


1923

The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1923 -- The Soprano Voice: Woman's Number

Phi Sigma

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The
Soprano
Voice

1923.

The Soprano Voice

Woman's Number.

Editors, Mrs. C. Buxton Brandell.
Mrs. George P. Marshick
Mrs. Charles L. Tundell.

Dedicated
to
Man, in general,
but particularly
to the
Men Men
Phi Sigma.

Men.

"Men — since Eden's days they pet us,
Now we are their guiding lights;
Men — how soon then they forget us
And go roaming 'round of nights.
Men — the masters of creation,
Ruling all the people thus;
Men — pray show me any nation
That is not in quite a muss!
Men — the hope of our tomorrows,
Our ideals, and ahem!
Men — companions in our sorrows —
And the cause of most of them."

The cover design of "Soprano Voice" is Mrs. Clarence Funk's contribution to the "Voice". The designer, Miss Dorothy Funk, a daughter, is studying art at the School of Fine Arts, Chicago.

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Woman

It is not often that a departure similar to that of this evening happens in the cycles of the Phi Sigma. That the "Voice" is entirely a woman's number. Whenever anything "witty or wise" has been wanted, Phi Sigma has looked to the facetious, Dr. Corwin, the versatile, Dr. Merrill; the ethical Dr. Valentine, the pedagogic Messrs Hamilton and Massick, the literary, Mr. Arnold, the loquacious, Mr. John Denton, the authoritative, Mr. Miles, the fastidious, Mr. De Money, the zealous, Mr. Richard Denton, calculating, Mr. Hoff, far-reaching, Mr. Rundell, the enveloping, Mr. Schermerhorn, the scientific, Mr. Nesscott tenacious, Mr. Crandell, economic, Mr. Funk, the administering, Dr. Willard, the ever ready commentator, Mr. Tark, the flat-er-er, Mr. Schneider, our host, Mr. Stafford, the rotund, genial, Mr. Sailor.

The women are so proud of these talented husbands, that they meekly sit back and let them talk. But there is an end to all good things and this departure is one of them. The tables are turned and we are asking them to remain silent a whole evening. Can they do it? Of course they will want to discuss our papers, and, possibly to criticise them. Nay! nay! they are not to be heard.

The night has come when woman asserts her rights; the rights which have been hers since the creation of woman; and which

man has not; and, seemingly, can not, take
take from her. — talk, talk, talk, as she
pleases — even to having the last word,
if she so wills.

It is barely possible that these men
who have always been pampered and
idolized, do not appreciate or realize
the capabilities of woman, and it is only
fair to them that they receive the proper
enlightenment. We need not go outside
the "Phi Sigma" group to find women
of high attainments; story writers, musicians,
writers of verse, organizers and wonderful
managers — of man — and even larger
bodies. Nor is she to be despised who reigns
over the household. Her husband may have
a surprise in store for him as she pre-
sents her political views, reads, poetry,
she has written or a sermon she has pre-
pared that he may borrow for a rainy
Sunday, when he thinks her entire time
has been spent in the kitchen concocting
viands he so truly likes. The more cou-
ageous will speak for themselves. For the
timid, I will vouchsafe a word.

She it is that presents herself every morn-
ing of the week, except Sunday, at a
place called "Economy Shop"; tags and marks
goods that have come from here, there & every-
where; answers questions by the dozen, always
with a smile, and makes the business pay.

a dividend, in money and good works; for in those who give of their time gratuitously, it instills a spirit of kindness and unselfishness, and the proceeds from their labor is given to charity. It is an institution with as many sales persons and heads of departments as some organizations maintain, running with lesser friction, I dare say. If you wish any pointers, consult Mrs. Funk.

Going outside of our small realm, let us see what women in the bigger world are doing. In White Plains, N. Y. a committee of women has been formed for the purpose of seeing that all snow & ice are removed from the pavements of the town. It has been estimated that 80% of the libraries in New York State were started by women. Women farmers in the U. S. number 261,500. One in every four workers is a woman and one in every five is at work. After serving thirteen years as county jailer in Texas, Mrs. Elizabeth Conway has retired. Miss Olive Dennis has been, for last two years connected with the bridge engineering department of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. England's more than a million & a half surplus women have been urged to emigrate to the dominions. The village of Champery, Switzerland, is inhabited exclusively by women. What a haven or heaven, shall I say? Germany now admits women to juries. When the Kaiser was not

an ex — he assured woman her sole duty
was to take care of home, rear children & work
in the church. Representative Alice Robertson,
who will retire from congress on March 4, com-
plains that "there is no place for a lady rep-
resentative to powder her nose in the house."

So, hail to woman, tried and true,
May you have all that is good for you.
"When fulfillment has crowned every wish
you could wish;
When full to the brim and overflowing
the dish
Held out for your joys; when your every prayer
has brought in reply all you asked — and to spare;
When the world has done all the kind things
that it could to you,
May it then have but barely begun to be
good to you."

The Matrimonial Epidemic in Phi Sigma.

When Phi Sigma was ten years old, Dr. Walter Fitch joined it. When it was twenty years old, he was asked to write a toast for the Annual Banquet, on "The Last Decade". In digging down to the depths of one of our Phi Sigma boxes of records, I found his manuscript and am going to use some extracts from it.

"Ten years ago our Class entered upon the second decade of its history. Ten years ago it came into my life. Ten years ago, you know, was Leap year, and it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of my future classmates in a Leap-year sleigh ride, - a form of frolic for which the Class was not then too old. What a frolic that was to be sure! We felt quite old and sedate to have with us two whole couples

2.

who were actually engaged!
They acted (ahem!) as chaperone!"

I can well remember the "rollicking, vociferous jollification" of that sleighing party, given by the girls to the boys, early in 1888. We "scraped the South Side boulevards, (for the snow had almost disappeared) down as far as 35th St., and came back again to the West Side, to the home of Florence Homer," one of our members who lived across the street, where was prepared for us a hot oyster stew, and all the good things that went with it. Virginia reels followed, in which the girls took the initiative, and the boys had to be the wall-flowers.

The climax came when each young man must be escorted home by some young woman. The conductor on the Madison St. car was convulsed with amusement,

when a dignified maiden carefully helped a tall young man on to the car, paying his fare and starting him towards home on the North Side. This was the beginning of the Matrimonial Epidemic.

The next July was so intensely hot, that it actually seemed to affect the minds of some of our classmates. Indeed, two of our members so far forgot the wholesome traditions of the Class, as to commit matrimony! That was the time when an irreverent punster remarked that " 'Twas so awful hot that even Jennie Farr had had to take to Fanning!" Shortly after this, the chief culprit, our formerly esteemed president, awoke to the error of his ways and expressed his remorse, by forwarding from his wedding trip, a letter of resignation. But alas! in a fit of ill-judged compassion, the Class refused to accept this resignation.

A fatal mistake! For the epidemic spread like wild fire, and was soon utterly beyond control. From that time to this (1898), the Phi Sigma class has never lacked a bride.

"Even I, Dr. Fitch^{wrote} had to succumb to the prevailing malady, when leap year came round again." There were at least twelve matches within the Club, besides many members who married people outside the Club. The air seemed full of it. The Club was accused of being a matrimonial bureau. But it has survived the epidemic of matrimony, and has great pride in its many happy homes. As the Doctor wrote:—

"As for the brides, we can promise that their captivity will be made as light and pleasant, as is consistent with their safe preservation. We wish them all a Happy New Year, many happy returns, kind keepers, plenty of sunshine now and always. May their lives be always fresh as the morning, bright as the noontide, and golden as the sunset."

Jan. 18, 1923.

Amelia M. Fitch.

Christmas Shopping

The "Voice" has come to us again
With work for us to do,
To make a start and do it right
And carry our point right through.

Well, I tried to think of something
Which might truly interest all,
When the Editor first 'phoned me
And then explained her call.

She said "Beginning" was the subject
And would I write on it?
Of course I said I gladly would,
And then - I was hard hit.

Just then, the thought that filled my mind,
Was the lovely Christmas time,
Why not tell of the early shopping trips
In the stores so trim and fine.

Some trials they surely seemed to me
As I started my mad career
And went down town in the early morn
With the sky all cloudy and drear.

My mind was a blank as to what to get
But thought it would come to me,
So I started at Field's and did the store
From first floor up, to see

If something wouldn't present itself
For the sixty I had to buy,
But I walked and walked and looked and looked
And naught attracted my eye.

The next day again, I started anew
My Waterloo I had met,
A comedy it might be for some
But for me a real Hamlet.

The things I liked were all too dear
For a pocket book not too fat,
So I had to content myself with gifts
That would fit in well with that.

I thought of books - Ah! that's the thing,
So to that department I went
And took much time to make the choice
Before I had them sent.

Then on I walked and walked and walked
Till a floor man kindly said:-
"Is there anything I can do for you?"
"Oh, yes" I said "I'm most dead".

"I'm doing my Christmas shopping now
But I fear you can't help me out,
My gifts must be personal for each one
So I'll keep on walking about".

I strolled around where the kerchiefs were
And bought some thirty or more
And neckties, earrings, gloves and beads
Of each a goodly store.

I gave a sigh of relief right then
And said:-"My troubles are o'er"
And went back home with the thought uppermost
That I must not think it a bore.

But my work was not done, oh!, no, not yet,
For the gifts were to send away
And cards to be written and parcels tied
With ribbons so bright and gay.

At last when the clock was striking the hour
Of midnight, the week before,
I had them all tied and the last sticker on
Thankful there were no more.

But now, I have something more to relate,
One morning - a week after this -
I shopped in these self same stores, where I found,
In necessities, I was remiss.

The credit man's desk I chanced to go by
And just took a look at the line
Where behold! twenty nine of my friends calmly stood
To exchange the gifts that were mine.

A Crimson Rambler.

'Twas in fair Eden's Garden
That this story must begin.
Where the wicked serpent tempted Eve,
And Adam bruised his shin.(The serpent's)

Eve, looking in the water,
Saw her coiffure was awry.
"Come Ad," she called, "get me a glass, (mirror)
To comb my tresses by."

"For leaning thus I might fall in
And drown, what would you do?"
And Adam answered with a grin,
"What wouldn't I, Oo Hoo!"

And then Cain killed his brother,
Which surely sealed his doom,
And another style was started,
For he wrapped himself in gloom.

And then a flood destroyed the earth,
And Noah took to water.
(For his antecedents liked the grape
More than they really oughter.)

And then Lot's wife was turned to salt,
For looking back and whining
To see the wicked cities burn.
That's why our tears are briny.

Then Joseph's father gave to him
A coat of many colors.
Which started envy in the hearts
Of Joseph's wicked brothers.

And so they threw him in a pit,
Which was a low-down action.
For it was deep and slippery, too,
And he could get no traction.

But they were found out later
By that coat of brilliant color
And that is why, for safety's sake,
Our coats today are duller.

And then came Rahab and the spies,
In whose tale dangers lurk,
The first example we have had of
Of "second story" work!

And then the good old patriarchs,
Who led such saintly lives.(?)
And set the style for Brigham Young,
To have so many wives.

And then we hear of Ancient Rome,
Where the prize fight ~~first~~ begun.
And the gladiator's fate was sealed,
When a woman used her thumb.

And there's the tale of good queen Bess,
Whose neck was long and tough,
Who made the ruff that all must wear,
The Elizabethan Ruff!

A Crimson Rambler, continued.

And we remember Bonaparte,
Who set a style most bitter.
For he kept his wife until success
Had come, and then he quit her.

Next came the warlike Indians,
Wreaking vengeance on their prey.
More cruel but no more heartless
Than the "scalpers" of today.

~~When next came the Pilgrim Fathers,~~
~~Escaping from the block dock.~~
They put the "grim" in Pilgrim,
And the hen in Plymouth Rock.

And then came Georgie Washington,
Who blamed it on the hatchet.
Such a model of diplomacy,
That no one since can match it.

And then the bustles and hoop-skirts!
We're glad they're here no more.
For they made the people round them
Keep their distance aft and fore.

And the man in silken knickers
Lived a life, Oh very tame!
For those were in the olden days,
When Golf was but a name!

Ah! the times are surely changing,
Nothing now is quite the same.
And the common salutation is
Who's your wife? or How's your game?

And now the flapper's with us.
Young in years, but yet full grown.
And she knows the latest methods
How to choose and roll her own.

And so on thru the passing years,
(There is so little choice.)
The only thing that sounds the same,
Is the old Phi Sigma Voice!

You may swear and you may grumble,
You may sleep and you may snore.
But the one who reads his paper
Just goes on forever more!

But have patience, 'twill be over,
And then you can talk awhile.
So here's a toast to Old Phi Sigma,
May she ever be in style!

Inez F. Clinton.

CLUBS

The word "club" denotes the promotion of inter-community and good fellowship. The records of all nations agree in attributing the institution of clubs to the earliest, or one of the earliest, rulers or legislators of whom they have retained any memory. Such associations, Addison has said, "to be a natural and necessary offshoot of men's gregarious and social nature." So again in Greece, we have the testimony of Aristotle that members of the same tribe or borough used to club together, men following the same occupations and others for mere social amusements. Inscriptions tell of Clubs of Roman citizens in foreign cities and also of military clubs.

Clubs in this period were by no means the exclusive privilege of the male sex. Women also were united in similar associations. The most remarkable of these was the great assembly of matrons, called at one time in a mock heroic way, "The minor senate." This Ladies' Club received its title from imperial authority, which also legislated as to the needful qualifications of its members, the times of its meetings, and the subjects of its debates. These concerned the gravest questions of etiquette, such as, what dress ladies should wear according to their social rank; who was to take precedence one of another on public occasions of state in processions or other ceremonies; who might ride in a carriage drawn by horses, who must be content to sit behind mules, whose sedan chair might have fittings of ivory, whose of silver, etc. Not all ladies could attain to a seat in this little senate, which dealt with such delicate

questions of etiquette, but we find them forming other clubs of their own which occasionally meddled with questions of municipal, if not general interest. They deliberated on the rewards to be given to this or that magistrate, and voted funds for monuments and statues in honor of those who had earned this approbation.

For several centuries, the club has been a peculiar institution in England. It is not easy to determine at what time clubs originated there. Thomas Occleve, the English poet, mentions one to which he belonged during the reign of Henry the Fourth. In 1659, Aubrey explained the word "clubbe" as meaning "a sodality in a tavern." He added, "Here we had a balloting box and balloted how things should be carried." The earliest London club of any celebrity was established about the beginning of the 17th Century. Clubs were not unknown in the United States in the 18th Century, (The Hoboken Turtle Club dating back to that period), yet their spread and development were slow previous to the Civil War. Among those ante-dating the War may be named the Union Club of New York (1836), The Somerset Club of Boston (1857), and the Maryland Club of Boston (1857). Our own dear Phi Sigma, starting in 1878, you will note is not far behind. As these organizations have increased in number, they have become more varied in character until now politics, science, art, music, literature, sociology, religion, philanthropy, and professional, commercial, social, and sporting life are represented.

Caroline M. Hoff-

Mrs Parks

The Editor of the Voice asked me to write something funny on the subject of the origin and growth of Politics. I told her that to be funny was entirely out of my line. We have not even a bone of contention in our family; ^{and} the funny bone is in the exclusive custody of Mrs. Parks. I have no interest in it. I might perhaps be funny when trying to be serious. Then you would laugh at me instead of with me. Then think of writing even seriously on such a subject within the limit of a four minute paper. It would be even more difficult than going around the world in 80 days. We have no literary precedent for such a feat. There was Gibbons who wrote his justly celebrated work which Silas Wegg, you remember, called The decline and fall off the Roman Empire. He used up six volumes of six hundred pages each (in our edition anyway) in covering 1332 years of history, an average of 2-7/10 pages to each year. 98 A.D. to 1430 A. D. That work is the limit of prolixity. The worlds slowest record on the low speed. From him they run through all the changes of progressive and selective gears till we come to that high speed artist H. G. Wells. He crowded two or three hundred thousand years of pre-historic activities into a record of a very few pages but when he reached Adams time and came on down, he found it took about 1000 pages to touch ever so lightly on "mans inhumanity to man" through a space of possibly 6000 years. An average of 6 years to a page.

I am asked to pack 300 years of American politics into about five pages, and make it funny besides. It would be funny if I tried it.

You will now observe that I have used ~~up~~ ^{up} about, one-fifth of my allotted space, in getting started. That one fifth is like the length of the field down which the aviator merrily rolls before he attains the momentum which will enable him to hop off into space. Let us hop off with him and look down ~~on~~ the American Political field stretching over the political activities of the County way back to Plymouth Rock. For the American Politician commenced early to "view with alarm" or to "point with pride", according as he was "agin the Government" or for it. As we gaze downward we see the political field spread out under us.

It is deeply scared as though scratched with a gigantic harrow and in places cut and dug into till it looks as Flanders Fields must have looked to the Aces who flew over them. The scars, and the scratches, and the cuts and the trenches are the visible evidences of those great political struggles which stirred the American mind and crystalized into great moods of American thought. Here and there are spots which seem to be clear and smooth. They show the times and places ~~where~~ all the country was united in its opinion as to the greatness of some great statesmen. There are three spots clearer than all the others which seem as the Sun of history shines down upon them to reflect back the light as though they were Moons basking in the sunlight.

These three spots mark the impress on human affairs of the triumvirate of great presidents who added appreciatively to the sum of human endeavor. We celebrate the birthdays of two of them next month.

But let us look more in detail over this political field. ~~Way~~ ^{Way} back yonder on its extreme edge are the first lines of political struggle when Roger Williams could no longer stand the reactionary tendencies of the men in power and drew off to start a new political organization of his ~~own~~ ^{own} in Rhoad Island. He was the Roosevelt of his day as opposed to the Tafts, Lodges Hardings and other stand paters.

Then we look a little nearer and see the scars of a series of political struggles lasting through more than a century as the proponents and opponents of English rule pitted their strength against each other in the New England Town meetings and elsewhere, until the lines of patriots and

Tories grew wider apart and the great struggle of '76 was on.

And right next we see the first of those three bright spots marking the life and influence of a great man whose soul was above party strife and who compelled the bickering politicians to be quiet for a time and to harken unto him. The Father of his Country we call him. Washington. He was great in war. He was greater in peace as he presided over and directed the Convention that adopted the Constitution of our United States. But he was greatest in that he had learned and applied the words from the book "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a City." Since the Evil Spirit of ambition in vain tempted the man of Galilee up on that lonely mountain top, George Washington was the only man who ever came to a position, where he might have been King and who put temptation behind him for the sake of his people.

But hardly had Washington delivered his farewell before trouble broke out again and we see the shadow of Jefferson breaking away, as did Roger Williams, from the reactionaries and founding a new party called first Republican and then changing its name to Democratic, as it continued to fight the people's battles against those who aimed for a strong centralized government walled around by a high tariff barrier. But see! there is another and nearer space of deeply furrowed ground, marking the disputes between different regions. For the East, and chiefly the New England States, manufacturing the things needed by the rest of the country, favored building higher the tariff wall while the South and West, which produced from the soil and did not manufacture, found that their best interests would be served if the tariff barrier, like the walls of Jerico of old should crumble as they shouted. So section was set against section. The great question of States' rights came to the front. Men argued that the sovereign states had a right to draw out of the union with the same freedom with which they entered into. A divorce without alimony! No section had a monopoly of this view. At one time, and more than once, the Northern and especially the New England States, threatened to draw out and finally the Southern States actually did so.

Is it any wonder that that part of the field, as we gaze down upon it, looks like the bad lands of the Northwest? But now another abrupt contrast and the second smooth space marking the presence and the conciliatory efforts of that magnanimous, forgiving leader whom we call the Savior of his Country, Lincoln. But all too small is that smooth spot. Just as both North and South were beginning to agree on one point, and that point the disinterested friendship for both sections of Lincoln, the usual fanatic came along, as he generally does in times of human crisis, and then occurred the tragedy of Ford's Theatre.

From then for more than half a century, party lines crossed and re-crossed and cut up our political field.

Then America joined in with the allies to make the world safe for democracy and the last of the three bright spots appear as we look down from our vantage place behind the aviator. It marks the place in American politics of the one man who more than any other influenced the politicians of the different nations until he had them all agreed upon a peace program.

Never before had all the nations faced in the right direction and agreed to live in peace and help each other. And though selfish partisanship at home prevented the fulfillment of the dream of many peace loving men and women, the fact remains that Woodrow Wilson is the outstanding figure of the 20th Century up to this year of Grace 1923. The third bright spot on our political field is clearly his.

Now, alas, we are again reduced to mediocracy and we see the field furrowed and scratched as the politicians of the present, the Hardings, the Lodges, the LaFallets, the Smalls, the Thompsons and the Lundins make the most of their little brief place in the sun.

I regret to note that Oak Park seems to be slipping and is in danger of sinking to a depth in the slough of politics that those of us in Chicago never have to fear. It is natural that politicians should be interested in the bringing up of children because the vote is thereby increased. On the other hand they do not value the older people because they have become so fixed in their voting ways as to be beyond and impervious to the influence of the politicians. Hence we can see that very low and wicked politicians might favor killing off the old, uninfluencable voters and preserving the young with great care. This must be the view of the Oak Park politicians as they have planted along the curbs of their boulevards, great red signs with the words "Do not kill a child". The inference is clear that there is no objection to your killing an old person. We of Chicago shudder at the very thought for we are opposed to the killing of any one, child or adult, and, especially since the women joined in the voting, are very much in favor of laws that will offer equal protection to young and old. I urge the women voters of Oak Park to insist on a change in your laws.

In conclusion we might ask why did those three great Presidents, Washington, Lincoln and Wilson so impress themselves upon their times?

It is because out of the surrounding political muck and mire, each builded for himself an edifice of public character. It was in each case an edifice built by personal effort and lighted by the seven lamps of architecture which John Ruskin so beautifully described. You remember them:-:- The lamps of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory and Obedience.

May we not all build for ourselves mansions for our souls lighted by the seven lamps and working under their light - "divest our hearts and consciences of the vices and superfluties of life, thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building-that house ^{not} made with hands eternal in the heavens."

S P O R T S .

HELP! HELP ! This column is edited by Harriett P. Hamilton.

* * * *

DO YOU REMEMBER away back when there were no women members of Phi Sigma ?

* * * *

INQUIRING REPORTER - What is your favorite sport ?

WHERE ASKED - At the Monday afternoon meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club.

Mrs. Sailor - (Purchasing agent for A.&P. Stores) - Oh skating by all means. It is so good for reduction, don't you think so ?

Mrs. Jones - (Traveler and explorer) -Basket ball, it is so exciting. I just adore exciting games.

Mrs. Hales - (Modiste) - Willard Hales .

Mrs. Funk - (Sales manager Economy Shop) - Horse back riding. It makes one appear so aristocratic; so like a character in a book. I want so much to secure some second-hand riding horses to sell at the Economy Shop.

ALL-STAR TEAM SELECTED BY THE "SPORTS" EDITOR OF THE "VOICE".

The editor of this column, after a great deal of persuasion, has finally been prevailed upon to select an all-star team from the material to be found in Phi Sigma. There may be some exceptions made to the players named for the positions listed, but taking into consideration the quality of the line up to be found in Phi Sigma only minor changes can be made.

After careful consideration of all the best material in this part of the country, I have selected Jimmy Valentine as the captain of the team. My choice is based upon his knowledge of the game, his consistency, and his ability to keep his men working while doing a minimum of work himself. With these qualifications we feel sure that "Jimmy" will be sure to win a championship for any team he may lead.

To Sammy Sailor we have assigned the pivot position. He has long been recognized for his solid, staying qualities which are so necessary to a position constantly open to attack.

More than ordinary care has been taken in the selection of the line. The men we have named are without doubt the undisputed stars of this season's showing. Each player has long been devoted to any cause in which they may have an interest and they give their best in every game. For guards we have named Wescott and Masslich. The latter, it will be remembered, captained Phi Sigma last year. While he was almost always late in following the ball on the kick-off, he was always in the play when final touch-downs were made. For the tackle positions we have selected Haak Hoff and George Schneider as they have long been known for their readiness to tackle anything. For the wing men we have selected Bill Niles and Dick Clinton. Both of these men are fast, and in addition to their speed they possess wonderful endurance which is so necessary in providing adequate interference for those who carry the ball.

In the back field it was not hard to fill the position at full back. In fact there was but one candidate who could be considered and he is our own Sammy Parks. He has made more touchdowns for Phi Sigma than any other player. Clarence Funk and Art Corwin have shown themselves not only fast but both are sure on their feet and for this reason have been selected for half backs. Rundell, who has shown unusually ability in passing anything he doesn't want while at the table, has been selected to play at quarter. Crandell, Schermerhorn, Jimmy Clinton, Arnold, DeMoney, and Hamilton have been selected to fill the emergency positions as draw-backs as they are important when the speed of the team must be checked for fear of exhaustion when touch-downs come too rapidly. The last named player, Hamilton, would not have been mentioned were it not for the fact that he has a stand-in with the editor of the Sports Column.

Doc Willard as trainer has met the most exacting requirements and at all times the members of the team have been in perfect condition while at the training tables.

* * * *

The movement for the erection of the magnificent Stadium on Randall Field at the University of Wisconsin has been very greatly aided thru the generosity of our fellow townsman, Mr. William A. Niles, president of the Board of Education and member of Phi Sigma, whose interest in Inter-Collegiate Athletics is so great that at all games he purchases double the number of seats he is able to use.

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DO YOU REMEMBER away back when there were no members from Oak Park in Phi Sigma ?

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We could go on like this for ever and ever - BUT I ASK YOU what kind of a subject is this to assign to a perfect lady ?

Beginnings of Household Management or Making Drudgery Blessed.

"Man works from sun to sun, but Woman's work is never done."
I do not apologize for my subject, thinking that the men of the society will not be interested, for here in America, as nowhere else, has man lowered himself to watching how the wheels go around. I doubt not that many of the men here are devoted readers of the Ladies Home Journal and Good Housekeeping, and that many a man has given a helpful suggestion in his own home.

I do not think that I am disparaging the women of other countries or of other times when I say that one of America's greatest contributions to civilization is Scientific Household Management. There have been well managed homes before America appeared on the scene, but never was the way made so plain and easy before. What has been done falls under three heads, systematizing of work, labor saving devices, and improving mental attitude.

In systematizing her work the New England woman was ^{some} preeminent. She was undoubtedly endowed with ^{some} of the quick-wittedness and resourcefulness as her Yankee husband. New England is not all Yankee now, for she has scattered her sons and daughters broadcast through the land, and fills her farms and factories with immigrants. But her descendants coming West have learned the whole hump, and the tradition has passed down to us.

The story has often been told of the hard labor that it took for a man to support a family on one of those stony farms. Meantime in the house the helpmate was eking out the living with butter-making and chicken raising, she was cooking and canning, spinning and weaving, washing, ironing, and cleaning for the large family which was the rule. She tended the vegetable and flower garden. Her house to this day is one of our models for simplicity, utility, and beauty. Her furniture, dishes, and silver are prized. Today for their beauty of line and usefulness, her rag rugs and counterpanes are copied now.

☞ The New England woman who prides in her good management

whereby her work was done before night and she was dressed up and a lady. It took system, making the head work instead of the heels. In that house too, the conversation was not all about work done and to be done, but of things literary and religious. It was thrift and industry that made the slender income go around, but there was always something left for church and education.

One may imagine her as an executive on a small scale. The labor was divided between her and the children, the week was laid out, each day with its special tasks. Order and cleanliness were taught, so that one did not have to clean up after another. Simplification of methods was sought and the most important thing done first. The New England woman was not the slave to cleanliness that the New York Dutch or the Pennsylvania Dutch women were.

The systematic housekeeping taught by the Yankee mother to her daughter, has been developed and expounded in domestic science classes, in magazines and in books. Fortunately, too her democratic spirit has been transmitted, so that we do not lose caste by doing housework. We have inherited also some of her ambitious spirit, which impels us to work hard and get the things that we want rather than to take life easy and do without all except necessities. Consequently 92% of the women in this country have not even one servant, hence seize eagerly at these methods which are brought forward to help them.

An intelligent woman who does all her own work deserves every sort of labor saving device and is capable of using it. If she is saving so much money on help she should be able to afford mechanical assistants. It is significant that most of the labor saving devices emanated from New England, where the husband used his inventive genius to lighten his wife's labor.

But of all methods of relieving drudgery that of mental attitude is most important. In how many women whose houses ran like clockwork and who had every convenience known, who still were unhappy? Instead of envying business and professional women (whose tasks are often just as monotonous as housework) the housewife must see the dignity of her job as home maker. A goddess might not think it beneath her to make a house beautiful and to rear children who are growing in stature and wisdom.

The "Voice" has been to some expense to obtain the following questions, which the Inquiring Reporter has put to various persons met in and around Phi Sigma.

Question Number 1 -

Why do you like to drive a car?

Mr. Funk:- "I don't! I prefer to let my wife do it."

Mr. Niles:- "Because it gives me such a feeling of mastery and power. I like the feeling."

Mr. Masslich:- "It is simply a case of necessity with me - for my wife always says:- 'Let George do it.' So I make the best of it. (You may have observed how meek and henpecked I appear."

Question Number 2 -

What was the most thrilling moment in your career as an autoist?

Mrs. Clinton:- "When with a bang and a clatter - a large wrecking car drove up and a polite garage man stepped out and handed me my door key. I had left it on the ring with my car keys, when I left the car in the garage for repairs, - and consequently I was locked out. I ask you, was not such chivalry in a garage man - thrilling?"

Mr. De Money:- "When in a cozy coupe I asked the girl of my choice to ride through life with me - and I breathlessly awaited her answer. That was indeed thrilling."

Question Number 3 -

What first decided you to buy a car?

Mr. Parks:- "My purchase of a car was the result of a desire to get to the Oak Park Phi Sigma meetings in time for dinner."

Mrs. Arnold:- "When I lost my husband from a taxi - I decided that it was quite time we bought a car. Friend Husband was seated on one of the small seats of said taxi - leaning comfortably (?) against the door. A sudden swing around a corner at full speed and Mr. Husband was gone! Of course when my frightened scream finally brought the taxi to a stop, I fully expected to view mangled remains; but lo! my good man was standing calmy in the street carefully adjusting his eye glasses, and apparently none the worse for wear."

Question Number 4 -

When you are stopped by a traffic officer, what is the first thing you do?

Mrs. Funk:- "I simply smile at him and look innocent and appealing. Few men - even policemen - can resist that combination."

Mr. Hales:- "Merely give my name. They all know that. If that does not sufficiently impress the officer - I say - quite haughtily - 'I shall bring the matter before the Village Board'."

Question Number 5 -

Were you ever fined for speeding?

Mr. Hoff:- "Many a time! - but it was worth the money."

Mr. Schneider:- "We never speed. How can we? Our car is an electric."

Question Number 6 -

What do you do when your car will not go?

Dr. Willard:- "First I diagnose the case - Then I call in two or three of my confreres to confirm my diagnosis. If we decide the trouble is serious we tow the car to a hospital (I mean a garage). There the chief surgeon feels its pulse - looks at its tongue - pokes it in the ribs - looks wise and says that an operation is necessary. The car will be laid up for some days. The most serious part of the affair is the effect on my bank account when the bill comes in."

Mr. Crandall:- "Give it plenty of gas and always turn on the ignition. If then, it still refuses to move - I try "Auto" suggestion and say to it - 'Every day - in every way you are getting better and better!'"

Question Number 7 -

What make of car do you prefer?

Mr. Westcott:- "Nothing can be better than my own make, you know."

Mr. Rundell:- "Any old make - guaranteed not to get smashed when it runs into a culvert - on a country road."

Mr. Hamilton:- "A Ford - of course - A 'Ford of Education', you know."

Dr. Corwin:- "A Moon is my choice because it's name sounds so poetic - and poetry (my own) is as meat and drink to me."

Dr. Vallentyne:- "The question caused me to think so deeply on the subject that I fell asleep and had a dream :- I thought that I stood beside St. Peter at the Golden Gates of Heaven, when a man came seeking admittance. St. Peter asked his name - and the man said 'Lucas Schermerhorn'. St. Peter looked up his record in the big book and found it to be good. So he said 'Come right in, Lucas', but the traveler said:- 'I have my car and I wonder if I might be permitted to drive it inside.' 'What make of car is it?' asked St. Peter. 'A Hudson' was the reply. 'Very well' said St. Peter - 'You may drive it in and park over there with the Presbyterians.' Soon another man came up and St. Peter asked his name. 'Richard Clinton', - was the reply. St. Peter looked up his record in the big book and found it to be good and said - 'Come right in Dick', but the traveler said - 'I saw the man ahead drive his car in. I should like to do likewise.' 'What kind of a car is it?' asked St. Peter. 'A Cadillac' was the reply. 'Certainly you may drive in and park over there with the Congregationalists' said St. Peter. Finally a third man came also seeking admittance. St. Peter asked his name. 'Samuel Sailor', said the man. St. Peter looked up his record in the big book and found it to be good, 'Come right in - Sam' said St. Peter. 'But' said Mr. S. 'I saw others drive in and I also should like to drive my car in.' 'What make of car have you?' asked St. Peter. 'A Ford, Sir', was the reply. 'Certainly you may drive in', said St. Peter, 'we have just the place for you. Park over there with the Christian Scientists. You only think you have a car.' I awoke with a start - confused and dazed by my dream. I was sure of only one thing, and that was that there was one make of car - that I would not choose."

The Inquiring Reporter failed to secure photographs of those interviewed, but perhaps the living pictures you have before you, are more satisfactory.

HEALTH HINTS.

Variety being the spice of life, this evening's experience lends spice to mine; for while the Doctor is licensed and graduated to be able to give health hints and more to any applicant, his wife has the more mundane door bell and telephone part of the business; but, tonight, remember, the ungraduated and the unlicensed is asked to give the health hints! So many times the Doctor has heard what certain people ought to have done for them from the lady before mentioned, and now she has the opportunity to air those same opinions, and they fall even upon her! Those people with colds who should stay in their homes; the people too frail to survive exposure who should wear particular clothing, the sort of whom you would like to ask, "have you red flannels?"; the ones who have always been ailing and who have never tried not to be by using their own sense and self control; the kind who are never sick enough to do anything for themselves until after the dinner or theatre party is enjoyed, and then need attentions from both doctor and nurse.

We used to hear, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away", "A glass of hot water the first thing in the morning", "Never drink cold water with your meals", "Never drink coffee, it's bad for your nerves", "Never eat meat, that gives one high blood pressure". (Don't go into the water after a hearty meal. You won't find it there.) "Never eat white bread but entire wheat or brown bread, and so get all the intended vitamins", "Eat vegetables by schedule and count your calories; be sure to have a balanced ration", "Don't eat red meats; do eat fish and fowl; use fish for brain food", "Use vegetables and avoid the scurvy", -

If the world seems topsy-turvy,
And the kinds have got the scurvy,
And everything about is in a riot;
If the baby's looking mumpy -
What's the use of feeling grumpy?

Just put them on the full milk diet.

If the scales show you are losing,

Don't indulge in fretful musing -

The milk cure brings your nerves to perfect quiet.

If your wife is acting tearful,

And the servants far from cheerful -

Just put them on the full milk diet.

"Don't talk worries at table, it spoils your digestion", "Laugh and laugh, it's good for your digestion", "Don't be a grouch, be a good sport; that's good for your disposition", "If you are sick have proper care promptly but when you are well, be well, and forget to talk about the ills behind you", "Be sure you Fletcherize", "Get sleep", as did Frank. Some one said, "Frank you are wheezing dreadfully. Is it asthma?" "Nope, I'm all out of breath trying to catch up with my sleep".

"Rest, never hurry. Always be placid. Never get angry. Don't worry. If you have aches and pains, have your tonsils out. If your bones creek it's not old age coming on, it's your teeth".

I went to a ten dollar doctor

With a thundering cold in my head.

He thumped on my chest, made a blood pressure test

And, "Go get your teeth out", he said.

Despairing, I went to another

Distinguished and costly M.D.

He looked up my nose through a section of hose,

And, "Go get your teeth out", he said.

I sought an expensive young surgeon

Who put an X-ray on my spine,

Wrote down the amount of my leucocyte count.

And told me to say, "Ninety nine";

And when he studied my tonsils

And tongue from above and beneath,

He said, "You must go to a dentist I know

And get him to pull out your teeth".

A specialist next I consulted,

A master of medical art,
And stripped to the bone while a portable phone
He fastened over my heart.
He listened for six or eight minutes,
Then gulped in an ominous way
And murmured, "My lad, your condition is bad,
Those teeth must come out right away",
I shall leave all I have to my widow
I know that it isn't a lot,
But she won't take it hard, for I'm only a bard
And a little is all I have got.
Three doctors have sagely assured me
That inside of a week I'll be dead,
Beyond the last doubt if my teeth don't come out -
And I haven't a tooth in my head.

They say lemons whiten the hands. "Mebbe they does", sighs Mrs. Bumper, "But the one I picked has kept mine red ever since I married him".

If your skin is wrinkled use Boncilia Paste and bloom like the school girl. If your hair is different as the days fly by use the wash that restores it to its youthful color in fifteen minutes. Are your lips less red than you like, use lip stick. If your brows and lashes are ragged use the pencil. Everybody's doing it. Let's all be beautiful and help Nature along, But some man may poetize thus on us;-

Blessings on thee, little dame -
Bareback girl with knees the same,
With thy rolled down silken hose,
And thy short transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smear'd with lipstick from the store;
With thy make up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy -
Glad that I was born a boy.

"Never let yourself be hurried or worried or flurried", is good in the song and out of it. "Be good, sweet child, and then you will be happy". If you begin to get fat don't forget, to keep slim you will have to go on the water wagon as to some of the things you like best-rich foods and sweets. Even Mrs. Snyder's candies! However, for a cure to all our woes we now have a panacea. Take a string with twenty knots in it and morning and evening, as one passes the knots through his fingers, let him repeat once at each knot, "Everyday, in every way, I am growing better and better", Then all will be right, unless you have this experience. The following story is told of Coue. A man with bowed legs called to see him. After an examination, the doctor said, "Yes, they can be cured. Massage them every night, and before you go to sleep say 'My legs are getting less and less bowed' a hundred and fifty times". Full of hope the man went home. That night he carried out the massage treatment, but he could not remember just how many times he had to repeat the magic words. He knew it was something and fifty, so, to make sure, he recited the phrase three hundred and fifty times. Next morning he found that he was knock-kneed!

The Woman's Society of the Church

By Kitchener A. Brown

I suppose the reason I was asked to contribute an article to the Voice on the Woman's Society of the Church was because of our long and intimate acquaintance.

Since the earliest organization of the women I have always been found upon their work-tables, in one form of development or another and while my presence was chiefly one of financial concern, our association together has been very cordial and has been the means of making many close and happy friendships among them.

Hemmed in, as I am on all sides, and with strings attached to me besides, I am never able to get very far away from home, therefore this Society has been a real education to me.

I boil with indignation (and boiling is a weekly occurrence with me) to hear people, especially the men, slur

together the woman's society and gossip. To be sure it is made up of many different types - in fact I am constantly being reminded of our apron family as I see and hear these women talk. One is too loud and flashy, another too subdued and colorless. One is so small she cannot see out of her own window another so large she only sees distances and seems to look over the heads of those near by. Both are a misfit and unattractive. One is of such delicate fabric she hasn't much endurance and so doesn't care to serve anywhere, for fear of wearing out. Another is so strong she lacks sympathy for others. One has had some little accident and delights in talking about it. Thus the rent is made more conspicuous. Another sees such possibilities in patch pockets to cover up defects, she becomes careless. And so I might go on for kitchen aprons and folks are a most interesting study and very much

alike after all.

Yes, there are all kinds of people in the
Womans Society but after fifty years of
experience I can truthfully say it stands
for the highest type of service I have ever
seen. Of course it has developed with
the years. I remember the time well, when
everything done was for their own particular
church - Now the world is thought of, and
world thought has made world women.

Once the spirit of the organization was
rather critical and intolerant, now it
is most kind and I wonder if my quiet
influence has had its effect. I am just
a plain kitchen apron you know but my
ministry is superb. My lady comes into
our neat little kitchen slips me off the
hook and at once I become her protector.
The frying meat spits against me, and
soiled water splashes on me, as she
prepares the vegetables, but nothing
sinks in. I receive the soil of life
only on the surface and every day

4

days I am dipped into foamy suds,
put out into the fresh air and sunshine
and back I come again just as sweet
and clean as ever.

I really wonder if the women to whom I owe
my very existence have not caught the
lesson. In the work-kitchen of life there is
much of soil, but it's a delightful task
to just take the splash yourself and
protect the other individual. With you it
hasn't made an impression. A walk out
into the clear air and sunshine and you
are clean again and — you have
saved the other life.

I find the Women's Society of to-day
a real protector* — just like the
kitchen upon which she leans.
9.0.

* — of the Home — the Church. the City
and the Nation.

Fashion.

To give a complete history of the feminine part is of course, impossible. Since, however, half a loaf is conceded by better than none at all, I shall try to give a brief idea of the development of the skirt.

The founder of the skirt family was the tunic, whose immediate descendants are, respectively, the kirtle, and the petticoat, which made its appearance toward the end of the eleventh century. Once originated, the skirt developed none too rapidly, although much was done during the next few centuries in the way of developing it with lace, beads, and furs. That was an age of sleeves rather than skirts, some of the sleeves of that time being large enough to serve as a protection for the whole body.

For a time toward the end of the seventeenth century there was a movement among the ladies toward masculine attire, such a movement as was noticeable in this country only a year or so ago. And which indeed, still continues.

In the first part of the eighteenth century an added innovation was quilted petticoats, which, of course, ran into innumerable innovations.

Along with the French Revolution came equally startling modes of feminine attire. The ample skirts previously in vogue gave way to light, gauzy ones, slit from the hips and buttoned at the knees. Their French name, literally translated, was "Marvellous" and well did they deserve it.

Of course, no account of the skirt should omit these voluminous creations variously called and constructed of crinolines and hoops.

In Punch in 1860 there appears the following:

Among the million objections to the use of the wide petticoats not the least well-founded is the fact that they are used for purposes of shop-lifting. This has many times been proved at the bar of the police courts, and we wonder that more notice has not been attracted to it.

For ourselves, the fact is so impressed upon our mind, that when we ever come in contact with a Crinoline which seems more than usually wide, we immediately put down the wearer as a pickpocket, and prepare ourselves at once to see her taken up. Showing Crinoline, indeed, as an incentive to bad conduct, we forbid our wives and daughters to wear it when out shopping, for fear that it may tempt them

to commit some act of theft. A wide petticoat is so convenient a hiding-place for stowing away almost any amount of stolen goods, that we can not be surprised at finding it so used. As an instance of how largely the large petticoats are used in acts of petty larceny, we may mention a small fact which has come within our knowledge, and which it may be to the interest of shopkeepers to know.

Concealed beneath the skirts of a fashionably dressed female were, the other day, discovered by a vigilant detective the following choice proofs of her propensity to plunder:

Twenty-three shawls, eleven dozen handkerchiefs, sixteen pairs of boots (fifteen of them made up with the military heel), a case of eau-de-cologne, a case of black hair-dye, thirty pairs of stays, twenty-six chemises, five dozen silk handkerchiefs, a dressing case, five hair brushes, a pair of curling irons, boxes of candy and a few other little things. To bring this account down to date, we must mention for the sake of completeness the pleated skirt the tunic skirt, heretofore described, the divided skirt, the skirt that masqueraded as pantaloons, and finally -- referring to the last year

or so -- the skent that climbed so high that, like
 Jack ^{and} Gill, it came tumbling down to our
 present obstruction of location. Fashions,
 someone has said, "are always the same, but
 always different." However, do not try to
 explain this to your wife when she talks
 about buying a new dress.

A Legend of the Easter Lily

Dora D. Christy

Consternation reigned in the little villages of Nohent - Rumor said that a true enemy ^{the heathen hordes} from the North was coming to pillage ^{and plunder}. One way to freedom was seen - to buy off the enemy with gold jewels - or valuable articles if necessary. Only in this way could the little village remain free from the hated enemy and sacred to its people, and their God.

That good old Father the village priest - was troubled. How could he induce the spirit of self sacrifice into his people so they would give - all - if need be for the freedom of the village - Hour after hour through the silent night watches did the good man spend on his knees praying that he might have guidance and help - for dearly the old man loved his people - Daily he burned candles to the Saints - praying them to fill the hearts of his people with the spirit of giving - One night, as he tossed on his narrow cot he dreamed a dream - an angel - shining and beautiful came to him and said - "The Christ shall now come to you and tell you to tell your people that true blest will be those who give now in this time of dire need - and that gift which is given with the greatest sacrifice will have a sign bestowed upon it - and it shall be ~~red~~ great in the sight of heaven."

at the great Cathedral the next morning when the people were gathered to worship - the good father said to them - "Oh! you who live in this village of Nohent - whose fathers and forefathers have lived and loved and died, here - you - who have reaped the benefits of our holy religion,

the Holy Church now calls to you to save that religion ~~and~~ your village free from the heathen hords which threaten it - so, oh my people, give, give and give again - that our village may still be free."

~~Thus~~ appealed to the people were stirred and the gifts began to come - The rich man - pompous in his dignity - brought his money bags to the altar - sure that his would be the gift great in the sight of heaven and to him would come the sign - The miser brought his smallest piece of money - and stealing in laid his little gift on the altar - women brought their choicest jewels and ornaments - children came bringing their precious pennies - young men and maidens came with gifts large and small - many gave ~~at~~ great self denial - the altar was piled high with a rich and glittering heap - but the promised sign had had not been given - the kindly old priest was happy that his beloved Cathedral would be spared - but no sign had been given by which he could know that the great gift of great sacrifice had been placed on the altar.

The days passed on - and the night before Easter came - The great Church was filled with people at prayer - praying for their homes and their church that they might be spared from the invaders. To the altar - very slowly - came a poor servant woman - she was very poorly dressed and her face was troubled - she placed no gift on the altar - but long she knelt there in silent prayer - and then with her

filled with tears she turned to leave the Church. Slowly she went down the aisle. at the door she looked back. It seemed as though she could not bear to leave she who had brought no gift-- Suddenly she turned and walking swiftly up the aisle - she knelt and with face uplifted laid her clasped hands on the altar.

A strange silence filled the Church - those at prayer paused - ~~and~~ as they gazed - awestruck - the altar was filled with blossoming lillies and in the midst of the lillies they seemed to see the face of Christ and his hand laid in blessing on the girls head.

The sign had come and the gift of service had been approved as great in the sight of heaven.

The vision faded and was gone but the lillies remained. the people of Nohent called them white flower of freedom - we call it the "Lilly of Peace"