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news

The Green Leaf

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Infant Edition C. C. News

WHY, OH WHY!

"Why are we green?" the Freshman said

And heaved a hefty sigh.

"Can't we be pink, or peacock blue,

Look fresh, and still get by?"

"That I can't tell," the cabbage cried

As it fell upon her head.

We'll never know that sort of things

'Till after we are dead."

—
In Dead Seriousness Tho!—

You would not think of living in a community where there was no newspaper.

Here is your college newspaper. Subscribe to it. Come across with 100 per cent.

—
Mr. Jensen, in American Lit.:

"Miss X, can you tell us something of Benjamin Franklin's after life?"

Nay, nay. And has it come to pass that we must commune with the unknown to answer the queries of our instructors?

THE VISION.

I saw them in the daytime

And in the dead of night.

I laughed when I was sober

And cried when I was tight.

Those Freshmen with their locks all bound

Aloft with ribbon green

Were just the cutest bunch of kids

That eye has ever seen.

—
'Twas the first day of college. Two young women entered a room where some faculty were sitting. They looked around with such an air of question that an upper classman, believing them to be new faculty, said, very cordially, "May I introduce you to the rest of the faculty?"

Newcomers, much disturbed—"Why! We're only Freshmen!"

THE WHIFFEN POOFEN.

Did you ever hear of the whiffen poofen?

Who's been hovering around for a number of years

And has been the cause of both joys and tears?

Such a strange, little fellow—this whiffen poofen.

He's sure to appear wherever you go, Like the Helly-did, from the River of Doubt,

The I-Told-You-So Bug with the long, crooked snout,

And the Exchama-cat, Don't You Know?

Now the Pollyanna Bird is his eldest brother,

A Billiken's smile goes from ear to ear,

And the long-eared monk-bat, I-Repeat-What-I-Hear,

Is his cousin's sixth wife's third step-mother.

This young old creature's quite weird, you're thinking

He's a charming fellow, and flies with his ears,

He never has need of changing his gears,

And his beady red eyes are always a-winking.

Now you'll know who's to blame when The math won't come right; or you start a fire

In Chem: or all unknown to yourself you arouse the ire

Of your prof. Don't "cuss!" It's the whiffen poofen.

P. D. Q.

—
Roommates!!

Don't buy your *News* together.

Think how awful if

When you both figured

In a Story

You wanted to cut

It out,

And send it home to Mother, or Bill.

METAMORPHOSIS.

I looked

And saw a heaving sea
Of vivid, shaded green.

I gasped

And rubbed my eyes
And looked again, unseen.

"T'was chapel

And a verdant bow
Bedecked each Freshman's bean.

B. BRAINIE.

DINING HALL

In an attempt to make dinner a more formal, dignified, and enjoyable meal than it has been, Senior or Junior hostesses are now assigned to each table in the dining hall. These girls gather at their table representatives of all four classes so that all the girls may come to know each other. Before dinner, a short hymn is sung as a blessing and any one arriving after the blessing is barred from entering, for the entrance of late-comers would spoil the dignity of the meal. So far, altho the noise is still distressing at times, for our dining room is crowded and the ceiling is low, the plan has worked out with admirable success, and with every one pulling together, dinner will soon become the meal we would like it to be.

PRESS BOARD.

A press board whose function will be to report college happenings for newspapers throughout the state and country, is now being formed. The press board will act as censor of all articles written by students for this purpose and anyone interested or already engaged in such work should attend the meetings which are now being held to make plans for the board.

What is going to become of the dining-hall when it comes to the point that Freshmen refuse to drink water unless it is ice water, demand a separate plate for salad and refuse to keep their forks for dessert?

One Freshman to another: "Did you hear that there is a Council meeting to-night? I wonder if we have to go to that?"

FOR SALE!

Two Curtains of different colored cretonne.

One Book-rack—quaintly carved (?)

Three Pillows—very used.

One set of Chemistry Notes with artistic drawings.

One liberally red-inked set of Freshman Themes. A SENIOR.

Freshman No. 1 to Freshman No. 2, who is assiduously testing the emergency bell in Winthrop: "Don't do that or you'll have Carmela Anastasia after you." Freshman No. 2: "Carmela Anastasia? Oh! You mean the big colored maid?"

Two Freshmen were walking home after their classes, and saw another girl just ahead of them, so to be sociable, they said: "Hello! you there ahead, don't you want to walk down with us? We are talking about our classes and we find that we have French 1-2 together. Are you taking it, too?"

Miss Berg (giggling): "I am not taking, but giving it!"

Freshman to Upperclassmen: "Who is that man in New London Hall with whiskers?"

Upperclassman: "Oh, you mean Mr. Townson, the engineer, or perhaps the Captain, who is the Janitor."

Freshman: "But he did not look like a Janitor."

Another Upperclassman: "Oh, you mean Dr. Wells!"

Time: September 19.

Place: New London Station.

Member of Welcome Committee (approaching a possible suspect):

"Are you a Freshman?"

Suspect: "No, but I've just brought my daughter here to be one."

News is News

And the best News

Is to buy your own News.

Upperclassmen should speak of the faculty by their last names when addressing Freshmen so that mistakes like the following will not occur: Freshman to Mr. Selden: "Will it be perfectly all right for me to join your art class, Mr. Bill?"