



# Delta Zeta Lamp

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# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF  
DELTA ZETA SORORITY

GRACE ALEXANDER.... *Editor*

*Acting Editors* ..... { MRS. R. A. STEPHENS  
  { MRS. I. H. HEDDEN

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# DELTA ZETA SORORITY

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## ROLL OF CHAPTERS

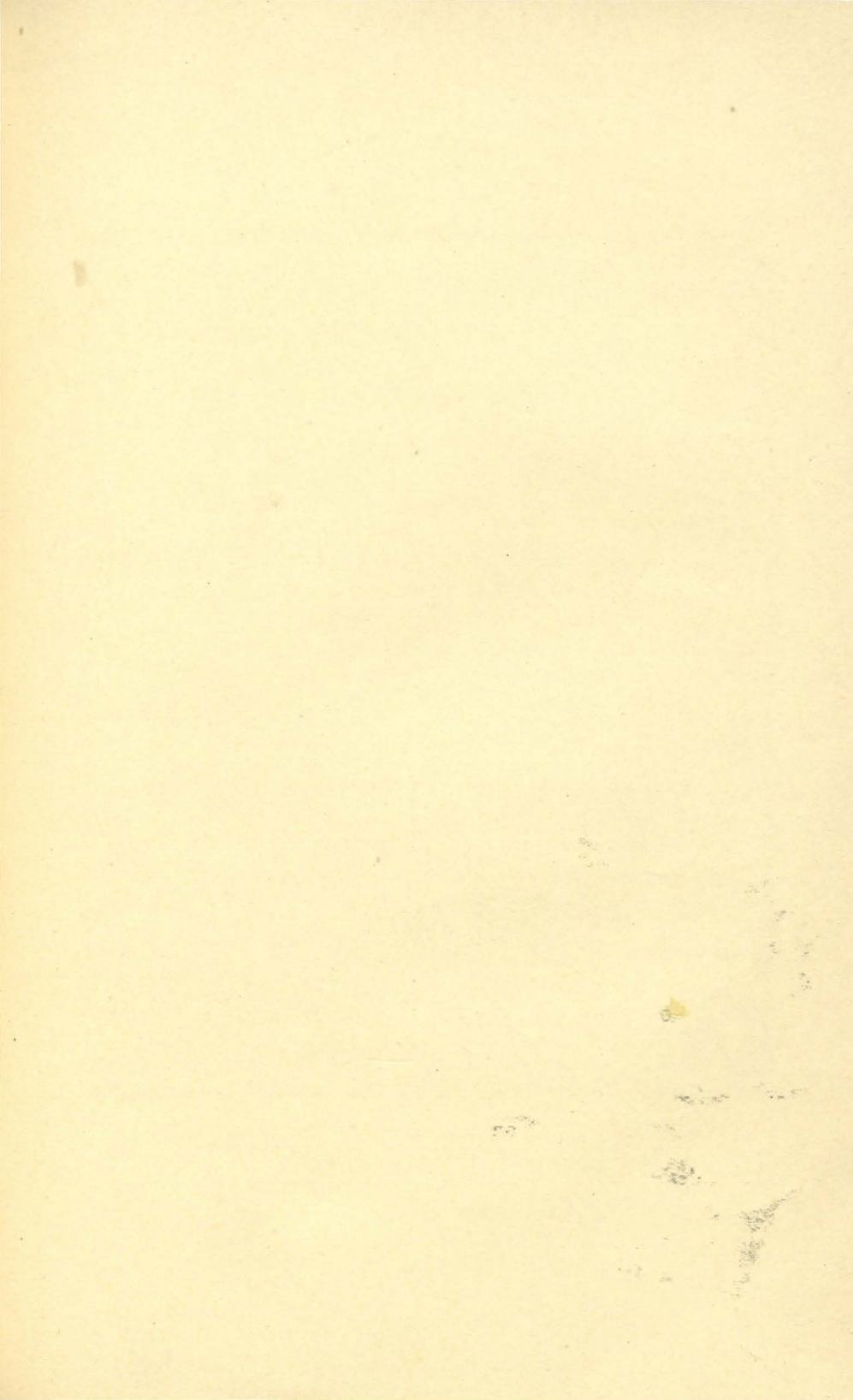
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ETA—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.  
THETA—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.  
IOTA—Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.

## CONTENTS

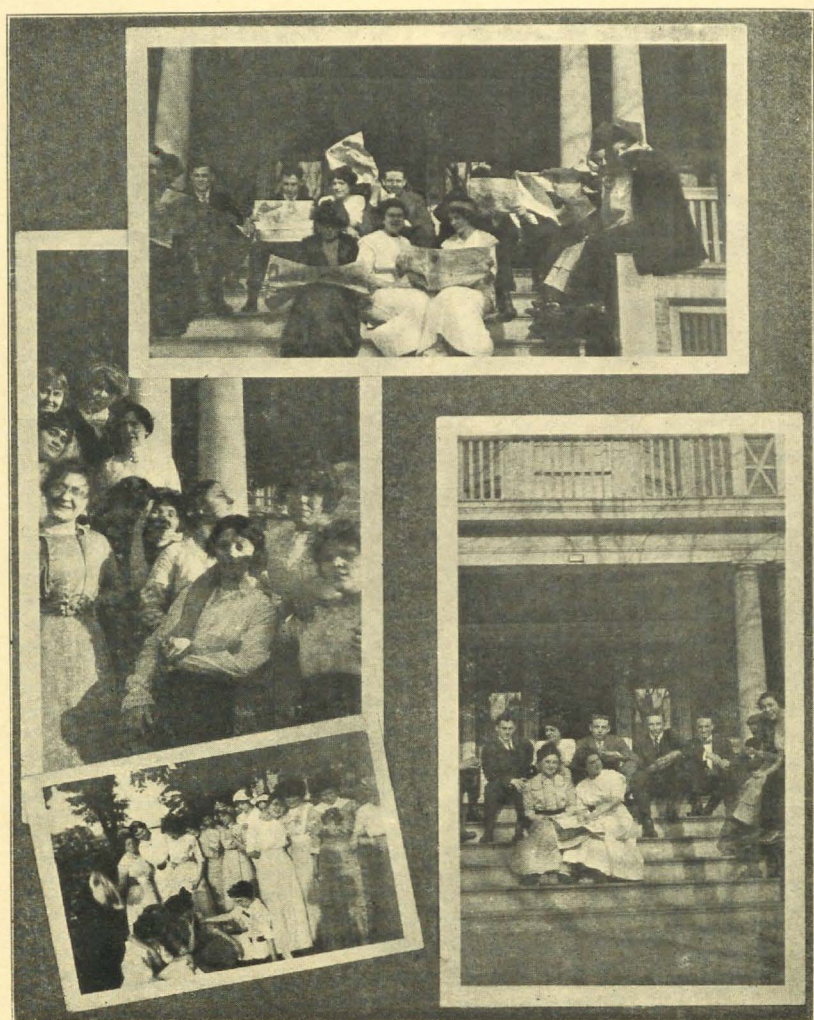
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CO-ED ACTIVITIES AT NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY .....	67
GOOD FELLOWSHIP .....	69
SONGS .....	70
BILLY, A FRECKLE-FACED BOY .....	71
"TIMES HAVE CHANGED" .....	75
FOR OUR EDITOR .....	85
THE POINT OF VIEW—TWO LETTERS .....	87
ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ .....	90
OUR POST BOX .....	93
PERSONALS .....	103
EXCHANGES .....	106









GROUPS OF ZETAS

# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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## Co-ed Activities at Nebraska University

ETHEL M. ARNOLD, ZETA

**A**LTHOUGH the co-eds of Nebraska University are exceedingly proud of the record made by the football and intercollegiate debating teams, they do not stand in the background and wait for the college men to make all the records and be foremost in all the activities of the college.

This year the co-eds have been especially active and their enthusiasm and support has been shown in almost every enterprise undertaken by and of interest to university students. The University Girls' Club, which now has a membership of over five hundred, has taken the initiative and been the leader in many of these undertakings. The first of the year parties were given for the freshman girls to acquaint them with university ways and enable them to form congenial friendships with the upperclass girls as well as with those of their own class whom they met in the recitation rooms.

During football season rallies were held before each big game, a rooting section was reserved in the grand stand and several hundred girls attended each game with flying colors, boosting spirit and enthusiasm to help win the victories.

Co-ed progressive spirit was most distinctively shown in invading different fields of activities when hockey was introduced in the physical education department this year. It has been taken up with enthusiasm and vim. Class teams were formed and the final games between upper and lowerclass teams were especially interesting. Appreciation of the game was shown by the number of rooters and picture men who frequented the fields.

In preparation for the tennis tournament twenty first games



were matched and every one proved to be fast and evenly fought contests. The girl who captured the championship and trophy cup was challenged by the former college and city champion but succeeded in retaining the honors.

Competition for places on the class basket ball team is now keen. Most all the girls who are athletically inclined are out for practice. There are some, however, who prefer baseball and track work which will come with the spring season and the renewal of hockey and tennis.

When the boys hold their Cornhusker banquet in honor of the football team the girls always feel slightly neglected as though they are left out of the really important "goings on," but this year they had the equivalent by holding a banquet on the same night. It was the first all-university girls' affair of the year and proved a wonderful success. The number attending surpassed that at the boys' banquet and although the conquering football heroes were not there in person they were impersonated by a squad of splendid imitators.

Besides the usual charity work carried on by the Y. W. C. A. a new movement has been started with the idea of making Christmas a possibility for the children of the poor. This work has kept many university girls busy the last few weeks. Tags with a "Merry Christmas" message were printed and three vigorous tag days were held on the campus. Each tag was sold for ten cents and about one hundred and seventy-five dollars were collected. A committee was appointed to have charge of expending the money for food, clothing and toys. It is hoped that a permanent organization will grow out of this movement, and that through its efforts many families will each year be enabled to have a truly Merry Christmas and be brought into contact with the real Christmas spirit.



**Good Fellowship**

KATHERINE LOWRY, Zeta.

The right sort of a fellow is that the task?  
I know a prince of a fellow who's all you could ask.  
He's the kind who all the live-long day,  
Is always thoughtful, agreeable and gay.  
He willingly sleeps in any old bed,  
With some at the foot and more at the head.  
Should he arise in the morning quite late,  
What difference to him if his clothes do not mate?  
He'll wear some one else's whoseever is handy.  
The result is the same; he always looks dandy.  
He gets his own lessons and anyone else's.  
And the grades they both get are always excels.  
Whenever you're broke, he'll hand you a fiver  
And no one, not even your roomy's, the wiser.  
No matter what happens he'll sing and he'll smile.  
Now don't you think he's the kind that's worth while?  
You ask what's his standing,  
I'll give it pro rata.  
His stamp is the lamp,  
He's a true Delta Zeta.

### Songs

TUNE—"The Rosary"

Oh Delta Zeta, loved by all,  
How many times we hear thee call  
To tell us of the one so dear  
Of our sorority.  
Our pearls and diamonds all so bright  
Will make us strive to do the right,  
And kind we'll be to those who stand  
Forever true in Delta Z., dear Delta Z.

(Chorus)

To the tune of "I'll get you."

"Delta Z., Her for me,  
I'll fight once twice three times for  
And after that I'll fight some more  
For Delta Z., she's the only one for me  
We'll fight for her through eternity for Delta Z.

BY RUTH RAILSBACK, *Delta*.

When school days are over  
And parted are we  
From all the loved friends  
Of dear Delta Z.,  
Our hearts will still cling  
So fondly to thee,  
O! dear Delta Zeta!  
Our sorority!

BY RUTH MILLER, *Delta*.

Tune, "When Circles are Broken."



**Billy, a Freckle-Faced Boy**

FLORENCE LIVINGSTON JOY IN "THE INTERIOR" (IOTA)

*(Continued from November number)*

What most troubled the boy was the uncertainty of waking in time for the four-o'clock start. As sole member of the committee of ways and means, he had racked his brain for some device whereby only himself of all the household, should be aroused. An alarm clock, even had he known how to set the alarm, was out of the question. A string with one end attached to his big toe and the other end hanging out of the window was useless to think about, for his venture must admit of no accessory. As he restlessly kicked and rolled about the bed, he experienced a dark moment when, in desperation at his own lack of inventive genius, he came perilously near summoning Whitney to stay all night with him and go along in the morning. But Whitney was always stumbling or tripping or stubbing his toes, and would be sure to make a noise and wake the folks. Then the gardener's warning against anything but absolute secrecy, for an instant forgotten, became a mainstay in time of temptation. The fear that the minutest violation of the rules of the game might prevent the obliteration of the spots which hurt his pride while they stained his skin, was an effectual prop for his momentary weakness. Then he remembered, with a titillation that thrilled his very soul, having heard his big sister, who went to school at college and studied something about people's minds, say that anybody could wake up at any time he wanted to in the night if he only kept thinking, real hard, of the hour. He would try this. He would think real hard of two o'clock, so that if anything should happen, he'd be sure to wake by three, anyway. And long after half-past eight he fell asleep.

In the dim daylight, when Billy had shaken off the stupor of his first awakening, he softly stepped to the nearest window and peered into the gray morning shadows. The cool, solemn out-of-door world made him shiver with a strange awe. For the first time, he thought of the gipsy camp not very far from the



bridge he'd have to cross. The gardener said, one day, that gypsies stole people when they had a good chance. If he crawled back into bed he could curl up warm and go to sleep again. But those freckles must be shown a thing or two. He had to make that long, long walk to the oat field—the oat field of their butter-and-egg man, who had said one day last summer, in Billy's hearing, that from the post office to his windmill was exactly four miles. So he struggled against the chill and loneliness that made the queer, sinking feeling somewhere near the top of his stomach, and prepared at once to go into action.

Still clad in his pink and-white-striped pajamas—Billy's chief pride, for he had coaxed mother to get him some just like father's—he stole down to the stair landing, where he could see the face of the big hall clock. It was thirty-two minutes after three! Fearful of getting too late a start, he crept back on all-fours, up steps that creaked as loud as the noise his gas-pipe cannon, the one named Hobson, made when it went off. After a dreadfully slow time, so slow that he felt warm and began to sweat, he reached the top of the stairs, then the chair where he had left his clothes. After a long, long time he was again crouched on the stair landing, shoes and cap tightly crushed in his arms, waiting, with eyes glued to the face of the clock, the hour set for the beginning of his journey. Once he heard the mattress in mother's room squeak, and he stopped breathing. Everything in the house, the very walls, seemed wide awake and listening. He really felt very tired when, as the long hand came round to the twelve and the short hand rested on the four, he breathlessly closed the back door behind him and let himself out into the damp, desolate solitude of the morning.

The first person Billy saw that day was the butter-and-egg man's fat wife, who opened her wide blue eyes wider when she saw Billy cutting across the barnyard, bound, apparently, for her back porch. She found him uncommunicative as well as breakfastless. The ceremony in the oat field had been a sacred ablution, and, besides, since the gardener didn't say he might tell anybody right after washing his face in the dew, Billy thought he'd better keep his secret till he had seen into a look-

ing-glass. That would probably help make the charm come true, anyway.

So he sat before the expanse of red-and-white checked tablecloth on which the breakfast dishes still stood, and furtively glanced about the farm kitchen for some sign of a mirror. He talked only in spasmodic little monosyllables, spending the intervening silences in consuming piles of pancakes which the nice butter-and-egg woman cooked for him. He noticed several times that she looked at him real hard. She must have noticed that the freckles were gone. Once he almost asked if she didn't think his face had pretty little tan on it this summer, but when he started to speak, a tight, lumpy place in his throat kept the words from coming past. She looked hard at him again, but he was glad, this time, that she was too polite to ask what had become of his freckles. He knew that was what she was thinking about.

At last he pushed back his plate, with a "Please s'cuse me," and astonished his hostess by saying that he guessed he'd go home. As he reached the road the creamery wagon came along and he hung on. In spite of the fact that the creamery man's horses were very slow—slower, as the lad impatiently thought, than he himself could have walked if only the bottom of his feet didn't feel so stretched and tired—there was a song, all the while in Billy's heart. He pictured to himself just how glad the old gardener would be; and how Marj'ry would laugh and want to get rid of her freckles; and how surprised Whitney would act; and—yes, how cheap Fat Benterhill would look. Now and then unpleasant misgivings as to what mother might think about his leaving home clouded his happiness. But she, too, would be glad about the freckles; and he'd hold his face straight, up, so she'd notice right away; then she'd kiss him, the way she did sometimes and forget to punish.

As he ran, cross the front lawn, his mother, her face white and anxious, hurried around the corner of the cottage. Seeing her boy she quickened her pace, but halted a few steps in front of him, asking in a relieved but severe tone, "Billy, we've been looking all over for you—where have you been?"



"Oh, I just took a walk in the country," he answered, in a laboriously offhand way. But his chubby chin was elevated and his eager little face was held straight up, so she couldn't help but see.

"Billy," she said quietly, "I think you'd better go straight to mother's room. We must have a talk together. Mother'll be there by and by."

That was all. As Billy obeyed, he felt a queer, quivery feeling around his mouth and it was all he could do to hold his lower lip still. Mother—yes, he would think it—mother was mean. It would have been a good thing if the gipsies had run away with him; Next time—

But there was mother's dressing table with the big looking-glass! All a-tremble with expectation, he dashed across the room, and, slanting the mirror, he stood on tiptoe, leaning close to see.

What he did see was at first sight unbelievable; then he knew—and understood. The supreme faith in his boy's heart was shattered, and a mortal hurt crept into his brown eyes. As he sank back upon his heels his sturdy shoulders drooped together; his lips struggled into a stiff, tight line; and while he swallowed a first bitter sob his stout fists doubled into hard little knots. Yet a moment—then the freckles on the face of Billy, who despised cry-babies, glistened in the wake of tears.



### "Times Have Changed"

At the conference of Fraternity Editors held at Chicago in October, there was much discussion regarding present conditions in the Fraternity and College world and those of fifteen to thirty years ago. A number of instances were given where the older fraternity alumnae—those who had not been in touch with fraternities and their present day efforts—had been the cause of Pan-Hellenic eruptions and where their unacquaintance with the present times had caused many serious complications. The opinion among the editors was that these same alumnae would be sincerely grieved if they realized that they were really impeding the progress of their own fraternity and all others as well, because of their lack of knowledge of present conditions, and methods. A committee was appointed to write an article to try and state clearly the change in times hoping that the alumnae especially will make a great effort to see fraternity and college conditions now as they are *now*, not as they were when they were in school. If so, their zeal and intelligent interest will be of greatest benefit to the best interests of Fraternity life. The article mentioned is to be printed in all Journals.

The Committee appointed are: R. Louise Fitch,  $\Delta \Delta \Delta$ , Editor of the *Trident*, chairman; Frances Perkins, Editor *Alpha Phi Quarterly*; L. Pearle Green, Editor *Kappa Alpha Theta Journal*; and Mrs. R. T. Jackson, K K I Editor of the *Key*.

#### THE VISITING DELEGATE FINDS TIMES HAVE CHANGED

My one experience of a Visiting Delegate was when I was head of my chapter. I had to conduct the meeting—dreadful indeed was that ordeal and fearful the nervous headache that followed it. Of course it would have been the last thing that dear visitor would have wished—to frighten a girl into a sick headache. It wasn't her fault. She had only two days to make that visit, she had but just arrived before the meeting, and a Visiting Delegate had been heralded in the chapter as an awesome individual—I was frightened within an inch of my life and that impression has always remained, because in that brief time it was impossible to form another which would replace the first and strongest.

Perhaps I gave the girls a headache when I arrived as a Visiting Delegate, dust laden, tired and travel-stained, I should think I might, but I hope I remained long enough to dispel the notion that I was an official come to inspect and find fault. Indeed, I think our task in this respect is easier than it used to be. I think the girls look for the friend instead of the inspector. They trust her



and confide in her as they didn't use to do. It used to be the thing to hide trouble or dissension from the Delegate, to draw a sigh of relief only after she was safely out of the house without discovering that one of the freshmen was low in her studies, that the popular junior cut the reception and that the town girls would not come to meetings. Now these problems are discussed freely and solutions are often worked out with the help of the Delegate.

Now is this cordial relationship restricted to the visitor's own chapter? Some of the pleasantest recollections of my trip are these visits with other fraternity girls and their chaperons, for at almost every college where I stopped, courtesies of various kinds were shown me by chapters of other fraternities. I believe these cordial relations are encouraged by the Pan-Hellenic Associations. The approaching visits of inspectors are announced, they are invited to talk to the girls in these meetings, suggestions are cordially received and discussion is free and good natured. Many excellent lines of work are promoted in most of these associations, an encouraging sign, for there are a few still which exist only to make rushing rules.

What a splendid help the Deans of Women are! How ready to advise about the chapter, give any information desired or provide the scholarship standings—We didn't use to bother about these standings much *except as individual chapters*, now one of the first duties of every national fraternity is to encourage scholarship in every possible way. Faculty too, show this same cordial desire to assist the visitor and even the Presidents of the Colleges, do not think it beneath their dignity to encourage her in her work.

It was an eye-opener to me to see the way in which chapters encouraged the girls to take part in college activities. Freshmen are brought up with the idea that they are expected to get out and work for the college, else they are not good fraternity girls. It made me consider seriously my own delinquencies in this line for I flatly refused to be interested in class politics and spent much valuable time scheming to get out of gym work. Perhaps if we had had rhythmic dancing instead of dumb bells and a swimming tank instead of Indian clubs I might have been more eager. Moreover, it was a surprise to see the pride that many chapters take in seeing



that house rules are rigidly kept. I don't know now how I escaped a reprimand for keeping a caller after hours. Probably those girls knew that I had been out of college long enough to forget all about such rules and were lenient with me. There are such things as study hours too, despite the dubious prognostications of our friend—the enemy.

Whatever the chapters learned from me, I learned much from them. Never can I listen again with any patience to the croakings of the people who decry our present college life and say with doleful shakes of the head "Times have surely changed since our day."—Yes, times *have* surely changed, for the better in almost every particular. The progress is startling and inspiring; the growth in number of colleges, in their size, equipment and courses of study is amazing; the improvement in the methods of student administration is marked. Even the social life, so immensely more complex with the increase of the student body, was never so carefully supervised, the girl was never before so closely guarded in our co-educational colleges. What criticism there is along the lines of expenditure and luxury is a criticism which must be borne not only by our colleges, but by our towns, our cities and our whole country. This visitor can only feebly raise her voice in protest against picture shows, autos, the Boston and that lovely college store right across from the campus, where those delicious sundaes tempt the thirsty student from her books. Perhaps these things were not problems fifteen years ago, but college authorities and student bodies have coped with much weightier ones in the past and I, for one, am quite willing to believe that these questions will soon be settled and our colleges and chapters saved from the "demnition bow-wows" whither some of their decriers think they are hastening.

FRANCES G. PERKINS,  
Editor *Alpha Phi Quarterly*.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was the fashion to point out the "star chapters" of one's fraternity, to the comparative detriment of those that were not grouped in constellations. The members of one "Star Chapter" whispered to members of another "Star Chapter"—all very confidentially, of course—that Alpha or Beta or Gamma chapter took in "the most impossible girls." There was a very



general feeling, shared by all except the victims of the prejudice, that "something really ought to be done about our weak chapters"; and in some cases, chapters in old and small institutions were blithely voted out of existence by the very chapters that owed them charter grants. One of the best signs of the times in fraternity as an expression of real fraternalism, is found in the changed attitude of the general fraternity toward so-called "weak chapters." The qualities that used to make up a "star chapter"—good social placement, a large share in the gaieties of college life, leadership in entertaining and dress, and popularity with the local smart set—are yielding more and more to the ideals of scholarship, influence for the best in the college circle, and true womanly character—ideals that find place quite as much in the small and unfashionable college as in the big well-advertised university.

The Spartans helped to keep up their high standard of physique by killing off the weak and deformed among their offspring, but the twentieth century method is to develop the weaklings by "better babies contests"; and the modern Greek is following the same good example and strengthening the weaklings among fraternity chapters. A policy of refusing charters to petitioners in unpromising institutions is the part of wisdom; but a policy of withdrawing charters from blameless chapters in such institutions is now stamped as unchristian and unfraternal, and rapidly dying out.

I remember a delegate from one of these "weak chapters" who journeyed to my first convention. There was the usual convention crowd—a rapidly growing snowball of delegates and visitors. We alumnae had had so bad a training in the "weak chapter" viewpoint, that we all pricked up our critical ears when we heard that the delegate from a certain small college was on the train. "What is she like?" we asked of the sophisticated graduate who had discovered her, and the answer was, "Oh, just what you'd expect—terribly provincial—no manner. I wonder how much longer it *will* be before we'll lift that charter." And another blasé alumna added, "It ought to have been done long ago. Probably it will be, at this Convention. Poor child! It's hard on her, isn't it? Perhaps the kindest thing would be to ignore her."

But such was not the view of the undergraduate girls of the party. They greeted the "weak" delegate with the effusiveness



only possible to the very young on the way to a fraternity convention.

Yet so thoroughly was I imbued with college recollections of "the impossible girls that that chapter takes in"—("Why, one of them came over for a dance we gave, and positively it was the most ghastly thing!" et cetera) that in a few minutes' quiet talk with the little delegate *en route*, I opened the subject of her college's small and declining numbers, and fatuously and tactlessly asked, "Have you girls ever thought it might be advisable to surrender your charter?"

"Why should it be advisable?" she asked calmly.

"Well, you know," I blundered on, "the college is small, and there isn't much. . . .er. . . .desirable material, and of course the fraternity mustn't let its chapters run down, and if you are loyal, you would wish whatever is for the best good of the fraternity, and. . . ." somehow it was hard for me to find words for what had previously seemed perfectly obvious, but I tried to sum up: "Of course you know that your chapter is more or less on trial."

"I don't know that at all," she replied, quite firmly, quite impersonally. "It seems to me that it is the general fraternity that is on trial. My chapter stands for the ideals of our founders. There isn't a girl in the chapter who doesn't succeed in expressing those ideals, and the chapter is a real help for good in our college. If the fraternity has so far lost sight of its ideals, that it no longer recognizes them in us, why, then——" she paused—"why, then it is the fraternity that should lose its existence,—not my chapter."

Somewhat dazed I found myself realizing that she was right. Something in her look carried me back to the night of initiation, with its sense of exaltation and high intentions. Since that day; how far I had drifted from the true concept of fraternity! The question came,—what does the fraternity stand for now? Does it base its estimate of a chapter on outward things, as I do—or does it recognize realities? Shall I find at convention the soul of fraternity or only the outer shell? To me, it was a matter of interest. To the delegate from our "weak chapter," it was vital. And she was not disappointed. Though there was hostility at first from certain *alumnæ*, who, like me, had persisted in re-



taining the "star chapter" tradition; though there was of course criticism from the class of mind that bases the success of a rushing season on externals—yet the general spirit of convention was the real spirit of fraternity; and officers and delegates united in supporting the "weak chapters"—weak, perhaps, in material evidence, but strong in true fraternity ideals.

ELIZABETH RHODES JACKSON, K K Γ,  
Editor of *The Key*.

#### THE FRATERNITY AND THE COLLEGE TODAY

On my desk is a letter, received yesterday from the University of Minnesota, enclosing a report on the scholarship of fraternity chapters in that college during 1912-13. The average for every fraternity chapter at Minnesota is given, and the individual grades of the members of my own chapter there. This letter reiterates the desire of these college authorities for our co-operation in their work for satisfactory scholarship. This is the third year of such co-operative effort at the University of Minnesota, and the fact that this year the lowest average of any woman's fraternity is 50 per cent above the passing grade shows progressively good results.

The University of Missouri and DePauw co-operate with us in a similar way, while several other places the faculty formally report grades and averages to the individual chapters at the university.

This fall, a Dean of Women at a college where the social rules of the women's self-government association were very inadequate, called into conference a number of alumnæ to discuss what she desired to establish as social standards for the college. Several of these alumnæ chanced to be fraternity women, each of whom a few days later voluntarily, and without the knowledge of the Dean, called together her college chapter and discussed the whole social situation with it and asked its aid in setting a better standard. When the Dean proposed her new plan to the self-government association these chapters gave it their sincere support and, as a result, wise rules that few thought this independent self-government association would even consider, became part of its code of conduct.

Another Dean within the past month told me that she had found that an appeal to the fraternity chapters was always given



courteous consideration and never rejected unless for reasons that she herself had to acknowledge as convincing. Also, that once the fraternity chapters were pledged to a cause, the rest of the student body, two-thirds of which is non-fraternity, would fall into line too, while measures first presented direct to a mass meeting of students often failed of endorsement.

A president of a great university, with many hundreds of women students, recently dined at a chapter house where I was a guest. To me he said, "It is such a relief to know that even twenty of our women students are comfortably housed under wholesome supervision such as this house gives. Without adequate dormitories, which we never can provide if the student body continues to grow as it has the past few years, it is a grave problem to give our women students proper housing conditions. The fraternities have done much to help us solve the problem, not only through their own homes, but, also, because they have encouraged and helped other groups of girls to club together and at least engage all of some fair boarding house, thus making it more or less of a home."

Another college opened its first women's dormitory recently and for its conduct adopted *in toto* the house rules its chapter house fraternities had themselves made and kept for some years.

These actual incidents illustrate the relation of college and fraternity today better than could any of the general statements of policy and action I could so readily set forth; so I leave them to tell their own story adding but two facts—they are not isolated experiences, neither do they come anywhere near exhausting my knowledge of "actual incidents" of such relations.

Scholarship, high social standards, home living conditions, are some of the things fraternities work for; that their work along these lines is cumulatively successful and of value to the entire college world, cannot be gainsaid. They stand ready to work for the college in every possible way and once the college evinces its readiness to accept the co-operation of the fraternities, the university world will witness undreamed of benefits through the combined effort of fraternity and college.

L. PEARLE GREEN,  
Editor *Kappa Alpha Theta* Journal.



**"TIMES HAVE CHANGED"**

In studying fraternities for fourteen years and in visiting sixty-five colleges my ideas of the "change" are condensed as follows:

In the "good old days" a fraternity was a loosely bound collection of individual chapters, each doing very much as it pleased, and really responsible to no one. The very first fraternity purpose was to secure some sort of recognition of the existence of women at educational institutions. Social recognition being least assured and most desired, emphasis was placed upon that. No fraternity had any real supervision over its chapters save to request payment of dues, chapter letters for the magazines, etc. National officers were names only who had purely business relations with chapters. Individual chapters worked out their own salvation, and some of the methods were most peculiar in the light of the present day ideas. It was "each fellow for himself". There was no co-operation among fraternities at any college and little among chapters of one fraternity. Rushing, pledging, etc., was haphazard and generally a question of "grab," methods being immaterial. To "run down a rival" literally and figuratively, was entirely legitimate and daily employed. Each fraternity considered itself the best and there were no superiors! This attitude, of course, eventually reached its climax, and women of mature ideas began to consider the matter sensibly and with calm judgment. The weak points, the inane points of the methods employed were discussed, the possibilities of accomplishing something worth while with these groups of students gradually appeared and slowly but surely a change took place. National visitors, interchapter visits, etc., brought chapters into closer touch with one another and with their councils. The isolated groups became a unified whole. Women's position in the educational world was no longer a novelty but an ever increasing common occurrence. There was no lack of social standing and social life. What then should be done with the organization which was gradually becoming stronger and more powerful? Through the exchange of interfraternity courtesies, chapters learned much of good of their rivals, and learned a most important fact—that their own beloved organizations really had not been able to secure quite all the finest women



in the country! The worth of other organizations has been clearly recognized, of late years and many valuable experiences and ideas are given and received between one time most "hated rivals". Some college girls have been surprised to find that members of rival organizations know as much (or more) about their own fraternities as they do themselves, aside from the "secrets" which Barnard claims to find so terrible. Some of us who recall days when to have a chum in another fraternity was unheard of, to work together for any college betterment was unthought of, perhaps find difficulty in realizing the present conditions. Do these sound familiar? A common pledge day, no pledges below full freshman class, uniform chapter house rules, receptions for the officers of a *rival* fraternity, scholarship requirement for initiation, teas for college girls—fraternity and non-fraternity (not rushing parties, but get-acquainted parties) co-operation to secure sensible closing hours for college parties, and for better housing facilities for all college women, upperclass sponsor system in fraternity, and in some instances in college, through Pan-Hellenic efforts, faculty dinners, talks by the Dean of Women, no freshman mid-week dates, united efforts to secure competent refined house chaperones, co-operation in college activities, attempts to regulate the college activities of individual members—to curb the over ambitious, so that her health may not be impaired, to encourage the timid and under ambitious to cultivate her abilities, curtailing of rushing expenses, and general college social expenses, co-operation with faculty to secure better scholarship, addresses, through Pan-Hellenics, by prominent "Vocational" leaders, etc., etc. The list of things done and being done is almost too long to enumerate. This of course mentions no individual philanthropies, scholarship awards, etc. Most important, to my mind of all the changes which have occurred is that of the change in fraternity leaders and their spirit toward their *sister* organizations. (The italicized word is gradually replacing "rival"). Perhaps it can best be illustrated by the family life. Some parents are utterly unable to recognize the faults and failings in their own children. To *them*, their children are perfect, though to an unprejudiced outsider they may be regular "pests". They are patted on the back, encouraged to

believe the neighbor's child is always the instigator of a fight, has bad manners, and is naughty to throw things at "mother's pet" etc. Such parents can't understand how their children later commit misdemeanors or worse, when they have had "everything done for them". Such *has* been the attitude of fraternity leaders in the past. The ideal parents recognize their children's faults and weaknesses, and try to teach them to cultivate self-control, and to curb their disagreeable tendencies. They are ready with advice and counsel, with all the help in their power to teach their children to patch up the weak places, to learn to discriminate themselves between good and evil, to see the good in others, etc. Such is the *general* spirit of fraternity leaders of today. They are earnest sensible women, who realize the possibilities they have of influencing through their various organizations, the lives of thousands of young college girls to live better,—mentally, morally, and physically, because of the fraternity influence in their lives. Our alumnae, old and young, who are, with practically no exception, sensible, high minded women can aid immeasurably in these efforts by giving their intelligent support to present day methods of a powerful organization—the college fraternity.

R. LOUISE FITCH, Δ Δ Δ,  
Editor, *Trident*.



### For Our Editor

QUITE a number of parties have been given in honor of our editor, Miss Alexander, whose marriage to Frank Pollard Duncan took place Jan. 7, 1914. Mr. Duncan is a member of Indiana Gamma of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Rose and green was the predominating color scheme at all of the parties, as these are our Delta Zeta colors and were selected by the bride-elect for her wedding. The first affair was an afternoon party and linen shower given by Mrs. I. H. Hedden.

Miss Helen Shingler gave a charmingly appointed pink rose luncheon, December 29, at her home, 3009 North Illinois Street. The table was adorned with French baskets filled with Killarney roses, and surrounded by colonial candle sticks set with pink candles. Following the luncheon the bride-elect was showered with recipes brought by the guests.

Miss Alexander was the guest of honor December 20, at a one o'clock luncheon and miscellaneous shower given by Mrs. John H. Brineman at her home, 1547 Park avenue. The luncheon table was decorated attractively with a miniature Christmas tree in the center and the guest favors were small Christmas trees. The gifts were presented to Miss Alexander in a pretty basket.

January 3, Miss Martha Railsback gave a Japanese luncheon and kitchen shower. A pleasing feature of this luncheon was a huge bride's cake, containing the proverbial ring, thimble, penny and button.

Wednesday, December 31, Miss Alexander entertained a few of her most intimate friends at her home, 124 West 32nd Street. As a farewell gift each girl was given rose and green sachet bags made by the bride-to-be.

Clipping from the Indianapolis *Star*.

#### ALEXANDER HOME SCENE OF WEDDING

MISS GRACE LAURA BECOMES BRIDE OF FRANK POLLARD DUNCAN OF CLOVERDALE

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Alexander, 124 West Thirty-second street, was the scene last evening of a pretty wedding, the bride



being their daughter, Miss Grace Laura Alexander, and the bridegroom Frank Pollard Duncan of Cloverdale. The Rev. C. H. McDowell, formerly of the University Park Church, pronounced the ceremony in the presence of members of the families and a few friends. The attendants were the bride's sister, Miss Lilla M. Alexander, and Ralph A. Sandy of Cloverdale.

The wedding appointments were in pink and green, the colors of Delta Zeta Sorority, of which Miss Alexander is a member, and the rooms were adorned tastefully with smilax and baskets to pink roses. Festoons of roses and smilax draped the chandeliers and archways and wall-pockets filled with the lovely blossoms were used throughout the rooms. The mantel was banked with greenery and flowers and the mellow light from many pink tapers added to the attractiveness of the scene.

A gateway formed of boxwood trees was arranged for the ceremony altar. Preceding the ceremony Miss Franc Willhite, harpist, played a number of bridal melodies, including the bacarolle from the "Tales of Hoffman," "Humoreske" and "Evening Song" (Mitchell). The entrance of the bridal party was announced by the "Lohengrin" wedding march, changing to the "Traumerei" as the ceremony was read.

#### BRIDE'S GOWN BEAUTIFUL

The bride wore a beautiful gown of white crêpe meteor, combined with lace and white marabou and she carried a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Lilla Alexander's gown was of white crêpe de chine, fashioned with an overdress of pink figured chiffon. Her bouquet also was of pink roses and ferns.

Following the ceremony there was a reception and the bridal table in the dining room was embellished with a French basket of pink roses wreathed with pink tapers in crystal holders, chained together with festoons of smilax and pink tulle.

Assisting were Miss Helen Shingler, Miss Crystal Hall, Miss Gladys Marine, Miss Lillian Bohnstadt, Miss Ruth Mugg, Miss Gail Hammond and Mrs. H. L. Hammond. Mrs. W. P. Hall and Mrs. Leo Lando presided at the coffee table.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Estes Duncan of Cloverdale, parents of the bridegroom; Floyd Duncan and Mrs. Martha A. Pollard, also of Cloverdale; Miss Ruth Mugg of Quincy, Miss Gladys Marine of Upland and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Milleeson of Shelbyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan have gone for a wedding journey and later will be at home in Cloverdale.



## The Point of View

### TWO LETTERS

RUTH ODELL, ZETA

*Carol to Bess*

O BESS DARLING, I am so ridiculously happy that I must write and tell you about it even though you've owed me a letter for months and months. *I am engaged* Bess!—*engaged—engaged* and to Bob Sawyer and you know as well as I do what a straight, upright, out and out prince he is. He asked me tonight and I had to tell you first, even before the girls here for you are my frat mother you know and always will be. So upon you will be inflicted my first burst of enthusiasm.

He asked me tonight. We strolled up to the campus for a kind of farewell, for as graduation draws nearer somehow the old commonplace scenes grow sweeter and more and more to be treasured. We talked of our four years in school—of all they had meant to us, the friends, the joys, the sorrows. And then as we stood near the fountain under the shadow of the great pines and looked at old Ticknor Hall all bathed in moonlight Bob asked me if some day I'd marry him. There was no gush about it, you know he isn't like that, and I said yes, without a moment's hesitation, although I had never suspected before that he cared that way. We are not to be married for a long, long time for he is going down into Panama and I shall be abroad with mother. O Bess, congratulate me! Surely I am the most fortunate girl in the world as well as the happiest.

My last week here is very full. Thursday I am going to the military with Tubbie Hutchins, the last date I shall ever have with any other man than Bob.

I spent yesterday afternoon taking down pennants and pictures, and it was a task both sad and sweet for each was so fraught with associations and memories. Most of them I had as a freshman when I used to room with you and admire your

dignity in your mortar board before I learned to love you for your own sweet self. The dear old room looked so deserted I feel like an inhuman monster despoiling it of its dearest treasures.

And then I went over all my tally cards and dance programs, and it was here I cried for there will never be any more such times, will there, Bess? Last night Mrs. Dinton had all the seniors in for a little farewell supper on the chafing dish and now I know why Mu Sig is such a grand old sorority. There never was such another chaperone. She's been just like a mother to every one of us. Why do we never appreciate people till we are leaving.

The girls too all seem doubly dear and even the furniture—the little antique chair in the den by the fireplace, the dear old scarred piano, even the squeaky porch swing seem suddenly to have wonderful potentialities for endearing themselves to me.

I hadn't meant to ramble on at such length and Lucie is waiting to mail this yet tonight so I shall close. Write to me Bess—soon.

Yours in love and happiness.

CAROL.

Wednesday night.

Chapter House.

*Mary to Esther*

Dear Esther:

It is cold and rainy here this afternoon and as a consequence I am feeling strangely out of tune. I always do in disagreeable weather. I guess I am more than ordinarily susceptible to the blue devils but at any rate a storm always plunges me to the depths of despair. Auspicious beginning. Feeble joke!

I ought to be glad. My period of servitude is almost over and in a week now I shall be forever free from this hideous nightmare. I've no idea where I shall teach. The man at the agency said I lacked poise and he hesitated to place me on that account. No doubt I shall experience in this the same unflinching bad luck which has characterized all my undertakings. I must do something, though, to pay back the money



Jim advanced on my education. Maybe I can continue to wash dishes.

When I get to thinking that in a few days I shall be out of it all and may reasonably expect a little human consideration from my fellow beings, I want to yell with joy. And then I remember that always the stain of being a "barb" will cling and always I shall suffer the memory of the bitter heartaches and snubs I have endured.

Why am I not resigned to being one of those unhappy wretches that we say (for want of a better phrase) are born under an unlucky star? Why can't I be happy and contented to wash dishes for my board at the Kappa Delta house? Why do I murmur at spending every evening in the Library and walking home with quiet, mouselike girls in the grandest weather the gods ever made? I have won a  $\Phi$  B K and I laugh when I look at it. Esther, I haven't had a single dance date during my four years in college. Men ask my help on lessons and then go out and walk about the campus with other girls—Greek girls and forget to speak when they meet me. No doubt you're calling me a fool. I daresay I am. But I have my university career to thank for it.

From where I sit I can see the campus with its huddled architectural monstrosities and some half dozen figure heads standing in the rain—to smoke. Are there no noble people in real life, Esther? Do they live only in books?

Do you remember Bob Sawyer? He was very kind to us once when we were traveling, with mother so sick. Last night I met him with a Miss Lawrens, a Mu Sigma. Everyone says they're engaged.

Hope you will have a very successful summer in the junior normal. Suppose your *long* experience has given you all kinds of poise. Forgive me, Esther. I mustn't be catty. Regards to Hilda.

Sincerely,

MARY GARDINER.

Thursday afternoon.

**Association of Collegiate Alumnae****FELLOWSHIP ANNOUNCEMENTS**

NOVEMBER, 1913

**EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP**

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae offers a fellowship of five hundred dollars for the year 1914-15, available for study in Europe.

The fellowship is open to any woman holding a degree in Arts, Science or Literature; in general, preference is given to those candidates who have completed one or two years of graduate work. The award will be based on evidence of the character and ability of the candidate and promise of success in her chosen line of work.

It is understood that the fellow will devote herself unreservedly to study and research and that she will send reports of her work from time to time to the chairman of the committee.

Applications must be made by personal letter from the candidate to the chairman of the committee, accompanied by:

1. A certificate from the registrar of the college or university which awarded the degree or degrees previously received.
2. Evidence of sound health.
3. An account of previous educational training and a definite statement of plans for future work and of the reasons for applying for the fellowship.
4. Testimonials as to ability and character from qualified judges.
5. Evidence of scientific or literary work in the form of theses or papers or accounts of scientific research.

Applications for this fellowship for the year 1914-15 must be in the hands of the committee on or before February 1, 1914 and should be addressed to the chairman of the Committee on Fellowships.

PROFESSOR ABBY LEACH,  
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**ALICE FREEMAN PALMER MEMORIAL FELLOWSHIP**

This fellowship of five hundred dollars is available for study in Europe or America.

Candidates for this fellowship must hold the degree of Doctor of Philosophy or must present work which would entitle them to the Ph. D. degree.

Applications for this fellowship for the year 1914-1915 must be in the hands of the committee on or before February 1, 1914 and should be addressed to the chairman of the Committee on Fellowships.

PROFESSOR ABBY LEACH,  
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



## WOMAN'S EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The Woman's Education Association of Boston offers a fellowship of five hundred dollars for the year 1914-1915, available for study in Europe. The conditions are the same as those prescribed for the A. C. A. European Fellowship.

Applications for this fellowship for the year 1914-1915 must be in the hands of the committee on or before February 1, 1914 and should be addressed to the chairman of the Committee.

MRS. NORWOOD P. HALLOWELL, *Chairman*,  
West Medford, Mass.

## BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of five hundred dollars for the year 1914-1915 available for study at an American or European University. The conditions are the same as those prescribed for the A. C. A. European Fellowship. The fellowship is, however, available for study at an American or European University in the award preference will be given to women from Maryland and the South.

Applications for this fellowship for the year 1914-1915 must be in the hands of the committee on or before February 1, 1914 and should be addressed to the Committee on Award.

DR. MARY SHERWOOD, *Chairman*,  
The Arundel, Baltimore, Md.

## BOSTON ALUMNÆ FELLOWSHIP

The Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, aided by the Radcliffe Alumnæ Association, the Boston Alumnæ Club of Smith College, and Alumnæ of Bryn Mawr College, Vassar College, Wellesley College, and Boston University, offers a graduate fellowship of five hundred dollars, payable in the summer of 1914, for the purpose of stimulating scholarship among women.

The holder of the fellowship must be a woman who is a graduate of an approved college, is of good health and excellent character, and has proved her ability and initiative. The fellowship may, however, at the discretion of the Committee of Award, be given to an applicant who presents reports of a small amount only of investigation; provided, this be of exceptionally high quality and promise. The award will be postponed unless the conditions are fully met. The fellowship must be used, in Europe or in America, for one year of constructive work, and not for purposes of general culture.


Applications for the fellowship should be made to the chairman of the Committee on Fellowships of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ,

Professor ABBY LEACH, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., not later than February 1, 1914. They should be accompanied by:

1. Testimonials of scholarship, of health, and of character.
2. Theses, papers, and reports of investigation, published or unpublished.
3. A statement in full of the plan for the pursuit of study and of the object in view.

Inquiries may be addressed either to Professor LEACH or to the chairman of the Boston Branch Committee, Professor MARY WHITON CALKINS, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.





## Our Post Box

### ALPHA—MIAMI UNIVERSITY

EARLY in November was the date of our last letter to Delta Zeta. It seems a long time for things have happened fast at Old Miami. We have another pledge to announce, Elise Butz of Gallipolis, Ohio, a most charming girl. We regret to say however that just this week December 7, Elise was compelled to suspend her studies because of her health. Our latest word from her states that she is much improved and we are hoping to have her with us again after the holidays.

We now have as we have always had one of the best sororities in school. We think the very best. We are all just as happy as can be and have the very best of times. Wherever you find one Delta Zeta you find every other member who isn't busy. We certainly have big times.

We are very glad to say that Treva Pearson, Jr., is so much improved in health that she expects to resume her studies at Miami second semester. Just had a letter from Anne Habecast yesterday saying she is to be back second semester. Miss Rose Pierce who is teaching in Norwood, Ohio, comes up to see us often, and Florence Bingham was with us last week.

Just last week we had quite a pleasant party at the home of Mrs. Carson, where we were the guests of her daughter Victoria and Margaret Divine. Then I want to tell you how nice it is to live so close to the Coulters and Mrs. Vansickle. Beulah and I were out at their home on the Saturday and Sunday of our first winter days. Such a good time as we had. We both just love the country and we have been at the Coulters' so much that it is just like being home. The Coulter family is a regular Delta Zeta family and we certainly do enjoy visits



with them. Mrs. Coulter herself brought us home on this blustery Sabbath afternoon. Just yesterday Mrs. Vansickle gave us her horse and carriage to use while she did her shopping and we had another big afternoon.

I presume you have heard of the wonderful success of the Miami football team, that they lost only two games this season and won over Cincinnati University, by a score of 13 to 7. Oh, we are proud of our team. Miami students went down in full force to see the game. The Delta Zeta delegation just yelled themselves hoarse and everybody went home happy.

I don't know how many of the different chapters are having what we call "Prep school" but we are and really I think we are greatly benefiting our freshmen and even ourselves. We shall be greatly pleased to get ideas, concerning the work done in "Prep school," from other chapters.

These wonderful moonlight nights have been the occasion for many serenades and you should hear Miami men sing.

Our Christmas party is to be given at the home of Dorothy Sloane. The pledges are planning some stunts, we don't know just what but they will be fine, because our freshmen are "just that clever."

Then there is talk about that Convention to be held in Indianapolis and, well, everybody wants to come because we realize it is going to mean a lot to meet so many of our Delta Zeta sisters.

Now, here's another idea we want to submit to the girls. What do you think about what might be termed "Circular visiting" that is making it the business of every chapter to send delegates every year to visit as many as one and if possible two other chapters? We are planning to do some visiting this year. We also want to know what the other chapters think of this project and if they do not think it to be worthy of the consideration of Grand Council.

Well, girls, this is a long letter indeed, there's more to tell, for telling about Miami is just like writing a book. It will be too late for Christmas wishes for by the time this reaches you we shall all be beginning our labors of 1914. Let's all work



together to make the year 1914 and the Convention at Indianapolis one big event for Delta Zeta.

RENNIE SEBRING SMITH.

BETA—CORNELL UNIVERSITY

OF course everyone at Sage left Ithaca during the holidays, and I have just received a forwarded letter saying our chapter letter was due today. So I am delaying a whole expedition to New York to send it off.

We were in the midst of rushing when last we wrote. And we were able on pledge day to announce the following pledges, Ruth Brace, Richmond Hills, L. I., Winifred Smith, Gasport, N. Y., Anita Lynch, Wilksbarre, Pa., Marion Lowe, Tottenville, Staten Island. We have initiated Ruth Brace, but we are not allowed to initiate freshmen till the second term.

At Thanksgiving time all of our girls were at a house party at "Billy Caswell's." Our looks of student weariness dropped from us like masks as we ate, slept, danced—and then we heard we had won the Pennsylvania game—Cornell 21-Penn. 0! Billy certainly is a royal entertainer!

The Sunday before we left Sage we had a tea in our chapter room for our faculty friends. We enjoyed it so much that we have decided to have one every month.

Last Saturday five of us  $\Delta Z$  girls, Marguerite Decker, Ida Nightingale, Ellen M. Foley, Mabelle Hobart, and I had dinner in New York together. How we chattered! This Saturday Eleanor Edwards comes to visit Ida Nightingale, with whom I am staying and we expect to have another reunion and have all the  $\Delta Z$  girls around New York.

I'm afraid I'm making my letter all Beta gossip, but I think the alumnæ are most eager for the chapter letter, after all, aren't they? So I'm writing especially to them. We Beta people keep in pretty close touch. You know our chapter was founded in 1908. We have two round-robins going continually, one including 1908-1913 girls, the other 1913-1917. Some of us old grads who have kept on at Ithaca, are in both, you see, and how we do enjoy it!

The girls at Cornell now are in two dormitories. The new dormitory, Prudence Risley, is very beautiful, which helps to make up for the heart-wrench it gave some of us who hated the thought of there being anything but "dear old Sage."

We did so enjoy the pictures in the LAMP last time—let's have them often.

ERMA LINDSAY.

#### DELTA—DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

JUST a glimpse in room twenty-three at the  $\Delta$  Z house on one of these few precious evenings prior to the Christmas recess would reveal to one a group of co-eds busily tatting, crocheting or embroidering on gifts while they at the same time are intently listening to the reading of Aunt Samantha and Billy Greenhill stories or Siwash stories by some less industrious individual.

Just Saturday evening we had our annual Christmas party. This year the invitations were in the shape of a holly leaf tied with red ribbon and ran thus;

"Will you to our party come  
Dressed as youngsters of five—quite young.  
To share alike both mirth and joys  
While we receive our Christmas toys."

These youngsters enjoyed a Christmas tree and visit from Santa Claus, he bringing them all that would appeal to their fancy. At the same time presents were taken from the tree which were given to the sorority by such celebrities as Mrs. Brothers, one of our new patronesses, and Mrs. Fuller, our chaperon. Last but not least we received the annual freshmen present—a dozen and a half silver pie forks.

I want to tell you about what lovely alumnæ we have. A few days ago we had from them three beautiful oriental rugs, six willow arm-chairs, a dozen and a half gold-band bread-and-butter plates, two drawn work center pieces, two large brass candlesticks and a piano bench. This they said was to constitute our Christmas from them. They can never know how



we appreciate these gifts unless perchance they could have heard at their distant homes the mighty "Oh" which went up when we first saw them.

I mustn't neglect to tell you about our new chaperon, Mrs. Fuller, an adorable lady, who came to us from Shelbyville, Indiana. After she had been with us some two weeks we gave in her honor a Butterfly Tea at which we received approximately two hundred guests which included representative town ladies, faculty ladies, and two girls from each sorority. I won't attempt to describe as the *DePauw Daily* put it—the profusely decorated parlors—but will leave it to your imagination. Of course the  $\Delta Z$  roses predominated. Mrs. Fuller seems so capable in every way and understands college people so thoroughly, her daughter being a student in Hollands College, Va., and her son a student at one time in Wabash.

Another thing we are quite elated over is the fact that we have three lovely new patronesses; Mrs. Sweet, wife of the history professor, Mrs. Ekhart, wife of the head of the Philosophy department and Mrs. Clay Brothers, a lady living here in town who is the aunt of Ruth Bridges, '13.

I want to say to the Epsilon girls who remained in Bloomington during the Thanksgiving recess that we were very disappointed that they along with their chaperone Mrs. Radford didn't get to visit us during their vacation. We played martyrs this year and only enjoyed Thanksgiving day proper. However we had quite a good many guests who helped to make us appreciate the day.

GLADYS GOLDSBERRY.

#### EPSILON—INDIANA UNIVERSITY

IT has been so recently, it seems to me, that I was in the throes of agony of writing the other chapter letter that I fear this will be but a poor excuse of a letter as far as news is concerned. The most exciting thing that has happened to us lately is that Frances Hankemeier made Phi Beta Kappa. Of course, we are very proud of her indeed and know that

you all will be happy too to think that our lamp and the very much coveted key can be worn together on another girl.

One of our freshmen, Betty Carothers was chosen to take the leading part in the play the freshmen are to give winter term and we are hoping that she will do as well as we have every reason to believe she will.

We have just finished final examinations and as usual we have been rushed to death for the last few weeks, but we snatched enough time one Saturday evening from 5:30 until 7:00 to have a Christmas party. The juniors were the hostesses. We had a for sure Christmas tree with candles and had the nuts, candies and fruits in stockings that were hanging along the fireplace. We had our usual grab bag into which every one puts a present and then draws one. We also had a Santa Claus who presented us with various freak gifts. All together it was a very enjoyable time, and fully repayed us for using our coveted time.

We had a delightful Hallowe'en party, at which the Sophomores were the hostesses. They made a regular bower of the living room by bringing corn stalks from the country and boughs of trees, and massing them around the room. They put a thick covering of leaves on the floor making the effect really beautiful. We bobbed for apples and told fortunes and toasted marshmallows, etc. etc., and then, we had a delicious lunch which was served in the dining room which was also beautifully decorated. So you see we've been having heaps of fun, as I'm sure you all have too.

By the time this issue is out we all will have almost entirely forgotten Christmas, but I just can't help but wish that you all will have had a Merry Christmas and that you will have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

FLORA N. RUTH.

#### ZETA—LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

SINCE the last time we sent out bit of news to the LAMP, we have been more than busy subduing our pledges. They are now quite subdued. The Thursday night before



Christmas vacation they gave us a Christmas party. It was a very clever affair. It opened with a vaudeville performance of five acts which would have put to shame any Orpheum program—singing, dancing, mechanical dolls, spicey jokes, athletics, in fact, everything. After the program, the dining room was converted into a refreshment parlor where the fanciest of sundaes were served. After this the den was thrown open, disclosing the prettiest Christmas tree all sparkling with snow and laden with toys. We renewed our youth—lived again those other days when Santa Claus was real. Each one received some toy, symbolic of a fault or hobby peculiar to the recipient.

These little Christmas parties are yearly affairs—one of the best customs Zeta has. The alumnæ come as well as the active girls and pledges. In time this will probably become a tradition. After the party is over we give the tree and toys to Lincoln families who otherwise would have no visit from dear old Santa.

CLARA DODDS.

#### THETA—OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

**T**HETA sends best New Year Greetings to all Delta Zetas. We hope you all will have a most prosperous and profitable year.

First of all I must tell you of our new girls, Gladys Laughlin, of Newark, Ohio, and Verna Henniger, of Lowell, Ohio. We initiated them just before Christmas vacation and are certainly proud of both of them.

This year will be a very busy one for us. School activities draw many of our girls. Madeline Baird is on our Senior Social Committee and our President, Helen Murray, is president of Newman Club girls and also a member of Senior Invitation Committee. Our Juniors are no less busy. Arema O'Brien is Treasurer of Woman's Council, member of Junior Social Committee and member of Deutcher Verein Social Committee, member of Philomathean Literary society and was just elected to History Club. Edith Cowles is on the *Makio* Board and assists Professor Hills in the geology de-



partment. Edith Cowles and Marguerite Loose belong to Philomathean. Then, too, our Sophomores. Lillian Johnson is a member of Sophomore Social committee, and is cheer leader for the girls of sophomore class. So you see with our school work, sorority work and all we will be quite a busy lot this next year.

This year rushing will be very limited here. Rushing takes place the week after finals,—about second week of February. We are allowed to have only one party and the cost, too, is limited. This party may be a dance, reception or whatever we choose to have. The rest of our rushing must be done in calling. There are a great many desirable freshmen and we are hoping to make a big increase in our chapter roll through our Freshman pledging. As this is the last year of Freshman pledging it is doubly important.

I am sure this piece of news will interest you. We are to have an Alumnae chapter here. We have quite a number of alumnae living in and near Columbus. Mrs. Campbell from Epsilon chapter and Hazel Bryan, from Alpha chapter will be members.

Theta chapter has two babies. John Garmhausen, son of Hazel Karshner Garmhausen, 1911, born in November, 1913, and a daughter born on this New Year's day to Marguerite Hanna Pote, 1912.

We wish you all a successful semester and rush season.

LILLIAN JOHNSON.

#### IOTA—IOWA UNIVERSITY

**W**ASN'T it fun to send everyone home for their Christmas vacation? How we wished Harriet Koch, our newest pledge a happy, glorious vacation before she left for Davenport. And how all good Delta Zetas bundled Adah Musser up before she left the hall to motor to Keokuk for her vacation. Why not be happy for everyone was going home and, best of all, every one was coming back in two weeks. But do you know, I can't help feeling, just a little bit "cryie" inside when I think that this is the last time some of us will come back to dear old Currier Hall after our Christmas vacation.



We have had so many exciting times these past two months that this chronicler is puzzled to know just where to begin. Being ever mindful of a certain quiz in American History to come off at one-thirty I will be chronological, as a preparation for the same. Do you remember what a lovely month November was and that particularly on two Saturdays, the sun just shone and shone? Do you know why "Old Sol" shone so bright on these days. I'll tell you. On the first Saturday we came out to my home at Tippin for a house party, on the second, Hazel Putnam, Buda Keller, Adah Musser and myself were in Lincoln, Nebraska, to see Iowa fight, and Nebraska barely make two touch-downs.

I learned "lots" of things at the house party; I can't tell you all of them, but among the most important are these. My mother knows how to cook and feed eight hungry girls better than any other woman I know of. Hazel Putnam likes to play cards with my brother. Playing a man isn't all that "it's cracked up to be" and Buda Keller makes a most delightful soldier-lad. With a big stick over her left shoulder, as she backed up against the corn crib to pose she made her audience fearful as to just what she might do with that "gun".

The sun shone the brightest when we stepped off the train at Lincoln, Nebraska, into the arms of Bess Jeffreys and Mrs. Shugart with the other Zeta girls. What a glorious time we did have, how royally we were entertained and how we do love our Zeta sisters. Zetas, we shall never feel right until we are given an opportunity to entertain you next May at "Little Dutch Hall" on the banks of the Iowa.

What did your sisters do while you were gone to Nebraska you are asking, aren't you? Mrs. Jessup entertained that Saturday afternoon; so, while we were urging Iowa to fight, they were urging the university faculty to partake of refreshments.

Since Hazel Putnam has been working with her Octave Thanet debating team on Municipal Control of Charities she is positively the busiest girl. The intersociety debate takes



place this week; that is the preliminary debate; so that in my next letter I shall tell you how Hazel added to our laurels.

Buda has almost made me promise not to tell; so I can just say that she is wearing a beautiful, new ring which her father did not give her.

ELSIE SNAVELY.

#### ALUMNÆ CHAPTER OF INDIANA

THE first time the Alpha graduate chapter were all together since the last issue of the LAMP, was on December thirteenth, at the home of Mrs. Alfa Lloyd Hayes in Indianapolis. This was our Christmas party, and after two interesting papers, one on the national constitution by Martha Railsback and another on the Ritual by Crystal Hall, we had our party. In the center of the table was a Christmas tree lighted and around at our places were miniature trees on boxes of candy. Each girl brought an inexpensive gift and these were drawn by numbers. Such fun as we had, and the time was unusually enjoyable because we had with us several of the girls who lived over the state and who had been unable to attend some of the previous meetings.

The editor of the LAMP, who is to become Mrs. Frank Duncan this month is one of the centers of attraction in our alumnae club. She has been the guest of honor at a number of Delta Zeta parties. On December twentieth, Mrs. Edith Lando Brineman of Epsilon, '09, gave a delightful luncheon of twelve covers in honor of Grace. The decorations were all of Christmas. A miscellaneous shower followed the luncheon and our bride received many beautiful and useful gifts.

On January third, there was another luncheon at the home of Martha Railsback, DePauw, '09. The decorations were Japanese and favors and candles were pink and green. Then we gave Grace some kitchen utensils, so she would be sure and be ready for any Delta Zetas who should visit her. We will miss Grace from Indianapolis, but hope she will still be able to attend our meetings. All Delta Zetas who are out of school, and who are living in Indiana, should try to join this alumnae association, as our meetings the second Saturday in each month are great fun, and an inspiration.

MARTHA RAILSBACK, *Delta*.



## Personals

### BETA PERSONALS

Edna Alderman is attending a Delta Upsilon house party at Rochester University during the holidays.

Gertrude Young has returned to her home in Delphi, N. Y.

Abbie Dibble is teaching in Kennett, Mo. Announcement was made this fall of Miss Dibble's engagement to Mr. G. T. Cross, A X P of Cornell University.

Edna Foster is assisting in the Secretary's office at Cornell.

### DELTA PERSONALS

Ruth Bridges '13, is teaching music in the schools at Argos, Indiana.

Ethelyn Chenoweth '12, is teaching at Union City, Ind.

Myrtle Graeter, '12, and Bertha Leach, '13, are teaching in Fort Wayne.

Marjorie Grimes '13, is spending the winter at her home in Kirkpatrick, Ind.

Jane Ryan '11, is teaching in Paris, Illinois.

Bernice Bassett '10, is teaching German in the high school at Brookston, Ind.

Bess Steigers '10, is studying Y. W. C. A. work in Los Angeles, California.

Florence Morrison '12, has charge of the art work in Shelbyville, Ind.

Stella Moor '10, is teaching English and mathematics at her home in Letts, Indiana.

Harriett Shedd '11, is teaching at Crystal Falls, Michigan.

Leila Brown '12, is working with the Truancy Department in Indianapolis.

Veda Perkins '13 was married to Mr. Fred Williams a graduate of Notre Dame at her home in Goodland, Ind., on December twenty-four. They will live at Park Ridge, Illinois.

Esther McNary ex-'15, is teaching art and music at Albany, Ind.

We received Christmas greetings from Mrs. Lucille Ewers Sawyer of Manila. Mrs. Sawyer is a charter member of Delta.

Helen Pearson '13, has recently recovered from an operation for appendicitis, and is now at work again in the social settlement in Indianapolis.

Edith Wray '13, has an offer to tutor in the French department here.

#### EPSILON PERSONALS

Gladys Marine, '13, and Edna Kidwell '10 attended the December meeting of the Indiana alumnae.

Mrs. H. Eugene Millison, '13, of Shelbyville, entertained the members of Epsilon chapter most delightfully, December 27.

Ada May Burke, '13, who is now teaching English and History at Brownstown, Ind., visited Indianapolis Delta Zetas the last of November.

Claire Jolly, '15, and Helen Patterson, '14, spent Thanksgiving vacation in Indianapolis with Delta Zeta sisters.

Joy Shutt, '11, whose engagement was announced in our last issue, was married to John Goldsmith, Thanksgiving day, in their home at Harlan.

Frances Hankemeier, '14, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the fall election.

Helen Shingler visited Epsilon chapter the last of November and attended the Purdue-Indiana game.

January 1, Mrs. R. R. Stephens, '12, entertained Indianapolis Delta Zeta at an afternoon party in honor of Miss Elmira Case, '13 of Marion, Ind.

#### ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED AT PARTY

Mrs. O. T. Behymer entertained yesterday at her home in St. Clair place with a "Twelfth Night" Kensington for Mrs. William Anderson Mackay, of Newark, N. J., who visited her mother, Mrs. John F. Feasy, and for Mrs. Earl Whitley Stewart, of Chicago, who is the



guest of Mrs. Henry M. Cochrane. Mrs. Behymer was assisted by Mrs. W. Pink Hall and Mrs. Fannie B. Shideler. Several musical numbers were given by Mrs. E. W. Stewart and by Miss Maude Cunningham. The feature of the afternoon was the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Behymer's niece, Miss Crystal K. Hall, to Wilbur V. Glover, of Bedford. The rooms were artistically decorated in holly and poinsettias, crimson shades and tapers. The favors were cards announcing the engagement surmounted by hand-painted brides, the work of Mrs. Henry M. Cochrane. Assisting in the living room were Miss Martha Railsback, Miss Helen M. Shingler, Miss Grace L. Alexander, a bride of this week, and Miss Gladys Marine, of Upland, all members of the Delta Zeta sorority.

## Exchanges

While we realize that we must meet the physical, mental and social needs of a girl we also feel that if we are to help her live fully we must provide for her spiritual nature as well—must, in fact make that the real fundamental. This fact led me to choose the Y. W. C. A. and I have found it rich in varied opportunities for reaching all classes of girls. We have the child with her plastic mind; the young girl whose creed is a strange muddle of perplexities and beliefs; the alert, keen minded business girl; the busy house mother; and—through our Home Department—even the saintly old lady.—*The Lyre* of Alpha Chi Omega.

Delta Delta Delta announces the establishment of Delta Iota chapter at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark., Nov. 15, and of Delta Kappa chapter at Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, November 19.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity announces the chartering of Beta Alpha chapter at the Pennsylvania State University, October 11.

Kappa Delta announces the establishment of Eta chapter at the Normal College of New York, October 11, 1913.

Five hundred of you will immediately think—"scholarship". Yes—and why? Because the quality of the work we do is the fabric of our life's weave. Life is not really life to the person who does not do her work well. Because the work of fraternity depends upon the work of you girls, now and in the time to come. These days are spelling, what kind of an Alumna Alpha Chi you will become, because the fraternity system is weighed by the serious work of its membership. Alpha Chis, the opportunity to be worth while college citizens is yours, today and tomorrow. Register the highest scholarship in your power, we urge you—remembering that each day should see, besides, some bit of service freely rendered for the happiness of your college community.—*The Lyre* of A X Ω.

Initiates of Kappa Delta must pay five dollars to *The Angelos*, this to be included in the initiation fee, or they may take out a life's subscription.—*Alpha Xi Delta*.

Cy Warman, Charles Dwyer and Curtis P. Brady were initiated into the Order of Red Roosters at the Hotel LaSalle Saturday night. Pre-



ceding the initiation they were paraded through the various dining rooms wearing black masks and farmers' garb, and at a banquet following were made to act as waiters.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

We wish to call attention to the fact that the above are not college students being initiated into a *Fraternity*. These are full grown men, and the organization is not one of *youths*. Verily *Fraternities* have been condemned for less than this.—Editorial of *Trident*.

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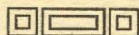
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