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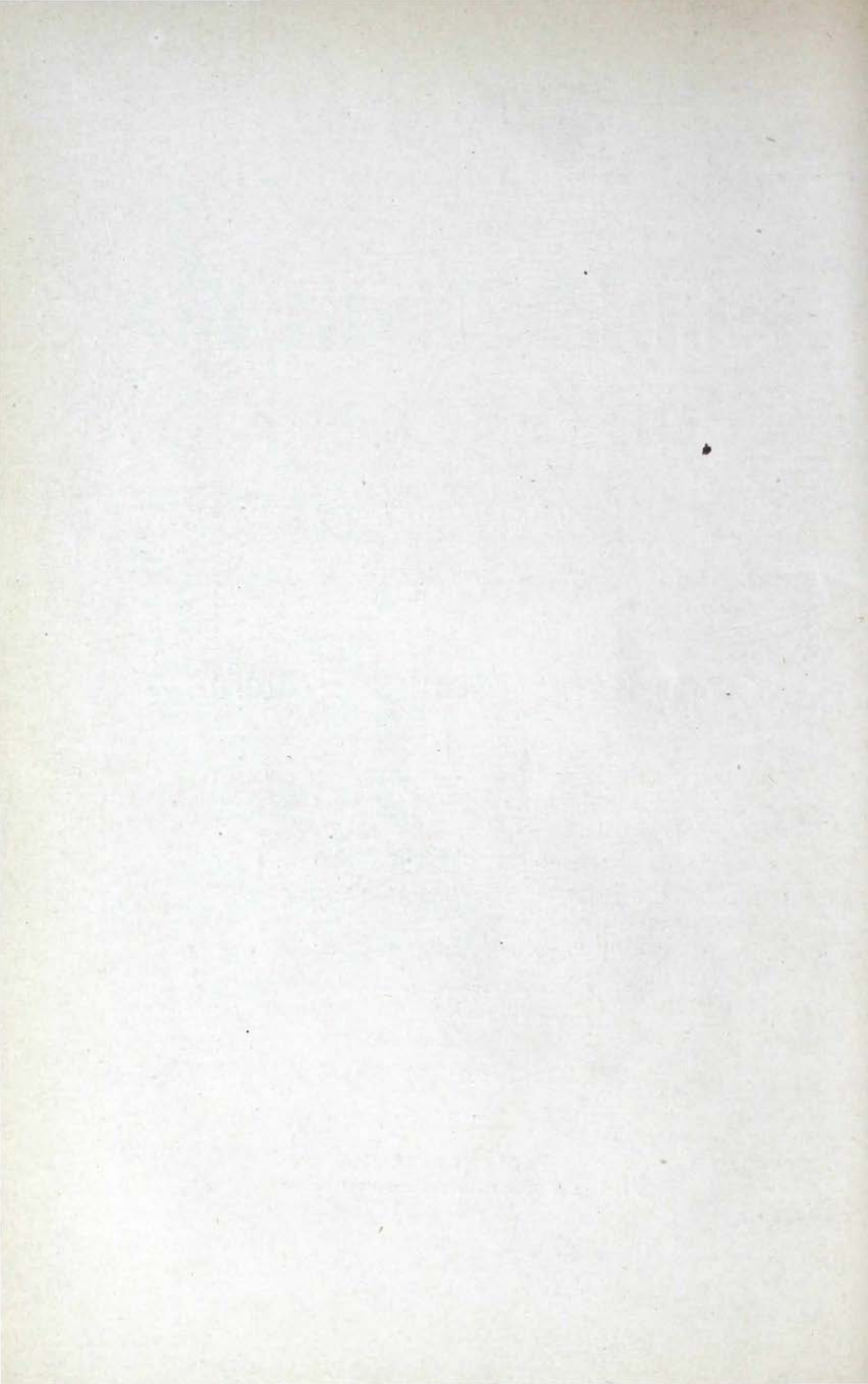
GOLDEN KEY

PUBLISHED BY THE

Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity.

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

——  
INDIANAPOLIS:  
RANDALL & FISH, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.  
1883.



# THE GOLDEN KEY.

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VOL. I.

*Greencastle, Indiana, March, 1883.*

No. 3.

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## *SPERO.*

BY MINNETTA T. TAYLOR.

The sheening sunset coldly falls  
On peaceful meadow, hill and stream,  
And lights the distant city walls  
With mockery of crimson gleam;  
An autumn sky of beaten gold  
Spreads high and clear above the down,  
With bordering mists that, fold on fold,  
Close o'er the woodlands, dank and brown;  
Save where—a saber sheer and keen—  
The chilly west wind cuts between;  
Familiar everything I see,  
And yet to-night—how strange to me!

The senses recognize them all!  
The dazzling west, the shadowed east,  
The wind's sharp rise, its murmuring fall,  
The hills, from highest peak to least;

But now my soul with alien eyes,  
Looks from her tenement of clay,  
For here before me clearly rise,  
The truths that long have fled away,  
The memories of days of yore—  
A life once mine, now mine no more—  
That came and went like forms that glide  
'Twixt light and dark at eventide.

To-night I look with clearer eyes,  
Past all my present life's short day;  
I see mine ancient home arise,  
And Egypt's priests in proud array—  
Ay, Egypt! Athor, look thou down,  
Moon queen, that light'st the Red Sea's wave,  
The priest who dared thy chiding frown,  
Now wears the white face of his slave!  
Was't thou whose quenchless, god-like wrath  
Traced for my feet a downward path,  
That I might, humbled, bend the knee,  
Once more to thy divinity?

Nay! Thou wert but a shape, a form,  
To cheat the idle, gaping throng;  
To give us power in calm and storm,  
And make our reign more sure and long;  
We watched—my fellow priests and I—  
Thy silent course above the sands,  
And knew that thou in yonder sky,  
Could'st never see our praying hands;  
Nor ever marked the obelisk,  
That bore the image of thy disk,  
Nor hid nor gave thy pale rays,  
For any voice of scorn or praise.

And yet we ever prayed to thee,  
And spoke with strange, mysterious guile,  
While hundreds bent the suppliant knee,  
And sought the favor of thy smile.  
Oh! strong the master's power to bind  
The slave his word may save or kill!  
And strong the seer who rules the mind,  
And bends it to his sovereign will!  
But force and wisdom naught avail  
To lift the future's ebon veil,  
And strongest he who holds in thrall  
The soul, for he is king of all!

Howe'er we win it, good is power—  
But ah! there comes to me again  
The memory of one silent hour,  
When I, alone on Gizeh's plain,  
First looked upon the Sphinx's face,  
And saw it lit with that strange smile  
That seemed to scorn the human race,  
Yet wore triumphant joy the while—  
The joy of one who, unconfessed,  
Holds fast some thought that makes him blest,  
And careth not for any ills,  
So great a hope his bosom fills.

I looked, and all my garnered lore  
Seemed vain and light, and all my past  
Shriveled away like leaves before  
The desert simoon's scorching blast;  
And I who held that man alone  
Had power to guide his destiny,  
Bowed down before that thing of stone,  
For in its eyes I well might see

A look that e'en should I learn all  
The secrets of this earthly ball,  
Upon my face could never be  
It mirrored back divinity!

The stars came out and shed their light  
Across the faintly gleaming sand;  
I pierced the calm, Egyptian night,  
And in its heart I seemed to stand,  
And see the planets rolling on,  
Each following an appointed course,  
The great sun-chariot upward drawn,  
By some Creator's guiding force;  
I stood on the horizon's verge,  
And heard time's ocean onward surge  
And knew it broke upon some shore  
Where mortal ills might come no more.

And yet, I had not thought to die;  
The faith that shook my soul that night,  
And showed some mightier power than I,  
Had vanished with the morning light;  
For slaves and beasts of burden, well  
It was to share their common doom;  
But I who knew each mighty spell,  
Could *I* be shut within the tomb?  
I ruled mankind with subtle grace,  
I looked on Isis, face to face,  
The very stars were slaves to me,  
And should not death my subject be?

Ah, no! Upon mine eyes there fell  
A darkness, cleft by fiery spears;  
I heard the funeral anthem swell,  
I felt a rain of pitying tears;



And then—the winds that lashed the sea,  
The fire that flickered on the sand,  
The sunny stretch of fertile lea,  
The waves that beat the sloping strand,  
Took back the soul that sprung from space  
And chaos into form and place,  
Died not, since life can never die,  
But parted from the sentient I,

And scattered all its gathered powers,  
As seeds a single calyx bore,  
Are carried, some to India's bowers,  
And some to Iceland's iron shore.  
So riven, my soul through many a clime  
Went wandering, and the rolling years  
Divided me from mine own time,  
By cycles of revolving spheres;  
Yet could not all eternity  
Destroy my living entity,  
The pendule of existence swings  
So far beyond material things.

There is no trace upon my heart,  
Of that mysterious life in death:  
I only know I was apart  
From all things dowered with mortal breath.  
Were it not better so to sleep,  
Away from care, away from pain,  
Than wake with lesser powers, to seek  
For truth, which erst I sought in vain,  
To see the shadowy years upclimb  
The rugged heights of earthly time,  
And each with stony, lifeless face,  
Look down at me and melt in space?

The world has been through many a storm,  
Since first I trod its devious ways ;  
And yet through every varying form,  
Its spirit is the same always.  
I heard to-day—and did not smile—  
As new discoveries of the age,  
The theories that by the Nile,  
I taught to many a dark-faced mage—  
How man by time and strength alone,  
From lowest life to highest grown,  
Owes naught to the invisible,  
Save that first weak, organic cell.

And were this all the world could give,  
To die were better far for me,  
Since through all lives that man may live,  
His hope lies in his deity.  
But now, 'mid philosophic jars,  
There rises up a newer strain,  
That thrills me as when 'neath the stars,  
I watched the Sphinx, with nameless pain ;  
They told me then a Jewish slave  
Had shaped that mystic face, and gave  
To it his own exultant faith,  
That, overlooking time and death,

Welcomed a coming God. If so,  
And I who saw believe it true,  
The time has come—the age's flow  
Bears that which nerves my soul anew,  
To hope that now indeed the end  
Of all my being may be shown ;  
And I may find me paths that tend  
To one concentric point alone,

Not drifting, helpless, vain and blind,  
An idle leaf upon the wind,  
But steadily as one who moves  
Toward the light he knows and loves.

I know they say the risen God  
Is but a legendary dream,  
That born at superstition's nod  
In every age has grown a scheme  
So vast, it reaches from the lands  
Where Northern Skalds for Baldur weep,  
And tell his death by cruel hands,  
And how he yet shall wake from sleep ;  
To where the priests of India chant  
The blessed peace the gods shall grant,  
When Siva, the Destroyer, flies  
Before the light of Vishnu's eyes.

But not the tales the Norsemen taught,  
Of Odin's sword and Odin's steed ;  
And not the Indian legends, fraught  
With many a dark and bloody deed ;  
Nor even that higher, purer faith  
The Persian Zoroaster gave,  
Can match His words, whose dying breath  
Blessed those who dragg'd Him to the grave ;  
Who spake as never man before,  
Nor any gods that men adore,  
Of love, and charity, and truth,  
Of sweet humility and ruth.

And men may write in studied phrase,  
Against a power that sternly binds  
The evil of their crooked ways,  
The vanity of soaring minds ;

But I have proved how ill besteads  
The system they have built to hide  
The arch of Heaven above their heads,  
The surging of the Styx's tide ;  
For I have seen death's levin wrath  
Burn all to ashes in its path,  
And reason and its laws have grown  
But dull beneath dark Acheron.

And so, methinks, through all the past,  
I see the workings of a power,  
That pitying those whose lot was cast  
Before the dawning's radiant hour,  
Gave not to them who vainly strove  
For truth, the crown that now they gain,  
Yet spared them with divinest love,  
From Hades' depths of endless pain ;  
And held them wrapt in sleep and night,  
Until the calm, far-reaching light  
Beamed from that Head upon the tree,  
And lit the world from sea to sea.

The crescent moon goes down, yet still  
From yon dim west a bar of light  
O'er-slants the purple glooming hill,  
And breaks the valley's rayless night ;  
So falls a hope on my dark heart,  
That bids it brace its powers anew,  
And strive once more to take its part,  
In that great work the world must do.  
If this be vain, when all is done,  
I know the earth and I are one ;  
If true—I break my prison bars,  
And tread yon path toward the stars.

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*CIVIL LIBERTY IN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.*

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Under the title given above, the *Indianapolis Daily Sentinel* for February 18th, publishes a full report of the speech made by Hon. J. H. Willard in the Indiana Senate on the previous day. At this late date we can not find room for the whole report, but the following extracts will give the substance of the argument:

The Senate having under consideration the general appropriation bill in committee of the whole, the question being on the adoption of the following proviso as an amendment to the section appropriating \$12,000 to Purdue University, "Provided, however, that this appropriation shall only be drawn quarterly, and the Auditor of State shall issue his warrant for the same only in case that the President of the Board of Trustees of Purdue University shall file with said Auditor, on or before the first day of July, 1883, a statement that all restrictions or regulations of any nature whatever in regard to students in said institution joining or belonging to any college secret society have been absolutely and completely abrogated, and shall remain so, and that complete immunity has been granted said students to connect themselves with any college secret society they may desire, and a like statement shall be filed with the Auditor before each quarterly warrant is drawn."

Senator Willard spoke as follows :

"MR. PRESIDENT—As the author of the proviso which has been unanimously reported from the committee on finance, and as a member of that committee in charge of the appropriation bill, it is proper that I should give the reasons for the amendment proposed. I desire in advance to state in the Senate that I have no personal interest in this matter whatever, as the only Greek fraternities into which I ever had the honor to be initiated, so far as I am aware, have never sought to establish a chapter in Indiana. But none the less warmly is every impulse of my nature in sympathy with this proviso. The object of the proviso is almost too well known in the Senate to require explanation. Its purpose is to declare, by solemn legislative enactment, that the faculty of Purdue University shall not trample upon the civil liberty of the students in that institution, whether citizens or minors.

“It proposes to declare, in the most emphatic form in which this General Assembly can enunciate it, that Guiteauism and hobby riding shall have no place in the advanced education which we are laboring to bestow on rich and poor alike in Indiana. It is indeed strange, Mr. Chairman, that in this our advanced civilization, in a State which has the finest system of common schools on the continent, a legislator should be forced to insist that the blessings of civil liberty and freedom of thought shall not be denied to any citizen of Indiana.”

After reviewing at some length the history of the “Purdue case,” the senator continued :

“In this way the faculty of Purdue reimposed upon the students the very rule which the Supreme Court had termed degrading and extraordinary. These rules assume to establish a condition subsequent to admission instead of a condition precedent, but in truth and in fact they establish a condition precedent by making the student pledge his honor to abide by the condition subsequent. You ask, perhaps, why do they not again go into the courts? Remember, senators, that these students are, many of them, young boys—poor, perhaps, and unable to bear the heavy expense which an appeal of cases to the Supreme Court necessarily entails—and what assurance will they have that another contest will not be followed by another attempted evasion? They have been victorious in the courts, but it has been of little avail, and, therefore, they come to you as the representatives of the people, and they have the right to make their appeal to you. They ask you to relieve them from these regulations, which the Supreme Court has pronounced to be degrading. They ask you to burst the shackles which bind their consciences. They ask you to say, through the medium of legislation, that you will not permit any class of the inhabitants of this State to be held in moral slavery by any combination of men whatsoever. And these students have the right to appeal to you. It was a right guaranteed to them by their fathers, and that it might never be disregarded it was placed in the supreme law of the State in these words: ‘Knowledge and learning generally diffused throughout a community being essential to the preservation of a free government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to encourage by all suitable means, moral, intellectual, scientific, and agricultural improvement, and to provide by law for a general and uniform system of common schools, where tuition shall be without charge and equally open to all.’

“Every senator upon this floor is aware that it is under this provision of the constitution that aid has repeatedly been granted to the State University, the Normal School, and Purdue University; and to the credit of the other institutions be it said that Purdue has been the only one to violate the constitution of Indiana as expounded by the supreme court of the State.

“I appeal to you, my fellow-senators, to right this wrong. I appeal to you not to close your ears to the demand of the downtrodden students of Purdue University. I appeal to every liberty-lovin<sup>g</sup> sentiment which animates your bosoms. I appeal to you Republicans, whose hearts thrill with just pride when you recall, as the grandest achievement of the greatest representative of your party, the striking off the fetters from the limbs, of 4,000,000 enslaved, and I ask you, Are you ready to maintain a species of moral slavery right here in the free State of Indiana? I do not believe it.

“I appeal to my Democratic friends, members of a party which has survived so many successive defeats only because it is founded on inalienable and unchangable principles, and I ask you, Are you going to deny the prayer of the oppressed in utter disregard of the fundamental principle enunciated by the founder of our party, ‘Equal and exact justice to all men?’

“Again, I appeal to you as Senators acting under the obligation of a solemn oath, and I ask you, Are you going to disregard the sacred provision of the constitution that the system of common schools shall be equally open to all? Are you going to say that the man who joins a Greek fraternity should be classed in the same category as a criminal, that he shall not be accorded the same liberty as other inhabitants of this State? Why, what are the Greek fraternities? If you listen to the drivel of the president of Purdue you would suppose that they were the offspring of Satan and the damned. Away with such fanaticism! These fraternities have numbered in their catalogues the grandest names in American history in the nineteenth century. You find their members in every assemblage of educated men. As I look around upon my colleagues, I find that well-nigh half of them have experienced their blessings and known their worth. They throw around the young man just entering collegiate life the most secure protection imaginable. He leaves his home, doubting, hesitating, untried, inexperienced, totally unfamiliar with the ways of the world, and when he enters

the fraternity he finds himself amid a brotherhood whose older members will guide and counsel him. He finds himself protected, advised, admonished, urged onward in the pathway of ambition, while his course is regarded with the most affectionate solicitude and brotherly care. He feels himself at once admitted

“ To a sphere where love's the center,  
 Where all hate and envy cease,  
 Where dissensions never enter  
 To a fellowship of peace.  
 Each for every other caring,  
 Learns his brother's good to prize,  
 With his brother honor sharing—  
 Every honor multiplies.”

“The Greek fraternities train the student by the art of criticism into habits of correct thought. They teach him the first rudiments of political maneuvering. They give him new and broader ideas of humanity. They elevate him in all that constitutes true manhood. These fraternities form the green oases in the dreary desert of collegiate labor. For myself I can say that the Greek fraternities into which I had the honor to be initiated accomplished for me fully as much as the collegiate course itself; and in after days, when fighting the battle of life, in the pauses of the contest, with what fond remembrance does the mind look back and dwell upon fraternity experience! I have experienced the beneficent influence of the Greek fraternities, and never shall my voice be silent when they are assailed until my tongue is stilled in death.  
 —*From the Beta Theta Pi.*”

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### KAPPA SONG.

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From Gamma Chapter, Wooster, Ohio.

AIR: “*Last Cigar.*”

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There is a noble sisterhood,  
 Of which we now will tell,  
 Our Kappa Kappa Gamma,  
 The one we love so well;



We form a band of sisters dear,  
Our hearts unite as one,  
And steadfast to our vows, we all  
Remain from sun to sun.

*Chorus—* The best fraternity!  
The best fraternity!  
Our vows so true,  
We now renew,  
To our fraternity.

There's nothing strikes the chords of love,  
So quickly as its call;  
There's nothing so endearing  
As the bonds it gives to all.  
In all our deeds we strive to be  
An honor to the band;  
And with our aim defined and true,  
We're marching hand in hand.

*Chorus—*

Whatever trials one may meet,  
We all will share a part,  
And make her life seem brighter for  
The love from heart to heart;  
The key that gives us entrance here,  
Unlocks the heart, my friend,  
And Kappa Kappa Gamma  
Is our Watchword to the end!

*Chorus—*

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*THE LAST DAYS OF FEBRUARY.*

---

BY MINNETTA T. TAYLOR.

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The dawn is coming. As yet, however, the stirless azure of the zenith is so unchanged that I almost fancy I can see the vacant space where but a few hours ago a brilliant constellation flickered and glowed—a space vacant, but not unmarked; for there the dark, unyielding blue of the sky seems transfused and softened by a faint, yet ineffably tender, reflection of the vanished glory, even as a stern nature might be softened by the memory of a long-buried love.

The full moon lies yonder in the far West, an argent shell, still imposing and little altered; but it is no longer the principal feature of the landscape.

Last night the long, level stretches of snow turned their faces toward it, glowing beneath its pale, amber flame; and as every tiny crystal trembled from darkness into light, the whole expanse seemed to thrill beneath its touch. But that is over now. The pale, gray forests no longer bend forward, as if to throw themselves in its path. The nearer trees no longer lift to it their supplicating hands. The snow is cold and white. The earth has forgotten the moon; and the whole face of nature, rigid, pale and intense, is turned toward the East.

And what is there? At first I can see nothing but the lofty steeple of a distant church, holding its gleaming cross high in the air, crowned with the golden halo of the risen morning star, most serene, most joyful and most hopeful.

But the velvet blackness of the shadows at my feet grows strangely gray and shallow. Sharp outlines of hidden hills spring into sudden prominence and seem to press nearer and nearer. The stars flicker and burn blue, like dying lamps. A vague, benumbing dread is blown to me from the eastern horizon.

The eastern horizon! Yes, I see it at last! A great blot of livid, ghastly light against the polished blue of the sky that shrinks and turns pale at the contact, yet yields more and more

to the terrible fascination. Struggle as they may, the pale moonlight, the soft, black shadows and the azure depths above, give way to this deathly pallor that seems to absorb all life and slowly crush it out.

It grows wider and wider. Will it cover the whole sky? No. There is a pause. The low wind softly hushes itself, and waits in awed silence. Then slowly and gently as the unfolding of a summer rose, a pink flush comes upon the sky, melts into the gray making it tender and translucent as itself, and grows more and more luminous, till it pervades all space and the rosy world lies beneath it wrapped in slumber, yet radiant with life and flushed with happy dreams.

Then comes an interval of measureless content. The wood lies like a sunset cloud upon the gleaming, western hills, and above the blue-white moon sails through a rosy sea. Changing lights and shadows come upon the snow, varying from the deep, ruby dye that lies nearest the flaming East to the delicate hues that faintly redden the western slopes. Far up in the sky a solitary bird poises for a moment, a black atom on the gleaming view, and then dashes itself joyfully into the splendor of the East. Through the silence around me, I hear the soft, clear ringing of a bell—a bell so far away that its sound seems rather a pleasant memory than a reality.

But now, a single, gleaming arrow from the hidden sun pierces the slumbrous East. The wind awakes, and at its first breath the moon goes down, as a ship worn out in tropic calm, and southern seas sinks at the first touch of a northern gale. A great, clear, amber light springs up the sky and glows in mid-air like a flaming pillar. A moment more and it is broad day, with a million diamonds gleaming from the snow, an infinite breadth of spotless, azure sky, and an eager, joyful wind catching up the sounds of awakened life, and mingling them with its resounding strain.

As the day goes on, the wind grows ever gladder and stronger—sure token of the coming spring; for though the winter blasts may whistle and storm, they can never blend in that deep, ring-

ing chant that seems to vibrate with the rapture of renewing life; now sounding through the dome of the sky like the chiming of a mighty sea, now piercing the jagged masses of white cloud and rushing downward through the dark pines, that bend them low before it, and then sweeping their long branches up in solid phalanx, echo its cadence with a deep prolonged hum. Always and always it blows; and the sonorous diapason of the wood is answered by the shrill, Aeolian chorus of the plain, till the whole earth trembles with the force of repressed and unutterable joy, and the sky scintillates with a gleam of almost unendurable brightness.

But at last the wind dies away, and the sun sets. A stormy and a splendid sunset. Great, cleft masses of purple cloud, piled in Titanic shapes of wall and bartizan and tower, athwart the glooming West. In the center, an irregular and broken arch, illuminated with a strange, twisting, sulphurous light—another foretokener of the spring, for the sky gathers no such brilliant fancies from the empty, iron eyes of winter. Below the arch is a translucent sea of fire, flecked with dots of flame, upon which lie anchored two purple islands bridged by a beam from the hidden yet radiant sun, that pours a long, white stream of splendor down upon the earth.

The lambent glory touches the stainless cincture of the full-orbed hills, and tinges their purity with the faint, clear glow of perfect life. The wind sighs once, and is still; but a subtle delight is wafted downward on the waveless, fiery tide that dips below the far horizon, and the brown maples feel it, and whisper of the coming spring. One moment the glowing colors stand out, as if meant for all time, and imperishable in their very nature. In the next, the gray, winter twilight rises suddenly, and sweeping bat-winged over sky and plain, blots them both into one indistinguishable blur.

Hours afterward, when I look out upon the night it is quite white and still. The clouds crouch low upon the western hills, and look vague and unreal. The earth gazes fixedly up at the sky, with an unmoved and leonine aspect. It is no longer the world

that softened at the touch of dawn, that flashed beneath the flaming glory of the sunset. It lies—

In steady moonlight, strong and still,  
With close-shut lips of iron will.

I see the forests along the edge ; but they are shadowy and intangible as the passing fancies of one who lends all his energies to a fixed and unalterable purpose. Magnificent in repose, yet guarded, watchful and resolute, the earth lifts its clear, undaunted eyes toward the moon; and conscious of much achieved, of much to be achieved, knowing not its future, yet determined to make it a noble one, far-seeing, self-reliant, patient and courageous, it watches and waits. The moon pauses in its course, and sends down a cold, keen, scornful glance; but the earth still looks steadily upward, neither quailing nor flinching. Not a sound interrupts the concentrated silence. It is the duel of two mighty wills, left alone together in the universe. It is the silent measuring of strength between disembodied Good and Evil, Force and Inertia. So ends the day. What will to-morrow be ?

\* \* \* \* \*

It is one of the surprises of our climate. Here is no ruby dawn following the moonlit night ; but everywhere soft, clinging masses of snow, closed in by a rayless, gray sky, that touches the horizon as gently as if it feared to crush the perfect whiteness that it circles. The pines, draped and tufted with spotless, fleecy folds, are motionless and voiceless. Maple, and elm, and beech are indescribably softened, and look pale and indistinct against the restful sky.

An infinite, white silence has fallen upon the earth, unbroken by color or by sound. A scrap of blue in the sky, a fleck of sunlight on the hills, would be a sacrilege. It is repose ; but the repose of reverie and remembrance, rather than of strength. The earth has put aside her present, and dreams of the far off golden days of Hellas, and of all the sweet and noble things she has known and is to know. Tread lightly and speak softly, thou, lest

the calm of the hills be broken by thy footstep, or the soft sky ruffled by thine echoing voice!

In the afternoon, a clear, deep blue wall inclose the horizon, and upon it the laced branches of the trees show the growing red and yellow of their inner life. There is a gurgle of streams upon the moist air, and the jay shrills his note among the budding branches of the maple, or flits across the open, a bit of blue against the cameo-shaded east.

Then comes the night. The black clouds close around me like a veil of loosened tresses; the rushing wind pours past me, wrapping the velvety darkness yet closer. A faint, warm breath of life comes from the unseen earth. The long, free curve of the forest billows in deeper blackness, and sways in rhythmic cadence to some unheard melody. There are no longer trees, or hills, or skies. The symbols have passed away in the presence of the reality; and the nearness grows a joy, then a pain, and last a still, small murmur "God."

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## Editorial.

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### THE ANTI-FRATERNITY EPIDEMIC.

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The *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, commenting on the large and successful Convention held by the Phi Kappa Psi in that city, remarks that the virulent form of opposition to Greek fraternities is rapidly subsiding, and that all fraternities are now prospering, and likely to prosper.

This utterance, coming as it does from a public newspaper, goes to show that the decay of the effort to repress fraternities has grown so general and so obvious as to be noticed even by those least interested in it. For many years fraternity men have observed and recorded the growing weakness and relaxation of the movement; but at last it has become so conspicuously feeble

as to attract the attention of newspapers in several different sections of the country, last of which comes the *Dispatch*.

Under these circumstances, unless some counteracting tendency arises, the end of the coercion policy is near, and we already anticipate the time when some fraternity brother shall write a history of the rise and fall of opposition to Greek fraternities, which will be interesting reading to the Greeks in their secure and respected positions.

In our own brief experience of fraternities, we have seen the charges against them decline from immorality to frivolity, and have taken no small interest in discovering the causes of the original hostility, and of the change of front. These appear to us something as follows:

Fraternities originated in America during the latter part of the era when vice and dissipation were fashionable. England, and especially the English Universities, still felt the influence of the reign of George IV, and transmitted it to the South. The South molded the manners and customs of this country, and the Southern descendants of the English cavaliers ruffled it as bravely, and only a shade or two less coarsely, than their ancestors who followed Prince Rupert. No young man was thought to have the proper spirit who was not "sowing his wild oats;" intoxication was social magnanimity carried a little too far; and champagne, supper, fast horses, etc., were tabooed only by those who could not afford them. At the same time, public sentiment was beginning to undermine the condition of society in all civilized countries, and the northern part of the United States felt an especial abhorrence for it.

In this state of decay and change, the Greek fraternity—a noble thing in itself—sprang up, and immediately fell heir to a large share of the odium beginning to be attached to the dominant class of students. Situated as it was, it could not prevent vice, therefore it was supposed to cause it. Then as now, it chose the best men in college; but it was the custom for "the best" to gamble, bet and drink, and as they carried these offences into the fraternity, it was supposed to produce them. Even those who

remembered what the men were before the time of fraternities could not gainsay this, for sins which had escaped notice in the individual stood out boldly in the organized body, and were thought something new which the organism had created. Thus, imputations were heaped upon the Greeks, which they could not satisfactorily answer if they would; for the fraternity was a secret organization, and it was feared that explanations might go too far.

Such was the logic of the bad reputation of fraternities, and since only experience could show its fallacy, it is no wonder that college faculties protested against the introduction and existence of fraternities, and continued to cry out against their immorality till time showed them surviving the change in society, formulating themselves in journalism, and in the lives of eminent men, and growing far more rapidly in the purity and vigor of the new era than ever they did in the corruption of the old.

The charge of frivolity is far less serious and far less easily maintained. For ourselves we know of no fraternity which does not take a pride in the scholarship and sterling qualities of its members, does not discourage any one of them from devoting himself wholly to idle amusements. It is true, that one of the aims of fraternity is to cultivate social feeling; but it endeavors to do so by improving the quality rather than increasing the quantity of entertainments, as might be expected, since it is responsible for the praise or blame belonging to them.

But it is not on either of these grounds that our last battle is being fought. The real cause of war is the division of authority. The fraternities have grown so powerful that the faculties of several colleges think the Greeks will interfere with their conduct of college affairs, and recalling the saying concerning serving two masters, are determined to get rid of one prospective master. This is evident because when they determine to suppress us, they allege some petty grievance; we offer to remove it, and conform to their wishes in every respect; and then comes the real gist of the matter, that cry of impotent despotism: "We do not want you at all, no matter how well you behave!" And if there are girls'



fraternities in the institution, they are suppressed first, to test the strength of fraternity spirit before venturing farther!

Such manifest injustice will eventually be rebuked everywhere as it was this winter in the case of Fraternities vs. Purdue University in the Indiana Senate. Nor are its conclusions tenable, even if its methods were more reasonable. We are really calculated to facilitate college government rather than interrupt it. Our degree and sphere of influence differ widely from those of the college authorities, yet many of our aims are the same. We want attentive students and orderly conduct, for the sake of the fraternity. They attempt to secure their object by rules and regulations; we, by sympathy and encouragement. The two systems are admirably calculated to work together; yet neither party can apply both, for *we* neither have nor wish to have, the authority, and *they* have not and can not have, the sympathy.

It is sometimes urged that the professors have no guarantee that we would continue to use our power for good, if we were left in undisturbed possession of it, that we would support chapters in rebellious acts, prevent individuals from deserved expulsion from college, etc. We can not believe that any whole fraternity consisting of two or three hundred young people would do anything so dishonorable; but if it would, in the face of a dozen rival fraternities and fraternity papers, it would cripple itself so badly that its bitterest enemies could wish nothing worse for it.

*Le roi gouverne par lui meme* is a worn-out maxim in political affairs; it is wearing out in college affairs. The anti-fraternity epidemic is abating.

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### FRATERNITY SECRECY.

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Should fraternity secrecy be absolute? There are many who still think so, but the majority has decided in the negative, and we think justly.

In fact, the disadvantages attending absolute secrecy were too great to be compensated by the selfish pleasure of perfect

mystery. Absolute secrecy set the fraternities against each other in bitter opposition, because they did not know each other's purposes, principles or strength. Absolute secrecy created a bad impression on outsiders, who could not guess what terrible thing was so shrouded and veiled and whispered over. Absolute secrecy disarmed our friends, who could not defend us since they were obliged to confess that they knew nothing about us. Absolute secrecy armed our enemies, for whatever tales their imaginations might concoct must pass unanswered, lest we should reveal the truth. Finally, absolute secrecy destroyed the idea of a common fraternity cause, by keeping the members of the Greek body apart, prevented co-operation for any common aim; narrowed our influence and consequent usefulness, and made it easy for us to be oppressed and separately crushed, without any one knowing it or caring for it.

In accordance with that principle which lies at the foundation of all society, we have given up part of our privileges in order perfectly to preserve the rest. Some of us feel it a sacrifice to allow our chapter letters to be read by every one, to publish so widely our literary work and social recreations, to make the outside world a spectator of our joys and sorrows; but they must remember that thus, without infringing upon our sacred mysteries, we demonstrate that we have a reason for existing, and that when we are asked why we are here, we can make the only answer worthy of man: "to serve the good, the true and the beautiful."

They must remember, too, that by thus frankly stating our position and objects, we are able to enter the Greek league, as we could not otherwise do. Too much reserve implies distrust; distrust prevents co-operation; lack of co-operation causes weakness, selfishness, and bickerings. No family has a right to isolate itself from the community because they are not akin to it; if it does, it suffers. A chapter that becomes so self-reliant as to be independent of the fraternity, soon dies. A fraternity that holds itself aloof from its mates, quickly grows too weak to give help and too useless to receive it.

For ourselves, we are sincerely pleased with any success achieved by the Greeks, and are glad to think that they are:

"Men the brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;  
That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do."

And we reiterate the fact that all this can be accomplished without infringing upon our family affairs, without breathing the mystic words that make the fraternity our very own and secure us from intrusion. That others know our literary and social aspect does not dissolve our mystic bond of union, or render it less sacred and less inviolable. It merely gives us a common ground, on which to meet and exchange views, with others who might else be utter strangers.

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#### THE PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL.

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On February 22nd, the editors and representatives of fourteen fraternities met in Philadelphia, "to ascertain whether it was desired by the fraternities that a general conference of fraternity men should be called, and if so, at what time and place and what subjects should be suggested for its consideration and discussion."

With the present uncertain limit of secrecy, we do not feel at liberty to give the particulars of the assemblies, although, personally we think it would be well to do so. For the present it is enough to say that the sense of the meeting was in favor of holding such a Council; that arrangements were made to find out whether the fraternities approved and would send delegates; and that in case of ten of them agreeing to do so, time and place of meeting would be fixed and communicated to the fraternity authorities.

We give the plan our most cordial support, and earnestly hope that Kappa Kappa Gamma will participate in it. There are many points of discipline which one fraternity can not carry out unless the others are governed by similar laws; the rapidly increasing number and publicities of fraternity papers will raise new complications in fraternity ethics; and it is particularly desirable

that the assembled fraternities should determine their individual rights and privileges in order that they may not ignorantly trespass upon those of each other.

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### EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

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At the very last moment, we were disappointed in receiving several Mss. which we confidently expected for this number of the "Key," a fact which must apologize for the editorial prominence in the substitutions. We earnestly desire that every Kappa should take an interest and be represented in the literary part of our magazine, and hope to have voluntary contributions from our members and their friends. Contributors, including writers of news-letters, will oblige us by forwarding Ms. on or before the fifth day of the last month of the quarter; and if appointed to work which they can not perform, by notifying us at their earliest convenience.

WE welcome the Phi Delta Theta *Scroll* back to an open exchange.

THE *Chi Phi Quarterly* noticing the handsome endowment Mr. De Pauw proposes to bestow upon Indiana Asbury University, says that it is conditional upon the name of the institution being changed to De Pauw University. This is a mistake. No such condition was made; but the friends of the college suggested that if it received the benefit, common gratitude would urge such a change of name—a self-evident proposition.

ELSEWHERE we give an account of the "rider," or condition, attached by the State Senate of Indiana to the Purdue appropriation bill. It received the sanction of the Senate, but does not actually go into effect, because the Republican minority in the House fillibustered off a Police Bill and as a means of forcing them to give up their position, the Democrats refused to pass any of the appropriation bills. Just before the close of the session,

the Police Bill was put through, but it was too late for the appropriations. The Republican Governor refuses to call an extra session, and so for the present, Purdue is without the money and consequently without the condition. The President of the college feeling the condition a humiliation and defeat, has tendered his resignation, but under existing circumstances, there is a probability that he will withdraw it.

ONE of the most common fallacies in popular logic is the *non causa pro causa*, and the most common variety of it is the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, or considering an event as caused by another because it has been preceded by it. Fraternities suffer very much from this false reasoning, for if a member of a fraternity does anything wrong after he joins the Greeks which he did not do before, it is attributed to the fraternity, without investigation of any other possible causes. The *non tali* is also a stumbling block; for we often find it taken for granted that because a fraternity influences its members and they sometimes do wrong, the fraternity influences them to wrong! Just as if anyone should say that because a criminal has been affected by his mother's teachings, his mother has led him into crime! Another injustice is one which we share with church and state—a too hasty generalization, which assumes that an organization is worthless, or worse, because some who belong to it are not what they ought to be.

More charity, friends, and fewer false premises! Neither the church nor the state nor the fraternity can at once and wholly root out inherent human frailty—more is the pity!—but they are doing the best they know, and with sanguine hopes for the result.

Meantime, may the Pan-Hellenic Council strike off some of the shackles of non-essential Greek secrecy, so that we may show the world that we are well-intentioned at least.

## News-Letters.

### BETA CHAPTER.

CANTON, N. Y., March, 1883.

*Editors Golden Key:*

In this cold and dreary weather little opportunity is given for social enjoyment; but the enthusiastic and energetic spirit, which possesses every Kappa, has not been idle, and literary work has flourished. We congratulate ourselves that we have never done better in this respect than we are now doing.

None of the Freshman girls have, as yet, been admitted to our number. The Seniors and Juniors are represented, but the main element is Sophomoric, and as we once heard it said, "we don't like to say anything about Sophomoric ideas." However, this may be, suffice it to say that Beta has been so nearly what we desired that we have been in no hurry to increase our number. But as Commencement time approaches and reminds us that some of our members must leave us, much as we would desire the contrary, new members must be added; for, unless fuel be given to the flame, the fire must soon be extinguished.

Fraternally,

*Beta Chapter.*

ELLA T. LYNCH, '84.

### GAMMA CHAPTER.

WOOSTER, OHIO, March 12, 1883.

Wiggins' storm is a thing of the past and we are still in existence, not only that, but uninjured and in a condition for good, earnest work. The past months have been a season of successes for Gamma in many respects, sufficiently tempered by infinitesimal failures to prevent dangerous self-confidence. Thanksgiving

was celebrated by a banquet, which in the language of others, was a decided success, and the event of the season.

Invitations were extended to Lambda Chapter, distant members of Gamma, and gentlemen friends, in number equal to the ladies; these were accepted by five sisters from Lambda, Miss Linda Snyder, formerly a student of Wooster, and nearly all the gentlemen. As are all Kappa banquets, this was conducted in the best possible style. The home of Miss Nellie Johnson, one of our resident members, was kindly thrown open to us by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Johnson.

The evening was pleasantly spent in social enjoyment, until supper was announced; concerning which it is enough to say that the *menu* was complete, including all the delicacies characteristic of Thanksgiving. Whist, music, etc., were then resumed, to be with difficulty abandoned at a late hour, after repeated calls from importunate hackmen. Friday morning, a large sleigh with four horses was engaged for the purpose of affording our guests an opportunity of viewing the beauties of Wooster. Though before our homes were again reached, mother earth began to appear brown and moist through her covering of white, the ride was highly enjoyed by all. In the afternoon a farewell meeting was held in the depot. It was with regret we parted with sisters, whose society we had found so delightful, and with the sincere wish that the future occasions of meeting might be many and equally happy.

Since our last letter we have lost not one member, but have added two new names to our roll. Miss Nettie Jackson of '84, is obliged to give up College duties for this term, on account of sickness, but expects to be able to resume them with the opening of the new term.

Of college honors, we have our full share. Miss Anna L. Brice has been elected class poet for the ensuing Commencement; Miss May Ihrig, chosen to give a recitation for the Prep. entertainment now on the tapis. In other public events which will take place before the close of the year, we are sanguine enough to hope for our due share of representation.

With many wishes for a continuation of the success so amply promised in the publication of our "Golden Key" thus far, I am

Yours in the bonds,

GAMMA.

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*EPSILON CHAPTER.*

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., March 5, 1883.

*Dear Golden Key:*

Epsilon through your pages sends greeting to her sister chapters:

Since our communication of last year her membership has changed somewhat. A number of her sisters then present, have gone, and new ones have entered in their places. Yet the Kappa spirit remains unchanged. We have the same sympathy for one another, and the same love for the fraternity, as of old.

At the opening of the year the chapter numbered seven. Since then we have increased until sixteen may wear the key.

We have also been favored, during the fall term with frequent visits from Miss Boyd, of Alpha Chapter, who now resides in the city.

We have among our number some of the finest students of the University.

Miss Luella Yocum most efficiently represented the University at the inter-collegiate oratorical contest held in Chicago October last.

Miss Yocum is of the class of '83. We have one from the class of '84, two of '85, four of '87, and five of '88, together with three resident members.

We hold meetings once in two weeks, the time being spent principally in literary work, except perhaps, where initiation ceremonies are protracted too long (much to our amusement, little to that of the initiate).

During the fall term each program was devoted to some



woman of poetic fame. In place of the common-place "Present" at roll call came back in response some treasured thought from the author of that day. An essay would then be read on the life and character of the author, following this, selections from her thoughts suggested by the reading.

As we read the rhythmic lines and sweet precepts of Mrs. Browning, Adelaide Procter, Jean Ingelow and others, we felt they could but influence our lives to higher actions and urge us on to nobler work.

This term, as a chapter, we are traversing, in imagination, the oriental countries, and vivid letters of our journey come back to an unfortunate sister detained at home. The productions prepared for open society are rehearsed before the chapter and criticisms solicited.

We feel that we owe much to our Fraternity, and with many wishes for its highest prosperity, we remain,

Fraternally yours,

EPSILON.

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### ETA CHAPTER.

MADISON, WIS., March 9, 1883.

*To the Editors of the Golden Key:*

The months that have intervened since our last letter have brought but few changes to Eta Chapter. Our membership numbers the same, and the "good times" are as of old. One senior has been called home by sickness in her family, and her place has been taken by a Sophomore, initiated in the fall term.

The weekly meetings have been regularly attended; the proceedings, however, have not been such as can be spoken of in an open letter, beyond as describing them as characteristically Kappa.

One change, however, quite important (to us at least) must be chronicled. Early in September we gave up our old rooms,

which though endeared to us by association, it must be confessed could be improved upon, and found a new salamis in another part of the town.

Our May day, (though it fell in September) was attended with more than the usual excitement, for there were present not only the usual mishaps of "moving," but much labor and circumspection were needful to guard against our flight being observed and commented on by Philistines. Our present home is more commodious and in all ways better than the one we had abandoned, and we trust that we and our successors will before long embellish it with the necessary "associations."

In January the chapter gave a German at Ladies Hall, participated in by sixteen couples, which, though not rivalling the Inter-Fraternity party, the greatest social event in our college year, was, we are vain enough to think, a worthy precursor of it. We quote the following from the University Press, not on account of any praise it may seem to give us, but solely that our sister Kappa's may see what sensible hours are approved of and acted upon by Eta Chapter.

"All who participated in the German given by the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity, on last Saturday evening, pronounced it one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. Sixteen couples were present at Ladies' Hall at seven o'clock, and dancing commenced soon after. At about half-past nine the company repaired to the dining hall, where elegant refreshments were served. The table presented a very beautiful appearance with its pyramids of fruit and other decorations. The favors were unique and appropriate, consisting of gilded keys (Kappa's badge) also bows of ribbon of the society's colors, skull and cross-bones on black satin grounds, button-hole bouquets, etc. Promptly at eleven o'clock the company dispersed unanimously pronouncing this the pleasantest party ever given at Ladies' Hall."

Finally, it is pleasant to record that several members of Kappa have been prominent in college, and literary work, but it does not become us, of course, to enlarge this subject.

Yours in the bonds,

ETA.

## ZETA CHAPTER.

*Editors Golden Key:*

Prosperity is perched upon our banner. Our number has recently been increased by the addition of three, so that now we are a band of fifteen—a very happy and congenial one.

Notwithstanding the conflicting of strong wills and decided opinions, we are characterized by peace and harmony, there being the strongest regard for each other.

Our meetings, every other Saturday evening, are profitable and exceedingly pleasant.

It was considered best for the society, that the literary element should not be the important feature of our meetings, since thirteen of our number are active members of a literary society in the University and give their first attention in literary work to that Society.

We intend our meetings to be more beneficial to us than purely literary ones could be under the circumstances. They are social, musical and literary.

March 2nd, we gave our first party, which included many outside of our chapter, one of our number kindly offering her home for the occasion. It being our first, there was some anxiety as to its success. Over a hundred were present, members of the various fraternities in the University as well as many "anti-frats." Many were the compliments we received as to the success of the party. Realizing our own enthusiasm and fearing that if we gave our own account, it would be too glowing and portray too great joy, we give that of others, not so deeply interested—that it was a "grand success" and the "event of the season."

Yours in the bonds of Kappa.

ZETA.

*FRATERNITY NEWS.*

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Prof. Sue M. D. Fry, of the State University of Illinois, is a member of Epsilon Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Hon. H. C. DePauw, of New Albany, widely known as a capitalist and the munificent benefactor of Asbury University, is an honorary member of Lambda of Sigma Chi.

N. T. DePauw, manager of the Plate Glass Works, of New Albany, and one of the ablest political economists in the State, and a finished scholar is a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

The names of Bayard Taylor, Anson Burlingame, Gen N. P. Banks, Robert T. Lincoln, Julian Hawthorne and Charles F. Brush, inventor of the electric light, appear with many others in Whitelaw Reid's "Leaves from the Honor Roll" of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Will Carleton, the well-known author of "Farm Ballads" and other poems, is a member of Delta Tau Delta, and has been appointed poet of its next Convention.

J. W. Riley, of Indiana, whom Boston received so warmly, and whom Longfellow declared the rising poet of America, is an enthusiastic member of Phi Kappa Psi.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is a member of Psi Upsilon.

Alpha, Tau Omega has twenty-nine living chapters.

Phi Delta Theta is soon to issue an elegant octavo catalogue with a steel plate frontispiece.

"Late in our last college year a chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma was established here, composed of ten of the finest ladies

in college . . . . and at time of writing, numbers fifteen, and is strong in quantity and quality."—*Letter from Boston University to the "Beta Theta Pi."*

The Chi Phi *Quarterly* first suggested the editorial Convention, which was carried out under the management of the *Beta Theta Pi*. The *Quarterly* is ably edited by Rev. Luther M. Zweizig, of Scranton, Pa. Chi Phi has lately issued a catalogue.

Phi Gamma Delta has twenty-six chapters. The *Beta Theta Pi* reports it as having revived its Omega Chapter at Columbia.

We have received the first number of the *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*, and find it a model of elegance. In color of cover, shape, and execution, it very closely resembles the well-known *Century*, minus the illustrations, but with handsomer paper and even better type. Its frontispiece, a colored vignette of the arms of the fraternity, is a little *prononce* in design, but is well executed and contributes to the pervading air of finish and *savoir faire*.

The contents consist of "Our Aegis," a poem; "Leaves from Honor Roll," by Whitelaw Reid; a "Reunion Poem," an account of the thirty-sixth convention; editorials, chapters, chapter letters, etc. All are well-written, but are open to the objection of over-rounding a really fine record. A younger and weaker fraternity might be excused for presenting fully its own claims to consideration; but so much self-praise seems beneath the dignity of D. K. E. Nevertheless, the *Quarterly* must be an advantage not only to its own fraternity, but to the Greek cause; and we welcome it as a promising exponent of the best aspects of Hellenism.

Phi Kappa Psi held its Ninth Triennial Convention at Pittsburgh, Pa., February 21-23, with an average attendance of over one hundred, and between sixty and seventy delegates. It is reported the best convention the fraternity ever had, and seems to have been unusually successful in disposing of a large amount of work. The *Shield* was revived and established on a firm basis; and will be published hereafter at Springfield, Ohio, the first number appearing in April. The next convention will be held at Columbus, Ohio, February 22, 1885.

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