

KAPPA ALPHA THETA

L. PEARLE GREEN, *Editor*

VOLUME 29

MAY, 1915

NUMBER 4

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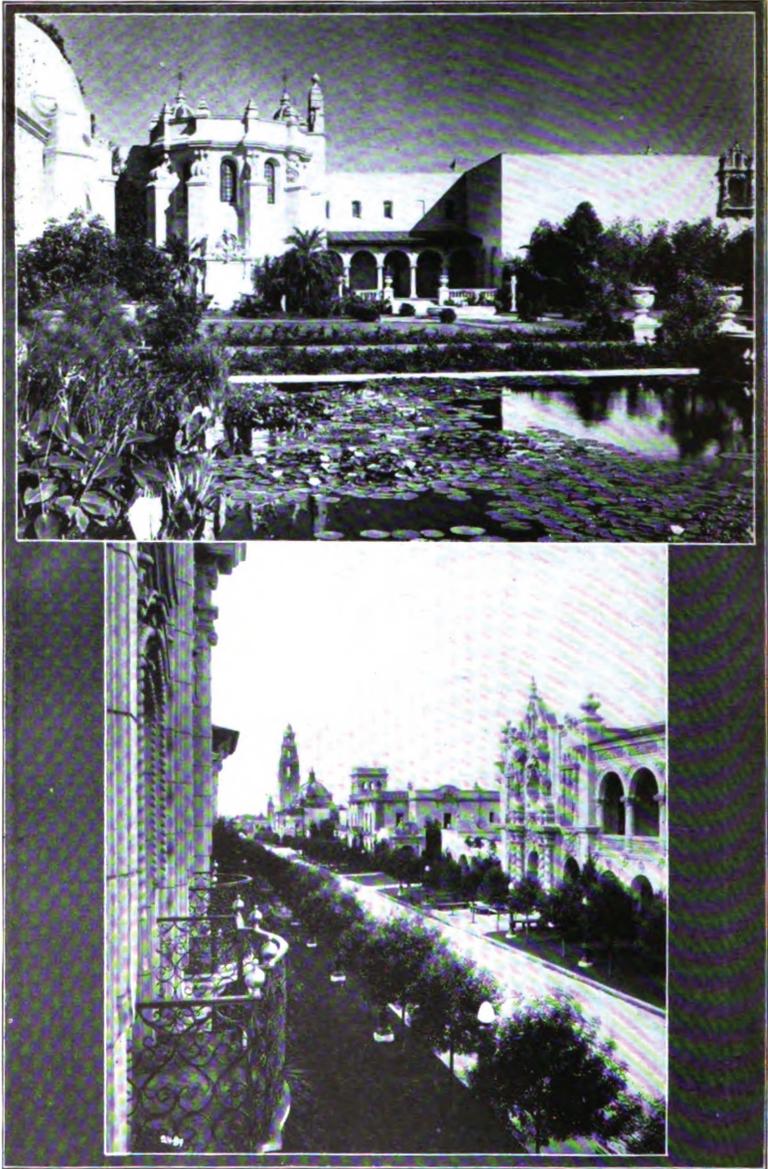
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All manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, L. Pearle Green, 15 East Ave., Ithaca, N. Y. Material intended for publication must reach the Editor by the first day of the months of October, December, February, April.

THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA is published the first of November, January, March, May, at 450-454 Abnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin, by George Banta, official printer and publisher to the fraternity.* Price 25 cents per copy. \$1.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter October 18, 1909, at the postoffice at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS—LOOKING EAST ACROSS THE LAGUNE
LOOKING WESTWARD IN EL PRADO

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Panama-California Exposition

PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

"Every American should see the San Diego exposition. Architecturally, it is the most wonderful achievement I have ever seen." This opinion, expressed by John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American union, gives in a few words the sentiment of the hundreds of thousands who have visited the grounds of the Panama-California exposition at San Diego, which opened on New Year's Eve for the entire year 1915.

Even the most optimistic prophets failed to realize what a drawing card the San Diego exposition would be to persons from all parts of the country. More than 42,000 persons attended the opening New Year's Eve; and since then, thousands have passed through the exposition gates every day.

There are many unique features at the San Diego exposition, and their number and importance is due directly to the existence of the fair at San Francisco, at first thought a calamity but now recognized as a decided boon, for it was competition that forced San Diego to create something different from the conventional, and better than it.

Several of the buildings are large, but except for the great dome and tower of the California State Building, standing at the west approach near the end of the great Puente Cabrillo, few are tall. Instead they spread luxuriously over broad spaces on the mesa which looks down on the sea and the strand of Coronado, or back up the fertile valleys to the Sierras, with long, cool cloisters and arcades lining their façades. Instead of baking streets there are prados, bordered with acacia and lawns and thick beds of gladiolus and poinsettia and low shrubbery which droops through the arches of the arcades. Up the walls, up to the Spanish domes and towers and the belfries where pigeons nest and mission bells swing, clammers the gorgeous growth of rose and honeysuckle and bougainvillea, the superb vine whose bloom does much to make a fairyland of southern California.

A portal invites one past the cloister, and beyond there lies a quiet patio, green with foliage illuminated by the color of an occasional flowering shrub, murmuring with the soft play of a fountain. A rug-draped balcony on the wall of an adjoining palace stirs a lazy spirit of romance, and a recollection of Spanish tradition, and a complete understanding when the shrubbery stirs slightly and there appears a slim caballero singing his serenade to the girl behind the railing. The guards and attendants in this dream city are conquistadores and caballeros. The dancing girls who hold carnival in the plazas and along the Prado are Spanish dancing girls.

Many of the exhibits are out-of-doors, many indoors in the missions, the palaces, the cathedrals of the Spanish city. The broad lawns, the grove of pepper trees, the patios, the wide stretch of open country all about, stretching down to the canyons, encourage one mightily. He realizes that this, after all, is a concentration in a small space of the whole life of the New West, and he is filled with a longing to see more, to see the great vineyards of olive and orange, to see the vast apple and cherry country to the north, to roam in the forest reserves and up the slopes of the snow-capped Rockies, and over the agricultural empire beyond. It is typically western, this, but its great lesson, the utilization of possibilities, is as applicable to the cut-over timber lands of Wisconsin, the "flats" of the Mississippi Valley, the neglected lands of the South and New England. He who is willing to learn can learn a plenty, wherever his interests may lie.

There is something of this spirit in the "Painted Desert," which started as an amusement, but has developed into an education. Surrounded by an adobe wall and a cedar post stockade, its rocky formation, its sand, its very cactus like to the scenery of the real Painted Desert of Arizona, it seeks to concentrate in a small space the real native life of the southwest. It is cut by a high mesa. On one side lies the reserve of the Navajos and the other wandering tribes, on the other pueblos of the village Indians, the Hopi, Zuni, Taos and the Rio Grande pueblos. The Indians have been brought to San Diego to build the homes they will occupy in 1915, and they have wrought well, thanks to a deal of encouragement from the white men who have performed all the heavy work. Braves and squaws and papooses are there, and the pottery is being shaped, the rugs and blankets are being woven, the ornaments are being pounded out, exactly as the arts and crafts of the red man have been carried on for centuries. The tribal ceremonies take place in reconstructed kivas which stand in the open space before the high adobe dwellings. This should rank properly with the ethnology exhibit at the other end of the grounds.

Amusements there are in plenty, for no exposition could succeed without its Pike or Midway—the "Isthmus" at San Diego, as a fresh reminder of what it is the Panama-California Exposition is celebrating. There are entertainments of a hundred varieties, but the impression exists that the casual tourist who goes to San Diego in 1915 for amusement will get that, but in addition will come away with an education.