

# OH! THOSE SHOCKING PRANKS OF VASSAR'S "NAUGHTY-SIX"

How Miss Betty McLure Went Down in Her "Nightie" to Open the College Gates at Midnight to Belated Chums in Her "Cousin's" Auto; How Mary Dimmock Went and "Peached" to the Faculty and How There Grew Up a Fierce College Feud When the Three Culprits Were Suspended.



HERE you have the story of the great auto-commencement feud within and without the Class of "Naughty-Six" wherein the Highbrows were arrayed against the Lowbrows, even down to the least of the Sophomore Highbrows from Massachusetts and the tiniest of the pretty Freshman Lowbrows from the Mississippi River Valley.

May a Senior Lowbrow go down to the college gates at midnight in her "nightie," and admit thoughtless sister Lowbrows who have been skylarking in an automobile until after hours?

May a Highbrow—Senior, Junior, Sophomore or Freshman—"peach" to the faculty on such doings, laying stress on the "nightie," all to the great humiliation and peril of Lowbrows whose only fault was the natural thoughtlessness of Lowbrows, the said Lowbrows at Vassar being invariably pretty and full of the joy of life, while the Highbrows are merely intellectual?

These were the burning questions over which the intellectual Highbrows and the pretty Lowbrows strove with might and main for weeks on the campus. In consequence of which the Class of "Naughty-Six" has become a victim of a wretched double entendre. It is not true that this year's class is particularly and especially "Naughty," any more than were "Naughty-five," "Naughty-four," and so on back to "Naughty-naught," which was the happy invention of a senior Lowbrow to get away from the awkwardness of the "Naughty-naught," or the "Double Naught" of the last class year of the century.

Now hear the sounds of the feud on the campus:

"Hi! there goes Betty McLure. Poor Betty! It's a shame!"

"That's merely your opinion, Miss Freshy Lowbrow."

The Honor of Alma Mater.

"My opinion is as good as yours, Miss Sophy Highbrow."

"Ah, Miss Lowbrow, so you approve of Vassar Seniors promulgating the grounds at midnight in their nighties?"

"Certainly, it is a good cause. It's no worse than the Highbrow practice of 'peaching' to the faculty."

"What shocking thieves' patter you use! Besides, you have no regard for discipline, nor for the honor of your Alma Mater."

"If the honor of your Alma Mater is impugned, it will be due to this Highbrow habit of 'peaching' about trifles."

"Trifles! Do you call it a trifle to foist a dummy 'cousin' on the faculty? A 'cousin' who lends you his auto, in which

you visit a dreadful peachhouse for luncheon—a peachhouse that the Grand Jury had to sit on!"

"Now, that's just like the Highbrow version. I happen to know that Betty McLure never reads the newspapers. How was she to know that the Savoy was not the proper sort of place?"

"A puerile evasion of the main issue," declared the honor Highbrow in mathematics.

Defence of such conduct betokens a low estimate of the great cause of education," murmured the honor Highbrow in English literature.

The Awful Habit of "Peaching."

PIQUANT LOWBROW (between bites at a caramel)—Oh, shut up! You talk like Mary Jordan Dimmock.

PETITE LOWBROW (who wears dainty French heels and open-work stockings)—Mary Jordan Dimmock—that hated name! 'Twas she who "peached"!

AUSPITIOUS HIGHBROW—You must remember that Mary Jordan Dimmock is President of the Students' Association; that's the highest honor that can be won in this world or the next.

P. L. (with refined savagery)—Too bad her father happens to be one of the college trustees.

SIX PRETTY LOWBROWS (in chorus)—She "peached," she "peached!" She got poor Betty suspended!

MISS HIGHBROW (reassuming)—Let the rest of you take warning. Elizabeth McLure pretended to have a cousin who loaned her his automobile. In that automobile she, her sister, Geneva, and Sarah Murdock simply lived. They were always tearing around the country, scaring the farmers' wives and chickens and cows into spasms. No other girl here had an automobile, and—thank heaven!—no dummy cousin.

MISS LOWBROW (clapping her plump little hands)—Oh, it's too good to keep! That cousin isn't a dummy, at all. I happen to know he's the handsomest chap from the swiftest New York colony in New Jersey. Betty is so fond of him that they're going to get married some time. (Sensation among pretty Lowbrows; intellectual Highbrows sniff.)

MISS L. (freshening)—It was the meanest trick to get her suspended just before commencement.

And a Wee Small Cold Bottle.

MISS H.—She was out after hours in that auto.

MISS L.—She returned before the gates were closed.

MISS H. (freelighting)—But her companions in crime didn't! And at midnight she went down in nothing but her nightie to let them in.

MISS L.—I call her conduct noble, heroic! One of the girls was her sister, wasn't it? Mary Jordan Dimmock and the Students' Association compared with one's family or stupid old Vassar itself! Betty McLure is a trump!

MISS H. (snarling herself up haughtily)—Link nothing of it! Link nothing of it! Of course there are young girls, belonging to a certain class of families, who

gratulation tissue with subsequent shivers and a few drops of sweat. The scar is present but hidden away, and if I may quote, "What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve."

"It is of the greatest importance that we should grasp where the place. The apex of the upper lip at once retreats and becomes wrinkled, cutting inward and outward according to the region of the incision. The apex of the lower lip takes, as a general rule, a conical form. In the case of the nose by some underlying reason, the angle of which the lip should be held on only be learned by practice. The skin, as a rule, will give five or six mil-

limes, or about a quarter of an inch. Snap, but in addition at least as much fat flap, except, of course, when the fat is excessive. Fat makes firm, rapid union, and is, therefore, of considerable importance.

Sometimes I secure the wound by placing across a few strips of China silk and cohesion, at others by merely placing cohesion on the curved or flat glass dressing. When the glass is pressed flat the exact position of the flap can be seen at a glance. I prefer glass to celluloid or mica because it is rigid, a matter of importance when applying pressure. In all probability excellent results will be obtained in a few other ways.

With regard to pressure, it should be slight for the first few days, then gradually increased. Whenever rigid dressing is placed over the wound it should be covered by a large pad of wool. If no rigid dressing is used and in all probability a contracted condition of the flap will result. Sooner than allow a wound to heal in bad position I would always break it down and begin again.



MISS GENEVA  
McLURE



MISS SARAH  
MURDOCK  
of  
IRONTON, O.



MISS BETTY  
McLURE  
WHEELING  
W. VA.

from hugging each other and crying. "Bah, rah!"

MISS L. (Continuing)—And when the auto came chugging down the road a little before midnight, think how brave and generous it was of Betty McLure to save her ever-enthusiastic companions from the penalty of their indiscretion! Think

ruined the worthy battle. But day after day it was resumed, nearly always the Pretty Lowbrows gaining an advantage over the staid Highbrows.

Elizabeth McLure, of Wheeling, W. Va., small, dainty, pleasure loving was a general favorite with the Lowbrows. No one denies that she went out in an automobile after chapel without permission; that she lunched with two girls and two young men without permission; that all returned into.

No one denies that Miss Dimmock, hearing of the episode, reported it to the faculty. Miss McLure was suspended for two weeks, pending a decision whether she, being a senior, was entitled to a diploma. Her companions were suspended indefinitely. It is doubtful whether they will ever return to the college.

But as commencement day drew nearer, they, Betty McLure became a sore center. Should she be finally expelled or should she not? A thousand times was the battle fought on the campus. A thousand times was the engagement declared a draw.

In the contest temperament played a large part. Girls like Elizabeth McLure fond of the lighter pleasures of life, arrayed themselves behind her standard. The heavy browed, austere girls, with thoughts of a career, who talked much of singleness of aim, were supporters of Mary Dimmock.

An Embarrassing Commencement.

Miss McLure had broken the rules. By breaking the rules she had lowered the standards and injured the reputation of that proud body, the Students' Association. For the sake of the Students' Association Miss McLure's diploma and Miss McLure's happiness must be sacrificed, was the view of the graver students.

"It's a shame. Poor Betty! She didn't mean any harm," was the view of the livelier ones.

So was Vassar divided into two camps. So was commencement day also bickering day. And even when it was announced that the faculty, moved by Betty's tears, had relented and bestowed upon her a diploma, the discussion went on. Girls frowned at girls over ribbon-tied papers that were to be read amid great applause. Girls in white, lace trimmed, longed to thrust out their tongues at girls in white organdie, trimmed with ribbons.

And Betty sitting a little apart from the others, looking somewhat pale and heavy eyed, but mildly triumphant, was conscious of the war of glances and the storm of emotions. So, too, was Mary Jordan Dimmock.

It was noticeable that the fireworks spoken on class day were not so general as usual, and that at the class dinner a girl of the McLure camp looked uncomfortable if her chair happened to be next to that of a Dimmock adherent. If by chance an advocate of the Dimmock course was seated in the midst of an aggregation of McLureites she straightway lost her appetite.

It was the greatest battle in the history of Vassar. In the unwritten history of the college it is known as the War of Venus and Minerva. And the result—"Venus Victrix."

We shall see whether Miss McLure is allowed to graduate!

"We shall see that you and the faculty and Mary Jordan Dimmock all put together can't keep a girl like Betty McLure from graduating!"

And then a call to recitations interrupted the merry little spread.

The Notorious Savoy, Where the Madcaps Had the Merry Little Spread.

of what she risked in going down at that hour alone, on her own responsibility, to open the gates!

CHORUS OF PRETTY LOWBROWS (With enthusiasm)—And in nothing but her nightie, her nightie, her nightie—oh, in nothing but her nightie, as all of us agree!

MISS H. (Drawing away her skirts)—Perfectly shocking!

"Oh, yes, WE know; you'd have Betty McLure expelled!"

"Indeed, I would!"

"Of course, you would. You're a girl after Mary Jordan Dimmock's own heart!"

Some Retorts Discourteous.

"And it appears you're a girl after this Betty McLure's own heart!"

"At least Betty has a heart!"

"The kind I'd rather not have, thank you!"

"Don't worry; you're safe!"

"You can make yourself extremely disagreeable, Miss Lowbrow!"

"Miss Highbrow, probably you can't help being excessively peiggish!"

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CHORUS OF PRETTY LOWBROWS—Oh, hear that Vassar yell, when we hear the dinner bell, three times a day!

And Chicken à la Maryland.

MISS L. (continuing)—And when her cousin (from New Jersey) talked about chicken à la Maryland, with bacon and corn pone, not to mention a wee small cold bottle—(Sensation among the pretty Lowbrows, suppressed with difficulty) why she just naturally fell. Can you blame her for not noticing how tempus fugit?

(Pretty Lowbrow cries of "No, no!" Highbrows severely repressing in countenance and manner. Well, I'm not ashamed to confess that I can understand how Betty neglected to look at the clock until it was nearly 7. I can understand, too, how, when Betty rushed for a car to get back before the gates closed, her sister and Sarah Murdock simply snapped their fingers and demanded more chicken à la Maryland—and just one more wee cold one.

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## A Wonderful New Surgery That Will Leave No Ugly Scars.

MAKING a fine art out of surgery is the latest development of that science, which, nowadays, saves so many lives at a minimum cost of anxiety and pain. Most persons afflicted in a way that only an operation can remedy, are glad enough to be restored to health, and probably give little thought to probable disfigurement.

But even this comparatively small disadvantage has inspired Dr. J. L. A. Aymard, a noted hospital surgeon of London, England, to experiments which have proved that surgical scars are unnecessary. He finds that it all depends on the manner in which the incision through the skin is made. His own description of his scarless method is reprinted here from the London Lancet:

"My new method of skin division consists of the simple operation of dividing it upon the skin in contradistinction to the present method of dividing the same at right angles to the surface. My idea, though

new by design, is by accident of very ancient origin. There are few of us who have not on our person some example, however small, of this cut through the skin upon the slant. Such a cut, if extensive, generally presents a somewhat lumpy appearance, due to contraction and very often a smooth mark at the line of junction. It is a skilled application of the principle which gives results entailing such a heading as appears to this article.

"The reason why a cut through the skin upon the slant and subjected to properly applied pressure heals so perfectly is not far to see. Contact is perfect and the greater the pressure within limits the better it is. I have proved beyond doubt granulation growth can be controlled by pressure, and was, therefore, not in the least surprised to get such good results from this new incision. The ordinary procedure of healing proceeds as usual, but

granulation tissue with subsequent shivers and a few drops of sweat. The scar is present but hidden away, and if I may quote, "What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve."

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