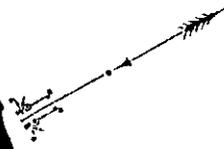


THE  **ARROW** 

◀ **DECEMBER** ▶

◀ **1887.** ▶

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Poem—The Teacher's Recompense.....	3-4
Koenigs See and the Salt Mines of Austria.....	5-9
Chapter Correspondence.....	10-24
Poem—Poetry in Camp.....	25-26
Obituary Notices.....	27-29
Editorial.....	30-32
Exchanges.....	33-41
Personals.....	42-46
Supplement to Catalogue.....	47-48

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Box 1613, Iowa City, Iowa.
- Chapter Letters and Personals to
EVA ELLIOTT,
Iowa City, Iowa.
- Business Communications to
HATTIE E. COCHRAN,
Box 1164, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE ARROW.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

→*OF THE I. C. SOROSIS*←

PI BETA PHI.

VOL. IV, NO 1.

PUBLISHED AT IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DECEMBER, 1887.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Poem--The Teach. 's Recompense.....	3-4
Koenigs See and the Salt Mines of Austria.....	5-9
Chapter Correspondence.....	10-24
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THE ARROW

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THE TEACHER'S RECOMPENSE.

THE sun's last rays seemed just to touch
The old church tower, half-lovingly,
Then sank among the purple clouds,
Which covered him right royally.

These winter days seem all too short
For work, which can't be left undone;
But who would lengthen them one jot
Could we, by wishing, stay the sun ?

I opened wide the school-room doors
And let the tired children out.
Away they ran in noisy glee,
With merry laugh and joyous shout.

They all had vanished o'er the hill
And faintly, back the echo came.
The lengthening shadows on the wall
Seemed ever changing, still the same.

And still I sat with folded hands,
With eyes half shut and head bent low,
And—well—perhaps a tear or two
But just because I'd time, you know.

A teacher's hours must all be full,
If faithfully the work is done,
So many mischief-loving brains
Whose only toiling is "for fun."

These must be shown the better way,
The higher, nobler aim of life;
But ah ! it sometimes seems to be
A thankless work, a useless strife.

Thou earnest workers who would reach
The heights that tower toward the sky,
Although the way seem rough and dark,
And frowning cliffs seem ever nigh,

These must be led with gentle hand,
Which must not, dare not lead astray
Must be encouraged or restrained
While onward toiling, day by day.

The Arrow.

Oh, if we could but see the end,
Methinks our hearts would lighter grow.
Could see the harvest, golden sheaves,
The harvest of the seed we sow.

A soft step sounds upon the floor,
A hand steals timidly in mine,
Two eyes are raised half-doubtfully,
Within whose depths the tear drops shine.

"Please, I'm so sorry," lisped a voice,
"I'll never, never, do so more.
I couldn't play at all to-day,
My heart—just here—it felt so sore."

I clasped the child in both my arms,
I kissed the dusty, tear-stained cheek,
Was not I paid a "hundred fold"
For every trial of the week?

KONIGS SEE AND THE SALT MINES OF AUSTRIA.

ABOUT 5 o'clock in the evening of a delightful, cool, summer day we reached Salzberg. Early the next morning our party of twenty climbed into two large covered wagons, bade good-bye to our friendly landlord, and were off on our excursion through the Tyrolese mountains to Koenig See, a distance of twenty-four miles. The road lay through the narrow valley, following the course of a pure, milky-white mountain stream which dashed and foamed down the valley until it dashed itself out upon the plain beyond, forming the river upon which Salzberg is situated.

The mountains on either side of us grew higher and steeper as we went. We passed through several little mountain villages, and the white Swiss chalets dotting the hillsides and plains made a beautiful picture. About eleven o'clock we came suddenly upon the lake Koenigsee. This gem of all lakes is hemmed in on all sides by very high and very steep mountains, covered with beautiful bright green foliage, and abrupt cliffs rising thousands of feet straight out of the water. The color of the water is a very vivid green, probably caused by the very high mountains enclosing it on all sides. We descended from our wagons and got into a large flat boat with a canopy top, and were rowed to the other end of the lake by four oarsmen and women, the women looking very picturesque in their pleasant costumes, consisting of black skirts, white waists, and large red kerchiefs. After disposing of a lunch composed principally of the great delicious black cherries so abundant in Germany,

we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery. Here and there a clear stream dashed down the steep sides of the mountains into the lake; farther up a range of rugged rocky mountains entirely devoid of foliage and with a few small patches of snow upon them came in view. In an hour we were at the other end, then came a walk of about half a mile to a smaller lake. Here, seated upon big boulders on the edge of the water, in the shade of a big tree, we wondered where we could find a more delightful spot. Directly across the lake, seeming very near, although probably a mile or two from it, was an abrupt cliff thousands of feet high, over which fell a veil-like stream, probably the same one we had been following all day. The gentlemen all went off to an arm of the lake for a swim. Thus left alone, we were not long in getting our feet into the clear cold water. But we could not stay long in this delightful spot, as we still had the salt mines before us.

So back we went, found our boat awaiting us, recrossed lake, and were soon on our way back. About halfway back the drivers stopped at the mines, but we looked around in vain for the mines. We could see nothing but a little run, and across the road a hole in the side of the mountain. Just then our courier pointed out a party entering this hole. What a sight they were! We looked at them, then at each other. To have seen the expression on each others' faces would have been worth coming there for. We all declared we would not go in such a plight, but we had come a long ways and it would have been sheer folly to have backed out, so laying aside our modesty we entered the dressing-room. When we came out we found the gentlemen awaiting us. Such a shout as they set up as we crowded into the corners, each trying to get behind the others. By our dress we could hardly be told apart, except that our costume was white, that is, part of it, while theirs was black. Black coats, belted in

with a strap, and little black caps with bands of blue completed our costume. We were each given a miner's candle, formed in line, marched across the road and into the heart of the mountain. Straight into the mountain we went, through a narrow, dark tunnel, a distance of 2,400 feet. Then we ascended two pairs of stairs hewn out of the solid rock, then along another dark tunnel until we came suddenly upon the lake. Here I was very vividly reminded of Dantes' journey through the infernal regions. It almost seemed as though we were going on a similar expedition. We were standing on the edge of a large, black lake, hollowed out in the heart of the mountain. The roof over our heads, no higher than the ceiling of an ordinary room, being of solid rock. All around the edge of the lake was a row of little gas jets, giving to the lake a blacker and more awful look than ever. But now, to complete the impression of the infernal regions, came the splash and dip of the oars, as a boatman, Charon, as it seemed, rowed across to meet us. Presently he came within the light cast by the gas jets, and when the boat touched the shore, we stepped into it one by one and were rowed across the black, briney "River Styx."

The salt is mined here by digging a large cavity in the saltiest part of the mountain (the rock here being 98 per cent. salt), filling these cavities with fresh water, forming an underground lake, and allowing it to stand until saturated with as much salt as the water will hold in solution, which is twenty-four per cent. The water is then drawn out by pipes and evaporated. There were thirty-two of these lakes in this mountain, only one, however, being shown to visitors. But as we had ascended a number of stairs, we were quite high up in the mountain, and it was necessary to get down. We could not go back the way we came, and there were no stairs. There was nothing but a smooth, narrow plank down which we had to slide, banister style, only forwards

instead of backwards, as is the fashion sliding down the banisters, I believe. There was one elderly lady in the party who declared she would not go down that way, but we could not spare a guide to go back with her, and she could not go alone, so down she had to go. One of the guides placed himself first, and caught hold of a rope stretched along the side to moderate our speed, four or five of us placed ourselves behind him, and before we knew anything more we were one story lower, having come down in a very few seconds.

Walk through the cold, stony corridors of this underground palace to where a new cavity was being hewn out, another slide, then we were taken to the artistic part of the mine, where a small fountain was playing as a sort of outlet directly under the lake, the salt forming a lovely pure white crust around it. The beautifully colored salt rock was piled high around it in a sort of pyramid, and on either side of it were arranged different colored pieces of the rock, with lights placed behind, thus giving to the whole a very pretty effect. We were invited to fill our pockets with pieces of the salt rock gathered for that purpose. Then came the crowning feature of our salt mine experience. Little cars were brought, consisting of four wheels, a narrow plank, running lengthwise of the cars, with another narrow board over the wheels upon which to place our feet. Here, again, we were invited to place ourselves aboard the car, small boy fashion. The track was built slightly down grade, and the weight of six of us on a car carried it along, at first slowly, then faster and faster. As we rushed through the dark and narrow tunnel, with no light but the feeble light of our miners' candles, no sound but the hollow rumbling of the car wheels, dashing suddenly around curves, Dante's journey came to my mind again.

One by one our candles went out, faster and faster we flew along, until at last away ahead appeared a little speck

of light. Faster still we went, larger and larger grew this little speck of light, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, we were dashed out into the full glare of the daylight, our great speed carrying us across the road some distance before we could scramble off and rush into the dressing-rooms.

A. G.

CHAPTER CORRESPONDENCE

IOWA ALPHA.

When it falls to the lot of a new hand to contribute even one letter to the *ARROW*, we begin to appreciate in a small degree the great responsibility of editorship. The *ARROW* is one of our most welcome visitors; we all feel so deep an interest in its success that if a few lines from an untried pen can add an atom of interest, we will venture to send them. I believe we all recognize that one of the charms of I. C. is that every year adds to its attractions. Like wine, it improves with age, and proudly we view its onward march toward perfection. We have begun our winter work with a literary program, whose principal features are conversational notes, current events, review of an article from *Harper's*, *The Century*, and criticisms, which, enlivened by music and the pointed remarks from our special critic, make an interesting evening. Our interest is unabated. Attendance is good. Several new members wear the arrow and two the colors. Every two weeks find *Alumnæ* and *College Chapters* in a general meeting, while our "grubs" are wonders of culinary skill and "quick consumption."

The catalogue gives general satisfaction, and forms one more link between sisters whose hearts are united in bonds that neither time nor distance can weaken. We are beginning to put forth ideas for swelling our purse for charitable purposes, but have not yet reached a definite plan.

Word from the different chapters comes full of encouragement. The general outlook of the *Sorosis* is freighted with success. Fortunate are we who have the true meaning and spirit of $\Pi B \Phi$ in our hearts, and carry them out in our lives.

Emily Putnam.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

IOWA BETA.

The last issue of the *ARROW* was so well liked by the girls, and it surely will be of great use to the *Sorosis*.

We started out this fall with five girls in school, and have since initiated three, who will make loyal and enthusiastic I. C.s. They have a brave spirit which was evinced by the way in which they swallowed the "illigant cat."

Hallowe'en was especially enjoyed this year, as we had the privilege of entertaining three of the *Des Moines* sisters. May they come again and stay longer.

Delta Tau Delta gave an oyster sociable this term, which was a very enjoyable affair. Several of *Pi-Beta-Phi* were present.

A lady present had on a badge of one of our rival societies but she "gave it away" during the evening that she had never been initiated. I think we are safe in saying an I. C. has never been badged until after initiation.

The contests and exhibitions for this term are about to begin. We will be honorably represented in them all.

We have tried to follow the advice of the last convention, which was that each chapter should try to organize one new chapter every year, and we hope that the chapter which will probably be introduced to you all through this issue will be received with open hearts and arms.

Kate Miller.

Indianola, Iowa.

IOWA EPSILON.

Our girls have been very busy for some weeks arranging for an entertainment of tableaux. The following is our program in full:

PROGRAM.

Sunrise.
Noon.
Sunset.

The Arrow.

Midnight.
 Snow Birds.
 Rock of Ages.
 The Flower of the Family
 Devotion.
 Statuary Hall.
 Sunday Morning.
 Music, Song and Dance.
 The Morning Star.
 Broken Vows.
 A Concert in Spring-Time.
 (The Goddess of Song Instructs the Birds).
 The Reaper and the Flowers.
 Night.
 LORELEI—(The Lorelei was that nymph of the Rhine, whose song charmed the luckless boatmen until, listening, they perished in their pleasure).
 A Dark Page in History.
 THE ARROW OF GOLD.

All our tableaux were beautiful and demanded much work to prepare them. Among the nicest was the "Arrow of Gold," of which I must tell you a little something as I think it will interest our sisters. From the ceiling of the stage we fastened two very fine wires from which suspended a large "I. C." pin made of pasteboard and covered with gold paper. Some distance back of this stood one of our girls with a large gilded bow drawn as though having just shot the arrow. All this, with strong pink light from both sides, made a beautiful picture.

Among our comic tableaux was "A Dark Page in History." This was represented by having a colored man whose name is "Page" stand upon a white pedestal, white background, and bright red lights from both sides. This brought prolonged applause from the audience which was completely taken by surprise. We have had many things with which to contend, but consider our entertainment a success.

Bloomfield.

Sude Weaver.

IOWA ZETA.

The present school year promises to be a most successful one for both Zeta and the S. U. I. Though we lost some loyal sisters last commencement, and the Faculty some of its best men, our prospect is very flattering, and the University under the new regime is giving excellent satisfaction.

Early in the term we initiated Miss Lillian Johnson, a Sophomore who persistently declined all invitations from the secret societies last year. Hallowe'en has always been a red-letter in the calendar of Iowa Kappa and Zeta, and was duly celebrated this year. When the clock struck nine on that memorable and eventful eve, the home of our sisters, Belle and Kate Hudson, presented, externally, a quiet and peaceful scene, save now and again were heard sounds of revelry by night. The interior—but words fail me. The last loiterer had reached the banquet, and sixteen girls had assembled to perform the rites and ceremonies customary on that evening. A round dozen good and loyal I. C.s and four girls from the freshman class who had been invited to celebrate with us, and be dazzled by the "wit, wisdom, and eloquence" of "our girls."

There were the usual chestnuts, apples, and fortune telling of various kinds. A few brave girls did the cellar stairs act, and were evidently satisfied with the results. From one quarter or another our battle cry of "Oh, girls!" was constantly heard.

While the fun was at its height and some of the girls were out sowing their barley, one of them suddenly pointed to the door of a store-room exclaiming, in a frightened whisper, "Oh girls! it moved, it did." After a hurried consultation one timidly approached the door and was cautiously proceeding to open it, when—oh! horror, had the goat escaped? or was it a vile medic? The trembling girl was being borne on the wings of the wind, but her faithful though frightened

sisters could not see her thus torn from their midst. The alarm was given, and fourteen girls followed in hot pursuit upon the steps of the ruthless molester of their peace and happiness. On and on they sped, but the fates are propitious. The dear sister is at last rescued, the cruel monster is caught, dragged back to the house and into the light. The peal of laughter which rang on the evening air will never be forgotten. Was it the goat?

Next came the banquet, where a surprise awaited most of us. At each plate was a dainty program of toasts, tied with our colors. Sister Nellie Peery presided as toast master.

"Hallowe'en" was responded to by Sister Hattie Cochran. She spoke of the many superstitions connected with it and of their origin, and finally by a very subtle process of reasoning arrived at the conclusion that the I. C.s are fairies. She made us feel that if we had not heretofore, we would in future appreciate the blessed privilege of being able to celebrate that evening.

The toast master then announced "Poetry in Camp," response by our gifted spring poet, Sister Eva Elliott, whose productions are thoroughly appreciated by others as well as "Her-man." The response was a poetic effusion of great merit, and "recollections found it" brought to those who had been so fortunate as to attend the I. C. camp the past summer.

"The Youngest" was responded to by our latest addition, Sister Lillian Johnson. She very graphically described her ride on the goat and the horrible oaths which she was compelled to take.

"Senior Dignity," response by Sister Kate Hudson. After trying in vain to convince us that she was the personification of her toast, she delineated the characteristics of the lower classes, closing with "Freshman Breaks" of which she gave some ludicrous specimens.

Then followed some extemporaneous speeches. Mrs. Nell Custer Swisher (a well-remembered G. I. R.) had accidentally succeeded in inducing her daughter to retire early and dropped in to witness our festivities. She responded to "Married Bliss and the Baby." She enumerated some of the texts upon which she had found it necessary to deliver curtain lectures, gave us some good advice, and finally gently hinted that with good spiking we might some day succeed in making an I. C. of Miss Swisher.

Sister Belle Hudson was then called for and made a typical extemporaneous speech, exciting great applause by frequently prompting herself from a blank manuscript.

One of our freshman guests was then compelled to give an account of a few of the necessarily many breaks she had made in connection with her school work. The story of her righteous indignation on being for the first time addressed with the German *danke* was very amusing.

A couple of masked callers entertained us during the latter part of the evening,

The program was closed by singing some old songs, and each tired girl went home firmly believing the occasion to have been one of the most notable in history.

On the evening of November 22d the gentlemen of Delta Tau Delta gave a very elegant reception. They invited all the other secret societies, the faculty and a few citizens who have shown an especial interest in their members. Their rooms were beautifully decorated, $\Pi B \Phi$ in violets and carnations being our contribution. Dancing, cards and refreshments were indulged in till a late hour.

Dec. 5th a candy-pulling was given at the home of Sister Mira Troth. The guests consisted of the two chapters of $\Pi B \Phi$ and a dozen gentlemen.

The next on our program is an initiation of which we hope to tell you in our next.

Bessie E. Peery, Iowa City, Ia.

IOWA THETA.

As we had no chapter letter in last month's issue, I will tell you first of our anniversary meeting the last of August. We had a very fine program and an enjoyable meeting indeed. It was an evening meeting at the home of I. R. Since then our meetings have been held in the hall. We have had some very pleasant meetings this fall, and are getting along nicely. We received an urgent invitation to spend Hallowe'en with our Bloomfield sisters, and we one and all regretted that we could not attend.

Our whole chapter voted the last issue of the ARROW a decided success, and it is so very nice to know who and where all our sisters are.

The last of October we had an I. C. wedding which we attended in a body, and the "I. C.s" also decorated the church. We have lost so many of our girls this fall, as our personals well show, that we feel as though we were few indeed.

At our election of officers in October we re-elected all our old officers except two, our censors. The two now holding office are Misses Edith Mills, and Adine Edgerly. The censors for the past year have been very good workers, and we regretted that we must give them up. But as both have gone away we had to do it.

This issue will come to our sisters about Christmas, so we extend a warm Christmas greeting to all I. C.s, and an earnest "happy New Year."

Ottumwa, Iowa.

Carrie C. Flagler.

IOWA IOTA.

Iowa Iota is very quiet, but quietly flourishing. Our new members are Misses Libbie Nix, Amy Hatch, Mary Hulme, and Jessie Edwards, making eighteen of us.

Our girls have held several pleasant "grubs" with our Al-
chapter.

One with the Brown sisters was doubly pleasant, as their comfortable home is in the country, and we met a sister from Indianola, Miss Louie Humphrey. We are always glad to meet with sisters from the different chapters, and wish that more inter-chapter visiting could be done, but hope that much can be accomplished in our chapter letters. Our thanks are due to our Phi Delta Theta brothers for one pleasant evening, although spent with our sister, Mattie Starnes.

Wishing you a merry Christmas, we are,

Yours in P D Θ.

Lizzie W. Kirkendall.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

IOWA LAMBDA.

The editors of our ARROW applied to me for a Chapter letter. Although my interest in my chapter is by no means lessened, I yet thought that that pleasant task should be given to an active member of the college, so I resigned it. But I want to talk to you all a little of I. C. in general, and our work outside of Callanan College.

The Des Moines sisters received an invitation from the Indianola girls to spend Hallowe'en with them. As many as possible responded by our presence, and we were royally entertained. A delegation met us at the depot and escorted us to the home of Anna McLaughlin, where the rest were assembled. After half an hour's chat a delicious dinner was served, toasts responded to, and then fun reigned till the "three sma' hours." The lights all being lowered, the ghost-goat was lead in, to our infinite delight. The girls who attended the convention know what a pet the Indianola goat is. We intend to duplicate it in Des Moines at our next in-
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Dr. Margaret Cleaves gave a 50c tea the other evening in honor of her guest, Anna Kurtz, of Mt. Pleasant. All the guests but two were I. C.s. We found Miss Kurtz a charming sister, and will gladly welcome her to our circle. She is to remain till after Christmas.

Mrs. Ethel Law-Turney and Mrs. Anna Wright-Lowell are recent acquisitions to our city, both members of the Indianola chapter. I think few of our girls have met them as yet, but they also will be welcomed.

And right here I want to say that it was through the ARROW Directory that we learned of several new sisters in our midst. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to hear of them in any other way, so many strangers constantly coming here. But there is a sort of free-masonry among us that is delightful, the little gold arrow being sufficient introduction for I. C.'s meeting on the street.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Anna Ross.

ILLINOIS DELTA.

Possibly some of our sisters think that Illinois Delta is entirely extinct since she has not been heard from such a time. We wish to disabuse you of that idea. We are neither dead nor nearly so, but very much alive; in fact never more prosperous. We started the year with five members; we now number ten. Our new members are Misses Margaret Sisson, '89; Mame Barbero, Minnie Day, Grace Lass, '91, and May Phinister, '92.

We lost two of our most loyal sisters by graduation last spring—Misses Edna Smith and Mattie Evans. These young ladies were very prominent, and are not only greatly missed by their sisters, but by the entire college. Both were fine elocutionists and graduated with high honors. We miss also Miss Laura Robinson. She has been kept at her home in Warsaw, by the serious illness of her sister.

A short time since our chapter gave an "oyster bang" at the home of Margaret Phelps. The time was spent with various pleasantries. Late in the evening the young men were initiated (?) into the I. C. They seem to enjoy it very much.

One of our sisters of two years ago is greatly afflicted and should have the sympathy of every I. C.—Mrs. Perry Holmes, nee Matie Hammond of Burlington, Ia. Her baby of a month old, by some fatal disease, has lost one eye, and it is thought the other must go.

We have lately been shocked at hearing that one of our last year's graduates did not wholly confide in her sisters; that she was more partial to a single Phi Delta Theta than to all I. C.s. This we might have known had not the little sparkling diamond been kept hidden away in some dark corner for two months before her graduation.

We have tried very hard to find some plan by which we might have an I. C. hall. It seems, here, to be almost impracticable. Will some of the chapters who are so fortunate as to have halls kindly offer us some suggestions as to ways and means?

We look forward with great pleasure to the coming of the ARROW and only wish it came oftener.

Our officers are at present—I. R., Emily M. Brooke; R. S., Alice C. Stewart; S., Mary E. Griswold; I., Bessie L. Smith. We should be very glad to hear from any sisters who would take pleasure in writing to us.

Margaret W. Phelps.

Galesburg, Ill.

KANSAS ALPHA.

The school year of '87-8, bids fair to be a successful one for Kansas Alpha. Six girls have already donned the ARROW and a number more have promised to do so "when the time

comes." The initiates are, Misses Brown, King, Tisdale, and Manley, already mentioned as pledged in the Sept. number of the ARROW; also Misses Millia Crotty, of Burlington, and Gertrude Miller.

Our pledged members are, Misses Edna Jones, Rose Horner, and Lollie Buckingham. Of course, we did not gain all of these without a struggle; but competition only enhances the value of the prize.

A very enjoyable initiation party was given Friday evening, Sept. 17th, at the house of Miss Nell Griffith; and the night of Nov. 11th, was signalized by an elegant reception at the beautiful house of Mrs. Maud (Mansfield) Gibbs. What need to say more than that the reputation of Pi Beta Phi was fully sustained.

Do not think, however, that we are devoting all our energies to social duties. A course of art reading has been planned, and after Thanksgiving we expect to enter upon it with interest and vigor. We hope that it will come under both the heads "mutual *help* and *pleasure*," to quote from Mrs. Stidger's letter in the March number, with which we heartily agree.

"Happy is the nation that has no history" and the brevity of this letter bears emphatic testimony to our prosperity. Long may Kansas Alpha preserve the even tenor of her way.

To all other chapters of our order, greeting,

Mary Manley.

Lawrence, Kansas.

NEBRASKA BETA.

Through your pages allow us to introduce ourselves, Nebraska Beta chapter of I. C. Sorosis, Π Β Φ, who first saw the light, collectively, one week ago, November 17th, and who gives promises, even thus early in her infancy, of be-

coming one of the leading elements in the social and intellectual life of Hastings College.

More particularly speaking, and in my capacity as correspondent, permit me to make known to you by name our sisters both new and old. Beginning just outside the chapter, I want to tell you what nice girls the York chapter sent here to organize us—Mrs. McCloud and Miss Harrison. If they are representatives of what our sorosis is to be in Nebraska, we say speed the day when Pi Beta Phi shall occupy the state. Mrs. Phillips, to whose influence and zealous efforts the founding of our chapter is due, was formerly a York member and shows good training in "the spirit" during her sojourn there. She will be a stronghold of the chapter. Our initiates, Sisters Leta Herlocker, Addie Shedd, and Freda Walquist, enthusiastic young school girls, seemed to catch the fire at once, and before the evening was over were in armor and ready for battle. As to your subscriber, she is just what she has always been in regard to I. C. matters; only younger. Attending a genuine I. C. meeting once more, and seeing the gleam of the loved arrow on other breasts were a better youth renewer and invigorator than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Our meeting was at the beautiful home of Mrs. Phillips. She is an artist, by the way. The initiations were in the regular form, not omitting the goat, which was in good training for the occasion. Then came election and installation of officers. (There were enough offices to go around.) Then the "grub". You all know what that means. This was one of the most successful features of the evening.

We started out with only a few members in order that the girls might more largely make their own selection of members and also have the basis of organization to work from. They are already drawing the toils close around some of the best and strongest girls in school, and we expect that our

membership will be increased considerably before the next ARROW reaches us. We are ambitious, we are industrious, and we are the first secret society in a prosperous and growing college, and we expect to be heard from in the future. However, we are not egotistical, but very young and inexperienced, and we presume there will be many times before we reach maturity that we will stand in need of advice and sympathy from our elder sisters.

Hastings, Neb.

Lillie M. Selby.

COLORADO ALPHA

As this is our first letter since vacation, we shall have to tell you how we spent it. One of our sisters went to California, another to Montana, a third to New England, and a fourth to her home in New Mexico, leaving us only five in number. Before the girls departed we had a very pleasant banquet at the home of our sister, Mrs. Stidger.

The table was loaded with good things, and some excellent toasts were enjoyed. A few weeks later we were invited to a 5 o'clock tea at the rural home of our sister, Emma Sternberg. Carriages called for us at 4 o'clock, bringing us back at 8. A most delightful time was had, and will long be remembered by all who participated.

During the summer our former sisters, Mrs. Judge Rogers and Miss Jo Weidner, visited us. We are ever glad to see any of our sisters, if only for a short time.

On the 1st of September we lost our I. R., Minnie Earhart, who was married on that day to Mr. C. H. Wells of Denver. The wedding was a very elegant and quiet one. Only the relatives, Pi Phi's, and a few of the most intimate friends were invited. The ceremony took place at high noon, after which an elegant wedding breakfast was served.

Mr. Wells and his bride took the afternoon train for a tour of the state. They make their future home in Denver.

We were very much pleased with the September ARROW, at the same time sorry that Miss Leila Peabody's name was omitted from our list.

Although there are only six of us, what we lack in numbers we make up in congeniality, and we are looking forward to an unusually pleasant year.

Georgina Rowland.

Boulder, Col.

COLORADO BETA.

Just home from a Thanksgiving sermon by Rev. Bayard Craig. Only wish our sisters might have been here to walk with us in the glorious sunlight of one of Denver's most beautiful of days and hear his talk on the Queen City. You would surely agree with us that ours is a beautiful and thriving little city. Among other things, he spoke of the grand building the Denver Club is erecting; of the great Trinity Church, and of the Y. M. C. A. hall, which will certainly grace our city ere long.

But you, sisters, will all agree with me that his great omission was that of our $\Pi \beta \Phi$ hall, which we see "in the mind's eye" as the great pride of Denver in the not far distant future. Still we will forgive him this time, knowing our hall will receive due notice in its own good time.

But mine is a prophetic ? mind; for as yet we are pleased to congregate in one of the students' rooms and accommodate ourselves as best we may. Some of our girls made plans for a fine hall, on a small scale, to be rented of the Haish Manual Training School which the university is erecting just opposite; but it remains to be seen whether or not our plans will be fulfilled.

At present we have a very small representation of our so-

ciety in the University. From an active membership of eight but two returned at the opening of school. We now have four in school, and the rest of us within summoning distance. We are often despondent, yet still hopeful. Be assured of one thing: we prefer a chosen few rather than a promiscuous many.

Learning that one of our sisters from the east was at Albany during the summer two of us called several times, but fortune did not favor us. We trust we will be more successful another time.

We wish our sisters would let us know when they visit our city. Drop a word to the University, and it will be sure to reach one or the other of us.

Denver, Col.

Colorado Beta.

MICHIGAN ALPHA.

Since our last letter Michigan Alpha has added to its number the following named young ladies: Mame Kerr, Adale Browne, Helen C. Squire, and with the added strength "we are seven."

Sister Minnie Newby, of Ann Arbor, spent Thanksgiving with us, being present at a party given Thanksgiving evening by the Sorosis at the home of Jessie C. Sheldon, one of our resident members, at which we entertained forty friends progressive angling, cards, and souvenirs. The refreshments consisted of turkey, salad, escalloped oysters, rolls, coffee, ice cream and cake.

Our literary work at present is mostly with the magazines of the day, and we are considering the idea of a library, whose growth will necessarily be slow, but we hope continuous.

Hillsdale, Mich.

May L. Copeland.

POETRY IN CAMP.

[Written in honor of the "I. C. Encampment" at Iowa City, July, 1887, by one of the "I. C's."]

There's more poetry in camping out
Than in all else without a doubt.
And of all the camps in which poetry was rife,
That was the one when I. C's formed the life.

With valiant cavaliers, the burdens to share,
The crowd had plenty of fun to spare.
The rattle of knives 'gainst the tin plates
Was music charming to tempt the fates;

The sound of horn and dinner bell
Was one we loved to hear right well.
And all was rhythm from Herman's "hog call"
To the melodious sound of Ella's squall,

When a fish so large and daintily sweet
Was drawn in by her—a noble feat!
The ripple of water against the shore.
The sound of the laughing billows roar,

The bird's and cricket's chirp so clear,
The sound of Frankie's "Katie dear,"
Made poetry to ears which caught
The message spoken or only thought.

As down the river we floated at night,
Seeing many a charming sight;
The voice of Lillie would fill the air,
Then the "laughing eyed" man would boldly dare,

To air his voice in wondrous notes.
And music also came from the throats
Of Bella, Mina, Hattie too
Singing the songs so old yet new,

Which, sung in the quiet moonlight calm,
Brought to each heart there a balm,
A thought that tho' the past was dead
A glorious future might still be ahead.

The visitors each was a poem complete,
A life history done up in binding neat.
Each brought forth some good spell,
To while away the time so well.

Fred, the dandy, moved the crowd
With story of baked beans told quite loud.
The swing held for us a glorious treat,
As up in the branches we rose so fleet.

The tents and hammocks strewn around,
Full of comfort and beds were found.
But at night the completest poem we found
As in our beds we nestled 'round,

And from the mosquitoes throbbing throat,
Was heard the familiar musical note,
Which caused in our heart of hearts the thought,
That providence had forgotten us not.

The last eve, by the bonfire's fitful light,
The crowd presented a charming sight.
Toasts were given and loud cheers too
For I. C's. both old and new.

And when we bade the camp good-bye,
'Twas with many a heart-felt sigh,
But with memory of days gone by;
Days which quickly to us did fly.

So into the *carriages* we did pile,
And into town in rank did file.
So ended a week of pleasure sweet
Whose days did vanish by so fleet,
A week with pleasure we recall,
As we meet again this happy Fall.

 OBITUARY NOTICES.

At 5 o'clock on Sabbath morning the soul of Miss Minnie E. Glenn passed away from earth "through the gates into the city." Five weeks ago she left Monmouth full of life and spirits to pay a long anticipated visit to her friend, Miss DeHart, of Carthage. Sabbath night her dead body was brought back by her bereaved parents to Monmouth. On the Wednesday following her departure, she was attacked by that fell destroyer, typhoid fever. All that human skill could do for her was done, and through nearly all of her illness her whole family gathered around her bedside. For a month she battled bravely with the dread disease, but she finally was compelled to succumb from sheer exhaustion. In Monmouth, during her entire illness, the interest in her condition has been intense. Daily dispatches have been received from Carthage, and in church, at the family altar, thousands of prayers have been offered for her recovery. But the Creator, in His great and merciful kindness, had ruled otherwise, and when the sad news flashed over the wires Sabbath morning, even the church bells seemed to toll with a saddened, softened cadence. Miss Minnie Glenn was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Judge Glenn, was 23 years of age, a graduate of Monmouth College, and proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental. Her unselfish disposition and sunshiny temperament rendered her a universal favorite. She was a much loved member of the "I. C. Sorosis" and the "To Kalous" societies, composed of young ladies, and will be deeply mourned by them. Amidst her social claims Miss Minnie never forgot her duties to her church. For several years past she was an active member

of the First Presbyterian church, and there, as everywhere, all will miss her sadly, and especially will it be hard to miss that familiar voice in the choir where she has so often been heard in the praises of her God. But our sadness will be turned into joy when we remember that she has gone to join that heavenly choir "Where they continually praise the lamb." During her illness Minnie frequently imagined herself at the family altar or in God's house, and at one time sang throughout the hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." There was probably no person in Monmouth who had so entwined herself in the hearts of so many as Minnie. The floral tributes to her memory were of the most elaborate. The funeral took place at the First Presbyterian Church, and long before the hour the church was filled with sympathizing friends. After the services the body was taken to the cemetery, and there was committed to earth all that was mortal of that much beloved young lady.—*Copied.*

Mrs. Margaret Binford Hisey died at the home of her parents on North Second avenue, Marshalltown, Ioa., at 7.30 p.m., October 12th. Four weeks previous she was stricken with an attack of intermittent fever, which finally developed into typhoid fever, and for the last day the attending physicians had but small hopes of her recovery. Margaret J. Binford was the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. T. Binford. She was raised here in Marshalltown, graduating from the High school, and taking a supplementary course at a seminary in Chicago. Surrounded by the comforts of a cultured home she grew into beautiful womanhood. Less than a year ago she became the bride of Mr. J. C. Hisey, whose burden today is as great as man should be called upon to bear. To him and into the parent home darkened by its first great sorrow goes the sympathy of hundreds of mourning friends.

The funeral services of Mrs. Hisey were held Saturday afternoon at 3.30. It was one of the saddest occasions on which the people of Marshalltown have been mourners, and the large assemblage testified to the sympathy of friends and acquaintances. Nothing that loving hearts could suggest or willing hands carry out was left undone. Margaret's death created the first vacancy in the circle of the "Hawthorne Club" and her associates, taking charge of the lot in Riverside, had strewn it with flowers that hid the earth and obliterated all suggestions of the grave.

To all this sudden death of a happy young bride, loving daughter, accomplished woman, and tender wife, comes as one of the saddest of life's lessons. On the brink of such a grave the human heart finds consolation and the finite mind explanation only in the promise of Him who doeth all things well.—*Copied.*

EDITORIAL.

* * *

Through mistake the article "Ideal Womanhood" was attributed to Mrs. Strite of Mt. Pleasant when it should have been Mrs. Strite, of Bloomfield.

* * *

Don't wait to be asked for material for the ARROW but send it in. It is your ARROW as much as ours.

* * *

We are requested to present to our sisters through the ARROW the feasibility of having a small steel cut made, which could be used in engraving note paper. Many have felt and some expressed a desire for this; but as yet no action has ever been taken. We suggest that each chapter consider this matter, and if affirmatively inclined, let each originate a plan for a cut; see on what terms they could have it furnished, and accordingly instruct their delegate to the next convention, at which time all necessary arrangements can be made. As members of the editorial corps we do not feel this need because for us the business letter head is somewhat more appropriate, and strictly business letters are about all we can attend to. Nevertheless we approve the use of a uniform fraternity note paper and think that by all means we should have it.

* * *

But three chapters have substantially responded to our announcement in the last ARROW and in a sense we may credit them with the appearance of this issue. You understand, sister chapters, so please see to it that the March number be not delayed because of your tardy remittances. And while

we have the floor permit us a few requests; When you send names for the ARROW, send the address for each in full. Some omit street and numbers in necessary cases and then expect the ARROW will reach them. Again, please notify us of any change in your address at once and having thus done your part, the blame for future straying ARROWS can be laid at our door. Make all such complaints to the Business Manager, not to the Editors as we are often able to see one another only at our meetings. We are all busy and our work on the ARROW is extra, therefore please do not make it burdensome by sending us communications that should be sent to G. A. R., G. R. S., Grand Scribe, or Grand Quaes- tor. We are learning business principles, and while ever glad to do a favor feel more and more the importance of forethought to be exercised by others as well as by us.

Sincerely,

BUSINESS MANAGER.

* * *

HASTING, NEB., Sept. 20th, 1887.

Zeta Chapter of I. C. Sorosis, Iowa City, Iowa.

MY DEAR SISTERS: Your beautiful message of appreciation, is, through your committee, just received. It is with feelings of great humility that I set down to acknowledge its receipt, and to express my sincere thanks for the kindness you have thus shown me—humility, because I realize how unworthy of such commendation were my efforts in the work of the ARROW. And the sweet words of encouragement and approval which I received during my brief term of service, not only from my sisters at home, but also from those abroad, were abundant compensation for the attention I was able to give the work.

To the efforts of my competent co-laborers, and the hearty support of its readers, not less than to myself, must be attri-

buted whatever measure of success the ARROW has had during the past year. Be sure that, wherever I may wander before alighting in dear old Iowa City again, "our girls" will always occupy the warmest corner of my heart.

Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you as a chapter, and the future editors of the ARROW abundant success, I remain, loyally and lovingly,

Yours in Π Β Φ,

Lillie M. Selby.

OUR EXCHANGES.

They come to us with great and overwhelming plurality—so much so that our editorial pen shakes with emotion as we contemplate the "writing up." As far as we can judge they may be pronounced good. Some of them have dealt us mortal blows, but still we plunge heedlessly on. The following from the *Kappa Alpha Theta* has a weighty sound, and merits our profound consideration: "While we admire, on the whole, a certain degree of fraternity enthusiasm, loyalty and pride, we can but deprecate the profuse self-adoration prevailing the March number of the ARROW, I. C. 'To thine own self be true if thou the truth wouldst teach'. The editorials are chiefly on I. C. policy. Honorary membership is considered as having a 'down-dragging tendency,' and as 'an excuse for shoddy admissions.' Discussions appear under Open Letters, recommending the additions of Π Β Φ to the I. C. pin, and encouraging literary work. A few exchanges are brightly and favorably reviewed. The personals are interesting, and chapter letters mainly fair."

However, could she be persuaded to go into half-mourning the *Kappa Alpha Theta* presents a very substantial makeup.

The *Anchora* comes with a little printed apology inclosed which puts the whole editorial weight of pain and woe on the printers' poor defenseless head. The *Anchora's* chief failing seems to be a lack of proper self-esteem. The only literary production is a poem entitled 'Oh! Ah!', a rehearsal of the charms of "The Peerless Delta Gamma"

The *Key* has not come into our sanctum though we should be glad of the courtesy of an exchange, did we possess her address.

There is an energy of purpose, and a clock-like regularity of appearance about the *Phi Kappa Psi Shield* which does our hearts good. In our humble estimation it is the best fraternity magazine published and that not alone because it has a scholarly editorial corps; but above all the moral tone is high. The following will illustrate our point and serve as a standard of manhood for our young women to think upon: We could write volumes here, but will leave it for every thoughtful "I. C. to read beteen the lines and proceed to the quotation marks."

FRATERNITY MORALITY.

[Read at the Third District Council by George Smart, Ohio A.]

The effects of association upon the character of men are seldom given that serious consideration and careful attention that their importance demands. In the rush and hurry of modern life, we who push forward in the continual strife are not prone to stop and think what it is that has made us. We even forget the physical requisites that are demanded by the laws of health. A city, in the midst of its multiform departments of business, permits filth to collect upon the thoroughfares and in secluded spots, to threaten the health and happiness of its inhabitants, and even to invite pestilence. Thousands of times we imperil our physical well-being, neglectful or unmindful of the delicate structure of our bodies. We do not appreciate the importance of our surroundings. But, to study, understand, and obey sanitary and hygienic laws is not the only duty of man. When as great a thinker as Carlyle tells us that our influence is immortal, we stand silent with awe. We might think for hours about that statement. We live and die, but the influence of our character is transmitted from man to man as long as time. This thought brings consolation and hope. It impresses, in the most lasting manner, the importance of our lives. It brings us home to ourselves, and we begin to see how our own

character building has advanced. We ask ourselves, Who are we? and, What has made us as we are? It is then we see the importance of association. We see how largely we have been the creatures of those about us, beginning with our babyhood and reaching the present. Our own bodily development, from a time of utter helplessness to one of comparative physical independence, abounds in examples of the influence of those about us, and all these examples have counterparts in our psychological development.

"In the progress of each man's character," says Emerson, "his relations to the best men, which at first seem only the romances of youth, acquire a graver importance; and he will have learned the lessson of life who is skilled in the ethics of friendship."

I don't know whether Ralph Waldo Emerson was a Greek or not; but when I think of those lines, I imagine him as a genuine fraternity boy, and can see him long years ago, as the beloved brother of a Greek chapter. Those lines might well be written in letters of gold upon the walls of every Greek hall.

One of the first duties of a Phi Psi is to learn that his fraternity relations are not merely the romances of youth, but the most important realities of his present and future. True it is, that to-day we enter the chapter and to-morrow we bid it farewell. We step into a world that cares nothing for our old friendships. The brother who bid me, thinks the graduate, has already gone to a distant state. He is involved in the cares of business. We seldom hear from him. One by one, the brothers will be scattered; new men, unknown to me, will take their places; and in a few years the old chapter will be no more—a something to remember with pleasant recollections, mingled with sad regrets that it could not live always. Its influence on me is ended.

Stop, my brother, let us hear no more of such lamenta-

tions. True it is, that the boys to whom you first gave the Phi Psi grip are scattered. Some of them may even be forgotten; but those early associations made an impression upon your character that time can not remove. Those relations have assumed a graver importance; and, if you were skilled in the ethics of Phi Psi friendship, you have learned the lesson of life. There is nothing marvelous about your present character. It is only the natural product of early cultivation.

When, my brothers, we see clearly the working of cause and effect, of early influences upon after life, when we have learned that our fraternity relations are not merely youthful romances, the great responsibilities that devolve upon us are disclosed. We see, first, the duties that we owe ourselves. We are actively enlisted in the battle of right against wrong. It is now that we must cultivate the qualities that will enable us to withstand the trials of the future. If we form correct habits of living now, it will hereafter be easier for us to keep our lives free from taint or tarnish. The past will lend a helping hand to the future. We shall have within us the consciousness of being pure and true. The inward calm is, after all, the only perfect happiness. The applause of men does not quiet the guilty conscience. Remorse makes life miserable.

We see, secondly, the duties that we owe our brothers. We are no longer, if we ever were, independent of others. We are responsible not only for ourselves, but also for our influence upon others. The home and the fraternity are the centers of the greatest influence that affects the character of men. When the boy steps from the tender care of his home into the fraternity, he is at a critical point in his life. If he passes safely over, his future will be shaped largely by the influence of a life well begun. It may be said that the fraternity is not a school, that the older brothers should not train the younger;

but I insist that the fraternity is a school where we are all teachers and all scholars, or rather where character is both teacher and scholar. We may not know when we are teaching, or when we are being taught, but silently the everlasting lessons taught; noiselessly our hereafter is shaped. It is not by harshly talking to a brother, and telling him that he must do this and must not do that, that the greatest influence is exerted. If one brother feels that he should talk to another upon some question of conduct, he must do it in sincerity, in earnestness, in kindness, with sympathy, when he and his brother are alone, when he can look in his brother's face, and when the two souls can commune with each other. Then he may tenderly talk with him. Or, brothers may meet in sacred confidence entirely as equals, without any intention of trying to help each other, and this communion of souls may result in mutual strengthening. But there is always an influence that is felt when the lips do not move—an influence due to the affinity that one life, one heart, one character has for another. Character has been well defined as "a latent power, a reserved force, which acts directly by presence, and without means." The brother whose tongue is most active is not often the one who has the best influence. It is he whose life, daily actions, character, wield a powerful influence while his tongue is silent. It is the modest, sterling boy whose thoughts and words are pure; the boy who respects manhood and womanhood.

It is not pleasant to speak in detail of wrong doing, but I can not confine myself entirely to generalities, and desire to call attention to a few matters that enter into the daily life of Phi Psis.

Guard well your language. Profane and vulgar words should find no place in the vocabulary of a Phi Psi. The brother who takes in vain the name of the Almighty, or who indulges in coarse and obscene talk, outrageously disregards

the beautiful words that were addressed to him when he became a Phi Psi. Blasphemy and obscenity can never assist to establish our fraternity as one whose designs are holy, sanctioned by the approving smiles of Deity himself.

Remember the dangers of intoxicating drinks. If a brother of Phi Kappa Psi walks up to a bar and asks another to drink with him, he is extending an invitation that may lead to unspeakable misery. If a chapter of Phi Psis take liquor to their hall, and drink it together, the future will not be filled with the delightful recollections of the genuine pleasures of the morning of life, but the memory will be clouded by the shadow of remorse, and perhaps the guilty conscience will refuse to be quieted as the surviving brothers think how one or two of their number—generous, whole-souled boys,—drank from the intoxicating cup till death removed the terrible thirst. Have we any lack of facts to demonstrate the evils that may result from fraternity dissipation? No; they are all about us. Phi Kappa Psi's history in Ohio includes a few dark spots, which have now cleared away, but were due to failure to adhere to the strict demands of temperance and virtue. Our Grand Arch Councils have been attended by delegates of whom, as a whole, we have been justly proud. Still, even at these meetings, we have seen indications that the influence of Phi Kappa Psi is not uniformly and entirely good in all of the chapters. I am thankful to say, however, that in our fraternity the examples of the dangers of intemperance have not been numerous. But we can not say as much of all of our rivals. Have we not all witnessed or known of debauchery among Greeks that made us heart-sick to think that such influence, such iniquity, could exist in organizations so much like our own? Only a few nights ago, as I walked up High Street in Columbus, as Saturday had just passed and Sunday was dawning, I saw a set of fine looking young men come staggering

out of a large saloon. I thought they were college boys, and, as they went reeling up the street, and one, who appeared to be sober, lingering behind, they called him, and I knew from the name that the crowd belonged to a rival fraternity. My heart was filled with sorrow. Can it be, I thought, that *this* is the influence of fraternity life? Is this all the sacred Greek principles are worth? Can it be that a Greek society can enter one of the best homes in Columbus, take from a loving mother her bright and promising boy, and lead him to this den of temptation and sin? The burglar, I thought, who enters the home, and steals a piece of silver, is sent to the penitentiary, dressed in stripes, and disgraced forever. What should be done with the chapter which enters that home, drags a young son from kindly influences, and leads him in the way of degradation? I thought of my own chapter, and rejoiced as a Phi Psi that its influence is pure; but I thought of our rival chapter, and mourned as a Greek. When we know of these wrongs and these dangers, it is our solemn duty to do all in our power to make them impossible in Phi Kappa Psi.

Turning from these warnings, let us remember the positive side of our Phi Psi duties, for we must not only resist the wrong, but move steadily forward in the right. Let us never be unmindful that we are associated with the dearest and best friends that we shall ever have. Let us be firm in the truth. At least, with our Phi Psi brothers, let us be sincere, and stand in true relations. To some men we are attached by admiration for their ability; to others, by hope of political, social, or business advancement. Let there be something higher and nobler in our Phi Psi relations. The only attachment that unites the truest and best Phi Psis is that which results from fraternal love, born of the association of pure and manly brother. Let us remember, with Emerson, that "our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions,

because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. The only way to have a friend is to be one."

My brothers, you who are still in college, make your chapter meetings as happy and joyous as you can. Let the soul-stirring college and Phi Psi songs ring through your halls. Your chapter hall is the place to concentrate the sunshine of your college life. It is better to own a piano in a plain room than to live without it in an elegant furnished hall. It does the true Phi Psi more good to enjoy Phi Psi music than to walk over fine carpets, or sit in upholstered chairs.

Let us not, brothers, as we grow older, imagine that our fraternity's influence is less important because its college members are boys. We could not have a greater delusion. The hope of our country is its boys. The future greatness, power, moral strength of this grand republic depends upon its youth. Trite as this statement may seem, it is too often disregarded. The world's history proves its truth. After the conquering armies of the great Napoleon had swept over Germany, and the German empire had not yet entered upon that wonderful career of prosperity which led to its present greatness, the iron prince, Count Otto Von Bismark, said to King William that hereafter Germany must depend upon her young men, and prepare them to engage in their country's battles. From that time Germany did rely upon her boys, and when again the French and German armies met, the flag of Germany was carried forward to victory in every battle. In our own civil war, there was more fact than fancy in the patriotic expression, "Boys in blue." When Sumpter was fired upon, thousands of boys marched to the front, and amidst the shot and shell and rumble and roar of battle, sur-

rounded by the dead and dying, fought for the Union. Yes, it was brave boys like Ben Foraker who stood by the stars and stripes from Fort Sumpter to Appomattox.

Let us ever remember our sacred duties as Phi Psis, and, amid the dangers, temptations, disappointments, and successes of life, never forget that our honor, our disgrace, our character, are inseparably connected with Phi Kappa Psi.—
The Shield.

Who was it, Beta Theta Pi, that told that we had really caught the Vassar girl's sprightliness? Now that was the "most unkindest cut of all." Just when we were priding ourselves on a true western flavor—which is something as far removed from Vassar as Iowa's broad prairies are from New York's city parks. However, to be truly feminine, and as a woman have the last word, we will say that the statement was essentially *masculine*.

PERSONAL.

IOWA ALPHA.

MT. PLEASANT: Mrs. Prude Kebbin Murphy and daughter Miranie, of Burlington Kan., have been visiting her mother and many friends. Mrs. Murphy is one of the charter members of Iowa Alpha.

Married, at Knoxville, Iowa, Oct. 18th, 1887, Miss Bird L. Collins to Mr. Walter Brown, of Toledo, Ohio. At home after Nov. 1st, Corner Summit and Ash Sts., Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Sed Taylor is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Phillipps, at Topeka, Kansas.

Miss Tillie Winter is teaching school at Beatrice, Nebraska.

Miss Clara De Laubenfels is visiting friends at Indianapolis, Ind.

Married: At the residence of the bride's parents, at Daurville, Iowa, Oct. 27th, 1887, Miss Mattie Hanna to Mr. J. W. Wherry. At home to friends at 810 West 2d street, Sioux Falls Dakota. Mr. Wherry was a member of class of '84 and Mattie a student at the conservatory for several years. The best wishes of many Beta and I. C. brothers and sisters go with them to their new home.

Miss Anna Kurtz is spending a few months at Des Moines.

The friends in this city of Miss Brodhead, who spent her childhood here in the home of her grandmother, Mrs. James White, will be interested to learn of her marriage at Muscatine, Iowa, on Thanksgiving Day, to Mr. Harry C. Wallace, the eldest son of Henry Wallace, of the *Iowa Homestead*. They both attended the I. A. College at Ames, Iowa. The home of the young people will be at Orient, Iowa, a few miles north of Creston. —*Mt. Pleasant Journal*.

We clip the following notice from *The Iowa Wesleyan* in regard to an I. C. graduate of '74:

"Miss Anna Fuller has been spending several months 'across the sea,' and in lands of romance and song, has enjoyed to the utmost her heart's long desire. She first visited Florence, and for some time took vocal lessons of the renowned teacher of Italy, Vannuccini; he pronounced her voice one of the finest he had ever trained, and under the

Personal.

43

best control; he urged her strongly to enter the opera, and assured her wonderful success in that line. From Florence she went to Paris, then to London, where she placed herself under the training of Randegger, who also urged her to enter the opera. She, however, still shrinks from the regular stage and prefers singing in Oratorio with occasional concerts. We wish her health and happiness and trust that for many long years, she may continue to delight her friends and to elevate mankind with her magnificent voice."

The new poem, "The Passion of Life" by Mrs. Jessie Wilson Manning, an I. C. of '74, is receiving favorable notice.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents at Washington, Kan., June 23d, 1877, Laurie M. Light and Charles Vance. Mr. and Mrs. Vance will be at home at Wymore, Nebraska.

IOWA BETA.

INDIANOLA. Flora Johnson will leave us soon for the rest of the year to the regret of all who have known her. Well, we'll "pull taffy" in her honor at our next meeting.

Mrs. Jessie Graham Osborne has been with us for a short time; the occasion of her visit being the sad death of her father. She has the love and sympathy of all her sisters in her sorrow. She will make her home in Red Oak for the future.

Doll Kern, of Norwalk, Iowa, made the girls a visit this term, too short by far though.

Eloise Finley ate turkey at her home in Leon, Ia.

Several of the girls were fortunate enough to have an invitation to "give thanks" at the pleasant home of Clara Burton Carlisle. Anna Wright Dowell and Ethel Law Turney gladdened us with a sight of their familiar faces Hallowe'en.

MARRIAGES.

Turney-Law: At the residence of the bride's parents, Sept. 22d, 1887, W. L. Turney, of Des Moines, to Ethel V. Law, of Indianola. Ethel is one of our most loyal loyal I. C.'s and will be missed very much.

Wilder-McClure: At the residence of the bride's parents, Oct. 13th, 1887, H. H. Wilder, of Newton, Kan., and Dora McClure, of Indianola, Ia. The best wishes of our chapter go with Dora to her new home.

IOWA THETA.

OTTUMWA: Miss Sallie Warden is spending the winter in Omaha with her sister, Mrs. Racine.

Miss Hattie Tisdale is spending the winter traveling in California.

Mrs. Chas. Jordan has moved to Denver to make her home there, as it a better climate for her health.

Miss Jessie Chaney has gone to Minneapolis to make her home. We don't think we can ever find another member so suited to take care of the "I. C. goat."

Married: At the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday, Oct. 26th, at 3 P. M., Miss Anna Warden, of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mr. D. P. Varble of Louisville, Ky.

Miss Clara Warden is teaching in the country this winter.

Miss Lizzie Brisco is attending school in Chicago.

ILLINOIS' DELTA.

GALESBURG: Misses Mame Barbero and Minnie Day spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their respective homes, Maquon and Briurfield.

Miss Bessie Smith entertained a few of her classmates at her home on Thompkins St., Friday evening, Dec. 2d.

Misses Grace Lass and May Phinster took prominent parts in a play presented by the Young Peoples' Society of the First Church (Cong'l.) Dec. 8th.

Miss Georgia Smith has recently accepted a position as teacher in one of our schools.

Misses Minnie Day and Alice Stewart attended a brilliant wedding at St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Dec. 15th.

Miss Maude Smith has gone to Florida to spend the winter. She will be greatly missed by her sisters.

Miss Margaret Sisson entertained those members of the Junior class who remained in town through vacation, at her home the evening after Thanksgiving.

COLORADO ALPHA.

BOULDER: Miss Evalyn Barney will in the future make her home with her brother in Longmont.

Miss Berry Culver is teaching near Longmont. She returns Friday evenings to spend Sundays with her family and Pi Phi sisters.

Mrs. Chas. H. Wells (nee Minnie Earhart) our well beloved I. R. of last year, now living in Denver, spent Thanksgiving week in Boulder, to the exceeding delight of the Pi Phi girls.

Miss May Peabody has returned from her trip to California, and is teaching in the Public Schools at Canon City.

We are delighted to welcome home Miss Leila Peabody, who has just returned from a four months' visit in New England.

Miss Hesse Sandder is teaching in Middletown, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson has come back to Greek and Mathematics after a delightful summer in Helena, Montana; while there she met an initiate of the Ottumwa chapter, Miss Lizzie Brisco, who is, this winter, attending Miss Grant's school in Chicago.

COLORADO BETA.

DENVER Ida Winne has gladdened the hearts of professors and students by returning to college as a Freshman this year.

Miss Ida Winne's and Miss Frank Carpenter's essays were the features of the evening at the graduating exercises of the Colorado Seminary. The I B Θ girls were proud indeed of its two graduates.

Miss Frank Carpenter is at home this year, but often gives the D. U. a flying visit.

The wedding bells have pealed the glad tidings of the marriage of Miss Mary Walcott to Geo. Smith. She is thus the first of our chapter to enter the bonds.

Her example seems to be approved, as we can almost hear the merry "marriage bells". Ah, well! more later. We will only say that Mary Mcgrue is doing considerable shopping.

Miss Hattie Ritz did not return this year.

Dora Winne spent the summer in Canada. All felt compensated for the loss of the summer when she returned to us with health renewed.

Una France and Kate Porter are doing extra work and will graduate in June. We know that, as last year, the I. C.'s will carry off the honors of graduation.

Lutie Price, as usual, took the highest honor in the art department last June. Una France also took one of the prizes.

Mary Carpenter and Lillian Pike are "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

SUPPLEMENT TO CATALOGUE.

ILLINOIS DELTA, GALESBURG.

Evans, Mattie, 204 W. Williams St. Galesburg, Ill.
 Martin, Ella, N. Kellogg St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Murdock, Jessie, N. Prairie St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Smith, Maude, 150 Academy St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Smith, Bessie, W. Tompkins St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Smith, Georgia, 351 N. Prairie St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Strikney, Emma, 353 N. Prairie St., Galesburg, Ill.
 Stewart, Alice, W. Kellogg St., Galesburg, Ill.

IOWA ALPHA, MT. PLEASANT, IOWA.

Knight, Saidie Harrison, 625 8th St., South Minneapolis, Minn.
 Swan, Mary Evans, 20 Grand Ave., Denver, Colo.
 Peavey, Mate Wright, 527 1st Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn.
 McDonald, Florence G., 913 Grove St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Johnson, Kate, corner Sycamore and 12th Sts., Des Moines, Ia.
 McHenry, Olive, corner 18th and School Sts., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Fiegenbaum, Bird A. Bradrick, Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.
 Newby, Minnie, 3133 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Sayles, Exsie, 1010 6th Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.
 Van Doorn, Helen B., 300 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
 Kauffman, Kate Garretson, 341 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
 Cummings, Ella, 714 15th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

IOWA THETA, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

Racine, Mrs. Laura, 2205 Farnham St., Omaha, Neb.
 Dissmore, Mrs. Mollie, 1541 Linden St., Des Moines, Iowa.

IOWA LAMBDA, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Burkham, Laura, corner 4th, and Crocker St., Des Moines, Ia.
 Case, Lizzie, 743 17th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Dorr, Cary, Greenwood Park, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Gillette, Florence, 1030 22d St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Jenson, Helen, Garden Grove, Des Moines, Iowa.
 McCaughan, Nellie, 740 17th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Osborne, Grace, 155 Washington Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Ross, Anna, corner 9th and Clark St., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Tone, Marie, 935 9th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Arrow.

COLORADO ALPHA, BOULDER, COLO.

Everts, Elizabeth Heywood, 1601 4th St., S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

COLORADO BETA, DENVER, COLO.

Hill, Gertrude, 531 14th St., Denver, Colo.
Price, Louise, 1426 Welton St., Denver, Colo.
Winne, Dora, 1015 14th St., Denver, Colo.

KANSAS ALPHA, LAWRENCE, KAN.

Blackwelder, Gertrude Boughton, 3121 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Kelley, Florence Finch, 151 W. 14th St., N. Y. City.
Young, Pearl, 701 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.CHICAGO'S GREATEST ARTISTIC ATTRACTION
IS THE

→*PANORAMA*←

"BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG"

The picture represents the third day's decisive action, which took place on the afternoon of July 3d, 1863. It was painted by a Frenchman—Paul Phillipoteaux. In order to paint it he spent several months upon the site of the battle, and thoroughly posted himself as to the location of troops and other details of the fight as it actually took place. By such painstaking care he was enabled to reproduce the sight and manœuvres of that dreadful day, so that looking upon his work we can not realize that we are gazing only upon the mechanical effects of paint and brush and canvas. The area of the picture is 20,000 square feet. The wonderful blending of realistic effects in the foreground so deceives the eye that one cannot, without the closest study, separate the real from the unreal, or trace the dividing line where the canvas begins and the actual ends.

Never imagine for a single moment that the Gettysburg Panorama will bore you, or that it ranks with the ordinary panoramic visit to tame lands and scriptural places, presided over by a garrulous showman, and accompanied by "The Battle of the Prague" or "The Maiden's Prayer," on a jingling piano. This wonderful painting is as unlike the average panorama as spice differs from marble dust, or champagne from tepid tea.