

## Inter-Honorary Fraternity Dance

When the suggestion of holding an Inter-Honorary Fraternity dance was broached this year, it was rumored that one brother of one fraternity objected to the idea. Up to the present time, however, the culprit has not been found, and it is hinted that he was probably among the 99.44 per cent who were able to be present at Hotel Ambassador on the evening of April 19. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that, with the whole-hearted support of all the honoraries, the occasion was one which bids fair to remain long in the memories of undergraduate day of those attending.

The music, ——. To say less would be sacrilege, to say more would be improper; but you can imagine for yourself the charming effect of one of Benson's best doing its veribest accompanied by the tingle of a hundred little keys. And what is more, you have no idea how perfectly humorous a bunch of pledges can be, when ——, well to say the least they furnished much cause for the sedate brothers to cast aside their robes of reserve.

The affair was decidedly democratic; everyone sharing in the preparations:

The "Electricals" had the place all lit up; that is, they had colored spot lights flooding the orchestra.

The "Fire Protects" assured that the risk was good.

The "Civils" surveyed the road to the Ambassador correct to a tenth of an Engstrom unit.

The "Architects" did the decorating with their delightfully artistic posters, and even more artistic appearances.

The "Chemicals" (sad to state) who were scheduled to produce the atmosphere were unable to coax the  $H_2S$  generators from the embrace of one Ernest Alfred Dean. Over-ripe eggs would of course have been served, but it was thought the part of wisdom, ——, because several faculty members honored us with their presence.

The "Mechanicals," well what would you expect a Mechanical to do at a dance? That's exactly what they did.

And when the evening had run its course, each brother departed with his key still hanging on his chain, his sweet thing still hanging on his arm, and pleasant memories hanging on and on and on.