

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

OCTOBER, 1913

Mu Phi Epsilon
Quarterly



Volume VIII *Number 2*

October, 1913

Official Publication of Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority

Contents

Foreword	63
The Gift	65
President's Message	66
Extension	68
Relation of the Sorority to Its Alma Mater—From the Conservatory Standpoint	71
Relation of the Sorority to Its Alma Mater—From the University Standpoint	73
Individual Responsibility in Sorority Life	74
A Girl's First Year of Fraternity Life	76
Similarity Between Sorority and Home Life	77
Ode	78
Can We Raise Our Standard of Scholarship and Maintain it?	79
The Value of Sorority Examinations	80
How Can the Chapter Retain the Interest of Its Alumnae?	81
The Influence of Music in the Community	83
Mu Phi Creed	85
In Memoriam	86
Vacation Article From Lambda	88
Alpha's Outing	89
Items of Interest From Mu	91
Vacation Letter From Kappa	93
A Letter From Iota Alpha	96
A Vacation Article From Theta	97
The Omicron House Party	98
A Song of Epsilon	101
Climbing Mt. Hood	102
An Interlude	105
Vacation Stories From a Boston Settlement House	107
Sarah Ann's Wedding	108
The Supervisor	109
The Marked Path	111

Mu Phi Epsilon Quarterly Directory

Editors

ANNA OVERMAN	Supreme Historian 811 S. Rome Ave., Tampa, Florida.
EVA BARWICK	Assistant to Supreme Historian 1331 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
CLARA WIHELMY	Historian for Alpha
BLANCHE MORRILL	Historian for Beta
GRACE DRURY	Historian for Gamma
MARGUERITE BIEBER	Historian for Delta
EUNICE HOLST	Historian for Epsilon
ANNA MOYER	Historian for Eta
ROXIELETTIE TAYLOR	Historian for Theta
DORIS BENSON	Historian for Iota Alpha
MARGERET YOUNG	Historian for Kappa
MILDRED CARD	Historian for Lambda
MAMIE COHEN	Historian for Mu
HELEN JOHNSON	Historian for Nu
FAY BLAIR	Historian for Xi
EVA BARWICK	Historian for Omicron
VINA BRAZELTON	Historian for Pi

Supreme Council

ORA BETHUNE JOHNSON	Supreme President 5765 Berlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
ALICE DUFFY BRINE	Supreme Vice-president 695 Washington St., Brighton, Mass.
CALISTE SINEK	Supreme Secretary Hotel Grasmere, Sheridan Rd. & Eastwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
FLORENCE GIRARDOT	Supreme Treasurer 1072 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.
ANNA OVERMAN	Supreme Historian

The MU PHI EPSILON QUARTERLY is published by George Banta at Menasha, Wisconsin, in the months of June, October, December and March. Subscription price 56 cents per year.

Application has been made for entry at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, as second class matter.

Chapter Roll

Alpha.....Metropolitan College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio
Beta.....New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.
Gamma.....University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Delta.....Detroit Conservatory of Music, Detroit, Mich.
Epsilon.....Toledo Conservatory of Music, Toledo, Ohio
Eta.....Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Theta.....Kroeger School of Music, St. Louis, Mo.
Iota Alpha.....Chicago Musical College, Chicago, Ill.
Kappa.....Metropolitan School of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.
Lambda.....Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mu.....Brenau College Conservatory, Gainesville, Georgia
Nu.....Music School University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon
Xi.....University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas
Omicron.....Combs Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pi.....Lawrence Conservatory, Appleton, Wis.

Honorary Advisory Board

Ex-Supreme Presidents

ELIZABETH MATHIAS, (Mrs. J. W. Fuqua) Greeley, Colo.
MYRTLE PALMER, Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.
ELFRIDA LANGLOIS, Wyandotte, Mich.
ALICE DAVIS, (Mrs. L. Bradford) Cincinnati, Ohio

Honorary Roll

MME. CECILE CHAMINADE
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
MISS ALICE NIELSEN
MISS GERMAINE SCHNITZER
MISS LEONORE JACKSON
MISS GERALDINE FARRAR
MME. JANE OSBORNE HANNAH
MISS MAGGIE TEYTE
MME. CAHIER



ALICE DUFFY BRINE
Supreme Vice-President
695 Washington St., Brighton, Mass.



ORA BETHUNE JOHNSON
Supreme President
5765 Berlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mu Phi Epsilon Quarterly

Volume VIII

OCTOBER, 1913

Number 2

Foreword

FIRST of all I want to thank every one who has contributed to this number of the QUARTERLY, and the chapter historians whose willing coöperation has made so full an issue possible. I hope you have all pardoned my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your material and answering your letters, if you have not, pray do now—for it was impossible to write letters and prepare the material at the same time, and all the work has been done away from home.

There seemed to be a slight misunderstanding in some cases in regard to the Greek News Letter. Some received the impression that individual pledges from the girls were expected; this, however, was not the case. Instead, the promise of one subscription from each chapter was asked. There is no doubt but each chapter would be greatly benefited by the reading of such a paper; I am sure you will agree to this after you have read our President's message and Alice's article on Extension.

I hope every one is by this time so filled with zeal for Mu Phi Epsilon that she will count the hours till meeting time. I never felt so much sorority enthusiasm as I do at the present time and I believe you can all say the same thing. While I will be at home this winter, I expect to keep in very intimate touch and continue my work with Omicron, and of course I will be in personal touch with each chapter so I feel that I have a splendid opportunity to really work for our beloved Mu Phi, and best of all I have plenty of time to devote to my work as Historian. Just think, this is the first year, with the exception of one, since I started to school as a child, that September has not found me actively engaged in school work. Of course that is a long, *long* time and I miss it very much, but not nearly so much as I thought I would. It really is a pleasure to realize that I can change my plans for a day at a moment's notice without the change affecting any one but myself.

I suppose every one had a vacation that has left many pleas-

ant memories. To me the best part of the entire vacation was our wonderful house party at Wildwood. If your chapter is in need of a rousing, good time that will draw friendship's ties closer than they have been before, I recommend that you begin now to plan for a vacation house party.

I must tell you of a beautiful sight I saw this morning. My brother and I (I am in Sanford with my brother and sister at present) went out in the country, leaving the house soon after six o'clock. We drove about four miles, then crossed the St. John's River on a small ferry, and after driving a few rods were in a veritable fairy land. The road passed through country known here as the "flats" and on either side of the road, as far as one could see, there were wonderful yellow daisies growing in the greatest profusion. In the distance, against the sky line, were luxuriant growths of long-leafed pines, oaks and palms. It was truly a glorious sight. We filled the back seat of the machine with daisies and took them home with us. The daisies were not the only interesting sight we saw either, for the country is beautiful now. The farmers are just setting out the feathery celery and lettuce plants which will probably be a part of your winter salads. You will probably think I am advertising Florida, but such is not the case; it is genuine enthusiasm, and if any Mu Phi dares enter the State of Florida this winter without letting me know about it—well, she is no sister of mine.

If any Mu Phi, active or alumna, can think of any plan by which we all, personally and as a sorority, can receive a more lasting benefit through the QUARTERLY, do write and tell me about it and I will try, as far as possible, to use every good suggestion. Criticisms will also be appreciated, so do not hesitate to add them in a postscript.

Remember that for this winter my only imperative engagement is with Mu Phi Epsilon, and if I can be of any assistance to any one, chapter historians especially, it will give me pleasure to do the little I can.

ANNA OVERMAN, *Supreme Historian.*

"Art is for expression, and that art is best which expresses most."

The Gift

A fairy hovering o'er the earth
Espied a child just given birth;
She paused, attracted by the sight
Of life's first wakening into light,
"What gift have I, of all my store
Which will produce the magic power
To transform life and joy distill,
Even to its most potent ill?"
From out her store of magic gifts
The wond'rous power of song she lifts,
"I doubly bless thee child," she said
As by its side the gift she laid,
"For while this charm can never fail
To give thee joy, though grief assail,
Thou shalt thyself a charm bestow
Whene'er thy voice with song o'erflow."

MRS. O. L. FOX, *Iota Alpha.*

Fail, yet rejoice, because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content
Thus knowing that it was meant
A chord in one great instrument;

That even discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

A. A. PROCTOR.

President's Message

Dear Girls, Sisters in Mu Phi:

AS I sit here the last day of August with the warm, pollen-laden breeze taking liberties with my hair, and the grasshoppers singing their monotonous drowsy chant (I am living near enough to the country for that) it is hard for me to realize that vacation days are almost over.

When you read this it will be really work time, time to be "up and doing" in our sorority life. And I do hope that each one of us will do as much as possibilities and capabilities permit for our beloved sorority and the art for which she works. Music is truly "of all arts the most divine", and we would do well to pledge ourselves anew to her service.

I wish to thank you for the very great honor which you bestowed upon me, through your delegates, at the Boston Convention. I had it in my mind, the night of the banquet to voice a few of the thoughts and emotions that I experienced when I realized the immense responsibility put upon my shoulders, and my own unfitness for it. But either there was not a suitable opportunity, and I was not brave enough to make one, or else I did not seize it as it came—at any rate I left with my appreciation of the honor unspoken. So now, let me thank you again for the proof of your confidence in making me your president. I pledge you the very best efforts in my power to fill the position suitably, and to further the advancement of Mu Phi Epsilon.

And sisters, you must help me and the rest of the new council, to advance our sorority to the position of national prominence which she must inevitably occupy. A sorority of the highest aims, we must always be, and we must never sacrifice standards for numbers, but I feel most deeply the need of expansion if we would have that natural and legitimate growth which makes for development.

Where shall we look for schools of high standards, musically, in which to plant new shoots of Mu Phi? Wherever the field seems most promising, and wherever we know of such a school in which Mu Phi is not already established. It seems to me that, as the progress of civilization, business, and culture has been westward, so we can turn our attention westward with mutual



CALISTE SINEK
Supreme Secretary
Hotel Grasmere, Sheridan Rd. and Eastwood Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

profit to the many talented girl students of these western schools, and to ourselves. True there is the danger of the organization becoming unwieldy, with too great distances between the chapters, but that could be managed in several ways if we ever have the difficulty of coöperation to face, and we cannot let that consideration prevent us from becoming truly "National," instead of sectional.

This is also true, in a different way, of the south. There are hundreds of schools, south of Mason and Dixon's line which have strong musical departments. Many of these do not, can not, aspire to the high standards and standing of our big eastern schools, but they are doing very creditable work and have many talented students. What a privilege to bind these girls together in the bonds of sisterhood which aims ever to advance the art of music and to make it a living, vital force in the lives of not only its members, but all who come in contact with them.

And now, dear sisters, let me pledge myself anew to you, and to Mu Phi. If in any way I can help you, as chapters or as individuals, please let me do so. I wish that I could personally know each and every one of you, but at any rate, in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless you, everyone."

Lovingly in the bonds of Mu Phi Epsilon,

ORA BETHUNE JOHNSON.

"All one's life is a Music if one touches the notes rightly and in time—but there must be no hurry."—Ruskin.

Extension

ATENTION! Mu Phi! Forward March!
 The placing of new chapters in Mu Phi Epsilon during the next few years will undoubtedly decide the future of the sorority.

Great opposition is facing the entire fraternity world. Anti-fraternity bills are being presented in the legislatures of Ohio, Minnesota, Texas and Wisconsin, while anti-fraternity legislation is in effect at Wooster, Barnard and the Woman's College of Alabama. The press in many states is continually adding fuel to the fire by printing such statements as—"The Greek Letter Societies make real democracy impossible in college life"—"Greek Letter Societies are undemocratic and un-American"—"The college fraternity is antagonistic to the principles of republican institutions and is not a legitimate part of education in a democratic country. One portion of our college youth is schooled into plutocratic ideas, another embittered by discriminations not based on merit and others resign themselves to positions of inferiors and sychophants."

College fraternities have yielded to the antagonism shown throughout the country to high school fraternities, and many college fraternities now refuse to bid members of high school fraternities, but, as the college fraternity is but the parent of the high school fraternity, this new ruling does not materially raise them in the esteem of the general public.

I doubt if any one not connected with extension work today realizes how very prevalent the feeling against Greek Letter Societies is today. Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard, a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, is quoted as saying that the element of secrecy is the most objectionable point. Be that as it may—it is true that every statement against fraternities has neatly tucked away in it the plea that fraternities are undemocratic. Mr. W. R. Baird, dean of fraternity journalists, says that much of this antagonism could be removed, or at least avoided, if there were enough fraternities to afford membership to practically all who desire such relations and that it is imperative to extend the number of chapters or to organize new fraternities in order to provide social opportunities for a majority of students.

A meeting was held May 29th and 30th in Chicago to con-

sider the question of the fraternities' legislative troubles. The call was to all general fraternities and to the professional ones as well, but Mu Phi was not represented. Why? Because Mu Phi has taken no definite steps to take a recognized place in the fraternity world. This is the day of big things and not much is to be gained by merely having annual conventions where we are satisfied with giving a concert, doing some legislation and having a general good time. We of Mu Phi Epsilon must give more time to the study of general fraternity conditions and must learn to place chapters so as to demonstrate beyond a question that Mu Phi Epsilon, the musical sorority, is here to stay and must be reckoned with in the fraternity world.

The call to all Greek Societies has gone forth to show what they really stand for—then *raison d'etre*—and Mu Phi Epsilon is as deeply concerned as any of the others and must show that she stands for something tangible, something real. General fraternities are all awake to the fact that to place themselves in the proper light before the public they must free themselves from any hint of exclusiveness and must show that they are a good influence in student life. In order to do this many have taken up social betterment work. Mu Phi Epsilon has the advantage in that it stands primarily for music and if it can enlarge its scope of usefulness sufficiently to reach a majority of the music schools it will attain an invincible position and will show that among music schools at least the Greek Letter Society is, beyond a doubt, a beneficial influence.

We of Mu Phi Epsilon have been somewhat hindered in extension work because it has not been clearly understood what standing a college must attain before it is eligible to be on our chapter roll. Some of our chapters maintain that only the large schools are eligible and others feel that the smaller schools often do as admirable work and are as much benefited by having chapters of Mu Phi Epsilon as the larger schools. I have studied the subject carefully for years and believe that the only way for Mu Phi Epsilon to attain its highest efficiency is to establish chapters wherever possible in music schools, large or small, answering these requirements—first, that the work done in the school be good, first class, solid work—second, that the school be a permanent one having a sufficient backing or endowment or being a department of a college or university so that it is here to stay and will not "go up in

MU PHI EPSILON QUARTERLY

smoke" as so many music schools do after a few years of existence. In these schools Mu Phi Epsilon should, I believe, be placed on an honorary basis entirely—only advanced students who have shown ability being admitted. The United States might be divided into territories—east, south, north, middle and west and each territory placed in charge of some capable girl living in it and who might be called a "territory inspector", who shall thoroughly investigate all schools in her territory, visiting them whenever necessary, and report to the president at stated times. I would also suggest that the president meet with all territory inspectors and have them discuss their work and make comparisons as to the desirability of different locations for chapters, previous to convention time.

Mu Phi Epsilon must continue as a musical sorority or it will be classed as a hybrid society, i.e., a society carrying on its roll a variety of institutions, collegiate, seminary, conservatory and even normal. The national Pan-Hellenic does not recognize these so-called hybrid societies but in a way has outlawed them. Mu Phi Epsilon, being exclusively for music students, can of course have legitimate chapters in any music school or department and, if our policy for extension be broad and far-seeing, Mu Phi Epsilon will shortly take her place in the Greek letter world.

Here's to a greater Mu Phi Epsilon!

Sincerely,

ALICE D. BRADFORD.



FLORENCE GIRARDOT
Supreme Treasurer
1072 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

Relation of the Sorority to Its Alma Mater— From the Conservatory Standpoint

MU PHI EPSILON has ever held a distinctive place among sororities. Being purely musical with a definite program of serious work before each chapter each year, scholarship and ability have ever been given place before personal likes and dislikes. Thus Mu Phi Epsilon might be placed between the professional fraternal organizations and the purely social ones, having I believe so far succeeded in combining the requirements of both.

College and sorority spirit and the relation of the chapter to the school depends much upon location. The university located in a large city lacks the spirit of the school in a college town. The conservatory situated naturally in a large city where the time in transit and the many city attractions divide the students' interests, lacks the spirit that a college school of music affords.

This fact in itself makes the conservatory chapter of slightly different nature, but also makes the need of a sorority all the more felt.

The student hurrying to his lessons, the most of which are private, comes in contact with very few students. The classes only meeting once or twice a week give little opportunity for acquaintance and thus a sorority gives a great advantage to the girl student of music. She meets others whose interests are the same as her own and their friendship spurs her on to better work.

Musical students always have the advantage over other students because the individual instruction received brings them in close touch with the members of the faculty. This personal relation means much to any student, and with this advantage and sorority life too she has every opportunity her student days can offer.

Some of the faculty are always members of the sorority. With these sisters in the chapter, the student has more interest in the conservatory as a school, where otherwise her interest might be only in her individual teachers. The student feels that she has a place in the school and has much more enthusiasm, thus benefiting the school as well as herself.

Some people have maintained that the students belonging to a national sorority lose their interest in their school in thinking of their sorority. This is a big mistake. There is no student more loyal to her Alma Mater than the sorority girl. The annual convention brings girls from many schools together, and each girl is there to do her very best in order to represent her particular school. Any ideas gained from her various sisters give her a new enthusiasm which is transmitted to every member of her chapter when she returns home.

In the conservatory, there are not the many organizations that there are in connection with the university. In the latter the sorority seems more a purely social organization, having to compete with and keep up with the social life of the many other sororities and other organizations. The conservatory chapter seems more of an organization within and of the school, and more of a club for the advancement of music because of the numerous clubs within a city.

Each conservatory, in fact, has a different environment. If there is a dormitory in connection with the school, the chapter has advantages that the school without does not have. The dormitory brings the girls together on the same footing and gives them a better chance to get very well acquainted. This makes it more easily possible to build up a good strong chapter.

Each chapter has a character of its own, depending upon its personnel, regardless whether it is a conservatory or a university chapter. Naturally the infusion of new members each year with new ideas would affect the attitude of the chapter. Thus one might go on and on finding differences of relation between chapter and Alma Mater.

Whatever the differences may be, the aim of the sorority is always the same; to work together for the advancement of music and promote true friendship. With this accomplished, the conservatory cannot have more loyal and friendly students and alumnae than the sorority girls.

The combined ideas of the university and conservatory chapters have made Mu Phi Epsilon a recognized potent factor in the musical world of today.

ORAH ASHLEY LAMKE, *Theta*.



ANNA OVERMAN
Supreme Historian
811 S. Rome Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Relation of the Sorority to Its Alma Mater— From the University Standpoint

THE organization of a sorority implies that its founders had ideals, ideals which were to be helpful to its members and to the school. Because of these ideals each member of a sorority is bound to help lessen the wrongs of the university life, first by helping to do away with the wrongs in her own sorority, secondly by helping the whole school. If a sorority be well regulated its aims and purposes are very much in accordance with the aims and purposes of the college, that the efforts put forth by the sorority are often a benefit to the school. A sorority is installed to promote high scholarship and ideals of the broadest culture and womanhood.

Surely the most important is the standard of scholarship. Nearly every sorority stands for higher scholarship. To maintain this requires effort in strengthening the weak spot. Standing committees on scholarship are appointed, whose duty it is to investigate a certain number of times during the year, the scholarship of each member of the chapter. Thereby, we raise the standard among sorority members and this cannot help but be an incentive to other students. So also we ought to cooperate with the instructors in the establishment of the honor system, which has done so much good wherever it has been adopted.

The social life plays a great part in nearly all sororities. Most sororities have their own chapter houses, where they entertain their friends and often also the faculty, thereby coming in touch with some very influential and cultured men and women. The responsibility of keeping up the chapter houses is entirely in the hands of the members of the sorority. They, therefore have a high esteem for their homes, are very careful that they are of good report and take great pleasure in opening them to their friends. The experience in furnishing and caring for a home and in learning to be an agreeable host, is surely a part of the training for life, which ought not to be undervalued.

So we see that every sorority founded on high ideals must be a benefit to its members, and in so far as these ideals are attained, the sorority becomes very influential for good in the school, but in so far as these ideals are neglected, the sorority becomes a menace to the school.

AGNES UHRLAUB, *Xi*.

Individual Responsibility in Sorority Life

“**N**O indeed, I do not care to have an office. I could never make up my mind to accept the responsibility.” How many of us have said this to ourselves at least. But how many of us realize that we as members have a burden of responsibility as well? Burden did I say? I should have said privilege, for to whom does it not give a thrill of pleasure to think that we are in our little way helping to add to the glory and honor of our sisterhood? Have you ever stopped to think that everything we do adds to or detracts from her lustre? Besides the amount of benefit, the amount of happiness and pleasure one receives depends entirely upon the amount of interest and endeavor one gives. If one has no interest in an undertaking and leaves all the work to others, all the joy of success will likewise fall to others. But if one enters into the spirit of an organization with nothing but interest and enthusiasm and works willingly, nothing but pleasure and a sense of satisfaction will be the result. Let us learn to find happiness in our work. Then, indeed, will our responsibility cease to be a burden.

Every sorority has as its foundation some common interest. When we become a member of the sorority we take upon ourselves a certain amount of responsibility—that of forwarding, as far as we are able, that primary object, art or science, whichever it may be. That is what we would naturally think of first among our responsibilities. Have we done our best, our very best, to forward our art? We very often think that what we do does not matter. But it does. We frequently do not make the best of our opportunities and we think it makes no difference. We possibly have overlooked or passed by a chance to do honor not only to ourselves but to our sisterhood. But are we to limit ourselves to our own art? No, for then we would become narrow and unworthy of our place among organizations. Someone has said in my hearing not long ago, “Strive to know all there is to know about your own art and as much as you can about all others”. If each girl applied this to herself and made her art the key to all others, how much more interesting and beneficial our work would become! Those who have studied at least two of the arts know how greatly one helps the other. One may

be a fairly good musician but, if she limits herself to that one art entirely, is she able to appreciate music to its fullest extent? Hardly, for a knowledge of art in general enables one to look at a single art from an entirely different and broader point of view.

But there is another responsibility—probably greater than the first. This is in regard to the moral and ethical standing of the sorority as well as the intellectual. Let each individual strive to attain the highest ideals of womanhood and the influence of the sorority will be without limit. Unless strangers see that girls in an organization of this sort are more charitable and generous, truer and nobler women, the organization has no right to exist. Let us make our daily lives a proof positive that our sorority has more than a right to exist and make the fact that a girl wears a Mu Phi pin mean something to the girls outside—not recall uncharitableness and prejudice, that they look at us with a scowl and remark sneeringly, “She’s a Mu Phi.” Instead let them remember only kindness and broad-mindedness and be proud of the fact that they number a Mu Phi among their friends. Then when an invitation is extended to a girl to become one of us she will deem it as a privilege not to be passed by. But are we charitable? Are we broad-minded? We owe this first of all to our sisters but no less to others. I feel sure that there is a vast amount of sisterly affection and kindness not only felt but shown within the sorority. Let us rejoice in the consciousness of this fact. But do we show the same charity toward others? Our object is to help others, not to hinder them. Let us not live too much within ourselves and become blinded to this object.

We all cherish for our sorority a position of power and influence among organizations of its nature in America. But it is only as the individuals are good, true, intelligent women that the sisterhood can become a real power.

RUTH ROW, *Omicron*.

A Girl's First Year of Fraternity Life

FRATERNITY life has always seemed to me like our individual family lives, just as there are steps and phases in our home influences, so there are the same tendencies to strengthen us in our fraternity relations with one another.

My first year of fraternity life signified the same elements that I met as a child, the period of awakening to the fact that there were others in the world with opinions and ideals as worthy of respect as my own. It was a sort of settling, or refining process, in which the several individualities were blended into one harmonic whole through the medium of friendships and the desire to manifest all that is worth while in this world of ours.

More can be accomplished by a number of persons striving toward an end by combining forces than one. Gradually as these facts unfolded themselves to me I began to realize what my first year of sorority life meant to me.

Now after careful consideration I have reached this conclusion that—to use the simile once more, the period of childhood had surrendered to the more fruitful one of womanhood, and just as I was prepared to meet the fuller life with its share of perplexities and cares in a broad manner, so now, after contact with other souls I could enter my second year. Along with this development came the clearer vision and understanding of the individual demands of the sorority upon me personally, and just what was my duty and debt toward the forming of a perfect whole. Acquaintance had ripened friendship's tie, and the feeling that when all seems darkest, it is a comfort to know there is someone striving beside us to reach the same goal, as we find in a fraternity.

So I think every girl's first year of the fraternity life should be an awakening and realization of the common good.

MARGUERITE F. BIEBER, *Delta*.



ALPHA CHAPTER

Similarity Between Sorority and Home Life

THERE is a very visible and striking resemblance between two of the most beautiful lives to lead—the sorority and home life, and it is plainly seen that one is as sacred and full of unselfish duties and pleasures as the other. The sorority ties are just as binding as family ties and the relation between chapters or families should be friendly, not self-centered and indifferent.

The ideal families are those which not only help each other but are interested in the welfare of all with whom they come in contact and will aid in every possible way to bring a refining influence into the lives of those whose birth, education and social standing are not equal to theirs. And ought this not be true of sorority life? Ought it not reach out beyond its own limited circle and extend its love, fellowship and high ideals of womanhood to those less fortunate.

When it produces this result it is performing its duty and then only can we realize the joy of being a sorority girl for there is a satisfaction derived from knowing that we are building up instead of pulling down which cannot be found in any other way.

The sisterly relationship in sororities develops these lovable qualities in us for it is there as well as in the family circle that kind and helpful acts are planned so that when we come away we should feel inspired. Just as the mother of a family is most always responsible for the culture and refinement of her children, the president of a chapter may enthuse its members to greater activity in the spreading of culture. Long after a lively president has fulfilled her term of office her influence is felt, so all you presidents—get busy and make your children feel the mother-love and the confidence they can place in you and all you children make your mother-presidents proud of you and give her the respect due her as you would your own mother because holding the office of president in Mu Phi Epsilon is indeed a noble position and being children of such families as its chapters is certainly an honor and a pleasure.

ALTA KATHRYN RALL, *Epsilon*.

Ode

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory.
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying,
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing
And Babel itself with our mirth,
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

A. O'SHAUGHNESSY.



BETA CHAPTER

*First row, left to right—Lydia White, Constance Freeman, Maybelle Day, Natalie Ashley, Blanche Morrill, Margeret Gere, Ada Chadwick.
Second row—Gertrude Gemisch, Dorothy Hills, Alice Davis, Alice Duffy, Anna Baker, Claire Oaks, Pearl Seiler.
Third row—Gladys Steverline, Evelyn Crawford, Pearl Talbot, Rosetta Hirsch, Cecelia Ford, Ora Lathard, Lutie Poffenbarger.*

Can We Raise Our Standard of Scholarship and Maintain It?

WE surely can raise our standard of scholarship and having raised it, must maintain it. Upon consideration it really seems that work along this line has already been going on. We have shown signs of progress and it must be due to the fact that each year every chapter has raised its standard, unconsciously perhaps, but with successful outcome.

The public will judge us by what we prove we can do and, since it is a critical public, we must put forth our best efforts. Two things, at least, are essential—establishing our chapters in schools worth while and building each chapter on a firm and sound foundation.

There is that suggestion again of not spreading enough, but can we not help those who wish to become our sisters by maintaining that high grade of scholarship which makes membership most desirable. To propagate at a loss will never be a help to our already progressing chapters or to those who are anxious to join us. Only the other day I heard of a good fraternity which granted a charter this year (after receiving a petition every year for seven years) to a group of men in an institution of very high standing. It must have been worth working and waiting for.

Our Chicago sisters are such a good example of what can be done along the line of the "honorary basis", and the Pi chapter is also working in the same direction and Xi was founded on this basis. To be sure just now the conditions are not conducive to this system in every school in which our chapters are located—but to keep this idea in mind (especially now at the beginning of a new year) will surely help to raise and maintain a standard of scholarship which will place Mu Phi Epsilon where she belongs.

ALICE DUFFY BRINE, *Beta*.

The Value of Sorority Examinations

THE value of sorority examinations lies in the fact that it makes it necessary for every member to know the Constitution, and this is essential to the strength of any organization. The examination ought to cover the ritual as well as the rules, so that it would be unnecessary for the ritual to be printed. As an illustration I wish to draw attention to the stability of the Masonic Lodge—in which all ritual is learned by word of mouth, and none written. It is said to have been established in its present form in the time of King Solomon.

If any one of us has attended an initiation ceremony where every member knows his part, I am sure she will acknowledge the greater dignity and solemnity of the occasion, in contrast to those where the ceremony was read. The former surely impresses the candidate with the importance of the step being taken to a far greater extent than the latter.

We all enjoy hearing what we already know—something familiar immediately appeals to us—and surely a common knowledge gives a deeper feeling of fellowship. What does the sorority mean to you if the ideals for which it stands aren't yours without referring to a book?

The beautiful ideas and thoughts embodied in our ceremonies are worthy of becoming part of our very selves, and our lives surely would be broadened and enriched by this acquisition.

If the working knowledge of the society is general instead of being confined to a few, and if any member will feel competent to take an office or conduct the transactions of the society, it will do away with the "one person" society, where everything seems to stop if "the one" is absent. Lack of interest is generally due to lack of knowledge and lack of work. If all know the workings of the organization equally well, it will unify and strengthen our sorority materially, and prevent any member from violating the rules through ignorance.

I wish you all to think seriously of the benefit of committing our entire ritual. It will mean more work—but also more strength. We certainly appreciate most that for which we work the hardest. I know you will realize the importance of this, for we are all enthusiastic in making our beloved Mu Phi a world-wide influence and power.

MARIE CONRAD, *Pi*.



First row, left to right—Cathrine Keegan, Ethel Sealey, Helen Kessell, Helen Hartman, Evelyn Hardingham, Grace Dury, Alice Hall, Nora Bartrem.
 Second row—Frances Sealey, Ruth Bacon, Edith Hewitt, Jean McClellan, Bess Sealey, Margaret Diamond, Alice Darrow, Helen Dertus.
 Third row—Alicia Poole, Grace Mathison, Estner Darrow, Blanche Wall, Keva Koon, Georgine Thomson, Kathryn Darty, Edith Killers.

GAMMA CHAPTER

How Can the Chapter Retain the Interest of Its Alumnae?

ON looking into this subject, the word "interest" seems of most importance, and in trying to find a fuller meaning of this word, we find Webster gives, "*interest*",—"Awaken concern in", "Cause to take a share in," "Personal concern," "benefit." We know every alumna has always felt a share of personal concern, and been benefited by association in their sorority work. Then it does not seem a very difficult task to retain that interest toward its chapter, if the Chapter in turn, has that same interest in its alumnae.

As our dear Mme. Schumann-Heink has written in one of her articles, "Above all do not allow yourself to believe that you will ever become a 'finished' artist, no artist however great, is ever through with learning, even though with hard study."

As a musical Sorority, no one is ever in the real sense of the word, an alumna. However changed one's associations are, from the actual work in the Sorority, they are always interested in the great theme, "Harmony" expressed in the highest form of music. So the things that are really worth while, will be of most interest to the alumnae.

Because they are not associated now, in the activities of the chapter, they must see development and greater musical accomplishments than would have held their attention, when they were active. Then let the chapter show that its work will be of such a nature as to hold their interest. Many things during the year can be given in a musical and social way that will give real pleasure. Each chapter knowing its own alumnae girls will be able to see what will attract most, and whatever gives real attraction, will retain interest; and interest is increased by the individual work of each chapter member in earnest effort to make the Chapter stronger. Shakespeare expresses this thought far better by saying,—

"What you do
Still betters what is done."

It is the desire and earnest longing of every chapter to see the day when it will rise above the externals, and do something

MU PHI EPSILON QUARTERLY

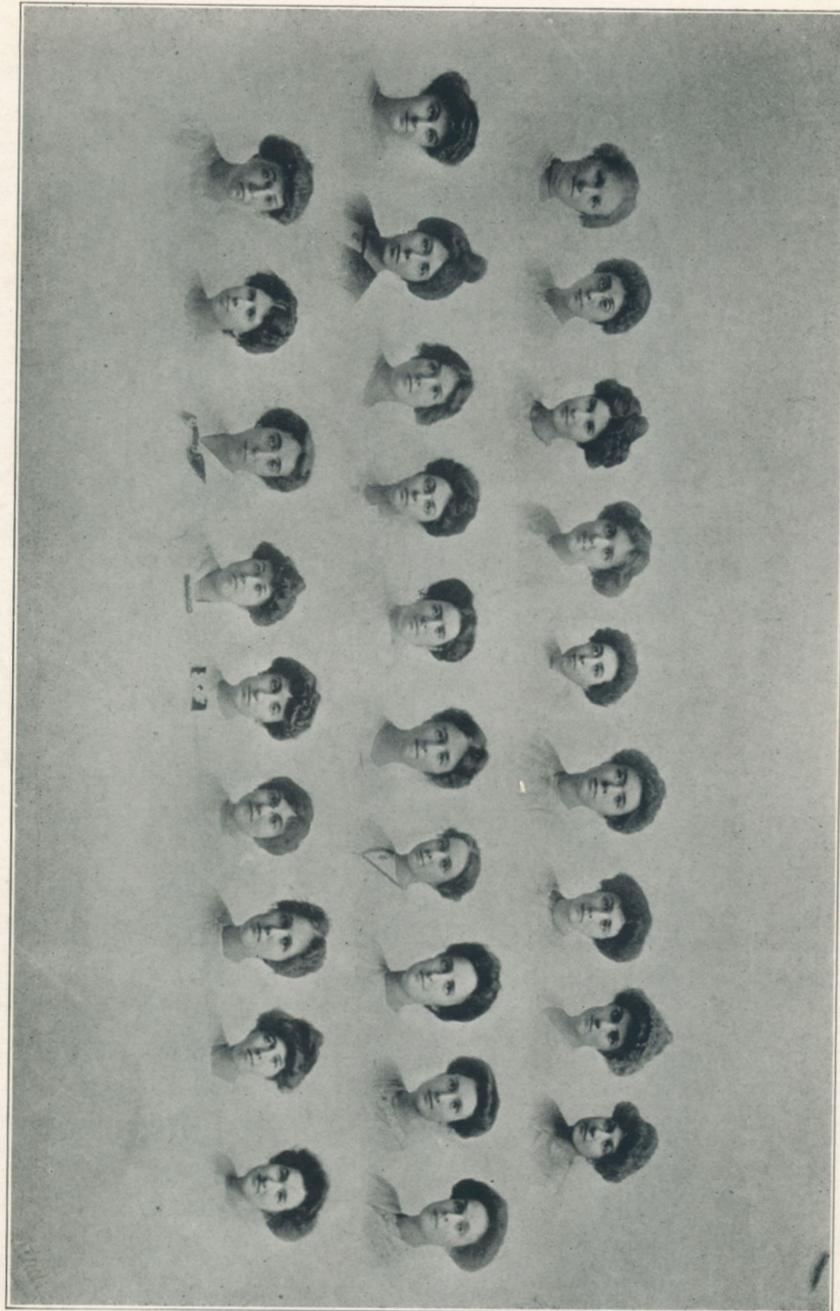
of more real worth toward the advancement of music along all lines. Chapters may sometimes become too self-centered to try to realize how at all times it can give out the best to those not associated in the actual sorority work.

Instead of the chapter thinking entirely of the things most interesting to itself, her desire to retain the interest of her alumnæ will be shown in earnest work for the things worth while in music, which is bound to retain that interest never really lost, for every girl desires to still feel great pride in her dearly beloved chapter, which holds many loving memories for her, and the Chapter should be glad to give its alumnæ the best it has, for in giving is real gain assured.

Chapter and alumnæ can always join in saying—

Mu Phi Epsilon "we have found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound."

PEARL MUNDAY DEDERT, *Kappa*.



DELTA CHAPTER

First Row, left to right—Gladys Mendelsson, Wilhelmina Sutz, Rosella Bower, Mary Commons, Norma King, Paula Daumstaetter, Lillian Mercer, Athena Henkel, Kathleen Hamlin-Hughes, Secord Henkel, Virginia Larrowe, Viola Geist, Helen Fitzsimmons, Nell Marshall, Mary Gerow, Mabel Guess, Marguerite Bieber, Anna Fullerton.
 Second Row, left to right—Winifred Schaefer, Gertrude Schmidt-Wagner, Third Row, left to right—Mary Hudson, Elfrida Langlois, Frieda Goegel, Florence Girardot, Cora Hund, Winifred Fullerton-Richardson, Grace Rink, Florence Flynn.

The Influence of Music in the Community

IT would not be difficult to assemble a series of admirably impressive quotations, from the writings of men so far separated by the centuries as St. Ambrose and Martin Luther and Herbert Spencer, on the powers of music as an agent towards the amelioration and uplift of man, which might fill many more pages than are herewith dedicated to the subject. In fact it may be taken for granted that there is nothing new to say upon the subject at all, any more than there is upon any subject based upon an universally accepted truth. Are we not however, as a people, too ready to accept such truths without at the same time recognizing and accepting the obligations, ethical and practical which are involved in them. We agree that good music is a vital, an ennobling, a purifying influence; but we all too frequently shirk the duty of attending this same music when it is procurable. Few of us are courageous enough to deny the cultural, civilizing value of the best of music; but fewer still are willing to make the sacrifices necessary to the encouragement and perpetration of the best music in our midst.

If all and any music were an influence for good in the community, the position of the average citizen might perhaps be logical. But it is at least a very open question whether much music—and precisely the music which like candy is delectable, popular and deleterious to the taste for “solid food”—is not a positively vicious influence. If we grant that the value as an influence of most so-called popular music is at least as slight as the value of candy as a food, then the position of the average person towards really great music is as foolish a one as that of the person who spoils his appetite for healthful food by much eating of candy; and still more baneful is the parent's attitude who, cognizant of the virtue of music and bread looks with complaisance upon the vitiation of his child's appetite by rag-time and candy.

As a matter of fact it is very difficult to, in any practical way, estimate the ethical value of even the best of music. In the first place the music generally held to be greatest by musicians is largely used for practice purposes by students of music, and rarely gets a fighting chance to exert even the most indirect of

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

influences upon the community. Your daughter plays a very beautiful Sonata by Beethoven. Quite so but to whom does she play it? Why, to her teacher of course! When company comes to the house she plays the Valse Caprice by Lack or something even less calculated to influence the community.

Mr. Dash, a splendid performer, gives his annual recital; he plays the Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue by Bach and the Fantasie in C by Schumann. Who is influenced? Chiefly his large class of earnest students of course! What stirs the apathetic audience to applause? What is it which is the real and only popular influence of this performance? Why the Twelfth Rhapsodie by Liszt or something even less calculated to refine, to ennoble, to uplift.

Honestly we have a long stride to take before real music shall really exert a great influence for good in the average community. We are too saturated with the sweet tickling sensation of candified music to have more than half an ear open—let alone the wide-awake brain needed to grasp great art-music—for the lovely messages of truth and wisdom, or beauty, including as Goethe says truth and wisdom, which the super-men, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and Brahms have left us for our health.

Lambda.



EPSILON CHAPTER

Top Row, left to right—Mable Hicks (Mrs. Chas. Brady), Mable Thompson, Lucille Miller, Bess Cunningham.
Second Row—Daisy Caves, Frances Goodeman, Dorothy Elton, Florence Miller.
Bottom Row—Eunice Holst, Clara von Nostitz, Helen Dildine, Nellie Merrell.

Mu Phi Creed

Make God our present help,
And strength in time of need,
Uphold our honor in the world
And live by faith and worth.

Put justice, truth and loyalty
Ahead of greed and power
Hold to those traits in Friendship's tie
Which bind it ever true.
In Music, see we win first place,
And won,—to stand our ground.

Ever helping all we can
To harmonize our lives
In tune with The Great Infinite
Who guides, and rules and strives.

Pure morals, habits, ideals too,
To bring into our lives,
Seek fame for our sorority,
And happiness for all.

In every phase and walk of life,
A worthy Mu Phi be
Love one another, tried and true,
And so fulfill Christ's law.

Oh, what a happy world, 'twould be,
If to these rules we'd hold,
Nor falter, shirk, or ever be,
Base cowards on Mu Phi's path.

MARGUERITE F. BIBER, *Delta*.

In Memoriam
Genevieve Baker
Beta

In Memoriam
Anna Dever
Omicron

Vacation Article From Lambda

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ONLY a few weeks ago—or is it months? Yes when you think of it nearly three months, since the majority of us discontinued our daily routine of hard and concentrated work, which involves the musical education and started out for what we termed a long vacation, most of us to our homes at first, and from thence to summer resorts, on camping trips, house parties and taking all in all having a thoroughly good time and enjoying, to the fullest extent, the unrestraint, which comes with every vacation long or short. Perhaps some of us have been industrious enough to study part of the summer, and thus be that much ahead in our life work.

But has this really been a long vacation? To many of us, who have been so busy enjoying ourselves, I am sure the time has slipped by and we can hardly realize the fact that it is once more time for us all to meet again, as many as possible in person, and our true sisters in distant chapters through correspondence and our quarterly, which will bring us much more closely in connection with each other than our annual ever did.

Of course it will be hard at first, to get back in the old routine, and would be all the more so if it were not for the renewing of old friendships and making new friends many of whom we hope will prove worthy to become our sisters.

I know that we all hope this will be the most successful year Mu Phi has ever known and will strive to do our best in everything.

Girls! let us make this the most successful year!

Let us do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may,
E're the long night—silence cometh
And with us it is not day.

Whittier.

MILDRED CARD, *Lambda.*



ETA CHAPTER

Alpha's Outing

NOW that vacation time has once more gone by and we are all back in our regular routine of work, we most of us have numerous pages to add to our "Book of Pleasant Memories". In our chapter we have had varied experiences, too numerous to record, but one very enjoyable day that we all spent together still lingers uppermost in our minds. On one of those perfect, although hot, July days we girls made an excursion down to Ryland, Kentucky, and spent the day in all-day picnic style at the country residence of Mary Pfau.

It was planned that we should take the seven thirty train, due to arrive at Ryland at nine o'clock. Each girl had been told to bring a certain portion of the lunch. Clara Ginn was so afraid that she would miss the train and most probably was she so delighted in anticipation of our day's outing that *she* arrived a week ahead of time with her share of the picnic lunch—a huge jar of beans. The hands of the clock were moving dangerously near to the half hour mark and still the others had not come, so Clara bethought herself and decided that she had been mistaken in the date. So home she went; but Clara loves beans, so she didn't mind.

The following Tuesday we all put in a prompt appearance with the exception of Alice Bradford. Alice where art thou? No one knew, so we boarded the train. Vainly we gazed up and down the station platform in search of our Alice, but not a sign of her. We felt that we should be robbed of half of the enjoyment of our day for no sorority event is complete without her. Suddenly we saw a panting little lady in the distance, and our hearts leaped with joy for it was our Alice and the conductor man had not yet spoken those dreaded words "all aboard!" It was a narrow escape but 'tis better late than never, even if you must run for your train and can't say a word for half an hour.

At last we were on our way, winding through those beautiful Kentucky hills, dotted here and there with queer, dilapidated huts and shacks. Our hostess was at the train to greet us and led the way to her home. It is a big, roomy cottage, beautifully located on the banks of a small artificial lake called Crystal Lake.

The first thing we did after disposing of our hats and bundles and donning some old clothes, was to explore the grounds. A big green canoe most attracted my attention and Hilda Froelich and I immediately started off in search of adventure—and we found it. In spots the shore is overhung by beautiful drooping trees whose branches sweep the water with every gentle breeze. It was indeed a delight to find such an enchanting place so near to our home town. We returned somewhat reluctantly to the cottage but soon forgot this in our enjoyment of swimming. By this time, however, our housekeepers had prepared our lunch and we were indeed ready for it and such a feast and how good it did taste after putting in such a strenuous morning!

After lunch our wiser sisters begged and advised us not to go in swimming for at least an hour. No, of course not, so we went out in the canoe again. We had gone about half way across the lake, when somehow or other, we never could figure out why, but probably our lack of skill as canoeists was mostly to blame, we discovered that we were in the water. The first thing that I can remember after my breath had returned, were screams of alarm and then laughter from the opposite shore when the girls saw that there was no danger. They told us afterward that we looked mighty funny and really I can believe it. Hilda had on her bathing suit whereas my dress was of gingham, a mixture of brilliant hues, red, black and white and—can “you all” imagine how pussy looked and felt when she was pulled from the well—so we couldn’t hardly reproach the girls for laughing at us instead of rushing frantically to our rescue. I think though, that we had as much enjoyment out of our adventure as they did, for it was great fun to experience going under water when you least expect it and come up laughing and looking for yourself.

The remainder of the day passed without any unscheduled event—excepting drying clothes. Then at train time we departed for our home, sweet home, after spending a most delightful day and—truly we all had a “wonderful time”.

Q. E. D.



THETA CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Edna Kraemer, Mae Smith, Lorle Knight, Florence Levering, Blanche Brown, Roxiellie Taylor.
 Second row—Ivy Cobb, Lola Englund, Esther Peabody, Cecelia Kender, Mabel Bibb, Julia Whisman, Belle Bricker.
 Third row—Ora Johnson, Senta Goldbert, Ora Lamke, Alise Elliot, Charlotte Baker, Florence Lewis, Katherine Carmichael.

Items of Interest From Nu

MISS LILA PROSSER is studying in New York City under Campanari. During the past winter she has been working with Hurlburt in Portland who is a former pupil of Campanari. She plans to go abroad after a few months to complete her preparations to enter Grand Opera. Miss Prosser was a charter member of Nu.

Miss Hilda Brant was married in Portland, Ore., to Mr. Frank Carruth the twentieth of August. The simple, pretty wedding took place at the home of Mae Norton and was attended by many of our girls.

Miss Mae Norton has had a delightful, busy summer filled with interesting experiences among which were her trip to Mt. Hood and a long yachting trip. She as well as the other girls of Nu Chapter who live in Portland have been greatly delighted to make the acquaintance of Clara Oakes of Beta Chapter. They have had some enthusiastic conversations and through her we feel that we have been brought into a more intimate acquaintance with our eastern sisters. Miss Oakes has promised to make us some visits at our chapter house in Eugene this winter.

Miss Patti Crowthaw will attend the University of Washington next winter. It is her ambition to eventually have a chapter of **M Φ E** there and we hope that she may be successful. She is an enthusiastic girl and we believe that there is a good field there for our sorority.

Miss Lilian Gilkey has spent the summer in California but expects to be with us this fall.

Misses Mona Dougherty and Mable Withers live on large wheat ranches in Eastern Oregon. Their summers have been busily and happily spent at home where the wide plains and rolling hills call one to wild horseback rides and healthy out-of-door pleasures. Miss Withers attended a family reunion camping party. So many were they that they completely filled the small theater of the town when they went *en masse* one evening. Needless to say, such a crowd of "one's ain folk" had a delightful time which will never be forgotten.

Katherine Kirkpatrick and Bess Bach have been having sev-

Vacation Letter From Kappa

DEAR Sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon,—Kappa extends to every one of you, warmest greetings!

Kappa's vacation season started with three weddings, all beautifully effective, the three brides being Gladys Hammond, Harriet Baum and Ruth Fatout. Gladys had a wonderful church wedding with bridesmaids, flower girls, wedding veil and all. Kappa attended in a body. The other two weddings were quiet home affairs, but the favored few, who attended reported them as "just lovely". So you see June was quite a gay month full of various parties and festivities.

Oh yes! We had a membership dance during the summer, an awfully jolly little affair. Paige's country place was the scene of revelry and we, every one of us enjoyed the evening immensely. You know, I think that larky, little, informal affairs draw the sorority girls so much closer to one another than the larger formal festivities. Personally I think a chapter, especially in a city, should have more of the friendly homey type of parties, less elaboration, and more fun and frolic.

Now let me study a moment. You know we have been so scattered this summer, that it was impossible to collect enough Mu Phis together to have a house-party; however we are thinking of having it even yet, in the coziest, quaintest log-cabin on the river. We were so far apart this summer too, ocean and mountain dividing some of us. Dorothy Test had the most interesting and "thrilliest" time abroad, really her cards made us all feel like taking the next boat and joining her.

Alma Axtell finally got off to California to visit Blanche Kummer, (you all remember our beloved Blanche)—well, Alma tripped out to be her guest, and really, oh well, you understand, the grandest time in her life. So you see, our glimpses of Dorothy and Alma this summer were very fleeting.

Truly, everybody has been touring somewhere, quite a number have spent the greater part of the season among the northern lakes, in Michigan, and Wisconsin, nor were our own Hoosier lakes neglected. By the way, I must tell the other girls what a perfectly splendid time Martha Washburn had with you Detroit girls, another one of these "time of her life" reports. Really she came home so inflated with sorority spirit and wild



IOTA ALPHA CHAPTER'S STUDIOS

enthusiasm, that she fairly floats through the air; she can scarcely wait for the meeting next week to relate all the fascinating ideas she absorbed from them. They made her feel so thoroughly one of them and entertained so charmingly that we all think seriously of spending some future summer in Detroit.

I simply must tell you two vacation stories that have leaked out, which impress me as quite novel, as well as humorous. One of our girls who always seeks the ocean or lake-shore received a gorgeous new car early in the summer, which so enthralled her that neither the lure of Atlantic City's Board Walk nor the far call of Virginia Beach could win her from that hypnotizing, mesmerizing Indianapolis Speedway track. Strange to relate she reports a delightfully cool and breezy vacation.

Then we have a young married couple (I mean the bride is a M Φ) who among other things are ardent golfers; as vacation time drew near they began to look up their hot weather retreat. They haunted railway officials, scanned folders feverishly, read madly summer resort directories for weeks, discussed mountains, lakes and ocean, the last I heard before they left, was a great fishing place in Wisconsin. I saw the lady in question a short time ago, brown as an Indian topped off with an artistically peeled nose. I greeted her with my usual question, "Well, where did you summer?"—Mysterious answer—"Sh! That's a secret but if you'll promise not to breathe it, I'll tell you!" I promised (with my fingers crossed) "You know Johnnie and I were so wild to play golf and you know the course was in such splendid condition that we just couldn't tear ourselves away, so we took our vacation at the golf links; played from sun-up until sun-down, took lunch with us and dined at night at the hotel. Say my dear, we had the grandest time ever, Johnnie plays in wonderful form, we only lost twenty-five balls and we both played the course in bogey the last day of our holiday time. There is nothing like practice to make golf a fine art why—" the rest was along the same line but evidently their vacation was a shining success. When you get to the stage where you can play golf, joyously, with the mercury soaring around 100 degrees in the shade—well—you are surely a duly tried and convicted "golf fiend". But, girls, don't let this go any farther. I should not like for it to go outside the family circle, for everybody remarks on what worlds of good the change has done for her!

My, oh me, this is a rambly letter and I know you are all wondering whether I shall ever run down, but Kappa vacations have been so varied that I could write on endlessly, about incidents of the season. I myself summered very quietly by the bluest and clearest of Michigan Lake, caught a beautiful bass, which by this time has grown so enormous that I hesitate to state its size; swam, canoed, ate, and slept. A glorious vacation! my diary proclaims!

So you see, Kappa has had vacations and vacations. Everyone will be ready with a vacation account to relate, at our meeting, next week. I wish you could all be with us at that meeting; we would rent the coliseum and have a regular jubilee. Seriously, Kappa is going to put her most earnest endeavor into chapter work, this winter; and with her twenty-passenger wagon hitched to a star, will strive mightily to gain the goal of perfect sisterhood, in Mu Phi Epsilon.

MABEL M. WHEELER, *Kappa*.

L'ENVOI

Alack, good friends, these notes are so muddled,
Please pardon! Vacations have my brain befuddled.

A Letter From Iota Alpha

TO all her sisters in Mu Phi Epsilon, Iota Alpha sends love and greetings.

The prospects for the coming year are very pleasing. Some very interesting programs for the monthly social musicales have been planned. The following subjects are to be covered—Indian Music, Oratorio and Christmas Carols, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Music, Shakespearean Music and German Opera. These programs were so well attended and so enthusiastically praised last year that this year we have issued season tickets for them at five dollars a ticket.

Last June Iota Alpha initiated Mme. Carrie Jacobs-Bond. After the initiation a luncheon in her honor was given at the Congress Hotel.

We are pleased to announce that the highest awards of the Chicago Musical College for the year were won by Iota Alpha, as follows—Naomi Nazor, diamond medal, teacher's certificate class, Florence Stevenson, diamond medal, graduate vocal, Ruth Sharp, diamond medal, seventh grade, and Alta Rall, a sister from Epsilon Chapter, won a gold medal in graduate piano. Here it is also interesting to note that all the winners of the vocal contests were pupils of Mrs. O. L. Fox.

Iota Alpha is very proud of Sister Abigail Raymer, who while studying abroad the past year, gave several creditable programs. One of these given in Berlin was specially fine.

Two of our sisters, Mabel Sharp Herdien and Rose Lutiger Gannon, have been asked to join the Apollo Club. Since this is the best musical club of the West, we feel that Mu Phi Epsilon has been highly honored.

At present we have three pledges, who are to be initiated very soon and with their help we hope to achieve great things in the future.

On September 18 the engagement of Alice Raymer to Arthur W. Kimball was announced.

Mrs. Miles Geringer has adopted a little baby girl of three and a half months. Mrs. John F. Smulski has adopted twins of ten months.

We extend our kindest greetings to each and every sister in Mu Phi Epsilon.

DORIS BENSON, *Iota Alpha.*



KAPPA CHAPTER

*First row left to right—Mary Stone, Edna Roberson, Grace Greene, Ruth Murphy, Mary Ryan, Gladys Hammond.
Second row—Alma Axel, Ruth Fatou, Lenore Everson, Marguerite Cooper-Fitch, Blanche Kummer, Grace Hutchings, Dorothy Test, Marie King.
Third row—Martha Washburn, Grace Barrows, Pearl Mondak-Dedert, Mabel Rose, Effa Carter-Lucas, Irma Christena, Margaret Young.*

A Vacation Article From Theta

AUGUST finds most of the Theta girls away from home enjoying cooling breezes. Julia Kroeger is spending the summer in Germany, and we are anticipating a fresh wave of enthusiasm for all things musical as well as entertaining descriptions of her trip on her return home. Orah Lamke is summering in Colorado. Alice Eliot in Wisconsin and Florence Lewis in Michigan are enjoying Lake Resort affairs.

Before the girls began to scatter we had our annual trip on the Mississippi. The usual happy crowd gathered about the gang plank at nine a. m., and after a day on the smooth waters, resting the eyes on the green shores now stretching flat, now rising in rocky bluffs, we landed at six p. m., having greatly enjoyed our day and feeling more closely bound by the ties of Mu Phi.

In the early part of June, joined by Mr. and Mrs. Kroeger, we all gathered on Edna Kraemer's lawn one afternoon to present a dozen after dinner coffee spoons bearing the Mu Phi seal to our Supreme President and dear Theta sister, Ora Bethune Johnson.

Hazel Sieverling and Ruth Harsh gave a concert, piano and vocal numbers, at Whitehall, Illinois this summer. Both girls have been very busy studying as well as teaching.

We are dreaming of many happy hours together this coming winter, for we expect to be better able to have many little informal gatherings than ever before. While we shall continue to meet at the Musical Art Building as heretofore, we see visions of our name on the door this year. It is wonderful what a feeling of stability and glow of home-likeness a door plate can inspire in one. Four walls are sometimes considered confining, but these four walls are going to foster the soaring of our spirits until on the wings of mutual interest and sisterhood we shall come a little nearer to our ideals than ever before.

ROXIELETTIE TAYLOR, *Theta*.

The Omicron House Party

THE eight o'clock evening train arriving in Wildwood, N. J., on the first day of June brought with it the last of the fifteen girls who were to make the coming week dear to every Omicron sister.

After a three hours' ride and about two hours waiting for a few girls who were unable to make an earlier train, we were very hungry and more than anxious to reach the Antha cottage. Solaced we were when Ann brought forth a steak which would have put to shame a Delmonico, and some tempting coffee.

Now that we were feeling adequate, we allowed Al, brother to Mary Ackley, who so generously gave us the use of her house, to take us to the boardwalk and Fun Chase. Al proved to be the hero of all our episodes and it was not long before he was found to be indispensable.

Once on the Fun Chase we dispensed with all conventionality and became children again. How glad we were to be almost the only ones there for some of our daring feats displayed more than fearlessness, for does not Vida know, as do many others, that her choice of hosiery is white.

Sunday was to be a very busy day for us since we were to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Combs and our parents at dinner, therefore we did not tarry long out of bed. Three in one bed is great fun providing there be only one who requires more than a third of the bed. But Omicron does not boast many heavy weights.

To Ann, Mary and Nelle is due the credit of the dinner so successfully prepared for our guests. It was a roast beef dinner but the especially good short cake, which Mr. Ackley spoke of as being really good only too short, made Ann famous as a cook. Indeed Omicron made some rare discoveries in that week and is sure of developing some splendid housewives.

After dinner we took our guests for a walk, amusing them with the intricacies of the Fun Chase until it was time for them to leave.

A marshmallow toast planned for the third evening of the week assured us that the fates had not forgotten their usual rôle of propitiousness. On this day it was Eva's, Ruth's and Viola's turn to prepare the delicious sandwiches we were to take



LAMBDA CHAPTER

First row, left to right—Hilda Mullin, June Robertson, Ruth Myers, Mary Hibbard, Irene Moses, Mildred Card, Lottie Anthony.
Second row—Marguerite Troxell, Nellie Kennedy, Minnie Shay, Marion Rogers, Marion Shader, Winifred Ward.
Third row—Helen Doyle, Elizabeth Hinton, Beth Kauffman, Alice McPherson, Esther Hilliard, Enola Foster, Marguerite Gilliam.
Fourth row—Jennie Frost, Madeline Mitchell, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Lara Pickering, Grace Covey, Katherine Miller, Bernetta Naeff.
Fifth row—Eibel Langham, Adah Lohr, Ruth Christian, Sophie Cough, Louise Santorelli, May Holmes, Helen Osborne.

with us to the beach. The rest who were free until their turn came to compete with the already accomplished cooks, betook themselves off to enjoy the beach and board walk. Poor little Eva, how abashed she must have been when asked, by a very professional looking young man who had called in the absence of others to see Mary, if she were a settlement child. It would not be quite fair to censure him for making such a mistake for Eva in an apron tucked high under her arms looked very much a child—and her evidently questioning face did not contradict this. Mary does a great deal of work for these poor little children of the settlements and the doctor thought Eva one of them brought to Wildwood for an outing. Of course he was forgiven and invited to join us that evening at our marshmallow toast.

As the girls gathered on the beach, their faces illumined by the fire, and sang those dear Mu Phi songs, there was no mistaking the genuineness of their love for the sorority.

By the time the doctor had toasted marshmallows for each girl, he finally found a real comfortable spot near Ann where he spent the remainder of the evening.

Somewhere along the beach there must have been Cupid for Al returned from a walk with "Sweetie" apparently feeling the effects of Cupid's arrow. In fact they admitted as much and before the week was over Al had decided to visit her at her home. Besides this, some other desperate cases developed and now we are fearful for our pocketbooks when the spoon purchasing begins.

Every girl took part in playing a game in hope of winning something for our chapter room. At last the score was large enough to give us a beautiful chocolate set. After winning this we assembled on the board walk to give the yell to the delight of many spectators.

There were many interesting walks along the beach. On one of these, one of the girls found a starfish which was kept as a memento.

By Thursday the water was warm enough to permit us to bathe and I think the girls of Omicron were about the first of the season's nymphs at Wildwood.

Long before it was time to bid farewell there had arisen in the heart of every sister a deeper and truer understanding. Down

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

deep in our natures was an inalienable loyalty, a feeling that we should cleave unto each other more than ever, and of the depths of our souls developed the spirit of that idealism which is the real sympathy between us and our sorority.

At the station just before we left we sang for the last time the sorority songs and as the train pulled out there was still echoing behind us,

"Hi yi yi,
Hi yi yon,
Mu Phi, Mu Phi
Epsilon!"

ADA GLACKENS, *Omicron.*



MU CHAPTER

1. Mary Helen Howe. 2. Ethel Beasley. 3. Alice Brandt. 4. Mamie Cohen. 5. Zoe DeLamar. 6. Gladys Glass. 7. Ethel Haycraft. 8. Mildred Houston. 9. Minnie Lee Jordan. 10. Sadie Morgan. 11. Kate Rentz. 12. Gladys Rhodes. 13. Flossie Smith. 14. Agnes Smoak. 15. Lillian Scott. 16. Leila Turner. 17. Louise Tuten. 18. Christine Wynne.



MU CHAPTER HOUSE

A Song of Epsilon

Sisters, your attention, give heed to my song
And meet your Epsilon sisters, We'll not detain you long.

Here's merry Florence Miller, with a twinkle in her eye,
At playing the piano she's wonderfully spry.

We next present our Helen, who is known as Miss Dildine
To thirty lads and lassies who after knowledge pine.

And here's Miss Dorothy Elton, she's not so very tall,
But somehow she can sing a song that fills the largest hall.

And to this fair Church singer, we now would have you bow,
To Mabel, Mrs. Brady, you'll find her true, I vow.

Marie, or Mrs. Whelen, can plan the biggest concert,
But now she's very busy, keeping babies free from dirt.

Here's Clara A. Von Nostitz, who goes often to Chicago,
She'll play for you most any theme, in scherzo or in largo.

Meet now sweet Mabel Thompson, so wholesome and so ruddy,
Of piano and the violin, she makes a careful study.

Miss Caves we would present, her given name is Daisy,
She teaches and also studies, so you see she is not lazy.

We'd have you meet Miss Eunice Holst, most anyone she'd suit,
Not only can she play and sing, but she can elocute.

Our little sister Nellie, Miss Merrell now you see,
She teaches little children to sing their do-re-mi.

And here's our dear old Georgia, she's known as Mrs. Blair,
Of her time Bob and babies demand the largest share.

Lucille, our baby sister, is just a little school-girl,
But meet Miss Miller, and she'll be sure to keep things in a whirl.

Here's Frances, as yet Miss Goodeman, although she wears her ring,
Not only can she sell Victrolas, but she can gaily sing.

And fearfully, we now present, the writer of this rhyme,
Bess Cunningham, kindergartner, perpetrator of this crime.

BESS CUNNINGHAM, *Epsilon*.

Climbing Mt. Hood

ALL through the summer I anticipated with intense delight the thrilling experience of climbing Mt. Hood. Its lofty, glacier-crowned peak which in its sparkling white purity watches over the valley was challenging me to make its nearer acquaintance. A slight element of danger added excitement to the prospect, for, in spite of the precautions taken, each summer the treacherous snows of the mountain claims one or more human lives.

Four automobile loads of us started off one gray morning amid the farewells of our families and friends whose happiness was clouded at the last moment by apprehensions for our safety. The weather was unpropitious. We had scarcely left Portland when a steady "Oregon drizzle" began to dampen our clothing and skirts and, which was much worse, render the soft roads unfit for travelling. During the remainder of the day we were kept busy hauling each other out of ruts and watching breathlessly as we skidded perilously around corners on two wheels.

At last some time after dark we arrived at a place known about the country as a good camping ground. Here we all tumbled out and hovered together wet but cheerful over a little fire which had been coaxed to burn in spite of the pouring rain. Soon coffee, potatoes and bacon were cooking over the blaze and the men were splashing around in the mud putting up the tents and unpacking the blankets. Never did food taste better than that hot supper eaten under the scanty protection of a clump of fir trees. Soon we were all ready to roll up in our blankets and stretch out on the ground, vainly endeavoring to find dry spots. We laughed and talked with animation in the attempt to pretend to each other that we were enjoying the time of our lives but down in our hearts we were wondering why we had ever left our own "comfy" beds.

For once we were all quite willing to arise early the next morning and upon stepping out of the tent we were forced to exclaim with delight. Our camping place was a veritable Nirvana at the forks of two beautiful mountain streams which danced and sparkled in the early morning's sun. Instantly the memory of the preceding night's discomfiture vanished and we walked around delighting in the wild profusion of trees, ferns and moss.

That afternoon the sturdy ones of the party who were to climb the mountain left camp. After a beautiful drive through the most gorgeous mountain scenery with Mt. Hood looming up larger and larger at every turn, we arrived at the Government Camp Hotel. Here we were at the very base of the mountain but we wanted to climb four miles of the ascent that day and sleep at the timber line. However we were compelled to abandon that plan as the camp supplies had not as yet been dug out of the snow which still extended far below the timber line. Accordingly, we went to bed early and were up at 3 o'clock the next morning. As I was making my simple toilet in the cold gray dawn I looked out to say good morning to the mountain but my heart was sickened at the sight of the cold bleak, ominous outlines of the dark peak against the lighter background of the sky. I felt as if I were an impertinent pigmy to try to scale this awe-inspiring work of nature. Down in the lamp-lit dining room I joined a silent company of men and women trying to eat a breakfast of baked beans, coffee and hard boiled eggs at that unseasonable hour.

Finally we were off. Our party had swelled to thirty-two as the day promised to be clear and the hotel was crowded with people desirous of making the climb. We women wore gymnasium suits, thick-soled spiked shoes and carried alpine stocks with sharp iron-pointed ends. Each person had a small lunch basket strapped to his waist.

The four miles to the timber line was comparatively easy climbing although most of the way was over snow from ten to twenty feet deep. Suddenly we emerged from the protection of the scrubby trees and were upon the open glacier where the real climb commenced. After about a mile of this, the guide rubbed black grease paint on our faces, necks and hands as a protection from the reflection of the sun on the ice which blisters the skin like scalding water. We protected our eyes from the blinding glare by automobile goggles.

From here upwards came a long, hard pull broken by frequent stops when everyone would drop down on the snow to rest. We were now very tired and perspiration trickled in little rivulets through the grease paint. Several of the party, affected by the high altitude were compelled to return, but we kept on. Some of the guides, who had hastened ahead, stretched a rope to assist us in the difficult places. The more novel and

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

picturesque part of the climb began at the Crater Rocks. These rocks are always warm and steaming and present an incongruous spectacle in that vast sea of snow. They are warmed by a live volcano which is continually throwing out hot sulphur fumes. Here we lunched and all endeavored to rest their tired limbs. In the final slope called the Hog's Back we relied almost entirely on the rope. Here the climb was made much more difficult by the melting snow which allowed us to sink in almost to our knees at each step.

It was mid-afternoon when we reached the summit. There a magnificent spectacle was spread out before our eyes. On the horizon were six snow-capped peaks with billows and billows of mountains rolling away on each side, and winding in and out a blue haze which was the Columbia River 70 miles distant. On the nearer mountains we discerned myriads of lovely little lakes.

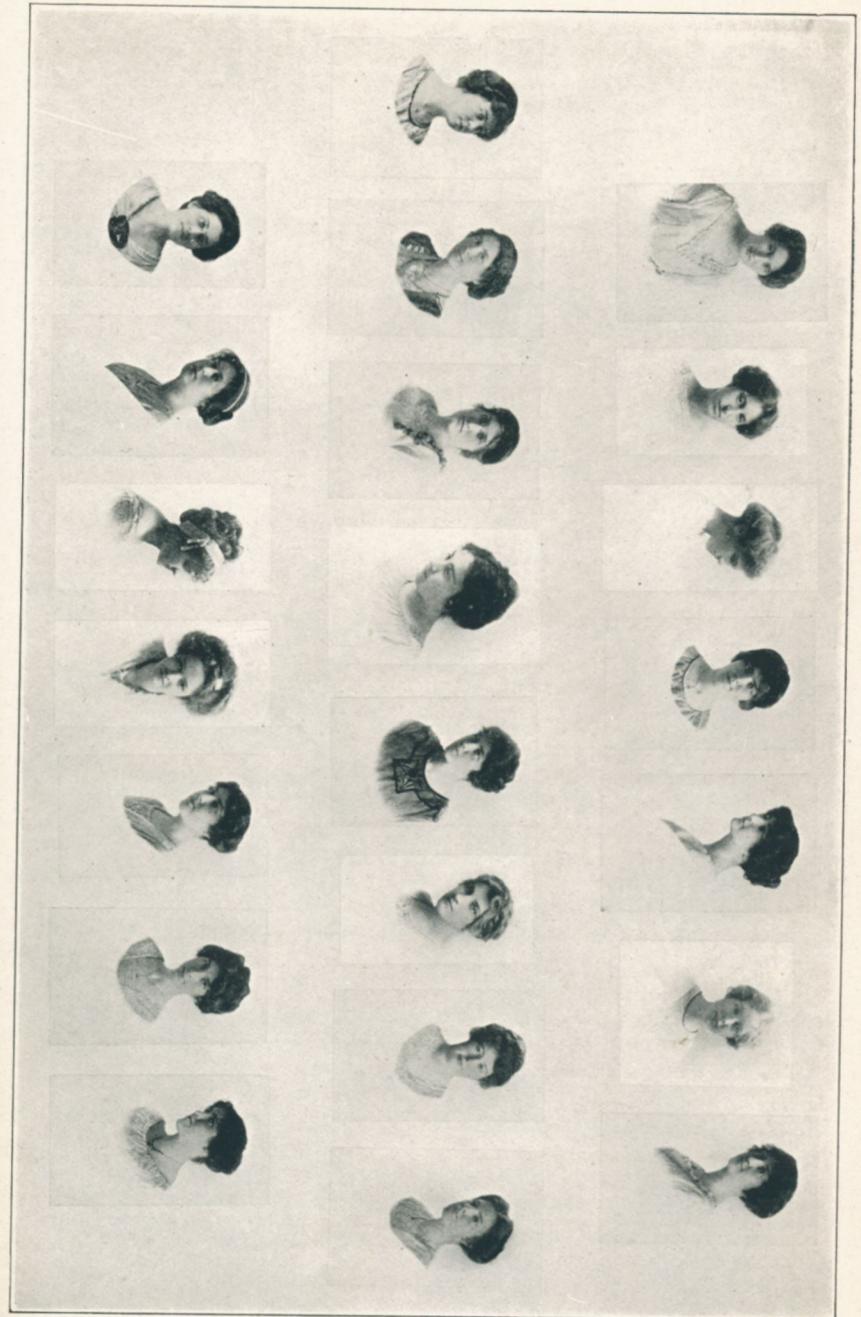
However, it was too cold to linger there long and we were soon forced to begin the downward journey. Here we exercised great care for a misplaced footing would mean a swift fall to the bottom of some crevice. Twice we sat down on the ice and slid for a distance of about 300 feet—an exhilarating and exciting experience.

It was evening when we again reached the hotel and imagine the luxury of stretching out our sore and stiffened bodies on comfortable beds and telling our wonderful experiences the next day as we sat around a crackling fire. The thrill of joy over the accomplishment of the feat is with us still.

MAE A. NORTON, *Nu.*

*First row, left to right—Mabel Withers, Nell Murphy, Alberta Campbell, Myrtle Kern, Meta Goldsmith, Helen Johnson, Edna May Messenger.
 Second row—Mona Dougherty, Lila Prosser, Lera Mast, Katherine Kirtland, John Gilley, Hilda Brandt, Bess L. Bach, Ruth Davis.
 Third row—Winifred Forbes, Ina Watkins, Eve Simson, Edwina Prosser, Mae Norton, Valereen Eastman, Rita Fraley.*

N U C H A P T E R



An Interlude

BY FLEDGLING.

THE evening was drawing to a close. Cards had been swept from the bridge tables and pink shaded candles lent a rosy color to the supper. With a nod here and a smile there, Caroline Ashe moved from one little group to another and then slipped into an inviting chair near a man and woman talking there.

"Am I interrupting?" she asked, glancing quickly from one to the other.

"You interrupt?" They smiled at the impossibility. Mrs. Carter let her eyes rest lovingly on the girl. The tête-à tête with Stephen Little just touched the tiresome mark for her.

"It is a pretty party, Caroline," she commented, looking appreciatively through the large, perfumed rooms, intricate with smilax.

"You think so? Wilson," she directed a passing servant, "press the switch buttons. We will have only candle light like the College Inn on New Year's eve. So," she said when her wish was carried out and she settled back in her chair to enjoy the scene, "I like odd light effects, don't you?" she appealed to them both.

"Oh yes, indeed." Mrs. Carter was playing with her salad instead of eating it.

"Are we—going to hear something tonight?"

Caroline Ashe frowned for an instant and shook her head vigorously. "No," she pouted. "Do you know, every time mother and I entertain, I have to answer so many, many questions like that".

"The more friends one has, the more impertinences one has to put up with, eh Caroline?" suggested Judge Little.

"Call them liberties and I won't mind," good-naturedly entreated Mrs. Carter.

"One's friends anticipate," said Caroline. Then she laughed and appealed to the Judge. "Do people want me to get engaged and marry?"

Little smiled futilely. An answer to the question was beyond him. He liked to have charming women talk to him but he did not understand them in the least. However, he had seen Caro-

line Ashe and young Dent together many times this winter and he wondered—well his thoughts scampered along the same path as Mrs. Carter's.

"Do you know, Caroline," the lady went on, "I was saying just a few minutes ago that I should hate to see you marry."

The girl looked up with a surprised "Why?"

"Well," answered the other with a shrug, "It's a trite thing to say, but marriage is a lottery."

"Are you thinking of your ticket?" teased Little.

"Oh no, Lawrence is a dear," she said quickly. "Look at him over there talking to Doctor Jones, about today's steel market, I'll wager. Steel is his pet stock, you know."

"Then why do you call it a lottery," the girl persisted.

Again the other woman gave an almost imperceptible shrug of her shoulders. "I was thinking, too, how perfect your life is, Caroline. Your father and mother adore you and you only. They could not live without you, I believe." At that the girl's expression saddened for a moment, and the Judge looked away toward some one at the other side of the room. The two women seemed about to grow intense and there was no escape for him. "And you travel Caroline, three fourths of the time. What enviable existence!"

"Yes, sometimes I do think of that, and yet"—

"Your setting is perfect, my dear, any change would mar it."

The Judge brought his attention back. "What is that you are saying of change, Lydia? I thought you were a progressive."

Caroline Ashe leaned forward impetuously. "You remember, in the 'Blue Bird', when the child, what was his name—Tytyl,—is in the Palace of Happiness, and he sees far off in the golden clouds—the Great Joy of Loving? Would you have me miss that?" she demanded, her eyes scanning the face of the older woman.

"Ah, Carol," smiled the other, patting the girl's half closed hand, "you are telling your own secret."

Young Dent came up at that moment and spoke to Caroline in a whisper inaudible to the others. "Presently," she answered and her lips formed one syllable. They wondered if it could have been "dear".

First row, left to right—Rhea Wilson, Fay Blair, Gladys Henry, Edna Lyon, Ruth Burnham.
 Second row—Agnes Moses, Agnes Uhlirah, Cora Reynolds, Ruth Delbert, Helen Woolsey, Jessie Holcomb, Olivia Olsson.
 Third row—Lydia Ederton, Kate Cadwell, Kate Shanks, Margaret Morekan, Olive Laderer.

XI CHAPTER



Vacation Stories from a Boston Settlement House

THERE is a little connection between the following anecdotes and Mu Phi since the girls have a few times given the "youngsters" and their mothers a great deal of musical pleasure.

The scene was enacted in the club room of the "House" in which a Boys Club was meeting. The assembly was carried on along "parliamentary" lines, and this particular evening the president was in the chair and a "volunteer" teacher was supervising the meeting. Shortly after the meeting opened a young man (a little older than the president of the club) entered and was ushered to a front seat amid a very hearty applause and whispered approval. During the meeting the visitor was appealed to for an opinion on all questions before the house and each time his decision seemed to make a marked impression. The session finally came to a close and the teacher, by this time bursting with curiosity, called the president to her and asked who the distinguished guest might be. Her question was promptly answered in this manner,—“Aw do yer mean to say you don't know Max Landi the champion fighter? He kin lick anything in his class. Lemme interduce yer.” Whereupon the teacher met Max and, feeling greatly rebuked because the meeting came so late in life, left the boys to their hero.

The same club of boys wished to give the teacher a gift and after they had made the purchase they were at a loss to know how to present it. One chap said he knew a speech should be made but who should make it and what should be said was a problem. Finally one of the boys said,—“I once went to a surprise party where they gave a feller a gold watch and I always remembered that speech, I kin say that if you want.” “Just the thing” the club decided even though the gift was a large box of candy.

The same “volunteer” was sitting talking with another worker when a very little girl came up and the following conversation was carried on. “Say, don't you never cry?” “Why no—I seldom cry.” “Don't yer? I cry most of the time.” “You cry most of the time—why do you do that?” “Cause if I keep on crying a while Ma gives me three cents ter go ter the picture show.” After which the “volunteer” wrote an essay entitled “An Appeal for the Revival of Tears for Women.”

ALICE DUFFY BRINE, *Beta.*

Sarah Ann's Wedding

“LAWd, Miss Mary, don't you git riled at me kase I'se late dis mawnin'. I jes nacherly overslep' myself Miss Mary an' I sho' is sorry—yas'm I is. But Lawd, Miss Mary, dat weddin' didn't break up till arter ten o'clock an' you know dis nigger—When I stays up till arter nine its like pullin' eye-teeth ter wake me up once I does hit a bed.”

“How wuz de weddin? Wal now Miss Mary, I'se been to weddin's an' been to weddin's but Sara Ann she done beat 'em all fer style. I 'clare dat gal had things jes like white folks—everything from lemonade at de front do' when you come dar to shelled goobers passed round in a plate. Yas'm dat sho' wuz a gran' weddin'.”

“No'm, it warn't too crowded in de house. You see Sara Ann jes moved out de two beds and table out o' bofe de rooms, and had 'em empty 'cept fer sunflowers stuck round everywhar.”

“Well arter we done drunk all the lemonade we could hol'—leastwise all Sara Anne provided—ole Uncle Mose Sanders an' Bob Hanks set up de march. Uncle Mose played de 'cordeon and Bob de harp, an' dem niggers couldn't hardly keep dey feets still. Wall, here comes Sara Ann's two littles' sisters all dressed up an' sprinklin' sunflowers down de room, an' right hind 'em comes Sara Ann.”

“Lawd, Miss Mary, dat nigger sho' wuz dressed. You know she had on dat red dress she bought from dat white lady what lives down de street from here—She had a pretty pink sash tied 'roun her wais' an' a beautiful big green ribbin bow all 'round de top o' her veil an' she knowed she looked good 'cause she was steppin' 'roun so proud an' pert.

“You know, Miss Mary, dey didn't use the preacher what dey hired, so Sara Ann jes' marched 'roun' de room once or twice and den she stepped out on the back porch an' tuk off her veil an' come back to he'p us eat up dem 'goobers'.”

“Why didn't dey need de preacher, you ax? 'Twere on account o' dat pesky, triflin' no-count bridegroom. You know, Miss Mary, dat nigger never did come to dat weddin'—no'm he never did.”

M. C. Mu.



First row, left to right—Fannie Hay, Adele Huddut, Nellie Weber, Leokadia Glowacki, Ruth Herron.
 Second row—Dora Boyer, Ruth Row, Blanche Simpson, Katharine Hillier, Madeline Adams, Orlie Kasper, Helene Weber, Vera Franklin, Marian Wetzler.
 Third row—Helen Macee, Flora VanGilder, Anna Overman, Vida Jones, Mabelle Williams, Ethel Quinn, Caroline Geisler, Gertrude Helms.

The Supervisor

NOT long ago, the Supervisor found a little girl in the third grade making up an alto part to all their songs. She said it sounded nicer that way. She sings for her mother at home, though they have no instrument and her mother does not sing—so that all the musical training she has had has been what she received in school. Perhaps this child is a great musician of the future, who knows? Perhaps a future Mu Phi?

This incident brings to mind a story told of Robert Franz. It is said that when Franz was a small boy in school he was scolded and severely punished because he persisted in "singing off the tune", as his teacher called it. What he really was doing was harmonizing a lower part with the melody. The "tune" above seemed bare and lacking to his sensitive ear, and he was doing his best, with his small voice, to create the harmony he felt the need of. As the little girl expressed it,—“It sounded nicer that way”. A big responsibility—true—yet what a great satisfaction and pleasure to work with children—to start them on the road to musical knowledge and appreciation, and, best of all, to foster and develop their natural love for music—for they do love it, even the tiniest tots—even the monotones love it. The keeping of this love-spark bright and glowing until a lasting love for the best in music is kindled, conserving and protecting the little voices for later training. This is the responsibility, and yet what an inspiration.

However, the Supervisor's work is lightened and brightened by many funny little incidents and unexpected sayings of the youngsters, which are all the more welcome because they come as surprises.

For instance—the Supervisor asks a first grade, “What sign tells where “Do” lives?” Without a moment's hesitation a bright lad answers, “The flaps and sharps”. Supervisor, pointing to a flat, asks, “What is this sign called?” First grade infant, whose education along some lines at least, had not been neglected, answers, “That is a spade”.

After explaining the new key, and the position of the keynote, and illustrating on the black-board, the Supervisor erased the illustration and asked Ethel, who had been terribly bothered

by the weighty problem in hand, and for whose benefit the illustration had been made, "Ethel, now can you tell me where 'Do' is?" And Ethel's face beams as she answers, "It's rubbed off now".

Can you imagine the amusement and chagrin of the Supervisor who thought she was making a lasting impression on *Ethel*?

The children had been learning spring songs, among them being "Down in the Valley". The children were choosing songs, when to the surprise of everybody, one lad asked for "Down in the Alley".

"How many of you have ever heard a great singer?" asks the Supervisor, in one of the poorer districts.

"I have," says a small Russian boy. "My sister sings fine. My ma she spend a lot of money on her, and now she sings in a fine 'nickel show'".

"When we have four sharps, low 'Do' lives on the low line, and high 'Do' lives in the high space"—an original way of expressing it.

"The Supervisor was talking to the children about a "Katy-did, Katy-didn't" song called the Argument. "I wonder if anyone can tell what an argument is", she said. "I know," pipes up the voice of the anxious lad, "It's when they have a fight".

It was Easter time. The Supervisor had heard a splendid lesson in a first grade room. "That was such good work, I believe I shall have to put an E in my book for you. Who knows what E stands for?" "I do", said a sweet little girl, "Easter".

Bright boy. "This note (pointing to a dotted half-note) has three taps." Teacher. "Why"? Bright Boy. "Because it has a knot."

* * * * *

The words of one of the kindergarten songs are:

"How-d'e-do, my partner?
"How-d'ye-do, today?
Will you dance in the circle?
I will show you the way."

One lad sang:

"How-d'ye-do, my partner,
"How-d'ye-do, two days,
Will you dance in the circle,
I will frow you away."

NELLIE MERRELL, *Epsilon*.

First row, left to right—Carrie Shaw, Verna Goltz, Esther Baumgarten, Ruby Ledward, Bertha Lohberg, Marie Conrad, Hazel Kurz, Lucy Benefiel, Ruby Williams.
Second row—Nina Cove, Lydia Neubauer, Hilda Eiler, Rubie Clark, Ethel Clarke, Drusilla Shaw, Pearl Simpson, Mildred Burnside.

P I C H A P T E R



The Marked Path

A Story.

THE waves lapped lovingly about her feet, as they had for many seasons when this bright, young being had dipped daily into the waters of the lake for her morning bath. But this morning the water caressed her lithe form more lovingly than ever before—or at least so she thought—and it was not without a sense of sadness that she realized that it would be many months, maybe years, before she would again take her morning plunge in the sunlit waters of her beautiful lake.

As she left the shore for her swim across the lake she recalled many pleasant associations here in her brother's home, the only home she had ever known. For so many years she had been the object of their love and care, because their home was childless, that it seemed a God-send that their joy would soon be complete and they would not feel her absence so keenly. But she knew that no child would ever rob her of her brother's and sister's love, for they had told her so many times and now they were proving their deep affection by the sacrifice they were making for her. How proud of her they would be when she would at last return to them, after conquering the world with her song.

Success and fame would soon be hers—had not the master said as much—and was he not showing his faith in her by accepting an untaught singer, as his own pupil. How much it had meant to him to find a voice when everything was so black before him and the doctor's order for a complete rest had forced him to seek this solitary southern home. It had restored his faith in a guiding Providence because he had been led to make such a discovery during his period of uselessness.

The opposite bank was reached and the swimmer turned toward the home shore as her final goal. But midstream her absorption was broken by the exquisite song of a bird. The girl listened till the song was finished, then, lifting her head from the waves and with face alight, she reproduced the beautiful tones of the mocking-bird—but her tones were even more beautiful this morning than the bird's—for they were colored not only with the joy of living but also with all the hopes of her future triumphs.

Midday, with its wonderful calm, found the girl again on the lake shore. But her heart was heavy and filled with a vague fear. In her restlessness she turned from the house to the lake—but the lake failed her this once—so she turned again to the house. There beneath the oak tree stood the doctor's horse, lazily switching its tail at an occasional fly. It had stood there for almost four hours and still the doctor remained indoors.

The girl had stayed in the house as long as she could stand it and then had fled to the lake—her refuge since a child. Joy seemed a thing of the past and the future a blank—she was conscious only that in there on a bed of pain lay the one who had been like a mother to her. She tried to believe that all would be well—but in her heart she was afraid.

Evening came, and the sunset painted the sky with its brilliant lights while, far off, night was creeping steadily on. The world seemed unchanged, but there is no sunset that does not find some heart to whom the day has brought a tragedy.

The girl sat on the porch until the last flickering sunray disappeared in the west, then she rose, and with sinking heart and halting feet, she entered the house of death. The great event which had promised joy had brought sorrow.

She lit the lamp, then went on into the kitchen where an aged colored woman was preparing the evening meal. The girl busied herself with a few homely tasks then, in answer to a feeble cry, went into an adjoining room. Here the light from the kitchen fell on a cradle. Stooping over it the girl lifted the tiny bundle in her arms and stilled the baby's cries. Laying the baby down she went on into the next room, entering it reverently and with bowed head, for here lay the mother who had given a life for a life.

She stood there quietly for some time, then crossed the room to her brother who sat by the window, his head buried in his hands. Without speaking she tried to comfort him, standing for several minutes with her hand on his shoulder. He spoke first and told her that, since God had seen fit to change their plans for them, he knew now that he could never afford to send her to the northern city where she was to have gone on the morrow. He would have to keep a nurse for the baby and a housekeeper and, with this added expense, he could never undertake her musical

education. This was an added sorrow to him and the girl pressed his shoulder caressingly and told him not to worry for everything would be all right.

Then she left him and, going out into the night ran down to the lake where she walked up and down the shore for many minutes. What was this terrible thing that had come to her? All sense of sorrow for her brother's wife was deadened by the realization that instead of leaving the next day to enter her conquest for success and fame, she must remain here in the country and keep house for her brother.

Many minutes passed—it seemed like hours to the girl who was rebelliously pacing the lake shore—then the old colored woman came to the door and called her in. They sat around the table, making a pretense of eating, a thing that is always done in time of sorrow, in the hope that while trying to do a commonplace thing the grief will seem less unusual.

After her last evening duties were performed the girl carried the lamp from the table into her own room. On the bed lay the few dresses which were ready for the packing in the morning, and nearby stood the open and half-filled trunk. The girl lovingly smoothed the folds of the simple gowns that were to her such treasures—then turning to the trunk and kneeling by it—she rested her head against its side and wept bitterly.

Six weeks passed, weeks filled with rebellion. Her letters from the master telling her that suffering was necessary to develop the true artist did not reconcile the girl to the seeming hopelessness of her fate. During the six weeks she never once opened her lips in song, her voice seemed frozen in her throat and her body lifeless.

One night a dream came to her—a dream of her own beautiful lake. It was night and dark. All was still indoors while outdoors all nature seemed asleep. Suddenly there came a cry from the water and just as the girl started to the lake the moon rose, and by its light she saw two baby hands disappear for the last time.

She awoke and listened for the cry—it came—this time in reality. She started up and was almost to the door before she realized that the cry was that of the baby sleeping in the cradle near her bed.

Taking the child up she went to a chair by the window and rocked silently, till she soothed the baby to sleep. Parting the curtains she looked out into the night. The waning moon had just risen and made a silvery path across the lake. The girl thought of her dream and shuddering clasped the baby closer. The child sighed softly and nestled its hands against her warm neck.

Suddenly a mocking-bird sent forth its rapturous night song. The girl listened till the sweet sound died away and then, with eyes alight and throbbing heart, her lips softly responded.

Music Teacher and Pupil

SELECTED TEACHING MATERIAL
SHEET MUSIC AND STUDIES



We want to introduce our publications. For \$1.00 we will send ten of our best numbers. Any not usable, may be returned. For \$1.00 we will send synthetic Piano method and twentieth century progressive piano studies. *Four books by Sprinkle*

Write for Catalogue

THE CARLIN MUSIC CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

HIGH GRADE

Fraternity Badges and Stationery

Designed and Manufactured by

WRIGHT, KAY & CO
DETROIT

FRATERNITY JEWELERS AND STATIONERS

Correspondence is solicited and our many years of experience are at your service

ESTABLISHED 1861

RELIABLE OVER 52 YEARS

S. H. FRIENDLY & CO.

THE LEADING STORE

General Merchandise



592-594 Willamette Street
EUGENE, OREGON

WM. C. BARBOUR

Pianos,
Player Pianos

Pianos to Rent



EUGENE, ORE.

KINLOCH, DELMAR 1457

BELL, FOREST, 4398

SCHWEIG

Art Nouveau Studio

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE

4927 DELMAR BOULEVARD

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

Lawrence Conservatory

(A Department of Lawrence College)

OFFERS unusual opportunities for the study of music. Enjoys the intellectual and social life of Lawrence College.

Faculty of noted specialists, Choral Society of 150 Voices, Orchestra, Recitals by World's Artists, Music Festival, Faculty Concerts, Superior Public School Music Course, Normal Course for Piano Teachers, Piano, Voice, Violin, Harmony. Dormitories for students.



Send for Catalogue

FREDERICK VANCE EVANS, Dean
APPLETON, WISCONSIN

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE

Dr. F. Ziegfeld, President
Founded 1867

*Parents or prospective students are requested to
make sincere investigation into the merits
and advantages of this half-century
old institution in comparison
with those of any similar
school of America
or Europe*

ALL BRANCHES OF

Music

SCHOOL OF OPERA
SCHOOL OF ACTING
SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
MODERN LANGUAGES
SCHOOL OF BALLET

Address all communications to

Registrar
CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE
624 South Michigan Boulevard
CHICAGO

Brazelton's Practical Elementary Method for Piano

PRICE \$1.00 NET

Chicago, August 1912

GAMBLE HINGED MUSIC CO., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—After a thorough examination of Mr. Edgar A. Brazelton's New Piano Method, I am pleased to express my high opinion of the work. It reflects the mature experience of ripe musicianship, and condenses the necessary fundamental material so admirably and practically that its use will insure tangible results and musical progress within a relatively brief period.

The student who masters Mr. Brazelton's valuable addition to pedagogic literature thoroughly, will be well and correctly started on the road to pianistic excellence, and teachers will find it a great help at the most critical stage of music study.

EMIL LIEBLING

Hotel Osburne

Eugene, Oregon



THE COMBS BROAD ST. CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

PHILADELPHIA

Is a school where the individual receives the most careful attention. On entrance a diagnosis is made of your individual needs, a course of treatment is outlined by the Head of the Department and you are assigned to a teacher especially adapted to your requirements. But the care of the Director does not stop here. Daily reports are made on your progress. Daily supervision prevents mistakes and shows you how to work. From the date of entrance through your whole life you have the warm personal interest of the entire Faculty. Four Pupils' Recitals a week give you ample opportunities for Public Performance. Lectures and informal talks on Music, Mind Training, Success, and Health, etc., add to your culture. Our Dormitories afford you a safe, comfortable and happy home while studying.

YOU MUST SUCCEED

Because we give you a safe, sound, sure foundation. We will develop your latent qualities because we will study you. Modern and Scientific Methods of Instruction on sound Psychological principles insure to you economy of time, money and labor.

AN IDEAL COURSE FOR TEACHERS

The Combs Broad Street Conservatory of Music is in its 29th year.
Dormitories for Young Women.
Teachers of National and International Reputation.
Our beautifully illustrated 65-page Year Book mailed for the asking.

Address GILBERT RAYNOLDS COMBS, Director

COMBS BROAD ST. CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

1327-29-31 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Famous *Fiskhats* A Leader

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

MRS. RUTH McCALLUM CARTER

Room 22, First National Bank Building



Gamma Advertisement

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

ALBERT A. STANLEY, A.M., Director

ALBERT LOCKWOOD
Head of Piano Department

SAMUEL P. LOCKWOOD
Head of Violin Department

WILLIAM HOWLAND
Head of Vocal Department

LLEWELLYN RENWICK
Head of Organ Department

25 OTHER SPECIALISTS

CHORAL UNION of 300 members.
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of 50 players.
Credit allowed by University of Michigan.
May Festival—four days. Concerts by world's
artists, and many other features.

For Calendar, Etc., Address

CHARLES A. SINK, Secretary

ARNOLD & CO.

Jewelers

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Official Jewelers to Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority.
We also make special rings, locket, brace-
lets, bar-pins, spoons, with Greek letters
or emblem applied.

Prices quoted upon application.

A half dozen spoons, with emblem, in a suit-
able roll for \$7.50 makes a very desirable
wedding gift. Engraving free.

Beta Advertisement

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director
BOSTON, MASS.

*Every Department under Special Masters
Class or Private Instruction*

Pianoforte, Organ, Orchestral Instruments, and
Vocal Courses are supplemented by courses in
Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory,
Solfeggio, Literature, Diction, Choir Training,
Ensemble, Woodwind Ensemble, and String
Quartet. The Normal Department trains for in-
telligent and practical teaching.

Languages: French, Italian, German, and Span-
ish. The free privileges of lectures, concerts,
and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble prac-
tice, and appearing before audiences with a com-
plete orchestra, and the daily associations are in-
valuable advantages to the music student.

Pupils Received for a Single Subject as well as for Full Courses

FOR PARTICULARS AND YEAR BOOK, APPLY TO

Ralph L. Flanders, Manager

Theta Advertisement

PHONES, FOREST 8333
LINDELL 4890

Mrs. Franklyn Knight
Voice Teacher



MUSICAL ART BUILDING
Boyle and Olive
ST. LOUIS, MO.

**THE KROEGER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

E. R. KROEGER, Director



All Grades and Branches of Music Taught

Musical Art Building, Boyle Ave. and Olive St.
SAINT LOUIS

SEND FOR CATALOG

Delta Advertisement

ESTABLISHED 1874

**Detroit
Conservatory of Music**

FRANCIS L. YORK, M. A.
Director



Occupies a foremost position among American
Musical Institutions.

THIRTY NINE years of successful continu-
ance is of itself a sufficient guarantee of sta-
bility and excellence. The faculty comprises
fifty noted instructors, alert to every require-
ment of advanced methods in each department

Among the faculty are found

FRANCIS L. YORK, ELIZABETH JOHNSON, L. L. RENWICK,
MR. and MRS. MARSHALL PEASE, MRS. CHAS. H. CLEM,
ENTS, WM. GRAFING KING, MRS. ALICE SPENCER DENNIS,
OLEANE DOTY, PASQUALA BRIGLIA and others.

*Rates of tuition range from \$15 to \$60 per term
(twenty lessons). Prospectus sent free on application*

JAMES H. BELL, Secretary

530 WOODWARD AVE.

DETROIT, MICH

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

Departments of

Music, Drawing and Painting, Expression

Four year courses in Piano, Organ, Voice, Violin, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music. Two year courses in Music and Expression leading to Teacher's Certificate.

Student Opera, Orchestra, Glee Club, Band, Mandolin Club, two Dramatic Clubs

Six Artist Recitals annually. Annual Music Festival. Weekly Student and Faculty Recitals.

Four Pipe Organs available for practice Established 1877

For Catalog and Information address

C. S. SKILTON, Dean Lawrence, Kansas



The University of Kansas, Lawrence.
Bell Brothers Piano Co.,

Gentlemen:—We purchased, a year or more ago, a Bell Brothers Piano, and have found it very satisfactory. We like the tone and action very much and believe it to be carefully and satisfactorily made. We feel entirely satisfied with its merits. Very truly yours, FRANK STRONG
Chancellor University of Kansas.

Bell Brothers Piano Co.
Hobart, Okla.

Gentlemen:—I am very glad of the opportunity to express my satisfaction with the Bell Brothers Piano. I feel quite sure it will be equal to the studio life which is a fine test for a piano. You see I had used one of your pianos before I purchased. Very respectfully,
KATE BOYLES, Teacher of Piano.

Holton, Kansas
Bell Brothers Piano Co.

Gentlemen:—After a year's use of the piano, I can say I am WELL pleased in every particular. I like it better than I had even anticipated. Thanking you for your very courteous treatment. I am

Yours,
BERT P. OSBON
Teacher of Piano.

Chicago, Illinois,
6030 Greenwood Ave.
Bell Brothers Piano Co.

Gentlemen:—We are more satisfied with the tone of our Bell Brothers Piano than we can express. It certainly is a lovely instrument.

Yours truly,
VERA BRADY,
Teacher of Piano.

Metropolitan College of Music, Elocution and Dramatic Art

137 Fourth Avenue, West CINCINNATI, OHIO

W. S. STERLING, Dean

Sidney C. Durst Henry Froehlich W. A. Hastie
Helen T. Splain Edna R. Kirgan Edith Matthews
Elizabeth Steward Jeanette Sayre Alma Massmann Geiser

And Corps of Preparatory Teachers

Class and Private Instruction in all Branches

Summer term begins May 1st, closes July 31st, 1913

Fall term begins September 2nd, 1913

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS

TELEPHONE, MAIN 1661

Compliments

The J. W. Greene Co.

The House of Quality

Toledo, Ohio

Pianos - Victrolas

Kurtzmann Pianos

Contain all those requisites that give to them that charming tone-quality so much desired in pianos of the highest grade. Over 6,000 sold in Indianapolis and vicinity.

PRICE \$350 UPWARD--EASY TERMS

PEARSON'S PIANO HOUSE

128 and 130 North Pennsylvania Street Indianapolis, Indiana



THE STARR MINUM GRAND PIANO

A perfect, small grand of compact size occupying but little more space than the ordinary upright. The ideal grand for your home

CATALOG ON REQUEST

THE STARR PIANO CO.

138-140 No. Penn St.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE members of the MU PHI EPSILON should use Gambleized sheet music. "It costs no more." If you will advise us what line of music you are interested in, we will send you a gratis copy.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

GAMBLE HINGE MUSIC CO.

Publishers and General Music Dealers

67 E. VAN BUREN STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW SONGS

By CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

O Haunting Memory
Sandman
A Little Pink Rose
Nothin' but Love
A Sleepy Song

Published in Suitable Keys and Sold by
Dealers Everywhere.

University Music House

MRS. M. M. ROST

PRESS BUILDING MAYNARD STREET

Next Door to University School of Music

Can show you the most complete stock of Musical Classics in the State of Michigan

Agents for

A. B. Chase Pianos and Artistanos

PIANOS FOR RENT

DO YOU KNOW

that a few cents more will take your printing out of the ordinary class and raise it to its proper level? Better paper, better workmanship, costs but little more and you will find the results will justify the expenditure. We know of no better place than here to try the experiment.

MAISWINKLE PRINTING CO.

1502 E. PASSYUNK AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The forty-seventh year of the

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

CLARA BAUR, Foundress

Conducted according to the advanced methods of the most progressive European Conservatories. The aim of the School is to EDUCATE by every means known as modern scientific instruction.

All Departments of the School are open

Faculty of International Reputation

Music

LITERATURE

EXPRESSION

LANGUAGES

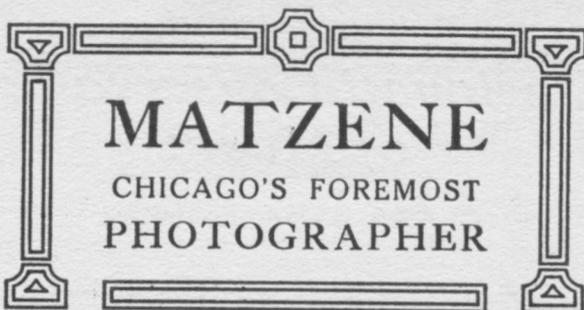
DRAMATIC ART



For Catalogue, address

MISS BERTHA BAUR, Directress

Highland Avenue and Oak Street



Entire Third Floor Fine Arts Bldg. 4 10 South Michigan Ave.

Portraits in Platinum, Carbon and Albumen.
French Water Colors and Oil Paintings.
Official Photographers to The Grand Opera.
Official Photographers of Iota Alpha Chapter,
Mu Phi Epsilon.

VOCAL TECHNIC

By ANCELLA M. FOX, (Mrs. O. L. Fox)

THIS is a graded course of vocal study which includes all forms of vocal exercise, with valuable hints on their use in voice placing.

The work is recommended by many prominent vocalists. It is bound in heavy covers with the Gamble Hinge Binding, which insures durability.

Order from Gamble Hinge Music Co.
676 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
