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THE CRESCENT.

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DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY.

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TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

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ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

—
Their History, Ceremonies and Initiations.
—

BY J. S. HARTZEL, OF TAU.

SEVENTH PAPER.

XIII. MYSTERIES OF MYTHRAE.

These mysteries also arose in Persia, and instituted by Zeradusht, or Zoraster, concerning whose time of life nothing definite is known. We saw in the last section of these articles that Zoraster reorganized the order of Magi, and established a religion common to the Persians, Chaldeans, Parthians, Medes and other Asiatic nations.

The doctrines taught in these mysteries were simply an enlargement on, or full development and explanation of the Zend religion, as recorded in the Zend Avesta. The personages dwelt on in the lectures were as follows: Ormuzd, or god of light, and Ahriman, the god of darkness, and the Sun-God, or mediator between these two; the Supreme Being, the creator of all things, and from whom sprung all other gods, whose name signified "time without bounds;" the superior genii, Amshaspands, who were the messengers of his will and constant companions; the inferior genii, Izeds, the guardian angels of the world, whose chief was *Mithras*, and the spirits of the kingdom of darkness, of which innumerable hosts six were *arch-deos* and the rest *deos*. These two opposing forces of numberless spiritual beings of high and low rank are continually warring with each other, seeking, the one for the corruption and destruction of the human race, the other for the defeat of the bad principle and the happiness of the race in the bosom of the Supreme Being. A very great many things of great interest are connected with the doctrines of these mysteries, which time and space will not permit us to enumerate, but which can be read to advantage in any extensive history of philosophy, as Ueberwegs, for example. The sun was worshipped as the residence of the god of light and the home of Mithras. He was represented as a youth in a Phrygian turban, a mantle and tunic, and as pressing his knee upon a bull,

one of whose horns he holds with his left hand, while his right plunges a dagger into his neck. The astronomical significance of this was the power of the sun over nature when in the sign of Taurus.

The initiations, consisting of seven degrees, were of the most severe and disciplinary kind, and unfrequently terminating in death. The first thing needful was a system of purification by water, fire and fasting, followed by the candidate's introduction into a cavern representing the world, and having the signs of the zodiac painted on the walls and roof. Here he received the mystic baptism of the order, and a sign on his forehead; a crown presented on the point of a sword was to be refused with the declaration, "Mithras alone is my crown." Having been anointed with oil and crowned with olives, and clothed with enchanted armor, he was led into the first cavern for the first degree. Here he heard, in black darkness the howling of beasts. An occasional flash of lightning made it more terrible for him, as it only made darkness and dangers visible. Hurried by his silent guide to the den whence these noises issued, he was suddenly thrust into their midst and attacked by the initiated disguised as savage beasts. Taken to the second cavern he was again left in darkness, and in awful silence until it ended in deafening thunder, which shook the very earth he stood upon, and caused him to quake with terror. Conducted in this way through four more caverns, in which every conceivable means was used to excite terror and remorse and wavering; made to swim over foaming and greedy floods anxious for their victim; severely fasted, subject to the torments of a life in the desert, and if Nicaestes can be relied upon, roughly beaten with rods, buried up to the neck for a number of days in the snow, he was prepared for the instructions given in the seventh and last cavern, called Sacellum, in which darkness gave way to light, and the archimagus, or chief priest, was approached by the neophyte, as he sat on a gorgeous throne and surrounded by his assistants. An oath enjoining secrecy was administered, and the mystic words were pronounced, chief of which was the ineffable name of God. He was now clothed in the sacred garments of the mystic order. "This investiture consisted of the kare or conical cap, the candys or loose tunic of Mithras, on which was depicted the celestial constellations, the zone or belt, containing a representation of the figures of the zodiac, the pastoral staff or crozier, alluding to the influence of the sun in the labors of agriculture, and the golden serpent, which was placed in his bosom as an emblem of his having regenerated and made a disciple of Mithras, because the serpent, by casting its skin annually, was considered in the mysteries, as symbol of regeneration." (*Maurice's Indian Antiq.*, vol. V., ch. 4). The sacred instructions were also given, a history

of the creation according to the oriental notion forming a principal part of the sacred doctrines.

These mysteries passed from Asia into Africa and Europe. They were established at Rome in the time of Pompey, and traces of them may still be found in that part of Germany which was under Roman rule. They were prescribed by the Senate in 378, and the sacred cave destroyed by the Pretorian prefect.

XIV. *Odinic, or Scandinavian Mysteries.*

The historic origin of these rites is variously stated. The most trustworthy theory is that (and this is somewhat confirmed by the ancient chronicles of Scandinavia), they were brought by Sigge, chief of the Aser, an Asiatic tribe from Scythia, in the first century of the Christian era, who with his people emigrated to the northern part of Europe, passing through the principal empires in which he established his sons as rulers, and educated the people in his mystic faith. In this way he came into possession of, or rather his influence and that of his secret order, was felt in Russia, among the Saxons and the Franks, in Denmark, where his fifth son, Skiold, was proclaimed king, and Sweden, whose king, Gylf, paid homage to the wonderful stranger, and was initiated into the order. He soon became master of this kingdom also, built Sigtuna, and made it the capital of his empire, he wove his mysteries into the religion and mythology of his new empire, he himself assuming the name of his supreme deity, Odin; caused his mysteries, as far as possible without betraying any of the secrets, to be sung by the Scalds, or ancient minstrels of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Iceland; established a new code of laws, and founded the priesthood of twelve Drottars, who conducted the secret worship, administered justice, and prophesied the future.

The ceremonies of initiation were explained by three Drottars, who were called "High," "Equally High," and "Highest." It is not necessary to state the usual noises and frightful sights intended to create terror in the neophyte, as we have had them in every one of the mysteries reviewed. These were terminated by an oath, in which the neophyte swore submission to superior officers, to honor the gods, to protect and defend his fraters at the hazard of his life, from all enemies, and to avenge the death of all slain companions.

The first part of the mysteries treated of the death of Balder, the sun, the beautiful and lovely, through the instrumentality of Loke, the principle of winter, with a branch of mistletoe, and for whom the gods and men mourned. Balder had been made invulnerable, through the petitions of Odin and Friga (the Scandinavian goddess of beauty), from everything but the mistletoe. Balder offered himself as a mark for the gods to practice their skill on. Loke (evil), who discovered the exception of the mistletoe, gave a branch of it to Hoder, who was blind, which he thrust into the body of Balder, who instantly expired. His body, after having been put into a boat, was set afloat, while all the gods grieve deeply for his loss. It is easy to see a relationship in this legend with the murder of Adonis, by the boar, of Osiris, by Typhon, and of Bacchus by the Titans. This legend was enacted

and its significance explained in the following manner: The neophyte, having been purified in the usual manner, was conducted with naked feet into the holy grotto, and in it led to the grave of the prophetess Volva, amid usual noises and spectral appearances. Here, according to instructions, he seeks tidings of Balder. She, from her tomb, relates the foregoing legend, and commands him to search for his body. Continuing his journey, he soon hears the lamentations for the death of Balder. Having been confined in the Pastos (coffin), and suffered penance, he is again more earnestly instructed to search for the body of Balder, and, by every possible means, endeavor to restore him to life. After traversing nine subterranean passages, and subjected to all possible trials and sufferings, and most terrific sights and sounds, he enters the Sacellum, and sees Balder seated on a high throne; cheers and joyful acclamations now greeted him (as in the Egyptian mysteries), and the Scalds, (like the priest of Isis) chanted suitable hymns.

We cannot close these mysteries without quoting from Macoy the beautiful explanation of the symbolic meaning of the ash tree: "The wonderful ash tree Yggdrasil, on which the earth is supposed to rest, was the most notable and significant symbol in these mysteries. It was the symbol of universal life. According to the ancient Edda, it stands over the well of time; its branches extend over the world, its top reaches above the heavens. It has three roots—one among the gods, another among the giants, and a third under Hela. Near the middle root is the fountain of wisdom—the well of Hymir. Near the heavenly root is the sacred fountain, by which the gods hold their council and make known their decisions. From this fountain rise three beautiful maids—the Norns or Fates—whose names are Urdur, the Past; Verdandi, the Present; and Skuld, the Future. On the top of the tree immediately under its lofty branches, sits an eagle with a hawk, the symbol of watchfulness, between his eyes, which possess great power and wisdom; the squirrel Ratatosk (mischief) runs up and down the tree, fanning strife between the eagle and the serpent at the root, by whispering to the one what the other says; four harts, which represent the four winds, roam through its branches and bite the buds; the serpent Nidhogge (darkness) is perpetually gnawing at its roots; the trunk of the tree decays, but the holy maidens constantly water its roots from the sacred fountain, that it may not wither. The city on the mountain is *Asgard*, the name of the abode of the gods, access to which is only gained by crossing the bridge *Bifrost*—the rainbow. On one end of the bridge is a citadel in which dwells Heimdall, the warden appointed by the gods to watch without ceasing, that no enemy cross or ever approach it. At the foot of the hill of Asgard lies Midgard—middle earth—the dwelling place of mortals. The earth thus formed is round and flat, and the arched heavens above is supported by four dwarfs called Austri, east; Vestri, west; Northri, north; and Suthri, south. The sea forms a belt around the earth, and beyond this belt is Jotenheim, the abode of the giants. Incessant warfare is carried on between the wicked giants who live in the gloomy region and the noble heroes of Asgard, who defend the inhabitants of Midgard from their invasions. These rites were celebrated, periodically, in the

temple of Thor, at Upsal, Sweden, and in that of Frigga, on the island of Rugen. They experienced a profound influence on the life and thought of the Scandinavian people. They taught the immortality of the soul, and this conviction of eternity so possessed the Northmen that they sought, rather than avoided, death. Looking forward to the golden-roofed palace of heroes—the glorious Valhalla—the residence of Odin, gleaming in the splendor of an everlasting morning, where, as they were taught by their mysteries, they should join the innumerable company of the brave, whom the beautiful Valkyrs had previously conducted thither, they stood, undismayed, in the face of the most appalling dangers, and, with joyous songs, entered the gloomy shades of the valley of death."

THE DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY—ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

BY J. S. EATON.

VII. PAPER.

CHAPTERS.

It must have been about this time (*i. e.* 1864-5) or in the fall term of the following college year that chapter Zeta, formerly spoken of as established at Washington, Pa., but supplanted by Gamma, took its flight west and made its appearance as the title of the chapter founded at Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill., recorded in the catalogue, 1865. Here it must have existed several years, as we will have occasion to notice in the founding of another chapter. Conclusive evidence of this was also found in an old letter written at Monmouth, Ill., March 29th, 1871, which stated the sending of the charter to Alpha, Delaware, O. This certainly indicates a disorganization at a late date, and in another place it mentions the withdrawal of all the members except one, but what became of him, is a question I cannot solve. Perhaps he wandered away, too, like the benighted subject in Ira D. Sankey's favorite "Ninety and Nine," though we hope not. As we have been following for some time scarcely anything more than changes made, and now have the list complete thus far, by taking for granted that Iota found its way to Jamestown Collegiate Institute, Jamestown, N. Y., prior to the founding of the next, as was overlooked until some time later. This might easily happen, but it was established there before 1870, from the fact that it occupies a place in the catalogue that year as a chapter in that institution, but the exact date of its founding is nowhere given in the records to which I had access. With this exception, an opportunity now presents itself for a new addition. In the search for this, there was found chapter Kappa, founded Dec. 14th, 1865, at Poughkeepsie Military Institute, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by J. S. Finney, of St. Louis, Mo., but it is very probable that it

did not exist long, as a change took place two years later. In this same year another change is found at Bethany College. Eta is changed to Theta, which was mentioned as a chapter founded at Meadville, Pa., in 1863. But how long it remained under this name I cannot determine, though we will see farther on that it could not have been over two years. The chapter at Meadville, Pa., likewise received the name of Delta, either at that time or soon after, which was before referred to as established at Morgantown, W. Va., in 1861. This name it retained until 1875. But I cannot account for such a transfer of names as this, unless Theta, at Meadville, was somewhat on the decline, and thought it best to lie over awhile. There is, however, no evidence of this, and the only thing I can do is to leave it for you to solve for yourselves.

Here comes a space hard to get over. A very unsatisfactory record shows that chapter Lambda was founded at Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill. The only way I know to reconcile this with Zeta, which was mentioned as a chapter then, is that whatever vacancies there may have been before the founding of Kappa at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., they must have been overlooked, and the regular order of letters followed until near the close, instead of the beginning of 1865. For this reason, we notice next chapters Mu, at Waynesburg, Pa., Mu, at Mt. Union, O., and Xi, at Galesburg, Ill., all coming in between Kappa in 1865 and Omicron the next year. Lambda certainly did not continue long as a chapter at Monmouth, Ill., and it would probably be better to consider Zeta as supplanting it, and the neglect of re-establishing defunct chapters prior to Kappa receive its full weight. The only service these four chapters render here, is to bridge over this mighty chasm from Kappa to Omicron. But even this we might consider of great importance, and ourselves happy to get across in safety. As we will have more to say of each of them hereafter in other connections, we will pass on to notice next chapter Omicron, which was established Dec. 14th, 1866, at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O. No mention could be found of the person who established it, but the chapter became one worthy of notice, which we will consider under another name. Now we must go back again to our beloved Bethany, at which I perhaps left you in amazement the last time, on account of the remark in regard to Theta. According to old records chapter Pi was established there, March 30th, 1867. No name of any particular founder is given, but it would be very natural to suppose that there would be some old members of former chapters still remaining there, who could perform this duty. Assuming that this explanation is correct, it certainly must have stood for some time, if we may be allowed to judge from the list of members found under it, which are different from those in other lists, in connection with chapters of this same institution. But in the catalogue of 1874 the names of all appear together under Theta, which must be cleared up before we leave it this time. If this chapter Pi did exist there it must have been changed again prior to the close of 1869, and again reorganized by C. L. Loos, of Bethany, W. Va., under the name of Theta, and dated in the catalogue from the time of its first receiving that name. This is the last time we meet with any difficulty

there, from the fact that it has ever since retained that name, and presented good prospects for a promising chapter. It has undoubtedly been securing for itself a more solid foundation. This is evident, because there is not that tendency to become disinterested, but the contrary, manifest zeal, which determines the destiny of a chapter for good. Since 1874 it has occupied a prominent position in the fraternity, with which all members, I presume, are acquainted, and the signs of the times now indicate a growing prosperity for this lately constituted corner-stone.

The next to be considered is chapter Sigma, established at Hillsdale college, Hillsdale, Mich., Oct. 9th, 1867 by E. D. Curtis, of Clyde, O. A member of chapter Omicron, Delaware, O., at this time, and whose name can now be found in the same list under a different title, as will soon be noticed. Sigma, most likely, did not bear this name long, as a revision was made two years subsequent to this, and either at, or shortly before the time it took the name of Kappa, formerly mentioned as a chapter at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1865. This name it still retains, and worthy is it of commendation. Situated as it was under such circumstances as are common among some colleges, it was constrained to keep within very narrow limits. Being opposed on every hand, and bound down by "iron clads," there seemed to be but few privileges left to its members for the promotion of their chapter. With these adverse rules to guard, it only required the more earnest and skillful work to bring about the desired result, and from occasional intimations this was not neglected. In fact, it is almost a universal acknowledgment among students, who are prohibited all freedom for desired pleasure, that such rigorous rules only incite them to more strenuous efforts and cunningly devised plans to accomplish a victory, than if placed on their own honor to observe the common laws pertaining to such an institution, as gentlemen, whether they belong to a fraternity or not. A point gained, even involving the most hazardous attempts and liability of being detected, is always accompanied with greater exultation than that, about which no one concerns himself. This arises from that natural inward tendency and ambition of the majority of students to elude professors, under such circumstances, and this is many times accomplished to one of failure. Notwithstanding these prohibitions, Kappa rose to distinction, and with Theta in 1874 it became another recognized chapter of eminence.

In the following year we discover the space between the above-mentioned chapters, Pi and Sigma, filled up. Why left vacant before, probably arose from endeavors being made to establish a chapter under this title, and another opportunity presenting itself for an additional one before their attempts were completed. Or, it may have occurred, perhaps, like some incidents more recent, namely, undue attention paid to the naming of chapters. Whatever the cause may have been, chapter Rho was founded Feb. 20th, 1868, at Jamestown Collegiate Institute, Jamestown, N. Y., by James Prendergast, of Kiantone, N. Y. Nothing more is said about it, and in view of a change of government, I hasten to the close of this administration. From the fact that almost an entire year elapses before any visible signs of advancement, and the rather

slow progress previous to this, I take it as about the last movement made by Alpha of Canonsburg, Pa. Though I am not certain just what time the anticipated change took place, yet there happens here such a long period of almost entire inactivity, that I will commence with this succeeding year to unfold the administration of the second constituted Alpha chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"QUESTIONS."

[Selected.]

Tell me, oh dying day,
Before thou fadest away,
Kissed by the sun,
Hast thou no vague regret,
Now that the sun hast set,
That life is done?

Tell me, oh rapturous night,
If the soft starry light
Fills thy desire?
Hast thou no discontent,
When the warm day is spent
Without its fire?

Tell me, oh world remote,
If no light shadows float
Over thy sky?
Tell me, I fain would know
If longings come and go
After we die?

PARTING.

BY G. A.

White and small was the hand I pressed,
Behind the rose-covered cottage door,
While the moon rode slow in the azure west,
And the tremulous vines by the winds caressed.
Cast flickering shadows over the floor—
Swinging, swaying, and sighing lowly,
"Perfect love is the one thing holy."

Rosy and ripe were the lips I pressed
Behind the rose-covered cottage door,
While the orioles slept in their downy nest,
That swung in the vines by the wind caressed,
Cast'ning weird shadows over the floor—
But the wind in the tremulous vine sung ever,
"Love must perish and hearts must sever."

THE DUTIES OF TO-DAY.

[Delivered before the National Convention, held at Ann Arbor, May 3d, 1876, of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity.]

I remember that sometime in my early youth I have read somewhere, or to have heard some how—I know not where or how—a fable, in which life was likened to a bridge, wide and long, spanning a vast space from birth to the grave. Far down below and flowing darkly everywhere, from its earliest approaches to its uttermost end, was the black stream of Ruin and Death. Upon and across this bridge, the seething, struggling mass of humanity hurried. On

its near approaches infants, children and youth tottered, ran and walked. Towards and about its centre manhood proudly and confidently trod along, while on its furthest confines old age in its decrepitude leaned on its staff for support, and stopping often, looked back, sighing. Often and often one of the mass fell, helplessly, through into the stream below, for scattered everywhere in the floor of the bridge were cunningly hidden trap-doors—small, but numerous in the early part of the bridge, fewer toward the centre, but many, so very many toward its further end that one could scarce walk without touching one of them and dropping through.

Is the fable a truth? See we anything in life to warrant the simile? Are there any cunningly-hidden trap-doors amid the vicissitudes of living? Can you, from the recesses of memory, call up any who on this bridge have fallen; not alone those who have sunk into the black stream of death, but those whose characters have fallen through into the blacker waters of sickening ruin?

I know not how to tell you how much my heart so deeply feels of the anxiety and hope I harbor for one people among that struggling mass—a nation, the perfection of the restless outreachings of eighteen centuries or more—that nation my own. O, if man's wisdom were ammensurate with his loss, my beloved republic would be the consummation of the concentrated hopes of the will and good of all ages. [My time of preparation—but a few days—prevents me speaking to you as I had hoped.] My subject is so broad—it opens up so grand and vast a view of life and its resultants—prevents so many points of interest and worth to note that I may be pardoned if in passing along with you through this grand plain of thought I shall only call a flower now and then from its collected thousands—stop to single out the notes of a few beautiful birds from the aggregated harmony of the many—catch with you a glance of the beautiful panorama pictured on the silver ripples of a brook or two, or recline with you a moment or so in the reflective shade of some spreading tree of thought.

We live truly in an age of events—an age of action—an age of thought—an age simply replete with its vast possibilities! In such an age and amid such possibilities, how stand we and what do we achieve? With thought roaming untrammelled through nature's secrets and starting the world from its lethargy, how do we rank? Do you not, my friends, recognize and blush to see that in the midst of such an age, we must, as a people, be known and marked as a thoughtless, a thinkingless nation; not in the common acceptance of the word, for we are an educated, a brilliant people? Thought is more than education—far more than brilliancy. Allow me to say that the greatest curse to the general American mind is this same brilliancy—its versatility. With brains active, quick and keen, we turn to almost anything with a good degree of success. Such power, such versatile talent misleads the judgment, wastes the energies, and if you will permit me an American vulgarism, "We become Jacks of all trades and are good at none."

We devote a few fleeting years to the acquirement of the knowledge of the entire category of the arts and sciences, and then, in our con-

temptible ignorance and impudence believe and declare ourselves the revitable exponent of their collected wisdom, while a German will devote the years of an entire lifetime to the slightest of the same sciences and acquire as readily and far more deeply, and then declare himself the wisest neophyte. We are a race of smatheres, not a race of students. We must go deep to secure any success. The pearls lie deep down on the ocean's bed; the strata of precious metals are buried beneath more than one geologic age. True, sometimes they may be found on the surface, but this is but the result of the upheavals of their sub-strata. You may also pick up on the surface of literature some golden thoughts—nuggets of knowledge—but remember *they* are but the upheavals of thoughtful minds underlying them all—surface indications only of the mental richness of their author.

As the ocean yields *not* up her pearls nor earth her precious metals, except by diving and digging, so knowledge is never gained nor depth of thought reached except by patient, continuous labor. Spasmodic attempts, ambitions aroused by some voice or note of music and then dying with their stillness, never results in any good or profit, but leaves the mind weakened by defeat, the heart sickened by disappointment and the envy is wasted for a better struggle.

Continuity in thought and action always has been and ever will be the master of the world. The continuous thinking of a *fool* will accomplish more in life than all the *spasms* of recognized genius. Continuity of drill will bring far larger success than any and all *spasmodic attempts*, however powerful or brilliant. Practice is the nine-tenths of success. We are told that stumping England for several years made Cobden a consummate debator. Stumping through England for thrice seven years gave us the most accomplished and polished orator of our country, Wendell Phillips.

All men who have excelled in any one line were once as poor in that line as you and I are to-day. The dropping of the water wears away the hard, unyielding granite; the beating of the waves make and unmake countries. Mediocrity, by dint of perseverance, all over our land, to-day rears her head higher and so maintains it there, than envied Genius, the darling of the nation's heart.

Within my own recollection, but barely so in my native State, a notable instant came to mind. I note, with the tenderest pity and compassion for his weakness, the men regarded by his fellows as the brightest genius, the most promising orator of the age, Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. Who does not remember the magic eloquence of his words, even transmitted by so poor a medium as print? But, ah! the delicious frenzy of admiration his genius stirred to hear him speak. As easily as the waves were hushed on Gallilee by the calm youth voice of the Savior, so easily could he hush, or bid rise mountain high, the waves of passionate feeling in men's hearts. As by a stroke of his rod the Patriarchal Moses could make the waters from the dry rock to flow, so he, the inspired, could, by a simple word, make men's tears leap from their fountains. Yet, by the curse of drink, and the greater curse of a lack of continuity of ambition and action he was lost to us and his country. As my God teacheth me, his subject was none else than a

crime—a crime against his fellows, against himself, against his Maker.

What the world accepts as genius is often, far more often than you think, the child and offering of unremitting toil—the nurselings, fed, nurtured and reared by patient hands, by midnight oil and the dark, deep sweat of life's blood falling from the aching brow. By the habits of mind formed in youth and early manhood, the chains of thought are forged for the after life. Many and many a *man*, as well as many a *boy*, has excused himself from his plain duty in the accomplishment of what his fellows have done and *do* by the passive plea of their being gifted with genius. True, it is, when given, a glorious gift of God—a mighty force—the inflatus of the Supreme himself! and when one is so gifted he is certainly one of God's own peculiar people. Yet, give me one energetic, patient, perceiving and self-reliant man, with ordinary powers of mind, and I will build him up a higher, better and more beautiful career than tens of hundreds geniuses will who are indolent, undecided and rely only on their own genius. Simple genius will never, *has* never made the man. I am reminded of an incident in the life of a great man I love to think upon for the strength it gives. The great Sheridan, upon entering the House of Commons, brought with him large expectations of the magic of his eloquence, so that when he arose to speak for the first time his colleagues gave him their undivided attention. He attempted his speech, but the time, the place, bred a lack of confidence and consequent failure, and he sat down amid the heavy disappointment of his friends and the evident gratifications of his enemies. Upon leaving the House one of its leading members approached him and advised his silence thereafter. He turned upon his adviser, and with a spirit worthy of his noble manhood, said: "It is *in* me, and it shall *come out* of me."

"Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,
And turn to all of him that may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

If the coral insect can, by piling little upon little, by years and years of unceasing and unseen toil, build up a beautiful land, fruit-laden, flower-strewn, sun-warmed, shower-bathed and angel-watched, then can you not, with your God-given mind, and under Him, build up to yourself something equally beautiful and far more useful and durable—a true man's character! God has placed no law over your minds or body by which you are prevented from the fullest development of your powers. On the other hand He *has* placed over your being the law of blighted usefulness and dissatisfied living if you do not. The only law which binds you is that of indolence, laziness and indecision, reared and sustained by your manly action and ambition. These laws of life, these rules of living—our duties of to day are not always written on the open face of nature nor hung upon the door-post of our homes, but yet those laws, those rules, those duties exist as fully as though blazoned upon every statute book of the land. It is related of Calejala that he wrote his laws in the finest characters and hung them high upon the pillars of his palace so that men might not notice nor read them and in ignorance violate them and render themselves liable to their severe pen-

alties. God never writes the laws or duties of our living so indistinctly or hangs them so high above the vision of his creatures but that the "fool may almost read as he runs." Man may, but God never. Each and every one of them is made in such wisdom and fitness to His creatures that they each conspire to the good of the other. They need no *revision* and have no reason for repeal or repealing clauses.

There is no *fate* in existence—no *luck* in the happenings of life. Fate is simply unpenetrated causes—deservedly suffered effects. The water will drown, but we may learn to swim. It stands a terrible barrier to the intercourse of continents, but penetrating wisdom makes it the happy medium of the world's commerce. It overflows great lands—but man's penetration turns it into channels, irrigates and fertilizes the soil. He with it cooks his food—catches its escaping breath, binds it with iron, and drives the products of his labor with the speed of lightning from one end of the land to the other. The *brute* stands shivering in the cold—*man's* penetration cuts down the oak, builds up his home; digs into the treasure house of the ages, brings up the God-provided fuel for the generations. Fate is the excuse of inability. Thought knows no limitation, energy no limit to achievements until broken by death. How grand the language of the immortal Tennyson:

"When the workers, men, my brothers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but *earnest* of things that they shall do.

Light exists that you may see, air fluctuates with waves of sound that ears may hear, birds sing their sweetest notes and flowers bloom in beauty and fragrance for man's delight and benefit—"for him were all things made." Was he made for no object? Were no duties laid on his broad shoulders? The fact of *existence of simple beings* declares that you have a place to *fill* and you *must* fill it. It is for you to say whether it shall be filled as God designed or no. It may be the highest, it may be the lost—but, be it as it may, if filled well, the same honor and glory, under God's law, belongs to you. I know you will forgive me, as appropriate in this connection, a line or two of that beautiful little poem, our dearly beloved and much lamented President Lincoln loved so well—a poem of the sweetest words and the noblest sentiments:

"If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain's steep and high;
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy manner
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song."

"If you cannot in this conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

"Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do—
Fortune is a *lazy* goddess;
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere."

But there are other duties which crowd upon us—duties of vast magnitude—duties which per-

tains not alone to self-culture and self-interest, but to our fellows, our country and posterity. The first step in every duty is preparation of one's self for it—an appreciation of it. It is but one step from *knowing* to *doing*—but it is the step from hidden treasures to benefitting gifts—from the circle of indolence to active usefulness and fruitfulness.

You, fellow-citizens, society at large, demand that you perform these duties of life as your minds and consciences dictate that you should. Moral fields of labor meet the eye in whatever direction it turns. The hour seems one of need in our beloved country. To-day our distress is bitter. Labor sweats under the heavy burden of debt, caused by reckless extravagance—starving poverty clamors for the crumbs which drop from the rich man's table—widespread bankruptcy, crippled business, unsaleable stocks and land, suspended mammoth manufactories, the closed doors of trade, the hordes of idle common people, who know no living except by constant manual labor, cry out in bitterest distress for a speedy redress they cannot invent. Feel the biting wrong they may and do, but like the brute can only cringingly submit and continue to cry out. I speak of these deplorable circumstances, not as a politician of any school whatever, but as a citizen. Such vice in *private* life, such corruptions in public places, such a riot of immorality and extravagance in our whole land, must tell to a thinking man a sad story of the past which has produced it—must present a pitiable outlook of what the future must be. Standing on the verge of the first century of our existence, and looking back over the grave of our nation's youth, can we give ourselves entirely to laudation and pride at our progress. The advancement of the past one hundred years, our truly great and glorious progress, will, doubtless, in its minutest details, be heard by you numberless times during the centennial year. I leave so grand a past, so inspiring a theme for more able minds and more eloquent tongues. I know as well it is the custom to deplore the age. I join not that grand army of drones and grumblers in the hive of our national industry. Our country is yet in its infancy. It is a giant yet in his swaddling clothes. The age is a grand one—grand in its general enlightenment and vast resources. Yet we need to be warned—need to be thoughtful and prudent, lest we go too far. In the beautiful garden of our civilization, hurtful and obnoxious weeds are rankly growing—crowding out and dwarfing its most fragrant and lovely flowers. Honesty is being choked with greed of money and place, learning and substantial knowledge by the love of dress and display, ability and statesmanship by political wire-pulling and rascality.

Huge animals produce and maintain huge parasites. Bad, vicious men are seated in places of the highest public and private trusts. Imbecility, assuming the throne of mature wisdom, proudly wraps her imperial robe of owl-like silence about her. Wrongs, great and growing wrongs, are suffered and meekly borne to-day in our land; but whether it be that they are incident to the full enjoyment of liberty by others, or the people are not yet fully educated on these points, I leave for future solution. Only a few months ago I read in the Chicago Tribune an account of the trial of a police officer on the charge of gross misconduct. And in what did it consist? It

seems that while standing on the corner of a street on the West Side, he was approached by a woman, plainly but neatly dressed, bitterly crying. He enquired the cause, and was told that she had been hired by a dealer near by there to make a dozen shirts for the princely sum of 25 cts. and *furnish her own thread*—think of it!—that she had just returned them—had been abused because of some trivial defect—and when she asked for her munificent pay was driven from the store with curses; that now, without money, with weary feet and worn fingers, she had to return to her fatherless children, hungry and empty handed. When the officer heard her story he gave her a small sum of money, such as he could afford, and went back to the store, and finding her story corroborated by the dealer, spoke out his disgust at such inhumanity in no measured terms. For *this* he was dragged by the dealer before the Police Board, and for *this* was—*severely reprimanded!* Perhaps he transgressed man's law, but how about God's! These wrongs exist—the results are seen by the rising of every sun of the age. They rightly demand a redress. Here, your duty and mind exists and clamors to us as fully as in any of our immediate and personal surroundings. Men—educated, thoughtful, *honest* men, are needed in all the by paths of society, in the private walks of life, and more than all in the public places of trust in our land. These are not idle words—ability, intelligence and honesty have disdained the means to their recognition, and the result is a rottenness and fetid putridity, whose stench chokes the nostrils of the people. We may note as one of the results of this apathy on the part of good citizens, a painful lack of veneration and reverence for the better and higher things—an utter disregard of precedent. We have been taught to be incredulous by the deception of bad men and the betrayal of the sacred trust of deep confidence. Men, as masses, go like the pendulum, from one extreme to the other. From extreme good to evils multiplied—from the profusest laudation to the bitterest denunciation; swinging back and forth—never still, never striking the golden mean of truth and resting there. So we face to the extreme, in not simply distrusting the men, but the principles we thought they exemplified. How deluded! The disgraceful action of no one man—no, nor of any number of men, can tarnish or taint the principles themselves. They are God-born and God preserved. Morality is just as much to be loved and respected, though a thousand supposed moral men prove to be immoral, and the law should be revered and obeyed, though driving idiots and moral monstrosities sit in high places and mal administer them.

I would be recusant to say that, if I let this occasion pass without paying the just tribute of praise to that most noble and worthy instrument in implanting in our hearts the seeds of useful living: our beloved D. T. D. fraternity. While my heart bears her full offering of love, my head yields ready acquiescence to any need of praise I may bestow on such institutions as ours. Remembering the encouragements to manly action and ambition, the words of brotherly approval of all the beautiful and the good, the unbroken ties of friendship formed and the never-to-be-forgotten hours of social enjoyment, it was my good fortune to know and receive. I would indeed be ungrateful did not my heart breathe

the hope of unbounded helping and success upon our D. T. D. and her sister fraternities. It was the tied and cemented *bundle* of faggots which could not be broken—not a *single* one. When united in a common bond and purpose—whether in college fraternities or national societies—whether in politics or religion—become the masters of the world and accomplish the grandest results.

In conclusion, the duty of the hour, the needs of mankind demand that we fit and develop ourselves and pass out into action. Dionysius had a cave in which he imprisoned his enemies and those whom he suspected. At its top was an aperture to which, by applying his ear, he could hear and exult in every single sigh and groan of those confined within—the whisperings of revenge or the moans of despair. So God hears every pulsation of the heart, notes the bounding of every thought across the brain, and claims at our hands the full exercise of every talent we possess. You cannot so cunningly weave the web of life that each dishonest thread will not testify against you. You can write the story of your life so that every page will be brilliant with triumphs and resplendent with heroism, or you can write it with such wicked hands that each successively turned leaf will only deepen the shadow of the last until all are lost in the darkest and deepest ruin. We are told of a certain kind of paper, manifold in thickness, which transmits through all its thickness every word written on the first leaf. So you write on the pages of life's book. Every action transmits its glory or its shame all through and upon the after life. One single crime, one mis-step, casting its blot upon its beautiful pages, sinks in its heinous stains, down, down upon the rest and blots out the glorious past and forever mars and blurs the promising future. Let me tell you again, you and you alone map out your own fortunes. It may be hard work, slow work, work unappreciated, but despair not; all's well!

One more word and I am done. Grey hairs, like silver crowns, upon our father's and mother's heads, declare to me in tones not to be mistaken, that you and I will soon be called upon to minister in their steads and for ourselves. They have given the best part of their lives to prepare us for that hour. These duties demand that we be fitted—that we be ready to take up our work when it drops from pulseless hands into hours, and go on to a still better and higher realization of God's design. No man can do his duty fully unless he *appreciates* it—*fully* appreciates it. Do you appreciate yours? Let me hope that we all do—or, if not *now*, that we *shall!*

JAMES LANE ALLEN,
Chicago, Ill., (118 Randolph street).

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her: "Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear

gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, according to its size and beauty, shall be its value to thee as a talisman." The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe, and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, when the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very thin and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but, alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, when the day was closing, and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life, call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season.

Selected.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

There is many a rest on the road of life
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.—*Emerson.*

The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of the most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point when they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.—*Dr. Holland.*

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'Twas evening, and before my eyes
There lay a landscape gray and dim,
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies,
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed?—
A waking dream?—I cannot say;
For every shape as real seemed
As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold winds hissed;
The air was thick with falling snow;
And onward, through the frozen mist,
I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said:
"The night is near, the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread."

"Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide;
Each tuft of green they whirl from sight;
And they who journeyed by my side
Are lost in the surrounding night."

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore;
We parted with the sad farewell
Of those who parted to meet no more."

"And I, who face this bitter wind,
And o'er these snowy hillocks creep,
Must end my journey soon and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."

As thus he spoke a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,
And when I opened them again
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west
A flush of glowing crimson lay,
I saw the morrow there and best
The promise of a glorious day.

The waters in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
Into the slowly gathering night;
With steady step he held his way
O'er shadowy vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,
The lifted eye and brow serene,
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
Pass o'er that traveler's placid mein.

And others came, their journey o'er,
And bade good night with words of cheer
"To-morrow we shall meet once more,"
"Tis but the night that parts us here."

"And I," he said, "shall sleep ere long—
These fading gleams shall soon be gone—
Shall sleep, to rise refreshed and strong,
In the bright days that yet will dawn."

I heard; I watched him as he went,
A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

—*Atlantic.*

OUR WEST COAST INDIANS.

To the editor of the Journal:

My friend, Colonel H. C. Hodge, of Concord, Mich., has recently written a work on Arizona, in which he has treated of the climate, soil, products, natural scenery, animals, antiquities, people, education, etc., from the standpoint of an eye witness. Mr. Hodge spent three years in traveling over this territory, and speaks with authority. The chapter devoted to the Indians of Arizona, and especially that which relates to our Indian policy, if we have one, is of special interest. The writer of this article having spent the past five years in Oregon and California, is prepared to indorse the conclusion reached by Mr. Hodge in relation to the treatment of these "foreign nations."

According to our author the Indian population of Arizona numbers 26,642, who are assigned 9,323,400 acres of land, or about 14,568 square miles. These reservations include many thousand acres of the best farming lands, as well as large tracts of mineral and timber lands.

Col. Hodge believes that the practice of setting off large tracts for reservations, over which the Indians may roam at will, encourages them in their nomadic habits and gives them opportunities for committing depredations, plundering and theft, of which they are ever ready to take advantage. The practice of issuing rations and blankets without requiring an equivalent in labor only tends to confirm them in habits of laziness and idleness. One-half or more of the men are lying around idle, living off the gifts of the Government, which are raised by taxation of the white labor of the nation.

The result is that the lazy bucks pass most of their time in immoral practices—"in gambling and all the low vices, becoming contaminated with foul diseases, and creating cesspools of filth, corruption and degradation, instead of being raised to a higher civilization and to habits of industry, enterprise and thriftiness." The keeping up of distinct organizations, or petty and insignificant nations, as we are doing, is an anomaly in the science of government, productive of no good, but much harm. Under this kind of treatment the Indian becomes neither civilized nor Christianized, but on the contrary, contracts all the bad habits of the whites. He becomes impudent, and more improvident, neither caring nor thinking of his own support, knowing that the Government will supply all he wants in food and clothing.

A better and far wiser policy would seem to be—first, to give them reservations only large enough to be utilized, and to break up their tribal relations; to teach them that they have the same rights as the whites, and no

more; let each family locate eighty or one hundred and sixty acres of land, with the same rights of ownership as the whites, and make him know that he is amenable to the law, and protected by the law, equally with the white man. Then let him fully understand that after a given time the issuing of rations will be wholly stopped, while in the meantime he will be taught the rudiments of agricultural and pastoral life. I am convinced that in this way this Indian problem, which has cost us millions of blood and treasure, could be solved in from five to ten years. It is true that some of the present red-tape management that hampers the Government in its appropriations would cease, and a few thousand agents, clerks, traders and employes would be thrown out of fat places, but the honest laboring classes would have the burden of taxation lightened, the Indian would be immeasurably benefitted, and our Government would be relieved of the odium cast upon it at home and abroad in relation to its "Indian policy." While our Indian wars have cost us over \$15,000,000, and untold thousands of lives, Canada, our next door neighbor, lives in peace with her Indian population simply because she treats them as subjects, not as foreign nations.

STEPHEN BOWERS.

DELTA TAU DELTA SONGS.

To the Readers of the Crescent:

We all love our brotherhood and are seeking to do all that lies in our power to promote its interests.

One essential element of our success as a fraternity is a union of chapters in interests, in labor, in sentiments and a similarity in our surroundings as far as may be. I think this has already been noticed as a fact, and to this end our good CRESCENT has come among us. We welcome it as a link that will bind closer the bond of brotherhood. Here we may converse with each other—here we may tell our troubles, and rejoice together over our triumphs.

Now, I propose for your consideration, my brothers, this question: If we Deltas have talent enough to support a paper and love enough to cherish it, can we not so muster our forces as to be enabled to sing our own music? Shall we longer depend on such music as "Hold the Fort" to "Sally Ann's Away?" All this is good in its place and a certain amount of it is good in our society meetings, but any one who knows the power of music, sung with a vim, knows that what we need as a fraternity is a *song book*. It is the one thing necessary, I firmly believe, to insure our efficient working. You all know the astonishing degree of enthusiasm a few college songs will develop when sung with a will. That is what we must develop in our society meetings—enthusiasm, snap if you please, something which makes every man do better than every other man, and better than he himself every did before.

Just what will do this is a collection of frater-

nity songs. Other societies have them, and why not we? We know the power of the few we have, let us have more. Let us have a book of them in which every chapter shall be represented, and then we shall have some good, brotherly-love producing songs. We will have a pride in singing our music—it will infuse new life into our being and new love into our hearts.

Will our sister chapters everywhere consider this matter? And I hope and trust that at the next convention every delegate will go instructed to vote for a collection of D. T. D. songs.

Your Brother Delta,

EUGENE DAVENPORT.

Chapter Delta, February 5, 1878.

THE CONVENTION.

It is a fact fully demonstrated, that all organizations, to be prosperous, must hold conventions, where ideas may be interchanged and new measures advanced; where the good may be affirmed and the injurious discovered. Our fraternity early availed itself of this advantage—by holding national conventions of the chapters annually. These conventions have always been looked upon with joy by many Deltas. They have proven the occasion of much pleasure and profit to those that have attended; and indeed they have been the safeguards of the general fraternity. Here brothers have met and enjoyed “a feast of the soul and a flow of the reason.” To those who have never attended one, we would say attend by all means at your earliest opportunity.

The previous convention was held at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., last May. The next one will be held, in May, at Akron, Ohio. The convention of '78 was held at the latter place, and has been pronounced one of the best the fraternity ever held.

It is now time for the chapters to make arrangements for the convention. Let each chapter do its utmost to make the convention of '78 the best one in the history of the fraternity. To do this will require work, and that *now*.

All measures or amendments that are expected to be brought before the convention should be prepared now. New chapters that are not fully acquainted with the rules and regulations of the convention, can gain all desired information from the Constitution.

We are not aware what amendments to the Constitution may be in contemplation; but unless they are very plausible ones we are not in favor of them. Our present Constitution is an excellent one—one that will be hard to improve upon; and it should not be changed for slight or supposed causes. Let us stand by our grand and noble Constitution, the bulwark of our fraternity under all circumstances.

Let each chapter, no matter how far away, be represented. Elect delegates in time, and have your reports for convention ready. It is to be hoped that the chapters that are situated near Akron will turn out *en masse*.

By all means let the Alumni and old Deltas, as many as can, attend the conventions. Their presence adds much weight, dignity and importance to the proceedings. We hope the committees on extension may be able to present good

reports. There is still time to do much good work. There are several excellent openings where chapters may be easily and firmly planted. We must expand our brotherhood throughout the whole country, and to attain this end let each chapter and every Delta use his utmost exertions. Do not delay this matter, but fall to work *even now*.

It has been customary, heretofore, for the same delegate or delegates to represent more than one chapter. We firmly hope that the custom will be discontinued. Let no delegation represent more than two chapters. And we think it would be even better, safer, and wiser, to confine to one chapter. This, we think to be more in accord with our Constitution. We believe this is the cause, in part, why our conventions are not more largely attended. As chapters can get delegates of other chapters to represent them, they prefer not to be to the expense of sending their own delegation. Other delegates readily consent to represent such chapters, as it gives them more votes in the convention.

We consider this representing by proxy by no means sanctioned by the Constitution, and one opposed to the best interests of the fraternity. It is unwise, wrong and dangerous. It is unwise, because it encourages chapters not to send their own delegates, or delegates with more power than he, or they, should have. And lastly it is dangerous because it places more power in the hands of one delegation than in another. This inequality of power may be used to the advantage of one chapter or section of territory, to the injury of the general fraternity. One delegation might be permitted to present the report of a chapter other than his own when such chapter is not represented by its own delegates; but it should not have increased power by being permitted to cast more votes in the convention, owing to this privilege. We hope this subject will be taken up, at convention and fully discussed. A resolution prohibiting one delegation from representing more than two chapters might wisely be passed, and, indeed, it might be confined to one chapter. But we dismiss the subject, hoping that we may all meet at convention, where it may be settled, where we may have a glorious time—such a time as the Deltas never enjoyed in all the history of Delta Tau Delta—one only equalled by the Greeks of old.

ALUMNI NEWS.

[Under this head both alumni and undergraduates who have left college are included.]

ALPHA.—D. S. Pipes, attorney at law, is located at S. E. corner of Third and Olive streets, St. Louis, Mo.

BETA.—R. R. Brown, class '62, Ohio University, Athens, O., is professor of Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.

—John R. Scott, class '64, same university, is professor of Elocution, 1500 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

PHI.—John N. Ross, class '74, Hanover College, is located at Carlisle, Ky., and engaged in the mercantile business.

—Peter Lagrange, '75, Hanover College, is engaged in farming, near Franklin, Ind.

[NOTE.—Information for this department is requested, and will be thankfully received.—Editors.]

DELTA PERSONALS.

O. E. Arbuckle, of Ohio, is Secretary of Ind. Oratorical Society.

L. L. and H. M. Richmond, of old chapter Delta, (now Alpha), advertise the Delta cuff buttons, in this issue.

Hon. Godlove S. Orth, of Lafayette, was one of the Judges at the Indiana Collegiate Oratorical Contest, held at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, on the 7th inst.

Marshall E. Newhouse, of Rushville, was married to Miss Ella Throp, of Greensburg, Ind., on the 10th of January. Though late, we tender him and his happy bride the kind wishes of the fraternity. Bro. Newhouse was a class-mate at college of the Editor-in-Chief of the CRESCENT.

Prof. John M. Bloss, Superintendent of the schools at Evansville, Ind., has been selected to deliver an address before the Union Library Society, Hanover, Ind., at the next commencement.

Willis F. Park is a member of the senior class at Harvard Law School, and not of Howard Law School, as we gave it in our last issue.

A. L. Talcott, Professor of Penmanship, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., expects to enter Yale Law School, next September.

John R. Scott, of 1500 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., is teaching Elocution in connection with Washington University. Brother Scott is highly spoken of by the press wherever he has appeared.

Our Corresponding Editor, W. C. Buchanan, of 143 Smith street, Cincinnati, O., has recently returned from a trip to Chicago, where he met Jas. L. Allen. Bro. B. procured of Bro. A., for publication in the CRESCENT, the address delivered by the latter before the D. T. D. Convention, at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1876. It appears in this issue.

William A. Dickey bids fair to become one of the most successful medical practitioners in his section of the country, and is now actively engaged in his chosen profession at Deshler, Ohio.

William Penn Graham is now actively engaged in pastoral duties in Western Pennsylvania. Bro. G. is possessed of the much-needed article called pluck, and we "have ever entertained an opinion" that he will emulate many of our most excellent theologians in worldly beneficence and intellectual strength. Address, West Middlesex, Pa.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Prepare for the Convention.

Those who fail to receive their paper will notify us at once.

An advertisement of the next Convention appears in this issue.

The latest catalogue of the fraternity, (published in 1876), can be obtained by sending 42 cents to W. W. Shilling, box 355, Meadville, Pa.

We have received good news from chapter Chi. This chapter, though a new one, seems imbued with the right spirit. It now numbers 14 members—11 active and 3 resident members.

Our friends will please not relax their efforts

in behalf of the CRESCENT. Let all work for its success. See that every Delta subscribes. Call on Alumni to aid in the good work. It *must* shine and not wane.

Literary articles, on various subjects, are needed and will be thankfully received at this office. We are desirous, as much as possible, to draw on members of the fraternity for contributions. Please send in articles at once.

Those knowing themselves indebted to the CRESCENT will please settle at an early day, as we are anxious to have our books squared for our settlement with the fraternity at the approaching commencement.

We regret to say several typographical errors appeared in last issue. Owing to our absence from the city we were unable to correct all the "proof." Our printer read it, but failed to detect all mistakes. We hope to avoid the like in the future.

FIRST GRAND DIVISION.

Chapter Pi.

As our chapter has at present but two active members, it naturally follows that not much can be said of its doings, nor can it give to the CRESCENT many notes and personals. Chapter Pi is destined to add another example of the bad effects of a convention upon those chapters located in the town where it is held, to several previous ones furnished by chapters in the West. One would most naturally suppose that a convention would have a salutary influence upon chapters so situated, would give a stimulus to its workings, and make its prospects brighter than ever before, and yet, on the contrary, in most cases, those chapters, more or less rapidly, have gone down. When, last year, the time drew near for holding the annual convention at Bethlehem the brothers of Pi were of the opinion that its beneficial or injurious influence upon our chapter would depend upon the manner in which the fraternity was represented here, thinking that a small representation would be likely to do it harm, and vice versa. Various influences conspired against the attendance of a large delegation, the principal one of which, I know, was the fact that our town was so far removed from those in which the most of our chapters are located, and those chapters farthest removed found it impossible to send delegates on account of the expense and the time it would require, and so, unfortunately, our opinion was confirmed, for shortly after, our members, for sundry reasons, began to leave the University, and thus our members gradually lessened until now, as I have mentioned before, there are but two active members remaining in our chapter. However, we, as true Deltas, have not allowed our energy or interest in fraternity matters to diminish in the least, and will seize the first opportunity that offers to build up our chapter again with good material, until it regains its former footing; meanwhile, we are carrying on to the best of our ability the business devolving upon the Grand Chapter of the First Division. Why such disaster should accompany an annual convention I am at a loss to comprehend.

Perhaps some of my brothers have a theory to advance concerning it; if so, I would like to hear it. It should be noted that in the case of our chapter the convention quickened the interest of its members, and they worked harder than ever to further the interest of their fraternity, and for a while everything seemed bright, until suddenly a change began, and now we have fewer members than ever before. This subject has been discussed already, but I think that now, as the time for the holding of the next convention is rapidly approaching, it should again be brought to notice, so that if it can be prevented, and I do not see why it cannot, such a gathering shall not be held in the immediate vicinity of a chapter, for I think it is dangerous to try the experiment again, unless that chapter is very strong, in point of numbers, and so firmly established that its decline is out of the question. It is a notable fact that fraternity chapters in general, at Lehigh University, are, for some reason or other which I cannot fathom, gradually dying off. Where, a year or more ago, there were four or five fraternities well represented, where there is now but one which makes any display of members at all, and most of those are members of the class of '78, so that when this term has closed, there will be only one or two remaining.

L. T. W.

Chapter Gamma.

WASHINGTON, PA., 1878.

Winter, with all its cold and suffering, is quickly passing by, and with its close there comes the spring, the time when nature begins to make her annual dress, and where all the slumbering seeds of life are awakened by the happy influence of the "eye of day." So youth is called the spring time of our lives, the time when characters are formed and lives are molded under the watchful eye of the teacher and guardian. The CRESCENT, the child of our fraternity, is now experiencing that same period of its existence, and each one, as its protector and guardian in part, should feel it to be his duty to do everything possible to make that existence a vigorous and healthy one; and no matter how little he feels able to accomplish, let him do it in the same spirit that he would perform a much greater one with, as every little thing helps on the work, and the small as well as the great go to make up the whole. Gamma has only eight active members this term, yet she rolls up thirteen subscribers for the CRESCENT, and the prospects are good for more. Its worth is fully appreciated, for no one can fail to see its value who in looking at the past considers how little was known of the general fraternity before the CRESCENT appeared, and told us who and where we were. Alumni should take a greater interest in this work than they are doing, and not consider a fraternity as only a temporary affair; that it is to be dropped as soon as they leave college. By them, it seems to me, such a paper would be read with pleasure, even if it were only for memories the mention of some old friend's name would awaken, bringing to their mind the

scenes of days gone by, filled with many pleasing incidents which garnish the golden days of college life.

G. P. M.

Personals.

Prof. Jas. F. Ray, '71, is teaching in the Cannonsburg Academy. Jim was not looking well the last time we saw him. Too much study.

W. W. Watson, '75, will graduate this year from the Harvard Law School.

The festive pie is carved no more by Bro. Braham. "Thereby hangs a tale."

W. M. Stevenson, '76, teaches in an academy at Placerville, California.

Bro. Beacom plays the heavy part in our college minstrels, namely, the bass viol.

Bro. Olmsted left us this term and is now at St. Stephen's College, New York. We miss his cheerful face sadly.

P. S. I would like to correct an error made by our historian in the last number of the CRESCENT. It refers to our chapter and states that it was established by Jas. F. Ray. Now, as far as is known, there is no positive proof that a chapter existed here before 1862; only a kind of tradition, and in the year 1862 Joseph Moreland, of Morgantown, W. Va., established our chapter at Jefferson College, Canonsburg. This happened before the colleges were united.

G. P. M.

FOURTH GRAND DIVISION.

Communication from the Fourth Division.

Bro. Deltas: At our last annual convention a protest was entered by the Fourth Division against paying the amount, per capita, we now pay as annual dues. Notice was made in the second number of the CRESCENT of this protest, and a hope was expressed that we join in a discussion of the matter. The following are some of the reasons why we of the Fourth Division think the dues should be reduced:

Permit us, however, by way of introduction, to express the wish that, in advocating this measure, if we be not judged as ill-wishers of the fraternity, nor among those who do not take an active interest in its every affair; but, rather let our brothers consider that it is with a sense of justice and for the stability of our fraternity, believing, as we do, that the best interests of the Fourth Division are to the fraternity, that we present our plea. The chapters of the East cannot be expected to represent wholly the interest of the Western chapters, therefore we must speak for ourselves. We all know that it takes time and trial to perfect any plan, and this is the case with our constitution. One time experience and trial will perfect it so that it may hold together and satisfactorily govern our wide-spread and gradually-increasing fraternity. But to the point:

1. There is, according to the last annual report, a balance of \$107.92 in the Extension fund, which shows that our receipts are greater than the expenses incurred in running the fraternity.

2. We believe that it is the more judicious, the more just way to let this fund remain *at home*, that it may strengthen and benefit the individual chapters.

3. It is impossible to collect the fund now required. Chapters have declared that they would not pay it.

4. If the dues were one-half the present amount we entertain the opinion that the members of the chapters would willingly come forward and pay their share. This would bring into the fraternity treasury nearly, if not quite, as much as we are now receiving. We believe that expenses could and ought to be cut down. We seriously question the right and justice of paying for presents, banquets, music and attendance of candidates to convention from the Extension fund.

5. To this point we call the special attention of the fraternity. During the last three years this division has contributed to this fund at least \$99.40, and from this fund it has received reports, minutes, copies of the constitution, and an item of \$1.10 is credited to us. This is all the direct return from nearly one hundred dollars.

A word about the catalogues. We do not object to paying a reasonable amount for catalogues. What we do and have objected to is paying for catalogues when we don't receive any. No plainer defense could be made than this. In this connection it may be well to say that the reason we have never sent a delegate to the conventions is because we could not afford it. Much as we desired to be represented it has been impossible.

Now, brothers—and let us try to be brothers in spirit as well as in name—looking upon the matter in the light in which we have represented it, you must plainly see that it is your duty to give attention to it. The imputation has been made that we are willing to receive the benefits of the fraternity, but unwilling to assist in its support. Such a charge as this is ill-timed, ill-conceived and uncalled for. We are ready and willing to pay all reasonable expenses, for we know a fraternity cannot be run without money, but we must believe, until the fact is disproved, that the present tax is unnecessarily high.

The chapters of this division have not come to this conclusion by conniving with one another. While the Grand chapter was agitating the matter it was actually surprised to receive letters containing the same compliments from sub-chapters. We want now a sense of justice and consideration shown us. By passing over our pleas and protests in contempt or unconcern you are simply alienating the Fourth Division.

Trusting that this will receive a careful perusal and consideration, and hoping we all may come to a better and clearer understanding with one another, we respectfully submit to the fraternity.

H. S. LIVINGSTON,
E. H. CHAPIN,
J. W. GRUBB,

Committee from Lambda Chapter.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 5th, 1878.

Delta Cuff Buttons!

SOMETHING new, neat and cheap made of Ivory, beveled tops, black or red, with the Greek letters D. T. D. cut in so as to show white. Sent post paid for 80 cents per pair.
L. L. & H. M. RICHMOND, Jewelers,
No. 4 Richmond's Block, MEADVILLE, PA.

FRATERNAL.

— 30: —
THE SEVENTH

Annual National Convention

OF THE
Delta Tau Delta Fraternity

Will convene at Buchtel College, Akron Ohio, under the auspices of Chapter Eta,

MAY 1ST, 1878.

Let every chapter be well represented.

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JOSEPH CROW.

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