

VOLUME XIII    **NOVEMBER**    NUMBER 1

NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN

# THE TOMAHAWK



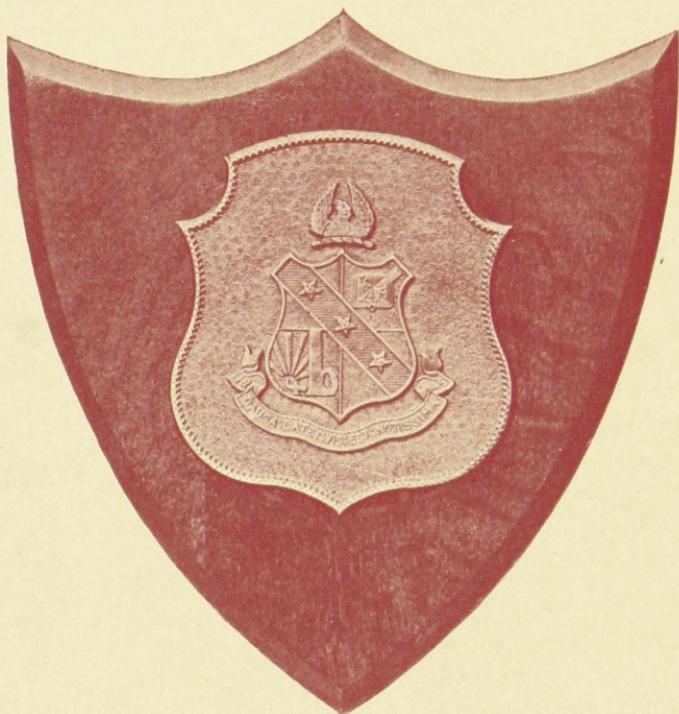
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# THE TOMAHAWK

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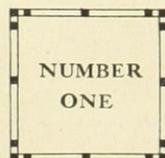
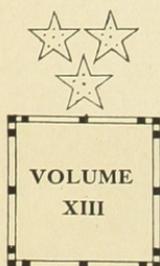
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EDITOR of THE TOMAHAWK  
Grand Junior President of the Fraternity



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NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN

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### THE EDITOR'S ITINERARY

ON the 10th of August I started on my western journey to and from the National Convention of this Fraternity, and it is my purpose to herein note some of the scenes and experiences through which I passed en route.

The New York Central train carried me out of the Grand Central and in a few moments was rolling beside the eastern bank of the Hudson opposite the celebrated Palisades on the New Jersey shore, which in places fall precipitously from 100 to 200 feet almost to the water's edge. Yonkers, Tarrytown with its Sleepy Hollow, Dobbs Ferry, the grim gray walls of Sing Sing, and beautiful West Point, all nestling at the foot or on the crests of the green hills made a scene worthy of a painter's dream, for everywhere the river wended its way between and the evening sunshine bathed all in a halo of golden glory. At dark we reached our capital city, Albany, and during the night passed through Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Erie, and as the sun crept over the eastern hills found ourselves in Ohio.

It was a varied scene of lake and hill and farm through which we were now passing. As we rolled into Cleveland the smoke from its numerous factories hung like a pall over the business part of the city. A change of engines and we were soon on our way to the Queen City of the South through the fields of corn, oats, and belated wheat. It was very wet and water often stood ankle deep in the fields beside the tracks. A few minutes after noon we reached Cincinnati, promptly on the instant we were due, thanks to the splendid management of the New York Central Railroad, well named America's greatest. On my way I had passed through Delaware, Columbus, Dayton, and many smaller

manufacturing towns. A quick change of cars and the C. H. & D. was soon bearing me through the rain to the little town of Oxford, the site of one of the three state universities of Ohio, definitely known as Miami University. It nestles quietly among its forests of shade surrounded by a peaceful, progressive, and intelligent college community. Located in the very heart of the city upon a campus of about a hundred acres are found its fourteen splendid buildings. Very few of its students live in dormitories and the fraternity system is here well developed, this institution having given to America the well-known college fraternities, Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta, and Sigma Chi. I found six nationals represented among its student body and two locals. The institution itself, however, together with its history and traditions was what interested me most. It has been well named the "Yale of the West," and certainly its high standing, splendid work of students and faculty, and the record for accomplishment from its alumni, justify its reputation and establish the fact that its traditions are founded upon historical facts that make it an intensely human institution. Certainly the romance and glamor of old memories hover over the town, the community, and the state, and contribute their share towards the greatness of the nation of which we are a part.

**MIAMI**

The next day I resumed my journey by way of Indianapolis over the Monon through the corn fields and farms of Indiana. The country was very level and extremely wet, for Jupiter Pluvius had turned the clay into quagmire and the remains of the excessive rains stood often knee deep in the fields. Oats were for the most part ruined, while much wheat stood rotting in the shocks too wet to thrash. Corn bade fair to be a very heavy crop as it often stood fifteen feet in height and very well eared.

Towards evening we slipped over the Illinois line and rolled for an hour or two through the environs of Chicago where manufacturing and merchandising form the principal industries. A few minutes after my arrival in the windy city I found myself in the magnificent new Northwestern Railway depot from which I took the evening train for St. Paul and Minneapolis. During the night we traversed Illinois and Wisconsin and at daybreak crossed the Father of Waters into Minnesota. The character of the soil and the products resemble those of New York, Michigan,

and Wisconsin, the soil being for the most part sandy and rather light, the country rolling and in some places quite hilly; the crops—corn, potatoes, oats, wheat, hay, and orchard products, with considerable dairying and poultry raising sandwiched in between. Since we left Chicago we had been traveling through what was once a vast unbroken forest surrounding at places beautiful inland lakes. Everywhere the woodman's axe has stripped the region of its timber and there is less living forest in Wisconsin and Minnesota than in the average New England state.

Arriving at Minneapolis at 7:45 A. M. I met Brother Ray H. Kenyon, A '13, one of its enterprising young lawyers, and in his MINNEAPOLIS machine made a rapid inspection of its business and residential sections. Two of its institutions especially interested me,—(a) its parks which contain a chain of seven beautiful lakes and the Falls of Minnehaha. The lakes extend for miles inside the city limits, are connected with each other, and are navigable for small craft. Thousands of canoes, punts, and power boats privately owned are cared for by the city officials for a nominal annual fee. This income enables them to park the shores, plant shrubbery in desirable locations, and conserve its natural and artificial shade. Boulevards, flower gardens, plants, statuary, and ornamental buildings and fences complete a system unrivalled in America and establishes its claim of being the most beautiful city found therein. (b). The University of Minnesota is the second institution that claimed my close attention. Its magnificent campus of hundreds of acres in the very heart of the residential section, its dozens of splendid modern buildings, its walks, drives, shrubbery, and commanding view of the hills that flank the upper Mississippi in the distance with the silver thread of the river and its falls, and the lakes I have already mentioned make an environment that inspires good work for both faculty and student body. Over 5,000 students attend its lectures yearly and its graduating classes are constantly increasing. The fraternity system here is extremely interesting as only a small proportion of its student body finds membership in the 19 nationals, 10 sororities, and 20 professional fraternities. One or two locals also exist. Fraternity row is within a five minutes walk from the campus. No dormitories exist in Minnesota and the student body is housed in these fraternity buildings and in private homes.

The great mills, elevators, power dams, and manufacturing establishments line the banks of the Mississippi or obstruct its flow, and impress one with the economic greatness of this unit of our urban population.

At 11:00 I took the Northern Pacific flyer and all afternoon traveled through western Minnesota and eastern North Dakota. The prairies were interspersed at intervals with lakes and rivers and were more or less rolling. The crops gradually assumed a monotony until one began to feel himself in the midst of a vast field of wheat hundreds of miles in extent. East of Fargo we entered an almost perfect plain in which nature seems to have used her rolling pin most freely. The land is as level as a floor, and fields and roads, even the city streets, present everywhere a sameness that palls upon the eye.

At Jamestown, North Dakota, I made my first protracted stop. It is a hustling city of 8,000, the capital of the county, and metropolis and chief market for a region half the size of Connecticut. On August 15th an automobile took me 142 miles through the

DAKOTA
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wheat fields towards the South Dakota line. Everywhere it was wheat, or oats, or barley. A few fields of flax, small patches of potatoes, and scattered clumps of cultivated trees were the only variations. The soil is for the most part a heavy clay loam with many deposits of black muck or peat in small quantities irregularly placed. Wheat ran from 16 to 30 bushels with a few fields as high as 35 to 40 per acre. Oats ranged from 60 to 80, barley from 30 to 50. These crops were ready to harvest and many crews were working notwithstanding it was Sunday and the harvest just beginning. Fields often 640 acres in extent were merely separated by highways, while dwellings were often miles apart. One may often find from 640 to 2500 acres in a single farm. Lands under the plow range from \$60.00 to \$100.00 per acre. Farming is carried on almost entirely by machinery. The land is turned by gang plows propelled by steam, often 16 mouldboards being attached to a single tractor. Planting is accomplished by drills, while crops are cut by harvesters and headers, the former propelled by horses, the latter by either teams or tractors. Threshing is the business of specialists. An outfit will consist of the machine, the engine, a couple of water tenders, a coal wagon, several wagons with racks, drivers, loaders,

and extra horses, a kitchen, dining room, and sleeping bunks all on wheels. The grain is gathered from the shocks, hauled to the thresher, and threshed and delivered to the farmer in bags or on the ground without the latter furnishing any of the help. These threshing crews number from 35 to 40 men and become very expert in their manner of handling the grain, while the farmer is relieved from all trouble in securing the necessary help and his women folk from the task of preparing the meals for the crews. The machine is moved from time to time to bring it within a radius of easy hauling and as the straw is burned where it falls it matters not where and how often these moves are made.

Diversified farming is gaining a foothold slowly here, but surely. The severe hail storms near harvest time are the compelling factors as many farmers in nearly every neighborhood have the misfortune to lose their entire year's labor in a few hours. Wheat and small grains are very susceptible to these destructive attacks, while over production and low prices complete the woes of their more fortunate neighbors. These farmers are finding that it does not pay to put all their eggs in one basket.

In winter the thermometer often drops to 40° below zero and in consequence very little winter wheat is sowed and almost no fruit is produced. Dairying is on the increase. The lands are beginning to lose much of their original fertility through excessive plantings of wheat. The almost wanton waste is worthy of the strongest condemnation. Valuable machinery is used during the season and drawn into a corner of the field or beside the road and exposed for the rest of the year to the elements; crops are harvested and thrown in heaps upon the open prairie to withstand the ravages of mice, rats, gophers, sun and storm, and after months of deterioration the remnant is hauled to the elevators for storage or market. The profits of the year are often sacrificed in this manner. Much grain is never cut at all because it grows too close to the fence posts for the binders to gather without danger to the machine. Another source of much loss is due to planting too much of one variety. For instance I found one man with 2340 acres of wheat and but seven machines with which to accomplish it. As each can average but 20 acres per day barring accidents it would take him from 15 to 17 days continuous cutting to get it into shocks. Yet all was ready to be cut at once,

and by the time half of the crop was cut the balance would be shelling so badly as to be hardly worth the effort. Three different varieties that matured a week and two weeks later than the first in proper proportions would have solved his difficulty. His name is legion in this vicinity. If the farmers of the prairie states would save the waste each year their economic difficulties would rapidly disappear. Through their negligence the manufacturers of farming machinery, mortgagees, and creditors are reaping profits out of all proportion and the farmer is just about holding his own.

At Jamestown I witnessed an Abnaki Indian Pageant given in Klaus Park for the benefit of the city playgrounds by students from the local grammar and high schools. Dressed in the costumes of these aborigines and chanting their songs to original music adapted by Prof. W. A. Loring, a Harvard man, who spent many years studying the folk lore and customs of the prairie tribes, these youngsters acquitted themselves most handsomely and at the same time re-enacted scenes of historic and traditionary value. A hermit's dream, a festal day with an Indian camp fire, an attack from canoes upon the James, a prisoner, and a Sioux Death Dance, were the central portions of the play.

Wednesday, August 18th found me aboard Northern Pacific No. 3 bound for a new destination. The monotony of the trip through the 300 miles of prairies was somewhat broken by a display of brutality on the part of one of the minions of the law representative of the state penitentiary. A man had escaped from prison and been apprehended somewhere in Iowa and a deputy had been sent to bring him back. This fellow shackled the prisoner's feet together with a chain that would permit him to take steps about eight inches in length while the links clanked upon the floor of the car as he walked back and forth therein. The deputy seemed to enjoy the experience and kept the prisoner moving fully half the time. If this is a sample of North Dakota justice I do not blame their prisoners from taking French leave of their jailers. It is more than likely a display of petty persecution on the part of a cowardly skulking sneak who has been able to secure an easy berth through political influence and by abuse of his power annoy the traveling public without actually humiliating his captive. The days of the Inquisition are supposed to have passed, but there are

doubtless relapses from time to time when small individuals are set to do men's work.

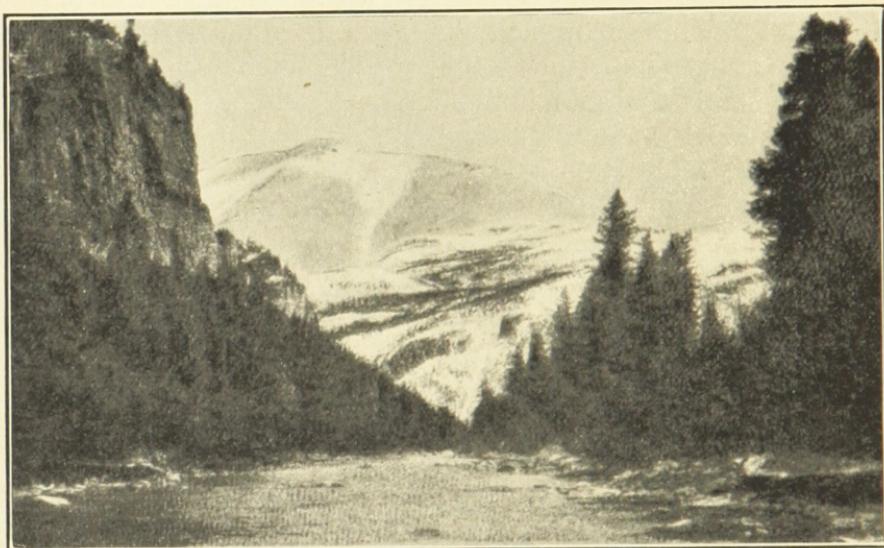
Late in the afternoon we were rolling through the Bad Lands—well named, for they are almost devoid of substantial vegetation. This barren waste is for the most part low irregular rocky hills of volcanic origin with the appearance of a mud formation that has but recently hardened. Very little mineral abounds. They are a part of the foot hills of the Rockies.

At 12:20 A. M. I reached Billings, Montana, a city of 15,000 situated in an irrigated valley flanked on either side by high rolling prairies running back from the river. At Laurel, 20 miles westward, I made a day's stop to investigate the industries of this section. An automobile soon took me into the uplands above the Missouri where dry land farming is the order of the day. The soil resembles that of the Dakotas. It is a rich clay loam but the hilly nature of the country makes farming much more difficult. At my cousin's ranch, twenty miles back from the river, I saw two interesting exhibits of the fauna of this region. The wheat harvest was in operation and the hands had devoted their spare time to securing relics of their ranch life in Montana. These consisted of the skins of a coyote and several diamond backed rattlers, two pests of this region. Many horses, cattle, and sheep are herded on the fertile hills. Irrigation is carried on in the bottoms along the river, but the leaching of alkali causes considerable trouble. Alfalfa, sugar beets, and small grains are the principal crops. Fruits are almost unknown as the climate is here too cold in winter. Alfalfa produces three good crops a year. Alfalfa honey is another prolific product of the numerous apiaries of this region. For quality, clearness and quantity it is unrivalled. Here I obtained my first view of the snow-capped Saw Tooth Mountains 60 miles away.

At Bozeman, 142 miles further west, I found a city of 9,000, the county seat and metropolis of the Gallatin Valley, probably one of the most fertile sections in the world. There are so many startling things to be found within a radius of 100 miles from this city that a short description of the place and its environs will doubtless be profitable. The city is the seat of the Montana State College where both agriculture and science are the principal lines of instruction. It has about 500 students each year, but is rapidly

growing. The State Fish Hatchery is another of its institutions. Millions of fish in all stages of development are always found in its ponds, and as rapidly as the fry develop they are dispersed to restock the streams of the state, or exchanged for similar products. An interesting feature of this place is found in the natural hot spring whose waters boiling hot are mingled with those of colder springs to keep the temperature properly regulated at all times of the year.

The residential portions of the city are well laid out and the dwellings substantial with large grounds surrounding them and



Mount Baldy, near Bozeman, Montana

plenty of grass, shrubbery, sunshine and room to give comfort and health to their occupants. Electricity is used for cooking, lighting, and heating purposes and costs but three cents per kilowatt hour. It is supplied by the Montana Power Company that controls the power dams in the mountain streams all through this region. The mountains are seen in the distance in every direction. The evening I arrived we had an automobile ride through Bridger Canyon, the Fish Hatchery, etc., and on our return witnessed a typical thunder storm in the mountains twenty miles away. The lightning was very vivid and the thunder broke with

fearful volume and so continuous as to give one a feeling of awe and thankfulness that it was not a part of our more immediate surroundings.

The following day we took an automobile trip of 40 miles through the irrigated farms in the valley and lower foothills.

**IRRIGATION**

The land is a decomposed lava dust and when watered seems to have almost unlimited fertility. Water is conveyed through ditches often 35 to 40 miles away in the upper portions of the Gallatin River. One marvels at the swiftness with which the water flows through these open ditches ever ready for instant use. During the winter the water is not permitted to run in these conveyors at all as freezing breaks them up, and if lined with concrete practically destroys them. The water is



A field of irrigated wheat that yielded 83 bushels per acre

allowed to cover the land through gates arranged at proper intervals for this purpose. Specialists are employed to distribute this water and paid by the farmers for their services in addition to the water rates collected by the irrigation companies. An interesting feature of this system is that the water belongs to the farmer who has "appropriated" it and not to the water company that conveys it to him, yet the right generally goes with the land, cannot be transferred separately from it, cannot be permitted to waste, and so long as used cannot be stopped. These lands are held at from \$60.00 and upward an acre subject to the perpetual water rates exacted by the irrigation syndicates. The surprising yields of grain and alfalfa are almost beyond credence. Wheat ranges from 50 to 70 bushels per acre, barley 40 to 80, rye 60 to 80, oats

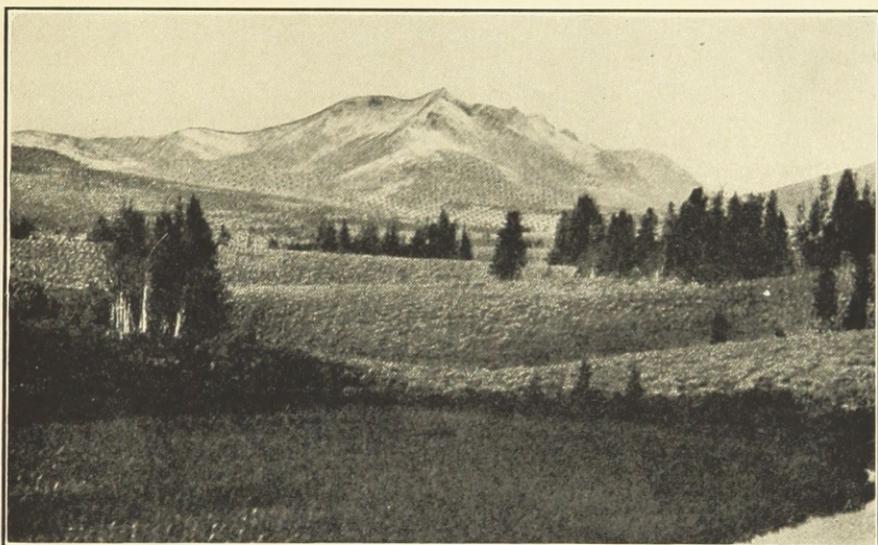
80 to 150, flax seed 12 to 22, clover seed 8 to 12, garden peas 30 to 35, timothy 4 to 6 tons, and alfalfa 12 to 18 tons, the latter however of three crops. Farms range in size from 160 to 640 acres with an average of about 320. Very little fruit is grown owing to the extremely cold winters and the high elevation. Temperatures range from about 90 above in summer to 40 below in winter. The proximity of the mountains gives refreshing breezes in the hottest weather, however, or protects the valley from the destructive storms of colder seasons. The farms are for the most part rolling and rise above each other towards the foothills further away from the river.

But such shameful waste. Every highway is fenced on both sides with stakes and barbed wire. Every ditch is open and often runs in both directions at right angles across the farms. The same causes that compel the Dakota farmer to protect his machinery from contact with post or concrete walls keep the Montana farmer from approaching within from four to six feet of these obstructions, while the wheat, 70 bushel wheat at that, grows rank and full to their very edge. While a man with a scythe could earn his day's wages before breakfast and leave all that he could save until night as clear profit to the owner, these streaks of standing wheat often miles in length are allowed to waste as not being worth while trying to harvest. Garden peas that bring from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per bushel and cannot be cut until they are very ripe are gathered with a mower after they become dry instead of when the dew is on and then pitched into high racks and hauled along the country roads until shelled peas practically cover them for miles. The man who farms in Montana is machine mad just the same as his competitor in the prairies.

On every side of us towered the Rockies in the distance. I wonder how many of my readers have an adequate idea of what THE ROCKIES the Rockies really are, especially those who have not seen them. Imagination had pictured to me great bluffs of rock, barren, and almost inaccessible, and most of them crowned by eternal snow. Occasionally I had pictured them to be overgrown with stunted pines or oaks, further down where there were patches of earth holding a perilous foothold upon their precipitous sides. Imagine my surprise to find wheat fields producing 35 bushels per acre over 7,000 feet above the sea and

crowning their very tops, yet this is what I saw on the road between Bozeman and Livingston.

Do not imagine, however, that all mountains are alike. For the most part their sides are covered with growths of timber with occasional bald crags jutting through. Their sides are generally too steep to cultivate, but mesas are often found large enough for a farm or two, but as a rule they are not irrigated. Livingston we found to be a pretty little town not far from the Shield's River Valley and in addition to being a gateway to the Yellowstone was also a very important railroad division head-



**Electric Peak, Yellowstone Park**

quarters. Gardiner, on the very edge of the Park is 54 miles away, with a mountain road connecting them that is fit for a pack saddle horse, though we essayed it with an automobile. Gardiner is a village that subsists upon tourists and like all such places is neither esthetic nor ethical. On our way into it we had passed up the Yellowstone River which even here was a plunging, raging torrent of white water throughout most of its length, and the Devil's Slide on Mount Washington, a frightful barren space between two rows of rocks set on end like hog's teeth and seeming to guide the way to the bottom at least a thousand feet below. One would think the devil's trousers would have been pretty warm in the seat

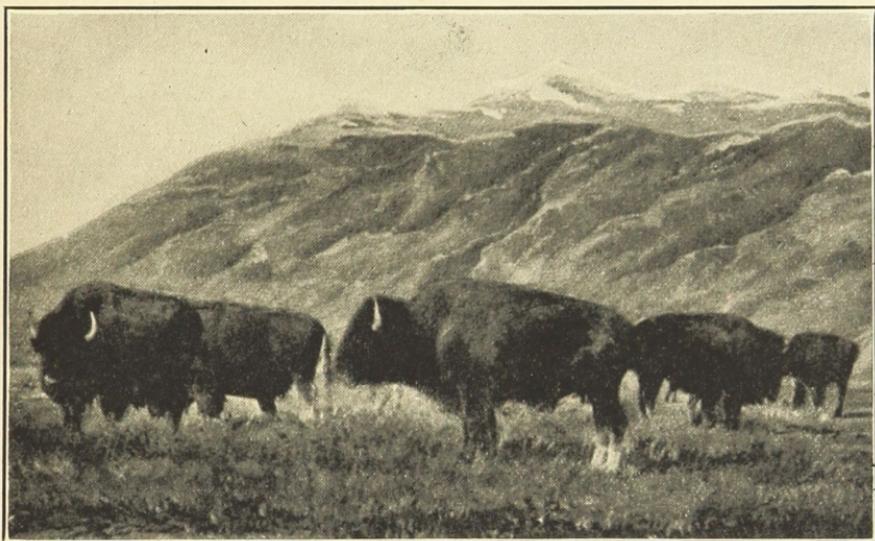
by the time he reached the end of his perilous journey as a short cut to the valley in which our apology for a road was located. To call it "built" would be an abuse of language at the expense of truth.

I shall not attempt to describe but a small portion of what I saw in the Yellowstone. It had just been opened for the first time to YELLOWSTONE  
PARK our mode of locomotion and the schedules they imposed were strictly adhered to, but the excellent roads that Uncle Sam has built did not make the task a hard one. There is but little doubt that another year or two will see the old fashioned stage coach give way to the automobile for tourists as well as pleasure seekers. There is the hotel way, wherein the tourists pay \$53.75 each for a five and half day trip on the stage coaches and stop at the hotels, located at Mammoth, Fountain, Old Faithful, the Lake, and Grand Canyon;—the Wylie, at \$40.00, Shaw & Powell at \$35.00, and Old Faithful at \$25.00 for the same time and methods of conveyance except the stops are made at permanent camps for meals and at night, the sleeping apartments being single, double, and four bed tents erected on board foundations, heated by a single stove, and separated into compartments by curtains strung on wires. These beds and tents are very comfortable and the food substantial, plain, and sufficient. The service is not always as good as it might be but if the tourist is willing to help himself at times he will have but little real cause for complaint. The Park has a nomenclature all its own. Those who work in the tents, camps, and on the stages are known as "savages." The tourists are "dudes," the campers, "sagebrushers," while courting is popularly known as "rotten logging."

The lodge pole pine grows in great profuseness everywhere in the Park, being found in the valleys, upon the slopes of the mountains, and even covering their summits with a mantle of perpetual green. These trees are small, seldom over a foot in diameter, but grow very straight and tall, and very close together. In addition almost as much dead and fallen timber covered the ground. Their cones are very small, little larger than those of the hemlock, and their needles shorter and not quite so profuse as the white pine. Wild flowers and shrubs also abound, especially in the open spaces and along the roads. It is against the rules to take anything of a vegetable or mineral nature out of the Park.

All animals are also protected, the only exception being that a man may kill one if he is attacked and his life is in danger. Squirrels, wood chucks, deer, elk, buffalo, and bear are very numerous and bold.

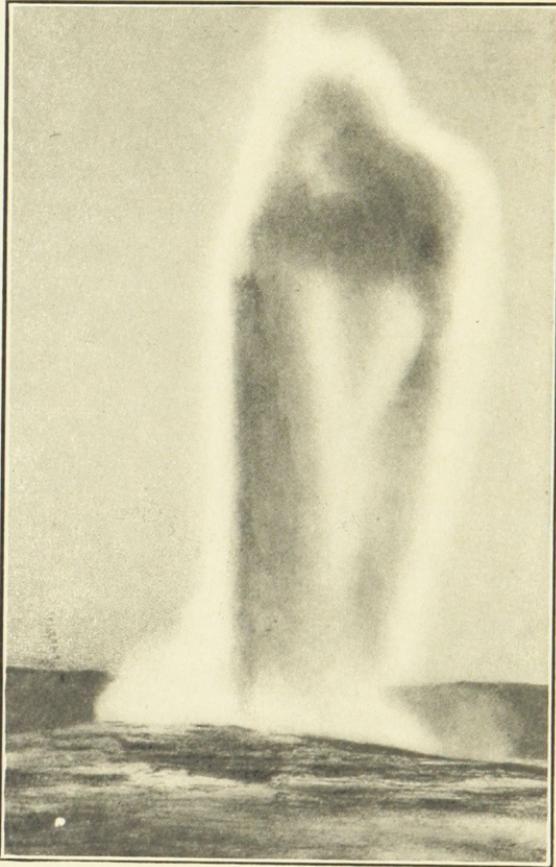
The wonderful collection of curious natural objects in the Yellowstone are probably not equalled anywhere on earth. At Mammoth the hot springs have flowed over their sides and deposits are in such quantities that the walls are built up many feet in height, the formations being equally wide in thickness. The Lower Basin holds the small geysers, the black growler, the steam geyser and



Bison in Yellowstone Park

countless hot springs of sulphur or silica impregnation. The Upper Basin has many similar springs, and here is found the celebrated Old Faithful that spouts every 65 minutes regularly. Between them lies the Excelsior Geyser that has been silent since the visit of President Arthur in 1888. This geyser has many hot springs flowing over its formation and is principally noted for the great amount of water it expels, enough it is said to drown the neighborhood for thousands of feet in every direction, and if it gave no warning could engulf hundreds in its seething, steaming flow. The presidential party while visiting the Park was under

the direct charge of an U. S. Army officer who was just then relating that this geyser had not expelled in many years and they did not know when she would blow off. Just as the Major finished his statement he heard a sound and knew instantly what it meant, and called to the President, and his party, "run for your lives,



**OLD FAITHFUL**

**This geyser erupts regularly every 65 minutes**

there she goes now." The party scattered as quickly as possible but not a few of them were drenched with hot water, though nobody lost his life.

The paint pots, the minute man, morning glory spring, fountain spring, etc. belong to these formations. Old Faithful sometimes shoots 400 feet in height but is affected by wind and rain.

The first time I saw it was in a drenching rain accompanied by a high wind. It did not spout over 40 feet and seemed to rebel against showing off in such surroundings. 65 minutes later, however, the water was thrown well over 200 feet and the steam that accompanied it roared loud enough to be heard for miles. The sun was shining then and the wind had fallen almost to a calm.

Between Old Faithful and Lake Yellowstone we passed over the worst roads in the Park, as the long sand hills that took us over the Continental Divide have not yet been macadamized. We crossed the Divide three times at an elevation approximating 8,300 feet and were treated by the weather to a snow storm on August 23rd. On our way we passed apollinaris and mineral springs, mountain streams that plunged through their rocky beds or over small cataracts with a roar to break the silence of the primeval forest around us. Many mountains clothed in timber to their very summits are passed in this section. Towards the late afternoon we arrived in the vicinity of Lake Yellowstone, a beautiful sheet of water, 65 miles in length by 40 in width, occupying a basin on the mesa top 7,000 feet above the level of the sea and said to be the highest body of navigable water in the world. Large steamers connect points of interest upon its shores. Our road lay along its western bank for upwards of 25 miles. It is fed by countless cold and hot springs and the overflow from the numerous geyser formations along its sides, yet the water is clear and cold and excellent fishing exists. At one of the geyser formations we made a stop and the spot was pointed out to me where a Bozeman school teacher, a Mr. Bishop, some five years ago essayed the task of catching a fish and boiling it in one of the geysers without removing it from his hook. He accordingly cast his fly into the waters of the lake with a good casting pole and line and was rewarded in a few minutes by a heavy strike and a large lake trout was hooked. Not wishing to lose his fish he continued to play him a few minutes and changed his position accordingly without taking careful notice of his own safety. Just as he was about to reel in he felt his feet slipping and an instant later had plunged into the boiling geyser up to his arm pits through its crumbling encrusted sides. He was alone but had presence of mind enough to grasp the only chance he had for escape and pulled himself out upon its low walls and after great effort reached his camp a couple

of miles away, more dead than alive. One of his feet was amputated and his remaining leg above the knee, while his body was frightfully scalded and burned. He has been an invalid ever since. He had fallen into one of the boiling springs that discharge their waters upon the very bank of the lake. Some of these springs discharge even under the surface of the waters but within sight of the banks. So the story of catching a fish and boiling it without removing it from one's hook is possible at several different places along this lake.

That night we camped beside the waters of Lake Yellowstone

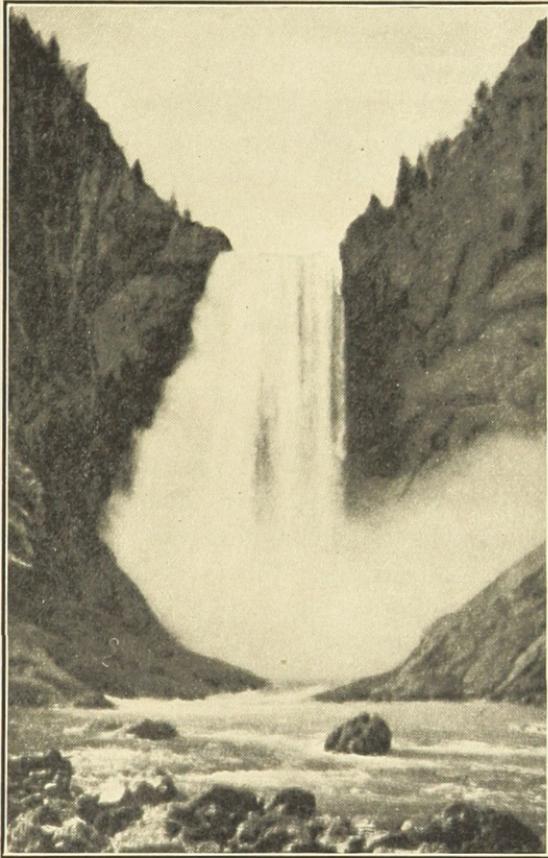


**Moonlight on Lake Yellowstone**

at a point about 40 miles from the Grand Canyon. The August moon was full, the sky clear, and the air cool and bracing. Far away beyond the lake we could see the crests of the mountains, while the evergreen forests of pine furnished a darkened fringe to the water line and shadows to the valleys and hills that formed a part of the landscape. It was a glorious scene, for the softened glow of the moonlight was almost as strong as day, and the horizon took in a vast expanse of mingled forest, lake, and mountain view. I shall never forget the beauties of that spot, nor the feelings of awe with which my eyes drank in that wonderful com-

bination. Physical conditions were ideal to give the fullest exposure of that garden spot of God.

The next morning we moved on to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, probably unrivalled for true beauty anywhere on earth. The walls approximate 1,800 feet in depth but their chief



**Lower Falls of the Yellowstone**

attraction is their wonderful colorings, said to be due to the geyser formations of which they were originally formed. The varieties of colorings and blendings have never been reproduced by painters or scientists and those who have gazed upon these products of nature all come away impressed with the limitations of the human mind and skill. Plunging through on its way to form the Missouri

is the Yellowstone River, a ribbon of white foam for miles on its way to lower regions, and forming within the Canyon the Upper Fall, that for beauty rivals the American at Niagara, as the drop is 108 feet, and the Lower Falls where the plunge is 360 feet. One of the economists in our party informed me that 55,000,000 horse power annually was represented by the latter. The roar can be heard for miles and their surroundings are æsthetic in the extreme.

On our way we had passed the mud geyser, one of the most truly awful things found in the Park. Imagine a hole in the side of a great hill probably sixty feet in diameter and thirty in depth gradually slanting down to the edge of the geyser proper probably 35 across, the contents of which are black mud about the consistency of mush and you have a faint idea of the contents of this phenomenon. At intervals of ten or fifteen seconds a stream of soft mud that reaches entirely across the pool is thrown out of a deep cavern like opening in the side of the hill just at the crest of the geyser basin, and falling back therein continues to boil all over its surface with emissions of steam as the bubbles break at the surface and sounds like cream of wheat cooking. Steam rises from the entire surface of the geyser. There are several of these in this region but none so large as this and the mud is not nearly so thick. They are all very hot and furnish clouds of vapor that hover low over the hills, giving one an idea of heavy fog when approaching from a distance.

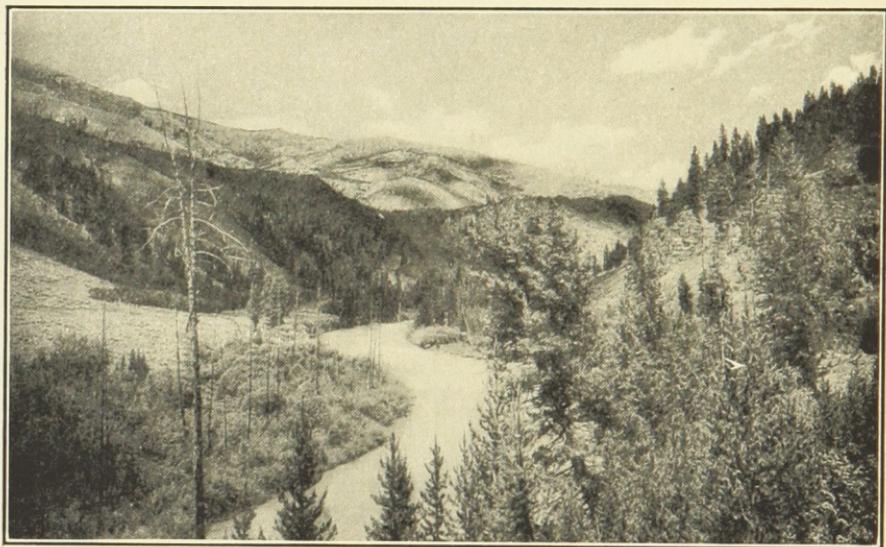
Leaving the Canyon on the afternoon schedule we passed on the way Gibbons Plains, a great opening in the forest caused by a fire that destroyed the timber. It is now a feeding place for elk and deer. The river view is beautiful and far in the distance outside the park we can see the crests of the Saw Tooth range covered with eternal snow above the timber line, while below the dark green of the forest clings to their precipitous sides. Cataracts, glens, plunging water, deep valleys, crags, bald knobs, plains and forests follow in quick succession as our machine carries us nearer our goal, Norris Geyser Basin, where we are due at 4:00 P. M. with but fifteen minutes allowance to save a stop over night if we do not arrive in time for the next schedule. This is the only unreasonable part of the rules worked out by the United States Army still patrolling the Park. Tire trouble, or any temporary

break down, or even a stop to put on or take off chains would prevent a party from keeping the schedule and subject them to the penalty, notwithstanding they have two hours to inspect the lower Basin before starting out if they so desire.

We are now at the same point we passed two days ago after having navigated a circle 175 miles in circumference, but the rules require us to go out by Yellowstone although we are but a few miles from Gardiner. The Fire Hole and Gibbons Rivers plunging and roaring on their way to form the Madison, and the celebrated iron spring, an apollinaris water charged with iron and other minerals in solution, with Fire Hole Geyser spurting out of the river are rapidly passed on our way out to Yellowstone, a miserable hole in the woods that forms the western gateway to the Park. The only respectable building in it is the magnificent Oregon Short Line depot. The town itself is built on one side of a long street facing the station and railroad grounds, its buildings made of lodge pole pine, with sidewalk of boards laid on stringers in front. It has probably a half dozen so-called hotels, but during the season, many of these are half canvas, or floorings and frames covered therewith. We had an exciting incident that routed out the whole town at two o'clock in the morning, caused by a garage tender trying to smoke a cigarette and draw a bucket of gasoline from the oil tanks beside the railroad at the same time. The fire that resulted threatened to ignite a car of crude oil that stood on the tracks between the tanks, as the burning lodge-pole framework surrounding the stationary tanks furnished a spectacular fire and lots of heat. Although the oil boiled and seethed it did not reach the necessary 600 degrees and no explosion resulted, but the management took no chances and in consequence the entire town of "savages," "dudes," and "sage brushers" mingled in several stages of undress a thousand feet up the track from the fire. An explosion would have scattered burning oil over the entire town and doubtless destroyed it entirely.

The next morning we started for Bozeman by way of the Hegben Dam on the Madison River thence by way of Grayling down the Gallatin. The scenery was wonderful and at the Dam we found an artificial lake 90 miles in circumference formed by the bulwark that caused its waters to flow over a spillway 90 feet

in height and furnish motive power for factories, cities, and 600 miles of the C., M. & St. P. railroad on its mountain division. We stopped at several places to fish in the Gallatin, and caught a goodly string of brook trout and grayling. The roads were poor apologies for such and dark found us navigating a dangerous track beside the Gallatin River surrounded by a mountain storm. I shall never forget that last ten miles. The ruts were axle deep, the wheels followed the tracks with difficulty as they were overflowing with a yellow muddy stream, rain was falling, lightning



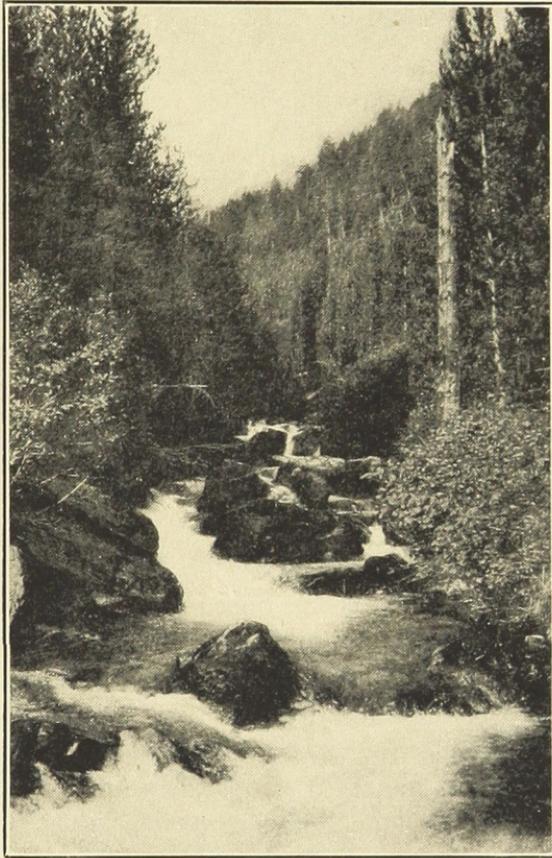
The West Gallatin

flashing, and thunder rolling. We made Peter Karst's Camp and stopped for the night.

At 7:00 A. M. we were again rolling towards Bozeman, 46 miles away. The scenery now took on a rugged and mountainous aspect and we followed the canyon down the Gallatin, passing on our way the scene of the greatest Indian battle ground in America, a place where the Sioux and Nez Percés unexpectedly met and fought it out to the death. Over 1,200 redskins fell on both sides. The battle field is a high plain that forms a pass between the mountains. One of these forces was moving north to the hunting grounds of Canada and the other

**INDIAN  
BATTLE FIELD**

was on its way back to its camp. Neither knew of the other's approach until their main bodies met on this plain. As they were perpetual enemies the battle began at once. In the end the Sioux were defeated although they had a slightly more numerous army. This battle is not recorded in history, but is still preserved in the



**Cascade Creek and Lodgepole Pines**

traditions of the older trappers and guides who knew these Indians well. It occurred long before Lewis and Clark led their cavalcade over these hills.

As we approached the valley the intakes of many irrigating ditches were passed that conveyed the water along the sides of the foothills and distributed it upon the farms I have already

described. The roads were improving in condition and less hilly and soon we saw again the farmers cutting their grain upon the gently rolling hills, while the Gallatin Valley lay below stretched out like a waving field of gold fringed on either side by highlands and mountains, with the river flowing like a silver thread reflecting the rays of the early sun. Bozeman, with its spires and trees, lay dreaming its life away in the midst of this charming scene.

At Three Forks, 30 miles west, the Madison, Gallatin, and Jefferson Rivers unite to form the Missouri. The first of these has its origin not far from that of the Yellowstone, in the National Park, yet the latter flows 1,152 miles before it joins the Big Muddy out near the North Dakota line, while it in turn has flowed almost as far since it has received the impetus of the Madison at its birth.

Arrived at Bozeman I made hasty preparation for my westward journey and in the early afternoon found myself aboard Northern Pacific No. 1 bound for Seattle. We passed through many tunnels and climbed the Divide and towards evening entered the environs of Butte, the center of the smelting district and said to be the wickedest town in the world. I made no stop here but from the car windows we could see the blackened surface of the earth whereon all vegetation had long since died due to the corroding effects of the smelters' vomit. The atmosphere was heavily impregnated with a disagreeable odor, while the smokestacks gave the town an appearance of an inferno. The haze was almost blue and the gathering dusk of the evening in the mountain background made a picture that depressed and left no pleasant memories of the place. Perhaps it is just to say that it produces more mineral wealth than any town of equal size in America.

For four hundred miles we ran within sight and often but a few feet distant from the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Division of the Milwaukee System, now adopting electric power similar to that of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, for moving all its trains over its mountain divisions. The scenery is wild and the land far too rough for any agricultural purpose. Mountain and stream and forest succeed each other rapidly for hundreds of miles and occasional tunnels with their accompanying smoke from our engines furnish the wish that our great railway would follow the example of its neighbor and also electrify its line.

Early the next morning we reached Spokane, the center of a fertile region in eastern Washington. At Pasco we crossed the Columbia, here a river almost a mile in width and as beautiful and picturesque as the lower Missouri or upper Mississippi. We now entered the fruit belt and as we neared North Yakima it seemed that we rolled through a great orchard of pear, peach, and apple trees. Everywhere we saw miles of orchards as they stretched away in the distance over the hills, the rows of trees forming a beautiful sight, but marking a complete change of agricultural industry through which we had heretofore been traveling.

This was succeeded in turn by more rugged lands as we climbed the Cascades and the farms and fruit orchards once more gave way to the pine-clad mountains. The great amount of waste land in Washington, Idaho, and Montana is greater than our whole New England area combined. At spots it may have a temporary value for mining and lumbering, but it can never have any agricultural use.

That evening I rolled into Seattle and soon took the interurban for Everett 35 miles further up Puget Sound. Here I found a flourishing city of 35,000 with commerce, lumber mills, and fruit as its chief industries. The streets are well paved, the buildings modern in every sense, and the homes of rich and poor alike surrounded with flowers. Dahlias and roses prevail, the former in such a variety of color and size as to almost bewilder the senses. The fogs here in the early morning are thicker than anything I have ever seen in New York and must surpass those of London for density, for I was unable to see the first rail of the street car from the curb of the sidewalk. These furnish the flowers their supply of moisture during the dry season and in consequence the Puget Sound country enjoys flowers in great profusion throughout the year. In a few moments the fog lifted and the sun came out bright and cheery and in keeping with the season added another long hot day to the list I had just passed through. That afternoon, the guest of an old Harvard friend, I took an automobile for Seattle and rode for an hour through the wooded sections over a part of the celebrated Lincoln highway, built of solid concrete  $2\frac{1}{4}$  feet thick and 18 feet in width at a cost of \$10,000.00 per mile and upwards. I shall refer to this institution again before I have finished my story.

At Seattle I found a hilly city of several hundred thousand built on a series of low hills overlooking the Sound and in many places with the tide a factor at intervals of the day to be contended with in the yards and streets of its business section. Lumber, manufacturing, and commerce form its principal industries. Here I found the University of Washington, one of the leading institutions of learning on the Pacific coast. I made a hasty visit to Mu Chapter and had the good fortune to find Brothers Nelson and Ryerson at home. They showed me over the house and I was deeply impressed with the arrangements for comfort, study, and health of its inmates. A hurried trip through the business portion of the town to the Leary Building brought me in contact with Brothers Haas, an associate of Brother Croson, B '12, and McLain. I missed Croson by ten minutes but had a swift and pleasant visit with the rest. The business portion of the city is a bustling, well constructed, well lighted modern town and I reluctantly left it at 4:00 over the Northern Pacific for Vancouver and Portland. During the evening we passed through Tacoma and many smaller cities, and ran for miles beside the Sound. Here small fruit, lumber, and shipping were the principal industries. Farms of berries miles in extent lay beside our road, to be succeeded in turn by forests of pine and other evergreen timber. The country is not rough, but its general fertility did not impress me favorably. Some day it may become a great grazing section, but that is still far away. The industries of a wooded section are its industries now.

At Vancouver I visited the prune orchards and for 60 miles our machine passed through forests of trees blue with the ripening fruit. I found this something entirely new to me and inspected it very carefully, going into the orchards, talking with their owners, sampling the fruit, inspecting the dryers, and learning the processes through which this fruit passes in its preparation for the market. Woodland fit for prunes sells for from \$200.00 to \$350.00 per acre. It costs about \$75.00 per acre to pull the stumps, set the trees, and start the orchard. Four years later the trees begin to bear. They are usually set about 20 feet apart each way, the land is kept cultivated between, and no weeds or grass is permitted to grow. Irrigation is not resorted to because not needed. The fruit is here large, almost

<p>PRUNE ORCHARDS</p>
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as big as your fist, and is allowed to hang upon the trees until ready to dry. It is now dead ripe and is easily shaken upon the ground underneath the trees, quickly gathered into boxes and conveyed to the dry houses. Here it takes 36 hours of continuous heat to dry the fruit. This is done by placing it in shallow trays with wire mesh bottoms, just enough to cover the bottom of the tray with one layer of fruit, the trays stacked one above the other twenty feet high in the racks prepared for them, all enclosed, and the heat passes upward from the fire beneath. When it is dry the prunes are sorted, placed in bags, and taken to the packers. The farmer gets about 5½ to 6 cents per pound for the dried fruit. The land on which the fruit is grown is now worth from \$1,000.00 to \$1,500.00 per acre. This variety of prune is not the small Italian prune of California, but the large and much better flavored variety. At the packing house it is put through a process of sweating, soaked in lime to break the skins, and then sweetened and packed ready for the market. This process destroys the flavor of the fruit, I am told, for the natives always prefer the dried prunes as they come from the dryer to those that have been through the subsequent processes. This section also produces some figs, filberts, and English walnuts. The latter industry is still in its infancy, but prune growing is well established. Some orchards have been bearing constantly for 40 years. As a rule growers specialize upon whatever they make their principal fruit, those growing prunes sticking to that industry, and those selecting filberts and walnuts doing likewise.

Here I left the Northern Pacific system and it is well to note that throughout its entire length from Chicago over its flyer via the Northwestern, through Minneapolis and on its main line I had never missed a connection, nor been a moment late in arriving. It is but a single track road for the most part, yet it is so well managed that its passengers are almost sure of prompt arrival. This is a tribute well deserved to men who have risen to the realization that their duty to the public is something more than an economic gain, but yet who realize that the goodwill of the traveling public is an asset that helps pay dividends, and produces the income from which wages are earned.

Portland, Oregon, just across the Columbia from Vancouver, is one of the finest cities I ever visited. The business center is

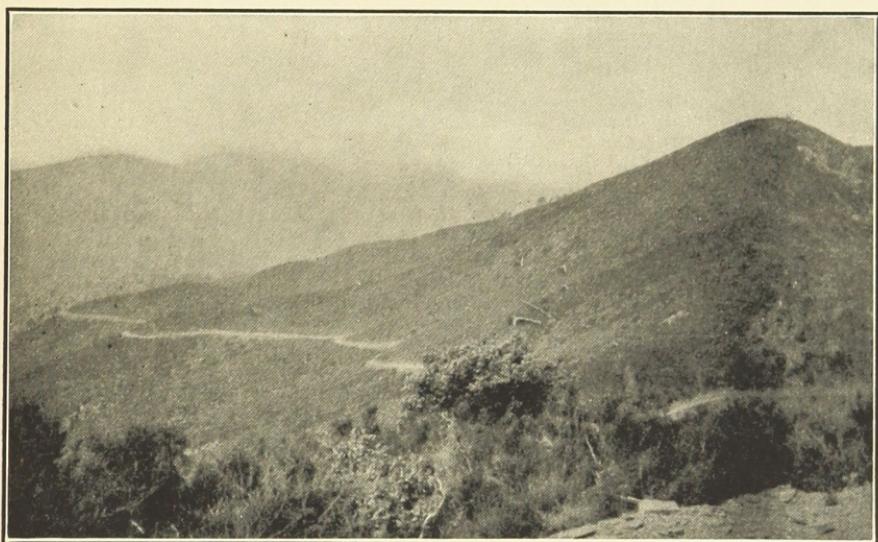
well and substantially built, streets wide and well paved and lighted, and the residences comfortable and environed with shrubbery, shade, and abundance of flowers. Prosperity seemed present and its citizens had the aspect of contentment and happiness. Biting and pinching poverty may abound but I saw no evidences of it.

From Portland I took the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific for Berkeley. For two nights and a day we traversed a rough and mountainous region. Sections of Oregon were centers of fruit growing and general farming in the level regions around Salem, Albany, Eugene, Medford, and Ashland, and cattle raising, mining, and lumbering in the rougher portions of the state and northern California. The days were extremely hot and the nights warm and uncomfortable. To add to our troubles the trains seemed to be under the direct orders of its crew instead of the general managers of the road. This section of the Southern Pacific system is certainly capable of vast improvement. The mountains were picturesque, and several times we made sweeping detours to get down or over their varied heights. In one place we could see three places where we had been running below and two tunnels through which we had passed, while the view of Mt. Shasta, clothed in eternal snow, was beautiful in the extreme.

Arrived at Berkeley I spent six days in its vicinity but as this is treated of in another article I shall pass it over on my way in and out of the Yosemite.

Leaving Berkeley on Sunday, September 5th, in company with Brothers Cleaveland Jocelyn Rice (A), Dane Elmo Wallace ( $\Delta$ ), YOSEMITE Nathan Edward Van Stone ( $\odot$ ), and Max Charles Beust (N), in Beust's new Overland we essayed Oakland, Alameda, Stockton, Peters, Farmington, and Eugene, and stopped in a forest about two miles from Chinese Camp for the night. Until after we left Stockton the road was all that an automobilist could desire, being built on the plans and specifications of the Lincoln Highway already mentioned. All forenoon our route lay through the upper portions of the Santa Clara Valley past thousands of acres of grapes, peaches, prunes, tomatoes, etc., and numberless palms standing beside the road. We were gradually climbing and as we approached the uplands the

character of the farming changed. For miles we followed the power lines carrying electric current from the mountains to Stockton, San Jose, and other coastal cities, and also passed many irrigating ditches, sluiceways, and farms made fertile by artificial watering. Alfalfa, grains, and fruit raising continued, but as we rose higher into the hills gave way to cattle and sheep herding. There was no irrigation here and the hills and valleys were black from the heat of the summer sun. Chinese Camp is now but a shadow of its former glory. In the days not far removed from the discovery of gold in California it had been an important place



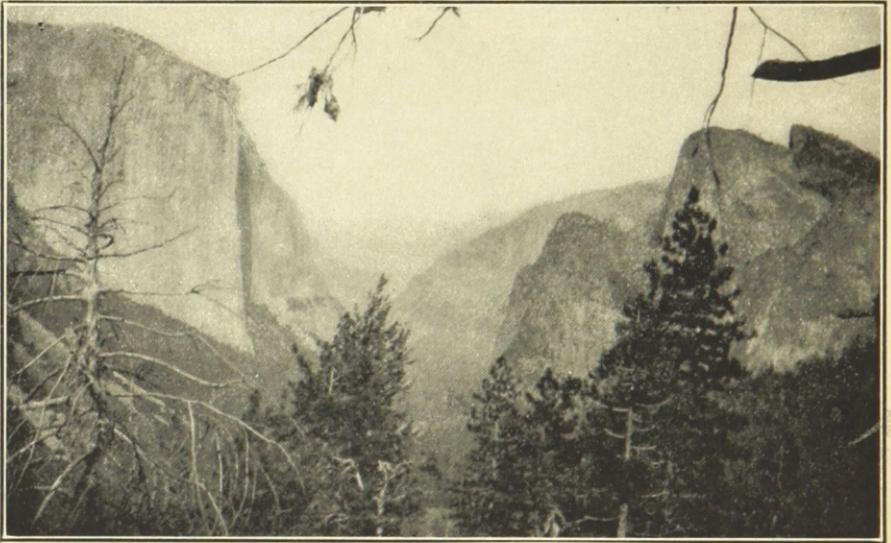
The Great Oak Flat Road

Van Stone

of 6,000 inhabitants. Now it can claim no more than 200 and it must include the men out in the mines and smelters that come to its general store and two or three saloons for their supplies of food and liquid enthusiasm.

Monday was a day of surprises. Our road or rather an apology for one, popularly known as the Great Oak Flat Road, steadily rose as we went further and further towards our destination. All forenoon we ploughed through the red sands axle deep, past remains of former placers, an occasional gold mine, stamp mill, or small washery where the chug of a gas engine told

us they were still seeking gold from the river silt, and once in a while a dwelling beside a small stream or spring whose waters were used to irrigate a garden and a small clump of trees loaded to the limit with peaches or apples or plums. The scenery was becoming grand beyond description, the road rougher and more dangerous. Mountains clad in evergreen to their very crests surrounded us, but where exposed their sides were black from contact with the drought. We traveled 80 miles today and towards the middle of the afternoon entered the Yosemite through the Tuolumne gateway and through the grove of sequoia gigantis, as the

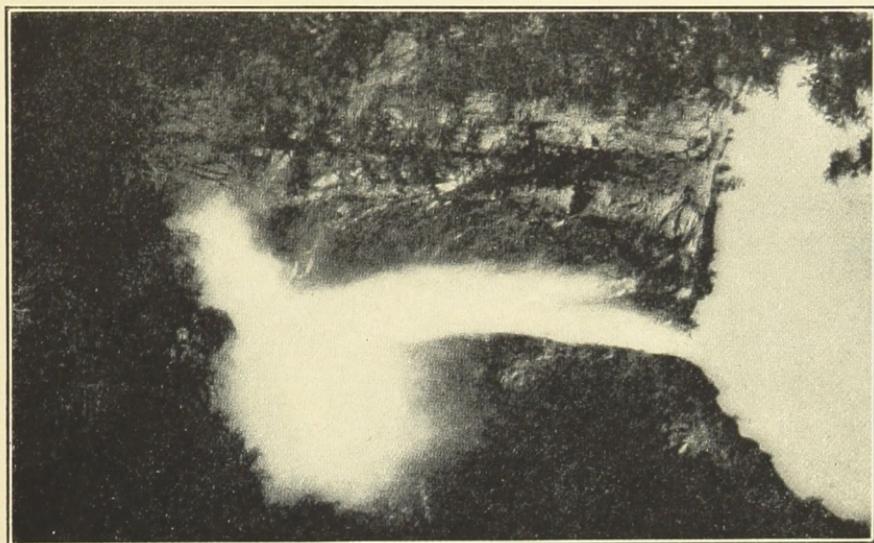


The Yosemite Valley from Old Inspiration Point

Van Stone

big trees of California are scientifically known. These are seven in number here, the road passes through one of the dead ones, hollowed out for the purpose by the hand of man after fire had eaten through. The best known of these trees are the Siamese Twins, two giants that seem to try to crowd each other off the same mound, joined together at the roots, but separating into two perfect trees above. The other four are a trifle smaller but stand singly and apart. They are surrounded by a grove of giant sugar and white pines and grow up where the elevation is close to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is a decomposed lava

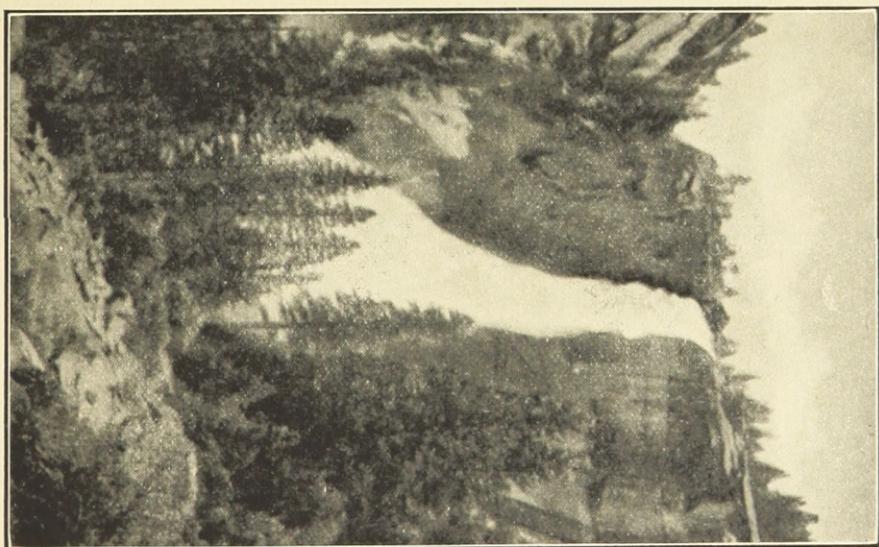
Bridal Veil Falls

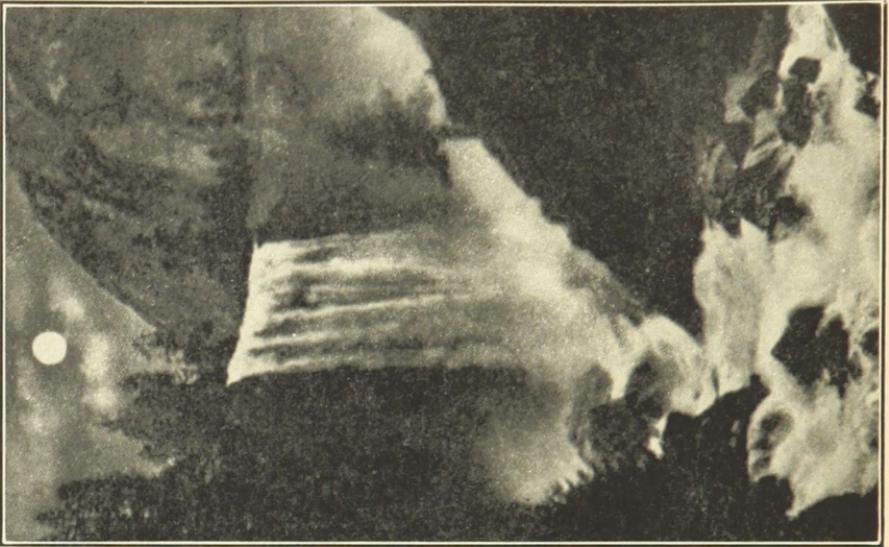


dust red almost as blood, and when we were there very dry indeed.

A few miles further on and we began to descend the sides of the mountains surrounding the Yosemite Valley under the ledges of El Capitan. It was a perilous trip and one that I should not care to make again in the same manner. Had any serious break occurred so that our machine had become unmanageable there

Nevada Falls





were places where we could have plunged over the side of the mountain 2,000 feet below. At last we reached the floor of the Valley and camped that night surrounded by some of the most wonderful scenery in the world.

At day break we looked out of our sleeping quarters upon a scene never to be forgotten. The sun was peering over the crests of the Half Dome in plain view, lighting up the sides of Sentinel

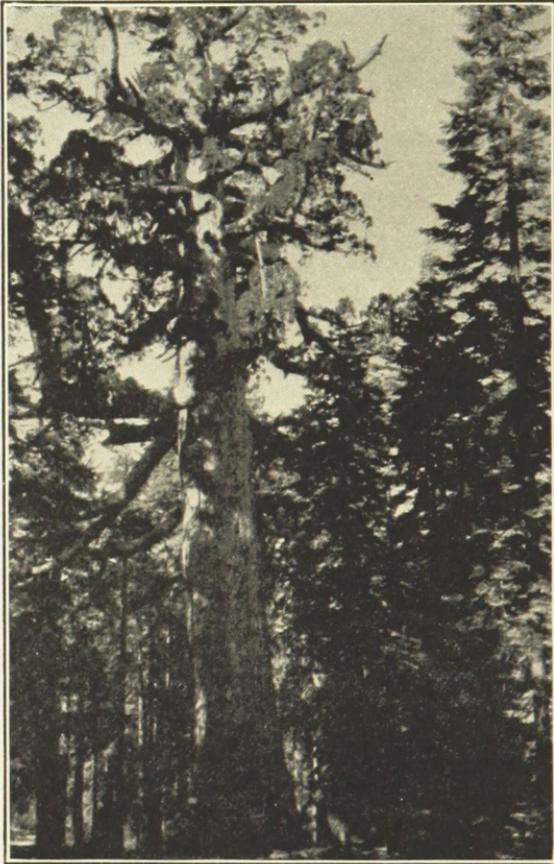


Rock. From the crests of El Capitan, the Virgin's Tears Falls, at this time of year reduced to a mere thread upon the wet sides of the rocks, takes a plunge for 2,600 feet over its precipitous side. Further to the eastward was North Dome, while southwest we could see the tops of Cathedral Spires and the Three Brothers. We found ourselves on the floor of the valley from a half to two miles in width with precipitous mountains from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height. Bridal Veil Falls almost opposite El Capitan takes a leap of 900 feet and ends in spray that reflects the sun at any angle leaving an impression long to be remembered. Yosemite Falls, in three leaps of 1,500, 626, and 400 feet, respectively, brings the waters of the Merced to the floor of the valley and within a few feet of our camp. Illilouet Fall with a drop of 600 feet, Vernal Fall with 400, and Nevada Fall 600 completes the list of falls whose depth of plunge puts them in a class entirely by themselves. We were indeed in the midst of nature's wonders. Far above us towered Glacier Point 6,000 feet above the floor of the valley from whose sides jutted the celebrated overhanging rock from which the plumb line falls 3,200 feet. This is a sight to chill the blood with horror.

A long hot tramp to Mirror Lake, to the upper portions of the Merced under Vernal Falls, followed for four of us while we envied Beust and the nag still enjoying the shade of the tree under which our camp had been made the night before. Dinner over we began preparations for departure and with Max once more at the wheel we began the climb over Old Inspiration Point to Wawona. The scene from the Point is one never to be forgotten. The afternoon sun was still lighting up the Valley and its surrounding sides, making the Half Dome, North Dome, El Capitan, Bridal Veil Falls, Sentinel Rock, and hosts of places of interest either upon them or connected with them stand out in bold relief with the changing colors and mellowed lights and shadows beautiful beyond description and grand beyond the power of language to convey its meaning. It is indeed a point of inspiration, for one feels intuitively how insignificant is man, how great is God.

At Wawona we stayed for the night, and a cold, inhospitable camp it proved to be for the boys. In order to escape the unpleasantness of the night under the stars and to give my cover-

ings to my companions I sought refuge in the hotel and found a comfortable berth, but the next morning I heard a comment regarding my action that sounded something like "The damdude," with a singular intonation that reminded me of my old home in Michigan, though I could not be sure that it was Van that said it. I recall the emphasis was upon the first syllable of the com-



The Grizzly Giant

pound word. This is a regular stopping place for tourists but is nothing but a hole in the woods. All the way up from Old Inspiration Point we had travelled over a mountain road that wended its way through the virgin forests of white and sugar pine, some of the trees being splendid specimens of their varieties, noted alike for their great size, height, and extremely large cones.

The road out to Wawona is a great improvement over the one in by way of Tuolumne and an interesting feature of it is that it was built and is maintained by the stage line that operates the machines that carry tourists through the Yosemite.

Leaving Wawona in the early morning we wended our way through the forests eight miles further to the Mariposa Grove of

**THE  
BIG TREES**

sequoia gigantis and found ourselves surrounded by 620 of these wonderful products of nature. Many of these trees are perfect, but not a few of them have defects that have been burned out for a few feet from the ground



The Fallen Giant

on one side. I was unable to learn whether this was done by the Indians before the grove came into the control of the whites but the blackened scars remain, otherwise these trees seem in good condition. The soil here is the same red decomposed lava dust, the altitude high, and the surrounding trees the giants of the sugar and white pine families. But the sequoia are the objects of immediate attention. The largest of them all is a perfect tree, The Grizzly Giant, said to contain one million board feet of lumber, is 114 feet in circumference, is almost perfectly round in shape, is about 400 feet high, and is said to be the oldest living object in

the world. Its bark is 32 inches in thickness, and its age is estimated at 8,000 years. It was still ancient when the Pyramids of Egypt were conceived if the scientific men are correct in their estimates. There are many others almost as large and doubtless almost as old. One or two of especial interest stand out prominently from all the rest. The strangest of all is the tree that is burned out at the base so that one may walk through it in sev-



Cones of the *Sequoia Gigantis*

From the Grizzly Giant

From the Siamese Twins

eral directions, but when inside may also look upward and see its heart burned through for 190 feet so that it resembles a chimney more than it does a tree, yet strange to say it is still alive and has been growing and shedding cones and needles for 95 years according to the traditions of the Indians and the knowledge of the whites. How much longer this may have continued no one can say. Two others burned entirely through have been chiseled

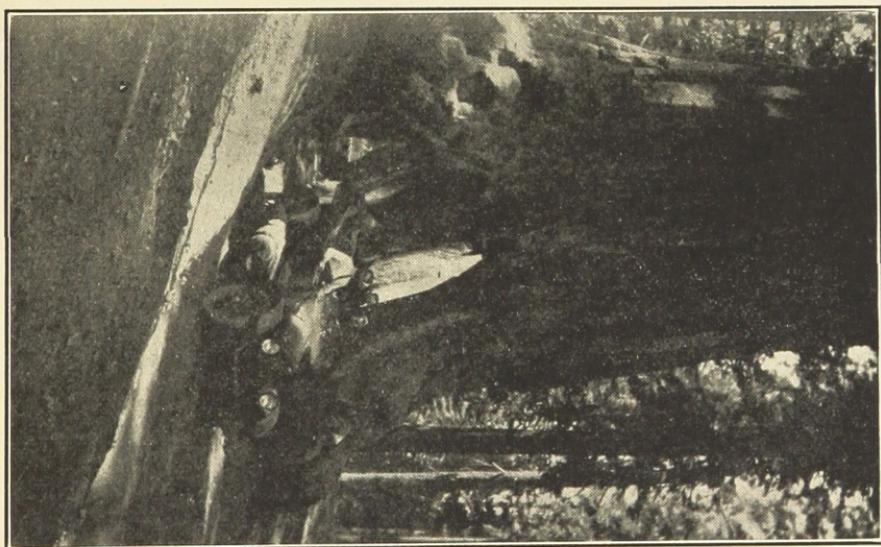
The Siamese Twins



out so that vehicles can pass through them. These trees are still alive and do not seem to have lost their vitality. Our machine passed through both. The Fallen Giant has lain in his present resting place since first the whites knew this region (1851) and has not rotted perceptibly. Many big fellows are named after states, cities and men of prominence.

The cones of these trees are small and the illustrations given

Motorring through a Big Tree



are exact sizes. The seeds, however, are about the size of one's finger nail and about as thick, being thinner at one side than the other and resembling a small piece of light amber paper in color and texture. There are a few other groves of these trees in California but not so large as those of the Yosemite region and much more inaccessible.

In our inspection of the big trees we had realized the dreams of our lives, and after returning to Wawona for dinner started for Merced. Wending our way over mountain trails and through slashings from which the timber had been cut, we gradually grew nearer the outskirts of the haunts of men again. Through forest fires, past acres of burned out timbers where the brush and logs were still smoking, we finally reached the foothills where placer mining had left thousands of acres a barren waste, then into the sheep and cattle ranches of the highlands, and finally when near Hornitos, the second oldest town in California, we passed an old man still panning the river sands in the same manner in which the miners of '49 began their operations that have made such imprints upon the economic history of the world. The roads became better, the elevations less, and the slant being downwards there were many miles that we essayed without the use of the engine at all, although none of the roads over which we were now traveling were macadamized. Finally a little after sunset we reached Merced and spent a hot and uncomfortable night in a hotel named after the place. We were once more in the valley and upon the Lincoln Highway.

The next morning we started for Berkeley, passing on our way Livingston, Elmwood, Modesto, Salida, and Ripon, and all the way over roads that are equal to the best in the world. Peaches hung on the trees rotting because of want of sufficient prices to attract a market for them. Thousands of acres of melon patches, hundreds of acres of tomatoes, farms covered with grapes, acres of lima beans, rows on rows of palms and eucalyptus, and everywhere fruits of varied kinds were passed. Canneries, dryers, and trains of refrigerator cars, were busy in every town. But one custom here struck me with surprise and wonder. Every team that was met upon the highway consisted of one driver and from three to five teams in tandem fashion, sometimes pulling two wagons behind each other. I find this

custom all over California,—whether an economic advantage, or a relic of a former age I cannot say. Specializing in raising fruits applies here as further north. Where melons are raised nothing else will be, and the same applies with grapes, beans, tomatoes, peaches, prunes, etc., each grower putting all his efforts into the crop he chooses to grow.

Friday, September 10th, I took the Southern Pacific Coast Line for Los Angeles and all day rolled through some of the oldest and most historic portions of the United States. 

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
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 The Spaniards were making settlements and establishing missions here long before New England was even explored, much less settled. This trip proved to be one of the pleasantest I made in California. We hugged the coast all the way down and after breaking through the Coast Range just north of San Luis Obispo came upon great heaps of white sand that had drifted in from the ocean and covered some of the fields to the depth of twenty to fifty feet, often hundreds of acres in extent, and at places encroaching even upon our right of way. A few miles further and we came to the shores of the Pacific itself and for hours watched the breakers roll upon the sands while we were speeding towards our destination as fast as steam could propel our train. The engines here were all oil burners. As we neared Santa Barbara we ran into the lemon groves, thousands of acres of beans and sugar beets, and oil derricks. Not far from this city I saw derricks ranged as closely together as they could reasonably stand and extending far out into the waters of the Pacific. I have passed through the oil regions of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kansas, and Oklahoma but I have never seen anything to equal the number erected in California. They have invaded the orchards, the yards surrounding the houses in the villages, and no place seems sacred enough to keep them from encroaching upon it. One can only marvel at the subterranean lakes of oil these derricks must pierce.

Los Angeles claims to be a city of half a million but it is so scattered and so unattractive that I marvel at its growth. It has a few handsome streets, splendid buildings, and homes of comfort and elegance, but surrounding all are homes and streets of dirt, filth, squalor, and apparent poverty. Its climate should spell comfort and thrift, and nature should have showered

upon it bountiful supplies of flowers and shrubbery, but the esthetic side of most of its inhabitants seems sadly lacking.

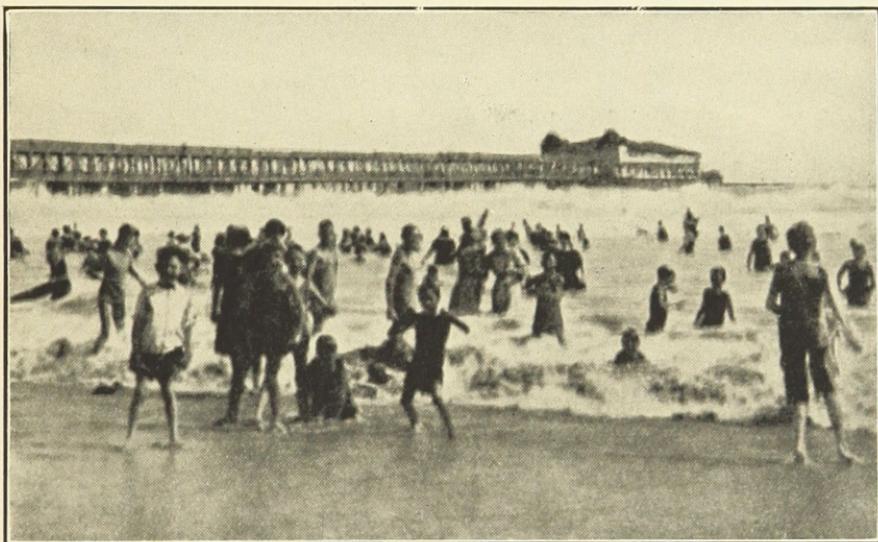
Its ostrich farm at Eastlake Park is worthy of a parting note, however. Here are herded about 150 specimens of this famous **OSTRICH FARMING** bird and the illustration furnishes the only example of an ostrich broken to the speedway known to man. Each bird is plucked about twice a year and yields about \$150.00 worth of plumes at a cutting. They pair early in life and spend their existence as happily married people should. The advantage that the hen has over many women, however, is that



Ready for all comers

at night she knows where her husband is, for he is the one that hatches the young. He often punishes his spouse severely if she wanders from the nest during his temporary absence. The males are terrible fighters and unless separated will struggle till one or both succumb. In fighting they kick front ways with their feet and the power they put behind their punch is illustrated by a broken oak scantling four inches square that I saw at this farm. The eggs weigh several pounds each and are about four by six inches in size. The shells resemble opaque white glass and are about a tenth of an inch in thickness.

Long Beach is one of the most beautiful watering places I have ever seen. The ocean sweeps in upon a crescent-shaped beach that has a long, shallow sandy bottom that makes the bathing almost ideal. It is never cold, and never very warm. Close to the beach is what is called the Pike, a low street between the bulkheads and the water on which the barkers sell their wares and seek to interest the crowds. Immediately above is the principal business street, in which one finds an entirely different atmosphere. Back of this is the residential portion of the town, quiet and as tranquil as a country village.

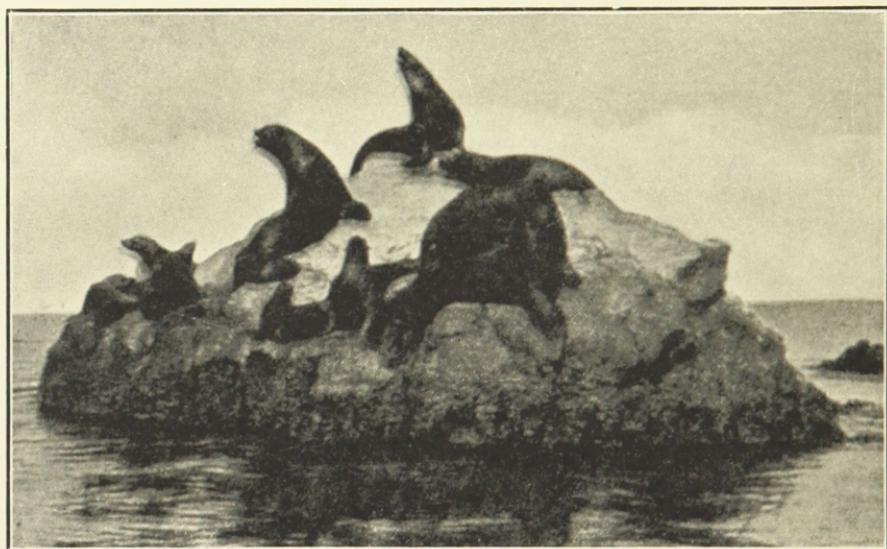
**LONG BEACH**

Long Beach, California

Yet, Long Beach is a city of nearly 50,000 people and has one of the finest hotels in the world. The Virginia is located immediately upon and overlooking the Pacific.

Many of the inhabitants use portions of their lots for gardens, and what I saw upon one such may serve as an illustration of the possibilities here. In front of the house was a small grass plot on which stood a large palm, an orange, a lemon, and two peach trees, rows of roses and other flowering plants. Back of the house was a garden in which this family raised all its vegetables of every description, as peas, beans, radishes, lettuce,

tomatoes, melons, potatoes, and other things of like nature were grown in sufficient quantities to supply their demands. As rapidly as one matured it was dug up and a new lot planted, so that they always had new crops coming on to replace the ones that were being exhausted. The lemon bore fruit the year round, and from it they often sold a box; the orange furnished all of that fruit they wanted, and the peach trees supplied that need. Rows of Logan berry vines supplied that fruit. In addition they kept a flock of forty chickens to supply their poultry needs, while a warren of about twenty rabbits kept their table



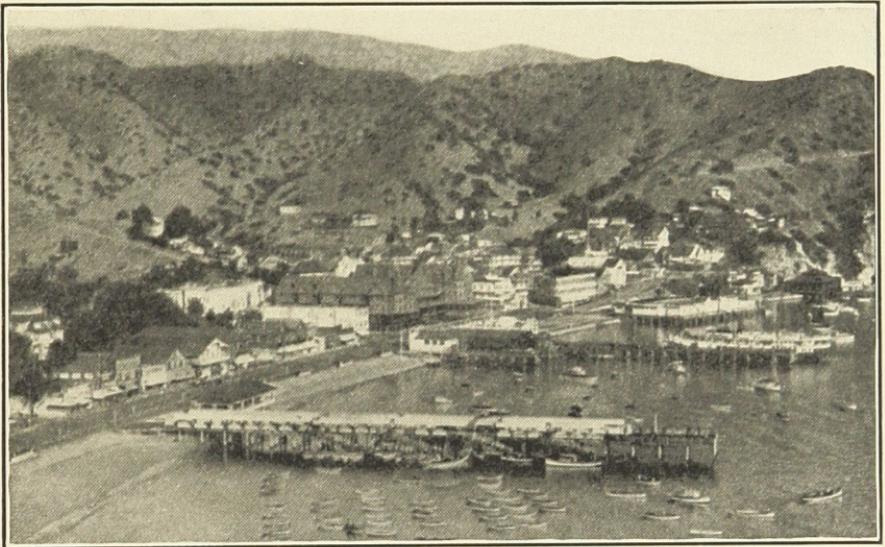
Seal Island, Santa Catalina

in fresh game. A small garage sheltered the Ford, and, all together on a space 50 x 200 feet, this family found its domestic economy entirely self-sufficient.

Hoar frost is the coldest they have ever experienced. The warmest day in summer is tempered by ocean breezes and followed by cool and refreshing nights. Hot winds from the inland direction come occasionally for a day or two in spring as a harbinger of a heavy rain that follows. Strawberries are sold in the markets of the town that are raised on the truck farms nearby at all seasons of the year. Roses bloom eternally, and the bougainvillea vines clamber over its houses and furnish shade

and beautiful purple blossoms throughout the year. Altogether Long Beach is one of the most romantic spots I have ever visited.

It has an institution peculiarly its own and one that would make a socialist think his dreams had been realized, a municipal band, hired, paid, and controlled by public taxation. Every man of its 75 members is a trained musician, and if any function is to be given, any prominent man received or entertained, or any nearby town to be officially visited the band is always on hand. During the intervals between such services two daily recitals are given in the beach pavilion built by public money, or if the



Avalon, Santa Catalina

weather is wet or cold, within the great pier shed or building in which all the larger functions, such as balls, public lectures, etc., of the town are held.

From Long Beach by means of a small daily steamer, Avalon on Santa Catalina Island, 31 miles across a deep and stormy section of the Pacific is reached. Built on a fringe of the mountain that everywhere comes down almost to the water's edge the town skirts the small bay in the form of a narrow street facing the ocean with a single row of houses devoted to picture galleries, post card emporiums, restaurants, and souvenir salesrooms. A few hotels cater to the tourist

SANTA  
CATALINA

who wishes to tarry long enough to enjoy a fishing trip, particularly tarpon and tuna. A few seals have taken possession of a small island near the shore and disport themselves in the sun or swim lazily about. The principal attraction here is the marine gardens viewed by means of the glass bottomed boats. The water is so clear as to discover the sand even to a depth of sixty feet, while the kelp grows so luxuriantly as to give one the impression of great submerged bushes and small trees. This plant throws off great branches and much foliage. It also bears flowers and seeds and in this manner reproduces its species through the agency of the tides and shallow beaches on which it secures its footing. Fish in great variety and indescribable numbers inhabit these waters and feed upon the kelp. Many of these are very large and brilliantly colored. Blue, black, gold, silver, brown and red are united by spots and stripes in almost infinite combination. The gold fish are particularly large and many varieties of salt water fish are found at Santa Catalina and nowhere else in the world. No one angles for these inhabitants of the marine gardens, though they are privileged to come and go at will, and if they wander off to the fishing grounds are legitimate prey of the fisher folk. Millions of small fry exist near the shore that are said to be sardines, while the abalone, with his brilliant shell, attaches himself to the rocks and sustains himself in these waters. I saw a human diver gather one of these shells from the bottom of the sea thirty feet below without the aid of any artificial breathing apparatus.

Santa Catalina is really the top of a submerged mountain that rests on the bottom of the Pacific over two miles in depth a few hundred feet off shore. The surface is rocky and barren and the roads along the shore or across the uplands have been constructed at great effort, and furnish short, hot drives over the sun-baked hills to the opposite shore five miles away. It is chiefly noted for being the best fishing grounds in the world and for the mines of soapstone that furnished the Indians of this section of California with their cooking utensils, an extensive trade in which extended hundreds of miles inland from the Canadian line to Texas. A couple of hours was sufficient time in which to see the town, view the nearer portions of the island, and get a hurried luncheon. On our return voyages we were rewarded with a view

of many flying fish and schools of porpoise. Whales are also seen very often in this vicinity. The waters are very rough and seasickness prevailed among nearly all the women and children aboard both going and on the return. It takes a full day to make the round trip, but there is never an instant from the time one leaves Long Beach until the boat ties up again at night that he does not find something of interest if he is fortunate enough to escape attacks of mal-de-mer.



An Orange Grove in California

The next day found me enjoying an auto trip for sixty miles along the ocean front and through the orange, lemon, walnut, and olive groves of this section via Naples, Santa Ana, and Fullerton to Los Angeles. The dark foliage of the olive with its green clusters of fruit made it a very interesting vegetable product to me. None are yet large in this section as the oldest were planted less than 40 years ago. I am informed that in Italy they often grow eight feet in diameter and are vigorous and productive at an age of 500 years and upward. The future of this industry in southern California would seem to rest upon a pretty solid foundation. The lemon groves are not so numerous here as further north, but this tree, like the orange, is always blooming, always budding, and always

**ORANGE  
GROVES**

bearing fruit in all stages of its development. It does not grow so tall nor so bushy as the olive, but its branches and leaves are symmetrical. The orange is the principal industry of this region and divides with the walnut its popularity. All of these groves are cultivated much alike, the trees being set about 25 feet apart each way from seedlings grown in the nurseries. The land between is never allowed to grow up to weeds or overrun with grass. Smudge pots are almost as numerous as the trees, and are designed to ward off the frosts in heating the air by means of crude petroleum that burns in each of these receptacles. The smudges are often sensed for twenty miles when a light breeze bears their odors to the residents of the towns. The land is irrigated and at stated times the water is made to overflow the ground under the trees to several inches in depth, but the soil being porous does not stand long in the orchards. This watering is indispensable to the growing crop, especially during the dry season. The dark wax-like leaves upon the orange trees, the ripening golden fruit, the well-rounded top and the regularity of the rows give an orange grove a beauty that is peculiarly its own. Every grower specializes in oranges, or walnuts or lemons, etc., but the continuous gatherings of lemons and oranges give those who grow them a constant income, though the crops are much more plentiful from February to May than at other portions of the year. These lands, like the peach orchards, vineyards and melon patches further north, range in value from \$1,000.00 to \$1,500.00 per acre. Few orange or lemon or walnut groves are less than 40 acres in extent, and average from 100 to 200 acres. Fruit growing in California is not a poor man's game.

A hurried trip to San Diego, 200 miles further south, completes my California experiences. Here I found a thriving city of SAN DIEGO 65,000 built upon a sandy stretch of the ocean shore, with a good harbor, and splendidly served by the Santa Fe, whose depot here is a credit to the town. The city itself is hilly, widely scattered, and overrun with hotels, lodging and boarding houses, and a very large number of dwellings displaying the signs "To let" in their windows, though for the most part apparently occupied. The business section is well constructed and the streets are wide, well paved, and brilliantly lighted. Many very beautiful homes surrounded with handsome grounds overlook the bay and face or adjoin its splendid park

and rose gardens. Bougainvillea vines and trees are very numerous and here for the first time I found the date palm added to the ornamental and shade tree systems of California. The exposition, while not so large as that at San Francisco, was equally interesting and had a setting in which Nature, aided by the landscape gardener, had transformed a wilderness into a wonderful combination of flowers, shrubbery, grounds, buildings, and beauty. The scene from its great tower includes the entire city, bay, shipping and surrounding country for miles. The olive is much more plentiful in this part of California than further north, San Diego having several works where they are prepared for market.

The following morning I left Los Angeles for the Utah metropolis. For the first three hours we rolled through orange and lemon groves past Riverside, San Bernardino and smaller towns, but steadily rising as we neared the mountains and highlands of eastern California, and in the early afternoon found ourselves traversing the Mojave Desert, a great barren tract stretching across Nevada and almost into the Salt Lake Valley. Bret Harte called it the "Land that God forgot," a descriptive appellation that is justified by its shifting, barren sands covered at intervals with tree cactus and scattered sage brush. The quality of the land is so poor and the water so scarce that even these are dwarfed. The population consists of an occasional jackal, coyote, and jackrabbit, but a census would be very disappointing if practicable. The loneliness is worse than that described in the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." Rows of mountain peaks fringe the horizon, but everywhere a waste of sand greets the eye for hundreds of miles. If they tell you that the great American desert does not exist you may assert that it does and will be as eternal as the wrath of God, for no amount of irrigation or cultivation could make this country fertile. It has the appearance of having been the bed of a high sea from which the waters receded thousands of years ago, and the elevation is such as to insure its continued existence as a desert.

We were passing over the Salt Lake Route, a line principally noted for its long hauls, for all of its business is furnished by its termini. There is no agriculture, no timber, no manufacturing and no mining for nearly 700 miles along its length. An occasional water tank and coal depot for the engines make up its towns where stops are made.

Arrived at Salt Lake City we transferred to the Denver & Rio Grande, probably the worst managed railroad in the world, and for the next 41 hours we were trying to get to Denver. This line runs through much of the most beautiful scenery in America, I am informed, but, although I passed over it from one end to the other, I had to accept the assurances of the train crews that this was true. We were herded like cattle, driven about like sheep, and sent away at any time the head officers chose to despatch a train. Schedules were useless and only published to comply with the demands of the Inter-State Commerce



Giant U painted on the mountain side at the University of Utah

Commission and to fool the traveling public. They call it the "Scenic Route," yet manage their trains in such a manner as to haul most of their passengers through the Royal Gorge in the night. I heard hundreds of people condemning the treatment they had received from this road, which obtained hundreds of thousands of dollars from the traveling public this year, yet treated most of them indifferently in return. I was told in confidence by one of their conductors that No. 2, their best train from the west, had arrived in Denver on time the Tuesday before, the first time they had had a train get through on its schedule for over four months. Mr. Bush, and his associates

may continue to manage their road on a "Public be damned policy" for a time, but the enmity of the traveling public is a poor assurance for continued dividends. I should have arrived in Denver at 6:00 P. M. which would have given me a night with Pi Chapter; as it was I arrived 15 hours late, and had been deprived of practically all their best scenery. At intervals between Leadville and Grand Junction we passed through narrow valleys walled in by towering mountains where the irrigated lands were planted with fruit. The yield was unsurpassed and thousands of trees filled with ripened sun-kissed peaches stood close beside the tracks. The quality of this fruit has no superior anywhere in America.

After leaving Colorado Springs we had a fine view of Pike's Peak and many other mountains as we neared Denver, where a change of roads took me over the Union Pacific through eastern Colorado and the entire length of Kansas. As we left the mountains the country became less hilly and in the prairies tamed down to a gently rolling landscape. Dry-land farming is the rule and the crops are hay, oats, rye and wheat until we reach the central section of the state, where everything gives way to corn. On this line we passed through several towns where the mining of rock salt and its preparation for the market forms the principal industry. These beds are very thick, and the miners are permitted to cut out galleries 16 feet in width each way, leaving great columns of solid rock salt 16 feet square to support the surface. Many of these veins, I am informed, are over fifty feet in thickness and the earth is honeycombed for miles in every direction.

We traveled all night through a vast corn belt and followed the Kaw on its way to join the Missouri. Evidences of an exceedingly wet season were everywhere prevalent. At the magnificent new Union Station in Kansas City I took the C., M. & St. P. on my way through Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. The land becomes more soggy and muddy as clay succeeds the sandy Kansas plains, but corn, oats, and wheat are still the prevailing crops. The orchards were red with the unpicked apples. The industries become more varied in the towns and cities we passed,—dairying and manufacturing succeeding elevators and flouring mills,—and the populations become denser as we drew nearer Chicago.

Here I took the Pere Marquette for my old home in Michigan and spent that night in the little old room where I slept as a boy. On my way I passed successively the sand dunes of northern Indiana as we hugged the southern end of the Lake, through the peach and apple orchards, celery patches, and cucumber fields of southern Michigan, and a few miles north of Grand Rapids reached what used to be called "the woods," now reduced to the plow and peopled by a rapidly increasing population of small farmers engaged in diversified farming, with poultry raising and dairying as important elements.

The following day I started for home *via* Saginaw, Flint, and Detroit. The character of the lands, crops, the topography of the country, greatly resemble those of western Michigan,—the growing of sugar beets being about the only new industry encountered. The transformation of the Pere Marquette is one of the most interesting incidents in railroad history I have ever encountered. Ten years ago it was indifferently managed and tending always towards bankruptcy. The receivership was inevitable. Today, under the magic wand of its present control the *morale* of the men from the lowest to the highest is all that can be desired. Courtesy, promptitude, loyalty, seem to be the keywords of the entire system. Courtesy towards the traveling public, promptitude in performing their service to the end that trains are almost invariably on time, and loyalty to the best interests of the road by giving a *quid pro quo* for their wages and income, have made a bankrupt road a public servant that has risen to its duty to the people that patronize and support it, and is incidentally improving its prospects as a dividend proposition in the process. The new Michigan Central Station at Detroit, with its concomitant electric power through the tunnels under the river, have transformed railroading at that point. A few more hours over the same route from which the early part of my journey was made and I arrived at my destination, my play day of six weeks ended, and my hard life beginning again. I felt much like the fisher folk in their song:

"Across the seas comes a gentle breeze,  
A blush from the setting sun,  
Against the sky my net hangs high,  
And another day is done."

WAYNE M. MUSGRAVE.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION

THE National Convention of Alpha Sigma Phi convened for its first session in Recital Hall on the grounds of the Panama Pacific International Exposition September 1st, 1915. It was called to order by Grand Junior President Musgrave at 9:25 A. M. Grand Secretary Hood being absent, Brother Max Charles Beust, Nu Chapter, was appointed as Acting Grand Secretary. Then followed an eloquent address of welcome by Brother Paul Longstreth Fussell on behalf of Nu Chapter and the University of California. Responses involving chapter reports were received from the delegates, members, and officers of all the chapters represented. The Convention adjourned at noon for dinner at White's restaurant on the grounds. The afternoon was spent by the visiting brethren in inspecting the exhibits of the Exposition, followed that evening by an informal dinner given by Nu Chapter to the visiting brethren at the Old Faithful Inn on the grounds, after which the brethren witnessed a splendid moving picture representation of many scenes of the Yellowstone Park. Those who saw them pronounced the representations very good indeed. Probably one of the most interesting incidents connected with the Convention occurred in the presence of Brother Asa Wilson Waters (Marietta '67) and Rev. Frank S. Brush, (Delta '78) the former a lawyer from Philadelphia and the latter pastor of the North Berkeley Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, Cal., men who belonged to Delta Chapter during the years of its solitary struggles when it represented the Fraternity at large.

The next morning the Convention convened at the Hotel Claremont, Berkeley, Cal. The surroundings of the Convention were ideal, as the hotel is located on a very romantic spot overlooking San Francisco Bay with the Golden Gate in the distance. The grounds and gardens surrounding the hotel were beautiful in the extreme, and the flowers and shrubbery subtropical in character. The Convention this day decided the future policy of the TOMAHAWK by delegating to the G. J. P. the appointment of editor and publication manager for the next two years. A yea and nay vote being required, the decision rested with Beta, Eta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omi-

ron and Pi Chapters in the affirmative, with Alpha, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta and Theta in the negative. That evening an informal smoker was given at Nu Chapter House in honor of the visiting brethren, and the program rendered by members of Nu Chapter would have done credit to many professional vaudeville companies. The numbers consisted of a selection by the orchestra, a piano solo by Clifford Verne Mason, vocal selections by Ulva Leon Ettinger, E. Warren Raeder accompanist, an address by Prof. Alfred Solomon on "How the Atherton Club nearly entertained Carrie Nation," followed by ragtime favorites, with Arthur Bruce Guslander at the piano and Frederick Erle Wesson on the drums, selections by the orchestra, and the quartette, interspersed with a piano solo by Elmer Warren Raeder. Pierre Jaqua Walker, with James McNiel Crawford as a subject, gave an excellent hypnotic exhibition; the Ukulele sextette completing the musical entertainment. The orchestra of Nu Chapter is composed of Elmer Warren Raeder, Pianist, Paul Longstreth Fussell, violinist, Charles Emmett O'Hara, clarinet, Frederick Erle Wesson, drums; the quartette of Ulva Leon Ettinger, Hugh Nathan Herrick, Leon Alonzo Mills, and Earl Lee Kelly; the Ukulele Sextette, of the quartette, with Donald Ebersole Martin and Edward Growville Sewell on the instruments. The Ukulele was something new to the majority of visiting brethren from the East.

The third day's session was also held at the Claremont, and an address was made by Past Grand President of Phi Delta Theta, George Banta, editor and publisher of *Banta's Greek Exchange*, of Menasha, Wisconsin.

The report of the Grand Treasurer had been referred to the Auditing Committee, and this committee reported that the books of the Grand Junior President agreed with the financial report of the Grand Treasurer.

The report of the Grand Junior President was read and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

During the day exchanges of telegrams were received from and sent to the Acacia Fraternity and Beta Theta Pi Fraternity conventions.

It was resolved to authorize the publication of the history of Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity under the direction and editorship

of the G. J. P., and that the minutes of the Convention be printed for distribution; that the next Convention he held at Chicago, Ills., in the late summer of 1917, and that Theta Nu Epsilon should remain under the taboo of this Fraternity, and all members be forbidden to join it, whether under that name or any other appellation under which it may be masquerading.

A sister pin was also adopted to be worn by mothers, sisters and daughters of members.

The Grand Prudential Committee was cut down to a chairman with two associates.

That evening the Convention banquet was held at Hotel Oakland, Oakland, Cal., and fifty-eight members of this Fraternity sat down to enjoy a round of intellectual and gastronomic entertainment that lasted from eight o'clock until a little past twelve. Proceedings were opened by calling the banquet to order. Ulva Leon Ettinger, H. S. P. of Nu Chapter, introduced the toastmaster, Brother Wayne Montgomery Musgrave. The first on the program was an address of welcome by Tracy Barrett Kittredge, Le Conte Scholar at Oxford, in charge of the American Relief in the Province of Limburg, Belgium, 1914-15, and assistant professor of history at the University of California, delegate from Nu Chapter to the Convention of Alpha Sigma Phi held in New York City in 1915. Brother Kittredge sketched his experiences in Belgium, Germany and England, and extended the royal welcome of Nu Chapter to the California Convention.

Rev. Frank S. Brush (Δ '78) (Φ B K), pastor of the North Berkeley Presbyterian Church, spoke on "Fraternity Ideals," and gave us an excellent picture of what we have been and shall be.

William John Cooper (Φ B K) of the history department of the Oakland High Schools, spoke upon "The Alpha Sigma Phi Man as a Citizen."

Brother Nathan Edward Van Stone (Θ '10) responded to "Building for the Future."

"The Tomahawk, but no Post Mortems," was given by Lloyd Othmar Mayer (A '10), retiring editor.

Charles Adelbert Trafford, Jr. (B '13), responded to "Some Fraternity Problems," and the banquet closed with "The Shaggy Dog" story by Prof. Alfred Solomon, Instructor in French, Uni-

versity of California. This proved an excellent closing of a pleasant evening.

The last meeting of the Convention was called to order at Recital Hall, Panama-Pacific International Exposition on Saturday morning, September 4, 1915, at 10:30, with all chapters present. The election of grand officers followed with the following result:

Grand Senior President, Cyrus Northrup (A '55), President Emeritus, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Grand Junior President, Wayne Montgomery Musgrave (A '07, B '10), 51 Chambers Street, New York City.

Grand Secretary, Arthur Irving Gates (N '13), University of California, 2703 Woolsey Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Grand Corresponding Secretary, Henri Casimir Jacques (A '11), Columbia University, New York City.

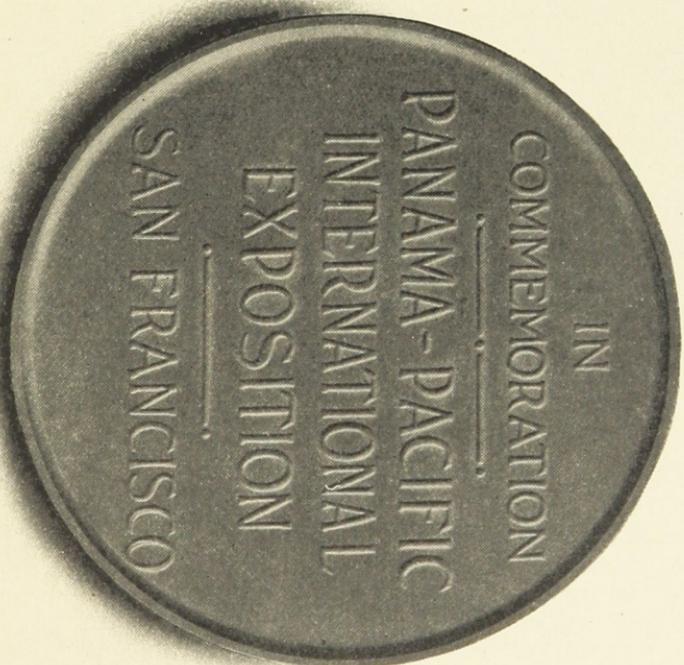
Grand Treasurer, George William Hunter (Δ '79), Marietta College, Williamstown, W. Va.

Grand Marshal, Carl Earl Croson (B '11), Harvard '12, 900 Leary Building, Seattle, Wash.

Grand Prudential Committee, Cyril Joseph Curran (Λ '12), Columbia, New York City, Chairman; Nathan Edward Van Stone (Θ '09), University of Michigan '10, 1315 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Malcolm Havens Bissell (A '11), Yale '14, 352 Temple Street, New Haven, Conn.

Just before the meeting adjourned Mr. Charles A. Vogelsang, Commissioner of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, addressed the Convention, welcoming the Fraternity to San Francisco, and presented a bronze medal to Chairman Musgrave commemorative of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and the 1915 Convention of Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity. The address of Commissioner Vogelsang was eloquent in the extreme and expressed California's welcome to its visitors in the words of the old Spanish cavalier, "We invite you to make our house your home."

The response on behalf of the Fraternity by the Chairman closed the session, and at 12:15 the San Francisco Convention adjourned sine die. Immediately following the adjournment the official photograph of the Convention was taken just outside of Recital Hall, and the afternoon was spent by visiting brethren and delegates in the Exposition grounds.



Fac-simile of Bronze Medal awarded to Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition. A 2 ♠ Day

That evening Margaret Anglin presented "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, from the translation by Robert Potter, with musical compositions conducted by Walter Damrosch, at the Greek Theatre on the grounds of the University of California, with Miss Anglin as Iphigenia, ably assisted by twenty co-eds from the University, and an army of slaves, charioteers, attendants, soldiers, etc., taken from the student body. The settings of this play were ideal. The night was dark but clear, and the artificial lighting in the theatre itself made a deep impression upon auditors and participants. The work was extremely well done, and at the close Miss Anglin received an ovation from the audience as well as representatives of several learned and musical societies on the Pacific Coast. She responded on behalf of her company, and paid a pretty but well deserved compliment to the students of both sexes who had so ably assisted her.

HAROLD ANTHONY HYDE.



The Greek Theatre, University of California

#### ALPHA SIGMA PHI GETS 1915 MEDAL

Wayne M. Musgrave, grand junior president of the Alpha Sigma Phi, will take back to New York the commemorative medal presented to that fraternity of college men today by the Exposition. The ceremony took place in Recital Hall, with Musgrave presiding and about fifty delegates to the  $\text{A} \Sigma \Phi$  grand chapter in attendance.

A "get-away" dinner will bring the delegates together this evening in Old Faithful Inn.—San Francisco *Bulletin*, Sept. 4, 1915.

## TAGHKANIC

FRANCIS MILES FINCH, YALE '49 (A '47)

**O**N the brow of the delicate streamlet,  
In the folds of its forest hair,  
I see the gems of a bridal,  
The pearls of a peerless pair.

The rill of the shadowy woodland  
Runs to the lake with a spring;  
The Indian maid, Taghkanic,  
Weds the Cayuga king.

In the shade of the murmuring maple,  
Wait, fair girl, at my side,  
Till I lift your wondering lashes  
On the dainty lace of the bride.

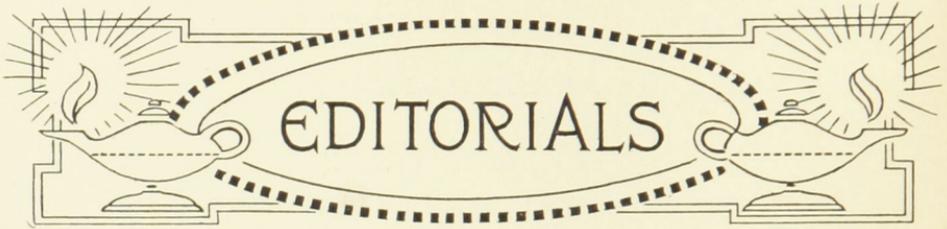
Nearer, your tremulous footsteps,  
Yonder, the flash of your eye,  
Through the break of the marginal leaflets,  
Where the mist sails up to the sky.

You see it—I know by the color  
That tells me its rose-red tale;  
You see in the frame of the forest  
The lace of the bridal veil.

Over the rock it is floating.  
Is it woven of diamonds or spray?  
Of molten pearl, or of star-dust?—  
Tell me the fabric, I pray.

You answer me only with dimples  
Hid in a tinting of rose;  
And the light of your own near bridal  
Under your eyelid glows.

The Indian maid, Taghkanic,  
Weds with the Sapphire king;  
But a nearer and daintier bridal  
The bloomings of June shall bring.



# EDITORIALS

As we go to press the academic year 1915-16 is opening. The men whose names are to be entered upon the scroll of honor for 1916 are now at work. Let it be your purpose to bear your portion of the labor that will entitle your chapter and the fraternity world in general to share in the scholastic honors you secure. Consistent and persistent, not sporadic or irrational work is necessary, not alone by the individual, but also by the conscious effort of the chapters and their officers to guide, stimulate, and encourage these endeavors.

## SCHOLARSHIP

So many related concomitants of success in scholarship exist that we call your attention to some of them in order that intelligent effort and rational control will guide the collective mind in its struggle for supremacy. A Programme of Social Activities should be formulated at once under the domination and control of the chapters. Let this provide sufficient variety and quantity of entertainments for the entire academic year to appeal to the vast majority of your membership, that your play serves to relax the body and mind of the individual without injudiciously cutting into his hours of work, as is liable to happen if no plan at all is devised. If you provide sufficient wholesome entertainment for a vigorous mind and body to supply its social needs you have a right to insist that the balance of the time shall be devoted to the prosecution of college duties, the chief aim of every college man's career. Officers, provide a plan whereby your men will work while they work, and play while they play, but make each a complement to the other.

## SOCIAL PROGRAMME

## ADVISERS

Every chapter should also have an advisory committee to aid and direct the backward brethren where necessary or desirable. This committee should be composed of the seniors and graduates with faculty members *ex officio*. Apportion the work so that each man who is appointed an adviser to one or more underclassmen shall feel his direct responsibility for their results. Make your house rules such

that men must listen to the directions of their advisers when work and pleasure clash and not be permitted to put off until tomorrow that which should be done today.

Apropos of scholastic honors we may mention morals. Within our chapter houses no man is permitted to drink, gamble, **MORALS** or engage in any vice or immoral conduct. This is good in itself and tends toward keeping the college home pure and wholesome. Has it equally succeeded in keeping the lives of its members outside the house within the desired paths? You would not carry a bottle of liquor into the chapter house in your pocket. Would you carry a stomach full that you had drank outside into the chapter house with you when you come home? We have heard of men who go outside to gamble and yet carry within their chapter houses their winnings and discuss them with others therein. We have heard of upperclassmen and alumni taking their younger brethren into brothels to show them the town, etc. If you would not prostitute your home why do you prostitute the soul of a young man by such examples and advice? We have heard of such instances as these outside our fraternity. We hope we have no offenders within. We must cultivate a public opinion within our ranks that makes such conduct reprehensible or we become hypocrites. Do not lose track of the fact that self-knowledge and self-control are just as essential outside as within the chapter house. If you would not smell like skunks don't play with them. There is a direct relationship between good morals and good scholarship—clean living and good citizenship. The highest kind of fraternity man is he who has the courage to be what he seems to be, and to be consistent we must live consistent. Therefore, let the public opinion that governs most of our lives outside the chapter square with those rules of applied morality we insist upon within.

Applied ethics should be the guiding hand that directs the relationship of the student to his alma mater, his fraternity, his **ETHICS** family, and himself. No one needs to fail if his purpose is to succeed, and no man who has the opportunity to attend an American college should fail in his duty. A searching within the man himself is sometimes necessary to awaken this responsibility. "Know thyself," was a maxim

of the ancient philosopher. It is equally applicable to you. Do your best at all times, but let that best be guided by reason and you may exclaim with Lucretius that true piety is "To look on all things with a mind at peace."

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man."

\* \* \* \*

Are the chapters through their officers taking the necessary steps to safeguard the health of their members? If not, this is

**HEALTH**

a very important element that should receive immediate attention. Contagious and infectious diseases find many victims when they break out in such an environment. Have a health officer who is a physician appointed to look after all the sanitary necessities of the house and the physical welfare of its inmates. But above all take all necessary pre-

**FIRE**

cautions to safeguard the lives of the members from the outbreak of fire. How many of our chapter houses have proper fire escapes? Appoint a fire marshal who is a practical fireman from the municipality where your home is located and provide the apparatus he prescribes. A conflagration may wipe out of existence your house and the personal property of your chapter, but make it at least possible to save the lives of your members. You can insure against economic loss of property, but insurance policies do not restore the dead to life nor the crippled to health. We speak of these things because so little attention is paid to them by fraternity men in general. Let us have no epidemics nor holocausts.

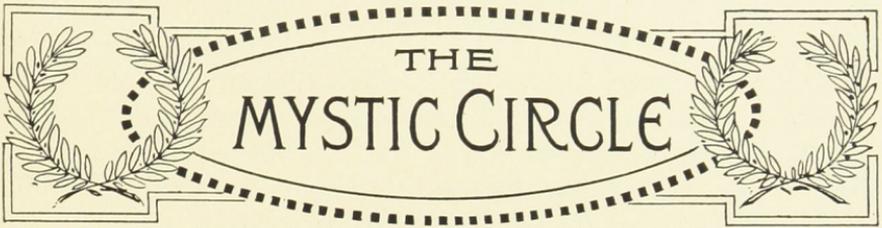
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**A LONG WAIT**

The self-made man stalked into the office of a great financier with whom he had an appointment.

"You probably don't remember me," he began, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor messenger boy, you gave me a message to carry——"

"Yes, yes!" cried the financier, "Where's the answer?"—  
*Argonaut.*



THE  
MYSTIC CIRCLE

ALPHA CHAPTER, YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Founded .....1845  
Tomb, 100 Prospect St.  
Fraternity House, 352 Temple St.  
P. O. Address, 1845 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.  
Meetings, Every Thursday at 9:00 P. M.

On October 7th, Alpha Chapter held its first meeting of the year, and was gratified to find that 30 of the brethren had returned to put a shoulder to the wheel.

During the summer, two members of the Brotherhood fell victims to the wiles of Cupid,—Brothers “Mal” Bissell and Mika. “Mal” has established himself and family here in town, and is now enrolled in the Graduate School, but he occasionally finds time to break away and come around to the house to assure us that the wedded life is the only life for him.

Among our recent visitors have been Brothers Draper of Gamma, and “Chuck” Officer and Trowbridge, Alpha Alumni. Brother Trowbridge is working in Waterbury for the Sperry Engineering Co., but evidently Waterbury is too slow for “Pink”. Every Sunday finds him prowling around his old haunts in New Haven.

Brother Rice, our delegate to the Convention, seems to have found the California climate much to his liking. He finds it hard to tear away and come East, but we expect him with all the news in a few weeks.

Brother Bill Rorer, the “Wild Bill” of Yore, is establishing quite a reputation this fall as a social promoter. Besides engineering a tea on Sunday afternoon, October 10th, for some of “our friends,” he is now planning a dance to be held at the house on Friday evening, October 22nd. This dance is to be a special effort in a tangible way to try to reach some of the Alpha Alumni residents in New Haven who have been slowly dropping away from the bunch, and remind them to come around, renew acquaintances and enjoy themselves.

While the open season on Freshmen does not come for several months, we have held several smokers and cider parties this fall for upper-classmen, and have a line on several good men. At our first initiation of the year we admitted John Ferdinand Cipriano, '17 Law, to the Mystic Circle, and affiliated Brother Alfred A. Farwell, ex-Gamma, of Turner's Falls, Mass.

Alpha Chapter is planning to hold its annual jollification November 12th, the night before the Yale-Princeton game. We extend a cordial invitation to all brothers from other chapters and Alpha alumni planning to take in the game, to drop us a line in advance, come to New Haven the night before, and help us celebrate the glorious event in the proper way.

Considerable interest in the tentative Yale Battery of the C. N. G. is being shown by members of this Chapter, and it is expected that when the enlistment period is completed, Alpha will have an appropriate representation in the organization.

NORMAN BODEN PILLING.

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BETA CHAPTER, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Chartered .....1850  
 House, 66 Winthrop St.  
 Meetings, Every Tuesday at 7:00 P. M.

When the members of Beta Chapter returned from the summer vacation, the fraternity house had undergone a tremendous transformation. The old furniture had disappeared and large and spacious settees and all other accoutrements of a fine living room had taken its place. Before the members left for their respective homes last summer, it was voted to have a table at the house. Mr. Rodgers, our industrious and indefatigable treasurer, was able, after persistent effort to make the necessary plans. Consequently, the members found a neat and newly painted dining-room awaiting them and at once a large number signified their intention of taking their meals at the house. The poolroom, moreover, had been greatly altered, and a telephone had been placed in the lower hall. In fine, everything was ready for a most successful year.

The innovation of a table has met with such unbounded success that it deserves a separate paragraph. At first, there was

much scepticism as to the practicability and desirability of the project, but temporary difficulties have been overcome and we find the table a source of the greatest sociability. The table also makes it easier to weigh prospective candidates by inviting them down to dinner, and becoming better acquainted with them.

The second Tuesday night we had one of the best smokers the fraternity has witnessed, being fortunate enough to obtain the services of an entertainer who has been substituting for the Keith's circuit. We intend to have smokers this year at least once a month, and perhaps oftener. Before I forget it, let me in the name of the fraternity, invite the members of Alpha to our smoker after the Yale game. We hope to be able to give them a little cheer before they depart for home. Other Sigs here that night are also cordially invited to be with us.

The question of smokers brings to my mind the club agreement which won't allow any sophomores to be selected before October 26. As the *Lampoon* suggested in the last number, this is going to result more or less in a "Tap Day." It is a little hard to have to abide by this agreement but we think that probably it is for the best.

So far this year we have elected only one member to the fraternity, Brother Oren Persons. "Percy" was one of the stars of the Harvard Lacrosse team last year, and did some wonderful work on the Southern trip. What our other members may accomplish in activities this year we can only conjecture. Brothers Brodeur and Trafford are now out for the Glee Club, and Brother Peoples hopes soon to be at the head of the business department of the *Harvard Monthly*.

We have had many visitors at meetings lately: Brother Mayer of Eta, brother White from Alpha, and brothers Williams, Draper and Nicolet from Gamma. We always want the brothers from other chapters to realize that whenever they are in Cambridge, they are welcome at 66 Winthrop Street. At the beginning of the year 1915-16 we have a period of active work before us, and Beta Chapter hopes to do her share in making Alpha Sigma Phi have one of the best years in its history.

Just here I might mention the fact that, at our last meeting, we decided to send letters to our alumni four times during the year: On November 1, January 1, April 1, and June 1. By so

doing we hope to keep in closer touch with those who have gone forth from college, but should continue to be deeply interested in the welfare of the fraternity.

EDWARD FORBES SMILEY.

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GAMMA CHAPTER, MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,  
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

Chartered at Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. . . . 1856-1862  
Massachusetts Agricultural College, February 14, 1913.  
House, 85 Pleasant St.  
Meetings, Every Monday at 7:00 P. M.

When "Aggie" opened her doors on Sept. 15, twenty-seven "Sigs" were back ready to work their hardest for their college, the "Old Gal" and themselves. A strange summer had been passed through, the boys scattered here, there, and everywhere, but not so widely but that twenty-one of the brothers gathered at Louis' Café, Boston, on the fourth of September, for one of those real old get-togethers. A good time was enjoyed all round, and when the party broke up it was unanimously voted the "best ever". The brothers present were—Staples, '04, Carver, '13, Hasey, '13, Nissen, '14, Moberg, '15, Towne, '15, Williams, '15, Bishop, '16, Gioiosa, '16, Perry, '16, Babbitt, ex.-'17, Day, '17, Grayson, '17, Chambers, '18, Grayson, '18, Sedgwick, '18, Rosequist, '18, Houghton, ex.-'16, Doherty, ex.-'17, Burleigh, ex.-'17, and Dave Moberg, ex.-'15, C. S. C.

Perhaps the largest group of Gamma's Sigs were to be found around Stannox Farm, Sherborn, Mass., for Brother Staples is in charge and had six of our active members with him throughout the summer. Brothers Nissen, '14, Williams, '15, Moberg, '15, and "King" Babbitt, ex.-'17, are working with him at the present time. Brother Ricker, '16, was with Brother H. E. Smith, '12, at the U. S. Entomological Laboratory, West Springfield, Mass.

On October 9, "Aggie" informally dedicated her new athletic field with a 26-0 win over Colby. It was a most fitting dedication for this field, the pride of all Massachusetts men, for it has been built almost wholly by student labor and student subscriptions. This has resulted in a wonderful field, and has far surpassed the expectations of those who have worked hardest upon this difficult

undertaking. The opening of the new field drew back a number of our alumni, and Brothers Williams and Draper, '15, and Brother Burke, '10 were on hand to help things along.

It seems most fitting that we should have our new field this year for we have by far the best team that "Aggie" has turned out for a number of years. Our scores to date are perhaps the best evidence, for Dartmouth only "squeaked thru" with a 13-0 win; Harvard was "outclassed, out-generalled, and was lucky to win," by a single touchdown, the result of an intercepted forward pass in the last two minutes of play; and Colby was "swamped" with a 26-0 score. Gamma had three men holding down varsity positions, for we find Brother Perry back in the center of the line, and Brothers "Hap" Day and "Em" Grayson are playing on the opposite ends.

On October 30, "Aggie" will be transferred to Medford, for our annual Tufts' trip looks rosier than ever before, for with the best team ever, chances certainly do look bright, and then after the game—well it's "Aggie" night at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, where Ziegfeld's "Follies" are playing on their last night in Boston. Practically the entire house has been bought up, and it certainly does look like a big night for "Aggie".

Till now our fall has been one continual rushing season, with smokers, feeds and get-togethers, here, there and everywhere, but the smoke cleared away on the 19th of October and left us with six of the best freshmen wearing our pledge buttons. Rushing has been a rather strenuous game this fall for there has been a great deal more competition than ever before, but as usual Gamma has drawn a splendid bunch of men, and men that we feel can hold up the standards which the Old Gal has outlined for them. The pledges are as follows: P. J. Moynihan, '18, of Holyoke; J. P. Murrin, '18, of Dorchester; Harold R. Day, '19, of Hopedale; John B. Field, '19, of Sharon, Allan G. Kennedy, '19, of Milford, Walter D. Graves, '19, of Brookline; Lawrence W. Johnson, '19, of Avon, and Leroy D. Peterson, '19, of New York City.

At last "Aggie" has been favored with an Agricultural Building, and on October 2, Stockbridge Hall was opened to the Student body, with an informal dedication. October 2, is our Founders Day, and with such a wonderful building nearly ready it seemed but right that we should use the auditorium that night.

This building has an auditorium that can accommodate 1,500 people, and it is by far the most beautiful of anything in this part of the country. Massachusetts certainly did herself proud in giving us such a beautiful and serviceable building. And in addition to Stockbridge Hall we also have a very pleasant and serviceable Infirmary, which Brother Gioiosa, '16, had the pleasure of informally dedicating, by being the very first patient admitted.

Brother Rosequist, ex-'17, has returned to college, and is now with '18. Brother T. P. Wilcox, ex-'16, has returned after spending a year as herdsman, on the Prentice Farm, in New Hampshire. Brother Herb Baxter, '18, has been forced to return home indefinitely, due to his efforts to return to college too soon after an operation.

Brother Frank Clegg, '14, dropped in from Westfield a Sunday or two ago, and after passing around the cigars, said that the date was set for Thanksgiving Day.

All in all, Gamma looks forward to a very successful year, for with twenty-seven active men, eight pledges, and men in all branches of college activities there is no reason why we should not continue to forge ahead, and raise Gamma and the "Old Gal" to an even higher standing than ever before.

DEAN ALBERT RICKER.

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DELTA CHAPTER, MARIETTA COLLEGE, MARIETTA, OHIO

Installed ..... June 15, 1860  
 House, 205 Fourth St.  
 Meetings, Every Thursday at 9:00 P. M.

With twenty-seven active men back in school at the beginning of the term, Delta is looking forward to one of the most successful years in her history. Every room in the house is occupied and every one of the brothers is starting out with a determination to do things.

The rushing season was started off with a smoker at the house and since that time we have succeeded in pledging nine of the very best men in the Freshman Class. These men represent all of the different elements in the class and among them are students as well as men who will win fame in athletics and other activities. The pledges are: Fred W. Sexauer of Lancaster, O.;

Don Dye and George Williams of Caldwell, O.; Harry Lee of Macksburg, O.; Fred Snell of Vineland, N. J.; William Lewis and Walter Wyckoff of Martins Ferry, O., and T. Mervin Stonecipher of Bridgeport, O.

Although it has been but a short time since school started, our activities have been numerous and varied. Brother Sutton is captain and Brother Graves manager of one of the best football teams which has ever represented Marietta and besides them Marietta has six other varsity men and several subs. The men who are playing on the varsity and who will in all probability make their letters are: Brothers McIntyre, Aumend, Miller, Freshour, Meister, and Pond. Meister, however, had his arm broken in the Michigan game and will probably be out for the remainder of the season. Brothers Reimann and Freshour have been making most of the trips as substitutes and several others are on the squad.

As a result of the class elections Sigs were chosen as leaders of the two upper classes. In the Senior Class Brother Stanley W. Boggess is president and Brother Meister of the Junior Class.

In the Glee Club Brother McConnell is president, and Brother Graves, manager. Several of the Brothers are trying for places in the organization and several have already been chosen as members.

At the Student-body election which was held last spring Brother Dane Wallace was elected President and is now directing the activities of this body. At present he is occupied with the momentous task of seeing that the Freshmen conduct themselves properly and that they appear on the campus with the much hated caps, as was prescribed by the upper classes.

Brother Woodford was recently appointed assistant in the Chemistry department.

Those who have been making the trips with the football team report that they have been royally entertained every place where they have met Sigs. At the Case game in Cleveland, the Cleveland Alumni Council entertained them with a banquet and on the Michigan trip made their headquarters the Chapter House at Ann Arbor.

The first social event given by Delta was the house-warming held on the night of October 19. The house was thrown open to

about fifty guests and late in the evening supper was served by a caterer. The affair was a huge success.

The enrollment at Marietta during the last years has increased noticeably and this has caused some talk of starting another fraternity in the school. We have two chapters here which have been dead for some time—Alpha Tau Omega, and Phi Gamma Delta—and it is among the alumni of these chapters that the idea of reviving one of them sprang up. Alpha Sigma Phi is very strongly in favor of reviving one of these chapters or the entrance of another fraternity here as in the past the abundance of good fraternity material has been the cause of all the fraternities taking too many men. It is thought that the entrance of another organization of the calibre of either of the two mentioned will somewhat alleviate this trouble and will not only be a good thing for the fraternities but also for the school in general.

DAVID MILTON AUCH.

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EPSILON CHAPTER, OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, DELAWARE,  
OHIO

Installed ..... June 6, 1863  
House, 110 North Franklin St.  
Meetings, Every Monday at 7:00 P. M.

The beginning of the Fall Semester found Epsilon full of the old Acme enthusiasm. We had first to reduce the house to some kind of order after the paper-hangers vacated. A couple of days of hard work and the rooms again took on their homelike appearance. We spent a quiet Sunday planning for our rushing season. Brothers Arthur Bevan, Lawrence Morrison and Jimmy Turner on Monday and Tuesday preceding school helped us loyally with their autos in our rushing.

Epsilon has chosen eleven men from the incoming Freshmen Class who we believe will uphold our ideals and standing in Wesleyan. The men whom we have pledged came to us highly recommended and having considered them carefully, feel assured that we are introducing strong members into our Mystic Circle. We are pleased to announce the following pledges: Harry A. March, '19, Lisbon, Ohio; Ernest M. Cole, '19, Midville, Ohio;

Donald A. Lose, '19, Napoleon, Ohio; J. Henry Curdes, '19, Napoleon, Ohio; Ellsworth F. Bost, '19, Napoleon, Ohio; Wilbur H. Fowler, '19, Zanesville, Ohio; J. A. Paul Morrison, '19, Bidwell, Ohio; Harry W. Brokaw, '19, Barberton, Ohio; Chester A. Bevan, Music, Delaware, Ohio; R. Francis King, Music, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; and Darcie V. Meachan, '19, Delaware, Ohio.

Alpha Sigma Phi is well represented in the college activities this year, and our men have been particularly successful. Brother Bartlett E. Emery, '16, is manager of the Ohio Wesleyan Glee Club, and two of our pledges, Harry W. Brokaw and Chester A. Bevan, have recently made places on the Club. Brother Charles West, '18, is representing us on the Debate Squad and will soon be one of our leading orators. A number of Sigs are making good in athletics, Brothers Dietrich and Sargeant being out with the Varsity Football Squad, and Soccer is represented by three Sigs. Brother Raymond Lowry, '15, who is doing post-graduate work this year has been appointed Soccer coach for this year. In the Sophomore-Freshmen Track Meet, Brother Jay Forse, '18, captured first in the high hurdles, and has a good chance of making his letter in track. Brother Sargeant placed in the high jump, while pledges Cole and March showed promising Varsity material for the future track team.

Brother Paul E. Smith, '17, is advertising manager of the Ohio Wesleyan *Transcript*, and has recently been initiated into Pi Delta Epsilon, honorary journalistic fraternity. Brother Eugene West has been elected to Gamma Phi, making our second representative to this fraternity.

We have had several opportunities to welcome visiting brothers and alumni. At the beginning of the year Brothers A. G. Clinger, James Turner, and Arthur Bevan were with us, and later Brother Trent A. B. Denison was our guest for a short time. Brothers Evans, Bricker, Wright and Robinson of Zeta were our guests at different times. Epsilon Chapter wishes to thank Zeta for her hospitality to us at all times and especially on October 2d after the State-Wesleyan game.

A local fraternity which has borne the name of Kappa Epsilon Alpha has recently secured a charter from Sigma Phi Epsilon. This makes the eleventh national fraternity in Ohio Wesleyan.

JOHN PARKER WEST, '18.

## ZETA CHAPTER, OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Installed ..... May 15, 1908  
 House, 1892 North High St.  
 Meetings, Every Tuesday at 6:30 P. M.

Zeta started things in her usual long stride and steady gait. The school has harvested a bumper crop of freshmen this fall and we managed to pick some very good future college men. On October the ninth we initiated the following men: Leland C. Biery, of Bowling Green; Wayne O. Weinland, McComb; Arthur T. Leonard, Salem; Charles F. Dunham, Versailles; Maurice L. Mullay, John G. Keller, Morgan C. Davies of Columbus. Judson S. Banfield, Follansbee, W. Va., was initiated earlier in the year while on his way to The Chicago Art School. He was pledged last spring, but found his future lay in other fields besides those exploited at Ohio State. We have pledged the following men: Baker Yontz, Melvin Pettit, both of Columbus; R. H. Anderson and J. F. Sutter of Shelby; W. M. Brownlee of Toledo; Cornelius and James Ryan of Ravenna, and E. Carson Blair of Columbus.

On the evening of October 22nd we entertained with an informal dancing party at the Country Club in honor of the initiates. The affair was attended by Brother Forse of Epsilon and several of our alumni including Brother and Mrs. Lytle Hunt, '12, and Brother and Mrs. Ivan G. Wright, '14. The University Commandant and his wife also were our guests. Conditions were ideal for such a dance; full moon, frosty air, beautiful drive through the country, etc., etc., etc.

Brother Walter Alexander, sly dog that he is, slipped away from us one Sunday to McComb where his lady fair was waiting, married her and brought her back the next day. A number of odd facts are assigned as their reason for springing the surprise. Both the bride's and the bridegroom's parents were married on the same date (October 4th). They (Brother Alexander and wife) were married by Brother Alexander's father at the home of the bride, Miss Joyce M. Ewing. The latter is one day younger than Brother Alexander.

Our regular Hallowe'en dance will occur at the house on the evening of Friday, October 30th. The brothers are now spending their evenings wagering who will be able to drink the most

(soft) cider. Brother Dudley, in his accustomed manner of doing something unusual has simulated a cold in order to stay in bed and avoid eating until then. The boys have planned several foraging parties to gather decorations for the house. The dance is an annual affair and has come to be expected by the co-eds just as they wait for their parcel-post laundry from home.

The chapter has its annual new home fever at present and several houses that would put the Parthenon, the Singer building and Rockefeller's country home to shame are being contemplated. Seriously, we have some very fine homes in view and the chances of our getting them seem more real than ever before.

College activities are booming among the brothers. We have four men on the *Sun Dial* Staff, two on the Glee Club, two on the freshman football squad, several have made honorary fraternities of different kinds, four on the *Lantern*, the daily, staff, and two on the Makio Board. Others could be mentioned if they were not so numerous.

Almost the entire Epsilon Chapter called on us after the Wesleyan football game; we indeed hated to twit the boys about their team and we are truly sorry we haven't a chapter located in a college where their team could win. The correspondent has just got a call to take charge of the university for a week and will have to end his gossip here.

GEORGE LEONARD PACKER, H.C.S.

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#### ETA CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Installed .....October 24, 1908

House, 404 East Daniel St.

Meetings. Every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

Registration days, September 20th and 21st, found twenty-seven active members in the Twin Cities. Quite a number of the members had come early and had lined up several promising freshmen. Our rushing was somewhat facilitated by the fact that the parlors had been re-decorated and partly re-furnished. As a result we had a successful season and now have seven pledges, and two or three prospectives.

At present Eta is very busy in endeavoring to uphold the good record in scholastic standing which she attained last semester.

Out of the 27 national fraternities she held seventh place in scholarship. The present year has started off very well with Brother Consoer's, '17, making preliminary honors in Civil Engineering and in the first month's report we had no flunkers.

Many of the men are also devoting a great deal of time to various student activities. Brothers Petty and Appelgram are holding down the position of tackle and guard, respectively, on the first squad of the football team. Both have played in every game. Pledge L. O. Petty, is playing regularly on the freshman varsity squad and is certain of his numerals. Brother Pruett is line coach on the freshman varsity football team and has been scouting other conference games for the University. Brother Pendarvis and Pledge Chapman are working daily with the track squad.

Our politicians were very successful and the following brothers received committeeships: Brother Owen, '16, Senior Invitation Committee; Brother Flock, '17, Junior Prom Committee; Brother Starkel, '18, Sophomore Cotillion Committee; Brother Griffiths, '18, Sophomore Sack Rush Committee; Brother Gooch, '18, Cadet Hop Committee. Brother Van Deusen, '18, is finding an outlet for his excess wit as assistant editor of the joke column of the university daily paper. Brother Griffiths, '18, is assistant art editor of the *Illio*. Brother Yerington, '18, is working for managership of the baseball team. Pledges Kroner and Lawler are reporting for the *Daily Illini*.

Social activities have had a very prominent place thus far this semester. A dance was given October 15th with the best representation of co-eds ever seen in Bradlye Hall. Mrs. F. K. Roberson, our Patroness, invited the chapter to a dance at the Champaign Country Club, October 22d, and everyone reports a very good time.

Home-coming is October 29th and 30th and already many alumni have ordered tickets for the big game with Minnesota. We are planning to have the largest and most successful home-coming in the history of the chapter. At the time of the Northwestern game, October 23d, we were greatly pleased to have with us "the Yeager twins" from Zeta chapter, who are now attending Northwestern Dental College, and Brother Hall, of Lamba chapter, who is also at Northwestern.

Brother Gleason, ex-'15, has returned to resume his university work after three years' absence. Brothers Louis A. Mylius, A '14, Wm. Eben Schulz, A '14, and Carl Bernard Anderson, M '11, are actively identified with the faculty of the University of Illinois.

HARRY LEA OWEN.

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THETA CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR,  
MICHIGAN

Installed .....October 24, 1908  
House, 1315 Hill St.  
Meetings, Every Monday at 6:30 P. M.

With all but two of the Brothers back, with the enrollment in the University larger than ever before in its history, with nearly our desired number of pledges secured, the year opens very favorably for Theta. Everybody had a pleasant summer and is back full of determination.

During the summer those who were here for summer school received visits from Brothers H. P. Ward ( $\Delta$  '86), and Cyril J. Curran and John W. Curtis ( $\Delta$ ). Brother Ward dropped in for a few minutes while in town to arrange for publishing a new book on American Book Plates. Brothers Curran and Curtis stopped on their way to the coast.

So far we have pledged seven men. They are: Neil C. Prangen, Hornell, N. Y.; Charles Clark, Chicago, Ill.; George F. Owen, Detroit, Mich.; Ernst L. Maurer, Cleveland, O.; Charles E. Buell, Detroit, Mich.; Frederick G. Steinbaugh, Pontiac, Mich.; Clare M. Jickling, Kalamazoo, Mich. Due to the fact that we had a large graduating class in June, we will find it necessary to take in five or six more men, but are taking our time and looking the field over carefully. We held a banquet for the new men the evening of the Michigan-Michigan Agricultural College football game, at which Brother Charles Wattles, '17L., acted as toastmaster. Brothers Gage Cooper, '12E., "Jerry" Gerard, '12E., Samuel Monetta, ex-'17, Lansford McCloud, '13E., Glen Caley, '14L., Norbert Kulasavics, '14D., Robert Campbell, '12, and Harry Nichols, not in school, were in attendance at the banquet. Besides these, Brothers "Bill" Loomis ( $\Delta$ ), "Jack" Brodt and "Bob"

West (I), Bonnie Neis, ex-'16, and Conrad Netting, '18, were in town that day for the game.

The  $\Phi$  A  $\Delta$ , legal fraternity, whose new home on Hill street has been in the process of construction since Spring, have moved. Chi Psi's new and attractive residence is ready for occupancy.  $\Lambda$  X A has moved into the house we once occupied on Washtenaw avenue;  $\Sigma$   $\Phi$  E has moved to a house on State street; and  $\Delta$   $\Theta$   $\Phi$  and  $\Pi$  B  $\Phi$  sorority have remodeled their houses.

We are pleased to say that the fraternity scholarship chart for the past year shows a general improvement in the fraternity scholarship standings, and that Theta stands "three and five-eighths inches" higher than it did last year. Were the chart computed on a purely fraternity basis, without the running of the standings of professional fraternities, we would be still higher.

The campaign for the raising of a million dollar fund for a Michigan Union clubhouse, which is attracting so much attention in the college world, is meeting with nation-wide success among the Michigan alumni throughout the country, and to date it has netted one-half the desired sum.

The plan of awarding a scholarship cup to the highest man in our underclassmen ranks is again showing results. Last year the race was so close that we were forced to award two cups, and this year we again had two men nearly tied for the honor. Brothers Frederick Sullivan, '18, and Chester Lawton, '18, tied this year for the honor of having their names on the cup. Theta thinks that it would be a good plan for the "powers that be" in our national circles to inaugurate some sort of a plan whereby we could have a little inter-chapter scholastic competition. Why not award a cup each year to the chapter having the highest scholastic standing, let that chapter keep the cup one year, have its name engraved on it, and, if a chapter wins the cup three successive years allow that chapter to keep the cup? Perhaps it would be possible to make some arrangement whereby campus prominence could be awarded also.

And speaking of campus prominence—I must mention the fact that Brother Van Stone, who was our delegate to the national convention this year, was recently awarded a \$500 fellowship. "Van", as you know, is a chemist. Also he is soon to be-

come a Benedict, his engagement to Miss Estella Brown of Battle Creek, Mich. having been officially announced. Brother Mullen-dore, '16L., has been appointed to the Michigan Law Review, one of the highest rewards for conscientious effort that can be conferred on a law student at Michigan. Brother Gernt, '17E., has been elected basketball manager of the Junior Engineering class; Brother Thomas Ogelthorpe, '17, is football manager of the Junior Literary class; Brother Walter Steele, '17D., is treasurer of the Junior Dental class.

We plan a house party for the Cornell game. A formal dance on November 5 with an open house on the 6th will furnish the main entertainment.

When Michigan played Marietta, we enjoyed having the boys on the team from  $\Delta$  make their headquarters with us. They played a good game; he hope to see them all again.

LATHROP WILLIAMS HULL, '17L.

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IOTA CHAPTER, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK

Installed .....March 27, 1909  
House, Rockledge, Ithaca, New York.  
Meetings, Every Monday at 6:45 P. M.

Iota started the year with 24 active members, eight more than a year ago.

Brother "Steve" Haman returned for his master's degree and is instructing in two courses in Forestry.

Brother "Ken" Hume, after his automobile trip to the coast, has returned for another rest.

Brother F. O. Young who dropped out for a year has returned and expects to finish by February with his degree.

Brother Paul Williams is a member of the 'Varsity Soccer Team. He made the trip to Rochester and in all probability will make the Princeton game on the 23rd of October.

Brother "Les" Fisher, Freshman Team Champion for '18 is now competing in the University Tennis Tournament with bright prospects for repeating his work of last year.

Brother Ralph Westing in addition to making the Glee Club is also competing for an editorial position on the *Cornell Daily Sun*.

Brothers Ray Hemphill and Joseph Thomas are respectively competing in the minor sports and annuals. Several more of the brethren in need of strenuous exercise are found daily in the track competitions.

Brothers Cameron, '16, and Balch, '17, are both actively associated with the military department of the University. Cameron has been in this work for four years and we hope to see him promoted soon.

Brother Grinnell, '16, is manager of the soccer team and has the reputation of being able to make his assistants perform their respective shares of the work of the team.

Brother Sauliner, '16, is associate manager of the Cornell Dramatic Club. It is said this honor was conferred upon him for his agility in lowering the curtain at the end of the play in such a manner as to drop it upon the heroine's head as she stepped forward to receive her numerous bouquets.

Brother Harwood, '16, has been unable on account of an injured knee to compete for lacrosse this year. This is regrettable in view of his demonstrated ability last year in this work.

Brother McDermott, '16, is determined to make a cross country run.

Brother Graef, '16, is occasionally seen at the house by late comers. There are many explanations for his regular evening absences but none seem satisfactory.

Last year's actives who left us in June are also doing their share in climbing the pinnacle of fame. Shortly after his graduation, Brother C. A. Strauss went into the automobile business in Indianapolis with his brother and between the two they are helping out thousands of souls who have tire troubles.

Brother Druard Allman is teaching floriculture at Farm School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Brother Buzby has a responsible position with the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, New Jersey.

Brother John Henry Bacon is farming near Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRANK OLIVER YOUNG, '16.

KAPPA CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON,  
WISCONSIN

Installed .....April 1, 1909  
House, 619 Lake St.  
Meetings, Every Monday at 7:00 P. M.

As Kappa Chapter has not broken into print since the April number of the TOMAHAWK, it will be necessary to give a short résumé of our activities during the spring and summer, as well as what we have been doing since returning in the fall.

On May 7th and 8th Morris F. Cronkhite of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Norman C. Lucas of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, were initiated. It was at this time that the interfraternity baseball race was becoming more exciting daily. The final result of it was that Alpha Sigma Phi brought home the interfraternity baseball championship and with it two beautiful loving cups. One of the cups is ours to keep, the other stays with us until a new champion is declared.

The race was an exciting one from the start and with twenty-four fraternities contending for the title at the beginning, the season was brought to a fitting climax when in the final championship contest Alpha Sigma Phi batted out a 5 to 3 victory over the team representing Delta Upsilon. That same night we gave a smoker which all fraternities were invited to attend. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted and we are sure that all those who attended were treated to a joyous and festive evening's entertainment.

The team won ten out of twelve games, thereby gaining a percentage of .833. We feel rather proud of that accomplishment, considering the fact that there were twenty-four teams competing for the title. Our lineup was as follows:

Zuehlke, C.; Boebel, P.; Hauser, 1B.; Whitmore, 2B.; Horton, SS.; Meyer, 3B.; Roethe, LF. (Capt.); Gribble, CF.; Burke, RF.; Rhyme, Sub.

May 22nd, 1915, was an auspicious date in the history of Kappa Chapter, Alpha Sigma Phi. It was on the occasion of our annual banquet or Sig Bust that the alumni members held a meeting and decided that the chapter house was to be remodelled and that both house and property were to be purchased as soon as possible, the alumni and active chapter to combine in their efforts

to fulfill this project. Great was the joy in our midst at this announcement, as such an action had long been anticipated, but never decisively brought to a head.

The month of June brought its usual number of graduates and fond farewells. Not until we returned again in September did we realize what a gap had been made in our ranks. The men who were graduated are as follows: T. J. Burns, Watertown, N. Y.; E. U. Klumb, Milwaukee, Wis.; G. A. Maxey, Oshkosh, Wis.; C. S. Rowe, Fredericksburg, Va.; H. E. Roethe, Fennimore, Wis, and A. C. McLean, Bozeman, Mont. All the above-named men have accepted positions in the lines of work for which they have been preparing, and, to judge from their letters, seem to be happy in their new occupations.

Shortly before the end of the semester an election of officers for the school year of 1915-16 was held. The following officers were elected: H. S. P., Kenneth R. Burke; H. J. P., Frederick Sanborn; H. S., Norman C. Lucas; H. C. S., Clarence A. Loeschler; H. E., Charles L. Henry; H. M., Merton L. Wright; H. C., Morris F. Cronkhite. A prudential committee consisting of Brothers C. L. Henry, Frederick Sanborn and George Fuller was elected. Since that time Brother Raymond E. Horton, has been elected H. M. to fill the vacancy left by Brother Merton Wright, who did not return to college this semester.

Work on the house was begun on July 1st. That many more things had to be attended to than was originally planned became evident with the progress of the job. Although a building committee was busy all through the summer suggesting here and directing there, it seemed impossible to rush the work along with the necessary amount of speed to have the place ready for comfortable occupancy by September 15. What delayed the steady progress of the work most was the unfavorable weather. Madison had more rain this summer than it has had since the early '90s.

September 15 was the day specified on which everything was to be ready for our happy Sig family. Most of us arrived here on September 17 or 18, and I am sure we all felt a distinct shock on first seeing the house. The outside appearance was completely changed, an imposing brick and concrete porch having taken the place of the ancient wooden one. What shocked us most, however, was the unfinished condition of affairs. If one was a com-

bined equilibrist and acrobat, he entered the front door by means of a steeply inclined plank. Not feeling sure of one's equilibrium, the use of the rear entrance was a splendid example of a practical application of the "safety first" slogan. On entering the house the impression of its unfinished state grew and grew. By the time one reached the upper floors it certainly had become a full-grown impression—more than that, a conviction.

To make a long story short, everything isn't even in readiness yet, and we have been living, or rather existing here for a whole month. On one memorable night the mosquitoes got so bad on the sleeping porch that at 3:15 A. M. the chapter arose as a body and adjourned to one of the rooms for a smoking session of an hour and a half, before plucking up enough courage to return to that mosquito-ridden nest. At that, 'most everyone went back to bed with a pipe or cigarette in his mouth.

An optimistic attitude among the fellows has aided materially in living through the disadvantages under which we have been placed. We expect and fervently hope that inside of two weeks we will be completely settled.

Situated in the conditions we were, our rushing was carried on under the severest difficulties. Entertaining in the house was impossible and our meals had to be served in a public boarding place, as our dining room was not ready.

In spite of these difficulties, we came off victorious and pledged eleven men whom we believe will warrant our action. We rushed one of them in his own machine. The men we have pledged to date are as follows: Edward Schmidt, Milwaukee, Wis.; Carl Fairweather, Milwaukee, Wis.; Arthur Pardee, Appleton, Wis.; William Tye, West Chicago, Ill.; Paul Tye, West Chicago, Ill.; Morrow Herner, Oshkosh, Wis.; Harold Marks, Madison, Wis.; William Corey, Madison, Wis.; Finley Baker, Bismarck, N. Dak.; Clarence Bohn, Madison, Wis.; Llewellyn Spangler, Menasha, Wis.

On October 16 and 17 an initiation was conducted in which five of our Freshmen pledges of last year were guided within the sacred walls of our order. Brother Thomas G. Caley of Theta chapter dropped in on us on the afternoon of the 16th, and was fortunate enough to witness the evening's entertainment.

The men initiated on this occasion were the following: John Ogden Merrill, St. Paul, Minn.; Frank Adam Tuchscherer, Menasha, Wis.; Joseph Patrick Brennan, Butte, Mont.; Carl Paul Hinn, Fennimore, Wis.; Donald William White, Manitowoc, Wis.

Thus our active chapter has been increased to twenty-six members. Eight pledges other than Freshmen, who for various reasons could not be initiated on this occasion, will have to be put through at some other time during the current school year. That leaves seven men who are Freshmen now to be initiated next year. On the whole it looks like a prosperous year for Kappa.

The Interfraternity Bowling League has opened its season, and in the first match of the year our pin knights took three straight games from the cohorts of Sigma Chi. Brother Frederick Sanborn has been elected captain of the team, but as yet has not made a definite choice of the four men who are to bowl with him through the season. Although we are not predicting any definite results, we believe that by persistent efforts we should be able to finish pretty close to the top at the close of the season.

In the next issue of the TOMAHAWK we expect to be represented with a picture of our new home. Alumni members of Kappa Chapter will hardly recognize in it the site of their old place on 619 Lake street.

In closing we wish to renew the bonds of brotherhood that exist between ourselves and all other chapters of Alpha Sigma Phi, at the same time wishing you all the most prosperous of school years.

NORMAN COLUMBUS LUCAS.

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LAMBDA CHAPTER, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY

Installed ..... May 29, 1910  
 House, 435 West 117th St.  
 Meetings, Every Monday at 6:45 p. m.

When the members of Lambda returned to college this fall they were surprised and gratified at the changed appearance of the chapter house. During the past summer the entire house was redecorated and renovated. Lighter paper was placed on the walls, lending a more cheerful aspect. A new semi-direct lighting fixture was installed in the lounging room through the gen-

erosity of Brother Curtis, and the chapter has appropriated money to install similar fixtures in the music and dining rooms on the same floor.

Nearly all of Lambda's fifteen active men were in New York by September 20, which made possible a week's rushing before college opened on September 29. As a result we have seven pledges to our credit, whom we believe are as good as may be found. Although the rushing season has passed its meridian we have several good prospects that we expect to realize within the next week. Two smokers were held during the rushing season which were enlivened by the presence of Brother "Pat" Kearney, Z '13, and Brother A. E. Ebenhack, Δ '11, A '13, both of whom are now playing in Broadway productions. Brother Kearney, with his card tricks and his inimitable funny talk, was a source of great merriment. At one of the smokers we were fortunate enough to have many of the members of the New York Alumni Council present, for they held their meeting and election of officers at the house before the smoker.

Our seven pledges are John Henry Mottola, '17 L, Brooklyn; Joseph F. Constantine, T. C., New York City; Howard Wallace Brown, '17, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Robert Lincoln Graham, '19, Kingston, N. Y.; Ralph Clymer Hawkins, '19, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Bradley M. Fischer, '19, New York City, and Raymond A. Ward, '19, New York City. Mr. Constantine is an instructor of Practical Arts in Teachers College and will be initiated as a faculty member. Mottola is our premier linguist. He speaks French, Italian, German, Spanish and English with perfect ease, although he was born in this country. He is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College, Brooklyn. Brown attended Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn., for two years, coming to Columbia to finish up his work. Ward is a graduate of Townsend Harris High School in this city, and is a graduate of the American College of Osteopathy, from which institution he holds a degree. He decided after spending three years there that it would be a good thing for him to know a bit about medicine. So he is just entering upon a six-year course here. After two years of college work which is required he will enter the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a branch of Columbia. He is now out for Freshman crew. Graham graduated last year from Kingston Academy. He is try-

ing out for the Mandolin Club and has survived the first two cuts. Hawkins was a member of the Dramatic and Glee Clubs in the Richmond Hill High School. He is now pulling an oar in the Freshman crew. He weighs well over 150, and we expect great things of him. Fischer is ineligible for college activities until next February as he is in extension now, but he expects to take his place as soon as he is admitted to the college.

Lambda, with true Sig spirit, is planning to help along the celebration of the return of football to the campus after an absence of ten years, on October 26 by attendance at the game and by holding a tea immediately following the game. The great college game was banished in 1905 and Columbia will play its first game since that year with St. Lawrence University. A block of 35 seats, directly back of the cheering section, have been reserved for the Sigs and their lady friends. After the game the party will adjourn to the house where light refreshments will be served and those so inclined may trip the light fantastic. With a trio of mandolins, a Victrola and a piano we are assured of plenty of music. Brother Rogers has charge of the arrangements for the tea and is confident it will be the best yet.

At present there are only nine men living in the house, but we hope to make a few additions to this number before the year is over. Brother Ralph E. Myers, A '08, is with us again this year and is living in the house. He is attending the Cornell Medical school down town. Brother Cyril J. Curran, who received his LL.B. last year is living in the house this year. He is connected with the law firm of Hornblower, Miller, Potter and Earle, at 24 Broad street. Brother Glenver McConnell, Δ '07, is also living at the house. He is employed as a chemist with the Parmutit General Sanitation Company. Brother Laurence H. Nichols, '18, a member of last year's Glee Club, is trying out for assistant manager of that organization. He is also out for the 1918 Columbian, the Junior year book, and is assigned a part in the Philolexian show, to be given November 19th and 20th. Brother Rogers, '17, is out for the Mandolin Club, and with Pledge Graham he has survived the second cut. Brother Howard W. Palmer, '16, is vice-president of the Philolexian Literary Society and is chairman of the program

committee. He also will take part in the Philolexian play next month. He is also trying out for *Spectator*, the college daily newspaper. Brother Foos, of literary bent, hopes to see some of his copy in various campus magazines this year. Brother John M. Curtis, who received a degree from Teachers College last year, is back at the house again this year. He is taking a graduate course in architecture. Brother Blaine, G Darrah Δ, is studying law at Columbia again this year. These are the men who are living in the house, and are a pretty active lot. Those outside are doing some things also. Brother Edmund B. Thompson, '18, and Brother Roland R. Loiseaux, '18, are associate editors of *Spectator*, while Brother Loiseaux is president of the French Society. Brother Fessenden is the newly elected secretary of the Navy League at Columbia. Brother John B. Baldwin, whose father was an army officer, is also taking an active part in that organization. Brother Wilfred A. Beardsley, A '07, has affiliated with Lambda for this year. He is taking up the Romance Languages for his Ph.D. Brother "Bill" is also taking a course in golf at Van Cortlandt Park.

With H. S. P., Elmer W. Snyder presiding over the destinies of the chapter, the outlook is indeed a bright one. Although we had but fifteen active men to start the year, that number will be increased steadily to normal. Three of the pledges will be initiated before this issue of the TOMAHAWK goes to press, and the Freshmen will be initiated soon after the mid-terms. The officers for this semester are: H. S. P., Elmer W. Snyder, '16, T. C.; H. J. P., Elwood J. Mahon, '16; H. S., Roland Louis Loiseaux, '18; H. C. S., Howard W. Palmer, '17; H. M., John Braithewaite Baldwin, '16; H. E., Benjamin Hilsdon Bartholow.

Lambda's chapter house was open during the summer for the summer session, and despite the extensive repairs which were going on, many took advantage of the opportunity to live here. Among them were Brother P. P. Stewart, I '12, and Brother Ebenhack, Δ '11, A '12. Brother Kenner McConnell, Δ '07, and his bride visited the house while on their wedding journey.

Brother Curran and Brother Curtis, who represented Lambda at the national convention, wish to thank the various chapters at

which they stopped for their generous hospitality. In closing, we wish to congratulate Theta upon the pleasing appearance and interesting contents of the news letter.

HOWARD WELSH PALMER.

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MU CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE,  
WASHINGTON

Installed ..... May 21, 1912

House, 1906 East 45th St.

Meetings, Every Monday at 7.15 P. M.

With the coming of the fall term, twenty-three enthusiastic members of Mu Chapter returned to the fold of their Alma Mater, the University of Washington. All were permeated with a spirit of optimism, and all felt we had reason to anticipate a prosperous year for Mu Chapter. Even the old house-dog, "Sig", was infected with the contagious spirit, and manifested his joy by several loud barks upon greeting the familiar faces of the boys.

This exuberance was not in the least lessened by the glad tidings which Brothers Mitchell, Kelliher and Anderson brought back from the convention in Berkeley. The above-named three fellows were loud in their praises of the hospitality of Nu Chapter. This will serve to further cement the friendly relations between Mu and Nu. Apropos of the University of California, we here, at Seattle, are looking forward, with keen delight, to the approaching football game between that institution and the University of Washington, which will decide the championship of the Pacific Coast.

In a raffle, held October 11, Pledge Chester Mueller had the good fortune to be chosen to go to California at the expense of the loyal boys of Alpha Sig Phi.

The University of Washington also plays the University of Colorado, in Seattle, on Thanksgiving Day, for the championship of the middle west. We are planning a royal reception for our brethren of Pi who are on the Colorado team. While we can't wish them victory we can hardly wish them defeat, so we will therefore say nothing with reference to our preference in the outcome of the game.

The Rushing Committee, composed of Brothers L. Peterson, Witherbee, and Sanders, has not been idle. Since the inception of the school year, they have been instrumental in the pledging of W. Gordon Rogers, '19, Seattle; Bailey G. Dinkelspiel, '19, Seattle; Eugene L. Van Houten, '19, Seattle; Harold Dale Sproul, '19, Mt. Angel, Ore.; Chester Mueller, '18, Seattle; Harold Flower McCredy, '19, Bickleton, Wash.; Albert Kalin, '17, Portland; Henry Graham, '19, Tacoma; and Donald Burdick, '19, Tacoma. The committee is to be highly commended on the excellent work they have done in regard to this matter.

Nor have we neglected music. Brothers Jack Kelliher and Fred Havel have already made the varsity Glee Club. This makes the third consecutive year Brother Kelliher has been on the Glee Club. In recognition of this honor, he will receive a beautiful gold fob. Brother Kelliher has also a predilection for dramatics and the manner in which he acted the part of Sir Peter in "Pomander Walk" won him a great number of admirers.

We are also well represented in inter-class football. Brother Blaine Murray plays tackle on the freshman team. Brothers Lloyd Coder and Lew Witherbee are, respectively, center and tackle on the sophomore team. While Brother William Jones plays guard and Pledge Victor Moore plays right halfback on the junior team.

Brothers Havel and Coffee are both members of the Stevens Debating and English Clubs. Already, Brother Coffee has won one debate before the former organization. Brother Havel has developed quite a penchant for caricature, and does most of the illustrating for the new varsity monthly magazine, *The Washingtonian*.

Brother Coffee has been appointed Chairman of the Auditing Committee in the Sophomore class, while Brother Kelliher has been appointed a member of the Senior Soiree Committee.

Pledge Van Houten is out for crew, and bids fair to make a place. Brother Sellick is already training for the cross country.

The Social Committee has arranged for a dance, Saturday, October 23, at which Chi Omega are to be our guests. Every one is pleasurably anticipating the dance, as it marks the beginning of the Alpha Sigma Phi social year.

The proximity of our chapter house to the Gymnasium, in which all college dances are held is very convenient. After the dances, the boys serve a light supper for the girls they took to the dance.

The prospects are good for next spring. Pledge Rogers is a star high jumper and hurdler. He will certainly make his "W" in track this spring. Brother Henry Murray will be varsity baseball pitcher as during last year. Several men loom up big as possibilities. As we nearly won the inter-fraternity baseball championship of the University last spring, we expect to make a splendid showing in that field this year.

Brother Asa Wilson Waters, Δ '67, favored us with a visit recently, and expressed his happiness at meeting the boys in no uncertain terms.

In conclusion, Mu Chapter is ready and prepared for the biggest year in its history, both in scholarship and in student activities. Hence, sanguine of our own success, we extend hearty greeting to our brothers in other chapters, wishing them also a very prosperous year.

JOHN MAIN COFFEE.

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NU CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CAL.

Installed .....February 1, 1913  
 House, 2614 Dwight Way.  
 Meetings, Every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

The Convention has proved to be of great advantage to Nu Chapter by instilling enthusiasm, and bringing us into a closer relationship with our brethren of the rest of America. It destroyed any feeling of localism that may have been envired here and impressed upon one and all the ubiquity of our ideals, purposes, and fraternal aspirations. The greatness of A Σ Φ in its expansion east and west was impressed upon visitors and members alike and in Nu Chapter and its active members in particular.

Immediately following the Convention we initiated nine men, Edward G. Sewell, Santa Rosa, California; Cletis I. Hewell and Leffler B. Miller, both of Bakersfield, California, sophomores; John Harvey Fellows, Pasadena; Floyd Homer Gibson, Clovis;

Francis Dale Hamilton, Eureka; Perry Kittredge and Robert Henry Young, of Berkeley; and Bryson Shillington, Fortuna, are our freshmen. Sewell has shown ability as a shot putter, baseball and football player; Hewell is on the rifle team with his "Circle C," and is also active in crew. Miller was captain of his high school tennis team, and we expect him to develop in the same lines here. Shillington was pitcher for his high school team at Fortuna; Hamilton was prominent in high school at Eureka, and the same is true of Fellows at Pasadena and Young at Berkeley. Gibson and Perry Kittredge (a brother of our Oxford graduate, Tracy Barrett Kittredge), are already actively engaged in college activities, the former on the Glee Club, and the latter on the football team. These with our 27 members back from last year give us a total of 36 active men at this writing.

Brother Earl Lee Kelly, '16, President of the University Glee Club, has accepted a position with the Southern Pacific Railroad in the middle west and will leave us soon for his new place.

Brother Charles Gordon Douglas, has affiliated from Beta and is taking advanced legal work in the University of California. He finds it a decided change from the environment of Harvard, but is very much at home here with us.

Brother Cleaveland Jocelyn Rice of Alpha Chapter, spent a few weeks with us at the opening of the college year.

In athletics Nu expects to develop one or two "C" men from its ranks. Harry Bluett Liversedge, '18, who weighs about 195 in his stockings, already possesses two of them, one in track, the other in football. It seems quite probable that Carl William Sebastian will catch this year for the Varsity nine.

The first game of the Inter-fraternity Baseball series was won in a 7—0 game with the Phi Kappa Psi team. We are trying to capture the cup.

We have had two informals so far this year, the first for the candidates we were rushing, the second for a general good time. Both were highly successful.

Plans are moving to secure a new chapter house for Nu and bid fair to develop into something permanent wherein we may while away the evenings under the shadow of our own fig tree.

A cordial invitation is extended to any member of the Fraternity to visit us when upon the coast. In the cordiality we extend, you will realize the hospitality for which our golden state is justly noted. Come!

FREDERICK EARL WESSON.

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XI CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Installed ..... April 9, 1913

House, 1340 R St.

Meetings, Every Monday at 7:00 P. M.

The correspondent has just returned from the Nebraska *vs.* Notre Dame football game. The peculiar characteristic about the game was that again Nebraska won. If it were not for the western characteristic of modesty I would be tempted to suggest that Nebraska has a team, but I shall not be so unkind.

The school year is about four weeks old, and while that is hardly long enough to make much history, the Sigs here have pushed a few things into the limelight. First and foremost, and a matter about which I am forced again to speak frankly, the Sigs occupy the house which was last fall a mere dream. The announcement that the Alpha Sigma Phi boys were to occupy the mansion located at No. 1340 R Street was simply a revelation to the whole community. It was well known that the fraternities were trying to secure a lease, but the Sigs were not mentioned among the petitioners.

Rush week was a busy one. We had numerous things to arrange in our new house, but Brother "Dick" Cole, with the aid of others, made quick work of the house cleaning proposition, and two days before school opened, the house was ready for business. At the end of this week, Xi Chapter had lined up nine men and slipped a button in each of their lapels. Their names follow: Arthur Gray, '19, Columbus, Nebraska; Paul Dobson, '19, Ulysses, Nebraska; Bernard Diers, '19, Ulysses, Nebraska; Louis Herman, '19, Fullerton, Nebraska; Clare Anderson, '19, Omaha, Nebraska; Beatty F. Donthet, '18, Fullerton, Nebraska; Rolla Van Kirk, '17, Neliegh, Nebraska; B. W. Matlick, '18, Lincoln, Nebraska; Glen Wallace, '19, Omaha, Nebraska.

These men are seriously wearing the smile of anticipation. May it never rub off.

Our first social event was the annual pledge dance. About forty couples were present. The orchestra occupied the balcony, thus leaving the entire floor to the dancers, and it is needless to say, everything was thoroughly enjoyable.

Several University Societies have held meetings at the house. The Pre-med Society, with Brother Gerrie as President, held a "Smoker" October 18th; 84 men were present. The interfraternity council, of whom Brother Fred Babcock is Secretary, held its meeting in the parlor.

Xi Chapter entertained several visitors during September and October. Among them were:

R. W. Hume, of Cornell, who was on his way to San Francisco.

J. H. Brodt, Iota '13, of Detroit, Michigan.

Lawrence Clayton, from Theta, now Beta, stopped here while on his way to Harvard.

Henry J. Hegel, Alpha Chapter, and Howard W. Meacham, of Epsilon, now located in Omaha with the Fiske Tire Company, attended the game and spent Sunday with us.

Brother Lyndon Lynch and Irwin Clark were chosen for members of the Dramatic Club.

Among our prospects for our student activities are two men out for football, Diers and Dobson. "Ray" Cameron, all Missouri Valley Center last year, is Assistant Coach of Nebraska. "Ed" Gillette and "Doc" Crandall are out for basketball. Carlisle Jones is a pledge of Phi Alpha Delta, and Rolla Van Kirk of Xi Psi Phi.

The boys of Nebraska regret very much the loss of Prof. B. F. Raber, Xi '14, who resigned his position here in the Engineering College to accept a similar one in the University of California. We suggest that the California boys will find him a great, big-hearted man, but we also suggest that they do not overwork him. During his two years with us he left some things that will make him long remembered.

Nebraska turned down the Amendment for Woman's Suffrage, but women have not lost their power. Two of them at least control votes. Brother Alvin Gordon Smith, Xi '13, Sigma Tau and Sigma Chi (Tri Sig) admits that Mrs. A. G. Smith,

formerly Miss Edith Screpp, is the real head of a very recently made family. Brother Lloyd W. Harte ("Toughy"), Xi '13, refuses to admit that Miss Olive Davis, now Mrs. Harte, has such a power, but the boys notice that "Toughy" is leading the life of a model husband. We realize that these men are undertaking a new job, but what's the difference, it may be the experience of a lifetime.

Brother Tell W. Nicolet of Harvard is here as Landscape Gardener under the Horticultural Department. This is a new office, and if you will not mention it, we understand that it is rumored that Nebraska feels fortunate in getting such a man for the position.

Ray (Alpha) Fee and E. A. (Casey) Jones have returned to school. They are both expecting degrees in the M. E. Department next spring.

We suggested in our last letter that fraternities not represented here were investigating conditions. The Pi Kappa Phi has installed a chapter here. The D. E. K. noise seems to have subsided and we are waiting for another outburst from still another source. In the meanwhile and forever we will sing the praises of the Alpha Sigma Phi and old Nebraska.

HARRISON LAFAYETTE GAYER.

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OMICRON CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Installed ..... May 17, 1914  
House, 307 South 39th St.  
Meetings, Every Tuesday at 6:45 P. M.

Omicron returned to college this fall twenty strong, with a home of its own for the first time. The house, located at 307 South 39 Street, is the one first used by the D. K. E. Fraternity at Pennsylvania. The house has been entirely refinished inside, and now, after a siege of carpenters, painters and plumbers, we are about settled down for a year of solid comfort.

Our H. E. has had to do some financial gymnastics in getting things started, but everything is going smoothly now and there are no indications of any interruptions coming, such as sheriff sales or the like. We have entirely furnished bedrooms for

18 men, besides our dining room, living room, and kitchen, which latter, includes china and silver with our own seal on it.

The house is a large three-story ivy-covered edifice with a colonial porch surrounded by a large lawn.

We have drawn up a set of house rules and one of pledge rules, which as yet are only in the experimental stages.

Our most important step in the fraternity field here was taken two weeks ago when we petitioned the Inter-fraternity Council to become members of the Agreement. We were admitted and have elected Brother James C. Avery as our representative. Every academic national fraternity at Pennsylvania is a member of this Council. The chief purpose of this agreement is that rushing or entertaining freshmen is prohibited until the first week in February.

Omicron will make its *début* in the "Social World" at the University in a series of teas to be held after the football games. We are also planning for some dances during the winter.

Brothers Masland, Goulson, Jagocki, Kerr, Vanderbeek, Gangwisch and Adams returned yesterday from an automobile trip of 460 miles. The prime object of this was to see the Penn-Navy game at Annapolis, but two days were spent in "seeing the sights" of Washington, where Brother Gangwisch put the whole crowd up at his home. The trip was made in Brother Masland's Cadillac "8" and we might incidentally state that at times the speed limit signs were not read very accurately, although we made it a rule never to go over 69 miles an hour on account of numerous "traps" between Philadelphia and Washington.

Brother Avery has just returned from the Convention and the west, and has made glowing reports of both. The banquet especially, at the Oakland Hotel, is remembered by him as highly worthy of the occasion.

We were pleased to have visits from four Brothers from Iota: Brother Warner Harwood, who stopped on his way from the convention; Brother J. W. Steacy, who expects to be in Philadelphia this winter; and Brothers T. Saulnier and Ralph Westing.

We extend to all Brothers who happen to be in Philadelphia an invitation to visit us in our new home, and assure them a courteous welcome.

JOHN KENNETH ADAMS.

## PI CHAPTER, UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO, BOULDER, COLORADO

Installed .....February 6, 1915  
 House, 970 Eleventh St.  
 Meetings, Every Monday at 6:45 P. M.

The college year at Pi started with only eleven active Sigs back in school. However, we set to work with an enthusiasm that resulted in the pledging of thirteen good and desirable men. All of the men we pledged were men of whom we had heard through our alumni, or had known personally in high school. As fraternity competition at Colorado was especially keen this year we feel that we have done well.

Our pledges are Martin Dwyer, '17, Paul Dwyer, '19, John Regan, '19, of Creede, Colo.; John Macken, '19, Leland Schuck, '19, Albert Anderson, '19, James Finlayson, '19, David Mahoney, '19, of Denver; Arthur Nord, '18, Howard Rhodes, '19, of Salida, Colo.; Leo Coffey, '17, of Brighton, Colo.; John Frink, '19, of Mancos, Colo.; and George Cartwright, '19, of Santa Fé, New Mexico.

We are glad to welcome into our midst Brother Austin Devol ( $\Delta$  '08) who has entered the University here.

Brother John Curtis ( $\Lambda$  '14) visited at the house on his return from the convention. Brother Wilkie Clay Ham ( $\Lambda$  '11) stopped over in Boulder to get acquainted with the new men and talk over old times with the alumni, many of whom were classmates of his when he attended the university here before going to Columbia.

On the Annual University Home Coming Day, October 22, we will hold initiation for Leo Coffey, Martin Dwyer, and Arthur Nord. We are hoping that many of our alumni will be present at this time.

Wilfred Hall, '16, has been pledged to T B II the honorary engineering fraternity, and has been elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class. John Greene, '16, has been elected Manager of the *Colorado Engineers Magazine* and is first Manager of the Baseball Team. Felix O'Neill is Secretary and Treasurer of the Junior Law class. Jack Regan, one of our pledges, was elected Captain of the Freshmen Football Team.

On Friday evening, September 24, we entertained our pledges at a beefsteak fry in Gregory Canon, about eighteen couples

attending. We held the first dance of the season Monday, October 11, at the Chapter house. It was given in honor of our pledges. About twenty-four couples were present and all reported a good time.

We are planning to enter a team in the inter-fraternity basketball league, and intend to start practice soon under the tutorship of Brother Devol, who is gym instructor for the city Y. M. C. A.

Brother H. A. Wynn has been elected H. C. S. and Brother Devol H. C., to fill the vacancies left by Brothers McCollough and Day, who failed to return to school this year.

With so many good pledges, with the table and house full, and with the enthusiasm shown this year, things look favorable for a good year at Pi.

LESTER BRYAN JOHNSON.

#### BROTHER VS. BROTHER IN FOOTBALL GAME

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 13.—A peculiar coincidence will take place, when brother will be pitted against brother, in the Michigan-Marietta football game on Ferry Field this afternoon. Louis Reimann is the veteran left tackle on Yost's eleven, while his brother, Edward Reimann ( $\Delta$  '15), is now playing his second year as right tackle for Marietta. To relieve the embarrassment of the brothers, Yost will probably switch his star linesman to the other side of center.—Ann Arbor *Times*.

#### LECTURES BY COL. HOMER B. SPRAGUE

1. The Story of Paradise Lost; two lectures.
2. The Book of Job; two lectures.
3. Shakespeare's Cradle and School.
4. Shakespeare's Early Manhood; Foundations.
5. His Sword; the military element in him.
6. Poet's Heart *vs.* Philosopher's Bacon.
7. His Wand and Sceptre; points of superiority.
8. His Greatest Character; a Woman.
9. His Caesar, Brutus, and Antony; History.
10. His Hamlet. Morbid logic or insanity?
11. His Macbeth; a study in soul perdition.
12. Milton; Poet and Educator, not theologian.
13. Oliver Goldsmith; blunders and foundations.
14. When I was in Jail; Confederate prisons.
15. No Excuse for War.

For terms and dates, address him at Vernon Court Hotel, Newton, Mass.

## OFFICIAL

Officers and Members of the Fraternity are respectfully requested to remember that orders for supplies in their respective lines are made under the direct authority from the proper grand officers, that the insignia of this Fraternity are copyrighted, and these manufacturers are licensed to use them in supplying your needs. Any infringement will be enjoined the instant it is called to our attention.

### OFFICIAL BADGES

The Ford Company, New Haven, Connecticut, or  
The D. L. Auld Company, Columbus, Ohio.

### PLEDGE PINS

The D. L. Auld Company, Columbus, Ohio.

### COAT OF ARMS PLAQUES

F. L. Bennett & Co., 16 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

### SEAL PLAQUES

The Ford Company, New Haven, Connecticut.

### STATIONERY, PROGRAM COVERS, ETC.

J. F. Newman, 11 John St., New York.

### NOVELTIES

Edwards, Haldeman & Co., 141 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### THE TOMAHAWK

The Tomahawk, 51 Chambers St., New York, \$1.00 per year.

### OFFICIAL SHINGLES

\$1.00 each, Wayne M. Musgrave, 51 Chambers St., New York.

### DIRECTORY OF A Σ Φ

\$1.00 each, Wayne M. Musgrave, 51 Chambers St., New York.

## LICENSES REVOKED

Licenses to use our insignia to Wm. B. Burford, and the Swastika Pennant Company have been revoked. No more orders should be sent to either.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

SISTER PINS are authorized and full information will be published in the February Number. The design is not yet settled.

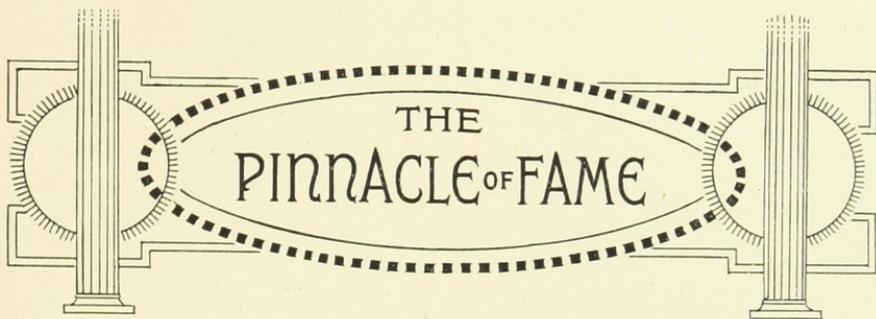
THE SONGS OF A Σ Φ are undergoing revision. Announcements will follow when possible.

THE HISTORY OF A Σ Φ Fraternity is in preparation. Information concerning its progress will be made from time to time.

THE MINUTES of the San Francisco Convention are in press and will be ready for distribution by December 1st. Price 15 cents each postpaid.

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All members of A Σ Φ are forbidden under pain of expulsion from joining Θ N E or any of its denationalized Chapters by whatsoever name they are known. This rule will be rigidly enforced.



## ALUMNI

Lloyd Othmar Mayer (A '12) is traveling representative of the London & Lancashire Insurance Co., with headquarters at 332 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, and branch offices in Los Angeles.

Joseph Douglas Hood (H '10), who has been in the military service of the Government during the summer, and very much occupied with practical military training, has just returned to his office at 2814 Adams Mill Road, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Herbert Allen Sawyer (A '12) is now pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at New Hope, Pa. He can be reached through Box 21 in that city.

Brother Erle Roland Kelso (H '10) is now living at 698 Maplewood Avenue, Ambridge, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Charles Andrew Fritz (E '13), late Dean of the School of Expression at Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio, has recently been elected Professor of Public Speaking at Otterbein University, and is now in charge of his new chair. His present address is Westerville, Ohio.

Martin Calkins Briggs (© '14) is now in the service of the First National Bank at Mitchell, S. D., and should be addressed at 621 West Third Avenue, that city.

Ralph Albion Jarrard (O '14) has been elected as a teacher in the Wilkes Barre High School, and can be reached by his numerous friends at 56 North Washington Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Edward G. Herlihy (Δ '15) is in the employ of the State of Ohio, his official title being State Road Inspector.

Bryant Escar Judson (H '12) is now located at 912 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

John L. Davies (Δ '79) is manager of the Chattanooga Traction Co., Chattanooga.

Eugene Whitman Annis (E '14) is now with the Chattanooga Savings Bank, Chattanooga, Tenn., but expects to enter Western Reserve or the University of Michigan next year for his course in law.

Roman August Heilman (K '09) receives his TOMAHAWK at 310 S. Broom Street, Madison, Wis., and is a member of the firm of Gilbert & Ela, Attorneys at Law, 107 W. Main Street, Madison, and is rapidly forging ahead.

Spencer Eames Young (I '11) is connected with the Bond Department of the Northern Trust Company, Chicago, Ill., and receives his mail at 1232 Elmwood Avenue, Wilmette, Ill.

G. Percy Brown (A '11) graduated from the Harvard Medical School in June, and is now a practicing physician in Barre, Mass.

Beth V. Butterfield and Fidardo R. Serri (A '11) have formed the firm of Butterfield & Serri at 15 Broad Street, New York City, for the practice of law.

Henri Casimir Jacques (Λ '11) has been admitted to the New York Bar, and is now private secretary for Judge Joseph I. Green, with offices at 141 Broadway. Judge Green was formerly a justice of the City Court of the City of New York. Brother Jacques should be addressed at 539 Manhattan Avenue, New York City.

Hon. Henry Winn (A '57) of Malden, Mass., has recently sent us his interesting address upon Taxation. Through error in the April TOMAHAWK, we quoted him as having increased the tax revenues of Michigan instead of Massachusetts. It was the Massachusetts Legislature that passed the resolutions, and the vote was taken standing for his efforts that added 357 millions in revenue that otherwise would have escaped.

Philip Hale Pierson, M. D. (A '08) since his admission to practice medicine, has located at San Francisco, Cal., and can be addressed at his office, 516 Sutter Street. He is also attached to the polyclinic service of the San Francisco Hospital.

Douglas Moore Collingwood (Λ '14) is now a Lieutenant of Company E, Nova Scotia Engineers, and located temporarily at 28 Church Street, Halifax, N. S., but expects to be soon transferred with his regiment to the European conflict. Here is

hoping our friend and brother will meet with no serious obstacle in his efforts to get across the waters, and will return to America, and his old friends, in good condition at the close of the war.

Fred Stephan Van Woert (O '15) is now a practicing physician, with offices in the McCallum-Hill Bldg., Regina, Saskatchewan.

Arthur Ernest Allyn, Jr. (Ξ '13) received his degree at the University of Nebraska last June, and entered the employ of the United States Rubber Co., 30 College Avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., September 6.

Ivan C. Crawford (Π '15) is now head of the Railway Civil Engineering Department at the University of Colorado.

Hon. Hiram L. Gear (Δ '62), attorney-at-law, resides at Oakland, Cal. Brother Gear has spent the greater part of his life in California and is the author of a number of text books on law.

Brother Clarence J. Lutz (O '15) is with the Bell Telephone Company of Philadelphia.

Roys W. Moore (Ξ '14) is with the Chalmers Auto Company of Detroit, Mich.

Dr. A. Brown Riggs (Δ '63), who was a professor at Lane Theological Seminary for twenty years, recently retired from active work and resides in Cincinnati. Brother Riggs is a charter member of Delta Chapter.

Brother Ralph Parker (Γ '12) received his Ph.D. in Entomology at Massachusetts last June, and is at present with the Montana State Board of Agriculture, working on the "Fly Problem" in Montana, with headquarters at Miles City, Mont.

J. Warren Ritchey (Δ '93) is teaching in the Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. His address in that city is 563 Evenswood Place.

Brother James Martin (Γ '12) also received his Ph.D. at the same time, and is working with the Massachusetts Nursery Inspection, in charge of White Pine Blister work.

Rev. John L. Gage (Δ '64), who was a home missionary in the Northwest for thirty-five years, has retired from the ministry and is living with his son in Los Angeles, Cal.

William Stinson Wallace (I '09) is now in the electrical machinery and lamp business at 657 Century Building, Pitts-

burgh, Pa., and is the district sales agent for Fairbanks, Morse & Co. Wallace is a hustler, and would not be true to his reputation while in Cornell if he did not make good.

William Norwood Sparhawk (A '08) is still in the United States Forestry Service, and has been transferred to Ogden, Utah, at which place he is in charge of the office.

Bernard Augustine Cruse (A '13) has removed from 350 Hartford Road, South Orange, N. J., to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is qualifying for admission to the New York Bar by becoming a resident of the Empire State.

Daniel Charles Walser (© '08) is now located at 2400 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. During the summer, in company with Mrs. Walser, he spent his vacation at Ogdensburg, N. Y., through the Thousand Islands to Detroit, Mich., and while at Niagara Falls encountered Charles Horace Brady (© '08) and wife by merest accident. Suffice it to say that neither party needed an introduction.

Harry Osborn McCully (© '10), late of Erie, Pa., is now located in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Max Charles Beust (H '12, N '14) is conducting the Students' Wholesale Grocery Co. at Berkeley, Cal., with headquarters at 2411 Durant Avenue. He has recently added to his equipment a 1916 model Overland machine, and in keeping with his congenial personality, finds much opportunity to use it, more among his friends than in his business. His old friends in Eta will be glad to know that he is making good in the West.

Clarence Eckel (II '15) and Walter Mallory (A '15) are instructors in the Engineering Department at Colorado University.

Raymond Shirey (Ξ '13) is Professor of English History and Assistant Athletic Coach, Ogden, Utah.

Henry M. Walker (Δ '68) recently published a series of essays and poems.

Brother Kelliher (Γ '15) is teaching in a high school at Turners Falls, Mass.

Fred Sheridan (Δ) is Principal of the New Matamoras, Ohio, high school.

Winfred Overholser (B '12) is a senior in the Boston University School of Medicine. His address is 482 Worcester Street, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

C. Earle Humphrey ( $\Delta$  '15) recently accepted a position in the chemical department of the Goodyear Rubber Co., at Akron, Ohio.

Brother Towne ( $\Gamma$  '15) is on the road for a large "feed and grain" concern of Boston.

Lawrence Carnahan ( $\Pi$  '15) is an engineer for the American Radiator Company, at Chicago.

Ed. Esker ( $\Delta$  ex-'11) is Assistant District Superintendent of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., and is located at Chillicothe, Ohio.

Brother Moberg ( $\Gamma$  '15) is also at Stannox Farms, but is following the animal husbandry line.

Kenner McConnell ( $\Delta$  '11) is State Inspector of Oil Wells, and is located at Columbus, Ohio.

Brother Williams ( $\Gamma$  '15) is in charge of all fruit growing at Stannox Farms, Sherborn, Mass.

William E. Eells ( $\Delta$  '90), who is engaged with the same company as Brother Brown, in Mexico, is at present with his wife and family at Texarkana, Ark.

Brother John P. Blaney ( $\Gamma$  '10) has left Atascodera, Cal., and is now at Swampscott, Mass. He is registered for graduate work in Landscape Architecture at Harvard.

Sheldon C. Gilman ( $\Delta$  '08) is now located in Marietta, Ohio, where he is dealing in oil leases.

Ivan Gerald Wright ( $Z$  '12), who has been located at Charlotte, N. C., is now making his headquarters in Columbus, Ohio.

Hon. John H. Snodgrass ( $\Delta$  '90), who is the American Consul General of Russia, located at Warsaw, has the additional duties of representing the governments of Germany, Austria and Turkey during the present war. His salary was recently raised from \$5,000 to \$8,000 per annum.

Brother Frost ( $\Gamma$  '15) is making a specialty of tree-work in and around Brockton, Mass.

E. H. Dunaway ( $\Xi$  '13) Treasurer, Acme Amusement Co., also doing graduate work in History, University of Nebraska.

Donald C. Brown ( $\Delta$  '84), who has been engaged in the mining business at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, since 1888, is for the present at 82 Beaver Street, New York City, being unable to continue his business in Mexico during the present turbulent conditions.

Lawrence Giacomini (H '15) is now deputy District Attorney for Logan County, at Sterling, Colo.

Hon. Thomas J. Hughs (Δ '71) recently entered upon his third term as criminal judge in Wheeling, W. Va.

E. E. Brown (Δ ex-'13) is with the *Springfield Sun*, at Springfield, Ohio.

Brother C. A. Bishop (Γ '15) was taken very seriously ill with typhoid fever soon after leaving college in June, and is at present at Peterboro, N. H., recovering his strength. He plans to return to his work in Animal Husbandry at Cohasset, Mass., in the near future.

Harold Aubry Kempinsky (M '14) is now located at Buckley, Wash., in business with W. O. Kempinsky, prescription druggist, of that city.

Charles Gabriel Tachau (K '10) is half owner of the Currie Creek Farm at La Grange, Ky. They make a specialty of breeding Durock Jersey swine and Jersey cattle, and maintain an office at 320 Paul Jones Building, that city.

Charles F. Roeser (Δ '08) is an oil producer at Tulsa, Okla. His old Marietta friends will be glad to know that Charles prospers in his new environment.

Leonard Starr Henry (Λ '12) is now located at 49 Huntington, New Britain, Conn.

Brother George Hall (Γ '15) is working as a bacteriologist with Slawson-Decker, Sheffield Certified Farms, New York State.

Dr. Charles R. McClure (Δ '98) is practicing medicine at Portland, Ore.

Edgar C. Sweeney (Δ '08) is located at Charlotte, S. C.

Frank B. Loomis (Δ '83), formerly U. S. Minister in Portugal, is now on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, at Oakland, Cal.

George Mincke Wakefield (H '11) is now located at Alma, Ill.

Rev. John Boyd Johnston, D. D. (Δ '67) is now in Rock Falls, Ill., where he is engaged in the ministry.

Robert Harvey Gillmore (Θ '12) is at 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. John L. Davies (Δ '72) is pastor of the Congregational Church at Marysville, Ohio.

George Henry Chapman (Γ '13) is again Research Physi-

ologist with the Agricultural Experiment Station at Amherst, Mass. Just before the European War broke out he and his wife were fortunate enough to escape from Prague, Austria, and arrived safely in the United States. Since their return to America a daughter was born to them, and one cannot help but feel that events have moved pretty swiftly in Brother Chapman's life the last few years. But to know the man is to understand why.

William E. Byers (Δ '08) is practicing law and instructor in the Kansas City Law School, in Kansas City, Mo.

Irving G. Gates (Π '15) is chemist for the C. and A. Smelter, at Douglas, Ariz.

Edward Joseph Burke (Γ '13) has charge of the Agricultural Department at Hopkins Academy, Hadley, Mass.

Melville Halstead Rood (Δ '11) is taking a course in Chemical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His address is 209 West Canton Street, Boston, Mass.

Thornton Victory and Marvin Griffith (Π '15) are with the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y.

Carl C. Hoyt (Δ '11) is now practicing law at Akron, Ohio.

John Laurence Stivers (A '08) has formed a new partnership with John C. Bell for the practice of law, under the name of Bell & Stivers, Montrose, Colo. "Judge Bell has recently retired from the Colorado Court of Appeals, and has been a practitioner in Colorado since 1874."—*Montrose Daily Press*, Aug. 26, 1915.

Thomas M. Sechler (Δ '63) is President of the Moline Implement and Carriage Co., President of the Moline Carriage Body Co., and Vice-President of the Moline Wheel Mfg. Co. His address is 1702 Sixth Avenue, Moline, Ill.

P. Burton Warner (Δ '80) is President of the Warner Equipment Company of Cincinnati. His home address is 430 Garrard Street, Covington, Ky.

Brother Cleaveland Jocelyn Rice (A '08), who was the delegate from that Chapter to the National Convention, has spent a couple of months in California and on the Coast, and while there had the misfortune to have his baggage stolen, containing many of his records. No doubt Brothers Van Stone and Wallace will pity the thief who tried to carry it away.

Robert Canfield (II '15) is with the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. survey party near Pagosa Springs, Colo.

Lloyd R. Fraker (Ξ '13) attorney, First National Building, Kansas City.

Oliver Frederick Bishop (A '08) has probably enjoyed one of the most varied careers in the U. S. Forestry Service since his graduation. He has been in charge of the Bureau of Forestry and Instruction of the Ranger School, University of Philippines; District Forester of South Central Luzon, Mindora and Marinduque; Acting Chief, Division of Investigation; head of the Forest School, Bureau of Forestry, and Assistant Professor of Dendrology, University of Philippines, and is now located at Los Banos, Laguna, Philippine Islands.

Dr. John L. Brickwede (Δ '10), who recently graduated from the Western Reserve Medical School, has accepted a position as surgeon for the Goodyear Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

George Ernest Elwers (K '11) is Professor of Botany and Pharmacognosy, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.

Phillip McCary (II '15) is located at Grand Junction, Colo., where he is engaged in the hardware business.

Hon. Frank B. Loomis (Δ '83), formerly U. S. Minister to Portugal, is on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, Oakland, Cal.

Brother E. S. Draper (Γ '15) is at present at Charlotte, N. C., in charge of the development of Myer's Park, a tract of land embracing nearly 1,000 acres. He is acting as the personal representative of the firm of John Nolan, city planners and landscape gardeners, of Cambridge, Mass., and is to act as consultant on all southern jobs in that territory.

Frank Gilligan (II '15) is engineer for the Denver Gas and Electric Company at Denver.

Edward F. Wells (Δ '81) has been reported killed by bandits at Mexico City, August 21. But little can be learned of his untimely death, the only information having been received so far being in the form of press dispatches appearing in the newspapers.

Frank G. Jordan (Δ '89) is now Professor of Astronomy at the University of Pittsburgh, and is doing research work in the Allegheny Observatory.

William Eben Schultz (A '15) has been appointed instructor of English in the University of Illinois, and is now located at 711 West Illinois Street, Urbana, Ill.

Under the will of General Brayton Ives (A), Yale University was made residuary legatee of his big estate, amounting to nearly \$3,000,000. The University has recently been made a defendant in an effort on the part of the General's dissatisfied kin to break the will. At the time of his death General Ives was President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and Guardian Trust Co., was a very great art connoisseur, and owned a library of rare books of extreme literary and historic value.

Wilson Lee (M '15) is in business with his father. They operate the Lee Printing Company, 214 Seneca Street, Seattle, Wash.

Ralph Davis Gilbert (Γ '13) is now located at 43 Chatham Street, Boston, Mass. He was a belated but very interested visitor at the National Convention at San Francisco. On his way out he took the Canadian Pacific Route and says the scenery is grand beyond description.

Harry B. Nelson (M '15) is business manager of the Seattle *Legal News*, with offices in the Pacific Block.

Alfred Leigh Pitts (Λ '13) has opened an office for the practice of law at 35 Nassau Street, New York City.

Francis Warton Kaan Smith (B '13) is practicing law in Boston, Mass. His offices are located at 60 State Street.

Virgil Kinney Hancock (M '13) and Roy Croson (M '13) were visitors in Seattle this summer. Both are now attending medical college in Chicago.

Arthur Henry Ebenhack (Δ '11, A '13) is now on the advertising staff of the New York *American*. "Ebie" and "Pat" Kearney (Z '14) have an apartment together at 21 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

Karl Frederick Hass (M '14) is associated with Carl Earl Croson (B '12), Grand Marshal of the Fraternity, with offices at 900 Leary Building, Seattle, Wash.

Edward W. Locher (Nu '13) reports that he has been re-elected to the principalship of the Maxwell Union High School and to the presidency of the Colusa County Board of Education, also that he was honored by election at the San Francisco meet-

ing to the vice-presidency of the California Teachers' Association, Northern Section.

Special cable to the *New York Times*. Oxford, Oct. 27.—Many Americans at Oxford are wearing American flags or the insignia of the Belgian Relief Commission of the American Red Cross Corps since a correspondent of the *'Varsity Magazine* mistook a group of them for "slackers" and wrote in criticism of Oxford patriotism. The Oxford roll of service includes more than 8,000 names. Of these men from 800 to 900 have already been killed. Virtually complete registration show 600 against a normal attendance of 4,000 undergraduates in residence, these 600 to a man are training for commissions, foreigners, or men unfit for military service.

The present year is one in which normally no American Rhodes scholars are elected, but about 30 of them who spent last year doing some form of war work are now beginning their first year at Oxford. A rather unexpected result of the work of these young Americans in Belgium and their rôle of heroes in Belgian eyes has been the announcement of a number of engagements to Belgian girls. C. H. Carstairs, of Philadelphia and London, will shortly marry a girl living near Mons. T. B. Kittredge, who now is teaching history in the University of California, will return next summer and marry a girl of the Province of Limburg, whom he met when bringing in the first cargo of American food to reach that part of Belgium.—*New York Times*, Oct. 28, 1915.

Ralph John Scoville (Ξ '13) is now an attorney at law and located at Geddes, South Dakota.

The estate of Henry Elias Howland (A '52), ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, president of the University Club, and the Yale Alumni Association, and a member of the law firm of Murray, Prentice & Howland, who died Nov. 7, 1913, was appraised yesterday at \$385,644.00. A life estate in the property No. 14 West 9th Street was left to the widow, Mrs. Anna J. W. Howland. The residue was left equally to Charles P. and Dr. John W. Howland, sons, and Miss Frances L. Howland, daughter.—*N. Y. Evening Sun*, Oct. 29, 1915.

## ALUMNI COUNCILS OF ALPHA SIGMA PHI

### ALUMNI BOARD

Arthur Henry Boettcher (K), 1550 Monádnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Morris Abel Slocum (I), German Hospital, Corinthian and Girard  
Avenues, Philadelphia, Pa.

Carl Earl Croson (B), 900 Leary Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

### SEATTLE COUNCIL OF ALPHA SIGMA PHI.

The Seattle Council of the Fraternity is growing slowly but surely and now numbers twenty-four members. We continue to hold our monthly meetings, to which, I can truthfully say, most of the members look forward with pleasure. The Alumni have been quite busy during the past month in assisting the Active Chapter at the University of Washington in starting their college year.

We have worked out a tentative plan, of which we hope to tell you in detail later, whereby the Seattle Council will be of great material and moral benefit to the Active Chapter here. In fact, as time goes on the Council, more and more, is coming to occupy the position of an ultra fraternity, an organization which the men now active in Mu Chapter will look forward to, allying themselves with after graduation. And the fellowship among us seems even more sincere and worth while than that which existed before the Council was formed. For this reason alone, if for no other, we feel that the Seattle Council of Alpha Sigma Phi is accomplishing its purpose in fostering the spirit of the "Old Gal" after college days are left behind.

WARREN SHEEDY, *Secretary.*

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### CLEVELAND COUNCIL.

The first fall meeting of the Cleveland Council of  $\text{A} \Sigma \Phi$  was held Saturday night, October 2, at the Cuyahoga Restaurant. On this occasion we had the pleasure of having present as guests eight Sigs from Delta Chapter, members of the Marietta football team, which played and defeated Case that afternoon, 19 to 7. Those present from Delta were Clarence Freshour, Frank Sutton, Lester Miller, Elmer Aumond, Howard Meister, Harry Pond, Ernest Graves, and Arthur McIntyre. Although, on account of short notice, not all Cleveland Sigs could be present, those who were were glad of the opportunity to meet so many of the active

members from Delta and to hear of the successful year now starting at Marietta.

Avery G. Clinger (E '14) was elected to membership in the Council. He is attending the Law School of Western Reserve University and is also engaged in social settlement work at Hiram House.

Our next meeting will probably be held in November.

A. S. TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

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## IF—

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

**I**F you can keep your head when all about you  
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
 But make allowance for their doubting too;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
 If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
 And treat those two impostors just the same:  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;  
 If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
 And never breathe a word about your loss:  
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
 Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'  
 If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
 If all men count with you, but none too much:  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!  
 —From "Rewards and Fairies."

## BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

### ENGAGEMENTS

Alfred L. Pitts ( $\Delta$ ), Columbia '12, Law '14, to Miss Pearl S. Gerberich, Mt. Holyoke '12, daughter of Mrs. M. P. Gerberich of Lebanon, Pa., and niece of Senator D. P. Gerberich of Penn.

### MARRIAGES

Helen Marjorie Latham to Mr. Claude Knight Milligan, E '14, on Tuesday afternoon, the fifth day of October, One thousand nine hundred and fifteen, at 205 Poplar street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miss Katharine Saltonstall Pearson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Pearson, of Oak Park, Illinois, to Carl A. Krah (A '10S) on Sept. 9, 1915. They will reside at 408 N. Grove Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

E. C. Umbarger was married to Miss Louise Marz of St. Paul, Minn., in June. They are making their home in Seattle. Mr. Umbarger is a member of Mu Chapter, '14.

On September 24th, A. J. "Bud" McCann, M '14, and Miss Jane Negley slipped away and were quietly married. Mrs. McCann is a former resident of Miles City, Montana, and of Chicago.

Roland Mayer, M '16, and Miss Mabel MacLaren of Seattle were married this summer. Mrs. Mayer is a graduate of the University of Washington, Class of 1915. They are making their home in the University district for the present until Brother Mayer finishes his course in Mechanical Engineering in June.

Samuel Vincent Ferguson ( $\Delta$  '15) to Miss Valerie Dye of Caldwell, Ohio, on October 9, 1915, at Caldwell, Ohio.

Donald Basil Athey ( $\Delta$  '15-ex) to Miss Mary Chamberlain of Marietta, on October 1, 1915, at Marietta, Ohio.

Miss Myrtle Shadow of Grand Junction, Colo., to Phillip McCary ( $\Pi$  '15) on June 9, 1915. They will reside at Grand Junction.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Page announce the marriage of their daughter, Roxie Lucretia, to Mr. Paul Kendall Hood ( $\Delta$  '12,  $\Delta$  '14), Wednesday, September eighth, nineteen hundred fifteen, Weathersfield Center, Vermont.

Miss Laura Rich to Mr. Edward Dempsey Cleary (E '13) on September 1, 1915, at the home of the bride's parents in Mt. Ephraim, Ohio. They are residing at LeFeria, Texas, where Brother Cleary is superintendent of schools.

Miss Hazel Elenor Cole to Mr. Morrison Wade Everhard (E '12) on September 15, 1915. Brother Everhard is attending Western Reserve Medical School.

Miss Alfhild M. Dahl, of Webber, Kansas, to Frederick Sawyer Merrill (Γ '13) on July 14, 1915. They are residing at 504 Laramie St., Manhattan, Kans.

## BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Ivan C. Crawford (Π '15) a son, Ivan Charles, on September 6, 1915.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frederick Price (E '13), on September 26, 1915, a son, Frederick Bell.

*William E. Byers (Delta '08, Lambda '11).*

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Byers, 407 W. 60th Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri, announce the birth of a daughter, Frances Elizabeth, on Monday, October 18th, 1915.

## DEATHS

Francis Eben Woodruff, B.A., Yale '64 (A '62), June 3, 1914, in Morristown, N. J.

Theodore Akerly Lord, B.A., Yale '66 (A '64), June 17, 1914, in Yonkers, N. Y.

Henry Clay Eno, B.A., Yale '60 (A '56), July 16, 1914, in New York City.

Edgar Thaddeus Wells, B.A., Yale '64 (A '61), August 22, 1914, in New York City.

Charles Miles Gilman, B.A., Yale '63 (A '60), October 4, 1914, in Southport, Conn.

Brayton Ives, B.A., Yale '61 (A '59), October 22, 1914, in Ossining, N. Y.

Charles Larned Atterbury, B.A., Yale '64 (A '62), November 10, 1914, in New York City.

Sherburne Blake Eaton, B.A., Yale '62 (A '62), December 1, 1914, in New York City.

John Denison Champlin, B.A., Yale '56 (A '56), January 8, 1915, in New York City.

Henry Hulbert Ingersoll, B.A., Yale '63 (A '61), March 12, 1915, in Knoxville, Tenn.

Charles Hornblower Woodruff, B.A., Yale '58 (A '58), May 4, 1915, in Litchfield, Conn.

Isaac Platt Pugsley, B.A., Yale '64 (A '62), June 3, 1915, in Toledo, Ohio.

## ALPHA SIGMA PHI FRATERNITY

*Founded at Yale University in December, 1845*

### PAST GRAND SENIOR PRESIDENTS

Alfred Dewey Follett, Marietta, Ohio.

Hon. Albert Blakeslee White, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Col. Homer Baxter Sprague, Vernon Court Hotel, Newton, Mass.

Hon. Andrew Dickson White, Ithaca, N. Y.

### THE GRAND CHAPTER

#### OFFICERS 1915-1917

Grand Senior President—Hon. Cyrus Northrup, 510 Tenth Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Grand Junior President—Wayne Montgomery Musgrave, 51 Chambers St., New York City.

Grand Secretary—Arthur Irving Gates, 2703 Woolsey St., Berkeley, California.

Grand Corresponding Secretary—Henri Casimir Jacques, 539 Manhattan Ave., New York City.

Grand Treasurer—George William Hunter, Williamstown, W. Virginia.

Grand Marshal—Carl Earl Croson, 900 Leary Building, Seattle, Wash.

Grand Prudential Committee—Cyril Joseph Curran, Chairman, 435 West 117th Street, New York City; Nathan Edward Van Stone, 1315 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich.; Malcolm Havens Bissell, 352 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

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#### “Ο Ἑλληνηκός

*The Zeta Annual for 1914-1915* has reached our desk and shows taste, care, and skill in compilation.

*The News Letter of Theta Chapter* shows remarkable literary ability on the part of its contributors. “Our Spiritual Development”, by Brother William Clinton Mullendore, is inspiring. Other articles therein are crowding him for fullness of expression and show excellent literary timber in the membership of that chapter.

*Iota Chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi* contains a splendid picture of the Gorge at Ithaca with Rockledge in perspective overlooking Lake Cayuga in the distance. We hope every chapter of this fraternity will issue these annuals to their alumni. They are always welcome to our sanctum.

Delta Kappa Epsilon has adopted a new uniform ritual for all chapters and has eliminated “horse play” entirely.—*Δ Κ Ε Quarterly*.

University of California fraternity men averaged the highest in scholarship among the male undergraduates for the 1914 fall term.—*Los Angeles Examiner*.

Fraternity men led in averages of scholarship at the University of Washington and the University of Virginia in 1914-15.  
— $\Delta$   $\mathbf{K}$   $\mathbf{E}$  *Quarterly*.

#### RECENT CHARTER GRANTS

- $\Pi$   $\mathbf{K}$   $\mathbf{A}$  and  $\Sigma$   $\mathbf{X}$  at New Mexico.
- $\Sigma$   $\mathbf{N}$  at George Washington University.
- $\mathbf{B}$   $\odot$   $\Pi$  at Whitman.
- $\Phi$   $\mathbf{A}$   $\Delta$  (Legal) at Nebraska and John B. Stetson.
- $\Sigma$   $\Phi$   $\mathbf{E}$  at Penn State.
- $\odot$   $\mathbf{X}$  at Richmond College.
- $\Lambda$   $\mathbf{X}$   $\mathbf{A}$  at Knox, Union, and Georgia.

#### NEW CHAPTER HOUSES

$\Phi$   $\mathbf{K}$   $\Psi$  purchased one at Cornell, and is building one at the University of Iowa.

$\Delta$   $\mathbf{T}$   $\Delta$  built a new brick colonial house at Lafayette, a stone and stucco one at Lehigh, and new city house at Pennsylvania.

$\mathbf{A}$   $\mathbf{X}$   $\mathbf{P}$  moved into a new home at Syracuse in September.

$\mathbf{A}$   $\Sigma$   $\Phi$  bought and rebuilt its house at Wisconsin.

$\odot$   $\mathbf{X}$  installed at Richmond in June and is now building a house.

$\Sigma$   $\Pi$  is building a house at Purdue and expects a housewarming at Thanksgiving.

$\Sigma$   $\mathbf{A}$   $\mathbf{E}$  at Case has bought a new home.

$\Sigma$   $\mathbf{A}$   $\mathbf{E}$  at Nebraska has a Mothers' Day, and at Massachusetts Aggie, Parents' Day.

$\mathbf{B}$   $\odot$   $\Pi$  and  $\Sigma$   $\mathbf{X}$  at De Pauw celebrate Mothers' Day by entertaining visiting mothers at receptions in their fraternity houses.  
—*Banta's Greek Exchange*.

$\mathbf{A}$   $\Sigma$   $\Phi$  has had this excellent custom at Marietta so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

$\mathbf{K}$   $\mathbf{A}$   $\odot$  kept twelve girls in college during 1914-15, four of whom earned  $\Phi$   $\mathbf{B}$   $\mathbf{K}$ .

$\mathbf{X}$   $\Omega$  at the University of Washington has a new house.

$\mathbf{A}$   $\Delta$   $\Pi$  is the fourth sorority to enter Kansas State College within a few months.

$\mathbf{X}$   $\Omega$  installed its Mu Chapter at New Hampshire College June 11.

$\Delta$   $\Lambda$  entered Lawrence College on September 11 by absorbing  $\odot$   $\Gamma$   $\Delta$ , a well established local.

$\mathbf{Z}$   $\mathbf{T}$   $\mathbf{A}$  will establish a chapter at the University of Pittsburgh.

Δ Ζ installed the Enewah Club at California as its Mu Chapter, August 6, and Nu Chapter at Lombard on June 3.

Α Ο Π installed a chapter at the University of Washington.

Κ Κ Γ absorbed a local, Ζ Φ, at St. Lawrence.

Γ Φ Β installed Sigma Chapter at Kansas, and Tau at Colorado Agricultural College.

Κ Λ Θ has entered Pittsburgh.

Α Χ Ω has become a national collegiate sorority with a musical atmosphere instead of confining itself to institutions of learning having only musical departments as heretofore.

216,000 students attended colleges in the United States last year according to the report of the Commissioner of Education. It cost \$750,000,000 to educate the children and college students in 1914.

Miss Helen Ricketts succeeded as Vice-President of the senior class at Chicago last year when the president left, tendered her resignation, and had it declined by her classmates. She is the first woman to hold such a position in America.

Ohio University at Athens is the oldest institution of its kind west of the Alleghenies. It celebrated its hundredth year in June.

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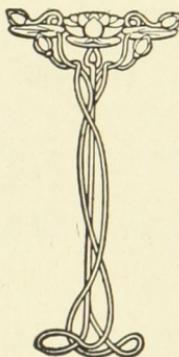
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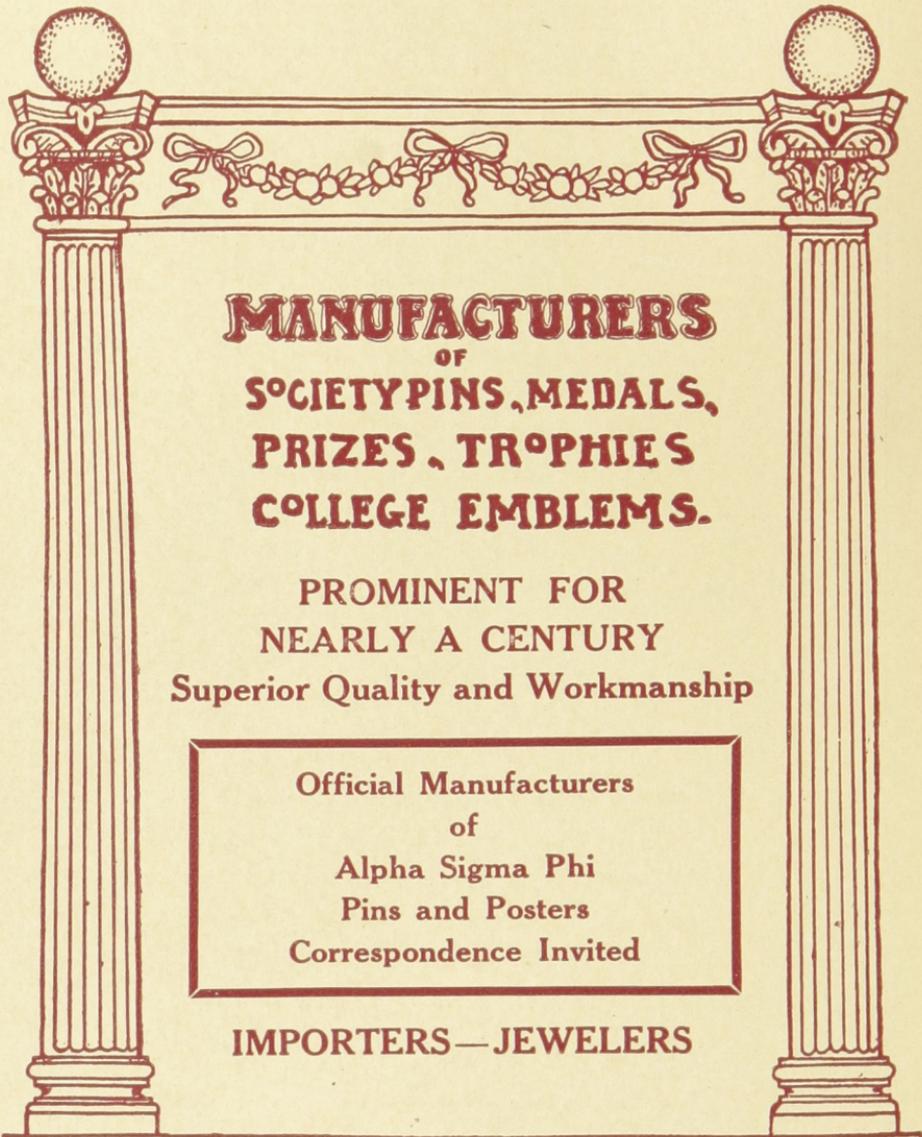
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