

SUNY College Cortland

Digital Commons @ Cortland

Greek Documents

Greek Societies

1902

Delphic, Oracle V1N1

State University of New York at Cortland

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.cortland.edu/greek_docs

. . . . T H E

DELPHIC ORACLE

VOL. I

CORTLAND, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 1

THE DELPHIC ORACLE.

Published Annually by the Members of the Delphic Fraternity.

PRICE, SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

EDITORS.

WALLACE W. RAYFIELD,	Editor-in-Chief
E. PAGE TRACY,	Assistant Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

LEON P. CLARKE, - Geneseo, N. Y.	CURTIS CAMPBELL, - Mansfield, Pa.
J. H. CRAIN, - Oneonta, N. Y.	E. PAGE TRACY, - Cortland, N. Y.
THOS. B. HIGGINS, - Jamaica, N. Y.	M. J. KAINE, - New Paltz, N. Y.
J. A. WILSON, Plattsburg, N. Y.	

IT gives us great pleasure to present to our friends and co-workers the first issue of the DELPHIC ORACLE. We trust that the delay incident to its publication will be overlooked by our patrons, and that this weak attempt on our part to prepare a fraternity paper may be but as the rising sun,—a token of future splendor, glory and power. We extend to all our heartiest greetings.

IN our official work of preparing the contents of this issue for publication it has been our aim not to change the wording of any article, but only to correct any slight oversight of grammar, etc. We trust, therefore, that each chapter will bear the responsibility of its own article and see that the success of our fraternity paper depends not upon its editor, but upon each chapter, and especially upon the individual chosen to furnish the chapter article for our annual.

THE strength of any fraternity does not depend entirely upon the number of chapters it contains, nor upon the great membership enrolled. The broad and noble principles which it fosters, the high ideals formed and carried to completion, strong convictions and the large heart to dare and do,—these make for power.

FEARLESS leaders and independent thinkers do not lack followers. A fraternity that does not wait to see what others say, think or do wins respect for its own opinions. A self-reliant, self-centered fraternity needs no backing. Leaders, not followers, original thinkers, not imitators, members with strong individuality, are in demand everywhere.

EPSILON CHAPTER.

EPSILON opened its active work September 12, 1901, with thirty-five active members. Its roll has since been increased by the addition of seventeen new men, who have done admirably in filling the places made vacant by those who left the chapter in the June previous by graduation.

This is the third year since the Epsilon Chapter was organized, and those men who were formerly members of the parent society—the Young Men's Debating Club—are loud in their praises of the multifold advantages of the fraternity relationships.

The year 1901-2 has found Epsilon in its usually flourishing condition. We consider we have kept up our previous record in school work and athletics; ten members of the football squad being Delphics, while again Epsilon has been honored by having one of its members, Mr. Rayfield, elected president of the senior class; besides, Mr. Hart being chosen as the Demosthenes, Mr. Robinson as treasurer; while "the Dean," upon his leaving his world, the Cortland Normal, is to bequeath his worldly goods to the respective members of the senior class at the time of its exercises in June.

THE DELPHIC CONVENTION.

Friday and Saturday, October 25th and 26th, the annual council of the Delphic Fraternity was held at the chapter room of Epsilon at the Cortland Normal. A full delegation was present from the respective chapters, as follows:

Alpha Chapter, Geneseo, N. Y.—A. C. Caswell, Herbert Smith.

Beta Chapter, Oneonta, N. Y.—Louis F. C. Draper, Lewis W. Smith.

Gamma Chapter, Jamaica, N. Y.—Arthur J. MacKey, James V. Griffin.

Delta Chapter, Mansfield, Pa.—Curtis Campbell, J. C. Doann.

Epsilon Chapter, Cortland, N. Y.—Edgar F. Down, Walter Bates.

Zeta Chapter, New Paltz, N. Y.—William H. Stanton, Stephen Stillwell.

Eta Chapter, Plattsburg, N. Y.—J. Lowra Rea.

The majority of the delegates arrived during the evening of October 24th, and were entertained by members of the local chapter.

The first business meeting was held in the Epsilon's room Friday at 1:30. Adjourning at 2:15, the delegation attended the

Rhetorical Exercises of the school, to meet again in the evening. After a short session the delegates, together with the local chapter and the male portion of the Normal Faculty, found their way to Hotel Kremlin, where a bountiful repast awaited them.

MENU.

	Blue Points on Half Shell	
	Consomme Imperial	
	Boiled Blue Fish—Maitre de Hotel	
	Potatoes Julienne	
Celery	Olives	Salted Almonds
	Roast Chicken—Current Jelly	
	Fillet of Beef—Mushrooms	
	Kremlin Biscuit	
	Lemon Ice	
	Boston Browned Sweet Potatoes	
Potato Croquettes		Creamed Corn
Potato Salad	Lettuce Sandwiches	
	Chocolate Ice Cream	
Assorted Cakes	Fruit	Coffee

After partaking of this banquet the minds and hearts of all present were prepared to receive the good things that still were in store for them. Grand President Wallace W. Rayfield acted as toastmaster. He was in an unusually happy mood, and his supply of fitting reminiscences were multifold. Indeed, those at the close of the list were, according to testimony, concerned whether he would leave any for them to tell. The toast list throughout met a hearty response.

TOASTS.

Friendship.....	Curtis Campbell
	"May its lamp ever be supplied by oil of truth and fidelity."
Ginger.....	James V. Griffith
	"Some of us will smart for it."
Our Delphic Fraternity.....	Dr. James M. Milne
	"The center of our affections around which our hearts' best wishes twine."
Our Aim.....	William H. Stanton
	"We strive to be wiser."
Our Progress.....	Lewis F. C. Draper
	"Intercourse is the soul of progress."
Our Destiny.....	J. Lowra Rea
	"Destiny bears us to our own lot."
Olympic Games.....	Prof. F. R. Parker
	Ta d' Olmpia auton Eoiken ede paroithe lelechthai.
Woman.....	A. C. Caswell
	"The fairest work of the great Author: the edition is large and no man should be without a copy."
A Young Man's Chance.....	Prof. William M. Booth
	"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
Our Sisters.....	Edgar F. Down
	"Stay, my charmer; will you leave me?"

The Boys..... Dr. F. J. Cheney
 "Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—

And I sometimes have asked: Shall we ever be men?"

The Man..... James A. Shea
 "At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

Our Guests..... Augustus I. Dillon
 "More is thy due than more than all can pay."

Reminiscences..... Rowland L. Davis
 "How sharp the point of this remembrance is!"

Mr. Campbell, Mansfield, set the ball fairly rolling in his response to *Friendship*. It was a subject fittingly discussed by Fraternity men. Mr. Griffith, in his response to the toast *Ginger*, was in his element, as might be judged from the school he represented, Jamaica. "After all, it is what the majority of us need."

In the heart of all Delphics is a love unspeakable for its founder, Dr. James M. Milne. It was the good fortune of all present that he was with us. In his toast, *Our Fraternity*, he recalled and presented to those present a mental picture of three circumstances. First, the organization of Delphic at Geneseo; second, the formation of Beta at Oneonta; and third, of his visit to the old shrine of former Delphics at Delphi among the mountains of Greece.

The following toasts were well rendered, but when Dr. Cheney spoke on *Our Boys* the scene was fairly dramatic, as he said as the members of the football team arose to leave to rest for the event of the next day: "Boys, I say with the Grecian mothers of old, return with your shields or upon them, but don't return without them." He struck a tender chord also when he spoke of the forerunner of the Epsilon chapter, the Y. M. D. C. Many of our alumni were present and were much affected by his words.

Prof. Shea told many current school jokes on members of Epsilon which livened the humorous side of the evening. Augustus Ignatius Dillon, the Mark Twain of Cortland Normal School, followed with remarks about *Our Guests*. He also confined his remarks to the humorous, and few were present whose hands did not involuntarily grasp their sides as they convulsed with laughter.

City Judge Rowland L. Davis, an old Y. M. D. C., closed the list with *Reminiscences*. He recalled stories of school happenings when he was in school. Especially did he set forth a tale of how some of his school fellows faked a hypnotism which deceived even Dr. Cheney at the time it happened. At the close of his remarks all adjourned.

The next forenoon, at a continued meeting, the following officers were chosen:

Grand President—Stephen Stillwell, New Paltz.

Grand Vice-President—Louis Hicks, Jamaica.

Grand Secretary and Treasurer—Ripple, Mansfield.

Historian—Edwin Sortell, Plattsburg.

Corresponding Secretary—E. Chilis, New Paltz.

In the afternoon all attended the football game on the ath-

letic field, where our boys sent the East Syracuse fellows home defeated.

The closing event was in the evening, when the sisters of the Epsilon chapter, the Corlonors, tendered a reception to the delegation in their club rooms. A literary program was rendered, followed by lunch. The remainder of the evening was spent socially. All were loud in praise of the Corlonors.

EPSILON CHAPTER.

SMILING.

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure, it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.
Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling;
But it can not make them worse,
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

DOES IT PAY?

IF the question were asked whether any benefit is derived from a connection with school societies, the fun-lovers who remembered the pleasant evening at the last social or dance, and the literary aspirants who carried away the laurels at the last entertainment, would unanimously vote in favor of the affirmative side; but if one of these societies with its successful literary and social features were initiated bodily into a fraternity organization, the thoughtful student,—the student who does not readily join in the rush for the sake of being in the rush,—might ask: Does it pay to be a fraternity member? If so, how?

No better means for furthering this argument occurs to me than that of tracing from its origin a society which recently joined the fraternity.

The State Normal School at Plattsburg firmly believes in training the gentler sex for teachers, consequently the male contingent do not occupy as much space as their more numerous co-workers. In fact, the total enrollment of young men seldom, if ever, exceeds forty.

A Philelethean Society seemed to have been the only medium for literary work among the boys, but for reasons best known to themselves many of the fellows refused their urgent invitation to join. However, about two years ago ten young men, feeling the need of literary work, formed themselves into an independent society, and a few days later several more joined, swelling the number to fifteen.

The society was organized in the usual manner, and as every fellow was ready and willing, the work done was excellent. One unfortunate member, being overcome by the

wonderful accounts of the good times which the Phileletheans were having at joint meetings with their sister society, suggested that the organization join a fraternity. His suggestion was met with such a storm of opposition that the matter was entirely dropped.

Several months elapsed. Meanwhile the members began to question whether it would be better to unite with a fraternity or not. Having compared the two male societies and finding points for and against, and considering the future growth of the society, it was finally decided, though not without opposition, to negotiate for a place in the Delphic Fraternity. Accordingly two officers of the fraternity came and initiated us into its mysteries. The Independent Society then became the Eta Chapter of the Delphic Fraternity.

The first public program was given before our sister society, several of whose members were wont to believe that the idea of having a brother society was "too sudden." They all, however, expressed themselves well pleased with our first public attempt along both musical and literary lines.

The next year two delegates were sent to the convention, a public meeting was given for the want of a better means to raise money, the members served maple sugar after a basket ball game by the Girls' Athletic Association, the society took part in a joint entertainment given by the four societies, and the year closed successfully for the Delphics.

The present school year began with a small number of members, owing to the fact that several fellows completed their course last term and others failed to return. Therefore it was thought best to send only one delegate to the convention.

Although few in number, enthusiasm by no means has abated. Every fellow has started in with the determination "to act that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day." In view of raising money the very popular City Band was engaged to give a concert, the proceeds of which made glad the heart of our treasurer. Careful attention has been given to the improvement of the room, and as a result the walls are properly ornamented with decorations and pictures. In addition to the usual furniture, a fine combination bookcase and secretary and an oak table enhance the appearance. Thus the members feel that they have a place where they can meet and pleasantly entertain their friends.

I have endeavored to trace roughly the progress of the society from its origin up to the present time. We are now ready to discuss the question: Does it pay to join a fraternity? The fact that the society has been successful in its money-raising schemes and has nicely furnished its room does not answer the question, because these things can be accomplished without a fraternity seal. The privilege of sending delegates might be held up as an incentive, but those members who never expect to be chosen fail to see how it pays them,—for we must consider that "broad mindedness" so essential to the success of any organization does not always find full scope in schools which draw many of their students from districts where a broadening influence has little, if any, weight. Hence such members fail to see the need of paying the regular dues when room and lights are furnished free of charge and only the cur-

rent expenses are to be met. The reading of letters demanding and constitutions calling for specific amounts to be sent to the grand treasury yearly, bring discordant sounds to the ears of those who do not see the immediate good of such expenditures. These points can not be overlooked, for unless they are satisfactorily answered many fellows are slow about joining a fraternity.

But let us search for the beneficial points as diligently as we have done for the objectionable ones. A fellow who is anxious for literary work will find time to do his part, and each time it is credibly performed he eagerly awaits the next opportunity. He feels that his chance of being sent as a delegate is as good as the next member, so he pays his dues willingly. Furthermore, he feels that he belongs to a chapter that is in touch with similar organizations all over the state. This fact drives away his indifference and calls forth his most loyal enthusiasm.

Aside from the literary advantages are the various details existing between sister and brother societies; hence the social relations. It is needless to dwell on this point, for who can doubt the refining influence which such advantages afford?

Finally, having profited by the many advantages which the fraternity extends to worthy members, he is able not only to live in harmony with the people in whose community his calling, perchance, may lead him, but he is able also to cope with many of the ever-pressing emergencies of life through his having made use of the opportunities so freely offered to a fraternity man.

ETA.

WATCH THE CORNERS.

When you wake up in the morn of a chill and cheerless day
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rime,
Remember it in time,

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts,
And begin to count the blessings in your cup;
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up,
Then take this little rime,
Remember all the time,

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

LULU LINTON, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER.

A LITTLE village of Southern New York, a homelike place that lives within itself, says patronize home trade, agitates year by year the paving of its main street, that cares but little for the happenings of the world outside—such a place as we all have either lived in or visited—is the home of a sturdy old man. But I do not mean to ridicule these country towns, far be it from me. Underneath the surface of caring for petty affairs there are hearts as true and souls as large as ever beat and dreamed in far greater places. To know them is a bless-

ing; to be associated with them and hear their philosophy gives a view of life not obtained in any other place. I like to recall many characteristic expressions that convey ideas more clearly than the best diction could approach. Earnestness goes ahead of a choice of words in our daily life.

His is a trade gone out of use or perhaps out of style—the style of covered bridges—for he was a builder of these shapely, moss-grown, weather-beaten driveways, many of which still span the streams of our state. They have a most peaceful and pleasing appearance, and are well worth a visit. Delightful places to rest, always cool and shady; excellent places to fish from, for there is deep water underneath, the home of many a nice prize; safe retreats from the fury of the severest summer showers. Now new ones are built and iron ones are taking the places of the old. Soon they will be rare curiosities.

So he has no work. Men do not change their occupation after they have followed it for nearly a life-time; then, too, he is past the age of active service. He is alone and stands the survivor of the past decade; to see his work is to behold the past. He is like the bridges he has built. They are quaint, serene, grand landmarks, nestling in some quiet spot which they exactly fit, or perhaps, rather than landmarks of the past, they are links joining the present to the past. He is alone, too, because he has no contemporaries. I never heard of another, and doubt not that he is the only man who has devoted himself exclusively to building covered bridges. He fitted exactly the place he filled. I suppose were he young now it might happen that he would not be successful, since the work he could do best is of no value. So it probably is with many whom we call failures—they do not find that place which their talent demands. He did. The completion of his first bridge was the greatest day of his life. Since that he has spanned many streams. The building of a bridge, which was to last almost a century, was quite an undertaking. The labor was done each time by the men of the community. This gave him always new forces to deal with and kept him amongst strangers. The lack of home tends to make men diplomatic and distrustful. He is neither. On the one hand he saw no use for deceit. His mind can not comprehend the reason for men saying otherwise than they think; on the other, he who is trustworthy himself would not mistrust others.

He now lives on the income of a little sum he saved for that rainy day. His home is the corner room in the village hotel, where he is much respected. He has no title of familiarity, but is always greeted with Mr. It sounds cold and hard, possibly it is, for there is something about him that holds people at arm's length away. Pierce beneath that outer coat of formality and you find a big soul; a man of no emotions, anxious for the welfare of life to the fullest extent; a man who always gives a cheery greeting; is glad to receive a smile; a man of no creed, yet possessing a religion that is most beautiful, he finds in the great out of doors another self, a spirit that gives him perfect sympathy, that is with him continually, that understands all his moods, that pardons and forgives his failures.

He goes away for days at a time. If you were to ask his landlord what had become of our old friend, he would be apt

to tell you that he had gone to catch a few fish and visit an old friend; but such is not the case. He has gone, indeed, to visit an old friend, but that friend is of wood and stretches across a running stream. It is even nearer than a friend—it is a child. I have known him to stay for days together in the neighborhood, boarding with a nearby farmer. He seems, as he sits by the river side or wanders in the fields, a lonely figure pursuing his ways of solitude; but his dreams and reveries keep him more pleasant company than the presence of men.

In his town life he is more sociable. He often enjoys those village assemblies where stories of past deeds are the entertainment, and occasionally contributes his share. It is a great pleasure to sit in a village store, where eight or ten old men are accustomed to meet daily, and listen to their tales of by-gone days, with which they delight themselves and each other. They tell excellent stories full of wit, philosophy, and hearty good fellowship. I have sometimes stayed after he had gone and heard what his cronies had to say of him. There was but one opinion. Though they wonder at his ways, they hold him in esteem. His presence is often sought and his advice asked. Every community has a special character—some man who seeks rest for his last days. So our bridge builder enjoys himself in the county that fosters much of his life's work. He could not have chosen a more suitable home.

BETA.

THE GENESSEE VALLEY.

It is true that Nature has an effect upon our lives and destinies which we do not at the moment appreciate, but which is a still, silent force moulding our characters.

New England, mountainous and cold, has produced a people rugged and strong, with keen brains and good sense. On this account that part of our nation has been termed the "Brain Farm of America."

The Great West, with its rolling prairies and vast plains, has brought forth that lumbering, swarthy individual whose movements indicate his love of unrestrained action, and who is the hero of those delightful tales of early settlement and adventure.

From the Sunny South-land we look for that which gives us the poetry and song of life. There, amid the bloom of the fragrant magnolia and under the balm of skies all sunshine, arises that sweet and tender melody which touches the heart-strings of every true American. While the hurried people of the North may accomplish more, yet the easy-going Southerners feel more.

It all resolves itself into the question of who is getting the most out of this life. Could the orderly and exact thinking New Englander find contentment among the slow and luxurious inhabitants of the South? Or what pleasure to the burly plainsman, familiar with cabins and prairie life, in a prim New England parlor? We are all children of Nature and thrive best in our own home. Each part of our country produces character peculiar to its climate, topography and resources. This will remain true in spite of the mighty forces of rapid transportation and intercourse tending to break down the barriers.

In pursuance of this thought, it might be said that the respective chapters of the Delphic Fraternity, dwelling in separate parts of this great Empire State, receive some influence and individually from their natural surroundings.

In this connection it may not be displeasing for us to view together the beautiful Genesee Valley—the home of the Alpha chapter.

This valley, extending from Pennsylvania nearly to Lake Ontario, is one of the choicest bits of scenery in America, and no one can view it without being inspired. On either side of the Genesee river the land lies flat and low to a width of about two miles, when it gently slopes to a height commanding a grand view of the entire prospect.

Our Normal School stands on the east slope, from which the valley spreads for miles to the north and south. Looking westward across the flatlands, the west hill is seen to rise gradually until it meets the horizon.

In the springtime the valley presents the noblest appearance. Then the woodlands are covered with green, and here and there the trees in clusters put forth their leaves and blossoms. Then there is a pleasure in wandering slowly across the green meadows to the bank of the river, which, perchance, during the early floods has changed its course by several feet.

Autumn brings the sports, and on a certain day there may be seen going across the valley carriages, traps, tallyhos and various kinds of vehicles, besides many people on foot. They are all going to see the annual horse show and races given by the wealthy people in the surrounding neighborhood. Many very valuable horses may be seen here participating in the running and jumping contests. Nearly all are trained for high jumping so as to enter the hunt, which is the chief out door amusement in the valley.

Winter covers the river with ice and the hills and lowlands with snow. Where once was beauty and verdure now is cold and waste. Still there is a delight in the vast expanse and in the magnificence of great distance. But nature can not always smile. Above the western hill dark clouds are gathering; presently they rise higher and cast a gloom over all below. On comes the storm, and now may we see the elements in their anger. The distant hill becomes dim and indistinct in the gathering darkness, and as the storm sweeps eastward the whole valley seems blotted out, and in its place stands before us a thick wall of mist.

The light of the following morning shows the storm past, and there lies the valley as great and grand as before.

May the Genesee Valley long retain its present grandeur. No artificial structure mars the dignity of its landscape. No commercial enterprise has yet disfigured those beautiful meadows. All remains untouched, unpolluted by the greedy ravages of man. With the inspiration of such beauty and the healthful influence of such location, the Alpha chapter of the Delphic Fraternity is working onward to the true goal of upright manhood. May the brother chapters appreciate their golden opportunities for literary and social advancement. Let the great and noble spirit of fraternity unite us all in brotherly cooperation and friendship.

L. P. C.—Alpha.