

OREGON



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POST LENTEN SOCIAL SEASON IS USHERED IN BY ARMORY BALL

ELABORATE FUNCTION TENDERS STAYOVERS BY EUGENE ULTRA SMART SET

NEW DANCES INTRODUCED BY THE HOST

Terpsichorean Dancers Rend Unknown Rag Into Minute Fragments.

With the passing of the Lenten season, and with the appearance of the bock signs, these never failing harbingers of the springtime, society has renewed its activities with redoubled zest. What was probably the climax of the present season occurred at last Saturday's hop. The motif for this smart affair was the approaching departure of several popular club men and leaders in the younger set.

With the idea of lending a semi military tone to the occasion, the elaborate Louis Quatorze ballroom was cleverly disguised as an armory or barrack room and the host had fancifully attired some of the footmen in uniforms with stars and buttons. Favors for each dance, consisting of clever little cards neatly decorated with numerals, were distributed by the hostess at the door. These were later collected by the host.

In keeping with the plan of delightful informality, arrivals were not announced by the butler, but the host with the graciousness and cheery hospitality, for which he is noted, saw to it personally that each guest met every other one.

Col. Farrington, E. P. F., attended in uniform, with medals and side-arms. When not busy welcoming belated arrivals from Springfield, he assisted the host on the floor, and added dignity to the occasion.

The seven Misses Smith looked ravishing in rouge et blanche and were the recipients of continuous impetuous attention.

The well known young ladies whom Dame Rumor says are making fortunes watering stocks and socks at the exchange on West Eighth street, were also much noticed.

Among the gentlemen the tall blonde, Mr. Ashcroft, was very popular, as were Messrs. Plank and Dinsmore, who capriciously appeared in flannels with red cravats.

As an indication of the fastidiousness of the host, only three sweaters were present, one of these being a genteel jersey. Several of the more daring among the guests insisted upon introducing the new fancy dances now so much in vogue at certain student clubs and at Murlark's. It was, however, hinted through the uniformed attaches that this should be postponed until the imposing row of dowagers in the gallery should leave at eleven p. m.

As usual with the ultra smart functions, the vulgar and morbidly curious surrounded the entrance and gossiped disconcertingly. The efforts of all the footmen were needed to keep the door clear.

Between numbers supper was served downstairs a la "Little Hungary."

Prof. Conklin's prize mirth provoker: "What is the difference between a sane man and an insane man? An insane man is one whose sanity is doubted, a sane man is one whose sanity is never doubted."

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"DON'T SHOOT"

* (Filtered and Declared Sanitary *
* by Albert Alladan Sweetser.) *

* On Spring Vacation, week of *
* rest, *

* Enlightened by the Springfield *
* zest. *

* 'Tis with sad and depleted heart *
* That the Leftovers watch you *
* part. *

* For all the week the fleecy clouds *
* Have overhung like palling *
* shrouds. *

* The Library, so dank and dim, *
* Has sheltered some true hearts *
* within. *

* And some who were on pleasure *
* bent, *

* Contributed to Paul Bond's rent. *
* The placid stream they paddled *
* up, *

* Stopping at a nook to sup, *
* While some during even-tide *
* Put on armour for the Student *
* Glide. *

* And some few in meditation *
* strove *



Look what the cat drug in.

* To find new fields that they could *
* rove. *

* Others, strong of mind and limb, *
* Cavorted in our tankless Gym. *

* Tall Spencer, on our fair city's *
* south, *

* Was host to many an eating *
* bout. *

* And all the while Jupiter Plu- *
* vius, *

* With fits of rain was wont to fool *
* us. *

* But ere this cantation grows too *
* long, *

* And I with the Editor, get in *
* wrong, *

* I will stop—but advise gentle *
* reader, *

* That you forget this bull in *
* meter. *

* By Lyle F. Brown, *
* (Bacchanalian Pote.) *

* (Patent Applied for. Guarant- *
* teed under the Food and Drugs *
* Act of June 30, 1906.) *

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Smoke La Marquise Cigarettes

University of Oregon, Mar. 25.
Dear Sirs:
After abandoning corn silk and cubs, I successfully tried all makes of cigarettes. I find that La Marquise surpasses all others as a gentleman's smoke. It is cool and does not soil the breath. Its true worth lies in the fact that the ash does not blow while ONE is motoring. I can recommend it to all lovers of the weed. I use no other.

C. W. W.
(Paid Advertisement.)

PROMINENT CLUB MEN CALLED TO TIME BY VARSITY REGISTRAR

OFFICIAL MISUNDERSTANDS THE SPIRIT OF FRANCES E. WILLARD MEETING

OBAK'S HENCHMAN ALMOST PERSUADED

Amateur Ministers of Grace Learn That Affair Is Huge Hoax.

The mellifluous dulcet tones of Registrar Tiffany have often been impersonated over the telephone by mischievous students announcing bogus holidays and fake suspensions, but the impersonation was never used with more telling and startling effect than one evening during this last vacation.

The result of the prank which was doubtless undertaken in a spirit of thoughtlessness and a childish desire to play a joke, has been to completely shatter three prominent and popular Varsity clubmen, athletes and bon vivants, viz. Isaac Whiteman, Robert Ohshaw, and Weinie Count.

The young men were just returning from the weekly meeting of the Chas. Koyl Prohibition Society, and fired with all the ardour and fervor of stirring addresses by Dr. Schmitt and Prof. Straub, had stopped to labor with the mixer in Obak's notorious dive. This individual by the way, is reputed to be farthest sunk in the depths of any of his profession, as attested by his growing corpulency and crimsoning nose. Just when their work was being crowned with success and the kneeling and repentant bartender had weepingly promised to abjure his past life and never again lead anyone into the paths of temptation or colic by the Red Tame Cherry route, Registrar Tiffany's grieved and startled glance was detected around the corner of the Imperiales picture. A moment later the phone rang imperiously and the registrar's well known commanding tones asked for the three university men.

It was truly a dramatic moment. Laboring as they were with pious zeal, they instantly realized their presence might have been misinterpreted.

Mr. Whiteman took the phone, and though constantly interrupted by his fellow-workers, falteringly defended the three against the accusation that they were leading double lives, or had ever been near the Luckey-Kelly resort at Springfield. After the defendants had tearfully promised to find alibis and to appear before the faculty committee for investigation, the line was cut off and the young disciples of Chapin went sadly home, reflecting that goodness in this world is often misinterpreted.

The perpetrator of the hoax has not as yet been apprehended.

In a dissertation on the Caufield-Henderson nuptials, Brick Michael remarked, "There was just one hitch in the whole ceremony."

"THE LEFT-OVERS"

Our editor, Mason, with kind intent, Offered as "assistant" to print my name.
If a plausible yarn I could invent, Written in poetry, I now do the same.

But here let me pause in my tale to relate, Of the four-forty's delay in its schedule time.
"Something wrong with the couplings," I heard them state, And it didn't pull out till five-twenty-nine.

But as I gazed at the left-over train Strolling two by two up the street, A comparison filtered my clumsy brain, The "coupling" there was quite complete.

And a question rose that would not be downed, Can you stumble on the explanation?
Just what did they mean when they told around That "they stayed to improve their education."

Was it "study" or "steady" that held them here?
Was it the learning gleaned from books?
In the verses which follow, the answer is clear,
They study their steady—in mill-race nooks.

They startled up the street by two and twos.
No, stop! I have written that wrong. For 'twas not two by Tooze—but Grady by Tooze,
And Jane with Carl strolled along.

Wilma and Harold are still to be seen
At the nickle-odes each day,
And we often catch glimpses of Homer and Jean,
As they study—the mill-race way.

Agnes, they tell me, is following Columbus
In discovering and claiming New Lands,
But really there are a very few of us
Who seek the library with books in our hands.

But after a little useless perusing, I see Merle and Barzee leave the place
And get a canoe which no one is using,
Then paddle off up the race.

There are several young buds—lately out
In the midst of this garden of love,
Who soon will be classed as "cases," no doubt,
Then I'll list them as I have the above.

Thursday night the dorm gave a dance
And several spring cases were shown,
There were couplings that merely were chance,
And others in a class of their own.

Bagley stooped to conquer, not Sap, but Herman,
Miss Wagner with Bedford attended, Ruth Beach with Shattuck, and Bradshaw with Ann,
If I've left you out, don't be offended.

For my mind is quite "on the blink," My interest in others has flown,
The cause you might guess, if you think.
You see—I've a case of my own.

Earl Latourette was hurt Tuesday night. When found, he was in a delirious condition, playing on an imaginary mandolin and singing "After the Brawl is Over."

SOCIETY LIONS ALL COMBINE IN CHORUS EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT

EMERALD'S SOCIETY EDITOR IS ORIGINAL HAIRLOCK SHOMES ON BUTTERFLY LIFE

DEBUTANTES BUTT INTO THE LIMELIGHT

Balls, Picnics, and Parties Entertain Both Leftovers and Those Who Have Hangovers.

The Delta Sigma boys gave a lawn fete on the rolling green in front of their new chapter lodge. The evening was spent quietly with "I Spy" and "London's Bridge." Delightful refreshments of Siskiyou water and lady fingers were served. Miss Maris poured. Jamison, Chandler and Main acted as chaperons.

The Kappa Sigs attended the open air masse Tuesday evening. All had a ripping time. However, Ted Holmes, who failed to return to college this year on account of sore eyes, complained of the distance of the coop from the stage. Fen Waite complained because some rough person insisted on dropping peanuts down his back.

Thursday night the Dormitory boys entertained with one of their notorious vacation struggles. Compared with former like affairs, the dance was a success, few being seriously hurt. Shin guards were given as favors.

The Sigma Nus entertained extensively at bridge during the past week. Ben Chandler acted as host. Among the guests were George Lingenfelter, Rex Turner, Bill Main, George Marsden, and Claud Still. Chandler and Lingenfelter carried away honors.

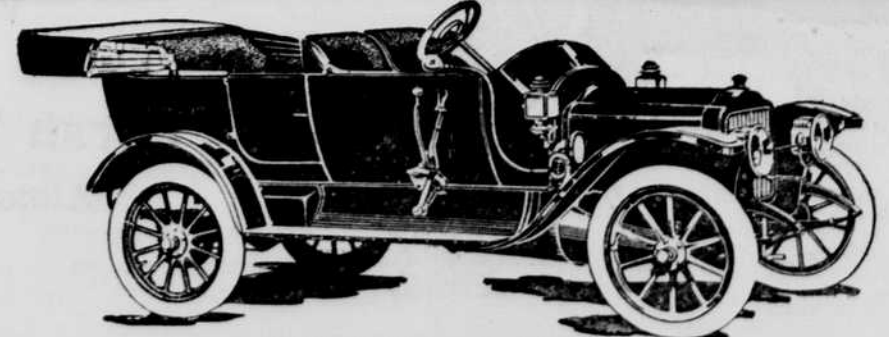
The A. T. O's entertained the Betas with a dinner party during vacation. Troughs were laid for eight couples. During the soup course Hendershott's orchestra was employed in a vain attempt to drown the noise.

In return for the breakfast enjoyed at the Rathskeller at Eleventh and Alder, the Sigma Chis entertained the Kappa Sigmas with a dinner Thursday evening. The table was simply and tastefully decorated with a huge mass of Roseburger blossoms. As a novelty of the entertainment, fancy dress was indulged in. Most of those present affected rain coats and ulsters.

Clarice Walls, the popular debutante, was tendered a lemon shower by a number of his co-ed friends on the campus. Dame Rumor has it that Clarice is soon to be married. Society is on the qui vive to know who the popular fiasco may be.

The Kappa Sigs gave a decolette golf party on their lawn last week. Claud Still and George Marsden displayed very good form. Owing to the timely interference of the police and the neighbors, the contest was never decided.

Bob Bradshaw discovered a man carrying a rather large sized package down Eleventh street last night. The man accosted him thusly: "Where dosh Jim Roberts live?" Bob explained: "Why man, you're Jim Roberts yourself." Jimmy replied: "I know, but where dosh he live?"



Barney Oldfield Dickson's New Road Louse.