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THE ARROW

◀ JUNE ▶

1888.

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◀ TABLE OF CONTENTS. ▶

My Web—a poem.....	<i>Kate B. Reed</i> 99
Social Progress of Holland in Relation to its Art.....	<i>Mrs. S. F. Tyndale</i> 100-106
Ivanhoe—a review.....	107-114
Open Letters.....	115-118
Chapter Correspondence	110-130
Resolutions	131
Editorial	132-134
Personal	135-136

Address Literary Contributions to

BELLE T. HUDSON,

Iowa City, Iowa.

Exchanges and Open Letters to

ADDIE I. DICKEY,

Box 1613, Iowa City, Iowa.

Chapter Letters and Personals to

EVA ELLIOTT,

Iowa City, Iowa.

Business Communications to

MRS. HATTIE C. ROBINSON,

314 S. Clinton Street, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE ARROW.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

→*OF THE I. C. SOROSIS*←

PI BETA PHI.

VOL. IV, NO 3.

PUBLISHED AT IOWA CITY, IOWA.

JUNE, 1888.

THE ARROW

PUBLISHED AT IOWA CITY, IOWA, QUARTERLY,
DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.

TERMS.

\$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 26 CENTS.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF ARROW.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

BELLE T. HUDSON.....Iowa City, Iowa

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

ADDIE I. DICKEY.....Iowa City, Iowa

EVA ELLIOTT.....Iowa City, Iowa

BUSINESS MANAGER.

MRS. HATTIE C. ROBINSON, '84, S. U. I.....Iowa City, Iowa
314 S. Clinton Street.

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MY WEB.

Out of each day's occupation,
We weave a web.
What makes the surface uneven?
A broken thread.

It snapped off just as I uttered
A careless word,
Which rankled long in the bosom
Of one who heard.

I gathered the ends, and tied them
Into a knot.
A kiss, and the word was forgiven
But not forgot.

A darker shade, and I wonder
In what I fail.

It blackened as I repeated
A slanderous tale.

An open space where the filling
Is not worked in;
My sin of omission hastened
Another's sin.

A golden thread in the weaving
Shines brightly through,
Only an act of kindness,
We all can do.

A broader strip of the sunshine
Is woven here.

It brightened when I smoothed for another
Life's pathway drear.

So, out of each day's occupation,
A web we weave,
And only God's mercy can whiten
The stains we leave.

—Kate B. Reed.

THE SOCIAL PROGRESS OF HOLLAND IN RELATION
TO ITS ART.

BY MRS. S. F. TYNDALE, BROOKLINE, MASS.

The stamp which the nineteenth century puts upon all its work is the habit of looking at every art in its bearing upon life. The habit, in fact, of regarding all human activities as forming a continuous whole of organic power; looking at poetry, politics and religion as elements in the resultant comprehensive organism, which we call social life.

A great deal of superficiality, it is true, has been displayed by following the various movements of an era to an arbitrary issue, existing it may be, in the brain of the would-be-historian alone. But without some such method, history is a wilderness, in whose dark and intricate mazes the perplexed understanding searches in vain a clue.

What profound scholarship laboriously acquires in one generation, the next glibly and parrot-like, rehearses as a native possession. But human life is too short for universal knowledge, and we go on with our shallow generalizations, letting our interest in our work be our only apology.

May this be my excuse for hammering "one golden grain of wit into a sheet of infinite platitude."

In the progress of Europe we learn, that the intellectual leadership passed from one country to another, each, by its individual genius, modifying and moulding the thought of the whole continent. In the sixteenth century Spain and Italy impressed themselves in politics and art on northern

Europe: in the seventeenth century it was England and Holland: in the eighteenth France, and now, we are told, it is Germany who sets the tone in thought.

Man learns to know himself by looking at the past, so without the arrogance of pretending to sit in judgment upon the revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, I trust to prove myself justifiable in turning my attention at this late day to certain aspects of social progress in Holland as exhibited in its art.

Art is simply one way the human spirit has of uttering itself. And, as a reflection of natural life, must be regarded as subject to the same causes that determined the course of the history of the people. And painting, being more or less an imitative art, will be such an interpretation of life as will manifest the essential character of the period in which it is the *spontaneous* language. In which the impulse to paint is swift and strong, and the life presented in color or line, is vivid and dramatic.

Shelley acknowledged the resemblance between all the writers of any age, as a resemblance not depending upon their will. "They cannot escape," he says, "from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is, in a degree, the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded."

He illustrates by referring to the tragic poets of the age of Pericles: the Italian reviewers of ancient learning, the mighty intellects of the Elizabethan age, and adds: "This is an influence from which neither the meanest scribbler nor the sublimest genius of any era can escape and which I have not attempted to escape."

To understand, then, the works of the masters, they must not be regarded as mere isolated conceptions of individual minds. Neither are sensibility, imagination and a quick perception of form and color all that is necessary to the

appreciation of a work of art. We must be able to look through the artist's eyes upon the world surrounding him, before we can have a knowledge of his meaning or can comprehend his object. For the talent and task of the painter change with the habits and sentiments of the people.

Historians divide modern man into two groups, the Latin or Latinized people and the Germanic people—as representatives, each of a peculiar element in modern civilization. The former, showing a taste for a permanent order of things for unity and symmetry, and for beauty of form; the latter for inward relationships, preferring confusion to monotony, diversity to fixity, free inquiry to tradition.

This showed itself in the sphere of *politics*, by an exaggerated regard, in the former, for the authority of the empire and the sacrifice of the individual to the state; in *religion*, for the church of Rome with its senuous externalities; and in *art*, for classic traditions.

On the other hand the Germanic nations became the exponents of the Democratic principle; were protestants in religion, subordinating outward to inward worship; and in art, the right of individuality of interpretation and the inability to conceive of the past otherwise than in the garb of the present, stand forth as leading characteristics of the modern German.

These inherent tendencies and special faculties are illustrated with particular clearness in the Dutch of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I shall seek to emphasize one phase of it particularly—the art phase—showing how the craving for liberty affected the imaginative nature of man; touching but incidentally upon that enfranchisement of the intellect which was the chief work of the Renaissance, and that moral regeneration which has been the subject of so much learned discussion already.

Since Buckle wrote his brilliant "History of Civilization" it has become the fashion, in elucidating the growth and

achievements of a people, to grasp at the principles underlying its destinies.

Regarding the Dutch in this passive relation, we learn that there is no country in Europe in which the character of the territory has exercised so great an influence on the inhabitants, as in the Netherlands, and on the other hand, that no people has so extensively modified the condition of its territory as the Dutch.

We cannot here take time to consider Holland as an object of natural history. But let us take the period when the lordship of man began to be felt.

We find the land a prey to the great water-spirit. The rivers and the seas, tides, billows and inundations doing what they can to destroy the little spot now famous in history.

But man has come to stay; he recognizes his own, and at his command the waters know their bounds. Dykes are formed to prevent inundations, and behind the connected system of earthen ramparts, the country lies secure, while hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land have been recovered from the sea. Different industries arise corresponding to the varying character of the coast.

Trade, navigation and fisheries bring prosperity and along the countless streams which fret the interior, strips of fruitful verdure are called into life, which in turn, give birth to populous villages connected by a network of canals, offering these interior towns communication with one another and with the sea.

Inland lakes of great beauty abound in fish, and extensive beds of peat furnish an inexpensive fuel. The acquisition and cultivation of new lands make room for the growing population, a variety of industries afford facilities for earning subsistence, and the great number of large towns form congenial homes for men of all nationalities; Portugese and German Jews, Englishmen and Scandinavians, Frenchmen and Spaniards have all proved the advantages of Dutch soil and enterprise.

And who is the native Dutchman, that he could accomplish such subjection of land and wave, making them slaves forever?

As we know him to-day so has he shown himself in history in the past. Of indefatigable patience, tireless in research, persistent to stubbornness, regular to the perfection of an automaton. Common sense and reason predominate in the acts of the individual as in the enterprises of the community. Useful and comfortable and substantial are the attributes the Dutchman appreciates in his surroundings. A low temperature and a capricious climate emphasize the charms of an indoor life. As householders, sentiments of duty and respect easily prevail and the prosperous individual becomes a person of importance. He interests himself in politics to maintain his well-being, to protect his interests, not because he likes to talk or to manage men. Schiller calls the Dutch "a peaceful people, less than usually capable of heroic actions." But harmless, commercial people as they were, their abundance and their freedom from the narrow circle of immediate wants, left them time to thirst after higher gratifications, and the accompanying spirit of independence led them to examine the authority of antiquated opinions.

At the outset, we find Belgium and Holland were republics and so maintained themselves in spite of their feudal suzerains; and here nature favored them in offering no strongholds for the nobles to intrench themselves behind, on these sandy plains.

Taine says, "to act in a body is a wholly Germanic talent." At all events we find in Holland and Belgium an infinity of corporations in every town and the towns themselves banded together for commercial enterprise and support, and thus united, asserting their supremacy over the North Sea.

A keen sense of reality in the external order of nature and of human society, causes men to disregard the spiritual wants of the individual, and accordingly we find the more

passive temperaments and grosser appetites of the Dutch little diverted from the amelioration of outward things.

Up to the close of the thirteenth century, the Dutch in language, in common with all European tongues, placed themselves at the service of the aristocratic and monastic orders, flattering the traditions of chivalry and religion, but scarcely finding anything to say to the bulk of the people. Popular instruction was necessarily in the first instance, exclusively of a religious character. The *object* being to spread a knowledge of the scriptures and the catechisms, the *result* being to make Bible-readers and Protestants.

In the early days, as in other countries, the religious drama took a prominent part; but here the theatrical companies form the germ for chambers of Rhetoric, which united within themselves all the literary movements during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, exercising their influence in almost every little town in a social direction. No festival of the church and no civic procession could take place unless they patronized it. Through their censorship they managed to exclude the Greek and Latin poetry which at the beginning of the sixteenth century so materially affected the national literature of England. No great creative genius represents their literature. In Taine's words, "They have left to neighboring nations the part filled by the contemplative Mary at the feet of Jesus, choosing for themselves that of Martha."

They provide pulpits for French Protestants preachers, editors and printers for English books, and markets for a world of literature not their own. A homely and utilitarian spirit shows itself in their poetry from the first and it never rises above a grave and sensible didacticism, or the chanting of the praise of home and family enjoyment. Among such a people the spiritualizations of a Wordsworth, the ideality of a Shelley, the abstract contemplation of a Tennyson are unknown and inconceivable. A perfectly healthy civilization nevertheless we must allow it to be. Unable to subsist for a

moment on empty generalizations, unqualified to comprehend or prize the ideal, we must seek for its germ in the strong ties which bind us to the world about us, and in our involuntary yearnings after whatever powerfully and directly reminds us of it.

Such a disposition among the Dutch and Flemish made them especially adapted to painting, whose force and effectiveness is spoiled by too much thought and emotion.

(To be Continued)

IVANHOE—A REVIEW.

This story occupies a few days in the latter part of the 12th century, during the reign of Richard First of England, commonly known as Richard the Lion Heart. This monarch, more adapted to military feats than government, has gone on a crusade to the Holy Land, leaving his kingdom in charge of his brother, Prince John, who is now on the eve of usurping the throne, believing that at this time the king is safely imprisoned in Germany. We must bear in mind the social condition of England at this time, the hostilities between the Saxon and Norman races, and the hatred and persecution of the Jews. The principal characters, besides the princes already mentioned, are Ivanhoe, a young Saxon follower of Richard, who has been banished by his father, Cedric the Saxon, on account of an attachment between him and the beautiful Rowena, ward of Cedric, whose hand he has designed for Athelstane of Conigsburgh, by which union of royal blood Cedric hopes to rally a party strong enough to regain possession of the throne; Isaac, the Jew, and his handsome daughter Rebecca, representatives of this class of the mixed inhabitants of England; Prior Aymer, of Jorvaulx Abbey, and the jolly clerk of Copmanhurst, representing the degenerate condition of the priesthood; Brian de Bois Guilbert, showing the degradation of the order of Knights Templar, and the most skilful warrior in England at that time, Richard and Ivanhoe being absent; also the chief of the outlaws, known by the name of Locksley, the Robin Hood of our childhood tales. Nor should we omit Wamba, the jester, the fool to whose wisdom the actors are so often indebted for

their safety; Gurth, the faithful swineherd; Ulrica, the Saxon hag, Front de Bœuf, Waldemar and De Bracy, unprincipled Norman followers of John.

The opening scene is a grand tourney at Ashby, participated in by the knights of the land, both Norman and Saxon, and presided over by Prince John. Five Norman knights, among whom is Guilbert, the Invincible, challenge all combatants. Lot after lot are unhorsed, wounded, or slain, until all are defeated except one stranger knight, known only as the Disinherited, who boldly rides forth alone and touches the shield of Guilbert himself. Suddenly the tide of battle turns, the Disinherited knight defeats the five champions in turn, and is acknowledged the victor of the day. Upon the victor now devolves the delicate task of choosing from among the ladies present the one who shall be the Queen of Beauty and Love, and from whom the victorious knight, on the following day, shall receive his crown of laurel. Rowena is, of course, chosen, for the Disinherited Knight is no other than Ivanhoe, secretly returned from the crusade, but not daring to brave the displeasure of his father by a disclosure. He is again victorious on the following day, but only after the timely interference of a knight in black armor, who disappears immediately after securing the championship to Ivanhoe. This is, of course, Richard, not yet ready to avow himself. His arrival has, however, become noised abroad, and before the tournament is concluded, it has been whispered to John. John therefore hastily breaks up the tournament, and he and his followers repair at once to York for the purpose of assuming the reins of government and organizing his forces before Richard's arrival becomes known and his followers collected. This attempt is, however, foiled, as later events show.

On their way from the tournament, while travelling through the woods in their primitive fashion, Cedric and Athelstane, with their trains, together with the Jew and his daughter and the wounded Ivanhoe, are captured by the

small force of Guilbert and De Bracy, in the disguise of outlaws, and carried to the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf. From this perilous situation, where they are threatened, the men with death, and the women with worse than death, they are finally rescued, after a desperate struggle, by a band of outlaws. This is brought about through the efforts of Wamba and Gurth, who had escaped when the others were captured. It is here that the touching devotion of Wamba to his master is shown. He enters the castle disguised as a priest, and exchanges clothes with his master Cedric, who is thus set at liberty. Under his leadership, and that of Locksley and the Black Knight, who has accidentally fallen in with the force, the castle is stormed and entered, and at the same time fired from within by the Saxon Ulrica; and the Norman chief, wounded and helpless perishes in the flames. All the prisoners, however, are rescued except Athelstane, believed to have been slain, and Rebecca, who is carried off by the dissolute Templar, Guilbert, and restrained in the Preceptory of his order. Here, owing to the unexpected return of the Grand Master, who has come "with his fan in his hand," the many irregularities of the knights are detected and punished. When he finds that the beautiful Jewess is harbored within the very walls of the Preceptory, his astonishment and anger know no bounds. But, in order to shield the knight, it is charged that the Jewess is a sorceress and has bewitched Guilbert. Then comes the thrilling scene of the trial of Rebecca, her noble and dignified defense, the efforts of Guilbert to save her, and the final permission to allow the matter to be settled by a contest at arms, Rebecca to appear by a champion. The third day arrives and the time for the contest to take place, but no champion appears. At the last moment, however, Ivanhoe rushes in, wounded as he is, and scarce able to bear his armor, and boldly engages Guilbert who has been compelled to fight in behalf of the order. Ivanhoe is saved from certain defeat, and Rebecca is rescued

from a martyr's death, by the sudden death of Guilbert, destroyed by the violence of his own emotions.

At the same time with these proceedings is occurring elsewhere the romantic attack upon Richard travelling alone with Wamba through the woods, by the followers of John, his gallant defense, and the defeat of the attacking party. Then come the elaborate Saxon funeral ceremonies of Athelstane at his castle, the startling resurrection of Athelstane, who appears on the scene in his grave clothes and renounces all claim to the hand of Rowena as well as the throne of England. Upon this, Cedric gives up all hope of bringing the Saxons again to the throne, acknowledges his allegiance to Richard, becomes reconciled to Ivanhoe and his marriage to Rowena. And so, with the necessary finishing touches, the story closes.

To judge fairly of this celebrated production, we must bear in mind that it is a purely historical novel; that it is not a character sketch; and so we must expect to find the characters drawn so that they most fairly represent the manners and customs of the age, rather than human nature in general. Richard and John, of course, are made to correspond with their characters as we have them in history;—Richard, generous, openhearted, and a favorite with his people, but caring little for government or the arts of peace, reckless of his personal safety, preferring to wage wars for the recovery of Jerusalem, or exhibit his skill and prowess in some daring feat of arms, rather than be burdened with the cares of his needy kingdom. John is shown as quite the opposite,—ambitious, crafty, jealous of his courtiers, insolent to his subjects, unscrupulous in his efforts to supplant Richard, and yet too much a prey to his own evil disposition to gain strength by taking measures to conciliate the opposing elements among his people.

Ivanhoe, although giving title to the book, cannot be considered the hero. Indeed, there is nothing characteristic

about him, either as a man or a Saxon. He is a favorite, however, with the Saxons, and so wonderfully skilled in arms that he is several times made to turn the whole current of the story, save lives, and do all such gallant, brilliant things, which give the reader a feeling of satisfaction as he goes along.

Isaac the Jew is a typical miser, and is very aptly used to illustrate the intense feeling existing against the Jews in England at that time (and afterward, until they were finally banished), and yet the forced tolerance of them on account of their great wealth, and the sore need of the Norman nobles of the financial assistance rendered by them. Our pity and indignation are aroused by the treatment shown Isaac and his daughter throughout the work, as well as our disgust at the craven humility of Isaac, and his almost inhuman passion for gold. On the other hand, we cannot but admire the strength and womanliness of Rebecca. In the female characters, especially, are we impressed with the fact that this is a historical lesson book rather than a life drama. In neither Rebecca nor Rowena has the author developed a distinct personal character; but in Rebecca we have a condensation of all the excellences of her race and sex, and in Rowena the ideal of a Saxon noble woman, both remarkable for beauty and influence, and yet no essential difference in their individuality. Indeed, all through we are impressed with the fact that the characters are used merely as tools for the development of the story, rather than that the story serves as a background for the presentation of the characters. With this view, there is little in any of the personages of the play to hold our interest. We might make an exception in favor of Wamba, the fool, who is about the only one in the book who says anything original or worth remembering.

This brings us to where Athelstane appears in a color so entirely foreign to his previously manifested disposition that it seems open to the criticism of inconsistency. While all

along he is shown as an indolent, gluttonous dullard, incapable of being aroused to any feeling by the most urgent demands, and, even in the dangers of their imprisonment, not knowing at what hour death awaited them, and while Cedric was using every inducement in his power to awake him to a realization of the situation, Athelstane's only thought and wish was for food, and plenty of it. But now he suddenly takes the part of an insulted noble, replying to the taunts and threats of his captors with all the majesty and authority of a prince. We cannot remember him in this favorable light, however, for after his long imprisonment in the tomb, his only complaint is that he was compelled to live on bread and water.

With Cedric, in his passionate desire to see the Saxons restored to power, we sympathize most heartily, and admire the dignity, patience and patriotism of this last of the Saxons. But his was the misfortune of his country; and though here and there a few such brave, loyal souls stirred among the degenerate Saxons, yet their race was doomed as the weaker race, and no one man, or several, could turn the tide of fortune.

We must not omit the hag Ulrica, the most natural character of the book, and almost the only one not primarily designed to teach a historical lesson. The only wonder is that a human being—a woman could live such a life of crime and remorse without becoming more of a fiend than she. The thrilling scene at the death bed of Front de Bœuf holds us spellbound, and we can hardly help exulting with Ulrica in her grim triumph, horrible as it is.

The famous class known as outlaws play an important part in the development of this tale. Under their chief, the celebrated Robinhood, whose command is their only law, they live a life of unrestrained lawlessness. It is by these brave yeoman friends of the Saxon Cedric that the Norman's castle is stormed and the prisoners rescued; and it is their

timely aid that foils the ambush laid for Richard by the ambitious followers of John.

Although the story abounds in striking and extraordinary events, and is hardly more probable than a veritable fairy tale, yet in one or two cases the artistic taste is offended by the desperate expedients to which the author resorts to carry out his plot. For instance, it would seem that there might have been some more probable way of settling the fate of Rebecca than by having Guilbert fall dead simply from the violence of his own passions; and, again, where Athelstane is made to rise from the tomb and rush in upon the solemn and impressive scene between Ivanhoe and his father, before the assembled friends and mourners, sputtering his groveling complaints about hard treatment and poor fare. This is apparently meant to be an impressive climax to the scene. In reality, it is ludicrous and grotesque in the extreme.

The author has in a note made a lame excuse for this exaggeration to the effect that his publisher was inconsolable at the death of Athelstane. This seems to be a case where a poor excuse is not better than none.

But taking into consideration the age of which the author wrote, and the purpose for which he wrote, we will, I think, find few flaws and many points of excellence, which entitle this work to the place it has always occupied; that is, one of the best of Scott's historical novels. The plot is skillfully sustained throughout, and the interest is held to the last. The characters, as a rule, are representative and consistent, and the manners and customs of the time faithfully portrayed. Scott wrote *Ivanhoe* after his reputation had been made as the author of the *Waverley* novels, all his works up to this time having dealt with Scottish themes. Hence, the theme for this book was an entirely new one for himself as well as his readers, and in giving this work to the public he felt very doubtful of its success until its warm reception proved the

wisdom of his choice. Although he has refrained from imitating the language of the 12th century (for which we ought to be thankful), yet there is enough in the forms of expression used to give it a truly old-fashioned flavor; and, on the whole, we are made to feel that the glimpse we thus gain of the domestic and social customs of six hundred years ago is authentic; and we rise from the reading of *Ivanhoe* with the sense of having taken an effective dose of history, diluted and sugar-coated.

 OPEN LETTERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May, '88.

Washington is at its best in this lovely month of May—resplendent in its Parks, it seems the reality of some beautiful landscape, some dreamed of Utopia—the fragrance of flowers is borne to the very door of the Capitol, while the beautiful foliage of trees brought from every clime lovingly calls the tired statesman from his work in the Com. Room. Perhaps these numberless parks, squares, and triangular open spaces, more than any thing else make Washington the beautiful city it is. A tourist is ready to exclaim, "Rightly is it named 'City of Magnificent Distances.'" The busy season of Congress is now fairly on—so much must be accomplished before the adjournment. How these Representatives find time to manage political campaigns outside of Congressional hours is a mystery. Why the mail of the meekest Congressmen is more than that of hundreds of our Post offices.

The society season is at an end but the exodus to the seaside has not yet fairly commenced. To use a common expression the 'fad' of society people at present is horse-back riding. The Riding School can scarcely accommodate the applicants, but in keeping with the prevailing fashions every thing must be done in English style. It is quite amusing to one truly American to see American girls riding horses with tails bobbed English fashion, and followed by a footman dressed in the English costume of white pants tucked in the long boot tops of tan colored leather, reaching up almost to the knees, Bosh!

Almost the first impression one receives of Washington is the apparently unsettled state of its residents. Very few seem to have taken up the duties of real home life. The common aim seems to be pleasure and all possible opportunities for gaining it are offered. The city is constantly full of visitors, and so many of its residents are only transient that perhaps it would be impossible for matters to be otherwise. Very few have any conception of the amount of work required to carry on the Government until they see the clerks at work or see them pouring out of the offices at 4 P. M. The accuracy with which the smallest accounts are kept is marvellous. Statements pass from one set of hands to another until it is almost impossible for a mistake to pass through uncorrected. A recent letter to the *World* says there are 4,000 women in the Departments. What an example of woman's ability to take care of herself. The time has been when it was a reproach upon the character of any woman to find her in office, but to-day you will find among the clerks the *purest*, best educated and most refined of all women.

Emma Harper Turner.

Indiana Alpha.

[Extracts from a private letter of Mrs. Hattie Gassner Torrence, missionary to Persia, residing at Teheran, formerly a member of Iota chapter at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.]

* * A couple of weeks ago we spent an afternoon in the Shalis museum, and I thought I might tell you of some things which would interest you. The Shah himself, carries the key in his pocket so it is only on rare occasions that people have the pleasure of gazing at these treasures. We saw so many things that from out the confused memory I can only choose a few of which to speak. The royal crown was there and I have no remembrance except that it was large and massive, thickly studded with jewels. What is that line

"uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." I don't believe I have that just right, but at any rate I concluded that if I had to wear that long, I'd have considerable of an ache. We saw the throne of Feti Ali Shah, and the far-famed Peacock throne, which came I believe from Delhi. We saw a case about two feet square filled to a depth of from five to seven inches with pearls. There must have been a peck or more of them, and varying in size from a large hazelnut to a pin-head. There were strings and festoons of pearls the size of peas, rows of tassels of seed pearls beside embroideries and pearls scattered around indiscriminately; I believe there must have been a bushel altogether. There were glass jars full of cut jewels of every sort, diamonds of wonderful size, a globe about two feet in diameter made of jewels set in gold. The seas were in emeralds in size from a pea upward; I noticed one fully an inch by two. The lands were set in rubies and Persia in diamonds, while the name of each country is written in small diamonds. In the bottom of a small case holding this, are a quantity of gold pieces worth I presume about twenty dollars each, maybe more. We also saw some plates of filigree work done in silver and gold; they looked like the most exquisite lace. The museum in *our* usual use of the word consisted of two or three bottles containing a lizard a tarantula a horned lizard, and a large snake skin, and a few saw fish saws. The place is really a treasure room. There were also a number of fine paintings, vases, plates, and a miscellaneous collection of other things, and among them some horribly bad. There were tables, vases, clocks, etc, in green malachite from Russia I presume. But the rubies! oh, and the turquoises and all other kinds of jewels. We also saw in the women's apartments two pieces of Tapestry. (Gobelin I heard some one say) which were about 8x12 feet and I thought them paintings until I examined them. They could not be Gobelin though, I feel sure for there were Persian words at the bottom of them. There was a set of

raised maps which I almost coveted, only I'd have to build a special room for them if I had them. I expect to write to the papers sometimes. I had an article started and just then I read Mr. Benjamin's in the April *Century*, and as he covered the same ground I stopped. That article on a trip to Sar valley is finely written. By all means read it. I was one of the party and can vouch for the truth of what he says.

* * * * *

CHAPTER CORRESPONDENCE.

IOWA ALPHA.

So constantly we cry Pi Beta Phi.

At this date so many questions of deep interest are filling our minds that I find it difficult to put my thoughts on paper. The convention is the nucleus of our interest, and chief among our thoughts comes, bring into more prominence our Greek characters.

Greek we are in spirit and in truth: Greek we must be to the casual observer as well as to us whose understandings have been enlightened.

Next comes the removal of the monogram stamp, that our letter as well as our lives bear the imprint of Pi Phi. Then comes precious stones. Already our Ann Arbor sisters shine in Diamonds and Pearls. If we all gem our pins would not our colors in garnets and amethysts (or sapphire) be appropriate? The advisability of amendments claim our attention. At one meeting our literary consisted of a general discussion of the constitution as far Art. V.

Since the appearance of that most excellent article in the editorial of the March *ARROW*, relative to convention, constituting choice of delegates, etc., we have been thinking deep-

ly, and talking freely on the subject and believe good results will follow. Pi Beta Phi means more every day: we intend to make it still more, not only to the members but to all whom its influence may reach. As a chapter we are happy, harmonious, and prosperous. And letters from sister chapters show that the Pi Phi heart is true and earnest where'er it is found.

We anticipate an unusual interest at the coming convention. The culminating point has been reached. Two or three points must be decided definitely. We believe their future is already mapped out by a general desire, and but the form of adopting them is needed. At our last meeting gentlemen friends were invited to the literary hour, followed by a pleasant hour of social talk.

Emily Putnam.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

IOWA BETA.

The Pi Beta's have been pursuing the even tenor of their way and nothing extraordinary has occurred to disturb their peace. The fraternities have all been quiet this time, not having many new students there has been "grand rush."

We all enjoyed Mrs. Chapman's lecture very much, and the girls were charmed with her personally, wishing they could know her better.

The Lambda girls have given the Sorosis a good opportunity to procure a fine monogram, and we hope something decisive will be done about it at the convention as well as the change in the pin. We have thought of a pretty way of adding to it without changing the present form to any great extent.

There are not very many of us in school this term, but we never did think that a large chapter membership was necessary to accomplish the greatest results.

There are but two ladies in the graduating class this year. One is an I. C., Leota Kennedy. The other was an L. F. V., but for reasons best known to herself and the Sorosis, she is one no longer. We are very sorry to lose Leota from our chapter, for she has always been a loyal and active I. C.

We are talking of a "cookey shine" in the near future before we are rushed with commencement affairs.

Mary Hall, one of our most lovable girls, graduates from the Conservatory of Music this year, but as her home is here we shall not lose her.

Ida Hartman, a Junior in the Music Department, graduates from the High School the 10th of May, and took first honors in a class of 28.

Our delegate has not yet been elected, but we will elect her before the close of the term.

Kate B. Miller.

Indianola, Iowa.

IOWA GAMMA.

Our colors are waving merrily this term. We have reinforced our ranks by five new members, whom I know you would heartily welcome with a sister's grip, if you knew them. We now number thirteen and defy the unlucky omen since chance so often ordains it that we are thus around the festal board.

We have six seniors three juniors and four sophomores. Our sessions are held on Friday evenings, as the Literary

Societies meet Saturday nights. We find our meetings always interesting and profitable.

A Delta Tau Delta reception is to occupy an evening this week, and a pleasant time is anticipated.

Iowa Gamma sends greetings to all.

Florence E. Weatherly.

Ames, Iowa.

IOWA ZETA

We have been so busy during this short term with our school work that we have had little time to devote to any thing else. But we have held our meetings regularly and have spent some pleasant evenings together. A treat, not intellectual, is anticipated next week.

An investigation of our university is taking place which we trust will result in an increased interest in the welfare of the school.

A reception is to be given to all the college fraternities by the Phi Delta Theta, Phi Kappa Psi and Beta Theta Pi fraternities next Thursday evening. Miss Bessie Peery was one of the successful eight who will appear in the final declamatory contest in June, which eight were chosen at a preliminary contest, in which two members from all four classes took part.

Commencement is drawing near and we are reminded that with it we will lose three of our most worthy sisters. Bertha Williams will represent us among the commencement speakers. We will miss them sadly next year.

In a few weeks the long vacation will be here. How shalt we spend it—resting after our study and merely gathering force by rest, or shall we by work combined with rest not

strengthen ourselves more for the tug of war of next year? Let us all report a profitable as well as a pleasant summer. With friendly greetings from Zeta.

Eva M. Elliott.

IOWA ETA.

Dear Sister: As we have had no chapter letter for two ARROWS, I shall not attempt to describe the most interesting sessions of our "wise and learned body" for the past six months. Strange as it may seem we have our largest attendance at "initiations" and "grubs." Indeed our greatest difficulty is to secure a *continuous* interest on the part of *all* the members. However we average good meetings as we now have a membership of fifteen. We should be thankful for any suggestions upon this point, for, although we are in a flourishing condition, there is yet room for improvement.

"We girls" are all looking forward to the convention with great pleasure. Since it is so near we expect to attend in a body. Ottumwa girls will please take notice and prepare themselves accordingly. Visions of that Indianola goat float through our minds and we long to perch ourselves just one little moment upon his back.

Two of our oldest members Mrs. Annie Whitham and Mrs. Maggie Vorhies each presented their husbands with a fine baby boy within the last week. They will probably be regular attendants at all I. C. gatherings until they learn to talk, when the cry will be: "The babies must go."

Miss Emma Boyd returned to her home recently, after spending the winter in Leadville, Col.

Flora McGan.

Fairfield, Iowa.

IOWA THETA.

We have had some truly delightful meetings this spring. We are studying Victor Hugo and enjoy it very much. We have had a review of his "Les Miserables," essays on his life, character, works, selected portions from Les Miserables, and animated and beneficial discussions of each subject. One of the late additions to our program has been "Current Events," which idea we got from our Mt. Pleasant sisters. Thanks are due them for a profitable addition.

We received a letter from the Boulder chapter and enjoyed it very much. They want to know our views on changing the name of our sorosis. We wish more of the chapters would write us or the ARROW their idea on this subject. For we are very anxious to know what questions are liable to come before the convention this fall. At our April election all our old officers were re-elected except two. Miss Hattie Tisdale is now associate editor and Mrs. Bertha Sargeant censor.

We send a hearty greeting to our sisters and wish them all happy "commencements" and enjoyable vacations.

Carrie C. Flagler.

Ottumwa, Iowa

INDIANA ALPHA.

After our last chapter letter was written, the girls urged me to state in the next how anxious we are, that the coming convention of the fraternity will abolish the old appellation of *I. C.*, and adopt $\Pi \nu \phi$ *exclusively*. All must recognize the high standard of Greek fraternities, and the enviable reputation which they have won, and for this reason, if there were no other, it would certainly seem best to assume the Greek

name. We have been especially enjoying our fraternity work for the last few weeks, as we have had a regular meeting each week. This is to be continued until school closes in June; then in the fall we shall resume the old time of meetings.

We are studying our constitution, and are also taking a course of reading in Shakespeare, which we find very pleasant. We are to entertain our friends for the first time, the second week in June; the reception is to be held at the home of one of our girls; after which comes a banquet at the parlors in town. We have arranged for all the appointments to be novel and pretty, and anticipate a very pleasant time.

Our ARROW is greatly enjoyed, and we are glad to hear from our $\Pi \nu \phi$ sisters, to whom we send a greeting.

Ona Hamlin Payne.

Franklin, Ind.

COLORADO ALPHA.

To me this time falls the pleasant task of talking to you all through the pages of the ARROW.

As another year draws to a close and the time approaches when we will part, at least for the summer, we cling together very closely and are doubly thankful for this bond of fellowship which will do so much toward bringing us together again.

Colorado Alpha is very busy now with Commencement rush. We are talking and planning to get as much pleasure as possible from this commencement, but our "bete noir" poverty, continually stares us in the face. We have a fraternity conundrum,—“If you want a bun that costs two cents, and haven't got the two cents, how are you going to get the bun?” It is sadly applicable. Our commencement party

we hope to make gay at least and to have it lead off the festivities. It is to be at the home of sister Emma Sternberg two miles in the country. Will invite only the Delta Gammas and Delta Taus. Dancing, charades, bean bags, chumps, music and tableaux for entertainment.

I feel as though we have said by private correspondence about all we dare to say of business. We will now refrain from our usual war cry, but can't we take the matter of Pi Phi songs in hand at once so that the convention can make a final decision upon them. When conventions only meet once in two years there must be a great deal of preparation beforehand and every delegate must know her own mind and the minds she represents. We are following the suggestions of the ARROW regarding the constitution, and delegates are doing a deal of thinking, which we hope may do our part for the

"Weal and good
Of our own cherished sisterhood."

We gayfully greet our baby chapter—Michigan Beta, especially as we have the same planks in our platforms. *Te salutamus*—May you live long and prosper! Let our aim be the future welfare of Pi Beta Phi and let us remember that "In union there is strength" which applies especially to fraternities, I think. Yours in the grip.

Bessie Culver.
Boulder, Colorado.

KANSAS ALPHA.

Once more through the pages of the ARROW we greet our friends and sisters. The school year is very near its close and among our many good-byes for the summer we must not forget the "hail and farewell" to those whom, though unseen, we yet ponder over and cherish.

It had seemed to some of us however, that this was too apt

to be the condition, even between members of the same chapter, when it is duration of time "and not extent of space" that intervenes between. (I acknowledge it, those phrases came from my carefully dog's eared Latin Grammar). So we have been courting the society of our "old girls"—our Alumnae (and very nice to court, as others than ourselves can testify). They showed their appreciation of our attentions by uniting with the active chapter in giving an Anniversary Banquet, on the night of April 19th, to celebrate the chapter's fifteenth birthday. Fully a hundred and twenty-five were present and not one did we see who looked bored or unhappy—not one guest who had not enthusiastic comments to make on the success of the entertainment. Many kind things were said that warmed our hearts better than the wine in which the toasts were *not* drunk; for the very kindest words came from those whose approval we valued the most. It was the first banquet, all a banquet, and nothing but a banquet that any of the societies here has given; each of the fraternities of K. S. U. was represented by a toast. The program was as follows:

Invocation.....	Dr. Marvin.
Address of Welcome.....	Hannah Oliver.
Response.....	Chancellor Lippincott.
"Our Guests".....	Mrs. Carrie Sterling.
"The Candidates".....	Mr. J. W. Roberts, Σ X
"The Fraternities".....	Prof. Wilcox.
"The Faculty".....	Lyle Hynes.
"Journalism".....	A. G. Hagar, Σ N
"University Poets".....	O. H. Holmes, Π Δ O
"The Alumnae".....	Prof. W. H. Caruth, Β Θ Π
"College Friendships".....	W. W. Davis, Φ K Ψ
"The I. C's".....	W. Y. Morgan, Φ Γ Δ

As we listened we knew not whether to be prouder of our girls or of our guests.

Prof. Wilcox, in his wise and witty talk on the "Fraternities," spoke of the moral obligations resting on such organi-

zations. Our girls have been doing some earnest thinking and have come to the conclusion that the practice of "rushing" is morally wrong; therefore we have sent letters to the other girl's societies here, suggesting that we enter into a mutual compact not to ask girls until they have attended the University a stated time, and they have responded heartily. It is but just to say that the $\kappa \theta \phi$'s has some months ago, published a resolution to the effect that none were eligible to membership who had not done a prescribed amount of work here—Let the good work go on. Two of our girls graduate this year—Jo Gilmore and Clara Wilson. Jo has invited us to her house for a "grub" on Thursday, May 31st, but the fun we are going to have must keep till next year. Our latest pledged member, Margie Brown, will help to fill up the vacant places in our circle.

Mary Manley.

Lawrence, Kan.

MICHIGAN BETA.

As this is Michigan Beta's first appearance in print, I trust that all of our sisters will pardon any glaring mistakes.

On Saturday evening April 7, '88, the University of Michigan was called upon to admit another secret society in her folds. Two of our sisters from Hillsdale, Misses May Cope-land and Jessie C. Sheldon, came to participate in the mysteries, and how much they aided us my pen can not tell. O, girls if you could have seen the goat, it of course was the best of its kind. We only had five charter members; concluded that it was much better to start with a few, and then increase slowly, but surely. Our happy family includes Misses Statia Pritchard, Franc Arnold, Lucy A. Parker, Fanny K. Read and Minnie H. Newby. There is no jealousy among us, for each one has an office, and some have two.

In a very short time we may have the pleasure of introducing another young lady to the members of $\Pi \nu \phi$.

We meet every Saturday evening immediately after supper. Most of our time so far has been spent in discussing the constitution, and we find that in one or two cases, we can read between the lines. What does Section I of Article VII mean?

We most earnestly desire that $\Pi \nu \phi$ should be put on an equal basis with I. C. and that it should be attached to pius. What is the use of having Greek letters at all if no one sees them, except on the title page of the *ARROW*? To be sure we appreciate the difference, but our friends and rivals do not, and so long as they are not in plain sight, they will not be heeded.

Like the Boulder chapter, we feel the need of a fraternity seal and a steel cut to be used in University publications. We hope that the other chapters will discuss these matters before the Convention, and come to some decision about them.

The seal made of colors would not be nearly so pretty, according to our ideas, as a simple steel cut.

Dreka of Philadelphia made a design for our sorosity, the cost of which was five dollars. After this is done, any amount of paper could be printed at a slight cost.

There are three other girls' societies here, and all seem to be in a flourishing condition. We hope that we have not tired you with this long, but it is almost the last one before the grand Alpha Convention next fall, and we felt that so much had to be said and done.

Best wishes and greetings to all sisters of $\Pi \nu \phi$.

Minnie H. Newby.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

ILLINOIS DELTA.

Since our last letter to the *ARROW*, very little of importance has happened to Illinois Delta. One thing, however,

may be considered of importance, and that is that we have a rival, the Kappa Beta Theta (local), with seven members. We extend to them congratulations and best wishes. They are local, but will probably not long remain so. Hitherto we have fought the fight alone, and it has been a fight, too, for in our college of about five hundred students there is a very strong anti-fraternity element. This opposition has reached a climax now in the publication of two Annals—one by the fraternities called the *Gale*, in honor of the founder of Knox College; the other by the college students, which means "anti-frat," called the *Pantheon*. As far as one can judge now, the fraternity annal will be much the superior.

The active membership of the Greek-letter fraternities at Knox is as follows:

Φ Δ Θ, fifteen; Φ Γ Δ, ten; Ο Η Π (local), nine; Φ Ω Τ (local), ten; Π Β Φ, twelve; Κ Β Θ (local ladies'), seven.

Wishing our sister chapters success and prosperity, we say "Farewell," hoping to meet with the circle unbroken next September.

Margaret W. Phelps.

(Galesburg, Illinois.

RESOLUTIONS.

ADOPTED BY IOWA THETA MAR. 24, 1888.

WHEREAS, God, in his mysterious but all-merciful providence, has, by death, taken from the home of our dear sister, Hettie Dana, her beloved father, be it

Resolved, that we recognize the sadness of her bereavement, and that we sympathize with her in her loss; and

Resolved, that this resolution be sent to our sister, and that a copy thereof be published in the ARROW.

MEMBERS OF I. C. AT OTTUMWA, IOWA.

CARRIE E. WALTON,

LILLIAN ROSS,

ADINE EDGERLY,

Committee

EDITORIAL.

"THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE" AND
SOME PLEASANTER THINGS.

"They say" we are pale blue and consumptive, defiant, spiteful, would-be sarcastic. How can we answer the charge? Well, we are not bilious-green at any rate, and as to the rest we can find but one word which exactly fits and that is not our own; indeed it is borrowed from a very creditable literary source,—it is "A Liliputian thrust!"

* *

But by the way, since from another quarter we are termed "daintily feminine" we are constrained to believe ourselves that popular thing of the day—a "composite". For be it known at least *one* fraternity magazine is composed of odds and ends of personality and as we cannot all be equally brilliant, even in a very womanly way, so we, THE ARROW, are quite willing to be considered a very average composite, fraternity girl.

* *

A matter of fraternity interest in Iowa to-day is the recent difficulty at Ames. There is evidently a strong "frat" and "anti-frat" spirit in the Agricultural College. And this spirit has recently been made quite visible by an insulting attack which the "barbs" made upon a Greek letter banquet. May the right prevail. The matter is, we believe, to receive thorough investigation.

Our exchanges are good, nay excellent. They are above reproach, so please pardon us this time if we content ourselves and you with simply this observation.

* *

Some one perhaps has mentioned to you that commencement is near at hand, and that we are soon to part for the summer to our respective homes. Well, then it would be better not repeat all that sentiment again wouldn't it?

* *

The coming convention will certainly be one of vital interest to all I. C's. as well as every Pi Beta Phi. We are glad the waters are being agitated so long before hand. It is the best kind of economy for our chapters to instruct themselves, and then their delegate in due season. It will save cross feelings, tears, and any amount of "tired" and will also give a better opportunity to enjoy that royal hospitality which Ottumwa has so kindly held out to us.

* *

The following clipping from our college paper, the *Vidette-Reporter*, may let new light on the Ames trouble: "The latest we can get with respect to the fracas at Ames is that there is an inclination on the part of college and civil authorities to let the whole matter drop. Recent developments do not place the 'anti's' in so unfavorable light as before. There seems to be two sides to the question. Still the disturbance is not held at all justifiable by any parties."

* *

And this is the most *unkindest* cut of all. That our only real live heroine should be doubted. We beg leave to correct the gentleman; we do not know that Minnie Freeman has a lover who would fabricate a blizzard story—a Nebraska snow storm seldom arrives later than February, and never in July. There *were thirteen* because we saw a picture of it.

Once more we greet you with much in our hearts but little in our mouths to say.

The commencement bids fair to be a gay one

Fair frivolities are already beginning. Among the brightest, best conducted receptions of the season was that given June 7th by the Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta and Phi Kappa Psi's of Iowa City. It was given as a return courtesy to the Delta Tau Deltas although all frats were entertained. Pi Beta Phi among the number. Pres. Schaeffer and other members of the faculty were present. The former responded to the toast "College Fraternities."

The menu was elegant in every detail and the costuming very fair to look upon. Dancing was indulged in till a late hour and so closed a decidedly pleasant evening.

Our girls are in receipt of the cards of Minnie Rynearson and Fred Breed. The wedding occurred at the residence of the bride's parents, Red Oak, Ia. They go to Seward, Neb., where Dr. Breed has already established a fine practice. Minnie is a much beloved I. C. from this chapter. The hearty congratulations and good wishes of her sisters follow her to their new home.

The alumnae chapter and the remaining members of the school chapter have already begun to lay out plans for a camping expedition, for the Summer vacation. By the next issue of the *ARROW* vacations will be a thing of the past. With a hope that it may prove a happy past and with greetings to sister chapters. We are yours truly,

YE EDITOR.

PERSONAL

IOWA ALPHA.

MT. PLEASANT: Mrs. Myra Satterthwait Benedict of Pasadena, California, is in the city visiting parents and friends.

Mrs. Prude (Kibben) Murphy '69 of Fort Scott, Kansas, and little daughter Edith are in the city.

Miss Ella Penn has returned from her Florida visit.

Cards have been received of the marriage of Miss Etta McDonald of Oxford, Nebraska (formerly of this city), with Mr. D. C. Chipman of Kalamazoo, Mich., in which city they will make their home.

Mrs. John W. Palm attended the wedding of our sister Lorena Waller and Judge A. W. Kinkead at New London, Wednesday, May 2d. We are glad Mr. and Mrs. Kinkead will make their home in our city.

Lulu (Woods) Hedrick was with us a few days before removing to her new home at Portland, Oregon.

IOWA BETA.

INDIANOLA, IOWA: Princess Fegity did not return to school this term but is teaching in Story City, Ia.

Carrie Buffington will visit us soon and remain until after commencement.

Clara Buxton made a flying visit to the girls.

Evelyn Hodge will spend the summer in the west.

Mollie Clapp will remove to Southern California, soon.

Bess Guyer has returned from Le Mars, where she has been for some time.

Mrs. Dowell and Mrs. Lurney of Des Moines dropped in upon us for a few days.

Lucy Clark has been elected to a position in the Des Moines schools.

Emma Cozier will spend the summer in Montana.

Katie Miller expects to visit Florence Slusser in Minneapolis this summer.

IOWA GAMMA.

AMES: Norma Hainer, '87, is spending the summer at Burlington.

Miss Etta McDonald has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Prof. Stanton and Mrs. Prof. Knapp.

Stacia Pritchard is taking a literary course at Ann Arbor. We are glad to hear of the new chapter there of which she is a chartered member.

Marion Q. Watrous was with us at our last initiation. We regret that she is not in school this term.

Misses Evaline Allen and Luta Poiner made a short visit at the I. A. C. recently.

During the winter three of our sisters were married—Minnie Knapp, May Brodhead and Gertie Poiner.

IOWA THETA.

OTTUMWA, IOWA: Mrs. D. P. Varble, *nee* Miss Anna Harden, of Louisville, Ky., spent four weeks visiting her parents and I. C. sisters and other friends, this spring. Miss Clara Harden returned to Louisville with her.

Miss Edith Mills expects to leave in June for California to make her home. We regret to lose another of our workers.

Miss Hattie Tisdale is teaching a spring term in the country. She has our "sympathy."

Miss Hattie Trineble of Keokuk visited us this spring and left a very pleasant remembrance with us.

Miss Alice Beaman will leave us about June 1st to make her home in Colorado. We hate to lose our girls this way but suppose it cannot be helped. We shall hope for Alice's return ere many months.