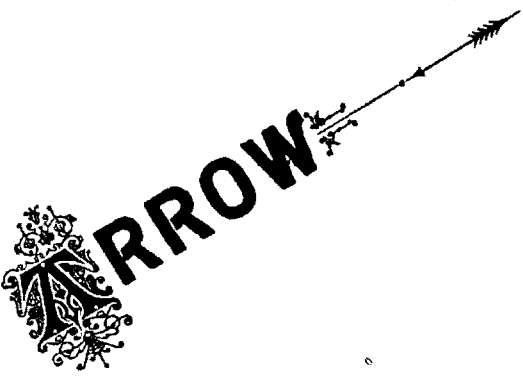


Colo. A.

THE  **ARROW**

◀ JUNE ▶

1887.

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THE ARROW.

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COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.

FOR half a century the "Greek-Letter Fraternities" of the American colleges have been fiercely attacked and as hotly defended. The purpose of the present article is to discuss the question whether they are mainly good or evil; and if, like most human organizations, they produce both good and evil, to show how the good may be increased and the evil diminished.

The fact upon which they all rest is expressed by the truism that "man is a social being." Bring together a thousand students, or even a score, and they will begin to arrange themselves in parties, cliques, and clubs. Social clubs, literary clubs, athletic clubs, will at once group themselves around various centers, like crystals about a nucleus. College officers may lament that students will not simply oscillate between their lodgings and lecture-rooms; but human nature is too strong; groups of some sort are inevitable.

Now, do not the fraternities reduce the evils arising out of these to a minimum, and produce some results undeniably good? The first point to be noted is, that when one of these inevitable associations takes the form of a college fraternity it must cease to be a mere temporary club. It has at once a reputation to make and maintain. It must hold its own against rival fraternities. The badge which each member wears fixes his responsibility; to be less than a gentleman is to disgrace it and to injure the fraternity. The same principle which led the hero of one of Balzac's most touching stories to lay off his badge of the Legion of Honor while

suffering reproach, and to replace it upon his breast, when at the cost of his life he had retrieved his character, is, on a lower plane, active among students.

But the members of the fraternities are not only under this healthful pressure from without; they are generally under good influences from within. Very soon after a fraternity is founded it has a body of graduates sobered by the duties and experiences of life. This body very soon outnumbers the undergraduate members. These graduates naturally scan closely their brethren in the colleges, and are the first to condemn any conduct among them likely to injure the fraternity. No chapter can afford to lose the approval of its graduates: every chapter must maintain such a character that the graduate brotherhood will be willing to recommend it to younger men entering college, to send their pupils or sons into it, and to contribute to building or other expenses which would bear too heavily upon the undergraduate members.

Here is a vast difference between respectable, permanent fraternities and all temporary clubs. A typical result of the desire of undergraduate members to keep the approval of their graduate brothers is seen in the fact that intoxicating drinks have been rigorously excluded from the chapter-rooms of all fraternities I have known; frequently by the vote of undergraduates not themselves abstainers. On the other hand, it is within my knowledge that temporary clubs formed among students who have not entered fraternities—clubs having no reputation to maintain, no responsibility to any fraternity, and under no healthful influences from graduate members—have often become excessively convivial.

While college fraternities thus reduce the evils of student social groups, they can be made a very useful adjunct in college discipline. The usual chapter organization establishes a kind of solidarity between its twenty or thirty undergraduate members; all are to a certain extent responsible for each, and each for all. I know that other college officers, as well

as myself, have availed themselves of this relation for the good of all concerned. More than once, when some member of a fraternity has been careless in conduct or study, I have summoned senior members of his chapter, discussed the matter confidentially with them, dwelt upon the injury the man was doing to his fraternity, and insisted that it must reform him or remove him. This expedient has often succeeded when all others had failed. The older members of various fraternities have frequently thus devoted themselves to the younger in a way which would do honor to a brother laboring for a brother. It is within my knowledge that a considerable number of young men have thus been rescued from courses which might have brought great sorrow to them and to their families.

While the fraternities have thus been made useful to individuals, they have another use to the great body of American colleges and universities as a whole. One of the less fortunate things in American advanced education is that the various institutions of learning in the country are so separated from each other by space and sectarian bias. As a rule, each is more or less in a state of isolation. To meet this difficulty, we have, indeed, in the State of New York, a very valuable institution, the Board of Regents, which, in addition to other services, brings together, once or twice a year, representatives of all the colleges, to discuss questions of living interest and to establish personal acquaintance; but in the Union at large there is nothing akin to this. In England, the two great universities are so near each other, and so near London as a center, that there is no such isolation. In Germany the universities are all within a geographical space not so large as one of our great States, and the students pass freely from one to another. Here there is almost complete isolation, and the larger college fraternities serve a good purpose in frequently bringing together members of the various institutions; graduates and undergraduates, professors and students, thus meet, and so do some-

thing to create a common interest, and to arouse a friendly feeling. It may not be the best sort of meeting, but it is better than none.

Again, the fraternities, while reducing the evils of social gatherings to a minimum, bring out of them some positive good. The question is, Shall these gatherings be fit for gentlemen, or shall they degenerate into carousals? The advantage of the better fraternities is, that on them are various healthful restraints which hinder such degeneration. Graduate members are frequently present; they may be members of the faculty, citizens of the adjacent town, teachers visiting former pupils, clergymen visiting parishioners, fathers visiting sons; in any case, they lift the gathering into a far better region than it would probably attain without such influence.

As such old members come into a chapter session, note the places of old friends long gone, and hear the old songs sung, a flood of recollections comes in upon them. They are sure, when called upon, as they always are, to speak to their younger brethren from the heart, and few speakers are more likely to find their way to the hearts of the listeners.

And here it is proper to touch upon one of the more recent developments in the better American fraternities—the establishment of chapter-houses, in which the members of a chapter have not only their hall for literary exercises, but lodgings, study rooms, library, parlors, and the like. This is, I think, a distinct advance. While giving comfortable quarters and civilizing surroundings at reasonable prices, it brings into the undergraduate mind a healthful sense of responsibility. One of the greatest difficulties with American students has risen from the fact that they have been considered neither as men, nor as boys, to be subjected to the laws governing the public at large, nor as boys, to be subjected to the discipline of the preparatory schools. Some of the consequences of this abnormal condition have been wretched. Place

twenty or thirty students in the ordinary college dormitory, and there will be carelessness, uproar and destruction; but place the same number of men belonging to any good fraternity in a chapter-house of their own, and the point of honor is changed; the house will be well cared for and quiet. I recently visited one of these chapter-houses after an absence of a year; the rooms and furniture were as well kept as when I left it. The reason is simple: the young occupants had been brought into a sense of proprietorship, into a feeling of responsibility for the maintenance of the property and its reputation.

Socially, too, there is an advantage. Nothing has pleased me more of late years than to see various fraternities of the better sort giving, in their chapter-houses, simple receptions and entertainments, to which not only members of faculty and town families were invited, but also the older members of other fraternities. This marks a breaking away from what to my mind has always been the main objection to these organizations, namely, the growth in many cases of a petty, narrow, contemptible clique spirit; and it indicates a recognition of the paramount relation of student to student, of man to man.

I have taken part in several such gatherings at various chapter-houses, and can think of no wiser thing that wealthy graduates can do, in testifying kindly feeling toward their respective fraternities, than to aid in the erection and endowment of such houses, as good centers for college, social, and literary life.

Several times, during visits to Oxford and Cambridge, I have been asked regarding the provision in American colleges for healthful social relations between teachers and taught, and between older and younger students. In answering, I have spoken of the chapter-houses as to some extent supplying in American universities what is given in the English universities by the collegiate bodies, with their separate houses and fraternal feelings. Each system enables stu-

dents to live in comfortable quarters at moderate cost, and with men interested in their purposes and anxious for their success. What Walter de Merton had in mind when he established the first of the colleges at Oxford seems to be the very thing sought for in these more humble American establishments. And when I told my questioners that the members of the fraternities living in various chapter-houses, though frequently visited in a social way by members of the faculty, were under no control in ordinary matters save their own, that no proctor or tutor lived with them, that no gate-book was kept, there was an expression of great surprise.

It seemed impossible to the college officers about me, that a body of twenty or thirty undergraduates, living together in a house of their own, could thus be trusted. I answered that they could be trusted; that the trust thus reposed in them was an educating force of high value, and that I should not be sorry to see the whole body of students in the university with which I was connected divided into fraternities, each living upon the university grounds in its own house, with full responsibility for its keeping and character, and never to be interfered with until it proved its incapacity for proper self-government.

Again, a distinct purpose of these associations is culture in some worthy field of intellectual activity. If properly kept up, the exercises for such a purpose can be made useful. It has always seemed to me far wiser for college authorities to stimulate the undergraduates to profit by such opportunities than to waste time in declaiming against the fraternities altogether. It is an advantage that thus, in the midst of a small and friendly body, young men of quiet, scholarly tastes are enabled to make a beginning of literary or oratorical effort, and so to prepare themselves for efforts on a larger field, where there is more competition and less forbearance.

Finally, the recognition of these organizations by university authorities seems wise, because in this way alone can a

college easily rid itself of any fraternity exercising an influence for evil.

To get rid of such, a few American institutions of learning have endeavored to drive out all the fraternities. These efforts have generally proved futile. In one of the larger institutions where such an attempt was made, fraternity badges were for years worn beneath the students' coats, meetings were held by stealth, and a system of casuistry was adopted by the members, when questioned by the faculty, exceedingly injurious to the students from a moral point of view. Another result was that these chapters thus driven into secrecy were restrained from intercourse with their graduate members and rapidly degenerated.

Still another effect was that, there being no means of distinguishing the members of any fraternity, the faculty could exercise no healthful influence upon them through their brethren. Moreover, a general repressive policy defeats its own purpose, and deprives the college authorities of the power to rid themselves of any particular fraternity that is really evil. For, when an attempt is made to drive out all the fraternities, all will stand by each other to the last. They will simply conceal their badges, and band themselves together as a wretched, occult, demoralizing power. On the other hand, if each fraternity is allowed to exist upon its merits, any one thought by a college faculty to be injurious can be easily driven out. It is one of the simplest things imaginable. I have myself thus driven out an old and wide-spread fraternity, which was doing injury to its members. This was done by giving a simple public statement of the reasons why young men should keep out of it. All the other organizations, and, indeed, the whole body of students, recognized the justice of the action and fully acquiesced. On another occasion, the mere threat of such a public denunciation had the effect to reform a large and influential fraternity.

And now, as to the arguments used against the fraternities. There are several entitled to careful attention. The

first generally is, that they are secret. Regarding this, I think it may be justly said that their secrecy is rather nominal than real. There are few executive officers in our larger institutions of learning who have not a fair knowledge of the interior organization and working of those with which they have to do. Their secrecy is generally nothing more than keeping from the public the motto for which their letters stand, and the direction of their literary activity. I confess myself unable to see how any question can be raised as to their right to reticence on these points. An eminent American divine, the head of one of the largest New England universities, whose wisdom and wit have delighted many of us, speaking upon this question, said: "If I unite with a dozen friends once a week for social or literary improvement, I know of no law, human or divine, that compels me to give an account of my doings to Tutor Tidball." And on this very question of secrecy, as a simple matter of fact, membership of college fraternities seems frequently to exhaust the desire of young men for entrance into secret organizations, and to keep them from entering the greater secret societies of the world at large. A bitter enemy of the great secret benevolent societies of the country once compared them to the small-pox; if this be just, entrance into the college fraternities might be considered, perhaps, as a vaccination.

Again, it is objected that the literary exercises in these chapters of twenty or thirty men stand in the way of the more important exercises of the larger open literary societies. This is probably, to a considerable extent, true. Yet, in justice, it must be said that some other causes have done much to weaken the large open societies. They have declined in a very striking manner at one of our greater universities, where the college fraternities have hardly had any existence; still this charge has more truth in it than any man devoted to our higher education could wish. But it is an evil which

can be removed; half the lung power expended by college officers in declaiming against the fraternities would, if exercised in favor of the open literary societies, obviate it. The literary exercises of the various chapters could be made to strengthen the exercises of the open societies, becoming an introduction and preparation for them.

Again, it is said that the fraternities take part in college politics. This is true. They seem to hold a relation to college politics like that held by the guilds to the mediæval municipalities. But, after all, is this not simply one form of an evil which, in some form, is, as things go at present, inevitable? Would not cliques, clubs, parties, and intrigues exercise an influence in student elections if no fraternities existed? Bring together a mere score of students in the smallest of American colleges, and party politics will be at once developed. It seems a result of our American atmosphere.

Again, it is said that the fraternities produce narrowness and cliquishness. There is enough truth in this to make it the duty of every chapter to guard against these evils. But do we not err in attributing to the fraternities what is frequently the outcome of individual character? Coming out of church, once, after hearing a clergyman preach a sermon which showed the most astounding narrowness of vision and thought, one of my neighbors said to me: "That sermon of the Rev. Mr. — does not surprise me. We were members of the same fraternity in college, and he regarded all students outside of it with abhorrence or contempt, just as he now regards all people outside his sect." In this case, as in many others, narrowness was an individual characteristic, which would have betrayed itself under any circumstances.

Every large college has now so many organizations of various sorts, and every student stands in so many different relations to his fellows, that cliquishness is, it seems to me, diminishing. I have found, too, in my own administration, that a little common-sense ridicule poured, from time to time, upon fraternity narrowness, has a very useful effect.

But an objection is urged which surprises me much. This is that membership in organizations not open to the public takes the place of family life. This would seem an argument in favor of the fraternities. The vast majority of students at college have no family life. They are far from their homes, and a fraternity properly organized has, in more than one case, supplied, perhaps, the best substitute possible for the family relation. Any properly constituted chapter contains steady, thoughtful, earnest men who exercise almost a parental care over younger members. I speak from experience. An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. Not to mention others, how can I forget T. F. D., whom we use to speak of as "the bishop," and who would, since that, have been really a bishop had he possessed a spark of worldly ambition? Who, in a certain Yale chapter of 1852-53, does not remember his laugh as the heartiest, his fun as the best, his scholarship as the most inspiring, his counsel as the most disinterested, and his kind, serious words of warning as the most precious?

Objection is also made on the score of expense. This objection takes two forms. First, it is said that the money given to fraternity purposes would be more useful if applied to something else. This argument goes a great way. It is equally good against eating a sweet potato or an oyster. Strictly adhered to, it would reduce each of us to a certain number of ounces of the plainest food that would maintain life. It is equally cogent against the wearing of anything save the roughest and most serviceable fabrics. Pictures, engravings, beautiful books, works of art, would be equally under the ban. It can be used with killing effect against a ministerial tea-party or an alumni dinner; against the great majority of church bells and steeples; indeed, against every sort of edifice for religious purposes save an oblong box with square windows. Methinks I hear a voice, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to

the poor?" but I hear also that other utterance, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

But the objection on the score of expense is stated in another way, which seems to me entitled to more careful consideration. It is said that students have sometimes been led into an outlay for social gatherings, chapter-houses, and the like, which they could ill afford. Here is certainly a point where every fraternity ought to be on its guard. All Americans are interested in keeping down any tendency to extravagance in our institutions of learning. Such tendencies do exist both within and without the fraternities, and they ought to be fought at every point. So far as they exist within the fraternities they are simply bubbles upon the stream of American life. College life has been made somewhat more luxurious, just as home and hotel life have, but not, on the whole, to so great a degree, save in one or two of the greater institutions, which are powerfully influenced from neighboring luxurious cities. The colleges and universities more remote from the city are by no means luxurious. Still, constant effort should be made in the fraternities to keep expenses down. The social gatherings should be made simple, the chapter-houses, while roomy and comfortable, should not be extravagant; building committees should bear in mind that two-thirds of the "Queen Anne" and other decorations lavished upon houses will within twenty years be thrown into the rubbish heap. Wealthy graduates should do what they can to provide for their respective chapters suitable houses, and, when this is done, scholarship endowments, which would diminish the expenses of members of small means. This done, the fraternities could justly boast that they diminish undergraduate expenses rather than increase them. It is a fact within my knowledge that, owing to contributions of this sort, life in some of the fraternity houses is cheaper than life of a similar sort outside.

But there is a duty here for college officers. It has been

my practice, during my entire executive connection with Cornell University, to have at the beginning of every year a simple "public talk" with the entering class—a sort of free-and-easy discussion of college life, with indications of some things best to do, and some things not best. I have always cautioned these youths regarding the college fraternities, advising them not to be in haste to enroll themselves, to look closely at the men with whom they would be thus associated, and to count the cost. I have thought this wiser than to indulge in general denunciations, which leave the student just where he was before, since he regards them as purely conventional, professional, goody-goody, Sunday-school talk, and very rarely takes them into the account in shaping his course.

And finally, it is said that a number of the most venerated officers of American colleges have declared against the fraternities. This is true; but it is quite as true that just as many venerated officers have declared against other things in the development of the American university system which have been established in spite of them, and which have turned out to be blessings. Perhaps one trouble with some of these excellent men is that they are so venerable. There is no step in the progress of colleges and universities that has not been earnestly opposed on apparently cogent grounds by most worthy college officers. While the objections to college fraternities have come from some of the best men in our country, I think that it will be found that, as a rule, they have never known the better fraternities save from the outside. Their arguments seem based entirely on theory; and nothing is more misleading than *a priori* argument regarding institutions. In such a way republican government and every form of association into which men have grouped themselves, religious or political, have been argued down. The true question is: Are the fraternities as a fact, under all the circumstances of the case, more powerful for evil than

for good? My contention is that they reduce certain inevitable evils in college life to a minimum, that they produce good in many ways, and that, when college authorities deal with them in a large-minded spirit, they can be made to do still more good.

Andrew D. White.

 POEM.

BY ALMA J. (DEVORE) MILES.



saw a tree fallen and lifeless;
 Its leaves were withered, its life was spent.
 But against the deadened trunk, another
 Still living and green its burden bent.
 And thus the dead to the living one,
 A firm support in its weakness lent.

And I thought to myself in silence,
 For no sound did the stillness mar,
 How often the dead to the living
 A prop in their weakness are.

How often the life of some noble dead
 Is a living brother's guiding star.

And I made in my heart a resolve
 I would live for some worthy end;
 I would strive to leave some word or deed,
 Be it ever so small would assistance lend,
 When my life was done, to some other life;
 That should be a stay to some falling friend.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.

APRIL 3, 1887.

Have you ever tarried on a picnic ground after all the picnickers had gone? Do you remember how quiet, deserted, and lonely it seemed, and how you went away with something in your heart that was almost like pain? If so, you can form a conception of the wondrous quiet which has settled down upon the little village of De Funiak since the adjournment of the Florida Chautauqua Assembly.

For the people here the last six weeks have been one long gala day. Visitors have come and gone on every train. Lecturers, artists, poets, and noted men in all departments of religious and educational work have been here. Music, flowers and poetry have lent their charms to the more sober work of study. The forenoons have been filled with instruction in the various branches of art and science, the afternoons and evenings with lectures, concerts, and other entertainments.

Outside the tabernacle, the natural beauty of the place has been greatly enhanced by artificial means. All round the lake, which is a perfect circle just one mile in circumference, were circles of Chinese lanterns and fire stands. Twice every week the fires and lanterns were all lighted, and boats, each bearing a large frame-work of lanterns, were put out on the lake. One of these boats always carried the Goshen Band, which discoursed the finest music. The effect was like magic. Nothing was seen but the lights gliding over the water; nothing was heard but the sweet strains of Dixie or Auld Lang Syne, or other familiar airs, for the darkness

concealed the boats and men, and the sound of voices and splashing of oars did not reach the happy people on the verandahs. The quiet, the music, the gleaming of the fires, the flashing of the myriad lights, and the brilliant reflection in the water, all against the dark background of the green pines, made the place seem like fairyland. During a part of the evening, however, the stillness was broken and the brilliancy greatly heightened by fireworks on the lake. Beautiful in themselves, their brilliancy was doubled by the reflection in the water so that they seemed to shoot in both directions. The whole scene was so bewilderingly beautiful that the memory of it will never be effaced from my mind.

But last Wednesday evening there was a grand camp-fire and rally, and farewell speeches were made, the "Gloria" was sung, and with that benediction the great assembly closed. The people scattered, the season hotels closed, and now all is still. The half-dozen travellers who still linger, waiting until northern airs shall become more genial, wander in a lonely way about the verandahs of the deserted hotel. The trains come and go almost without notice. The only music is that of the winds sighing through the pine trees, and the only reflection on the lake is that of the silver moon. Ichabod! Ichabod!

But the glory has not departed from nature, and the absence of art only gives us more opportunity to study her beauties. Dear girls at the north, how I wish that instead of being shut up in the house or wading through snow and slush, you could be here where there is such a long, long spring. We would take a ride some morning, say about the twentieth of March, and see the country.

We must start early, for of course we want to see the sunrise. To be strictly in the fashion we should ride in a cart and drive an ox team, but we are in too much of a hurry for such ultra measures. First we follow a white, sandy road, winding through several miles of open pine woods. Here

are pine trees of every age and size—giant trees, regular old settlers, tall and straight, with the turpentine oozing out of their tapped trunks; and acres of little trees, green-topped liberty poles, growing so close together that I keep wondering how any of them can ever grow large.

Out here is a farm house, or I suppose I ought to say "a plantation house," for all the farms here are "plantations." Let us stop and engage breakfast, first being careful to inquire whether they keep cows. What did the woman have that little stick in her mouth for? Why, she is a snuff-rubber. The old ladies smoke and the younger ones rub snuff.

Now on again through more big trees and more little trees, their dark green relieved in many places by the snowy dog-woods. We decorate ourselves and our horses with the great white blossoms and then gallop on. How much prettier these curved and winding roads are than the straight surveyed roads of the western states! Now we are coming to "a bay." I wonder if you are as ignorant as to what a bay is as I was two months ago; no, it is not "a small body of water extending into the land." It is only a very small stream of water, rising from a spring a few rods away, with the densest possible growth of bay and titi trees on each side. This pink flower blooming so profusely on the outskirts is the wild honeysuckle, and those long, red pendants are the coral honeysuckle. Over this scraggly looking tree twines a most graceful vine bearing the brilliant yellow flowers of the jessamine. The dark, rich, red flowers of the tree itself show that it is the red bay. But the most beautiful thing here is the laurel. With its glossy green leaves and fluted buds and flowers of delicate pink, it is a perfect delight to the lover of flowers. Here are plenty of hollies with their evergreen leaves. Occasionally we find a tree on which the berries are still hanging, but they are so closely associated with Christmas that they seem out of season now. Here the pitcher plant lifts its curious leaves to catch the rain and spreads its

fragrant purple or yellow flowers to the sun. Locking arms across the steam are larger trees with white, blotched trunks and great russet-backed leaves. Their soft, wooly buds, just beginning to peep from the green, show where the magnificent flowers of the magnolia will soon be. The whole is so densely crowded and tangled together as easily to suggest hiding negroes and hissing snakes and other "horrid things that crawl;" but the negroes live in these queer little cabins scattered through the woods, and I have not seen a snake since I came here. Out to the top of this ridge, and now we must go back to breakfast.

This is one of the better-class houses. It has a brick chimney and windows, all but the glass, with rude board shutters. We could find plenty of houses without any windows at all, and some even without any doors. The coming of the "Northerners" has caused quite a flurry of excitement. The women are hurrying about in the kitchen "sleeking up" and bringing out the best dishes, while the children, poor things, stare at us in open-mouthed wonder. Of course there are no carpets, books, papers or other things which give "a home effect."

Let us go out into the yard and look at the roses and banana plants, while I tell you a little story. Several weeks ago a good-looking friend and I called upon the family of a nurseryman some eight miles from town. As we started away, his wife said, "Well, you are the first northern ladies I ever see. Some of the folks around here that's been to town and seen the northern ladies said they were so homely, but I think *you're* just as good-looking as the *American women*!"

Breakfast is ready! Our long ride has given us fine appetites, and the raised corn-bread, fried eggs, fried sweet potatoes, fried biscuit and fried "hog's meat" are eaten with as much relish as the delicacies of home; or, if appetite fails, a sense of courtesy bids us eat. No matter what the coffee is

made of. Drink a little of it, if possible; if not, drink milk, and let the romance make up for the rest.

Riding back now more slowly, the excitement somewhat subsided, we fall to thinking. This home which we have entered is above the average of the homes of the surrounding country. If it, with its utter lack of most of the comforts and all of the refinements of life, is an index to the homes around, we shudder to think of what life must be in these dark little hovels where the "pickaninnies" are crowding round the door, or in these even more miserable huts where we see the greasy, greenish, bloated faces of the so-called "clay-eaters." And into the glory of the morning comes a strange, persistent question, echoed and re-echoed by birds, trees, flowers, and sunshine: "What are *you* doing for the emancipation of these poor people from the fetters of ignorance and low life?" Are we, by means of the opportunities which we enjoy, lifting ourselves up to higher planes, and, at the same time, reaching down to draw others up after us? Do we, as I. Cs., ever look beyond the narrow limits of a college girl's life and seek a broader view of the life that is all around us? I have heard a great deal lately about "the Chautauqua idea." I suppose you know that it is *christian education*. This Chautauquans keep always before them, and many are the means they employ to carry it out. What is the *I. C. idea*? Are we carrying it out?

Extracts From Letters From Miss Annie Lawson, an I. C. Sister,
Now a Missionary in India.

NEAR THE SOUTHWESTERN COAST OF PORTUGAL.
ON CLAN MACGREGOR, MAY 13, '86.

I begin this letter not knowing when I shall have the opportunity of mailing it. We set sail from England Saturday at noon and now it is Thursday; we have had fine weather excepting fog the first day. I shall have to confess that I am not a good sailor. We have been in sight of land most of the time since we left the Bay of Biscay. This morning we had a lovely view of cape St. Vincent on the Portugal coast. Miss F. and I have separate cabins; there is plenty of room and it is cooler. I'll tell you how I put in my time this day. At six o'clock the stewardess brought me toast, which I ate in bed. The sea was rolling, so I waited a few moments for it (the toast) to settle, then got up, took as steady a stand as possible, hastily dressed and went on deck, and there I found Miss F., in her chair pale and limp. I reached my chair and reclining there gazed on the beautiful purple shores. Soon the captain joined me and we had a nice talk. Leaning over the rail I saw a shoal of porpoises at play. Soon the first breakfast bell rang (at 8:30), then I read "A Tale of Prussian War," wrapped in my cloak, my eyes shaded in colored spectacles. It is after 4 o'clock now and the steward has just brought me fruit cake and a cup of tea. We will dine at six, have tea at eight. You will see we are in no danger of starving.

* * * To-day we are sailing along the southern coast

of Spain, having passed Gibraltar in the night. The snow-capped Sierra Nevadas are dimly visible on our left.

* * * Another week has passed, more swiftly than I thought it possible on ship. The weather is still fine, the water bluest of the blue. We passed the island of Malta in the night, which I much regretted; there, they say, is the monument erected on the place where St. Paul shook the viper from his hand. We shall see no land till we reach Port Said, which we hope to do Saturday. Then we take coal and have a chance to mail our letters and hear from the outside world. It takes about 700 tons of coal to run from Liverpool to Bombay.

* * * Saturday morning. We have just come into Port Said. We are lying beside a Turkish man-of-war with its guns pointing at us. Here we see the oriental dress, Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, French, etc., etc. We have had no very hot weather so far; still wear my flannel dress.

MORADABAD, INDIA, June 26, '86.

* * * How I wish you could look in on me this beautiful morning. I have just had my "chota hayiri," (little breakfast), which consists of egg on toast and tea. I am sitting in our drawing room, which opens by two side doors on the veranda. In front is our flower garden and beautiful green yard, which is fenced off from the street by a green hedge with a large shade tree every few feet. A broad gravel drive winds up past the veranda. Our tube roses are as sweet as at home. I rise at five, take toast and tea, go to the school at quarter before six, where I teach four English reading classes. They do not understand much English, so I have to go through with a great many motions. At 8:30 my work at the school is done. I then come home, have a glass of buffalo milk and bread, then I study my lessons for the day. Sometimes I get sleepy, in which case I take a nap until breakfast, which is at 11. This is a sub-

stantial meal. After it I study or read awhile. By this time the house is shut up to keep out the hot air; from 12 to 2:30 is the regular sleeping time. Everyone thinks it necessary to keep in working order. At 2:30 we have tea in our room; at this time my mail is brought in. A steamer comes to Bombay every week from England and Brindisi. At 4 o'clock my teacher comes and gives me an hour. He is a Mohammedan, very nice, but I cannot very well understand him yet. We dine at five and have the evening to do as we please. At eight we have tea, toast, crackers.

* * The gardner has just brought me a nice boquet—roses, tube roses, geraniums. Everything here is nice but the poverty of the people. I don't mind the lizards as I thought I should; most of them are small and do service in eating insects about the house. A pair of them live behind a picture in the dining room. I only see them at night when they come out for prey. I take a ride every morning and evening. There is a ten mile race course near, and I make the circle of that at least once a day. The houses here are plastered on the outside as well as in. Remember me to all friends.

Ever yours,

Annie Lawson.

OPEN LETTERS.

TO THE ARROW:

The sisters of Colorado Alpha wish to express their satisfaction as to the opinions published in the March ARROW concerning honorary membership and ΠΒΦ. We agree with the editor who said: "The constant aim for a long time to come should be to restrict membership rather than have any excuse for shoddy admissions."

Our Kansas sister's charming letter quite won our hearts. Let us by all means be called by our Greek name, using I. C. only as an explanatory title when necessary, gradually losing sight of it altogether.

We are delighted with our ARROW. Each number seems better than the one before. But while we read the pleasant chapter letters we feel that we want to know still more about our distant sisters; we want to ask them questions, to learn if they think as we on numberless points of interest which cannot, for many reasons, be discussed in the ARROW.

Convention is, of course, the most satisfactory means of communication, but as convention can be held only at long intervals, it appears to us that the next best means would be a definite system of correspondence between chapters. In the old constitution an arrangement was made for chapter correspondence, but nothing of the sort appears in the new constitution. It could be very easily managed. Let each chapter appoint a correspondent for every other chapter, and send the name of the scribe to be published in the September ARROW. Then each chapter may address a letter to each scribe, who, after reading the letter to her chapter, will deliver it to the proper correspondent to answer.

When once begun, the correspondence can be kept up with almost no difficulty, and chapters can meet with one another as often as they please, though probably it would be well to agree to correspond at regular intervals, not longer than a month or six weeks.

We propose this plan for careful consideration, and sincerely hope for its adoption.

We close with best wishes for Π Β Φ.

Colorado Alpha.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION.

TO THE CHAPTERS OF THE I. C. SOROSIS:

Grand Alpha, at its last convention, instructed me to give notice in THE ARROW of the new names of the I. C. Chapters. This I would have done in the December number, had

all the delegates, after returning from the convention, sent me the dates of the founding of chapters. Most of the delegates did so, but a few neglected it, and I had to obtain the dates by other means. The new names are as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Illinois Alpha</i> | Monmouth, Ill. |
| <i>Illinois Beta</i> (Lombard University)..... | Galesburg, Ill. |
| <i>Illinois Gamma</i> | Carthage, Ill. |
| <i>Illinois Delta</i> (Knox College)..... | Galesburg, Ill. |
| <i>Iowa Alpha</i> (College)..... | Mt. Pleasant, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Beta</i> | Indianola, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Gamma</i> | Ames, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Delta</i> (inactive)..... | Burlington, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Epsilon</i> | Bloomfield, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Zeta</i> (State University)..... | Iowa City, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Eta</i> | Fairfield, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Theta</i> | Ottumwa, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Iota</i> (alumnæ)..... | Mt. Pleasant, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Kappa</i> (alumnæ)..... | Iowa City, Ia. |
| <i>Iowa Lambda</i> | Des Moines, Ia. |
| <i>Nebraska Alpha</i> | York, Neb. |
| <i>Nebraska Beta</i> | Hastings, Neb. |
| <i>Kansas Alpha</i> | Lawrence, Kan. |
| <i>Colorado Alpha</i> | Boulder, Col. |
| <i>Colorado Beta</i> | Denver, Col. |
| <i>Michigan Alpha</i> | Hillsdale, Mich. |

Rainie A. Small, G. I. R. of I. C. Sorosis.

THE ARROW.

O, say, would you know
 Of our secret so dear,
 Of our golden ARROW
 Which drives away fear?
 As we sisters become,
 We each wear the sign
 To show that we're one
 In a work divine.
 Then let us all try
 Ever faithful to be,
 And always stand by a Sister I. C.
 Let us seek for the best
 In all that we know,
 And we'll surely be blest
 Through our little ARROW.

—Lulu M. Burt.

SONG TO THE ARROW.

AIR: "In the Gloaming."

Cherished ARROW, cherished ARROW,
 Gleaming forth from brilliant light,
 Fly thou upward, higher, higher,
 Ever upward to the right.
 For dear Cupid who doth send it,
 Aimeth it at truth and love,
 Through the darkness around us,
 Onward to the light above.
 Mystic ARROW, mystic ARROW,
 May we ever hold most dear,
 Thee whom Cupid kindly gave us,
 That we never more might fear.
 For, dear ARROW, thou'll protect us,
 Through life's stormy, dangerous way,
 For dear Cupid ne'er'll reject us,
 While with us you kindly stay.

EDITORIAL.

You know the old saying: "The third time tells the charm." If that is true, the coming summer will give us a catalogue. This is at least the third time this has been attempted; but if the present project is received in the same manner as the others have been, this will fail also.

We have never heard any doubt expressed about the necessity and desirability of such a publication. With our constantly increasing members, and not having had any publication since our organization until so recently, it is impossible to carry out our plans of inter-chapter and inter-individual communication, and realize our cherished ideas of a sorosis—a sorosis not merely of active members; but of life members—unless, by some such method of registry and introduction, we preserve to the memory of their own chapters and introduce to the whole sorosis all whom we are to recognize as sisters.

It is the intention of the editors, if they can have the cooperation of the chapters, to carry out the work begun by the Lawrence editors, and publish in the September number of *THE ARROW* a complete catalogue of our members down to date. We have already asked the different corresponding editors to furnish us the lists from their own chapters, in order that a large part of the material might be collected while colleges were still in session. But, as we expected, not all have responded to this request; hence we now repeat it, and more explicitly and emphatically.

Will each of the corresponding editors please send to Lillie M. Seiby at once, if you have not already done so, a complete list of all the members of your chapter since its organization; if married, give maiden name as well as present name; give title, if any, with year of graduation; give the present address of each; give occupation, if engaged in business, teaching, etc.; write all names plainly. Give items of personal history separately. Follow these directions closely.

This matter should be attended to at once. If received in time to do so, type-written copies will be sent you for revision before publication. We wish to make this catalogue complete and correct, and to do this must have time enough for the work. We hope that all will respond promptly and assist us in this difficult undertaking.

The article on College Fraternities, written for the *Forum* by ex-President White, of Cornell, is such a complete and able defense of the fraternity cause that we print it in full. No review or outline would do it justice. It should be read with care, and especially by those who are in any doubt as to the advantages of fraternities. There must be reasons back of the opinions of such a man as Andrew D. White.

A thoughtful contribution on Ideal Womanhood was crowded out this month, but will appear in a future issue.

The address of Miss Elva Plank, the Grand R. S., is now Bloomfield, Ia., where she should be addressed on matters of business pertaining to her office.

THE ARROW is published on the 15th of the month. This does not mean that we begin to arrange material at that time, nor that we go to press on the 15th. We realize as we never could have realized from observation, that printers

must have time, and a long time, to do a nice piece of job work, and the "copy" must begin to be furnished weeks before all is finished. We wish our contributors could take our place for a short time; but since you cannot all do that, please try to imagine, for a while, that you are editors of a magazine dependent upon scattered sources for material, and you can perhaps understand something of the agony of suspense involved in waiting and looking and longing for matter which does not come; for letters from chapters which persist in remaining silent; for promised articles which come only at the last moment. Verily, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Hereafter, we ask all contributors to observe carefully the following directions, sending matter in as long before the specified time as possible: Articles for the literary department and open letters should reach us by the 25th of the preceding month; chapter letters, etc., *not later* than the first day of the month; nothing will be inserted after the 10th. When possible, advise us beforehand what you intend to send for the literary department.

If these directions are heeded, we think THE ARROW will be much more to your mind.

So much is said in almost every exchange we receive about the duties and responsibilities of the chapter editors that we forget that our own chapter editors do not hear as much that concerns them as we do. We call the special attention of all our chapters to the following, which the editor of *The Shield* has said much better than we could say it. For *Shield* read ARROW and for $\phi \kappa \tau$ read _____ and it is yours:

"If $\phi \kappa \tau$ is not more to you than a name for a local club, your charter ought to be surrendered at once, unless you can arouse from your sloth and come out from your long silence and make yourselves one with us. The estimation in which the fraternity holds you will be measured, in a large degree, by the frequency with which you

make an appearance in these columns and the style in which you do it. *The Shield* is not all that there is of $\Phi K \Psi$ life, but it is a large factor in that life, and you cannot afford to remain silent for the sake of your reputation among your fellows, to say nothing of the large class of readers to whom *The Shield* goes who are without the pale of our beloved order.

You ought not, as honest men, to say that there is nothing to write about. Are there not questions of policy, of fraternity spirit, under discussion among you that your brethren in distant chapters are interested in hearing you express yourselves upon? Do you thoroughly understand the nature of the government of your own and other fraternities? Do you grasp the meaning underlying this great social element of college life called Hellenism? If you don't appreciate the force of these things, suppose you try for a year to become intelligent upon them, and take our word for it, if your slow chapters once get to going upon these lines of thought, *The Shield* will be compelled to double its size.

How many of you elect the brightest, most intelligent, most enthusiastic of your numbers to the office of chapter correspondent? You ought not to ask the editor of *The Shield* to revise any other kind of contributions than those which come from practiced hands, or at least from hands so earnestly at labor for our common cause that the loving service would soon bring that acquired skill which is always the outgrowth of industry and zeal."

NEWS AND NOTES.

The presidency of the Grand Chapter of $\kappa \Lambda \theta$ has been permanently established at Greencastle, Ind., with the Alpha chapter.

Beta Theta Pi will hold her XVIIIth annual convention at Wooglin-on-Chautuqua, the fraternity club-house, in July. It is an open question whether it would not be well for other fraternities to hold their conventions during vacation.

Prof. Schaeffer, of Cornell College, has accepted the presidency of the State University of Iowa, and will be inaugu-

rated during the commencement exercises in June. Dr. Pickard, the former president, resigned on account of failing health.

The Syracuse, N. Y., chapter of Delta Upsilon have purchased and entered into the occupancy of a fine new chapter house.

Forty-one preparatory students have been initiated into the various fraternities at De Pauw University.—*Ex.*

This does not sound well.

The 10th Annual Convention of I. C. Sorosis (Pi Beta Phi) was held in the Delta Tau parlors at Indianola, Iowa, Oct. 19th, 1886. How brotherly!—*Ex.*

The Beta Theta Pi and Phi Kappa Psi chapter halls at Lawrence, Kan., were destroyed by fire in February last. Phi Kappa Psi writes: "The opera house has been rebuilt and our rooms have been arranged almost as they were before. We hope to get back into them within the next few weeks. The opera house has justly been named the Greek Castle, because four Greek societies have rented halls in it. Beta Theta Pi will occupy her old rooms on the fourth floor."

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 31st, 1887.

* * * Among the recollections of my college days, the most pleasant are those connected with what was then Gamma (of $\Sigma \Phi \Pi$) at Western Reserve College. Forty-three years nearly have passed since I left college, but my affection for the society has not weakened with time.

Yours very truly,

GEO. HOADLEY.

Cornell University opens an ably professed law department in September. She has also made a valuable acquisition in the donation of the magnificent historical library of ex-Pres. White, said to be the finest historical collection in the United States.

The ladies of the Delta Gamma fraternity held their biennial convention in March, at Cleveland, O., under the auspices of the chapter of Adelbert College. We have not yet seen a report of it.

The ladies' fraternities of Cornell University have entered into an agreement not to do any "rushing" until after the 1st of December. Somewhat akin to this, the various fraternities at De Pauw have formed a joint organization for the promotion of general fraternity interests. A pleasant feature of this arrangement is an annual joint fraternity banquet.

REUNION SONG.

AIR: "Auld Lang Syne."

Here I-C sisters meet to-night,
And this is their design:
To find some moments of delight
In thoughts of Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS:—

For Auld Lang Syne we meet to-night,
For Lang Syne and I-C,
~~We I-C girls together meet~~
For Lang Syne and I-C.

We soon will part and seldom meet,
As we have met of yore.
Alumnae sisters fondly greet,
You'll see them here no more.

CHORUS:—

But I-C sisters are the same,
Tho' "under grads" they be,
And love their sisters for the name
Of blue and wine I-C.

CHORUS:—

Our arrows slender golden chain,
Tho' lengthened will not break,
And of our colors we would fain
As strong a cable make.

CHORUS:—

CHAPTER CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO --BOULDER, COL.

As desired by an editor of *THE ARROW*, we will try, in this letter, to give you some information of the U. of C. located in this town. The University is a fine, large building, situated on an eminence south of the town and commanding a fine view of the valley, foot-hills, and Snowy Range. On the campus are the President's house, the students' cottages and the hospital, all fine buildings. Although the University is comparatively young, the work done in the various courses is equal to that done in the prominent institutions of the country. There are five departments, the Medical, Normal, Preparatory and Collegiate.

The literary societies are the Philomathean, and the Bell, the first composed of preps and the second of college students. The library is the finest west of the Missouri. Three fraternities hold here mystic rites in their respective chapter halls—the Delta Tau Deltas, the Delta Gammas, and the Pi Beta Phis.

Commencement comes early this year, the 31st of May. The festivities will be numerous.

Our chapter now numbers nine members, one of whom was initiated this year. We have held our meetings quite regularly, and have accomplished what literary work we were able to. We have lately taken up Mythology. Con-

cerning the letters in the last ARROW on Honorary Membership and Pi Beta Phi, we would like to say, "Them's our sentiments, tew." New Years we received calls at the house of our I. R., Minnie Earhart. It was all "pure tone;" and in the evening the frail and airy soap-bubble was blown. Then we have had a kettle-drum and a lunch in our room.

Arbor Day, May 8th, was a holiday. Each society and organization planted a tree. We planted ours under the windows of our hall. All the girls carried small shovels tied with our colors, and after a poem had been read, an original song sung (in an original manner) and a box containing our names, buried; each girl threw in a shovel of dirt. As our next meeting is the last of the year, we shall indulge in a Cookey Shine. We hope it may not result as one of our former ones did. The girls kept it secret from one another what they should bring, and when the feast was uncovered, lo! such an array of pickles as appalled the most ardent lover of them; and the Cookey Shine turned out to be a "Pickle Shine."

Elizabeth B. Thompson, Cor. Ed.

DENVER UNIVERSITY, DENVER, COL.

Should you ask me whence these stories,
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odors of the mountains,
 With the stir and rush of cities,
 In the far off mystic West;
 With the burning of the mid-day,
 With the cooling breeze of evening,
 With the quips and cranks of students
 At a boarding school away,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 From a far famed western country,
 From the Rockies towering yond it,
 From a land of fabled riches,

From the land of Colorado;
 I repeat them as I hear them
 From the lips of fellow students,
 My companions and my teachers.
 Should you ask where fellow students
 Found these tales, so wild and wayward,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 In the halls and in the school room,
 In the corridors and corners,
 In Phi Alpha and Phi Nu,
 In the halls of the gymnastics,
 From the roofs of all the buildings,
 In our dear loved Denver U.
 All the Betas sang them to them
 In the hours of recreation,
 In the melancholy twilight,
 And they caught them as they floated
 On the breezes of the evening
 From the songs of our I. C.
 If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, Who are Beta's, who I. C.'s?
 Tell us of these people pray you,
 I should answer, I should tell you
 Straightway in such words as follow:

Far beyond the Mississippi,
 Far beyond the Minnehaha,
 Westward from the Delawares and Mohawks.
 From the northern lakes and rivers,
 From the valley of Wyoming,
 Lies the young and prosperous city,
 Denver, the Queen City of the Plains.
 To the eastward of this city
 Stretch the plains and broad prairies,
 Stretch the prairies broad and far;
 Stretch until they meet the heavens,
 Meet the dim and distant heavens,
 In the far off distant east.
 Tower the far famed Rocky Mountains,
 Giant Rockies of the West;
 Mountains with their snow-capped summits,
 Rising, rising, ever rising,
 Till they reach the top of heaven.

And this city nestles 'neath them,
 Nestles at their very foot-hills,
 As protection it would seek
 From these giant, rugged mountains.
 Grand, sublime, and picturesque.
 Like oases in the desert,
 Like the cooling breeze of Summer,
 Like pure water to the thirsty
 Seems this city to the traveler,
 To the traveler on the prairies.
 And of all the schools of wisdom,
 All the halls and schools of wisdom,
 Celebrated far and wide,
 We, the people of the westlands,
 We, the wide awake and stirring people,
 Have in Denver far the best.
 And among these schools of learning,
 Famed to North and East and West,
 Famed in all the lands of peoples,
 Denver University stands first.
 And within it dwell the students,
 Fellow students, teachers, friends,
 Who have sung to me the stories,
 Sung the legends and traditions,
 Sung the songs of Denver U.;
 Sung its wondrous birth and being.
 How it prospered, how it grew,
 How it lived and toiled and suffered
 That the tribes of men might prosper,
 That it might advance the people,
 Ye who love the students' legends,
 Love the pleasures of the school room,
 Love the tales of ancient heroes,
 Love the pleasures of association
 In soroses and fraternities,
 Listen to these wild traditions,
 To these songs of Denver U.

 At the foot-hills of the Rockies,
 In a far off western country,
 Governor Evans, Megissogwon,
 He, the master of the State, descending,
 Called the tribes of state together,
 Called the learned men together.

From the valley of the San Juan,
 From the groves of Canon City,
 From the vale of the Pueblos,
 From the land of Colorado.
 Down the mountains, o'er the prairies,
 Came the learned men together,
 Came the learned to his council,
 Governor Evans, Megissogwon,
 Eager for his people's welfare,
 Looked upon them with compassion,
 With paternal love and pity;
 Over them he stretched his right hand,
 Spake to them with voice majestic.
 "Oh! my children, my poor children,
 Listen to the words of wisdom,
 Listen to the words of warning,
 From the lips of Megissogwon.
 Gitche Manito, our father,
 Here has given us lands to dwell in,
 Here has given us wealth and plenty,
 Filled our land with all things needful,
 That his people live and prosper.
 But we must not be too eager
 For the riches that die with us,
 Must not now forget our children
 Who are growing up around us.
 Therefore hear the words of Megissogwon,
 Hear the words I now shall utter.
 We must found here in this country,
 Found a college for our children,
 We must call professors to us,
 Call them from the eastern country,
 Call them here to teach our children.
 Here I give you lands to build on,
 I will help you build your college,
 Build this college for our children."
 Then the learned men did labor,
 Labor long and all untiring,
 Labored till they built a college,
 Built the grand old Denver U.
 Then they sent their children thither,
 Thither sent their sons and daughters
 That they might get understanding.

 Thus was Denver U. established,

Thus the college grew and prospered.
 Then did many fair eyed maidens,
 With their love for all things noble,
 All things worthy truth and grandeur,
 Come together thus in council,
 Spake with naked hearts together.
 We have come here to this college,
 Here are parents now have sent us,
 Not alone that we may grow up,
 Knowing all the whys and wherefores
 Of perplexing, learned questions,
 But our loved ones here have sent us,
 Sent us to this school of learning,
 That we may be noble women,
 That we may be true and noble.
 That with hands and hearts together,
 We may worthy of our trust be,
 Of our trust of womanhood.
 We have heard that in the eastland,
 Far beyond the rising sun,
 In the land of our forefathers,
 In the land of the Atlantic,
 In the birthplace of our nation,
 There are maidens such as we are,
 Maidens who have come together
 And have formed a great sorosis,
 Formed a band of Christian maidens;
 They are bound by ties of Christians,
 Bound to nobly work and labor
 For the cause of womanhood.
 And they've taken a name unto them,
 Taken a grand, significant name;
 And they each do bear an arrow,
 And the name of the I. C.
 Let us now be joined unto them,
 Let us bring to our loved college,
 Bring this bond of loving friendship.
 Thus did speak these noble maidens
 With their hearts of true compassion.
 Straightway then they formed a union,
 Joined themselves unto their sisters,
 To their sisters in the eastlands.
 Now in life are all things hidden,
 All mysterious, all unknown.

Therefore do this band of maidens,
 As the custom in the east is,
 When unto their great Sorosis
 Come among them, loyal sisters,
 They do first, as seems becoming,
 Bind their eyes that they may see not,
 Lead them in the paths they know not,
 Take them into unknown dangers,
 Take them where the path is thorny,
 Where obstructions meet and stay them.
 But although the eyes are blinded,
 And although one seems alone,
 Yet our sisters there are ready
 Ever there to shield and guide us.
 Thus we learn that in our wanderings,
 Lone and footsore though we may be,
 There is one above all others,
 An Almighty Father near us,
 Who will not forget his children,
 Who will guide in safety home.

You shall hear how this sorosis,
 In the land of setting sun,
 How the I. C's join unto them
 Maidens young and maidens true.
 This is as 'twas told unto me,
 Told by one of the I. C's:
 It was then the Moon of Bright Nights,
 When the earth is filled with beauty;
 I was sitting in my chamber,
 Waiting for I knew not what,
 For they told me that on that night
 I should enter the Sorosis.
 Suddenly my door was opened,
 Opened as by unseen hands;
 And there came into my chamber,
 Came two guests as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Entered without word of welcome
 In the silence of my room.
 And their dress was as the spirits,
 All in white, in spotless white,

The Arrow.

And they each one bore a candle,
 As they'd tread some darksome place,
 And the first one said, "Behold us!
 We are ghosts of the departed."
 And the other said "Behold us!
 We are sent to call you thither;
 We are come to bind your eyesight;
 We are come to lead you blinded
 To such place as we are bidden!"
 Then I made no word of answer,
 Strove that they should not behold
 How I shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Shuddered as they looked upon me,
 Bowed my head and made no answer.
 Then they bound my eyes in darkness,
 Led me forth I knew not whither.
 Soon I heard a murmuring whisper,
 Felt the air was filled with spirits,
 Felt them all around about me,
 And their eyes did glare upon me,
 Glare upon me in the darkness;
 Then they led me on and onward,
 Till my soul was sick within me,
 Till I fain would stop from terror;
 Led me over stairs and railings,
 Led me up a dizzy height,
 And it seemed that I was falling,
 Falling, falling, ever falling,
 Falling to some fearful depth.
 Then I heard a thousand voices,
 Filling all the air with moaning,
 Groans and cries so terrible,
 That my blood stood still within me,
 And my pulses ceased to beat;
 That a trembling seized upon me;
 On my brow the sweat of terror
 Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Hark! I hear a rushing,
 Hear a rushing and a roaring,
 And the air is thick about me.
 Are these devils that have got me;
 Are they come to take me thither?
 Thus I thought but spoke a word not,
 Ah! the anguish of that moment!

Ah! the terror that I showed not!
 Then I heard a clang and clamor,
 Heard a clamor and a clanging
 As of mighty iron falling,
 Crushing bones beneath its jaws.
 Then they placed me on the iron,
 Placed me high in air upon it,
 And they rocked and swayed and rocked it,
 Till it seemed that I must fall.
 Then there fell a silence round me,
 Fell a silence dull and heavy,
 And my rended heart did question,
 Have they brought me here to leave me,
 Leave me in this hell of horrors?
 Some one seized me from behind me,
 Ghost or being I could tell not,
 Slimy hands did seize upon me,
 Then they spoke in gruff tones to me,
 Said that e'er I joined them I must swallow,
 Swallow "Illigant Cat" their symbol,
 To which I. C. testified.
 Then they forced me there to swallow
 Cat flesh, hairs all clinging to it.
 (Thus it seemed, but afterward
 It was told to me in secret
 It was cotton batting buttered.)
 Then they took the bandage from me,
 And I gazed in awe around me.
 Robed in white with hollow eyes,
 Stood around me myriad spirits
 Gazing all in silence at me.
 And one candle dimly lighted
 What appeared unearthly places
 Filled with instruments of torture;
 (The Gymnasium I learned after.)
 Then a hollow voice and fearful,
 Pointing with its bony finger
 To a spot in a far corner
 Said "Behold! and look upon it!"
 And I gazed there mute and speechless,
 Gazed in awe and terror at it.
 For ascending, slowly rising,
 Rising as from hell it came,
 There a figure gaunt and fearful,

There a skeleton arose.
 Then it beckoned, beckoned to me:
 "Follow!" said a voice behind me,
 And I looked and I alone was,
 I alone and beckoned forward,
 By this awful, fearful thing.
 But I followed, followed, followed,
 And it kept its distance from me
 Till it came unto a darksome cavern,
 Stood and beckoned me to enter.
 Then I entered all in darkness,
 Groped about in helpless wonder,
 Till I heard my own heart beating,
 Throbbing in that utter darkness.
 Then another forward movement
 And I was in icy water.
 Shuddered I in every nerve and fiber,
 Heard the water gurgling round me
 As I leaped and staggered through it,
 Sick at heart and faint and weary.
 "Bathe!" thus spake the voice behind me,
 "Bathe, and reascend unto me!"
 Then I felt my feet touch bottom,
 Felt that I was safe and sure.
 I obeyed and reascended,
 And again it led me onward
 Till we found the others there.
 Then again my eyes they blinded,
 Led me forward, onward still,
 Till I felt that we were treading,
 Treading on soft carpets then.
 All the air was changed about me,
 It was light and fresh and free;
 And the birds sang sweetly round me,
 And soft music filled the air.
 Then the bandage was removed,
 And, behold! was all around me
 The sweet faces of my loved friends.
 Of the maidens I so fondly loved.
 And the faces seemed the sweeter,
 That in robes of purest white,
 Each was thus arrayed before me.
 And the room was filled with beauties,
 Filled with birds and flowers and fruit.

Then in solemn words of wisdom
 They did speak to me in this wise:
 "We have put you to the trial,
 To the proof have put your patience,
 We have tried your courage sorely,
 But we found you worthy of us,
 We have found you great and noble.
 Fail not in the greater trials;
 Faint not in the harder struggles.
 We with love receive you to us,
 For you're worthy of I. O's.
 And may you follow as unquestioning,
 Follow where our Master leads."
 It were long to tell you all things,
 How we feasted, how we sang,
 How the Betas on the roof-top
 Strove in vain to enter in,
 Strove in vain to get a peep at,
 And behold the strange I. O's.
 Here you have the faithful story
 Of my joining the I. O's.

Thus she spoke and then was silent,
 Nothing more did she relate.
 Here you have the history told you
 Of the Colorado Chapter,
 And we send you kindly greetings,
 Kindly greetings, one and all.
 Then with blessings on our colleges,
 On our teachers and our friends,
 But especially on our great sorosis,
 On our loved, our dear I. O.,
 We, the Colorado Chapter,
 Bid farewell to all our sisters,
 All our true and noble sisters
 Joined with us in bonds of love.

LILLIAN LU. PIKE,
Cor. Editor.

M. E. COLLEGE, YORK, NEB.

Nebraska Alpha sends greeting. Since the last winging of the ARROW we have not achieved greatness, yet our way is one of prosperity. We have received only one member during the interval, Blanche Burns, but know she is in herself a host, and will be heard from. Death has left our ranks unthinned, but Cupid, with his little "arrow," is still not considerate. Rilla Wyckoff and Luella Vance have fallen prey to the "little god."

Besides our numerous grubs, we have given a "Mikado tea party" for the benefit of our library. Our receipts were over a hundred dollars. Our program consisted of selections from the Opera and the Japanese Fan drill, which we executed with the Mikado "toddle" instead of the regular march. Refreshments were served by the three little maids in a pagoda with an enormous Japanese umbrella for a roof. Everyone declared it a success. We have now in prospect a "crazy tea," to be given "April Fools" day, which we hope will prove as successful. Should it prove so, you will hear from it. Our "grubs" are still as delightfully piquant as ever. There being no preconceived action adds flavor to the sauce. At a recent one our bill of fare consisted of the same variety of pickle served in different ways—on cracker, on sardines and "au naturel." Next time everyone brought oranges; and so it goes.

At the opening of the last College year, imagine the delight of the I. C's. of our chapter to discover that Mrs. McKaig, the wife of the President, was an I. C. of some twenty years standing. She was a member of the Greencastle, Ind., chapter, which is dead. She is very anxious to have a chapter there now. Can any of you help to reorganize a chapter at De Pauw? Dr. McKaig is a Beta, and of course secret societies are not frowned on in our school.

Luella Vance Phillips, of Nebraska Alpha, will make her home in Hastings.

Three I. C's., Vinnie Harrison, Mrs. Sedgwick and Flora Blackburn went to Omaha to hear Patti, and were charmed, of course.

Mrs. Sedgwick, instructor of instrumental music in our college, spends her spring vacation in Chicago.

Helen H. Harrison, Cor. Ed.

K. S. U.--LAWRENCE, KAN.

As June approaches our girls are busy preparing for commencement and planning for the summer.

Mary and Lida Griffith sail for Europe the second week in June. Daisy Cockins has already left for the sea shore, the Sutliff girls intend making a trip to the lakes, and one of our fair ones will wed "ere the roses die." Although far apart, we shall endeavor to keep up the spirit of Pi Beta Phi, and join hands again in September to do as good work as we have done this year.

Since our last letter to THE ARROW we have initiated Miss Alice Horton, of Lawrence. Of course she received an invitation from at least one of our two rivals.

Sue Miles will soon be home from Lasell, and Laura Lyons from Des Moines, so we are sure of our novices being well taken care of.

SIMPSON COLLEGE.--INDIANOLA, IA.

The fraternity world at Simpson is very quiet this spring. Very few initiations have been made by any of the fraternities and none by the I. Cs. There are three Soroses besides ourselves and three fraternities at Simpson. The K A O, K K Γ and L F A are our sisters, the Δ T Δ, Φ K Ψ, and Α T Ω, our brothers. A perfect harmony, such as has never before existed, characterizes the present relations of our secret soci-

eties. The I. Cs. have had nine members in school all year until this spring. We now number only three. We were a little bit blue at the beginning of the term at having so few in school (a state of affairs which has never existed before), but when we had made a careful review of the "fair barbarians" we decided to remain three for a while, knowing that we had an active and enthusiastic membership of girls living in town who would help us out when we needed help. Next fall we expect to have at least nine or ten girls back in school again. If reports are true we will need to have all the reinforcement we can get, as it is whispered around that the authorities are going to try to put the secret societies out of our institution next year. If such a thing should be attempted, it would be a sorry day, both for the college and the societies. I think none of the fraternities would be willing to give up without a great struggle. However, this report may be without foundation, and we do not speak with authority on the subject.

Our hearts have been deeply saddened by the recent death, from consumption, of one of our brightest and most loyal members, Mrs. Elsie McElroy Miller. The K + s have also lost a good member by death.

Our college has recently chosen as its president Prof. Hamilton, who has been acting as president during the past year, until one should be elected permanently. He is a favorite with the students and they are pleased with his election.

Our chapter has not been doing very much literary work as a Sorosis this year on account of heavy school work. However we have had some very creditable private theatricals, which show that there is some talent in that direction among us. For next year we have planned to pursue a regular course in literary work. Before closing I wish to say that we are very much pleased with the management of THE ARROW this year, for we realize how many discouragements

its editors have had to encounter. Iowa Beta sends love to all our sister chapters.

Lou Humphrey, Cor. Ed.

SOUTHERN IOWA NORMAL---BLOOMFIELD, IA.

Another quarter has slipped quietly away and brought us very near the end of the school year. While this quarter has been a pleasant one, it is also one to be regretted, for it takes with it, on its departure, many of our oldest members, some of whom will never be with us again. No new names have been added to our roll. High School commencement took place April 29th. Lilian Plank represented her class at the Alumnae entertainment.

College Commencement will occur the third week of June. We will have seven graduates from the college and music school. A grand time is anticipated, something of which we will tell you in our next.

Della Greenleaf, Cor. Ed.

ALUMNAE CHAPTER---OTTUMWA, IA.

We have been having very good meetings since the last letter you had from us and we feel that our meetings improve each time. The 2d of April we had election of officers and re-elected our former efficient ones, with two exceptions. Miss Queen Ross is now Quaestor and Carrie Flagler associate editor. Our censors deserve great praise for the very fine programmes we have had. Our I. R. suggested the advisability of our preserving all original literature that we have read in connection with our work, and, as the suggestion was considered good, she appointed Miss Lillie Harmon to look after it.

The question of a hall has been agitating our chapter for some time, and is, at last, happily settled. The Patriarchal

Circle, a society among the gentlemen here, have just furnished a very pleasant suite of rooms in a very handsome manner. At our last meeting they very kindly offered us the use of two of their rooms to hold our meetings in. Their offer was very generous, as they gave us the rooms rent free and said they would furnish the fuel. We accepted the rooms very gladly, but decided to get our own fuel when we need it. In connection with the rooms we will meet in they have a large drill room. This they said we might use when we needed it. The rooms are all lighted with electricity and are very desirably located. We are rejoicing over it very much. When we have our sisters here in convention we feel that we can, at least, have good accommodations for the business sessions. We wish that all our sisters could be as fortunate as we have been. Yours in $\Pi \text{ B } \Phi$,

Carrie C. Flagler, Cor. Ed.

I. W. U., MT. PLEASANT, IOWA.

How pleasant it is to receive letters from those whom we have never seen, and yet in whom we have such an interest when we read, "Yours in $\Pi \text{ B } \Phi$." Iowa Alpha is enjoying a pleasant term. We have three new "I. C.'s" to present to you: Linnie Lyman, Laura Peterson, and Minnie Leisenring, all from New London, a neighboring town. Miss Laura is a really truly sister of Ida Peterson, who was with us the first of the year, but who is unable to be in school this term.

In honor of our new sisters, a few of our gentlemen friends, all of whom were members of $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ or $\text{B } \Theta \Pi$, were invited to a Grub at the home of Miss Anna Kurtz. We deemed it inadvisable to permit other than I. C.'s to partake, and therefore as each gentleman arrived the ceremony of initiation was administered to him. The broom brigade succeeded admirably in intimidating the "neophytes" and the

questions many and varied were satisfactorily answered. From our complete list of chants we selected the one whose opening words are these:

"There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise."

Our ceremonies were made the more impressive by the lightning, hail and thunder without.

Miss Eva Patterson, of Winfield, came over to attend the Grub.

We were pleased to be greeted one morning by Mrs. W. M. Danner. No doubt many of the Iowa girls have met her, as she accompanies her husband in his Y. M. C. A. work; but to us alone is she "Lois."

Miss Lou Ambler of '86 is teaching in our public schools. Both teacher and pupils have expressed enjoyment in the arrangement.

One evening we were delighted to behold Miss Flo Kirkendall, also of '86, bag and baggage. She announced her intention to stay and take painting lessons. We would invite friends to visit her in her studio and examine her works of art.

Miss Fannie Lee Thompson attended the Inter-State Oratorical Contest, and gave us such an excellent report of it. She especially desired to hear her cousin, Mr. Sites, the orator from Ohio.

By the by, we were surprised to learn that our roll bears two names which were on the roll of the first chapter at Monmouth: Maggie Campbell and Fannie Thompson.

The name of Miss Anna Fuller, class '74, will be familiar to many. At present she is in London pursuing her musical studies.

Miss Ida Hinman, of the class of '72, gave the I. W. U. a short visit at the close of the winter term. The Seniors were much impressed by her mental abilities when they learned that History of Philosophy had been her favorite

study, and that she is keeping up that line of work. At present she is correspondent from Washington, D. C., for the *Philadelphia Press*, *Washington Intelligencer*, and other newspapers.

I must tell you of a frolic which is to come in the near future. New London is the home of seven sisters, not the "Pleiades" but "I. C.'s," and we are invited to go down some Saturday afternoon and have a meeting and a "Grub" in the grove at the home of Miss Chattie Lee.

I suppose we must bid you adieu until next year. What a change will take place among the active members of I. C. ere the next few months are gone.

GEORGIA PEARCE,
Cor. Editor.

ALUMNÆ CHAPTER.—MT. PLEASANT, IA.

We enjoy hearing from other chapters so much through *THE ARROW*, and as we have not made ourselves very conspicuous in that way, we thought probably a few items from Iowa Alpha Omega would not come amiss. Just at present we are rather quiet, but are only giving ourselves a little rest so we may feel more enthusiastic and ready for the next thing. March 10th we gave a sort of medley entertainment for the benefit of the public library, which was a success both financially and otherwise. We gave them \$62.00, which they appreciated and seemed very grateful for. We had a good many drawbacks to work against, but finally "all things worked together for good" and we were quite satisfied with our effort. That was the first of a series of entertainments we propose giving for charitable purposes. May 5, Iowa Alpha uniting with us, we entertained about 75 of our gentlemen friends at the pleasant home of Miss Ida Van Hon. Our daily paper called it a "lawn party." We had not in-

tended calling it such, but it proved to be a great deal on that order. The evening was all that could be desired and everything seemed to tend to make it a pleasant affair.

We have been so busy with our entertainments that our literary work has been sadly neglected; but we are laying plans for readings this summer, and we know that all the girls will feel an interest in having them a success. The last meeting of the public library club for the year was May 17th. Two of our members were on for performance, Mrs. Florence Palm and Miss Ida Powell. Mrs. Palm was the leader of the evening; subject, "Plain Living and High Thinking." Her paper was excellent, and I think it would be of interest to the readers of *THE ARROW*. Many of our girls have been on the library program as leaders and sub-leaders during the year. Miss Mary Snider favored them with an excellent paper on the celebrated artist, Melas.

We have initiated 6 new members this year: Misses Lena Kirby, Etta Inscore, Lulu Sawyer, Laura and Lou Brown and Sallie Brady, who formerly attended Denver University. We have our meetings every two weeks; and the first one in the month is always followed by a "grub." We have learned to look forward to them with great pleasure. It is then and only then that the student forgets her books, the teacher her school cares and the maiden her woes.

Anna Crane, Cor. Ed.

ALUMNÆ CHAPTER.

IOWA CITY, IA.

Our Chapter room is fast becoming a monument of truly practical art. This is due, no doubt, in part to the learned discussions of art in all its phases, which have been carried on by the alumnae chapter. But if we have *discussed*, the school chapter has certainly been very apt at *materialization*.

Both chapters may feel justly proud of the cosy, home-like I. C. room on Clinton St.

Chips from the old block:

Π Β Φ looks out in red letters from the three front windows of our hall.

Miss Minnie Rynearson, one of our lost girls, has returned to the fold, and expects to be with us through Commencement.

The I. C's have a picnic and a wedding in almost immediate prospect.

Miss Mina Selby, who has been teaching in Florida during the winter, has returned. We welcome her back.

Miss Addie Dickey, who has been spending the winter and part of the spring in the South, is with us once more.

Miss Lill Lewis returns to Iowa after a year's successful teaching in Colorado. Miss Lewis is an alumna of '86.

Our two chapters have a bone of contention in Miss Cora Rynearson, an alumna of '84 who is taking a post-graduate course in the S. U. I. Both chapters claim her for their own.

Miss Jessie Smith Gaynor favored Iowa City with some fine piano solos at a recent entertainment given by two of the University literary societies.

Misses Ella Ham and Belle Hudson are to teach in the public schools of the city the coming year.

Our chapter will feel keenly the loss of Miss Prof. Smith. Our best wishes go with her to her new home. May the chair of Literature which she has resigned be filled with another faithful I. C.

Belle T. Hudson, Cor. Ed.

S. U. I.—IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Another year's work nearly completed. The class of '87 takes away two of our best loved members, Libbie Evans and Minnie Ely. We do not know what we shall do without them. Miss Evans is one of the Commencement speakers.

Since our last letter the alumnae chapter and our chapter have been enjoying to the fullest extent a chapter hall. You, who have none, do not know how much you miss. Our only wonder is how we could have existed so long without one. The Pi Beta Phi sorosis can boast of being the only sorosis in the S. U. I. that owns a "home" of its own.

One young lady, Kate Hudson, sister of Bella, whom many of you know, has been converted and initiated into our mystical rites. Long we labored, and at last success crowned our efforts.

In the Freshmen and Sophomore Contest, which took place at the beginning of this term, sisters Nellie Peery and Lena Gaston were selected as two of the four speakers to represent the Freshmen class. The prize was awarded to Nellie Peery.

The S. U. I. has had enrolled this year in the different departments, Collegiate, Law, Medical, Homœopathic Medical, Dental, and Pharmaceutical, 571 students. The Freshman class has been larger than for several years, containing 88 members.

Fraternities have not been in the background, but have occupied a prominent place in college life. There are two girl fraternities, the Kappa Kappa Gamma and Delta Gamma (the latter being founded this year), besides the Pi Beta Phi. Recently a (L)ong (F)ingered (V)irgin made her appearance among us, but failed to touch the hearts of any, which of course is greatly to be regretted. (?)

GERTRUDE DAWLEY,
Associate Editor.

PERSONAL.

OTTUMWA.—Miss Lizzie Flagler visited the Kirkwood (Mo.) Seminary during the Easter vacation. She also visited the Southern Illinois Normal at Carbondale, Ill., before her return.

Miss Dot Steck, a member of our chapter, whose home is at present in Pennsylvania, spent a short time here this spring.

Miss Carrie Flagler expects to spend the summer in northern Iowa and Wisconsin. She will leave about the last of May.

Miss Edith Mills spent the spring vacation in Fort Dodge, Ia.

Mrs. Dow Pool left us the first of May to make her home in Minneapolis. We regret to lose her.

Mrs. J. B. Sax has been called upon to mourn the loss of her youngest son, who died after a very short illness, the second week in May. She has the sympathy of her sisters here.

Mrs. Chas. Jordan is learning all the bitterness of death. Just before Christmas her husband was taken from her by that dread disease consumption. About a month ago her only child died with scarlet fever. Surely she should have the sympathy of all her sisters in her two-fold affliction.

BLOOMFIELD.—Hattie Peppers is visiting friends at Miller, Dakota.

Mrs. Flora McAchran is again in Bloomfield visiting her parents.

Emma Linnaberry is with her sister, Mrs. Allender, who is also an I. C., at Ft. Scott.

Mrs. Anna Ferrill of Oskaloosa has been spending a few days with her parents at Bloomfield.

INDIANOLA.—Bessie Guyer, '86, is clerking in an Indianola millinery store.

Hattie Spray is writing in a lawyer's office.

Lena Everett, '73, is giving painting lessons.

Mrs. Libbie Wright DeLong is living in Mt. Pleasant and is an active member of the chapter there. Her husband is a professor in the college.

Mollie Clapp and Mrs. Eva Hodge are both teaching in the Indianola public schools.

Martha Dashiell, who has been out of school some years, has moved to Indianola with her parents and will delight us with her presence at sorosis meetings.

Anna Emerson, '84, is teaching at McGregor, Ia.

Mrs. Sue Morrison Everett, '73, lives in Providence, R. I., where her husband is pastor of a church.

Hattie Poyner is teaching in the Des Moines Training School.

Mollie Groves and May Hixon are both out of college and are teaching at Afton, Ia.

Anna McLaughlin, ex-'90 is out of school this term on account of ill health.

Lou Humphrey, ex-'90, will graduate from the music department this spring.

Leota Kennedy will represent $\Pi B \Phi$ on the Junior contest and also the Park prize oration contest this year.

MT. PLEASANT.—Miss Laurie Light is teaching school at Washington, Kansas. She retains fond memories of I. C., and sends in her subscription for the ARROW.

Alta (Kauffman) Winter, of Wymore, Neb., has been visiting her many school and I. C. friends.

Miss Sallie Brady, member of Gamma, is visiting in the city.

Miss Jo Gassner, delegate from Gamma to Convention of '85, is now at home to all I. C. friends as Mrs. Dr. Gardner, Wellman, Iowa.

Franc (Martin) Dobson, of Deadwood, Dak., a former student and member of I. C., is the Alumni Lecturer for '87 at I. W. U.

Sister Minnie Newby is attending Ann Arbor University.

Miss Lulu Sawyer will spend the summer vacation in Eugene City, Oregon.

We are sorry to lose two of our sisters, Anna and Carrie Murphy. They remove with their father, Rev. J. H. Murphy, former pastor of the First Baptist church, to Winterset, Iowa.

Rena Reynolds, now teaching in the Des Moines schools, will return to us in a short time.

Bird Collins, of Knoxville, Iowa, will spend the summer with her sister, Sue Broderick, in Elkhart, Ind.

Etta McDonald is studying art at I. A. C., Ames, Iowa. We hope to see her in these parts before long.

Mary (Evans Swan has not been with us for many years. We learn she resides at 20, Grand Ave., Denver, Colorado.

Sister Ida Hinman, class of '72, has returned to Ocean Grove to resume her work as correspondent for five periodicals.

We are pleased to hear that Anna L. Fuller, class '74, is now in London, having the best of training for her voice. Her next change will be to Dresden.

Flo Kerdendall is greeting her college and I. C. friends; will remain this term and study painting.

Lulu Woods has returned to us after spending a year with relatives in Washington City.

Sister Sadie Grumbling, of Altoona, Penn., has been spending the winter here with her cousin, Prof. Grumbling, of I. W. U. She will spend the summer in Nebraska and Denver, and we commend her to our western sisters.

Miss Anna Saunders is expected home soon, after a year's absence in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Sister Anna Lawson left us last year as a missionary to India. You will find in this issue extracts from her letters. We hope to hear more of her work.

MARRIED. Miss Rose E Southard, an early member of S. U. I. chapter, writes that she has left the ranks of school women, and joined those of house-keepers. She was married in October last to Mr. J. W. Lantz, and is now residing at Brooklyn, Ia., where she says she will welcome any I. C.'s who may be in the city.

Miss Southard was a wideawake and earnest young woman, and after leaving school, filled the office of Co. Supt. of Poweshiek Co for several years. We wish her joy in her new sphere.

MARRIED. At the residence of the bride's parents near Indianola, Ia., Jan. 13th, 1887; Mr. Chas. Miller, '84, and Elsie McElroy, Ex. '88.

ANNOUNCEMENT. Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Laurie M. Light, formerly of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., to Mr. Charles Vance, June 23, at Washington, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Vance will make their home in Wymore, Neb., where the best wishes of all I. C.'s are sure to follow her. May she indeed prove a "Light" in their new home.

DIED. April 6th, 1887, Miss Elsie McElroy Miller, a member of Iowa Beta of the I. C.

About a year ago Elsie left school on account of ill health. About six months ago she began going down with consumption.

When it was ascertained that she could not live long, her betrothed, Mr. Chas. Miller, '84, a member A T Δ, was telegraphed for, and they were quietly married. Elsie was the handsomest girl that belonged to this chapter, besides being a bright student and a good girl. She was an only child, and her winning and lady-like ways were the pride of her parents and friends. Truly, "Death loves a shining mark." We are comforted however by the knowledge that Elsie was prepared to go, and that if we heed her last loving message sent to "the girls" we shall meet her "over there."

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions adopted by Iowa Beta April 23d, 1887.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Parent has seen fit, in his wisdom, to remove to His own home, one of our members, Sister Elsie McElroy Miller; therefore be it

Resolved, That in her death, we, as a society, have sustained a great loss, having been deprived of a loyal member and beloved sister; and be it

Resolved, That in her life we recognize all that is pure, true and noble, and a life that is worthy of imitation by her friends and associates; and further be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Sorosis, published in the *Simpsonian*, *THE ARROW*, and the county newspapers, and a copy sent to the bereaved parents and husband.

ANNA McLAUGHLIN,

ETHEL LAW,

MARTHA DASHIELL,

Committee.

WHEREAS, God, in his mysterious but all-merciful providence, has, by sudden death, taken from the home of our dear sisters, Prof. Susan F. Smith and Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, their beloved mother, be it

Resolved, That we recognize the sadness of this their bereavement, and that we deeply sympathize with them in their loss; and

The Arrow.

Resolved, That this resolution be sent to our bereaved sisters, and a copy thereof published in THE ARROW.

The members of I. C. at Iowa City.

MIRA TROTH,
LIBBIE EVANS,
LILLIE M. NELBY,
Committee.

NOTICE.

TO THE ARROW:

The Grand Quæstor earnestly desires that all chapters should follow the example of our sister chapter at Ames and remit the yearly dues to the Grand Treasury.

LIZZIE FLAGLER, G. Q.

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 Philippoteaux. 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 manoeuvres 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 famous lands and scriptural places, presided over by a garrulous showman, and accompanied by "The Battle of the Pragus" 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.

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