

THE KEY.

VOL. V.

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NO. 1.

NEED OF PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

OUR social structure has been based on the theory that "all men support all women"—a theory which has never been true, and which is farther from being true to-day than ever before. Consequently, boys have been educated to have some clear-cut, well-defined purpose in life. The widest range of education has been open to them; and the whole world of culture, work and business has invited them. It is regarded a misfortune when a boy grows to manhood, aimless, shiftless, and content to live on the labor of others. With girls it has been otherwise. It has been assumed they would marry, and be "supported" by tender and competent husbands. It has therefore been argued that the only training necessary to them should be such as would fit them to be wives, mothers and housekeepers—"sweet dependents," held perpetually in "soft subjection."

The practical working of this theory has weighted women with heavy disabilities. Many men make neither good nor competent husbands. Many are invalids, some are dissolute and idle, others are unfortunate in business, and not a few desert wives and children altogether. Many women with husbands are compelled to assist in earning the means of living; many wives earn the entire livelihood of the family. Many women are widows, while an increasingly large number in the Eastern and Middle States do not marry at all. There are sixteen states in the Union where women largely outnumber men. In Massachusetts they

exceed men by seventy thousand. If untaught in any industry, or lacking in practical knowledge and ignorant of the forms of business, they must, inevitably, suffer hardships.

As the theory that "all men support all women" does not fit the facts of modern society, it is time for us to reform our theory, as well as our practice. No girl should be considered well educated, no matter what her accomplishments, until she has learned a trade, a profession, a business, or a remunerative industry. Self-support would then be possible to her, and she would not float on the current of life, a part of its useless driftwood, borne hither and thither on the troubled waters. There would be fewer heavily-taxed fathers and brothers, toiling like galley-slaves to support healthy and vigorous human beings in idleness—idle for no earthly reason than that God has made them women. Girls would then escape one of the most serious dangers to which inefficient young women are liable—the danger of regarding marriage as a means of livelihood.

We hear continually of women who were born into wealth, and who were reared in elegant dependence. But the men who furnished the means on which they lived in inactive luxury have been wrecked in some speculation, or in some business panic—and these women have suffered wreck also. Then came the effort to provide for them—an effort in most cases utterly futile.

The "Louise Home" in Washington City, established by Mr. Corcoran, as a memorial to his wife, provides for many of these impoverished elderly gentle-women, and was established for this purpose. To hear the histories of some of these women from their own lips, is to listen to a tragic illustration of the maxim that "to be weak is to be miserable." The same lesson may be learned from many of the women filling offices in government departments, who turn pale and faint when a messenger enters the room where they are at work, bearing in his hand a package of yellow envelopes. Within some of these yellow envelopes may be folded their dismissal from their positions.

Lack of technical and industrial training not only makes inefficient women of our girls, it puts them in fearful moral peril. When tempta-

tion comes, in the prospect of a life of ease, although coupled with dishonor, it is sometimes potent to allure an indolent, light-hearted, frivolous young woman, unless nature has endowed with superior moral instinct. She yields to the lure, and instead of the freedom and happiness promised, she enters into abject slavery and remediless woe. From the earthly hell into which she has fallen, there is no escape. For society calls her a "lost woman," and with unchristian treatment, aims to make its atheistic statement true.

Out of two thousand fallen women in the city of New York, eighteen hundred and eighty had been brought up "to do nothing." Five hundred and twenty-five pleaded destitution as the cause of their sad life. All but fifty-one had been religiously educated. "The public are responsible for this evil," says Dr. Langer, who has written exhaustively on this subject, "because they persist in excluding women from many kinds of employment for which they are fitted. While for work that is open to them, women receive inadequate compensation. The community is responsible for non-interference with these acknowledged evils."

Vast multitudes of women lead abandoned lives to-day. The population of known fallen women in New York is that of one to every five hundred and eighteen; in Paris, one to every two hundred and eighty-one; in Chicago, one to every two hundred and thirty. Statistics seem to show that the evil diminishes as means of employment are opened to women, and opportunities given them to support themselves honorably.

In Birmingham and Sheffield, Eng., — the two cities of the world where most employments are open to women—only one in seven hundred and nine leads an abandoned life—the lowest proportion found anywhere except at the Hague. Every new field of industry opened to women, every industrial and technical school established for girls, and every industrial bureau for women, assist to protect them from this terrible doom. In view of these facts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, ought not all intrusted with the training of young girls to demand for them a more symmetrical education? Ought we not to rid ourselves of the inherited false idea that it is a belittling thing to train young women for self-support by honorable industry?

Melrose, Mass.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

MOSS WOODS.

I KNOW a lovely wild of living green,
The dusk of mossy verdure, sweet, between
Great trees that sunward stretch their heads sublime,
While interlocking arms resist swift time.
Their giant brothers 'round them fallen lie;
They stir their lofty tops and softly sigh
At so much prostrate grandeur, so much loss,
While o'er it slowly creeps luxuriant moss.
But is it loss? No. God some uses finds
For what seems loss to our unseeing minds.
Now deep I tread in fragrant, living green,
Warm depths of soft, rich moss, by men unseen,
Save now and then some wand'rer, who, like me,
Doth love to fling himself 'neath branching tree
And please his fancy, or to learn the good,
True ways of God in nature, understood
Scarce e'er, or suffer nature's touches, soft,
To open wide his heart, fast locked too oft.
A thousand sweet, hushed voices soothe my mind;
Surprises new of loveliness I find
At every step. That dainty cup of moss,
That rosy flower, that bird with wings of gloss,
Swift flitting by, the glancing bright-hued gleam
Of insect wings, yon squirrel bent to seem
O'erstocked with talk, that graceful waving fern
God's loving ways doth teach me to discern.
A tremulous ray of sunshine, golden-red,
Slants down in benediction on my head.
With what a clinging, cooling tenderness
Of touch my couch of moss doth soft caress
And soothe my resting limbs and grateful brow,
O'ershadowed cool by many a waving bough,
While eyes and meditative mind both rove
'Mid harmony beneath, around, above.
Fine dainty flowers are growing at my feet,
And all the air is fragrant, pure and sweet.

From out the living stillness, distant, clear,
The Philomel's wild carolling I hear
Come thrilling, quivering through the yielding air,
Such rapturous melody! So fine! so rare!
'Neath leafy arches high, between the trees,
'Ne'er entered roughly by the ruthless breeze,
Stretch out long vistas, green and still and cool,
As air bedewed by mountain spring-born pool.
Adown one dim-lit corridor, behold!
A crowd of fringed ferns who conclave hold
Within an open glade; the odorous air,
Full laden with their joy, doth kindly share
With me their fragrant breath; while shadows lace
And sifted sunbeams fleck their waving grace.
Adown a second groups of pine-trees grow
On which the light winds play harp music low.
Across a third there runs a trickling rill
Where patient cows come down to drink at will.
In all are terraces of velvet green,
With dainty moss-lined cave and mock ravine
And mimic castles, ancient stumps of trees
With clinging lichens, grey, o'ercoating these,
For banners, gay red leaves of maple shoots,
For ivy, creeping vines with scarlet fruits.
Sometimes, amid the rustling leaves, my eye
Can catch blue, distant gleams of sunny sky,
As souls that upward look through darkest woe
Of God's dear heaven of love oft catch the glow.
Among the highest leaves the sunshine flings
Forth joy and gladness from its golden wings;
Just as God's sun of truth on loftiest souls
Shines bright, while men who strive for lesser goals
Are yet content with dim, uncertain light.
Thus long I sit, regardless of time's flight,
And when at last my rested feet retrace
Their steps, my life has ta'en new joy and grace,
The fragrant, pure, fresh air rests 'round my soul
And helps to purify and keep it whole.

THE LAND OF MOUNTAINS.

“ I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.” How often the words of the “sweet singer of Israel” steal into the thoughts of one who is dreaming life away among the green valleys and lofty mountains of the Alps!

There are so many delights in Switzerland that the lover of nature is at a loss to know what charms him most. The little old towns bewitch one so with their quaintness as they nestle among the hills, or lie close to the water’s edge on the shore of some lake. The lakes themselves arouse all the romance in our natures, when we see them by moonlight, glittering sheets of water, surrounded by the dark, gloomy mountains.

The valleys have a loveliness all their own. The grass seems greener and softer here than elsewhere. One understands the expression “velvet turf.” The foaming white brooks that flow through their midst, leap and dance more gaily than other streams. The Swiss cottages dotted here and there are certainly the most picturesque little homes imaginable, and the walls that rise high, and sometimes almost perpendicular, on either side, only shut out a world of turmoil and confusion.

Perhaps the inhabitants of these vales fail to appreciate all their charms during the long winter months, when no sunbeam finds its way to their humble dwellings. There is darkness enough in the best of lives, but to miss the sun’s smiling face for months at a time, were a little too dreary.

Yes, the lakes may be beautiful, the valleys charming, but oh, the mountains! “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.” Yea, verily, and help doth come from there. They fill the soul with an inspiration and exaltation that lake and valley are powerless to lend. Jungfrau, maiden fair, the dazzling whiteness of thy snowy brow maketh us long to be pure as thou art! When the evening sun casts his radiance upon thee and turns thee to one glittering mass of gold, and men stand speechless, bewildered, gazing at thy sublimity, we, too, would have Heaven’s glory reflected in us, that our “light might shine before

men." And when we see thee on a still summer night, fair and serene in the moonlight, smiling calmly down on our troubled souls from thy silvery heights, we learn the beauty of a peaceful soul, that lives above the strife and tumult of the under-world, yet helps the struggling ones beneath with a smile of love and compassion.

Look at Pilatus there! Magnificent old pile! Through how many centuries of ceaseless change and turmoil hast thou stood there in thy rugged grandeur, changeless as time itself, frowning grimly down on the petty strifes and contentions of the little men at thy feet! Oh, thou strong and mighty one, who art unmoved though the fickle lightning flash about thee, and the terror-inspiring thunder crash and roar around thy head, who art the same when shrouded in clouds, when blazed on by sun's rays, when flooded with moonlight, when bathed in starlight,—teach us, oh, teach us, a lesson of steadfastness, a lesson of strength! Teach us to keep our faces ever toward heaven, to shrink not before heaven's glory, to falter not before her storms!

LUCERNE, July, 1887.

At the close of a summer's twilight,
A violet, half-hid by a stone,
Raised her little blue head to the heavens
And sang to the stars all alone.

"All day I have shed forth my perfume,
With nobody near to admire,
But God up in heaven has seen me,
His praise is my only desire."

Then the evening breezes blew softly,
And the evening dew fell on her head,
Bringing thanks for her loving service.
"I've been sweet for His sake," she said.

A MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

THE Reverend David Winter closed the door of the school house gently behind him, and stepped out into the sunlight. Morning service was over and the little congregation, now divided into groups of twos and threes moved slowly down the road toward home. Usually David walked on with his parishioners, but to-day he remained behind alone, fumbling abstractedly with his prayer book and staring out into space. The October sunshine streaming through the elm branches above, fell in vivid splashes of color upon his bent figure, bringing out with cruel exactness each patch and darn upon his well-worn garments. Presently David's glance fell upon his threadbare coat sleeve, and he smiled. What was it to him, he thought placidly, that his clothes were old and shabby, now when he was so near the realization of his most cherished dreams. Nay, had not that realization been made possible only by the most severe economy of which the shabby coat was but indication?

He looked back at the school house once more as he started for home. It was not for long, he said joyfully, that his people would worship in so poor a place.

The chapel for which they had waited so long was no more a mere dream. This very week the work upon it would begin. His breath came hard at the thought. For twenty-five years he had toiled and saved with this end in view, working early and late upon his little hillside farm, depriving himself of all but the barest necessities of life, that he might get together the money for this chapel. During his wife's lifetime he had been urged on by her enthusiasm, which, seemingly, never failed, even when the outlook was darkest; and when she died, he felt it a sacred obligation still to carry on this work to which her heart had been given. It should be a memorial chapel, he said, and felt comforted in his sorrow by the thought of how fitting a testimonial this would be to the unflinching love he bore his wife.

A turn in the road brought David's wandering mind back to the outside world. He had reached home now, he saw, to his surprise, and quickened his pace as he went up the narrow path and into the kitchen.

The clock struck one when he entered, and, after hanging away his surplice, he began at once to make preparations for dinner; it was a simple meal, generally; often only a bowl of bread and milk set upon the bare table, but to-day that would not suffice. In years gone by they had planned together, he and Elisabeth, that when the day of success arrived they would celebrate it in some simple way, and now that she was gone he could not bear to let it pass unnoticed.

So he spread the table with a white linen cloth, and set it with the gold-banded china that had been his wife's only dowry. It had not been used before since her death, and he sighed as he wiped away the dust from the delicate plates and saucers.

If only she were here to be glad with him! That was the one regret that marred his perfect happiness. Yet, even as he sighed, the thought came to him that after all she could not be very far away upon this, the crowning day of his life.

He would set her a place at the table, he resolved suddenly, and felt strangely cheered by the sight of another plate upon the board, another chair opposite his own.

In the cupboard he found, to his delight, a pan of seed cakes and a bowl of preserves, the gift of some generous neighbor, and set these on together with a loaf of bread and pitcher of milk. Then he remembered how much Elizabeth loved flowers, and after searching vainly through the garden for some blossoms that the frost had not blackened, he brought a vase of white immortelles from his study and put it by her plate.

When at last all was ready, he sat down and said his simple grace. But to his surprise, when he tried to eat, he found that his appetite was gone; he attempted to force down a few morsels of bread, but the food seemed to choke him. It was of no use, he decided, to try to eat when his mind was so distracted by other things. He must wait until this excitement had passed away. In the meantime he would look over those precious papers that he always carried with him,—the papers that related to the subject nearest his heart. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a piece of parchment and a bank book.

Could it be, he thought wonderingly, as he turned the leaves of the

little book, that all this money was his? The idea seemed incredible, yet there before his eyes were the words, "Norcross National Bank in account with David Winter." He added up the columns as laboriously as though he did not know to a cent the exact amount of his deposit. Thirteen hundred dollars! How much that meant to him! He caught up the yellow parchment and examined it lovingly, for upon it was the plan that Elizabeth had drawn of the chapel, and the directions that she had written at his request.

Soft grey, Elizabeth's favorite color, was to predominate without and within, but that the place might not be too sombre, there was to be, over the altar, a window of rose-colored glass.

David's eyes filled as he remembered his wife's pleasure at the thought of how the children of his congregation would love to sit in that rosy light. Dear Elizabeth, he would carry out her wishes to the least particular, — only above the door he would put the inscription upon which his mind loved to dwell, "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Winter."

A step upon the path without interrupted David in his meditations; he started up. A hand knocked faintly at the door; he opened it and looked out. At first his eyes were so dazzled by the sun that he did not recognize the woman standing there, but in a moment he held out his hand.

"Come in, Cousin Hetty, he said gently with a sympathetic glance at the drooping figure. "You must be tired out, if you've come all the way from Hiatsville." He did not ask her errand, though he knew that it must be a matter of importance that had brought her five miles to see him, and that too on Sunday.

Mrs. Hetty Bird dropped into a chair, and fanned herself nervously with her black-bordered handkerchief.

"Yes, it's a long walk, that's a fact, David," she said shortly.

She was a shrivelled little woman with a sharp nose and black hair fuzzed down to her eyebrows. She wore a much trimmed black dress and long jet earrings that swayed back and forth when she moved, like erratic pendulums.

David offered her some seed cakes with a helpless smile: he was utterly powerless in the presence of a woman like Hetty Bird. She took one of the cakes in her bony hand but did not attempt to eat.

"How's Ralph?" said David finally, trying not to appear surprised at this unexpected visitor.

"Ralph!" Mrs. Bird leaned back and began to cry. "It's about him I've come, David. Oh, David, pity a poor widow that's done the best she knew how by her boy!"

David came over to her chair, and to his distress, Hetty seized his hand and bedewed it with tears. In spite of his dislike for the woman, he could not help pitying her in her evident sorrow. Even if she had been wild and foolish in her girlhood, she had been amply punished by the unhappy married life that followed. Now that her husband was dead, could it be that Ralph was about to follow in his father's footsteps? He had seemed such a promising boy to David.

"What is it about Ralph?" he said gently.

Hetty clung desperately to his hand. "Don't send him to jail," she sobbed. "He never meant to do it. Indeed, he didn't, David."

"Do what?"

"He meant to put it back again, indeed he did. He aint bad, you know he aint."

David pulled away his hand. "Tell me at once what you mean, Hetty," he said sternly.

With many moans and sighs, Hetty told the story: it was the old tale of a man too weak to resist the temptations of a responsible position. For two years Ralph had been doing well. He had a place as teller in the Norcross Bank, and did good work. Lately he had got in bad company, and had been led into speculations and soon lost the money he had saved and got deeply in debt beside. When his affairs were worst the cashier left for a two months' vacation, and Ralph was put in his place. The temptation of having all that money in his charge was too much. He had taken money, meaning of course to replace it, but luck was against him, and he had lost more and more, until now he had almost twelve hundred dollars to account for.

Here the woman broke down, and for a while could say nothing but "Oh, Ralph, Ralph!" At length she grew sufficiently calm to go on with her story.

Saturday, news came that the cashier would return the following Tuesday, a week earlier than he had said, and next Tuesday Ralph's guilt would certainly be found out, and he would be sent to jail!

Before David could speak, Hetty had thrown herself at his feet. "Don't let them put him in jail," she cried, "dear, kind David. You've got so much money in the bank, you could save him. He's always been a good boy, David, you know he has. He never meant to take the money, but he was so poor and he wanted it so bad. Remember that your father and mine were brothers! You wouldn't let such a disgrace come on your family, would you, Cousin?"

David drew back. "Why didn't Ralph come and speak for himself?" he asked sternly. "It was his place to come, not yours."

"I—he wanted to come, but I wouldn't let him," sobbed Hetty. He was comin', indeed he was, but I told him he'd better wait for me outside."

David twisted his fingers tightly together, his face was white. "It's no use, Hetty," he said at last, "I can't give up my earnings to a coward who steals the money that's been trusted to him and then gets his mother to beg him off. I'm sorry he's done it, but as long as he's done wrong he ought to suffer for it."

Hetty screamed shrilly. "Don't say that, Cousin David, don't tell me that my Ralph's got to go to jail. You didn't mean it, tell me that you didn't mean it, David!"

But David had retreated to the further side of the room, and stood with his hand upon the knob of the study door. "It's no use," he repeated mechanically. "I mean what I say, and there's no use in your taking on so. I can't do anything for you"; and he went into the study and closed the door. For some time he stood there silently, listening to the sobs that came from the other room. After a while there was a sound of footsteps crossing the floor; a hand tried the study door; it was locked; a voice gasped "David!" there was no reply. The footsteps

sounded again upon the floor, the kitchen door opened and shut, and all was silent.

Still David stood there, his fingers twining and untwining, his face strained and white. "It serves the boy right," he said at last. "He sinned and he deserves to be punished. Why should I suffer for what he has done?" He opened the door and went into the kitchen.

It was hard, he thought, if his happy day was to be spoiled by this foolish woman and her wicked son. He would begin again where he had been interrupted, he resolved, and took up the plan that had given him so much pleasure but a few hours ago. But it was of no use; try as he might he could not fix his mind upon the paper before him. Instead of the little grey chapel there constantly arose before his mind the picture of a prison with its stone walls and barred windows. He thrust the paper into his pocket and started up. The air of the place was stifling him; he would visit the site of his chapel, he decided; the walk through the cool air and the beauty of the place would rouse him from this unreasonable depression. He took his hat and coat from the closet, and went out. It was late in the afternoon now, and the low sun showed redly through the pines as David climbed the hill. The walk was not a long one, but David felt unusually cold and weary when he reached the top and seated himself upon the flat stone that was his usual resting place. His spirits, which had been so light but a short time ago, seemed weighed to the earth. He tried to cheer himself by picturing the work that was soon to begin, thinking how in this place would be the corner stone, in another the pews, and in this last the altar. He tried to bring before his mind the faces of his people as they came for the first time to their little home, but even as he looked there rose before his eyes two figures, one that of a boy sitting dejectedly by the roadside, the other that of a weeping woman, and he recognized them as Hetty and Ralph. Would they never cease to come between him and his happiness, he thought despairingly?

Presently his wife seemed to stand before him, not smiling, as he always thought of her, but looking at him reproachfully, while in her arms she held a little child, — the baby Ralph. She had been fond of him, David remembered and groaned at the thought of the shame that was to come upon the child she had loved.

* Yet how could it be otherwise? Could he give up this chapel which he was to build in memory of Elizabeth, to save a wild boy from the just consequences of his sin. Yet while he reasoned thus, he remembered that this was Ralph's first great misdeed, that it was not yet too late to save him from a wicked life.

He buried his face in his hands and tried to pray, but the words would not come. Had God forsaken him? Could it be that this gift for which he had sacrificed so much was unacceptable? Yet even as he struggled, the conviction grew upon him that it was his own selfishness that was influencing him in his decision, not his desire to serve God. He had wished to build a memorial to his wife, and now when the opportunity was given him to do a far nobler deed and in memory of her he had rejected it! Suddenly his will gave way: the sweet old words of the prayer book rushed to his lips: "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have sinned against thy holy laws. We have left undone the things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

When at length he rose, his face was radiant. For a moment he stood looking around him as though in farewell, and then he turned away. "In memory of thee, Elizabeth," he murmured gently, and started down the hill.

Editorial.

ONE hears very much now-a-days about the position women occupied in society fifty years ago, and the different one they now hold. The statement is quite true, and thread-bare from repetition. The popular estimation of women was lower, and it was so because women as a whole had not come to any conception of the true meaning of life and of their own infinite possibilities. We have to go only a few years back to find women almost utterly destitute of all book-learning, and quite satisfied that excellence in spinning and cooking and caring for their husbands' and children's bodies was the highest aim in life. In the novels, even as late as Thackeray, women are insipid, characterless and frivolous. They may be, and usually are, depicted as loving and as kindly tolerated and patronized on that account. Only in the very latest years have we come to the college woman, an entirely new genus, as yet an experiment, with her utility as yet unproven, educated in the same way as men, and bearing as a consequence the same responsibilities. One expects of a college man a broader, more manly and judicious character. Ought we not expect of woman a broader, more womanly and thoughtful mind? College women take upon themselves grave responsibilities, and should not shirk them. If a woman is not changed by a college course, she ought not have it; it is unjust to the college and bad in its effect upon the observing public. The effect should not be to make her less womanly, and the memory of many sweet and noble college graduates comes up in our minds to assert that she is not, but she should be less womanish. We do not deprecate the fancy-work and chocolate-cream and sentimental love-story style of girl. She has her place, and will continue to fill it for generations, but the ranks should not be reinforced from college girls. As the writer of a previous editorial probably thought, the termination "ie" to a name is all right, and very euphonious, but it is monotonous, and unless one happens to be endowed at the start with a name of that kind, it is more impressive and less sentimental to use one's Christian name. The tendency of education will inevitably be, not to make

women like men; no, protect us from that! but to make them truer to their own highest and noblest possibilities, and less weak and sentimental. It is possible to have an intellect above sex-limitations, and George Eliot rose to that, as is proven by the fact that people were evenly divided as to the sex of the writer of her novels. Mrs. Hermans, George Sand and others have attained to it. We are not here advocating "woman's rights," although we firmly believe in them, and trust that all Kappas do; nor are we favoring a masculine stride, short hair, unbecoming clothing, indifference or distaste of marriage, nothing of the kind. Only, let college girls be individuals with strong personalities and large moral influence in the world to justify their unusual advantages. Let them leave behind them frivolity and pettiness of aim, and let them not ask or tacitly accept allowances for bad and insufficient work and useless lives because they are women.

JUST as there are two kinds of religionists—those who continually talk of their religion to all people and in all circumstances, and those who never allow any hint of their deepest feelings to pass their lips,—so there are two kinds of Kappas, and we have been considering which is preferable. According to all secret society regulations, it is unlawful to tell to an outsider any of the doings of the society. But there is a vast amount of inter-fraternity and proselyting discussion carried on by many members which is not actually prohibited, but the propriety of which is questionable. Is the tendency of these discussions with those who are not Kappas such that Kappa becomes more sacred, more of a privilege, more precious? Or does Kappa become thereby more common, more a matter of convenience, desirability and partisanship? It is hard to see how any good result can come from these discussions and confidences. If we are glad and proud that we are Kappas, let us tell one another so, if we will, but let us not flaunt it in the faces of those who can never be Kappas, and who should have no interest in our concerns. The wearing of the pin is a different matter. The key is the visible token of our member-

ship, and may or may not be worn, just as individual taste and good sense shall dictate. That is a superficial matter. The importance of Kappa lies in the relation which we bear to one another; and how can that relation be held sacred and peculiar if it is openly discussed with other people? The meaning of Kappa should be a guiding principle, a factor in our lives, a constant force, like our religion, not a theme for ordinary conversation.

IN order that THE KEY shall adequately represent the fraternity, it is necessary that the fraternity shall have some share and interest in the work. From our twenty good, strong chapters we ought to issue a magazine which should be superior to any Greek-letter magazine published. They are none of them very good. There should be talent enough so that a weak number would be impossible. Whatever is best in your literary work, send to us. We cannot solicit, because we do not know the powers of the different members. We cannot publish all, but we shall be glad to have the power of choice. Our magazine is our representative to the other fraternities and to the world at large, and we want it the best possible. This is one way of asserting the dignity of Kappa.

BY the time the December number of THE KEY is out, the greater part of the campaign work will have been completed. Whatever success may have been achieved, let us hope it has been by personal merit and true fraternity spirit, and not by the underhand methods of "treats" and assaults upon other fraternities. It is urged by opponents of Greek-letter societies that this "rushing" causes bitterness of feeling and anything but the amity which it is the aim of all Greeks to promote. In so far as this is true, is the argument just. A few words on this important subject of rushing may not be inopportune.

First of all, let everything be done squarely and honestly. Tell the candidate fairly what is the position of the other societies in college.

Admit facts. To deny them is not only a breach of one's initiation vows, but is, even from the point of view of policy, a mistake. Fairness necessarily carries great weight.

Next, speak of what the chapter life has always been, what honors have been won, what a strong place in college life fraternity has held.

Then our fraternity itself. And here no one can deny we are invulnerable. Kappa Kappa Gamma is respected throughout the country — its chapter roll speaks for itself. It is a fraternity of which we may well be proud.

Finally and especially, urge what Kappa has been to its members. A word of personal testimony may move where all else has failed. The life-long friendships that have been established, the discipline that has strengthened and the love that has won us, all are proofs of a most fundamental nature.

WE all know what are the duties of the chief officer of a chapter as prescribed by our constitution. However chapter by-laws may vary, these duties remain the same. Let us remember what we have vowed to perform. One of the greatest advantages of chapter life is this opportunity to learn ready obedience. It is the only way to fit the junior members for leadership.

The president's power might with advantage be even greater than it is, and in times of emergency it should be nearly absolute. It is a direct method which ensures promptness and great unity of action. It is easy to do what is ordered when one feels that the commander is in the greatest possible sympathy with the commanded. Swiftmess and pulling together always bring success. Let us then act with no less freedom but with more earnest loyalty to our promises.

THE editorial board of THE KEY welcomes the recent initiates to Kappa Kappa Gamma. The ranks so broken by the graduation of '87 are already filled. What the future of our fraternity shall be is for you

to determine. It is in your power to make Kappa what you please. You have promised loyalty and faithful service, and it is because you have been judged worthy that you are now wearers of the blue. Almost the first question an initiate asks is, "What is the relation of fraternity to college life?" There should be no hesitancy in the reply. A good fraternity aims to help the college and to interest itself in all that pertains to college life. A fraternity ought not to seek mere selfish enjoyment, but should on the contrary be a live earnest organization that aims to develop its members both socially and intellectually. Such an organization can do infinitely more than the same number of individuals unorganized. Join the open societies, girls, be active in college and class socials and devote some of your time to those who are not so fortunate as to be in Kappa bonds. And if the intellectual work must flag somewhere, do not let it be in college, for it is by our daily work we are judged.

THE Greek press is just about as rampant on the subject of Pan-Hellenism as is the religious press upon the vexed question of Church union. Arguments are many in both instances, and the practical point is lost sight of about as frequently in the one case as in the other. The fact is that when the true spirit of Christianity is manifested in all the denominations, the subject of Church union will either be forgotten as unimportant or else it will come naturally and of itself. The same is true of Pan-Hellenism. Let every fraternity show the true Greek spirit and Pan-Hellenism will either be deemed of minor importance or else the spontaneous wish of all will quickly bring about the desired end. What we want first is the Pan-Hellenic spirit—then let us consider Pan-Hellenic organization.

IN one of our exchanges we noticed an admirable suggestion in regard to some regular system of chapter inter-correspondence. It is true we hear from all our chapters once a quarter and not infrequently in the mean time. But where there is no organized system there is apt to be a

lack of information, especially as to the actual relations the chapter bears to the college and to chapters of other fraternities. Sometimes these things cannot well be committed to print, and yet it is interesting and important that in some way the chapters know each other more intimately. Each chapter could easily carry out this plan for inter-correspondence, the supervision of the work to be in the hands of the corresponding secretary.

Phi has already started out and it is hoped that before long the whole fraternity may be connected more strongly than ever by this new tie.

In Memoriam.

DELTA CHAPTER — KATE BIEDERWOLF.

Kate Biederwolf, for one year an active member of Delta, died at her home in Monticello, Ind., August 3rd, 1887. She entered Indiana University in 1885 as a member of the class of '89. Upon the advice of a physician, she left college, expecting to return soon and complete her course. This, however, she was never able to do. Upon entering college she at once became a member of K. K. F., and although with us so short a time, we mourn her death as that of a true and loyal sister, and as one whose noble example, whose honesty of purpose, and whose adherence to what was just and right at all times, have taught her sisters lessons not soon to be forgotten.

PHI CHAPTER — ELIZABETH JANE LYNN DOWNING.

Elizabeth Downing entered Boston University in 1883. She became a member of Phi chapter at the end of the first winter term and remained, until her graduation in June, 1887, a loyal and active Kappa. Possessed of a wonderfully strong personality, a vigorous intellect, rare religious feeling and an exceptionally pure and sweet character, the effect of her life upon Kappa, her class and the college was an ennobling and helpful influence. She died October 16, 1887, at her home in East Boston. By her death many lost a friend and helper, but by her life has gone forth to many people an influence which will be potent for good for all time.

Chapter Letters.

αἱ τῶν παρθένων πράξεις.

BETA — ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

BETA chapter has begun this year in a very prosperous manner, although we have initiated but two, Jessie Fremont Merritt, '90, Crarys Mills, Lucy Evelyne Wight, '91, Brooklyn. We have introduced a slight change in our literary programme, by the two members of the executive committee choosing sides, and so far the friendly rivalry has proved very successful. We still keep our news items, and our other work is mainly taken from the leading magazines and papers.

St. Lawrence is about to have a college paper, which is to be edited by a board of fifteen, two to be chosen from each society, two from the non-society, three from the Theological department, and two by the board thus constituted, provided each society obtains twenty-five subscribers. We have chosen as our members of the board, Eva M. Smith, '88, and Mary L. Atwood, '89, who we think will work for the best interests of Beta chapter, and we are now looking out for the twenty-five subscribers.

Anna Atwood, '86, is teaching in Westbrook Seminary, Deering, Maine.

Gertrude Lee, '85, is in New York, studying Art.

GAMMA — WOOSTER UNIVERSITY.

Gamma sends greetings to all sister chapters. After a very pleasant summer we were very glad to return to college work again.

Wooster University opened this year to a larger number of students than ever before, both in the collegiate and musical departments. It is hoped that at least one of the much needed wings will this year be completed and thus add to the comfort of the building.

The beginning of this year found us with but four to answer to the roll call, but we felt the need of greater effort on our part and each and

everyone remembered the old adage about "faint heart." So we went bravely to work and succeeded in winning five "fair ladies." They are Gwen Jones, Eva Atkinson, Winona Hughes, Belle Ramsey and Dora Matchett. They have all proved themselves worthy of wearing the golden key.

On the evening of the 10th of October we entertained a few (lady) friends at the home of Alice Firestone. Music, recitations and dancing were the order of the evening.

Della McCortle, an honor girl of '87 and a member of Gamma, is teaching the German classes in the college during the absence of Prof. Boyde, who is in Leipsig. Lily Woodberg, a musical graduate of '87, has returned to Wooster to renew her studies in the college. We are very glad she is with us, once more, as she is one of our most earnest workers.

Tilla Shelhart, who was with us until the spring term of last year, was this summer married to Rev. Mr. Revernaugh of Noblesville, Ind.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Anna Brice of Lima, Ohio, who graduated with '83, to Mr. Oliver B. Selfridge of the same city.

With best wishes for the success of K. K. F. during the coming year, we bring our letter to a close.

DELTA — INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

For fourteen years of mingled sunshine and shadow, Delta has carried aloft with pride that matchless fraternal flag of blue. At the threshold of this school year the doors of Kappa were opened, and ten active and ten non-active members were present at roll call. Out into the fields of the barbs we made our way with the most successful results.

We celebrated the second week of college by the initiation of Mabel Bottsford of Greenfield, Indiana. A short time afterwards, Grace McPheeters, Gussie Buskirk and Lida Clark were initiated.

Within the past year our chapter has been saddened by the death of Kate Biederwolf, a loyal Christian Kappa deeply loved by all.

Our literary work has been changed from that of last year. A committee of three is appointed to arrange the programme for next meeting — not one of the members who does not gladly join in this work for the

good of the fraternity. This year's meetings will compare favorably with any preceding year's.

We are looking forward to a Thanksgiving banquet and reception. Other entertainments are freely discussed, and viewing the outlook, even with unprejudiced eyes, we must say that the future for Delta is replete with golden promises.

With bright memories of the past, and extending to THE KEY, and sister chapters, greetings, we of the present year are yours.

EPSILON — ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The fifteenth year of Epsilon's career bids fair to be one of her most prosperous, many of her old members having returned and having brought with them greater zeal for the success of the fraternity than ever before. We have added to our number Nellie Pollock, Susan Foreman, Hattie Wilcox, Mattie Wilcox and Kathleen Rinehart; and our chapter is now ready for earnest work. It is a band of thirteen merry girls that comes together every Friday afternoon, and the few hours that we spend together then are among the happiest of the week. Our chapter's literary work for this term consists of a study of English literature, Maertz's New Method being our guide in the work.

August 31st, 1887, occurred the marriage of Lulu D. Younge, one of Epsilon's graduates of '87, to Mr. E. M. Van Petten, Phi Gamma Delta. The bride was one of the brightest women students who ever attended our college, a fine musician and a favorite with all her acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Van Petten reside in Joliet, Ills.

October 8th the Kappa girls perpetrated a happy surprise on their sister Grace Funk. A few days afterward she departed for Santa Monica, Cal., accompanying her mother who goes for the benefit of her health. Miss Funk has been an ardent Kappa worker for several years and is greatly missed from our circle.

Edith Blades has recently returned from abroad, where she has passed the last year, spending the greater part of the time in Leipsig, pursuing her musical studies.

Harriette Thayer is spending the winter in Colorado Springs.

We are glad to welcome Bina Van Petten, '87, back among us. She has accepted a position as stenographer in Normal, and is thus enabled to be with us.

For the last two years we have observed the anniversary of the founding of our chapter by giving a banquet, inviting as our guests the staunchest friends of the Kappas from the three fraternities, Phi Delta Theta, Phi Gamma Delta and Sigma Chi. We are now making preparations for our third banquet which will occur Nov. 22nd at the home of Kathleen Rinehart. We purpose to make the occasion a social success.

ZETA — IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

The opening of the school year brought back all of Zeta's members with the exception of last year's graduates. We held a most delightful meeting the first Saturday afternoon that all were back, but we found how much we shall miss our six strong seniors of last year. Zeta considers herself, however, very fortunately situated.

The members of Phi Delta Theta invited us to make use of their hall for the coming year, as we did last year, so we are pleasantly located.

Several of our alumnae have visited us this fall. Mary Preston spent a few days with us the first of October, and the chapter gave a banquet during her visit. Caroline Spielman came October 21st and stayed until the 25th. May Williams came at the same time and is still here.

During the summer and fall a number of weddings among Zeta's alumnae have occurred. The following list is complete, as far as we are informed.

Mary H. Ingham, C. M. Doxsie; married Wednesday, Aug. 24, '87, Algona, Iowa; live in Algona.

Belle R. Andrews, A. R. Dow; married Aug. 16, '87, St. Joseph, Mo.; live in Rockford, Ill., 406 Peach Street.

Imogene Mitchell, Dr. Charles von Schrader; married Sept. 5, '87, Maquoketa, Iowa; live in Maquoketa.

Grace Thompson, James Dickey; married Oct. 12, '87, Bedford, Iowa; live in Storm Lake, Iowa.

Frances Hammond, Steven B. Howard ; married Sept. 13, '87, Minneapolis, Minn. ; live in Minneapolis, 2420 Stevens Ave.

Isa Moore, the only alumna of '87 in Iowa City this year, is taking an active part in chapter work. She is making her work as teacher in the "Grammar School" very successful.

Mary Preston and May Williams are at home in Des Moines, Iowa.

Rose Ankerey is writing for the "Des Moines Leader" and is doing excellent work.

Caroline Spielman is at home in Fairfield, Iowa, and Ida Clarke Young at Bathgate, Dakota.

Hallowe'en the Kappa girls were very pleasantly entertained at Lomie Dugan's home.

Zeta has planned a course of literary work for the year which we will try to make as beneficial and as much of a study as possible. Our plan is to study systematically the lives and works of the most famous artists, and we are looking forward to many delightful hours spent in this way.

This year has brought many changes into our university life. A new president has taken up the work of administering college affairs and he has won the entire respect and confidence of the students. There are also four changes in the faculty, the chairs of English literature, history and philology, civil engineering, and mental and moral science being filled by new professors. The outlook is favorable for successful college work.

ETA — UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Eta began the year in September with only five active members, but has increased this number to eleven by the initiation of five new members and the return of another of those of last year, May H. Ela.

Of last year's members, Mary S. Tenney, who took first honors in her class, is teaching physiology in a private school in Chicago. Juliet Claire Thorp, our other senior of '87, took honors in Latin. She has been spending the summer in the East. Phebe Wood, special with the class of '90, is teaching in Alamosa, Cal.

Eva C. Week, of '89, was unable to return on account of ill health.

Toward the close of the last spring term, Eta chapter gave a German. Several old Kappas returned to enjoy it with us.

Our new members this year are Eleanor Breese, Belle Loomis, Helen West, Laura Barber and May Sanborn, all regular with the class of '91.

THETA — MISSOURI UNIVERSITY.

Theta opened this year with seven active members; she has since added one more name to her roll, Laura Clark, a bright girl and a loyal Kappa. But we miss almost more than we can tell, one of our sisters who was with us for five years and who graduated and left us last June. Anne Bates was one of the most enthusiastic members Theta has ever cherished, and it makes us feel inexpressibly sad that we have had to give her up. She is now holding a position in the State Normal School at Cape Girardeau, Mo. Another one of our earnest workers for several years, Emma Hayes, is spending the winter in Caldwell, Kansas. We have done very little so far in the literary line, but as we have now settled down to regular winter work, we expect to begin our duties immediately. Two of the young ladies of this place gave a ball to the Zeta Phi last Monday evening which was very much enjoyed by all present. Our girls are students rather than society girls, but Theta was well represented, as this was the first event of the season, and college work did not suffer neglect. Theta sends cordial greeting to all her sister chapters.

IOTA — DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

In order to avoid "rushing" at the beginning of the year, our girls made the proposition to the Thetas to pledge no new students until November 15, this agreement to take effect the beginning of the present term. The Theta fraternity accepted, and as the time draws near, excitement runs high.

The young women who have entered De Pauw are above the average, and as we cannot pledge all, it is a difficult matter to decide which ones we prefer.

While becoming acquainted with the new students, the excellent

meetings every Friday evening show that the thirteen members are not losing their pride in the standard of the fraternity. Finding that the discussion of current events has formerly been both interesting and profitable, we have continued in the same line this term.

Our anniversary was celebrated by a trip to Brazil, twenty miles distant, where we were royally entertained by Mrs. Will Snyder and Miss Ida Coffey.

Lenia Tarbell, class of '83, of Providence, Rhode Island, was married recently to Mr. W. E. Scawitt of Watertown, Dakota, a reception being tendered the Kappa fraternity and their many friends by the groom's parents who reside here.

Last term the Kappa Alpha Thetas entertained our chapter at the home of Miss Julia Southard.

Ella Adams, class of '89, who is teaching in the Terre Haute High School, spent November 5th and 6th at De Pauw.

Helen Cunningham, class of '87, is principal of the Spencer City Schools.

Caroline Weaver, Margaret Carter, Leila Rous, and Jessie Montgomery are teaching school this year but expect to return and graduate.

KAPPA — HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

The opening of the new school year brought many changes to Kappa. We sadly miss the ones who did not return to us, but we are glad to welcome back two who had been from us for some time.

Kate Stoddard, '87, is teaching in Austin, Illinois, and Florence Wyllis, near her, at Oak Park. Lillian Kirkwood is also teaching at her home, Negaunee, Michigan. Sarah Collett is studying art at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mignon Kern, '88, has returned after an absence of more than a year, and Dora Stamats after a little less than that time.

Though we now have rivals, the I. C's, Kappa is still flourishing, and all whom we have invited to join us have accepted the invitation.

On September 24 we initiated two new members—Harriet Rice, '89,

and Florence Keith, '91. But on account of ill health Miss Keith was obliged to leave school only a short time afterward. We hope she may return next term. Our membership now numbers only six. However we expect to have a larger chapter next term.

In October one of our members, Flora Woodward, was married to Mr. S. B. Harvey, '87, Delta Tau Delta.

Kappa sends greetings to her sisters and wishes them a prosperous year. She sorrows with Phi in the loss of so loved a member as the one called from them so lately.

LAMBDA — BUCHEL COLLEGE.

Lambda sends greeting to all her sister chapters and wishes them honor and happiness. We began the new year with twelve active members. Four new members, Ida, Florence and Gertrude Wynn and Myrtie Barker increased our number to sixteen. We also have Carita McEbright and Julia Crouse with us occasionally.

We enjoyed, in the first part of the term, a short visit from two old Kappas, Rowena Wright and Bell Slade, '86. They had spent part of the summer with our sister, Mrs. Lillian Acomb Hunter, '85, of Tidioute, Pa.

We are full of energy, and what is not expended in actual work, which, of course, is a very small amount, generates heat, perfectly harmless, but not entirely useless.

A great amount of heat was utilized in contriving some form in which to embody our literary work for the year. At last we hit upon the happy plan of reading Shakespeare. We shall begin on "Midsummer Night's Dream."

A department of elocution has been added to the college this year, with class instruction by an efficient teacher from the Philadelphia school of oratory. The interest in oratory has also been increased by the endowment of a prize oratorical fund of \$3000 by Mr. Ashton of Bryan, Ohio. The contests will be confined to the three upper classes.

We were especially pleased with the last number of THE KEY. The chapter reports were interesting. The greeting of our Grand President

and the editorial article were particularly helpful, not only to us as a fraternity, but also as individuals.

MU — BUTLER UNIVERSITY.

After a pleasant summer vacation we have entered upon our college duties. We are much pleased with the outlook for the coming year.

Our chapter numbers seven active members. We have initiated two girls, Tace Meeker of Sullivan, Ill., and India Martz of Kokomo, Ind. Miss Meeker is a member of the class of '90 and formerly belonged to the Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity. Miss Martz, also of the class of '90, comes to us this year, bringing the honor scholarship from the Kokomo High School.

Martha Murry, of class of '87, is teaching music at Sheridan.

Susan Kelley of Greencastle and Mabel Douglass of Wooster made us a pleasant call last week.

Mu was honored by a short visit from one of her old members, Tade Hartsuff Kuhnes of Greensburg, Pa.

India Martz will enter the sophomore contest which takes place in December.

Vesta Hobbs, one of our last year's initiates, is attending Garfield University.

XI — ADRIAN COLLEGE.

Xi sends greeting and earnest wishes for the prosperity of every chapter in K. K. Γ. We are, as yet, fewer in number than we were last year, but our zeal has not abated in the least, i. e., if the number of extra meetings held may be considered an index to our fervor.

We have had one initiate this term, Hattie Trumble, a student of last year. After her initiation in the chapter rooms, we repaired to the home of Mrs. Prof. Wilbur, where the time was pleasantly spent in singing fraternity songs and telling fraternity news.

Sadie Palmer not only did honor to herself, but also to Xi, last June, by winning the prize awarded at the annual contest between the literary societies for the most finished essay.

Hannah Henry, an alumna of '87, is teaching a large class in music at her home in West Va.

Last year, through graduation, Xi lost four of her members — Enid Ware, Hettie Meikle, Hannah Henry and Hattie Smoot.

Alberta Oakley, who was so seriously injured by falling from a hammock two years ago, has sufficiently regained her health to re-enter college.

Hettie Meikle, who received the degree of bachelor of music last June, is in Steubenville, Ohio.

Xi had a wedding last June, the parties being Lulu E. Mann, of the class of '84, and Mr. E. B. Rood, of the same class, and a member of Delta Tau Delta. Mr. Rood is a promising young lawyer in Wichita, Kansas.

OMICRON — SIMPSON COLLEGE.

Omicron's year of '86-'87 proved to be very prosperous, the Kappas came to the front in the literary as well as social sphere.

The Kappa banquet held in the winter term, and the reception given in honor of one of our new members, Allie Gordon, were truly successful occasions. Our commencement, too, will long be remembered as one of unusual interest and enjoyment. Abbie Creighton was the first graduate of Omicron from the musical department. Commencement brought us Cornelia Jones Todd, our graduate of '86. Four of our girls were elected as commencement speakers and delivered well written orations. At a recent meeting of the Y. W. C. Association, Julia M. Tasket was elected as delegate to the State Convention, to be held at Toledo, October 28-30.

And now we have all spent a pleasant vacation and gladly take up the duties of school life with renewed energy and zeal. We intend to celebrate the organization of our chapter this month, and are looking forward to a very pleasant occasion. We send our best wishes for the new year to all sister chapters.

SIGMA — NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY.

The year has opened with good prospects for Sigma. Although there were only six active members at the first of the term, the number has been increased to nine by a recent initiation. The new Kappas are Bertha McMillan, Mary Holmes and Carrie Reed.

Our last year's graduates are not far off. Laura Roberts is teaching in Lincoln. Sarah Daley is filling the position of city librarian. Dell Stratton is teaching in the Ashland schools, but was with us Hallowe'en, on which occasion we entertained our friends in an informal manner at the home of Edith Leighton.

Two other members are away from us temporarily, Josephine Young, teaching at Niobrara, and Edna Appelget, at home at Tecumseh. We enjoyed very much a short visit from the latter recently.

Sigma has a wedding to announce! June 9th, 1887, Sopha Myers, '86, to Dr. B. B. Davis, McCook, Neb. Dr. Davis is a member of the class of '82 and will probably be one of the regents of the university after the election of next week.

Nebraska University is flourishing. Work has been begun on another new building on the campus, which is to be followed by still another in the spring.

TAU — SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

The summer vacation is over and the girls of Tau are hard at work. We feel the loss of our four seniors, but new members have stepped in to fill our broken ranks.

We have initiated four girls this term. October 7th our golden key was placed on Mary Belshaw, '90, Marion Coville, '91, and Caroline Lathrope, '91. October 25th, we initiated Elizabeth Ruland, '91. We feel very proud of our new members. The initiation of Miss Ruland is one long to be remembered. On that afternoon, we had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes. Mrs. Hayes spoke some words of advice and encouragement to the chapter and then welcomed our new initiates.

The next evening Tau was invited to a reception given to Mrs. Hayes and other delegates to the convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. The floral key, which we sent, occupied a conspicuous position and was much admired.

Caroline Fisher has been appointed principal of the school at New Hartford, N. Y.

Mrs. Addie B. Marks, '87, expects to spend the winter in New York City and study music at one of the conservatories.

Jennie E. Weller, '87, has a position as teacher of music at Bucksport, Me.

Agnes Foster, '87, is teaching in Hayswood Seminary, Maysville, Ky.

Elizabeth S. Bridgeford, '87, is teaching at Athol Centre, Mass.

Mary D. Allis, '87, has accepted a position as preceptress in the Union Free School and Academy at Afton, N. Y.

Ruth E. Guibault, '84, has charge of the musical department in Fairfax Hall, Winchester, Va.

We regret that Helen Reilay, '90, has been obliged to drop her regular college work on account of ill health caused by over-study.

A very pleasant evening was spent, not long ago, at the home of Grace Hill, one of our sisters.

Our campus was much improved during the summer vacation; trees have been planted, drives laid out, and the grounds graded and otherwise beautified. Besides all this, the new observatory is completed and the foundation laid for the library building, which must be finished by Nov. 1st, '88—the condition made for securing the Von Ranke Library.

It is expected that the John Crouse Memorial College for Women will be begun this fall. The building will measure 190 feet in length and 160 feet in width. It will contain a music and commencement hall, with sittings for 1200 people, besides the stage which has a seating capacity for 200 more. There will be a gallery for paintings and statuary and it will furnish facilities for special students in telegraphy, photography, stenography, book-keeping, etc. The cost will probably be not less than \$300,000. Mr. Crouse intends to make this the finest college building in America.

The prospects for a bright future for Syracuse University are extremely flattering, and Tau feels very thankful that such is the case, for her success depends largely on that of the University.

UPSILON — NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The opening of the term found Upsilon Chapter less in numbers than at the beginning of last year: five of our sisters were unable to return. With earnestness and unity we set about retrieving our misfortune and were soon happy in welcoming among us Theresa Ludlow, '89, of Paxton, Ill., and Clara Tucker, '90, of Galva, Ill. We have also a prospective member in the third year preparatory.

Having the advantage of a college literary society, we have thought it best to dispense with the usual routine of literary work, and in its place have taken up readings from history. At present we are reading the "Life of Abraham Lincoln." We feel that this plan is helping us, as in our college life we have so little time for outside reading, and in a small chapter where we all know each other so intimately, there is a tendency to slight the duties which a literary programme demands.

During the term we have had two informal parties at the home of Miss Van Benschoten and the Misses Morse. We have enjoyed short visits from Kate Sharp, '85, who is now teaching at the Academy in Elgin, Ill., and Jennie Jones, ex-'90, of Fond du Lac, Wis.

Kate Alling, '87, is now assistant principal of the high school in Lewistown, Ill. Martha Hutchinson, '87, is at her home in Mineral Point, Wis. Frances Simpson, formerly a teacher in Troy, N. Y., is now in the high school at Decatur, Ill.

September 20 marked the advent of Kappa Alpha Theta at Northwestern University, making the tenth on the list of fraternities now here.

The 6th annual convention of Alpha Phi sorority was held at Evanston during the month of October.

Northwestern is to be congratulated upon having obtained the great Dearbon Telescope which formerly belonged to the defunct Chicago University. The friends of the university are indebted to Mr. J. B. Hobbs

of Chicago, who has generously donated \$25,000 for the erection of the new building.

On October 31st, the necessary papers having been made out, the students combined the celebrations of Hallowe'en with their good fortune by an immense torch-light procession, which was greeted at different places on its line of march by speeches from President Cummings and Prof. Fiske, Principal of Preparatory Department. At last the procession halted in front of the Woman's College, where it was viewed by the young women of the college and cottage from windows and balconies. Speeches of welcome were here given by Dean Rena Michials and Dr. Lerry of Ganett Biblical Institute.

PHI—BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Phi sends hearty greetings to you all and bids you be glad with her that after the summer separation, Kappa again unites us. Brightened and freshened by the rest, Phi has gone to work very earnestly, and the year promises to be most prosperous.

We are glad to introduce to the other chapters a new member of Phi, Miss Rigby of '90, and to announce the return of Miss Fessenden, '89, from Germany, where she has been spending the past year. There are also two weddings to report among our alumnae, that of Miss Marion Butterfield, '85, to Mr. Knight, and Miss Emma Cooper, '85, to Mr. Carl Adams. Mr. Knight and Mr. Adams are both graduates of the Theological School.

Early in the term we were saddened by the death of Elizabeth Downing, '87, a most loyal Kappa and a most true woman. Her life in its strength and purity was an inspiration to us, and her memory is one of the sacred things Phi has.

The first question we were obliged to face this year was that of a room. Since we are not so fortunate as to have a chapter house, we are dependent upon the somewhat uncertain mercies of boarding-houses. Our first experiment was not a happy one, but the rooms which we have at present are very comfortable and cosy, and we are looking forward to a pleasant winter in them.

Although we have had several very satisfactory meetings, our work as a whole has been rather irregular. These first weeks, as you all know, are exciting and not at all conducive to systematic effort in any direction, except, possibly, that of interesting certain freshmen.

We have had a few anxious days, but those are nearly over now, for of the ten invitations which have been sent out, we have already received ten acceptances, and have fixed upon Saturday, the 19th, for our initiation — a glorious one we are resolved it shall be.

Phi is active in the college, as usual, taking an especial interest in the "Debating Club," which has rather languished, and in all the many phases of college life. It cannot be said of us that we are narrowed by our society connections, even though we may always have its welfare at heart. We are working in all ways to make Phi worthy of the fraternity.

CHI — MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY.

The college year has again rolled around, and hard work, happy days, and new acquaintances form a net work in our lives. The year gives every promise of success, and as the Kappas had no representative in the last senior class, we begin this year with the same force that saw us so safely through the last, with the addition of five promising new ones: Grace Gilbert, Bessie Sheldon, Martha Ankeny, Clara Blake and Gertrude Tucker.

Chi chapter is sure of one thing, that these victims will long remember their introduction into the mystic bonds of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

We have been delighted with a visit from one of our old sisters, Mrs. Trimbel, who left us two years ago to reside in Philadelphia. It encourages us to have our old members come back to us.

The senior class celebrated Hallowe'en by a most enjoyable moonlight ride and reception; six Kappas graced the company and did full justice to the occasion.

Festivities among the Greek letters have already commenced. Very delightful parties have been given by Chi Psi, Delta Tau Delta, and Phi Delta Theta, that of the Phi Deltas being the opening of their new and

pleasant chapter house. Kappa is reserving her strength in that direction until later in the year.

We wish our new editorial board every success.

PSI — CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The fall term of all our chapters is more or less alike, for in this term we become acquainted with the girls who are to be our support in the future.

In accordance with the plan of last year, no members of the entering class are given invitations until December 1st. Nothing of interest can therefore be said of new members of Psi of K. K. Γ. without dealing in prophecy.

In the early part of the term, Ida Hill, '90, was initiated.

Several informal card parties and teas, given by members of the chapter, have served as a means of bringing us in contact with the new girls. It is really the only way we can come to know the girls, college opens so late.

Pundita Ramabai, soon after college opened, gave several lectures here, and the Ramabai Circle, which originated from her visit to Ithaca last year, has become quite an extensive organization.

The new Cornell Christian Association Building, the gift of Mr. Barnes of New York City, a trustee of the university, is now well under way, and promises to be an ornament to the campus.

The vindictive spirit of the under-classmen in the university has been unusually prominent this year, and seems to have been emphatically brought before the public by exaggerated newspaper reports.

Lois Otis, '87, is at present teaching in Sherwood, N. Y. Mary A. Otis, '89, is studying art in Philadelphia.

OMEGA — KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY.

We have read with interest of the prosperity of our sister chapters, and take pleasure in giving some account of ourselves.

The opening of the college year found Omega with twelve members. The "rushing" this fall has been carried on, apparently, in a more

lively manner than ever before. Many desire to follow the example of some of our sister fraternities, by issuing our invitations to new students only at a certain date, and we hope yet that all may agree on this plan.

Our initiates, up to date, are, Augusta Price, Lawrence, Amy Haze, Paola, and Alice Rapes, Topeka, of all of whom we are justly proud.

We can also say the same of our pledged members, Frances Pickering, Rose Nelson, Donnie Bowersock, Jennie Spencer and Edna Blood, who are now wearing our colors and will join us later on.

Daisy Clendinen and Laura O'Bryon, two of our last year girls, will not be with us until second term. Laura O'Bryon spent the summer and fall quite pleasantly visiting relatives in North Carolina and Indiana.

Bertha Starr has just returned from a month's visit in Chicago.

Cora Kimball, our last year's senior, is now a teacher in the schools of Lawrence.

On the evening of September 16 we gave a pleasant party at the home of Miss Eva Howe. Since then Miss Mabel Wemple has given a very enjoyable musical and social combined, and Miss Nellie Palmer entertained us one Saturday evening with a taffy pull.

We are invited to partake of the usual Hallowe'en fun at the home of Mrs. Snepp, sister to our member-elect Fannie Pickering.

Our prospects are bright and our best wishes are ever extended for the welfare of *THE KEY*.

New Books.

BIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

- Austin, G. L.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, his Life, Works and Friendships ; new edition. Lee & Shepard. \$2.00. Formerly published as a subscription book.
- Beecher, H. W.—Selections from the Sermons, Lectures, Prayers and Letters of Belford, C. \$1.25.
- Cabot, J. E.—A Memoir of R. W. Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin. 2 vols. \$3.50. The task here executed by the man whom Emerson named as his literary executor has been accomplished with singular skill ; and a clear narrative of his life has been combined with extracts from his journal and letters, which throw into bold relief his habits of mind, aims and individuality.

FICTION.

- Baring, Gould S.—Red Spider. Appleton. 50c. The descriptions and characters in this story are wonderfully striking, and the story itself helps strengthen one's faith in human nature.
- Daudet, A.—La Belle Nivernaise. Routledge. \$2.25 ; paper, \$1.50.
- Daudet, A.—Tartarin of Tarascon. Routledge. \$2.25 ; paper, \$1.50. The first of a new edition of Daudet's works which in all respects promise to worthily interpret the Frenchman who is by many ranked as the greatest living master of fiction.
- Greville, H. [pseud. for Mme Alice Durand].—The Princess Roubine : a Russian story. Peterson. Paper, 50c. One of the purest love stories ever written.
- Lost Wedding Ring ; by Mrs. Winter and Mrs. Boy. Putnam. 75c. A social study in a semi-story form which is well calculated to make people think.
- Lyall, Edna [pseud. for Ada E. Bayly].—The Autobiography of a Slander. Appleton. Paper, 25c. A pathetic story of the misery wrought by thoughtless and sometimes spiteful words.
- Phelps, E. S.—The Gates Between. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.25. An earnest and impressive story of a peculiar case of an awakened conscience.
- Stockton, F. R.—The Bee Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales. Scribner. \$1.25.

- Tolstoi, Count L.—*In Pursuit of Happiness* Lothrop. 75c. A little volume that one may read in an hour or so, and never forget throughout his life.
- Tolstoi, Count L.—*What to Do?* Thoughts evoked by the Census of Moscow. Crowell. \$1.25. A vivid account of some of Tolstoi's personal efforts to alleviate the suffering and wretchedness of Moscow.

HISTORY.

- Bancroft, H. H.—*History of the Pacific States of North America*. Vols. 2, 17, 24, 27 and 31. The History Company. \$4.50 to \$10 per vol. These volumes give the histories of California, Oregon, British Columbia and Central America.

HUMOR.

- Rabelais, F.—*Three Good Giants*: compiled by John Dimitry. Ticknor. \$1.50. This finely illustrated edition includes all of the tale that is of genuine worth.

HYGIENE.

- Home Sanitation: a Manual for Housekeepers*. Ticknor. 50c. An excellent handbook, concise and to the point, and the product of the discussions of the Sanitary Science Club of the Collegiate Alumnae Association.
- Walker, J., M. D.—*Health Lessons*. Appleton. 56c. A simple, clear statement of the laws of healthy life; and should be placed in every home and school-room.

LITERARY HISTORY.

- Goldsmith, O.—*A Selection from his Works*, with an Introduction by E. E. Hale. Rand. 75c.
- Lubbock, Sir J.—*The Pleasures of Life*. Appleton. 50c and 25c. These short essays, though containing nothing new or strikingly original, have yet the charm and force of everything from the pen of this learned and scientific London banker.
- Thackeray, W. M.—*Letters, 1847-55*. Scribner. \$2.50. These letters, which are edited with much tact, show the real Thackeray even more plainly than anything which he ever wrote for publication.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

- Neely, T. B.—Parliamentary Practice. Rev. edition. Phillips, H. 25c.
Payne, F. M.—Rules of Order governing Public Meetings. Excelsior Pub. House. 50c and 30c.

RELIGION.

- Macdonald, G.—God's Words to his Children. Funk & Wagnall. \$1.25.
Parker, J., D. D.—The People's Bible; vol. 6. Funk & Wagnall. \$1.50. This volume discusses the last part of Judges, Ruth and part of I. Samuel.

SPORTS.

- Standard Hoyle, a complete guide on all games of chance or skill now played in the United States. Excelsior Pub. House. \$1.50, 75c and 50c.
Whist Universal. Ticknor. \$1.25. Explains the French, English and American method of play.

TRAVEL.

- Charnay, D.—Ancient Cities of the New World: Explorations from 1857 to 1882. Harper. \$6.
Karr, H. W.—Shores and Alps of Alaska. \$3.50.

Exchanges and Reviews.

WITH eager hands we take up the September issue of *The Arrow* anxiously we scan its pages; patiently we read its various articles. We so much want to find something interesting in this official organ of the I. C. Sorosis: we so sincerely desire to enjoy what our sisters have written, and—we are so cruelly disappointed. Of the fifty-three pages, five are filled with personals, and thirty-one with the catalogue of the sorosis; there are no chapter letters, and but one contributed article. However, we are informed by the present editor that it has been her fate to “serve as a ‘stop-gap,’ and, like imperial Cæsar, ‘keep the wind away’” until a permanent editor can be found; so we hope for better things next time.

The inside of the *Sigma Nu Delta* for October is rather like the outside—colorless. It seems to be a weak echo of the Beta Theta Pi, but the small original force of the articles quoted is lost in transmission, and we would recommend to the editors of Sigma Nu Delta more powerful application of the pen, and less of the scissors. That “the pen is mightier than the sword,” is generally believed; that it also goes far ahead of the scissors, in the case of personal criticism, has yet to be learned.

The *Phi Gamma Delta* is always good, and the mid-summer number gives us much pleasure. There is a certain clean, high tone which is very agreeable. The best of the literary articles is a discussion of higher degrees, and a very wise method of reform is presented. It is that the fraternities unitedly protest against the abuse of these honors. In the pages devoted to the “Hellenic Press,” the editor pays a neat compliment to the “girl editors” of THE KEY. Of course there is a “calm optimism” about us. There would be about you, Mr. Feejee, if you were a woman and a member of K. K. Γ. Of course the fraternity has a “truly useful destiny.” We are making it.

We read with delight the sarcasm hurled at Beta Theta Pi for its exaggerated self-conceit. Beta is good as far as it goes, but it ought to leave a tiny section of the universe for the other fraternities to quarrel over. We speak to hold the *Phi Gamma Delta* editor’s hat the next time he sails into Wooglin.

The *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly* for October is, like all the numbers, ponderous and imposing. But the first article on “Delta Kappa Epsilon at

Yale, as Bob Mainehold knew it" needs all the other articles to counterbalance it. If that is the ideal of a fraternity, give us a sorority; if that is what a Greek society means at Yale, give us plain English in a small college, and take away the wine, the cigars, the howlings, and the carousals. The chapter letters show the fraternity to be in a very prosperous condition and to be doing loyal work to bring in recruits. The alumni record gives a list of names of which any society might well be proud.

The *Shield of Phi Kappa Psi* for September has some excellent chapter letters and one or two bright editorials. But we are puzzled to understand the relation of Phi Kappa Psi to Beta Theta Pi. Why should *The Shield* quote entire that long editorial from the Wooglin organ, in which the sophomoric editor set forth the marvelous glory of his society? Just what is the function of *The Shield*? Is it to beat the bush that the innocent victims may fall straightway into the wily snares of Beta? Truly, it looks as if that were the happy position which the editors decided to occupy. We wish them joy. But don't work too hard or make too much noise, young supernumerary, or you will frighten the game and it will run the other way, and some other fraternity than the one "typical of American life" (sic) will be the gainer.

The *Delta Upsilon Quarterly* is devoted exclusively to its own fraternity and gives a most comprehensive of the work of the many chapters. The issue for July contains accounts of the Commencement exercises in the colleges where chapters are established and many other items of interest to the members of the fraternity. The quarterly is well printed and is a very creditable production.

In the June number of the *Beta Theta Pi*, the editor took a flight on a Pegasus of his own manufacture, and from his superior height looked down upon all other knights of the quill who were struggling in the dust below. The staid and sedate *D. K. E. Quarterly* is familiarly patted on the head; the *Chi Phi Quarterly* is fairly insulted by being termed "always genteel;" the *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly* is given a vicious poke, and other magazines are favored with nods more or less patronizing. But it is in notes on the women's magazines that the Beta reviewer comes out strongest and shows to the full his bombastic arrogance. He metaphorically chucks the editors under the chins, calls the contributors "pretty dears," waves a parting salute to the retiring editor of THE KEY, and has the air of a martyr to the cause who is bound to do the correct thing, but is, nevertheless, "awfully bored, you know," by his heroic efforts. On the

whole, the editor seems to be in the condition of the immortal Pooh Bah, who, for a consideration, is induced to remark, "How d'ye do, little gyurls?" but, in order to save his dignity, immediately adds, "I'm not in the habit of saying 'How d'ye do, little gyurls?'"

But we beg our readers pardon for devoting so much space to the matter. When we read the original article, we passed it by as an excellent specimen of sophomoric rhetoric and juvenile bombast, and we certainly should never have thought of it again if *The Shield of Phi Kappa Psi* and *The Sigma Nu Delta* had not called our attention to the matter by publishing the article in full. We are sorry to be so forcibly reminded of the lack of talent in the two fraternities and would suggest that sophomores contribute to these magazines, or that the editors quote from Mother Goose's Melodies and the Rollo books; the former have more rhyme and the other more reason than Beta reviews.

Fraternity Directory.

GRAND COUNCIL.

PRESIDENT—Charlotte C. Barrell, 342 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.
 SECRETARY—Mary Krenzke, Kent, Ohio.
 TREASURER—Martha Murry, 196 Ash Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 MARSHAL—Kate B. Cross, 2634 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

ALPHA PROVINCE.

PHI, BOSTON UNIVERSITY—Mary M. Kingsbury, 12 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.
 BETA, ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY—Mary L. Atwood, Canton, N. Y.
 TAU, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY—Caroline E. Morton, 59 University Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
 PSI, CORNELL UNIVERSITY—Martha M. Whittemore, Sage College, Ithaca, N. Y.
 LAMBDA, BUCHTEL COLLEGE—Gertrude H. Matthews, Akron, Ohio.
 GAMMA, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY—Alice M. Firestone, Wooster, Ohio.

BETA PROVINCE.

DELTA, INDIANA UNIVERSITY—Etta G. Craven, Bloomington, Ind.
 IOTA, DEPAUW UNIVERSITY—Mary R. Langsdale, Greencastle, Ind.
 MU, BUTLER UNIVERSITY—Kate B. Hadley, Irvington, Ind.
 KAPPA, HILLSDALE COLLEGE—Shirley H. Smith, Hillsdale, Mich.
 XI, ADRIAN COLLEGE—Mrs. J. Zane Wilbur, 157 West Maumee St., Adrian, Mich.
 ETA, WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY—Ada E. Griswold, 1228 Langdon Street, Madison, Wis.

GAMMA PROVINCE.

EPSILON, ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY—Rachael Baumann, 407 E. Front Street, Bloomington, Ill.
 UPSILON, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY—Belle E. Alling, 215 Benson Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
 CHI, MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY—Olivia C. Porter, St. Anthony Park, Minn.
 OMICRON, SIMPSON COLLEGE—Anna Jones, Indianola, Ia.
 ZETA, IOWA UNIVERSITY—Alice B. Calvin, Iowa City, Iowa.
 OMEGA, KANSAS UNIVERSITY—May E. Henshaw, 1325, Kentucky St., Lawrence, Kansas.
 SIGMA, NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY—Rachael E. Manley, Cor. 11th & D Sts., Lincoln, Neb.
 THETA, MISSOURI UNIVERSITY—Karleen Coleman, P. O. Box 298, Columbia, Mo.