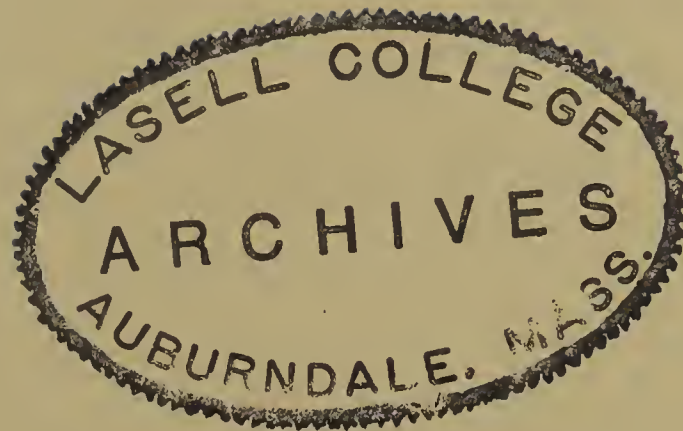



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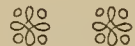
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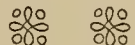


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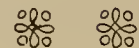
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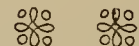
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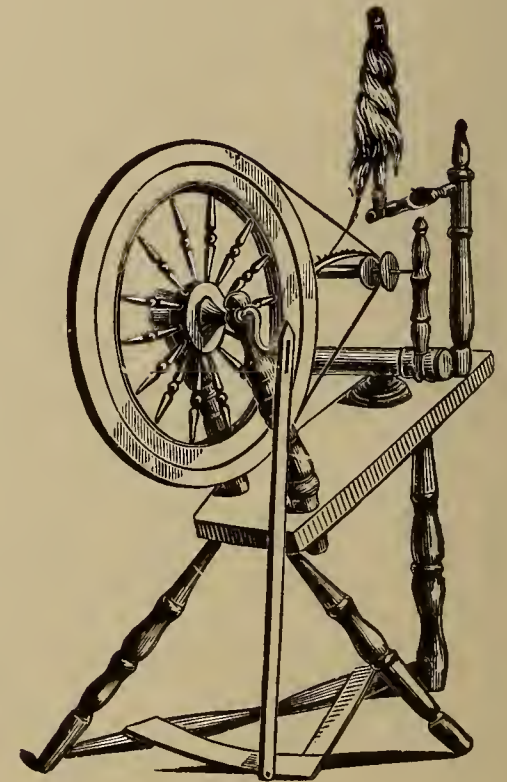
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A L L E R L E I



VOLUME II

AUBURNDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

1892



1851.



1892.



Dedication.



THIS to the memory of the last year's class,
Who, being found most utterly unable
To edit one themselves, we dedicate,
We consecrate with tears our "Allerlei."





Ninety-three



NOT FAST OR SLOW
BUT
ALWAYS ON TIME.





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Preface.



TWO years have passed since our fore-goers embarked on the daring enterprise of issuing an Annual. We were then in our infancy, having the characteristics pertaining to that stage of existence,—simplicity, gentleness, and a profound reverence for seniors; in fact, we were Freshmen. We gazed upon the glorious result of our noble Juniors' loyally united efforts, and scarcely dared go beyond gazing; the work was a masterpiece, and we would seem to defile it by the touch of our hands. But they told us we must follow their example, some day; and in very terror each one cast about in her mind for some one thing which she might drop, and so make her no longer a member of that doomed class.

However, the next year found us Sophomores, and although not deserving of those attributes usually assigned to the "omniscient Soph.," yet we were older, and naturally more wise. We could not but watch with interest the benign countenances of our present noble Senior class as they started in on the *magnum opus* of the Junior year. We sympathized with them inwardly, though they seemed in little need of it. Gradually, however, the expression faded, and gave place to one of fast-increasing agony as they found that they were utterly unable to accomplish the task. The second Annual did not appear; and do you think our sympathy was theirs any longer? No, it vanished, and was replaced by a different feeling; but then and there was formed in the minds of a few undergraduates a purpose to do or die.

And so, in this year, eighteen hundred ninety-two, we bring before you the second number of the JALLERLEI, hoping that you will take time, consider our youth and inexperience, and then pronounce your verdict. We realize that many improvements might be made, and many faults corrected: we will do this, if you will give us another chance by letting us off leniently this time.

In our jokes, if there be any, we have tried to deal with all alike, so that no one may feel himself overlooked if his weak points are not brought out where he can look at them calmly as his neighbors do, and in every case the individual should feel honored by the very mention.

Our Alma Mater has her weak points, — what fond mother has not? — and if the few are shown, they only reveal the multitude of strong ones the more clearly. We have sought to represent each department faithfully, and hope that in our preoccupation none have been omitted.

Let us express our gratitude to all those who have so kindly aided us in our enterprise by their encouragement and labor, for without them we were powerless to accomplish our mission.

And now we send out our little book, asking you to take it as it is, not criticising it before you read it, while we prepare to seek our reward, — a rest. As our predecessors advised, we began early in the year, have worked night and day, and kept a stiff upper lip. To those who do not think this may prove wearing, we would say, “Try it, and report the results.” What remains of our weary frames bids you all, readers, farewell.





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- SEPTEMBER 17. "Forced from their home a melancholy train."
SEPTEMBER 19. Decision of Faculty that no study needed for such bright minds.
SEPTEMBER 22. Wanted — Bass voices for chorus classes.
SEPTEMBER 23. Annual "choice bits" retailed in chapel for benefit of new girls.
SEPTEMBER 29. Sister Plummer hates "here."



- OCTOBER 2. "Old well" viewed at Newport.
OCTOBER 4. Muscles enlarged while you wait.
OCTOBER 15. Saw nurse of "Baby McKee."
NOVEMBER 4. One invitation received for the wedding on Nov. 18, '91.
NOVEMBER 12. Junior Lit. class studying. *Miss* "Pippa passes."

- NOVEMBER 18. Lessons given on how to boil water.
NOVEMBER 19. After this date chapel exercises to come directly after dinner.
NOVEMBER 24. Usual amount of turkey devoured.
DECEMBER 6. Was Sunday.



DECEMBER 7. Girls learned that a minor is a man working in a mine.

DECEMBER 10. Favored by Tech. Glee and Banjo Clubs.

DECEMBER 21. Holiday of two weeks began.

DECEMBER 25. Xmas.



JANUARY 6. Ground damp around the Sem.

JANUARY 12. Helen Medsker answered a question in Trigonometry.

JANUARY 17. "Old man" was present in the studio.

JANUARY 29. Last law lecture given this P.M.

FEBRUARY 5. School-year half gone.

FEBRUARY 14. St. Valentine's Day.

FEBRUARY 22. Sale of fancy dress costumes.

FEBRUARY 27. Lasellia's attended the S. D.'s irregular meeting.

FEBRUARY 28. Favorite date of one of the Seniors.

MARCH 5. Jobs requested for benefit of the heathen.

MARCH 11. Juniors made aware of their "contemptable" conduct.

MARCH 19. Seniors appeared in their caps and gowns.

MARCH 24. James was here.

MARCH 27. Prof. of Chemistry appeared in new role of "Bonnie Scotch Laddie."



MARCH 31. The great S. S. came into existence.

APRIL 1. That fatal leap.*

APRIL 2. Annual game dinner.

APRIL 3. Lady Somerset spoke to the girls in chapel.

APRIL 7. Seniors and Juniors given a reception by the Faculty.

APRIL 13. Delightful concert in the Gym.

APRIL 14. Misses Wells and Hogg walked to Boston.

APRIL 30. Gym. closed.



MAY 1. Little Currier went to church.

MAY 12. It rained.

MAY 13. Annual fish dinner?

MAY 15. Grand stock-clearance sale.

* For explanation see "chained gang."





CLASSES





“How green you are and fresh in this old world!”





Freshman Class.



MOTTO: *Palma non sine labore est.*

CLASS COLORS: BLACK AND ORANGE. CLASS FLOWER: OX-EYE DAISY.

LOTTIE C. EDDY, *President.*

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.
GRACE L. ALLEN	Omaha, Neb.	52	CAROLYN E. GILMAN	Marshalltown, Ia.	66
ALICE ANDREESEN	Omaha, Neb.	52	BERTHA A. LILLIBRIDGE	Minneapolis, Minn. . . .	Annex
CARRIE E. BATCHELDER	South Boston, Mass.		MARIE McDONALD	St. Joseph, Mo.	25
SARA A. BOND	Clifondale, Mass.	6	ELLA SHELDON	Hamberg, N.J.	11
K. BELLE BRAGDON	Auburndale, Mass.		SIBYL H. SPAULDING	Auburndale, Mass.	
UNA COLE	Chester, Ills.	45	CARRIE L. STEEL	Portland, Ore.	59
MATTIE S. DEARDORFF	Kansas City, Mo.	57	CARRIE W. VAN SICKLE	North River, N.Y.	8
ELLA M. EDDY	Bay City, Mich.	36	WILLIE A. STOWE	Galveston, Tex.	24
LOTTIE C. EDDY	Bay City, Mich.	38	LOUISE C. WHITNEY	Bay City, Mich.	40

FRESHMAN HISTORY.



WE, the class of '95, have been requested to relate our history; but we consider that the class, like the nation, is happiest that has no history.

We were from the beginning a very enterprising class, so that thus far we can boast our course marvellously free from any serious mistakes. We bespeak the veracity of our motto, *Palma non sine labore est*, and we *might* mention one instance in which this was proved: after having spent the previous evening in a more hilarious manner than usual, and therefore not having prepared our history as was our custom, we were next day honored with a visitor. But on account of our extreme modesty — being abashed by the sight of a stranger rather than on account of our diligence in preparing the lesson — we were unable to recite.

The talents and achievements of the various members of our class are entirely too numerous to mention individually, but we will give a general idea of '95 in this modern poetic creation:

Her eyes are dark and bright.

Her mother, too, has taught her

To smile and talk polite.

And she has many virtues,

Which isn't hard to see;

And so the girl of '95

Is just the girl for me.

About '95 we may say further, that she is up, way up, in physical culture, and is graceful as well as athletic, and well disciplined; for has she not four officers in the battalion, besides her well-trained privates? who, we doubt not, if they should be led forth in battle against the army of grinders who daily assail us with a medley comprising "Annie Rooney," "McGinty," "Comrades," and other of the latest selections, would rout the enemy and return with flying colors.

At our annual class reception we received the outer world in a manner so affable and gracious, that by our tact the occasion was rendered such that it will never be obliterated from the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be present.

Our class flower, the daisy, is well chosen and peculiarly suited to us, in that its pure beauty expresses innocence, and that it, like us, springs from all points of the compass; and thus when we shall return to our homes we shall inspire all future generations of school girls, whom we chance to meet, by our artlessness and grace into following in our footsteps, so that after they have entered the hallowed walls of Lasell, and have made themselves masters of art, language, and science, they will graduate with all honor to themselves, and going forth into the world will impart the brilliancy bequeathed them by us to all posterity.

Thus shall our name become famous, and we at last shall have a history.





“His years but young, but his experience old.”





Sophomore Class.



MOTTO: *Non nobis solum sed omnibus.*

CLASS COLORS: WHITE AND GOLD. CLASS FLOWER: DAISY.

HELEN BOULLT MEDSKER, *President.*

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LOTTIE F. APPEL	Denver, Col.	64	L. MABEL SAWYER	Auburndale, Mass.	
L. MABEL CASE	South Manchester, Conn.	4	HARRIET G. SCOTT	Wyoming, Ill.	28
DAISY E. CURTIS	Medfield, Mass.	24	REBECCA C. SHEPHERD . . .	Auburndale, Mass.	
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LOTTA J. PROCTOR	Waterville, Me.	76			

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.



WE are the class of '94. The charming innocence of our freshman days we have left behind us; we have triumphantly passed through every ordeal and have at last risen to the dignity of Sophomores, the acme of all our hopes and ambitions. For the Juniors are a little lower than the Seniors, and the Senior, although now she may seem to be on the, to us, unattainable heights of bliss, will soon cease to exist. And to be a soulless Freshman whose brain, like the geometrical solid o'er which she daily pores, is "a limited portion of space" — but we have passed that stage of our existence and now class it among the memories of the painful past. We have always been noted for the unusual size of our cerebellum, and, consequently, are the delight of our teachers and the community at large. Our brilliancy, although at all times wonderful, is shown to a marked degree in Bible class, where, at the request of our instructor, we draw such a map showing the location of the seven cities of Asia Minor as would cause even a member of the Royal Geographical Society to wonder. In trigonometry our mental ability is also displayed, and since we are now studying higher mathematics we, in regard to all lower branches, follow St. Paul's example — "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." But in Latin our knowledge is unsurpassed, for not even the Horace class has so many members as we that daily read "at sight" the appointed lesson.

All lives have clouds as well as sunshine, and the most cloudy days in ours are those on which we recite Physics; but as we amble forth from the subterranean laboratory, weary and worn,

The sweetly solemn thought
Comes to us o'er and o'er,
We're nearer through our physics' course
Than we've ever been before.

But now, having spoken of the less æsthetic of our duties, we mention English, — last, but not by any means least; for in this latter study we excel all previous records, not only in our knowledge of theories, but indeed in our natural ability. For all know that the poet is born, not made; and did we not each compose a poem so unique in construction and so entirely different from any previously known in the annals of American literature that it caused great surprise and pleasure, and also some unseemly mirth, when read in our class? And we doubt not that these productions would be duly appreciated by the world at large, were they but once made public.

Even from our infancy we have been fastidious in our tastes, and our artistic tendencies are shown in the selection of our class colors. Elephant's-breath and dragon's-blood were rejected with scorn, and even green and purple, although an entirely new combination, were too commonplace for us, so finally white and gold were unanimously chosen as symbolic of our purity and worth. The great popularity of our class is not to be questioned, for there is not a club or society in which we have no representatives, even to the small and select εὔρη' club, in which one of our members is prominent. Although we have not studied the history of art, as have our learned Seniors, yet we flatter ourselves that in a few cases we are better connoisseurs of the masterpieces of our great artists than they. To show that we are not presuming in the estimation of our own ability we record one little incident, in which a Senior gazing with enraptured eye upon Rosa Bonheur's perfect picture "Lion and Lioness" exclaimed to one of our brilliant Sophomores, "Why, I didn't know a tiger was a female lion!" We will draw the curtain while the Sophomore smiles audibly. And now we will look forward and see that in the years to come, when we shall hear of the mighty achievements of the various members of our class, we shall say with pardonable pride, "I knew that girl; she was a member of our Sophomore class." For

" Some men are born great,
Some men achieve greatness,
And some men have greatness thrust upon them."

To the first division we all belong.



“I’ll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.”





Junior Class.



MOTTO: *Not finished, but begun.*

CLASS COLOR: BLOOD-RED AND GOLD. CLASS FLOWER: JACQUEMINOT ROSE.

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Caroline Carpenter,

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* Junior Specials.

JUNIOR HISTORY.



*“ We are Seven ”
Plus Five.*

“**A**ND thereby hangs a tale.” In good old story-book style it begins. For once upon a time there arrived a bevy of fair maidens at Lasell. They banded themselves together and chose for their name “The class of '93.” The golden fleece for which they searched must have been hidden away in ponderous books, on extensive maps or charts, in Saratoga trunks or Huyler’s bon-bon boxes, for ’twas over one or the other of these that they pored throughout the days, months, and years. Did they find this treasure for which they sought so diligently, laboring in the light of glorious old Sol all the day long, and though they burned not the midnight oil, by the flickering light of a candle they toiled till the witching hours of night?

Read our answer in the dog-eared books and the well-worn dictionary on the crowded book-shelf; in the closely written manuscript lying on the table; in the empty boxes, which speak volumes, or in the banjo, which hangs upon the wall; and if they whisper only of midnight feasts and indignation meetings, then seek out our “Guardian Angel.”

“Nothing succeeds like success!” And were not we first in the ranks? The first to tire of that oft-recurring pudding; the first to go on a strike; the first to skate on our heads when out with a skating-party? Indeed, we are so wonderfully spry, that one of our members rose from her bed, hastily arrayed

herself and descended for breakfast — at midnight, having been awakened by the late returners from a Patti concert, and misled into the belief that it was early morning.

Our glory culminated on the nineteenth of March, when we demonstrated by our junior entertainment that “None are so deaf as those who won’t hear,” and that “When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.” We also exhibited to the admiring public the male members of our class. No class here ever accomplished this feat before, and the faculty kindly assures us that no class shall ever be able to repeat it. This alone stamps us as illustrious class-women.

To us is the credit of the first appearance of the Seniors’ caps and gowns, for they graced our entertainment in complete Senior paraphernalia.

Not only as a whole but as individuals are we noteworthy. One of us has appeared as “The living skeleton” in a circus; another, although merely a GARDNER, is the sister of Padderosky; while the sire of a third is the manager of some fair or other in Chicago; a fourth is a NOBLE; and shall we stop SHORT, never to go again?

But why should I enumerate all these trivial matters, when I need only to state that we have surpassed our noble Seniors and have succeeded in publishing the first Annual since the year 1890. In triumph we bring forth the ALLERLEI. For “’tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print; a book’s a book, although there’s nothing in ’t.”





“They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.”





Senior Class.



MOTTO: *True Lives and Earnest.*

CLASS COLORS: WHITE AND APPLE-GREEN. CLASS FLOWER: WHITE CARNATION.

HONORARY MEMBER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

SADIE W. BURRILL *President.*

MARY P. WITHERBEE *Secretary and Treasurer.*

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.
SADIE W. BURRILL	Ellsworth, Me.	42	DESDEMONA MILLIKEN	Decatur, Ill.	Annex
ALICE E. COLE	Chester, Ill.	44	ANNA STALEY	Ottawa, Kan.	27
EDNA M. DICE	Crawfordsville, Ind.	7	JESSIE F. VILAS	Chicago, Ill.	7
ALICE G. DONALLAN	Lynn, Mass.	9	MARY P. WITHERBEE	Laurel, Del.	78
MABEL C. FALLEY	S. Evanston, Ill.	28	JULIA T. WOLFE	St. Joseph, Mo.	23

SENIOR HISTORY.



PROF. — “Who is that yonder with the serene and dignified air, and the brow upon whose broad expanse thought has traced unmistakable characters?”

SOPH. — “Oh, that is one of the Seniors. Do you want to look at her? You may go quite close if you care to, she will not mind, but you must not speak to her. She is saying her *Barbara, Idarent, Darii, Ferio.*”

The Boston University professor bowed his head and tiptoed reverently away.

Behold the Senior class filing in funereal procession into the chapel, clad in the habiliments of—woe, you were about to say, but glancing from the sable of the gowns to the sunshine of the faces you check yourself, and say, of rejoicing, instead. The tumult of the little undergraduates suddenly ebbs to breathless silence as these fair maidens take their places, and even the faculty are somewhat awed by the gloom of that long black front row, till they too, catching a glimpse of the faces, feel relieved.

The world is awaiting in eager impatience the time when they will go forth to illumine her darkness with their light (not lightness). But poor Lasell groans at the thought of her coming loss, and it is vaguely whispered among the girls that with a prudent man’s forethought the principal has planned to open a school in California next year; for to reorganize Lasell after the loss of her most dazzlingly brilliant lights is not to be thought of. The contrast would be too painful; one would constantly be saying with Hamlet “Look here upon this picture, and on this.”

Among the elect number is one wiser than all her teachers, who in coming years will preside as she is now presided over, and teach (to use a new and startling metaphor which the historian has been carefully saving for this occasion) the young idea how to shoot. Another member is soon to preside in a different sort of sphere, where little Scotch thistles will doubtless take the place of the young ideas just now mentioned.

That dark-haired maid near the end of the seat will one day make our America listen with bated breath, as old Greece used to listen in the days when Demosthenes was wont to address her in "plain English;" and the saucy brunette by her side will meanwhile be infusing the fire of her own transcendent genius into the incipient orators whose glorious fortune it will be to be counted among her pupils, so that the torch of eloquence shall burn brightly for years uncounted.

For others new spheres are to be created, as this narrow globe of ours has no place large enough for their greatness. Mars has sent his carriage with a written invitation, and Saturn applied for one of them to make a chemical examination of his rings; but both have been refused. Had they been wedding rings, O Saturn! how many would have been the applicants for your little job! Only the poet remains, whom the faculty have been glad to pay liberally to refrain from writing her inspirations. Some of the class have blessed the school for many years, some for not more than three or four, and still others for only two.

Maine, Massachusetts, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and, yes, actually, little Delaware, have daughters in '92. These gifted young ladies represent almost every branch of industry: music, oratory, literature, teaching, house-keeping, experimental chemistry, and freehand drawing, mastered by persevering and laborious practice in class hours upon the backs of the settees in front of the artist, before whose mind flitted continually but vainly the shadowy image of a wash-basin and sponge, with Miss Carpenter sternly superintending the erasure of these maiden efforts of their genius.

We have tried to tell what this class is and what it can do. Did not limited space forbid, we would go on to tell what it is not and what it cannot do; but the art is long and time is fleeting, and our eager reader must restrain his curiosity until future years have unfolded in its full development the blossom which is barely budding into beauty now, and displayed to the world the complete history of the class of '92.



IRREGULARS.

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.
GEORGIANNA F. ADAMS . . .	Roxbury, Mass. . . .	60	BESSIE L. COMSTOCK . . .	Ivoryton, Conn. . . .	13
AGNES F. ALDRICH . . .	McLean, Ill. . . .	Annex	LAURA R. COMSTOCK . . .	Ivoryton, Conn. . . .	13
GRACIA M. F. BARNHART . . .	Chicago, Ill. . . .	10	JESSIE I. CONNELL . . .	Joliet, Ill. . . .	49
ALICE M. BEAUMONT . . .	East Hartford, Conn. . .	47	GRACE R. COON . . .	Saratoga Springs, N.Y. . .	63
HELEN W. BOSS . . .	San Francisco, Cal. . . .	53	ANNA E. CROCKER . . .	Sheboygan, Wis. . . .	54
ISABEL E. BRONSON . . .	Ottawa, Ont. . . .	29	LOUISE CURRIER . . .	Lynn, Mass. . . .	19
ALLIE B. BROOKS . . .	Owasso, Mich. . . .	61	FRANCES B. DAVENPORT . . .	Elkhart, Ind. . . .	72
EUGENIE E. BURBANK . . .	Whitinsville, Mass. . . .	16	CARRIE H. DOLE . . .	Lebanon, N.H. . . .	Annex
EDNA G. BURDICK . . .	Davenport, Ia. . . .	35	DAISY G. EARLE . . .	Newton, Mass. . . .	
MAE A. BURR . . .	Lincoln, Neb. . . .	48	BESSIE L. EATON . . .	Malden, Mass. . . .	41
CLAIRE A. CHAMBERLIN . . .	Denver, Col. . . .	14	LOUISE M. ELWOOD . . .	Joliet, Ill. . . .	49
JOSEPHINE B. CHANDLER . . .	Malden, Mass. . . .	41	CLARA B. FARQUHAR . . .	Newton, Mass. . . .	19
DOROTHY A. CHAPMAN . . .	Chicago, Ill. . . .	10	ELIZABETH W. FLEMING . . .	Shelbyville, Ind. . . .	70
ELLEN A. CHASE . . .	Walnut Hill, Mass. . . .	70	MARIA T. GAGE . . .	Lacon, Ill. . . .	
MARY LOUISE COLE . . .	Woonsocket, Ill. . . .	61	GERTRUDE I. GLEASON . . .	Council Bluffs, Ia. . . .	57
MAY E. COLLINS . . .	Toledo, Ohio	13	ALICE M. GOODELL . . .	Worcester, Mass. . . .	23

IRREGULARS. — *Continued.*

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.
MARY E. GREENFIELD . . .	Rochester, N.Y.		MARY F. LATHROP . . .	Stafford Springs, Conn. . .	67
GRACE L. GRIFFIN . . .	Springfield, Mass. . . .	62	HELEN M. LORING . . .	Newton Centre, Mass.	
KATHERINE E. HAMILTON . .	Shreveport, La.	22	GRACE E. LOUD	Everett, Mass.	51
MARY P. HANSON	Chicago, Ill.	53	HARRIET LEWIS	Urbana, Ohio	Annex
GEORGINA L. HASKELL . . .	Chicago, Ill.	22	A. EVELYN MASON	Auburn, Me.	47
LAURA M. HAWES	Delaware, Wis.	37	MARY M. MILLER	Bay City, Mich.	40
LESTRA M. HIBBERD	Richmond, Ind.	44	HELEN B. MORRIS	Auburndale, Mass.	
ALICE L. HOLMES	Willimantic, Conn. . . .	58	KATE E. NORMAN	St. Joseph, Mo.	S. D.
FRANCES D. HOLMES	Norristown, Penn. . . .	70	BESSIE PHELPS	Scranton, Penn.	39
PEARL I. HOUSTON	Holyoke, Mass.	61	EDNA M. PLUMMER	Portland, Me.	33
JUNE M. HOYT	Seattle, Wash.	70	EMMA E. PORTER	Newton Centre, Mass.	
LOUISE P. HUBBARD	Wheeling, W. Va.	26	AVA F. RAWLEIGH	Chicago, Ill.	Annex
LYDAY M. HUKILL	Pittsburgh, Penn.	15	M. LUCILE RAY	Champaign, Ill.	9
FLORENCE C. HUNSBERGER . .	New York City	54	FLORENCE RAY	Ottawa, Ont.	29
SARAH H. JACOBUS	Auburndale, Mass.		GRACE A. ROBINSON	West Roxbury, Mass. . .	37
FLORENCE M. KAHN	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Annex	JULIA C. RYAN	Davenport, Ia.	35
ANNA P. KELLOGG	Chicago, Ill.	18	MILDRED A. SAWYER	Calais, Me.	51
SALLIE C. KING	Chicago, Ill.	30	HENRIETTA SCHLIM	Brooklyn, N.Y.	63
HILDA KNOWLES	Missoula, Mont.	11	M. ALMENA SEAGRAVE	Toledo, Ohio	20

IRREGULARS. — *Concluded.*

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.	NAMES.	RESIDENCES.	ROOMS.
MARY SEAMAN	Sheboygan, Wis.	54	MARY F. TUPPER	Auburndale, Mass.	
LOUISE E. SEYBOLT	Scranton, Penn.	39	LOUISE J. VANCE	Urbana, Ohio	65
BEULAH H. SHANNON	Medford, Mass.	8	KATHLEEN E. WALPOLE	Kansas City, Mo.	
FLORENCE L. STEDMAN	Needham, Mass.	20	ANNA WALSTON	Decatur, Ill.	58
HELEN J. STEEL	Portland, Ore.	59	JOSIE H. WEST	Provincetown, Mass.	Annex
MARTHA B. STONE	Omaha, Neb.	15	ALICE G. WHITE	Wethersfield, Conn.	77
EFFIE E. SYMNS	Atchison, Kan.	Annex	EMMA L. WHITE	Wethersfield, Conn.	77
EDITH M. TAYLOR	Haverhill, Mass.	14	RUBY L. WHITNEY	Norwalk, Ohio.	S. D.
LENA M. THAYER	Holyoke, Mass.	61	MARY R. WIGGIN	Malden, Mass.	60
SARAH D. TOWNSEND	St. Joseph, Mo.		ESTELLE B. WILCOX	Clinton, Conn.	S. D.
LILLIE S. TUKEY	Omaha, Neb.	48	FLORENCE C. WYMAN	Bangor, Me.	Town



When Will the Allerlei be Out?

Verb Sap.

IS it not enough vexation,
And likewise tribulation,
To get out a publication,
That will meet the approbation
Of the critics of creation,
Without the old interrogation,
Which will drive to desperation,
Even eds. of inspiration?

As a bit of education
To those seeking information,
We would make asseveration,
That whoe'er of this bonne maison
Does but dare such aggravation,
Will receive just compensation.
Feeling no commiseration,
We shall bind our provocation,

Drag her, howling imprecation,
To the elevator station,
Wishing her a good vacation,
Drop her to her destination.

Do not laugh at this oration,
'93 in desperation,
May inflict much desolation,
Not to say annihilation.

In Memoriam.

MAUDE LUTES,

Class of '92,

DIED JUNE, 1891.

SUSIE KEITH,

DIED NOVEMBER, 1891.

NELLIE PATTERSON JACOBUS,

DIED OCTOBER 26, 1891.

GRACE T. RICHARDSON,

DIED DECEMBER 10, 1891.



Dreha, Plita

Lasellia Club.



ANNIE E. MASON	<i>President.</i>
MOLLIE ST. JOHN TAYLOR	<i>Vice-President.</i>
JUNE M. HOYT	<i>Secretary.</i>
LENA M. THAYER	<i>Treasurer.</i>
BESSIE PHELPS	<i>Critic.</i>
BESSIE L. EATON	<i>Guard.</i>
RUBY L. WHITNEY	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
MARY TULLEYS	
ELLA M. EDDY	

JENNIE M. ARNOLD.

GRACIA M. F. BARNHART.

ALICE M. BEAUMONT.

ALLIE B. BROOKS.

MARY BROTHERTON.

SADIE W. BURRILL.

DOROTHY A. CHAPMAN.

ELLEN A. CHASE.

ALICE E. COLE.

NELLE G. DAVIS.

EDNA M. DICE.

ALICE G. DONALLAN.

CLARA F. EDDY.

LOTTIE C. EDDY.

MABEL C. FALLEY.

ELIZABETH W. FLEMING.

FLORA M. GARDNER.

GERTRUDE I. GLEASON.

MARY P. HANSON.

ALICE L. HOLMES.

PEARL J. HOUSTON.

ANNA P. KELLOGG.

SALLIE C. KING.

GRACE E. LOUD.

MARY M. MILLER.

LUCY S. PINNEY.

AVA F. RAWLEIGH.

GRACE A. ROBINSON.

JULIA C. RYAN.

MILDRED A. SAWYER.

ESTHER SCOLLER.

MARY A. SEAGRAVE.

LOUISE E. SEYBOLT.

GERTRUDE SHERMAN.

IDA O. SHORT.

ANNA STALEY.

EDITH M. TAYLOR.

CARRIE W. VAN SICKLE.

LOUISE C. WHITNEY.

Honorary Member HERBERT L. RICH.



Druck, Photo.

S. D. Society.

Founded 1877.

DESDEMONA MILLIKIN	<i>President.</i>
MARIE McDONALD	<i>Vice-President.</i>
LILLIE S. TUKEY	<i>Secretary.</i>
ANNA E. CROCKER	<i>Treasurer.</i>
KATE E. NORMAN }	<i>Ushers.</i>
MAE A. BURR }	
GRACE L. GRIFFIN	<i>Critic.</i>

GRACE L. ALLEN.	CLARA B. FARQUHAR.	LILLIE M. PACKARD.
JULIA W. ANDERSON.	CAROLYN E. GILMAN.	MARY SEAMAN.
ALICE ANDREESSEN.	ALICE M. GOODELL.	REBECCA C. SHEPHERD.
LOTTIE F. APPEL.	KATHERINE E. HAMILTON.	CARRIE L. STEEL.
HELEN W. BOSS.	GEORGINA L. HASKELL.	HELEN J. STEEL.
K. BELLE BRAGDON.	LESTRA M. HIBBERD.	MATTIE STONE.
EDNA G. BURDICK.	JULIA E. HOGG.	LOUISE J. VANCE.
LAURA M. CASE.	FRANCES HOLMES.	JESSIE F. VILAS.
CLAIRE A. CHAMBERLIN.	LYDAY HUKILL.	ANNA WALSTON.
JESSIE I. CONNELL.	FLORENCE C. HUNSBERGER.	ESTELLE B. WILCOX.
DAISY E. CURTIS.	CARRIE B. JOHNSON.	JULIA T. WOLFE.
MATTIE S. DEARDORFF.	HARRIET LEWIS.	VIRGINIA WYCKOFF.
LOUISE M. ELWOOD.	HELEN B. MEDSKER.	
<i>Honorary Members</i>	MARTHA E. RANSOM, FLORENCE WELLS.	



S. D. Society Banquet.

JUNE 13, 1891.

Mistress of Toasts, MAUD WHITNEY.

TOASTS.

<i>Callers</i>	LUCY ROBERTS.
<i>Grinds</i>	SARA HARVEY.
<i>Lasellia Club</i>	SUE RICHARDS.
<i>The Lasell Girl</i>	EMILY ROWE.

President's Address,
DESDEMONA MILLIKEN.

Response,
NAN PEABODY.

Lasellia Club Banquet.

JUNE 6, 1891.

President's Address,
FLORA GARDNER.

Toast Mistress, ALICE PLATT.

TOASTS.

<i>Old Girls</i>	EDITH GALE.
<i>Our Faculty</i>	MR. RICH.
<i>S. D. Society</i>	MAUD SNYDER.
<i>Lasellia Club</i>	MYRNA LAMSON.



The First Lasell Banquet.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 28.

AS a member of that august body, the Junior Class, of course one must write an article or do something for the Annual, and it must not only be something, but that something must be funny. So at the eleventh hour we grab our pens (take our pens in hand, we believe, is a more elegant expression, but our haste will not allow of our being elegant) and attempt to write something droll. We have heard of subjects that were not funny, but our editor-in-chief is inexorable. So we make a last desperate effort and write what our weary brains conceive as cute; but, alas! some way or other our readers do not get out all the brightness that is lurking in each sentence, aye, more than that, in each word. But to our subject. Could Bill Nye write anything laughable about that dignified of all dignified occasions, the banquet, and this the first Lasell banquet? We assure you it was no laughing matter, but a very solemn affair. It is something to be the originator of a great enterprise and to have the fate of nations on your hands. Chicago may well be proud. Her name connected with this event will be forever famous. When, do you ask, did this affair take place? It was on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of December that thirty fair maids and a few equally fair matrons partook of a square meal in the Crystal Banquet Room of the Hotel Richelieu. We forgot to say that the "partaking" was accompanied by Valisi's Mandolin Orchestra, which, as the papers would say, discoursed sweet strains as the tempting viands were passed. We can't begin to tell in this short space of the wonderful things that took place, or just what we had to eat, for we must get to the toasts; for this banquet was indeed "a

feast of reason and a flow of song." Our mistress of toasts was charming; when is she otherwise?— unless perhaps—No; I will not. I have decided not to tell here. I was only hired to write up the banquet. Well, where was I? I believe I had finished with the toast mistress, and will only add that she filled her role perfectly. And what shall I say of the brilliancy of the several responses to toasts? Words fail me,—I positively cannot write what is in my heart, our language is so barren of words that fully express the fervor that at times is needed. The toasts finish all there is to tell about the banquet, and if this article should by any chance pass through the hands of our fun-desiring editor-in-chief and finally appear in '93's Annual, dear readers, do excuse on the plea that the writer is not a funny man.



MENU



"A feast prepared with riotous expense, much cost, more care, and most magnificence."



OYSTERS ON HALF-SHELL.

OLIVES.

CELERY.

TOMATO SOUP.

SCALLOPED LOBSTER.

SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES. PEAS. LETTUCE SALAD.

PARTRIDGE. FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

ICE CREAM.

ICES.

ASSORTED CAKES.

COFFEE.



Toasts.

Toast Mistress, Miss CARPENTER.

"Lead, and I follow."



The Faculty EDITH GALE.

"In thy wisdom make me wise."

The Alumnae Mrs. JUDD.

"Follow, follow, thou shalt win."

Reminiscences Mrs. VAN HARLINGEN.

"The past will always win a glory from its being far."

Lasell up to Date FLORA M. GARDNER.

"Another year, ah, yes, another year."

Looking Forward EULA LEE

"What will the 20th century be?"





Hawkodakai Club.

OFFICERS.

CARRIE W. VAN SICKLE	.	.	.	<i>President.</i>
HERBERT L. RICH	.	.	.	<i>Manager.</i>

History of the Hawkodakai Club.



UP in one low garret, lighted by a tiny taper, four conspirators sat plotting mischief. One held pencil and paper while the others seemed to tell her what to write; and after numerous "O's," and "Ahs," and "Let me see it," or, "Cæsar! won't they be raving when we snap them and hand them down to posterity?" they drew out a little black box, set it up, arranged themselves in a sort of picturesque group, and one grasped some kind of a rubber ball. In a minute there was a sort of report and flame and they all jumped up; one gathered up the papers, another put under her shawl something which looked very like eatables, and followed by the last with the black box they all cautiously descended the stairs. They separated, each at her own door, with a whispered word, and disappeared.

Next morning bright and early one of the maidens sallied forth to take her constitutional, and under her arm she carried a box very similar to the one of the night before. Promenading before the front of the building she cast her eye casually along the windows, when suddenly one was thrown up and a night-capped head peered out, unfastening and throwing back the blinds. Instantly, up went the black box and a click was heard, when with a sort of shriek in went the head, down went the window, likewise the curtain. "My, but won't the dear 'Parley' tear her night-cap," sighed the maid, disconsolately. Just at this crisis girl number two and box number two came around the corner, and girl number two shouted, "Hi! there, Teddy, got a joke on the Physics to tell you," and then followed an incoherent account: "Down by river-trees—morning row—one of our girls—Physics—touching landing scene—snapped the kodak on 'em—surprise party—joke—ha! ha!"

The breakfast gong sounds, and with the most innocent manner they walk leisurely into the house, taking care to stow the boxes away under a heap of shawls. At breakfast they compare notes on the sly, and girl number four exclaims, "See if I don't get a bird's-eye view of Chumbly's wig to-day, for I'm most sure in this stiff breeze the two'll part company as he makes his semi-daily bolt for the train." But the other three exclaim, "Now, Betty, you know you're only fooling. Chumbly wouldn't be seen wearing anything not his own, and we won't believe anything else till you prove it."—"Well, anyway," chimed in three, "the girls are coming round and I've got a job in twenty-one to-night to jot down the feast, and I'll just use my persuasive powers

to the effect that if they don't stand by us when the trial comes and vote for the beloved camera, I'll expose every last one of them. That's fair. Shall we meet in our sanctum and compare notes after the feast?" They assent, and part for more absorbing duties.

Midnight finds the four in the garret dashing around, and knocking into each other in their preparations. Soon a red glimmer shines forth and they all grow silent for a minute or two. Then Betty exclaims, "Didn't I tell you it was a wig? Here's proof positive, for I must have moved, and there are about forty flying about here in mid-air; enough to get Chumbly's vote sure, for, in spite of all, his physiog.'s clear as day."

"Oh, girls, come, look!" breaks forth three; "never mind if you do lose a plate, just look at this! Did you ever see anything better? I believe you could tell the girls by their noses even, they're so plain;" and she held the plate before the light while the others gathered around to look. "Elegant! how did you get such a good one?"—"My, but you've got them now, and if they tell on some of our larks—well, perhaps we haven't got another. I don't see how they ever agreed to ask you; but wait, when they have such a scrumptious group to show around, self-interest will do the rest and they won't tell."

"But, Sall, show us what you've got there; 'tish't fair to keep things the way you've been doing the last week," broke in four to two. "Don't get excited, dearie; calm yourself, calm yourself, I say. I am just at a crisis, and in a minute I'll show you a poser that will make up for lost time. There, I guess that's fixed, if it ever will be; and now for the bath, and then we shall see what we shall see. In the meantime, to ensure my own and the plate's safety, for I see rather a brigandish twinkle even by this dim light. Perhaps you have noticed my seeming scarcity on walking-days; in fact, I think I remember quite distinctly a few sisterly remarks to that effect on one or two occasions. Well, I had a sort of plan ['You usually do,' from Betty], that, if worked out, would be rather more of an aid than hindrance to our worthy cause. Of course it is no secret between us that the little Fraulein Schmidt shows a decided preference for one of our town young men, which is very unseemly in so pretty and attractive a young woman, who, nevertheless, pretends to care about learning, and whose only care is, as I can see, to provide us with plenty of work; so I thought if I might jot down a few little scenes by the aid of my 'enlightener,' perhaps you wouldn't object."—"Object! you dear old thing!" broke in a chorus. "Just the thing. That'll be a climax to suit the word, and if that doesn't settle the case, we can look around for a case of a different sort. Go on! hustle! I'm dead to hear the rest."

"Well," in a provokingly slow tone, "I thought walking-hour about as good a time as any, and followed out this plan for several successive days, and now I have a set of pictures representing almost every stage of development which (as the novels say) the great passion is likely to undergo, and to-day I got one which is

a pretty good one to end up with. I have them all here, and you can see what you think of them. But wasn't I scared, though! Twice she has seen me, but I don't think it ever entered her head till to-day what I was up to, and when she heard the click—for I was pretty near, so as to get a fair representation of the kneeling performance—she flew around so quickly you couldn't distinguish one feature from another. Luckily I got out of her way till she cooled down, and then I told her I had her, and if she'd do her best to carry the vote for us in Faculty, I'd destroy the plates; she calmed down and was humble as any suppliant. So I guess we're safe, and it'll go through."

"Sall, you're a perfect darling! we'll make you first president if we ever do get a club, won't we, girls?" exclaimed four. "Oh, but aren't those too ridiculous! just see the little fraulein playing the demure while he is all but on his knees; you said truly when you called them a poser."

"Come on, girls," called out Sall; "don't look at those any more, but let's cultivate the inner man. I'm starved. This thing must succeed, for where will our lunches come in when our camera and case are gone? Dear old thing, what service you do render us!"

"There now, Sall, omit the pathetic, if it's just the same to you, and taste these olives. My, but they're good! Yum! yum!"

And so they have their lunch, and part for the night. The next day the eventful Faculty meeting comes off, and those four maids await the result with inward quakings, sidelong glances, and much sympathetic pressing of hands. But the hour in chapel arrives when it is formally announced that cameras are tabooed no longer, and that Prof. P—— will be prepared to give lessons in photography. In fact, it is thought best that a club be formed among the pupils, with the said professor at its head to direct the work and plan for excursions, field-days, etc.

As soon as the session is dismissed our four friends are surrounded by a merry crowd who compliment them on their perseverance, and demand, "Which shall I get, a kodak or hawkeye? Which is yours, Betty? Does it take good pictures?" All of which questions the four laughingly answer, but soon they walk off together for a quiet little chat. "Well, it's all over," sighed Sall, "and I somehow wish it wasn't, for we won't have half so much fun now the fighting's all over; and our dear old meetings won't be any more, but we'll have to go down to that poky old dark room downstairs; and where will the lunches be?"

"Not in it, that's sure, Sall; but never mind, we can rack our brains now for a new missionary field. We'll have a club, anyhow; cheer up, old girl."

And so our worthy Hawkodakai began; let us hope it will continue with enough zest to pay for all the exertion of its interested founders.

Christian Associations.



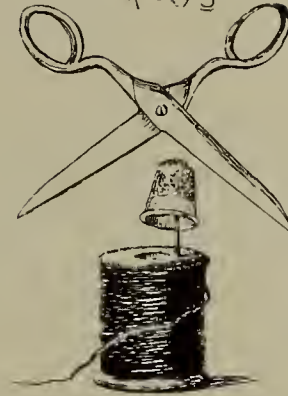
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

SADIE W. BURRILL	<i>President.</i>
MABEL C. FALLEY	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ALICE E. COLE	<i>Secretary.</i>
MRS. W. T. SHEPHERD	<i>Treasurer.</i>
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CARRIE E. BATCHELDER	<i>Prayer Meetings.</i>
ALICE G. WHITE	<i>Missions.</i>
ELLA SHELDON	<i>Temperance.</i>

~ STYLE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHT ~



Dress Cutting.



JENNIE M. ARNOLD.

GRACE L. GRIFFIN.

KATHERINE E. HAMILTON.

BESSIE PHELPS.





H.O.P.

THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

Ground Manager

JOSEPH A. HILLS.

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MARGARET D. BRODRICK.
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SARAH D. TOWNSEND.
CARRIE W. VAN SICKLE.
ELIZA H. WARREN.
MISS WILSON.
MRS. WINSLOW.



② Prizes, 1891. ②

PHOTOGRAPHY.

CARRIE W. VAN SICKLE First Prize.
BERTIE BURR Second Prize.

READING.

MAUD M. BALDWIN.

MILITARY DRILL.

MARY BLANCHE BUSELL First Prize.
MAUDE E. WHITNEY Second Prize.

GYMNASTICS.

NELLIE M. TAFT.

BREAD-MAKING.

HELEN BOULLT MEDSKER First Prize.
SUSANNE S. BAKER Second Prize.



LASELL BATTALION.

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SYBIL H. SPAULDING *Acting Adjutant.*

Company A.

Captain.

REBECCA C. SHEPHERD.

Lieutenant.

SYBIL H. SPAULDING.

Sergeants.

CLARA F. EDDY. BESSIE PHELPS.

Corporals.

LOUISE C. WHITNEY. MARY M. MILLER.

Company B.

Captain.

HELEN B. MEDSKER.

Lieutenant.

K. BELLE BRAGDON.

Sergeants.

JULIA W. ANDERSON. MARY TULLEYS.

Corporals.

LILLIE S. TUKEY. JULIA T. WOLFE.

Company C.

Captain.

DESDEMONA MILLIKIN.

Lieutenant.

CAROLYN E. GILMAN.

Sergeants.

LOTTIE C. EDDY. LOTTIE F. APPEL.

Corporals.

MOLLIE ST. JOHN TAYLOR. ANNIE E. MASON.



A look — Before and After.

BEWITCHING are Lasell's fair girls,
 When in drill suits they are dressed,
 With jaunty caps on dainty curls,
 Then they are at their very best.
 'Tis alarming,
 Though very charming.

Hear the command! "Forward, fours right!"
 "By right flank!" or "To the rear,—march!"
 Did you ever see so pretty a sight?
 Or ever see captains and soldiers so arch?
 No, never!
 Nor will you ever!

Oh, 'tis all very well—indeed, 'tis quite fine—
 For maidens to learn how to drill;
 For Rosie and Fan to march into line,
 As well as for Harry or Will.
 'Tis well, in school,
 To learn military rule.

But, alas! when the girl's a wife,
 The husband leads a stormy life.
 Captain's a part she loves to play
 From eventide to dawn of day.
 "The baby, John, to arms!" she cries,
 And the wailing infant in them lies.
 So must he rise,
 To sing lullabies.

Now, "Forward, march!" he next must obey.
 The infant's wails he too must soothe.
 She, sleep enjoys till break of day,
 While her poor husband's on the move.
 She—in repose,
 He—marching goes.
 A fine cigar
 He fain would smoke,
 But, no, 'tis "Halt!"
 And it's no joke.

One eve to the theatre he will go,
With a dear chum of former years,
To see the latest thing, a fine new show.
But, alas, what vision now appears!

A voice in accents too well known
Resounds just as he nears the place,
And "Hark!" in a commanding tone,
"Left! left! left! Right about face!"
This she utters;
And though he mutters,
He can not stay.
Who saw the play?

The swell Mrs. Jonathan K. Brown
Makes her inaugural call,
Dressed in a fine new Paris gown
That would grace Boston's mall.

But before she's ushered in
The husband is on the marching flank,
For the order has been,
"To the rear—march! Into rank!"

And thus he goes from morn to eve;
And thus Eve makes him go.
'Tis all very well, don't you believe?
Truly, don't you think so?

But this he vows—
"My daughter fair
May make fine bows,
Sing, dance, and curl her hair;

"But the lance, the sword, and gun,
For a girl are no fun.
No, never should she
A soldier-girl be."



WISSELL LEAVES

Published every month throughout the School Year, by a Board of Editors elected once in three months.

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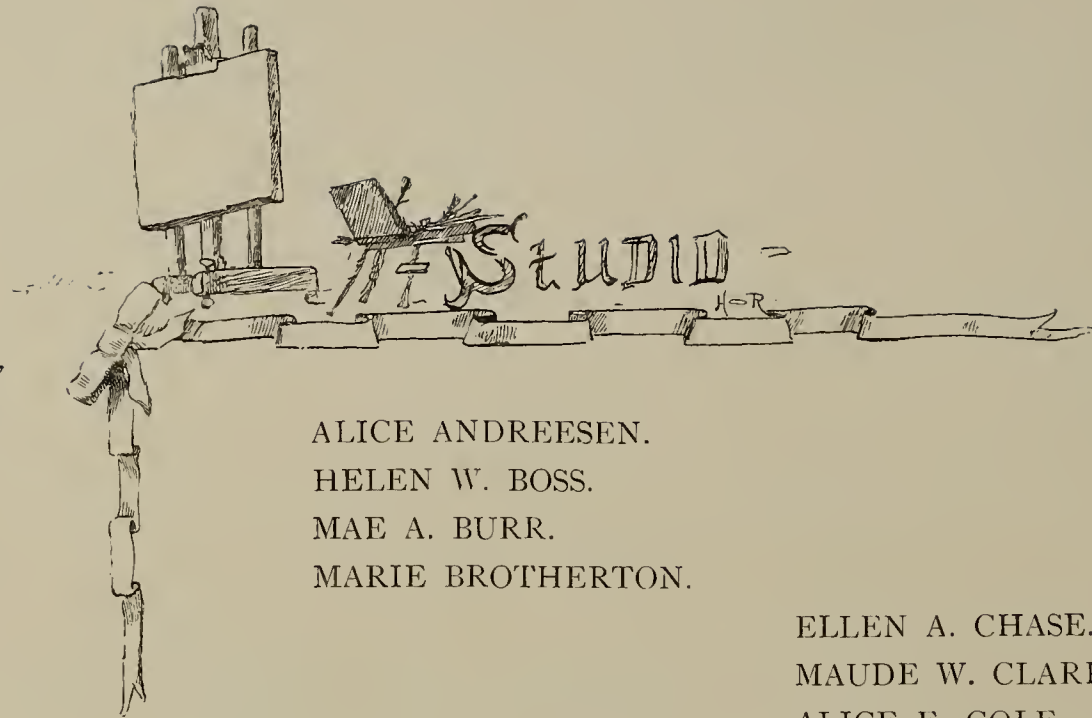
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“There swims no goose so gray but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for a mate.”



<i>Grace Ackerly</i>	MRS. N. KERR.	<i>Mary O. Beach</i>	MRS. T. F. SCHNEIDER.
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NOTE.—Some of those who have found one since our last Annual was published.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

"TO THOSE WHO KNOW THEE NOT, NO WORDS CAN PAINT!
AND THOSE WHO KNOW THEE, KNOW ALL WORDS ARE FAINT." — *Hannah More.*

NAME.	Nick-names.	Age.	Weight in Brain.	Height.*	Noses.	Eyes.	Size of Shoes.	Temperament.	Nationality.	Ambition.	Favorite Occupation.	Favorite Author.	Engaged?
Sade Burrill	Suddie.	Very young.	As yet undeveloped.	.	Stepping heavenward.	Can't tell. Never open.	1	Not formed.	Shamrock.	Grow lengthwise.	Sweet sleep.	Daniel Quorm.	To be sure!
Alice Cole	Alicia.	?	Average.	The most becoming.	Has one.	2 there.	2	Frisky.	Dutch.	Get through.	Dancing.	Anon.	Pray excuse me.
Edna Dice	Teddy.	Just 17.	34 oz.	5 ft., 4 in.	A solid affair.	Hazel.	3	Interesting.	Thoroughly American	To become B. Sc.	Recitations in 7.	Has none.	Maybe.
Alice Donallan	Little Don.	Diminishing.	Too light to weigh.	A huge specimen.	Inquisitive.	Rolling.	4	Depends on company.	Cosmopolitan.	Get married.	Talking.	Editor of Lampoon.	Now or never.
Mabel Falley	Queen Mab.	Sweet sixteen.	Burdensome.	36 in.	Grecian.	Beseeching.	5	Coy.	Scotch.	To teach.	Authorship.	Duchess.	No!!
Desdemona Millikin,	Desdie.	Just right.	Varies.	High as his heart.	Irish.	Pre-engaged.	6	Moody.	"later.	Cross the sea.	Meditation.	Tennyson.	Yes.
Anna Staley	Staley Ann.	16 summers.	Can it be weighed?	Not worth mentioning.	Right for specs.	Tempting.	7	Highly excitable.	Esquimaux.	Go into business.	Visiting linen room.	Adam Smith.	Not in my line.
Jessie Vilas	Viley.	Variable.	O	Fair to middling.	Ordinary.	Nile green.	8	So-so.	Spanish.	To pass in Bible.	Consulting Ouija.	Never read. Bad for eyes.	No one wants me.
Mary Witherbee	Withers.	No one knows.	200 lbs.	Too rapid growth.	Learned.	Pre-occupied.	9	Grinding.	Swabian,†	Be Pres. of "Serosis"	Theatre-going.	Jenness-Miller.	Horrors!
Julia Wolfe	Julila.	So very old!	Nothing there.	Hop o' my thumb.	Quite prominent.	Old blue.	10	Refined, as by fire.	Like Topsy's.	Be a post-graduate.	Flirting.	Cruden.	Six or more.

* As she thinks it.

† A Swabian does not become developed till forty.



② Sacred ②

TO THE

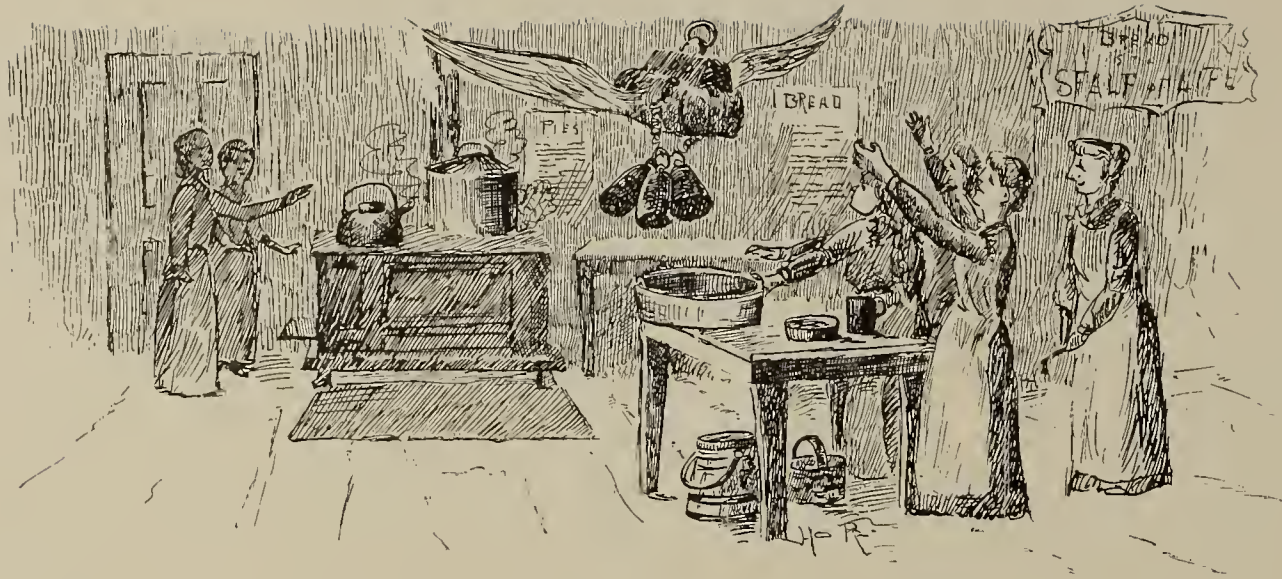
MEMORY OF 92'S ANNUAL,

WHICH

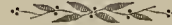
DIED IN ITS INFANCY.

*“Baby, thou art gone to rest,
Thy pains and sufferings o'er,
Thou left a vacant place down here,
The cause of misery sore.”*





Cooking Classes.



THIRD YEAR.

JULIA W. ANDERSON.

NELLE G. DAVIS.

JENNIE M. ARNOLD.

KATHERINE E. HAMILTON.

SADIE W. BURRILL.

DESDEMONA MILLIKIN.

ALICE E. COLE.

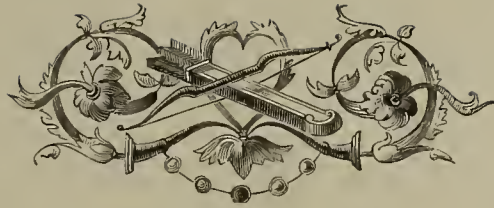
WILLIE A. STOWE.

SPECIALS.

FRANCES B. DAVENPORT.

ALICE G. DONALLAN.

MARY F. LATHROP.



LASELL maids must learn to cook,
Lasell maids use the Lincoln book,
Lasell maids can bake a pie,
Men who eat it probably die.

Last year Mrs. Oakes was teacher.
Wonder if our words will reach her.
Long recipes she made us learn,
Till we swore her book to burn.

Every pan she made us clean.
Don't you think she acted mean?
Brush and dust and wash up fine,
Ere the bell called us to dine.

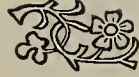
On ourselves we needs must wait,
From arrival till we sate,
At the dinner gaily spread,
Roast, coffee, cake, and bread.

But this year we have a snap,
We recline on luxury's lap:
A recipe we ne'er commit,
As if none were ever writ.

Wash the dishes? Oh, my, no!
Dirty them by hundreds, though;
Indeed, Miss Nicholls is a trump,
That's our 'pinion in a lump.

We can choose what we will make,
Bread, pie, salad, buns, or cake.
We run the class, she plays the maid,
Thus in a nutshell it is said.

To Miss Nicholls a long life.
May she be a happy wife!
May she shed such brightness round,
Always, as this year we've found!



MUSIC





MUSIC



Piano-forte Quartettes.



K. BELLE BRAGDON.

KATHERINE E. HAMILTON.

LOTTIE F. APPEL.

SADIE W. BURRILL.

CLARA F. EDDY.

MILDRED C. WARREN.

NELLIE M. RICHARDS.

MARY M. MILLER.

LENA M. THAYER.

LAURA M. CASE.

ELLA M. EDDY.

GERTRUDE I. GLEASON.

MARY A. SEAGRAVE.

GERTRUDE SHERMAN.

RUBY L. WHITNEY.

ANNA E. CROCKER.

MARY F. TUPPER.

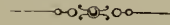
LOTTA J. PROCTOR.

MARY L. COLE.





Lasell Quartette.



JULIA C. RYAN

First Soprano.

MAY TULLEYS

Second Soprano.

MARY SEAMAN

First Alto.

EDNA M. DICE

Second Alto.



ORPHEAN CLUB



GRACE L. ALLEN.

JULIA W. ANDERSON.

JENNIE M. ARNOLD.

GRACIA M. F. BARNHART.

MARGARET D. BRODRICK.

EDNA G. BURDICK.

MAE A. BURR.

DOROTHY A. CHAPMAN.

ALICE E. COLE.

M. LOUISE COLE.

JESSIE I. CONNELL.

EDNA M. DICE.

ALICE G. DONALLAN.

DAISY G. EARLE.

CLARA F. EDDY.

CLARA B. FARQUHAR.

FLORA M. GARDNER.

GERTRUDE I. GLEASON.

GRACE L. GRIFFIN.

FLORENCE C. HUNSBERGER.

ALICE L. HOLMES.

GRACE E. LOUD.

KATE E. NORMAN.

BESSIE PHELPS.

NELLIE M. RICHARDS.

GRACE A. ROBINSON.

JULIA C. RYAN.

HARRIETT G. SCOTT.

MARY SEAMAN.

IDA SHORT.

ANNA STALEY.

FLORENCE L. STEDMAN.

EDITH M. TAYLOR.

LILLIE S. TUKEY.

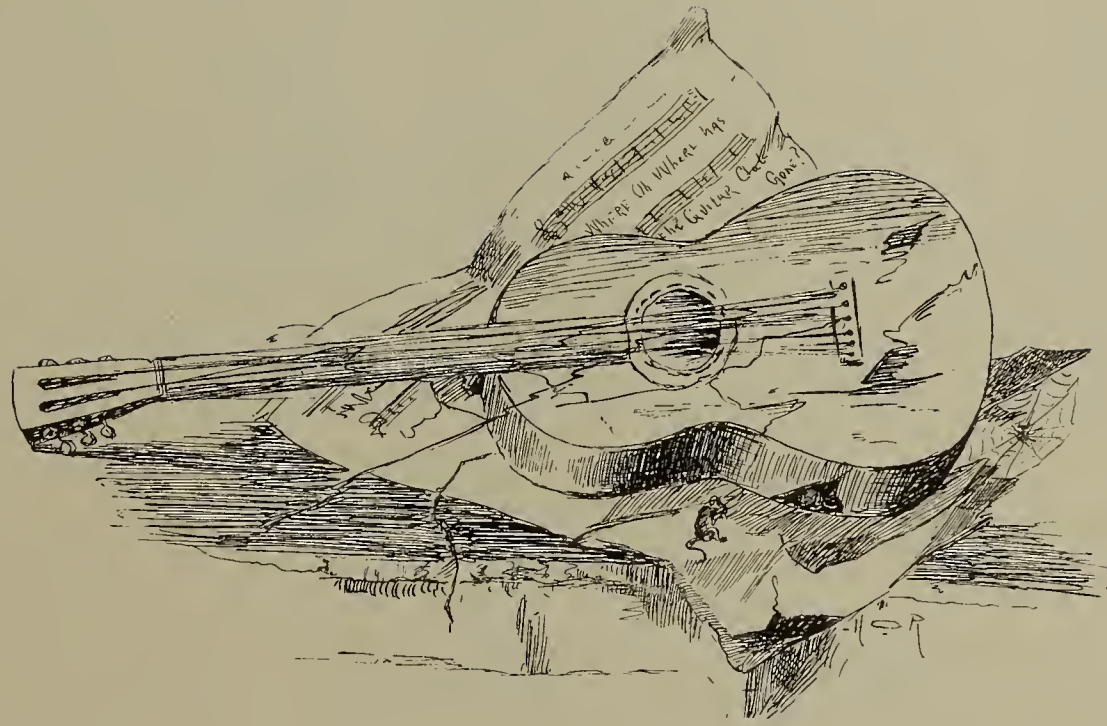
MARY TULLEYS.

EMMA L. WHITE.

RUBY L. WHITNEY.

ESTELLE B. WILCOX.

J. WALTER DAVIS . . . *Conductor.*





G. B. O. QUEEN.



SWEET STRAINS OF MUSIC.

Sweet strains of music broke upon my ears,
Lifting me up to where on trackless way,
Exulting in the light of heaven-born day,
In rhythmic harmony still roll the spheres.
Weird strains of music smote upon my ears,
Throbbing and struggling on impassioned strings,

As when at night the bird of sorrow sings
And every flower grows tearful as it hears.
And then the notes grew loud, and wild, and long,
Then ebbed to moan like wind among the trees,
Or whisper tenderly in pleadings sweet,
Then died in laughter like a naiad's song.

Slowly I roused me from my reveries—
An organ man was going down the street.



Junior Entertainment.

MARCH 19, 1892.



"NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR."

Farce in One Act.

CAST.

<i>Singleton Coddle</i>	EVA COUCH.
<i>Washington Whitwell</i>	LOUISE WHITNEY.
<i>Eglantine Coddle</i>	MARIE BROTHERTON.
<i>Fane Smith</i>	MARGARET BRODRICK.

Greek Statuary.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

A Comedietta in 2 Acts and 2 Scenes. (BY J. K. JEROME.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Mr. Schoefeld</i>	IDA SHORT.
<i>Tom Akland</i>	NELLE DAVIS.
<i>Mrs. Schoefeld</i>	NELLIE RICHARDS.
<i>Etta Winningham</i>	FLORA GARDNER.







CLASS ❖ DAY.

JUNE 15, 1891.



<i>Piano-forte Quartette</i>	Misses SARGEANT, SHELLABARGER, THRESHER, JOHNSON.
<i>President's Address</i>	NAN S. PEABODY.
<i>Address by Honorary Member</i>	WILLIAM J. ROLFE.
<i>Piano-forte</i>	NELLIE JOHNSON.
<i>Class History</i>	SUSAN C. RICHARDS.
<i>Guitar</i>	MAUDE C. SNYDER.
<i>Prophecy</i>	SARA B. HARVEY.
<i>Class Rhymes</i>	NETTIE F. WOODBURY.
<i>Piano-forte</i>	HELEN H. THRESHER.
<i>Recitation — An Idyl of the Period</i>	{ Part One. } { Part Two. } MARIE SHELLABARGER.
<i>Vocal Solo</i>	NAN S. PEABODY.
<i>Charge to '92</i>	LUCY H. ROBERTS.
<i>Class Song</i>	Played by LUCY E. SARGEANT.

LAWN EXERCISES.

<i>Oration — Planting of the Tree</i>	JESSIE A. BENTON.
<i>Elegy — Burning of the Books</i>	SUSANNE S. BAKER.
<i>Effigy</i>	SARAH M. WINSOR.

Valedictory, June 17, EFFIE M. PRICKETT.



Class Rhymes.



OF all the learned maidens that compose our senior class,
The one who strikes my fancy the very first, alas!
Is a maiden from Chicago, whom the god of love ensnared,
When she was for his awful dart entirely unprepared.
But ever since the fatal day the accident took place,
She's diligently practised on contortions of the face,
Till now she boasts most proudly, not of the way she dances,
But of the awful power embodied in her glances.
One awful glance of anger on him accused of guilt—
The poor offending mortal has nought to do but wilt.

That's Sara.

Before I go much further there's something I must say:
If you want to see a funny sight just call around this way
Some evening when we're swimming and watch a senior grave;
To see her frantic efforts to keep above the wave.
She likes to know what's going on, and in her zeal to hear,
She lets her lower jaw drop ten inches, there, or near.
But another theory's been advanced which sets this matter right:
She really cannot close her mouth, she curls her hair so tight.

That's Lucy.

Of the earth's most giddy creatures, with a giggle all her own,
Our patriarch with her cuckoo smile most surely stands alone.
She is a loving, social soul; but when she's to us talking,
She calls us by our surnames in a manner truly shocking.
She's tried among her classmates the seeds of good to sow,
And on the temperance question her words most surely flow;
But soon she'll leave the barren field, and hopes to make her
home
On the shining sands of heathen strands, where the cannibals
do roam.

That's Jessie.

You have heard of pious maidens with their quiet saintly ways,
Whose meek and sweet demeanor is everybody's praise.
We have a maiden in our class, she's these virtues hard to find,
But, alas! when once you know her, she's just the other kind.
She persists in wearing demis, which are here an awful crime,
And every Sunday morning she spends most of her time
In pinning up her garment, till, with a Grecian bend,
She prances by the teachers; the rest they upstairs send.

That's Maude.

It really seems most touching that our class should be afflicted
With *two* such base deceivers as I have just depicted;
But we have another classmate whose virtues are the same;
But, alas! just like the other, they're only so in name.
The strangest thing about her is, she really thinks it's fit,
In chapel, when the others rise, that she alone should sit.
And she's such a sense of humor, that she marks a joke with "j,"
So she'll be sure to see it, if she reads the book some day.

That's Effie.

Sometimes, while walking through the halls, you hear an awful
groan.

It is enough to freeze your blood and turn you into stone.
Should you then but approach the door, although with fear
you're mute,
You'll find the smallest of the wasps trying to elocute.
But, oh! the strangest thing of all, it seems so very queer,
That the very youngest maiden in two phases should appear;
She comes down in the morning with six hairs tied with a bow,
But when evening comes, she's thick black locks. Do you know
why it's so?

That's Marie.

Sometimes one member of our class—she's very, very small—
Becomes so very obstinate she won't recite at all,
But when she isn't in the mood, it is a funny sight
To watch her preparations to give the answer right.
She looks directly into space, with a funny little frown,
And then for three full minutes she playeth with her gown,
Then suddenly she looketh up, droopeth her mouth down low,
And with a vacant smile she says, "I do not think I know."

That's Daisy.

Quite often in our four years' course, divertissements have come,
Such as junior entertainments (on this subject I am dumb).
But whatever has arisen she'll say in greatest glee,
This thing would not have turned out well, had it not been
for me;

Or if a man comes to this place—a circumstance not rare—
This enterprising maiden most surely will be there,
And while the other students with jealousy are green,
She, sweetly smiling, babbles on and leads him off the scene.

That's Lu.

Behold our pride, our model of what a girl should be;
She mixes up a loaf of bread as if 'twere A, B, C,
And altho' it comes out freckled and considerably depressed,
Yet she will surely get the prize, for it far excels the rest.
Then she speaks the purest English, she even rivals me.
Just ask her where her home is, "It's deown in Tennessee."
But she blushes so terrificly if any one at her looks,
That we had to put her near the fire to superintend the cooks.

That's Susie.

Another of our classmates strides with such sylph-like grace,
That among us clumsy mortals she seems quite out of place.
She's such a contrary creature, that I've really heard them say,
That on sword-drill exhibitions she'll go the other way.
And another thing about her, she's so careful of her health
That while her room-mate's sleeping she ambles out by stealth,
And promenades the sidewalk in sunshine and in rain,
To watch her namesake hurry by to take the Boston train.

That's Susanne.

But speaking of politeness, I know you'll not believe it,
But then you must consider from what source you receive it.
We have an officer in the drill, who's really so polite
That she always says "beg pardon" when an order is not right.
Whene'er she's saying something you have a constant fear,
Because her voice's so soft and low, that something you'll not hear.
She always takes her morning walk for fear that she'll be ill.
I thought at first I'd tell his name, but I hardly think I *Will*.

That's Nan.

We've had most varied characters presented to our view,
But the bashful ones have been left out, and of this class we
 have two;
But I'll not describe this maiden, nor will I give her age,
For you surely will discover her on looking round the stage.
But there's one thing I have noticed throughout our course of years,
That this maid is not so modest nor so mild as she appears,
For every Sunday morning, when into church we file,
A blonde young man precedes her while going up the aisle.

That's Nellie.

Most all of us take German, it is our chief delight,
But one on conversation is up, clear out of sight.
On almost every school day this question greets the ear:
Was haben du für gestern? (The meaning is quite clear.)
And then in recitations, 'tis really most sublime
To watch her shrewd manœuvres for the sake of gaining time.
When asked a sudden question—and 'tis really quite an art—
To say in tones most fetching, "I learned the other part."

That's Helen.

Of all these reverend seniors there still remains one more,
And she's the other bashful one of whom I spoke before.
She's always full of trouble, her duties never done,
Still she persists in going out and joining in the fun.
But now a fear possesses her, it drives her nearly wild,
That on the morrow she will be a lone, forsaken child,
Lest all the angry seniors against her should conspire,
And send her off to coventry to mitigate their ire.

That's me.



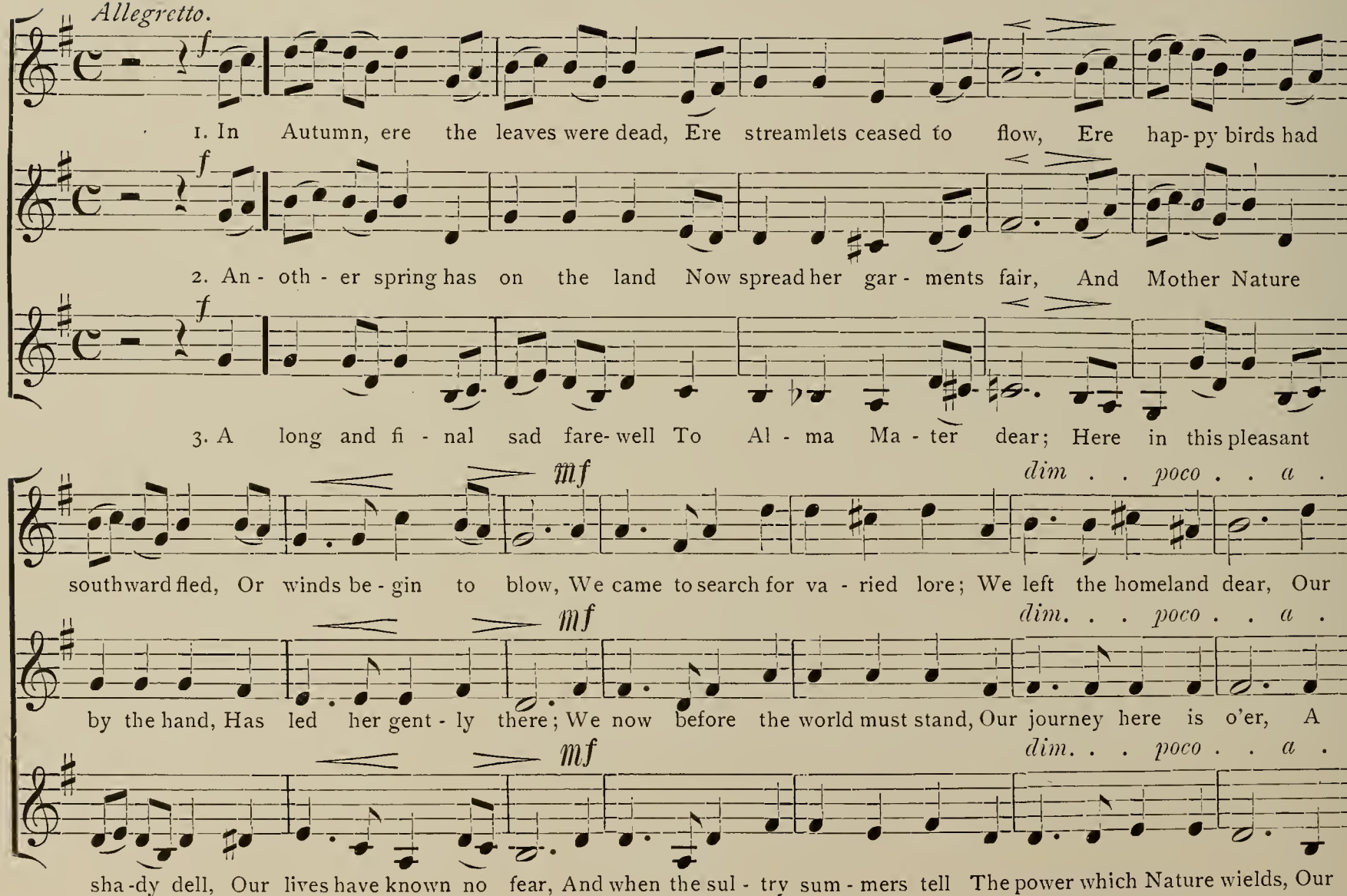
CLASS SONG.



MOTTO: "To thine own self be true!"

Words and Music by LUCY E. SARGEANT.

Allegretto.



1. In Autumn, ere the leaves were dead, Ere streamlets ceased to flow, Ere hap-py birds had

2. An - oth - er spring has on the land Now spread her gar - ments fair, And Mother Nature

3. A long and fi - nal sad fare-well To Al - ma Ma - ter dear; Here in this pleasant

southward fled, Or winds be - gin to blow, We came to search for va - ried lore; We left the homeland dear, Our

by the hand, Has led her gent - ly there; We now before the world must stand, Our journey here is o'er, A

sha-dy dell, Our lives have known no fear, And when the sul - try sum - mers tell The power which Nature wields, Our

mf *dim . . poco . . a .*

mf *dim . . poco . . a .*

mf *dim . . poco . . a .*

poco. *pp* \leq *mf*

hearts with sad - ness teeming o'er, For life seem'd dark and drear; But on our grief a sol - ace fell, Like

poco. *pp* \leq *m*

youth - ful and a hope - ful band, We go to come no more; But as we turn to bid farewell, The

poco. *pp* \leq *mf*

lives will live a - far from here, In oth - er sum - mer fields, But we may lis - ten to the sound, Re-

ritard.

flow'rs refreshed by dew, It soothed us as the ves - per bell: To thine own self be true.

voice rings out a - new, And now a warning seems to tell: To thine own self be true.

echoing through the blue, To which our hearts must ev - er bound: To thine own self be true.



"PREMEDITATED
BUM"

H. O. R.

Mishaps of the '93's.



“Never class meant so well, and fared so ill, in this disastrous world.”

DO not think that you have to read a second history of the class of '93, and turn aside from the poor recollections of a Junior with a mere cursory glance.

I shall not trespass upon the province of the class historian, but relate a few of the minor details which would either escape her eye or would not be regarded of enough consequence to be recorded in the history of our illustrious class. Only I would have all those who might consider the reputation of the class injured by the mere fact that misfortunes sometimes fell to its lot, understand from the very beginning that the recital of these mishaps implies no discredit to the class of '93.

These misfortunes began to fall upon us in our Sophomore year, and originated in the physics class. From the first time that the members of that class set foot upon the learned and odorous soil of the laboratory they felt the presence of an obstacle which they could neither conquer nor evade. “All hope abandon, ye who enter here,” seemed to be inscribed upon every available space, and if it had not been “that many have and others must sit there, and in this thought they find a kind of ease,” there would be no one left to tell the tale.

Tests followed one another in rapid succession, and knowledge, instead of entering, seemed to leave the heads of those who had chosen science for an elective. Soon it became evident that this condition of things could exist no longer. Hourly consultations were held in the hall, scraps of which fell upon the ears of the bystanders, — “Last year's class had just as much trouble;” “Went to the principal three times;” “No right to say we can't pass;” and “What *shall* we do?” It was finally decided that to beard the lion in his den would be the most courageous, if not the most expedient, thing to do. Upon reaching the den it was found to be

empty, and the invited guests were about to beat a hasty retreat when they were suddenly confronted by the "wee, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie" himself, which sudden apparition so startled the spokeswoman that her last bit of courage deserted her, and she could only gasp, "Mr. liberty, are you at Rich?" Now, this not being in her role, the others were plunged in the direst confusion, each one forgetting her part, and the carefully planned discussion became a mere incoherent burst, and the result?—A review of electricity that friction might be used to "rub each other's angles down."

When we were promoted to chemistry our trials were increased, for our nervy professor became nervous. All conversation in the laboratory was forbidden, for it was found to be "very annoying." Soon his condition became so pitiable that the mere squeaking of a chair would cause the class to be excused for the afternoon. At last, finding that distance lends enchantment to the view, he was wont to seek refuge in the dark-room at three o'clock, and would emerge at five, when the class was excused.

During her second year, one who is now an honored member of the Junior class would regularly lock herself into G. and then wait for her classmates in the most piteous manner. After being rescued several times by those noble friends, and upon the last occasion being obliged to scale a huge partition, she resolved never to frequent such places again.

One evening wishing to resume the careless happiness, together with the infantile appearance, of their Freshman days, two of the members came down to the chapel with their hair braided in two pig-tails, tied with beautifully contrasting ribbons. Why they were reprimanded, and told that if they were ever again "overcome by similar feelings," they might consider themselves excused from chapel exercises, will always remain one of the mysteries which hover around the Junior class.

But the worst of the mishaps may be elegantly entitled the "Premediated Bum." Such it was not, but as such it was taken. It was occasioned by the visit of one Junior to another, of a Sunday evening. There had been some little trouble between the two during the afternoon, and the hostess fearing that she was to be locked into her room, as she had locked her classmate into her's, took the precaution to abstract the key from the door, turning the lock as she did so, little dreaming what the result would be. There were two other guests present, a Sophomore and a Special, and the four thought to give themselves up to an hour of unadulterated happiness. But, alas! they forgot that "the most excellent thing in woman is a low and well-modulated voice"—

and the transom was open. Soon the well-known rap of one who has been known to announce herself as "the same old party" was heard, and upon the hearing each one chanted wearily

"No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue,
A happiness not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu."

And then a tremulous voice said "Come," but only a rattling of the knob acknowledged the invitation. The door was locked and the key gone, the hostess having mislaid it in her excitement. A panic ensued, which was not lessened by the fact that the fumbling at the door did not cease. When the key was finally found the door was opened just in time for the newcomer to get a good view of the head of the scared Sophomore protruding from the closet. This, together with the effective arrangement of the hair, and graceful folds of the bath gowns of the others, so charmed the visitor that she could only murmur "Follow me!" Now the four were not inclined to follow, but as they could not long withstand the pleading invitation they followed,—to No. 3. They suffered untold agonies of a two-hours' imprisonment; they departed—sadder and wiser maidens, who "never speak as they pass by" when they meet on Sunday evening.

Now these are only a few of the many mishaps which befell the '93's; there were many more, a few on account of the "naturally loud" voices of some of the members, as many on the "inexcusably" weak voices of others.

But in spite of all this the Junior class still survives, and holds itself in continual readiness for any mishaps which may chance to come upon it at this late hour, though the thirteenth day of April was not too late for the Faculty to discover that there were those in the Junior class who, by lacking one or more studies could not be counted full-fledged Juniors, thereby shutting out some who had worked the hardest for the Annual, and causing a temporary embarrassment. But "we've screwed our courage to the sticking point, and we'll not fail."



3-6-1880

THIS is the village of Auburndale.
This is the feminine rival of Yale,
That sits in the village of Auburndale,
At whose rising fame let Harvard grow pale.

This is the girl with dotted veil,
Who came by canal-boat, stage, and rail
To this fair feminine rival of Yale,
That sits in the village of Auburndale.

These are the lads that never fail
To call on the girl with the dotted veil,

Who came by canal-boat, stage, and rail
To study (?) in beautiful Auburndale.

These are the hours — ah, “don’t you know!” —
So tardy in coming, so swift to go,
When all those lads who never fail
To call on the girl with dotted veil
May sit in the parlor a little while
To chat, and giggle, and cough, and smile
With that fair damsel, who, dressed in style,
“Entertains her friends,” sans gush, sans guile,

In the elegant parlors of Auburndale,
The resplendent rival of poor old Yale.

These are the maidens, demureness all,
The thin, the fat, the short, the tall,
Who station themselves, a curious row,
To see the poor faint hearts ask at the doo—
R (with frantic dive into pockets deep,
Where their cigarettes, candy, and cards they keep)
For the lovely maid with the dotted veil.
How they stammer and blush, and anon grow pale!
And each fair watcher goes mad with glee
At thought of the fun that is to be,
When, all forgetting the cast-iron rule
Of visiting-hours at this "girls' school,"
The innocent youths stay on and on
When the clock in the tower has said, "Be gone!
'Tis 5, 'tis 5, 'tis 5, 'tis 5;
You could stay no longer, were you the khe-
dive!"

Then loud thro' the hall the dreadful clang,
The crash, the rattle, the whiz, the bang,
Of that old gong whose battered face
The watching maidens with gleeful grace
Pound upon at a lively pace.

This is the scene that meets your eyes
When the lads recover from their surprise.
Of all sad words beneath the sun
The saddest are these, "We had to run!"

This is the lady, famed of yore,
Whose eyes smile madness, and wrath, and gore
On the dot-veiled maid who goes to the door
With the tender youth of charms galore, —
This is she, and her office floor
Reeks with the tears of the wretched maid,
Scoffed at, scorned, and sore afraid,
When, thrilling her through to her dear heart's
core,

The lady informs her, "I am the more
Astonished that you should forget the rule.
Never—and let me make this plain—
To door or station, in shine or rain,
Accompany callow youths who call;
Nor fathers, nor mothers—include them *all*."

Meekly penitent maid appears.
Gay and jovial and void of fears
Is the real state of her youthful breast;

Gravely dismissed, she hums as she goes,
"Oh, how full is this world of woes!"
Night crowns with shadows sweet Auburndale,
Deepens to darkness o'er hill and vale;
And this fair feminine rival of Yale,
With her precious freight of maidens frail,
Dreamily nods, nor is wakened at all
By the cat on the back fence, the mouse in the
hall.



Gradual Diminution of the Physics Class, 1891.



TEN trembling maidens the Physics class did jibe,
One heard the teacher speak, and then there were but nine.

Nine trembling maidens came in very late,
One did not come at all, and then there were but eight.

Eight trembling maidens much in need of leave,
One was too hilarious, and then there were but seven.

Seven trembling maidens afraid of 'lectric pricks,
One jumped from off the stool, and then there were but six.

Six trembling maidens much learning did derive,
Yet when examinations came, there were only five.

Five trembling maidens thought Physics quite a bore,
One decided she was ill, then there were but four.

Four persistent maidens, though told they could not pass,
To pass they were determined, and would not leave the class.



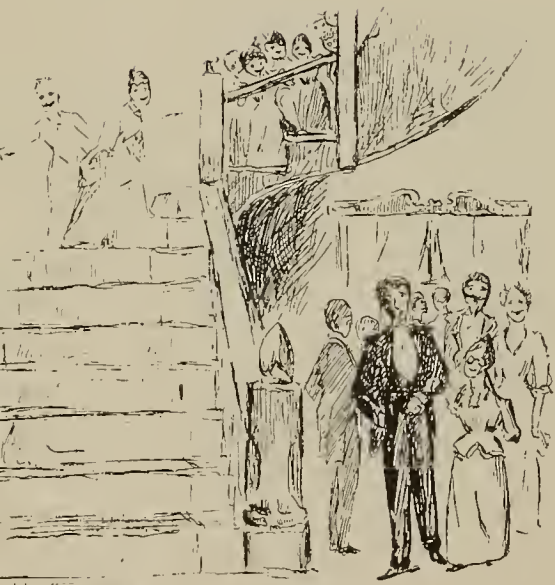
1



4



3



2

AN EXTRACT FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES."*



WHAT are these?

These are receptions.

What receptions?

The receptions given last year.

Given! to whom?

Oh, to all the classes and a special one to the Seniors.

Who comes?

All those invited who never attended one here before.

Who are invited, and why don't they come a second time?

Mostly fossils,† with a scarce sprinkling of that dangerous commodity, young men. The latter either die from the effects, and so are incapacitated for another, or make a desperate attempt to live and warn others. The former always loom up.

Oh!! Do the girls like these receptions?

The *Freshmen*.

Do the Juniors?

They never go; they hang over the banisters as in illustration 2, and watch the Seniors turn green.

Why do the Seniors turn green?

From envy of the Juniors' position.

How long do the guests stay?

They come at 8.30, and are turned out at 9.

Can you go anywhere but in the parlors?

No, on pain of being sent upstairs.‡

Why do the girls in illustration 3 look so funny?

Because this girl has cabbaged|| the only man.

Why don't the girls in illustration 1 speak to the boys?

They probably have their hands in their pockets, and so must be avoided, or else some one's particular friends, and this isn't a tête-à-tête.

How can I escape such a fate?

Refuse to be a member of any given class at any given time.

Is this the only way?

The only way.

Can't I die?

You can die.

Then I will die!

* Notes by the editor; queries by a prep.

† Fossil: One whose sympathies are with a former time rather than with the present. — Webster.

‡ A pleasurable pain much sought after.

|| A prep. is advised not to use "cabbage;" it isn't elegant, although expressive.



THERE was a man named Bragdon,
Professor of Lasell,
Who was very fond of reading
And could tell a story well.

Every morning while in chapel
That dear old man would say,
"I have a few choice bits here, girls,
To think of through the day."

And at the utterance of these words
The girls would wink and sigh,
For they knew quite well what "choice bits" meant,
And made a face full wry.

"Last night Sam Jones a lecture gave
On Christians of the day, —
Why don't you listen to me awhile,
And behave yourself, Miss Ray?"

"If you do not care to listen,
Courteous at least you might be, —
Now we'll take the list for Plymouth;
That's a place you all should see.

"There is Peregrine White's cradle,
And the monument so grand, —
Will each girl who cannot say
The ten commandments stand?"

"Harriet Scott, why don't you know them?
Haven't you been to Sabbath school?
'Yes,' you say; what did you do there?
Did you only play and fool?"

"Every girl be sure to learn them,
And learn them good and right, —
Who will go to Riddle's reading
O'er to Newtonville to-night?"

"Girls, just one more bit this morning,
From the 'Zion's Herald' it came,
I clipped it out last evening —
Did I get every name?"

"Be not simply good,
Be good for something, girls, —
Miss Whitney, this is not the place
To be arranging curls!"

At last he looks up startled
To find it is so late,
And says, "Now for the letters, girls,
Unless you'd rather wait.

"But one thing more, before you go,
My box, do not forget,
Of all those notes I asked you for,
Not one is in there yet."



BEHOLD at Lasell's portals,
In the early evening hour,
Stands papa's little comfort
And mamma's sweetest flower.

Her heart is in her bootlets,
Her knees act very queer,
And on her drooping lashes
There hangs a tiny tear.

She plucks up all her courage
And enters at the door,—
Then eagerly she looks around
For an opening in the floor.

She sees the new girls roaming
Like sheep without the fold;
Their pretty eyes swelled twice their size,
With tears they cannot hold.

She wonders in the daytime,
What girl will ever love her?
And sobs herself to sleep at night,
With thoughts of home and mother.

The "rules" and the "suggestions"
She straightway learns by heart,
For fear lest on a future day
She may forget some part.

She answers the old questions,
Her name? her home? her age?
And envious, eyes with wild surprise
The Seniors grave and sage.

By one the days speed onward,
To her they seem like years;
But soon a great and gradual change
In our little maid appears.

The "rules" and the "suggestions"
Are laid upon the shelf:
She finds there's no one in the school
Like her own sweet little self.

The road into the village
Resoundeth to her tread,
And from her room at midnight
Come sounds like these, 'tis said:

“Get a wiggle on those olives;”
“These sandwiches are prime;”
“If news of this gets out, I fear
We’ll seek another clime.”

She has her photo taken
In a dozen different poses.
At things in general turns up
Her daintiest of noses.

By dint of careful study
In ’ologies and ’isms
She can sometimes tell the difference
Between round squares and prisms.

And when she leaves the portals
Which have guarded her so well,
She’s an air which says, “Make room for me, —
I’m a graduate of Lasell!”



She writes home to her father
For tidy little sums;
And takes her friend to see the tank
As often as he comes.

A multitude of cousins
Spring up as in a night,
Whose affection for their relative
Is a truly touching sight.

She’s posted on the fashions;
She wears her hair in curl;
And in *her* estimation
She’s a very stunning girl.





OUR FACULTIE.



WHAN that Aprilē with his schowrēs swootē
The drought of Marche hath percéd to the rootē,
And bathéd every veyne in swich licoür,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour —
And Mayē with hir flourēs al bedeckēd
The thoughts how last ycar's Juniors had néglected;
Néglctē for the lack of brains ye knowē,
And tyme an streyngthē, fur they seem much slowē.
So priketh Juniors now in their coràgēs,
Thannē longen them to tellē their storàgēs
Of fact and fiction as is thus the rulē
In this, New England's fine Lasellē scoolē.
First and most 'portant of the many features
Is the descriptioüne of eek the teachers.
So seemeth it acordant to resoun
To telle you allē thc condicionne
Of eek of hem so as it semede me,
And which they weren, and of what degrē,
And eek in what array that they were innē.
So at the Chief than wol I first begynnē.

Ah one ther was and that a worthie man,
That from the tymē that he first bygan
To teach about, he lovēde honestie,
Trouthe, honoür, fredom, and curteisie.
Al girles he constantly did eyē
In chapel whenere he them wold spiē
Whispering or laughing in some lecture deepē,
And thus to themē he wolde always speekē:
“Young ladies, I attentioüne demandē,
Obey, or seken ye far straungē strondē.”
A longē trip took he to Holy Land,
The many sights of interest fur to see.
Stories he tells of places whiche ther be
As wel in Christendom as in the hethenessē,
And ever tells us to be generoussē
And work and always think of Missionary.
Many horses has he in the stable;
Wel ken he sit on them and ridē able.
In cvery class he is ful pacieānt,
To girls who have their lessons never learnt.

If tyme, much more ther is to tellē
Of him, the Head and Keeper of Lasellē.

With him ther was another, his left bower,
A lovyerl and a lusty bachelor.
With lokkes brown as they were laid in pressē,
Of thirty years of age he is, I guessē.
A master of all science. Ph.B.,
Knows he entirly of the earth and sea.
He treets of "micer," "laver," "strater," "tufer,"
Sir "Daner" and Le Conte he quotes from, wel, sir!
He couldē compounds make and wel explainē;
Laugh and eek talk with scholars when he'd deignē.
"Idears" numerous with him ther be.
Wel couthe he synge and lead the servicē
Of chapel with al much amazing powér,
His neck-tye red was as the poppy flowér;
For only swich a worthie man as he
Was made the secretary of the Facultie.
In looks he was not fat, I undertake,
But lokede holwe and therto soberly.
He was so worthie for to want office:
For him was levere have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookēs clad in blak or reede
Of chemistry and his philosophie
Than robēs *rich*, or mony new neck-tye,
But al be that he is a philosophreē.
And al that he might of his tymē hentē
On bookēs and on lernyng he it spentē.
Of studie took he most cure and most heedē.
Not oo word spok he more than was needē;

And that was said in forme and reverencē
And schort and guyk and ful of high sentencē.
Tending to mortal vertu was his spechē
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teachē.

Ther was also a ladie, a Preceptress,
That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy.
And sikerley sche was of gret disporte,
And ful plesaunt and amyable of porte,
And studied sche to counterfetē cheerē.
Well knew sche how to call us al by "dearie."
Ful fetys was hir cloak as I was waar;
A string of beadēs 'round hir neck sche baar.
A smalē boy hadde scheē that sche feddē.
And sent to scool and likewise sent to beddē.
Sche wrong was for the one gret reson,
To visit girls could go but once a seson.
No where so busy a one as she ther was;
And yit sche semēd busier than sche was.

Another knew of hist'ry 'nd datēs allē
Way from the tyme that Adam didē fallē
Through years and years down to the present tyme;
And name the kings too couthe sche al in rhyme.
French sche spak full faire and fetysly
After the school of Willard in New Yorkē;
For French of Parys was to hir unknownē.
The table Français was sche al its headē;
And read sche much and knew sche al sche readē.
Ful wel honóred, of gret esteem was she

With scholars over al in this scoolē,
And eek with worthie women of the toun,
For sche had pow'r of conversatioūne.

And one ther was of Bath in Maine, also,
That unto Logik haddē long ago,
A Mental Sciencē instructress, oh!
Knew sche of every book in al this scoolē,
And eek the pictures couth sche name by rulē.
Ful semely hir wymple 'pinchēd waas.
Hir dress was short and not so very tight.
And liked sche wel al kinds of Woman's Right.
At metē wel i-taught was schē with allē.
Sche let no morsel from hir lippēs fallē,
Ne wet hire fyngres in hire saucē deepē.
Wel couth sche carrie a morsel and wel keepē
That ne drapē ne fel upon hir platē.
Sche was schort schouldred, broade and thikkē kuarrē,
A small felt hat upon hire head sche boarē,
Spelling sche taught, with it Geographiē
A worthiē woman always is sche be.

Of them a sixth ther is of much reportē
That unto English always doth hald fortē.
The biggest dread of hir is long essēēys,
Reviews, discussions, arguments, thesēēs.
Sche teches figurēs of speechē and the rhymē,
And wants al lights out on the very tymē.
Ful wel sche sang the servicē devyne
Entunēd in hire heed ful semēly.
A smyle of gret plesaunce sche constant worē.

But always kept wide ope hire chambre doorē,
So poorē girls to visit after ninē
Could only fur that luxury repinē.

One teaching x and y , and a plus b ,
Is next upon the lyst as we schall see.
Hir Alma Mater is this school Lasellē,
Fur here sche lernēd much, and did full wellē
In al hir studies, as it now doth schow,
Since Mathematycs al sche does wel know.
Galileo lyke sche redes the starēs,
Studies the Earth, uncovers Marēs.
Sche was a worthie woman al hir lyfē.
To pattern after hir take my advicē.

Another ther is, a faire fur the masteriē
Of Roman language wel i-taught waas sche.
The wisdom of a heap of lernede men
Was very symple whan to hir it kam.
Then wolde sche spekē no worde but the Latyn,
And mony termēs had she fur to say;
No wonder is, sche herde it al the day.
Wel couth sche write a bookē al of Latyn;
And Greek to hir waas just as smooth as satyn.
At servicē the organ sche played wellē,
The notes from out the pipēs would forth swellē.
And every rulē couth sche pleyn by rootē.
Sche looked al nicely in a blackē coatē,
Dressed al in black, without a colored stripē.
Of hir array I can no mar enditē.

Still oneč more ther is in this lerned scool,
Who teaches German, and is very cool
About hir learning which is greete indeed,
In that of studie sche doth nothing need.
Sche haddě passěd mony strangě stroom
To come to this landě from wher sche haddě been.
Ful very pleasaunt was sche al the tyme;
But if were any scholar obstinat
What so sche wer of high or low estat
Sche wolde hir scoldě scharpley on the spot
And make it always fur hir pretty hot.
At prayers at night sche pleyed the instrument;
To holpen always sche hir aidě lent.

Al these gret persons mak the Facultie,
Which august body ruleth this scoolě.
They come together every Monday night,
To gossip, talk, joke, scheme, and plot and fight
About the poorě pupils, al in turn;
Not one escapes their criticism stern.
Their club-room is the teachers' parlor,
And there they take in turn each scholar
And weigh hir faults til very laite at night.

At Publishing meeting they are of greet might
And mak girls tremble with much fear, and blush,
As at them parliamentary rules they rush.
For al such courage strong which they posess,
One thing ther is which mekes them powerless.
And this one thing they let us not enjoy,
Poor harmless urchin, 'tis the *dreadful boy!*
A boy's the thing of al the rest the worst,
And we are taught to shun him from the first.
But, sad to say, such weighty minds as these
Must have some faults, which do not ladies please.
They like not *demis* nor the *candy-store*;
But of their faults I must not name them more.

Now I have told you shortly in a clause
Thestate, tharray, position, and the cause
Of those assembled in this companiě.
But first I pray you of your curtesie
That ye ne think it of my vileinyě,
Though that I speke al pleyn in this materě;
To tellě you the worděs and the cheerě,
Ne tho', I speke here worděs properliě.
For this ye knowen al so wol as I.



THE SPREAD.

A Tragedy in Two Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS DARING	<i>Hostess under restrictions.</i>
TOOLIE	<i>Her room-mate.</i>
CHUM	<i>Miss Daring's friend.</i>
MISS SNIPPY	<i>The preceptress.</i>

Miss Daring's friends.

ACT I.

[SCENE: *Guard-room at top of house. No lights. Time, 12 P.M. Enter after pre-arranged signal four maidens led by CHUM, all attired in Mother Hubbards. Counting noses and finding all there, they seat themselves upon the floor, upsetting a bottle of olives, tumbler of jelly, potted chicken, and a few such trifles. All try to talk at once, succeeding only in making a hubbub which it is feared will be heard outside, so set to work on the performance of the evening, and between the mouthfuls a short conversation is carried on.*]

CHUM.—I have longed to be an angel
Here, and mitigate the dearth;
But I see plainly, though 'tis dark,
I'm not long for this earth;
And strange as it may seem to you
The world's made brighter by this view.

ALL.—What's the row now, Chum?

CHUM. — O, nothing but the sugar, dears,
The sugar's in the soup;
That is, I dropped it on the stairs
When coming to this coop.
So now, of course we'll get found out,
And sent off home, without a doubt.

ALL. — We and you together, love,
Never mind the sugar, love,
It will be a clear, cold day
When the Snips get left.

[*They thereupon jump up and begin a war dance with slight reference to dishes, remnants of sandwiches, et cetera, — the sandwiches making the floor softer to their tiny feet.*] CURTAIN.

ACT II.

[SCENE: SAME. Time, 12.45 A.M. With increasing time speed of dance increases also; maiden stepping on peach-can emits a shrill scream like a seven o'clock whistle; others trying to silence her increase the evidence of good lungs even unto a hundred-fold. Knock comes. Maidens drop hands, gaze farewellly at each other in the blackness, then look out for number one. Five fondly lock themselves into each other's arms in the spacious closet eighteen inches by twenty-four; as many more seek retirement beneath the simple cot; two fond ones, forgetful of their understandings, delight in a screen; poor TOOLIE, as ever, unmindful of self, is precipitated in the fray, and an implement of spreadability passes through her sacrificial breast from north to south, — a peaceful end. MISS DARING and CHUM each take to the fire-escape, one with a rope, one without. Door opens. Enter MISS SNIPPY.]

MISS SNIPPY. — Young ladies, to your rooms now go!
I thought this plan to nip

Before it e'er should blossom forth,
Or you could give the slip.

I'll strike a light that I may see
What this confusion means;
Upon the stairs I found your tracks—
This *is* a scene of scenes!

[Forthwith she opens the closet door; in silence drags forth five wan damsels whose gowns are bedraggled with the tears they have shed. Next, also in silence, the SNIP tugs at the unfortunates beneath the cot. By the might of her strong right arm she conquers, holding up as trophies an arm, two feet, several stockings, and remnants of gowns, which will serve as proof till the owners can be extricated. Behind the screen she next sallies, stepping with grace over the recumbent and unconscious body of the dead TOOLIE. By the hair of their heads these damsels are led to their mates and bidden to await their fate, each one given the care of a dismembered fragment of her mate. But—]

“O where, O where has the Daring gone,
O where, O where can she be?
I'll find her and Chum if I search all night long,”
Was the Snippy's soliloquy.

[She moves to the fire-escape. Half-way down stands the DARING one; as she gazes up and meets the awful eye of SNIP her foot in a curious manner removes itself from its resting-place, and she falls through the escape down, down, even down toward the bottomless pit, but not quite. A yell as from the lower world rises on the midnight air, and the once supple form lies still on the cold, cold ground. CHUM, who has taken the rope fire-escape, is disconcerted by the loud tone with which her friend utters what she expected would be a signal, and forgets to fasten her rope to the iron. Sliding down with her whole weight it refuses to bear, and she drops to the place beneath, sending forth a companion shriek, thoughtlessly arousing the birds before dawn. Pleased with her work MISS SNIPPY returns to the cowering forms.]

MISS SNIPPY.—Follow me!

[By dark and circuitous paths she leads them to that awful den, the laboratory, where there is a confusion of vapors. They are seated around a burning pot, and she awaits the result. One after another their eyes begin to roll as the sun in its ceaseless course; the countenances turn from white to yellow and then to blue; in turn each one falls, always with her head into the seething caldron, and as the last one falls

CURTAIN FALLS.

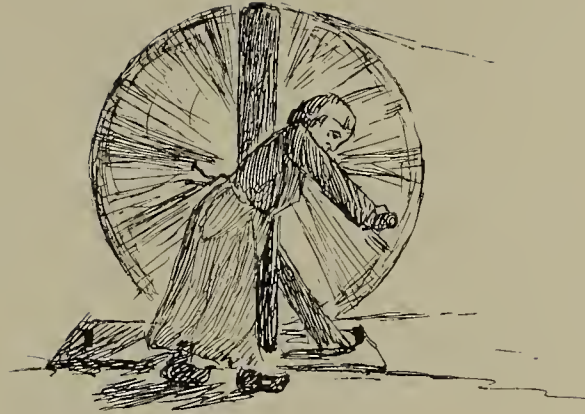
* * * * *

The bones of Chum and Daring are at rest;
Maids whose untimely death was never known
Until 'twas heard from Snippy's dying lips,
Silent before for reasons of her own.

Now heed while I a word of warning give:
Ye maidens, there are holes in paper sacks,
And when you wish to give a midnight spread,
For pity's sake, do cover up your tracks.

Ye teachers, ye will see 'tis sometimes best,
When certain things upon the stairs ye find,
To turn your heads around the other way,
Remembering the old maxim, "Love is blind."





FAULTY.



C. C. B. — “ Reasoning is worse than scolding.”

CHAMES. — “ O, there is something in that voice that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit.”

JOSEPH. — “ One of the most impressive and dignified of men.”

CUSH. — “ Take the open air,—the more you take the better.”

CARPY. — “ Speak out plainly; be precise with facts and dates.”

FRAULEIN. — “ It is only work that you want, indeed.”

“ Come, here is work, begin.”

TAPPY. — “ One of the most loving smiles imaginable.”

THE SISTERS. — “ It is a delightful thing to see affection in families.”

DAVIE. — “A heart that in his labor sings.”

ANGELINE. — “Leave nothing fitted for the purpose untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.”

WELLSY. — “The wise for cure on exercise depend.”

MADAME. — “And talked with measured emphasized reserve.”

NURSIE. — “My body is from all diseases free, my temp'ra'te pulse does regularly beat.”

PACH. — “So light of foot, so light of spirit.”

BILLY. — “Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.”

C'est vrai! “Nowhere so besy a man as this'n as, and yet he seemed besier than he was.”

“There was no sympathy between them.

Their souls never approached, never understood, each other,

And words were often spoken which wounded deeply.”

K. N-RM-N. — “Not to be laughed at, and scorned because little of stature.”

M. W-TH-RB--. — “Yours is the charm of calm good sense.”

E. C--CH. — “I too have my vocation—work to do.”

H. M-DSK-R. — “Much mirth and no madness.”

N. D-V-S. — “I am an off ox at bein' druv.”

R. WH-TN-Y. — “Hair put up in some wild way,

Decked with a hedgerose's spray.”

L. P-NN-Y. — “Let us be what we are, and speak what we think.”

J. RY-N. — “The black-blue Irish hair, the Irish eyes.”

J. -RN-LD — “To one thing constant never.”

- M. BR-DR-CK. — “She taketh most delight in music instruments and in poetry.”
- M. M-LL-R. — “I hold it sinful to despond.”
- K. H-M-LT-N-. — “Woman’s at best a contradiction still.”
- G. B-RNH-RT. — “The fat affectionate smile.”
- G. C- -N. — “Thou hast betray’d thy nature and thy name.”
- E. PL-MM-R. — “You see through warping glasses.”
- A. W-LST-N. — “You was turned up trumps originally, and trumps you must be till you die.”
- A. G- -D-LL. — “Known unto few, but prized as far as known.”
- A. K-LL-GG. — “Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument.”
- B. BR-NS-N. — “A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.”
- J. W-ST. — “A spirit fit to start an empire.”
- G. L- -D. — “A manner so plain, grave, unaffected, and sincere.”
- L. PR-CT-R. — “But always resolute in most extremes.”
- M. F-LL-Y. — “Such a fresh, blooming, chubby, rosy-cosy, modest little bud.”
- C. D-L-. -- “I seem as nothing in the mighty world.”
- V. W-CK-FF. — “They say she knew much that she never told.”
- L. TH- - -R. — “My little body is weary of this great world.”
- H. N-BL-. — “Graceful without design, and unforeseeing.”
- H. SC-TT. — “A good child on the whole, meek, manageable.”
- L. C-L-. — “I can guard my own.”
- L. R-Y. — “Shy she was and I thought her cold.”
- L. T-K-Y and AND-RS-N. — “Imparadised in one another’s arms.”

- A. CR-CK-R.—“Gars auld cloes look amaist as weel’s the new.”
- M. P. H-NS-N.—“Wild natures need wise curbs.”
- J. V-L-S.—“I leave my character behind me.”
- C. F-RQ-H-R.—“She was not inclined to labor
 For herself or for her neighbor,
 For she dearly loved her ease.”
- L. APP-L.—“My importance in school is not questioned!”
- M. FL-M-NG.—“Her words do show her wit incomparable.”
- H. L-W-S.—“Thy locks uncombed like a rough wood appear.”
- D. C-RT-S.—“A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
 Sure to be rounded into beauty soon.”
- C. ST- -L.—“My heart is true as steel.”
- A. D-N-LL-N.—“One whom the music of *her* own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting
 harmony.”
- L-THR-P and L. EDD.—“Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.”
- B. E-T-N.—“I fly my thoughts like kites.”
- S. B-ND.—“You were born for something great.”
- L. H-K-LL.—“*She* tells you flatly what *her* mind is.”
- J. R-CH.—“It would ill become me to be vain.”
- S. B-RR-LL.—“Thou art inclined to sleep,
 ’Tis a good dulness and give it way.”

- A. H-LM-S. — “After all, every one in this world can be dispensed with except the sun and myself.”
- F. R-Y. — “Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself and earth’s remotest ends.”
- M. T- - L-R. — “For my voice I have lost it with howling and singing of anthems.”
- M. MCD-N-LD. — “Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.”
- C. CH-MB-RL-N. — “I thus neglecting worldly ends all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind.”
- F. K-HN. — “All the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.”
- L. C-RR- -R. — “She quits the narrow path of sense,
For a dear ramble through impertinence.”
- E. B-RB-NK. — “So very young, so spiritual, so slight and fairy-like a creature.”
- P. H- -ST-N. — “A pearl of great price.”
- A. C-L-. — “You are not an advocate for matrimony, I think.”
- C. V-N S-CKL-. — “A babe in the home is a well-spring of pleasure.”
- F. D-V-NP-RT. — “A young lady of fascinating manners, though small in stature and not particularly
beautiful.”
- C. J-HNS-N. — “You rather want somebody to look arter you, wen your judgment goes out er
visitin’.”
- L. H-BB-RD. — “In outward show elaborate;
In inward, less exact.”

- E. EDD-. — “What will Mrs. Grundy say?”
- A. WH-T-. — “I’m neither cross nor proud.”
- E. WH-T-. — “I still see something to be done.”
- M. BR-TH-RT-N. — “Thou art a scholar.”
- L. C-MST-CK. — “My attachments are strong attachments, and never weaken.”
- M. ST-N-. — “Mindful not of herself.”
- D. M-LL-K-N. — “What change is there in you? You seem more anxious and more thoughtful than you used.”
- F. ST-DM-N. — “Her gentleness was equal with her youth.”
- E. M-S-N. — “Something quite out of the common.”
- E. SC- -LL-R. — “Let gentleness my stronger forcement be.”
- J. G-SK-LL. — “A melancholy smile to catch myself smiling for joy.”
- J. CH-NDL-R. — “*Her* greatest merit was *her* love of learning.”
- B. W-LC-X. — “She had a great liking for show and bright colors.”
- F. G-RDN-R. — “A chief ingredient in my composition is a most determined firmness.”
- S. K-NG. — “Childish, sweet, and woman-wise.”
- A. ANDR- -S-N. — “I dare do all that may become a man.”
- E. B-RD-CK. — “One could see she was wise the moment one looked in her face.”
- L. WH-TN-Y. — “Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act.”
- L. P. H-BB-RD. — “What she undertook to do she did.”
- E. T-YL-R. — “I am a part of all that I have met.”
- B. PH-LPS. — “O, who does know the bent of woman’s fantasy.”

- G. AD-MS. — “Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.”
- M. S-WY-R. — “A progeny of learning.”
- L. S-YB-LT. — “Tetchy and wayward.”
- A. ALDR-CH. — “Indued with sanctity of reason.”
- B. SH-NN-N. — “You’re oncommon in some things, you’re oncommon small,
Likewise you’re an oncommon scholar.”
- C. -DDY. — “There was something very winning in her haughty manner.”
- F. H-LM-S. — “Surely I shall be wise in a year.”
- G. H-SK-LL. — “If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you’ll forget them all.”
- B. L-LL-BR-DG-. — “They love the least that let men know their love.”
- M. S- -M-N. — “Not beautiful in curve and line,
But something more and better.”
- M. B-RR. — “Thou hast no speculation in those eyes thou starest with.”
- I. SH-RT. — “A scorn for flattery and a zeal for truth.”
- M. T-LL-YS. — “The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face.”
- J. ST- -L. — “And lack of load made *her* life burdensome.”
- M. W-GG-N. — “Hang sorrow, — care will kill a cat.”
- J. H-YT. — “Past and to come seems best, things present worse.”
- C. G-LM-N. — “What shall I do to be forever known.”
- M. B- -M-NT. — “The next thing to being witty is to quote the wit of others.”

N. CH-S-. — “The first virtue is to temper well thy tongue.”

B-SS.

ELLW- -D. } “The law of love prevails.”

C-NN-LL. }

G. SH-RM-N. — “She was made for happy thoughts.”

E. S-MNS. — “Little at the first, but mighty at the last.”

M. D- -RD-RFF. — “I am a pattern for housewives.”

G. R-B-NS-N. — “Gentle in mien, words, and temper.”

G. ALL-N. — “A hardy frame, a hardier spirit.”

J. W-LF-. — “The worst I know, I would do good to.”

G. GL- -S-N. — “The force of *her* own merit makes *her* way.”

A. R-WL- -GH. — “Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.”

F. H-NSB-RG-R. — “Of my merit on that point you yourself may judge.”

D. CH-PM-N. — “Some on antiquated authors pore.”

E. SH-LD-N. — “I have a jest for all I meet.”

A. S- -GR-V. — “I was never less alone than when by myself.”

A. BR- -KS. — “Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?”

L. V-NC-. — “Like a statue solid set,

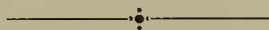
And moulded in colossal calm.”

E. SCHL-M-. — “We don’t all of us do what we ought, do us?”

A. ST-L-Y. — “She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard.”

G. GR-FF-N. — “Her eyes’ dark charm ’twere vain to tell.”

- H. KN-WL-S. — “ Her neat figure, her sober womanly step.”
- U. C-L-. — “ A bold heart yours.”
- L. H-W-S. — “ Home we love it and all that are there.”
- N. R-CH-RDS. }
 A. H-BB-RD. } “ We came so close we saw our differences too intimately.”
- B. C-MST-CK. — “ I worked with patience which means almost power.”
- M. W-RR-N. — “ All graceful head so richly curled.”
- M. C-S-. — “ Fearless in her sweet maidenhood.”
- E. D-C-. — “ The calm of self-reliance.”
- A. N-BL-. — “ I’ll versify in spite, and do my best
 To make as much waste paper as the rest.”
- J. H-GG. — “ I know you’re proud to bear your name.”



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- GYMNASIUM. — “ ’Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after.”
- “ LOST DRAWER.” — “ I am but a gatherer of other men’s stuff.”
- ’91 ENTERTAINMENT. — “ Fame and censure with a tether
 By fate are always linked together.”

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By bare imagination of a feast?”

ALUMNÆ. — “Lost to sight, to memory dear.”

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SWORD DRILL. — “It was no chylden’s game.”

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The dread of all who wrong.”

LASELL. — “Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.”

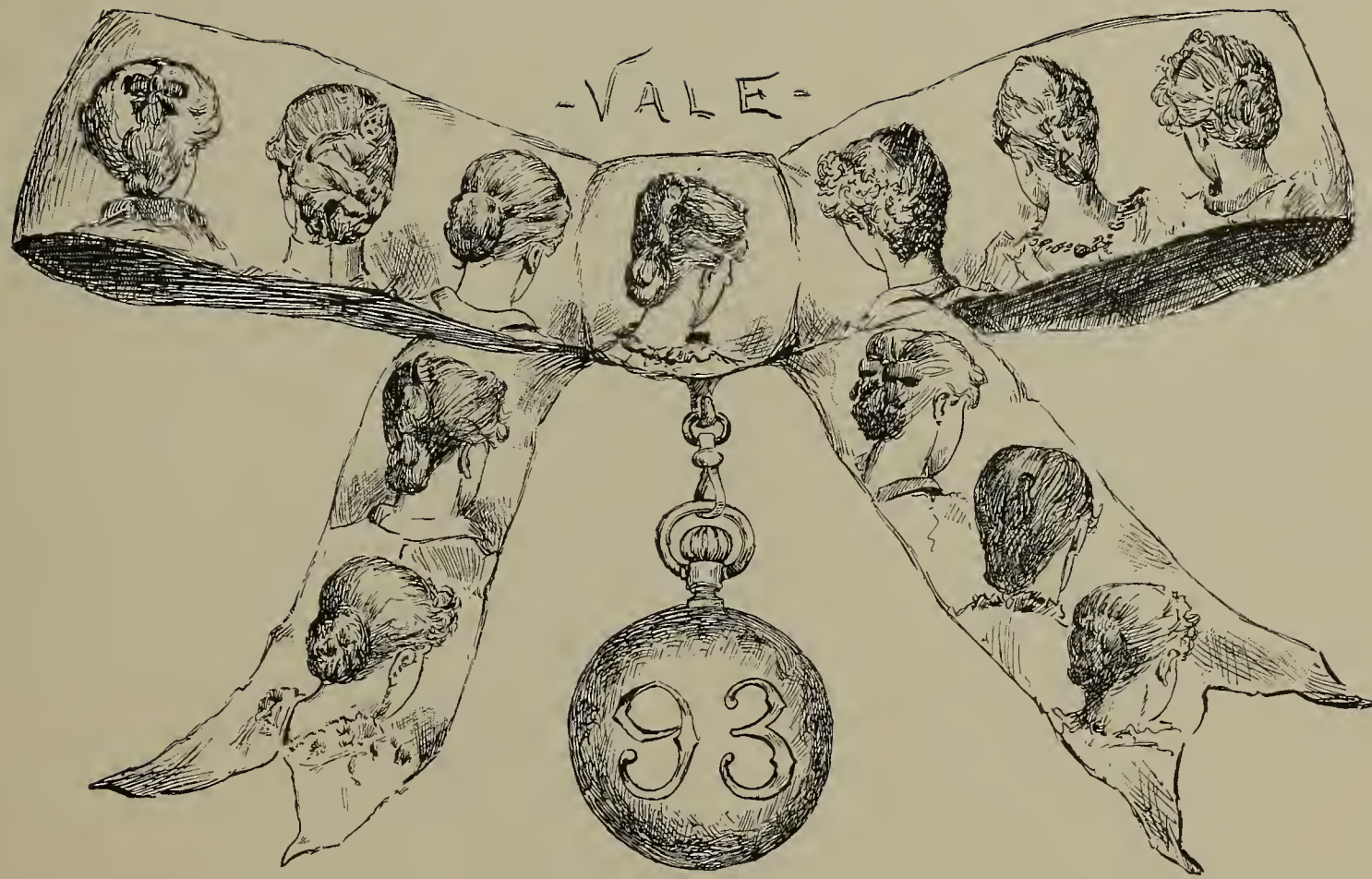
CHEMISTRY CLASS. — “Bearing all down in thy precipitancy.”

CUSTARD. — “Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?”

OUR OLDEST MEMBER. — “One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.”

EDITORS. — “Let us not burthen our remembrance with a heaviness that’s gone.”

'93 ALLERLEI. — “In every work regard the writer’s end;
For none can compass more than they intend,
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.”



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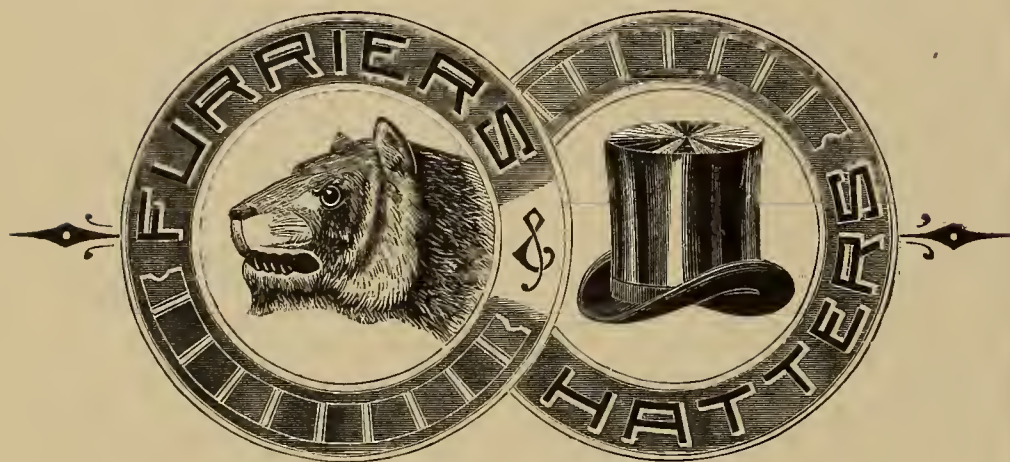
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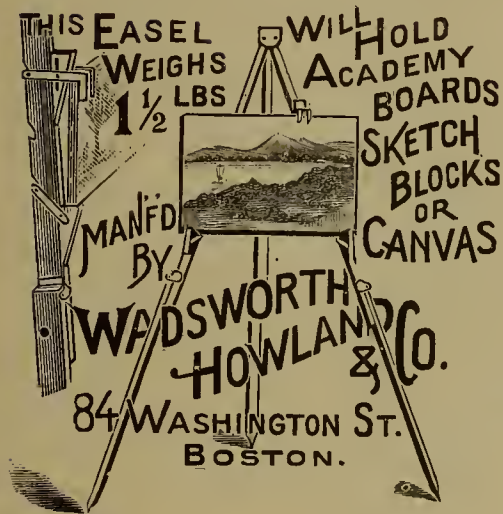
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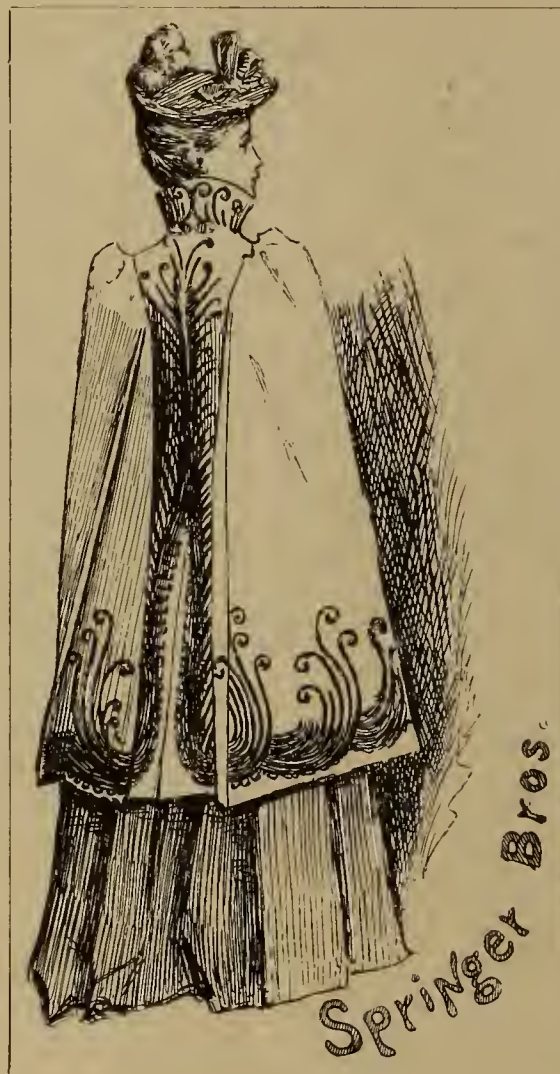
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