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# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF  
DELTA ZETA SORORITY

GRACE ALEXANDER . . . . *Editor*

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JANUARY, 1913

No. 2



# DELTA ZETA SORORITY

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER 24, 1902

GUY POTTER BENTON, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PATRON

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MABELLE MINTON  
ANNA KEEN

ANNA SIMMONS FRIEDLINE  
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## ROLL OF CHAPTERS

- ALPHA—Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.  
BETA—Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.  
DELTA—DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.  
EPSILON—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.  
ZETA—Nebraska University, Lincoln, Neb.  
ETA—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.  
THETA—Ohio State University, Columbia, Ohio.

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CHARTER MEMBERS

# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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## Our Charter Members

I HAVE always had a desire to know more about our charter members—what they did at college and just little intimate bits about them. Feeling sure that all of you Delta Zetas had this same desire, I asked the charter members to write an article about one other charter member. So in this issue we have, through the kindness of Miss Minton, a picture showing us how the charter members used to look and the articles telling us bits of interest about each girl.

It is a long turning of pages back to college days, yet those are some of the brightest pages in my memory book. We will turn past the opening school day when the boys greeted the many girls in a very undecided way—half representing to release a half claim on the university which had been practically theirs so many years. Turn another page past a most exciting class day rush in which the girls who have already proven their loyalty and proper college spirit take an enthusiastic part. To appreciate the next picture, come with me if you will venture. Together we climb to the dizzy height of the college tower and pushing back the trap door, step cautiously out upon the landing, with only the tall flag staff for company. Slowly, calmly we measure the horizon, the little town so like Cambridge, standing guard around our fortress surrounded with acres of virgin forest; then farther we gaze out over the beautiful country sloping gradually away from our lookout. The sense of ownership has taken possession of our minds, as when looking over a quiet sea—nothing tangible, just the expression of harmony—it may be tone or color, either or both. We love the picture for this is the home of *Miami*. We love the picture no more than those who in the same spirit of

ambition saw the possibilities of making a college home of which girls could be as proud as are three national fraternities whose Alpha chapters are at Miami. We needed girls who were earnest, capable, with strong willing hearts. All these we found and more, for my Lady Mary was gracefully tall, with much dignity. Professors and students were won by her charm that may have been a smile, though I know I shall always love the deep determined brown eyes that chatted as much as their owner, for they affirmed everything she said. Needless to say that all Normal College affairs whether work or pleasure, had an able leader in my heroine whose deliberate council, faithful study of detail, and best of all her zeal and spirit made one link a very strong one. After careful building, six school girls launched our ship of state, little knowing if our craft would stand the breakers near the shore. When the storms came, my heroine, with helping hand stood by the ship; then in clear sea, guided us to the beautiful island of Theta chapter where we find ourselves a debtor to Mary Collins. Few years have kept us miles apart, in truth there seems no time nor distance to separate me from my school day friend whom I wish you all could know, for truly you would love our sister Mary.

JULIA BISHOP COLEMAN came to Miami University in September, 1902, from Loveland, Ohio. She was a good student and well liked by both students and professors. Y. W. C. A. work and work in the Presbyterian Church found an active helper in Mrs. Coleman. Her home now is in Loveland, Ohio, and she has expressed a desire for the success of Delta Zeta in attaining her high ideals.

ANNA SIMMONS FRIEDLINE came to Miami University, in September, 1902, having graduated from the University of Cincinnati in June, 1902. Her home being in Cincinnati, she previously graduated from the Walnut Hills High School. While a student in Miami she gained the reputation of being a "Scholar". Having a ready wit, the ability to use the English language well, she was quick with re-

plies to questions in the class room and her examinations were always very creditable. She was somewhat before the public in the social limelight, especially with certain fraternities. Having a charming and gracious manner she had many friends while in school. She graduated in June, 1903, with the degree of Pedagogy and the next year she was given her M. A. degree by doing outside work while teaching.

ALFA LLOYD HAYES was an Oxford, Ohio, girl. She graduated from the Oxford Seminary in 1901 with honors. In the fall of 1902 she entered Miami University to specialize in languages, speaking French and German quite fluently. Her charming personality made her hosts of friends among the students of whom she was a general favorite and a social leader. No event was ever complete without her presence. She threw her beautiful home open to the college boys and girls and it soon became a rendezvous of all. That Miami should be the mother of a sorority as well the mother of fraternities, was Mrs. Hayes's idea. A few girls were asked to her house for the evening and it was at this that Mrs. Hayes unfolded her plan for a sorority. They were enthusiastically received by the girls and before the evening was over, a sorority at Miami was an assured fact, if the consent of the President of the university could be obtained. Mrs. Hayes was appointed to call upon President Benton. She presented the plans of the girls so clearly and enthusiastically that his consent was readily given. Many were the trials of the girls during the first few months. At all times Mrs. Hayes was a constant source of inspiration to them. The founding and establishing of Delta Zeta Sorority were the results of her unfailing efforts.

ANNA KEEN DAVIS entered Miami University the fall of 1902; the time of great innovations at the "historic institution", when Dr. Guy Potter Benton began his administration as President, and Dr. Frank B. Dyer launched the Normal College. Anna had graduated the summer of that

year from Woodward High School, where she was a member of the well known M. O. B. Sorority. When the organization of a college sorority was suggested to our circle of Miami "pioneer" girls, she became a very enthusiastic promoter of the plan and spent much time in helping to perfect the organization of Delta Zeta; acting efficiently as its first secretary. It was a sorrow to us all, to learn that Anna was not to return for the spring term, making the first break in our active membership. In her two terms at Miami, she had gained an enviable place in the athletic, social and religious life of the institution, as well as a high standing in scholarship. After leaving school, she taught for a short while but spent most of the time at her home in Newton, Ohio, until, her marriage in 1910 to Mr. George Howard Davis, a teacher in the Cincinnati Public Schools. Their home is on Chestnut Street in Cincinnati's beautiful suburb, Madisonville, where their friends are cordially welcomed.

Every new movement has its enthusiastic organizer who believes thoroughly in his or her project, and valiantly attempts, at least, the persuasion of others to like belief. Fortunate, indeed, is such an organizer if supporters are found who are not daunted by failure but are steadfast in difficulty—such was MABELLE MINTON, at the beginning of Delta Zeta and in her entire college course. Genuine reliability describes her best. In that first year of Delta Zeta this was best shown in her estimate of desirable girls. She was not swayed by any sudden infatuation for a particular girl, but intuitively chose the girl who proved most desirable after long acquaintance. The first initiation of Delta Zeta was held at the Minton home in Oxford. Dire threats had been made by certain young men. Some of the girls became frightened, but Mabelle was her usual calm self. Some excitement was caused at another initiation by the fainting of one of the girls. Mabelle was as anxious as any but not as hysterical. This steadfastness shown again and again was not caused by lack of enthusiasm. Mabelle is still one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Delta Zeta.

**"To Be or Not To Be"**

E. THOMA

THE question of fraternities in state institutions has been a live topic of discussion for a long time all over the United States. It is of especial interest just now in Ohio, because the question of abolishing fraternities and sororities in state schools will come up in this meeting of the legislature.

In Miami University the question has stirred up a good deal of excitement, three national fraternities, Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta, and Sigma Chi have been founded here and also one sorority, Delta Zeta. No organization wishes to lose its mother chapter and that is the reason that so much effort, time and money is being spent by members of these organizations all over the country to fight the bill.

President Hughes of Miami spoke before the Association of State Universities at its meeting in Washington on "The Rights of College Fraternities to Exist in a State-Supported Institution." President Hughes is in favor of fraternities in state schools and bases his feeling on two grounds.

First, the state institution is preparing men and women for life in the world as it is. Men and women everywhere group themselves naturally in social groups within which certain customs are maintained. This being so it is only natural that college men and women should group themselves together with certain social and moral ideals and ambitions.

In the second place the service fraternities have rendered to state institutions justifies their continued existence. The institutions are unable to provide board and lodging within college halls. The fraternity house affords good lodging and comfort to many. This lack of ample accommodations for students has no doubt fostered the growth

and strength of fraternities. If all men lived under college control possibly an entirely different sort of social development would have resulted.

If the universities will only recognize fraternities as a part of the institution and utilize them as a part of the university organization, they may become a large factor in controlling student sentiment and maintaining good standards of morals and scholarship.

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### Freshman Songs

I TUNE: "*I want to be in Dixie.*"

I want to be, I want to be,  
I want to be a Delta Zeta,  
Where the lamp will always light the way,  
Keep bright with love both night and day.  
You ought to see, you ought to see,  
You ought to see our Delta Zetas,  
You can tell the world I'm going to be  
A Z-e-t-a, best frat in old I. U  
And I'm going, you bet I'm going  
To be a Delta Zeta girl!

STELLA CLARK, '16.

II TUNE: "*Eileen.*"

Delta Zeta from Indiana,  
We'll always love you, our sorority.  
When we have left you, our Delta Zetas,  
Our hearts are with you, though we're far away.

FRANCES TRACKWELL, '16.

## My Summer Trip

MARTHA LOUISE RAILSBACK

WHEN our editor asked me to write an article about my trip last summer, I was rather puzzled. A thousand thoughts came into my mind and will always keep coming but how to express them in space suited to this LAMP is a rather difficult task. But if you will listen for a while, I will take you with me over some of my wanderings.

In June I left with a crowd of enthusiastic Indiana girls on board of a one cabin steamer where the passenger list was as a result small. But life on board a vessel of this sort is not a bore and as the people were congenial, we had great times. In the mornings, we usually played shuffle board or checkers, or an occasional game of cards, and on days when the water and the people were inclined to toss, we shunned the dining room, lay back in our steamer chairs and rested. At last came my first sight of English soil.

We landed at Liverpool and went directly to Chester. In that quaint old town, we prowled around in old churches and in the shops. These shops were certainly queer. They were more like berths in our sleeping cars, were small and one above each other, and had a porch or a walk in front and stairs leading up at short intervals. In Stratford, we were met by a band of boy scouts, who enthusiastically piloted us around and obtained lodgings for us. You would love the smaller English villages. It is not necessary to describe the scenery—that you can better get from a more connected lecture on travels, but I should have liked to take you with me through the fields into the country and over to Anne Hathaway's cottage; to have sat with you on the old settle by the fire place and to have shown you the old oven where Anne baked bread and pulled it out with a long handle.

I had heard about the English people and the English customs, but I had to be with them and in their homes to realize how charming they really are. As I delighted in studying the life of the middle class, I shunned hotels as much as possible and stayed among families. The extreme politeness and courtesy appalled me. One incident, I will always remember, of a small newsboy in Chester who walked out of his path for three blocks to guide us on our way, talked the best of English, raised his cap and scorned a tip. America is the place to live and Americans are the only people, but I was delightfully refreshed to meet our mother race.

In London, my one week was entirely too short. New York is an exciting place, but compared to Oxford Street or Picadilly Square in London—well we were continually in a state of anxiety for our lives. We went through the usual routine of travelers, visited every available spot that we could in the week, attended services in old Westminster Abbey, explored the houses of Parliament, London Tower, to see the block where English rulers had met their death, and prowled around palaces. On the Sunday we were there, two of the girls in our party to whom London was known, piloted us to the poverty district. Out of the seven million inhabitants of London, about three million are "foreigners" and for the most part live, it seemed to me, in one end of London. As Sunday was their market day, the narrow, dingy streets were lined with stalls of wares and crowded with masses of foreign humanity. Everything could be purchased from second-hand silver to clothing and fish. To obtain a contrast, we skipped from the ridiculous to the sublime and boarded a bus for Hyde Park. There we paid a penny for a seat and with our lunches in our laps, sat in the most fashionable part of London, watching the nobility and social world pass on their way home from church. There were the living models of the styles we had seen and admired in the numerous shops.

But I must tell you about the King—one day, we walked

over to Buckingham Palace, where there was outward calm, broken only by the occasional pacing back and forth of a guard. We had scanned the streets and were now peering through the palace fences trying to catch some glimpse of a king. Many lords had we seen riding in state, but we were still dissatisfied. Just as we were leaving the palace, a kindly faced policeman, evidently guessing the cause of our downcast faces said: "Girls, if you will just stand on that corner, the king will be coming home in a few moments and you will very probably be able to see him." Would we wait? Well, we were not going to leave London without seeing the most prominent celebrity if we could help it. Soon we saw the guards' hats come off and toward us and past us into the palace, went King George, smiling and bowing. But the shock was too great for us, for instead of a gilded coach, scarlet livery, and long plumes, there sat the king in a limousine, dressed in a brown business suit and wearing a derby. Girls, I hope your dreams of kings are never as shattered as were mine there.

We finally left London and went directly to Paris, where life was gay and the people interesting though not to me very attractive. I can honestly say that I think I will always prefer a wholesome American girl and a clean shaven, straightforward American man to a painted Parisian beauty and a gentleman with small, narrow eyes and a curled black moustache. All Paris in the summer, seemed to be on the pavements in front of cafés, eating, drinking, and enjoying life. Everywhere was excitement. Taxis sped by; all who passed spoke so rapidly that we gave up any hope of understanding them. The worst difficulties I had with my scanty knowledge of French was in the Bon Marché trying to explain to a clerk that the piece of serge was not of a good enough quality, and not the desired shade of blue, and again in a cleaner's establishment, when the woman was insisting that my friend for whom I was trying to obtain some gloves, left by her to be cleaned, wore size six, instead of six and three quarters,

and that the gloves left were short instead of long white ones. The result finally was in favor of the woman.

Leaving gay Paree, we stopped for a day at Brussels, long enough to spend some Belgium money, and then went on to Cologne, where we took our boat for the day's trip on the Rhine to Frankfort. That the world is not so large after all, surely seemed true to me, for at Bonn, who should come on the boat but my Chemistry professor from DePauw, Doctor Blanchare. A real reunion followed.

In Germany, where I spent most of my summer, I was saved many embarrassing moments that I had struggled with the French language. In Berlin I was entirely by myself for three days in a German hotel with no one around speaking or understanding English. The experiences here were varied and very interesting. I saw there my first German porcelain store, a very imposing and rather fascinating square tile structure built up against the wall and entirely closed.

For the first time, I also slept under instead of on top of a feather bed. The journey from Leipzig to Berlin, I made alone, and you would have smiled to have seen with what awe I was regarded, when I explained after much persuasion, that I was an American school teacher, had actually earned enough money to travel to their country, and besides—the worse thing that could happen to one, was unaccompanied by a protecting man. Their ideas of women made it nearly impossible for them to grasp the situation.

But I must hasten with you, for I can just hear Grace saying "You were to write an article but not fill up the whole sorority magazine". In Switzerland, I enjoyed myself immensely. The mountains were splendid, more beautiful if perhaps not as magnificent as our Rockies. The houses were most picturesque and the people really seemed a part of the scenery. The Swiss actually live in a state of enjoyment. It was a very common sight to see an entire family dressed in strong clothing with knapsacks on their

backs, artistic little caps with feathers stuck into them on their heads, armed with huge mountain sticks, out for a day's tramp.

At Lucerne, I joined a party of ten for Italy. Our next Sunday we spent on the Italian Lakes near Milan, the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen, then landed at Como, our first stop at an Italian town. Our first Italian meal was served at the tables on the sidewalk, under an awning outside of our hotel. We were not so much objects of curiosity as we had imagined we would be, for there were many tourists and people speaking our language. Then began our bargains with cameo and coral bead salesmen. All of the days in Italy were spent trying to make trains amid a throng of men with trays piled high, insisting that we buy their wares.

In Milan, the main object of interest to us was the cathedral. Not content with a view from a distance, we climbed hundreds of steps, then scaled the outside up into the highest steeple. Oh, the spires and the beautiful workmanship were beyond words.

Our next stop was in Venice and our experiences were numerous there. A description of Venice by one who is no artist at all and has just proven herself to be no writer, seems useless. But look at a picture of a Venice street taken at night, then imagine it more beautiful still, step into a gondola guided by an artistic Italian who is continually singing, and go with me out into the Grand Canal, past the Doge's Palace to a moonlight serenade and you will see Venice by night. The music will be furnished from another gondola by a group of Italian boys seated around an organ in the center of the boat. Although by day this town is not so attractive, by night it is fascinating.

In Rome another five days was spent with tramping from early morning till late at night. Around the forum we wandered, through the Catacombs on the Appian Way, into the Colosseum and up the Sacred Stair Case where

we had to climb entirely on our knees if we went at all, through St. Peters, the Vatican and other haunts.

The journey home was more delightful and unusual as our boat was the Carpathia and the Captain the one who will long be remembered because of the recent great Titanic disaster.

However, everything has an end and this was the end of the realization of an ambition I had long cherished. But however interesting the different cities and however grand all of the cathedrals and peculiar the people, the first glimpse of Ellis Island and next of New York brought a deeper sense of feeling than I had ever felt before, for my own country.





MISS ELMIRA J. CASE  
Assistant Editor of Song Book



MISS ALMA MILLER  
Editor of Song Book

### Delta Zeta Song Book

YOUR attention was called in the last issue to the pending publication of Delta Zeta Song Book. An undertaking of this sort is a very serious one because it involves a great deal of time and energy. Delta Zeta was very fortunate in the selection of the editor and associate editor of the Song Book. Miss Miller and Miss Case are both well fitted for work of this sort and have both given their best efforts toward its success. At the Convention in 1911 we authorized these two girls to begin the compilation of such a Song Book and then at the Convention in 1912, we gave an order for 300 copies of the book. We are all eager for a copy I am sure. How splendid it will be to see our songs in print and be able to learn the new songs that the different chapters have submitted for publication.

One of the important things to remember in a matter of this sort is this—the publication of such a book takes money. Miss Miller is very anxious that advance orders for the book together with \$1.00 in payment be sent in to her or to Miss Case at once. The copper plates for the songs have been very expensive in the beginning, but they are good now for many years to come. Please attach a personal responsibility to this matter and respond readily to this request. We all want a copy and as it will help the editors considerably to have the money in advance, let us send our money immediately.

The book will be published by the last of February. A delay that was unavoidable detained the plates in Cincinnati longer than we had counted on.

## Our Pearls

(AN ALUMNA OF ALPHA CHAPTER)

I HAD gazed out of the car window until my eyes swam and I began to grow dizzy. I had counted over and over again the poles, measuring our speed, "One—two—three—four,"—until my brain felt like a metronome, while the grinding of the wheels underneath made the music I was timing.

Was I dreaming or did some one really address me?

"That's a pretty pin you are wearing, is it, may I ask,—significant of anything?"

"Oh, you mean my sorority pin?" I found myself answering, "why, yes, I think it is."

"Pardon me," the voice went on to say, "but I believe, if I were wearing the emblem of any organization, I should KNOW what it meant—at least to me."

"At least to me"—I repeated after the voice had ceased, "At—least—to—me."

What did it mean? What had it ever meant to me? Why had I begun to wear it? Had it been the key that had opened the door of social life to me? (Ah, how many have desired a sorority pin for just that purpose!)

While these questions were clamoring for their answers, the little lamp began to grow. It seemed to loom up before my eyes larger, still larger and larger, until it stood there the size of a human being—my avenging angel. The tiny spot that was so small I had always doubted it was a real diamond, gleamed forth with such a bright light as I had never before seen. Why was it so brilliant? It dazzled my eyes and they pained me. I closed them to shut it out and when I opened them again, I understood why its rays were so strong. Each one seemed to lead back into my life to some past experience.

What was this picture? Oh, yes, I remember that day

when K—— asked me if she might walk with me to the ball game. But I wouldn't have been seen with her! Why, she wasn't a "sorority girl"; she wasn't even liked by anyone; she wore such queer clothes and talked so much. Indeed she would have "bored me to tears". I couldn't think of being seen on the street with her and especially since we would have to pass several frat houses on our way.

What is wrong with that pearl in my pin? Why, how strange! It seemed so beautiful and white and pure only a moment ago. Now, why look, it has turned black and—is it shriveling up? Ah, it has fallen out of its place and a great dark hollow is left in its stead which gleams black and ugly in contrast to the three remaining beauties.

Where did I ever see that old, sweet, face before? Something in her expression—a look of abject pity for me, why is that? Oh, she's that old woman who used to wash for the girls at the "dorm". What is that she is carrying? Oh, I see, it's a heavy basket of clothes. Now, I remember that day I met her on the street. She told me she had lost her purse and the child who hauled her basket on his wagon, refusing to take it farther until he was paid, had set it on the pavement and gone away. I heard the rumble of his wagon and when I turned to look he was not more than twenty-five yards away. Oh, I suppose I could have called to him and given him his small pittance, but then I was in a hurry and had no time to worry about old women carrying heavy baskets. So I went my way.

Is that a shadow on the second pearl or is it turning dark? Ah! there it goes, too—and it rolled from its place leaving another black glaring hole.

Is this a pen I hold in my hand and why this examination blank? Oh, those horrid geometry problems that dance and wriggle like so many demons in a night-mare! If I could solve only this one more it would mean my passing average. But I had turned it upside down and inside out so many times it was like a Chinese puzzle now and

I couldn't get it. Shall I or shall I n—? It was such an excellent opportunity and no one was looking. I did it. Yes, I picked up the scratch paper on which my next neighbor had solved it and had allowed to slip to the floor. And I stooped to get it on the pretense of recovering my handkerchief which I had intentionally dropped!

The third pearl did not hesitate but seemed to jump from its bed as though fired from a cannon's mouth.

One and only one pearl remained. "Oh, may it not go!" was the prayer I breathed. I found myself cringing beneath the awful glare of those three black holes—three demonical eyes. Could I stand another?

Ah!—the voice in the air again.

"This one priceless pearl is still yours. Can you keep it? It represents what, to every woman, is at once her greatest treasure,—for it is purchased at a price, greater than gold; her greatest beauty—for without it no woman is truly beautiful; and her greatest weapon—for before it even the vilest hesitate. My dear young woman, you have been made to realize the depth of your vows and the meaning of your pledge—almost too late. But with this one pearl you can regain the other three and with these four safely guarded in your life's jewel-case, so that the world can appreciate their beauty as reflected in your own living you will at the same time be living up to your vows and, not only be giving happiness to others, but you will have found it yourself."

"The next station-stop is yours, madame", which information accompanied by a slight shaking made me sit up and rub my eyes.

Ah, then it was only a dream! But such a dream, as made me decide I should have to help prove true the old adage about them. Now, it would be my duty to keep my pearls so busy they would not have time to shrivel up and drop out of my life.

## Announcements

THE editor wishes to express her thanks for the help that each Delta Zeta has given to her. Her chief interest is to publish a book with which all the girls, active and alumnae, will be pleased, one from which they will derive benefit and one that will be true to our standards. She can do this only when each and every girl puts forth her effort toward this aim.

The Indianapolis alumnae are to have a meeting next Saturday with Mrs. Hayes to talk over plans for an alumnae association. We are all very enthusiastic over the possibility of having an association and believe that through this organization we may be of help to each chapter.

Be sure to read the exchange page. The articles were chosen because they seemed to be so fitting for every one of you and we hope that you will read each word carefully.

Just a word of warning to local editors. Remember your directions in the Convention minutes in last issue. Be very careful to put enough postage on your envelope; the material is sometimes delayed on this account.

Will each chapter editor please send a complete chapter list (active) with the LAMP material for each issue.

Don't forget to send the personals. We want to keep track of all of our girls.

Each chapter should have a copy of Baird's Manual. Send your orders to the editor.

Material due for the next issue, March 15. You will notice that the LAMP is not being published in the scheduled months. This occurs because of the late issue in December. We hope things will be in such good running order by next fall that the November issue can appear the first of November and the following issues at their appointed time.

## Editorial

**I**N the December *Banta's Greek Exchange* there is published an article written by John Calvin Hanna, B @ II, on "High School Fraternities" which the editor wishes could be included here in its entirety. His points were made wonderfully clear and his arguments were strong and conclusive. We want to give you the benefit of one of his points in which he defines the function of the college fraternity. "The need for the helpfulness, encouragement, sympathy and restraining influence of close kin is as great or almost as great as in the years just preceding. Here is where brotherhood, the artificial brotherhood and sisterhood of the college fraternity, comes forward to supply that very real need. Here the helping hand, the encouraging smile, the sympathetic advice, the restraining fraternal influence of brother and sister in the new relation of the Greek letter society, as the world calls it—the college fraternity, as we call it—here is where the new tie comes to take the place and, to a certain and very considerable extent, to make good the loss, of these earlier natural ties of the family out from whose bosom the timid and ignorant freshman has so lately come." Mr. Hanna goes on to admit errors in the system of college fraternities and makes a plea for the correction—"God speed the day, man and woman together strive for the day, when snobbishness among fraternity men and women may become unpopular, when extravagance may be looked upon as beneath their standard of refinement, when exclusiveness may be kept from causing pain, when fraternity loyalty may be considered genuine only when united with a broad and generous friendliness toward those who are for one cause or another outside the charmed circle of intimate friendship, when coarseness and brutality in initiation may be eliminated utterly from the induction ceremonies of those brother-

hoods and sisterhoods which proudly claim a superiority over all other societies in their standard of selection, in their aims and activities, and in the manhood and womanhood which they develop. I say again, God speed the day."

How often we thwart the function as so truly shown us by Mr. Hanna and allow the thoughts of our own individual benefit to shut out our thought of the comfort and well-being of others. If we would all have this spirit of helpfulness toward our own sorority sisters *in all sincerity* and not just because we are eager for the high standing of our own sorority, this spirit of helpfulness would not be confined to sorority girls but we would feel it toward all college girls. It seems to us that a stronger feeling of loyalty toward the college must be secured before the feeling of comradeship can exist truly between sorority and non-sorority girls. They must have some tie of loyalty and they must all work for the betterment of their college in social, moral and educational matters. When the college spirit is strong it will overshadow the differences between the girls who have sorority bonds and those who have not.

## Personals

### ALPHA CHAPTER

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Lois Pierce to Mr. Dalton Zimmerman.

Helen Coulter is teaching at New Carlyle this winter.

Mabelle Minton is chaperoning the Pi Beta Phis sorority at Iowa State.

Mrs. Alfa Lloyd Hayes, National Inspector of Delta Zeta, visited the chapter January thirteenth.

Mrs. Hoke, one of our patronesses, who has been traveling in Europe, will return in a few weeks to Oxford.

### BETA CHAPTER

Gertrude Young, '13, represented the Cornell Student Government for women, at the Student Government Convention recently held at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Nan MacFarland, '12, is teaching Latin in Sweet Briar College.

Erma Lindsay, '11, passed the Christmas vacation in New York as the guest of Ida Nightingale, '10.

Mrs. George Luckett, (née Marguerite Douglass) gave a tea at her home in Cherryvale, Va., during the holidays in honor of her sister, Dorothy Douglass, '15.

### THETA CHAPTER

Julia Chrisman is teaching at Milford, Ohio.

Madeline Baird spent the holidays with her parents in Columbus, Ohio. Theta chapter gave her a surprise party during the holidays.

Mrs. Erwin Garmhausen is now living in Washington, D. C.

Elsie Fisher entertained her parents from Steubenville the second week of January.

Mae McElroy is staying at home with her parents in Newcomerstown, Ohio, this winter, but expects to come back and help us rush week.



## Our Post Box

### ALPHA CHAPTER LETTER

SINCE our last letter pledge day has come and gone and we now have four pledges: Hazel Ecker, Gallipolis, Ohio; Marvine Howard, Circleville, Ohio; Edna Chenault, New Holland, Ohio; and Marie Guthrie, Troy, Ohio. We have not initiated yet since our rushing rules do no permit initiation until second semester and an inspection of grades has been made. We have not been very well satisfied with our rushing rules this year. It seems to be hard to get a set of rules that will please everyone. Don't you think it would be a good plan for us to exchange copies of our rules? In that way each chapter might get helpful suggestions.

We are all having a splendid time this year. Delta Zeta has certainly been well entertained by her friends. Florence Bingham had a Tri Delta friend visiting her. The Miami chapter of Tri Delta entertained Delta Zeta at a dance in her honor. Delta Kappa Epsilon entertained at a dance in honor of Delta Zeta the night before Christmas vacation. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Colburn, two of our patronesses entertained at afternoon teas for us. Helen Stover entertained the sorority at a musical given by Miss Georgiana Duefenbach, formerly a member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Chi Omega recently installed a chapter here at Miami, taking in the local sorority, Pi Delta Kappa. We gave a high tea in their honor. For favors we used our pink roses and for decorations their white carnations and smilax. We made an enormous Chi Omega pin of smilax and carnations, which we hung over the fire-place. The

doorways were hung with draperies of smilax. We served a two course luncheon carrying out as far as possible a color scheme of cardinal and straw.

O, and I mustn't forget to tell you about the week-end party some of us enjoyed at Mabel Minton's home in the country near Hamilton. She had the girls that went to the Convention down. We surely had the time of our young lives. There were four of us, Georgia Saylor, Helen Lane, Florence Bingham and Elsa Thoma.

We are all awfully busy people. I know you'll be surprised but I don't see how Miami could run without us. For you see our girls really take quite a part in keeping the machinery of university affairs going. Dorothy Sloane has the leading part in the mid-year play "The Servant in the House". Elsa Thoma and Dorothy Sloane sing in the Madrigal Club. Marcellene Roberts works on the Ricensio Board, Elsa Thoma on the Student Staff and Beulah Greer on the Junior Prom Committee. Elsa Thoma is the assistant commissioner from Miami of the undergraduate commission of Ohio and West Virginia. One commissioner is chosen from each school, her duty being to collect material about the Spiritual Dynamics, Leadership and Economics of the Y. W. C. A. in her home school.

Well, I have written a long letter, haven't I? But there is one more thing I want to say. Don't you think it would be a splendid thing and a great help to Delta Zeta if her different chapters could exchange visits? We of Miami would be more than glad to have anyone of you come and see us.

Yours in the bond,  
MILDRED BOATMAN.

#### BETA CHAPTER LETTER

AFTER all those delightfully breezy letters of the last number of the LAMP, I am wondering anxiously what this coming number will contain. We certainly are to be congratulated upon the success of the whole thing,

new cover, design, "personals", grads, even the advertising. Doesn't it really seem after reading the LAMP that we aren't so very far away from each other and that we know each other just a little better?

The rushing season has at last ended, and we are glad to announce the following pledges:

Helen Frehengheysen Judd, '16, Port Henry; Maude Ellis, '16, Lockport, N. Y.; Adelaide Morton Mifflin, '16, Ridley Park, Pa.; Laura Speyer, '16, Buffalo, N. Y. Also that Mrs. Wm. Drew has accepted our invitation to become a patroness of Beta chapter of Delta Zeta. The initiation took place at Mrs. Drew's and was followed by a banquet at the home of Sabina Murray, '14. After dinner was served the following toasts were given:

To Our Alumnae—Abbie Dibble, '13.

Our Betty—Viene Caswell, '14.

Dear Old Sage—Dorothy Douglass, '15.

To the Frosh—Peggy Chamberlain, '15.

Beta's Youngest—Maude Ellis, '16.

To Our Seniors—Edna Alderman, '14.

To Delta Zeta—Gertrude Young, '13.

Erma Lindsay, '11, was toastmistress.

Viene Caswell gave a Delta Zeta houseparty at her home in Freeville during the Thanksgiving vacation. We ate, slept, danced, and sang and forgot there were laboratories behind us, reports in front of us, themes to the right of us, essays to the left of us.

Sabina Murray gave an informal house dance at her home December eighth. A buffet luncheon was served after which we all gathered around the fireplace, told stories and sang songs until a late hour. Mrs. Murray chaperoned.

On the Saturday evening before we left for our homes to spend Christmas, we had a Christmas tree in the chapter room. We entertained the freshmen whom we had pledged with a vaudeville performance—followed by the distribution of the "presents" inexpensive but most appropriate, by Santa Claus who insisted on coming through the transom to

surprise us; but who unfortunately stuck when half way through and had to be hauled through the rest of the way in a most undignified manner.

We were very sorry that Ellen McCarty, '07-'09, was unable to stop with us here in Ithaca while on her way to the University of Illinois. We enjoyed very much the few moments we had with her at the train.

VIENE CASWELL, *Local Editor.*

#### DELTA CHAPTER LETTER

THE last number of the LAMP was certainly heartily welcomed by the girls of Delta chapter. We all gathered in one room and jumped up and down on our heels and toes, while the nervous fingers of one of the girls unwrapped the package. This accomplished—exclamations of Oh! and Ah! were immediately heard about the beautiful cover and each pair of eyes wanted to take in the entire contents at once.

By the way girls—have you ever heard anything about our annual Christmas parties? No, I do not think you have either. Well, every year we have a Christmas tree laden with pretty, shining decorations and Santa's handsome ten cent gifts. This year, however, Santa Claus brought them in his sack. He visited us one night after our baby girls, who were Helen Pearson, Edith Wray and Vada Perkins, had fallen asleep with their dolls in their arms; and the rest of us were all in the library. Santa began to quietly fix the tree so that he would not waken the babies. But their minds were too full of Christmas thoughts to sleep soundly. They wakened after a short nap and so discovered Santa before he could get away. He seemed to be very old and stiff, yet I do not believe he was as old as he seemed for his voice had the ring of youth in it and sounded exactly like Myrtle Graeter's. His unbending manner, may have been due to age, but to my mind it was due to some tight wearing apparel. In his sack were spiders, alligators, music boxes and articles for the hope-

boxes of girls who must have them filled soon, such as dish mops, toy brooms, etc. Mrs. Martin, our chaperone, gave each girl a pretty ribbon skirt hanger. Our patronesses were invited and after the gifts were distributed we sang Christmas songs, stuffed ourselves with pop-corn and ten different kinds of home-made candy, which the girls had made. After dancing awhile we dropped down most anywhere to dream of Santa.

Well, here's luck to you girls until I write again.

BERTHA V. LEACH, *Local Editor.*

#### EPSILON CHAPTER LETTER

I WARN you, to begin with, that I am no good when it comes to writing to more than one person in one letter. The only time I ever tried it was once last month, when one of my cousins was married. My mother insisted that I write and offer my sympathy, and I did so, but the letter I sent was rather peculiar, to say the least. But, of course, in writing to you, I will not be dealing with that touching subject, and may be more successful.

Since the last letter from us we have pledged Irene Gwartney from Corydon, Ind. We are all very proud of her, as we are of all our freshmen. It is a rule here that no sorority may initiate a girl who has not made fifteen hours' credit in this university, and for that reason we did not initiate until the beginning of this term. All our freshmen met this requirement, passed in every subject, and became sure-enough Delta Zetas on January 4th. As a part of their second degree they were required to write original Delta Zeta songs and sing them as solos. The rendition was, in some cases, fearful and wonderful, but the songs were certainly good. We are sending some of them in, for publication in the LAMP.

Our new chaperone is Mrs. Jesse Radford of Russelville, Ky., and we are certainly proud to claim her. I wish you could all meet her. I know you would feel, as we do, that we are most fortunate in having such a splendid woman

with us. This afternoon we gave a faculty tea for Mrs. Radford. A large number of faculty women, and an unusually large number of professors came and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

The County Fair, an annual affair by which the Y. W. C. A. parts fools and their money, will be held on the thirty-first, and Delta Zeta will give a circus. Since we are not blessed with any bearded ladies or wild girls (thanks to the dean) we may not have many side shows, but when it comes to the circus itself, we will be there with bells on, literally speaking.

Josephine Miller, one of our girls who is now studying medicine in Indianapolis, visited us last Saturday and Sunday. Her visit was a complete surprise, and you who know Jo need not be told that it was a most delightful surprise.

Caroline Hildebrand, Crystal Hall and Carrie Freeman, are not with us this term, and we surely miss them. Caroline graduated last term, so we cannot have her back, but Carrie will be in again spring term.

Yesterday we received the very sad news of the death of Jesse Howard, to whom Emma Brunger, our National Treasurer, was engaged. We want our dear sister to know how deeply we sympathize with her, even though it is utterly impossible to put our feelings into words.

All of us have found the first publication of the LAMP very interesting, and are looking forward eagerly to the next.

I hereby send my own personal love to all our Delta Zetas, and hearty greetings from Epsilon to the other chapters.

MARY ELIZABETH EASLEY, '13, *Local Editor.*

#### ZETA CHAPTER LETTER

**W**E, at Nebraska, are still busy Delta Zetas working for new girls. This first semester has seemed terribly long for we are kept so in suspense concerning our

fate which will decide how many new girls we will add to our number.

Between hard diligent study (for that is one essential in the University of Nebraska) and rushing, we have been kept very busy. We have had some very successful rushing parties since the last issue of the LAMP.

One affair was a breakfast. The rooms were darkened, the lights fixed with shades to give a soft mellow light. The guests were seated at small tables in the center of which were baskets of violets. The place cards were also baskets of flowers. The girls who served were fixed up ridiculously. They wore their dresses with the front in the back. Over the back of their heads they had masks, and paper sunbonnets over their faces. This made them look as if they were walking backwards.

The next party was a Japanese tea. The house was decorated to look real "Japanesey", portiers of chrysanthemums, Japanese lanterns and parasols strung around in the different rooms. The main feature was a mock Japanese wedding. It was "Mock" too, for the participants were of a giggly nature and could not see the serious side of a wedding! We served rice, tea and wafers. We had *real* chop sticks for the rice and everyone had a great time balancing her rice on the sticks for "twixt the stick and the lip there was many a slip."

Before going home for our holiday vacation, we had a Christmas party. We had a tree all fixed up with candles, cookies, and popcorn and the like. Each girl was given a present which was a sort of a "slam", some being very appropriate as well as ridiculous. Each one received a bag of candy and nuts, just like little Sunday School children.

During the holidays, Mrs. Aldrich, our patroness, gave a party and had our town girls help her entertain and serve. She is a very charming hostess and our girls are always delighted to be able to assist her.

There was a great home coming after the holidays. Every one was glad to get back to work, and glad to see the

other girls and tell them all about the grand time she had. Every one started in and has continued to work with a vim and almost vehemence both for the social and scholarly standing of our sorority.

We have alumnae scattered about different parts of the globe, teaching young hopefuls. Two of them are very near Lincoln and can come in for our parties and exciting times. It seems so good to have old girls come back and share in our good times.

This is nearing the time for those dreaded semester exams and everyone is too busy to even take a deep breath.

I think I have "ranted" on sufficiently for this time, so will give my poor readers a rest.

RUTH INHELDER, *Local Editor.*

#### THETA CHAPTER LETTER

THETA girls were certainly glad to hear from all of you. We read the LAMP very eagerly to find out what you were all doing. Don't you think the LAMP fine? We are very proud of it. The other evening one of the fraternity men was looking at my LAMP and he said, "Well congratulations, this is the best frat paper I have ever read, it is a lot better than ours." Three cheers for Miss Alexander and every one wearing the Lamp.

At the present time we are very busy at Ohio State, for exams begin January 31, and on February 8, "rush week" starts in earnest. We have seven national sororities at Ohio State and you know it will be "some rush". Up to this time we could not invite the freshmen to any parties but to-day, January 17, we could invite them for rush week. You could invite a girl any time after the 16th, and you know the old saying "The early bird catches the worm", well it certainly fulfilled its prophesy to-day for some of the sororities called the girls up at 4 a. m. and invited them. This was certainly very strenuous on the upperclassmen. We were very successful for we got all of the girls that we wanted to come to our parties. Every-

thing will be quiet now until after the exams. Oh, my but how I dread them. Don't you?

Girls, we are so happy and we know you will also be pleased when we tell you, that we have pledged the two best sophomores in the university. So let me introduce you to your new sisters—Marguerite Loos, of Columbus, Ohio, and Nathalie Orans of Cleveland, Ohio.

Christmas week we had a very delightful Christmas party at the home of Florence Harts. The house was beautifully decorated in Christmas bells and holly. In the dining room a miniature tree formed the centerpiece, with the green and red candles casting the soft and cheerful light of Christmas.

Well, I haven't much to tell you this time, but in my next letter, I hope to tell you that we have pledged about eight of the finest freshmen in the university.

AREMA O'BRIEN, *Local Editor.*

## Exchange Department

We would like to express our thanks for the exchanges received:

NOVEMBER: The *Lyre* of Alpha Chi Omega; *The Aglaia* of Phi Mu; *Themis* of Zeta Tau Alpha; *The Anchora* of Delta Gamma.

DECEMBER: *Alpha Xi Delta*; *Banta's Greek Exchange*; The *Adelphean* of Alpha Delta Phi.

JANUARY: The *Crescent* of Gamma Phi Beta; *Kappa Alpha Theta*; *The Arrow* of Pi Beta Phi.

The following clipping appealed to us as just the sentiment that every girl in college needs to have expressed to her. When we are students in college we are so apt to lose sight of the things that are really worth while, and do not realize that we must make the things worth while. Is the fraternity worth while? Is anything in life worth while? Only as we ourselves make it so. The thing that we put into life is the thing life becomes to us, and just as surely does our fraternity become the concrete expression of our loyalty to its precepts, our purposeful efforts in its behalf. Our fraternity is what we as individuals, as chapter, as national and international organizations choose to make it. It is worth while only in so far as we are worth while. It is worth while to us as individuals in proportion as we give of our time and service, of ourselves, toward the realization in our own lives of its ideals.—*Kappa Alpha Theta*.

Read this, girls, apply the thought to yourself and to your college. "Girls, and especially Greek girls, should strive at all times to be democratic. We sometimes hear people—non-fraternity—say that fraternity girls are snobbish, aristocratic, and have a tendency toward 'clique-dom'."

"This tendency can be and has been overcome in part by Pan-Hellenic meetings, social affairs, and interclass organizations. Yet, girls, is this enough? Consider the number of girls who are making 'good' around us, who hardly know what a fraternity really is, and probably never had a glimpse within a chapter house. Aren't we narrow, then, when we exclude these girls, associate with girls of our own or some other fraternity?

"Loyalty is, of course, absolutely necessary but we cannot be considered disloyal when we wish to meet and know other girls who have for one reason or another been more unfortunate than we. It should be

the aim of every college girl to know as many of her classmates as possible who have come from different localities, who have had an environment completely foreign to her own, and whose ideas are probably in no way coincident with hers. In this way she learns many of the things she came to college for, since as it has been said, 'the aim of a good education is to make a reasonable man.' This result may be accomplished in various ways, many of which are minor, but which go a long way toward making fast friends. The most general way, however, is for each girl to belong to an all University Girl's Club, and take an interest in it, and in its progress."—*The Lyre.*

**Corrections and Additions to Directory****EPSILON CHAPTER****ALUMNAE**

Nellie F. Easley, 3140 Tulare St., Fresno, Calif.  
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Mrs. J. H. Breneman, 1524 Park, Indianapolis, Ind.  
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**THETA CHAPTER**

Miss Florence Hart, 940 Neil Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

**BETA CHAPTER****ALUMNAE**

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