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# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF  
DELTA ZETA SORORITY

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GRACE ALEXANDER.... *Editor*

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# DELTA ZETA SORORITY

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EPSILON—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.  
ZETA—Nebraska University, Lincoln, Neb.  
ETA—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.  
THETA—Ohio State University, Columbia, Ohio.

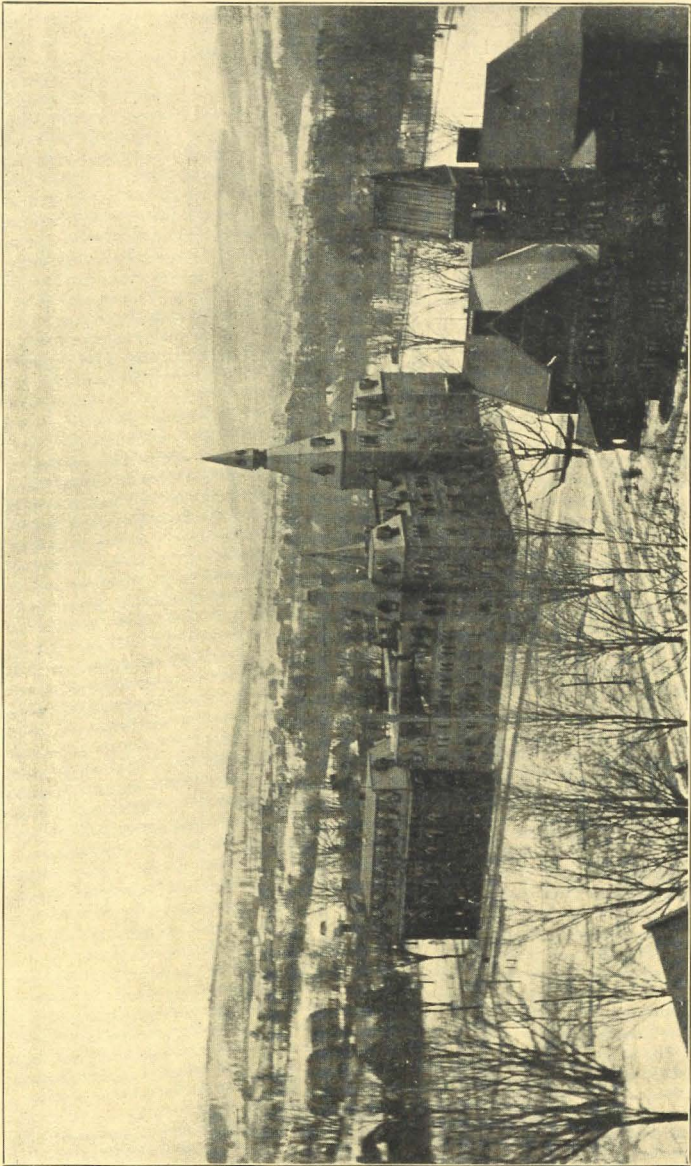
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SAGE COLLEGE AND BARNES HALL.



# DELTA ZETA LAMP

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## Beta's Yesterdays

I HAD been working at the library since seven, and at eleven I strolled rather wearily down the hall toward my room, trailing a wet umbrella behind me and hoping my room-mate would be making fudge.

There was an assemblage of five in the room. Bobby was speaking:

"But Gertrude and Billy are in the infirmary and Bob and Dot are sick, we can't ask them. Oh, Pat, will you help us sit up with Adelaide tonight?"

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Broke her nose in basketball!" answered Bobby.

"And almost her knee," added Helen.

I sat down rather limply; coming as the last of a series of catastrophies this seemed a last straw.

"But there are enough of us well," I exclaimed, somewhat irrelevantly and with an assumed cheer, "if each takes an hour."

At three o'clock Peggy crawled in with me.

"Adelaide's in my bed," she murmured, drowsily. "Bobby is with her."

At four Bobby woke me and took my place beside Peggy.

I went around with fear and trembling. My experience with broken noses was slight, to say the least, and I still had a vivid picture in my mind of another night in the same room when I had tried to keep a girl raging with fever from jumping out of the window, but I took my courage in my hands and entered.

The chapter room was in a dim light. In one bed Helen slept peacefully, and when I saw her my courage revived. In

the other bed Adelaide lay in deep slumber, a cold pack over her nose. My sole directions had been to keep the pack wet, so I took a fresh one from the water near the bed and changed it for the one on the poor, injured member. And Adelaide did not stir. I sighed with relief, and taking a pillow and a couch-cover I wrapped up and sat down on the floor, leaning my head on the bed.

Out through the open windows I could see the hills and the lights of the city in the valley. How beautiful it was! and with how many Delta Zeta girls for six years had I looked at those lights!

Adelaide moaned in her sleep; I changed the pack and settled down again.

The only light in the room came from a green shaded candle on the desk and everything in the room was obscured, except that one ray of light escaped from the top of the candle-shade and illumined the picture of Betty which hung over the desk.

To think that I was the only one left of the five whom Betty had initiated that night in March, 1908! And I thought over the history of those six years.

My memory of that first year was necessarily subjective. I was a freshman, a dreamer and a hero worshipper at that, and everything about Cornell was then, as now, surrounded with a rosy light. I can safely say I was the "greenest" Frosh that ever entered Cornell, and lucky for me was it that I chanced upon Gertrude McElfresh for a room-mate.

Gertrude had come from Oregon to enter as a Junior and had become quickly one of the most popular girls in Sage. To meet her was to become her slave, and I was the most insignificant though the most devoted of her henchmen. I loved the very ground upon which she walked—and so did others.

From November to February I was in the hospital with scarlet fever. Gertrude was the most faithful of many who made life happy for an unfortunate little Frosh. After I came back, Grace Hare, Betty Coulter, Ida Nightingale and Marguerite Decker were added to the list. Grace, or "Bunny,"



was noted for her fun. Any one who was sad or weary or discouraged came to Bun and went away happy; she was the life of every group she graced with her presence. Ida Nightingale, or "Chip," had a voice like her namesake and a dramatic ability that made her the star of Dramatic Club and Class stunts. Marguerite Decker had the dignity of a Minerva, the style of a Parisian, and a goodly share of the male portion of the University at her feet.

And one day Betty, Betty, who always appeared to me with a halo about her head of auburn and a dimple in her cheek that laughed away my awe, asked me to be a charter member of Beta Chapter. Any one of the five girls might have joined one of the existing sororities. But we wanted Betty and we wanted each other—and therefore we wanted Delta Zeta.

How proud we were when our pins came and, since we were not yet ready to announce our chapter, we wore them under our dresses and smiled at each other when we met and put our hands over our hearts.

We were initiated on Betty's birthday. I remember the round-eyed wonder with which I viewed preparations for a party in the big dining room where, as a Frosh, I could not enter; the joy with which I received the news that since I was a frosh I was to be allowed to walk down town to the post-office for the charter, and the wonder of becoming a real member at last.

Everyone was kind to us. Though we shared to a greater degree the disadvantages the younger sororities all feel before the one or two oldest, our girls were pretty, popular, and of high standing in scholarship. Being a freshman I did not count particularly, but everyone hoped for something of me in the hands of such five sisters. We had three fine patronesses in the faculty who helped us much.

Of course it was hard to start. I received none of the brunt of it, but I realized. Those of you who are in college where sororities are numerous and in high favor, cannot understand the odds against which even the oldest sororities here fight,



where there is an intense spirit of democracy that makes sorority girls avoid most carefully all appearance of clannishness or sorority spirit in public, forces a girl often to discriminate against her sorority sisters in favor of independents and makes half the girls invited to join sororities each year "go independent" from choice. Add to this the fact that most of the girls who join sororities are after the oldest, and often sacrifice their preference for the girls to their desire to belong to a well-known sorority, and you will see against what we struggled my sophomore years as the second chapter of Delta Zeta.

But the next year light broke. We found four girls of the kind of which we had found but two the year before, who thought, not of the sorority's standing, but its girls. The next year Delta Zeta was national, and we were on an equal footing in rushing rules with other sororities.

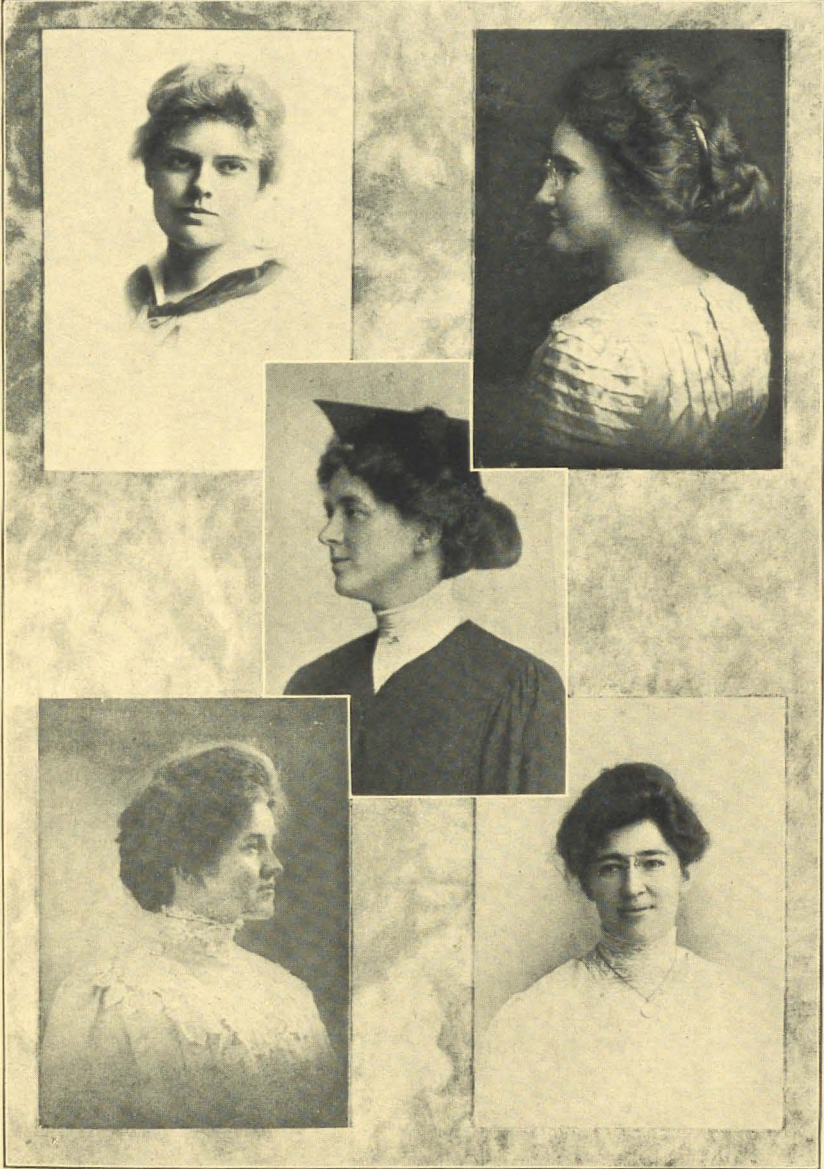
We have had and have girls prominent in all activities and all classes. Delta Zeta holds her own with the other sororities. This year our president as president of Pan-Hellenic here proved forever our right to an equal share in the positions of that organization, and now we suffer only from youth and the fewness of our alumnae, things which have their advantages as well as their drawbacks, for we have something extra to work for and to increase our love.

We have worked, all of us, how we have worked—but after all, is that what Delta Zeta means to me? As I look back I see what recalled the history of our growth has been more or less conscious, what I see as I gazed at Betty's picture was rather the result and accompaniment of that work.

Love—can anything equal the bond that has resulted in a love that leads us, scattered as we are, to sacrifice everything, even to the half of a short journey home, to see each other? That has resulted in a round-robin of seventeen of us that has travelled from Oregon to New York and reached all of us every two or three months for three years, and which no one dreams of neglecting or delaying, but only of hurrying on so



S. L. Lewis



McE

BETA CHARTER MEMBERS





she may get it the sooner? That has meant a unity of home and interests for some of us that will last all our lives?

The joy of service. Shall I ever forget the pleasure Ellie and I took in turning down four beds every night, in running errands, in coining something to do for our dear upper classmen, or how Dick and Gertrude sat up all night copying rituals and writing invitations? Shall we ever forget the trips to the infirmary, the meeting of trains, the smoothing of brows and troubled hearts that our sisters did for us? And did anyone begrudge it?

Fun—could any one help laughing the time dignified Gertrude entered her room with a wild war whoop and dance to find a professor and his wife there? Or the time we decorated Dick's room with her various pairs of shoes? Or when they put furs in my bed and a cold water bottle in Chip's and had to wait outside the door till nearly one o'clock before we went to bed and they had the pleasure of hearing our blood-curdling yells? Or the time we were discussing inheritance at the table and Helen came out of an abstraction to remark that the only inherited thing in their family was twins?

I chortled aloud, Adelaide stirred, and the clock struck. Gladly would I have sat there all night delighting in those thoughts. But the next watcher would be unhappy should she not be allowed to do her share, so I went to seek her.

She arose willingly and gave up her bed to me. As the door closed behind her, her room-mate moved and murmured in her sleep, "What was the happiest thing that ever happened to you?" And though I knew she wouldn't hear, I snuggled down in my pillow and whispered "Delta Zeta."

ERMA LINDSAY, B.

K

### The Things We Can't Forget

AS I sit before my fireside,  
All wrinkled, old and gray,  
My mind turns back to college  
And to Sage and all things gay.

'Tis not the thoughts of grinding,  
Or of fussers, fudge or fun,  
But my Delta Zeta sisters,  
That cause the tears to come.

We have one "Grad" among us,  
A Phi Bet' and a grind,  
But in spite of "Chip" and Latin  
She's quite a decent kind.

And then comes Abbie Dibble,  
Our president, sedate;  
She fusses all the afternoon  
And then at night she's late.

But now my mind goes farther,  
And I think of A two nine,  
Where sweet and dainty Gertrude  
Did her hats and clothes design.

And Bobbie, dear old Bobbie,  
With her winning looks and ways,  
Won the hearts of all the Freshmen  
And men did nearly craze.

And I think of little Billie,  
With her cute and peevish air,  
And her Bobs, and Jacks, and Teddies,  
And her curly, flying hair.

Sabina lived quite distant,  
With "Major" near at hand;  
She indulged in constant chatter,  
Which none could understand.

Peggy was a happy scout,  
With two thoughts on her mind—  
How to get enough to eat  
And escape the name of grind.



And tall and stately Helen,  
Her match you could not find;  
Her slams—they were the "slammiest,"  
But these we didn't mind.

The little girls or Freshmen dear  
Were, for children, well behaved;  
One liked Physics, one liked clothes,  
The last two fussers craved.

Though the happy days are ended  
And we are scattered o'er the land,  
This time with that is blended  
And we're still a merry band.

DOROTHY DOUGLASS, *Beta '15.*

### Social Thought, Social Talk, Social Work

S AID a friend to me recently: "Do you honestly think that social work is so difficult that it demands a special training of those intending to enter that field as a business?" To which I replied that not only honestly but most emphatically did I believe that social workers should have some special training in the theories underlying philanthropic work in order to understand and intelligently use the knowledge they gain from their actual experiences in the social service field. As well turn lose upon an infected community a man who has no knowledge of healing and expects his patients to recover under his treatment as to turn an analogous type of social worker into a socially diseased community and expect fundamental improvements to follow. The novice who enters under a skilled worker can of course learn much, but such training is not the equivalent of a systematic and thorough study of the fundamental principles that underlie the concrete problems which the social worker meets daily. One might with equal reason expect to acquire a college education through contact with a college graduate. The value of skill in charity cannot be too highly estimated. In that we are dealing directly with human souls. If it requires four years of training before one can begin to work even blunderingly at the care of human bodies, it is surely not too exacting to demand some training of those who have the care of souls—for that is what it is—in that special field known as social service work.

The realization, however, that this field of work has grown to be a profession and so requires training for effective work, has not yet penetrated the minds of all our intelligent members of society, some of whom, having slipped that particular cog in the wheel of their intellectual progress, still think of philanthropic work as meaning inevitably a voluntary contribution of one's time in which one hunts up the poor, the lazy, and the shiftless, sympathizes with them, and follows with the presentation of an undershirt or a glass of jelly. This



point of view is not a joke but a fact. When I first began to think of taking up social work, I encountered that attitude in a friend who is most intelligently progressive in her own line of work and well read in others. When I tried to sketch for her the modern development of philanthropy into a business, the more business-like it's methods the better the philanthropy, she was more than surprised and confessed she had always thought of it as "lovely work consisting of con-doling with the poor and carrying jellies to the sick." All of us have met people with a similar view-point. Indeed this "jelly" idea of charity is not limited to those who are in a position to make such donations. It is found in many would-be recipients who continually exhibit a receptive attitude toward all whom they think may possibly be moved to donate. This type—and it is a very prevalent one—resents any close scrutiny or inquiries as to income or habits of living. "Ask and it shall be given" is their motto and woe betide her whose duty is to "give", if she takes a notion to do any of the "asking." More than once in telephoning has my unoffending ear received a long distance box from the other end when an irate applicant has slammed down the receiver because I asked for some information or a personal interview. Most of such applicants really do not need any help; they are professional beggars; and some, such "tasty" ones, that their wiles cannot be seen through at first glance. Each one has a different method of attack. One of the most open, bare-faced attempts to get something for nothing that I ever experienced was in the case of a Mrs. Smolinski, who came into the office one morning, weeping, excited, and asked in broken English, after sinking into a chair (as if) exhausted: "Would you please send your wagon and team to move my furniture?"

"Madam, we have no team and wagon."

"Where is the head lady? I must speak with her."

"She is busy and cannot see you."

"Well, I must have my furniture moved right off, and if you will send your team and wagon this morning"—etc., etc.



Seeing that she was determined to have the use of the team that we did not possess, I asked her what she was intending to pay us for that service; she was so surprised at being asked to pay for it that it joggled the truth out of her: she had not expected to pay anything. Then she began to tell me volubly and with much bad English and many gestures why and where she must move, and ended by asking for some flour.

"We sent you flour a week ago," I replied.

"But I did not get any coal."

"You did not ask for coal." (By this time I was enjoying the fun).

"Can I have some coal?"

"No!"

This startled her out of her chair and toward the door; and on the way she asked:

"Can I have some clothes?"

"We have none for you."

"Yes you have; they are right in there." (pointing to our closets). But at this point I grasped her by the elbow and trundled her toward the door saying: "Mrs. Smolinski, if you asked for less you would get more. Please appreciate what we do for you before you ask for anything else." Whereupon she hurried out, saying in a confused, flurried tone: "All right; all right." This type is prevalent enough without making more of the same kind through injudicious relief; and the skilled worker must know how to meet and help practically one whose self-respect and independence has degenerated to this point as well as how to hold intact the self-respect of those who have not as yet been harmed through unskilled assistance.

As for those fundamentals, which, seen or unseen, underlie all social service and ignorance of which can work so much harm to the individual, they are many and vary according to the field being dealt with. But if I were to generalize broadly and point to one basic element that should underlie all the various forms of social work, I should indicate the principle



of constructiveness. Intelligent relief work should be constructive at bottom; it should aim to leave the individual better than before, with the possibility of still further improving through his own initiative. Charitable work that leaves out of consideration this point of betterment of the individual through his own initiative eliminates the constructive principle and becomes a palliative: a giving which merely alleviates a condition and does not aim to eradicate the condition relieved. From such charity there can come no improvement of the social structure. Obviously the undershirt and the jelly are too weak foundation stones upon which to erect a better society. Of course one may cite innumerable cases where constructive work is impossible—which does not in the least invalidate the constructive principle, the fault being with society not the principle. Since we must take society as it is, not as it ought to be, palliative work may at times be necessary for the protection of those living next to the diseased portion, and being protective, might in that limited sense, be called constructive. The value of training is manifest at this point for many times a skilled worker can give constructive relief when one unskilled could only advise a palliative.

Perhaps it might be interesting to see how this constructive principle works out in different kinds of social work. I might choose the settlement and the Associated Charities organization for comparison. The settlement stands for neighborliness. It must first be accepted as a friend by the neighborhood before it is regarded as a part of the community. This means that the workers in the settlement must be looked upon by the people of the neighborhood as their personal friends, and this takes time, for those among whom the settlement is located are, strange to say, very human and like ourselves, and do not accept as personal friends any who come into their neighborhood any more than you or I do. The settlement worker must therefore go through a normal, rational process of acquaintance and friendship before her work can become personally effective. Once accepted by them as a friend, she



can then begin to hope to impress upon them her better ideal of living and conduct, at the same time remembering that "the most skillful philanthropist is one who successfully conceals his benevolent purposes."

In the A. C. work, as it is called, the purpose is quite different. Owing to some emergency, illness, lack of work, poor management, and a thousand other causes an individual or a family finds itself facing some catastrophe. Obviously, the worker in this field cannot wait two years or more to become acquainted before she may offer advice or relief; neither is it necessary, for the impending calamity pushes aside the conventions of acquaintance and she is recognized as a friend because she "saves the situation" when they see absolutely no escape. The A. C. worker thus reaches quickly the point at which she can do constructive work. She pays for that rapidity, however, by having to lose sight of each case as soon as she starts it going right, thus being unable to retain and continue the personal contact with her people which the settlement worker always maintains. Both these types of constructive work are needed, and if you hear a settlement worker belittling the work of the Associated Charities, you may know she is as narrowly ignorant as the A. C. worker who derides the settlement.

But good constructive work is slow and not possible for every case, and in times of discouragement one may come to wonder if any good is ever accomplished and anyone fundamentally helped. At such times the only encouraging thing is to remember some particular case that was worth all the effort put into it, and more. The case that brings me the most inspiration at such times is that of a little Polish girl, Mary Czwanek by name. At the age of eleven she was smuggled into the country by her aunt who claimed she was the child's mother. She supposed she would have no trouble in supporting herself; but when she found that such was not to be the case, she grew tired of having Mary to care for, too. So poor Mary was battered around as her aunt saw fit, re-



ceiving precious little food and clothing and the worst kind of abusive treatment. Finally even this seemed too good for Mary so she was turned over to some Russian-Jews who could not understand a word Mary might speak. More abuse followed, differing only from what she had had before in being worse. Finally they turned her out on the street. At this point the authorities took up the matter and ordered the "Mother" to support the child, whereupon she confessed she had lied and that she was the child's aunt; she was not therefore obliged to support her and the state was about to deport Mary back to Poland where she was to earn her living herding cows. At this point we found Mary and there was, alas, very little of Mary left. The child's spirit seemed utterly broken, and I never saw a sadder, more hopeless face than hers when she came to the office the first time to see what we were going to do with her: she knew it would probably be something terrible. She sat with her head bowed and could hardly utter a word. We found a lovely home for her where only a very little service would be asked of her and where she could go to school and have the best of care and food. I took her up to the house and had a little chance to talk with her beforehand, but found her very unresponsive, partly because she could not speak English readily, but chiefly because she did not know what was going to happen to her and dreaded the abuse which she thought would follow. A week later Mary came into the office for some underwear and I hardly recognized the child; a quick, springing step, head up and a beaming face; Mary had at last experienced a little kindness. Her transformation is still continuing; she has proved remarkably bright in her school work and is fast learning to sew and do simple things about the house; her English is good, and she herself is developing into a beautiful girl. Mary more than compensates for the people whom no amount of endeavor can help.

There is another kind of constructive work which reaches large masses of people and which is called preventive work.



Workers in this field may never even see the people whom they are trying to help; they may never see any result from their endeavors; yet it is the work which is most sweeping in its effectiveness because it strikes at the root of the economic evils of the day: the labor problem. It is the slowest moving—apparently—of all constructive work, but once started is irresistible, and accomplishes radical reforms in comparison with which all other work seems merely palliative. One of the big organizations doing splendid preventive work is the American Association for Labor Legislation. Last year its biggest achievement was the securing the passage of the Esch-Hughes Phosphorous Match Bill, while its investigation committees on lead workers' hours of labor and general industrial conditions laid a solid foundation upon which to build a legislative programme for 1913, which includes laws which shall provide one day of rest in seven for every industrial worker; effective legal safeguard for working women; sanitary regulations protecting workers exposed to the dangers of lead poisoning and other occupational diseases, and others too numerous to mention. Such programmes take a vast deal of investigation before it is possible to formulate even tentatively the remedy; and the presentation of the facts must be so strong that public interest in their behalf will be so aroused that those for whom the passage of the bills would not be advantageous, i. e. the employers who are exploiting their employees, will not dare to oppose them. These are things the laborer cannot get for himself since his time must be spent in earning his bread and butter, and not in determining how much more bread and butter he would earn if he received his due.

Another preventive work organized the last of 1911, was that of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This was the outgrowth of the special grand jury appointed to investigate the white slave traffic in New York City which served during the first half of the year 1910. One of the recommendations of that sitting was that a public commission be appointed to study the social evil, and this Bureau is the result of that recommendation. The services of Geo.



K. Kneeland, who directed the Chicago vice commission investigation were secured to make a thorough and comprehensive survey of the conditions of vice in New York City, while Abraham Flexner was secured to make a similar survey of conditions in Europe, the object being to become familiar with all phases of the subject and all methods of handling it that have been tried. It is hoped that these reports will be published by December of this year when a practical plan for dealing with the social evil in New York will be submitted—a plan which public opinion can be brought to support. At this point I might speak of the story "My Little Sister" by Elizabeth Robbins, which has created such a stir and which should be most effective in jarring the public conscience out of its apathy into a realization of the prevalence of the social evil—for the story, though laid in London, applies with equal truth to conditions in our own cities. While all these suggestions for changes seem so slow, it is a satisfaction to know that the speed is a constantly accelerating one, and in the end preventive work affects more human beings than any other kind. By this I do not mean to belittle the need for the other kinds; all kinds are interdependent and each has its own particular strength which serves to prop up the weak points in the others; for in social work as in all else, there is no universal panacea.

I have talked so much of theories that you may think there is little beside. Quite otherwise: the work is full of human interest and abounds, many times in humor! indeed if it were not for that last, the work would be most depressing and disheartening. One of my funniest errands was to call upon a man to procure his leg—the wooden variety—which had to be sent away to be mended. As I rang the bell I prayed that my face might be in seemly repose when the door should open.

Not long ago a woman came into the office and as I went forward to meet her she inquired: "Is this the Union Relief Corpse?" As I nodded, I grinned inwardly, realizing that



we would be called just that by those in the city who are never suited with what we do and "have no use for the Union Relief Association." For that attitude toward the Associated Charities does, unfortunately, exist in the minds of many who do not yet realize that these organizations are on a business basis and must be run as such; and who resent the (to them) unnecessary investigation that always accompanies every case of reported need.

Recently I had a funny time with some Syrian men who kept haunting the office asking for work. One of the ministers in the city has the habit of sending to us all the unemployed men who come to him to ask for work. We are not an employment bureau and at best have only unskilled work to offer, while he usually sends us skilled machinists. The first time the men came in, just a chance shot, I telephoned to one of the largest manufacturing companies and was told to send the men up there; so up they went and it happened they both were given work. They evidently spread the news, and I was pestered for days after for "a job for the men that the first men sent in;" when I told them that I had nothing to offer them they would smile and say, "You telephone. Get me job." And there was no use in explaining that I knew not where to telephone: they would not believe me; I had gotten jobs for those two men and evidently had some sort of pull if I would but use it. Finally in exasperation, I said: "You people seem to think that I have a fat job to hand out at any time." to which one man replied: "Yes, if you please; thank you very much." Finally they got tired of holding down the office chairs waiting for me to return and give them that job they knew I had to offer, and so returned no more.

One of the enjoyable things in the course of this work is the chance acquaintances that one makes. As I am on the trolley a great deal I have come to know a good many of the conductors and when business is slack for them in the long runs between suburban points, they often wax confidential and tell me how fast the children wear out their shoes, how high



living is now, compared to what it was in the good old days, and like matters of importance. All these human interests are pleasant to gather in, if anyone is on the still hunt for that sort of game. One of the most humorous things of that nature that ever came my way—humorous because it had absolutely no setting, no introduction, no conclusion—was a remark that one conductor made as he handed me out of the car. He said: "Do you know what I've been thinking of all the morning? I've been thinking that the thing I'd like most for dinner would be a dozen oysters on the half shell." That was all. There was nothing that led up to it, nothing that followed. The car started again and I shall never know if he had the dinner he wanted. Yet ever since, for some unknown reason, my own palate has felt a similar hankering for a dozen Blue Points on the half shell.

At an open forum following a recent address by Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Theological School the question was asked: "Is not social work almost a religion by itself?" And it seemed to me at the time that the answer might very properly have been: "Social work *is* religion." A perfectly good hard-shelled Baptist of my acquaintance recently disparaged the Unitarians to the effect that "since, to their notion, everybody was saved, there was nothing left for them to do but social work," forgetting that religion is service as well as salvation, and social work the salvation through the service. But one does not have to devote one's entire time to social service to be a most effective social worker; there is no reason why we should not constitute ourselves bureaus for disseminating information on social questions. The importance of bringing to people's attention the existence of our social sore spots cannot be overestimated; and the next step is to make them ready to do all they can to help along the work in process. That last may sound very vague, but the help that can be rendered by each individual, is, in many cases a very concrete thing to illustrate. How many of us have heard of the Consumers' League? Having heard, how many of us insist on



wearing labeled undergarments? We may know vaguely that women and children are underpaid in the manufacturing of white garments; we have read of sweat-shop labor and the usual unsanitary conditions accompanying it. But what does it mean to us? Does it mean anything? Or do we rush to the white sales and gloat over our bargain, forgetting that the money we do not pay, is paid by the poor who sew the garments? The Child Labor Commission is working toward a national child labor law, but we shall never have it until the public—which means you and I—stop demanding cheap goods. We need a tenderer conscience toward those who bear the heaviest of the world's work. We encourage the sweating system when we do not insist on labeled underwear and do not stand shoulder to shoulder with those who are working to protect the poor who cannot protect themselves. Ignorance of social evils may be excusable in some; but the college woman has no excuse, since her wider opportunity is to be used to lighten the ignorance of others through making her cognizant of social conditions; and she, of all others, should be eager to preach such gospel—and practice it as well. It is in such practicing and preaching that she is—or should be—a strong factor in the education of public opinion; and in so doing she renders splendid social service.

To show how very slow is this process of stirring the public conscience I might illustrate with the manufacture of the phosphorous match. After all the propaganda done on this subject by the American Association for Labor Legislation, all the public lectures, reports of investigations, magazine articles, appearing periodically for months, there are still more than a few people left who never heard of the horrible disease that attacks the worker in that industry. And there is a still larger number who, having heard, still go on using phosphorous matches, because the sufferings of those they never saw make no appeal to their conscience. To show how dulled we are, how stupid and thoughtless even though well-meaning, I might cite the case of the largest settlement house in Boston, where





BETAS AT PLAY





the phosphorous match is used, and where, of all places, one would hope to find the staunchest co-operation on behalf of those who are too weak to help themselves.

No matter how much information is spread abroad regarding social evils, there is always someone needing enlightenment; someone needing another to point out the situation and make it a vital matter, rather than a vague haziness that soon blurs into forgetfulness. In this work, we, as college women, possessing a larger opportunity, thereby possess a larger responsibility; we should look to it that we do not fail. We all need the help of every other, whose vision, at one point or another, is clearer than our own; we must not forget that we in turn are needed also to serve in a similar way. That we are able to help, and therefore able to solve, the living problems which confront the poor of our country, is the privilege that we, as educated women, have, and we must do our part consistently, remembering that "no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy; no one can be perfectly free till all are free."

MILDRED V. D. MCKAY, B.

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### Dizzy

#### PART OF A TOAST

Busy are the dizzy buzzers,  
Honey bees to gather store  
The sweet nectar of the flowers,  
Dizzy buzzers ever more.

Do the D Z's as they labor  
To improve their college days,  
Laying up a store of knowledge  
To be used in many ways.

Are as busy in their buzzing  
And as busy as they hum,  
Keeping lamps well trimmed and burning,  
Driving shadows as they come.

ZETA CHAPTER.

### Ode to Delta Zeta

My dear Delta Zeta,  
 My own fraternity,  
 Honor to thee forever  
 For what you mean to me.

May I forever love thee  
 And rest within thy care,  
 As the stars that shine above me,  
 Placed by their maker there.

O, little lamp shine clearly  
 And be my guiding star,  
 That when the days are dreary  
 I'll see its beams afar.

If there is aught in future  
 That's sweet and good for me,  
 That is lighter, nobler, better,  
 I shall owe it all to thee.

Here's to Delta Zeta,  
 Oh, may she live for aye,  
 I'll honor thee forever,  
 My own fraternity.

LUCILE DAY, Z.

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### Sophomore Spike Song

In Delta Zeta,  
 With your lamp so bright,  
 You'll lead us safely through the Sophomore Spike that's so near,  
 And we'll come out with glowing colors, don't you fear;  
 For Rose and Greece, girls—  
 Certainly were made too wise,  
 And if you'll take our name  
 It sure will be our aim  
 To make you feel at home,  
 Because we'll love you so  
 In Delta Zeta.

(To Tune of Cho. of "You're My Baby.")

DELTA CHAPTER.



## The Toast Song

### I.

Come, let us pass the cup around  
And drink to Delta Z.  
And may these friendships we have formed  
Be ever linked to thee;  
As sisters we will always love,  
Our hope will ever be,  
To keep our motto and our pledge  
Throughout eternity.

### II.

When from each other we must part,  
Far out on life's broad sea,  
Backward our tho'ts will often turn  
To our sorority.  
So let us drink true friendship's wine,  
And drink a draught to thee—  
Lifting our voices, let us say,  
We pledge you, Delta Z.

(Sung to tune of Ben Jonson's "Song to Stella.")  
(Drink to me only with thine eyes.)

DELTA CHAPTER.

### Alumnae at Work

EVERY Delta Zeta is interested in our Alpha graduate chapter, I am sure. It is our first step toward organizing our alumnae and bringing them together as in college days for the good of Delta Zeta.

Our chapter is not yet in our hands but our petition is on its way to our Grand Council attended by the favorable report of our last national convention. Our constitution is drawn up and in the hands of our Grand President, Mrs. H. L. Stephenson, for approval. As we are working with the full understanding and approval of many members of our Grand Council (six of whom will be members) we already feel established.

We have had three preliminary meetings. At the first, January 25th, 1913, with Mrs. O. B. Hayes, our National Inspector, our constitution was drawn up. The second meeting, February 22, 1913, was held at the home of our National Secretary, Martha Railsback. At this meeting the constitution was perfected and officers elected as follows:

President, Mrs. O. B. Hayes.

Vice-president, Miss Crystal Hall.

Secretary, Miss Martha Railsback.

Treasurer, Mrs. I. H. Hedden.

March 15th we met with Crystal Hall. The program and membership committees were appointed by the president and two amendments were proposed. Our last meeting, April 12th, was a luncheon at a downtown café. We will meet regularly each month from October to June.

March 18th Miss Crystal Hall, chairman of the program committee, entertained her committee at lunch and a program for the entire year was arranged. This program will be printed and sent to the members and to girls who are eligible for membership.

MRS. I. H. HEDDEN, E.



## Editorials

IT is with sincere regret that we announce the resignation of our National Treasurer, Miss Emma Brunger, who has so faithfully performed the duties given her. Each Delta Zeta's heart goes out to Miss Brunger in her sorrow and wishes her comfort and help. Our Grand President, Mrs. H. L. Stephenson, has appointed Mrs. Gertrude McElfresh (Beta) of Corvallis, Oregon, to succeed Miss Brunger. Mrs. McElfresh has had considerable experience of this sort and will prove very capable, we are sure. She is now a professor at Oregon Agricultural College.

THERE has been no reference in our magazine of the articles written by Miss Rickert against sororities. We have felt that the unjust manner in which the investigation was carried on made a just reply impossible. We believe in fair representation of both sides of a vital question like this which involves so many people of good judgment and culture. There have been good replies made to these articles in different fraternity magazines, but a fair hearing in the *Century* was not provided for.

IF any one who has subscribed to the LAMP does not receive her copy, notify the Editor at once. This is important because we are very eager to have the copies get into our subscribers' hands immediately after their publication and also wish to avoid any mistakes which can be so easily corrected.

MISS JULIA CHRISMAN, Milford, Ohio, has the membership certificates in her charge and each girl who has not secured one as yet should write for it immediately. THIS MEANS YOU!

DO any of you stop to imagine the time and care spent in the preparation of the LAMP? It means hard work and a great deal of time devoted to this hard work. Considering

that, please imagine how we feel when we find that some of the announcements which concern the girls are not read by them. We know that girls in college are busy, but remember it is the really busy person who can do the most, and please do not overlook a part of the magazine which you may consider "dry," for it may contain just that which you need to know.

**T**O the alumnae—we want to get into immediate touch with you and want to know just what you are doing. Our active girls are easy to keep in close touch with, but you are so elusive that we want to ask you again to write to the Editor and tell her your work, where you are located, and what you expect to do this summer.

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### Announcements

**O**UR next issue will appear in August and we must know the addresses of the girls, each and every one, in order to send this copy correctly. We are sure the summer addresses will be changing, so please send the address that you will be using in *August*.

**E**ACH Delta Zeta as well as each chapter is urgently requested to patronize the firms whose advertisements appear in the LAMP.



## Exchange Department

IN the last number of *Banta's Greek Exchange* we noticed the quotation from some sorority magazine pertaining to the sorority library. We think it is a good suggestion for our readers.

"Every Chapter Library should contain besides magazine files:

- I. De Luxe copy of Hand Book, 4th edition.
- II. Baird's Manual, new edition.
- III. History.
- IV. New Constitution.
- V. New Song Book.
- VI. Banta's Greek Exchange."

There was a wealth of good material in the last issue of *Kappa Alpha Theta*, but we are able to get you such a glimpse of it in quoting a section of "Scientific Management of Chapter Houses."

"Scientific management applied to a chapter requires, first, such a division of labor that no one will be burdened and that many will have responsibility, with the ultimate responsibility culminating in the president (this division and subdivision should be so clear that it could be represented on a chart); second, the election of officers according to their capabilities, that is, selecting those who bring some experience to the office and who do not have to be educated at the sacrifice of the chapter's efficiency; third, conducting all financial matters in a businesslike method; fourth, seeking expert advice in all matters not entirely with undergraduate life; fifth, and most important of all, it requires a sense of responsibility in each and every member of the chapter.

"Scientific management can be put into operation within a chapter without sacrificing the originality or individuality of members, or without much extra work—in fact, in the end it will save work—and it will have the lasting benefit of training our undergraduates for efficiency in after years.

"In terms of money, scientific management means determining the cost in advance instead of waiting for the bills to come in; in terms of labor it means time saving; in terms of brain effort it means foresight rather than hindsight; in terms of results it means success instead of might-have-been."

The last issue of *The Arrow* was interesting in its entire devotion to the subject of Woman's Suffrage.

According to a decision made at Wooster University, on February 13, 1913, fraternities and sororities are to be tolerated no longer and in consequence the following organizations lose chapters: B Θ Π, Σ X, Φ Γ Δ, Α Τ Ω, Κ Α Θ, Κ Κ Γ, Π Β Φ, Δ Τ Δ, Φ Δ Θ, Φ Κ Ψ and Δ Δ Δ.

Π Β Φ announces the installation of Florida Alpha chapter at John B. Stetson University on Thursday, January 13, 1913.

Α Γ Δ announces the establishment of Lambda chapter at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., on February 22, 1913.

Σ Κ announces the establishment of Γ chapter at Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas, April 1, 1913.

Δ Δ Δ announces the establishment of Theta Eta chapter at the University of Wyoming, February 15th, and Theta Theta chapter at the University of Nevada, February 22, 1913.

The entire article "On the Writing of Chapter Letters" included in Φ Γ Δ magazine was well worth reprinting, but we can give only the most significant parts:

"Now the writing of chapter letters can be made an easy and pleasant duty. It is only necessary to understand the purpose of the chapter letter and then make every line of it measure up to that purpose.

"First then, who is the chapter letter written for? For the fellows in your own chapter? Never. You are writing to interest and inform a double audience: 1, the active and alumni men of the Fraternity in general, and, 2, the alumni of your own chapter. You should put in everything of general interest to either or both of these groups and cut out whatever is not of interest to them, however much it may interest you.



"The chapter letter is, or ought to be, a 'news' letter. We do not desire in this department any literary efforts on the charms of spring or the beauties of the campus. We want letters that are chockfull of good, live 'news' about the chapter's progress and aims, about your house, about the chapter's connection with college activities, and especially about your men, both active and alumni. Did you ever read in the larger newspapers the letters from Paris or New York or Atlantic City? The newspapers pay good money for those spicy, gossipy letters. Study them for ideas on handling material.

"Chapter letters should be 'news' letters. What is 'news'? News is anything odd, strange or out of the ordinary run. This winter the dramatic club of Syracuse presented 'The King Pin,' written by Bro. Karl Oswald, Syracuse, '14. It was the first time that the Syracuse dramatic club ever staged a play by an undergraduate. That was news. Our Illinois chapter this winter had the highest percentage of any fraternity in scholarship. Good news. There is always news material in any of the chapters if the correspondent will nose it out and play it up right.

"It is important for the chapter correspondent, either directly or indirectly, by letter-writing or word of mouth, to get a line on the alumni of his chapter. Every one of your alumni is the subject of a live, interesting news story if you can but dig it out. At this moment the magazine has 2,000 alumni readers as compared with 1,400 active, and by fall it will have twice as many alumni as active readers. It is only fair to the alumni to give them a good share of space and attention and to keep in mind what may be of special interest to them when writing the letters. Send all the alumni items you can get hold of. If such news doesn't come in, then go after it."

## Personals

### BETA CHAPTER.

Mrs. Barnard, one of our patronesses, has on account of illness, given up her residence in Ithaca, and is at present in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Van Deusen, vocal instructor of music at Wells College, Aurora, has been spending a few days with Erma Lindsay, '10.

Miss Corbett and Miss Holmquist, who are here in the interest of the Y. W. C. A., gave some very helpful talks on "College Temptations and How to Overcome Them." Miss Holmquist addressed the Beta chapter of Delta Zeta on "Sorority Influence."

### EPSILON CHAPTER.

Alma Miller spent a week end with the chapter. She explained to them about the Delta Zeta Song Book.

Grace Alexander, Crystal Hall, and Margaret Brinkmeier attended Panthygatric, March 8.

Carrie Freeman is not in school this term on account of the illness of her father.

Caroline Hildebrand visited the chapter March 15.

Epsilon chapter guests for Open House, April 12, were: Louise Fielding, Helen Beamer, Mary Clark, Marvin Sarles, Philena Climer, Lafayette, Ind., Belle Mowry, Catherine Anderson, Margaret Brinkmeier, Emma Staag, Helen Stott, Indianapolis, Miss Siebold, Marion, Ind., Ida Calvin and Glen Worthington.

Flae Ballinger and Gladys Marine entered school, spring term.

Elsie Calvin, Grace Alexander, Crystal Hall, Caroline Hildebrand, Elmira Case, Mrs. Ivan Hedden and Gladys Marine attended the first meeting of the Indiana Alumnae Association at Indianapolis in February.




Bessie Hall and John Shaeffer of Delphi, Ind., were married April 7.

Nell Easley is now with her aunt in Fresno, Cal. She reports a very enjoyable trip of forty miles into the mountains.

Mrs. R. A. Stephens (Gladys Robinson) entertained most delightfully, the Indiana Delta Zetas during spring vacation.

Betty Oden visited the Indianapolis Delta Zetas for a few weeks in March and April.

Helen Hall visited Mrs. R. A. Stephens for a week end in February.



## Our Post Box

ALPHA—OXFORD, OHIO

I SUPPOSE the most important thing that has happened to us lately is our initiation. We held it March first and naturally we initiated three of the best freshmen in school, Beulah Green, Edna Chenault and Marvine Howard. Our banquet at Hepburn Hall was lovely and we were exceptionally lucky in having Mrs. Hoke, who has been in Europe all winter, with us once again; also Julia Chrisman from Theta and Eleanor Edwards from Beta were with us. It was just luck that we managed to capture those last two. One of the girls happened to be looking at the last LAMP and said, "Why here we have two Delta Thetas real near us, one at Milford, the other at Cincinnati." The first thing we did was to see if they couldn't come up to initiation and we were delighted when they said they could. It was loads of fun finding them at the train and we all enjoyed having at close range of the Theta and Beta girls and what they were doing. We do hope they can come back again soon and if they enjoyed being here as much as we enjoyed having them, I'm sure they will.

Our freshmen put on their usual show for the benefit of the chapter and it seemed to us to be exceptionally clever this year. They gave a school scene; each old girl was represented and given a chance to see herself as the freshmen see her.

Since our last letter we have a new pledge, Helen Stover, Dayton, Ohio.

The fraternity situation in Ohio has at last settled down and is quiet again. The motion that the bill will be thrown out was carried with a storm of "ayes." We now have nothing to fear and may live in peace and quiet.



Elsa Thoma has just been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and we are just as proud of her as we can be. We always expect unusual things of Elsa, so our expectations are only fulfilled when she walks off with the prizes.

MILDRED BOATMAN.

P. S.—My letter has been written for quite a while but it seems doomed to remain in Oxford. We have been shut off from the world for several days. High water has swept away bridges on both sides of us and we can neither telegraph nor telephone anywhere.

They were able to drive to Hamilton and reach the people on one side of the river but not those on the other, for Hamilton is divided, all bridges have been swept away. We have been sending all the clothes we could spare down, for thousands of people are without food or clothing. Relief wagons were sent today and some of the college men were sent to do police duty. Most of the surrounding towns are under water and the loss of life is terrible. This is brought very near to us for many of our girls have families and friends in the storm district, and are unable to hear a word from them. We do not know what is happening; we do know that the levee broke at Dayton and the water rushed down the main street, but we know no details. There has been a scare that we would run short of provisions, but there will certainly be trains through in a few days that will connect us with larger towns. Our spring vacation begins Wednesday, but we will probably have to stay in Oxford.

Western and Oxford College have been compelled to spend their vacations here unable to get away. The authorities say there will be a train go through to Richmond tomorrow, so I shall start my letter on its way hoping it will get there some way. I hope the flood has not struck any of the rest of you and that ours is not as bad as it seems.

MILDRED BOATMAN, *Chapter Editor.*



## BETA—ITHACA, NEW YORK

IT really doesn't seem as if three months had rolled around since the last number of the LAMP. We realize our inability to excel Alpha's number of our magazine, but we will try very hard to come up to the excellent standard which she has set for us.

These past few weeks have been unusually busy and happy ones for us. Elinor Edwards, '11, came to us for a visit on March 6th, and remained until the tenth. On the afternoon of the 8th, we had a theatre party to see "The Bohemian Girl" and March 9th, Gertrude Young gave an informal tea for Miss Edwards. Then Ida Nightingale, '10, came on the fifteenth of March to spend her Easter vacation with us. On March 22nd we gave a formal tea to our patronesses and the wives of faculty members from four to six in honor of Miss Nightingale. Abbie Dibble, Gertrude Young, Edna Aldeman and Viene Caswell poured. If the "grads" only knew how glad we are to have them with us if only for a short time and how encouraging their visits are, I am sure they would come back often.

On account of the amount of time and energy spent on the Cafe Chantant, the senior, sophomore and freshmen classes decided not to give their annual stunt. The juniors, however, regretted that such tradition as these stunts have become should be lost, and so gave an original Musical Comedy "A Busted Idol" in Barnes hall. The plot was decidedly original and gave the opportunity for good chorus work and fancy dancing. The stunt was considered one of the best, if not the best ever given here.

The final basketball games took place in the Armory, the 23rd and 25th of March. Each class had its mascot and each tried to out-do the other in the stuntiness of this mascot; the seniors had a real live goat, the juniors a small girl dressed as Nike, the sophomores a huge Billiken and the freshmen a "dawg." In the first games between the juniors and seniors, the freshmen and the sophomores, the senior goat butted the



junior victory completely over to the time of 6-4, and the sophs' "god of things as they ought to be" completely routed the freshmen's dawg. The championship was awarded to the sophomores after the final contest, the little god of luck having demonstrated his ability to protect his owners.

In the recent elections of Phi Beta Kappa, 27 undergraduates were elected to this honor—12 of them being women. Last year, of 40 undergraduates elected, 27 were women. Erma Lindsay, '10, received the University Graduate scholarship in Archeology and Comparative Philology.

Practice for the Sage Crews has already begun in the gigs and the outlook for close competition between the classes seems very favorable.

VIENE CASWELL, *Chapter Editor.*

#### DELTA—GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

AT the request of Alpha chapter, I am going to send a copy of our "sophomore spike" rules. Pan-Hellenic decided that the fewer rules we had the better. The principal ones are: 1. No eating or sleeping with freshman girls except at candy kitchens. 2. Each sorority is allowed to give two parties for freshman girls. 3. No cabs or carriages to be used at these parties, except in case of bad weather. 4. Propositions to be written and sent pledge day. 5. Pledge day to be the Monday before examination week.

We have given one of our parties. For this we took the suggestion given in the LAMP of January, by Zeta chapter, of a "Japanese Breakfast." We had this party in the morning, from nine to twelve. From Jap students here we found out just how the matchmaking and wedding ceremonies were carried on. From them we also obtained Japanese costumes. Helen Pearson was the groom, Esther McNary, the bride. Ruth Line the matchmaker's wife and I was the matchmaker. You should have heard me rattle off the Japanese language, it certainly was laughable. All of our girls were dressed as Japanese ladies in gay kimonos, flowers in hair, etc. We



sat on the floor on pillows. Immediately after the ceremony and congratulations the wedding breakfast was served, which consisted of rice, chop suey, tea and wafers. Chop-sticks were used and given as souvenirs. It was different than any party given by any of the other sororities and in every way a success.

April 23rd is "Inauguration Day" for De Pauw's new president, Doctor Gross. On that day we join in with all the other organizations in having "open house" for Doctor Gross and all visitors who come for the Inauguration exercises.

Last, but not least, I want to tell you about the many honors and the many Delta Zetas who have honors here at De Pauw. Edith Wray belongs to the French Club and Toynbee (a sociological club), Jane Ryan and Helen Pearson are also members of Toynbee. Helen is the only girl on the senior play committee. We were very glad to have Delta Zeta so represented. Grace Hart belongs to the Chemistry Club. We have a Delta Zeta Quartette composed of Ruth Bridges, Ada Newhouse, Bertha Leming and Voda Perkins. This quartette has sung at University affairs and also in several other towns. Ruth Bridges is a member of the University Choir, also of Delta Mu Sigma (a musical inner sorority). To this also belongs Elizabeth Schierling and Ada Newhouse. The quartette and Ona Shindler are going to be in the May Festival. Gladys Goldsberry is in the German Club. I have been on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet for two years and am the Delta Zeta Pan-Hellenic representative.

BERTHA V. LEACH, *Chapter Editor.*

#### EPSILON—BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

**G**REETINGS from the Indiana chapter! At last we are all together after a prolonged vacation on account of the flood, and we are glad to be at work and play again. I hope that none of you suffered during that time. It was the first time in the history of the University that matriculation day was postponed; there have been fires and deaths and other misfortunes



but never before this year had the University been open and there were no students to register. When we did get back, a week late some of us were, a mass meeting was held to collect money for the sufferers and the students showed in their liberal contributions that they knew the time and took advantage of it to help in the solution of one of life's problems. As one of the professors said during that meeting it was giving the students the glimpse of the breadth of life and their opportunity to help the less fortunate.

An innovation in the activities of the women has been introduced in the formation of a Girls' Athletic Association, of which Frances Hankemeir is president and Violet Pinaire one of the directors. We are very proud that these two Delta Zetas are taking such an active part in the association and several of the girls are working for numerals and sweaters which the association will give to those who distinguish themselves in three different forms of athletics. The purpose is to stimulate interest in sports of all kinds and to make Indiana women representative in athletics as well as in scholastic attainments.

Saturday night, April 12, we were hostesses at a very pretty party at the student building. The decorations were designed by our artist, Mary Easley, in shades of pink and green streamers combined with roses and large rose and green lamps which shaded all the lights. We danced from eight until twelve and enjoyed it very much. We had a great many guests from out-of-town for the week-end. Miss Denise, Dean of Women, Mrs. Radford, Professor and Mrs. Cumings, Professor and Mrs. Throckmorton were chaperones.

Delta and Epsilon chapters are planning to celebrate their foundation days together. The place nor exact time have been decided but the idea pleases us so much that we knew you would want to know about it. I wish you could all be here so that it would be a national affair rather than a state. The report of our good time will be in the next issue of the LAMP, so I must not spoil it by anticipation.



Tonight the Deutcher Verein will present its annual play and Frances Hankemeir has one of the leading parts. The play is "Der Dummkopf" and the only stipulation which accompanied the invitations was that if we came we must stay to the end. I hope you will not think it was necessary to make such an agreement, for the German plays are always good—to those who understand no German. Miss Hankemeir's talents are varied, for she also serves as president of the Y. W. C. A.

Since our last letter to the LAMP we have pledged and initiated Marian McMillin of Rushville, and at the beginning of this term we pledged Jeannette Calvin, Nashville, Ind., Marie Ballinger, Upland, Ind., and Nell Abel, Winchester. These girls are the best kind for Delta Zeta and I am sure you will all be glad to know them sometime. The LAMP shines bright in dear old I. U. May it always be bright for you. Best wishes from Epsilon.

ADA MAY BURKE, *Chapter Editor.*

#### ZETA—LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

THE LAMP is more interesting and eagerly looked for and welcomed, each time. It is very pleasing and encouraging to see what the different Delta Zetas are doing.

Since the last issue, we have accomplished wonders, we think. After our seemingly endless siege of rushing we were finally permitted to pledge. We pledged ten of the grandest girls in school: Lucile Day, Clarinda, Iowa; Clara Dodds, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Ruth Buich, Lander, Wyoming; Julia Linn, and Emily Houska, Omaha; Marguerite Beesley, Marjoria Morse, Lincoln; Bess Jeffrey, Creston, Iowa; Florence Pagels, Beatrice, Nebraska. We certainly feel proud of our new girls and we know they are all proud to be Delta Zetas.

It seemed so good to initiate them, so many at one time. They had to "get theirs" before initiation though. Innumerable restrictions were put in their ways and means; for a week thus, they had to do things they were told to do. At the end of this week they were put through a siege of real labor, and they all worked too.

One of our members, Ruth Odell, has been elected to the



English Club. She has also been honored by being put on the "Cornhusker" staff.

We gave our annual banquet February 28th. Plates were laid for forty, the tables were decorated with pink roses, the place cards too were very unique. We were very glad to have Mrs. Sheldon, our patroness, with us, and she gave a very interesting toast.

The night after our banquet we gave a big dance at Fraternity hall for our pledges. It was a very successful dance and we were sure glad to "show off" our new girls along with the old ones, of course. Everyone had a genuinely good time.

We give our annual formal party March 28th. If everything goes as planned, we expect to have a very nice party.

One of our older girls, Katheryn Meliza, visited us during pledging time. She is contemplating studying music in Chicago this spring.

This week has been a very busy one, for next week is spring vacation. Between keeping up work and getting ready to go home everyone has been very busy.

I do not want to inflict anything upon my reader by writing more, so I'll stop. Wishing the best success to all Delta Zetas.

RUTH INHELDA, *Chapter Editor.*

#### THETA—COLUMBUS, OHIO

YOU can't imagine how glad we were to hear from you all, because it seems as if we are so close and just one big chapter after we read the LAMP. We all think the LAMP is grand and are longingly looking for the next issue. I really love my pearls more, and if possible I respect them more than I did before I read "Our Pearls" in the last LAMP. Miss Railsback's account of her trip was so interesting that I felt as if I was seeing Europe and its wonders instead of reading about them. I could go on for pages and then not tell you how much delight the LAMP gives Theta chapter. Oh, yes, I must not forget the charter members' pictures. No wonder we have such a splendid sorority with those noble girls as charter members. Don't you like your pin better? I do.



Since our last letter we have had rushing season, and it was certainly one big week. Our rush week followed the examinations. I think I have told you before that we can not bid a girl unless she has passed all her work the first semester, and of course most of the girls "were just scared to death since it was their first finals at college," and you girls know what happens when you are scared to death; and it was proven, for nearly all the freshmen we thought would now be wearing a pledge pin received a failure, condition or if nothing else they received a deferred pass. We were all terribly sorry. In consequence of this scholarship rule we have only one pledge to announce in this letter—Lillian Johnson of Jackson, Ohio.

Margaretta Brown and Claudia Hicks, who have been out of school since Thanksgiving on account of sickness, are improving and expect to come to the spread tonight.

I knew I wanted to tell you about our dance during the rush week. Even though a Delta Zeta does say it, it was the prettiest and one of the largest parties given that week. The hall was beautifully decorated and then we had several favor dances and I think they always add so much to a dance. For one favor dance, Mrs. Gephart, our patroness, stood in one end of the room with a huge basket of Killarney roses, and to these were tied ribbons with a girl's name on it; for another we had a Japanese parasol, and then later the girls all threw little white rubber balls at the men, but we did not throw our own ball—and girls, it was real funny to watch the fellows grab for the balls thinking they would get to dance with the girl who threw it and then find another name on it. Professor and Mrs. Gephart, Professor and Mrs. Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell chaperoned. Mrs. Campbell (Mary Drange) is a Delta Zeta from Indiana and we are certainly glad to have her with us. You girls at Epsilon chapter ought to hear the good things she tells us about you.

One of our senior girls, Marie Bluett, has been selected for the leading part in the German play which will be given before the German Club in April.

All the girls of Theta chapter send their love and best wishes.

AREMA O'BRIEN, *Chapter Editor.*