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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1912

**CHOOSING THE ORATOR.**

The newly inaugurated system of choosing the Ivy Day orator, as instituted by the senior class, has been the subject of much discussion.

There are strong arguments both for and against the new plan. It is justly asserted that the orator chosen by a faculty committee may not be a representative member of his class, meaning briefly that he is not well known, or that he is too well known. In this case the Ivy Day oration would not be the popular attraction that it should be. Considered in this light, the Ivy Day oration is strictly a class affair and permits of no faculty intervention.

On the other hand, the power of selection in the hands of competent judges is more apt to result in the recognition of ability than is popular election. Competition before unprejudiced judges does away with all possibility of political wire pulling, which has come to play such an important part in all school activities.

These are the main arguments pro and con; it seems to resolve itself into the question of whether or not the Ivy Day oration is strictly a class affair. Should the orator be chosen because he is a representative of his class, or strictly because of his oratorical ability?

**LITERARY DEPARTMENT**

Searle F. Holmes, Editor.

**ENGINEER BILL'S EXPERIMENT.**

Chandler Trimble,

**CHAPTER I.**

Have you ever noticed that the fellow that wears your forty dollar dress suit always raises the biggest objection when you ask him to loan you car fare? Don't try to explain it; it's a condition, not a theory. Some people are made that way. However, that has nothing to do with the story.

Once upon a time there was an engineer who attended the University for the definite and strange purpose of accomplishing something worth while after graduation. This may be a good plan, but in actual school life it does not pay. A man with such a half-brained idea has welded a brass collar around his neck and labeled it "Trouble." He has a clanking chain of restraint and worry snapped on it running along an almost endless

clothes-lines of work that it tied to a post way out in the dim future somewhere. You see it is a dog's life at best.

One day the engineer noticed a peculiar phenomenon. He observed that every time he attended a dance or the theater he accompanied the same girl. He said to himself, "Why is this?" It was not because of her mental qualities, for she was light-headed—being a blond. Nor was it because of her hands, for they were too small to wash dishes. She was five feet four inches tall, and, working on this clue, he covered a dime's worth of note paper with figures, broke six "four H" Dixon pencils and a slide rule in trying to explain the thing by the theory of molecular attraction. But the effort was a failure. Realizing then that he was face to face with an unexplained scientific phenomenon, he set out in a perfectly dispassionate, analytic spirit to discover this single unknown in the clear fluid of his life. He wrote a little poem one night and carried it in the back of his watch. It went something like this:

My heart is like a test-tube hot,  
 Half full of H<sub>2</sub>O, I guess;  
 It's up to me to find the "What"  
 That causes it to effervesce.

**CHAPTER II.**

(Will be given in the next issue of the literary department. It continues the thrilling story with unabated fury, starting out this way.)

Now the Engineer had a frat brother who was studying the Fine Arts. He majored in feminine psychology and the art of graceful rushing. He did not know what he would do when he graduated. He said he had not thought about graduating.

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**ALPHA O'S DINE.**

**Annual Banquet Comes Tonight—Many Alumni Are Back.**

Commencing with a formal dance last evening, get-together festivities are being enjoyed by a large number of returning Alpha Omicron Pi alumni and the members of the active chapter. A tea will be given the active girls this afternoon at the frat house by the alumni and a banquet at the Lindell this evening will complete the list.

The dance last night at the Lincoln was a pretty affair, especially marked by the number of older girls who returned for the event.

After the banquet this evening a number of toasts will be given both by alumni and active members. The subjects will be:

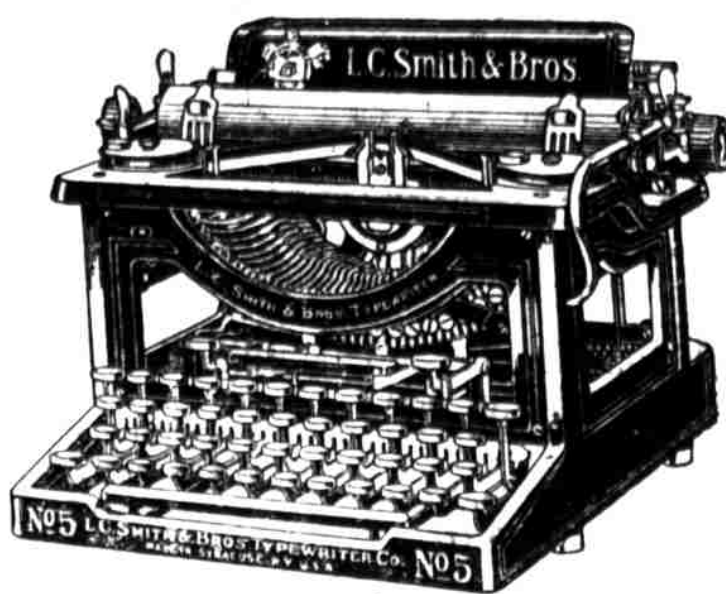
- "Jacque Rose," Helen Steiner.
- "The Bud," Carrie Coman.
- "The Stem," Mrs. Fred Hunter.
- "The Petals," Lucile Johnson.
- "The Thorns," Tersella Birkner.
- "The Fragrance," Mathilda Stenden.
- "The Culling," Alfreda Powell.

Miss Stella Butler will act as toast-mistress.

The alumni in town for the dance and banquet are: Katherine Follmer, Fredericka Stenger, Janet McCallister, Alfreda Powell, Edna Speier, Belle Tyfan, Katherine Ryans, Elsie Pelper, Alma Niffen, Laura Peterson, Helen Burr, Mrs. Nelle Kitchen James.

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