



M U P H I
E P S I L O N
Q U A R T E R L Y

OCTOBER, 1914

Mu Phi Epsilon
Quarterly



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<i>Iota Alpha</i>	Chicago Musical College, Chicago, Ill.
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ANNA OVERMAN SUHR
Supreme Historian

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Foreword

IN THIS issue of the QUARTERLY I have striven to break away from our old set forms and hope the change will be regarded by the readers in the light of progress. However, the change is not so great as I had hoped it would be for at the last minute I have been disappointed concerning some articles that were promised and it is now too late to substitute other material. Whether you consider the QUARTERLY an improvement on the QUARTERLY of last October remains to be seen, but anyway it has received great thought in the planning and is the result of the loyal devotion and earnest efforts of all the contributors, to whom I extend public thanks through the medium of this page.

While this little book is with the printer the different chapters will be exceedingly busy with their first month's work. Let us all strive in these first weeks of the active work during 1914-15 to burnish our ideals for Mu Phi Epsilon, for the standard of music in America and last, but not least, for the attainment of perfect womanhood,—until they shall shine forth as a guiding star whose rays shall not fall on us alone but shall give light to all our associates and thus beautify our community.

When you open the covers of this little book and begin to read remember to read your own heart into the book and you will find that it is carrying to you the heart interest of many sisters and friends.

ANNA OVERMAN SUHR, *Supreme Historian.*

President's Message

DEAR SISTERS: Sitting on my porch this summer, looking out over the vast expanse of water, which is called Lake Michigan, I dreamed dreams. These visions were of Mu Phi Epsilon, her duties, her needs, her possibilities.

The beautiful lake is ever changing. Now it is a sea of purest blue, now a gray blue, flecked with thousands of white-caps, now a roaring succession of long rolling waves, breaking in great ridges of white foam near the shore.

My visions of Mu Phi Epsilon varied, as did the waters before me. I could see our great sisterhood strong and mighty in her unity and devotion to a common cause, yet serene and calm. In the midst of tumult and sorrow, gladness and joy, she pursued the even tenor of her ways, spreading comfort and a serene joy of life, wherever her influence reached.

Yet again I saw her, ranks filled with workers, stirring up musical upheaval and change, in many places, but accomplishing much in the spread of musical culture and appreciation in America.

Still another vision I had of the future. The united efforts of her members were bearing fruit, and a great wave of musical enthusiasm was rolling over the land bearing on its crest thousands of lives into realms of nobler thinking, nobler doing, nobler being.

Oh that these visions may come true! For they are not beyond the limits of possibility. With the strength of unity wonders are performed, and granted the gift of talent in this, the noblest of the arts, we should hold ourselves divinely called to services.

In the days of David, they that "were instructed in singing unto Jehovah, even all that were skillful, two hundred and eight cast lots for the honor of service in the temple of Jehovah". Certain ones were set aside to "Prophesy with harps, with psalteries and cymbals." Who knows how much of Israel's greatness was due to the influence of the music of the temple worship?

From that day to this, music has played an important part, for good or evil, in the lives of men. Let us, as custodians of a part, no matter how small a part of the Divine Power which is ours through our God-given talent, see to it that we use it worthily. May our music bear a fruitage of good—may we leave the world a little happier, a little better for our passage.

Loyally your president,

ORA BETHUNE JOHNSON.



ORA BETHUNE JOHNSON
Supreme President

A Plea for Unity

I APPRECIATE the privilege given to me by the Mu Phi Epsilon Historian to write for the QUARTERLY. With her I agree that we, as musical fraternities, ought to get in closer touch with every musical organization. Especially should all the musical fraternities know something of one another and I believe that I can do no better service at this time than to introduce the brothers in Phi Mu Alpha—the Sinfonia Fraternity—to the sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon. Indeed is not a past Supreme President of Sinfonia, William S. Sterling of Cincinnati, founder of Mu Phi Epsilon, and does not the present President have a happy remembrance of his share in the establishment of Beta Chapter at the New England Conservatory of Music, the birthplace of Sinfonia? The noteworthy history of your sorority has given our fraternity no little pride in having had a share in the beginnings of Mu Phi Epsilon.

What of the history of Phi Mu Alpha? To write it in full would perchance spare your Historian the task of looking for other articles to fill this number of the QUARTERLY. I doubt that she desires any such cessation of her labors. Therefore I shall epitomize in a few paragraphs.

Phi Mu Alpha is the only musical national Greek-letter male fraternity in America. Its object is the development of the best and truest fraternal spirit; the mutual welfare and brotherhood of music students; the advancement of music in America and a loyalty to the Alma Mater. The fraternity was founded by Ossian E. Mills in 1898 at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

It has chapters at the following institutions:—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston; Combs Broad Street Conservatory of Music, Philadelphia; Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y.; University School of Music, University of Michigan; Cincinnati College of Music; Syracuse University; Northwestern University School of Music, Evanston, Ill.; Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore; Denison University, Granville, O.; University of Missouri; University of Oklahoma; Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; University of Kansas. Six of these institutions boast Mu Phi Epsilon Chapters. There is an Alumni Club in New York City.

The membership consists of three classes—active, alumni, honorary—numbering about one thousand. Membership in other

MU PHI EPSILON QUARTERLY

Greek-letter societies does not debar one from Sinfonia affiliation. The fraternity is distinctive in that instructors, members of the faculty, and officials in an institution affording both theoretical and applied musical instruction, as well as members of the student body, are eligible to membership. If local conditions warrant, a chapter may elect to its active membership, not exceeding one-third of its total membership, male musicians outside of the institution in which the chapter holds a charter, provided none of the said one-third is a student, faculty member or official in another institution in which a charter is held. The fraternity is conservative in its election of honorary members. Among this number are George W. Chadwick, Harold Randolph, Victor Herbert, Frederick Stock, Henry Schradieck, Henry K. Hadley, Frederick S. Converse, Henry Russell, Eben D. Jordan, Carl Busch, George B. Cortelyou, Wallace Goodrich, Peter C. Lutkin, Gilbert Reynolds Combs, Louis C. Elson, Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, David Bispham.

Conventions have been held annually in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Ithaca, Syracuse and Ann Arbor. The 1914 Convention will meet on Nov. 30-Dec. 1-2 at Combs Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia, and we are anticipating at that time a more visible and tangible introduction to the Omicron sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon. A written Historical Examination on the history, constitution and ritual is conducted annually in each chapter. The papers are passed upon by the Supreme officers and at Conventions awards are made to the chapter and the individual receiving the highest mark. The fraternity issues three publications: *Phi Mu Alpha Annual*, *Mystic Cat* (three times a year) and a Song Book. (two editions.)

Each year—for the advancement of music in America—the fraternity offers one hundred dollars in gold and a certificate of honor to the successful composer of an original composition in a specified class. The contests follow:

1912. Trio for strings and piano. Winner—Gustav Mehner, Grove City College, Pa.
1913. String quartet. Winner—Henry Albert Lang, Philadelphia.
1914. Male chorus with soli and organ or piano accompaniment or both. Winner to be announced Nov. 30.

All competitors must be American citizens. The judges in these



HARRIET SMULSKI
Supreme Vice-president

competitions have been George W. Chadwick, Harold Randolph, Albert A. Stanley, Arthur Foote, Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, Peter C. Lutkin, Arthur Shepherd, Frank Damrosch, Victor Louis Saar and Gustav Strube.

I cannot refrain from adding another paragraph on Sinfonia. Yet the words are not mine but the testimony of several directors and deans of conservatories and schools of music.

"Sinfonians prove the most loyal to our institution."

"I believe Sinfonia makes a man a better musician."

"Sinfonia is the best thing that ever happened to our young men."

"One of the cardinal principles of the order is a loyalty to the Alma Mater and I believe that the establishment of fraternities in the conservatories is developing their school spirit a hundred per cent."

"I have no reason to regret the expenditure of any time or money that I may have made because I feel that the good Sinfonia has done the Conservatory and the students far surpasses any outlay that I may have made."

These words of encomium would never be written were it not for the fact that the Sinfonia Fraternity is seeking always to do its full measure in the development of the *manly* musician as well as the *musicianly* man.

It has been my privilege during the past eight years in the annual visitation and inspection of chapters to learn much of Mu Phi Epsilon and the estimate in which she is held by those in authority. Her insistence upon individual scholarship, her sane aggressiveness and her notable loyalty to the Alma Mater have been frequently cited to me as well as noted by me. I am certain that I am not mistaken when I ascribe the success of Mu Phi Epsilon to her aim in producing a womanly musician as well as a musicianly woman. This common endeavor on the part of your sisterhood and our brotherhood prompts me to make a plea not only on our behalf but on that of all national musical fraternities—Alpha Chi Omega, Mu Phi Epsilon, Sigma Alpha Iota, Kappa Delta Epsilon, Phi Mu Alpha—to join hands for the purpose of establishing a Musical National Pan-Hellenic Society. The reasons for such an organization are so admirably set forth by Ida Shaw Martin, in an article entitled "The Harp" in the June, 1914 number of the QUARTERLY that it seems a work of supererogation to repeat anything and unnecessary to add much.

It is time that the badge of a musical fraternity signify something more than mere membership. Wherever seen and upon whomever seen it should stand for a certain, definite, basic standard of education, talent, life purpose and personal character. In other words a Phi Mu Alpha badge should mean as much to a man in A conservatory as it does to one in B school; or, in other words, a girl with a Mu Phi Epsilon badge should be as much of a credit to her sorority in X as in Y school.

There are today approximately 2,500 men and women belonging to musical national fraternities and counting Alpha Chi Omega, a musical-literary sorority, about 4,500. All of these fraternities have on their rolls fifty-three chapters and they are located in no less than forty different schools and conservatories in all parts of the country. There has been brought to my attention during the past few years numerous musical local secret societies some of which are seeking to branch out and become national either by affiliation with one of the established musical fraternities or by securing a chapter roll of their own. These numerical facts alone warrant a step toward musical national Pan-Hellenism.

The establishment of a fraternity, it seems to me, means three things—love for one's fellows, for one's art, for one's *Alma Mater*. We have a sentimental ground as well as a practical need for the gathering of a conference or a congress composed of delegates from the various musical national fraternities and I am inclined to the belief that it would be well to consider the advisability of the admission of delegates from the musical local fraternities with a voice at least, if not a vote. Our aims should be two—to ameliorate existing evils and to raise fraternity standards. Is it now too late to suggest that such a Congress meet at San Francisco during the Panama Exposition in 1915? Or perhaps more feasible would be the holding of the annual conventions of all musical fraternities at one time and one place in the near future. If this can be done there will come in short time not only order out of chaos, but for each member and for all fraternities unity, enthusiasm, enterprise and loyalty—a quartet of virtues ever in harmony.

PERCY JEWETT BURRELL,
Supreme President—Sinfonia Fraternity.

The Vernacular in Song

MUCH has been written, and more discussed, as to the value of English text in Opera and Song. The ignoring of our language by our own singers and foreign artists has at last caused a revolt.

There may be an excuse for foreigners, who cannot speak, much less sing, in English acceptably, but none for American artists who insist upon singing exclusively in French or German, when they do not sing either intelligently, and treating their mother tongue in a snobbish manner—for it is snobbery and of the worst type.

The great charm in singing is the intelligent interpretation of the text, and when clearly enunciated, everyone must recognize the fact that the singer gains the best results from the language which is most familiar. As we are a nation of many tongues in a sense, the babel of programmes has held easy sway, for no matter what the text, there is sure to be a part of every audience that can understand what it is all about. But how about the large percentage that cannot know, or even guess, if the compositions represent a dirge, a love song, or a joke? Sometimes, it turns out to be a joke without intention, for if the words repeat rapidly the audience will laugh, often in the wrong place. An example in mind is the Drinking Song from "Lucrezia Borgia," which is really sentimental, and expresses a beautiful philosophy of life; smiling when you might weep, or laugh rather than sigh. When Mme. Schumann-Heink sings this song, and she always does, the audience always laughs. The Mme. having "caught on" to the ignorance of her audience with regard to the text, exaggerates her style of rendering and creates mirth.

I do not wish to be understood as riding an English language hobby. As a fact, I believe in original texts. I think a French song loses much in interpretation through translation. The poetic expression in sentimental poems is almost untranslatable, and the accent loses also in rhythmic construction. But this is not an excuse for our being obliged to listen to whole programmes by French composers, and entire German song recitals. Many appear to enjoy that which bores them, for fear of appearing ignorant. Could an American give a programme of English songs in Berlin and receive recognition, not to mention

being lionized as we so often do German artists? I know in Paris a new comer must first master French diction to even get a hearing. It has been said by some American musical snobs, that English song literature contains nothing of musical value. This is not true. Mrs. Beach, Tipton, Clough-Leiter, Cadman, Parker and hundreds, I might mention, some of more serious character, as McDowell,—have written beautiful songs which compare favorably with foreign writers, and every day the list enlarges, many finding place on our foreign artists' programmes. Our English composers are among the best and even Purcell and Bishop still hold musical attention.

In the opera the original text is quite the best and, be it Italian, French or German, knowing the plot, we gain a mental translation through the ensemble and orchestration. Russian Opera has not been attempted as yet outside St. Petersburg with Russian singers, but if we could hear the grand operas written by Russian composers in the original setting, I am sure the impression would be more convincing for the language itself is almost untranslatable. Not so many years ago Germans were forced to write their operas in Italian, or they could not get them produced. The idea prevailed at that period that Italian was the only singable language, besides, the idea of singing plays was original with that nation and everyone was obliged to go to Italy first to learn the language before musical study began. Composers with operatic ambition found this their only hope. Grand opera was Italian opera. To Germans this was irritating to their self-esteem. Von Weber was the first composer to have the courage to write in German and produce in German. Wagner was the last spoke in the wheel of composers to make German Opera, not only successful but formed a new and distinct German type which has no trace of Italian supremacy. France has also developed its own school. It remains to the English to do likewise and the composer who is great enough will gain recognition. We are young, but we are growing musically older, much faster than the other nations realize. Nearly all operas now have English translations, but of a poor quality, that add nothing of value toward making English opera popular. The poetic style and rhythmic sense is not well preserved. Every translator should have the assistance of a vocalist of native linguistic ability, to keep the translation singable, that is, to have the dramatic point in the music correspond in text. The French and Italian can be arranged with success,

as the general construction agrees. We often hear opera given in Italian with one of the artists singing French and vice-versa. I doubt if this would be tolerated in France, however, where the vernacular is absolutely worshipped. Your diction must be perfect or they will not accept you. Our language is very different in construction, less romantic in form of expression, yet not less sentimental, but for singing purposes not easy to be arranged to fit in accent through translation. The better way is to write operas in English and sing them in English. This way must soon come, for the universal language will some day be English. Even the common people of Europe feel the necessity of learning our language. The people who show it disrespect is the American born. As Mu Phis let us help to hasten the English millennium by singing in our own tongue. Let us give a fifty percent representation of English in all our programmes. Study to make the interpretation perfect. Learn to understand the full meaning of words, and express the poetic thought with sentiment and eloquence. David Bispham is a good example to follow. He makes a conjunction mean as much as a noun or verb. Most singers swallow them as of no consequence even as a connecting link. Articulate and phrase well, love the words you sing, for you cannot impress others unless you feel yourself. Stir by your passion and bring tears by your tenderness. American singers can do more for American composers and the musical future of America than all the lectures, press publicity, discussions in state or national conventions or any other form of agitation. By the artist, the music reaches the public through its proper channel.

After it is properly presented and musically received it will be "The survival of the fittest."

ANCELLA M. FOX, *Iota Alpha.*

The Musical Atmosphere in Washington

WE are very proud of our pretty city and glad of the general interest shown it and really feel that it deserves it. But if we try to place it in the same position in the musical world, by comparison, it seems a little young yet. It is surely based on firm, artistic ground, so *must* in time come to hold its own, as the National Capital should.

We feel that so many of our population are roving and can think it only fair that they choose their home town symphony orchestra to support. Still our orchestra had two very successful seasons and though we cannot yet call it an established one our hopes are high.

For study, we have great respect and admiration for many of our teachers and the standard of their schools. Especially do we appreciate the great benefits derived from study and association with the honest and beloved teacher and president of our own institution.

Then there are home clubs which do splendid work,—the Orpheus, Musurgia, (mixed voices,) the Rubenstein Club, (all singers), among whom one of our sisters, Viola Schippert is an important factor, give real treats and so on the same lines is the Friday Morning Club. The younger set have what they call The Music Study Club. In this, no particular line is drawn except a keen interest in music, a fair degree of efficiency in one line, and good fellowship; and nothing hinders a student from taking advantage of its good work. Two of our girls, Margery Snyder, violinist, and Mildred Kolb, pianist, are faithful members and speak highly of the benefits it affords. Our school has the Von Unschuld Club—as each school has his to correspond—which makes public playing compulsory; but that latter comes under school atmosphere.

For concert treats, Washington receives its share surely, in proportion and we are usually satisfied until we read and hear our friends from larger cities speak of so many fine artists, who did not grace our own music halls. Still if one takes advantage of every opportunity, I am sure it will be about all one can manage reasonably with solid study and work to do.

The Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic Orchestra give us good concerts each five times a season, and usu-



FLORENCE GIRARDOT
Supreme Treasurer

ally the Philadelphia; though we were deprived of it last winter.

We cannot claim an opera house, in spite of many brave attempts to have one, or an appropriate theatre so we must go to Baltimore for opera. Now and then we have a touch of it when the good singers go out in concert. Yes! Twice last year a real opera with a real caste was heard,—the Chicago and Metropolitan Companies each sent one. I almost forgot the Aborn Operas which we all like to hear for we realize that they give us a splendid idea of what is in store for us.

On a whole we are quite happy. The general musical atmosphere, we know, is good,—for it, at least, keeps us instilled with the good, the boundless study of music is capable of giving to each and every one of us.

Respectfully submitted,

GERTRUDE MCRAE, *Rho.*

Mme. Jane Osborn-Hannah

JANE OSBORN-HANNA was born at Wilmington, O., of musical parents, and is a direct descendant of Charles Osborn, an orthodox Quaker Minister, who settled in New Jersey. He subsequently removed to the Western Reserve, and is said to have published the first anti-slavery paper, in St. Clairville, O. Early in life Mme. Hannah displayed unusual vocal powers, and after a public and high school education in Wilmington went to Chicago and studied under Signor Vittorio Carpi, three years later becoming a pupil of Johanna Hess Burr. She made her début in Chicago with the Apollo Club and from that time onward had a brilliant career as a concert and oratorio singer. While in Chicago she also sang in the choir of St. Paul's Universalist Church for five years and the First Methodist Church of Evanston for three years. As her voice developed she was advised to take up grand opera, and in 1904 went abroad to study for that purpose. She became the pupil of Mme. Marchesi, Signor Sbriglia and others, and also studied the various Wagner rôles under Mme. Rosa Sucher, probably the most renowned German singer of her time. Her first appearance in grand opera was under the management of Arthur Nikisch, in 1906, as the leading soprano of the grand opera at Leipzig, Germany. This engagement lasted three years, during which time she firmly established her reputation as a soprano of the first rank, appearing in such rôles as Senta, Sieglinde, Elsa, Elizabeth, Eva, Donna Anna, Grafyn, Mme. Butterfly, Mimi, Aida and Desdemona, etc. Her greatest successes were made in the Wagnerian rôles, although as Mme. Butterfly, a part she created in Leipzig, she won a phenomenal success, being considered one of the best singers of that difficult rôle in Germany. She was engaged to sing Wagner rôles at Covent Garden in the spring of 1906, and sang four times for the King and Queen. She also sang "Senta" in Berlin for the Emperor and Empress of Germany, who personally congratulated her on her splendid performance. She appeared in most of the leading operas in Germany, including Dresden, Hanover and Munich, and upon leaving Leipzig was given such a farewell as had not been seen at that theatre for thirty years. After the performance, which was Mme. Butterfly, the



MME. JANE OSBORN-HANNAH

enthusiastic crowds took the horses from her carriage and dragged it home. She received many flattering offers to remain in Germany, but was anxious to return to her native land. In 1909 she was engaged to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, and there greatly added to her reputation as a singer of international fame. She was re-engaged with the Metropolitan Opera Co. for the latter part of season 1910-11, and sang ten appearances with the Chicago Opera Co. the first part of the same season. Season 1911-12 she was re-engaged with the Chicago Co. and for the seasons 1912-13, 1913-14 as well. At present under concert director Chas. L. Wagner who has arranged an extensive recital and concert tour for 1914-15.

A Visit to Madame Chaminade

“WILL you please present Madame Chaminade with the pin I am sending you. I am also sending the ceremony for presentation.” Such was the message received at Wiesbaden from our Supreme President, after having left Paris. The pin came with the letter, but not the ceremony. Where I was to find Madame, and how, without going back to Paris, which was not in my plan was a problem. It seemed as if I must return to America with the already much travelled pin. And further, how was I to go through the ceremony. My limited French took wings as the problem confronted me, and I wondered if Madame’s knowledge of English would relieve me of any embarrassment. If she understood English, I would have no trouble, for then I would not need to translate the secret ceremony. Again, I thought of the impossibility of my returning to Paris.

At this point I was joined by a friend whose knowledge of French permits her to converse fluently in that language, but who is not a Mu Phi. On telling her of my problem, she suggested we go to London by way of Paris, and stop there long enough to find out Madame Chaminade’s address. If she were at the shore, as we supposed, we would get a glimpse of a French resort, which would add another pleasure to the one of meeting Madame Chaminade. This we did, and through the well-known firm of Durand et Filis learned her home and summer addresses. I wrote in English to her, telling her that the honor was given me of presenting her with a pin from the Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority, of which she had been made an honorary member, asking permission to call, and where I could find her. The reply came very quickly, for she had returned to Vesinet, a suburb of Paris, saying that she would be at home Monday between three and four, that she did not understand English, and I must bring an interpreter. As the ceremony had not reached me, I felt that I could take my friend, for without it there would be no necessity for secrecy.

Monday found us at the station, dressed in our best, on the road to Vesinet. Suddenly I realized I had forgotten the street and number, but after the first shock, I knew that surely any one in Vesinet could direct us. Indeed we needed but tell the old cabby who looked as if he had grand-fathered the



DELTA CHAPTER

place since the beginning of time, whom we wished to see, when with a smile he let us know that everyone and especially Madame, was not only known, but belonged to him. We did not speak much on the drive, for the beauty of the place, and the effort to haul to the front of our brains every necessary French word, occupied our closest attention. When we turned into the Avenue on which Madame lived, we forgot even French, drinking in the wonderful beauty of those old trees and well kept hedges, the hominess of the houses and the general air of contentment, rest and prosperity. As we drew up at the gate, two maids and a tiny dog greeted us. Evidently they were waiting with curiosity to see the American ladies who were coming, and being members of the household, did not hesitate to stand at the front gate waiting. They were bright interesting looking girls, and one took our cards smiling at us and walking alongside. We were ushered into a parlor like others I had seen on the Continent, full of things that must have accumulated for years, and that the owners, with a feeling of sentiment, held on to regardless of fashion. In a few moments Madame Chaminade entered. I had asked my friend to make the presentation speech, for I feared my ability to make myself understood, in the presence of such talent. But Madame Chaminade inspired confidence, and away my tongue sped with its limited resources, as I handed her the pin. She was overcome. She had thought that we came for an interview from some paper. And to me my letter had seemed so clearly expressed. However, when she realized that we came from the young ladies who had been so lovely to her, and had made her visit to America so pleasant, she could not say enough in appreciation of the honor conferred upon her, and in admiration of the little jewel. She wished her appreciation to be carried to them, and to say she would never, never forget them.

We sat chatting for about ten minutes, and eating bon bons, which had been sent to her by some admirer. Then she escorted us past the parrot, who seemed a natural part of the picturesque home where Madame was born, down the winding walk, followed by the same little cunning dog, to the gate, where the maids still stood. All watched us depart, Madame going to the cab with us, shaking hands, and waving as we drove off. It was a visit to remember. And while I dreaded it beforehand, I cannot thank our President enough for giving me this privilege.

JULIA KROEGER, *Théta*.

Germaine Schnitzer

MISS GERMAINE SCHNITZER was born May 28, 1888, in Paris.

At the age of ten years she received the first prize in music at the Paris Conservatoire Nationale, and at the age of thirteen years, received the first Grand Piano Prize in the same school.

In 1903, at the age of fifteen, she received the National Prize in the Vienna Meister Schule (Master School), which is regarded as having the highest standard for its pupils of any piano school in the world.

However, her youth was not wholly given to study without a chance for public performance, and at the age of seventeen she appeared with great success with both the Berlin and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras, and also appeared in concerts in Paris.

Since her début on the Continent, Miss Schnitzer has made three tours in America, playing about one hundred twenty-five concerts in all. Three times she has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; twice with the New York Philharmonic Society; with the New York Symphony Orchestra; the Chicago Thomas Orchestra; the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; the Denver Symphony Orchestra, et cetera.

Miss Schnitzer has also played countless concerts in Europe over Germany, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Russia, Monaco, France and England, in all over three hundred fifty concerts.

Miss Schnitzer is an honorary member of Mu Phi Epsilon, and we are indeed proud to have one so talented for a sister.



GERMAINE SCHNITZER

Why Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor Has a Place in the Nation's Who's Who Book

MARGUERITE MARTYN TELLS POSTDISPATCH READERS OF ANOTHER ST. LOUIS WOMAN SCARCELY KNOWN AT HOME

“WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA,” one of whose purposes is to discover to their own communities persons who are better known abroad than at home, probably again accomplished that purpose when it included the name of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor in its lists of eleven St. Louis women.

If St. Louis is ignorant of the harboring greatness in this case, the remissness is, in a way, pardonable, since Mrs. Gaynor has resided here since November only.

To be sure, she was born in St. Louis but that was in 1863, and her family moved away from the old home at Twenty-ninth and Locust Streets, when she was a child.

Mrs. Gaynor followed the business fortunes of her husband, Thomas Wellington Gaynor, from Kansas City recently, and, with their daughter, Rose, they have been living quietly at 1280 Hamilton Avenue since.

So quietly, indeed, has Mrs. Gaynor lived and pursued her work, that it is doubtful if even the neighbors know that the songs issuing from the third floor apartment are new-born melodies, heard for the first time, but destined to be heard round the world.

But when it is doubtful if a narrow, conservative, old foggy, thinks-it-knows-it-all world of grown-ups ever will really and truly know Mrs. Gaynor. That is, except the Peter Pans among us who do not entirely grow up, and who still are able to speak, or at least, understand her language. It is in another world, but a greater, growing, unlimited world, the child world, in which she has established her claim to greatness.

In the child world Mrs. Gaynor's works, if not her name, are as familiar as—more familiar, of course—than A B C. She reaches little minds at their earliest stage of perception in a childish idiom of the universal language, music.

She reaches them even when they are not perceptive, for all babies are being rocked to sleep nowadays with her “Slumber Boat” song. And when I say babies all over the world, that is true. For the “Slumber Boat” has been translated into many

languages, and travelers returning from India, China, Egypt, Australia tell of hearing it crooned over cradles by mothers in those far lands.

For some of you who are so old as to have missed hearing it, I am going to write the words. They almost sing themselves.

Baby's boat, the Silver Moon,
Sailing in the sky,
Sailing o'er the sea of sleep
While the clouds float by.

Baby's fishing for a dream,
Fishing near and far.
His line a silver moonbeam is,
His bait a silver star.

Sail, baby, sail,
Out upon the sea.
Only don't forget to sail
Back again to me.

It probably wasn't such fascinating titles as "I Love the Old Doll the Best," "Tired Shoes," "The Fog Ship," an operetta, "Hovering Butterflies," "The Clover Tops," "The Cucumber Doll," that attracted the attention of uncompromisingly prosaic old compilers of a biographical dictionary. More likely it was the reports from publishers of the wide sales and success of the Gaynor works. Or, perhaps, it was under the other condition, having done something out of the ordinary which distinguishes her from the vast majority of her contemporaries, that Mrs. Gaynor qualifies for "Who's Who."

Certainly it seems to me her calling, that of writing songs exclusively for children, is unique. I was curious to know what qualities combined to produce such individuality.

I found her, as might be expected, an ideal mother, with a heart and understanding large enough for all children, not merely her own.

A woman of fine physical bearing, as she would need to have to accomplish her output, and work, as she says she does, like a steam engine, so many hours a week.

I found her, withal, a practical and thinking woman, ready to apply every new aid to efficiency on herself and those she teaches.

My attention first of all was called to a pile of twelve new and shining volumes, some slender and dainty and gayly illustrated enough for a child's hands and a child's mind to grasp; others, great and bulky, to be handled by parents and teachers.

"A recent gift to my family; our complete works", said Mrs. Gaynor. She said "our" to include the contributions of her two daughters and the verses of Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley of Chicago, who writes the verse of nearly all the songs. This latter collaboration has lasted over 18 years—a circumstance unusual enough among musical collaborators, to warrant a story in itself, I thought.

And I was to learn that these volumes containing some 400 songs and eight operettas, are merely incidental, a sort of by-product of Mrs. Gaynor's chosen work, which is teaching and singing in recital with her daughters, Miss Rose and Mrs. Dorothy Gaynor-Blake of Nashville, who are known professionally as the Gaynor Trio.

"It is odd about one's beginnings" said Mrs. Gaynor, "and how interdependent the various directions of my work have grown to be. My songs would not respond to the child mind as they do if I did not keep constantly in touch with children through my teaching and continuous study of their needs. I probably never should have begun composing for children if it had not been for the demands of my own little girls whose education in music has always been a chief object in life. I took them both to Berlin every winter for four years that their studies might be carried on without the distractions inevitable in a city where they grow up. Meanwhile, I continued to perfect my own method and returned with renewed knowledge to teach in schools and conservatories.

"I have developed all sorts of theories in the musical education of children. And not only their musical education, for music is an excellent study to develop the mind in other directions.

"It is an exact science just as mathematics and as much so as architecture. It will be found that the terminology of architecture and music are much the same. Musicians have been very conservative, very backward about taking up new things," she went on to say. "I think if psychologists have found out anything about how the human mind works, I have a right to that knowledge and I don't hesitate to appropriate it. Recently they are teaching children to write before they learn to read.

"On the same principle I teach them to sing before they go to the piano, to compose music before they play it. They become, in a way, singers and composers before they know it. It is merely a matter of drawing upon the creative instinct which is in them all. I don't know if it is also the Montessori system. My daughters and I were invited to give a demonstration of our method in the school at Rome and Mme. Montessori was much interested in the application."

Mrs. Gaynor theorized and spoke learnedly, but there was nothing academic or stiff in the atmosphere of this home.

A colored buttons boy, scarcely more than a pickaninny brought us cool drinks, and for all his formality one could see he is a pet of the family.

Daughter Rose, sewing in the next room and "too hot to appear," kept chiming in with the most musical voice and charmingly affectionate attitude toward her mother.

There was an air of prosperity about the music room which belied a too austere devotion to art.

At one point, when Mrs. Gaynor, was telling me how the royalties of "The Slumber Boat" alone amounted to a small fortune, I made bold to ask just how much.

"Oh Rosebud, dear," called her mother, "Do you remember what we figured the latest returns from the 'Slumber Boat'?"

"Dearest, dreadful!" came the response, "I don't think it would be a bit nice to make public such a matter. At least," with characteristic Gaynor frankness, "We oughtn't to rub it in."

The fact remains, however, that beyond what "Who's Who" discovered for us we have in our midst that unique thing, a child-song shop, and if there were a word that meant something more than unique, a music composer who is growing wealthy at her art.

The Song Star

I builded an altar to my Song,
 And its Star shone through the night.
 I toiled among the restless throng
 To weave a pathway to its light,
 All golden melodies.
 And there in the dew and coldness
 I sang my little song,
 And fought in the fight with boldness
 And pride the whole night long
 To find those melodies.
 The tone was clear, the air was sweet,
 And yet the poet's thought ran cold.
 I sent my pride, the Star to greet,
 And thought the mystic Song to hold.
 I closed my eyes to all around,
 I felt no hand, craved no one's love,
 No pity gave, no pity found,
 Only the Star, cold, clear, above.
 The hours were full of my great aim,
 And songs that I should sing.
 Yet to my heart no ache e'er came
 For I could wait,—the Star would bring
 Its golden melodies.
 One day, somebody's hand touched mine,
 And lips, rebellious, called to me.
 "A friend!" the voice coaxed at my heart,
 It quivered, yet I gave no sign
 Until the Song Star laughed at me.
 I was so tired, my lonely heart
 Restless, ached for love.
 Spring came with glory. Golden sun
 Shone from blue sky, on one and all.
 The trees are green, and one by one
 Sweet flowers wake. The robins call.
 O,—golden melodies.
 Was always, every spring like this?
 To wake your soul as with a kiss.
 How strange I never knew before
 The vastness of my treasure store,

My home, and old home faces,
The love in humble places.
I turn me from the Song Star cold,
And silent in my chamber pray,
"God let my empty heart still hold
The things I find here every day.
Forgive, the empty years, forgive,
Help me, my heart, my soul to live!"
And if some day I reach the Star,
The poet's thought I will have known.
And with my heart shall sing afar
Love, pain, joy, grief, as Life has shown.
And if the Star comes not to me
My life can not a failure be.
Close with my God, as hand clasps hand,
In sympathy and love I stand.
Living each day, to dream each night,
Still of my Star, now warm and bright.
Some wonder at the change in me,
And O, glad heart could they but see,
In God, in Nature, Things that be
The Golden Melodies.

LULA ANN BRENNER, *Lambda Chapter.*

In Memoriam

GLADYS GLASS

MU

Selection and Rotation of Chapter Officers

THE indefinable stamp of achievement which makes a chapter or any co-operative body ever the guiding light of its followers depends wholly on the ability of its officers who, incidentally, make the success and progress of their chapter surpass the most sanguine expectations.

Then upon whom or what does the development and prosperity of each chapter most invariably depend? Upon the officers as a cursory reply, would be acceptable but further thought enables one to see that all depends entirely on the wise selection of officers.

For president, it is most important that she be a person to whom a thorough former training has been given, qualifying her for so important an office.

If then we start at the bottom of the ladder and select a girl for the least important office in view of that same girl eventually becoming president we will have a thoroughly competent officer to shoulder the titanic tasks of a leader.

At the same time, to hold office in a chapter will mean something to each girl, it will be something for her to work for. Members whose only assets were those of membership will find an unprecedented joy in holding an office and before long they will possess a growing ambition to reach the top of the ladder for which they will strive with unsurpassable loyalty.

In choosing recording secretary, it is very necessary to look for a girl in whom accuracy and punctuality are predominant characteristics. The corresponding secretary should possess the good qualities which will convey the proper impression to supreme officers and her sister chapters by her prompt, concise, and businesslike correspondence.

A girl who has marked literary ability and who is untiring in her execution of it should win first preference as historian.

The work of warden seems after all to fall third in line of importance, that is, she should follow the vice-president instead of the customary rotation.

With the vice-president succeeding the president and the warden the vice-president, there will always be an experienced and responsible person to fulfill the duties of president. Also there will always be experienced officers in charge of the ceremonies and upon this depends the success of the secret work.



First row, left to right—Gertrude McKee, Edith Shirey, Edith Gray, Viola Schippert,
 Second row—Frances Gutelius, Carrie Bruce, Mrs. Henrietta E. Flynn, Ardala Moore, Margery Snyder.

RHO CHAPTER

The last-to-be-mentioned, but first-to-be-considered, point is that in selecting officers all personal feelings and selfishness should be laid aside and the members should bear in mind that the history of one chapter for one year may vitally effect the character of the whole sorority. Therefore, let us use wisdom and foresight in choosing our leaders and having chosen, give them our unlimited and loyal support.

ADA GLACKENS, *Omicron*.

Chapter Finances and the Management of Chapter Finances

OF ALL the problems each chapter has to solve individually, the problem of finances and the management of finances seems to be the most necessary and one of the hardest to solve.

Since, in the very nature of things, the financial obligations of each chapter vary to such a great degree, it is almost impossible to offer suggestions for improvement along this line except in a very general way.

First of all, each girl must be made to feel her own responsibility and personal obligations in this matter, for oftentimes unless this question is made to assume undue proportions we are apt to become careless.

Of course, the bulk of the responsibility of managing the finances falls on the chapter treasurer—and, unless she is systematic to a fault the chapter's wealth is very apt to come to grief. Numerous and regular reports should be made by the treasurer so that each and every member will know the exact state of the treasury. Her accounts must be clearly and regularly kept. Her bills for chapter dues must be sent out promptly—and it might be that a time limit for their payment be placed on them—and if not paid within the stated time a small fine be attached. This, in most cases, would insure prompt payment.

Then, too, fines may be imposed on a member for tardiness or inexcusable absence—or failure to do her part in program work—a stated fine for each failure to appear.

A chapter might arrange to give musicales for churches or women's clubs. There is a big opening here. The average church committee on entertainment is more than glad to have the questions of programs and rehearsals taken off their hands for a reasonable price. A chapter with even average talent could easily arrange entertaining and interesting programs consisting of chorus numbers, piano solos, vocal solos, and duets. Aside from the chorus numbers such a program would not necessarily imply a great deal of extra practicing or work on the part of the participants.

Announcement cards might be sent to the various literary clubs and church entertainment committees in the locality,



ALPHA CHAPTER
 First row (seated)—Alma Gaiser, Helen Shober, Helen Rothkopf, Emma Coleman, Bertha Kreibiel, Marie Thompson, Jeannette Sayre, Miriam Johnson, Sewell Hoffman.
 Second row (standing)—Sarah Criss, Louise Sterling, Laura Bach, Clara Wilhelmy, Mary Fran, Elynn Junkeman, Florence Witherspoon, Marie Thompson.

stating that Blank chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon will accept engagements for concerts, musicales, weddings, etc.

These suggestions, I realize, are not applicable in every chapter, for as I have said, conditions vary so in each and every chapter and the question of finances and the management of finances are so dependent upon such conditions.

But after all, the only solution to the entire problem is by the sense of individual responsibility in the matter. For, as it is the individual members who make up the chapter—so it is the individual chapters that make up our great national Mu Phi Epsilon—and as the individual members are loyal to their chapter in a financial way—so will the individual chapters be loyal to our national Mu Phi Epsilon in a financial way.

EMMA K. COLEMAN, *Alpha*.

Chapter Discipline and Customs of Gamma

THROUGHOUT the discipline and customs of Mu Phi Epsilon life at Gamma there is the realization that all the girls are at a responsible age in the eyes of the sorority and in the eyes of society. There are, therefore, many rules and restrictions, common to all societies, that are tacitly understood by the Gamma girls, such as high endeavor for scholarship, courteous treatment to chaperone and grateful acceptance of all criticism at her hands and at the hands of the chapter officers.

The hardest part in our discipline lies in the fact, that many of our girls do not live in the chapter house, making our restrictions at rushing season much heavier; for during this period all of the girls' evenings are required to be given over to the sorority. This rule is very strongly enforced. It is during this season that each girl must take a vital interest in Mu Phi Epsilon's future welfare, for in their discernment and judgment, they leave Mu Phi Epsilon in the trust of those of whom they see most fitting. Our rushing parties take various forms. We have dinners, dinner dances, afternoon teas, tango teas, sewing parties, cotillions, fancy dress parties, vaudeville and various other forms of entertainments. Each girl on her return from vacation is required to bring an idea for a novel entertainment. So when rushing season starts all of the parties are planned since every one takes a personal interest in seeing her entertainment a success. We have found this method very satisfactory.

In regard to our pledges and freshmen. All are watched strictly. Last year we took up a new plan of treatment with our pledges and freshmen which I will mention a little farther on. Gamma utterly disapproves of "Mock Initiation" for to us, it seems, too bad to think that a fraternity of such aims and seriousness as Mu Phi Epsilon should be desecrated by a "mock" on her initiation. It destroys the fraternal aim and lowers the ideals of the sorority in the eyes of the initiate, thereby, making it difficult for them to regard Mu Phi Epsilon with worthy seriousness. Now for our new plan. Three years ago the University of Michigan deemed it worthy to have an advisory system for all freshmen, so they assigned to each junior girl one freshman girl to help register and establish in suitable surroundings. This plan has worked out excellently. Gamma, acting upon this same idea, started an advisory system in her

First row, left to right—Dorothy Wines, Helen Kessel, Alicia Poole, Ethel Sealey, Margaret Hoag, Martha Dilworth, Eloise Young.
 Second row—Maybelle Simpson, Helen Durfins, Beulah Brooks, Margaret Darrow, Bess Adgate, Blanche Wall, Nora Battren.
 Ethel Mojlor.
 Third row—Rhoda Benaway (Brown), Helen Hartman, Frances Sealey, Marie Boos, Catherine Regan, Helen Webb, Jane Diamond.
 Fourth row—Edith Killers, Alice Darrow, Esther Darrow, Margaret Kilby, Florence Wall, Helen Showerman, Mrs. Perry.

GAMMA CHAPTER



midst. To every pledge is assigned a senior girl who acts as her advisor right through her freshman year. This senior keeps special watch on her freshman, seeing that she does her work properly, forms suitable acquaintances and abides by the freshman rules.

The freshman rules are many and varied. For instance she must know the words of at least three songs before she can wear her pin, she must offer her chair to a senior when the said senior enters the room, if all other chairs are occupied. They must if possible live in the "house" and consult their advisor before making over three engagements a week and must abide by her decision. Each advisor with her freshman are required to call on all the patronesses and at least five of the alumnae club members. They must take part in a musicale. We used to require them to play in the first one, but considering their newness and embarrassment, have changed it to the second.

It is the duty of the advisor to find out the interests of her advisee and make her feel that a member of Mu Phi Epsilon must not only be a scholarly woman, but that she must have a broad outlook and be interested in doing her part to advance Mu Phi Epsilon in national musical growth.

Many people think that sorority life is merely given over to society, but sorority life is "just what you make it." A well conducted meeting is a training in itself. While we feel very proud of our record last year—for we stood first in scholarship in the School of Music, and second place among the organizations in scholarship in the University of Michigan—we hope to do better next year.

Many difficulties beset one in the management of a sorority house. However, the practical training in the management of the board and room is helpful to every one, and in this lies one of the chief merits of chapter house life. Of course our first experiences along this line were fraught with difficulties but as years passed, the management became easier, though, still we have to keep a close look out on all matters hoping to do better each succeeding year.

No doubt we will experience a crisis in our management this year for we are moving into a nicer location, but we trust that we will be able to advance Mu Phi Epsilon's standard as we know our other sisters are endeavoring to do all over the United States.

CATHERINE REGAN, *Gamma*.

A Page from Mythology

[The following clever story is the response to the toast—The Plot—given by Mabel Wheeler, Kappa, at the 1914 convention. *Editor.*]

Greetings, my friends, those here and those not.
I welcome you all as part of my *plot!*

MANY, many moons ago when you, I, and the world were very young, three maidens of Greek mythological birth, known as Mu, Phi, and Epsilon, left Mt. Olympus for a little ballooning sport. But Fate is a capricious goddess! A freakish, frolicing hurricane seized their basket and whirled them so madly and so mercilessly, that for fear of being overturned, they dropped anchor without regard to their cloudy whereabouts and they discloody whereabouts and they discovered themselves deposited covered themselves deposited in front of a modest temple in some strange city of mortals. They entered, their violet-wreathed lyres in hand, and with an outburst of song, greeted the dwellers of the temple. And the dwellers received them with great joy and the maidens tarried, singing of the gladness and joyousness of their united lives. And the dwellers sat, day after day, at their feet and listened in wonder to their melodious words of wisdom.

But one morning when the dwellers arose to join the maidens, they found they had vanished: only the echo of their songs, the scent of the purple violets, and the spirit of their teachings remained. Then straightway, a number of the most earnest dwellers formed an order in memory of the three maidens, with their united virtues as an ideal to strive for, with the violet as their own sacred flower and bearing the combined names of the Greeks, Mu Phi Epsilon; and only those who were followers of the trio's words and strivers after their perfections, could wear on their arms the purple band of the order.

Many moons passed—you, I, and the world grew old, and again a mad wind swept over the middle west, and lo, the lightning express of the Aerial C. C. & St. L., was derailed, and whirled recklessly down, down, down, and landed, luckily without capsizing, directly in the entrance of a gigantic temple of shining marble, on the top pinnacle of which, gleamed a golden symbol bearing three Greek hieroglyphics. The only occupants of the car, three slightly dishevelled but, neverthe-

less, dazzlingly beautiful maidens, gazed with eyes of wonder on the symbol:

"Mu Phi Epsilon!" they read in chorus, "Our names!"

They sprang from the car and tripped lightly up the steps, and briskly tapped the gong.

"The password"—a voice sang in high G.

(Secret password of sorority given), they chanted in wonder.

"Then enter", the door slid aside, they stepped in and a burst of music greeted their astonished ears. Violets bloomed everywhere, music, soft enchanting strains full of love, harmony, and joyousness filled the air, white robed girls bearing the shining symbol on their breasts embraced them in ecstasy. Then the astounded Grecian damsels were told of the seed they had planted, and the abundant harvest it was yielding.

"Our followers are numberless, our temples are in every city, the first followers were all honored musicians, their portraits now hang in the Hall of Fame, and now that women rule this great country, our maidens hold the chains of rule in their own fair hands and music, friendship and harmony is their platform. We hail you, as our inspiration and guide, we beg of you to dwell with us here in our home". But the three maidens answered, "Nay, we must hie ourselves back to the Mount, there is no need for us here, you have achieved the near-perfection."

They hailed the next express and beat it back to the "gods' own country."

And the dwellers, though sad at their departure, were inspired by their words, and went ahead with renewed vigor; and the next Pan-Hellenic campaign found Mu Phi Epsilon leading the ticket by a million majority—and as the triumphal parade went by, the birds in the trees sang of their wonders and even the cats on the fence cried "Mu, Mu", and the mighty chorus answered "Mu Phi Epsilon."

And it's every word true

For I was there and saw the mighty band.

I happy was to have a share

In the works of those Greeks so grand.

And now to you my sisters, dear,

I drink a toast with right good cheer

We've happy been, we're happy here,

May we happy meet again next year.

Twenty-four Suggestions for Mu Phi

True happiness lies along the path of duty.

Easy it is to gain a friend,
But hard to hold one to the end.

Never begin a friendship not worth the trouble it will require to keep it.

Cling to the friends who have proved faithful through youth and adversity.

Confide in no one before you have tested the strength and quality of their affection. The less people know about you outside your own household the better.

Conceal your faults from the world. The effort will give you control of them.

Your dearest, purest, and best thoughts keep within for elevation and inspiration. Never give to a common-place world that which it is unable to comprehend.

Preserve a clean youth, that you may have no cause to blush in old age.

Be true to yourself, be true to your friends, and the world will be true to you.

It is the faithful performance of small duties, that regulates the worries of life.

Pleasure is a small part of life. Work is all satisfying, and builds for a successful future.

Do not borrow, and thereby retain your self-respect and friends.

Have Ideals and Ambitions—They are the bright colors in the banner of life.

Let every day have its task, which, if well done, will brighten tomorrow.

If you live temperate and dutiful by day, you will sleep peacefully at night.



EPSILON CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Daisy Caves, Dorothy Elton, Grace Secor, Lucile Miller, Bessie Cunningham, Florence Miller.
Second row—Mable Brady, Eunice Holst, Augusta Johnson, Blanche Hickox, Helen Dildine.
Third row—Ruth Newman, Clara von Nostitz, Nellie Merrell, Mable Thompson, Frances Goodeman, Bernice Swisher.
Fourth row—Guyneth Freed, Clara Baker, Marjorie Wilson, June Sturmer, Alta Rall, May Long.

M U P H I E P S I L O N Q U A R T E R L Y

Never hunt trouble, but have a just idea of your rights and demand them.

True affection strengthens character—A warm heart combined with a clear brain produces a well balanced personality.

Have an excuse for others but none for yourself.

Hunt for the good in the world and do justice to all.

Never be coaxed to do anything through good nature alone. Fools are that, and affability, while desirable, should be controlled.

Criticise no one, but investigate yourself, that you may not become open to criticism.

Think of others first—You will become more charitable if you put yourself in the "other fellow's" place.

Study for intelligence, not for boast.

See to it that tomorrow finds you a step higher than yesterday.

ANCELLA M. FOX, *Iota Alpha.*

“Excitement in Camp”

“**E**XCITEMENT IN CAMP” is a story taken from one night’s events in a camp during the summer of nineteen hundred and fourteen. The party were camping in a cottage on the Susquehanna River in the state of Pennsylvania. It was a particularly beautiful spot. Directly across the river the mountains rose straight up, except for a few places that were level enough for trees. About half way up a big rock projected. This was known as “Table Rock” and was famous for the view one could get by climbing to it.

Boats were plenty at this camp—this was really a necessity on account of the number of campers. The motor boat was a big red boat. A sturdy little gasoline engine propelled it through the water, fast or slow, as the engineer wished. Next in popularity to, possibly ahead of, the motor boat was the canoe. It was extra long and wide and was painted green. Four was its usual load but five could ride in it if they wished. A red flat bottomed boat completed the water vehicles.

On this evening a company had assembled on the porch and lawn. Some of the neighboring campers had dropped in on their way home from the picnic—the people on “The Flat” had had their annual picnic that day. They sang old songs for their own amusement. Among them were “Old Black Joe”, “Love’s Old Sweet Song”, and “Tenting Tonight”. Soon the singing ceased and conversation dragged.

“Let’s go for a paddle,” said Frances. This seemed to be agreeable, for everybody made a grand rush for the water and waited his turn to step into a boat. Some confusion arose as to the loading of the boats, but finally everybody was in and the canoe with three was pushed off. The motor boat with eleven passengers followed. Helen and Zelda sat on the back deck of the motor boat and the rest were inside.

“Isn’t that a glorious moon tonight?” remarked Nancy.

“Yes. It’s enough to give a poet an inspiration,” answered Herman.

“Oh, I don’t know. It would be if the poet were educated at the University of Pennsylvania,” flung Harry (a U. of P. man).

“It might give a Pennsylvania educated poet an inspiration but he would not be able to use the idea when he had it. Now a Syracuse student would be just the one to get it and use it.” Helen always has an answer.

ETA CHAPTER
 First row, left to right—Mildred Cole, Ruth Hunt, Velce Mackin, Frances Harvey, Marguerite Van Horn, Helen Woolf, Helen Potter, Josephine Jones, Second row—Anna Carpenter, Helen Rosengrant, Lydia Hinkel, Ernestine Billings, Mabel George, Ada Johnston, Esther Weller, Eva Peters, Louise Beedker, Third row—Zelda Jones, Alma Johnston, Erdine McJury, Hazel Oswald, Marguerite Hull, Gertrude Babcock, Fourth row—Sarah Cooper, Mary Rosengrant, Mary Moyer, Gladys Arnold, Leora McChensey, Fifth row—Mable Clark, Margie Peters, Martie Stillwell.



"That's right. I stand for Syracuse, too. Guess I'll come out on the deck and we'll give a yell." Suiting his actions to his words "Red" climbed on the back deck. This additional weight sent a hole in the back of the boat under water. A stream of water about two by four inches began pouring into the boat. Helen realized what was going on and, walking the length of the boat, turned her toward shore.

In the meantime, this stream brought the boat down till the exhaust was under water and two streams poured in. The wheel on the engine turned the center of the boat into a beautiful geyser. This continued for a few seconds and the engine decided that that was not the work for which it was intended, so it ceased all work.

"Help! Help!" rang out in no faint whispers. Here was a crowd of eleven in the middle of the river in the middle of the night. Water was already a foot deep in the boat and getting deeper. "Help! Help! We're drowning!" Here the vocalists put their training into practice. Everybody bailed water with anything he could get his hands on. Herman used a funnel (by holding his thumb over the bottom). "Jud" snatched the batteries from the battery box and bailed water with it.

Canoes out for an evening paddle rushed to the rescue. One took Nancy and Zelda—Nancy promptly fainted. Another took one more passenger. About that time the owner of the camp appeared in the row boat. He had been roused from pleasant dreams by the vocal exercises of these pleasure seekers and had not yet taken time to robe himself properly. After two or three had gotten into the row boat, the motorboat was paddled ashore and all were on dry land—and glad to be there.

"No more midnight joy rides for me," exclaimed Mary, and the rest gave mental consent.

MABEL GEORGE, *Eta.*

A Summer in an Oregon National Forest

WHEN our Supreme Historian asked me to write a western article for the QUARTERLY, several subjects that I thought might be of interest to you came to my mind, and perhaps in selecting the subject of *A Summer in an Oregon National Forest*, I have not made a very wise choice. Perhaps I might have taken something more comprehensive, and yet I know of nothing that would give you a better idea of our western mountain country.

From Portland we go by train 135 miles south and east to Detroit, a dot of a town located well into the mountains. From Detroit to Marion Lake is 25 miles, and as Detroit is the end of the railroad that distance is traversed by pack train. Every ounce of provision is weighed out and packed on mountain ponies, tough, intelligent little animals that know perfectly every inch of the hard mountain trails. The entire trip is a beautiful one. Myraids of rushing streams cross the trail, some of them almost as big as the Santiam River, along which we travel for some distance. We go for miles through what is considered perhaps the finest timber in the state, and truly there is nothing more wonderful than our western forests. Their magnitude, their calm, their mighty strength, form a compelling whole whose spirit you cannot escape if you would.

The trails we found in excellent condition this year, thanks to extra work on the part of the Forest Service, but at best the trip is not easy. The climb is steady and no sooner do we reach one summit than the altitude is destroyed by an aggravating descent on the other side in order to climb up still higher on the next mountain.

A pack train makes an interesting and attractive sight. The pack horses are all tied together, the neck rope of one secured to the tail of the horse ahead. Then in case of trouble with one horse, the rest will hold him steady. The most reliable animal is put in the lead to pilot the following file, and the packer brings up the rear on a rider, shouting his directions to the leader whenever they are needed.

We reached the lake at 5 p. m., after having been on the trail eleven hours. After ten months in town we were all pretty soft, so felt a little tired, as much from riding as from walking. The first few days were spent in fixing up camp, in



Phi CHAPTER
 First row, left to right—Irene Albrecht, Hilda Eiler, Ruby C. Ledward, Florence Mitchell, Florence Rhoades.
 Second row—Edith Frohman, Nettie S. Fullinwider, Vera Goldt, Esther Larson.
 Third row—Hazel Kutza, Vina Brazelton, Merle Trembain.

felling dead trees for firewood, and in making a raft for lake fishing. Then came the side trips.

But first I must tell you about Marion Lake itself. It is a most beautiful body of water, one and a half by two and a half miles, a good sized lake, lying as it does almost at the summit of the Cascades. The water is very clear, very blue, and very deep; it has been sounded to one hundred ninety-eight feet and the bottom not reached. The timber extends clear to the shore line. To the south rises Three Fingered Jack, Marion's grim guardian. In the winter when that entire country is sleeping under a white blanket eighteen or twenty feet deep, Jack shows black and defiant against the sky, too rugged for the snow to cling to him except on the more gradual western slope. To the north of the lake looms Mt. Jefferson, colossal and magnificently beautiful.

Nor must I neglect to tell you of the funny inhabitants of the lake. I do *not* like to fish, but I *do* like to eat them, which fact our camp pointed out with exasperating frequency. The fish in the lake are unlike any other fish, simply Marion lake trout, with an indescribable flavor.

Our first trip was to Marion Mountain, a high point two miles south of the lake. The trip is extremely hard and in some places the ridge leading to the mountain is barely two feet wide, so a slip either way would be serious. During the ascent, all wished heartily for Marama Creek and its icy water of 38 degrees which ran by our camp, but a snow bank dispelled our troubles at least temporarily and the view did the rest. Never did it seem more wonderful to me than this summer. To the west was an interminable sea of mountains, range after range of them, with occasional high points on which were located the government look-out stations for the Forest Service, while in front of us lay Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Three Fingered Jack, Three Sisters, and Mt. Washington, seven snow peaks in all, and to the east the dim golden grain fields of eastern Oregon. Marion Lake lay glistening at our feet and we counted twenty-two smaller lakes dotted among the mountains. It was a wonderful sight, awe-inspiring in its savage, overwhelming beauty.

A few days later we visited an old crater some four miles back from the lake, and found that intensely interesting. Coming back five of our party got into a band of fifteen hundred sheep that were just being put through the counting pen by

the herder and his camp tender. We hailed the men with delight as they were the first people we had seen for nearly two weeks. They accepted, without any urging, our invitation to eat dinner with us next day and came loaded with an entire hind quarter of mutton, and mountain mutton is about the most delectable meat anyone ever ate. Our guests did full justice to the dinner, the first woman's cooking either had had for weeks, and particularly popular was the huckleberry pie. A trip to the outlet two days before had resulted in several bucketfulls of huckleberries, the only ones we got, as Indians from the Warm Springs Reservation came in the following day and cleaned them out. We gave the sheepmen all the fish they would take, as big a treat to them as their meat was to us.

The trip I like best to remember is the one to my own little lake. I call it my own because I had the privilege of naming it two years ago when all the lakes in that part of the reserve were stocked and named by the state, and it is now on all government maps. I named it for my dear old music master, the late Carl Baermann, who made two of my three years in Boston unspeakably precious. He left us shortly after the beginning of my third year, and one of his sorrowing pupils, at least, is still struggling to get along without the matchless inspiration of that truly perfect life. Baermann Lake lies three miles to the south of Marion, in the very heart of the Santiam National Forest. It is very beautiful, heavily timbered to the edge, with Three Fingered Jack in the background and as it is in the reserve, its beauty will always be protected by the government.

How reluctantly we pulled stakes and broke up camp. And when we reached Detroit we were horrified to learn all Europe was at war while our own nation was mourning over the death of our President's wife. For the time being, however, our attention was held by local interests, as two forest fires had broken out near Detroit. But a couple of days before, the Forest Supervisor had arrived and drafted all able-bodied men under fifty years to fight fire. All the men from the logging camps were taken, the Forest Service Patrolmen were called in and only the men on the look-out ranger stations stayed out.

Now, sisters mine, when you come West next year to see the San Francisco Fair, come in June and stop off at my own beautiful Portland for our Annual Rose Festival and we will show you something you cannot see in the whole of California.

Our slogan is Rose time—June time—Good time—Portland, and we'll prove every bit of it to you. We Mu Phis living in the Rose City will be oh, so happy to see you. Until then I send my love and wish you all a very pleasant and worth while year.

CLAIRE G. OAKES, *Beta Beta*.

The Omicron House Party

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH of May, the day to which we had looked forward all winter with great anticipation, we went to Wildwood, N. J., for our annual house party. This year we were the guests of J. Alfred Ackley, brother of our alumna sister, Mary L. Ackley.

Most the the girls met at the ferry and we all went down to the shore together on the afternoon train. Although we arrived late we found no one to meet us, however had our host been there in plenty of time he would not have been able to see us for Helen Magee's alligator bag—which is most as big as Helen. There we were stranded on the platform like a theatrical troop—for not one of the girls had the address of the cottage where we were to be entertained. Just then a cloud of dust approached from which we heard the call, "Oh my! are we late?"

After we reached the house and the girls had unpacked we proceeded to arrange our schedule of work and works, for we have found that by being very systematic a house party can prove great sport for all and a burden to no one. And let me tell you Omicron can surely boast some good cooks—especially those who prepared the dainty sandwiches for the beach party.

On Tuesday evening we had our shore supper and after dark we toasted marshmallows over the campfire to the accompaniment of stories and Mu Phi songs, then we had a war dance around the dying embers. After this we went to the Fun Chase Pier and I am afraid that we left our dignity outside, for we went on every slide, roulette-wheel, and every other similar laugh provoker we could find. (Ask Mary and Ethel how they felt the next day.) We ended the evening with a moonlight dance in the ballroom of the pier. It was a tired but happy crowd that returned to the cottage that night.

On Wednesday afternoon after luncheon we held a short business meeting and ended by singing the beloved Mu Phi songs. We then had some group pictures taken which fortunately turned out very well.

Sunday, as is our custom, we entertained Mr. and Mrs. Combs, our patronesses and some of the girls' parents. We had a splendid dinner—for we had saved our most accomplished cooks for that day—and were sorry not to have been able to

carry out our complete program for the afternoon as our guests returned to Philadelphia on an early train.

We tried to keep sensible hours, but there was always so much merriment in Ethel and Helen's room that it was always two or three o'clock in the morning before everyone was settled. On our last day together we decided to retire very early in order to be able to make a very early train to Philadelphia the next morning, so, when everyone was quiet and the whole house apparently wrapped in slumber, a terrible noise suddenly broke in on the peaceful rest of the sleepers. On investigation it proved to be an overture played on tin pans and other noise producing kitchen utensils. After a parade that suited the music we then decided to stay up all night—we succeeded pretty well but at four o'clock there were so many sleepy eyes that we decided to lie down for one hour. The next we knew we were awakened by Olive Hiron's gentle voice calling, "Girls! girls! its six o'clock!" I think everyone sprang out of bed at once—for there were suit cases to pack, breakfast to be eaten and a ten minutes' walk to the station—all to be accomplished in less than three-quarters of an hour. Tude Helms decided she could cover more space by falling and then had to run to make up for lost time. We reached the station in ample time, however, and then we realized how hard it was to part. We had been together for a week and found that the bond of sisterhood had been strengthened more in this time than in a year of our ordinary relations.

Girls—if you have never had a house party try it next year—we know you will then make it an annual event.

Omicron sends love and best wishes to all Mu Phis.

M. ETHEL QUINN, *Omicron*.

P. S.—If you find who put the crabs in the beds let us know.

Spirit of Music

I heard a song at Even'
The sound was wondrous sweet,
It stole through my chamber window
And soothed my soul to sleep.

Then through the velvety darkness
My soul was borne anon,
By soft robed ethereal spirits;
Souls of Musicians gone.

On with winged fleetness
Toward the star-specked azure dome,
Around, above, below us
A wilderness of tone.

Such Harmony of the gods
Was ne'er given man to hear,
Tones of clarion sweetness
Re-echoed far and near.

The souls of past Musicians
Softly luminously light
Dwelt in a unit of harmony,
Such as humans might.

Hear me, earthly ones
Those artists of the night
Imbued me with a message—
A message breathing light.

Aspiring ones, Musicians
Artists thou wouldst be?
Then Harmonize with Art
And thou hast found the Key.

Seek not the flesh-pots only
Or paltry, cheap applause;
Look well within thyself
And find a worthy cause.

When evening shadows lengthen
And night steals o'er the sky
Tune thy heart to the stillness
And list to the soft wind sigh.

From out the deep, deep silence
Sweet Harmony is born
It sinks within the heart
And will thy life adorn.

O, earthly ones, ye mortals!
Musicians, thou wouldst be?
Then Love and Harmony
Lead to the Spirit Key.

VINA M. BRAZELTON, *Pi*.

M U P H I E P S I L O N Q U A R T E R L Y

October 21—Artist Members' Program—Carrie Jacobs Bond and Mme. Ragua Linne.

November 18—American Folk Song—Arranged by Mabel Sharp Herdien.

December 16—Christmas Program—Marion Chase Schaeffer.

January 22—American Opera—Marion Taylor Hobbs.

February 19—Miscellaneous Program—arranged by Mrs. O. L. Fox.

March 19—The Child Element in Modern Opera—Irene Campbell.

April 21—Bird Music—Minnie Cedargreen.

May 21—American Women Composers—Rose Lutiger Gannon.

You will see that many, if not all, of these programmes can be American or English. As President Wilson has sent forth his proclamation for neutrality, why not show our appreciation of his wisdom, by giving nothing but music bearing the United States stamp. We have our opportunity to progress along artistic lines and raise our standards. Other countries have no time to progress, except along lines paved with human bodies, and their standards will be stained with blood. When it is all over, we shall find a new order of things, and why not make America artistically to be reckoned with? Every little helps, and Mu Phis must do their share.

Mabel Sharp Herdien and Rose L. Gannon have been assisting the National Symphony Orchestra in its summer concerts, with pronounced success, and Naomi Nazor has given a recital in the Chicago University course. Aside from these, I think all have rested on their laurels. Prudence Neff, Wally Heymar, George and Minnie Cedargreen, also Dorothy Lynch have been "en tour" all summer. It is not possible to record much of vital interest at this date, as we have held no meetings since June first and will not before you go to press, but I know the girls are all anxious to get back to work, and although we will have some regrettable vacancies, we have pledges who will be of musical value to us, the social part being always an unsolved problem. But charity and good will always harmonize, and time makes us one in thought and purpose. That this may be a year of expansion and progress is the sincere wish of Iota Alpha.

ANCELLA M. FOX, *Iota Alpha.*

N. B.—The following letter was received too late for publication in the June QUARTERLY and I am using it now—although the writer asked me to relegate it to the scrap basket—but I am sure after reading it you will all agree with me—that it is much too good to be wasted.—*Editor.*

My Dear Sisters in Mu Phi:

Iota Alpha has been so much in evidence the past year, I hardly know what to write you about our work.

With convention in our "mind's eye", all our plans were made to serve us to that end. Our morning musicales have been of high standard. We think "the laborer is worthy of his hire". and in asking a price we have done our best to give our patrons their money's worth. Our success has been such, that already there is a demand for next year. Our principle has not only enlarged our bank account, but has made us enlarge musically.

The last programme given May 27, in Ziegfeld Hall, was devoted to "Seasons". Daisy Heist Jones developed it and she knows how. We made it a general guest invitation, and it was charming, from the beautiful stage decorations to the manner of presentation. I think everyone felt it a fitting end of a prosperous season.

I must tell you what the convention was to Iota Alpha. It bound us together as nothing else ever had. It was a joy from first to last. Meeting so many sisters from other chapters, who were so well worth knowing, gave us such an enlarged idea of our importance as a sorority and of our opportunity to broaden ourselves in being a sister. How proud we should be of our Supreme Officers, and now our own Harriet is Vice-president, we know there is nothing better to be desired.

To you who did not and could not come, we send greetings and sympathy. It was too good a time to lose, and the spirit of it all was beautiful. A perfect love feast, and so much was accomplished for the future advancement of our sorority. The Delta girls came in numbers, and had everything their own way. We begin already to look toward Detroit hoping to enjoy the hospitality which is even now in evidence.

My, but we were lonesome after it was all over. We had to hold extra meetings to talk about it. We presented Harriet with a watch bracelet, to express our love and appreciation of her labors in managing the convention. She chose the right girls for every committee. I call that good judgment and if you want to know how each did her work, ask your delegate.

We had a luncheon at Mandels with Mrs. Bond as visitor. (She dares us to leave her out of anything from now on.) During the luncheon we presented Juliette Gerringer, our valued and outgoing treasurer, with a large silver photo frame. We hope it will not remind her of her troubles for two years. After the lunch, Harriet gave a theatre party, and when we parted at night we felt it was still convention week.

We have elected our officers for the coming year with the following result: President, Harriet Smulski (2nd term); Vice-president, Daisy Heist Jones (Mabel Herdien refusing re-nomination); Recording Secretary, Effie Hoarvig (2nd term); Corresponding Secretary, Irene Campbell (2nd term); Treasurer, Maude W. Chandler; Historian, Ancella M. Fox; Warden, Ruth Sharp (2nd term); Chaplain, Helen Beifeld; Chorister, Louise H. Slade. Two new members have been initiated, Mae Doelling, pianist, and Dorothy Lynch, violinist. Caliste left May 9 for her new western home, carrying with her our love, best wishes, and a small remembrance of both. We shall miss her in many ways and places.

Now comes college examinations and closing of the school year. Florence Stephenson posts and Naomi Nazor graduates, both with honors and gold medals.

We have made our scholarship fund into an emergency fund, as it covers a broader field of action in doing good. This year we have been able to help one talented sister into the professional field. We know she will "make good". I find as we know each other better, we want to help more. The QUARTERLY should help to keep those in touch who met at the convention, and broaden the sorority view of us all. In this connection I want to call the attention of our sisters to Marguerite Bieber's article on American composition in the March issue. It is a clear and intelligent view of a subject which seems to trouble so many great minds, and a Mu Phi girl has "hit the nail on the head".

Since convention week, Mabel Herdien and Rose Gannon have filled engagements innumerable. Mabel went to Oberlin to sing "The Children's Crusade" for the ninth time. Florence Stephenson has been doing club work, also Louise Slade. Minnie Cedargreen and Prudence Neff, with Dorothy Lynch will be busy with summer towns all the warm months, while Marian C. Schaeffer is just starting out for ten weeks. Naomi Nazor is to give recitals at Chicago University during their course, and

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I must not forget to mention Harriet's successful concert at Orchestra Hall last Sunday, at which she netted \$3,000, for her pet charity, the Polish Hospital.

Perhaps this is enough for this time. I don't want to weary you with my talking about Iota Alpha, for as you may have guessed, I could go on forever.

We all send love and greetings to our sisters, and wish a wish that we may again meet those we have met, and in time know you all.

Faithfully yours in Mu Phi,
ANCELLA M. FOX, *Iota Alpha*.



LAMBDA CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Mae Holmes, Loraine Fraser, Elizabeth Phillips, Marguerite Dietrick, Katherine Anderson, Hilda Mullin.
Second row—Marion Schaeffer, Cecil King, Clara Squier, Esther Hillard, Lillian Russel, Avis Eisenhardt, Winifred Ward.
Third row—Lulla Brenner, Enola Foster, Lura Pickering, Ruth Meyers, Aristee Clifford, Lora Norwood, Daisy Anthony.
Fourth row—Marjery Hummel, Mae Wilcox, Ida Reed, Helen Doyle, Florence Wolford, Esther White, Mildred Wadsworth.

Letter from Lambda

Dear Sisters:

ALL WELCOME! Once again we are united after a good, long vacation, and it is Lambda's wish that each and every one of her sisters enjoyed hers to the utmost.

A good many of our girls were back for the summer school at the conservatory and also at the university. June Robertson, Ethel Langham and Grace Covey, some of our girls who have been gone quite a while, were back and we were mighty glad to see them.

Cause and effect are splendid things. Once you have the cause, the effect will soon come forth. The number of Mu Phi girls here during summer session served as a most worthy cause, and the effect was in the form of a picnic and dance at the Country Club, given to us by our sister, Esther Hilliard. I wish that joy could be entirely explained by words instead of leaving the biggest share of it to the imagination.

To begin with, we all went up the hill at about three in the afternoon to the Country Club, and it did seem mighty good to see everybody again. At the usual inner calling, we appeased our appetites ever and ever so much. I can not refrain from mentioning the exemplary (?) behavior exhibited by our sisters Kate and Katherine. Needless to say, it acted as a spice. Also the appetite of Grace, you know whom I mean—you know her, was likewise amazing. At the lunch there were about fifty of us, including guests and patronesses.

After supper, the men came, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Punch and wafers were served. Oh, I most forgot about the pretty nosegays of sweet peas, which were given to everyone. All I can say is, that wherever there are Mu Phis present, a good time is assured, and Esther's party was a most decided success.

Lambda now has some new patronesses of whom she is very proud. They were installed as such in June. The new ones are Mrs. Jay Gould Sherman, Miss Florence Andrus, Mrs. Sydney Howell, Mrs. A. W. Brown, Mrs. M. C. Dennis, Mrs. E. Ellis, Mrs. G. Owens, Mrs. J. L. Morris, Mrs. Geo. R. Williams, Mrs. Nathaniel Schmidt, Mrs. E. Bostwick. On the morning of June twelfth, we entertained them with a delightful program given by our girls.

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Last year proved a most successful one for Lambda in every sense. Now that everybody is really rested and filled with renewed vigor, the coming year holds promise of even greater success.

May our slogan "Seetheth not her own", be one of our helpful hints for what is ahead of us.

Respectfully submitted,

ENOLA FOSTER, *Lambda.*

Letter from Nu

Dear Sisters :

YOUR letter, asking for an article which might be used in the October number of our Mu Phi QUARTERLY, reached me just as I was leaving for a two months' trip into the Cascade Mountains.

I am not sure what kind of an article you asked for, and since my return I have had no time to write asking for full particulars and receive a reply in time, so I am doing the best I can under the circumstances.

Practically the only thing which seems to be of any interest at all is the enlargement of our present school of music here at Oregon. Naturally, a widening of the scope of work covered by the department of music in the university will tend to attract more students in this line of work, and thus there will be a greater opportunity for our chapter to become strengthened and to add to its present numbers many desirable girls of both musical and social ability.

As a first step toward this improved course of work, Dr. John J. Landsbury has been engaged to take charge of the piano and harmony departments during the coming year. Dr. Landsbury, who has won recognition as a composer, is also a man of wide experience as a teacher, having taught seven years in Simpson College where he received his titles of Bachelor and Doctor of Music.

Dr. Landsbury is engaged by the Culbertson Agency of Chicago to give a series of piano recitals, and he is also much in demand as an accompanist.

Lila Prosser, one of our own charter members who has been studying in New York with Camparnari for the past year, has returned home and will be one of the instructors in the voice department with Dean Ralph H. Lyman.

A great number of theory courses have been added and special attention is to be paid to this line of work, which has before been only of secondary prominence.

A department of wind instruments is to be established this year also, and an artist of highest rank will be chosen for the instructor. It is hoped that a pipe organ may be secured, in which case the best of instruction on that instrument will be offered, but at present there is no organ in the city that is open for practice.



NU CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Mabel Withers, Helen Johnson, Mona Daugherty, Edna Prescott Datson, Meta Goldsmith, Valene Eastman, Katherine J. Kirkpatrick.
 Second row—Mae A. Norton, Myrtle Kem, Helen Kust, Buree McConahy, Leta Mast, Myrl McCloskey, Ethel Brown.
 Third row—Alberta Campbell, Grace Campbell, Ruth Lawrence, Leah Perkins, Rita Fraley.

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It is also promised that the school of music shall have a building of its own in the near future. It is probable that this will be the building formerly occupied by the school of civil engineering. This change will not be made just at present, however. The number of rooms accessible as studios are to be increased from six to seven, and two new grand pianos have been added to the equipment.

It is expected that we will be able to gain further credit for work done in the school of music. At present a total of eight hours are allowed on a Bachelor of Arts degree, and this should be materially increased.

We are expecting to have an especially interesting year in our glee club work, also. It is our plan to give our annual concert earlier in the year than has been done previously, and then to spend our time working on a light opera which will be given during junior week-end.

All plans? Oh no, some of them have already materialized, and altogether this bids fair to be a promising and interesting year for Nu chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon.

RITA FRALEY, *Nu*.



XI CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Clara Powell, Augusta Gufler, Marie Keteels, Kate Shanks, Margaret Morgan, Charlotte Anderson, Edna Lyon, Olivia Olsson.
 Second row—Mary Morin, Fay Blair, Edna Lambert, Nina Kanaga, Agnes Uhrlaub, Agnes Moses, Gladys Henry, Rhea Wilson, Corinne Smyth.
 Third row—Ruth Burnham, Mona Derge, Elsa Zutavern, Miriam Stone, Merle Smith, Helen Woolsey, Helen Dawson, Ruth Deibert.

A Letter from Xi

Dear Sisters:

XI has been rather quiet as a chapter this summer, although the girls have managed to have a few jolly times together.

Early in June, Ada Johnston, a Mu Phi from Syracuse, visited Abby Louise Fuller and several parties were given for her. Our early morning breakfast in the country, given during her visit, was certainly a success.

Later, Agnes Uhrlaub, our president, delighted the "town girls" by inviting them to spend the week-end at her summer cottage about five miles from Lawrence, near Lake View, but deep in the woods. Some of the girls were away at summer resorts, so only five were able to go to the camp: Clara Powell, Mary Preyer, Lorene Walton, Mary Morin and Agnes Uhrlaub. However, the number was sufficiently large, and the girls had a glorious good time fishing and boating and doing all stunts customary in camp life. In fact, judging from the enthusiastic accounts of the trip, we who missed it feel that we lost the chance of a college lifetime.

And now we are busy planning for rushing. This is our first year for a real Mu Phi house, and maybe you think we aren't proud of it!

Three attractive affairs have been planned for the entertainment of new girls, and we are hoping much for the school year.

Xi sends best wishes to every chapter for a happy year together in Mu Phi.

NINA KANAGA, Xi.

Letter from Sigma

Dear Sisters of Mu Phi:

AS the summer is drawing to a close we naturally look forward to our work again. And when we are in school once more, we look back with pleasure upon some of the pleasant moments we spent during the summer.

I am going to tell you something of a vacation spent on the Mississippi coast—Biloxi was the name of the particular town. There are other coast towns near, which are said to be prettier than Biloxi, but Biloxi has the distinction of being the second to the oldest city in the South.

The journey from home to Biloxi was the usual one, in that nothing happened to jar the monotony of the ride on the cars; when I reached Biloxi it was raining, and I shall never forget my first sight of the Gulf as the waves were rolling and dashing, with whitecaps appearing, disappearing, and re-appearing.

I might tell you of many things, but that would be tiresome, so I am going to tell you about a walk I had one afternoon and something in particular that I saw.

The evening was pleasantly cool as we strolled down toward the West Beach. On one side of the beautiful shell road great trees grew with long gray moss hanging from their branches. On the other side along the water's edge now and then great oleander bushes grew. Some of the blossoms were white, some were pink; some were single and some were double. As we walked further on we came to that particular something that I am going to write about.

This particular something was an oak tree. In one of its branches a perfect ring was formed. Perhaps in the Episcopal Church, which stands in the shade of the tree, there dwells the spirit of those who living made the tree famous. I will tell the story in my own words.

Long, long ago before the white man's foot trod upon the coast of the blue water, there lived peacefully in "The Land of Broken Pot", or Biloxi, two tribes of Indians, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws.

The chief of the Choctaws, Black Hawk in name, had a daughter, "Laughing Water", who was the fairest of all maidens in the tribe.

Top row, left to right—Orrie Kaiser, Hilda Holland, Ruth Row, Olive Hiron, Helen Magee, Katharine Schlittler.
 Second row—Helene Weber, Gertrude Heims, Caroline Geiger, Alma Beechler, Adele Hudnut, Helen Magee.
 Bottom row—Ada Guckens, Dora Boyer, Vida Jones, Harriet Shaw, Eva Harwick.

OMICRON CHAPTER



Now because Laughing Water was both good and fair, she had many suitors, chief among these suitors being Light Foot, the son of the chief of the Chickasaws. They had played together in childhood, and as they grew older, Light Foot had dreams of calling this fairest Indian maiden his own. But he was afraid of Black Hawk, for he knew that Laughing Water was his favorite.

But at last the day came when he decided that he would wait no longer. So he went to the wigwam of Black Hawk. He went in fear and trembling, for he knew that if Laughing Water was ever to become his, he must accomplish some great deed to show that he was worthy of her.

As he stood at the entrance of the wigwam hesitating he could see Laughing Water weaving her mats. Through the trees the breeze of the spring morning was wafted, and from the shore he heard the rhythm of the dashing waves. Somehow hope sprang into his breast. Then, hesitating no longer, he pulled apart the flaps of the wigwam and stood in the presence of Black Hawk.

"Why come you here?" said Black Hawk, looking up at Light Foot.

And Light Foot answered and said, "I come to ask for the hand of Laughing Water".

And again said Black Hawk, "Dost thou know that Laughing Water is loved by many, and some of those many have done great deeds? What have you done to be worthy of her?"

When Black Hawk uttered these words, Light Foot's heart sank within him. He knew that he had done nothing that Black Hawk would consider worth while. But yet he answered and said: "O, Chief, I am willing to attempt any task that you might set before me, for I truly love your daughter".

Then Black Hawk smiled with the smile of the cunning and said: "Since you are so willing to undertake any task that I might set before you, go find a tree with a ring in its branches".

Light Foot smiled bravely back and said that he would try. He turned and left the tent; but hope seemed almost gone. As he walked toward his wigwam he thought bitter thoughts to himself. Such a thing as he had been given to find was impossible, and arriving at his wigwam, he threw himself upon the ground and was soon asleep. When he awoke the sun was high up in the heavens and he felt hungry. He thought of going down and catching a fish for his dinner: but the

thoughts of the tree came back. No, he would go hunting in the forest instead. Picking up his bow and arrow, he tried the strength of the bow and felt of the arrow's point, and then he got up and walked into the forest. He was thinking, thinking, when suddenly he heard a noise. Twang, went his arrow, as it shot from the bow straight into the heart of a great buck. Light Foot ran towards the buck, but in running he was caught by the low branches of an oak tree. He stopped to unentangle himself, and as he did so, he noticed that a small branch had crossed it and that the two branches formed a ring.

A bright idea struck him. So taking his knife and a piece of string he bound the branches together so that they would grow and form a ring. After that he went many times into the forest. A year passed away and again on another spring he stood before Black Hawk. "Come," he said breathlessly, "I have found the ring in the tree!" Black Hawk, followed by Laughing Water, went with Light Foot into the forest. They stood before the oak; and it was as Light Foot had said. The ring was there. Black Hawk knew that he must keep his word, so taking the hand of Laughing Water, he placed it in that of Light Foot.

They were married and lived happily ever after.

So it was that the ring came to be in the branch of the great oak.

MARY SAVAGE, *Sigma*.

Editorials, Announcements and Personals

THE war in Europe is the chief sensation of the day and it has brought sadness to many homes, even in America. We all read so much about the war and hear it discussed so much that we will not speak of it in this issue of our magazine, but in connection with this, I want to call the attention of music students in America to the fact that America is the only place where student life is remaining untouched.

We have had an annual exodus of thousands of students to the European conservatories. Now, many of our students are returning to America, and it is necessary for them to continue their studies here if they continue them at all. Also many talented young men from the conservatories and universities all through Europe have given up all thought of study and are in the battlefield.

It is sad, indeed, to know that so much undeveloped talent must be wasted in this fearful carnage. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and we have before us an opportunity to raise America to a place of recognition in the music circles of the world which it has never had before.

This is being recognized by educators all over our broad country and I believe you will find your attention called to the fact in Mrs. Fox's article, "The Vernacular in Song."

The Etude for October is to be an all-American number, which shows that music publishers on this side of the water are realizing the great opportunity that is ours at present.

To raise the standards of music in America is one of the ideals of our sorority. Why not, this year, make a special effort along this line, and whether you are an active or an alumna sister, do some truly musical missionary work in your community.

Mr. Percy Jewett Burrell, of the New England Conservatory, who is president of Phi Mu Alpha—Sinfonia, has very kindly contributed to this issue of the *QUARTERLY*. In doing so, he asked me to name the article, and it was quite a difficult task, but I finally decided on "A Plea for Unity."

I am making this explanation because if you readers decide that the article is not well named, I want to take the blame for it.

However, it makes no difference what the name is, the article is truly excellent, and I wish in this column to thank Mr. Burrell, on behalf of the sorority, for his interest in us, and to assure him of our hearty support in bringing about musical unity.

This is the season when you have either had your rushing and pledge day, or are planning for it. There is no impression quite so lasting as the first. Remember this when you pledge girls whom you hope to embrace in the bonds of sisterhood. Be sure to give them the correct impression of our ideals by your entertainments during rushing season, and be sure to impress them with the seriousness and dignity of Mu Phi Epsilon when they first witness our secret ceremonies.

In the June QUARTERLY I told you that one of my dreams was to have articles and pictures from our honoraries during the coming year. This one dream stands in a fair way to be entirely realized.

I have received articles from Mme. Jane Osborn-Hannah, Germaine Schnitzer and Miss Maggie Teyte. The last named, however, will not be used until a later issue, owing to the fact that I am still waiting for the photograph which is to accompany it.

I have also taken the liberty of using a clipping from the St. Louis *Record-Herald* concerning Jessie Gaynor, a sister of whom we are so proud and whom we feel so near to because of the personal contact during last convention.

The next issue of the QUARTERLY is to be given over almost wholly to articles concerning alumnae and letters from prominent alumnae, so hunt through your dusty records and find your most prominent alumna and remind her that it is up to her to reflect her glory on her chapter.

We take great pleasure in announcing that *The Lyre* of Alpha Chi Omega, has been placed on our exchange list. The July *Lyre* is in our hands, and is truly a most excellent publication.

Our Supreme President was unexpectedly called to Brenau to be present at the pledge day of Mu chapter. We all extend our deepest sympathy to our dear sisters in the South who have so recently lost a very capable and charming sister, Gladys Glass. It was owing to her sudden death in an automobile accident that the entire rushing plans of Mu were disarranged.

We sincerely trust that this is the last calamity that shall befall our sisters in the South.

In the resolutions from convention, also in the June QUARTERLY, announcement was made of the "Original Composition Contest" to be held this year among Mu Phi Epsilons.

The object of such a contest is to encourage our sisters to creative effort and we trust that there will be many contestants from each chapter.

There will be no restrictions as to the style of composition. The contest closes February 15, 1915, and all contestants must send work to Florence Girardot, 1072 West Fort Street, Detroit, Michigan, before that date.

The following rules must be observed—for failure to comply with one rule the composition will be thrown out:

1. Contestant must be a Mu Phi Epsilon.
2. Work must be original.
3. Work must not be rolled nor folded—but must be sent flat.
4. Contestant's name, initials or any other marks of identification must not be on the manuscript.
5. A sealed envelope containing the contestant's name and the name of the composition must accompany each composition.
6. A contestant may enter only one composition.

Watch for additional directions in later issues of the QUARTERLY.

A Mu Phi as War Nurse

Miss Blanche Pociy, daughter of French Consul Eugene Pociy, who has been studying in Paris, has become an instructor of amateur nurses in that city.

In a letter to her father, she says that the Germans are keeping to the terms of The Hague "war ordinances", as the wounded soldiers being brought in all show that only the sharp-

nosed bullets are being fired by the Germans. The bullets perforate cleanly.

Blanche Pociey is an alumna member of Alpha.

Beta

Mary Rowe (alumna), has been teaching in the Crane Institute in New York State this past year.

Alice Davis is teaching in Marionville, Missouri.

Lyla Edgerton is teaching in Newton, Kansas.

Mrs. Grace Bomier-Williams, chapter honorary member, has been spending the summer in Paris.

Alice Duffy Brine has a little baby boy, born last June—Herbert Victor Brine.

Constance Freeman will be married early in the fall to Mr. Arthur Hackett, a tenor, in Boston. They will live in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Virginia Stickney will be married in the early fall to Mr. Francis Snow, and they will also live in Brookline.

Evalyn Crawford (alumna), of Salt Lake City, Utah, was married on the second of September to Dr. Richards, of Salt Lake.

Early in June Beta chapter gave a shower for Constance Freeman at Mrs. Alice Duffy Brine's house in Brighton. Tea was served later and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

Gamma

Spring initiation was held April 20 with six initiates: Mrs. Perry, Ethel Molitor, Beulah Brooks, Maybelle Simpon, Miss Adgate and Helen Showerman, all of whom are very active musically. The initiation banquet was held at the Allene Hotel.

Our annual spring party was held at the Country Club, May 22.

Bess Adgate was elected treasurer of the Sinfonic League of the School of Music.

The local chapter had the pleasure of entertaining several Mu Phi Epsilon sisters during the May Festival season, among whom were Frieda Gagel, of Delta, with two friends, Mildred Haymaker and Jess Leeman Henderson, formerly of Gamma.

Our last musicale was a joint affair with the Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia fraternity at the home of Dorothy Wines.

First row, left to right—Gerrtrude Gentsch, Lyla Edgerton, Pearl Tabbot, Alice White, Ada Chadwick, Alice Allen, Ruth Bullard, Vesta Lockerman, Bula Shull.
 Second row—Marguerite Neckamp, Jessie Hollecker, Anna M. Baker, Lydia White, Dorothy Willis, Alice D. Brine, Alice Davis, Mabel Chambers, Helen Hartley.
 Third row—Urschel Hackett, Dorothy Hills, Marguerite Gilman, Creola Ford, Frances Boelen, Constance Freeman, Ora Larthard, Gerrtrude Snuyers, Maybelle Day.

BETA CHAPTER



Gamma loses three girls this fall who will resume their education at other institutions. Esther Darrow will continue her piano work at the Damrosche Institution in New York City, while Alice Darrow will continue her music and art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, and Margaret Darrow will study at Barnard College for Women in New York City.

Reva Koon is back with us again after being principal at the Honor Michigan High School.

Alicia Poole, our new chapter president, spent her vacation at her summer home at Mackinac Island.

Edith Killets, of Toledo, Ohio, spent her summer at Port Frank, Ontario. Edith is seriously contemplating studying in Chicago this fall.

Grace Johnson, who has been studying abroad during the past year, has returned and will resume her work in the vocal department of the University School of Music.

Florence Colling, who was graduated from the University of Michigan last June, spent her summer abroad where she has had many thrilling experiences. She has taken up her position as principal of the Normal School at Ithaca, Michigan.

Alma Young, who received her Bachelor of Arts from the University of Michigan in 1912, has been doing work on her Master's degree here this summer.

Grace Drury attended the Normal School at Ypsilanti, taking postgraduate work in public school music and drawing. She will resume her position at Lake Geneva, Illinois, where she and Georgine Thompson taught during the past year.

Rheba Benaway sprung a surprise on us by announcing her marriage to Robert R. Brown, of Pittsburgh, Pa., which took place June 19. Mr. Brown is a member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity.

September first we moved into our new home at 1320 Cambridge Road. The following Friday the "movers", Margaret Hoag, Eloise Young, Dorothy Wines and Catherine Regan entertained Gamma at a "sewing and house-investigating party" at the new home.

Theta

The annual river excursion of Theta chapter was on the Alton, Wednesday, June 17. The day was enjoyed by all.

Charlotte Baker is spending the summer in Huntington, West Virginia.

Florence Lewis is at her summer home in Whitehall, Mich. Myrtle Sutter Hobart, of Kansas City, one of our alumnae, with her infant daughter, has just concluded a visit in St. Louis.

Announcement of the marriage of Senta Mercedes Goldberg to Mr. John Richard Fismorth on June twenty-fifth has been received. Their home address will be Brownsville, Tenn.

Orah Ashley Lamke announces the arrival of Georgia Lamke at the home of E. H. Ashley on August twelfth, at Boulder, Colorado.

Lambda

Avis Eisenhardt and Floyd Oakley were married in the latter part of July.

Ida Reed has been visiting her brother in Minneapolis during the months of August and September.

Nellie Kennedy and family have spent the summer in their cottage by the lake.

Ruth Meyers, Mae Wilcox and Enola Foster have been added to the faculty of the conservatory, thus making six members of the faculty who are Mu Phis.

Cecil King, Marion Shaeffer, June Robertson, Ethel Langham and Grace Covey were here during the summer, studying.

Marion Rogers and Lura Pickering spent the summer at their homes, Darion, N. Y., and Thompson, Pa., respectively.

Ethel Moyer spent a good share of the summer traveling in Europe.

Alcinda Cummings was here during the summer session studying with Mr. Egbert.

Mu

Eve Stinson was married to L. N. Fitzhenry at her home in California in June. Eve was one of our charter members and head of the voice department here for several years. She is a pupil of the late Willis Bachellor, of Maine, and has also studied with George Sweet, of New York.

Valene Eastham, ex-'15, was married to Ernest C. Poole, of Eugene, May 18. They are living here and her home is a meeting place for many happy Mu Phi throngs.

Meta Goldsmith, one of the honor students of the class of '13, has gone to Berkeley to continue her course of studies.

First row, left to right—Katherine Carmichael, Roxiela Taylor, Florence Levering.
 Second row—Lila Steele, Bernice Askins, Mae Smith, Ariel Gross, Agnes Franz, Rose Gaynor.
 Third row—Vera McKeynolds, Emma Rutledge, Mary Vickers, Anita Rodemich, Julia Kroeger, Mabel Bibb, Ivy Cobb.
 Fourth row—Charlotte Baker, Florence Lewis, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, Alice Ehot, Genevieve Landry.

THETA CHAPTER



Mae Norton, '13, is to teach in the high school of Jefferson, Oregon, during the coming year.

Alberta Campbell, who has been teaching in the school of music here for the past two years, will teach in The Dalles, Oregon.

Lila Prosser, who has been studying opera in New York during the past year with Guiseppe Camparnari, has returned to us and will have a position as voice instructor in the school of music here.

Xi

Ruth Diebert, '14, is teaching in Florence, Colorado.

Margaret Morgan will spend the winter in Salina, teaching.

Fay Blair, '14, is in Portland, Oregon, teaching.

Ruth Burnham, '14, will teach in Boulder, Colorado.

Omicron

Nell Webber, '13, has gone to Easton, Pa., where she will teach piano in the Hay School of Music. The Hay School of Music was founded last year by our sister, Fannie Mae Hay, and she is meeting with unbounded success, which she certainly deserves, for she has not only excellent instructors but remarkable equipment and is directly connected with Combs Conservatory, of Philadelphia.

In addition to Adele Hudnut, our faculty sister, Ruth Row, Eva Barwick and Blanche Sipple will teach in Combs this year.

Ruth Herron, who was compelled to leave school on account of ill health in the early spring, is quite well again and is expecting to return to her study.

Anna Overman was married July eleventh to Mr. Max Suhr, of West Palm Beach, Florida.

Rho

What a peaceful and happy vacation we have all had, and mainly because we have been in direct communication even though scattered through many states! And then the "Stay-at-homes" had so many little treats in the way of afternoons at home, and dear little teas, and chats over the cups and embroidery frames, as it were.

Frances Gutelius gave the dandiest little Dansant for us on her large and shady veranda out in one of Washington's suburbs, a victrola and tea table being important factors. But that was way along in July, a very scorching day, too, by the way.

Then our Eta sister, who is making her home here, Mrs. Ruth (Histed) Constance entertained at another little porch affair; but unfortunately many of the girls were away at that time and could not enjoy it. We played numerous card games and gossiped about a prospective bride, and preparations for the happy event.

Just at present we are planning a farewell and grand send off for our ex-president, Gertrude McRae, who will soon take up her duties on the faculty at Queens College, Charlotte, N. C. Greatly will we miss her, but feel consoled when we know that her experiences will not only benefit her, but through her will broaden us.

We have just heard that two of our sisters from the baby chapter, Sigma, will be with us this winter. They are Carola Craig, and Eleanor Reeve, who will pursue their studies at the university. We are looking forward to a very happy and prosperous winter.

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