



The Finger Lakes Were Calling

In June

The Finger Lakes were calling,
 They called us not in vain,
 We who love the woodland,
 Field and grassy lane;
 We who love the purple hills,
 Lakes and waterfalls,
 We, who love the beautiful,
 Answered beauty's call.

The Finger Lakes were calling,
 From valleys and from dales,
 From roads that run so smoothly
 Along most modern trails.
 The boats upon the waters,
 The Finger Lakes were calling,
 And the little bark canoe.
 The Finger Lakes were calling,
 We heard them calling, too!

The Finger Lakes were calling,
 We list and heard them say,
 Come here for Convention—
 'Tis just the place to stay—
 Come here to work and play!
 We've every sight you wish.
 The Finger Lakes were calling,
 Their memory now we cherish.

The Finger Lakes were calling,
 Lakes, and falls and rills,
 Flowers and trees and alders,
 A color scheme that thrills.
 Glen, and shore, and sandy cove,
 Open space, and glade,
 Called for us to come and see
 Where loveliness is made.

With apologies to A. M. Hippisley, Auburn, N. Y.



MU PHI EPSILON TRIANGLE

VOLUME XX

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YACHTING ON CAYUGA LAKE

In Retrospect

THE 1926 CONVENTION

By the Editor

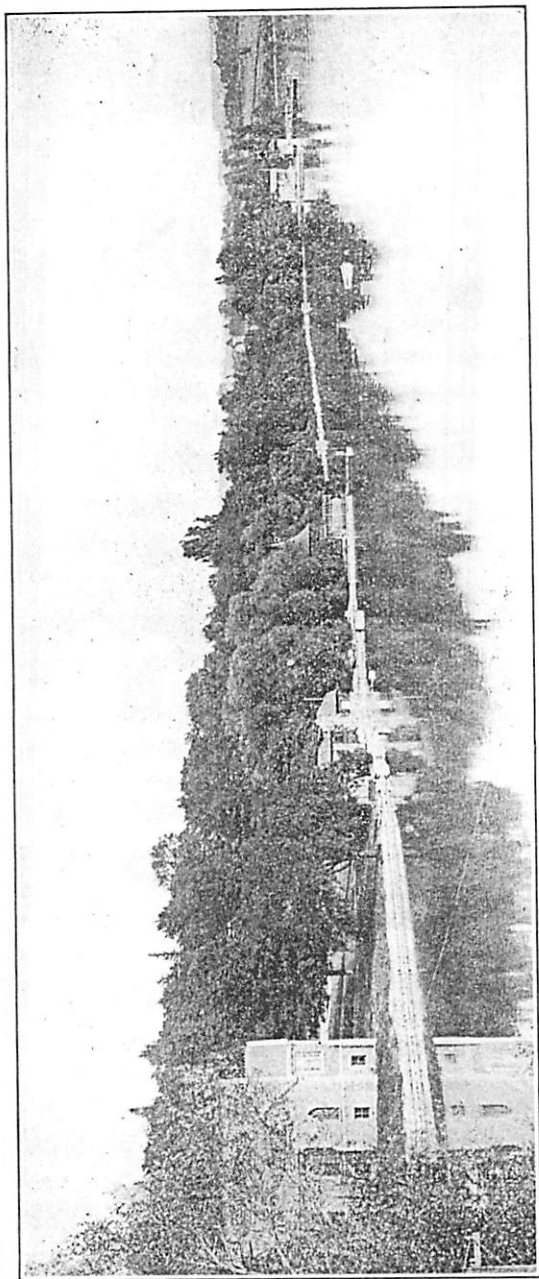
FOUR beautiful days—among rolling green hills, lakes and cascades, waterfalls and entrancing glens—four days of playing, working and planning for Mu Phi Epsilon; four days with old and new friends—that was CONVENTION!

Is there one of the 190 to attend who will ever forget it; or fail to carry the message of our sorority to her home group?

From the moment of arrival at the "homey" Glenwood Hotel, the hillsides and shore rang with songs and greetings. And everyone departed filled with enthusiasm and delight, fully determined to meet two years hence at "The Mecca," "Out Where the West Begins," in Denver, Colorado.

"Behind the Scenes," many worked for our comfort. To be in a city where every supply and convenience can be obtained at almost a moment's notice is simple, but to be four miles from the source of supply is not so! However, Bernice Finch and her sister, Lambdas, and the hotel management, either waved a magic wand, or stroked the Aladdin's Lamp, for, lo! every desire seemed granted—Here's to them!

But of CONVENTION in retrospect! The various members of the National Council arrived Saturday night and Sunday morning, prepared for their sessions of June 20-21. Monday added its quota of delegates and visitors. Monday night especially brought its gay bevy of tired and excited girls. Tired and excited after a day spent at Niagara Falls and Buffalo; happy, to meet old and new friends.



CAYUGA LAKE.

Convention started Tuesday, June 22 at 9:00 A. M. The opening ceremony was given by Persis Heaton in her charming, magnetic manner. The Roll Call was answered by 7 National Officers, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Alumnae Association and the Triangle Business Manager, Business Delegates from 44 Chapters and 18 Clubs. Their names were as follows:

BUSINESS DELEGATES

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Alpha—Hazel P'arcy | Mu Alpha—Alberta Dyer |
| Beta—Mrs. Katherine Ford | Mu Gamma—Halcyon Hooker |
| Gamma—Elizabeth Davies | Mu Delta—Genevieve Cowden |
| Delta—Jess Woolfenden | Mu Beta—Bernice Metz |
| Epsilon—Katherine Clapp | Mu Epsilon—Mrs. Bertha King |
| Zeta—Agnes H. Warriner | Mu Zeta—Louella Armentrout |
| Theta—Mrs. Edith W. Parker | Mu Eta—Joy Van Allen |
| Iota Alpha—Rose Warnick | Mu Theta Gamma— |
| Kappa—Mary Moorman | Mrs. Frank Reed |
| Lambda—Benita Dodd | Mu Iota—Genevieve Davison |
| Mu—Anne Adel Adams | Mu Kappa—Itossie Wampler |
| Nu—Mrs. A. E. Roberts | Mu Lambda—Frances Langdon |
| Xi—Virginia Arnold | Mu Mu—Ruth Hartman |
| Omicron—Nancy Speers | Mu Nu—Mrs. Betty Perkins |
| Pi—Mrs. Marion McCreedy | Mu Xi—Hilda Brown |
| Rho Beta—Mrs. Nell Cavine | Mu Omicron—Rebeckah Smith |
| Sigma—Bernice Austin | Mu Pi—Grace MacMillan |
| Tau—Olga England | Mu Rho—Katherine Morrell |
| Upsilon—Etelka Evans | Mu Sigma—Mrs. Minnie Kimball |
| Phi—Evelyn Stahler | Mu Tau—Marjorie E. Dudley |
| Chi—Gladys Cox | Mu Upsilon—Catherine Eaton |
| Psi—Fern McNeil | Mu Phi—Thelma Merner |
| Omega—Grace Haffner | |

ALUMNAE CLUB DELEGATES

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Ann Arbor—Winifred McClure | Los Angeles— |
| Atlanta—Elizabeth Lawrence | Lucile Craft Tackley |
| Chicago—Mme. Gildroy Scott | Minneapolis—Lillian Terpene |
| Cincinnati—Natalie Robinson | New York—Marguerite Ringo |
| Cleveland—Enola Burdick | Portland—Ruth Keiser |
| Des Moines—Lea Riedesel | San Juquin—Cornelia Buttles |
| Detroit—Lillian Whitsit | Seattle—Bertha Freyd |
| Indianapolis—Lulu Brown | St. Louis—Orah Lamke |
| Lincoln—Bess Phillips | Toledo—Georgia Blair |
| | Washington—Mrs. Ruth Tapke |

The address of welcome from Lambda Chapter and Greetings from Our Beloved Founder, Elizabeth Mathias Fuqua followed. What a thrilling event it was to have her present! What an inspiration! We felt particularly fortunate and blessed to have her and she added a never-to-be-forgotten spirit to the 1926 Convention. She is in herself impressive and charming because of her sincere, sympathetic and enthusiastic manner. Every Mu Phi should have heard her. Fortunate especially those who could be present and learn to know her. And may she come to many more conventions!

And, of course, our Triangle song was not forgotten! More inspiration! In such a state then, the morning and afternoon business sessions progressed. They were noted for the reading of National Officers' reports. The Visiting Committee reported that 75 visitors were present. During the Luncheon hour, Albert Edmund Brown, Dean of the Ithaca Institution of Public School Music, made us sing. I say. MADE, because his leadership was compelling and inspiring. He proved to himself that Mu Phi Epsilon boasts of some beautiful voices, and to use the force back of group singing. Especially under wonderful leaders like himself.

"Four O'clock.. Time for the auto tour of Watkins Glen!" A wild scramble and all were on their way—up hills—down hills—past waterfalls, cascades, lakes—over winding trails—to the grand climax in scenic views Watkins Glen. I am sure we can never forget this beautiful place—awe-inspiring in its grandeur. Nor the dinner at the Jefferson House in the town of Watkins. Then the peaceful ride back at sunset when the mountains were bathed in the rosy hues of twilight — past fields white with daisies, relieved by other flowers of red, blue and yellow shades. And, as the skies were laden with stars and golden from the June moon, we reached Glenwood Hotel, in a proper mood to enjoy the reception in the hotel parlors. After introductions and greetings from prominent people of Ithaca and the Conservatory, the following program was given by members of the Faculty of the Ithaca Conservatory.



CAVERN CASCADE, WATKINS GLEN.



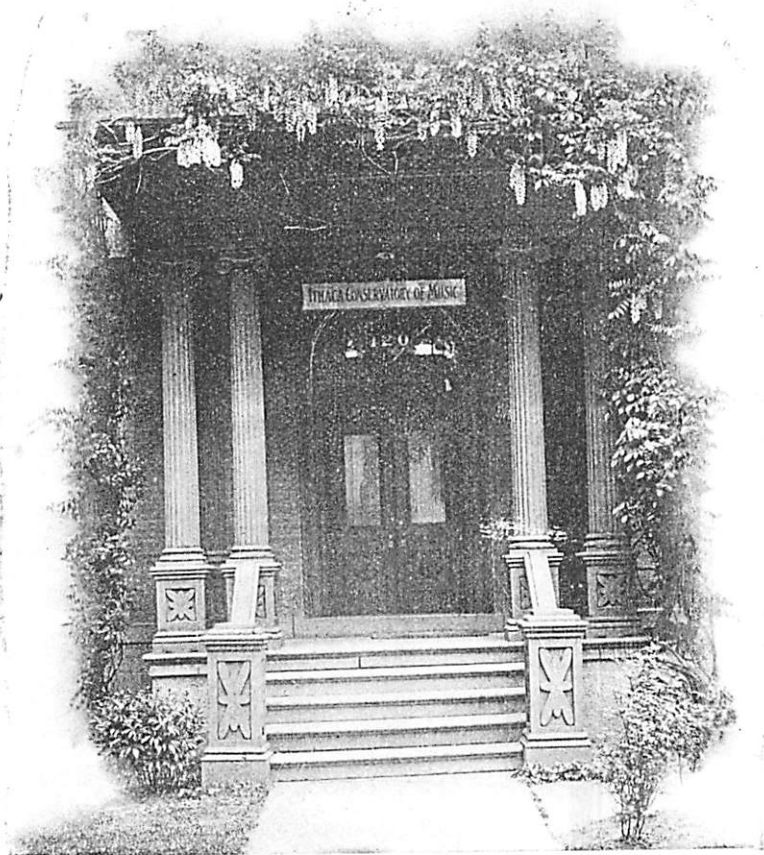
VIEW IN
WATKINS
GLEN

- Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello—Op 50—
 First MovementTschaikowsky
 Misses Edith and Kathleen Kimple and Mr. Jerome Fried
- Reading: "An Abandoned Elopement".....Joseph C. Lincoln
 Rollo Anson Talcott, Dean of the Williams School of
 Expression and Dramatic Art
- Four Kipling Songs (Request)—
 (a) Mother O'MineTours
 (b) Rolling Down to Rio.....German
 (c) Route Marchin'Stock
 (d) Danny DeeverDamrosch
 Albert Edmund Brown, Dean of Ithaca Institution of
 Public School Music
- Piano—
 (a) Etude
 (b) Nocturne
 (c) Waltz Chopin
 (d) Paraphrase on Themes of the Blue Danube.....
Straus-Schultz-Evier
 Leon Sampaix, Director of Piano School of the
 Ithaca Conservatory of Music

While a thorough scanning will show what a finely-chosen, well-balanced program it was, only those who heard it can feel proper appreciation. It was but one example of the deep interest displayed during the convention period in numerous ways by the school and its faculty.

THE BUSINESS meeting of Wednesday, June 23, opened at 9:00 A. M. More reports, reading by National Secretary of resolutions presented by the various members of the National Council, and adoption of same; reports of standing committees. I cannot refrain from registering the admiration felt for our delegates. Close attention and deep thought, marked the observance of every resolution or motion, before its final passage or non-acceptance.

At 4:00 P. M., Wednesday, June 23, autos provided by the Ithaca Chamber of Commerce made possible a tour of Ithaca and the beautiful Cornell Campus. As I look back now it seems that nowhere is there to be found a more beautiful college situation—natural and artistic—its location on a hillside affording a clear view of all the buildings. Then home for dinner and the added thrill of souvenir bar-pins as gifts from Burr-Patterson's. And the return to Ithaca at 8:15 for the Formal Concert in the Auditorium of the Conservatory. Everyone was greeted upon entrance to the hall with a beautiful rose, the gift of the school, tied either with ribbons of Mu Phi Epsilon or Sigma Alpha Iota colors. While



ENTRANCE TO THE ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
WHERE THE FORMAL MUSICALE WAS HELD,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 23

reading the following program you will observe that many of the numbers were written and played by the composers:

FORMAL MUSICALE

- PIANO—Ballade G Minor.....Chopin
Luella Armentrout, Mu Zeta—Walla Walla, Wash.
- VOICE—Vive d'Arte, La Tosca.....Puccini
Moonlight, Starlight.....Gilberti
Marion Hutchinson McCreedy, Pi—Appleton, Wis.

THURSDAY, June 24, is outstanding for the fact that it marks the high peak of all conventions—election. At 7:30 the polls were open. Then at 9:30 the opening of the day's sessions and observance of its regular business routine. Reports of chapters and clubs were read by delegates. They all gave proof that their respective groups are in a wonderful condition and conscientiously abiding by their rules each in her own way and in proportion to the local possibilities. The final climax of the day's business and its announcement that the following officers will compose the national council from June 1926-1928:

National President—Lucille Eilers Brettschneider, Cincinnati, Ohio, Alpha.

National Vice-President—Rose Warnica, Chicago, Illinois, Iota Alpha.

National Secretary—Bertha Marron King, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Mu Epsilon.

National Treasurer—Mary Whitson, Gainesville, Georgia, Mu.

National Musical Adviser—Marjorie E. Dudley, Evanston, Illinois, Mu Tau.

National Alumnae Officer—Orah A. Lamke, Clayton, Missouri, St. Louis Club.

National Editor—Marguerite B. Hicks, Detroit, Mich., Detroit Club.

My program relates that the Twilight Musicale was held June 24, 1926, at Glenwood in the Convention Hall. The chapters can well be proud of their musical representatives.

TWILIGHT MUSICALE

- PIANO—Etude E Major.....Chopin
 ScherzoSchmidt-Gregor-Norrland
 Rebacca Easterbrook, Rho Beta—Washington, D. C.
- VOICE—The StarRogers
 With Verdure Clad, from The Creation.....Haydn
 Joy Allen, Mu Eta—Stockton, Calif.
- PIANO—Chimes of Saint Patrick's.....Withorne
 Pell StreetWithorne
 Wiener Tans No. 2.....Friedman Gartner
 Maurine Hollyman Vredenburgh, Theta—St. Louis, Mo.
- VOICE—Jeanne D'ArcTschaikowsky
 Alice McIntyre, Mu Alpha—Indianola, Ia.
- VOICE—A Wild Woman's Lullaby.....Buzzi-Peccia
 Tes YeuxRabey
 Mary Moorman, Kappa—Indianapolis, Ind.
 Lulu Brown, Accompanist
- CELLO—Introduction and Allegro Maestro from Concerto.....Lalo
 Katherine Fletcher, Omega—Des Moines, Iowa
 Lea Riedesel, Accompanist
- VOICE—Pace Mio Dio, from del Destino.....Verdi
 Helen Hille, Mu Gamma—Lincoln, Neb.
- PIANO—Rhapsody in F, Sharp Minor.....Dohnanyi
 Virginia Arnold, Xi—Lawrence, Kas.
- VOICE—Terra adorata de'padre misi.....Denezetti
 (from Don Sebastiano)
 I Send My Heart Up to Thee.....Beach
 To the Sun.....Pearl Curran
 Norma Schelling Emmert, Epsilon—Toledo, O.
 Marana Ann Baker, Accompanist
- PIANO—Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 10.....Liszt
 Thelma Merner, Mu Phi—Berea, O.



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BUT all good things must finally end! And this is the beginning of the end! Friday, June 25, the last day of Convention! The business was especially marked by the splendid report made by Marguerite Ringo of the New York Club, National Chairman of the New York Club-House Fund. And the greatest news imaginable! Namely, that in the early Fall it will be possible to start our National Mu Phi Epsilon Club-House in somewhat a modest



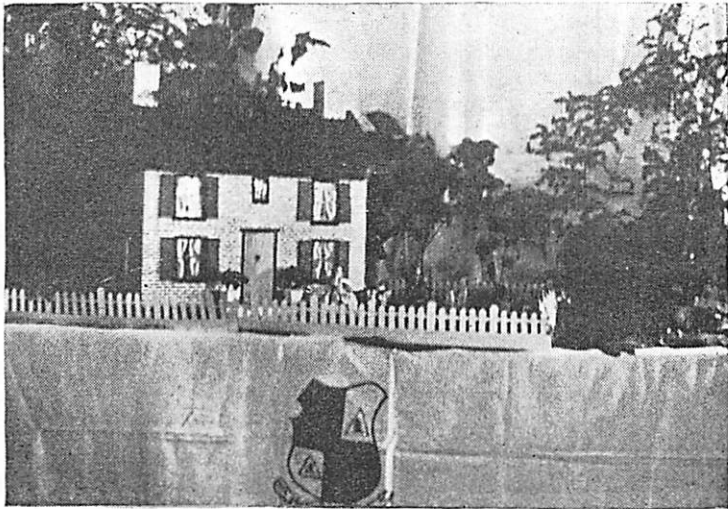
PRESIDENTS—FIRST, LAST AND FUTURE.
Left to right—PERSIS HEATON, ELIZABETH M. FUQUA, and
LUCILLE E. BRETTSCHEIDER.

way, but, nevertheless, OUR NATIONAL CLUB for members while studying in New York City. Pledges and contributions, amounting to \$1,360.00 were taken at that time. Several other important matters came up which will be far-reaching in their results but they will be mentioned in another part of the magazine. Presentation of bids for the next convention caused great excitement. If Mu Rho Chapter had not had such a beautiful place to offer and such a wonderful assortment of invitations from various Colorado Notables (not to forget the mountain peak offered to call by our name if we came) from an enthusiastic delegate who all the time she was saying just the right thing was so excited for fear she wouldn't, well—Cincinnati, your clever poems might have won the 1928 Convention! We're sorry and glad! But Denver is wonderful, the chapter wonderful, and the West needs convention! But to return to THIS Convention! The Friday afternoon session marked the announcement of the following prize-winners upon recommendation of Dr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, Dr. Howard Hanson, and Dr. Arne Oldberg.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION Prizes: First—Dorothy James (Mu XI); second—Phylis Fergus (Iota Alpha); Third—May Strong (Sigma).

Honorable Mention—B. MacGowan Scott (Mu Xi); Delphine Desio (Omicron); Dorothy James (Mu Xi). Mu Xi wins the cup again, by the way!

The prize for chapter display was won by Mu Sigma Chapter for its clever exhibition called "My Old Kentucky." This was supposed to be an exact reproduction of the home in Bardstown, Kentucky, in which Stephens Foster was visiting when he wrote this song.



"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"
DISPLAY OF MU SIGMA CHAPTER, WINNER OF THE PRIZE

Honorable mention belongs to Beta for its fine display of a model initiation which consisted of little dolls arranged in the regular ceremonial order. The prize for the Secretary's Book went to Alpha Chapter; that for Treasurer's Book to Mu Chapter, and that for the Publicity Scrap-Book to the Indianapolis Club. Alberta Dyer, the charming little Mu Alpha delegate won the prize for the deliverance of her chapter report. After the final singing of the Triangle song, the closing ceremony given by our beloved President of the last four years, brought the business sessions to a close.

At 5:30 a Model Initiation was given by members of the National Council. Each time it seems more impressive if possible. Thrilling especially this time because our Founder took an active part.

And now to the climax—the Banquet! Beautiful place-cards and a gift of greeting presented by the conservatory graced each place. At its conclusion, in fancy, all gathered around the council

fire as was the custom of the Iroquois Indians, the original dwellers of this beautiful spot. We, who had enjoyed this beautiful section of their "Long House," the symbol for their political structure represented in actual territory by the country extending from the Hudson River on the East, to the Niagara on the West, for these four days now toasted our Long House in legends woven from conceptions of their charming beliefs. Legends and tales dear to the hearts of all members of Mu Phi Epsilon were given. Irresistible Elizabeth Fuqua now won the share of our hearts she had not captured before by her speech. All the messages wove a network of unity and love which shone high above the make-believe flames. The following pages will give the printed words of the speeches given by the light of the moon called by the Indians the "Rose Moon." May you readers sense the wonderful spirit which ruled that night!

Around the Council Fire

CHOSEN SPOT—"NEODAHKEAT"—ITHACA, N. Y.

By the Light of the "Rose Moon," in the Month of "Onikeya,"

June, 1926.

Legends and Traditions.

Toastmistress—M. B. Hicks.

Sisters, listen now, I pray,
 Council members, too.
 The sun is setting. Soon the
 moon
 Will rise o'er yonder lake.
 We must hasten. Pay great
 heed.
 Our business o'er, we gather
 now
 Around our sacred fire. While
 Its embers burn so full and
 free.
 Let us for a while, in fancy,
 stray
 Thru trails leading to the Past.
 To the days when Hiawatha
 And his brothers roamed
 This quiet, peaceful land.
 Imagine we have passed around
 Our little pipe of peace.
 To Music, let us render thanks,
 Our Mu Phi Spirit Great.
 She hears us now and is so
 pleased
 To see that many dwellers
 Of her Long, Long House are
 here.

Songs of praise shall rise
 To greet the shining stars.
 The Spirit Great has spared
 Our Founder to be here
 And share her thanks with us.
 Let's hear anew her story.
 By the mighty Ohio,
 The shining, Big Sea Inland
 Waters many moons ago,
 Lived a maiden, fair and free.
 Hearing sounds of music,
 Dreamed and wondered
 Hearing strains of love and
 friendship,
 Gathered friends and told her
 secret.
 Buildd then a wondrous man-
 sion,
 Lighted first by seven candles.
 Guided, ruled so kind it seemed,
 By the mighty spirit, Music,
 That all might dwell therein in
 peace
 And harmony sublime, wrote
 A song of hope, and faith and
 love.
 This song still echoes strong
 From coast to coast, North to
 South.

Tradition also says that after the league was formed Hiawatha was satisfied that he had performed the duty entrusted to him by the Great Spirit. Then sweet music was heard and, seated in his mystical canoe, he was silently wafted from sight. He was worshipped for many moons by his followers and his memory was an inspiration to all.

So, I could not represent Hiawatha for I am not dead. I was wafted away out West and sweet music was heard, but I wasn't buried because I was married. Furthermore, I cannot consent to be singled out as the one Hiawatha, messenger of the Great Spirit. There were seven charter members who jointly began the work of giving the world the message and there is one other in particular, our great Iagoo. I give this name to Professor Sterling who taught the seven as Iagoo instructed Hiawatha. He gave them command of their talents as Iagoo taught Hiawatha. He fitted them in a professional way to carry on the work which he himself suggested. So I shall ask you to let me call myself "Na-wa-da-ha," the storyteller, who relates the tale of Hiawatha and let me tell you the tale how Hiawatha, the original seven, began the work which these have since passed on to other hands, and how the Great Spirit we call God—Father smiled upon us and made us "free, prosperous and happy."

Before Na-wa-da-ha tells her story, she wishes to express her thanks with a heart full of love to the members of the National Council for their kind and generous invitation to be with you at this convention time.

She heartily thanks Lambda, the entertaining chapter for her invitation, and for the many courtesies shown. Lambda Chapter, I shall carry away with me one of the most delightful experiences of my life. Every attention and comfort have been given me. I wish to thank all the sisters in this great assembly for expressions of appreciation for the bit done in the early days and for the many kind things you have said.

During the past eighteen years I have followed the growth and development of our sorority through the Triangle. I realize what a stupendous task the National and Alumnae officers have. I also know how much time, talent, energy and patience it takes to govern so successfully this organization as we now have it. How I wish it were possible for all the old-timers who did their bit in giving our sorority a start could look into the faces of so many dear girls, whose efficient services have made Mu Phi what she is today.

Now let us go back to our childhood.

The Metropolitan College of Music was located on Auburn Avenue, in one of the most delightful suburbs of Cincinnati. The College, as you know, was started by Professor W. S. Sterling, after having completed nineteen years of successful teaching in the Cincinnati College of Music. Having been closely associated with Mr. Sterling in the old College, I was offered a position in the new one which, of course, I accepted.

Shortly after the fall registration was completed, Mr. Sterling brought up the matter of organizing a musical sorority which idea he had while in the old college. He talked the matter over with me. I was filled with enthusiasm. We made a list of a number of

girls, talked them over one by one as to character and ability. From this list seven were chosen.

After many conferences, Friday the thirteenth of November was set for a meeting, which was held in the Metropolitan College of Music where these seven young girls stood with joined hands, binding themselves in loyalty and love, and pledging themselves to uphold the ideals set forth in this new sisterhood of Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority.

The experience was a wonderful one at this, the birth of our organization. The heartfelt handclasp of those dear girls sent a something through each and all of us that bound us, O, so closely together. We felt a certain something that gave us new vision, new stimulus to work, to do, and to stretch forth a helping hand to others.

Well, the next task in order was to provide a suitable constitution. We had suggestions from Mr. Sterling. Mr. Jordan, a Sinfonian, helped me with an outline for same. Then, having a clear and definite plan in my mind and fearing something might escape me during the teaching hours of the next day, I sat up nearly all night and wrote until a draft was completed. This was presented to the girls at our next meeting and with few changes this constitution was adopted. At this meeting an advanced program for the year and a committee appointed.

In time new girls were suggested. Rush parties and pledges soon followed with the result of a choice of thirteen girls among whom were two destined to be National Presidents—Mary Pfau and Alice Davis.

Preparations for this our first initiation were stupendous. The furnishing of the sorority room in the college which Mr. Sterling let us have without money and without price was our first task. The making of cushions, curtains, table covers, framing of pictures, upholstering window seats, making purple and white robes, etc., all kept us busy. After these things came the planning of stunts. The seven heads of those wise charters could often be seen with their noses almost touching each other secretly whispering what was to be done to those poor innocent little pledges, who, however, after having gone through the ordeal felt bigger and wiser and more important than those who put them through.

The rooms were beautiful. I say ROOMS, for my studio adjoined the sorority room and both were used on such occasions. Now, Dear Sisters, imagine to yourselves thirteen girls standing in their graceful purple and white robes; three charters standing on either side of a table decorated in sorority colors and the president of Alpha standing back of the table going through the ritualistic service and all of this in our newly-furnished room, and you will have a picture of the first initiation ever held in Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority.

This was another never-to-be-forgotten experience to the charter members who so eagerly waited for the growth in numbers.

At our regular meetings, held Monday afternoons, there were many matters to decide—designs for pins, coat of arms, our motto, ways and means for enriching our treasury, and the establishment of new chapters.

Within a few months plans were under way for another initiation. This time twenty girls were taken, thus making our chapter strong in numbers. The task now was to keep these girls busy and interested and to instill in them the full meaning of the vows taken at initiation.

We were now concerned with the establishment of new chapters. Soon Beta, Gamma and Delta were established, making our sorority four chapters strong.

It seems to me it was about this time when Madame Schumann-Heink became an honorary member of our sorority. She came to Cincinnati with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Of course, the girls in a body called on her. She wore the diamond pin presented to her by Gamma chapter. She received us cordially, told us she would always wear the pin while traveling that she might give to the sisters of Mu Phi a hearty handshake. After I had been in Greeley about two years, Madame gave a concert there in the old Opera House. After the concert, Dr. Fuqua and I went back to greet her. She put both arms around me, kissed me, and said: "Vat in de world are you doing out here? You are from Cincinnati Alpha chapter of Upsilon, Upsilon, Upsilon—what is the name anyway, I never could remember it." Then I told her I was married and had been living in Greeley for two years. She looked straight in my eyes, saying: "And you haf nothing to show me—nothing to show me? Ven I come again—well, you look out!"

Schumann-Heink was in Greeley about four years ago. My two boys had the privilege of shaking hands with her. After reminding her what she said on her first visit to Greeley, she answered: "Vel, that's a little bit better."

The girls in other chapters have had delightful experiences with Madame Schumann-Heink.

Going back to our youth, during the month of March, 1904, great excitement prevailed while planning our first convention. Chapters who have never entertained a convention can never fully appreciate what "planning a convention" means. Lambda knows. She can tell you all about it.

Convention was called in June, 1904. Would you like to know how many delegates we had? ONE. We never were able to get in touch with Beta, Delta was waiting for an enriched treasury, Gamma sent one delegate in the person of Myrtal C. Palmer.

All business sessions were held in the Concert hall of the College beginning at 9 A. M., and closing at 12. The afternoons were given to sightseeing and fun. In the evenings we held our concert, reception and ball, and last of all the banquet and installation of officers. I personally felt greatly blessed at this convention, having been first national president.

Now Dear Sisters, you who have so recently come into the sisterhood, have no idea what a difficult matter it was in those early days to establish new chapters. In the beginning the attitude was, "Who, and what manner of organization is this Mu Phi Epsilon sorority that we should consider affiliation with it?" Later it was quite another matter when the attitude was, "Please may I come in?" The larger we grew the easier it became.

In 1905, Cincinnati entertained another convention with six delegates and many visitors. Detroit entertained the third convention and Ann Arbor the fourth. At this convention I had again the privilege of being chosen National President which office I held until I was married in 1908. By this time we were feeling big, with seven chapters and many active and alumnae members.

Well, Dear Sisters, it was the united efforts of the workers that put our sorority on her firm basis; not one individual or two but the combined whole. Should I begin to give you names of girls who did their big bit for the advancement of Mu Phi I should not know where to stop—Myrtal Palmer, second National President; Orah Ashley, Alice Davis, Mary Pfau. Oh, there were so many, but there were two people, Professor and Mrs. Sterling, who in the early days of Alpha were the power behind the throne. When in need of advice or counsel they were never too busy to supply our needs. My life was made better and fuller and richer because of the close communion we held together during my student life and teaching days, and doubly was it blessed in our associations together in sorority life. May they live long so that others may be so blessed.

Well, in twenty-three years we have grown from seven members to some thousands—from one chapter to forty-two. I believe all are represented here. We have come from all parts of this country—SISTERS united in Music, Friendship, Harmony; all upholding the same ideals.

Hiawatha's League of six tribes of Indians ruled and prospered over the Long House territory, from the Hudson to Niagara. So our national council, our Long House, prospers and rules in our Mu Phi territory, the beloved United States of America.

Long ago, our first seven, one in spirit and in purpose, became like Hiawatha the leader of the councils, to organize and guide the sisterhood. Satisfied that they had performed this glorious duty—to them a privilege—they were all like Hiawatha wafted away. (In their case, on the wings of Cupid). They left the Long House to new counsellors, under whom Mu Phi Epsilon has prospered as you see.

Now, what of our future? Hiawatha was a prophet as well as an organizer. Longfellow says:

Hiawatha stood and waited
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be and is not.

Closely allied to our Hiawatha (the seven) is one of our first initiates, OUR prophetess. Alice Davis Bradford looks into our future and writes this:

Lo! in the dead of night
Is given unto one quite lowly
The gift of seeing, not only into the Past
But seeing also into the Future,
Seeing Mu Phi as a thing completed
A perfect whole, its destiny attained
Yea, tho it were as a tiny seed
Planted hopefully in the ground,

Tended with anxious, loving care
 By the early Priestesses of the Order,
 Yet now in this clear morning light,
 Behold it a spreading vine
 With strong, firm leaves
 And brilliant, lovely flowers;
 Before another sun has set
 Our vine will bear a wondrous fruit
 Which, thru its trinity of virtues,
 Will bring joy to all the people,
 Easing pain, quelling strife
 And bringing peace, goodwill to men.
 Yea, this is our Past, our Present
 And our Future—for 'tis written
 And will surely come to pass.

act. 10. 10. 10.
 Now, dear sisters, please attend. One who in her thoughts and
 I see three words a'shining deeds
 Brightly 'cross the scene. Is true to FAITH, will now
 The first is faith—the torch explain.
 Which keeps our sacred fires A faithful Mu Phi every inch.
 ablaze. Our Bertha Marron King.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Faith—B. M. King.

B. M. King
 Sisters:

I HAVE been asked to talk about the tonic tone of our Mu Phi Epsilon triad—the foundation stone of the beautiful structure which our beloved sisterhood is rearing day by day, and year by year. This foundation stone is FAITH. Not the blind faith of which we have heard so much in times past, but Faith whose other names are knowledge and understanding.

The Founders of our sorority adopted a set of certain ideals and principles with which to govern its growth. They knew that the working out of these ideals and principles would build up a power for good in the musical world, just as surely as the principle of mathematics builds railroads, steamships, bridges and cathedrals. And they also knew that girls who met the requirements for membership demanded by these ideals would in the very nature of things further their progress.

The Founders of Mu Phi Epsilon had faith both in the pattern which they gave us—and in our ability to work it out and weave its beauty through the whole fabric of the musical life of America.

As I think of Mu Phis all over the country, working faithfully with one mind on the selfsame pattern, I am reminded of the Gobelin tapestry weavers, and of a little poem which I dearly love:

Let us take to our hearts a lesson,
 No braver lesson can be,
 From the ways of the tapestry weavers
 On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads hangs the pattern
 They study it with care,
 The while their fingers deftly move;
 Their eyes are fastened there.

It is only when the weaving stops,
 And the web is loosed and turned,
 That they see their beautiful handiwork
 That their marvelous skill has earned.

Oh, the sight of its delicate beauty,
 How it pays them for all their cost;
 For rarer, daintier work than theirs
 Was never done by the frost.

The years of Mu Phi are the looms of God,
 Let down from the place of the sun,
 Wherein we are weaving ever
 'Til the mystical web is done.

Weaving with faith in our pattern true
 Each in her separate state,
 We may not know how the right side looks,
 We can only weave and wait.

But looking above for our pattern,
 With its beauty and purpose in sight,
 Our toil will be sweeter than honey,
 Our weaving is sure to be right.

Now, a little twinkling light
 Shines above the flames,
 The star of HOPE. The second
 word

Will come, I'm sure, a message
 true.

From Katherine W. Ford.

HOPE.

By Katherine W. Ford.

Sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon:

AS I FACE this august assembly I feel very much like a Bible character. I have no doubt you are all thinking that I don't look much like one, but this particular character I feel like is Daniel in the lion's den.

You know Daniel was a remarkable man, When the first lion advanced and crouched to spring at Daniel, Daniel hastily whispered something into the lion's ear and the lion turned and slunk away. Other lions coming up to tear Daniel limb from limb, turned and slunk away in the same manner as soon as Daniel whispered to them. The keepers were amazed and told the king who demanded to know what Daniel had said to the lions and, when the keepers asked Daniel, he replied: "Why, I told them that if they ate me, they would have to make an after-dinner speech."

Since the subject, "Hope," was assigned to me, I have thought about it a great deal. As I look back on my life, I marvel that I never thought more about Hope. I have no doubt that it played an important part in many occasions.

I am quite sure that during my school days I often hoped that if I could make things up fast enough when I was called upon to recite, my teacher wouldn't know I hadn't studied that day. I can even remember a few occasions when my music lesson day rolled around I used to hope that my teacher might be suddenly called out of town.

Then there was a period of very anxious hoping over the first muffins and the pancakes and so it seems that we are created in the beginning and then spend the rest of our lives hoping. In some instances, our hopes are crowned with success. In the case of the first pancakes they were not.

In his book, "Following the Equator," Mark Twain begins something like this:

"Left home September twelfth with my wife, daughter, two trunks, three suitcases and a carbuncle. The dictionary says, "A carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humor is out of place in a dictionary." And so, perhaps, this subject, Hope, is too serious a one to be dealt with lightly.

After all Hope is the one thing that makes life worth living; springs up in the face of trouble and disappointment and makes us fight the good fight.

There isn't a girl here tonight who hasn't experienced it. I doubt if there is a serious music student the world over who could have carried on at times without it.

Now Hope by itself is all right but, Mu Phis, it isn't enough! You can hope and hope, and never get anywhere. But hope, plus effort, plus faith is the one unbeatable combination that will make Mu Phi Epsilon go down in musical history.

Another necessary ingredient in this recipe is Enthusiasm. We, who are delegates to Convention, can, perhaps, do more for our respective chapters than any one else. We can carry back to them all the inspiration and enthusiasm we have accumulated here and, if we do that, I feel sure we cannot only hope, but be certain, that the next two years' progress will measure up to that of the last two years—and that's a high aim!

Enthusiasm is the greatest factor in convincing others. We all need it to the degree that it was possessed by two negro soldiers who were arguing about the merits of their respective company buglers. The first darkey said: "Big Boy, when our company bugler blows 'Taps,' it sounds like de angel Gabriel blowin' his hawn." The second darkey replied: "Go 'way, man, you ain't know what buglin' is. Why when our bugler plays de mess call, Ah looks at mah beans an' Ah says, 'Strawberries, behave yourselves. You is crowding de whip-cream off mah dish.'"

And, now, I want to leave in your minds a slogan—a slogan of Hope and Enthusiasm. It is the slogan of my husband's fraternity, Delta Upsilon. If you think it worthy, carry it back, each

to your own chapter: "Some Delta Upsilon in everything and every Delta Upsilon in something." Only for us will it be: "Some Mu Phi in everything and every Mu Phi in something!"

Last but not the least of these,
The little, big word LOVE.
The Bible calls God's banner—
love.
Methinks it is the sacred tie,

Which calls us here tonight.
Perhaps a little western lass,
Louis B. Oliver,
Can tell us just a little more
About this Mu Phi LOVE.

LOVE.

By Louise B. Oliver.

Sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon:

IN THINKING over the subject matter of my talk, I found myself minus the proverbial joke. But after all, the subject, Love, does not lend itself very well to ordinary humor.

The legend of Love is a very old and beautiful one—so important that years ago, a whole chapter was written about the courtesy, the kindness, the generosity, the endurance, the humility, the faith and the hope of the "greatest of these," Love. Every initiated Mu Phi knows this story.

As we make a study of literature, we find that all love stories are fundamentally the same—starting in friendly regard and ending in consecrated service for the loved one.

And so it is with Mu Phi Epsilon. Before we are pledged, and during our pledge time, we have a friendly regard for Mu Phi Epsilon. But our true loves comes after our initiation—after we have heard the ideals for which we stand.

And, then, when we have held office or worked for her, we find the highest sense of love—service and giving.

We are always anxious to serve and help our friends. Did you ever stop to think that Mu Phi Epsilon is one of the finest friends we have? Emerson has said: "A friend is one who makes you be your best." This is exactly what Mu Phi Epsilon does. It makes us strive to prove worthy; makes us strive to maintain this worth and then to show forth, to the outside world, our ideals of music, character and womanliness—in other words, it makes us be our best.

And accepting Mu Phi as our friend and granting that we love her, there is sometimes the question of just how we may show our love for her.

There is a passage which seems to answer the question and which is also very beautiful—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Neither you nor I will ever be asked to die for Mu Phi Epsilon, but there is a much finer way of laying down our lives. And we may then say: "Greater love hath no Mu Phi Epsilon sister than this, that she be willing to lay down a portion of her life and of her time to give of her very self for her friend—Mu Phi Epsilon."

MU PHI EPSILON TRIANGLE

THE MU PHI EPSILON LONG HOUSE.

By E. M. Werdehoff.

Sachems, Braves and Chiefs, pay heed!
 To what's about to come.
 Our Founders built for us a

Long,
 Long House, many moons ago.
 But this story will be told
 By Our Edna Werdehoff.

Sister Toastmistress and Sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon:

SOMEONE has said that in all the books and speeches of today we do not hear much that is new. We hear re-statements of the old in varying shapes and forms. And my little offering to-night is no exception. It is what you all have heard many times, but which I hope will bear repeating. For the form, I owe my apologies to Longfellow.

Should you ask me whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the strains of sweetest music,
 With the love and hope of friendship,
 With the enduring faith of Mu Phi,
 With the songs of many voices,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their great reverberations,
 As of music in the distance?

I should answer, I should tell you,
 "From the Mu Phi clubs and chapters,

From the great throng of Alumnae,
 From the land of the Grand Chapter,
 From the land of Council meetings,
 From the Mu Phi Epsilon Long House,
 Where the sisters dwell in comfort,
 Protected from all strife and turmoil,
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs, so calm and lovely,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you,

"In years of service to her Chapter,
 In the hearts of other sisters,
 In the striving for an ideal,
 In the upholding of high standards!

"All the Mu Phis sang them to her,
 In the Chapters and Conventions,
 In the workings of committees;
 Council members sang them,
 Province Presidents, and officers,
 Founders of the sisterhood,
 And the many wise Alumnae!"

If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, "Who is Nawadaha?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"

I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:

"In the Chapter of Mu Alpha,
In the great and distant Iowa,
By the green and rolling prairies,
Dwelt the singer, Nawadaha,
Round about her own campfire
Won she love and high esteem,
And beyond it spread her influence,
To the many, many campfires
Of the Southland, of the Northland,
Ever singing, ever singing.

"And the influence of her life,
You could trace it through the sisterhood,
By the thought, she bore for others,
By the zeal with which she labored,
By the faith she had in Mu Phi
By the harmony she created;
And beside the Council fire sat the singer,
By the Lake of Minnetonka,
In the green and silent valley.

"There she sang of an Endowment,
Sang the song of our Endowment,
Sang of wondrous things accomplished,
How a worthy member aided,
How a central office started,
That the tribes of love might prosper,
That she might advance her sisters!"

Ye who love the name of Mu Phi,
Love the sunshine of its friendships,
Love the shadow of its problems,
Love the music which it brings you,
And its standards and its ideals,
And the loyalty it teaches
Through its Faith, Hope and Love,
And the solace that it brings you
When your heart is sad and aching;
Listen to this old tradition,
To this song of an Endowment!

Ye who love the Mu Phi legends,
Love the ballads of the Triangle,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;
Listen to this Mu Phi legend,
To this song of New York Club House!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in every Mu Phi bosom
There are Longings, Yearnings, Strivings

With the brightest streaks of crimson
 And whose voice awoke the village
 Called the deer and called the hunter."

It is up to the actives to bring in the new day of Mu Phi Epsilon and to bear the heat and burden of that day. We must legislate wisely and carefully and then just as wisely and carefully carry out that legislation each in our own chapter. In short we must be the dynamic force of the Sorority. Let me illustrate by a poem entitled "The Dutch Wiggle:"

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Ach, Rover, he don't got no tail, | Und how it start things movin' |
| Und so he cannot vag it, | 'Til it make de whole dog yump. |
| He yust use dat little stump instead | Und den I thought that mebbe I am yust a poor Deutch feller |
| Und das vas pretty ragged, | Und mebbe like mine Rover dog |
| So ven he wants to tell me | I got few streaks of yeller, |
| He vas feelin' glad, mine Rover, | But this great world am like big dog |
| He yust start move dat little stump | Und I'm like little stump |
| Und soon his hip begin to yump | Und if I get ambition 'nough, |
| Und wiggle creep right up his spine | Mebbe I try some wiggle stuff, |
| Und dan he get again' fine | Und start thing move—first on small scale, |
| Und wiggle himself all over. | 'Til—vell, I don't got no tail, |
| Last night I sit und smoke mine pipe | But I bet you before I'm through |
| Und vatch dat little stump | I make de whole world yump. |

We actives feel very humble before the Alumnae with their wonderful success and their years of experience. Indeed, we feel very much like the little stump, but just the same we are the ones who must make Mu Phi jump ahead and upon whom her prosperity depends. Look with me if you will at the Mu Phi Epsilon of tomorrow. Will it be an organization made up of girls who think only of their own pleasure, or will it be an organization made up of women who live happily and joyously, but who put first things first? Will it be a Sorority in which the words "friendship" and "sisterhood" are merely terms or will it be a Sorority in which real, warm friendships and a spirit of service really exist? Will it be an organization existing only for its own members, or will it carry out the beautiful spirit with which it was founded and shall it be an organization that will definitely further the progress of the art of music and make itself keenly felt in the musical world? See, there it is before us. Shall it be a small, a worthless thing, or shall it loom upon the horizon, a thing of immense beauty and value? Members of the active ranks, the decision rests with you, for you are the guardians of the eastern door, "where the sun and moon change places, where the sky is red with sunrise."

But wait! I hear another voice
 Telling me there is a tale
 About the other Long House
 Door,
 Which faces toward the West.

Pull the latch. Push this door,
 A kindly face peeks out,
 A closer look will prove to you,
 A worthy sister truly speaks,
 By name Ruth Bradley Keiser.

Guardians of the West Door (Alumnae)—*Ruth Bradley Keiser.*
Song by Ruth Bradley Keiser.

| | |
|--|---|
| Should auld acquaintance be for- got And surely brought to mind. We're old, but, Oh, by all that's true Mu Phi from every clime. Respect is one thing that we need For you'll be old some day. We've still some pep and vigor left Mu Phi made us that way. | We're eighteen strong, two more to go, And we're not finished yet, We'll help keep Mu Phi on the map Each one is true you bet When you're at home you'll all agree You'll want to think of June When days were spent in har- mony And hearts were all atune. |
|--|---|

At this point a little messenger, Alberta Dyer of Mu Alpha, entered and delivered the following telegram:

Indianola, Iowa, July 25, 1926.

Mu Alpha Chapter announces the engagement of Persis Heaton to Mr. C. M. Trimble, of Los Angeles, California.

Following this messenger, another messenger, Alice McIntyre of Mu Alpha, entered and handed Miss Heaton a huge bouquet of red roses. Can you guess from whom? After the excitement had subsided, a diamond Mu Phi Epsilon pin was presented to Miss Heaton as the gift from the Grand Chapter in recognition of her many loving services to Mu Phi Epsilon during the last six years. A short speech from her, and one from our President-Elect, ended this pleasant interruption of the toast program, which now proceeded (or it might be more appropriate to say) ended as follows:

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|---|---|
| And now we thank you every- one. The day's 'most done. Conven- tion's o'er. It's time to hit the trail. Many, many moons shall shine Before we meet again. The fire still glows. We hurry now To rake it all away. We thank and praise thee, Spirit Great of Mu Phi Epsilon. Our harvest has been bounteous. May we ask you please and pray | That it continue so. We've had counsel, greetings, too, With sisters these four days. Now we go our homeward way, Comforted and strong. Hearken to our words of praise, Mu Phi Epsilon! May Your songs of faith and hope And love and friendship true Guide us now forevermore, Each and everyone! |
|---|---|

Naho.

At the conclusion of the banquet these speeches left the audience in a mood bordering on inspiration and poetry. Those who remember the wonderful moonlight shining on the lake that night

(we must not forget there were four such beautiful moonlight nights) will enjoy the following poem, entitled, "The Moon With Its Broken Reflection," by Sarah M. Searing:

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>In summer's midnight silence With every throb asleep, There swept from yonder shore- line Aslant the quivering deep.</p> <p>A phantom form, a wine-glass With its slender stem and grace, And o'er its 'rim the moon- beams Rippled and dripped to its base.</p> | <p>Across Cayuga's bosom, From shore to shore it lay. "Come drink this wine," it whis- pered, "Drink for I may not stay."</p> <p>But lo! the phantom changes, The sparkling wine cup gone. An hour-glass marks the mid- night The sands of time flow on.</p> |
|---|--|

Perhaps those who tarried in the few hours left before departure, to enjoy its reflection on the "quivering deep," and listen to the waves softly lapping on the shore, will feel with me, that Convention is strangely like unto that glorious constellation which shines resplendent in our lives during fixed periods, then lo! disappears. With ever the comforting promise to appear again in due time. But, oh! the reflection it leaves on the mirror of our hearts and minds!

BEFORE I conclude some mention must be made of the many affairs not on the official schedule—hikes into the beautiful wooded hills back of the hotel over trails, inviting and alluring because of their very wildness and unusualness—the canoeing parties on the lake—the many "gab-fests" in the different rooms lasting sometimes into "the wee sma' hours"—and the songs during the luncheon hours, some original and some favorites from our song book. O, the many happenings of which only convention can boast! Will they ever be forgotten? I doubt it! In fact, the usual hangers-on at every convention, "the camera kids" were there in full force, and with photographic records which now prove that they were not such pests as we might have thought when in a hurry to attend a meeting—with records which now bring back all the happenings of those four days for us to enjoy in retrospection.

BUT, AS the hour-glass had indeed marked the passage of time, in the course of human events all things must end!—and I am at the end of my story. I cannot truthfully say the end of the 1926 Convention, for its "footprints" will ever be left on the sands of Mu Phi Epsilon time to be a guide across the sands of future years. It erected a monument of progress along the path of our history—progress of the Past and of the Future.

But to the Practical! The exodus of Mu Phis started officially Friday night, with the regretful departure of the group which was

going east—some booked for summer study in the various schools, while others anticipated short visits before returning home. Saturday morning the greatest number left, taking the westward route. By the afternoon of Saturday, June 26, the last delegation left the hotel, also westward bound. But, in whichever direction, the same inspiration accompanied the travelers. The same glowing reports will be imparted to respective home groups of the four happy, sunny days, and of the four nights spent under the "Mu Phi Moon" at the Glenwood Hotel. Is it small wonder that the 1926 Convention, held in a place famed for its beauty, will stand out in our history as one of the most enjoyable and important ever held?



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE CAYUGA

Marguerite Hieber,
1926

We arrived back in the town of Niagara just in time to eat our lunch and board the train for Buffalo. Here we had one hour to wait before leaving for Ithaca. The majority of the girls preferred to remain in the train playing bridge, chatting, or resting (?). But eight of us decided to see the city, or as much of it as possible, in the time. We hailed a crossing policeman, who (can you imagine?) left his post long enough to cross the street and secure a taxi driver to give us a ride. After much discussion over the price we all piled into one big car and started off. The driver informed us that there were one hundred and twenty-five places of interest in Buffalo, and he couldn't show us all of them in the time, but would do the best he could, and believe me, he did! We got a big kick out of what he called the "Zoogical" gardens, and were inspired with the beautiful "elum trees on Elumwood Avenues." We landed back at the station with about two minutes to spare, having seen not less than one hundred of the hundred and twenty-five points of interest, I'm sure.

We were now on the last lap of our trip—three hours more and we arrived at Ithaca. We were informed that the train would make a nine minute stop at Geneva, N. Y., in which time we swarmed into the station lunch room and bought everything we could grab in the time. Ham sandwiches, doughnuts, cookies, and even pie was carried into the train and ravishingly devoured, as it was the nearest thing to a meal we had seen since noon and it was now 7:00 p. m.

At about 8:15, we finally arrived in Ithaca. You don't know what a welcome sight those Lambda girls were in their cute little gob caps with "LAMBDA CHAPTER" written across them! And the marvelous busses they had to take us out to Glenwood! And that wonderful six mile drive which was as thrilling as a roller coaster at Coney Island!

It surely was the end of a perfect day. Were we tired? Well, rather—but happy! Just ask any of us!

AN ANONYMOUS CHICAGO MEMBER.

The cuts used with this article were kindly loaned by "The Fenton Press" of Auburn, New York, (Publishers of "Finger Lakes Topics") and the Manager of the Glenwood Hotel.—The Editor.



Important Notice

All applications for rooms in the New York Club-House must be sent to Helena Redford, 206 West 80th Street in New York City so she will have received them by September 10th. The Club-House will open October 1st.