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Delta Zeta Lamp

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AREMA O'BRIEN KIRVEN
(MRS. FRANK E.)

Editor

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Delta Zeta Fraternity

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DELTA ZETA LAMP

VOL. XI

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Camp Panhellenic

CAMP PANHELLENIC has been organized to meet the demands of college women who long for the simple, rustic life—with the companionship of those who made college associations memorable. It aims to develop a closer relationship between those in college and those out of college to the ultimate aim of creating a larger understanding. It affords a retreat from the daily routine of school or business life—a relief from the conventional resort—and begins a diary of restful days; renews energy for the coming year; revives old friendships and forms new ones; the whole making an harmonious summer, healthful, recreative and social.

Camp Panhellenic lies deep in the North Woods of Wisconsin, far from the beaten trail of the weary summer tourist. Its very isolation, on Washington Island in the Door of Green Bay and Lake Michigan, stirs up the spirit of the adventurer.

The "tent-dweller" from his army cot greets the sunrise as it tips over the horizon of Lake Michigan, and from the east shore of camp, watches the pines silhouetted against the reflected sunset skies of Green Bay. At night, the Northern Lights, the moonlit trail, the music of the leaves and the wash of the waves on the shore, form a symphony of creative genius, awakening the spirit to all that is good and beautiful.

Garbed in the discarded khaki of the army or corduroy knickers, comfortable old shoes, a flannel shirt, middie or a rakish smock, one starts the day with any of the activities the mood desires and the location affords—a tramp through the woods or along the rocky and sanded shores—a canoe trip—a swim—a canter over the numerous wooded trails—tennis—a favorite book for the loafer—dreams for the dreamer—of fishing from the dock with a bribe for lake trout. Then there are the overnight trips where supper and breakfast are cooked over the camp fire, and served on a well-washed flat rock. To be out, rolled in one's blanket,

under the myriad stars, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience to to be lived again and again through the hurried winter days of commercialism or study.

Food, well cooked and well served with vegetables from the camp garden, comes regularly to the famished three times a day, three times as large as any one meal at home, and to appetites tripled by the life out-of-doors. Then there is the Lodge with its chief charm a huge stone fireplace, where one stretches comfortably on the birch Chesterfield or full length on the floor and listens to the rain outside before a blazing log fire—or lingers after the “warning bell” to watch the dying embers or to listen to a new record from the city.

When the Goodrich boat from Chicago to Mackinac unloads its college, anaemic-looking cargo, everyone who is good for four miles is there to greet them, and when the return cargo leaves, tanned to a rich brown after an eventful summer, there are many wails and waving of ties and handkerchiefs from the dock and boat. Those on the boat drift away with the comforting thought that the trail always leads back again to Camp Panhellenic.

The camp is directed by Gladys R. Dixon, a member of Pi Beta Phi, University of Wisconsin, who will supply booklet or any additional information.

Address: Blackwood Hotel, Clarendon Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Convention gives you an opportunity to widen your horizon. Go to convention with the idea of learning and not with the idea of criticising. You have to dig for good things, but bad ones you can see easily, so it no achievement to be able to go back from convention and mimic the peculiar manner, or the rather odd dress of some one from some other chapter, but it is real achievement to be able to find out what things there are about this unique person that make her a good Theta and an acceptable one, too.—*Kappa Alpha Theta*.

The University Theatre Project at Iowa

HELEN HADDOCK, *Iowa*

EVERYWHERE in the United States, there is a growing interest in dramatic production. The community idea of entertainment and recreation is widening, every elementary and secondary school presents plays; and courses in dramatics and play production are being introduced into almost every college and university.

The University of Iowa has for a long time presented many amateur plays. These plays were until this year presented at the local theatre. Since the local theatre did not coöperate well and charged exorbitant rental prices, a new plan had to be thought of. Professor Edward C. Mabie of the Department of Speech called the different producing societies together last spring and suggested that they combine and start a new project to be known as the University Theatre. Professor Mabie maintained that we could make out of our auditorium, a room hitherto thought unfit for dramatic production, a playhouse which could be used more artistically and more effectively than could the commercial theatre. Accordingly, a program was made out which provided for a play a month; three to be given by the literary societies, two by the University Players club, two by the class in dramatic production, and the last one in May by the members of the Senior Class.

The University Theatre has attempted to give drama with a literary quality, acted and staged with sincerity and artistic appreciation. Perhaps the most outstanding production given this year has been Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, staged by the class in dramatic production. This was played with the simple drape stage and the designs for the altar scene and for the garden scenes were worked upon by the members of the class. The lighting system was manipulated so effectively by students that one moment the gray velvet drapes would appear gray, then rose, and then purple. Other productions given have been Percy Mackaye's *Mater*, at which play the author was present; James M. Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*, which has been called the greatest play of modern times; Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*, which was really a distinctive bit of work;

and James Forbes's *The Show Shop*. Members of the University Players are now rehearsing Ibsen's drama, *The Pillars of Society* as well as three one-act plays which were written by undergraduates in the university. After Ibsen's play will come the lighter play, *Clarence*, by Booth Tarkington and then Shaw's *Arms and the Man*.

The movement has produced state-wide interest. Indeed, almost every town in Iowa, noting its popularity, has launched a program for a "Little Theatre" or a "Community Playhouse." The project here has not been completed by any means. When our new Memorial Union is built we will have an auditorium and stage that will be truly adequate for the best of everything that is good in American and European drama.

PLEDGE SONG

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG, *Alpha Alpha*

Tune: *Mother Machree*

There's a spot in my heart which no other may own,
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known,
There's a place in my memory, my life that you fill
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Every sorrow or care in the pledge days gone by
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye
Like a candle that's set in a window at night,
Your fond love has cheered me and guided me right.

Chorus

Sure I love the dear colors, the rose and the green,
And the lamp that is lighted by all to be seen,
I love the dear girls, so true to their name
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Delta Z.

Self-Government for Women in College

EDITH DAVIES, *Omicron*

SELF-GOVERNMENT for the women students of a college or university is indispensable if the best interests of both the individual and the group are to be served. The promotion and regulation of student affairs belongs by right to the students themselves, and gives them a chance for self-expression which is an invaluable part of their training.

The University of Pittsburgh is completing its first year in the government of the women students *by* the women themselves. It is impossible to measure the beneficial effect upon the student body of women. The very letters W. S. G. A., by which the Women's Self-Government Association is designated, give one a feeling of stability, solidity and unity. You feel as though you really meant something to your university when you are identified with an organization under such a name.

W. S. G. A. is a democratic organization in which every woman is not only allowed to have a part, but is expected to take upon herself her share of the responsibility resting upon the women as a whole. The usual officers, together with representatives from various organizations such as Y. W. C. A., coöperating with the Dean of Women, make up the W. S. G. A. Board, which is the executive authority. A unit system has recently been installed, by means of which each girl is a member of a small group of ten or twelve, each group designated by a number. A captain is elected by each group to represent it in conference with the other captains who meet at stated times to receive information which they are to carry back to their groups. Whenever a question relating to the student body of women is to be discussed, each unit is called together by its captain and each girl is expected to give her opinion upon the question presented. It is planned to have several captains chosen from the group of captains, sit with the W. S. G. A. Board.

Social affairs of interest to both men and women are held which serve to bring together students and faculty in an informal, friendly association. "Open House" has several times been held for the university and its friends, with gratifying results. Fresh-

men girls lose their feelings of strangeness and timidity when they are warmly welcomed by their fellow-students at W. S. G. A. teas and parties given in their honor. They are made to feel at once that they belong in university affairs and are not kept "on the edge" of things.

Objective benefits are more easily measured, but subjective benefits are more extensively realized, I believe, in the case of self-government. The under-current of self-consciousness of their own abilities and powers, which the possession of power awakens in the women students, is invaluable. Initiative and self-reliance are given a chance to operate. Social efficiency is a result of coöperation in the common interest. We learn to work together with less friction, and with more definite results when we feel almost unlimited power and responsibility.

Self-government in a college is one of the best preparatory methods for women who expect to have a part in the governmental affairs of their country. It is upon the college women of today that the responsibility of good government for the country as a whole will rest. It is to college women that women as a whole will look when matters pertaining to women particularly are to be settled. W. S. G. A. in general implies wisdom, service, group-control and altruism.

See you at Convention.

Mary's Life as a FreshieNORMA SPARKS, *Alpha Beta*

MARY had always lived in a small town where everybody knew everyone else. When she came to Illinois she was abashed by so many unfamiliar faces, and wondered how in the world she would ever become acquainted with any of the students. The Y. W. C. A. and the Woman's League came to her rescue, however. Her "big sister" in the Y. W. C. A. showed her around the campus, made her acquainted with the girls, and became her chief adviser. At the Woman's League teas Mary made a wide circle of friends, among them a Delta Zeta girl. The latter liked Mary and asked her to dinner the next week. A series of dinners and teas followed. In time, Mary was asked to join the group. As she liked the Delta Zeta girls very much, she accepted and became a pledge of Delta Zeta.

Mary had her duties as a pledge. She answered door-bells and telephone calls; she kept the bathrooms clean and mopped the floors; she carried the upperclassmen's books and ran errands for them. Her time was interspersed with such minor things as attending classes and studying.

Mary's brighter moments were taken up with Shan Kives, dances at Bradley, lunches at Mosi-Overs, and occasionally, engagements at the library.

Finally the fatal moment arrived! She was to be initiated. Her time was then taken up with writing songs and stories, entering the house through the back door, and keeping on silence. Nevertheless, all ended happily and Mary became a loyal and true Delta Zeta. Her verdant days as a "freshie" went quickly by and she now enjoys the privileges and responsibilities of a sophomore.

June 19, 1922 Ithaca, N. Y.

Interfraternity Fellowship

ELIZABETH DICKENS, *Lambda*

TOUCHING more closely perhaps, than any other problem, the sorority girl's daily life, is the matter of interfraternity fellowship. In our own chapter-house, among our own sisters, fellowship comes as a matter of course. It is the woof and warp of which our daily lives are made. But in our collegiate activities, where the members of one social organization are thrown in close contact with the members of other, and perhaps rival, social organizations, the question of fellowship between women of different fraternities and of coöperation between them, comes to the front.

In many institutions there is the problem of fraternity opposition to be met. Democracy and a broader understanding of the problems of non-fraternity girls are not the only weapons effective in combating this situation. If the girls of various social organizations enjoying a common membership in other organizations are striving against one another and supporting non-fraternity girls, not because they are nonfraternity girls but because to support them will wound the members of some other fraternity, the nonfraternity woman is quick to recognize and disdain such support. Moreover, the nonfraternity woman's respect for the meaning of fraternity spirit will suffer, in many cases, a death blow. Cases have been known in honorary organizations where one fraternity woman will vote against a member of another organization for the sole purpose of depriving some organization of representation in the honorary. Such an attitude as this will in the long run breed such disgust in the attitude of the nonfraternity girl that, after a few such cases, will hesitate to allow membership to a person sponsoring a creed of supposed fellowship which in practice becomes a creed of jealousy and narrow-mindedness.

Various methods of promoting interfraternity spirit have been adopted at various institutions. Aside from the regular Pan-hellenic mixers, some colleges have adopted the plan of interfraternity matinée dances which are held several times during the year. At these functions lists of girls who can lead in dancing are

posted and they take as their guests to the party some girl from another fraternity. These and similar functions given by members of one sorority for the members of another, are commendable, but the real test of comradeship comes in the daily routine of class work. It is the girl who is interested in what her classmate, having membership in another social organization, is doing, who really makes progress toward the goal of real fellowship.

To Delta Zetas

The following verse was written in return for a Mothers' Day greeting sent out by Chi Chapter.

Dear Delta Zetas:

The kindly thought, so aptly sent,
Suffused with filial sentiment,
Came like a breath of cleaner air
To blow away the clouds of care.
Now when, to hearts of girls like these
I hold the magic, golden keys,
I'll enter in and hear again
The echo of my youth's refrain.
I'll revel in love's sunshine bright,
And with a sage, prophetic sight
See in these Delta Zetas gay
The mothers of a future day.

MRS. A. M. BEALS.

Alumnar, Attention!

Did you receive a letter asking for a contribution for Delta Zeta Extension? If you did, please mail me a check as soon as possible. If you did not receive a letter, don't feel slighted, but



ELLEN TUTTRUP LYNCH

mail your contribution anyway. The money is needed for a very worthy cause. Don't hesitate! Please send your check to Mrs. Ellen Lynch, 137 Second Ave., Long Branch, N. J.

When? June 19

"The Journey of the Wise"

ANNE HOBART, *Chi*

Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system and systems to one another and to a whole that by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE old town of Greenwich, nestled peacefully between two protecting hills, will serve as a background for our story. Although the town is small and seemingly unimportant, it is a vital part of that system which makes up the whole of the universe.

Go with me into Greenwich and become acquainted with the interesting type of people who dwell there.

On a quiet, tranquil afternoon we shall wander away from the heart of the town and enjoy ourselves on the college campus. For Greenwich is the home of a college. We pass along the campus walks and survey the students whom we are privileged to meet. Everyone is filled with life and exuberance. Not any place do we notice a laggard. They are all sure of their place in the ponderous system of education. Life is moving rapidly onward. It is a time to be peering backward into the dark expanse which one has covered. Only the glorious pictures of the future, and the happy realizations of the present, confront these students. They are being carried with the wheel of life in its great trip onward. They dare not step from the past lest they be lost to oblivion.

Suppose that we were able to analyze the lives of two types of people who are represented in Greenwich College. Would you not be interested in knowing what the person, who is ready to step out into the world, really thinks? Then there is the interesting personage—fresh from the world—the student just entering into paths of higher education. His thoughts would make a worth while book.

Time passes and it is night. We shall walk about the campus by moonlight, in order that we may see the fantastic shadows which play upon the buildings. We are impressed with the quiet beauty of the scene.

Although it is night, we are able to discern a figure walking toward us. His step is slow and deliberate. He seems weighed down with a load which he carries on his back. The tired traveler reaches a building and stops to rest upon a step. He places his head in his hands—and thinks.

We step back in order that the stranger may not notice us. From the opposite direction comes a gay, young being. He is full of life and audacity. No load of knowledge weighs him down. His mind is free to be moulded by the instructors of the world. Not being in a hurry the second traveler stops to idle away his time. He finds a comfortable seat on a lower step of the same building. He glances around and beholds the figure above.

"Who are you—to be traveling alone so late at night?" queries the newcomer. The first traveler, aroused from his meditations answers, "Can you not tell? I am a sage—just ready to leave for my journey through life. I have much to tell to the people."

"Let us talk awhile before the clock strikes twelve, and you commence your journey. I would like to know of the wonders of this place." The younger traveler shifts his position to one beside his superior and waits to hear his answer.

"Very well, we shall talk," replies he in low tones.

"Like you I came from afar to seek knowledge here. Those who are learned taught me the lessons of life. They have pointed out the way for me to advance in the world. I had many new ideas of my own but I have had to change these to meet the needs of my people. Now as I go out to teach the truths which my instructors have given me, I feel that I have a huge task before me. I dare not go forward alone in my effort to make man hear. I have discovered that one must keep within the great system which has been worked out or he may lose himself forever."

The clock on the administration building strikes the hour of twelve. The two travelers rise and prepare for their journeys. The first traveler picks up the box of knowledge and fastens it securely upon his back. He is prepared to journey forth. The two figures walk to the path below—where they part. Turning their backs to each other, they walk on into new fields.

See you at Convention

A Story of How a Promise Was Kept at All Costs

INGEBORG SYLVESTER, *Upsilon*

MR. MASON, superintendent of the Gold Coin Company, was impatiently pacing back and forth in his office. Suddenly, he turned to a boy nearby. "Bugs," he said sharply, "This is the day for filing papers on the Red Jacket. I thought, of course, that my manager would attend to it, but I have just received a telephone call from him, informing me that he thought I would do it. Mr. Wilkins, head of a neighboring wildcat outfit, is ready to jump the claim and he expects to put up a location notice tonight."

"We've got to beat him to it!" exclaimed Bugs Sanford.

"That's the talk, all right, but how are we going to do it? Our roadster is being repaired and a horse couldn't possibly make it in this desert."

"Let me go in the Sand Flea. I can make it. Get your papers ready," and Bugs dashed out of the office to the machine shops.

In five minutes he drew up to the door in a long, low, rakish-looking car which had been dubbed the "Sand Flea" by the miners. The superintendent put a packet of papers in Bug's pocket. "Good boy," he said, "make it."

"I will, Mr. Mason," he promised, and the Sand Flea shot down the street.

Five miles out, he came upon a slow-moving freight wagon, bound for Center Pass. With a dexterous twist of the wheel, the Sand Flea leaped from the beaten path and out into the treacherous sand by the roadside. It circled out, dashed back into the road again and immediately hit up a faster pace. It drew into town coming to an abrupt halt before the Court House.

Bugs got out stiffly, his legs cramped and aching. After a few halting steps, he started on a run through the long, cool hall. Dashing through a doorway, he ran plump into a big, fat man scattering in all directions a bunch of papers which the man was carrying. "Why don't you look where you're going?" spluttered the fat individual.

"Excuse me," said Bugs, as he stooped to recover the papers. As he handed them over, he gasped with surprise. The man

was none other than Wilkins, himself. Wilkins left at once and Bugs, with a sinking heart, heard the drone of the motor as he drove away. But he was still determined to win out and he crossed the room to the desk with his papers. "I want a final notice for the Red Jacket," he informed the clerk, "and I'm in a great hurry."

"You might as well get over your hurry, son," said the clerk with tantalizing indifference. "The gentleman who just left, Mr. Wilkins, has filed on the Red Jacket and is now on his way to post a notice and you can't possibly expect to beat him to it. He is driving the fastest touring car in —."

"I don't care what he is driving," cut in Bugs, "I want the papers." And he got them.

He cranked the little car, wheeled it around and sent it out of Center Pass like a rocket. Ten miles were left behind and the Sand Flea shot over the summit of Turtle Back ridge at a speed of forty miles. Bugs raised his head above the cowl and gazed out over the burning desert. He saw a dust cloud lift from the road and at the head of it moved a tiny, black thing. Bugs guessed at once that it was the black car and his heart beat exultantly at the thought that he had gained on the big machine. If he could only increase his pace —.

He released the clutch and the Sand Flea leaped onward. Five miles more and he again looked up but saw no dust cloud. He wondered at this but when he looked again, he saw a six-mule freight team in the road. Close beside it, the big, black car, turned half around, ploughed helplessly in the loose sand.

"Hurrah, they're stuck! They're stuck! We'll beat them yet," he spoke to his car.

Again that quick dexterous whirl and the Sand Flea leaped from the road, crashed through the sage brush, slipped past the stranded machine and got safely back on the road again. It was now a clear shoot to the mine and Bugs was confident that he would win.

But four miles from camp, a rear tire went out with a report like a rifle. The Sand Flea skidded half around and all but turned over. Bugs was out like a flash, had his tool bag out and unstrapped an extra tire from his carrier. He worked like a beaver and in five minutes the change was made. But in those precious

five minutes a black dust cloud had been approaching up the long, straight road.

He tossed the bag into the tool box, leaped to his seat and was off. He felt, rather than heard, the seventy-horse-power car coming like an express train. He leaned over and pressed the foot throttle clear down.

Three miles, then two and then only one remained. Beyond the buildings a crowd was waiting and he could see the men waving their hands excitedly. He knew then that the big car was not far behind. He paused a moment for Mason, who had come out into the road. "Climb on! I've got the papers in my pocket. Pull them out! We're going on to the Red Jacket!" he shouted.

Up the street they went, not halting till they reached the Red Jacket claim. Mason signed the location notice and with the point of his jack-knife, stuck it into the trunk of a tree. Down the road a big, black car halted, turned, and slunk away in the distance like a disappointed dog.

Where? Ithaca, New York

Editor's Nook

CONVENTION

THE very word *Convention* sends a thrill through you which is indescribable. Think of meeting a representative from each chapter in our large family of chapters, the Grand Officers, and guests. It is indeed something to which anyone might look forward with a thrill of joy and anticipation. We know you will not be disappointed. Come to Ithaca, June 19-24, where we can get acquainted and work out our problems together. Of course we will work, for in a fraternity the size of Delta Zeta we must have a complete and thorough organization.

I know I can speak for all Grand Officers when I tell you we have given you our best under existing circumstances during the past two years. However, it is your Editor's firm conviction that the time has come when we need a paid officer who would attend to the many details which each officer must now attend to herself. I urge you to consider this proposition seriously. This is only one of the many problems which must be solved at this Convention. The joy of working together will be something you can carry back to your chapters, thereby tying the bonds a little closer.

Come to Ithaca and let us work and play together. Ithaca is an ideal spot. The editor was the guest of Beta chapter a few years ago and never was she more delightfully entertained than by Beta. A profitable and inspirational time is assured you. June 19-24 at Ithaca, N. Y.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE Y. W. C. A.

WOMEN students of America have been called to meet at Hot Springs, Ark., April 20-27 in assembly as a part of the National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association. Practically every state university in the United States will be represented and many of the leading colleges of the United States will have delegations present. Their program will be

given over wholly to world problems which touch student life toward facing their responsibilities as citizens. Emily Gordon of Wellesley, the retiring chairman, will open the Student Session, after which Mildred Welch, Gamma Phi Beta, the newly elected chairman will take the chair.

GOVERNMENT WORK FOR WOMEN

IT is most interesting to college women to note how many responsible government jobs are held by women. Women are coming into their own in the realm of politics.

More women are now holding responsible positions under the government at Washington than ever before. They are demonstrating, moreover, such a high degree of executive and administrative talent that the number is certain to increase steadily in succeeding administrations.

One of the surprising results of universal suffrage in the United States is the reluctance of women everywhere to become candidates for elective public offices. An increasing number, however, have accepted important appointive positions in the federal service and almost without exception they have made good.

Mr. Wilson was the first chief executive to appoint women in any numbers to high places at Washington. Mr. Harding has kept many of the Wilson appointments, supplanting others by women appointees of his own and also has appointed women to many positions heretofore held by men. The Wilson appointees who have been reappointed or retained under the Harding administration include Mrs. Helen M. Gardner, member of the United States civil service commission; Mrs. Clara Sears Taylor, member of the District of Columbia rent commission, and Mrs. Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau.

Wilson appointees replaced by Harding appointees include Miss Julia Lathrop, originally appointed by President Taft, who has been succeeded by Miss Grace Abbott as director of the Children's Bureau, and Mrs. Annette Adams Abbott, who has been succeeded by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt as an assistant attorney general.

Among the important Harding women appointees who are now drawing lucrative salaries in places never before held by women

are the following: Mrs. Mabel P. Le Roy, recorder of the Public Land Office; Mrs. Bessie Parker Brueggeman, member of the United States employes' compensation commission; Mrs. Mary K. Macarty, assistant superintendent of foreign mails, Postoffice Department; Miss Mary Ellen Crosby, executive secretary of the superintendent of foreign mails, Postoffice Department; Miss Margaret R. Wilson, chief of the enemy trading division of the federal trade commission; Miss Florence B. Wells, confidential clerk to the secretary of labor; Miss Laura A. Thompson, librarian in the Department of Labor; Dr. Valeria H. Parker, executive secretary of the United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board; Dorothy E. Hung, confidential clerk to the secretary of the Navy; Miss Katherine A. Smith, editor in the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture; Miss J. V. L. McCord, librarian in the United States geological survey, Department of Interior; Miss Matilda Phillips, statistician, Pan-American Union; Mrs. C. E. Johnson, administrative assistant, states' relations service, Department of Agriculture; Miss Clarabel R. Barnett, librarian, Department of Agriculture; Miss Josephine G. Adams, assistant superintendent of the government printing office.

Ten years ago the only government positions to which women were appointed were clerkships and minor places under the civil service. All of the positions paying annual salaries of more than \$1,500 were monopolized by men.

Now women are getting many of the best jobs outside of the civil service with salaries running as high as \$7,500, the compensation now received by Mrs. Willebrandt as assistant attorney general.

If you are interested in such work, prepare yourself for it and seek the position.

PROPOSED EUROPEAN TRIP

THERE was not a sufficient number to make inquiry concerning our proposed European tour and it was thought advisable to postpone it for this year. However, we hope to carry this plan out at a later date.

Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., June 19-24

SCHOLARSHIP

IT IS indeed gratifying to learn how our chapters lead in scholastic standing at the various universities. Tau chapter is in the lead at the University of Wisconsin. The rating of the sororities is as follows at Wisconsin.

Rank	Average
1. Delta Zeta	1.86
2. Alpha Xi Delta	1.73
3. Kappa Kappa Gamma	1.71
4. Gamma Phi Beta	1.64
5. Achoth	1.63
6. Phi Mu	1.59
7. Pi Beta Phi	1.58
8. Delta Delta Delta.....	1.57
9. Alpha Omicron Pi	1.53
10. Kappa Alpha Theta.....	1.52
11. Delta Gamma	1.50
12. Chi Omega	1.48
13. Alpha Gamma Delta	1.47
14. Alpha Chi Omega	1.44
15. Alpha Phi	1.44
16. Sigma Kappa.....	1.41
17. Kappa Delta	1.40
18. Alpha Delta Pi	1.39
Total average	1.55

Iota chapter leads at Iowa and Alpha Alpha at Northwestern. Just recently when the six members of Phi Beta Kappa were elected at Northwestern, Delta Zeta felt honored in having three of her girls elected to this honorary fraternity. Another honor has come to Alpha Alpha. May Youngberg, a pledge, was awarded a prize of \$2,000 for the prize essay on "Why I Want to go through College," by the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur.

THE MISSING

THERE are only four missing college chapter letters in this issue: Alpha, Delta, Theta, and Mu. Delta chapter sent a letter but it reached the Editor too late. Theta and Omicron alumnae letters also arrived too late. WHY NOT A 100%?

FRATERNITY EXTENSION

Alpha Gamma Delta. University of Akron.

Chi Omega. University of Alabama.

SWAN SONG

YOUR Editor takes this opportunity to thank you for your co-operation and assistance in her work. With the Convention supplement she completes the eleventh volume of the LAMP, also completing her seventh year as Editor. At the time she took the LAMP we had seven chapters; now we have twenty-five college chapters and fifteen alumnæ chapters. It has been a joy to watch the growth of our fraternity and to work for her during this expansion. Your Editor has served you to the best of her ability under the existing circumstances which naturally come with the growth of a comparatively young organization. She now lays down the pen as Editor with good feeling and love toward each wearer of *The Diamond and Four Pearls*.

EXPLANATION

This issue with the enclosed Convention bulletin completes Volume II. It was necessary to hold up the spring issue so we could mail both issues at the same time, thereby saving the additional cost of mailing.

.Oh Cornell, we are coming!

Dietetics—A Profession for College Women

BEULAH WHITMAN, *Nu*

THE young college woman of today has a wide choice of professions from which to choose. Since all classes and professions should be directing their forces toward the betterment of the world—the home economic graduate can in like turn direct her forces in educating the human race toward better health. She can teach people how to live better so they will develop strong healthy bodies, for which there is certainly a crying need in this day and age of the world.

Dietetics is only in a pioneer stage compared with other professions—but the future is full of possibilities for the dietitian. It offers advantages to the home economic graduate that no other profession offers. It gives the college woman an opportunity for real and lasting service to humanity. In this day and age people are demanding the best in surgery and treatment for the sick—consequently the hospitals are crowded to overflowing with people eager to gain back their health.

There are really four types of dietitians—classified according to the branch in which they have specialized—teaching, administration, social welfare and dieto-therapy. Each of these types requires a good background of psychology, bacteriology, chemistry and home economics. They must know the compositions of food, combinations of food and end results.

After graduation from college or university special training for this profession is given through the hospitals. The time of training which the student receives varies from three to six months according to the different hospitals. This training is very valuable and important and enables the student to combine the theoretical and practical work, which are closely related. One is constantly learning new things about dietetics while he is applying the knowledge already gained from college.

The physicians are beginning to see and realize the important position that the dietitian holds in his field of work—and the two can work along together very profitably. Physicians will acknowledge that in the treatment of certain diseases, as diabetes mellitus, the diet alone counts for most. They are only too glad

to have the dietitian take charge of the feeding of patients. The physicians are provided with chart of the intake of food according to composition and caloric value.

The size and character of the hospital has a great deal to do with the kind of work that the dietitian will have to do. In small hospitals she is often called upon to do all kinds of duties that pertain to a home: laundry supervision, maids' work, etc. This condition should not exist, but instead a housekeeper should be employed to take charge of these numerous tasks and let the dietitian devote her time to diets and nutrition work. In larger hospitals the work is more highly organized. The dietitian must also be able to supervise the instruction of nurses, teaching them the fundamental principles of dietetics. In order to carry out her work properly the dietitian must have courage to undertake new problems, tact, common sense, ability to coöperate and obtain coöperation, organizing power and be ready to meet all emergencies that might arise.

The dietitian ranks socially on the same level as the superintendent, head nurses and physicians. This goes to show the importance of this profession. She should show a fine spirit of loyalty to the institution with which she is connected, making her department not a separate department, but an important factor in the successful administration of the hospital. She should also keep in touch with all new material that has to do with the growth and development of the science of dietetics.

Dr. A. F. Pattee, a well-known dietitian, says, "The preparation of food is a science as well as an art, the chemistry of which is as precise as the chemistry of the laboratory. When we are willing to be as exact and careful in this work as we are in chemical experiments, our success will become a certainty. No other technical art can, with so little practical knowledge, go as far in simplifying that which is otherwise complicated and laborious, or do more toward accomplishing that which is a chief result of all science, adding to the comfort and happiness of the human race."

Hail, hail, the gang's all there. Where? Convention!

Advertising as a Profession for Women

HARRIET E. FISHER, *Theta*

WITH women of the Twentieth Century coming into business prominence—with women furnishing over half of the magazine fiction and doing more than half of the retail selling, can we wonder that they are rapidly climbing in the advertising world? And why not, for advertising is merely selling by writing.



HARRIET E. FISHER, *Theta*

So rapidly has advertising developed in the last ten years, so generally is it recognized as a powerful factor in the business world, that it is not at all strange that alert women, many being college graduates, are turning their attention in that direction. Then the salaries do have an appeal, as we all agree, and every

woman may justly hope to realize the same amount of money that men do in the advertising field. More than one business house in the United States employs men to write ads at a salary larger than that of the New York Governor. May not women command like pay for like skill?

But to write an ad that will blockade the entrance to a store before the opening hour is a distinctive talent, and before reaching the point where services are valuable, one must climb the rounds of a not-easy ladder. Newspaper experience and press work are advantageous to a girl contemplating copy writing, but one of the greatest requirements is pluck. You must learn to say things simply but convincingly and with "punch." Too, intuitive knowledge of human nature and intimate knowledge with the business exploited are absolutely necessary.

I am sorry that one idea concerning advertising is broadcast, namely that advertisers must be prodigious liars and have marked ability to exaggerate. Not long ago when I asked to see a group of garments to be advertised, the reply was, "I thought that all you fashion writers had such a large vocabulary of style expressions and were so keen at exaggerating, that it was entirely unnecessary to see anything you are writing about." I am glad to say that in our office, we see those things we write about, unless they are thread, pans or furniture that is too weighty to move, and even then, many trips are made to the scene of non-movable objects. Although you may become a copywriter, it does not mean that you must say farewell to the pure cherry-tree quality of truth.

Did you know that women do seven-eighths of the buying of clothes, food, household merchandise, and in some measure control as mothers or wives the other one-eighth of buying? Even men's clothing must catch women's eyes, so why should women not be largely employed in advertising departments, specially of retail houses? Since advertising is becoming a highly specialized profession with an increased number of openings, many women are turning their thoughts to business educations. I feel unusually fortunate in having had my initial business training in one of the largest retail stores in the United States, training not only in the chosen profession, but in every phase of department store work, for after all, advertising does require a certain amount of that. If you can not sell a garment to a woman who is in

front of you, how can you turn the pockets of the reading public inside out by writing? How can you tell your readers about market conditions if you have not studied them, and an occasional visit to the traffic or receiving departments often furnishes me with inspirations for ads. Then my first days or weeks spent in an advertising department were not made interesting with writing copy or interviewing buyers, but in pasting and clipping ads, watching ads being laid out, but not daring to take a ruler in hand or even touch a blue crayon. The rounds of the ladder are many, for the hours of proof reading often grow tiresome, but what better education is there than to read daily the copy that is selling merchandise, the very ones that are swelling the exchequers of the firm with gold? But when you finally can stir a city of 150,000 with an announcement that hats are selling for \$1.95 or that shoe samples will be closed out at \$2.75 or that 2,000 pounds of marshmallows will be sold at 29 cents and then 4:30 comes and there are no more hats, shoes or marshmallows, you do feel good and the firm better.

To alert, aggressive and creative women who like the excitement of the business world and who want the experience of trying to sell merchandise by writing, I advise advertising. Of course there are varied phases of the work as circular or show card, magazine or newspaper writing, designers, managers of agencies, etc. But no matter what your medium is for selling, one rule always holds good—space is golden. Millions of dollars are spent yearly on printers' ink, but those millions of dollars draw large interest, larger than your or my money in any bank.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Harriet is advertising manager of the Dunn-Taft Department Store, Columbus, Ohio, at the present time. Needless to say that we enjoy reading her ads.

Pack up your duds and come to Convention!

Irish Legend of Music's Origin Is Prettiest of Them All

THERE are many legends concerning the origin of music, but the following account which puts forth the claims of the Emerald Isle is certainly one of the prettiest of them all:

In olden times, before music was invented in Erin, a chief named Cool and his wife, Canola, lived together unhappily, in constant quarreling and disagreements. Cool was hasty, hot-tempered and easily displeased. Canola was fretful, impatient, sharp of tongue and temper.

One day when Cool came in tired and hungry from hunting and saw that no fire was made ready for cooking, he became so angry he raised his hand to lay it heavily upon her. At that Canola fled and Cool pursued.

Over the great grassy hills of Tyrone, by the border of the swift, sparkling Foyle—on and on she fled 'til she drew near the bold north coast where the green mountains stand tall on their buttresses of rock, over the never-resting sea.

There first she stopped her speed: for suddenly in that lonely and desolate spot she heard a strange, sweet sound unlike anything her ears had ever known before. It arose melodiously in a plaintive cry, and then sank gently again to a soft murmur, many times repeated over and over.

Canola drew nearer and nearer to the strange sound, 'till she came at last to the edge of the sea, and there stranded on the coast she saw the skeleton of a great fish, and the wind playing through its dried ribs was that which made the sweet sounds.

Being enraptured, she stood still to listen. It was indeed then that Cool drew near in his pursuit of her. He too heard the melodious sound, and when he took witness to himself that his wife was fascinated by what came to her ears, he turned aside into a grove hard by.

There he cut down a slim sapling, scooped the wood of it into a bow, and strung lengths of deer-gut within. Then he drew his fingers across the strings, and a sound that was still sweeter than that made by the wind in the bones of the great fish issued therefrom.

Canola, hearing it, drew nearer the place from which it proceeded. When she came to the edge of the wood her eyes fell upon

Cool, but instead of again giving speed to her fleet feet, she let them draw her nearer to where her husband stood, and he noted her approach, held out his arms and she entered in between them and fell on his breast. So then they kissed one another and returned to their home hand in hand. And ever after from that day, Cool and Canola lived in concord and harmony together, having ease from all their troubles before the gentle Muse of Music.

Renew your youth. How? Convention at Cornell, June 19-24

In a Japanese Garden

LUCY MANNING, *Delta*, '22

CHARACTERS

The Girl — Osono
The Man — Mitsu
The Fisherman
The Old Woman
The Mikado's Messenger

SCENE

A small Japanese garden in cherry-blossom time. In the background there is a small cottage. Age and rain have played with the wheat straw roof, but mosses have patched it over with velvet. One side of the cottage is open in the Japanese fashion and through the oiled paper window at the back can be seen the figures of two people. Dusk is coming from the weeping willows and veiled cedar groves and the pool under the wishing bridge is laden with the love-dream of cherry blossoms.

THE GIRL—(*In a soft, sweet voice denoting the youth of the girl*) Don't, dearest! Don't! You must not look that way. Don't you see how happy I am? (*She places her hand upon his shoulder.*)

THE GIRL—What's the matter, dear? Look straight at me. (*The man turns toward her.*) Now tell me, husband, what makes you think that I care anything about my old home, mother, or the pretty things? Look here, dearest, haven't I got you? Poor? Nonsense! (*And then the man did look.*)

THE MAN—I am a cursed fool! (*Then he followed with something stronger than a look.*) Come, let us go from under this weeping willow tree. It is making me sad tonight.

(*The man suddenly drops his arms from about his wife and they come from behind the cottage.*)

THE GIRL—Shall we go to sit by the pool and watch the golden fishes come up to play with our fragrant cherry blossoms?

THE MAN—Yes, dear. (*They sit on the stones at the pool's brink.*)

THE GIRL—(*Glancing all around and nestling close to her husband*) How beautiful our little garden is! How peaceful and quiet and happy it all seems! It is a part of our very lives.

THE MAN—(*Meditatively and gazing with an intensity as though he would penetrate through miles of night. But what is he looking at?*) How small and insignificant it all is, though, Osono, just this tiny spot when I had dreamed of an ideal garden. For years I trained under the most famous gardeners, who taught me to dwarf trees and make tiny cascades. Then I became tired of such tricks and went into the mountains and a hermit wedded me to nature. This prophet made me vow never to love aught but Nature. But one evening as I was wandering through the forest listening to the evening croonings and lullabys of this love of mine I met you by a tiny foaming cascade. And I forgot my vow—forgot all except that I loved you and must win you. When I realized my fall I was proud of it—who would not have been proud with such a bride by his side!

(*The girl listens earnestly to this discourse and smiles happily all the while.*)

THE MAN—The garden is idealized here within me—the rocks, streams, plants, and site; and it shall be realized. Look here, wife, as long as genius hides in this breast and my heart is not ashes, the day must come—yes, it must. On that day my ancestors may smile on me. And my posterity may bless me for fortune and a name.

THE GIRL—(*Looking wistfully up into his face*) And if you succeed, will you forsake me?

THE MAN—(*Taking her in his arms*) What, forsake this witch? That can never be (*Then the man jerks himself back into reality and pulls from his pocket a handful of copper coins and throws them into her lap.*)

THE MAN—This is all I have. Here goes another day! (*Osono caresses him tenderly and tries to encourage him, but he is a stone imagine all the while.*)

THE GIRL—Never mind, 'tis enough. Let us be happy now for tonight and forget all of these troubling things.

THE MAN—(*Returning her caresses*) Very well. If you are happy I should be. It was for you, my delicate bird, that I

wanted it, anyway. (*Then in the distance a fisherman is heard faintly singing and as he comes closer the words of his song are heard.*)

THE FISHERMAN—The wave-washed shore of Miho is most fair

Where golden, silver fishes are playing;
What net can catch the sprightly things,
When, too, sometimes strange dwarfs and
elves come straying

On golden, silver wings.

THE GIRL — (*Clapping her hands*) Oh what a pretty song!
Who is it?

THE MAN — (*Rising*) It's Kitsu, the fisherman. Perhaps for a few pennies he will let us have a fish for our breakfast.

THE GIRL — (*Jumps as the fisherman comes into view and runs to meet him.*) Oh, let me look into your basket. (*She runs around behind him and standing on tip-toes raises the lid of the basket which he carries on his back. After one glance into it she shrinks back and puts her hands over eyes.*)

THE FISHERMAN — (*Not noticing Osono*) The finest in the market. Just caught and still wriggling.

THE MAN — (*Seeing his wife's distress he moves toward her.*) What is it, my love?

THE GIRL — (*Burying her face against his breast*) Oh, how cruel! He has little fishes in his basket so like the ones in our pool. How they must suffer out of the cool water! Mitsu, let's hurry. Come, give him our pennies and we'll put them in with our fishes.

THE MAN — (*Impatiently*) But, Osono, my love, fishes are meant for food. Don't be a foolish little wife.

THE GIRL — (*Shuddering*) Oh, Mitsu, if you love me, buy the fishes. They are suffering and they make me suffer too. (*He cannot resist the imploring look in her eyes, so picks up the coppers from the stone where they had fallen and walks over to the wondering fisherman.*)

THE MAN — (*Holding out the pennies*) How much for all?

THE FISHERMAN — Seven coins are not enough.

THE MAN — (*Pleadingly*) But it is all that I have. I will pay you more when I can get them. Let me make her happy?

THE FISHERMAN — (*Hesitating, then consenting reluctantly*) 'Tis a foolish whim, Mitsu. You cannot always make her happy so. But now, today, let it to be as she wishes. (*Mitsu takes the fish out and the fisherman leaves, singing. Mitsu with Osono at his side puts the fish into the pool. They bend over to watch them swim away.*)

THE GIRL — (*Tenderly*) How well these little fishes in our pool caricature our poverty—coming out and vanishing away again!

THE MAN — So you think our poverty will all vanish away? What a hopeful little wife you are! (*Singing is heard again—mournful. The voice of an old woman.*)

THE GIRL — (*Clapping her hands over her ears*) Oh Mitsu, what can it be?

THE MAN — (*Taking down her hands*) There, dearest, it is only Minto, the old blind woman. She will have beautiful posies to show you.

THE GIRL — (*Listening fearfully*) But her song, Mitsu, it is so sad. (*They listen. As the sound comes nearer they understand the words.*)

"But he that ponders well,
Will find all life the selfsame story tell,
That when death comes, a century of bliss
Fades like a dream; that 'tis in naught but this
Must end the monarch's many years of state.
Age long drawn out, the ambition to be great
And all that brilliant, all that joyful seems,
For there is naught on earth but fading dreams."

(*By the time the song is finished, the flower woman, cane, in hand, feeling her way along, approaches the pool.*)

THE GIRL — (*Outspokenly*) Old woman, I don't like your song. I can sing one much more lovely all about the cherry blossoms and happiness.

THE MAN — (*Proudly*) Then sing it, Osono. Let me hear your song.

THE GIRL — "The blossoms hovering by the river breeze
Are scattered, and the waves flow on
Waves of the River of Blossoms,
Let me catch them as they pass by!

The water flows, the flowers fall;
Forever lasts the sunny Spring.
The flowers that grow between the rocks
Are scarlet and light up the stream.
The trees that grow by the caverns
Are softly humming in the breeze,
The blossoms open like brocade,
The brimming pools are deep and blue.

THE MAN — (*Wonderingly*) Why, dearest, I never dreamed that you could sing so well.

THE GIRL — (*Laughingly*) Do not wonder so. Youth puts its song in every heart. What think you, old woman, is not my song better than yours?

THE OLD FLOWER WOMAN — Pretty, indeed, you think now. (*Then sadly*) I once sang as you do. Many springs ago it was. But now my song is of darkness and death—the winter of life. (*Forebodingly*) But let me say to you, maiden who sings of springtime, some day you will want to learn my song, too.

THE MAN — (*Jovially*) Come, come, enough of sadness. Let us see your pretty flowers, good woman. (*The old woman uncovers her basket and Osono peeps in and claps her hands in delight while Mitsu comes to her side and picking up a spray of blossoms sticks them in her hair. She runs to look in the pool.*)

THE GIRL — (*Enchanted with what she sees*) How beautiful! Is it really Osono? (*Then she runs over to the man.*) May I have them, husband?

THE MAN — (*Lovingly*) Indeed, you may, my wife. (*Then suddenly remembering that he has no coins his bright smile fades.*)

THE GIRL — (*Noticing his expression*) Why, what is the matter?

THE MAN — (*Shaking his head*) We gave the fisherman all our coppers, dear heart. (*The girl takes the blossoms from her hair and reluctantly puts them back into the basket.*)

THE GIRL — Come back some other day and I'll take some. (*The old woman leaves, singing her sad song, softly.*)

THE MAN — (*Taking her into his arms*) The day will surely come when I can give you gold instead of copper coins. Enough to buy all the flowers of the realm!

THE GIRL — (*Looking up into his face*) Our cherry blossoms are more beautiful than her paper flowers. (*The man then breaks off a branch of cherry blossoms and puts them into her hair while she laughs happily.*)

THE GIRL — (*Rising*) How far the sun has gone down! It is time to put the kettle on. Are you hungry, my Mitsu?

THE MAN — Just a little bit. I think I could enjoy a cup of your tea. (*He puts his arms about her and they start to the house, but just as they reach the door they hear someone coming; so Mitsu goes to meet him while Osono leans against the cottage and listens. A royal messenger enters and after exchanging compliments in the extravagant Japanese style he states his message.*)

THE MESSENGER — Are you the peerless gardener of the empire by the name of Mitsu?

THE MAN — (*Fearfully*) My name is Mitsu, but I am a mere plantsman and very far from being anything like a superior gardener.

THE MESSENGER — You need not be over-modest. His Majesty has already learned of your genius. The palace has looked upon an uncompleted garden on the south side for three generations. The resources of three mountains, plants from wheresoever they grow, the force of a thousand select masons and gardeners, and the royal treasury are all at your command. The reward will be according to the merit of your work.

THE MAN — (*Seeking to interrupt*) But I—I cannot—

THE MESSENGER — (*Overlooking his protests*) No genius ever lacked rank or wealth in the palace of the emperor. (*The man tries to stop him again, but he goes on.*) As an immediate relief, accept these packages with his majesty's compliments. I'll be back within the hour. (*The messenger then leaves. All this time Osono's eyes have grown wide with wonder and she runs out to meet Mitsu, who is holding the gold and staring at it as if stupified.*)

THE GIRL — (*Snatching the gold from his hands, opens the bag and lets the coins slip through her fingers*) How pretty they are! (*Noticing Mitsu's downcast expression*) What do you mean, my dear husband? What, the money! Is it not a timely shower? Does *this* trouble you?

THE MAN — (*Slowly turning and facing her, he shudders.*) I'm afraid, little wife.

THE GIRL — What, you, Mitsu—afraid? Now we can see the realization of all your dreams—of your ideal garden. Will it have as darling a little pool as ours, as lovely a little bridge?

THE MAN — Oh, my dear, how little you realize what it is that I am asked to do! Oh, why was I ever born? It was all a cursed falsehood that I told you tonight, not a bit of truth in the whole thing. It was simply a black lie. Of course, what I said about the little training I had received was true, but I am a common plantsman, nothing more. I only told you those things to lighten your heart. 'Twas merely the dream of my hermit life, but now I have broken my vow to her, but I shall be ever true to my new vow—to you, my dear wife.

THE GIRL — (*Questioningly*) But you will make the garden? Such a dream was not merely idle fancy.

THE MAN — (*Shaking his head*) And break my vow to you? It would mean years of separation, for I would have to devote my very life to the thing to the exclusion of all else. It would mean years away from my only love now—from all that is dear to me.

THE GIRL — (*Pleadingly*) Then I am in the way of your accomplishment?

THE MAN — (*Putting his arms about her.*) No, dear heart, the task is too big for me. The trouble has all come from my criminal praise of myself. We must fly to escape the wrath of the Mikado. Go, Osono, and get a few things together and I will go to see if the messenger is in sight.

(*Mitsu goes out of sight among the trees. Osono stands still a few minutes and then drops the money with disgust. She goes into the cottage, picks up a piece of paper and writes hurriedly. She gets a wrap and a parasol and running from the cottage places the note on the stone where they had been sitting and takes the branch of cherry blossoms from her hair and pins the note to the ground. She stands irresolute for an instant and then seeing the gold drops it into the pool and runs quickly from the place.*)

THE MAN — (*Hurrying back*) Come, come, Osono. I see the messenger in the distance. We must be well on our way into the forest when he reaches here. Osono, where are you? (*He*

looks all about, into the hut, and begins to get impatient.) Come now, there is no time for jest. *(Then seeing the note, he picks it up and reads it. He sits down heavily and stares straight ahead as if utterly dazed. Then his sorrow overcomes him and he bows his head in his hands and remains in this attitude until the messenger enters.)*

THE MESSENGER — Are you ready, gardener?

THE MAN — *(Starting as if awakened from a bad dream)* What—what is it that you want? *(Then he realizes.)* Yes, I'm ready. This is the price I pay. *(He then holds out the note to the messenger, who reads it aloud.)*

THE MESSENGER — "Good-bye. I take this gold as the price of all the suffering you have caused me since we ran away together. Osono." *(The messenger laughs.)* 'Tis the way of pretty women. They love only gold and riches.

THE MAN — Oh, woman, I gave up all for you and now you have taken that all from me. Had I only been true to my vows, faithful to the hermit! I have sinned. Oh heavens, but thy punishment. Do I justly deserve all this? *(The messenger goes to him and lays his hand on his arm to lead him away, but Mitsu throws him aside roughly and attempts to draw his dagger. The messenger anticipates his act and grabs his arm. Mitsu then becomes calm and speaks disconsolately and is resigned to his fate.)*

THE MAN — Trying to murder myself because a woman deceived me? And I call myself a man! Die? Why not die in the effort of realizing the garden? Try—try! My best, that's nothing, I know; the best a man can do is not much. But—but if, indeed, I realize the garden of my dreams—

THE MESSENGER — Come, come away. We tarry needlessly.

(Mitsu allows himself to be led away after one last look around. As the two men leave Osono comes slowly back and looks in the direction in which Mitsu has gone. Then she sits down on the stones and seeing the cherry blossoms picks up the twig and placing it against her heart, throws herself down on the stones. She cries as if her heart were broken. Then softly the sound of the blind old woman is heard coming nearer and nearer and as the curtain falls her shadow is seen through the oiled window at the back of the cottage.)

Golden Chapter

Rhea Van Meter Riggle, Theta

Jessie Gamble, Omega

Alumnæ Letters

ESTHER FERN CULP, *Alumnæ Editor*

ALPHA ALUMNÆ—INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The December meeting of the Alpha alumnæ chapter was a Christmas party at the home of our president, Gladys Hartman. A varied programme of games, contests, and the reading of one of Zona Gale's Christmas stories helped everyone to have a good time. The usual Christmas grab-bag furnished surprises and presents for everyone. Several out-of-town alumnæ and two pledges from Indiana University, were guests.

The alumnæ here have been working very hard to increase their scholarship fund, by means of which we are enabled to keep two girls in high school. To increase this fund, our February meeting was planned to be an auction sale. Such an array of good things to eat. Each girl brought an article of food and this was sold at approximately double the cost.

The girls are now very busy perfecting their plans for a rose and green candle light tea. This is a scheme suggested by Mrs. F. Ellis to help us add to our fund. Each Alpha alumna is working and working hard to make our tea a success. Our programme is to consist of several musical numbers both vocal and instrumental, Dutch Dance by two girls and a minuet and bubble dance by a pupil of Madame Theo Hewes. Perhaps some other chapter may use this idea successfully.

Plans also are being made for the state dance to be held in Indianapolis April 28.

ALPHA ALUMNÆ.

DELTA ALUMNÆ—LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

The Lincoln Alumnæ chapter has been having its regular meetings each month.

The business of the chapter never suffers because of the social side, but "social" is a true name for the meetings of our alumnæ group.

The regular December meeting took the form of a shower for Gladys Enyeart, whose marriage to Frank C. Gelwick took place on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Bessie Thompson and Vinta Herral Penton entertained on this occasion at a miscellaneous shower. Gladys, announcement of her marriage, to take place at this time, came as a great surprise. We were all looking for it in June. As Mrs. Thompson and Vinta were to entertain at the December meeting, they changed the date and made it a miscellaneous shower for Gladys the Monday evening of Thanksgiving week. Mr. and Mrs. Gelwick are now living at Laramie, Wyo., where Mr. Gelwick is associated with the State university of Wyoming.

The January meeting had for hostesses, Jessie Glass, Iva Swenk, Bernice Marker, and Ruby Knepper. They entertained at a theatre (matinée) party followed by dinner at a downtown party house. On this occasion, Mrs. Sarah Yost Liephart was present with us.

The February meeting was quite an all-day affair. Grace McIntosh Goddard and Vivian Knight Harper were hostesses at luncheon at the Lincoln Hotel and after luncheon, a business and social meeting consumed the afternoon. Officers were elected. Vinta Penton was elected president and Effie Noll, secretary-treasurer.

Zeta chapter is now twelve years old. On February 12, the active chapter entertained the Lincoln alumnae at an anniversary dinner at the chapter-house. On this happy occasion, fifty-eight of us, active and alumnae were present. Twelve years ago, there were *just ten* Delta Zetas west of Indiana. We were *that ten*, and were the fifth of such groups in the American college world. With *no neighbors* nearer than the Epsilon and Delta, we felt ourselves quite pioneers. Now we count *Zetas* by the hundreds and *Delta Zetas* by thousands.

We are rejoicing to have again with us Vivian Knight Harper, whose home since her marriage has been Akron, Ohio. Also Edna Brown Jones is again with us. Her home after her marriage, five years ago, was Rocky Ford, Colo. Now Lincoln is to be their permanent home.

Realizing the joys of close associations with each other and with our active chapter, we wish all Delta Zetas who are out of college could enjoy just such. It certainly keeps the flame brightly burning.

NETTIE WILLS SHUGART.

KAPPA ALUMNÆ—SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

So short a time has passed since our last letter to THE LAMP that there is little news to send at this writing. But some excitement is always forthcoming in this part of the world, so you will seldom find us with nothing to say.

First there is our usual quota of weddings to announce. I very much fear at the rate these announcements are coming out, that there will soon be a dearth of marriageable material left in our alumnae chapter.

On January 7 Helen Myer was married to Arthur Craig at the Myer home here in Berkeley. The wedding was quite some party, and everyone present reports a grand old time instead of the usual stiff, teary-eyed occasion.

On February 3 Bernice Hutchinson was married to Guy Gail at her home in Oakland. They have already set sail for Honolulu where he is an aerial pilot in the United States Army. Honolulu is a long way from Berkeley, and we shall miss Bernice greatly.

In the meantime Margo Sheppa and Buford Franklin were married somewhere in California. We can't get the exact information on this romance, as Margo has been very quiet about it.

Secondly, we are glad to announce two new additions to our Delta Zeta nursery—born to Elizabeth Walters Swift, a daughter; to Dorothy Morris Landon, a son.

Everyone was too busy over the holidays to plan much other than family reunions and Christmas festivities; however, our chapter, as is its custom, prepared "Christmas" (that means gifts, food and clothing) for one poor Berkeley family. We gave nothing in the way of sorority functions. For next week-end, however, we are planning a bridge party at the chapter-house, and expect it to be a delightful as well as a remunerative affair. The following week-end the active girls hold their spring initiation and banquet, which is looked forward to with no little pleasure by the members of the Alumnæ, and is cause for fine appreciation because of the large number of splendid girls to be initiated.

VERNA L. SLAVEN.

XI ALUMNÆ—KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Greetings to you all! We of Xi chapter have been getting along quite well this year, and we hope that everyone has had as enjoyable meetings every month as we have.

Our meetings were discontinued during the summer months, so our first meeting this fall was a tea at the home of Norma West. Plans for the year were discussed at that time. Since that meeting Mrs. Franklin Troop, Mrs. Paul Merry, and Mrs. Robert Marquis have also entertained with very enjoyable teas.

For the Panhellenic tea at the Hotel Muehlebach in January, we had expected to have Mrs. Shugart on the program. We were very much disappointed when her illness prevented her visit here. However, we were very fortunate in persuading Miss Caroline Mattingly of Phi chapter, who now is instructor in English in the Ottawa University, to take her place on the program. She gave a very interesting talk on "The Big Sister Movement in the Delta Zeta Fraternity." We were very happy to have several of our girls here from out of town for the tea. That evening we entertained with a line party at the Orpheum Theatre for Miss Mattingly. We are looking forward to a visit from Mrs. Shugart sometime in March.

Our plans for this spring include plans for a big subscription dance which we hope will be a success.

In September Nelle Baker of Lambda, and Raymond Trotter, a member of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity at Baker University, were married. They are now living in Memphis, Tenn.

Minnie Wilson, also of Lambda, who has been attending school in Chicago, is now a physical training instructor here.

We are proud to report the arrival of some Delta Zeta babies: Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Troop, a boy, Howard Franklin; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Merry, a boy, Paul Robert.

With best wishes for the year for all Delta Zetas, I am,

NORMA E. WEST.

OMICRON ALUMNÆ—PORTLAND, OREGON

Omicron alumnæ held their first meeting with Mrs. Stephenson September 2. We spent a very enjoyable afternoon getting acquainted and discussing the recent convention. In addition to alumnæ members present were Esther Gardner, who is attending the Oregon Agricultural college, and Ruth Allen and Florence Evans of Vancouver, who are attending the Washington State College.

We decided our first business would be for us to get better acquainted with each other as a step toward better organization. Portland is near to several universities where we have chapters, the University of Oregon and Oregon Agricultural College being nearest, with the University of Washington and Washington State College not far away. Then there are several Delta Zetas from eastern colleges living in Portland so our alumnæ chapter is made up of a very representative group. It is a case of where we are all friends but not all acquaintances.

Our chapter roll up to date includes the following names some of whom are well known to all of you: Elizabeth Coulter Stephenson, Gertrude E. McElfresh, Edith Ireland, Velta S. Sieke, Ellen Marie Frittrup, Hertha O'Neill Cartmell, Margerite E. Tumer, Florence De Ethe Burnat, Myrtle Burant, Erma Beals, Rena C. LaFor, Lois Reta Hathaway, and Alys L. Sutton.

HERTHA O'NEILL CARTMELL.

Show your spirit and come to Convention.

Announcements

MARRIAGES

Alys Sutton our National Parliamentarian, was married Dec. 28 to Lyle McCrosky. We extend every good wish to Alys and Mr. McCrosky.

Nelle Baker, Lambda, to Raymond Trotter, Delta Tau Delta.

Idella Pforr, Beta '21, to Frank K. Bosworth.

Edith Oakes, Beta, to Cecil Max Hilton, Greenville, Me.

Helen Gerbert, Beta, '19, to Baron François Coenen van Gravesloot, of The Hague, at Stapleton, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1921.

Dorothy Simmering, Epsilon, to Harold Buschell.

Ruth May Railback, Delta, to Robert Armstrong, Dec. 28, 1921. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are living at 206 Cavanaugh Court, Washington, D. C.

Ruth Nilsen, Upsilon '22, to Alfred Anderson, Jan. 10, 1922. At home, Eau Claire, Wis.

Gladys Enyeart, Zeta, to Frank C. Gelwick, Beta Theta Pi.

Florence Kellogg, Rho, to J. W. McCausland, Oct. 24, 1921.

Edith B. Cowles, Theta, to Charles Campbell, Feb. 22. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will live at Koehler, N. M.

Jean Wallace, Rho, to Hugh Kellogg, Nov. 24, 1921.

Margaret Bonney to Bennett Horton.

Pearl Mayer to Roaland Strait.

Edna Kelly, Iota, to Floyd Harper, Dec. 16, 1921.

Edith Roberts to Edward McMurry, Φ P E, Nov. 26, 1921.

Agnes Johnson, Iota ex-'21, to Alfred Hardwig, Denver, Colo.

Rea Lillicrap, Upsilon, to J. Loyd Flatt, Sheldon, N. D.

Ruby Foster, Delta '20, to John Clearwaters, B Θ II.

Meda Dodd, Delta ex-'21, to Mr. Long, B Φ .

Dorothy De Verter, Delta, to Wm. Bollerud.

Genevieve Cottrell, Delta, to Raymond Neal.

Stella Moor, Delta, to Joseph Ireland.

Tressie Jefferies, Delta, to Eugene Hutchins, Λ X A.

Unity Thomas, Delta, to Russell Tomlinson, Δ Σ Ψ .

Helen Hendricks, Delta, to Harry G. Earle.

Charlotte Robinson, Delta, to Harold Fouts.

Norma Terrill, Delta, to Charles Abel, Λ X A.

Mildred Kesler, Pi, to Roland Nixon.

Mary Wallace, Pi '19, to Dale Mulliken, T K E.

Bertha Mae Dubbs, Lambda ex-'20, to Rex Guipre, K Σ . At home, Simpson, Kan.

Edith Grace Wakefield, Lambda, '21, to E. E. Dolecek. At home, Coca Sola, Panama.

Dorothy Hadley, Lambda '18, to Mr. Hauser. At home, Adams, Neb.

Ruth Milton, Lambda '16, to Dr. Ernest Boyd. At home, Stafford, Kan.

Geraldine Noffsinger, Lambda ex-'20, to Ralph Randall. At home, Eureka, Kan.

Katharine Sumners, Lambda '16, to H. M. Conner. At home, Clayton, Kan.

Ruth Hutchings, Lambda, to Francis Tollman. At home, Topeka, Kan.

ENGAGEMENTS

Gladys Hartman, Epsilon, to Frederick L. Ruoff, $\Sigma \Phi E$.

Alma Davis, Epsilon, to Roy H. Peterson.

Esther Vestal to Rollis Weesner, Alpha Tau Omega.

Ruth Bell, Psi, to Harley Doub.

Anne Cunneen, Beta '22, to Russel C. Lain.

Lucy Chapman, Beta '23, to L. C. Anderson.

Adele Dean, Beta '23, to Allan Mozenson.

Luella Marcotte, Upsilon '20, to John McCanna.

Olive Randall, Upsilon '21, to M. J. Goblirsch.

Mildred Beluel, Iota, to Marion Kellom, $\Delta K T$.

Florence Huber, Iota, to Corliss Von Hausen, $\Theta \Xi$.

Helen Longworthy, Iota, to Arthur Rosenbaugh, $\Sigma \Phi E$.

Jean Gordon Speirs, Iota, to Ensign Gail Phelps Helgeson, Manilla, P. I.

Valeria Johnson, Delta, to Russell Rhodes, $B \Theta \Pi$.

Marietta Clearwaters, Delta, to Norris Zechiel, $\Delta \Sigma \Psi$.

Ann Ulson, Delta, to Carl Hixon, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$.

Ruth Hendricks, Delta, to Paul De Verter.

Rowena Beadell, '21, to Robert Culbertson, $\Phi \rho \Sigma$.

Frances Garris, '20, to Hardin Sheldrick.

Helen Marr McAlvin, '20, to Earl Enyder, $A T \Omega$.

Camilla Darnall, Pi '19, to Joseph Stevenson.

Esther Fern Culp, Pi '19, to Orville Litchfield, $A X A$.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant (Dorothy Cotton, Beta '18), a son, Oct., 1921.

A daughter was born May 26, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Ismond Knapp (Ruth Brace, Beta '17).

Howard Franklin, born to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Troop. Mrs. Troop is from Xi chapter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Merry, a son, Paul Robert.

Mrs. Adah Newhouse Bogue, of Delta, has a baby daughter.

A future Delta Zeta has come to the home of Mrs. Norma Terrel Abel of Delta.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Schleuther (Katherine Knepper, Zeta), a daughter, Feb. 23, 1922.

Julia Grace Wilson, Aug., 1921, daughter of Stella Stueland Wilson, Rho.

Born, to Bess Sloan Russell, Lambda, and Mr. Russell, Nov. 2, 1920, a daughter, Marjorie Jean.

To Edith Parkhurst Morse, Lambda, and Mr. Morse, April 14, 1921, a daughter.

To Ethel Roop McIntire, Lambda, and Mr. McIntire, May 9, 1921, a daughter, Arline May.

To Francis Keneaster Hancock, Lambda '18, and Mr. Hancock, a daughter, Bettie Marie.

NEWS ITEMS

Elizabeth Hughes, Upsilon '17, formerly in a similar position at the Pasadena Hospital, has been appointed educational director of the recently established School for Nurses at Stanford University. It is her work to organize and build up the new department.

Constance Stegenga, Upsilon, is teaching English in the high school at Alpena, Mich.

Wilhelmina Scott, Upsilon '21, is attending a medical college in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Bessie Thompson and Ruth Enyeart, Delta, lost their mother by death, early in the year. Delta Zeta sisters extend their sympathy.

Mu Alumnæ is very active this winter. Its members are doing social service work under the Federated Charities. To raise money they have taken over the Dunham Theatre and expect to make about \$400. A very splendid custom of Mu Alumnæ is to meet with the actives in Denver, and discuss matters with them as well as help socially. A series of card parties have been planned for the winter.

Pi Chapter celebrated her fifth anniversary at Eureka, Feb. 19, at the usual "Birthday Dinner." Fifty girls, active and alumnæ, enjoyed the happy reunion. On the evening preceding, the pledges of the chapter entertained at the home of Frances Robeson. They cleverly "rushed" their seniors, who almost felt themselves back in their own rushing season. A theatre party was the form of entertainment—and the drama *And the Lamp Went Out* was given by the pledges. The alumnæ heartily agreed that they hadn't had such a good laugh in years.

Viola Brainerd, Lambda ex-'19, is teaching at Paola, Kan.

Lenore Edgerton, Lambda '20, is teaching at Yuma, Colo.

Leona Hoag, Lambda '18, is teaching at Osborne, Kan.

Araminta Holman, Lambda, is head of the Applied Art Department at K. S. A. C.

Mary Polson, Lambda '16, is instructor in clothing at K. S. A. C.

Izil Polson, Lambda '14, is instructor in Journalism at K. S. A. C.

Lois Litchfield, Lambda '20, is teaching in Los Angeles schools.

Carolyn Lear, Lambda '20, is teaching in Hutchinson, Kan., schools.

Leah McIntire, Lambda '20, is dietitian in Marine Hospital, San Francisco.

Ada Robertson, Lambda '20, is teaching in Portland, Kan., schools.

Norma West, Lambda ex-'17, is teaching in K. C. schools.

Chapter Letters

BETA—CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Beta marks this year as a very special one in her history. To begin, we moved into our new home last September. We have never been disappointed with our purchase. It is very delightfully located and very pleasant to live in. We had it freshly painted before college opened. We bought new furniture, rugs, draperies, dishes. Our alumnae were very generous with gifts. When the rushing season opened, we were ready to entertain the new girls in a very pretty home of our own. There were some very delightful parties during those three weeks. Our efforts were crowned with success. We pledged eight splendid girls.

Since then we have given a house warming tea to the other sororities, and a faculty tea just before the Christmas recess. The pledges entertained the sorority one evening with a clever program arranged by themselves which we all thoroughly enjoyed. The annual Christmas party was a great success.

On the first Saturday in the second term, seven girls were initiated: Florence Becker, Helen Bettis, Marion Covert, Mary Gilchrist, Anne O'Leary, Leona Ruoff and Helen Tewksbury. We mention with regret that the eighth pledge, Esther Engle, was obliged to leave college in the middle of the first term on account of ill health, but we hope she will return next year. Shortly after the initiation service we adjourned to the Ithaca Hotel for the banquet. Our patronesses and some of our friends were also present. On Friday night at the chapter-house there will be a formal dance for the initiates.

We really do have activities other than of a social nature. Josephine Metcalf holds an important office in the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. Dot Curtis made her letter in crew. Helen Tewksbury will compete in the finals for the woman's tennis championship. Several of the girls play on the different teams; others are active in Y. W. C. A. work and class work. Two of the girls are on the University Honor List for scholarship.

Beta is delighted to have the opportunity of entertaining national Delta Zeta at the Convention next June. We are looking forward to your coming with much pleasure, and intend to do all in our power to make your visit in Ithaca pleasant.

MADELEINE HICKEY.

EPSILON—UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA

PLEDGES

Florence Case

Portia Cooper

Joyce Kay

Here we are starting out on a new semester. We find ourselves with some of our "old" girls gone and with some new ones added to our number. Ruth Petrie, one of this year's seniors, had to leave school because of ill health. At present she is improving and we hope to have her with us again next year. Mrs. Luella Agger Kellogg, a last year's alumna, has been made an instructor in Spanish here in the university. Josephine Stengel, the graduate of last year who won the loving-cup given by the Kappa Kappa Gamma Alumnæ for the highest average of the Senior Class, is back with us this semester doing some postgraduate work. We are especially interested now in keeping the scholarship cup that we won last year, for if we are able to keep it for three years in succession the cup is ours "for keeps."

Dan Cupid darted his arrow into our circle and captured two of our girls during the holiday season. Edith Howard was married to Harmon Young, a Kappa Sigma. Mary Ruth Van Natta was married to Leigh Hunt, an Acacia. They are keeping house near us and continuing their university work. In anticipation of the coming weddings a combined shower and Christmas party was held just before vacation began. Although it was only among our own girls we all had one of the best times we have had this year—the kind of time one cannot, and does not want to forget.

Our patronesses very delightfully entertained us all at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Morse on February 7 with a six o'clock dinner.

This year the freshmen have done their share in upholding the honors of Delta Zeta. They started the year by entertaining with a tea the pledges of all the other sororities on the campus. During the afternoon the freshmen gave a program consisting of music and an original stunt accompanying a reading. At Christmas time we all entertained the faculty with a tea. In spite of the fact that an entertainment of this nature tends to be dull, this one was quite otherwise, and the Christmas spirit was emphasized by the sprays of holly which were pinned on each of the guests as they left the room where they had been served.

Our formal dance was given in the Trophy Room of the men's gymnasium on the evening of February 25.

We have decided to give up one of our dances this semester and use the money we would spend for it as a part of our University Memorial pledge.

With the best of wishes to all chapters,

MURIEL JENNINGS.

ZETA—UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

PLEDGE

Rocile Palmer

"Always busy for the good of Dear Old Delta Zeta and Old Nebraska," is the motto Zeta girls keep before them during the entire university year.

The biggest and most worth while activity in which we have been participating is the boosting of the big Sherwood Eddy lectures by our attendance at every meeting. He is a lecturer who knows the world and his lectures on character building and on world problems are of great worth.

Zeta girls are represented well in almost every activity on the campus. Ruth Fickes is president of W. A. A. and a member of Mortar Board, the senior honorary to which but thirteen girls on the campus have the honor of becoming members. Jessie Watson is president of Theta Sigma Phi, member of Chi Delta Phi, another writer's sorority, and of Valkyrie, a senior honorary. Beulah Mills is president of the Home Economics Club and a member of Omicron Nu, home economics sorority. Ruth Fickes is a member of Silver Serpent, junior honorary; Ruth Ellsworth, of Xi Delta, sophomore honorary; Hazel Fickes, of Mystic Fish, freshman honorary. Ruth Ellsworth and Esther Ellen Fuller have parts in the big W. A. A. dance pageant to be given soon. Phyllis Langstaff is exchange editor on the university daily newspaper and Eleanor Dunlap is a reporter on the paper. Ruth Fickes was a member of the senior hockey and soccer team. Lauda Newlin was a member of the sophomore hockey and soccer teams. Sara Surber was a member of the junior soccer team. All three girls are now trying out for basketball and we hope will make a splendid showing.

With the opening of the second semester two old girls came back, Merle Herzog and Phyllis Langstaff.

About three weeks ago we gave our formal party at the Lincoln Hotel. It was a representative party and many of our guests told us it was the prettiest and peppiest party of the year.

Tomorrow is Charter Day and the active girls are entertaining the alumnae with a one o'clock dinner at the chapter-house.

We are having an exceptionally successful year. We have a chapter roll of about forty-five, about twenty-three of whom live in the house.

With the best of wishes for all the Delta Zeta girls, I remain,

PHYLLIS E. LANGSTAFF.

ETA—BAKER UNIVERSITY

THE LAMP has just arrived and is being eagerly read by all the girls. We are happy to think that our sister chapters have been having such fine records this year.

We, at Baker, are just entering the second semester of the college year. The examinations are over and we hope that our semester record

will equal that of last year, for then Delta Zeta held the highest scholarship of all the organizations on the campus.

Next week is our initiation week and as all the pledges will be taken in the girls will be kept busy.

The other evening after the basketball game, the girls were called down to the chapter-room. A delightful surprise awaited them in the form of an announcement. Betty Butt, one of our sophomore girls, announced her engagement to Glenn Foster, a member of the Phi Beta Omega fraternity.

This week we gave our informal, the Annual Delta Zeta Pie Feed. The Pie Feed, held at the home of one of the active members, was followed by a dinner at the chapter-house.

Eta chapter sends sincerest wishes to all her sisters, for their success in the remaining college year.

MAY MUENZENMAYER.

IOTA—UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

With a large proportion of our chapter just recovering from sieges of illness we feel indeed that "sprig bath cub." Two have just returned today from the hospital. Florence Huber, our president, is recuperating from a serious operation, Malvin McKenna, from an operation for appendicitis. Julia Darrow is still in the hospital but we hope to have her with us again.

Today the doors and windows of the Delta Zeta house are wide open. Groups of hikers in boots and knickers are waving good-bye to us, the more studiously inclined, sitting in the porch swings. Here Helen Had-dock is composing her masterpiece on the "Needs of Secondary Education." Here Helen Longworthy is dramatizing "to be or not to be." That is what it sounds like. She tells me it is her lines in *Pillars of Society*, the next University Theater production.

An interesting event of the campus has been the Sorority *Hawkeye* Contest which closed last night. The members of all sororities have been canvassing for orders for the *Hawkeye*, our annual. The winners of first, second, and third places are to be awarded silver loving-cups. Delta Zeta has been high up in the ranks. We are eagerly waiting for the morning's *Iowans* announcing the results.

However, we have now only one large consuming interest. In the parlor, at the table, in the study, wherever you are, the question is: "What are you wearing Saturday night?" or "How many have you traded?" In short, it is the Delta Zeta formal dinner-dance of next Saturday, February 25. The programs are wooden shields with the crest of Delta Zeta in raised bronze on the front. With the ballroom transformed into a rose garden, the lovely party gowns, the music and all, it promises to be a great gala day for Delta Zeta.

We are having as guests a member of each sorority on the campus. How we wish it might be possible to have you all as guests. Perhaps

some day—it's only a dream—but perhaps we may have a great national Delta Zeta formal. Wouldn't it be wonderful?

MILDRED FREBURG.

KAPPA—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Just one week ago, after several merry days of mock initiation, Kappa added the names of ten splendid girls to her chapter roll: Sara Lewis, Dorothy James, Lillian Washington, Marion Manley, Madeline Bayley, Norine Nelson, Elizabeth Brooks, Irma Beager and Laura Beager. Irma and Laura Beager have been pledged since the last letter to THE LAMP. Irma is a senior and a member of Tolo, a coveted honor. Laura is a freshman who, we feel sure, will accomplish great things for Delta Zeta. We are glad to have Harriet Crowder, Marjorie James, Clara Penburthy, and Florence Robinson back with us for initiation.

On February 4, our alumnæ gave a delightful tea at the home of Frances Skagerlind Elliott. It was very informal and we all were glad to spend an afternoon with our alumnæ.

On the evening of February 4 was the Junior Prom, one of the three big university dances of the year. This year it was held at the Masonic temple and was called "The Bazarre Ball." The hall looked like a great ultra-modern drawing-room with its piano lamps, davenports, and draperies. Erti panels lined the walls and every detail was strictly futuristic, even to the bobbed-haired freshman girls who served. About three hundred couples attended the dance and it was agreed, generally, that the "Bazarre Ball" was unusually successful. A considerable part of the success was due to Vera Boyer, one of our girls who was very active on the Prom committee.

We had our annual Mothers' dinner February 1. About thirty of the mothers came. Our mothers are all enthusiastic workers for Delta Zeta. We are planning a Fathers' dinner soon.

A short time ago Esther Nelson surprised us by running around the table and showing us a wonderful diamond ring. She is engaged to Archie McMellan. Just recently Dorothy Taft, a Delta Zeta alumna, was married to William Watson, a Theta Xi.

Our Women's League gave us a musical treat that was very memorable, when Alma Glück and Efrem Zimbalist were presented in concert. Alma Glück sang the familiar ballads that have made her famous and responded to her encores with a graciousness that was charming. Efrem Zimbalist displayed clearly his marvelous skill in such numbers as *Vieuxtemps' Concerto*. The ability of each artist was shown in the last number when they both offered Massenet's *Elegie*.

Delta Zeta, with Alpha Omicron Pi and Alpha Chi Omega, entertained Pi Sigma Gamma, a new sorority, at tea.

Sigma Iota chapter of Kappa Delta will be installed on our campus, February 16 and 17. This will complete the list of nationally recognized sorority houses here.

With best wishes to all the other chapters,

ANITA GRAYBILL.

LAMBDA—KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Since the last letter written in the first few weeks of college succeeding the strenuous days of rushing, Lambda of Delta Zeta has made real progress both in the class room and outside. Since the fall pledging three more girls are wearing the badge of pledgship: Grace Samson, Margaret Watson, and Mary Jemsen.

In social affairs the season has been marked by two parties, one given in November by the seniors in honor of the freshmen, and the other given in January by the freshmen. Both were held at the chapter-house. The affair given by the senior members was a masque party, each girl being attired in a white clown suit decorated with black dots. Clever favors and peppy music contributed to make this affair one of the most novel at which Delta Zetas have been hostesses. The party given by the freshmen was staged in Greenland—supposedly, and so perfectly in keeping were the decorations that the guests had no trouble in imagining themselves in that icy realm. The windows were covered with cotton and artificial snow, and glass icicles hung from the snow-covered floor lamp. The refreshments of ice cream and cocoanut cakes cleverly carried out the idea of the party.

On the "Hill," as all Aggie girls know the campus, Lambda girls have been making consistent progress. Two members, Ila Knight and Elizabeth Dickens, were members of the committee of twelve representative students appointed in charge of the first community Christmas tree ever had at K. S. A. C., as well as the accompanying drive for the student friendship fund.

Maud Powell, Marguerite Young, Kate Hassler, and Lois Edgerton, members of the student chorus, took part in the presentation of *Messiah* just before Christmas. Renna Rosenthal, who is a member of the Star degree of Purple Masque, played the leading part in *Clarence*, the fall production of the Purple Masque dramatic fraternity. Delta Zeta also placed her candidate, Elizabeth Dickens, in the popularity contest conducted by the management of the *Royal Purple*, the college annual. Delta Zeta has never failed to place her candidate in this contest.

Not only as individuals but as a group have Lambda girls accomplished things during the past semester. This is well illustrated by the fact that the silver loving-cup offered to the college organization selling the most college annuals was won by Delta Zeta.

ELIZABETH DICKINS.

NU—LOMBARD COLLEGE

PLEDGES

Opal Bradfield
Frances Daniels
Pauline Edgar

Ludella Malcolm
Stella Philips
Mazel Egan

It seems as though it were only yesterday that I wrote a chapter letter and yet it seems ages between each issue of *THE LAMP*.

Nothing very exciting has happened to Nu chapter, with the exception of one or two engagements. After Christmas vacation Wanda Tapp came back wearing a Phi Delt pin and Eula Hoyt had a beautiful diamond ring. So you see that the future of two of the four Delta Zeta seniors is already settled.

Stella Philips, one of our freshmen, has had to leave college for the rest of the year, but we are all living in hopes that she will be with us again this next year.

Delta Zeta is very proud of the fact that she is the only fraternity on the campus not to have any E's and only one D, which is a very good grade when you consider the worth of the grade, as that one particular instructor is a very strict marker.

February 11, Dean and Mrs. Poor very cleverly entertained the Delta Zeta members at a Valentine's party. We always look forward to their parties which are usually so unique; we were not disappointed this time.

Tonight we had a sandwich shuffle, which the pledges served very attractively. After that the pledges entertained us, showing very plainly that Delta Zeta is the best of all the fraternities. Wanda had always said that anyone so foolish as to wear a fraternity pin while in college, should have a proper initiation. It so happened that she was the first to wear one after making the statement, so her wishes were carried out. If you want any particulars just write to her.

HELEN TAYLOR.

XI—UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI

Exams are over at last and Xi chapter is drawing a deep breath of relief. Official reports have not yet been turned in, but we feel sure that almost all the pledges "made" their grades for initiation. The standard has been raised here at the University of Cincinnati, and the life of a freshman is a more serious and difficult affair than it used to be. But even with this difficulty, our pledges have done very well and have worked hard to make their grades.

By the way, we have pledged two splendid new girls since I last wrote you. One is Marjorie Diehle, clever and full of fun, and the other is Ruth Evers, whom we all love because she is so sweet and dear.

We are going to hold our initiation at the Hotel Gibson next Saturday. Initiation is always a splendid inspiration to all of us and we look forward

to it with as much reverence and pleasure as the freshmen. We expect to initiate at least seven girls—add seven more loyal hearts to Delta Zeta.

This is going to have to be a short letter because recently we have been too engrossed with studies to do much else and our outside activities have been few.

With love to our Delta Zeta sisters everywhere.

DOROTHY R. ALLEN.

OMICRON—UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

PLEDGES

Florence Raeber
Elizabeth Seville

Magdaline Austen
Dorothy Naumaun

Rushing season this year did not begin until the second semester and lasted for two weeks. The alumnae gave a "Jack Frost" party at the house for the "rushees" and needless to say, it was a great success. The active chapter certainly appreciates the coöperation and help given them at all times and especially during rushing season by the alumnae chapter. The rose dinner and dance, which capped the climax to a successful rushing season, resulted in the pledging of four fine girls.

Magdaline Austen is Betty's sister and played forward on the freshman girl's basketball team.

Dorothy Naumaun is on the *Pitt Weekly* staff.

Elizabeth Seville is a member of the Spanish Club and French Club and also is doing social service work at the Kingsley House.

Omicron is very proud of her pledges. The active girls have also been prominent in activities.

"Zib" Askin, our president, is treasurer of Y. W. C. A.

Sue Rush is treasurer of the W. S. G. A. Board.

Eleanor Parker is a charter member of the history fraternity, Phi Alpha Theta, and is also secretary of the Spanish Club.

Edythe Wood is president of the Spanish Club.

Gladys Hartley and Ruth Shaw are members of Gamma Epsilon Pi, the honorary economics fraternity.

Betty Austen and Mid Lockwood are members of Quax Club, an honorary science organization.

A dance in honor of the pledges was given at the house March 31.

At present most of the girls are preparing for fraternity exams and the seniors are busy with their papers.

Omicron sends its best wishes to all Delta Zetas.

MILDRED LOCKWOOD.

PI—EUREKA COLLEGE

PLEDGES

Mary Shields
Margaret Truitt
Frances Robeson
Helen Marshall

Caroline Newson
Goldie Hill
Eleanor Witsaman
Helen Olson

Pauline Rithmiller

I feel as if I wanted to make a long list of the things that I had to say so that I wouldn't forget any of them. But I guess that I will try to tell you things in their chronological order and all will be well. That sounds as if I were going to write a history, doesn't it? Well, it is the history of a busy bunch of girls.

Since you have never heard what we did for our rushing party, as we were limited to only one party this year by our local Panhellenic, I want to tell you just a wee bit about it.

We had the loveliest dinner at the Hotel Jefferson in Peoria. I believe that that hotel made one of their rooms just for Delta Zetas for it had beautiful old rose hangings, just the color that we use to decorate our tables. Pretty little pink buds looked their prettiest on each table to make us happy and the candles shone the brightest that candles have ever shown. After a short program given by our girls we had a theatre party.

A short while before Christmas Mildred Kesler invited all of the Delta Zetas to a party at her home and at this time she showed us pretty guest towels, silk comforters, big fluffy bath towels, luncheon cloths, etc. Of course we knew just as well as you that all of those things were there for a very definite purpose and it wasn't long until all of the Delta Zetas were again going to Kesler's home to see Mildred Kesler become Mrs. Rollin Nixon.

At this same house we also had a party for our nine good little pledges; little, I say, but some of them are bigger than we are; but they are truly good—almost too good to be true—but I may have to change this statement after next Saturday night for they are going to give us a party.

Mrs. Jones, our Big Sister, has been living up to her name to the utmost for we have enjoyed several evenings around her fireplace popping corn and having her tell us our really-truly fortunes. You just can't help believing that these fortunes are true for she sometimes delves into our past history, which she couldn't do if she were not a real magician.

And who do you suppose is the very latest addition to the Pi of Delta Zeta? Merle Barber, Junior. Velma Loveless Barber, one of our girls who was married last year, announced the birth of a nine-pound boy on January 25. We are real proud of our little brother.

To the Delta Zetas at Lombard we send our sincerest thanks for Mary Jane Ellis whom we are sure they miss while we are enjoying her little visits every now and then. We feel as if we know you Delta Zetas better because of Mary Jane, whom we love just as all sisters should love.

Edith Rose Cook has come back this semester to finish her college work. We missed her just heaps while she was gone but we appreciate her more now that we have her back.

Pi announces the engagement of Camilla Darnell to Joe Stephens, and Esther Culp to Orville Litchfield.

As I told you in our last letter we have no house but if I told you how often we had meetings at the Felter home and the parties that we are forever having here you would begin to wonder, I fear, if in truth the Felter home wasn't really the Delta Zeta house. We call it that in fun but it is the home for all Delta Zeta girls and I am sure if any of you came here you would find the latch-string out for you too. I am afraid that some of you have wondered long before this what kind of a chatter-box I am; in truth I am one, but for fear you might think that all the Delta Zetas of Pi are also that, I will say good-bye.

RUBY PAINTER.

RHO—UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

PLEDGES

Lucille de Nio	Ethel Schuyler
Maybelle Gass	Marjorie Sheppard
Dorothy Layton	Ruth Smith
Lorene Sallé	Clara Thomas

Pauline Schrader

Very little of note has happened since my last letter, except the charming luncheon given us by our pledges on February 11, at the home of Maybelle Gass. A large basement room, decorated with hearts galore, held a long table. Red carnations, more hearts, tiny red candles in crystal holders, and red heart-shaped menus made a vivid contrast to the white cloth. We were informed by the menus that many good things were in store for us. "Mangled murphies" was not hard for even the dullest of us to recognize; but to translate "spice of life in canoe with paddles" and realize that it was salad and wafers took more time. At any rate, the pledges proved excellent cooks and attentive waitresses. After the luncheon they drove us to one of the theaters, where we made an inposing picture in the boxes.

Another event of importance was the initiation February 18. Some of the pledges have been so unfortunate as to come below the required average of 85, so they will wait until mid-semester grades are out.

We are beginning already to think of the promised Convention and to lay our plans for attendance.

Marjory Sheppard, one of our pledges, who has been ill since the middle of December, is back in college this semester, to our great joy.

FLORENCE FRY.

SIGMA—LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

This past term has been composed of initiation and organization for everyone, but, to us, the most important event has been the pledging of six adorable freshmen. Freshies, make your bow to your new sisters! Nevada Stokes, Carolyn Gordon, Willie May Frey, Berta Holland, Marie Louise Berret, and Sarah Maxie Simmons are their names. Nevada is a blondy blonde, noted for her prettiness and popularity. Carolyn has bright brown eyes and the jolliest disposition in the world. Willie Mae goes flying through the stiffest of courses with an average way above the heads of us ordinary mortals. As you can see by her name, Marie Louise is Tres Frenchy, will all of the vivacity and impulsiveness of that race. Berta is the best pal in the world, always full of pep and fun. Curly-headed Sarah Maxie hails from dear old Alabam'! With such a versatile bunch of pledges, it is no wonder that Sigma is proud!

"Activities" seems to be the by-word of our girls just now, because they are taking an active part in everything on the campus.

Sigma shines on the athletic field. Margaret Gladney and Effie Mae DeWitt have been given "Ls" by the Women's Athletic Association. This makes three Delta Zetas who have won a letter, Eleanor Ott having won hers last year.

Berta Mae Kelley, Thelma Hopper, Estelle McClendon, Carolyn Gordon, Jessie Alice Johnson, and Belle Atkins have been taken into W. A. A.

Margaret Gladney, Effie Mae DeWitt, Grace Sheets, Lottie Weiland, and Eleanor Ott are charter members of the Hikers' Club.

Effie Mae and Margaret were among the five girls who hiked from Baton Rouge to New Orleans, a distance of one hundred twenty miles, during the Christmas holidays. Let's give fifteen big "Rahs" for our athletic sisters.

Grace Sheets is on the staff of the *Reville*, our weekly publication, and she is also a member of the Theta Sigma Phi, the women's journalistic fraternity.

Jessie Alice Johnson has been initiated into Mu Sigma Rho, honorary historical fraternity. She was also elected president of the sophomore girls.

Delta Gamma Delta, the local intersorority, has initiated Sylvia Campbell, Aline Hamiter, and Eleanor Ott. These three girls can now sympathize with the actor playing *Hamlet*, because the ammunition of the sorority was eggs. Sylvia says that she can't look a hen in the face, yet. Aline, however, complained of the extreme coldness of the water of the University Lake, into which they were plunged head foremost.

Dear, dear, but it's a rocky road to Greece!

One of the cleverest stunts at the entertainment given by W. A. A., between the basketball games was *The Unloved One*, an original musical comedy directed by Thelma Hopper. The leading rôles were played by Sylvia Campbell, Jessie Alice Johnson, Estelle McClendon, and Agnes

Laudry. Jessie Alice's interpretation of the part of "The Unloved One" was worthy of a Mack Sennett comedy, to say the least.

We are looking forward with great anticipation to having with us Phyllis Langstaff, from Zeta, who will enter school here at the beginning of the second term.

Love and best wishes for the other chapters.

ELEANOR OTT.

TAU—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

PLEDGES

Nona Blum	Marjorie Adams
Louise Burd	Adelaide Wilke
Elizabeth Briggs	Violet Sharratt
Elizabeth Kerr	Virginia Stone
Helen Pratt	Marie Struve
Hazel Young	Lorraine Kreatz

We have just finished the period of final examinations and started a new semester. Exams are quite hard, but then we realize that they are necessary. We were all urged on to harder work by the fact that last semester Delta Zeta ranked first in scholarship among the sororities, on the campus.

For many of us this is our last semester, and we are going to make it just as happy and prosperous a one as possible. We have already lost two seniors, Irene Gardner and Lillian Frazee, who completed their work the first semester. We feel a great loss in Lillian's going, for she is our president. Our new president, Lois Duffin, will carry on her work just as successfully we all know.

We are planning initiation in just two weeks, and the pledges are enjoying the thrills that precede initiation.

Madison is in the midst of its winter season with ice-boating and skating. I wish all of you had the advantage we have, for the lake is at our back door ready for use at any time. Just watching the ice boats and skaters skim over the ice is as big a pleasure as being on the ice.

We are fortunate this year in having so many Delta Zeta alumnae in Madison. We have Helen Pouder and Thelma Jones, two of our own graduates; Edith Wray, from Delta Chapter, who is instructing in the English department here; Mrs. L. P. Whitehead, of Lambda chapter, who is a junior in the university, and Mrs. Ivory, from Sigma chapter, who is living in Madison. With all these besides Mrs. Heddin, who has helped us all during Tau's career, we feel that we are greatly blessed.

Two engagements have been announced at the house this year—the first of Helen Keith, a graduate of last June, to Albert Meinert, and the other of an active chapter member, Marion Barber, to Karl Reynolds.

We have had many good times together this year, and we are looking forward to many more before June. Our social chairman is planning

a dance for the end of this month and several more after it. We are having some parties next week as we are rushing again, and our rushing functions are always lovely parties.

Next Sunday evening our entire chapter of actives, and pledges, alumnae, and our patronesses, gather at the house for a buffet supper, as is our custom for at least one Sunday evening a month so that our entire family can have a "get-together."

Tau sends greetings to Delta Zetas everywhere.

The following letter from Tau came too late for the last issue so we will use it now.—EDITOR.

The time for sending in to THE LAMP news of Tau chapter finds us again in the midst of exams—this time midsemesters. We have only two weeks more until spring vacation, when most of the girls are going home. A few of the girls are going to remain in Madison—most of them being seniors who must work on their theses. We shall know better after vacation just how well they carried out their intentions, for it is difficult to work when others are away having a good time. If Spring comes, as it promises to do, the outdoors and the lake will be too great a temptation, I am afraid.

We are proud that our chapter roll has been increased by eight new initiated members who are proudly wearing their Lamps. The pledge roll has grown as well by the pledging of six very dear girls. Three of our new pledges are from Chicago, one from Milwaukee, one from Madison, and one from Sioux Ste. Marie, Mich. They are busy getting into campus activities, and several have already joined organizations. Annette Mayhew, a freshman, made Dolphin, a swimming club, and freshman squad in basketball; Inez Brayton made Pythia Literary Society; and Helen Zielsdorf is a member of French Club. Some of our older girls have reaped honors for us this semester also. Olga Anderson became a member of Orchesus, the honorary dancing organization. She and Helen Pratt are on the junior basketball team. Many are the meals they miss because of training rules. From all appearances the junior team will be champions this year.

We are busy getting ready for Varsity Jamboree, April 1. We have entered a stunt in the contest for a silver cup. Our little act is "The Futuristic Music Shop," which is a pantomime. In the music shop of the future the music is shown instead of being played. The various pieces of sheet music are represented by girls in costume. It is quite a peppy stunt, and we are hoping that we will bear the silver cup home to go with our other new cup. But, there! I almost forgot to tell you about it. In the intersorority relay race, which is a feature of the track meet, we won a prize—a silver cup. Of course we did not win it for our own merits, but it was won for us by four university runners. We entertained the runners at dinner one evening. So you see we really need the Jamboree cup to keep the other company.

We were delightfully surprised the other day by receiving an announcement of the marriage of a graduate of last June, Esther Ashbrook, who was married March 18 to William Dice. Esther is going to live in Chicago.

Mrs. Edward Loughlin, formerly Mildred Chichester, is living in St. Louis, where her husband is teaching.

Annette Walker, another graduate of last June, is now dietitian at the United States Veterans' Hospital at Kansas City, Mo.

We are having a carnival dance this week-end to which I wish you could all come. It is a carnival party with confetti and serpentine at Thompson's Studio.

Best wishes from Tau chapter to all Delta Zetas.

EVELYN L. HORTON.

UPSILON—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

We have just recovered from our semester exams and feel fine after a few days of vacation. We are ready to take hold of our new work with greater vigor than ever before.

Since our last letter we have pledged four splendid girls: Kathleen Ures, Bessie Johnston, Alice Lindberg, and Beulah Kinser. Alice is in the Glee Club, Oratoria Society, and a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. Beulah is a member of the "Sketchers," the North Dakota letter girls' club, captain of the sophomore basketball team, and student manager of W. A. A. She will be a junior this semester.

After the Christmas holidays the chapter gave the second of a series of open houses for the men's fraternities, which proved to be a great success.

Women's athletics has risen to great importance at the University of North Dakota this last year. Under the new management we have sports in which course we have about twelve of our girls. In the class tournament of basketball, now being held, we are represented by Adah Jorandby, captain of the senior team; Clara Mygaard, Ruth Transgrud, and Helen Stegenga, junior team; and Beaulah Kinser, captain of the sophomore team.

We are all looking forward to Founders' Day of February 22 as we hope to see several of our *alumnæ*. Another important feature at that time is our annual "Carney Song Contest." Each class has four original songs that they sing, together with our *Alma Mater*. Of course we all expect to be the class which wins the fifty dollars.

RUTH TRANSGRUD.

PHI—STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON

PLEDGES

Frances Helmn

Adelaide Begg

Katherine Hessey

Ruth Hendrickson

Gladys Bersch

Helen Richard

Elizabeth Peterson

This letter is a little late but I wanted to wait until bid day was over to tell you about our new pledges. Usually there is not much excitement over second semester rushing. As a result of our efforts we pledged seven splendid girls.

We received the January issue of *THE LAMP* the other day and we all enjoyed it very much. It seemed so good to hear what the other chapters are doing and I am sure that it spurred each of us on to more and better work for Delta Zeta on this campus.

Just after vacation we gave our informal. The girls living on the coast gathered ferns and greens of all kinds and brought them back—Rustic fences around the sides of the hall covered with the greens gave a very pleasing and effective scheme of decoration.

Just before examinations the pledges entertained us with a very pretty dance in the chapter-house. They also made a present to the house of a mahogany pedestal, a jardinière and a fern.

We are so proud of our baseball team: in the intergroup games which were finished last week Delta Zeta came out with first honors among the women's fraternities. A great deal of the credit for this goes to our pitcher, Thelma Shafer. We also have three girls on the class teams, which were just announced today.

Best wishes to all Delta Zetas,

IRENE GRIEVE.

CHI—OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

PLEDGES

Sara Vance
Ruth Slottee

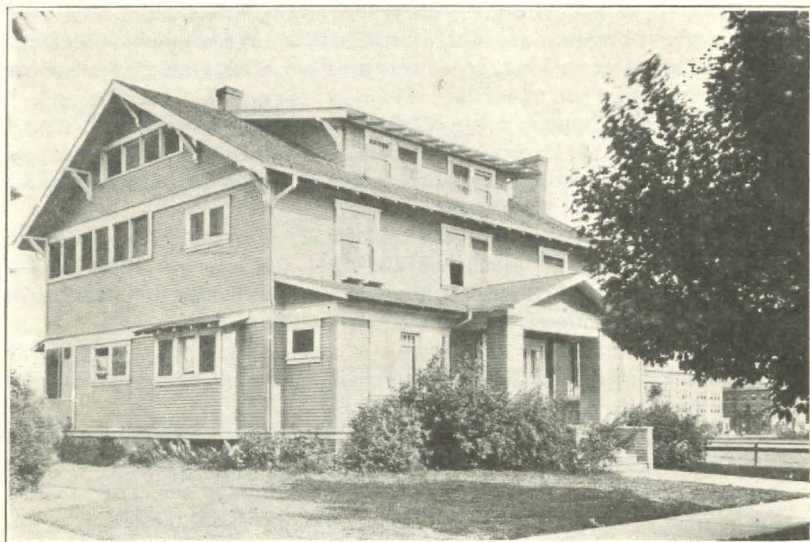
Irene Bess
Ann Nelson

Since our last letter to *THE LAMP* all but a few unfortunate Chis enjoyed a holiday season at home. Needless to say, those of us who spent the holidays in Corvallis were more than glad to welcome our family home on January 5.

Of course, we were exceedingly busy the first week of school with registration and rushing. Then, the second week-end in January we had our formal dance—a virtual woodland scene with large numbers of fragrant Oregon fir in pleasing contrast to the brilliant hues and fay-like airiness of dancing frocks. The party included, in addition to Chi chapter, Delta Zetas from Kappa, Omega, Mu, and Zeta.

January 14 brought to Corvallis large numbers of Delta Upsilon, who came to install the local chapter of Gamma Tau Beta. This event is of interest especially to the Greek-letter men and women of O. A. C. for we recognize the high standing of Delta Upsilon nationally and consider its entrance to our campus a distinct asset.

Just recently our local chapter has been honored through the election of one of our freshmen, Hazel Smith, to Mask and Dagger, the college



CHI CHAPTER HOUSE, CORVALLIS, OREGON

dramatic club. Alice Feike has also been pledged to the Scribe, a journalistic fraternity.

Mid-terms came upon us before we realized that the term was well started, but our greatest concern at present is the problem of curbing an epidemic of sickness which has gained a strong foothold upon the campus.

Best wishes for a successful year to all chapters of Delta Zeta.

ALICE KOMM.

PSI—FRANKLIN COLLEGE

Psi chapter gave the announcement party for our alumnae chapter, Rho, which has been recently installed here at Franklin. We entertained all the fraternity women of the town. And our Grand President, Miss Rennie Sebring-Smith, and the chapter Big Sister, Miss Florence Drury, were our special guests.

The girls at the dormitory have just elected the officers for this semester. We were very glad to have Myrtle White, one of our seniors and Y. W. C. A. president, to be elected president. Florence Rolf was elected vice-president, and we have the representative of the freshman class on the council.

Several of our girls are in the Glee Club and W. A. A. and each of the class basketball teams is represented by at least one of our girls.

We are now planning and looking forward for our annual state luncheon and dance which will be given at Indianapolis in April.

We are making arrangements for the initiation of our ten pledges who are very anxious to wear the Delta Zeta pin and to be active members in the Fraternity.

SABRA CATHER.

OMEGA—UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

PLEDGES

Rose Kilkenny	Gertrude Bartlett
Frances Faust	Dolores Catleau
Maude Graham	Beulah Wright
Florence McCoy	Myrtle Rice
Frederika Travis	

The term is fast drawing to a close, and Omega girls are studying in real earnest for final examinations. We can certainly look back over a "most awfully" successful and enjoyable term.

We have nine wonderful pledges, of whom we certainly are proud. On January 15 we initiated ten girls. Our new Delta Zetas are: Dorcas Conklin, Mary Search, Agnes Christie, Jean Perry, Vivian Merrifield, Louise Lienenweber, Eunice Zimmerman, and Gertrude Andrea. We had our initiation banquet to welcome the new members on the night of the initiation.

One thing has prevented the complete happiness of all our girls this term, and that was the illness of our president, Nadine Stevens, which necessitated her returning home. However, Nadine is coming back next term, and all of us are looking forward to her return, though Leona Gregory, our vice-president, has certainly filled her place well.

Omega felt the deepest sorrow in the death of Jessie Gamble, one of her dearest girls. Jessie is lovingly remembered by her many friends, both in the house and on the campus.

Delta Zeta is well represented on the university campus this year. Perhaps you would like to hear something of what we are doing. Ruth Lane, one of our seniors, is on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and Agnes Christie on the finance committee. Ruth is travelling through the West on a Chautauqua trip, which begins this April.

Leona "Bob" Gregory, and Belle Chatburne represent Delta Zeta on the Glee Club, and "Bob" is warden of Mu Phi. Eunice Zimmerman is president of the Sculpture Club.

When the Utaxian Literary Society announced its new members, three of them were Delta Zetas. The girls were Leona Gregory, La Velle Barger, and Gertrude Andrea.

Everyone has gone enthusiastically into athletics, and we have turned out basketball and swimming teams. Now we are all beginning to look forward to the baseball season.

We surely do miss our alumnæ. Alys Sutton, National Parliamentarian for Delta Zeta, graduated last year. On December 28, she was married

to Lyle McCrosky. Alys will take up the practice of law with her husband after she finishes her present teaching contract.

Leona is music supervisor in the schools of Ashland, Ore., and Mildred Dodds is teaching in Albany, Ore.

None of us has quite recovered from the thrill of our formal dance at the Osborne Hotel, which was given February 21. Everyone had a jolly time and it surely was a wonderful success.

Omega has also entertained this term with a brother dinner, a dinner for the girls' mothers, and a faculty supper.

We are now planning for the "stunt" which our chapter has been asked to put on for April Frolic.

Omega extends best wishes for the success and happiness of Delta Zeta.

GERTRUDE H. HOOK.

ALPHA ALPHA—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

PLEDGES

Katherine Butterfield
Grace Cook
Grace Lynch

Mary Myers
Mabel Schmitz
Mildred Wiltrout

Vivienne Morin

A snow storm on the thirty-first of March! That is the first thing that came into my mind as I took up my pen to write. Everything is beautifully white with the soft snow all around, but we cannot help but long for springtime, when April is almost upon us and since we have so carefully purchased our new spring coats and suits and have not yet been able to wear them. However, we will continue to hope for balmy days of sunshine in the future.

Since our last letter to THE LAMP very little has happened here. We have been enjoying our "cosies" and having many other good times among ourselves, besides making plans for several events that have not yet taken place. However, I must say a few words about our rose dinner-dance. It was a formal affair and was certainly a wonderful success. We had, as guests, one representative from every sorority on the campus. Our dinner was excellent and the tables were decorated attractively. In the center of each table was a large basket made of rose and green crêpe paper with a ribbon bow tied on the handle, and over the table were scattered rose petals. Each person received a tiny, individual rose basket, filled with nuts and candy. The dance hall was alluring, with eight or ten baskets of roses around, and with lattice work entwined with roses, placed against the walls. On the stage, at one end of the hall, was a beautiful rose arbor. Our programs were white leather with the Delta Zeta crest in gold. We had a wonderful time at the dance and feel that its success was due especially to the patient work and diligent efforts of Lillian Widmayer and Mrs. Jones.

Another thing that pleases us a great deal and that we are immensely proud of, is that two of our seniors, Grace Hodley and Marion Dittman, have been announced as winners of fellowships for work in the university next year. Grace was awarded her fellowship in history, and Marion in classical languages. Besides being proud of the honor these girls have brought to us we are especially glad that they will be with us for another year.

In just a little more than a week we will be leaving for home for our Easter vacation. Everyone of us is eagerly looking forward to those few days of recreation from study. For the weeks after Easter until the close of school we have planned many activities and enjoyments. I hope to be able to tell you all about them in my next letter.

Alpha Alpha sends love and sincerest wishes to every Delta Zeta everywhere.

AURA SPLINTER.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We wish to announce that three of the six Phi Beta Kappas announced at Northwestern a few months ago were Delta Zetas: Grace Hoadley, Marian Dittman, and Aura Splinter. Congratulations, girls. We are justly proud of you.

ALPHA BETA—UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

PLEDGES

Margaret Hoefflin
Bernice Patterson
Anna Bess Collier
June Hanselman
Ferne Sparks
Marie Crouch
Ethel Mortenson
Marvel Jones

Florence Frier
Elizabeth Corsa
Elizabeth Bacon
Norma Sparks
Georgia Tapscott
Isabelle Houston
Erdys Carmichael
Helen Zick

At last those terrible things called exams are over and a new semester has begun. We've all made such good resolutions, but alas! I fear many of them will not survive. We will not be able to find out our fraternity average until next month but we're hoping for the best.

Oh yes! I must tell you about our costume dance last month for we did have so much fun. All sorts of people from clown and ballet girls to Martha and George Washington were there, and clever, indeed, were some of the costumes. So clever were they that some of us failed to recognize our own Delta Zeta sisters. Ethel Schierbaum and Bernice Patterson were back for the dance.

We are expecting a number of our old girls back for our formal dinner-dance, March 25, which will be held at the Country Club. It is to be a rose dance and we are all looking forward to heaps of fun. As one of our girls remarked, "We always have so much more fun at our Delta Zeta dances than at any other dances, Junior Prom, Military Ball, and Senior Ball included."

Ten of our pledges are eagerly looking forward to wearing the Delta Zeta pin by the end of this month. Just now the pledges are quite busy writing songs for Delta Zeta. Our chapter requires all pledges to write a Delta Zeta song before initiation, and a silver Delta Zeta bar pin is given to the girl who writes the best one. We also give a gold Delta Zeta bar pin to the freshman pledge who took part in the most campus activities during the semester. We are very happy to announce Florence Frier, a sister pledge, as the winner of this pin.

Alpha Beta sends best wishes to all Delta Zeta chapters.

FLORENCE MARIE HARDING.

Exchanges

MADELINE BAIRD, *Exchange Editor*

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *Alpha Phi Quarterly*, *Alpha Xi Delta*, *Angelos* of Kappa Delta, *Kappa Alpha Theta*, *The Delta* of Sigma Nu, *The Record* of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, *The Star and Lamp* of Pi Kappa Phi, *The Laurel* of Phi Kappa Tau, *The Trident* of Delta Delta Delta, *Alpha Gamma Delta Quarterly*, and *Aglaia* of Phi Mu.

For Delta Zeta, as well as for many other sororities and fraternities, 1922 is a convention year—a year of stimulation, of interchange of ideas, of revivification and refreshment. If there is anyone, anywhere, doubting—questioning whether they should attend Convention—just read what Alpha Xi Delta, Kappa Alpha Theta, and others have to say on this subject.

In these national conventions, more strongly than in anything else, we grasp fully and clearly the broad, national scope of the fraternity, and from contact with other chapters and their problems and accomplishments, we are able to widen our own sphere of usefulness and success. The bigger the convention, the greater the number of representative members from each chapter who accompany the delegates, just so much greater the mutual benefits derived. We must make this convention bigger than any before.

That is the impression that the Twentieth Grand Chapter brought home to me: Brotherly love is not only a thing of college days, but increases and grows stronger through life.

When I left for Philadelphia, I expected to spend the three days of convention in legislation and debate, with perhaps a banquet or a smoker, and never realized that these things would be among the lesser things. If the Grand Chapter served no other purpose than to bring home the personal meaning of our ideals, it would still be necessary.

Convention gives you an opportunity to widen your horizon. Go to convention with the idea of learning and not with the idea of criticising. You have to dig for good things, but bad ones you can see easily, so it is no achievement to be able to go back from convention and mimic the peculiar manner, or the rather odd dress of some one from some other chapter, but it is real achievement to be able to find out what things there are about this unique person that make her a good Theta and an acceptable one, too.

Well, at convention you have an opportunity to meet and exchange ideas and plans not with girls from *just one* chapter, but with girls from MANY chapters. You see the kind of girls who make up our Pacific Coast chapters, hear what courses are popular in Ohio colleges, learn about social activities way down south, find out how girls manage a chapter-house where coal bills are as big as food bills, be surprised at the position of women students in some colleges where "coeds" are just tolerated.

Oh, there is no end to the things you'll learn, to the experiences and contacts that will broaden your outlook on life, that will give you more of the vision and sympathetic understanding that are an important part of education.

No one must fail to go to convention if there is any possible way she can get there. This time it isn't so far way. Many of you really could go. I'd so hoped there would be a large delegation from my chapter, both college girls and alumnae.

It isn't all learning and experience either. There is lots of just wholesome fun as well as a number of beautifully conducted social functions, and the sings together—Oh, but they make you tingle with fraternity spirit! I shall never forget when I, just finished with freshman year, went to convention (because father thought it would be a good experience for me) and heard three hundred girls singing Theta songs.

And the friendships that grow during those spreads late at night, or while waiting for some function to start. And the meeting with and playing with those fine older Thetas—some of them famous people in the world—just like you were all girls together. There isn't anything like it. When I came back for sophomore year, I was five times a better college woman and ten times more loyal to Theta than I'd have been without convention.

"Girls," said "Mother Betty," "when I was in the chapter twenty-one years ago, I went to the Theta convention as delegate for this chapter. That convention was a revelation to me—a revelation as to the possibilities of women working together, as to friendship possibilities between people of different ages, as to the differences and the likenesses in different colleges and in people from different sections of the country, as to the inspiration there is in gathering with the clan to work, to play, to sing.

"Ever since Betty junior put on our pledge pin last September, I have been saving and planning so that she and I might go together to convention this summer, so that early in her college life she might grasp the bigness of the fraternity, the significance of the power of college women united. I am going to meet at this convention some friends I haven't seen since that convention twenty-one years ago, going to make new friends, going to try to contribute a little from my experience to the plans for Theta's progress, and to fill my soul with the inspiration and gaiety of the convention spirit and ideals. This is what I think of the value of a Theta convention."

Here are some of the unique ways others have found to finance trips. Too late perhaps to use this time, but we should begin right now to plan ahead for 1924.

ONE WAY TO GET THERE

Alumnæ of the Cincinnati chapter, K K Γ, have offered a \$100 prize toward the convention expenses of the girl having the highest scholastic average for 1921-22. Alumnæ of X Δ Ω's University of Michigan chapter will pay traveling expenses to the 1922 convention of college member making highest grades for 1921-22.

The Cleveland Alumni Association of Phi Kappa Psi has a novel scheme of financing its delegates, which might be an inspiration to some of our own active and alumnæ chapters:

Cleveland is going to have a big delegation at the 1922 Grand Arch Council but the three alumni association delegates are going by the "pre-paid" route. It's this way: Every member who attends the weekly luncheons deposits one dime in the little savings bank and signs the weekly register. The average attendance has picked up wonderfully and continues to grow, not even the hot summer months failing to keep the men out of the competition. When the G. A. C. rolls around the treasurer will declare a dividend to the three brothers with the best attendance—meaning all expenses *paid in full* to the convention and, in addition, guaranteed election as delegates. There is more than enough in the treasury now to finance the expedition.—*The Shield* of Phi Kappa Psi.

Here is a good suggestion.

Δ Γ is requesting her alumnæ chapters to select their convention delegates to the 1922 convention from among *Anchora* subscribers, as she feels "delegates who are ignorant of the policies of Δ Γ are a detriment rather than an aid to the convention."

And if nothing else has stirred you, here is one last effort—a possibility that should not be overlooked.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

The occupants of the parlor car of the Limited were startled by the abrupt entrance of two masked bandits.

"T'row up yer hands," commanded the bigger of the two. "We're gonna rob all the gents and kiss all the gals."

"No, pardner," remonstrated the smaller one gallantly. "We'll rob the gents but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Mind your own business, young fellow," snapped a female passenger of uncertain age. "The big man is robbing this train."

Let's all be there, for as Kipling put it during the war—

It ain't your guns nor armament
Nor the funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

Let's take a peep over the back fence at the Interfraternity Conference.

ALL BROTHERS

Two hundred thirteen prominent fraternity men registered at the Interfraternity Conference. Some forty-five attended the editors' dinner. These men represented forty-seven collegiate fraternities and the Lord knows how many honorary and professional. In the meetings of the Conference they were all "brothers." Interfraternity reticence has entirely disappeared and each is ready to accept the other at full value. Why can not the chapters of the fraternities follow the example of their elders?

The Interfraternity Conference is pledged to an active campaign for a higher standard of scholarship at American colleges and universities. A large and important committee to be known as the Committee on Conduct and Co-operation in the Colleges has been appointed under the chairmanship of Dean Thomas Arkle Clark, educational adviser to the Conference.

BOUQUETS

Don Almy, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and chairman of the recent Conference, paid to Thomas Arkle Clark, Alpha Tau Omega, the highest compliment ever paid one fraternity man by another when he said before the whole body that Dean Clark, in his estimation, was the greatest fraternity man in the United States.

More than forty of the fraternity magazine editors were present at the Interfraternity Conference. After the close of the regular business of the Conference, these editors held a meeting and informal discussion of their various problems. The talk shifted from one subject to another with confusing rapidity. Don Almy, of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, expressed surprise at the number of students who read editorials; deplored the habit of some chapters whose only disposition of fraternity magazines is to store the bundle unopened in a comfortable corner of the cellar; and he made a plea for the use of more short, snappy editorials on live topics. Herbert W. Congdon, Delta Upsilon, was in agreement with him, and added that he thought editorials were the only things which students read more than the chapter letters. He told of the desire he had found among college presidents to have the journals of all fraternities sent to them, for "those publications

furnish them with the only means they have of getting the undergraduate's real viewpoint. . . ." That well-known humorist and good fellow, Frank Rogers, the secretary, editor, central office manager, and all else of Delta Tau Delta, told of the system used in Delta Tau Delta: A quiz is given by the alumnus adviser of each chapter on the contents of the latest number of the *Rainbow*. This follows by about two weeks the arrival of the magazine in the chapter-houses. The Deke system is to have the traveling secretary . . . act as booster for the magazines and give talks to the chapters with articles in the magazines as texts. Mr. Davis, of Phi Delta Theta—the same fraternity of which Will H. Hays, Conference orator and boss of the R. F. D.'s, is president—*warned the editors that they were being outdone by the ladies, that in completeness and excellency of exchange departments the sorority journals "had it" on their fraternity contemporaries.* Mr. Congdon, announcing Delta Upsilon's plan of collecting subscriptions by including them in a \$3.00 annual alumni tax, shifted the subject from magazines to general fraternity financial matters. The tax, he explained, included not only the subscription but various rights in the members' chapter-of-initiation, including the right to vote on practically everything but elections. He quoted figures to show how successful the plan is and how extremely valuable to the fraternity's treasury.

The international spirit has invaded the fraternity world. Delta Delta Delta, Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Xi Delta, and Pi Beta Phi have all organized their own groups for summer trips abroad. The plans as they appear are glowing.

Alpha Phi will celebrate her fiftieth anniversary in June at the mother chapter in Syracuse. One of the ways she is planning to commemorate the occasion is to raise the Endowment Fund to \$50,000—one thousand dollars for each year of the fifty years of existence. This fund had already reached \$30,000 in February.

Psychological tests were conducted by Chi Omega in all her chapters, and it was found that the members ranked well above the average. Chi Omega has for five years kept track of why her women leave college and these interesting records will be published in another year.

The following recommendation, made by Alpha Phi at N. P. C. was unanimously passed and met with the most decided approval by all officers of all fraternities:

"That chapters be discouraged in selling tickets or raising money on the campus for their own personal or national fraternity uses."

Most of the larger fraternities now have central offices.

Gamma Phi Beta pays salaries to all members of the Grand Council. She has three funds: scholarship, social service, and house loan fund.

WHY A COLLEGE FRATERNITY?

DR. D. C. GROVER

Dr. Grover was head of the Department of Psychology and Philosophy at Mt. Union College until he accepted the Vice-Presidency of Baldwin-Wallace College. He is a member of Phi Kappa Tau.

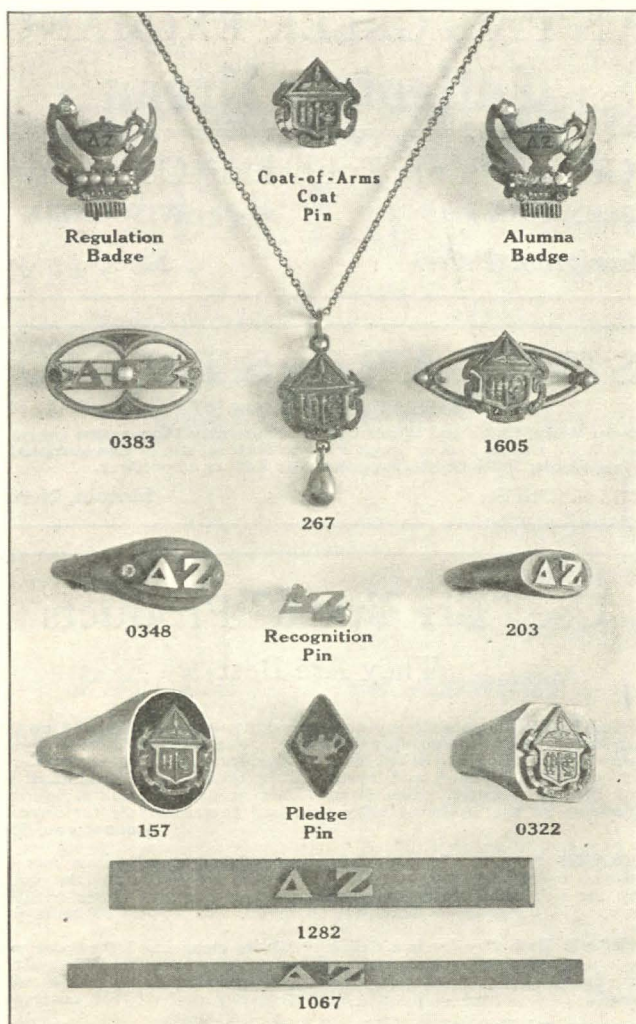
How shall we think of a fraternity in a college community? What ought we to expect of the fraternity upon a college campus? I am aware that there is more than one way to answer these questions. Some will wonder, and every one interested in the college ought to consider, Why a fraternity anyhow?

The fraternity can socialize the egoistic personality, help a weak personality to become strong and dependable, and the timid man to gain confidence.

The value of teamwork may be learned in college athletics, but no organization on the campus can teach the values of teamwork and co-operation on a plane so nearly like that of after-life as adequately as the fraternity. Fraternity men learn what every citizen should know, that the strength of the wolf is the pack and the strength of the pack is the wolf; and just so, the strength of the individual is the group and the strength of the group is the individual.

A fraternity that does not make each member a better man is absolutely failing to function. This also is true, the fraternity that does not make its college a better college is falling short of its true mark. The non-fraternity men should not be permitted to find in the fraternity a bunch of snobs, but rather an impressive demonstration of well poised, finely unified and thoroughly socialized personality functioning at its best for the whole community.

Finally, it must be stressed that the fraternity can do nothing without the individual member. The individual can find himself only in and through the group. Every fraternity man, therefore, owes something for what he gets. Every fraternity man who does not make his fraternity a better and more worth-while organization is himself failing. A man who learns how to be a good fraternity man in college has gone a long way toward learning how to be a valuable man in the wider organizations within the church, the nation, and the world.



A Few Delta Zeta Badges and Novelties

We wish to thank the officials of the Delta Zeta Fraternity and the Delegates to the recent Convention for our Appointment as the Sole Official Jeweler to the Fraternity. We feel honored by this appointment and will endeavor to be just as satisfactory in every way as we have been in the year in which we were on probation.

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