tombs are veritable houses in appearance. In some of them the door is solid and bears the names of the occupants. In the larger ones, this is replaced by a gate of open iron-work, opposite which is a window of stained glass. On either side of the aisle the coffins are placed lengthwise. Then they are sealed up and tablets inserted. This mode of burial is necessary in a city built upon a swamp. For you can dig only a few feet before coming to water.

The private tombs hold their dead sacredly behind closed doors. But in the distance you see two long embankments, grassy and rounded in the rear, white and perpendicular where they face each other, about twenty feet apart. And as you walk through the narrow street thus made, and see the apertures for coffins, four rows deep, in either bank, and notice that most of the places which have been filled with bodies, and then bricked up and covered with mortar, have the name and date, only, rudely scrawled on the mortar when wet, you almost feel as if this wayside shelving were an outrage to the silent sleepers, and as if Mother Earth were cruel to her tired children in not taking them into her bosom.

The old Creole cemeteries occupy three squares in what is now

almost the heart of the city. The high brick wall which surrounds them is filled on the inside with coffins. Standing at one end of the long aisle which runs in front of this wall, we wonder if the decorations upon it can be the outcome of boasted French taste. Dusty crape, wreaths and crosses of black paper, crowns of what was once gaily colored tissue paper, bouquets of paper flowers—all these flutter out from their fastenings on the tablets. And as you walk along to read the inscriptions, you discover bead wreaths, or little glass-covered pictures in tawdry colors, representing mourners standing beneath a weeping willow. Vases of all descriptions, containing fresh or artificial flowers, are fastened beside most of the tablets. In one place may be seen an old tin preserve can. To one accustomed to the simplicity and neatness of Northern burial-places, these attempted adornments, though the offerings of loving hearts, seem a sad caricature.

The rest of the space in these French cemeteries is devoted to tombs of granite or imitation marble closely crowded together, many of them in the last stages of dilapidation. The imitation of marble has crumbled away, leaving only the bricks piled up over the coffins. Several of the tombs tower far above the walls; but these lofty ones all belong to some "Societe."

The man in charge told us that, the week before, two young men, about eighteen years old, were arrested for robbing the tombs. He had noticed them about the place for several days, but, as they were of respectable appearance, he supposed they were only strangers visiting. At length he discovered them stealing the heavy brass-headed screws out of the tablets fastened to the tombs. He had shot one of them, in arresting him. They had stolen sixty-five nails, valued at two dollars and a half. These had been drawn from fifty tablets. Three large slabs, from which all the screws were taken, had fallen and been shattered to pieces. Four days work by two young men, a bullet wound, ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, the hideous disgrace of robbing the dead,—all this for two dollars and a half! Amid all my horror as I listened to the story, I could not forbear the reflection,—No Yankee would work for such pay.

A journey of seven miles from the center of the city brings us to Camp Chalmette, the national cemetery, where over 12,000 Union soldiers lie buried. Our approach lay beside a levee of the Mississippi, where the embankment was very narrow. Walking along the road, how wonderful it seemed to look up ten feet, and see the mighty Father of Waters majestically rolling along, separated from us only by a wall of earth.

The Union soldiers are buried on historic soil. Their resting-place is also known as the Jackson battle-ground. In the war of 1812, the battle of New Orleans was fought here between Andrew Jackson and General Pakenham. It occurred after the treaty of peace, but before news of it had reached the contestants. Gen. Pakenham, leaving his ships in Lake Ponchartrain, was coming up to attack New Orleans when he was met by Jackson, who had thrown up ramparts of cotton. His defence could not be penetrated by the cannon-balls of the enemy. Gen. Pakenham was killed, and his men fled to their ships. On the spot where Pakenham fell stands a monument to Andrew Jackson. It has remained for many years in its present unfinished condition. Its base is of brick which one ascends with difficulty before reaching the door, or rather the door-place, of the monument. The top is covered over with boards, which are fast crumbling away. Nearly all the bricks of the interior bear the autographs of visitors from all parts of the country. The monument stands in a bare field, reached by going through a cow pasture.

Only a quarter of a mile beyond lies the cemetery. It is very long and quite narrow. The land here permits the soldiers to be buried beneath the sod. A very few have small monuments above them, many have only a small tablet bearing their name and state. One has only the first two initials of the name—"W. L. —." Many more, whose names were evidently wholly unknown, are marked by a small square of white granite, bearing only the number of the grave. There is no classification by states, but side by side with the Massachusetts soldier lies his brother from Tennessee or Louisiana.

It is the month of March, but roses are blooming in abundance, filling the air with their fragrance,—roses which, in their luxuriant richness of color, are never seen in northern gardens.

A single walk runs the entire length of the cemetery. Beside it, here and there, are scattered tablets, each bearing a verse which you need to read only once to remember forever. Standing there among the graves you are thrilled with the beauty and heroic pathos of the solemn measures. I copied the following :

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave :
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Must be your fitter grave ;
 She claims from war his richest spoil,—
 The ashes of the brave.

Such graves as these are hallowed shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined :
 The Delphian vales, the Palestine,
 The Meccas of the mind.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo ;
 No more in life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.

In the middle of the cemetery stands a granite monument. On its top rest the soldiers' stacked arms. Cannon adorn each corner of the shaft at its base, while around the bottom of the pedestal lie piles of cannon-balls. The monument bears the inscription, "*Dum Tacent, Clamant.*"

ANNA C. FALL.

THOREAU'S EXPERIMENT AT WALDEN.

Thinking men of to-day wisely deprecate the luxury of our times, and fear its results upon us as a people. We hardly realize the demands which this luxury makes upon us, for we have always been surrounded by its atmosphere. It is only when the soul, urged to action by its suffering, roused by another's attempt, throws off the chains that bind it and rises to a clearer height, that one begins to see how dusty is the atmosphere of earth. This nineteenth century is teeming with life and thought; but in what direction are they tending? All about us is a conflict of ambitions for the "flare that men call success." There is jostling and striving among the many to be rich, that each may be able to have the ever-changing adornments of house and person and all the gayeties and excitements that money brings. No walk of life is wholly free from these demands for luxury. It modifies more or less each one's course of action, for one must be borne down somewhat by a strong tide, despite the brave effort to stem it. Truly it might be said of us that we spend our strength in vain, and sell our souls for naught.

In the midst of this bondage, how comforting and refreshing to find a man who *freed himself* from the universal fetters! The question often comes, what would Thoreau have said and done, had he seen this generation, especially in its whirl of city life. For in the comparatively free and simple life of a quiet country town of fifty years ago, he saw "many a poor, immortal soul crouched and smothered beneath its load of lands and cattle." All those about him were, in his estimation, "doing penance in a thousand ways, performing labors greater than the twelve of Hercules," in that they were never ended.

Thoreau saw also that many luxuries are a hindrance to higher development; and he realized the depressing effect of meeting the demands of the world, on those who aspire for more than the things that perish. It was, perhaps, partly as a protest against luxury, partly as an example to others to be free from sordid cares, and partly as a result of a disposition in close fellowship—through its lavish love—with Nature, that he went to

live at Walden. Several circumstances of his life at that time favored the carrying out of his long-cherished intention, among which the Transcendental movement must not be overlooked. Yet, after reading the author's account, each one will conjecture, according to what he himself is, why the little hut was built in Walden woods, and why after a while it was abandoned. Thoreau himself says that he went there "to learn and study and transact some private business, to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life" and that he left for as good a reason as he went there. It was not because he was a churl or a cynic that he departed from ordinary life, for he was neither. He was by no means a man destitute of the qualities for friendship, though he felt the loneliness which all great souls feel in proportion to their greatness. The only charge that can be made against him was his aversion, usually, to companionship. Yet this sprang from nobility of character, for he felt he could not waste time in trifles, but must spend it on the inner life, which he placed before everything. He was a poet, moralist, and philosopher, and it would seem that each one of these three had its part in bringing about the experiment at Walden.

However it happened, we may, with some justice, view it as an un-called-for extreme. Yet an extreme is needed to balance the long swing in the other direction towards luxury, just as it seems necessary for one or two to be at white heat over a subject that the many may become lukewarm. If anyone is inclined to censure Thoreau, all censure stops when *Walden*, the outcome of his life there, is read. A feeling of thankfulness arises that one man did keep the finer faculties of his soul all unblunted so that he saw and heard and felt what others could not. Your thankfulness is deepened as you go to Walden, and, sitting on the mossy slope under the shade of the trees by the lakeside, read Thoreau, growing in sympathy with the author and in oneness with the place. You will find yourself now and then looking up at the landscape to verify the statements of the book. You will almost imagine that you see Thoreau there as he lifts the shining water in his hand to drink in summer, or cuts a hole in the ice for it in winter; as he rows, and fishes,

and sounds its depths, and walks at eveningtide its banks, "imbibing delight at every pore." You will begin to feel that "the poem of creation is uninterrupted, that the morning wind forever blows." Then when the sun's rays are coming with western slant, shut the book, and musing as you go, find the site of Thoreau's hut. Stand alone there by that pile of stones in the hush of the declining summer afternoon, in the stillness of the wood. Is this pile of stones all? Is there no living influence? Yes, an ever-living influence to him who will not starve his soul for fame, or gold, or land; a help to him who would live without perturbation, and find in himself a companion; a co-worker with him who would be pure and would free himself from the control of appetite and desire, from sensuality in word, thought and deed; a sympathizer with him who would have the diviner man within constantly gain power. Involuntarily, thanks rise to the lips that Thoreau lived and taught that "money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul."

But, oh, that he had lived his protest among men. True, he gives us much assistance; but could we not have more from one who lived in the world yet was not of it, one who recognized that his existence is involved in that of others as theirs in his, and who fulfilled the just claims that society has upon him for its perpetuation? Much do we need a leader who, feeling the beautiful implanted within him and seeing the beautiful world about him, is not himself a "jarring and a dissonant thing," but, accepting the lot to which he is born or to which he attains, adapts himself to it and shows no affectation, either in display of excess or in ostentation of lack; one who, whether rich or poor, comes to see that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of goods he possesses," and that happiness is not dependent on externalities; one who does not lose the child-like simplicity and the purity of heart that keeps all nature open to him; one who puts character above everything.

And as one turns away from that pile of stones, the sigh comes for the *ariston metron*, and the strength to attain it.

TRANSITION.

“Solemn runs the steadfast stream—
Onward, onward, ceaseless, fearless,
Singing runs the eternal stream.”

THERE was once a girl with the nature of a child and the years of a woman; and the freedom of her childhood grew dearer and sweeter as she realized that it must slip away; and the care and responsibility of womanhood seemed more and more solemn and weighty as she felt that they came nearer, and that she must assume and bear them graciously. And there waged in the girl a conflict between the pleasure and the duty, and a great dread fell upon her soul as she grew to see more clearly how great and awful and how inevitable was the duty laid upon her to be a noble woman. And the girl's soul withdrew within itself and communed with itself and its Maker. For the nature of the girl was wild and reckless, but her ideals were exalted, and before the thought of the woman she must be, she bowed her head and cried, “It is high; I cannot attain unto it.”

And it came to pass that one morning she arose early and walked toward the east, thinking ever of the change which must come, mourning for the loss of the child heart and the child life, yet humbling herself at the thought of the great work to which she was called, and praying to be made worthy of the task. And as she walked toward the east, the sun rode higher and higher in the heavens and sent a great path of dazzling light across the bay, illuminating the islands which rose serene and clear from the world of waters, and the white sand stretched away in its glittering crescent, while at her feet waves broke in long regular lines, speaking to deaf ears words which had been the joy of her childhood, and which were to be the comfort of her womanhood, the psalm of her old age. But the girl looked out over the wonder of the sea and sky, listened to the soft murmur of the waters, and found no sympathy—never before had she looked and listened in vain, in every mood she had found a friend in the “great sea water.” But now the child heart cried out, “What does it know, what can it tell of this transition, of the pain

of the renunciation of old joys, of the solemnity of the assumption of new duties?"—and the sea kept on telling the old, old stories which could not soothe. With a dull pain at her heart the girl wandered on toward the east, until she came to the river. A pretty, peaceful river, it was, one that she knew well; but never before had she been able to listen to its message, to derive from it any comfort. Now leaving the sea, she went up the bank of the river, until, tired, she sank down by the side of her new friend, for friend the calm, tame river was to be.

And as the girl sat listlessly watching the smooth strong current, a window in her soul opened, and she stretched her arms toward the river crying, "I have found something that understands, that sympathizes." For she thought of the tiny brooklet away up in the New Hampshire hills, leaping out from her rocky cradle, singing and laughing as she slips along over the smooth pebbles, gliding joyously through the fair green meadows, ever growing and increasing in strength, wildly dashing over ledges, then demurely going on her way only to break out again with some reckless leap. And as she advances, strange fits of meditation has the maiden river, seasons when she withdraws from the eyes of men, retires into some dense forest, then bursts forth again to rejoice and refresh the fields and meadows. And now beside the joy of living and moving, the stream has work to do, but to this she bends herself unwillingly; the tasks set her she performs recklessly, she cannot let her strength and gladness be used without a protest. She turns the mills upon her way, but she does so reluctantly, with a toss of her bright hair and a wild rush as she makes her mad leap for freedom. But there comes a time when the river has made her last reckless dash, and a new spirit enters into her; more slowly, but more strongly she glides through the meadows, she graciously bears along little boats, she gives up to her banks many of her treasures. And still she comes singing, down, down, to the sea, leaving forever the fair, sweet meadows, the grateful shade of the forests, casting never a look behind, giving up all that had made her beautiful as a river.

Thinking thus, the girl arose and walked down the bank; together

they went through the sand to the sea, maiden girl and maiden river, the river murmuring and smiling, the girl listening and looking. And now is past the last vestige of the pleasant summer land through which before the river had flowed; and the two go on through sandy plains to the great sea.

Is there never a regret for the past, the girl wonders. If there be the river does not tell; she has ceased to smile, her face has grown darker and stronger, but still its joyous look is there. And faster now moves the river, faster, as if glad to do her work, to fulfill her mission, to take part in the mighty deeds of the sea. Strongly, grandly, rush the waters on, on, to the great open sea. And as the girl stands watching them, there comes to her a new sense of the blessedness of her own fate, a great joy that she too is to have her share in God's work for the world.

With a sigh and a prayer she turns toward the west.

The river has come to the sea; the child is a woman.

CHAPTER INDEPENDENCE.

THE last half century has achieved for woman her independence, and many doors of labor and endeavor, which were formerly closed, are now thrown wide open before her. Many individuals have availed themselves of these enlarged opportunities and gone forward to success, but on the whole it does not appear that woman is yet ready to accept all the privileges offered to her, or to assume all the obligations which the new order of things brings. This is no more than could have been predicted by a student of progress, and has had its parallel in all great changes of a similar nature. The condition of partial servitude, in which she was held by the old theory that the family was the unit politically and morally, has so left its mark on her that ages will scarcely suffice to remove it. Through it a habit of dependence has become constitutional with her. No doubt in the order of nature it was intended that man should be the aggressive member of society, and that woman was to show herself more in the passive virtues, but it cannot be denied that the position assigned her heretofore has unduly emphasized her feeling of dependence. That impression, made so deeply upon her, cannot be eradicated in a day.

History is instructive here. It shows us a nation, four hundred years in bondage in Egypt, given its political freedom in a day by divine power, yet wandering forty years in the wilderness before it could attain that moral freedom by which alone it could control and govern itself. It shows us four millions of slaves, emancipated by a stroke of the pen a quarter of a century ago, yet in bondage to ignorance and superstition. It is therefore no wonder that woman of the present generation has not entered into all the heritage which the past one has left her. The feeling of insufficiency and dependence, still with her, prevents her entering those doors which are open before her. This cannot long be; she will soon free herself morally and intellectually.

These statements are made preliminary to pointing out the fact that there is not that independence on the part of some chapters and individ-

uals in the fraternity which is necessary for healthy growth. In some colleges the ladies' fraternities are looked upon as identified in interest with certain gentlemen's fraternities, and so far as college politics are concerned are practically led by them. This is carried to such an extreme as to be detrimental to the former, and humiliating to those associated with them in fraternity bonds. While in many instances this tendency does not manifest itself in such extremes, yet expressions are now and then seen in chapter letters, and heard upon the campus, which indicate that the favor of the gentlemen is quite as much the aim in fraternity life with a few, as the advancement of those principles which lie at its base.

All this of course is radically wrong. Something of it may be allowed in social life, but it is diametrically opposed to fraternity interest.

To be sure it is difficult to divest oneself of those feelings and sentiments which belong to one in society upon entering fraternity circles, yet, by doing this, one shows not only her appreciation of the enlarged privileges of woman in this age, but also that she has freed herself in a measure from the servitude which the past has bequeathed her.

ZANE.

Editorial.

“THE cover of the *Key* is decidedly the thing and the magazine is all right, but the thing itself strikes an outsider as absurd. Better float the white ribbon that means something, is for something.”

This from a barbarian to whom we sent our first number. Thanks. It shall be our text. First, the cover of the *Key*. Who can narrate the feelings with which we ourselves first viewed that same cover? It was not the color which affected us, “done in shades of brown”; nor the shape, just the æsthetic approach to a square; nor the size, large and pronounced, but not too large; but O, the cut! “I like it; it suggests.” Suggests? Yes, indeed. Memory travels back—not so very far, believe us—to a certain underground room where skeletons hang from the walls and all sorts of the once alive are preserved in bottles and jars. Forget those hydra charts? Never? There is no doubt about it. The man that made that cut had studied biology. Anyone who can look at the protoplasmic antennæ on the outside of this book and come to any other conclusion,—we will not call him a bigot, or a fanatic, but offer him our own biology note-book, postage free. The original drawings therein contained will be better than the statue of liberty to enlighten him. “The magazine is all right.” Again we differ with our critic. It was not all right. One of the editors had her name misspelled, and our married ex-president was most unkindly sent back to spinsterhood. But we must not plagiarize. For the rest, consult unwritten records of first chapter meetings after the issue of the *Key*. “Absurd.” The fraternity or the *Key*, which? If the fraternity, you are saying “You know not what of what you know not.” It means good fellowship, common aims, union in effort, inspiration for and incitement to the best that is in one. It precludes nothing in philanthropic or religious work. It is simply another line, the social-intellectual, limited to those who have the common interest of collegiate study. “But it is not real life.” If you mean it is not washing dishes, you are undoubtedly correct. But if you mean it has no real results in one’s own life and the lives of others, you

are mistaken. We remember too vividly certain hours in the "room at the top" where Kappas met to think and talk and sing, and we have too often experienced that impetus to purer loving and larger living given in the intimate relations of chapter life, to believe for a moment that the fraternity has no part in our eternal realities. Is it the *Key* that is absurd? We confess to a similar feeling as we find how far it fails of our desire. But if you wish to imply that our energies are misdirected, we say only this: We have not been invited to the editorship of the *Union Signal*. "Better float the white ribbon." There is nothing to hinder our belonging to the W. C. T. U. as well as the K. K. Γ., and many of us do. We move an amendment therefore to this effect: Better float the white ribbon with the two blues. The most fastidious taste will be satisfied. Between the shades of blue and the white is perfect harmony.

BY the way, Kappas, do we float the white ribbon? Of course we approve of temperance. No intelligent woman living in the same land with Frances Willard and Mrs. Livermore can be opposed to theoretical temperance. The W. C. T. U. is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest factors in refining and elevating the masses of women, not to mention its direct influence against intemperance. Hence it has common cause with other methods of education. Culture, delicacy of feeling, religion, all that is finest and best compels to a working interest in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But is the heart in it? Do we wear the white ribbon as proudly as the blue? As the train stopped at Akron last summer, our welcome was a flutter of blue ribbons from the throats of a dozen Kappas in waiting. There were blue ribbons even upon the carriages that took the dusty delegates to their places of entertainment. We were glad to see this color message of greeting, we were proud to wear the ribbons, we exulted in the meaning of the light and dark blue to us. But the white ribbon is altogether another matter. We reason with ourselves. We say, "What is

the use of discussing such a trifle? The wearing of a ribbon does not make one temperate. There is no need of being public censors or badging ourselves as moral police." Any and every excuse is made for not wearing the significant white knot. And passing from symbol to fact, do we take our position for temperance as courageously and freely as we do for fraternity? In the midst of a gay company, when laughingly interrogated as to our principles, do we answer quietly, seriously, sincerely, or do we turn away with a jest to avoid opposition or ridicule? How is it about wine jellies and brandied ices? Let us look out for the honor of Kappa Kappa Gamma at our banquets. Well may the uninitiated scoff when Kappas sit and sip together the honey of Hades.

THE impressive golden silence recommended for use with anti-fraternity people has here been broken. It is true that prolonged discussion is useless. If two persons are to engage in philosophical debate they must first accept certain definitions of terms, or they plunge into dire misunderstanding from which each emerges unconvinced, and assured of the utter stupidity of the other. The fact is, there is no lexicon that furnishes terms for translating fraternity into anti-fraternity thought. The attempt to explain the *raison d'être* is an endeavor to reveal what we resolutely conceal. If we are sure of the good of fraternity life, we do not need to discuss it. If they are sure of the evil, they cannot be convinced to the contrary. While this is true we do not propose to ignore honest criticism which has a perceptible flavor of common sense. It may be dignified to do so, but it is also ridiculous. We love and honor Kappa Kappa Gamma, but we have not yet announced that we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.

NO woman comes to the close of her college life without regrets. Somewhere back in the four years a stitch was dropped and there has never been time to take it up again. There was some one study that missed the energetic grasp and vigorous handling it might have had. A

certain failure on a well-remembered day arises in the retrospect to remind the graduate that the unconquered lies behind her. The atmosphere of college has been healthful to intellectual life as no other can be. And yet even in the midst of all aids to development there has been at intervals an unaccountable content with previous attainment. The tide has not always been taken at the flood. Then, too, the lives that have lain parallel for four working years have not contributed all they might to each other, have not passed on "as bread at sacrament" all the true thoughts, born of study and experience. How far would not students travel to see the graduate who had never failed in a duty, who had faithfully followed the thoughts suggested by life and study to the conclusion, who had never lacked in friendly cordiality and broad charity, who had so given the soul-touch to classmate and friend that all good influences could pass from heart to heart! If there is such a one, or ever has been, it is not currently reported. The pleasures of Commencement are everywhere tempered with regrets.) It is the fraternity privilege to lessen these regrets, to make the lapses into indifference less frequent, to prevent injurious reactions, and to spur and encourage the temporarily apathetic or disheartened. Let this not be forgotten amid the definite plans for chapter work. But there are other reasons for sadness in the last days. Places and faces have endeared themselves to the student and these must be left. Helpful lives alongside are to be withdrawn. To every graduate whose chapter life has been what it should be, the separation from chapter associates must be painful. And too often it is made more so by the feeling that the fraternity relationship is at an end. Is not this entirely wrong? If Kappa Kappa Gamma is worthy our devotion while in college, is it not in a larger sense worthy our affection and support after graduation? (The president of one of our colleges, in delivering the baccalaureate address, remarked that the word Commencement was fitly applied. No farewells should be spoken, but rather a welcome into the great brotherhood of students, implying that no one was properly and independently a student until he had completed his apprenticeship in a chosen curriculum. By graduation he would be admitted to the

assembly of the studious and henceforth the sweets of wisdom would be his to seek and win.) In some measure this indicates what should be the fraternity relation after leaving college. The term "active member" in the ideal fraternity would apply more to the post-graduate than the under-graduate. The chapter life in college ought to be but a preliminary educational stage to the fuller duties and privileges of alumnae membership. If this were so, the solidity and permanence of the fraternity would be assured. The benefit to alumnae would be great, but the reacting benefit to college membership would be more. Better halls, better publications, better legislation would result.

That the interest of the alumnae is not always manifest is due in part to the fact that the so-called active members do not do their share in keeping this interest alive. One who has been two or three years out of college returns to find strangers in the Kappa Hall. If there is no effort on the part of present occupants to make the former one feel at home, she cannot entirely bridge the distances, and so she may console herself by saying, "Well, I have had my day." It is too much, of course, to expect any out-reaching interest during the first few months of membership when the chapter is the fraternity world. But the true Kappa spirit, of which so much is said, should soon spread to the new-comers, and no alumna, once recognized by badge or colors as a Kappa, should ever be allowed to feel herself regarded with indifference. Some of our chapters deserve commendation in this respect. Old members are met with the greatest cordiality, and the welcome is sincere. Besides, a special invitation to resident alumnae Kappas is given at least once a year, which affords a pleasant reunion as well as an introduction to the new-comers.

The sense of superannuation doubtless deters the alumna from much she might do to promote the interests of the fraternity. Another hindrance is, there is no provision as yet for alumnae representation in the convention. When it seems a wise measure it will be made. When, according to the suggestion of Mrs. Kuhns in the last *Key*, alumnae chapters are formed wherever there are a number of Kappas resident in

the same city, these will probably be provided for in the biennial assembly. Certainly, representation cannot reasonably be asked until there is a grouping, if not an organization, to be represented. Before the next convention there should be several *alumnæ* chapters. Such chapters will witness to the standing of their colleges, the enterprise of the chapters of which they are the later developments, and the worth of the chapter locations to the fraternity. From what *alumnæ* chapter shall we first receive a news letter for the *Key*?

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

IF our idea of some "common work and interest" is to be adopted, when shall we begin? There is no convention approaching to arrange any definite plan; must not the start come from individual suggestions? If there is a bond uniting all those who call themselves *Kappas*, in whatever land they may be found, shall it not be strong enough to warrant free interchange of ideas and suggestions? We venture to offer one subject for study, demanding in return some better suggestion from another source.

Those chapters, or individual members even, who are interested in French, and who can read and use the language with facility, will find a great subject in Russian literature, as given us through the French. Here is no difficulty in the fact that we are dealing with a translation and not with the original. The French rendering is said to be wonderfully accurate, sometimes made indeed under the author's own direction. So many of the Russian writers have lived for a time in France that a most intimate connection is established and maintained between the two languages.

Why should we care particularly for the Russian novel? The newspaper in Russia is little more than a name. If anything personal or too "real" is inserted, the poor editor is exiled, the paper confiscated. No subject of public or private interest there can be discussed with safety,

no political questions touched, no light gossip indulged in. What is left but for the novelist to use his power, and betray in his work the existing state of things. This is just what is done. In almost every case the Russian novel is written with some definite end in view, the author would right some wrong, betray some cruel abuse or injury. When we realize that it is in this way alone that the real internal life of the people can be known; when we add the fact that the book is a great missionary force working to accomplish a great good and to raise the condition of the people, shall we not, considering these things, study the Russian romance?

The works of Tolstoi, Tourguenief, and Gogol, can be found easily here, and these in particular we should be sorry not to have read. Shall we take up the study of Russian literature?

Members of Phi bring tender and loving tribute to the first of her number who has entered the eternal Hereafter,—Cornelia S. Fessenden, who died in Berlin, Germany, Dec. 21, 1886. Full of promise, she graduated last June and sailed for a year's study in Europe. Her strong, helpful words, ever emphasizing character as the true basis of fraternity life, still linger in memory. She brought to Kappa and carried to the world superior intellectual powers, a strong will and loving heart, all consecrated to God. A loyal Kappa, a noble woman, her influence will ever be felt, such as comes from a life sincere in its purpose, strong in its convictions, fearless in its expression, and deeply rooted in the truths of God.

Exchanges.

We find the *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly* an unusually interesting magazine, which, while devoted to its own fraternity, offers much that is of interest to the Greek world at large. The leading article in the October issue upon the Ideal of the Greek-Letter Society can be recommended to all loyal Greeks, and shows a deep appreciation of what a fraternity ought to be and what it can be. We quote the following: "It is secret in the same sense in which every union of affection, every meeting of friends, every intimate exchange of thought by correspondence or in the family circles is secret. It wears its secrecy as lightly as a cheerful and united household, simply as a security for the unreserved freedom of friendly intercourse and the closeness of brotherhood. The mystic name with its significance known only to the initiated is precious as a symbol of protection against the criticism and misrepresentation of an unfriendly world, a pledge of perfect freedom for whatever may worthily be said or done in the fellowship of gentlemen"—or gentlewomen.

The account of the first Greek-Letter Fraternity—Phi Beta Kappa—is most interesting and brings us near to those young men who in founding their society builded better than they knew, and gave rise to one of the greatest sources of pleasure and profit in the American college life. How we wish they could have known what they were doing when they drew up their long and severe code of twenty-seven laws!

The chapter letters are like most others of their kind and show a good loyal spirit, but we were seized with a great fear for our brother fraternity while reading these productions. There is such a thing as a plethora of good fortune, upon which follows ruin, sure and awful. Such an interrupted list of honors and successes seems ominous and we tremble for the Dekes. We should be sorry to miss their representative from the Greek press, and with anxiety we await the arrival of the next *Quarterly*, hoping that it may chronicle some failure, however slight and insignificant, which will show that there is yet hope for the fraternity. Otherwise, oh, brethren, beware; nothing so grand and perfect, and so utterly infallible as the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity ever endured for long.

Before us are the October and January issues of the *Beta Theta Pi*, and we have been wondering what we shall do with them. Here they are, and they must be reviewed, and the task has fallen to us. But what a task! Undoubtedly the magazines are of great interest to the Betas, and certainly they are just what they

should be (for the editor quotes any number of past issues to support that fact), but what can a person not a Beta, not even that anomaly a "Beta girl," do with these publications?

With the exception of one or two articles in which the editor has laid down his horn of self-gratulation and has assumed his scalpel to dissect some other fraternity organs, everything in the magazine is devoted to Beta Theta Pi, and those ancient and honorable, musty and mouldy, phenomena—Wooglin and his dorg. Of course we are not finding fault; we don't want to dictate about your organ, brother Betas, but don't, oh don't, expect good reviews from those not intensely interested in you.

The chapter letters show that the fraternity is in a prosperous condition, and for this we are very glad, for we have an interest in Beta boys and their dorgs, even if we don't like their magazine.

The pleasantest feature of the *Sigma Nu* for January is the department devoted to the Alumni Letters, which came liberally in response to Delta's call. We wonder that more fraternity magazines do not adopt this plan of soliciting letters from their alumni. Surely this would go far towards accomplishing the desired effect of keeping in closer fraternity bonds that sometimes remiss portion of a fraternity, the alumni, besides giving all active members a more catholic fellowship.

However, there seems to prevade the letters a spirit of hurry and unrest, as though life were not long enough for a retrospect, and that too, for one's brothers. Possibly this feeling extends to the younger "Sigs," causing a remarkable dearth of all original literary articles, if we except the editorial; and even here we find ourselves hurried from expected fields of pleasure to those of practical and mundane exhortations to recalcitrant "Sigs." Yet the best of us have not laid aside all these earthly weights, and we have heard of others who were not always ready with chapter letters and the other means of support for a magazine.

We have before us the November and January numbers of *The Shield*, of Phi Kappa Psi. They are quite creditable productions, but not especially remarkable for literary work. We admire, on the whole, the enthusiasm and loyalty of the fraternity, and the abundance of pride in its own excellence and superiority. From the "Exchanges" we quote a criticism of a sketch, lately written by a Kansas Sigma Nu, on his own fraternity: "He is refreshingly original in admitting that his own is not the best fraternity in the United States,

nor can she claim it to be 'second best.' The average Greek is scarcely so modest." To which statement of the Phi Psi we fully agree.

In the November magazine, a chapter is devoted to the sad condition of Chicago University, and we hear with sorrow the mourning bells tolling a requiem over the dying college and departing fraternity. A series of twenty chapter letters closes the pages of the magazine, which add much to its size as well as importance. One question we would beg leave to submit, as we lay the book down. Is such a tirade as is poured out upon the noble and innocent Beta Thetas in order? If legal, we hardly deem it polite, and would suggest to the brethren that in the future they banish all such scathing articles from the *Shield*.

The first pages of the January number are filled with an intensely interesting article: "The First Greek Letter Fraternity,"—but copied from the *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, of course. The editorials disappoint us as we glance them over, for their want of wit and wisdom, and one especially, a memorial, for want of proper reverence—though it does not strike us that the humorous element is lacking here; for after mourning the death of a member of the fraternity, the *Phi Psi* says: "It would seem that the hand of fate could have been more profitably employed." Strange and irreverent statement this!

But we are charmed indeed to know that any words of ours suggested a subject for a *Shield* editorial. Evidently the editor has hard work to think up topics and is obliged to unite the editorials and the reviews. Also we want to return thanks for the courteous way in which our maiden effort was treated; we are grateful that it did not call forth such torrents of irony (?) and abuse as were poured out upon the *Phi Delta Theta* editor. May our womanhood ever preserve us from the railings of those who find in themselves no law of restraint.

But we are sorry that our editorial upon "rushing" was so grossly misunderstood—we could hardly hope for anything better from men whose finer fraternity instincts have been dulled by a long system of "scrambling," and "rushing," and "cultivating"—and other noxious things. We trust for clearer intellects and better understandings among "the young ladies of culture and refinement who ought to be," (as the *Shield* man justly says, and as we can assure him, who are) "noted for a certain quiet modesty." We would like, however, to suggest that in quoting what is to be treated as a test sentence, it is always well to give the whole, or at least that part which presents the intended meaning, and not to give one portion without any of its limitations and qualifications.

The October number of the *Rainbow* (Delta Tau Delta) shows a strong Fraternity spirit among the different chapters, and a degree of activity that is truly gratifying, but one feels the need of more articles on topics of general interest.

The discussion of a projected convention of the Greek letter fraternities, will, however, appeal strongly to all fraternity men and women. Such a convention would be a great power for good in giving direction to the development of college men and women.

In the *Phi Delta Theta* for October is a very interesting article on Alumni Support, by Mr. E. E. Griffith. If there is any one thing that commends itself to us as desirable, it is that the Alumni of a chapter should continue to give their hearty support and co-operation to its active members.

We were also very much interested in Alabama Alpha's valiant defense of its rights. May its members live long and prosper! Though the last part of the wish certainly seems rather superfluous.

The November number of the *Purple and Gold* opens with an article by President Gerry on Chi Psi at Columbia, followed by an account of Wesleyan University in '44.

Devoted as this Magazine is "exclusively to matters of fraternity interest," we are glad to see that *Chi Psi's* heart is in the right place, as is indicated by its graceful love poem in imitation of Anacreon.

The editorial on Society and Fraternity forcibly distinguishes between the two. "When to secrecy is added unity, and from these are born fellowship and constancy, yes, when to all is joined alumni loyalty, so eloquent and conclusive, then you have reached *Fraternity*. You are at the antipodes of *Society*." This is a good distinction. And yet is not conservatism, the watchword of the best Greek Fraternities, carried too far when it is desired that even the magazine "could be of a secret nature?" To stop contact with the rest of the Greek world, to live entirely in secrecy, reminds us of the Chinese policy.

The February number opens very happily with an article on Fraternities at Princeton. *Olim meminisse* is a graceful memory. The book reviews in both numbers are somewhat lengthy for the poems reviewed.

The *Purple and Gold* is well printed, with attractive cover and fraternity frontispieces, but with a policy a little less conservative, the paper would be of more general interest.

Chapter Letters.

αἱ τῶν παρθένων πράξεις.

BETA—ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

Beta opens this term with a membership of eleven—the same as last term.

Drusilla St. Clair, one of our last term's initiates, has, we regret to say, left college, and is now at Deering seminary in Pennsylvania, while Frances Robinson, one of our old members, who has been absent for a year on account of ill health, has returned.

We have had only one meeting as yet, but at that we made a rough plan of work for the term. Having received so much benefit from our travel in Europe last term, we decided to come home and compare our own country with foreign ones. We have also made an improvement on our old plan of devoting half an hour to discussing the general news of the week, by assigning to some one the duty of collecting items in writing from the daily papers and of reading them as part of the programme.

Our members are neither musical nor poetical, but we think it would be an excellent plan to "tease out" a few poetical ideas, by compelling each girl to write a song, though we have not yet attempted to put the plan into practice—we fear the struggle.

We think efficiency in debate is as necessary to women as to men, and as our meetings afford facilities for the timid to cultivate this branch, why would it not be a good thing for each chapter to debate on some question as often as once a month? Then, too, we, as chapters, are not so closely bound together by fraternity bonds as we should be—we are not acquainted with each other. Should we not become more interested in one another if, as chapters, we should debate upon some question? For instance, Beta has no idea of Phi's opinion on the temperance movement, the labor question, or any of these hackneyed themes. Now, Beta might discuss a question, decide in one way or another, sum up her arguments for such decision, and send them to Phi, and Phi could do

the same by Beta. Each chapter might then refute the arguments of the other if they were on opposite sides, and then if our discussion amounted to anything, it might be published in *The Key*, and perhaps other chapters might like to participate. In this way we should learn what ideas our sisters have on questions of general interest, and when we meet, we should have something to talk about. Beta would say in regard to this matter that she would like to receive a challenge to debate with another chapter.

But we believe we were asked to write a "news" letter. That is a hard thing to ask of us just at this time, as our term is just opened. But we can mention one very pleasant occurrence, showing that in St. Lawrence university at any rate, judged by the great test of the ballot, we girls are of some account. Last Friday night came the event of the College Literary Society—the election of its president. The night was stormy, but, by the courtesy of our brothers in Beta Theta Pi, we were carried to the place of battle with neatness and dispatch, where we rendered most valiant service in electing a Beta senior. We sang in a triumphant strain all the way home, and reaped the fruit of our labor the following night—with great satisfaction.

Truly, that is all the news we have. Under that head would hardly come the renewed greetings we send so heartily to our sister chapters. May we hear from some of them right speedily.

GAMMA—WOOSTER UNIVERSITY.

Gamma sends hearty greetings to *The Key* and sister chapters, regretting very much that it was not represented in the first number of the year. We were all delighted with the new *Key*. It brought an atmosphere of fraternity enthusiasm and Boston culture that is as refreshing as pleasant. This year opened very brightly for the chapter. We initiated four new girls—Mildred Rumble, Kate Rowland, Lizzie Ustick and Harriet Crippen. All save Lizzie Ustick are taking the regular collegiate course. Miss Ustick is studying music and has decided talent in elocution. Last term was rather gay. There were

quite a number of festive gatherings, at all of which we were represented. We gave a reception during the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of Miss Firestone. The home of the Firestones is noted for its hospitality, and this evening proved no exception.

We lost two girls at the end of last term—Lorena Schafer, who has always been a loyal Kappa and whose winning ways we miss very much indeed, and Lilla Shellhast, whose quiet determination has always been a force in the chapter. Neither of the girls expects to return and we feel the loss, though we hope we shall swell the ranks ere long.

This term has been a very quiet one in every respect, much hard work and small pleasure—"All work and no play," &c.—so we will not take further space.

DELTA—INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

Delta is sailing. "Ahoy" call her sister chapters. "'Tis a great thing to sail. But will you not stop long enough to tell us about it? Whither are you going? What new faces have you on board? What cargo have you?" We honestly forgot to stop last term and we were punished. When, after some delay, Delta received the last issue of *The Key*, when she heard her friends praise it so highly and she was compelled to confess that "her name was not written there," then was she punished. Then she learned that time spent at anchor is not always wasted, but often the most important part of the voyage.

At the very beginning of our voyage we took on board Caroline E. Zern. She came to us highly recommended by one of our sisters and by an honor scholarship from the high school of Peru, Indiana. Next we initiated Etta Craven of Danville, Indiana; also two preparatory students, Martha Orchard and Bird Roseberry, both of Bloomington, Indiana. Bernice M. Overman, Amanda Hamaker of Marion, Ind.; Ida M. Loudon of Bloomington, Ind.; and Regina Bituer, holding the honor scholarship from the high school of Warsaw, Ind., were made sisters. At the beginning of the present term, we initiated Laura E. Eurich, a graduate of the high school of Indianapolis, Ind. We now

number fourteen active members, and we do not hesitate to say, "We gained the very best," and so we are content.

November 17, Mrs. Livermore lectured for our chapter at the college chapel. Certainly, the pride which each of us felt in the name of "Kappa" on that evening, was not the pride of the Pharisees, but that pride which will not hurt a saint and often saves a sinner.

As yet we have had no weddings. But, oh! we shudder every day. Our treasury is full, fuller than it has been for some time. We try to keep this fact from any of our number who may be "matrimonially inclined." Delta always gladly empties her treasury in a charitable deed, but she groans with a mighty groan when she hears of a wedding.

But we would better sail on. We do not want to give you time to question us about our "literary work." Delta has tried everything that comes under the head of "literary work," yet she is never quite satisfied with what she accomplishes. Perhaps this is because our ambition soars too high. We are confident of one thing—we would like to do better.

Sailing on the same ocean with us, with crews almost as brilliant, with prospects almost as bright, are the other "Greeks" of "old L. U." The lovers of "Independence" shake their wise heads and say, "The days of the Greeks are numbered." If, in the face of our present prosperity, they can say this, they liken us to the "pure white swan." She sings her sweetest song before her death. Not a bad comparison, after all. The song we are singing is, indeed, a sweet one. No wonder they think it the last. But, oh! it will be "sweetest music, long drawn out." We predict for our enemies long lives when we say, "You will never live to hear the last note."

We hear the cry, "Hoist the sail!" Whither are we bound? We are sailing on to success. When we reach the port, we expect to shake the hand of every chapter of K. K. F.

ZETA—IOWA UNIVERSITY.

THE Fall term of '86 was a very successful one for our chapter. The initiates received during that time were Ida B. Clarke, Susie Paxon, Helen Orten, Kate Legler, Lornie Dugan, Georgie Mitchell, Helen

Copeland and Alice Calvin, giving us a membership of fourteen to which will be added one more at the return of Carrie Spielman during the latter part of the year. The lease of our old hall expiring January 9, we made arrangements for combining with the Phi Delta Thetas in the use of their present halls. The gentlemen were very kind in the hospitable offer of their rooms, and we gladly consented to lend them the grace of K. K. F.'s presence.

On last Hallowe'en the Kappas were very pleasantly entertained by Minnie Preston and Isa Moore at the home of the latter. Positively no gentlemen allowed. Programme, the usual service, for October 31.

At the recent annual exhibition of "The Hesperian Literary Society," Minnie Preston and Ida Clarke took leading parts in a play presented on that occasion. Isa Moore was President of the society at that time, and the play was also written by a Kappa. Minnie Preston is President of the society for this the winter term, and is also Secretary of the Oratorical Association, which is composed of members of the four literary societies of the University, and numbers over one hundred and twenty members.

In a German play to be presented soon three Kappas figure conspicuously, the principal roles being borne by May Williams and Ida Clarke.

Anna Ross of '85 is now in Iowa City, taking a vacation from her architectural labors. She soon goes to accept a position in Omaha, Nebraska.

A chapter of the Delta Gamma fraternity has recently been started here, and thus far has been very successful, although not in any way interfering with K. K. F. plans. All the fraternities have prospered this year with the exception of the Sigma Chi chapter, which was compelled to hand in its charter.

THETA—MISSOURI UNIVERSITY.

Theta has eleven active members this year, and two associate members, while at the beginning of last year it had only four. We have initiated two girls only, Ulie Denny and Mary Clark, both bright and

interesting girls. Ulie will, we believe, if she keeps it up, be quite an elocutionist, as she has rendered several pieces unusually well in public, which makes us all the more proud of her.

Not long since there was a rumor afloat of another girls' secret society, having been started by some of the secret society boys, who seemed to think Kappas had had their own way long enough, and they would give us a rival. Of course Kappas were interested at once and made inquiries concerning it, but obtained no definite information; therefore we think it must have been only a rumor intended to startle us. However, we are calmly awaiting results. Should it be started, it would of course only make us all the more zealous. In fact, it would be a very good thing for Kappas to have a rival.

Our boys have just succeeded in obtaining a much-desired and long-fought-for object in the shape of a college paper. There has been a sort of subdued determination all this year on the part of the boys to have the paper, and the faculty thought they were equally determined that they should not have it, and so the boys are very much elated over having gained the victory.

One of our girls, George Spencer, who was with us last semester, did not return after the holidays, and we miss her greatly, for we were much attached to her. She seems to have a way of unconsciously making people love her. Ida Hayes, '79, and Gretta Hayes, '83, are in Aspen, Colorado, this winter. Zannie Denny, '85, is teaching in the public school here.

As to the article in the last *Key* in regard to the girls writing their names with an "ie" we would say only two of our girls' names end in "ie," Zannie and Ulie, and we cannot very well change Christian names.

Theta sends greeting to all sister chapters.

KAPPA—HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

Kappa chapter sends greeting to her many sisters, and congratulations to the editors of *The Key*. We are very much pleased with the magazine and hope soon to give our literary mite.

November 10, we gave an informal reception to our sister, Mrs.

Livermore, at the residence of Major J. H. Baker. The college faculty, the fraternity gentlemen and their ladies were invited, and the affair was very pleasant. Mrs. Livermore proved herself not only "Queen of the Platform," but Queen of the parlor as well. Our guests thought the time (4 to 6 p. m.) all too short, and sighed that they could not be Kappas, when they found we were to take tea with our honored sister. The lecture in the evening on "Wendell Phillips and his Times" was grand, and one which will be long remembered.

Our meetings have been unusually pleasant this year. A committee of two is appointed each week to arrange the literary work for the next meeting, and as this gives each member some work during the term, we think it a very good plan.

We have made only one addition to our ranks this term, Lilian Kirkwood, who was initiated January 22. We have taken "Quality not Quantity" as our motto, and Miss Kirkwood is the only one who answers our requirements as yet. She is a bright, active girl, and a loyal Kappa.

The state convention held at Adrian, October 29 and 30, was very interesting, although the college faculty would allow us to send only five delegates, which was a disappointment to us all. A few more conventions will convince us that Kappa hospitality is very seldom equalled and never excelled.

Dora Stamats, '89, one of our initiates last fall, has been obliged to leave school, but will return next year. Mignon Kern is teaching in Illinois this year. She will return to graduate with '88.

Several of our girls are to indulge in the luxury of new badges. There are whispers of lectures, banquets, picnics, etc., for next spring. In fact, every Kappa seems to have some particular plan which must be carried out.

LAMBDA—BUCHTEL COLLEGE.

Through a little mistake our last letter did not appear in *The Key*, but we will try not to let it happen again. We all enjoyed the convention so much, and wish it came oftener, so that we could have it again; and all want to attend the next one. As new members, we introduce

Mary McMillen, '88, of Akron, and two special students—Cora Widney of Bellville and Anna Gauter of Akron—so we now number eleven active and two associate members.

We have received invitations to weddings of two sisters this year—Laura Bryan, who on November 24 was married to Mr. McLaughlin, and now resides in Ronceverte, West Virginia, and Lillian Acomb, '86, to Livingston L. Hunter, who were married January 6, and have made their home in Pidioute, Pennsylvania. Lillian Moore, '86, is teaching chemistry and Latin in the Akron High School.

Mary Krenzke, '85, and Mary Webb, '86, are teaching in Kent, so we visited them in a body not long ago and had a delightful time. Belle Slade, '86, and Florence Erwin, ex-'88, have been making us a visit, and we hope to see more of our old girls before long.

For our literary work this term we are reading the *New York Tribune* and discussing the topics of the times and find it very interesting and instructive.

MU—BUTLER UNIVERSITY.

We were very much pleased with the last issue of *The Key*. The new dress adds greatly to its appearance and every Kappa may well be proud of her fraternity magazine.

Mu chapter is enjoying her usual prosperity. Owing to the removal of the charter of Kappa Alpha Theta from our college, we have, this year, had but little opposition with which to contend. The "barbs," though strong, usually yield gracefully when the Kappas show an inclination to favor a new girl.

Four girls have been initiated this year by Mu chapter: Grace Murry, Vesta Hobbs, Lona Iden and Jennie Gates.

This term we have lost two valuable members—Maude Huntington and Martha Allen. Both are out on account of ill health.

Mr. H. T. Miller, Phi Delta Theta, of '88, has lately written for us a new song, of which we are very proud. It will be sent to the committee, which has charge of the new song book.

Miss Gertrude Wade is winning quite a reputation as a musician.

She is soon to play for a concert to be given by the leading musicians of Indianapolis.

The Junior contest in oratory will take place within the next few weeks, and the Kappas will be represented.

Martha Murry and Jennie Gates will assist a company of the college students in a concert, to be given at one of the neighboring towns, on the evening of February 19. Several of their fraternity sisters, with escorts, will accompany them.

Quite an innovation in Greek circles occurred this week. The Sigma Chis invited the Kappas to unite with them in a joint meeting. The evening was very pleasantly and profitably spent.

Our social life has by no means been neglected. Three times this year have we entertained our friends. In October, on the occasion of our anniversary, a reception was given; later, a masquerade party; and in January a sleighing party, terminating at the home of one of our loyal supporters in Indianapolis, where a delightful evening was spent in dancing and card playing.

The event in college society occurred on the evening of February 10. This event was the opening of the new Delta Tau Delta hall. A Pan-Hellenic reception was given, the gentlemen of Delta Tau Delta receiving and entertaining their friends. Short speeches were made by representatives of the various fraternities. Martha Murry presented the best wishes of the Kappas in a very charming manner.

XI—ADRIAN COLLEGE.

Xi chapter is in a flourishing condition. Another member has been added to our list—Cora Palmer—making our number eight.

Three of our members have been elected to represent their societies at the annual inter-society contest next commencement: Enid Ware as first orator; Jennie De Vose as essayist of the Lambda Phi, and Hettie Meikle as essayist of the Star Society.

The sub-convention of the Kappas and Xis, held here in October, was much enjoyed. An informal reception was tendered the Kappas on the evening of their arrival at the home of the Misses Palmer.

On the next evening a social time was enjoyed at the residence of Mrs. Wilbur.

The gentlemen's fraternities very kindly assisted in the entertainment of our guests.

SIGMA—NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY.

Everything is quiet in Sigma at present. The girls who live out of town all went home for the holidays, and all report a pleasant time except Sarah Daley, who has been quite ill.

We have at last succeeded in having a group picture of the traditional thirteen. If perseverance insures success, it certainly ought to be good.

The second Saturday in January found us in full force at the Chapel, engaged in a contest for the control of the college paper. If we cannot cast our ballot for president, we can and will stand up for woman suffrage in our college halls, where neither age nor sex can prevent us from exercising our rights as American citizens. We are pleased to state that our side won, and one of our seniors, Laura Roberts, is assistant editor.

Our new Science Hall, which cost twenty-five thousand dollars, was dedicated this term. It was thought it would be large enough to grow in, but already they are crowded for room. The interest manifested in that department is phenomenal. Legislature is now in session, and we hope for a large appropriation.

We were much pleased with the last *Key*, and wish Phi all possible success.

UPSILON—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

After a pleasant Christmas vacation, we Kappa girls of N. W. U. came back to our school home full of zeal for the winter's work.

We celebrated our second week of school by the initiation of Jennie M. Jones, '90, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Carrie Case, '89, is continuing her studies in music and art in Chicago. As she is so near us, we have the pleasure of seeing her frequently.

Kate L. Sharp, '85 made us a flying visit in the early part of the term.

There has been much class spirit manifested here in the last few weeks; we are glad to say, however, that no fraternity feeling has been mingled with it. Reports, very much exaggerated, have been widely scattered, and we want to make it known that the disturbance reported to have occurred among the girls at the Woman's college, existed only in the fertile imagination of the reporter.

This little corner of the fraternity world was much surprised recently by the resurrection of the Illinois Alpha chapter of Phi Delta Theta. This chapter, established at Northwestern university in 1859, ceased to be active at the time of the late war, and remained so until within the last few weeks. We hope Phi Delta Theta may not again be overpowered, but may fight her battles bravely, live long and prosper.

We are all anticipating a pleasant time on University day, which is celebrated here February 22. On that day the students of all the different departments of the University meet in Evanston, for the sake of getting acquainted and becoming more deeply interested in each other and in their Alma Mater.

We do not know how it may be with other chapters, but Upsilon feels the need of more social intimacy among her girls. We all love each other dearly, but being so separated by pursuing different branches of work, we do not see enough of each other. For this reason, we have decided to have every month a purely social meeting in our hall. Our plan is to get together, have a pleasant social time, and not separate before we have indulged in an informal supper. We have had one such gathering and agree that we all parted, feeling nearer and dearer to each other.

Kate Alling, '87, was one of five successful contestants for the Deering prizes. There were seventeen contestants in all, and we feel justly proud of having one of our girls attain such success. The five, who were successful, are competitors for the Kirk oratorical prize. This

contest occurs commencement week and is the most important one of the year.

Belle Alling, '88, has been elected to contest for the Ossoli essay prize.

PHI—BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Three more months have slipped away and the new year finds us abundantly occupied with business and occasional festivities, for our second term is always a pleasant as well as a busy one. This promises to be particularly so, for in December we added to our number ten freshmen. They were the very members to whom invitations had been sent and we feel deeply pleased with our success. Phi certainly has a very prosperous and happy outlook.

Some changes have taken place in our chapter since the fall term. Miss Hobson of '87 is with us once more. Miss Latham, '88, and Miss Kingsbury, '89 are away from college at present, but we hope for their return in March. At the beginning of the term sad news came to us from across the water—the death of Cornelia S. Fessenden of '86, who was spending the winter with her friends at Berlin, Germany.

Much of our time during the fall was necessarily devoted to business transactions, but with the initiation of our ten new members and the beginning of the winter term, we started upon our regular programme and everything indicates a delightful and profitable future.

Many of our alumnae live in the vicinity of Boston and occasionally favor us with visits. Miss Chisholm of '86, is Preceptress of the Academy at East Greenwich, and Miss Short, '86, is attending the School of Expression in Boston.

The chapter recently devoted an afternoon to a reception of its alumnae members. The former classes were well represented. An interesting entertainment had been prepared and together with songs and refreshments, it proved a most enjoyable occasion.

CHI—MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY.

After a long and severe winter, everyone longs for the coming of spring. During the past week, the weather has moderated and we begin

to realize, by the dripping eaves and wet walks, that the sun is really travelling north again. During the delightful fall, many predicted a mild and open winter, but they have proved themselves unreliable prophets. It has been a common experience in walking along the street to be stopped by even a stranger and informed with a smile that either one's nose, cheeks or ears were frozen. Of course these days of thirty or forty degrees below have been interspersed with bright, comparatively, warm ones. Then the streets have been thronged with sleighs of all descriptions, and toboggan and snow shoe clubs have been out in full force. We wish you all might have been here during the ice carnival at St. Paul, when the varied and exciting winter sports of our country would have charmed you, even with the temperature below zero.

So much for the weather; now for personal matters. As to *The Key* we are much pleased with the improvements, and if Phi has the hearty co-operation of all of her sister chapters, there certainly is no reason why *The Key* should not be a very creditable magazine. One thing, however, we would like to suggest and that is, though the colors of the cover are in good taste, it seems that as we *have* fraternity colors, they ought to be used, especially for such a purpose as this.

The allusion, among the exchanges, to the Phi Delta Thetas having taken one of the weaker sex into the bonds of fellowship, created something of a stir in the chapter here of said fraternity. As the would-be unknown has not displayed the pin of late, the Phis have probably relented and wisely decided to lean upon the strength of their brothers alone.

If the other chapters are as strong as the one here, they are capable of fighting the fraternity's battles without outside aid.

After the "Plea" in the last *Key* for systematic literary work, we determined upon a course that we think will be very beneficial.

Commencing with Hawthorne, we read first his life and at the meeting had a very interesting talk upon the subject. Then we took the *Scarlet Letter*. All of the reading is done by each member and the entire meeting is occupied with discussions upon, and perhaps short selections from, the work under consideration. Thus far the plan has been found to be very interesting as well as profitable.

The great event with us of late was the marriage of one of our girls of the class of '86—Miss Josephine Mans to Mr. Preston King. Later came the Chi Psi party given at their chapter house, which all pronounced a most enjoyable occasion.

Mrs. Cameron, formerly of Iota chapter, has lately come to Minneapolis. It is very delightful to have a sister come among us and tell so much concerning her chapter, in which we have always been interested, but of which we have really known so little.

Fanny Hammond of Zeta, who has been with us about a year and a half, has recently gone with a sister to California to escape the remainder of our severe winter.

Miss Mary Powell started last week for Florida and Cuba, where she expects to remain about two months.

PSI—CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The college year has so far been a very pleasant one for Psi chapter.

The success of the non-rushing plan has been proved by a most satisfactory initiation at the beginning of the present term,—Janet Jacks, a graduate of the University of the Pacific, and Linda Lathrop, a freshman, being the initiates.

The only drawback to our happiness has been the absence from college for the term of two of our most prominent members.

The concert, recently given here by the Cecilia Club of Syracuse University, afforded a very pleasant opportunity for meeting members of Tau chapter.

The deeper interest in other chapters, roused by the convention of last summer, causes us to appreciate doubly our unusual good fortune in knowing members of various chapters.

The term has been marked by several pleasant social events, among them the reception given by Iota chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta, at which the majority of the college fraternities were represented.

The winter term is, however, essentially the time for hard work, and our energies are now concentrated upon our various courses of study.

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—Bertha 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, BUCHEL COLLEGE—Winifred Herrick, 713 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio.
 GAMMA, 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, 1101 N. McLean
 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 CENTENARY 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.



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