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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

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OF

LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN,

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"WE, who are about to live, salute you," chants the saluatorian, on each successive commencement day. This utterance, like all those which proceed from the lips of the high school and college graduate, is typical of our age. It is no longer left to the saluatorian, but is put into the mouths of all who embark on any enterprise whatever.

Formerly it was enough simply to have an object in life. It was not thought necessary to proclaim this object from the house-top; the results were left to speak for themselves. But now, in glaring prospectus and daring promise, people have to reiterate the fact that they are going to do something of importance. Too often it proves only another instance of "*ridiculus mus nascetur.*"

Though we are old-fashioned, and object to this use of the startling prospectus, still we follow the popular leading, solaced by the thought that we have at least one thing to relate that has already been accomplished, *i. e.*, the long talked-of change in the form of the LEAVES.

Solaced also by the thought that now that the LEAVES has put on a more attractive dress, perhaps we shall see here, also, the triumph of the struggle of the "inner" to adapt itself to the "outer."

We propose to express our views on all subjects. We shall "dare and again dare," — with one exception; we shall never venture to be as "funny as we can," having seen in a journal near at hand the disastrous effects of such rashness.

Literature, science, and politics shall speak "for our graver hours"; and "when the fulness of time comes," we shall pay tribute to folly; shall delight the "old girls" with items of local interest. Thrilling accounts of serenades, and excursions on the Charles River, etc., will be given in full, this department being in charge of a special editor. And as an aid to the "new girls" in finding out the intricate ways at Lasell, there

will from time to time be published a carefully revised edition of rules and regulations, with notes and appendix.

“As many men, so many minds.” Each after the manner of Theophrastus Such, shall hunt the little heap of millet seeds for his own particular pearl.

THE long vacation with all its possibilities has come and gone. Probably, for the average student, nothing is more elusive and more hard to get into than the real vacation spirit. Not that we do not all consider ourselves eminently fitted for the joys of vacation! Quite the contrary. But after the first delightful plunge, the time shrinks so perceptibly, and there is always such a haunting consciousness of the things one ought to be doing, but is not doing at all, that, at the best, vacation, in the Hawthorne use of the term, has come to be a delusion and a snare, unless, indeed, one is constituted like the small child who used occasionally to wander into the editorial sanctum. Seating herself with an abandoned air, she would say with a chuckle, “Every minute I stay here, I am doing just what I have made up my mind not to; but it’s such fun!”

Perhaps the root of all the trouble lies in the “plus capacity” which these thirteen weeks seem to have when they are still in the future. They seem to offer such good opportunity for practising music, making up back studies, writing one or two essays left over from last year, answering accumulated letters, reading reference books, and posting one’s self on current literature, to say nothing of all the good times that must be crowded in any way, etc., etc, *ad infinitum*.

One delightful philosopher of Lasell acquaintance says she always improves the summer vacation to take an inventory of all the “incomes” and “outcomes” of her character during the past year; and to decide on the course of action she deems it advisable to follow until the next summer. If there are any habits to be broken off, or other decided changes to be made, she finds them easier of accomplishment at the beginning of the school year when everything else is starting anew. Besides, as she puts it, “I don’t believe much in resolutions any way, but it’s a superstition

of mine, as the possessor of a New England conscience, that they ought to be made some time. And so, all things considered, the summer seems the best season. You can’t do much then any way, and it seems a pity to take the time later, when your brain is more active and you might better be *doing* something than merely planning it.”

But, however our last summer vacation has been spent, we fail to learn wisdom in preparing for the next one. At the beginning of the Junior summer vacation, as at the beginning of the Sub-Freshman, we are proudly confident that there will be plenty of time to make up in the coming thirteen weeks what there was not time for in the past thirty-six.

THE Chautauqua Assembly, Lake View, afforded a good opportunity for a number of Lasell girls to meet each other this summer; and when one thinks for a moment, what better place, or even more suggestive, could such a party have selected? Here was a chance for any literary inclination to have its full share of attention, no matter in what line it might be; there were normal and drawing classes, concerts and lectures, the latter being on widely different subjects, thus enabling all to find an interest in them.

There were twelve of us. Our number was not complete, however, until one evening, when Prof. Bragdon joined us; do you wonder that for a few moments we felt as if back at Lasell, and on our way to some concert?

TWO LASELLIANS IN VENICE.

It was a dreary day in early spring when my friend and I entered Venice. For hours the rain had been pouring down steadily as we came by rail from Florence, and as we crossed the picturesque and rugged Apennines we could only catch tantalizing glimpses of winding valleys and dashing mountain torrents through a thick veil of mist. By and by wide, level plains succeeded the hills; then reedy swamps, and soon the train left the mainland, and ventured out upon a long trestle bridge, over the dim lagoons, where the sea birds were flying overhead toward the mysterious

city, the "beautiful Venice," of which we had dreamed all our lives, as the enchanted dwelling of all poetry and romance, with eager longings to behold it.

To be sure, it was a little unromantic, in the first place, to approach it by rail, though that we could forgive. But when the porter had shouted "Venezia!" and after passing through a very modern and bustling station, and descending some wet and dirty marble steps, we were hustled into a low, black, damp, musty-smelling arrangement, like a floating hack, and found ourselves moving slowly along a narrow, gloomy ditch, where green slime and refuse were swimming between long rows of dingy houses, shutting out what little light there was that gray and chilly afternoon, we could not speak, but looked at each other in silent horror. Nor when we at last arrived at a damp and melancholy hotel, and were shown into a damp and dreary room, did we recover our spirits; and when we set out to find St. Mark's, wandering through the rain and mud with blue noses and fingers aching with cold, even our ardent hopes well-nigh failed us.

But half desperately we clung to the conviction, in spite of all, that this chilly and cheerless Venice that we saw *could* not be the "bella Venezia" of the poets, and the darling of the painters, and for two forlorn, disconsolate days we waited in faith and patience for the revelation of the Venice of our dreams. And gloriously we were rewarded! One afternoon, as we sat writing by the scanty fire in the dull reading-room of the hotel, the wonderful change came, all in a moment, before our delighted eyes. The heavy, gray clouds rolled away out to sea. The sun shone forth in its majesty. The once sluggish and leaden waters of the canal became dimpling blue, all flecked with gold; and in a few minutes more we were floating in an open gondola in the rosy light and warmth, gazing at the fairy city, with its glittering domes and towers, resting lightly as a bird on the waves.

We had found our Venice at last. *Now* we think of it all brilliant with sunshine, and fresh with the pure sea breeze, and all the winding canals, great and small, beautiful with the reflection of the deep blue sky over them, and cheerful with the songs of canaries at the windows of the tall

houses. Many an hour we spent, gliding lazily in a softly moving gondola, among the ships from all lands lying at anchor, or on the Grand Canal, past its palaces and churches, still lovely in their decay. We loved to ramble about the streets (for there are streets), they were so narrow and crooked and queer. As to going straight towards any given point, that was impossible. When we came to two intersecting ways, we tried to decide which looked the most promising, and followed it; but just as likely as not it would end in some closed court, or be cut short by a canal, and we would be obliged to turn back; but we never lost our way, though we did get into some strange-looking places. The handsome, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked people we liked; we found them so polite, none staring at the two inquisitive Americans, prowling about so curiously. They live so much out of doors that one can see all the details of their every-day life, and we were especially interested in the great pots of beans and potatoes cooking in the open air, for the noon breakfast of the working people, who would come to fill their bowls, and then sit down contentedly in any sunny corner to eat. They are a sun-loving race, these dark children of Italy, and no wonder; we became so, too, and were glad enough to escape from the chilly rooms and corridors of our hotel to the open squares, glowing with light and warmth and color.

I have not spoken of the strange Eastern-looking church of St. Mark, like some wonderful cavern in the "Arabian Nights," with its walls all incrustated with gold; nor of the Doge's palace, with its splendid frescos, masterpieces every one; nor of the Academy, with its paintings of the Venetian School. Many books have been written to describe them all; and we ordinary travellers can only look and admire, and tell the delight they give us. One feels in Venice that there is another world besides the every-day one in which we usually live and move, — a world of beauty, which the Venetians have deeply felt, and wonderfully revealed to us in noble buildings and paintings, and even in the smaller arts of life, for there is not a well in a public square where the poor women come to draw water that is not enriched with delicate carvings, nor a chain suspending a lamp in a church that is not a thing of beauty. This makes the fair city a never-failing

joy to the cultivated taste and intellect as well as to the eyes.

But be sure, girls, that though you may have *heard* a thousand times about the "Venetian School of Painting," it will not be enough. You cannot enjoy these pictures much unless you know something about them, the men who made them, and the thoughts that they and their fellow-citizens were thinking and living by in those days. If you know nothing of all this, their works will be to you as a writing in a foreign tongue, and in half-effaced letters, too, for time has dealt cruelly with them, and robbed them of much of the rich and glowing color that was once their glory. "Scatched-out arrangements," an Englishman whom we met called them, and such they were to him, and nothing more. He had "eyes, but he saw not." We hope better things, though, of our "Lasellians Abroad"!

L. LE H.

THE MEDIÆVAL SAINT.

THE Mediæval Saint is the completed product of the latter part of the Middle Ages. His existence was rendered a possibility by social and political forces which had been at work long before, during what is called the Dark Ages. Ignorance was the first characteristic of these dark days, — an ignorance fairly appalling. As a necessary consequence, a vast body of superstitions arose. What little learning existed was in the church, and the monks were looked up to on that account. A natural outcome of this reverence was the belief that monks were all-powerful with God, as intercessors for sinners. Many of them used their power most injudiciously, and consequently the church became rich and corrupt, and a shelter for criminals.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries many better influences arose, and those who chose a monastic life did it for the purpose of good to their fellow-men, rather than for the salvation of their own souls merely. Such a one was Bernard of Clairvaux. He, as well as many others who had not, perhaps, as much influence as he, earned the title of saint from his pure life and character, not from the miracles which he did.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux was the master mind of his age, — in truth, of all ages. No one

has possessed such power, and with it such purity of soul and character as he.

Perhaps many have had as great influence, but we may question whether they were as perfect in other ways as St. Bernard. He was born into the very time and surrounded by the very circumstances which it would seem could not help but bring forth a saint. The people were roused to religious zeal, and the Crusades were preached to eager listeners. Bernard's mother was almost a saint, and he owed his early religious training to her. From his earliest years he practised the most rigorous self-denial, in consequence of which his health was very much impaired. When he determined to enter the Benedictine Monastery of Citeaux, he also determined that he would not go alone. By his powerful personal influence he overcame the opposition of his uncle and five brothers, and they entered the monastery also. This is merely an instance of his marvellous personal ascendancy, which has never been surpassed. It is this which characterizes his life throughout. When the Abbot of Citeaux sent Bernard with a handful of followers into the Valley of Wormwood, to found a new abbey, Bernard carried the work through, and cheered the disheartened monks, by his personal magnetism. They hewed down trees, and cleared the forest, and raised the Abbey of Clairvaux, destined to be renowned through the name of St. Bernard.

The above is a glimpse of Bernard at twenty-five. For the next quarter of a century he was the court of appeal in all matters of law or religion, for all people, far and near. No matter so great or so trifling but Bernard was called upon to decide it; and he never failed to satisfy in his decisions. We learn from his four hundred and forty-four letters the subjects upon which he wrote, and they were indeed various. Yet they were all in answer to some appeal for help. He never wrote to command, and one never sees any personality in his letters; he never gives advice merely to show his own personal ascendancy; he must have been conscious of his power, yet he seems sublimely unconscious. His religion meant to him a regeneration of all whom he could reach, not the saving of his own soul. It was to him a social duty.

Not only is Bernard the judge and decider of

all disputes, but he is the hater of heretics, and we see the passionate side of his nature in his dealings with them. Here, too, his personal power is felt none the less. The heretics flee from him, and those who stay to hear him are convinced of the error of their ways. Abelard, even, who had previously felt the power of no main influence against his heresy, was vanquished; and that, too, when he was flushed with power and certain of victory, and when Bernard had been forced to come from his convent, although ill and distrustful of his own powers.

Bernard's principal work in his later years was the preaching of the Second Crusade. He influenced the people to enter upon it, and he lived to see its utter failure. This failure was a severe blow to him and embittered the last years of his life. He saw in it only God's judgment upon men's perversity and sinfulness; he could not see how Europe had been closer knit together. It is the voice of history that the first three Crusades were necessary to the safety of the West; that of these the second, if one of the saddest, was not the least important.

The story of St. Bernard is far less well known than that of some who have not had a tithe of his influence. He upheld the church upon his shoulders, and could have been a Pope had he been ambitious. We can have no doubt that the Papacy would have been much improved under his jurisdiction, for he wrote letters to the Pope, often warning him against too much temporal power, and defining and limiting the papal power to those things which are spiritual. He had become so necessary to the stability of the church that when he died, the church, feeling itself without a support, was shaken and became demoralized.

We can but wish that Bernard had left a successor. The Papacy would have been checked in its career of power, and the history of the church would have been different.

St. Bernard is a type of the resolute, active saint, who had no idea of obeying, but seemed to have been born solely to command. The study of the Mediæval Saint would not be complete without glancing at some of the other types of saints, and no one seems to offer a greater contrast to Bernard than the woman, St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

St. Elizabeth is the type of the struggle of the Middle Ages, first, between an unconscious or scriptural purity and a conscious or popish purity; and next, between a natural, healthy love for home and kindred and the contempt in which the relations of wife and husband, parent and child, were held by a celibate clergy. We surely can have no idea of the tortures of a soul which endeavored to harmonize these contradictory claims; for this reason, Elizabeth's struggle is hard to understand. We praise or pity her according as we look at one side or the other of her character. Those who praise her see the self-denial of the saint; her patience under all trials; her generous nature, and her pity for all sufferers. Those who pity her — none can really blame her who was so misguided in that age when celibacy was deemed necessary to true religion — see her mistaken in her faith, and led astray by a too tender conscience.

She has loved Lewis, her husband, ever since they were children, yet she is filled with doubts how to reconcile that love with the love for Christ, which fills her whole nature. It seems inconsistent to her, and she says: —

“And yet I swore to love him. So I do
No more than I have sworn. . . .
And yet our love is Jesus' due — and all things
Which share with him divided empery
Are snares and idols.”

F. E. B.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED at her home in Glen's Falls, N. Y., Sunday, Sept. 4,
CAROLINE McECHRON.

How little we thought, that last morning in June, when we were singing “God be with you till we meet again,” that before we should come back to our work at Lasell one of our best beloved would have gone to that upper and better school; that she, in whose life here music made so large a part, would so soon “join the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world”!

Nor can we realize yet the change that has taken place. We knew that Carrie was not intending to return to Lasell this year, and so we involuntarily think of her at her home in Glen's Falls, having all the good times she had planned

for this her first year out of school. She had spent a happy summer entertaining and visiting Lasell friends. Her health seemed good, with the exception of occasional trouble with her head. This trouble finally terminated in congestion of the brain. She was ill only a short time. Her suffering was intense, but when conscious, she showed that the valley into which she was fast sinking had for her no shadow, and in this spirit the end came.

On Tuesday afternoon her friends gathered in large numbers to pay loving tribute to a beautiful life. There were flowers everywhere, and everything seemed as if arranged for a happy homecoming rather than a going away.

Even the grave was so lined with flowers and ferns by her intimate friends that it seemed as if she were laid away into a garden.

Rev. Dr. Hubbard (the "Uncle Merritt" of whom we have heard Carrie talk so much) spoke most appreciatively of her life and aims. One of the Lasell friends who was present says that he said exactly the things she herself should like to have said had she been able to find the words.

But it is more especially of her life among us here at Lasell that we would speak. She came to Lasell just two years ago. Very soon her simple, joyous, yet earnest life made itself felt as an influence. As a student, she was faithful and diligent; as a friend, there was not one more true and steadfast. She early identified herself with all the best purposes of the school. She was a valued member of the S. D. Literary Society, and one of the best workers in the temperance and missionary societies. Best of all, she was, in the best sense of the word, a "*self-governed*" girl. No one had a more cordial hatred of shams; no one could be simpler in character, and freer from all pretence. "She was genuine all the way through," says one. "If she once became convinced that a thing was right, there was no moving her; but if she found herself in the wrong, she was not afraid to acknowledge the fact. That's why I liked her so well." Another girl wrote on Sept. 6: "And now Room 31, too, will be set apart, as it were. I shall always remember the surprised way in which she said to me, 'Why!' once when I was in some trouble here in school. Many of the other girls seemed to take it for

granted that I was equal to just that sort of thing; but the surprise which she showed at the thought that I would do such a thing, did much to make me sorry and ashamed. I am sure that none of us — at least not I — will ever pass Room 31 without wishing ourselves better girls." Says another: "She was a Christian, every inch, but a Christian who knew how to get as much enjoyment out of life as any one I ever knew. Even when I have been feeling saddest about her death and been wiping away the stray tears, I have had to laugh, too, at the thought of all the jolly times we have had together." Her teachers speak in warm appreciation of her sunniness, her public spirit, her courage, and her readiness to do whatever was given her.

And so we might go on multiplying tributes, but it is needless, for they are all spoken with one voice. What she was to us, we all know; what she would like to have been, her own words can best tell. Once when something was said to her about leading a prayer-meeting, she read to a friend these words of George Eliot's:—

. . . Who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.

Be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.

"There," said she, "that's my ideal of what a life should be; that's what I should like to read to the girls, — what I should like to be to them and to every one. But I am young, and I don't remember, and I'm not that at all; so I don't dare read it, for I am afraid they will find the contrast too great."

The message was not given to us then, but it has all the more significance as a message from her to us to-day.

What more can we add, except to say once more what all of us who knew her wrote to her father and mother, "We shall always be inexpressibly glad that her school life was a part of our own"?

B. A. S.

The following resolutions were passed by the Y. W. C. T. U. :—

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our society our dear friend and former Vice-President, Caroline McEchron; therefore,

Resolved, That our Union has lost a most earnest Christian and a most faithful and cheerful helper in the work of this society.

Resolved, That we express to the family of our friend our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss McEchron's family; also that they be placed in the records of the society, and published in the LASSELL LEAVES.

The S. D. Society, at its first meeting of the school year, adopted the following resolutions :—

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved friend, Caroline McEchron; and

Whereas, We, the members of the S. D. Society, feel deeply the loss of one of our most faithful and loyal workers, whose memory will ever remain dear to the members of the society; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in their great affliction; and

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the records of the S. D. Society, and a page in said records be set apart to the memory of our departed member; and

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of her whom we mourn, and to the LASSELL LEAVES, for publication.

Committee, Bessie Harwood, Daisy E. Lloyd.

Resolutions of the Missionary Society :—

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in removing from our number Caroline McEchron, has taken one who has constantly been an inspiration and help in the missionary work;

Resolved, That we do hereby express our grateful appreciation of the service that she has so freely and cheerfully given to this society.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of Miss McEchron's family our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss McEchron's family; that they be placed, also, on the records of the society, and in the LASSELL LEAVES.

ROUND LAKE.

TRAIN leaves Boston at 8.30 A. M.; arrives at Albany 2.50 P. M. In the pouring rain, and comforted by the louder and deeper grumbling of the women around me, I pick my way to the Delaware and Hudson station, where I wait until 3.30.

At East Albany the party "dismounts" which has furnished entertainment for me all the hot way, — two middle-aged women, sisters, have be-

tween them two babes in arms, four children not much older, two bird cages, and uncounted boxes, bundles, etc. One has a bad toothache and a swollen cheek. If you don't think it was a bad day for these women, — and the youngsters, too, — you don't comprehend the situation. I helped them out, and pitied the one small man who had come to meet them.

Ida Sibley passed into the car right by me, but not looking to the right or left. I smote her on the shoulder. She did not notice it. I spoke her name. She looked straight before her. Quite satisfied with this result of Lasell training, I let her pass on, but, later, coaxed her back by me a few moments. She looked very well and bright, weighs more than ever, — I guess, — and is happy in her work, which is training all young Warren how to draw. She was on the way to Saratoga to attend the School of Methods.

"Round Lake" was called all too soon. Here we found a fine grove right on the railroad, with three of the best buildings I have seen on any school campus; a few busy workers in a summer school under Dr. Worman; a fairly interested attendance at the assembly, run by a couple of steam engines, not large but steadily "puffing" away, — Messrs. Farrar and Loomis; a beautiful double lake of great possibilities, but not great present use; two good hotels, at one of which we had the pleasure of eating with Miss C. J. C. at the table of C. D. Hammond and wife, cousins of Miss C., and leading persons in the management of the association. The constant rain did n't dampen our spirits. We enjoyed ourselves and some other good things very much. No admission is charged, but there is a ten-cent fee for some of the entertainments. I don't see how they pay expenses. I don't believe they do. I suppose they do it from mere love of diffusing knowledge! Twenty-five cents is charged for admission to the art gallery, and it is well worth it. There were many good pictures there. I wished that I could add some of them to the Lasell collection. By Mrs Hammond's politeness, I rode out between two showers, and saw a little of the beautiful country about. I heard Mr. French, of Chicago, who is better than Frank Beard in drawing for an audience; also Henry A. Starks, brother of our Mary of '76 (of him we

heard of Mary's prosperity in Utica), the successful pastor of the First Methodist Church in Albany, perhaps the best church in the conference. As a side interest, he works up Egypt, in which he is getting no little reputation. He is a pleasing speaker, and on the whole acceptable, — as a Lasell graduate's brother.

Carrie McEchron was near, and we almost decided to go to Glen's Falls. How far from our thoughts was it that we should see her no more! How surely we should have gone had we dreamed it!

We saw Ida Phillips of '79 at Saratoga, where she has been spending a pleasant vacation in attendance on her father, J. M. Phillips of the book concern, who was suffering severely from neuralgia. Ida looks well; reports Carrie Preston as prospering.

C. C. B.

LASELL reunions are springing up spontaneously in cities where "our girls" are numerous and hospitable, as in Denver, Minneapolis, Chicago, New Orleans, etc. Why not organize, friends, for helpfulness and cheer to yourselves and your Alma Mater, so giving form and effectiveness to what is now occasional and accidental?

Here are instances: A Lasell girl from New England chances to visit in Denver, and writes, "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed meeting so many old Lasell girls, of whom I had heard: Minnie Routt, Lulu Price, Fannie Hanscome, Lu Wells, and others."

We can recall a score and more, in Denver, of whom we should be glad to hear.

Carrie Ebersole, '85, visited Annie Kirkwood and Maude Hamilton Baker, last June. Dora Walston, too, was there.

The Minneapolis Lasell girls could make a bright social circle of themselves, and help us to answer inquiries about old girls by reporting duly.

We want to hear of the Oswalds, Lucy Phelps, and the rest. Libbie Hance is here again, and very welcome. Annie Kirkwood and her mother have spent two months here. Annie is better in health, — horseback riding and Christian science mixed judiciously.

Mabel Cogswell reports Benjie well, and consequently all happy at Killingly. Addie Johnson has visited them.

Dr. Kendig has accepted the charge of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y., leaving Carrie and Annie so nicely settled near them in Boston. Ah, girls, "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc.

LECTURES.

FRIDAY evening, Sept. 16, was the occasion of the first lecture of our literary course. Prof. Homer B. Sprague treated the subject "John Milton" as only an ardent scholar and devoted admirer of the great poet can. The magnificent thought and graceful oratory of the lecturer so combined instruction with entertainment that we, one and all, longingly look forward to his promised lecture later in the year.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD, president of the W. C. T. U., gave us a very pleasant talk in the chapel, Sunday, Sept. 25, choosing for her subject "The White Cross and the White Shield." Miss Willard spoke with much earnestness, and held the attention of the girls very closely. She is always sure of a hearty welcome among us, not only from the friends who have been life-long, but also from the girls, although few of them have a personal acquaintance with her.

LOCALS.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

'I'm going to the Annex, sir,' she said."

THE holidays are over. The colleges and seminaries have begun work once more, and every one is telling every one else how fat and brown she is.

THE old girls gave the new ones an informal reception on the first Saturday evening after our return. This afforded an excellent opportunity for all to become better acquainted, and also gave the homesick ones a chance to forget their sorrows for a time.

ONE new girl, who had evidently undergone a mild form of hazing at the hands of some Sophomore, was heard to inquire in an awestruck tone "if she could n't take a bath without first consulting the doctor."

WHY don't some enterprising old girl, or girls, step forward with a design for that much-talked-of Lasell pin?

THE first week of school, the girls were indebted to Mr. Bragdon for two very enjoyable rides on the Charles River. A small steamer met the parties at Weston Bridge, and conveyed them as far as Waltham. The day was all that could be desired, and it is needless to say the girls enjoyed the charming scenery. A vote of thanks is due Mr. Bragdon for his kindness. Although the ride above mentioned did not take place at "two o'clock," the girls were just as well satisfied.

WE have some very enterprising girls among us this year. One insists upon having a practice hour at 6 A. M., and another would like to take a lesson at 5.15 A. M.

THE Senior class rejoices in two new members.

THE perplexed look which, of late, has ornamented the brows of our Senior sisters is fully accounted for when we learn that they are preparing a vocabulary which, when finished, will rival Worcester, and make Webster, if he knew of it, turn green with envy.

WANTED. — A name for the extension recently built in the second hall. A prize will be offered. To self-governed girls, permissions to go into Boston occasionally. To the new girls, one party dress for the Freshman reception. We expect to be overwhelmed with offers.

THE FUNNY MAN.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Do you see that poor, dejected fellow,
With eyes so mournful, with skin so yellow,
And a form as thin as a waxen taper?
He's joker-in-chief of a comic paper.
He was, by nature, a sunny man,
But a wrong start made him a funny man.
He sits at his tiresome desk all day,
And writes in a sad, perfunctory way.
He heaves a sigh as he fashions a pun.
He groans as he grinds his grist of fun.
His head may throb, and his heart may ache,
But his cap and bells he still must shake.
Though fashioned, perchance, for better things,
He beats his cage with his useless wings.
Ephemeral as a fleeting vapor
Is he who cuts his salaried caper
As joker-in-chief of a comic paper.

ACCORDING to one of our rising "young women," Longfellow was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and John Bunyan the greatest living American poet. Now don't let us hear anything more about the higher education of women.

Y^r humble local editor has added, at least, two inches to her stature since a Sub-Freshman took her for the editor-in-chief.

THE mischief-working chestnut has arrived in the land. "He's little, but oh, my!" The havoc he can create with the unwise maiden is indeed *heartrending*. For further particulars, inquire at 70 or 37.

THE steady tramp of the marching many is upward this year instead of downward. The water tank is on the third floor.

WE had about concluded that the story about Senior privileges was a myth, but of late these privileges have developed wonderfully in the way of soup plates and bone dishes.

VERILY, Lasell is putting on considerable airs this year! Who would have thought that the much-talked of *overflow*, which was to be called Lasell *Junior*, would develop into a full-grown Annex? But such the fact remains. About twenty-two girls, under the protecting care of Mr. Cassedy and Miss Sheldon, are residing there at present. The house is pleasantly situated and well furnished. All the modern conveniences. Among the latter may be mentioned the small bell-boy, who has created a great *furor* among the susceptible maidens, and teachers, as well, we hear. We expect great things of the "Annex Maiden," and trust that this new departure will be so successful it will become a fixture at Lasell.

"THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," and now is the time to lay in a stock of winter reading. We advise you to subscribe for the LASSELL LEAVES, for all who take it, like people taking Murdock's Food, will be glad, and those who do not take it will be sorry. Subscribing for the LEAVES is an excellent way for the old girls to manifest their interest in Lasell.

WHO is "Nan"? The editorial board is consumed with a desire to know. The efforts of the

religious editor in this direction would be very commendable if employed in a higher cause; as for the rest of the board, they are patiently waiting for further developments.

By the courtesy of Brig.-Gen. Charles Williams, of Manchester, N. H., who recently visited his daughter Mabel here, we have received a copy of the "Official Proceedings at the Dedication of the Statue of Daniel Webster, at Concord, N. H., June 17, 1886." The book may be seen in the library.

A FORMER pupil of Lasell, — long years ago, — now a rich widow, and keeping her interest in the school, wants to offer a prize to Lasell pupils for some excellence, just what she has not decided. We invited her to come and see what progress we have made in the years since she was here, and what we are most in need of.

PERSONALS.

LAURA CONGER is at school in Galesburg, Ill.

MISS KATHLEEN ZEILE sailed for Europe "to study" Sept. 5.

ELIZABETH BROWNELL visited Helena Pfau and Annie Gage this summer.

MISS MATHEWS's vacation was saddened by the death of a very dear aunt.

SUE STEARNS is spending the winter in Boston.

EMMA RUSSELL has at last been heard from. She is at her home in Lockport, N. Y.

LOUISE DIETRICK called to see the new "fix-in's" and say a "sad good by" to old haunts.

MISS LARRISON is teaching rhetoric and composition in Mrs. Lucy Hartt's Academy for Girls, in Buffalo.

CORINNE HEINSHEIMER was called home before the close of the year by the death of her grandfather.

MISS MERCY SINSABAUGH, '87, has gone abroad with her mother, and intends spending the winter in Germany.

MISS LUCY MCBRIER lost her sister during vacation, a very lovely young lady, who is well remembered by those who had the pleasure of seeing her when here. Lucy has the deep sympa-

thy of her many friends in this second sad bereavement during the year.

MISS MOSETTA ISABEL STAFFORD, '86, has deserted the Lasell Annex for that of Harvard.

A RUMOR is current about school that Miss Ransom's brother, we think it is her brother, is building a green-house out of the plates she spoiled this summer in her photography.

MISS PACKARD, a member of the class of '83, takes Miss Cooper's place in the mathematical department, and Miss Cockle has charge of Miss Call's work for a time.

THE Williamsport girls were nearly all away when Mr. Bragdon was there. He saw Miss Rachel Allen, and heard good words of the others. Miss Bubb has a class in the Sunday school.

WITH much sorrow we announce the death of Mr. Isaac Reed, Fannie Reed's father. His death was very unexpected to Fannie, who, on her return to school but a few days before, had left him in his usual health, though not well. Mr. Reed was an exceptionally kind father, and one of the leading men in his own town and State. The entire community feel his loss. Fannie has the sympathy of all the school in her bereavement. We are very glad that she is still to be with us this year.

MRS. NELLIE TRACY-RYAN, whose sudden death we notice in the local papers of Springfield, Ill., where she lived, was a pupil of Lasell in 1882. There are few here now who knew her, but these have only kind words and remembrances of one whose gentleness and Christian character endeared her to all who knew her. Her school work was much interrupted and her stay here shortened by constant ill health, so that her circle of acquaintance in the school was somewhat limited. But wherever she was known she seems to have been highly valued. She was an active and earnest worker in the church and Sunday school. She had united with the Congregational Church while yet very young. Her marriage took place two years ago, and she was making a pleasure trip to Colorado, with her husband, when she was taken ill on the train, and died at Hastings, Neb., Sunday, Sept. 11.

Her early death has brought great grief to the hearts of a large circle of relatives and friends. We, of Lasell, heartily sympathize in their affliction, feeling our right to share in the loss, as she was a daughter of the school.

MARY ROBARTS is teaching in the Normal School at Carbondale, Ill.

ADA DUNAWAY was here in vacation, and writes regretfully of her failure to see any of her dearest friends here. She continues at home the study of music and painting.

EMILY and TESSIE SHIFF have visited Miss Call recently, and have shown their happy faces once in a while at Lasell, and enjoyed the new pictures, etc.

ELENOR NICHOLS is studying phonography and typewriting.

LILLIE POTTER, '80, and her mother visited Lasell during vacation.

MARRIAGES.

MISS MINNIE J. BIGELOW, '81, was married Sept. 15, to Dr. Wm. E. Peterson, at Webster, Mass. Their present residence is 507 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.

THE engagement of Mamie Marshall, '85, Denver, Col., and Mr. E. P. Call, Newtonville, brother of our Miss Call, is announced.

THE record of the class of '83 has at last been broken by the marriage of its youngest member, Seraphine G. Mason, to Ernest Dumas, of Lowell (Lina Maynard Bramhall's cousin). The wedding took place Oct. 4, in their "new home" on Huntington Street, Lowell, a beautiful house, newly built, and charmingly furnished. Among the guests were Prof. Bragdon, Miss Corey, the Misses Packard and Miss Merrill. In spite of the excitement of the evening and three years in California, Mrs. Dumas seemed much like the Sephie Mason of '83. Our congratulations and best wishes go with them.

AT Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 11, Miss Bertha A. Harris and Mr. Francis B. Armington.

MISS MAUDE HAMILTON and Mr. Samuel L. Baker were married May 4, 1887. They live in Minneapolis, but have not told us where, so we can't call.

AT Birmingham, Conn., Sept. 14, Miss Susie Alling and Dr. Charles T. Baldwin.

AT Nottingham, N. H., Sept. 27, Annie Elizabeth Bartlett, our quondam publisher, and Frederick J. Shepard. At home Nov. 3 and 18, East Derry, N. H.

SEPT. 24, Miss Ida Mack and Mr. Albert L. Mansfield. Their residence is in Putnam, Conn.

AT Willoughby, Ohio, Oct. 12, Miss Gertrude Penfield, '86, and Mr. Frank Augustus Seiberling.

EMMA E. COOPER, who has been connected with Lasell two years as teacher of mathematics, was married at Springfield, Vt., on the morning of Oct. 5, to the Rev. Carlos L. Adams. Married, as she was, in her own home, surrounded by a little circle of friends and relatives, with her father to perform the ceremony, Miss Cooper had, in a very true sense, a home wedding. Almost immediately after the wedding lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Adams left Springfield to take the Western train for West Branch, Mich., their new home.

AT WELLESLEY.

NELLIE M. WHIPPLE and a friend gathered together seven children on a Sunday in July, 1886, and took the name of Christ Church Sunday School. This school has not only proved itself a success, but from it has grown the church service in the town hall, now in charge of Rev. J. G. Welles. Many children have been gathered in who attended no religious service. How much girls can help if they will only set about some needed work in any community!

NEW STUDENTS.

Mary Adamson, Germantown, Pa.; Annie Alexander, Oakland, Cal.; Sarah Aston, Meadow View, Va.; Josie Baker, Rockford, Ill.; Emma Barnum, Auburndale; May Beach, Minneapolis, Minn.; Augusta Bente, Hoboken, N. J.; Clara Bowen, Lockport, N. Y.; Nancy Boyce, Willoughby, Ohio; Inez Bragg, Gunnison, Col.; Fanny Buntin, Terre Haute, Ind.; Sadie Burrill, Ellsworth, Me.; Jessie Butler, E. Haddam, Conn.; Margaret Chapin, Worcester, Mass.; Nelia Churchill, Campello, Mass.; Annie Clark, Rye, N. Y.; Mabel Clement, Wichita, Kan.;

Ida Colburn, Delaware City, Del. ; Madeline Colburn, Delaware City, Del. ; Julia Coy, Little Rock, Ark. ; Irene Cushman, Deadwood, Dak. ; Cordelia Davis, Chicago, Ill. ; Florence Davis, Auburndale ; Lizzie Davis, Beatrice, Neb. ; Susan Day, Colchester, Conn. ; Della Fowler, Paris, Tex. ; Etta Fowler, Paris, Tex. ; Florence Freeman, Syracuse, N. Y. ; Lizzie Freeman, Syracuse, N. Y. ; Florence Fuller, Augusta, Me. ; Allie Gardiner, Chicago, Ill. ; Jennie Gardiner, Chicago, Ill. ; Bertha Gray, New Haven, Conn. ; Alma Hall, Charlestown, Mass. ; Amy Hall, Chelsea, Mass. ; Amelia Harris, Milford, Mass. ; Grace Havens, Terre Haute, Ind. ; Mary Hazelwood, Grand Rapids, Mich. ; Virginia Hogg, Fort Worth, Tex. ; Ella Holden, Montreal, Canada ; Tillie Holman, Philadelphia, Pa. ; Stella Hoyt, Denver, Col. ; Nettie Keener, Denver, Col. ; Mabel Ladd, Boston, Mass. ; Martha Ladd, Waterbury, Conn. ; Emily Little, Merrimac, Mass. ; Gertrude Littlefield, East Taunton, Mass. ; Mary Marsh, Lansingburgh, N. Y. ; Maria Moyer, Mt. Kisko, N. Y. ; Nellie Osgood, Somerville, Mass. ; Daisy Parkhurst, East Boston ; Priscilla Parmenter, Gloucester, Mass. ; Laura Pew, Gloucester, Mass. ; Altha Phelps, Chelsea, Mass. ; Idelle Phelps, Denver, Col. ; Blanche Pruyne, Belleville, N. Y. ; Ella Quinlon, Kansas City, Mo. ; Jennie Quinlon, Kansas City, Mo. ; Fanny Raum, Washington, D. C. ; Luella Richards, Lawrence, Mass. ; Lucy Sargent, E. Saugus, Mass. ; Ida Simpson, Pensacola, Fla. ; Grace Skinner, Evansport, Ill. ; Grace Spellmeyer, Hoboken, N. Y. ; Anna Staley, Ottawa, Kan. ; Maudie Stone, Philadelphia, Pa. ; Nettie Sturdevant, Rome, N. Y. ; Martha Tash, Dover, N. H. ; Frances Thomas, Boston ; Helen Thresher, Monson, Mass. ; Maud Van Horn, Lockport, N. Y. ; Isabelle Warren, Baraboo, Wis. ; Maggie Waterhouse, Centreville, R. I. ; Harriet Whitmarsh, Dorchester, Mass. ; Florence Williams, Cherry Valley, Mass. ; Mabel Williams, Manchester, Mass. ; Jessie Wilson, Chicago, Ill. ; Julia Wolfe, St. Louis ; Lucille Wyard, Washington, D. C.

POLITICAL NOTES.

ANARCHY is threatening Morocco, and a force of six thousand men has been sent there to protect the Spanish interests.

GERMAN men-of-war have seized the Samoan Islands, in spite of the protest of the United States and English consuls.

THAT the American government appreciates and honors men eminent for their culture was never more satisfactorily illustrated than by the recent appointment of President Angell, of Michigan University, to act with the Secretary of State in negotiating a new fishery treaty with Great Britain.

It is announced that a delegation of the British House of Commons is about to visit this country to present to the President and Congress of the United States a memorial in favor of the conclusion of a treaty which will stipulate that differences arising between America and England, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, shall be referred to arbitration, signed by two hundred members of the House of Commons.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE many persons who, while familiar with the term "evolution," are uncertain as to the scope of the doctrine, will be interested in the answer to the question, "What is evolution?" which Prof. Joseph LeConte is to give in the October *Popular Science Monthly*.

IN a letter written from Jerusalem to the *Scientific American*, our consul, "Merrill," writes:—

"Palestine possesses a remarkable salt mountain, situated at the south end of the Dead Sea. The length of this ridge is six miles, with an average width of three quarters of a mile and the height is not far from six hundred feet."

A NEW discovery is that, by the use of citric acid or citrate of silver, sea water may be made drinkable. By this means chloride of silver is precipitated and a harmless mineral water is produced. An ounce of citrate makes a half pint of water drinkable.

MR. EDISON is planning one of the largest and most complete laboratories in the country, to be erected at Orange, N. J.,—a three-story brick building, two hundred and fifty by sixty feet, with boiler, engine, and heavy machinery, and a library of several thousand scientific works. The two upper floors will be divided into small rooms for experiments.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THE seventeenth Hollandish Music Festival, at Amsterdam, Sept. 3, was attended by six thousand singers, including societies from Germany and Belgium. Minnie Hauk was among the soloists.

CARLOTTA PATTI has been offered by the Czar of Russia the professorship of vocal music in the Imperial Conservatoire at St. Petersburg. She will, however, remain in Paris, having built a private theatre at her house, 16 Rue Pierre Charon. Private representation of operas by members of Parisian society will be given there.

ONE of the four first prizes awarded at the Vienna Conservatory was taken at the recent annual examination by an American singer, Miss Ida Schuyler, of New York.

ADELINA PATTI has a thoroughbred Skye terrier that can do almost everything but talk. She pays fabulous prices for the privilege of taking the favored animal around with her, and feeds him on the daintiest dishes that the most expert caterer can furnish.

MR. A. L. KING, tenor, of New York, has been engaged by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society to sing in "The Messiah" at Christmas.

"DOROTHY" will probably eclipse "Ruddy-gore."

ART NOTES.

THERE is nothing that is not collected. A recent collection was made of the "epis," or pinnacles of glazed pottery, which decorate the gables of many castles and houses of the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are of all forms, including the human, are sixty in number, and are said to be very interesting to students of the late Gothic and of Renaissance architecture.

AT the Paris Salon the American exhibitors are more numerous than ever this year, no less than one hundred and three being represented in the section of oil painting. Among the pictures are C. S. Reinhart's "Washed Ashore," a fine

sunset landscape by Chas. L. Davis, and G. Hitchcock's "Tulip-growing." Mr. Hitchcock is a *débutant* at the Salon and his *début* is very brilliant.

THE colored plate to the September *Art Amateur* is timely as well as beautiful, being a successful reproduction of a water-color drawing by Victor Dagon of a bunch of chrysanthemums, pink, yellow, and red.

EXCHANGES.

THE exchange editor returned from her summer vacation to find only two papers on the shelf, and for days she puzzled her brain with the question of how she was to write exchange notes without any exchanges. It struck her as rather a "bricks without straw" task. But now, almost obscured by the papers heaped upon her table, she no longer mourns a scarcity of straw, but rather the lack of bricks.

WE are glad to see that one at least of our many exchanges, *The Bates Student*, appreciates the true literary merit of the "Dress Reform Maiden," written by a former editor of the LEAVES.

No doubt the learned editor of the *News-Letter* will think us painfully ignorant, but we were not aware that hair could be turned red by the reading of any poetry, however horrible. Of course, we have heard of its turning white, but never red. In our younger days we have read and re-read some very poor poetry, but we have never noticed any such result. But still, the *News-Letter* is undoubtedly correct in its statement; we are probably color-blind.

IN the *Colby Echo* for October there is a very interesting article on "Realism in Fiction."

IN our opinion, the article in the *Yale Courant*, called "A Modern Narcissus," is rather overdrawn. Where can there be found a young man (far less a theologian) who would have had the slightest difficulty in recognizing as his own the face in the end of the church? If there actually is such a prodigy in the world, we should be interested to look at him.

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MR. J. T. STODDARD'S interesting article on "College Composites," in the November number of the *Century*, shows us the value of this method of typical representation as applied to colleges, and the advancement it has made during the past few months. Composite photographs of the Senior classes of several of our best colleges and universities have been taken. They show a surprising diversity in the type of students. These differences are the results of many conditions, the most important being, as Mr. Stoddard thinks, that of locality. Co-composites have also been taken with very good success; though this field of operation has not as yet been very extensive.

It is said that a marked resemblance to one of the composites is to be noticed in a co-composite; it is also said that many times in comparing the members of a group with their composite photographs, there seems to be a predominance of one individual. But this only goes to prove that the member or group which most resembles the composite or co-composite comes near the average of the entire number.

Although composite photography has reached this stage of development, still we feel it to be yet in its infancy, with grand and useful possibilities. It is a force tending indeed toward many important results. What difficult problems can be solved by it in the future; what happy results obtained in this comparatively simple way! Any doubts as to the best method of school government can be most satisfactorily settled by simply comparing composite photographs of the students, taken, one when the reins of government are tightly drawn; the other, when more freedom is allowed. The face which shows the most of individuality and self-government may surely be judged the resultant of the happiest method; since all discipline is valuable only as a means to an end.

deprives her of her maid Guta, and her nurse Gseutrudis, who have been with her since childhood, and who have been sharers with her in all her sorrows and misery. He places with her, in their stead, two wretched old women, who have no sympathy with her, and no interest, save to see how much misery and pain she can endure. If suffering can make a saint, Elizabeth was surely one. She was of such a pure, generous, lovable nature, that it did not need pain to make her perfect. If she could have lived as her love for her husband and children directed her, she would have been none the less a saint.

Only twenty-four years old when she died, she put into those years such misery and suffering that it seems a marvel that nature could have endured it as long. The glory of Elizabeth's sainthood seems lost in our pity for her utter desolation.

After studying the lives of these two it seems to me that we cannot doubt that true saints lived in those dark, rough times. Whether they lived in the world and faced the scorn of heretics, as St. Bernard did, or lived more closely in themselves, and shone before the world as examples of perfect purity, as did St. Elizabeth and St. Francis, in either case we feel humbled before them. There is, of course, a tendency to smile at their simplicity, and be impatient at their meekness. But we should rather admire their straightforwardness and their nobleness of character in carrying out what they felt to be their duty. Saints were needed more especially in that age, not because the age was any more wicked, — for this age certainly cannot boast much purity in its ways, — but because religion was left wholly to those who chose it as their life-work, and consequently the people needed perfect and holy men to show the way. Nowadays, when there are true Christians, men and women, who are "in the world, not of it," there are none who shine especially above their fellows.

The saints of the Middle Ages are largely the result of the times in which they lived. No one could live a life of purity and holiness then without quitting entirely the outside world. As for the saints like Bernard and Francis, who worked in the world for the good of men, they could not have kept their purity of soul if they could not

have fled to their cells and communed with God in secret. Again and again Bernard goes forth from the convent walls refreshed in spirit to encounter the storm of the world; and as often he returns worn with the conflict, and in need of secret communion with his Maker. All men need solitude as well as society; how much more those whose life-work brought them in contact with the lowest of humanity, and whose strength was sapped away from them in the active life they felt it their duty to live! Can we blame men, whose life-blood it was to be alone, for taking the vows of a monk and seeking the quiet of the convent walls? Rather should we praise them for knowing their own weakness, and seeking for strength where alone it is to be found.

There is no need nowadays of any one's following their example so strictly as to enter a convent and leave another to do what perhaps should be his own personal work. No doubt, many have sought and continue to seek the seclusion of the convent in order to shut out the world and its temptations; but it is a question whether they are any the happier, or even as happy, as those who live in the world and do their appointed work, relying on God to give them strength to meet their temptations.

THE INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

THOSE days toward the latter part of June which Lowell characterizes as "perfect," are not calculated to inspire a desire for study. The mind, no matter how vigorous in its normal state, becomes then in harmony with the languidness of nature. It likes to busy itself with no subtler problem than "What is so rare as a day in June?" and, "Oh, which were best, to roam or rest? . . . Which life were best on summer eves?"

It was, therefore, with no little repugnance that, upon one of those dreamy days of early summer, I resigned myself to prepare for a rhetoric examination. Having ensconced myself in the largest chair the library afforded, I began to remove the cobwebs from the early lessons of the year — lessons that had long been consigned to the attic of my memory.

"That form of expression is most excellent," — I had repeated this much to myself several

times, but seemed to have difficulty in remembering the rest. The familiar objects in the room began to assume strange shapes, and the noise from the city gradually formed itself into a voice:

“Well, why don’t you finish?”

I became suddenly aware that I was not alone. Looking up, I encountered an unfamiliar face upon the opposite side of the table. It belonged to a very uninteresting looking person, with rather a dry expression, but still with the bold appearance of one who is always pushing himself to the front.

While I was thus engaged in analyzing his character, he had been wandering around the room, looking in many of the books. He did not seem satisfied with his search. Returning to his former position, he took a survey of the rhetoric lying open before me, and then remarked, —

“If you want to go, I suppose I shall have to take you.”

I regret to be obliged to state that the propriety of going anywhere with an entire stranger does not seem to have occurred to me, nor did I have the seemingly natural desire to know where I was going. I wished to escape the close room, and was not very particular how I accomplished my ends.

“You see,” resumed my visitor, “I am Mr. Preface, and having in my possession a synopsis of the whole of Rhetoric City, I am a good guide. If you would like to see some of the inhabitants, I shall be most happy to point them out to you.”

By this time, being prepared for anything this eccentric individual might do or say, I did not demur when he beckoned me to follow him from the room.

“The cause of my being here,” remarked Preface, “is simply this: the Indefinite Article, a very small child, attached herself to one of the Miss Nouns. There came a case where the latter thought to make a better impression alone; so she quietly dropped Miss A, who has not been seen since. Mr. Language, the founder of Rhetoric City, sent me in search of her; but as yet I have been unsuccessful.”

We were now traversing the streets of a large city. “The general style of which,” so my guide said, “is such as yields its contained idea with the least expenditure of mental power.” Something in that remark seemed familiar, but I could not

remember the circumstances under which it and I had formerly met.

“Ah,” said my companion, as two dreamy-looking individuals rounded the corner, “there is Mr. Metaphor and Miss Simile. They show off to best advantage on the occasion when Silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of sound. Those two people in front of Simile are Mr. Like and Miss As. They are generally to be seen with her. That is the only point where she and Mr. Metaphor quarrel, as the latter does not admire her two friends.

“There comes Miss Exclamation, quite a ‘girl of the period.’ Ah! I thought he could n’t be far off,” as a decidedly flashy youth, escorted by two bright looking ladies, came hurrying along.

Upon inquiry I learned this to be Mr. Dash, “A very popular person, especially with Miss Exclamation. They say that at the last german given by Mrs. Grammar to her eight daughters, he — but never mind that; ‘boys will be boys,’ and to believe all one hears is to be misinformed generally.”

“Mr. Dash,” continued my informer, “is often between the two Miss Ideas, as at present. That Idea family is invited everywhere, but they seldom go. People consider it quite an honor to know even one of them.”

I replied that I had never had the pleasure of meeting any of them.

“So I should judge,” was the reply.

I wondered where all these people were hurrying with so much disorder and confusion. Noticing my inquiring glance, my guide explained the cause.

“Some school-girl is writing a composition in which,” continued my companion, “the order is not so important as that the attendance shall be large. The laws of the city are not strictly enforced on such occasions. If they were, I should not be in the city now, as my place is in the suburbs near the residence of Mr. Index.”

Just then a bright boy of about six approached, who was evidently endeavoring to suppress his tears.

“What has distressed you, Interrogation?” inquired Preface.

“Why, you see,” responded the child, “some fellows were tossing a practical joke around, and the point hit me!”

highest honors. Although she had been a member of the school only since January, she had many warm friends among the girls, and we all loved her; for her patient, beautiful Christian character shone out on all those about her.

I shall never forget the last Tuesday evening prayer meeting she attended, and the verse she quoted, "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto thee." After we came to our room, she took up her Bible and read her favorite chapter, the Nineteenth Psalm. The first verse particularly impressed her, "The heavens declare the glory of God." The evening happened to be a beautiful one, and she looked out and said, "How true that verse is — 'The heavens declare the glory of God'; one cannot look at the stars without seeing God's handiwork. I wonder what is *beyond* the stars."

Dear Lou, you have now passed "beyond."

I think it was the last Sunday she spent at Lasell that she spoke of dying. We had been talking of Carrie McEchron's sudden death, and how sad it seemed for a young person to be called away when there was so much to live for. Then Lou remarked how beautiful life was to her; but said that if she thought she was not to live long, she should be reconciled to go.

What a pure, true life was hers! Her influence will never be lost among her friends at Lasell.

"How long we live, not years but actions tell."

F. F. C.

A SUMMER IN BOHEMIA.

THE "summer" consisted of only seven and a half weeks, seven of which were passed in Franzensbad, and but a few days in Carlsbad and Prague. However, you may have some curiosity if not interest in knowing how one whiles away the long days in one of these famous watering places with which Germany and Bohemia are crowded. To mention Baden-Baden, Ems, Schwalbach, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and many others (their name is legion), certainly makes one think that the country is one large bathing establishment. When one knows that thousands upon thousands of natives and foreigners frequent them during the season, it can easily be understood what an important place the baths hold in *national life*; also what

an excellent place it is to study human nature as seen in the Russian, French, Polish, Jew, English, Australian, German, and Turk even.

As one day is simply a repetition of another, I will give you an outline of a day's work.

In the first place, one must arm herself with glass cup and drinking-tube; and these can be bought in every color, size, and shape imaginable. Many people think six o'clock none too early to take their first glass of water, but I was content with quarter before seven. Three glasses with an interval of fifteen minutes are taken before breakfast, and an hour between the last glass and breakfast. During this time, one walks about in the really lovely parks, listens to the music of the band, which plays from 6 to 8 A. M. and 4 to 6 P. M. Or, if one prefers, it is easy to mingle with the crowd, where if you know no one, as my friend and I did not, you feel extremely lonely. It is very amusing, though, to watch these hundreds of human faces, and imagine characters to fit the faces, to watch peculiarities in conversation and expression, and to notice costumes which were many and varied, from the simple Eger peasant-woman, to the startling peculiarity of some Parisian toilet. Drawing water through a glass tube does not, I confess, enhance any natural beauty of face or expression.

From ten until one and from two until four are the bathing hours, and one has a variety of baths to choose from, from the bright sparkling Stahlwasserbad to the horrible mud-bath. The latter consists of black mineral moor, mixed with warm spring water, to the consistency of porridge, and into this one must plunge, and remain covered for twenty minutes. Fortunately, it slips off of one like magic, and what seems so terrible at first, really becomes a luxurious pleasure at last.

In the afternoon one takes book or work into the park to listen to the music and to drink a cup of coffee or chocolate, as one likes. About an hour before supper, another glass of water is taken.

We had our room in one house and went out for our dinners; the breakfast and supper, which were very simple, were furnished by the Hausfrau.

In between the different *exciting* events of the day, we were supposed to rest, or to do nothing, and as we were exhausted and tired, we found it extremely easy to follow the latter injunction.

Eight o'clock was our bed hour, and as time really did hang heavily on our hands, we found it none too early.

The Franzsensbad waters are all cold, and not at all disagreeable — quite the contrary.

The first three weeks were pleasant, the fourth and fifth began to drag, and the sixth and seventh interminable, so that the decision to go to Prague was extremely welcome. We left Franzsensbad, its springs, mud-baths, poor music grasping servants, with happy hearts, but with a great thankfulness to have been there — none to be going away.

Prague, with her hundred towers, churches, palaces, etc., where every step brings up past history, is too interesting to pass over with a few words, so I will leave it untouched, except to say that what has been written in no way exaggerates the fascinations of this city, which Alex. von Humboldt ranks as one of the four most beautiful European cities, — Naples, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Prague. The praise of its beauty is somewhat overdone, but not of its "seeing-worthinesses," as our German friends would say; too much cannot be said.

Bohemia is a beautiful land, including wild mountain regions, as well as fertile plain and valley. Its people are wild and turbulent, I should judge, from those who emigrate. Catholicism reigns supreme, and had I wished it, I could have seen skulls, bones, and clothes belonging to numerous departed saints, all of which are miracle working.

There is indeed great need for missionaries in European fields.

FANNY L. WISWALL.

POLITICAL NOTES.

It is characteristic of President Cleveland's habits of mind that the number of his vetoes thus far is greater than the total number of vetoes by all the Presidents who preceded him. All the Presidents, from Washington to Arthur, have used this power only one hundred and ten times. President Cleveland has vetoed, during a single term of Congress, and during a time of exceptional tranquillity, one hundred and forty-three bills.

To see Mr. Gladstone walk a mile on the turf

is said to be a rich treat. Even in the streets of London he is the most graceful and nimble pedestrian one would meet in a day.

A DINNER was given in Paris, Oct. 28, in celebration of the anniversary of the dedication of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." Mr. James G. Blaine was one of the American guests.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

PROF. LOISETTE'S new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of two hundred each, two hundred and fifty at Meriden, three hundred at Norwich, one hundred Columbia law students, four hundred at Wellesley College, and four hundred at University of Pennsylvania, etc. Such patronage, and the indorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Prof. Loisetete upon the highest ground.

AN engine specially constructed to use petroleum as fuel is successfully drawing trains between Alexandria and Cairo. It is estimated that a yearly saving of \$250,000 in the cost of fuel would be effected by this railway, by the substitution of petroleum for coal.

A SNAKE two feet long, sleek and beautifully spotted, and having, it is said, no eyes, was recently found in the bottom of the shaft of the Pana, Ill., coal mine, five hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

ART NOTES.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29, Miss Anne Whitney's statue of Leif Erickson, the supposed Icelandic discoverer of America, was unveiled in Boston. Many prominent persons, including representative Scandinavian citizens of the United States, were present at the dedicatory services in Faneuil Hall. The statue represents a young man standing in the attitude of one who discovers land in the distance. He is shading his eyes with his left hand, while his right grasps a speaking horn at his side. He wears a shirt of mail, with crossed

breast-plates and a studded belt from which a knife hangs in an ornamented sheath. The feet are shod in sandals, and the flowing hair falls from under a casque. From one end of the pedestal projects the prow of a Norse galley, and from the other, the stern. It is arranged as a fountain. On one side of the pedestal is inscribed in Runic characters, "Leif, the discoverer, son of Erik, who sailed from Iceland, and landed on this Continent A. D. 1000." Bronze tablets are mounted on two faces of the pedestal; one represents the landing of Erickson, the other shows him telling the story of his discoveries.

ONCE more Munkaczy holds sway in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle building. This time it is "Christ on Calvary." The canvas is even larger than "Christ Before Pilate," which it resembles in color and technique; but of the two pictures it is much the less effective in composition. Critics say that, notwithstanding its masterly brush work, this picture, in point of true religious feeling, is inferior to the efforts of the early pre-Raphaelites to represent the Crucifixion.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MME. MARIE ROZE, while singing in opera in Dublin, recently, requested her friends as a particular favor to refrain from throwing bouquets to her while she was upon the stage, but to send all flowers to her residence, whence she would forward them to the hospitals.

EDWARD LLOYD is considered, by the *London Musical World*, to have "a warmth of expression, and charm of voice and style, that no other living singer can approach," as shown in the tenor's interpretation of "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "The Queen of Sheba."

AMONG the important works by American composers that will be heard in Pittsburg this season, is J. K. Paine's cantata, "The Nativity," which will be sung by the Handel and Haydn Society.

FRIDAY evening, Dec. 2. Music Hall, Mme. Etelka Gerster, Mme. Helene Hastreiter, Miss Nettie Carpenter, M. Bjorkstein Orchestra.

TEMPERANCE.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

THE National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its thirty-eight auxiliary State and nine Territorial Unions, beside that of the District of Columbia, is the largest society ever composed exclusively of women, and conducted entirely by them.

It has been organized in every State and Territory of the nation, and locally in about ten thousand towns and cities. Great Britain, Canada, and Australia have also organized. As a general estimate (the returns being altogether incomplete), we think the number of local unions in the United States about 10,000, including Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions, with a following of about 200,000, besides numerous juvenile organizations. This society is the local descendant of the great Temperance Crusade of 1873, and is a union of Christian women for educating the young; forming a better public sentiment; reforming the drinking classes; transforming by the power of Divine Grace those who are enslaved by alcohol; and for securing the entire abolition of the liquor traffic.

"Why should I belong to the W. C. T. U.?" is a question busy women ask each other, and ask themselves.

There are two distinct reasons why every intelligent Christian woman should, because of her relation to the home, belong to the W. C. T. U.

1st. Home is the centre and source of life, and woman is the home keeper. Whatever concerns the home, therefore, is of vital importance to her.

2d. The enemies of home are her enemies, and she is called upon to defend both it and herself against them. Intemperance is acknowledged to be the greatest enemy of the home; the leader of armies in whose wake many deadly foes follow.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

OWING to the carelessness of the exchange editor, the October LEAVES was not sent to the *Williams Weekly*, but we trust that it will be received on time this month. The *Weekly* is always bright, and we should be very sorry to lose it as an exchange.

THE *College Rambler* for Oct. 8 has a very good article on Dante, "The Italian Poet."

WE copy the following poem from the *Tuftonian*:—

BY CHANCE.

They met by chance; a wayward fate
Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance; the sinking sun
Cast lengthening shadows on the ground,
The long June day was nearly done—
The twilight dim was gathering round.

They met by chance; a fateful chance,
That brought them nearer, nearer still;
Each gave the other a startled glance,
Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance; a swift, sharp pain
Unnerves them as they think of that!
They trust they'll never meet again—
The 'cyclist and the brindled cat!

THE wrapper of the *Princetonian* is almost always so put on that it is nearly impossible to remove it without tearing the paper. It surely could not take much longer to do the paper up properly.

THE article called "Novi Homines," in the *Argosy* for November, is probably meant to be witty. If so, it falls far short of its purpose. Most of it is slang and vulgar.

•••
LOCALS.

SPARKS from the German table:—

LASELL LEAVES: the lettuce we have at dinner.

WE also have a descendant of *Marsechal Niel* at the German table.

THIS year the usual Halloween celebration was omitted, but that did not prevent certain among us, who are mischievously inclined, from having considerable fun at the expense of our neighbors. Unsuspecting new girls found their rooms in the wildest confusion, and sentimental Seniors slept on wedding cake.

HORSEBACK riding has become quite popular this year among the girls, particularly by moonlight. Wild looking apparitions, with "dislevelled" heads, may be seen prowling around at uncanny hours. With gymnastics, breathers, and horseback rides, the Lasell girls ought to be healthy, and they are, too, on the whole.

FOR unparalleled excellence in getting things crooked, the present Grecian History Class of Lasell Sem. for "young women" excels. According to their statement, *Mr. Areopagus* dictated a code of laws far better than Solon's; and a man called *Marathon* led the Persians to battle.

THE rate at which Lasell girls are getting married lately is truly astonishing. Even the class of '87 has broken its record ere the new year has come among us to stay. One of its members has assumed new responsibilities. This outlook is very encouraging for succeeding classes, and already '88 and '89 have begun to speculate as to who will be the first of their number to "desire presents." The beaming looks of the Freshmen show that they, too, have had thoughts for the future.

"I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree,
The bell cannot ring it,
But long years, oh, bring it
Such as I wish it to be."

MADemoiselle.—"Arrachez mes cheveux."

BRIGHT SENIOR (*who has been horseback riding the night before*). "Stop my horse."

THE Harvest Festival has become one of the "days which we celebrate." This year Oct. 15 was the time chosen. The celebration took place in the gymnasium, which was tastefully trimmed for the occasion with grains and autumn leaves, and presented a very attractive appearance. During the evening, refreshments were served, to which we all did justice. But the crowning feature of the evening was the band from Boston, which discoursed sweet strains while we tripped the "light fantastic toe" or glided through what Dick Swiveller would call "the mazy." Taken altogether, the evening was very enjoyable, and will be long remembered by all.

THE chapel has been greatly improved by the addition of opera chairs. They add much to the appearance of the room, and are also more conducive to sleep than the former way in which we were seated.

THE following club items may be of interest:—

The clubs S. D. and Lasellia have started auspiciously this year, and everything seems to

promise well. Both clubs have added a large number to their ranks, and intend doing some good literary work.

THE present officers of the S. D. Society are: President, Miss Wallace; Vice-President, Miss C. Clark; Secretary, Miss Lloyd; Treasurer, Miss Peabody; Critic, Miss Harwood; Usher, Miss Barbour.

ON Oct. 15, the "S. D.'s" celebrated their tenth birthday by initiating new members into the mysteries of the society.

All the arrangements for the occasion were especially felicitous. On the piano stood a beautiful bouquet of pinks from Miss Packard, a former S. D., with her "best wishes to the old girls and new."

At the appointed hour a band of maidens, bewitchingly arrayed in "gym." costumes, appeared at the club-room door. No doubt their minds were chaotic with visions of the goat, gridiron, and the greased pole. But all the orators who have ever addressed the young women of Lasell Seminary will be glad to know that these elect maidens preserved that calm, self-possessed, gracious demeanor which has been so often recommended to them from the rostrum. They "dared and again dared and without end dared," until they became, as we hope, loyal S. D.'s. To judge from externals, every one of these twenty-five might have been "self-governed." But we do not judge from externals simply, neither do we, like the *Beacon*, take number and volume of "screams" as the standard of thorough initiation. But nine o'clock came too soon, and the members slowly left, only longing for the time to come when they shall begin debating.

THE last election of officers in the Lasellia Club stands as follows: President, Miss Bogart; Vice-President, Miss H. White; Secretary, Miss Hathaway; Treasurer, Miss Cole; Critic, Miss Stafford; Guard, Miss G. White; Assistant Guard, Miss Gage; Executive Committee, Misses Gwinnell, Raum, and Law.

ON the evening of Oct. 22 the Lasellia Club added to its numbers twenty-two expectant girls. The rites of the initiation were enjoyed by the new and old members alike, and the evening closed with mutual congratulations.

PERSONALS.

MAY BIGELOW is at her home in Worcester, but expects to spend a part of the winter in New York.

WE hear of Jennie Ninde as "maid of honor" at Miss Penfield's wedding.

FLORENCE BAILEY writes pleasantly from her home in Erie, Pa.

SUSIE M. DRÉW, here in '76, of Plymouth, Mass., visited us in October.

MISS ELIZABETH HORSFORD, of Clinton, Iowa, and Miss Lizzie Whipple, '85, of Boston, visited Lasell.

WE are glad to see Judge Park well again, and going to and fro as was his wont, between office and home, on the trains. School-girls are not counted in, but may we not only say, God bless him? We hope to see him and Mrs. Park often this year.

A BEAUTIFUL little memorial of Miss McEchron, from the pen of her uncle, Rev. Dr. Hulburd, is on our table. Tender and truthful words they are, which we should be glad to reproduce here entire, if we had space.

MISS MAY MILLER, mother, and three sisters are in Boston. May is here for the purpose of studying elocution.

MISS JENNIE BROWN is soon to be in New York, and afterwards in Boston, to study elocution with Miss Call.

MISS ADA LANGLEY is to teach at the Boston School of Oratory this winter.

ALICE HOUSE, '83, has written two very readable articles from Chautauqua during the past summer, which have appeared in *Zion's Herald*.

CLEMENTINA BUTLER spent five weeks in Alaska during July and August. In her own delightful way she also has told us in the columns of *Zion's Herald* of her summer sojourn.

IDA SIBLEY, '84, has charge of the drawing department in the public schools of Warren, Mass.

LILLIE and Nellie Packard spent the "glorious Fourth" with Polly Stebbins, at Troy, N. Y.

LU BROWN, '82, has moved from Evansville, Ind., to Oakland, Cal., where her home is 1715 Seward Street. We wish her success in her life in the far West.

MINNIE NICKERSON, '82-4, has taken up kindergarten study in Boston.

FLORENCE RYAN, '83-5, who graduated at Ogontz in June, is studying kindergarten methods of instruction with Mrs. Kempton, a sister of Miss Call.

ETTA and Jennie Jackson met Alice House at Chautauqua this season.

EDITH ANDREWS is to spend the coming winter in Chicago.

ANNE and Josie Wallace have returned from a trip to California.

LILL and Stella Wadhams, Lill and Nellie Packard, and Sophie White were together at Wyoming Camp Ground, Wyoming, Pa.

CARRIE WAITE has entered Smith College this year, and is to study music, elocution, and philosophy.

ANNA NEWKIRK, of Jackson, Mich., visited Lasell in the summer vacation; also, her old school friends, Annie Brown and Annie Williams.

MRS. WILLIAM T. BONNER — Fanny Baker, of 1880 — has moved to Omaha, Neb. She has two bright children, whose pictures we saw at Grace Fritley Pennell's in Portland, Me. We were also shown a nice painting in water colors by Mrs. Louise Fribley Dann, of 47 Edward Street, Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Pennell has a very pleasant home, and a nice baby. We also met Mrs. Jennie West Atwood and her husband. They have a nice home near the Portland Park.

MRS. EMILY PEABODY STEWART, of the class of 1882, is now living in St. Louis.

MRS. IDA MACK MANSFIELD made us a flying visit, Oct. 20.

EVA WISE came to see "that nice Milford girl," Amy Harris.

EUGENIA HART stopped here on her way to California, with her mother and brother. They are going for the benefit of the latter's health.

MAMIE HARMON HELLIER, of New Haven, Conn., here in '83, whom we last saw in Berlin,

is, we learn, now at No. 1 Kirk Street, West Roxbury. We hope she will come out here.

MISS MARY MARSHALL, late of Colorado, and a former pupil of Lasell, was married on the evening of Nov. 2 to Mr. Edward Payson Call, of the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Call is a brother of our teacher of elocution. The wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, in Boston. Rev. Dr. Courtney, of St. Paul's, performed the ceremony, and her father gave the bride away.

Lasell was well represented as to numbers. Prof. and Mrs. Bragdon were present, with Miss Carpenter, Miss Ransom, and Miss Cushman. Among former pupils were the Misses Emily and Tessie Shiff, Miss Florence Ryan, Miss Lizzie Whipple, Miss Hosford, Miss Ada Langley, Miss May Miller, Mrs. Vickery (once Abby Davis), and Miss Abbie Hill, we believe, but are not certain. She meant to be there. The Newtons sent many guests, naturally, for Mr. Call lives at Newtonville, and after the bridal trip the happy pair will settle down in their home on Highland Avenue.

MARRIED at Westborough, Mass., Oct. 25, 1887, Miss Etta May Kelley, '82, and Mr. Louis Emil Derefeld.

MISS HATTIE WEBBER, of Holyoke, here in 1880, is engaged to Mr. Dwight Goddard, of Worcester.

MISS HATTIE ROBBINS, class of '87, was married Nov. 1, at Union, Me., to Mr. Charles Ruse. Their new home is in Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIED at Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 17, Miss Martha Sargent and Mr. Albert S. West.

HON. E. M. WEST, grandfather of Miss Virginia Prickett, died very suddenly on Monday, Oct. 31, at Edwardsville, Ill., of which place he was an eminent and beloved citizen, as also one of the most widely and favorably known of public men in Southern Illinois. Miss Prickett had just gone to New York, and was summoned by first return train, reaching home in time to be present at the funeral service.

OLD GIRLS, ATTENTION!

WE have three silver spoons which the owners may have by sending a postal card to Lasell Seminary. The spoons are marked, M. E. Avery, M. C., and M., the first two being in script, and the latter in Old English.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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THOSE of us who are old enough, will remember at the Centennial a striking little picture, which represented Santa Claus as perpetual youth. The idea is suggestive of the universal feeling about Christmas. It is one of the few subjects which is, at the same time, always old and always new. It is as fresh and bright as its own holly.

There are few, even of those whose lives three hundred and sixty-four days out of the three hundred and sixty-five are of the most cheerless, prosaic type, who do not, at Christmas time, in part, catch the holiday spirit, and feel their hearts grow warmer with good-will toward all around them. The principle, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," has full sway at this time; perhaps it rules some who are sorry the day after for what they term their rashly shown sentiment.

In *Harper's Monthly*, for December, Chas. Dudley Warner urges that the old-time Christmas feeling should not run riot merely in charitable sentiment toward the poor and unfortunate, but that our sympathy and kindness would not be wasted on the not-easy-to-be-satisfied rich, whom we do not always have with us. His teaching is a wholesome corrective to the somewhat mawkish sentiment of Mr. Carleton's poem in the same number.

After this declaration of our principles, we say, with as much heartiness as did the first man or woman (?) who ever uttered the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year" to every one.

"A DIFFERENCE of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections."

Truly, nothing is more forlorn, more dampening to the spirits, than to tell a choice joke, and to have it meet with some such response as, "Well, I see into that, but isn't there any more

to it?" We said that nothing was more forlorn, but we forgot the hopeless feeling of the person who has to listen to a long, pointless joke, all the time trying to work himself up to the smile that by and by is sure to be expected. This is the greatest of all taxes on the nervous system, and is always followed by utter exhaustion. A "cross section" of the listener's "mental mechanism" would prove an interesting study.

Then the left-over laugh, that is always about thirty minutes behind standard time, and shows your entertaining friend, only too plainly, how closely you have been following the thread of his discourse. This is one of the most discouraging symptoms of boredom to a striving-to-be-funny young man.

The person who chuckles all the time he is telling his story, thus causing a sympathetic smile on the faces of his hearers, though his subject-matter be as dry as sawdust, is not altogether an unpleasant sort of person to be with for a short time. Even if there is no point to his story, or if it be so microscopic as not to be visible, his sense of his own successful attempt at mirthfulness is so apparent that we feel a spirit of cheerfulness stealing over us in spite of ourselves.

Then, there is the person who wakes in the night to laugh over some such witticism as Sydney Smith's "Dogmatism is only puppyism come to maturity"; or who is suddenly convulsed at seeing the "point" to one of the not-easily-to-be-comprehended kind of jokes, hours after he has tried to show his appreciation of what he then failed to see.

Time and space, those inexorable limitations to human thought, forbid us to dwell long on the "chronic joker." Whether he is more of an infliction to himself or to the "friends of his friends," it would be hard to tell. Conceive the feelings of one who must either "set the table in a roar with merriment," or else be asked every fifth second if he feels ill. And he must, indeed, feel hilarious, compared to some of those who have to take part in the roaring.

After all, this whole subject is summed up in the words of the old shepherd, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ": "Never *try* to be funny, Eric. I did once, and it went hard with me. I am now a melancholy wreck, and the people who listened to me, they — they all died long ago."

LINES TO M. L. C., THE EDITOR-ELECT.

(*"Adaptation to circumstances is the final test of education."*)

EDITRESS! with meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs no shadow lies,
Pray you not my words despise.

You, whose cares are just begun,
But whose glories will be won
With the setting of my sun!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the marginal expanse
Of the proof-sheets' first advance;

Fresh and white that lengthy ream,
Now, methinks, doth to thee seem,
Three months hence you'll change your dream.

Strange mistakes do oft combine
To so change the strongest line,
That words and sense refuse to "jine."

Then pause not with indecision,
But with boldness, not submission,
Write intrepidly, "omission."

If in making up your "dummy"
There is space for something funny,
— Bring out Egypt's oldest mummy.

O thou child of "minus cares,"
There are troubles, there are snares,
Which await thee unawares.

Shed through all your trials drear
Not a single briny tear,
That will show your secret fear.

"Lasell wit" within thy hand —
Printers, exchanges, can't withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

THE PICTURES IN PARIS.

DID you ever notice how much better you could see pictures with your mouth open?

Sitting in the Louvre to-day, I let my eye rest a little by turning it on people, and I was surprised to see how many had already found out this strange truth in optics and were practising on it. Big mouths, little mouths, ugly mouths, pretty mouths, coarse mouths, fine mouths, all falling gently open as their owners fixed eyes on the pictures. Sometimes whole teeth, sometimes half teeth, sometimes no teeth behind the com-

placently parted lips, oftener vacancy, or the suggestion of a roof of a mouth.

Try it the next time you go to look at a church or some pictures. The other objects will look better if you don't. I was glad, pretty soon, to "rest my eye" by turning it back upon the pictures.

I suppose the privilege of copying the great pictures is one poor painters are very thankful for always; and fair ones, sometimes. But I begin to think it not an unmixed blessing for the world at large. When one sees a daub, such as a dear old lady was making to-day, of Murillo's "Conception," sent out to represent such a painting, one may fairly question whether the world at large will ever be the better for it. Such a distorted visage ought never to be allowed to be called a "reproduction" of the face of the Mary who is being admitted to companionship with the Deity. I am sure the spirits of the departed do not come again to earth, for if Murillo's spirit were anywhere within reach, it would gently but firmly lead that old lady by the ear to the door of Pavilion Denon. In all these galleries one sees such poor things offered, and I suppose they are scattered around the world, as copies of these beautiful pictures, and people who can't see the originals form their ideas of them by these dreadful caricatures. I think they should be suppressed, and only good photographs, like Braun's, of Paris, allowed to go out, or copies that can pass muster. Some galleries require certain proofs of ability from copyists. This is in the right direction, but not half strict enough. The reproductions in color by the Royal Society of Berlin, the Arundel Society of London, and Goupil (to a small extent), of Paris, are, as a rule, faithfully done, and are far better than most copies by hand. I like either of the chief two "Immaculate Conceptions," by Murillo, at Madrid better than the one in the Louvre. In this the cherubs are pretty good; but the face of the Mary is not so finished, has not so thoroughly caught the expression which so delights one in the Madrid picture, and to a degree, to be sure, in this. Guido Reni has three beautiful pictures of St. Sebastian. I must say I think the Madrid one of these, too, the best.

I have learned at least one thing which some one of you may some day thank me for telling

now. Get photographs of places in the places themselves. I noticed that one, Laurent, of Madrid, had samples of photographs in Seville, Granada, etc. So I thought I'd save trouble and time by getting all my views of Spain from him. Consequence is I am bringing home a very inferior quality of views of all these places, his plates being old and prints poor. But I could not go back after views!

By the way, I have not told you a word about Spain yet, and I am not going to begin now, only to say that travel there is by no means the difficult or uncomfortable thing the books say it is. It is equally pleasant and comfortable with Italy; as safe, as clean, and as satisfactory, though not as cheap. In two days' easy ride from Paris you are across the Pyrenees and Spain is before you. More travellers should go there.

To come back to Paris pictures. The Luxembourg ought no more to be skipped, even in a hasty visit, than the Louvre. Some painting there is equal to any in the prouder gallery. Paris places its best at the service of all, *free*. Madrid charges a small sum, one half peseta, — a peseta is equal to a franc, — though one need pay only once a day, even if he go out and come in several times. The Salon is *the* thing in pictures now, and you will already have seen criticisms in the chief papers. Read them over carefully, and notice the names. Some of the best painting in France is there — and some very poor. I did not think that anything so poor could be admitted to the famous Paris Salon. But the comfort from the good painting is very great, only there is so much of it, one longs for more eyes and more time. It is a *great* treat. There are 5,318 things to see, — oils, water colors, drawings, engravings, statues in marble and bronze, architectural drawings, pastels, porcelains, etc. I used to think the Salon meant only paintings, but prizes are given in four departments: first, painting; second, sculpture; third, architecture; fourth, engraving. It is held in the Exposition Building of 1867. Sunday P. M., admission is free; Sunday A. M. and week day P. M. (except Friday), one franc; week day A. M., two francs; Friday, all day, five francs.

Hattie Foss, who was once at Lasell, has a picture here, this year, a portrait. A former

painting teacher of Lasell, Miss Carpenter, has taken some of the prizes.

Of the success of Miss Gardiner, '56, you will have already heard.

I owe the Salon a grudge. Mrs. B. saw a splendid picture of a pumpkin, and it set her mouth to watering so for some pumpkin pie, that I shall have no peace till she can have a piece. (Respectfully dedicated to J. A. Hills) Girls, *I wish you could see these paintings!* I think some of you rich girls would like to give each one good painting to Lasell for the benefit of generations yet unborn. How nice it would be in years after you are dead, for your friends to read on the frame of a fine picture, "Gift of (say) *Fosie Wallace*, of 1887," or of "*Carrie Foster*, 1886," or any other one of any year! I would n't care what year. Then, pretty soon, we would build an art gallery for Lasell, and have them where they'd do every one good forever.

There are some very queer pictures; one with a lot of blue-skinned girls, with indigo blue cloaks, in a light blue street, under a dark blue sky. Nothing like it ever met my eye in my travels. An immense one of Victor Hugo's tomb guarded by horsemen, who carry flaring torches, all natural, except a very Frenchy angel, of wholly earthly form, floating away in front. What does it represent? I can't see. That spoils a good picture. There is a Magdalen asleep in a "vaporous" style, better yet if entirely vaporous! A picture of a beef's lights and liver makes one wonder for what possible reason it was put upon canvas. The aim of the painters of the nude seems to be not beautiful forms but distorted ones, in all sorts of possible, impossible, and uncomely positions. As a specimen of what they can do, I cannot criticise these painters. But they have made some very ugly women and men. Never mind, one need not look at them; there is plenty of beauty all about one. Robert Barrett Browning, Jr., has a picture on the walls, in questionable taste, but well done. There is a Last Supper, in which the disciples are all poor fishermen — much more like one's notion of them than most pictures.

Another, of "The Bay of Death," where the dead of the Lady Franklin Expedition are depicted with dreadful truth. Two of Jules Breton's charming figure-pieces. Look closely at that

man's work, whenever you see it, also Julien Dupré's, and Aubert's, and Adan's, and Scherrer's, and Bey's; but there are many, and I did not start to speak of special pictures. Maybe I will another time. One thing is true, at every visit one sees good pictures, which he had not noticed before.

That shows how foolish it is for any one to say, "These are the best," or "Those are all the good ones." If you want to learn to know good pictures, study one at a time, and study well. Yesterday I was sitting enjoying that greatest of all works in stone, "The Venus of Milo," when a lady came into the sacred corner. She glanced at the statue, read the inscription, felt of the cloth curtain, took out her handkerchief from her reticule and very carefully wiped her nose, pulled down and adjusted her veil, glanced once more at the goddess, and moved contentedly, even majestically, as one conscious of duty fully done, to fresh fields. I came near pulling her back, and making her look!

John put the truth in a nutshell when I was showing him the Apollo Sauroktonos. "You see it is a man." I was saying, "With a woman's head on him," interrupted the boy.

I could say a word or two more about pictures, but I spare you. C. C. B.

"TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS."

DOUBTLESS, some who read the pathetic little "Story of Ida" wonder in just what consists its peculiar charm for Ruskin. Others, more pronounced in their opinions, insist that he must find it in his own ridiculous foot-notes. But however tastes may differ on that book, there can be but one opinion as to the merits of "Two College Friends," by Fred W. Loring. It is not a new work, nor does it in any sense deal with the complexities of modern life. It is a "Romance of the Rebellion," but differs from all other books of that kind in that its charm is a charm for all times. The story is a simple one, and simply told, but with a pathos that will bring tears to the eyes of a stoic.

Two boys in "Old Harvard" become warm friends. In the midst of their happy, peaceful lives they are startled by the call of the President for aid to defend the country. With characteris-

tic enthusiasm, the boys enlist, and we follow the thread of their lives through its varied phases until the last scene. In a night expedition Tom and Ned are taken prisoners, and Tom is attacked by a raging fever. They are placed under parole, and left on the banks of the river for the night. A way of escape offers itself, and Ned, driven almost mad by the incoherent ravings of his friend for assistance, is still further tempted to a breach of faith by the assurance of the guard that his escape would be unnoticed. His word of honor seems to weigh nothing in the balance with the agony, and it may be, the life of his friend. The temptation is too great to be resisted, and taking Tom he makes his way into the Federal lines, saves his friend, returns, delivers himself into the hands of Stonewall Jackson, and is sentenced to be shot. We quote from Loring :—

“ They led him out a little from the camp, where it seemed quiet. He saw them stand before him, heard one preliminary order given and caught the flash of rifle barrels in the early morning sunlight. Then there was a noise and disturbance in the camp beyond and a voice cried out, ‘ It’s an attack by the Federals.’

“ Before, he had been calm, self-possessed, half dead. Now he turned, involuntarily, and in one great, sweeping flood, his life came back. No more indifference, no more numbness—but in that one instant every drop of blood in his veins seemed charged with electric power and the morning air was like nectar. He stood there strong like a man. Then there was one report, and he fell dead—dead in the dust of the Virginia soil.”

The strong character of the book is Ned. He is one of those rare people whom we have all seen and who are all the grander for their rareness. Always extremely happy or miserable, enthusiastic, animated, alive to everything, or gloomy and full of scorn ; but, underlying all, a deep, strong character with principles as firmly fixed as the everlasting hills. He is what Loring calls not dissatisfied, but unsatisfied. He is one whose life must be spent in giving, not in receiving, and whose love is almost idolatry. He is withal discriminating, unprejudiced, and just ; giving honor where honor is due. Almost with his last breath he writes of Stonewall Jackson, the man who pronounced his death sentence, the enemy of the cause

for which he fought, “ Stonewall Jackson is a hero.” There is, perhaps, in his nature a little manly conceit, or better still, self-consciousness, visible when he says of a certain young lady, “ How she must have hated me—perhaps.”

Tom is more human, and much weaker. He lacks that power of endurance which is one of Ned’s strong points. Liking the world in general, he is happily conscious that the world in general reciprocates the affection ; but his love for others is so divided up and parcelled out among many different people, that he can feel for no one the strong affection which rules Ned. He is one of those people who rest securely on flowery beds of ease, receiving, perhaps not ungratefully but unconsciously, the efforts of others to make their path in life easy, and having a disposition so loving and lovable that others take pleasure in serving them. With the usual perversity of nature, these two friends are exactly opposite, reminding one of a sunbeam and a volcano.

There is a lack of the woman element in the book, but we are forced to confess that it is without serious detriment. A prophecy by a man, characteristically named Moody, to the effect that Ned was to die a dishonorable death for a dishonorable action, might better have been omitted. We are too wise in this day to believe in the fallacy, and it only serves to prepare us for the end.

The book is assuredly artistic. In its way it is perfect. It may not deserve to rank among great works, but it is certainly wholesome and profitable reading, especially at a day when “ some aspects of pessimism,” “ indifferentism,” and kindred topics are too much with us. It possesses the fine characteristic of being tragic, but natural, and without any of the usual blood and thunder accompanying tragedies.

If the object of the book is to inspire in these cold hearts of ours a more generous appreciation of the defenders of our country, it has not been written in vain. There are few who will close it without feeling such veneration for the brave boys, who, fighting for a principle, conquered, and died, that from the depths of our hearts we shall say with Loring, “ Woe to our country, should the great debt owed to these heroes be ever forgotten.”

LASELLIA.

A FRAGMENT.

"THAT is the third unexplained smile you have given within this last half-hour. If you do not tell its meaning directly, I feel convinced that 'concealment, like a worm in the bud, will feed on my damask cheek.' Perhaps those are n't the exact words, but, anyway, I am confident as to the spirit. I suppose, though, you are such an admirer of 'abnormal types,' that nothing but one of Dickens's spontaneous-combustion cases would move you."

"There is no need for so much sarcasm on your part. That smile was simply a 'left-over expression.' I was thinking how different people are, and how sublimely ridiculous I should appear, standing with clasped hands and looking at the first snowfall. Don't be so literal as to tell me that we have n't had any snow yet this season. That's the way I should have looked last winter, and I'm arguing on the principle that women are only girls grown tall. That's all there is to my thought; simply a 'mental act of comparison' between myself and —. But if my words do not call up the individual to your mind, they have n't force enough to merit explanation."

The speakers were two girls in a certain seminary in N. As to their appearance, we act on their own suggestion, and let the "inner" explain the "outer." Suffice it to say, that although both had read Miss Phelps's book on boarding-school life, neither of them was perched in graceful unconsciousness on the "washstand," nor had either the "intense, soulful gaze of a young Psyche." The Delsarte system under which they were trained did not teach the attitude, nor did the Faculty favor that particular kind of a "gaze." Still, the girls, between them, could give very creditable impersonations of "Amy" and "Willis Campbell," in Mr. Howells's "Garroters," and they had been known to take leading parts in "Bluebeard's Wives" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter." One word more: though the time was recreation hour, and Christmas only a few weeks off, neither of them was making either slippers, or necktie cases marked "Knot the only tie that binds us." Both had brothers, and knew just how serviceable those gifts really are. No! the work on which they were actually engaged at that

moment was mending. Not mending broken seminary rules, or broken resolutions, — in common with the rest of humanity, they left that delightful task until New-Year's Day, — but mending their own clothes. They had exhausted the time-honored joke, that "the wear and tear of clothing washed at boarding school varies directly as the square of the distance from the home laundry," and all the other obvious suggestions of the occasion. Silence had ruled for the space of five minutes, and then had followed the conversation with which our sketch opens, and with which it will now continue.

"What led you to compare yourself with other girls, anyway?"

"Oh, you know I shall be out of school soon, and naturally, I am looking ahead a little, wondering what I'll do, and what and where I'll be. Now, some people are fixed quantities, and one can fancy exactly what they will say and do at any given moment. Others are chaotic, and one never knows whether they will bring down a deluge on other people, or be in one of their own causing. I used to think it would be a fine thing to have a 'mental Niagara,' tremendous water power, and beautiful moonlit scenery all at one's personal disposal; but I am beginning to change my views."

"So am I; especially after a year of such restlessness — trying all the while to force myself into something different from what I naturally am — that I am likely to be the inventor of perpetual motion from very force of my own mental friction. I wish that somebody, who is neither a crank nor a transcendentalist, would give me a fair representation of the average American young woman, as she really is, and not as somebody thinks she is, or thinks she ought to be. It has never been done yet, and I think it would be a great gain for all of us."

"It would almost seem, though, as if it must be a hopeless experiment, for it has been tried so many times, and has always been such a miserable failure. I believe that the typical young woman would not be popular in print. She would n't be half so funny to 'the multitude' as, for instance, 'Nan,' who is simply and purely the product of the brain (?) of some college boy, who is ignorant of one of the first principles of political economy, that the demand always determines the supply.

He is truthful of course, and pictures exactly what he sees. The worse for his sight!"

"I have an idea! Let us advertise for a story for our school paper, which shall typify this American young woman; and in order to protect ourselves from the wit that does not cheer but does inebriate, let us make certain conditions for the competition."

"First of all, I'd like to stipulate that the heroine be not represented as a regal lily nodding from a cliff; and that she do not have that 'long, slender shape, and the clear-cut, pale features which look so well against a carmine background.' Most of us cannot do the 'regal lily act,' and 'carmine' is n't a good color for everyday wear and tear."

"My first suggestion would be, that she do not have that most unpsychological of all consciences — a combination of the New England and the Howells types. Oh, yes! and that, unlike, Mr. James's feminine characters, she have weight, physically and mentally; that is, neither as heavy as lead nor as light as a feather."

"And that she do not be pictured when off on her summer vacation, nor in some passing moment of imbecility; but that she be represented as *herself*, just as she is fourteen out of fifteen hours in each three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in a year."

"One thing more, this competition shall be open to all, except to those men who have not yet lived long enough to know that 'we see in the world chiefly that for which we look; we hear in the world chiefly that for which we listen.'"

COMPOSITA, '89.

AT LOUISE HAYDEN'S ENTOMBMENT.

I DID not think my first visit to these valued friends would be to be present at the burial of one of that splendid family of children. I had often wished to see them at home, but I had not anticipated this call.

In the spacious yard, with plenty of windows for sunlight, and nothing to hinder it from getting to them, notwithstanding the magnificent elms in the yard and before it, stands the pleasant house which has been Lou's home since she

was two years old. She was the baby when the family moved hither from Wisconsin.

The Episcopal service was read over the white, flower-covered casket by her rector, who said, "In no home in my parish do I more feel that the peace of God rests than in this." Loving hearts said Amen to all the prayers; loving hands bore to her long resting-place on the near hillside what was mortal, while we almost heard the whispers of the immortal voice saying, "It is well with my soul," and almost could see the immortal hand beckoning us on. Dear Lou! her race early run, but well run. She leaves among us a record of a gentle, loving life. Who were not her friends?

Dear parents, dear Jessie, dear brothers and sisters all, Lasell misses her and weeps with you, hopes with you, believes with you. C. C. B.

DIED in Utica, Nov. 26th, MARY STARKS BROWNELL.

SUCH are the few words which bring grief to us, while they announce her entrance to a home in glory. The voice we once so loved to hear is hushed to us, while she joins in the song of glory on the other side.

The representatives of Lasell are gathering fast in that happy land where there is no sorrow, where Christ himself has gone to prepare a place for those who love Him.

When near the end, she was asked if she would see the clergyman, she replied: "I have no preparation to make, and will save the little strength I have for my family. She talked with her husband and dear little Edith, making arrangements as if for a little absence, then bade them good by, and was ushered into glory, with a smile on her face that made others almost long to go. Like Carrie and Lou, she had a brief illness, and "she was not, for God took her."

Of this event the *Utica Observer* of Nov. 26 speaks as follows: —

"At an early hour this morning, death's dart lodged in a gentle breast, and a beloved spirit passed out forever. It had been poised for months, its coming was foreseen, but it sped quickly at last. Mrs. Mary Starks Brownell, the

wife of John J. Brownell, of the house of Tucker, Calder & Co., came to Utica with her husband less than five years ago. She came from one of the honored homes of Troy, to be welcomed in like homes in Utica, for her refinement, her gentleness, and her worth. If society saw her not so much as it would, it was still admiring and kindly in its regard, for it saw a young wife and mother happy in new and tender cares, and the better ornament and worthier member of her circle for the qualities manifest and maturing. Mrs. Brownell was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Starks, of Troy, two brothers and a sister survive. To the bereaved husband is left a daughter about two years old, to renew for long years, let us trust, in her smiles and graces the memory of the beloved departed. Mrs. Brownell's death resulted from consumption originating in a cold contracted but a few months ago."

POLITICAL NOTES.

ON the evening of Nov. 24, M. Grevy handed in his resignation of the presidency of the French Republic. The text of M. Grevy's message is to the effect that he finds it impossible to continue to govern the country. M. Sadi Carnot has been elected his successor.

A VERDICT has been rendered in New York against Gusman Blanco, President of Venezuela, for \$2,194,500 and costs.

LORD LYONS, late British Minister at Paris, now in his seventy-first year, has been stricken with paralysis, and his death is looked for in the near future. He has been removed to London from Paris.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

SEVENTEEN steel canoes form part of the equipment of the Nicaragua Canal Company's surveying parties, which will sail from New York City in a few days. The canoes are built of galvanized steel, one twentieth of an inch thick, and are intended for the transportation of the different parties to their stations along the route of the canal, as well as to facilitate the making of the surveys.

THE largest electric light in the world is the lighthouse at Sydney, Australia. It has the power

of 180,000 candles, and can be seen at sea fifty miles distant. America's largest light, 24,000 candle-power, is at San José, Cal.

As to Mr. Loissette's system of memory training, about which in our last issue we quoted a paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press, there seem to be two opinions. A good many who have taken it, indorse it heartily, and say it will do all it professes, while some declare gently, that it is a farce. The truth probably is, that by devoting much time daily, under competent direction, either of Mr. Loissette himself or of some other enthusiast, great strength of memory would result. But for the average pupil who has not much time to spare, and who must depend on her own will to make her do the "exercises," the result may be considered an "uncertain quantity."

ART NOTES.

THE *Portfolio*, for November, for its frontispiece has a fine, soft etching by Rajan, of "A Flower Girl," by Murillo. The only objection to it is, that it presents the effect of an engraving, rather than an etching. The other large plates are an Elizabethan gallant, "Knowest Thou this Water-fly?" by Pettie, etched by G. H. Rhead; and Constable's "The Hay-Wain," etched by C. P. Brandard.

MR. GULLICK, a London artist and art-writer, has opened, in Fifth Avenue, a gallery of decorative painting on mirrors and window glass by himself and his assistants. This art is a modern adaptation of an old Italian form of decoration, and as practised by Mr. Gullick, has met with appreciation in London art circles. The examples shown are chiefly of floral designs, in which the natural forms and colors are preserved. They are very effective and decorative, besides being technically well executed.

NINE cartoons in charcoal, designed by Signor C. Maccari, for frescos in the Palace of Justice, in Rome, are on exhibition at the Schaus gallery. Five are historical subjects. The largest of these represent "The Return of Regulus to Carthage," "Appius Claudius Crassus entering the Senate to oppose Peace with Pyrrhus," and "Cicero de-

claiming against Catiline." One of the smaller ones represents the Goths entering Rome; another shows Curius Dentatus rejecting the gifts of the Samnite embassy. The other cartoons depict "Literature and Art," "Agriculture and Trade," and "Science and War."

MR. ST. GAUDEN'S "Puritan" was unveiled on Thanksgiving, at Springfield, Mass. A semi-circular hedge behind it rises as high as the shoulders of the statue, and forms a pedestal. A bench is placed in front, and at the end of the grass-plot is a fountain with a circular basin.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

QUEEN VICTORIA wrote on Patti's autograph fan the following: "If King Lear is right in saying that a sweet voice is a precious thing in a woman, you are the richest of women."

THE five hundredth performance of Gounod's "Faust" was a notable event at the Grand Opera, Paris, Nov. 4, when the composer conducted and received an ovation. Mme. Carvalho, the original *Marguerite*, was present; also Queen Isabella, of Spain, Prince de Sagon, and Prince de Bourbon.

FURSCH MADI is one of the greatest favorites who ever appeared before the Boston public.

JENNY LIND was married in Boston.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG was married in the early part of this month, at Elkhart, Indiana, to Mr. Carl Strakosch, her manager. The event did not surprise any one, as the announcement of their engagement was published last season.

TEMPERANCE.

"FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND."

WHEN Gladstone was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, a deputation of brewers waited on him to remind him of the loss the revenue would sustain by any further restrictions on the liquor traffic. His reply was: "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I will know where to get my revenue."

A VILLAGE was recently incorporated in Northern Wisconsin by the name of Glenwood. In the charter a proviso is made for the insertion in all deeds of sale, that the sale of any kind of ardent spirits on any lot in the village shall forfeit the property to the original owner.

SOME Southern towns that have adopted prohibition report their trade in women's and children's clothing to have increased five hundred per cent since the saloons were driven out.

IT is stated that Chicago alone paid out last year over saloon counters for strong drink \$35,000,000. The whole United States gave for missions, home and foreign, only \$6,000,000.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

IN the Colby *Echo*, "The Genius of Hawthorne," a prize article, is quite interesting. We quote the last sentence:—

"And if, from the absence of a glittering surface, his works do not so much attract the popular throng, if his fame is not likely to be that of the well-thumbed and dog-eared page, he certainly is now, and will be still more hereafter, regarded by competent critics as one of the most refined, tender, powerful, and highly imaginative writers in the English language."

A MEMORY.

PRONE at her feet in bliss he lies,
His cares forgot beneath her eyes;
Spread on her knee, of crimson bright
A silken flag, with strands of white,
With fingers deft she decorates—
One side to Harvard dedicates,
To "90," one.

And now from her and class estranged,
He wonders if it could be changed
To "91."

Harvard Advocate

A WARNING.

ONCE I was a happy college man,
No cares oppressed my mind;
I ran up bills as I went along,
And left them far behind.

My livery bills I quite forgot,
 My tailors' bills as well;
 When asked how much I owed my chum,
 I never quite could tell.

Alas! alas! now all is changed.
 Although I fume and fret,
 Those wretched bills I once ran up,
 I never can forget.

They're with me while the daylight lasts,
 They haunt me in my sleep,
 Their horrid presence fills my mind,
 Though rapt in slumbers deep.

I'm now a wretched college man,
 Thus with my cares beset,
 No longer trifles slip my mind,
 I've taken of *Loisette*.

Williams Weekly.

NOTHING but leaves — the day before vacation.
 NEVER step upon a train while it is in motion
 — it is liable to tear.

THE bald man says his head is like paradise —
 there is no parting there.

THE eve of a nation's birth — Mrs. Adam.

THE Chinese question — "How muchee pay?"

A SHOCKING accident — struck by lightning.

THE fishery question — "How many did you
 catch?" — *Yale Courant*.

BOILED, ROASTED, OR RAW, TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

It is reported that Harvard is making offers for
 the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for
 the purpose of making it her own scientific
 school.

YALE has graduated 195 Smiths since 1709.

It is said that there are eighteen thousand
 female students in the colleges of the United
 States.

COLUMBIA possesses one of the two extant
 copies of the "first folio" of Shakespeare. The
 value is three thousand dollars.

A FEMALE college, modelled after Wellesley
 and Vassar, is to be established at Denver, Col.,
 in the near future.

CORNELL library receives on an average ten
 books a day.

A COMPOSITE photograph of the class of '87,
 Amherst, is said to be an exact likeness of a
 picture of Guiteau taken the day before his death.

It is reported that Vassar students are about
 to adopt the Oxford cap and gown.

It is evident that the LASSELL LEAVES is the
 product of the feminine mind.

BOOKS ENTERED IN LIBRARY OF LASSELL SEMINARY IN NOVEMBER, 1887.

Browning, Robert. Poetical Works. 6 vols.	821. 2 ^b
Cabot, James Elliot. Memoirs of R. W. Emerson. 2 vols.	920.26 ^a
Dumas, Alexander. Le Comte de Monte- Cristo. 6 vols.	943. 1
Duruy, Victor. History of Rome and the Roman People. 8 vols.	973. 9
Giles, Henry. Human Life in Shake- speare	822.60
Hanson, Geo. P. The Legend of Ham- let	822.61
Jackson, Helen Hunt (H. H.). A Century of Dishonor	970. 1
Jackson, Helen Hunt (H. H.). Ramona,	823.73
Lincoln, Mrs. D. A. Boston School Kitchen Text-Book	641. 5
Love, Samuel G. Industrial Education .	607. 1
Prescott, William H. Conquest of Mex- ico. 3 vols.	978. 1
Schaff, Phillip. History of the Christian Church. 4 vols.	270. 2
Wallace, Lew. Ben-Hur	823.72
Whitney, William Dwight. Language, and the Study of Language	408. 1

PROF. ALEXANDER HOGG, M. A., Superintend-
 ent of Public Schools in Fort Worth, Texas, and
 father of two of the present pupils of Lasell, has
 sent to Prof. Bragdon a bound copy of an address
 upon the "Railroad as an Element in Education,"
 delivered before the International Congress of
 Educators, at the World's Exposition in New
 Orleans. Mr. Bragdon has placed the little book in
 the reading-room, that all may have the benefit of it.

LOCALS.

"WATER, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

FLASHES of wit (?) left over from Thanksgiving: Roast goose or roast turkey? (*To be spoken with a strong Hibernian accent.*) Also sardines. That's all!

WE who remained here during Thanksgiving were not so badly off as some who deemed themselves more fortunate supposed. The weather was not all that could be desired, but this did not dampen our ardor. We went into Boston shopping, and heard Mrs. Langtry, (soft; do not wake me; let me dream again;) with a cheerfulness which was truly surprising. The arrangements for dinner were felicitous in every respect, and even the most fastidious could not have found fault with the repast; with the exception of one "mistake in the course," everything passed off happily. A glance at the *ménu* given below will, perhaps, satisfy any who are disposed to be sceptical.

MÉNU.

Oysters on Half Shell.

Soup.

Bisque.

Fish.

Cusk à la Crème.

Radishes.

Dressed Lettuce.

Roast.

Goose, Apple Sauce.

Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Celery.

Game.

Quail on Toast.

Roast Venison.

Duchess Potatoes, Currant Jelly.

Cold Dishes.

Shrimp Salad.

Boned Chicken, Jelly.

Vegetables.

Cream Cauliflower.

Green Peas.

Onions.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Mashed Potatoes.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Pastry.

Mince Pie.

Pumpkin Pie.

Baked Plum Pudding. Fancy Cakes.

Dessert.

Vanilla Ice Cream, Fruit, Nuts, Raisins.

Cheese, Coffee.

The dining-room was tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers, the tables being arranged in the form of a square. Miss Daisy Lloyd was very pleasing as toast-mistress. The following toasts were given: "The Day we Celebrate," Miss Gilbert; "Lasell," Prof. Bragdon; "The Harvard Annex," Miss Stafford, '86; "The Toast as an Institution," Miss Tappen, of Gannett Institute. After dinner, all took themselves to the gymnasium, where dancing and "blind man's buff" were indulged in by some of the more youthful (?) among us.

Saturday evening, an informal reception was held in the gymnasium. Refreshments were served during the evening, and some very enjoyable music rendered by a quartette of gentlemen.

By the way, some of us during vacation had a good opportunity to sample Boston mud. Of all mud, it is the worst. We firmly believe that the far-famed clay of New Jersey does not surpass in "sticktuitiveness" the mud of Boston.

Mud, mud, the terrible mud,

Covering the streets in a city called "Hub";

Over the curbstones, over the feet,

Spattering the clothes of the people we meet;

As rushing and crowding, they hurry along,

Terrible mud, it does them much wrong!

SCENE — Dining-room. Eve, Dec. 7.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ — Faculty and young women of Lasell.

CONVERSATION — Minus quantity.

The stillness is occasionally broken by a titter from some non-self-governed girl.

At the end of the meal, exit girls, amid the applause of an admiring Faculty.

THERE was once a gay Turkish Pasha,

Who winked — what on earth could be rasha? —

At the Sultan's best wife, and so lost his life;

The moral is — don't be a masha. *From Life.*

THE local editor has come to the conclusion that she fully agrees with the man who said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

WANTED, an interpreter to explain the obtuse jokes of one of the members of our Faculty.

ON the evening of the 30th a very pleasant and instructive lecture on Mexico was given by Hon. Clarence Pullen, Ex-Surveyor General. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views, which

were no small aid in helping us to understand how Mexico looks to-day.

LASELL, with her usual go-ahead spirit, has instituted another new departure. This time, it is in the way of lectures. Dec. 1, Miss Marion Talbot, of Boston, gave the first of a course of eight lectures on "Sanitation." At different times the girls are to be taken around the building and the mysteries of plumbing and drainage thoroughly explained. Next year, Mr. Bragdon contemplates forming a private class in sanitation.

ON Dec. 7, the life and times of Thomas à Becket, the noble supporter of the great cause of papal supremacy during the twelfth century, were entertainingly and fluently treated by Dr. B. K. Pierce, editor of *Zion's Herald*. The lecturer characterized à Becket as the central figure of the reign of Henry II., a soldier, courtier, and monk of unchanging purpose, indomitable courage, and unlimited ambition.

"OH, for the touch of a *vanquished* hand."

DEC. 10 was quite a memorable day in the annals of Lasell Seminary, and doubtless the events which took place furnished material for innumerable Sunday letters. Instead of the usual "five-o'clock tea," we were very pleasantly surprised by a game dinner. At 5.30 we gathered around the hospitable board, and, it is hardly necessary to say, did ample justice to the viands. The dinner consisted of five courses, nearly every kind of game being represented. One distinguished guest was present, a lordly turkey who had braved the perils of Thanksgiving, and come through safely. In the evening a number of the girls assisted in whiling away the hours by giving "The Garroters." The characters were taken as follows:—

MR. ROBERTS.....	<i>Miss Lloyd.</i>
MR. WILLIS CAMPBELL .. .	<i>Miss Helen White.</i>
MR. BEMIS, SR.....	<i>Miss Bogart.</i>
DR. LAWTON.....	<i>Miss Stafford.</i>
MR BEMIS, JR.....	<i>Miss Hogg.</i>
MRS ROBERTS.....	<i>Miss Gilbert.</i>
MRS. CRASHAW (Aunt Mary)....	<i>Miss Barbour.</i>
MRS BEMIS, JR.....	<i>Miss Havens.</i>
BELLA, THE MAID....	<i>Miss Peabody.</i>
STAGE MANAGER.....	<i>Miss Fones.</i>

An orchestra, consisting of Misses Coutts, Gibbons, Crosby, Sue Brown, McBrier, and Alma Hall, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

But all things must come to an end, and warned by the inevitable bell, we sought our downy (?) couches to dream sweetly of —.

A vote of thanks is due Mr. Sheppard for his kindness and valuable assistance.

THE immortal "Johnny" continues to sit upon a rail, and refuses to come off his perch of popularity in the vocabulary of the youthful maiden.

PERSONALS.

MRS. EVELYN DARLING JEFFERDS, who was here in 1867, visited the "old home" Dec. 7. She has not lost any of her former love for Lasell, as her eldest daughter enters in January, and she has three more to be educated.

ANNA BAKER, here from Warsaw, but now of Buffalo, purposes matrimony this winter with a gentleman of New York, whose name she did not trust us with. They will go abroad for an indefinite time. She says he is a splendid man; we hope so, for no other deserves Anna. THE LEAVES sends its blessing.

A PLEASANT letter, dated Ionia, Michigan, from Mrs. Mary Carter Stoddard, who was a Lasell girl in 1877, tells us she has been "so busy" attending to household duties. She has one child, now eight years old, and is very proud of him.

MRS. FRANK A. MARVIN, *née* Leora Haley, and Miss Helen Johnson, made Lasell a little visit Nov. 31.

WE hear that Estella S. Gould, of 1881, is now giving lessons in dancing to Ida Mack Mansfield and her husband.

MRS. HATTIE ROBBINS REEVE'S address is 239 Cumberland Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EMMA CIVILL, '87, is at 120 State Street, Albany, for the winter, studying music for part of her work.

MRS. GEORGE EDWARD HASKELL (Blanche Jones) looks very charming in her new position of mother. Margaret is now five months old, and a winsome lassie.

SADIE PERKINS, of Hyde Park, is at home, very much interested in her music.

HATTIE HAMNER is living with her mother for the winter at Hotel —, Hartford. She plans to be Mrs. Mark Robbins before very long, and says he is "very nice."

JENNIE GRISWOLD, of European party of '82, has two fine children and a nice home in East Hartford, and seems to be prospering. It was a pleasure to see her and Hattie the other day. They report a dear little "stranger" of three or four months in Stella Smith Strong's home in New Haven.

ALICE HOWLETT looks stronger and comelier than when here. She is in her fourth year of teaching, which proves her acceptable.

AT Yonkers, on the Hudson, Phila Nichols Millbank makes glad the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. I. Millbank (Virginia Johnson), since Nov. 17.

MAGGIE SANDERS LINCOLN, here in '76, is now living in Hartford, Conn.

PROF. WILLIAM McDONALD, Wheatie's brother, was married, Nov. 24, to Miss Hattie Haskell, of Lawrence, Kansas.

MARRIED, at Gardiner, Maine, Nov. 23, Miss Harriet Gray to Mr. Benjamin B. Clay. Miss Gray left Lasell in '81.

MARRIED, at Auburndale, Dec 1, 1887, Harley E. Folsom and Jennie L. Darling. At home after Jan. 10, 1887, Lyndonville, Vt.

TIBBIE HOSFORD, of Clinton, Iowa, is paying a round of visits among her Eastern friends Lizzie Canterbury, of East Weymouth, Lizzie Whipple, of Boston, Blanche Henlin, of New York, and Mrs. Lizzie Hoag-Waite, of Lockport, N. Y., will each have been favored with a visit before she returns home.

NELLIE HUGUS came on from California to West Point last summer. Her engagement to an English gentleman was announced a year ago.

JESSIE REECE is not in Europe as per November LEAVES. On her return, after six months, she dutifully subscribed for the LEAVES, and went to work studying art and music at home. She boasts of excellent health. Saw Georgia Myers on the

return trip, and talked "old Lasell" with her on many a tossing day. One of the guests of Thanksgiving Day was Louise Hawley Sanders, here eleven years ago from Aurora, Ill., since living in Southbridge, Mass., as James Sanders's wife. She brought her husband and eight-year-old daughter, Mamie, who declined to be known as "Baby S." We expect to see all again at Lasell. Thanks for the visit.

IN accordance with a recent bequest of its founder, the Gammon School of Theology at Atlanta, Ga., of which our Mary Haven is co-president, being the wife of its valued president, W. P. Thirkield, has been separated from Clark University, and will henceforth stand on its own feet. A good plan.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Anna Baker, of Buffalo, and Mr. Jebb, of New York.

THE class of 1885 is proud of Grace Durfee, who succeeds so well in her teaching at Carlton College, Northfield, Minn.

BERTHA MORRISON, of Chicago, has been visiting Jennie Kiser in Keokuk, Ia., recently.

REV. H. E. FROHOCK, of Bar Harbor, and of the East Maine Conference, his wife and her sister, Mrs. Calderwood, from Milton, have made a short visit at Lasell, entering the classes and inspecting all parts of the building with interest.

DR. GEO. O. ROGERS, author of a book upon Ceramics, who has lent ninety pieces of Chinese pottery, often of great value, to the Art Museum of Boston, kindly offered to meet Mr. Bragdon and a party of the pupils of Lasell one afternoon at the Art Museum. He explained the vases and jars to them, and gave them much valuable information which he himself had gathered in years of study in China. The party remember his kindness with much gratitude.

By oversight in proof-reading in November number, our "devil" made us say "Horsford" for Hosford, p. 34; "Carrie Waite" for Constance Waite; "Eva Wise" for Eva Wires; "Grace Fritley" for Grace Fribley; and "Charles Ruse" as Hattie Robbins's husband, when she married Charles Reeve. We are sorry.

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“DUX FEMINA FACTI.”

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LAST September, George William Curtis, writing in *Harper's Monthly*, declared Commencement to be the most delightful season of the year. Then, the public mind was engrossed with the affairs of schools and colleges, and many had special interest in them; but this interest could not have covered as broad a field, have been as far-reaching, as is that felt at Christmas time. Everybody knows of Christmas, even if they do not partake of its enjoyments; but many scarcely know to what the word Commencement is applied.

There are those who feel that if it is possible to overdo so good a thing, Christmas is in danger of being overdone. But surely our “good-will” cannot be shown too often or too freely, and at this time all try to make an extra effort to do some good or make somebody happier. Are we not inclined to look at it coldly,—not to be enough enthused by the spirit of the holidays? To be sure, we buy presents and give them, but it is with a sigh of relief that we settle down once more in the old routine, thankful that “Christmas comes but once a year.”

The French furnish us a good example for enthusiasm. Whatever they undertake, or whatever be the occasion, they enter into it heart and soul, not like us Americans, who are all the time storing up potential energy, but never converting it into kinetic. So with holidays in general, they are losing their old-time spirit, and through lack of proper celebration are becoming a bore.

From the time when we begin to realize that Christmas is approaching, until a few days after New-Year, a garment of graciousness and good-will seems to cloth the earth. Christmas Day a climax is reached, and we shower our love and regard on others by way of presents; but New-Year's Day, it is not so especially with others as with ourselves that we hold council. This day is but a calm inlet in the swift current of life, in

which we rest for a moment and gather strength to meet the obstacles ahead. We have a broader retrospect than ever before, and, as we meditate, we can see wherein mistakes could have been avoided, and resolve to let them stand for examples in the future. Our accustomed toils are resumed with new vigor for a time, but soon we forget that a new year has been ushered in, and often we are caught in the same snares that held us in the reign of the old year.

But any mention of New-Year would be incomplete without some reference to the everywhere present calendar. The "Cupid" and "Sunshine" calendars have had their day, and those more enduring have taken their place. Our poets each have their year in which they reign supreme, teaching us daily lessons by the musical rhythm of their words. Last year Browning held sway, but at present the Lowell calendar is in the ascendancy.

Formerly calendars assumed principally the shape of an advertisement, and besides the card itself, telling you where to get your house insured, when the leaflet for one month was torn off, you saw with surprise, instead of the next month's numbered page, a subtly contrived lettered one, which you must needs read before proceeding. Then came little slips glued together, each containing some appropriate sentiment, and there was a keen sense of enjoyment in reading each day's verse, and one was sometimes more or less influenced by its lesson. Curiosity, however, would often cause the slips for several days to be half torn off, just to see what was said for those days. Then these must all be saved for future perusal, which perusal usually resulted in casting them into the fire.

The present calendar is in book form, each leaf containing golden thoughts from the chosen author, and is so arranged that the book may be kept open at any one of the pages. Besides this, perhaps at one side, are glued slips, each one lasting during a week.

The owner of a calendar containing only the glued strips is very often found to judge from the "left-on" slips to have "lost his reckoning," and while he is taking in the balmy air of spring, his calendar is telling that winter is not yet ended.

THERE is one book that is no longer numbered among the many which are necessary for a well-regulated individual to possess, and that is the autograph album.

The library may be teeming with gilt-edged volumes, and scores of wise-looking editions, but a small corner on the lower shelf is reserved for those little books, so dearly cherished, which are especially personal property. These are the autograph and photograph albums and journals kept in former years. The albums have endured so many vicissitudes in shape and style, that now instead of the diminutive, simple covered book, we have, if any at all, large, elegantly bound ones.

But the autograph album, which never failed to be presented to a new-comer for his signature, has almost passed out of existence.

A well-known writer, in speaking recently of the worth and worthlessness of college traditions, regrets that the old autograph album has lost its place as a factor of education, and also alludes to the mania for the autographs of great men which at one time prevailed. He adds that hundreds of dollars would have been given for such a collection of authors' names as appears on the copyright petition lately drawn up for presentation to Congress. He argues that this album is an educator, in that it furnishes good field for character study, but this seems to us absurd. It is with a sense of interest that we peruse its pages, but in the common, every-day sort of an album, with its verses which have been repeated from time immemorial, such as, —

Remember me, my friend, I pray,
Remember me when far away,
Remember me as now you do,
Remember me, and I will you.

In memory's casket drop one tear for me.

Forget me not, forget me never,
Till yonder sun shall set forever.

where is the thirst for knowledge satisfied?

We are not all on intimate enough terms with the poets of our time to ask each for some special verse. Our poets do bestow upon their friends some of the purest gems of thought, but unfortunately the budding poet acquaintances of most of us will never blossom into Whittiers and Lowells.

GUSHING, or the custom of expressing a superabundance of appreciation for a person, place, or thing, has become so much of a habit with young people that they do it unconsciously, and sometimes it is very amusing. Thus a person accustomed to say, "Oh, how lovely!" and "That's the sweetest thing I ever saw," to everything, will admire with the same fervor a fine oil painting and a rag baby. There is very little satisfaction in presenting objects to such a person for approval, for you know beforehand just what she will say, and just how she will say it.

A story is told of a certain young lady, who, upon meeting for the first time a noted author, expressed to him in most eloquent words her adoration of his works. Shortly afterwards the young lady's papa invited the author to lunch, much to the gratification of his daughter. When everything was in readiness she noticed that not a single edition of their guest's works was in the library. Thereupon she was obliged to order a whole set, in order to show her complete adoration.

At this season of the year we are at a loss how best to show our appreciation, but one thing which is quite certain is that a "Thank you" from the heart is more expressive than a whole dictionary full of uttered words.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

NEPTUNE had received his tribute, and was appeased. Cape Hatteras, with all its terrors, was far in the distance, and we had safely passed through the much dreaded Carribean Sea. We were eight days out from New York, when, much reduced in *avoirdupois* but with buoyant spirits, we saw the blue hills of the Isthmus rising in the distance. It was our first sight of land, except the glimpse we had of Cuba as we went flying past.

As we entered the harbor of Aspinwall, we stood on the deck in a pouring rain, gazing with eager interest at the city, with its red roofs and waving palm-trees. About noon we reached the wharf, crowded with Jamaica negroes of all sizes, and with but here and there a white face visible. Having a few hours to wait before crossing, we

started for an exploration of the town, in spite of the fact that it was the fever as well as the rainy season here. We found it a dirty place, with poorly built houses and with the stores wide open to the street. Nearly every nation is represented here, and amid the swarm of negroes, who crowd the narrow streets, are to be seen sleepy-eyed Chinese, Germans, Italians, Yankees, always ready to make a penny, and the omnipresent Jew, who, at every corner, offers for sale his diamonds of the first water for seventy five cents and thereabouts. Here and there in the crowd may be seen the red and blue uniforms of the native policemen, — mere boys, with brown complexions and Spanish like faces, bearing muskets taller than themselves. Everything — stores, streets, dwelling-places, and people — is dirty. There are a few large, well-built houses which are owned by the Panama Railroad and the Canal Companies. The railroad, which carried us across, terminates at the wharf, and has cars like our Northern roads, but on a much cheaper scale, both first and second class. The travel across is monopolized by the Panama Railroad. Until recently, the fare was about twenty-five dollars for a single passage, and the cost for transporting baggage was correspondingly high. Now the fare is reduced to about ten dollars for foreigners and four for natives. Guards are stationed along the road to see that no one walks across on the track or on the clearing made by it. If a person is found so doing, he is forced to pay his fare. The distance is about fifty miles, and the run is made in between two and three hours.

About four, we started across the Isthmus on the ever-to-be-remembered ride between the continents, from ocean to ocean, in the very fulness of the tropics, and upon a road fairly built upon human bodies, — so fatal is the miasma to all imported laborers. The ride was a rare revelation. All was substantially new to our unused Northern eyes, and we stared and wondered during all this tropical passage. The rain cooled the air, so we did not suffer from the heat. Indeed, we could not have been more comfortable during a ride in New England, at the same time of year.

Here Nature holds full sway, and there is no limit to the variety or abundance of tree and shrub, of plant and flower and grass. Palms

grow singly and in groups ; there are forests of ferns as large as trees ; bananas and plantains, with their great bunches of fruit partially hidden by the broad leaves, are growing on all sides ; cocoanuts and bread-fruits are ripening and rotting out of man's reach ; big oaks, little oaks, and trees of every family are interlaced so closely that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other leaves off ; vines of every kind, with great rope-like stems or delicate tendrils, are running up, running down, running over, and overgrowing everything ; flowers of every variety — great gorgeous blooms or delicate blossoms — are seen wherever we look.

On the eastern side the country is low and marshy, and in these swamps, out of which comes the fetid breath of the fever, the negroes build their homes. In these little miserable thatched huts they live in the greatest of filth and squalor.

As the train stopped at the crowded settlements, the negroes swarmed to the cars, clad in every degree of quantity and cleanliness of clothing. The women favor the Mother Hubbard style of dress, and delight in the characteristic furbelows, jewelry, and gaudy colors of the negress. Their heads, adorned with flaming bandannas, are their only beas's of burden ; on these many stalwart negresses in the crowd balanced bundles both great and small. As a rule, there is very little time spent in dressing, and on all sides rollicking babies and half-grown children may be seen *au naturel*.

The railroad has not lost its novelty for them, and even yet they have not learned to conduct themselves with proper care when near it. The fearlessness with which they jump off and on the cars, while in motion, makes Prudence shudder. Accidents are a most common occurrence ; daily one or more people are killed on account of their recklessness.

The negroes are a wretchedly lazy set, living on the fruit nature so abundantly provides them, and the vegetables they can get with little or no cultivation. They toil not. Their only work is provided by the Panama Railroad and Canal Companies, and by the latter company none is done at present. The canal and railroad run side by side for a long distance. The engines and

implements of labor are seen lying round, but not a person working.

As we approach the Panama side, the country grows hilly, and the scenery correspondingly pretty. It is on account of these hills that work is suspended now on the canal. At present people know of no way to get across but by blasting through the solid bed of the rock of the coast hills. On the other side of these hills lies Panama. As we ride through the town, we find it very similar to Aspinwall, but larger, more cleanly, and with the appearance of greater civilization. At the wharf a lighter is waiting to carry us to the steamer which is to take us to California, away from the interesting and amusing scenes of the Isthmus.

Panama has a past, for it was a rich and important city ; if the canal is finished, it will have a future. Now, it is the principal port of Western America ; then, it would be the most important port of the Western Hemisphere, and in its harbor would be seen the flags of every nation.

J. W.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOCKEY CAP.

I AM only a jockey cap ;
Once I was bright and new ;
Now I am old and worn,
And sadly tattered, too.

The one short year that I spent before I came to Lasell was very pleasant for me. In September, '83, I lay on the counter of a large furnishing store in Boston, with a number of relatives and friends. Our family (the true "Harvard Crimson"), though aristocratic, is social, and I had many pleasant chats with "Columbia Blue," who lay beside me. As one after another of our companions left us, we used to wonder where they had gone, and longed for our turn to come.

One morning a young man came in and asked to see some jockey caps. I smiled somewhat sarcastically as the clerk showed him an orange and black one, for I knew he was a Harvard man, and of course he did not want those colors. He gave the cap a scornful glance, and cast an approving smile on me. As the clerk came toward me, I bade a hasty good-by to all my friends. I was sorry to leave them, but was I not going forth into

the world for the first time? One glance at me satisfied the buyer, as I knew it would. He told the clerk he would take me, so I was wrapped in paper and shoved into his overcoat pocket. I was then fully started on my travels. I could see nothing, and was almost stifled, but I did not care. My owner (I learned afterwards that his name was Arthur) hurried along the crowded streets of Boston, and finally hailing a horse car, stepped in and sat down. For a time I heard only "Fare, please!" "Providence Station," "Tremont Street," etc.

My owner was very quiet, but at Dana Street a friend got on the car, and they were soon busily engaged in conversation. Then I learned that I was on my way to Harvard, and that I was the property of a Senior. Oh, that my companions might hear of my good luck!

"Going to the game Friday?"

"Yes; are you?"

"Of course. Got a new cap to-day."

"Let's see it."

I was then hauled out for inspection, and after being duly looked over and admired, I was shoved into his pocket again.

The subject of the renewed conversation was not interesting to me, being something about "astronomical observations," and I suppose I fell asleep, for when I awoke I was lying on a table in a room in Holworthy. I was alone until evening, when Arthur came in and hung me on a little hook by the fireplace. There I remained until Friday, two days afterwards. Then I went to witness a base-ball game between Harvard and Princeton.

What a gay scene it was! Yellow, black, and red everywhere. I paid little attention to the game, as I was too busily occupied in recognizing my friends, and watching my second cousin, "Brown," who was carrying on a desperate flirtation with a light-complexioned Panama. Harvard won the game, and as Arthur remained on the campus, I had the opportunity of a talk with the charming Miss Panama, while my cousin looked on, fairly green with jealousy. Then we went home, tired, but pleased with the day's enjoyment.

After that, for two months I was in constant demand, until I was discarded and hung upon the

hook to remain until class day. It seemed as if it would never come.

At last the day dawned bright and clear. About five in the afternoon, Arthur, attired in a dilapidated suit, placed me on his head, and joined the rest of his class, who were assembled in front of Holworthy. We made the tour of the yard, cheering every building with three times three for Harvard; then we marched into the enclosure, where the tree stood, and where the exercises were to take place. The sight of so many richly dressed people made me ashamed of my looks, but it was too late for repentance, so I hid my blushes as well as I could. I was so absorbed in gazing at the people that time passed away quickly, and before I realized it, I was trampled under hundreds of feet. For an hour the bustle lasted, and I was unable to collect my scattered senses. When I finally got myself together, I was alone in the enclosure. I was too weak to move, so I lay on the ground bewailing my sad fate. Suddenly a young man and woman entered and came toward me. The young woman picked me up tenderly and said, "I am going to keep this as a memento of my first class day. Perhaps Frank wore it."

She brought me home with her and kept me all summer. I know she prized me highly, for she would exhibit me proudly to all her friends. When she came to Lasell, she brought me with her, and hung me on her closet door. My only companions are a box of safety matches and a thermometer; but just across the way is a charming white felt hat, who smiles at me often and cheers my lonely days. Oh, that I were back in the store where I spent so many happy hours! "Those were days when I was conscious of life, and did not feel myself almost as

'Dead as the bulrushes 'round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.'

S. K. P.

GOING WESTWARD.

A CHARMING day for Boston, and friends and relatives to see me comfortably settled in the three-o'clock train bound for Worcester, Springfield, and the West. Such a comfortable, tastefully appointed sleeping car, that travelling seemed altogether delightful, — quite an ideal amusement, in fact! And as for being tiresome, how could one

be tired sitting on the softly cushioned seat, and watching the ever-changing prospect, which was a constant delight, with its many shades of dull-red and golden-brown, that were beautified and softened by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun? But soon a gray cloud drifted slowly across the sky and hid the sunset, and so the short winter day ended, and I was obliged to pull down the shade, and look for amusement at my fellow-passengers, who were not uninteresting. There was the inevitable small boy with a well-developed fondness for whistling, and a big Waterbury watch, which he consulted so often and seemed so fond of that I could not refrain from asking the time, which he told me very accurately, even to the half-minute.

Then there was the omnipresent man in the long gray ulster and skull-cap, who always seems to be especially in his element as a traveller; a fat lady, who assumed a protecting air towards her thin, bilious-looking husband; and a young Boston girl who was reading, not Browning, but "King Solomon's Mines."

After an uneventful night's rest, I awoke, to find that we were flying rapidly along by the lake, which was blue and sparkling in the sunlight. But as we came near Cleveland the sky grew smoky and dull, and the sun seemed to be shining through a dense, black fog. Is Cleveland smoky always, I wonder? If so, what a struggle it must be to keep one's face properly clean!

Here comes the conductor, and I must be sure I'm in the right train, so I ask, "Does this car go through to Fort Wayne?" "Yes, miss," he says, tearing off a coupon from my ticket, "stay right wherre you arre, and you 'll git therre." But, alas! it is always the over-cautious woman with her thousand useless inquiries who most often finds herself on the wrong train after all, and this was my case, as I learned a few moments later, when, as I was gazing complacently out on the blue lake watching the ducks as they floated along on its smooth surface, another conductor demanded my ticket, and, on looking at it, said, "You're on the wrong train, miss: have to go back to Cleveland and wait till night." So back I went, not so melancholy as I should have been if I could not have rejoiced in the thought that the mistake was an official's and not my own.

How should a whole day be spent in Cleveland, where rain and smoke were doing their best to try the patience of the active inhabitants? There was no help for it, so, ascertaining that the train left at 7.15 P. M., I took some parcels to the package-room, and ventured to inquire of the boy who received them what was the name of the principal street, and how to get to it. He answered, "Superior Street, — superior to all others." But his directions were so general that it seemed better to disregard them, so, picking my way carefully along the sticky, mud-covered sidewalks, which were quite as bad, if not worse, than those in Boston, I at last reached Superior Street. One cannot help feeling that this street, and, in fact, all the streets, might look much more attractive under a blue sky and bright sunshine than when darkened by clouds of black smoke which hung over the whole city, giving it a London-like appearance.

It must be that this kind of weather is not uncommon, for in a large dry-goods store (of course being a woman I had a "little shopping to do") a lady said to the clerk who waited on her, "Now this piece of linen will wash well, and that's the thing for Cleveland, you know." A little farther on I stopped to listen to a little boy who was saying, "O mother! see that little hor-rse with a har-r-ness on!" One cannot help noticing the politeness with which the people treat each other and how very accommodating and interested they are. Perhaps it's on account of their lack of New England reserve; at any rate, it is refreshing.

At last it was time to bring my exploring expedition to a close. (I have n't spoken of the public buildings, the common, etc., because you all know just how they would look.) I went into a druggist's to inquire which was the nearest way to the station. A nice-looking old gentleman came forward, and, in reply to my question, said, "The police station, do you mean?" Of all things! for a young woman who considers herself circumspect! but I saw my mistake in a moment, and received full directions when I asked for the depot.

By the way, I was taught to say station at Lasell, so still feel confident that it is correct. After a four hours' ride in a close, stuffy, and very much overheated car, an hour's waiting in that dreary station in Toledo (at least so it seemed at

that midnight hour), another journey in a car equally hot and uncomfortable (why are Americans so fond of being half roasted on a journey?), I arrived at Fort Wayne, Ind., safe, but ready to spend an idle week in one of the pleasantest families it has ever been my lot to visit.

A ROMANCE OF FORT SAINT LOUIS.

LA SALLE and his few surviving colonists, after much wandering and countless hardships, crossed San Bernado Bay, sailed up the Lavaca River, and upon its banks erected Fort Saint Louis.

The summer months were occupied in building houses and making all necessary preparations for their stay. Some corn was planted, but they had to be very sparing with it, as they were afraid it would give out. Things went on as well as could be expected. Their only fear was that the Indians might pounce upon them and put them to death, or that provisions might become short.

Early on the morning of Nov. 11, La Salle sent his man-servant, Beaumont, to the homes of his little band, telling them that he would be compelled to go to the French settlements in Illinois to obtain food, that the supplies at the fort were nearly exhausted.

Despair filled the minds of all; the very thought of food being scarce, their leader gone, and the threatening Indians, seemed almost greater than they could bear.

But the saddest heart throughout all that colony was that of the little maiden Jeanne Dubois, for she knew full well that if La Salle went, her beloved Beaumont would accompany him on his journey.

La Salle bade them be of good cheer, saying he would return to them as soon as possible. He also told them how hopeful he was of the future; how they would settle the new country, and claim it for France. If all went well, they would be able to return to France and see their friends and loved ones.

All preparations were made for the journey. Barbier was left in charge of the fort.

Beaumont was seen sauntering slowly down the path which led to the home of his dear Jeanne, who was standing in the doorway waiting for his

coming. There are scenes which it is better not to attempt to describe: they are so pathetic in themselves, that the one who reads the awkward descriptions almost invariably feels a strong impulse to "dilate with the wrong emotions." La Salle, too, felt a slight touch of regret on saying good-by to Margaret Congrieve, but raised his hat, mounted his horse and rode away at the head of his companions.

In time the spirits of the colonists brightened; they soon found it would not do for them to sit idle: their children and wives must be cared for and fed. They worked faithfully, trying in every way possible to improve their little fort and make it strong against the Indians. The supply of bread was meagre, but in the dells they could hunt plenty of deer and bafallo.

Barbier made them frequent calls, dropping here and there words of comfort; more especially did he like to linger around the door of Dubois. For hours he would sit under the morning-glory vines and converse with Jeanne about her friends in France. Before very many of these visits were made, Barbier asked Jeanne to marry him. After the usual amount of blushing, and a few words about her lover who had gone with La Salle, she said her yea.

A few days afterward, one of the neighbors was heard to exclaim, "Glory! did you know that we were to have a wedding at the fort?" And so the news spread around. Invitations were sent to all, — verbal ones, of course. In a week everything was in readiness. The day arrived, and the guests assembled. The ceremony was performed by Fater Fontenoy. It would scarcely be fair to tell what the bride wore, as they had had no fashions from Paris for some years. The party chatted gayly, asking about La Salle, and expressing a word of sympathy for poor Beaumont, when to their great consternation they heard the war-cry of the Indians. Frantically they rushed out of windows and doors, but they could not escape the Indians; they were on all sides; their long feathers floating in the moonlight, and their tomahawks raised to heaven. One by one the settlers were murdered. In a flash, Barbier remembered his horse (Texas mustang, I suppose), tied to the morning-glory vines. He told Jeanne to be ready, leaped out of the window, slipped

around easily and untied the animal, seized Jeanne in his arms and placed her on the horse, jumped to the saddle, and away they flew.

All night they rode, on and on. Just at day-break, thinking they were entirely out of harm's way, they stopped to rest, almost dead with fatigue, and, becoming conscious of their situation, sat down in despair. But Barbier roused himself and endeavored to comfort Jeanne; soon she was so overcome that she fell to sleep on the grass. Barbier began to think what they were going to do and where they would get any food. By this time the sun had risen and lent a beautiful light to the prairies. Allured by the bright flowers, sweet songs of the mocking-bird and the lark, and the fresh green grass, he wandered on a little. As he proceeded he could but feel thankful, and he expressed his thanks to the Father for their deliverance from the Indians. Much to his comfort and refreshment, he soon came upon a small stream of water. On the bank of the stream, near the water's edge, he spied some rich red berries. How nice they would be for Jeanne's breakfast, he thought! Stooping down, he began to pick them, and in a short while gathered as many as four great leaves pinned together for a basket would hold.

Thinking that Jeanne might awake, and, finding him gone, become frightened, he retraced his steps. In a large shell which he found on the brink of the stream he carried her a drink of water.

For many days they wandered on through the woods and over the prairies, berries for food and the green grass for a bed. Each day they went a little farther, hoping to find some means of help. And help did come at last; they reached the gulf, were taken on board of a vessel, and sailed for France. Of course they now tell wonderful stories to their children of how they escaped being murdered by the Indians on their wedding day, and how all at Fort Saint Louis perished. L.

A STUDY.

DID it ever occur to you what an interesting character study might be made from the ships and small craft passed on a trip through Long Island Sound or across Boston Harbor? There is a deal of human nature in each one, and it is an

entertaining study to discover the resemblances to different people of our acquaintance.

There is the ocean steamer, for instance, just starting on her long voyage. We may see in her the independent business man, coming and going over the dangerous seas of business life, often bearing the wealth and trust of many another.

There is the stately ship, so strong and yet so strangely weak; and the ferry-boats, — great, warm-hearted people, always busy in helping others in their joys or sorrows, in their work or play, and never too full, too busy for one more.

The pleasure yachts, we know them, too, alas! fair society people, who seldom or never do anything in the world but enjoy themselves; they serve to amuse for a while, but when that is over their day is done.

There are the race yachts also; they serve as good examples of useless ambition and wasted strength.

Then there are the inquisitive little cat-boats, skipping along, investigating everything with which they come in contact; and there are the grain elevators, the dredges, the scows, and the fishing boats. — the working men of this work-a-day world.

Then, too, we have the pilot-boats, put to guide us over dangerous waters; and the life-boat, in time of great peril and danger.

But of all, I think the little tugs are my favorites. We all know them, — busy, cheery, independent; never in the way, yet always ready when needed, and always lending the helping hand.

The study is as endless and varied as the number of crafts that haunt the waters of our lakes, rivers, and seas, and as interesting; try it for yourselves and see. M. B.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Post-Office Department has modified the recent ruling, by which no writing or printing can be placed upon the outside of second, third, and fourth class mail matter, without subjecting it to letter rates of postage, in so far as to allow the word "merchandise" to be printed or written on the wrapper of fourth-class matter.

It is stated that England and France have consented to admit a Turkish delegate to the Suez Canal Neutrality Commission.

DANIEL MANNING, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, died at his son's house in Albany, New York, Dec. 24, aged fifty-six. As a politician he was one of Mr. Tilden's trusted lieutenants, and made a national reputation by securing the nomination of President Cleveland in the national convention.

CHARLES STUART PARNELL'S health is much improved, and he will resume the leadership of the Irish party this month.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MR. EDISON'S new phonograph seems to be the most interesting of recent inventions. The original phonograph was built just ten years ago, and was a very rude affair, only capable of reproducing loud sounds, and those very imperfectly. The new machine, which is the result of much labor and study, is claimed by Mr. Edison to be as practical and useful as the type-writer. It can, if the inventor is to be believed, be made for sixty dollars, and maintained for fifty cents per month. If all that is claimed be carried out, lectures can be delivered by express, and the voices of great singers preserved for generations.

WITHIN the last few weeks several trials of electric street cars have been made in Boston and Cambridge. Ordinary horse-cars are fitted with electric motors, attached by chain belts to the car axles. The electricity is derived from storage cells, placed under the car seats. The batteries are charged by dynamos at a central station, and contain power enough for a run of several hours without recharging. Similar systems of street-car working are practically employed in several Western cities, and they are found more economical than horse power. The chief difficulty to be met in Boston seems to be ice and mud on the tracks.

THE only railway extending into the Arctic zone runs north from the port of Lulea, in Sweden, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, toward the iron mines of the Gellivara Mountains. The first train to cross the Arctic Circle passed over this road a few weeks ago.

ART NOTES.

M. BARTHOLDI, whose name is as familiar in America as it is in France, has his studio in Paris, across the Seine, on a street running between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg St. Germain. He is very busy working on portrait busts of several American gentlemen, and a fountain for Bordeaux. M. Bartholdi is an early riser, and after a cup of *café au lait* he goes to work. At one he breakfasts, and after that he devotes an hour to callers. He is very methodical, and is very prompt, as a man of business, in answering his letters.

THE first likeness ever successfully obtained in this country by the Daguerre process was taken by the late Prof. J. W. Draper, in the autumn of 1839. His camera was a cigar box, in which was a spectacle lens. During the next winter a small gallery was opened and some notable pictures taken. Prof. Morse, who invented the telegraph, succeeded Prof. Draper the next winter, and from this small beginning the art of photography grew.

ADOLPH SUTRO, of tunnel fame, is to present a colossal statue of Liberty to the city of San Francisco. The figure will be of stone, and, including the pedestal, will be forty feet high. The site for the statue is nine hundred and sixty feet high, so that the electric-light torch, which will be held aloft in its right hand, will be one thousand feet above sea level.

MISS ANNE WHITNEY, the sculptor, has won high praise for her bronze statue of Lief Erikson, recently unveiled in Boston.

THE Italian residents of Washington propose to present to the United States a marble bust of Garibaldi, as "a link in the chain of sympathy which all free men feel for the champions of liberty and republican government," if they can induce Congress to accept it. As Congress never refuses anything, the bust will soon be in place.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been affixed, under the auspices of the German Male Quartet Society, of Prague, to the house in which Mozart resided on the occasion of his stay at the Bohemian capital, in 1787.

THE wonderful boy pianist, Josef Hofmann, has delighted New York and Boston. It is to be hoped that the Lasell girls may have the privilege of hearing this great genius.

IN 1361 a complete chromatic keyboard was first made by Nicholas Faber. Before this change, a separate keyboard for the incomplete black keys was used.

THE return of Mme. Etelka Gerster to America, which has been looked forward to with such pleasure by her many friends, has not brought with it the enjoyment that was anticipated. To the astonishment of all, she made a complete failure upon her first appearance, it being only with difficulty that she managed to get through her programme. She sang two nights, and then retired. In explanation of her loss of voice, her brother, Dr. Gerster, states that it is purely nervous affection which attacks her when upon the stage; that her voice is still there, but it is needless for her to attempt to sing until she can recover from her extreme nervousness. Meanwhile, Mme. Gerster has retired, and will remain under the charge of the physician.

A SYSTEM of scale fingering, in which the thumb was first brought into use, was employed by Em. Bach, in 1753.

TEMPERANCE.

ONLY three hundred of the eight thousand persons in Philadelphia engaged in the liquor business are native Americans. This does not look as though the saloon was an American institution.

By common consent, the white water lily has been adopted as the emblematic flower of the world's W. C. T. U. If there be any objection to this, we should be glad to know.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union now numbers over two hundred and fifty thousand of the truest and best women in the land, in its various societies. They are consecrated by the most solemn vows to the cause of temperance. On bended knees they have sworn eternal allegiance to this cause of God and humanity. They are possessed of a kind of holy enthusiasm that knows no discouragement; they are not daunted by defeat, nor are they thwarted by opposition.

EXCHANGES.

IT seems rather unkind of the *Oberlin Review* to devote so many of its admirably written pages to matter interesting only to those immediately interested in the college, thus depriving its outside readers of the excellent literary articles, of which we have had occasional samples. With Oliver Twist, we ask "for more."

THE suggestion might be made that the next time *Ibid* of the *Lampoon* is moved to tears by the coldness with which his well-known affection for the *Crimson* is met, that he find some other means for drying his eyes than upon the LEAVES. We don't like the idea of being damp. It suggests mould, and finally decay.

THE editorials of the *Northwestern* were very interesting and well written; but one sentence rather amazed us, in which some one was spoken of as writing "with all the flowers of rhetoric without a single thorn of thought." As thorns are generally supposed to be disagreeable, and very undesirable, it would appear that the editor has a decided aversion to ideas.

THE article in the *Current* on College Oratory seems especially commendable. It is not only extremely forcible, but in designating a too common fault made by budding geniuses, it does not neglect to suggest the remedy.

CHRISTMAS AT LASELL.

CHRISTMAS vacation at Lasell was very pleasant. We enjoyed every moment of the two weeks, and wished January the 5th far, far away. Mr. Bragdon and Mr. Shepherd both outdid themselves in providing amusement for us, and in this they were ably seconded by Miss Carpenter and Miss Chamberlayne. To all, our thanks.

There was sleighing for a few days, and it was well improved. When there was no sleighing there was plenty of driving in the way of taking the horse to Watertown to be shod. One morning was spent very delightfully on board the "Pavonia." We went to see Booth and Barrett in "Othello." (We do not ask you to take our word for this. We have the proofs. Coupons cheerfully shown on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 to 9 30 P. M., at No. 24.) We attended a charming children's

entertainment at Woodland Park Hotel. It was a cantata by the fairies, and the lovely dresses and colored lights made a very pretty scene. Monday morning, all were awakened, bright and early, by the music of Christmas serenaders, who rendered some fine carols, and, in departing, wished us "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We enjoyed it very much, and return our thanks to those who so kindly favored us,—Messrs. Fred Plummers, George Pickard, John McLeod, and George Royal Pulsifer. Thursday evening, a few friends were very informally entertained at a soap-bubble party. Mr. Sweet and Miss Coutts carried off the first prizes, Mr. Liddell and Miss Fowler the second, and the booby prizes were awarded to Mr. Hall and Miss Phelps. So you see, with a lake walk Friday evening, and other informal but very enjoyable affairs, and still other festivities, about which "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest breath would harrow up thy soul," but refrain (those curiously inclined call on Junior occupant of No. 70), time has not hung heavy on our hands. Again we thank those who did so much to make our vacation a happy one.

W. B. E

LOCALS.

BEHOLD, there is something new under the sun! A New Year! May it be a bright and happy one for all.

ON Dec. 14 an enjoyable concert was given in the gymnasium by the Orphean Club, assisted by a chorus of male voices, and by Miss Edith Estelle Torrey, Miss Jennie T. Brown, Prof. Hills, and Mr. Waldo W. Cole.

WHAT a dreadful mistake! Who could have made it? Miss H——, Lasell Asylum, Auburn-dale.

THE storm prevented our attending church on Dec. 18. Services were held in the chapel. Prof. Bragdon read one of Canon Farrar's sermons, and the duet by Miss Hollingsworth and Miss Grace Richards was fully appreciated.

"THE god of fire? — I don't know exactly, — but — oh, yes, of course, — Satan."

A VERY delightful evening was passed at the *musicale*, which took place in the gymnasium Dec. 19, under the direction of Prof. Davis and

Prof. Hills. We were glad to welcome the old girls and to see so many new names on the programme, which was as follows: —

- PIANOFORTE. Bubbling Spring *Rivè-King.*
MISS LITTLEFIELD.
- SONG. Oh, day of bliss *Götze.*
MISS G. RICHARDS.
- PIANOFORTE. Nocturne in E flat *Chopin.*
MISS THRESHER.
- SONG. Winds at rest *Hofmann.*
MISS PAGE.
- PIANOFORTE. Troïka Mel. Var. *Tochaïkowsky.*
MISS HOLDEN.
- VOCAL DUET. Estudiantina *Lacome.*
MISSES PEABODY AND McBRIER.
- CHORUS. Spanish Lullaby *Operti.*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

- PIANOFORTE. Theme and Variations in B flat, Op. 142. *Schubert.*
MISS GRAY.
- SONG. Dusk *Cowen.*
MISS GIBBONS.
- PIANOFORTE. Polka de Concert *Bartlett.*
MISS LAW.
- SONG. Le Tortorelle. *Arditi.*
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
- PIANOFORTE. Home, Sweet Home *Thalberg.*
MISS SPARKS.
- SONG. La Capricciosa *Rizzo.*
MISS BARBOUR.
- CHORUS. But tell me, Speak again (from "Ancient Mariner"),
ORPHEAN CLUB. *Barnett.*

ONE Monday afternoon this fall
There came out to Lasell
A visitor, — a Harvard man, —
Whose name I shall not tell.

He rang the bell, sent up his card,
Then walked in through the hall,
And sat him down to contemplate
The pictures on the wall.

Some forty minutes passed, and then
A voice outside the door
Was heard to say, in accents low,
"Miss Roseleaf, here's your *boa*."

Men are *so* stupid. Anything
They hear will make them wince;
'T was a mistake *in toto*, — yet
He has n't called here since. J. A. F.

TUESDAY evening, Dec. 20, we listened to a very interesting lecture by Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Newtonville, on St. Francis of Assisi.

SANTA CLAUS was unusually generous this year, bestowing sixteen bags on one girl. These articles are on exhibition at Room 41.

IN the dining-room : —

“What will you have?”

“Stew, please.”

“Potatoes, too?”

In the studio : —

Six fingers on one hand.

Heard in the German class : —

TEACHER (*translating for pupil's benefit*). “He frees the serf.”

PUPIL. “I might have known, — He froze the sea.”

JAN. 5, Miss Marion Talbot gave her fourth lecture on Sanitation.

“WE are seven,” sing the new girls, — Rosa M. Best, Portland, Me.; Forstina Curtis, Bar Harbor, Me.; Caraline Ebersole, Cincinnati, Ohio; Edith Ellis, Newton Centre, Mass.; Gertrude Gove, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Alice Jefferds, Worcester, Mass.; Cora Dawes, Harrison, Me.

THE officers of the S. D. Society are as follows : President, Miss Lloyd; Vice-President, Miss Van Horn; Secretary, Miss Aston; Treasurer, Miss Havens; Critic, Miss Boyen; Usher, Miss Grace Richards.

RECENT ELECTIONS OF THE LASSELL CLUB. — President, Miss Binford; Vice-President, Miss Hallock; Secretary, Miss Crosby; Treasurer, Miss Dudley; Critic, Miss Reed; Guard, Miss Marsh; Assistant Guard, Miss Beach; Executive Committee, Miss Gage, Miss Thomas, and Miss Oliver.

“To be or not to be” — *self-governed*, that was the question, as we gathered in the chapel on that last morning before the holidays. But we were doomed to disappointment. The Faculty, out of the kindness of their hearts, had decided to postpone the reading of the lists until we returned; and, “Why a kindness?” some will ask. We know, but we dare not tell the secret to the cruel world.

LASELL is more firmly supported than ever. It has two posts.

IF it is necessary for you to be out of your room after 9.30 P. M., and you have boots that insist upon squeaking, don't be alarmed; just take them off. We've seen it done. The plan is a good one.

CARLTON PERKINS PATILLO.

THIS is the name of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Manton Patillo of Gloucester, Mass., who departed this life at the beginning of the new year. Mrs. Patillo was Miss N. Grace Perkins, who was graduated at Lasell Seminary in 1877. Several of the present Faculty remember her as a dear and faithful pupil, in all respects worthy of esteem and affection, and these teachers tenderly sympathize with her and with her husband, in this sad loss of their only child. Many, also, of her fellow-pupils and friends, learning her affliction, possibly through this notice, will mourn for and with her most sincerely. The child died of a tumor, which could not be removed, and from the first the case was pronounced incurable by the best medical authority, so that for six weeks previous to his death these agonized parents knew that there was no hope. Though the dear little one, who was almost two years old, was playing about the floor, bright and active, they knew that he was dying. Grace writes to Prof. Bragdon in deepest grief, yet in a spirit of Christian fortitude. She could not endure it, only that she feels about her “the everlasting arms.” Her wounded heart turns heavenward, where this treasure now is, and she and her husband find in Christ their only consolation.

PERSONALS.

MANY will remember little Katie Bragdon, who was here for a few weeks at the beginning of the fall term, a year ago. News of her sudden death at the beginning of the new year called Prof. Bragdon to her home in the West.

WE learn that Mary Hopkins, who was here in 1878, has married Davis R. Dewey, Ph. D., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and we presume lives in Boston.

MARY HASKELL has been for some weeks in New York and Washington. After the holidays she expects to visit for some time in Chicago.

TINE SANFORD and Annie White held an exhibition and sale of Christmas art work in the Home Bank Building, Brockton, Mass., from Dec. 12 to Dec. 25. We regretted very much that we were prevented from attendance at any time, and hope to hear that it was a success.

HARRIE JOY spent a few days with Grace Seiberling during the holidays, and is now visiting Sue Stearns, in Boston.

FLORENCE BAILEY, '87, made us a short call at Christmas time. Come again, and make us a longer call next time.

WE were much pleased to see among us once more Cora and Mabel Cogswell. It is pleasant to have the old girls back, and we wish you would come oftener. Benjie is well. So is Ida.

A GLIMPSE was caught of Gertrude Rice, '81, on the train, showing that she has returned from Europe.

BLANCHE JONES HASKELL, Monmouth Place, Longwood, sends a bright response to the complaint of late news, telling us of the little Margaret, always perfectly well,—such a comfort. God bless the child!

MISS JENNIE COY, of Smith College, visited her sister at Lasell not long ago.

GRACE GARLAND ETHERINGTON sends "very best wishes for the old school, of which I have so many pleasant recollections."

HELEN UNDERWOOD writes cheerfully of her home and social life in Chicago; finds time "in the rush" there to try to keep up music and an art class. She has also taken a class in mission school work.

CAROLINE EBERSOLE, '85, is with us again as a post graduate. Glad to see you.

MISS BLANCHE THEODORA FORD, '86, was married to Mr. Josiah French Hill, Dec. 28, 1887, at Concord, N. H. At home after Jan. 10, at Omaha, Nebraska.

CARDS are out for the marriage of Miss Anna Sara Baker to Mr. William T. Jebb, Tuesday evening, Jan. 17, 47 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

MERCY S. SINSABAUGH, '87, is studying art in Paris.

MARRIED. — At Clinton, N. J., Dec. 28, 1887, Miss Cora E. Mills and Mr. Charles D. Larrabee.

WE learn that Blanche Lowe, '87, has been with her father and mother in California, where Prof. Lowe has made large contracts in gas mines.

WE are pained to hear that Lizzie Pennell Sanborn, of State Street, Portland, Me., lost her husband by death during the holidays, in fact, upon the first day of the new year. Lizzie was a pupil of Lasell a few years ago, and is very affectionately remembered. She is left with three children, only one her own, she having married a widower. We give her much sympathy in her sudden loss.

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LASELL LEAVES.

“DUX FEMINA FACTI.”

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THE talks on the Day of Prayer did not have the school motto for a text, as is said to be invariably the case in some of the schools for "Young Women" in this vicinity; nor was the woman question dwelt upon in any of its multitudinous forms, although Martha, Hannah, Dorcas, and the women in Proverbs furnish texts which, to many speakers before such an audience, seem to be irresistible. We had simply a scholarly discussion of practical ethics, embracing the three great fundamental principles. The speakers did not limit themselves merely to the local aspect of the case; the fact that we were citizens of a school did not cause them to forget for a moment that we were first of all citizens of the world.

But may we not with profit follow the argument into some of its side issues and discuss for a time some of the questions connected with school ethics which no one but a student is likely to bear in mind?

It is always a difficult thing to define where duty to self should cease and that to others begin; in fact, these duties are so minutely interwoven that finally they become merged in one. Especially is it hard in school to preserve anything like the right distinction, in spite of the fact that from all sides we are told that life in school is much less complex than out. We hear an inspiring talk on the natural self-centredness of student life, and straightway our impulses bring about a wide reaction in the other direction.

In our wish to be helpful and pleasing to those about us, we become so over-zealous that we neglect ourselves, and shortly they get to exact from us attentions which are theirs only by right of courtesy. This is often the case with those intimately connected: one, whether consciously or unconsciously, over-runs the other. In the latter instance the effect on the character is even more disastrous than in the former, and it is hard to

tell which has the worst time, the server or the served. When a person finds a machine to do what heretofore has been manual labor, he is more than apt to use the machine; so we find that we can make use of somebody in many ways, and the helping and receiving become so mechanical as to lose much of its intended effect.

Thus it is that the few and not the many bear the brunt of the burden. In clubs and societies of all kinds the same few are always the leaders, and the other members become wholly dependent upon them. These same leaders are often considered bold by those to whom they would willingly surrender a part of their responsibility.

It is at least reassuring when one feels inclined not to be subservient, to think that the assertion of one's own rights is really for the good of the other, even though he may not feel that proper respect is shown to him.

Sometimes, too, in our young desire to reform the world, we condemn or praise without discrimination. We see things in strong blacks and whites; the griffin's claws are either three feet long, or else he has n't any. Nor is it easy for any one to distinguish between right and wrong, for often "one vice is only another virtue carried to excess." Stinginess is defined as "inordinate frugality," laziness as "a kind of immoderate good-nature."

Of course there is no necessity of training one's self so that one will never appreciate what is really commendable, for a cold non-appreciation spirit tending towards wilful disregard is detestable. It is not well to cultivate a practice of too much praising, but the almost brutal frankness which is promoted by the conscience, or lack of conscience, is a fearful blow to the young aspirant.

Some old ideas about "when you have anything to say, say it," and never "beat about the bush," are all very well in their place, remembering that their place is not that of "extinguisher in general," to little flames which are trying to burn amid many draughts and east winds. A good motto for a guide when trying to decide some of these perplexing questions is that of Wordsworth:—

"Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back,
And lend a hand."

WE now address you in our native language, but it will not be long, at the rate in which things are progressing, before we can favor you with an extract in the new artificial language, Volapük, the would-be language of the world.

Not only will our fellow-citizens feel more interest in the reading of something new, in mode of expression, if not in substance, but there will be opened to all a large field of literature which has hitherto been accessible but to a small portion of the great multitude of mankind.

Then the foreigner can express his thoughts in words which will be comprehended from pole to pole. Those serving as interpreters must seek another calling; and as for French and German, what need to study them? The Frauliens and Madames will be succeeded by a *volapukatidel*, who will teach us to say *dunönob*, *dunönol*, *dunönom*, for I do, you do, he does.

This is said to be an easy language to learn, for the roots are nearly all taken from nouns, and from the English, Latin, German, and French.

What a relief will come to the editor, when, in place of pondering and puzzling for, well an indefinite time, in search of some new mode for conveying the same old thought, he can resort to Volapük, and when adjectives give out find variety in the *gudik* and *gletik*!

This is not meant to be a national language, but a language common to all nations, without excluding the mother tongue; but perhaps it will prove so musical, and especially so easy, to this labor-saving generation that it will be universally accepted.

How dreadful would be the contemplation of another Babel, should this prove to be the case! More terrible still is the thought of the masses of slang that the combined languages of the world can furnish if they bend all their energies to the effort. But all these disadvantages will be more than offset by the joy of those Freshmen who now recite "Du bist wie eine flower?" "Je ne sais the rest," but who will then find themselves finished students of the Volapük language.

—•••—

WHAT peaceful hours we once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still,—
Those happy days when doors were shut
And opened at our will.

PENSION LIFE IN PARIS.

WE two Lasellians, who gave you in the October number some little account of our visit to Venice, make our bow again to our kind audience, and propose to tell you something of our life in Paris, hoping you will have as much pleasure in the reading as we shall in the telling. It is not through any attempt at a description of the wonders of that far-famed city upon which we shall venture this time, — that we leave to other and cleverer pens than ours, — but merely a few trifles “light as air,” which yet are characteristic, and so, we hope, not without an interest all their own.

A foreign “Pension,” to begin with, is simply a boarding-house, nothing more, nothing less, and this particular one of which we write was situated in a very pleasant quarter of Paris, near the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, in the midst of many attractions. It was presided over by Madame, a gentle, dignified lady, with gray hair in soft puffs under her pretty lace cap, and Mademoiselle, good-humored, plump, and active, the business manager of the establishment. Other important personages were Jacques, a waiter, a solemn, ministerial looking individual; and Eugenie, our light-footed, fair-haired maid, whose clear, graceful French it was a pleasure to hear. Every morning, with a gentle tap at the door, Eugenie would bring into our room the *petit déjeuner*, consisting simply of chocolate, rolls, and butter, but all delicious, the rolls crisp and fresh, not hot, and the butter dainty and delightful in tiny twists, like delicately curled bits of shaving. How we enjoyed this simple meal, resting luxuriously in our easy-chairs, and “toasting our toes” at our cosy grate fire!

The second breakfast came at noon, and was quite substantial, with two courses of meat, one vegetable, cheese, and claret and seltzer for accompaniment, for the Parisians have an unconquerable dislike for pure water. But the six-o'clock dinner was the great affair of the day, always in six regular courses, including a salad, crisp and cool, and never concluding without the final course of cheese, and for the older people strong coffee, with a dash of Cognac. There was, though, a certain simplicity, and even monotony, about the table, which we did not like at first, notwith-

standing that everything was admirably cooked in French style; we missed the sweet, rich dishes with which American tables are loaded, to the detriment, it must be confessed, of American digestions. Imagine a whole winter without a glimpse of cake, pie, or preserves. But they never appeared. Did you ever read in Mark Twain's “Tramp Abroad” the long list of delicacies indigenous to America, upon which he intended to feast as soon as he reached his dear native land again? Well, without actually making out any list, we dimly felt that there was somewhere in our being an aching void, which refused to be filled by soups, though never so skilfully concocted, or salads, though dressed by a *cordons bleu*, or cheese, no matter how delightfully foreign its name and aspect. Think of it, good Americans! No oysters, no sweet potatoes, no cranberry sauce, no pumpkin pies, and no brown bread and beans. Indeed, I could give quite an alarming list of “wants”; these are not half.

We soon became entirely accustomed to our French fare, however, and, so wonderful is force of habit, we even grew to prefer it. It was some time after my return before I could look with equanimity upon a great, substantial slice of cold and clammy bread spread with hard, yellow, salty butter, such as we have upon American tables, and our generous tumblers of ice-water seemed to me long afterward an abominable and unhealthful accompaniment to any meal; while as to our fashion of piling meat and vegetables indiscriminately together upon one plate, with a confused disregard for differences of flavor, I grew to wonder how we could be so barbarous as to tolerate it. But wonderful force of habit again: I now drink my ice water and pile up my plate with calm serenity, as becomes a good American, conscious of being part and parcel of the “greatest nation on earth.”

At table there was usually a deafening clamor of voices, for all talked at once, French fashion; but do not think there was any rudeness or lack of breeding in this. It was remarked, in an excellent lecture on “French Manners,” given here in New York the other day, “When the various members of a French company all talk at the same time, it is with a desire to contribute to the general amusement, not to impress on others their

own wisdom," which sentiment I heartily indorse from my own experience. Our society was extremely varied, and many nations were represented at Madame's hospitable board. There was an "American" doctor, so called by her, but who turned out to be a Spaniard from Cuba, speaking not a word of English; an American dentist, whose two pretty little motherless girls, placed in a French boarding-school, had quite forgotten their native tongue; and an invalid American lady, who had been twenty years abroad, and whose dear little grandson, born in France, had a small copy of the Stars and Stripes to play with, but whose English sounded like some old-fashioned book, so prim and proper it was. Then there was a stout Danish demoiselle of a certain age, who smoked cigars with the gentlemen after dinner, a fascinating young Russian widow, and a pretty Bulgarian actress, with bewitching dark eyes, who appeared every evening in a new and resplendent toilet. I must not forget to mention the Princess from Vienna, a dark, thin, and by no means pretty young woman. She was accompanied by her *chaperone*, an elderly, plain person, and, beyond a simple inclination of the head on entering and leaving the room, recognized no one, for which she was set down as "cold" and "stiff" by her neighbors. One of the young men, who was studying law in Paris with his tutor, was a De Rochambeau, a lineal descendant of the Marquis De Rochambeau, who gave such efficient and much-needed help to Washington at a critical time during the Revolution. This scion of a noble house was an amiable youth, a graceful dancer, and a great talker, whose aim in life was to "spend six months each in England and Germany, to master the languages, and then to enter upon a diplomatic career."

In the evening the company always gathered in the salon for a social hour or two, when games were in order, and "kissing games" even were not despised by the younger and gayer members of the household; but all was done heartily and openly, under the smiling eyes of Madame and the mothers of the young girls. Sometimes there was dancing; but the French fashion of turning constantly in one direction, "like a top," said a scornful New-Yorker, soon causes an American head to swim. Once there was a "cotillon" or

german, the great event of the season, when Madame herself, gracious and amiable, in black lace and fluttering lilac ribbons, opened the ball, and dancing continued until the "wee sma' hours."

It was a cheerful household. The months that we spent there were happy ones, and we were sorry when the time came to bid good by to the various and interesting company who had lived together in such harmony under this friendly roof, all drawn together by the charms of beautiful Paris. Kind Madame and busy Mademoiselle are doubtless still at their posts, entertaining strangers as of yore; and we mean to visit them again some day, for nowhere in all Paris, we think, could a pleasanter abode be found for our wandering country men and women on their travels.

L. LE H.

MR. BROWNING vs. MRS. BROWNING AS POETS.

So much is required for duly estimating success in poetry that it is perhaps one of the most difficult things to arrive at a correct and general conclusion as to a poet's superiority. At the same time, our own convictions of the par excellence of national poets are sure to be mingled with much provincial infatuation.

The most essential part of poetic greatness is the noble and profound application of ideas to life. Voltaire says a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application to his subject, of the ideas on man, nature, and human life, which he has acquired for himself. He also adds that, in his opinion, this application of ideas is the great merit of English poets.

Prominent among the English poets are Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Which has the more claim to these elements of poetic pre-eminence?

As far as education is concerned, Mrs. Browning had not only an equal basis with Mr. Browning, in her masculine range of studies and masculine strictness of intellectual discipline, but she had an advantage over him in her choice and opportunity for the extended study of the classics. Notwithstanding her poor health, she studied untiringly. While a confirmed and hopeless invalid, and imprisoned within four walls, her

chosen companions were a Hebrew Bible and large print Greek books. She sought refreshment and oblivion from pain in these grave and deep tasks, which would seem to demand masculine powers in their best estate.

Under these rigid circumstances she developed into the great artist and scholar. From her couch went forth the poems which have crowned her as the world's greatest poetess. During all her years of sickness and prostration she clung to literature and Greek, which were to her a source of relief and delight rather than an arduous and painful toil.

As a person is judged by his works, let us notice how from such a fertile and extensive field of knowledge the immortal fruits of Mrs. Browning's untiring labor compare with those of Mr. Browning. Meanwhile we will keep in mind the accepted idea that the essential part of poetic greatness lies in the application of an author's ideas on man, nature, and human life to his subject.

One of the very finest of Mrs. Browning's early productions is "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," written in the space of twelve hours, in order that it might complete a volume, the manuscript of which was to go to America inside the stated time. This delightful ballad must have been lying unborn in her brain and heart; but when we consider its length, poetic beauty, and the space of time in which it was put into form, it appears to us one of the most stupendous efforts of the human mind.

Her "Casa Guidi Windows" was written during the time when her residence was in Florence. The Eureka, in the Part I. of this poem, gave vent to her enthusiasm at the Tuscan uprising. During the Revolution of 1848 every heart from the Alps to Sicily, including Mrs. Browning's, was kindled with a passion for renewed liberty. She had a noble devotion to Italy, and faith in its regeneration was a prominent feature in her life. The Part II. was a sad sequel to the first part, but she derides not. She bows to the inevitable, still firm in the belief of a future living Italy. Happily, just before her death, she saw her beloved Italy free. Here in this poem is portrayed in a marvelous degree the heartiness and fervor with which her noble mind enters into the vital interests of a nation and its people. Surely there are here dis-

played ideas that are most admirably drawn from life and applied to it. No patriot Italian gave greater sympathy to the aspirations of 1859 than Mrs. Browning, an echo of which the world has read in her "Poems Before Congress." Great was the moral courage of this woman to publish these poems, and at a time when England was most suspicious of Napoleon. Nor was Mrs. Browning so engrossed in the Italian welfare that she had no thought for other nations and other wrongs; her interest in America was more than ordinary.

"For poets (hear the word),
Half poets even, are still whole democrats;
Oh not that we're disloyal to the high,
But loyal to the low, and cognizant
Of the less scrutable majesties!"

In her poem "A Curse for a Nation," where she foretold the agony in store for America, and which has fallen upon us with the swiftness of lightning, she was loath to raise her poet's voice against us, pleading:—

"For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretched out kindly hands to me."

Many people rank "Aurora Leigh" as the highest and most finished expression of Mrs. Browning's genius. In none of her other works is there such variety of power, and such a blending of masculine understanding and feminine sensibility. She unfolds with great beauty of expression the truth that that is real art which assists in any degree to lead back the soul to contemplate God.

Mrs. Browning has demonstrated the fact that the highest forms of the poetic art are within the scope of woman's genius.

Let us now consider the subject on the other side, with regard to the writings of Mr. Browning.

His poem, the "Sordello," the general public pronounced an unintelligible rhapsody, with no meaning at all, while the few who did take interest in it affirmed that there was meaning in it, if only patient and diligent search were put upon it. However, the world was not willing to take the trouble, and, besides, the world is so full of poetry that is intelligible that few can afford to spend an excess of time for ordinary rewards.

A collection of Mr. Browning's dramatic and

lyrical poems came out, called "Bells and Pomegranates."—an affected designation which had the further disadvantage of having no hint as to the nature of its contents. One of the dramatic poems, "The Blot on the Scutcheon," was played, but without marked success.

His volume entitled "Men and Women," and published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, was another collection of poems. In these the metaphysical and analytical qualities of Mr. Browning's genius are more distinctly displayed than the imaginative and purely poetical. Some of the selections, "Bishop Blougram's Apology," for instance, are as hard reading as one of Sir William Hamilton's lectures, or a chapter of Mill's Logic. Most readers have broken down on the early pages, and none but his most resolute admirers have succeeded in wading through it.

Mr. Browning is not, moreover, a popular poet. He does not address the common heart, nor does he draw his themes from the daily paths of life. His sentences are often involved and intricate in construction, his parentheses too frequent and too long, his metaphors sometimes pushed to exhaustion; his versification is lawless, and he has apparently little ear for rhythmical verse.

The soul-stirring intimacy with nature that has given our lyric poets their greatest power was one of Mrs. Browning's strongest points. To read some of her minor poems, like "Isobel's Child," "Bertha in the Lane," and the "Swan's Nest among the Reeds," it is like standing in the forest alone, with the wailing wind and the flying rain as the only assurance of an existence sublimer than our own. Such gems as these reach the profoundest depths of the human heart.

Canon Farrar in one of his lectures, two winters ago, remarked that, in his opinion, Mrs. Browning wrote more true poetry in one line than Mr. Browning did in a whole page.

Soon after Mrs. Browning's death a letter in the *Atlantic Monthly*, written by W. W. Story, says: "Her life was one long, large-souled, large-hearted prayer for the triumph of Right, Justice, and Liberty, and she who lived for others was

'Poet true,
Who died for beauty as martyrs do
For truth, the ends being scarcely two.'"

Mr. Hillard, in his work, "Six Months in Italy," writes: "I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit."

A noted spiritualist was travelling in Europe at the time when Mr. and Mrs. Browning were residing at Florence, and having heard much of Mrs. Browning's wonderful power as a poet, was very desirous of being presented to her. The spiritualist had been well received by all the crowned heads of Europe, and had on several occasions been asked to exhibit his interesting art before them. When he went to Florence, the home of the Brownings, his commendable desire to have a conversation with Mrs. Browning was gratified. Mrs. Browning and her husband were equally desirous to witness some professional art of his, but were too polite to mention it. However, the spiritualist knew that they would be much pleased if he would show some evidence of his magic power, so when he arose and was making his adieu, he observed in a saucer, on a stand near him, some laurel leaves. He casually took up one of them and twisted it around his finger. Then he took up another, and another, until he had taken all the leaves from the dish. By his wonderful power, as a spiritualistic medium, the leaves floated from his hand, and circled up in the form of a wreath, when it rested over Mrs. Browning's head just as he bowed himself from the apartments.

Surely no more delicate compliment could have been paid her had she been the queen herself, and doubtless the spiritualist did the logical as well as the correct thing in giving the crown of laurels, not to Mr. Browning, but to his wife.

E. I. GALE.

—•—

IMOGENE GRAHAM. Mr. Howells says you "let yourself go." Mrs. Mavering. What does he mean? *How* did you do it?

ALICE PASMER MAVERING. I do not know, I'm sure; or at least I do not think I could explain it to you. But he says *you* ebbed away to the piano. Did you ebb?

IMOGENE. Well, not exactly; I think, speaking conscientiously, Mr. Howells did not mean just *that*.

ALICE. Yes? And we are so conscientious, you know! Now, may I ask you a rude question, Miss Graham?

IMOGENE. Say Imogene, *do!*

ALICE. Do you think Mr. Howells would approve it? My New England conscience makes me uneasy on many such points.

IMOGENE. Why need you care what Mr. Howells likes or dislikes? Why not "keep clear" of him?

ALICE. Oh! He has been so kind to me! I could n't — really.

IMOGENE. Well, never mind! What were you going to ask me a moment ago? Some "rude question," I think you said.

ALICE. And you will not be angry? Well, then, why did you refuse Mr. Morton, when you were in Florence?

IMOGENE. Mr. Morton? Oh, really, I don't know! But why did *you* refuse Mr. Mavington that first time?

ALICE. Well, he "let himself go" one day in a most surprising way, and my New England con — but *do* tell me why you refused Mr. Morton.

IMOGENE. I hardly know, — unless — yes! it must have been my Buffalo conscience. (*Slow curtain.*)

M. A. T. S.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

OCT. 15. — Well, I'm here, and have brought a most amazing amount of merchandise in the shape of tears with me. The fact is, I have done nothing but distribute them around promiscuously ever since my arrival. As salt is beneficial, I think it may possibly improve my room-mate. Let us hope so. Now, my dear Diary, you know that, having once made up my mind concerning a person, I never change it, and that I always know immediately what I think of people. When I arrived I was told I was to room with a Miss Elsworth. The name suggested delightful possibilities. She would probably be, so I reasoned, poetical, soulful, sympathetic, and all things which are desirable in a companion. Her first name would probably be Margarete or something equally suitable. I pictured a grand looking girl with a pure Grecian profile, who read Byron, and talked of the ethics of sunset, and so forth.

So I opened my room door, entered with a most

cordial smile, which quickly disappeared when I beheld a tall, ungainly girl, dressed in one of those abominations which I subsequently discovered are called "gym suits." She was pale and sallow looking, with small, glittering gray eyes, the only redeeming feature of her face being a very winning smile, which, however, I have only seen from afar, and then bestowed upon two or three forlorn looking damsels, who, I am sure, were not half so well worth noticing as myself. (Outsiders would call this conceit, I call it truth.) But I am digressing. As she arose I said, "I am looking for Miss Elsworth: beg pardon," and started to retreat, when she replied, "I am Dianthy Maria Elsworth."

It was too much. I sank in a dejected heap upon the floor, and when I looked up from the entombment of the last air-castle, Dianthy had disappeared. I repeated to myself, "What's in a name?" Evidently nothing in this case.

I am going to write to mamma to take me home. I cannot live with such an impossible person.

Nov. 15. — "They say that Great Britain is going to decay." It has seemed as though the personality designated as Fussia Lighthouse was in the same condition, or at least fast arriving at the same stage as that most aggressive kingdom. As persons or things alike are either twins or a pair, it occurs to me what a unique specimen that blustering British lion and myself would make. As twins, every dime museum director in the country would be after us. I wonder what color it would be, — the mould I mean, — green or white? I should prefer the latter, as better suited to my complexion.

But enough: I have been here a month, and stagnation does not express my condition. No parties, no gentlemen, monotony the staple article. The girls don't like me, neither do the teachers; but then they never did, even in the infant class. We have nothing in common. Even our aims in education are different. I wish my political and social faculties educated; they wish to cultivate in me morals and religion. Dianthy is the only person that puzzles me: she is enigmatical. A very cold-hearted girl, singularly embarrassed at times, even with her most intimate friends; but she has an independence which often becomes positively aggressive. She is generally disliked in

school, and finds in me no exception to the common judgment, as I cordially detest her; partially because she shows so plainly how she despises some of my harmless little conceits, and my unconquerable love for fashion and clothes. It is rather bitter for me to have to look up, in many things, to one whom I dislike.

DEC. 15. — It is shocking how I forget to write in you. For days you have lain forgotten in my drawer. I made very good resolutions at first concerning you, but somehow, like all my resolutions, they did not amount to anything. I have been very ill, in fact have had pneumonia. Dianthy has been kindness itself. She is a lovely girl, so full of originality. The girls don't like her because they do not understand her. Her conversation would always be most entertaining were she not prevented from letting her light so shine by that most unfortunate embarrassment and sensitiveness. She is, therefore, agreeable only to a few; but she is fond of me — and — well, you see, I always *did* like her, I said so at the first, and I never change my mind. If there is one thing I do admire it is consistency; and Dianthy is going home to spend Xmas with me.

FUSSIE LIGHTHEAD.

TO WASHINGTON AND EUROPE AGAIN.

THE popular tours of Lasell girls are so successful that many inquiries are being made as to what is proposed this year. Mr. Shepherd has already issued a circular announcing the Washington excursion during the spring vacation, and a number of engagements have already been made for that very pleasant trip in the sweet springtime of that climate, and there will soon be sent to you all a sketch of a tour of Europe which Mr. Shepherd invites you to share with him. The party will sail by Cunard steamer "Pavonia," from Boston, June 14, and return by same line to Boston about Sept. 10. The route includes almost every principal point from Edinburgh to Mt. Vesuvius, and with the kind advice and assistance of Mr. Bragdon in the details throughout, a most perfect plan will be presented to you. Any correspondence in regard to either excursion will have prompt attention. Address, Wm. T. Shepherd, Supt., Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

SANITARY LECTURES.

THE last, but not least, of Lasell's many independent departures is the department of Sanitary Science. No subject is, perhaps, so important and yet so little understood as that of healthful sanitation.

In a course of seven lectures by Miss Talbot, of Boston, the topics Plumbing, Drainage, Ventilation, and Home Decoration were successively treated in a graceful and practical manner.

By means of descriptive charts and ingenious mechanical contrivances, a thorough explanation of the subject treated was made, and the simplest methods of research and remedy for all sanitary evils suggested.

Too much cannot be said as to the practicality and utility of such a course of lectures in preparing young women to be thorough, intelligent housekeepers.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASSELL SEMINARY IN JANUARY, 1888.

Hill, David J. Elements of Psychology,	140.2
Nuttall. Standard Dictionary	423.3
O'Hagan, John. Translation of the Song of Roland	841.1
Richardson, D. N. A Girdle Round the Earth	913.6
Smith, Gerard W. Spanish and French Painters	756.3

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE treaty of alliance between Italy and Germany stipulates that if France attacks either of the contracting powers, the other is to send three hundred thousand men to the French frontier immediately.

SENOR CASTELLAR, in a speech in the Spanish Congress, said that he believed the hostility between Russia and Germany was permanent, and that war, sooner or later, was inevitable.

THE King of the Greeks has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer upon the Sultan, the insignia being set in diamonds. This is the first time that any sultan has accepted a Greek order.

THE *Moscow Gazette* says Russia can no longer confide in allies whose hostility has been proved, and says an alliance between Russia, England, and France must be effected to counter-balance this "peace league."

EX-SENATOR DAVID MERRIWETHER of Kentucky, the appointed successor of Henry Clay, has recently been visiting Washington. He is eighty years old.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

JOSEPH WEBBER, a young telegrapher of New York, has invented an apparatus by which a piano may be played by electricity. It is described as quite simple and inexpensive, considering its accomplishment. It may be attached to any piano, though an upright is best suited to it, having a good place to stow away the batteries. These electric piano players are recommended as an admirable substitute for the ordinary amateur, for they can play with much *more force and quite as much expression*.

EXCAVATIONS at Pompeii are giving the most interesting results. A wooden case was recently dug up containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used at the present day. Many silver vases and urns were found, also gold ornaments, besides a beautiful statue of Jupiter seated on his throne. The excavations are being rapidly pushed forward.

GREAT advances have been made during the last few years in the science of metallurgy. Many new metals have been discovered, and improved means have been devised to separate them from the ores in which they are found. Many metals would be of great value in the arts and manufactures if they could be produced cheap enough. Of this class is aluminum, a valuable but little known metal, which would revolutionize the whole manufacturing industry if it was not so expensive. Although aluminum cannot yet be produced at such a price that it can take the place of iron, the time may not be far distant when such will be the case, as it can already be obtained much cheaper than it could a few years ago.

THE month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history: *it had no full moon!* January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the beginning of the Christian era, nor since the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for — how long do you think? — *two and a half million of years!* Was not that truly a wonderful month? — *Golden Days.*

ART NOTES.

ARTISTS will be interested in this fact, for which we are indebted to the London correspondent of the *Book Buyer*: —

"Within a stone's throw of the Langham Hotel, behind All Souls' Church, may be found the oldest sketching club in the world. Here, every week, on a Friday evening, a subject is chalked upon a slate. After coffee and chat, pipes are lit, and every one sets to work to carry out his own idea of the subject. At the end of three hours the sketches are gathered together and made the subject for friendly criticism; and I can call to mind certain merry suppers and songs that occasionally took place subsequently."

Most of the foremost London artists have belonged to this club.

A PORTRAIT of Count Leof Tolstoi, painted from life last summer, represents the aristocratic socialist ploughing in the fields with an unwieldy plough pulled by a white horse. The Count's gray beard streams across his blue blouse and half-bared breast, and his soft cap is pulled down over his eyes. The picture is characteristic, and is valuable from the fact that it was painted out in the fields while the Count was ploughing.

THE arguments in favor of the remission of the duty on foreign works of art, presented to Congress by Mr. William Schaus, a New York art dealer, have been often brought forward by American artists and art patrons. Mr. Schaus says that the government of the United States is the only government in the world which appears to consider art as a superfluous luxury instead of a

refiner and educator; that the instruction to be derived from European art work is lessened by the tariff: that as American artists have long been welcomed to European schools and to the use of European collections, the tariff has conduced to a feeling abroad against American art students, and that as the tariff is prejudicial to the interests of American artists, so it is highly antagonistic to the wishes and convictions of the most intelligent among them. In conclusion, it is stated that the revenue derived from the tariff levied upon important works of art is of trifling importance.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

KARL KLINDWORTH seems to find most hearty and honest appreciation in the *American Art Journal* critic. Boston did not place him among the great pianists, although as an editor and critic he stands eminently high.

BOSTON prides herself in having a lady whistler, Miss Ella Chamberlayne, and now Mrs. Alice Shaw sustains the reputation of New York in that line.

CHOPIN was the most romantic piano-forte writer.

IT seems to be the general impression throughout this country that Boston is spoiling the boy Hofmann. It is said that in no city has he created so much enthusiasm. He has given upwards of a dozen concerts there, and the cry is still for more.

MR. FRANK STOCKTON'S tantalizing story, "The Lady or the Tiger," has been selected as the plot of an op-eretta.

A LISZT Society has been formed in Vienna for the presentation of this master's works. Liszt's known works are said to number 1,233, only 206 of which have ever been performed.

TEMPERANCE.

THE winecup is an opaque affair, at best, and God can never be seen through it.

ONE of the strange delusions of social drinking is the belief that to offer a glass of intoxicating liquor to a fellow-mortal is a friendly act, that it draws men together, quickens social feelings, etc. This value of alcohol is false. Its failure is glaringly

evident as soon as we trace it beyond the feelings. The value of a gift should not be estimated by its transient but by its lasting effects. Estimated by this standard, is the tender of intoxicating liquor as an aid to sociability a friendly act? Let facts speak.

IF the money spent for liquor by wage-earners were saved, the hard times would be at an end; if used in business, it would no longer be possible for speculators to organize a panic.

Temperance, cleanliness, and industry! This is the hygiene of the Bible. A "pathy" as old as the race. A system of medication, applicable to all climes and all constitutions; always safe, always efficient, and to which human sagacity, in the space of six thousand years, has not added one radically new idea.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

IT has too often proved true that "good beginnings make bad endings," but it is hoped that the *High School Annual* will keep up the standard which it has adopted in its first number, and prove one of our most enjoyable exchanges. The tone of the paper is remarkably good and the locals especially bright.

WE are at a loss to discover whether *The Beacon* took our college news "boiled, roasted, or rare," as their choice seems to have caused them so much distress. We will endeavor to have the cooking improved next time. They certainly made hash of it ultimately. We would say that we enjoyed—but no, anything, even a compliment, "evoked by the feminine mind when left to itself," would scarcely interest *The Beacon*.

THOSE affected with melancholia and wishing for enlivenment should visit "the new genius" of *The Reveille*. The paper is fortunate in its poetry, especially a very amusing bit styled "The Photograph."

NOTICEABLE among other good things in *The Tech* is an exceedingly good article on Books that have Hurt Me. That idea was unique and well carried into effect.

AFTER reading An Argument for Cremation, in *The Advocate*, we gladly turn even to Poe's stories to quiet our nerves. The writer should be complimented on his genius for vividly portraying the horrible.

LOCALS.

"It was only a glad good-morning,
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

ATTENTION, girls, every one who is interested in the *LASELL LEAVES*. Do not rest until you have read the advertisements in this paper, and we beg you to profit by them.

POOR overworked Seniors! One member of that grave and reverend band tried to shake off this mortal coil—a drop more and—"the end is really too sad to tell."

THE law lecture delivered by Mr. Hemenway on the evening of Jan. 18 was the first one of a course of ten. Much may be gained from these lectures, as they are both interesting and instructive.

AUTHORITY, not Webster:—

Harpies. — Harp-players.

A military tribune. — An editor.

WE did not go to the concert at Wellesley. Why? Because we heard of the invitation just a day too late.

THE day of prayer for colleges was observed at Lasell on Jan. 20. The regular school exercises were entirely suspended. The programme was as follows: 7 45, morning prayer; 9 00, teachers' prayer-meeting; 9.00, students' prayer-meeting, Miss Gray; 11.00, morning service; addresses, Dr. Ela, Dr. McKeown; 4.00, vesper service, Rev. George S. Butters; 7.30, students' Christian Endeavor meeting, Mrs. Cassedy.

SHE came to Lasell to learn, and she found to her surprise that Lot was not the wife of Gomorrah.

ON the evening of the moon's eclipse,
A teacher chanced two maids to see,
Who at the window side by side
Gazed at the moon most earnestly.
We blush to say, — Alas! alas!
They viewed the moon through smoked glass.

MR. WILLARD SMALL, of No. 24 Franklin Street, presents us with a translation of "The Song of Roland," by John O'Hagan. Mr. Small is the publisher of the American copy.

ON Feb. 3, Miss Talbot gave her last lecture on Sanitation. The subject was house furnishing.

THE generous heart of Mabel Williams is but a copy of her father's, who has sent us a dozen soap-stone foot-warmers and hand-warmers, which are all ready in the heater, smoking hot, waiting for that big sleigh-ride. Do you hear the bells jingling now? Mr. Bragdon takes two of them every morning and puts them under his desk, and thinks he hears sleigh-bells.

By the kindness of E. C. Thayer of Keene, one of the Board of Trustees, we have received a handsome book containing an account of the dedication of the splendid building of the Murdock School, at Winchendon, Mass. The town of Misses Best, Brown, Converse, and French evidently has a school building to be proud of. May its teaching be as good as its architecture! Oh for a Murdock for Lasell!

MANY of the girls attended one of little Josef Hofmann's concerts, and joined in the general admiration. Several added to their list of enjoyments a musicale at the Riverside school.

WHAT is a swallow? A swallow is a bird. What is a bird? A bird flies. What is a fly? A fly is a bore. What is a bore? A bore is a cooking lecture. Therefore, a cooking lecture is equal to one swallow.

A SENIOR said it:—

"Just think! If I only had a voice like Miss — I could go to C, and then I'd be happy."
"What has voice to do with going to sea?"

THE best thing of all is yet to come: military drill for the Lasell girls, — officers, swords, gold braid, and all.

SUNDAY, Feb. 5, we had the pleasure of listening to one of Miss Bessie Gordon's inspiring talks. She spoke especially of woman's influence in the world and her consequent responsibility. After telling us of the work that had been already done, and giving us a glimpse of the work still before us, she invited non-members in behalf of the Lasell Y. M. C. T. U. to join the white-ribbon army, and the society is now rejoicing in ten new members.

PERSONALS.

FOUR weeks ago Prof. Bragdon was called West, for the third time in four months; this time to attend the funeral of Mrs. George Bragdon, the mother of little Katie, who died but a short time ago. The circumstances were very sad, and much sympathy for the bereaved ones is felt by all the girls.

MISS CALL came back to us after the holidays, and we were delighted to see her again.

THERE are now on exhibition at Williams & Everett's two pictures, painted in Paris, by Miss Elizabeth J. Gardiner. The one of "A Farmer's Daughter" won a medal, — the first medal given to an American woman. Lasell is much interested, and is proud of Miss Gardiner's success, because she began her art studies here, and was graduated in '56.

MISS MAMIE PECK, who was here last year, kindly sent a Christmas gift to the library of a book, by D. W. Richardson, called "A Girdle Round the Earth." It is a book of travels, said to be very interesting by those who have read it. Dr. Peck, Mamie's father, was one of the company of travellers.

LUCY HARVEY spent Sunday recently with Mary Beckwith.

MISS KEITH, Miss Sheldon's cousin, has been at Lasell for a few weeks.

MISS HELEN WESTHEIMER has been for two months in the "great whirl" of New York life, and is now visiting in Baltimore, before returning to her home in St. Joseph, Mo. She writes: "Although, naturally, so many new faces must drive away the memory of older ones, I please myself with imagining that in some children's hour one little thought is given to those who were so contented and happy in dear old Lasell.

LESTER WINFIELD DANN has made glad the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Dann (Lou Fribley) since Dec. 8.

MISS LOUISE DIETRICK has been visiting Ella Race at her home in Decatur, Ill.

LULU WALSTON, '85, surprised us by a short morning call not long ago. She is still at Smith College, but has been the guest of Etta Stafford for a few days.

WE learn that Lena Foster has been travelling most of this winter, and is now in Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARY WITHERBEE is still teaching near her home in Laurel, Del. She is very useful in both places, as those who know her cannot doubt.

THE many friends of Miss LeHuray will be glad to learn that her youngest sister, who had for weeks been dangerously ill, is a very little better, — on the way to recovery, it is hoped. Mr. LeHuray, the father, is, as yet, no better. Miss Eleanor LeHuray has left the Mission station in Mexico, where she has done very efficient service, and is at home for a few months' vacation before going to a mission field in South America.

WE hear indirectly that Dora Walston was married to Mr. — Johnson, and is now living at 628 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, but we don't know whether she wants anyone to know it or not. She will surely want to join the "Chicago Lasell Club." How we tremble for poor Mr. Johnson!!!

MISS MARY E. BROWN, of Winchendon, Mass., here in '83, has recently lost her father, Mr. William Brown, Sr. Mr. Brown was a well-known citizen of Winchendon, preserving the homestead inherited from his father, and leaving it for his family as a part of the large estate for which he had cared with wise success. The sympathy of old friends here is not wanting for the bereaved daughter in her great sorrow.

MRS. JOHN P. DUNSMORE (John P. is the artist brother of our Alice of '78) called in December. She reports Mr. Dunsmore's work in considerable demand in London, where he is now working.

A PLEASANT meeting was had at Ruggles Street Church with Mamie Colson Curtis here in 1880. She introduced her husband as if she was not ashamed of him, spoke motherly of her year-old babe, and looked as if she was happy and well and strong. It did our eyes good to look at her. We liked her husband too. She still lives at Somerville.

ALICE HYDE, here in 1874-75, also greeted us that day. She is well.

FLORENCE BAILEY took her sister back to Erie without showing her Lasell! This is simply *incomprehensible*.

MISS LILLIE POTTER, of Chicago, a graduate of Lasell in '80, and since abroad for some years, is doing herself and her alma mater much credit by her lectures. They are given to private classes. They cover a wide range of topics, but all relate to Germany, its history, geography, literature, and social life. Miss Potter is fitted to do excellent work of this sort. Her personal presence, tact, culture, and sincerity will not fail to make their way. *Ça va sans dire.* The lectures are given weekly, from October to May. Chicago Lasell girls would do well to join these classes, which include many prominent ladies of the Garden City.

MR. EDWARD PAGE gave a coming-out party to his daughter, Miss Lilla M. Page, the evening of February 1. It was a pleasant social event, and brought together the prominent young society people of the city. Nearly two hundred guests were present and participated in the festivities.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD, '83, came back again for a short visit.

ON the evening of January 11, Miss Ada Langley gave a reading in the Hawthorne Rooms, Boston. It was her first appearance in public, and a great success. Miss Langley was a late pupil at Lasell, and studied elocution with Miss Call.

WE caught a glimpse of Miss Jennie Brown in chapel, two weeks ago. She is at present in Newtonville, where she studies elocution with Miss Call.

TASSIE JOHNSON came to see her old friends one afternoon last month.

MARRIED at Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 1, 1888, Miss Susan S. Griggs and Dr. Norton L. Wilson. "At home," 228 Elizabeth Avenue.

AT Gardner, Mass., January 3, Miss Emma Fiske Eaton was married to Mr. Charles Leslie Bent.

SAW Lucy Phelps waiting for a street car Jan. 17 in Boston. She is there a few days with her father. May come out. Looks well. Later: Did come and see and conquer.

ALICE HOWARD, of Boston, here in '79, is spending the winter at Hotel Hunnewell, Newton. She looks taller than she used, although she declares she has not grown any. Her short hair is becoming, and she studies music and French in Boston.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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1-6 "	3.00	5.00	7.00
1-4 "	4.00	6.50	9.00
1-2 "	6.50	11.00	15.00
3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

BEFORE folding our tent and quietly stealing from the scene of action, we wish to add our testimony to that of the last editorial board, that

"Strange mistakes do oft combine
To so change the strongest line,
That words and sense refuse to jine."

For instance, in the last number the Wadsworth motto from "Ten Times One" was by some mistake attributed to Wordsworth. We might go on with our enumeration, but doubtless the current number will furnish illustrations all its own.

When statements become tangled it is not easy to fill in vacant spaces and correct ideas, especially when the author of an article has herself forgotten the thought which she wished to convey. The editor could readily furnish new material to that part of a grammar which contains sentences to be filled out, only the poor students who had the sentences to complete would be fit subjects for pity.

As may have been noticed, the suggestion about "Egypt's oldest mummy" has been carried out extensively, and has proved a never-failing source for the editor; but alas! we shrink from describing its effect upon our patient readers. Still, we cannot forbear brief mention of the very oldest mummy of all, thinking that, however tough and impervious it has previously shown itself, an additional exposure must surely cause it to crumble and fall away. We refer to the receipt of the usual letter from the South, with its interesting details of age, height, weight, complexion, and mental ability, all of which details the writer sums up in the comprehensive term "profile."

When one receives such an epistle, she almost feels that she has truly entered the literary realm, and that soon her autograph and photograph will become staple articles in the market.

Thus my soon-to-be successor,
Should you find yourself possessor
Of a similar epistle,

It will be but repetition
 Of an earlier edition
 From a well-known Southern college.
 Howsoe'er your name be shapen,
 It will always strangely happen
 That some one will soon discover
 His to be exactly like it;
 And to you he'll surely write it,
 With a Gamp-like "bragian" boldness.

There are things less amusing which will probably occur, especially before you are fairly entered upon your duties. But do not be discouraged, even if you meet at almost every turn a friend who will inform you that yours is not an enviable position. Having exhausted what little talent we possess, we humbly surrender to those whom we hope will prove more efficient.

It is but a small figure which indicates the sum total of Lasell's deficiencies, but three of the component parts of this figure seem to us quite necessary.

The first, which reflects upon our name as patriots, is a picture of George Washington; then, of course, that of Martha must follow. It was really sad to attempt the celebration of Feb. 22, without the presence of their faces among us. To be sure, we had good substitutes who partly compensated for the deficiency.

The other two "wants" are of local rather than national significance. First, we need a school song; now that we are learning various songs, why not appoint a school poet to furnish us with one which shall be handed down from year to year, and be to us "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." The new military drill and the heroic struggles over "America" ought surely to inspire some one among us with a theme both loyal and brave.

The last we scarcely dare to mention, but tremblingly suggest that the Lasell pin, which has heretofore united us only in mind, may soon appear in less shadowy form, and unite us as a body.

EVERY little while we receive gentle suggestions from different members of the Faculty, that, if less time were spent in perusing the papers and magazines, a taste for better and more lasting reading might be acquired. We also find, with regret, that some of our home papers have lost their place in our library.

But, like Rosa Dartle, we "ask for information," whether a liking for the most solid literature is not obtained by first reading the best periodicals? We contend that it is only the few who can plunge at an early age into any deeper depths of the world's problems than those represented on the pages of our best magazines. These contain some of the very choicest current literature. A man's largest work, or that on which he has spent the most time, is not necessarily his best. It is said that when mental power is equal, that literary work is surest of immortality which occupies the least space. In periodicals the articles are short, concise, brilliant, and therefore attractive.

It is an actual fact, that in class-work, students will often fail to grasp the idea of an article, unless it be put in an interesting and attractive manner. The mind needs training in order to be able to discover abstruse and hidden beauties.

SOME PHASES OF SOCIETY.

SOME months ago, any one passing through one of the busiest streets at the South End of Boston might have seen the sign (and, perhaps, it may still be seen there), "Meta — and Regular Physician." Of course, this would have impressed him, especially if he were fresh from the study of the history and methods of advertising. He would have seen further example of the science of sign-making if he had happened to be going in the direction of the unpretentious shingle on which was printed, in assorted capitals,

JIM DONOVAN DELE-
 RIN POP CORN.

But both these signs seem æsthetic in the highest degree, as compared with that of the "Seven Sutherland Sisters," or with the one which displays the wardrobe of the poor little midget baby. But laying aside all question of external appearance, there is food for thought in the various motives which brought these signs into existence, or not so much in the motives as in the effects which each was intended to produce.

Each of the four seems to us typical. Each appeals to its own peculiar class of patrons, and the number of these can be predicted by an unvarying law of statistics.

The first is hung out solely to attract the gaze of Mrs. Credulous and her numerous family. Mrs. Credulous is the dear lady who never enters into any conversation in which "the Doctor" also is not speedily introduced. She gives the word *the*, preceding the title, that unconscious little emphasis with which many another woman says *he*, when referring to her husband. Is the measles raging in your family? Mrs. C. and all her children had "them" years ago; and very "pretty" cases they presented, too, — something unique about each one of them. Are you speaking of pneumonia? She has *that* every season, and has it each time so abundantly that you blush with shame that you should have remembered even for a moment your one poor little commonplace attack. Nervous prostration is her specialty. Neuralgia and inflammatory rheumatism are but the diversions of her lighter moments. She always has "the latest new thing" in diseases, if not in bonnets. She has tested every known form of powder, pill, and liquid medicine, and has so many times, in her "marvellous recoveries," monopolized the one chance out of a thousand, that you are sometimes tempted to wonder why she does not try the sole experience still left untried — dying.

The poorly spelled and worse written pop-corn sign speaks its pathetic message straight to the sentimental hearts of all the Boffins who are old-fashioned enough still to reside in the "Bower." But Mr. Wegg and other political economists, who know that poetry is a dearer commodity than prose, are not to be deceived in that manner. They know, though just *how* they know is a secret kept carefully locked in their own breasts, that every apparently half-starved and evidently thin and shivering little seller of papers, matches, and pop-corn is in reality the opulent heir of some Back Bay family. The explanation, presumably, is that the prodigal son, as illustrated in the Sunday-school papers of these young scions, proved so attractive that they have started out thus early in life, in the hope of getting their full share of those delicious husks. Or, if that explanation prove unsatisfactory, take this:

The little pop-corn stand is a Vatoldi restaurant on a modest scale; and Mr. Stull (the proprietor who keeps in the shady background) is, in this case, the father of the young clerk. Explain it as you will, only don't forget that "there is wealth in the family."

We have said that the Seven Sutherland Sisters and the midget baby appeal to two different classes of people. This is true, although the motive appealed to in both cases is the same, — nothing higher than mere idle curiosity. However, there is a fundamental difference in the method of gratifying this curiosity. In the one case, the people are willing to block the sidewalk and gaze openly at a "free show"; in the other, after looking carefully to the four points of the compass, to see that there chance to be passing no acquaintances who may take note of their apparent liking for the abnormal, they slip quietly into the "paid exhibition." Verily, when we consider the vast multitude who help to make up one or other of the social phases thus hastily discussed, we are tempted to cry out, "Which of us is wise; or which of us, being wise, is willing to allow his neighbor the inestimable privilege of being foolish?"

COMPOSITA.

A ROMANCE OF THE LONE STAR STATE.

IN one of our Western States there is a little town called Palo Pinto (spotted pole), where the events of the story I am going to relate occurred.

The settlements made by the pioneers were few and far between. This town, like most others during the Indian occupation of the State, resembled a fort rather than a dwelling for peaceful men. The entire place had a warlike aspect, and was continually on the lookout for Indians. The women and children knew how to use fire-arms as well as the men.

Palo Pinto is a very beautiful town, built on a hill, and surrounded by hills, between which are level plains dotted over with fertile farms and groves of pecan, walnut, and oak. Even to-day some of the old Indian monuments and relics remain.

I have in mind a house, a double log-cabin, weather-boarded; in fact, quite a mansion for those days. To the back was a cellar dug in the ground, and a little log-cabin with dirt roof, which, I have been told, the Indians built.

One bright fall day the people were beginning to feel more secure than they had for some time, and the children were allowed to play out in the sun and breathe the fresh air. By the red brick chimney there stood a tall swing ; in it was a very pretty little girl about six years old, and wearing the homespun dress of the time. As she swung back and forth, humming in her childish voice a sweet old song, while her light curls waved in the soft breeze, she made a pretty picture. Her mother was sitting by the open window, with a shadow of care on her brow, because it had been announced by the scouts that a fresh Indian trail had been discovered ; but they assured the people that no immediate attack was to be feared. Despite their assurances, Mrs. Parker could not conceal her anxiety.

While the child was swinging and the mother sat knitting at the window, the awful cry, "The Indians! the Indians!" spread from door to door. And indeed the alarm proved to be only too well grounded. One of the white men had slain a red brave, and the warriors had come in their paints and feathers to be avenged. All the men were away, so Mrs. Parker had to care for the house. She hastened to close the doors, and had almost succeeded in doing this, when she thought of the peril of her darling child. She rushed to the door only to find herself face to face with the blood-thirsty savages, who immediately seized her.

Meanwhile the men and soldiers of the town were in arms to meet the attack. A fearful encounter ensued. The whites were either massacred or taken prisoners. Scarcely a man was left to tell the horrible story. When the Indians turned from the town they left it a mass of burning ruins.

The poor mother, who had clasped her child to her bosom, and would not let it go, was struck down and scalped. The trembling Cynthia stood by, scarcely realizing in her terror that she was a motherless captive. The Indians tied her to a horse which they had stolen, and in this manner they travelled for a number of days, over prairies and through the narrow passes between the mountains blue with cedar. They paid little attention to the utter exhaustion of our poor little friend. But at last she reached a resting-place. In the western part of the country there is a beautiful stream flowing through a cave. On approaching

this spot, one can scarcely discover the entrance ; in fact, it is like that of Tom Sawyer's. It is not a dark cave, but massive walls enclose a grassy place, which is shaded from the burning sun by huge oak-trees, and at night it is lighted by the stars — "lamps of heaven," in the Indian phraseology.

Here in the banquet hall, as we now call it, the victorious warriors met the body of the tribe, who were waiting to hear them relate their adventures. The squaws, wrapped in their blankets, either listened to their stories, or examined, with glittering eyes, some queer ornaments which had been brought from the sacked town ; a group of children were playing at one side. One of them would have attracted attention anywhere. He was about ten years old, and was a fine specimen of nature's children. He was not playing in the dirt, like his little companions, but was examining a tomahawk, which one of the warriors had laid aside.

A little bird came chirping into the room to a spring. Emanuleta watched it with vigilant eyes, and just as it was about to dip into the water, he seized a gun which was standing near by, and before any one could deter him the bird was lying dead. The warriors were delighted with his accurate aim, but some of the old squaws shook their heads, and said he would be punished for his cruelty.

After all was quiet again, Emanuleta sat regarding the pale face of little Cynthia, and appeared to be very much interested in her. Finally he got up, and went to the spring, where the fern was growing, and where the cool water gushed out from the moss-covered wall. A tall elm-tree, with out-spread branches, shaded the spring. He took a gourd dipper, filled it with the clear water, and took it to the little captive. This was the first meeting of Emanuleta and Wah-ta-Wah, as she was called by the tribe. Thenceforth these children lived over again the wild, beautiful lives of Paul and Virginia, or rather such lives as the little Hiawatha and Laughing Water would have lived could one imagine them as growing up together and minus the stern guardianship of old Nokomis. Doubtless if Besant could have observed their apparent satisfaction in each other, he would have found material for another social study more perplexing than that involved in "The Children of Gibeon."

Ten years passed. The uncle of the lost child had never ceased to mourn her ; nor had the father retracted his vow of vengeance. But the maiden herself had only a faint remembrance of her home and friends. During all these ten years the Indians had eluded all attempts at capture.

At the feast of the Harvest Moon, a looker-on would have known that something unusual was to take place. Since Geronimo, the old chief, was dead, of course his son succeeded to the head of the tribe ; and it was in honor of his marriage that the extra preparations were made.

The marriage rites were performed, and Wah-ta Wah became the loved squaw of the brave Emanuleta. Eight weeks were allowed for the honeymoon (do Indians have a honeymoon?), and then he was to say good by, and go on the war-path to make a name for himself, as his forefathers had done. The night before his leave-taking a crowd of Indians were performing their war-dance before their chief. At the height of the dance forms might have been seen moving stealthily among the trees. When the dance was over, and the camp was quiet, the only lights visible were the dying blaze of the camp-fires. Then were heard from the trees cries like those of the loon and the panther. These were answered from different parts of the forest by the cries of other animals and birds ; then the whole forest seemed to be full of men. The alarm was spread throughout the Indian camp. The Indians, who were few when compared to the colonists, fell fighting bravely ; nor did they cease offering courageous resistance until every warrior lay dead, with his face towards the enemy. The foremost warrior was Emanuleta.

At the early dawn the soldiers went to search for the missing Cynthia. They found a beautiful girl, with soft curling hair, and gentle, pleading gray eyes, kneeling over the body of the dead chief. She had changed greatly, but love told the parent that she was his child. As she turned her frightened face to her father, a flood of memory came over her, but nothing was distinct, except the burning houses. The words, which finally came to her lips, "Me Cynthia, me Cynthia," completed her little remembrance of her early childhood.

They took her from the body of Emanuleta back to the cave, to prepare her for her homeward journey. Meanwhile the men had buried the bodies of

the fallen warriors, with bows and arrows, and placed a rough stone at the head of Emanuleta.

Cynthia was taken back to her home ; but she had lived too long that free, out-door life. After lingering a few weeks she went to join her chief in the hunting-grounds.

Mr. Parker, her uncle, still lives in the county which bears his name. The leader, who was sent by the governor to recover Cynthia, was then scarcely known, save among troops, but to-day he is governor of the Lone Star State.

L. T. C.

DIAMOND HILL SCHOOL-HOUSE.

IN the memories of childhood nothing is more vivid, nothing sweeter, than this dear old school-house, where I first entered the path of knowledge. It still stands just as it did a score of years ago, at the foot of the hill, bearing the significant name, from the fireside story handed down from generation to generation, that here in days gone by the sparkling gem had been found.

A small one-story building, with slanting roof and tiny chimney, through which the curl of smoke from the little round stove within escaped ; two great stone steps leading to the entry, one side of which was for the boys' caps and coats, the other, the girls', while beneath were the benches, where one might see a row of lunch baskets, carefully put up by the loving hands of the mother.

It was roughly built within, a few small windows with smoky glass admitting a scanty supply of warmth and sunlight, but quite enough fresh air on a zero morning. In front stood a little platform, with its teacher's desk and two chairs, one of which was the terror of mischievous boys and girls, it being their punishment to sit by the teacher if she had found them guilty of any misdemeanor. The rude desks and benches were placed about the sides of the room, and the stove in the centre completed the furnishings. Severe simplicity indeed, scarcely more than has nourished illustrious characters in history.

To just this little humble school-house, when scarce five and a half years old, I came, tripping down the hill, hand in hand with my sister, in high glee that I had become so advanced in life. It was yet very early in the fall ; the wild flowers had not all faded, and I plucked them along the

way "for my teacher." No lark was happier that morning or sang more gleefully than I in my delight. The sun never seemed so bright, and the birds never sang so gayly; but alas! my good grandmother's fears of "high heels" proved true, and my joy was soon turned to grief. A "horrid mean" stone tripped me, and I fell, soiling my hands and clean white apron, and I came into school with head hung down and blushing face.

Then I felt sure that those great boys were staring at me, and I was afraid to lift my eyes. All too soon the tears came, and increased to pitiful childish sobs. Nothing would comfort me: no words, no pictures, and my first day ended with a sorrowful returning home. I poured out all my griefs to my dollies, told them just how those ugly boys treated me, and they looked very indignant, and gave me all the sympathy I desired.

Quite soon I went again, and this time the big girls took me under their protecting wing, gratifying me much by their attention, so that I soon grew to love school, and to feel badly when the weather or illness kept me at home.

How well I remember the innocent sports of those days; the rocks just in the school-yard, where we took our lunch and held grand feasts; the princes and princesses that graced our table; the sumptuous banquets that we prepared! Then we had such good times gathering the wild strawberries in the fields near by, and the whortleberries in their time. Then the frost came, and opened the chestnut burs; there were the glossy brown nuts to gather. But the best fun came with winter. The hills resounded with the shouts and laughter of the school children as they whizzed over the glassy surface, making quite a fantastic scene with their gay-colored scarfs and hoods.

It was all pleasure then; and now, when years have passed and cares have come upon me, and each day I look into the faces of just such happy children, whose various temperaments, queer remarks, and puzzling questions perplex me, my thoughts so often go back to my own childhood days, and my heart goes out in sympathy towards them as they go through the "how-I-was-educated" period of their lives.

Chancing to be of a summer near my early country home, I was permitted to revisit the "scenes of my childhood," to look again upon the

little school-house, still unchanged through so many years. As of old, I travelled the familiar road, crossed the little bridge, with its gurgling stream beneath, passed the country farm-houses, where again and again a kind face had appeared with its hearty "Good morning, little girl"; then a quick descent of Diamond Hill led to the dear old school-house, just the same, with its steps and chimney, its uncurtained windows, its rough walls; the same rocks, the same trees shaded it; there were the very whortleberry fields, and there the little brook, where we filled our cups with pure cold water. The winter winds and storms have left their weather-beaten tracks upon it, but still it opens its doors each morning to the country children who are forming there just the associations which linger so sweetly in my memory.

B. W. G.

THE FATE OF A FLOWER.

FAR away in a corner of the great green-house the rosebud rejoiced in the sunshine and warmth. Daily it grew in strength and beauty, and at last the gardener plucked it. The poor rose sorrowed bitterly, but held up its proud head as it was placed carefully in the white paper and handed to the boy. Several times on the way home the lad looked in on the beauty, and at last wrapped it warmly in his thick coat.

Its head began to droop, and soon it was unconscious. A few hours later it heard a sweet voice say, "Oh, my beautiful rose has revived; how pretty it is!" and before the rosebud realized who had spoken it found itself the centre of an admiring group.

"What are they saying? Am I going to a real party?" Yes, it was going to a party, and it grew happier each moment as it found itself on the way.

It arrived at last. Everything was new and strange; but how pleasant it all was — to be carried by the loveliest lady at the ball! it seemed a very charm.

Suddenly it heard a voice say, "Beware, Miss Rosebud! life is not what it seems." Looking around, it discovered an old companion, a faded chrysanthemum.

"Thank you," returned Miss Rosebud, haughtily; and off it was whirled among the merry dancers.

"What is my lady saying?" thought the rose-

bud. "I must listen sharply. Did I not hear my name?"

"I will keep it always," said an earnest voice; and the poor rose trembled, for it knew then that it would never again adorn the fair lady. The hours flew on, and the rosebud found itself being carefully laid away in a little book of poems. How its pride fell!

The morning came, and again it heard voices — two deep voices. Miss Rosebud had heard them both the evening before. She remembered that her lady had danced with their owners, and each had whispered tender, loving words to her. Now one said, "She is pretty, no mistake about that; but she has not one spark of sincerity." "No," said the other. "How much did she mean last evening when she gave me the rose, and said, with that smile, 'For you, and only you'?" An hour later I heard her tell Jack, in the most concerned manner possible, that she had lost her flower, and could not imagine when or where she had dropped it."

And so the conversation went on. What did they mean? Could it be that her lady was untrue? And why did they speak when with her of her charms, and then with scorn when she was absent?

At last the rosebud slept — slept, never to wake again; died, repeating softly to herself, "No, life is not what it seems"; and yet its "companion rose on the stem" at the green-house was the very one of which McDonald afterward wrote: "It had the highest honor ever paid to any flower: two lovers smelled it together, and were content with it."

'89.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

SUCH is the title applied to Seattle, the city of Puget Sound. It is a city of perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants and wonderful activity.

Possessing one of the finest harbors in the world, and being the terminus of the Northern Pacific R. R., its ultimate size can scarcely be estimated. At present, Seattle occupies the sides, summit, and base of a hill three hundred feet in height, and a mile in length, and of wonderful steepness. Real estate brings fabulous prices, lots twenty-five feet front selling from \$10,000 to \$25,000. The old buildings are mere shells, but

fine brick blocks are being rapidly erected, and occupied as soon as finished. There are six churches, representing the Catholic, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Unitarian, and Episcopal denominations. The saloons are said to number two hundred and ninety. There is *one* hotel of first-class pretensions, namely, the Occidental.

At the termination of Noah's flood, the water supply above Seattle was not shut off, consequently it has rained ever since. The sun is visible twelve times a year. There has been one day's sleighing since my arrival, and sleighs and snowballs flew incessantly while the snow lasted. Every one who dared venture out was snowballed without mercy, regardless of age, sex, or previous conditions of servitude. The snow, ten inches deep two days since, has entirely disappeared. The streets are filled with roughs, who hoot and howl at the feeble Salvation Army, which, however, holds a meeting every night. These meetings are very late, from the fact that the leaders of the Army are cooks, and must finish their day's work before attending to the souls of their benighted brethren.

Altogether, Seattle is a typical live town, busy, dirty, jolly, immoral, and of the going-away-next-week aspect characteristic of Leadville. School teachers, clerks, musicians, etc., throng the place, and are unable to obtain work, while house servants cannot be had for love nor money. I have not been able to utilize my knowledge of shorthand; in fact, have seen but few persons who know what it means. Alas! we sadly lack the culture and learning which are acquired at Lasell.

BELLE ANDERSON.

LASELL IN EUROPE, 1888.

THE elegant circular, which is descriptive of the tour planned for our girls this summer, is out, and the promises there made are rich and comprehensive. If any of you want to go, it will be difficult to find a more attractive programme for the time allowed.

The date of sailing has been changed to June 16, by Cunard steamer "Pavonia," from Boston. The trip will include the following places, in about the order given, allowing time in each for a good view of the principal attractions, carriage

rides often, the best hotels, first-class everywhere on the cars and steamer, three meals a day; in fact, the very best of everything, everywhere, and good company all the way. We land at Liverpool about June 25, thence to London, Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Cologne, the Rhine, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Munich, Linz, the Danube, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, Milan, Lake Como, Lugano, Locarno, St. Gothard Pass, the Rigi, Lucerne, Brunig Pass, Brienz, Giessbach, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Lausanne, Vevay, Martigny, Tetenoire Pass, Chamouni, Geneva, Paris London, Melrose, Abbotsford, Edinburgh, Stirling, the Scottish Lakes, Glasgow, returning to Liverpool and sailing for home on 30th of August, by the Cunard Line.

Circulars and details furnished on application, which should be made very soon in order to secure choice rooms on the steamers.

Address, W. T. SHEPHERD,
Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE address sent to the Crown Prince from Berlin on the occasion of his thirtieth wedding anniversary contained no less than 180,000 signatures. It was most sumptuously gotten up, in a rich leather binding studded with precious stones, and artistically ornamented, the cover bearing the initials "F" and "V," surrounded by the imperial and municipal coat-of-arms.

THE new Chinese treaty, it is understood, absolutely prohibits the importation of Chinese laborers into this country. It permits any Chinaman who has made the United States his home and has acquired possession of property valued at \$1,000 to visit China and return. This feature is expected to arouse the opposition of the Pacific Coast senators.

THE Italian, Austrian, and English governments have replied to Russia's proposals touching Bulgaria. They concur in the opinion that Prince Ferdinand's position is illegal, but they decline to take steps likely to disturb the peace of Bulgaria.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the opening of an "Irish Village" in London, for the

purpose of exhibiting Irish products in process of manufacture. The exhibition will be held in the site of the late Japanese Village, in connection with the Irish and Scotch cottage industries, and will be made under most distinguished patronage.

THE negotiations between France and Italy for a treaty of commerce have been put off.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE sun crosses the equator, and spring begins on March 19 at 11 P. M.

WHAT is believed to be a meteorite has just been dug out of the ferry harbor of Hokjobing, in Denmark. The stone, which weighs about half a ton, was found in soft mud, and no other stones were near it. It is very dark in color, contains iron, and is of unusual weight for its size, the work of moving it being very laborious. It has now been blasted into pieces, which will be examined scientifically.

THE terrible lessons taught by the railroad horrors of the past year have taken hold upon the public mind, as evinced by the safety-heating devices now flooding the market, designed to prevent fire in case of accident. A Chicago man has brought the proverbial Yankee ingenuity to bear upon the subject, and has evolved an indestructible stove. The stove was tested by dropping it from the top of a seven-story building into the street. It was not quite so symmetrical as before, but otherwise uninjured.

IT has been estimated that the amount of water passing into the Lake of Geneva is about eighteen hundred cubic feet per second. At this rate it would require about fifteen years for the river to fill with water the basin occupied by the lake.

ART NOTES.

THE panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, now on exhibition in New York City, is the third painted by M. Philippoteaux, who considers it the greatest effort of his life. Unlike the first two, it was painted in America, and is consequently more thoroughly American in its character. The portraits of the principal officers were in some cases studied from life.

MR. THOMAS NAST, who has lately visited Colorado, has been honored by having a hitherto

nameless peak called after him. Mt. Nast is on the Colorado Midland Railroad, and is a commanding feature of the Pike's Peak route.

THE late Mrs. John Jacob Astor left a collection of old lace which she herself had gathered, buying most of the pieces in France and Italy, between 1845 and 1855. It is valued at between \$40,000 and \$50,000, and has been presented by Mr. Astor to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE Lick Monument to Frances Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," designed by N. W. Story, at Rome, has arrived at San Francisco.

MUNKACSY'S latest work is a gigantic composition for the adornment of the ceiling of the Historical Museum of Arts, at Vienna, to represent the Apotheosis of the Renaissance.

AN exhibition of rather unique interest is the collection of drawings and engravings, some 350 in number, by Hamilton Gibson, the well-known magazine contributor and illustrator. The exhibition will open in the American Art Galleries, March 14, to continue a week, and to conclude with a sale.

THE painting by Henry Orne Rider, called "Anxious Moments," which has been on exhibition at Williams & Everett's, in Boston, is now in the Seminary again. Four new water colors by the English artist, Thompson, have been recently added to the collection. Three of them are marines. The fourth is a scene in Epping Forest.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

WAGNER came well to the front during the recent season of German Opera in New York, one half of the works presented having been by him.

A FEW days ago Manager H. O. Abbey signed a contract with the father of Josef Hofmann, the wonderful boy pianist, by the terms of which the lad will give one hundred concerts, under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, next season. The new series will *begin* in October, and the tour will include this country, Mexico, Havana, and the large cities of Canada. The present Hofmann season will close in San Francisco next May. The boy will not return home at

the close of his engagement, as originally contemplated. He is delighted with America, and is looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to his summer's vacation. His sister will be sent for, and the family will take a cottage in some quiet place in the White Mountains, where they will spend the summer months.

BERLIN has just named a street in memory of Richard Wagner.

JENNY LIND'S teacher, Herr Berg, who is 86 years of age, still gives lessons in London.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A W. C. T. U. has been organized at Huntsville, Texas. This is the only Christian association in the city or in that section of the country.

THE National Union has been organized twelve years.

SAM JONES never misses to pour in hot shot for prohibition. At Lakeside, the other day, he told his audience of four thousand people: "To say prohibition does not prohibit in Atlanta is one of the Devil's blackest lies. I'll give any one of you fifty dollars for every drink you can buy in my town; and if you are 'short,' and would like to try it, I'll pay your fare down there. I've been making this offer for nigh unto two years, and had to pay only fifty dollars as yet. But I got the worth of my money out of that fifty dollars, for the fellow who won it had to come into court and swear he bought the whiskey, and where he got it, and we have the fellow who sold it in prison."

EXCHANGES.

THE minds of the different college editors must all be very great, if running in the same channel has anything to do with it, as there is always some article or bit of poetry which seemingly enjoys the favor of all; sometimes a really good thing, often a nonsensical jungle. A few charming verses, entitled "Identity," from the *Advocate*, have recently enjoyed popular favor, and, not to be altogether behind the times, we give the last verse:—

"Our actions on the world's stage tend
To find a mark, to reach an end;
Yet in the broad immensity
Of life — itself a tossing sea —
They seem to lose identity."

It is quite enough of a task to publish a paper once a month, and when the proof-sheets are really in, what a load is off the poor little chief's mind, — that is, for about a week until next month's work imperiously demands attention; but what will become of the boards of the *Varsity* and *North Western* is painful to contemplate. They each issue a weekly magazine upon a par with many of the monthlies. Looking, during the examinations, for a pardonable decrease in reading matter, we were most agreeably disappointed in both instances, as the papers have been, if anything, better than usual.

THE *Dartmouth* for this month, of course, is good, and the editorials particularly pointed; but could not at least two of those four pages of "Memoranda Alumnorum" be employed to better advantage?

WE walked into the room of one of our associates the other day, and seeing the *Phillipean* adorning the wall about six feet from the floor, inquired the "wherefore." She replied that the *Phillipean* needed elevating. Receiving the paper that evening, and glancing over its otherwise attractive pages, we thought it would be a good idea once in a while, say once a month, to start with, to have something, either an essay or story, in that paper.

THE *King's College Record* was laid down with regret, as the treat of reading its exceedingly interesting pages was over for this month, at least. The literary part of the *Record* is beyond criticism, and the only improvement that could be suggested is that the pink paper upon which the magazine is printed, although a very tasteful shade, is exceedingly trying to the eyes.

AMONG the numerous good things in the *Bates Student*, the article on "Nature and Art" is decidedly the best. As the author truly says, —

"Artlessness is the greatest of arts."

FEBRUARY 22.

THE fancy dress party which took place on the evening of the 22d was a grand success. The gymnasium was artistically trimmed, thanks to the industrious Seniors. Every one looked her best — or her worst. There was no half-way work about it.

George and Martha Washington received and gave a cordial greeting to all. A small boot-black was seated near the stately George, offering in a most engaging manner "A shine for only five cents."

Among the distinguished guests were two cow-boys fresh from the West, a Turkish princess from the East, and four darkies up from the South.

Night and day danced gayly together, and won the hearts of several cavaliers.

Gypsy queens planned happy futures for all.

John Alden and Priscilla, of Plymouth, gazed on the scene with prim disapproval.

A general, with his sword and buckler, endeavored to keep the girls in order.

All was going merrily when a bugle call was heard, and a band of travellers appeared, led by an organ-grinder and his monkey. The usual number of beggars and tramps followed. The Sutherland Sisters came last, with their flowing hair and dazzling complexion.

With music and dancing, the evening passed pleasantly, and it was not until the half past nine bell rung and darkness fell upon us, that we realized the fact that our revels must come to an end.

LOCALS.

"And the spring comes slowly up this way."

THE latest Leap Year greeting, "Ich liebe dich!" Call at No. 37 for translation and further particulars. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

WHY does Minneapolis object to the reading of the Bible in the public schools? Because it mentions St. Paul, and not Minneapolis.

"CHOICE BITS." *Professor*. — "Name some hot springs near the Sea of Galilee.

Young Attentive. — "Siloam."

Professor. — "By cool Siloam's shady rill!"

THE snow came with no moon. The moon came with no snow. The sleigh-ride never came!

"OUR sewing-machine has the very latest improvement: runs without a bobbin, has a tension instead."

BRILLIANT JUNIOR. — "Don't charge me with electricity: I intend to enter free."

"IN the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dress."

THE present officers of the Lasellia Club are as follows: President, Miss H. White; Vice President, Miss M. Raum; Secretary, Miss Lee; Treasurer, Miss Day; Critic, Miss Harris; Guard, Miss D. Fowler; Assistant Guard, Miss Reed; Executive Committee, Miss Mathews, Miss Gray, and Miss A. Gardner.

THE star of the ancient history class has set, and the brilliancy of the United States history class shines forth. Listen.

To say that we were delighted to have Judge Parks visit us again would be expressing but half of what is in our hearts. He gave us a half-hour's talk, and very short half-hour it was too! After dinner he held a little reception in the parlor for his old Lasell friends.

A LIST of pleasures: The Irving and Terry reading of Feb. 15 was enjoyed by many of the girls. The Waltham Watch Works were visited Feb. 27, and a few fortunate girls attended the N. H. S. drill on the 22d.

NIGHT by night that fiend of music
 Sat within her chamber small,
 Night by night the sounds came floating,
 Floating gayly down the hall,
 Till at last upon a midnight
 Came a knock upon that door,
 And that music-box was silenced,
 Silence kept forevermore.

THE Lasell method of teaching elocution is evidently not appreciated by the French. We have one Annex, why not have another in the shape of a lunatic "Institution"? It would save "some people's" feelings, to say the least.

ON the morning of the 22d, Prof. F. H. Bailey gave two lectures on astronomy. A large transparent globe of the heavens stood upon the platform, and the various constellations of the northern and southern hemispheres were traced upon it. The first lecture showed the different positions of the earth in its daily and yearly revolutions. In the second lecture the reasons for the variations in length of day and night were explained. The lecturer ended by the poetry of the heavens as given by writers of all ages.

SOME one asks for a remedy for this irresistible desire to converse after 9.30 P. M. Every means has failed so far. We suggest a dose of Broma Caffine.

A VERY novel entertainment for Lasell was given by the S. D. Society, on the evening of March 10. It was a concert by the Wesleyan Glee Club, and all pronounced it "the event of the season." After the concert, the S. D.'s received in the parlors.

The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| PART I. | |
| 1. WEIMAR | <i>Liszt</i> |
| 2. LITTLE DOG | <i>Wesleyan Songs</i> |
| WHISTLE. | |
| 3. SEA HATH PEARLS* | <i>Camp</i> |
| 4. DAYLIGHT | <i>College Songs</i> |
| 5. MEDLEY | <i>Wes'yan songs</i> |
| 6. WALTZ | <i>Lamotte</i> |
| PART II. | |
| 1. OLD KING COAL | <i>Edes</i> |
| 2. TALE OF WOE | <i>College Songs</i> |
| 3. CREDO | <i>Glee</i> |
| 4. IN ABSENCE | <i>Buck</i> |
| 5. R. R. R. (25 cents) | <i>Paine</i> |
| 6. SCHNIDER | <i>College Songs</i> |
| SOLO, MR. GRIFFIN. | |
| 7. GOOD NIGHT | <i>Buck</i> |

WEDNESDAY evening, March 7, Rev. Francis Tiffany gave an interesting lecture on Venice.

IT was a kind thought of Mabel Williams to send a whiff of Florida's fragrant orange groves up into our New England March. We all enjoyed it, and send many a grateful thought to her, with regret for her loss from among us by this enforced vacation.

To My Girls:

Mr. Shepherd's itinerary for 1888 seems to me very desirable and delightful. It takes the cream of Central Europe.

The conductor who will be with the party from start to finish is one of the best in Europe. The Boston Cunard boats are the most comfortable on the ocean, and have the best people as passengers. Lasell people of recent years need no guarantee that Mr. and Mrs. S. will do all that is promised, and more. For those who do not know them, I offer my guarantee. I am getting too old to take young people over Europe. So go with Mr. Shepherd and take my blessing.

Your friend,
 C. C. BRAGDON.

AFTER the lecture:—

LEARNED DAMSEL.—"That man read the 'Rise of Venice' just as if it was the r-i-c-e of it."

ELECTRIC lights in the chapel, library, and halls.

* Composed for and dedicated to Wesleyan Club.

PERSONALS.

THE old girls were glad to have Lizzie Atwater with them again, though it was only for a few days. She spoke of her mission school. Oh, to be one of her scholars!

MISS JENNIE and Miss Jessie Flint came back to see their friends for a few days. It seemed like old times to see them with us, and we hope to see them again very soon.

MISS ADA LANGLEY made Lasell a little visit March 3.

MAMIE CONGDEN and her mother are spending the winter at Aiken, S. C.

WE see Sue Stearns here quite often. We are glad that she still remembers us.

THURSDAY, Feb. 16, was a red-letter day. Irene Sanford made a very pleasant little call. She looks well, and talks "prosperously." In the afternoon met Lena Tidd in the New York and New England station. The very same Lena. She, with her parents, returned in October, but is anxious to go again. She says Stella Toynton is in Europe yet, but Jennie Wilbur has returned. Just after, in Broad Street, Emma Cardell Clarke and her dear little girl: I guess she's six years old, I know she is a sweet-looking child. Emma is "keeping" well, and says Lou Barker Worcester is in Washington now, but soon to be back in Boston, when she promises to bring her out to see the "new Lasell."

SARAH BURK PROCTOR has returned from her home in England and settled at Millbury.

ANNA CURTIS BEAVER's little girl is called Olive.

BERNICE LANGWORTHY MCFADDEN, here in 1876, hopes soon to visit Lasell friends, for whom there is always a very warm corner in her heart. The number of her home in Baltimore is changed to 1611 John Street. Dear Mrs. Langworthy still cares for the two little children of Carrie Glover Langworthy, her daughter-in-law, but is in her old home in Dubuque, Iowa.

TWENTY pictures recently purchased for the Seminary have arrived here safely by Witte's agency from Berlin. They combine valuable originals by Professor Meyer, of Bremen; Stadmann, Tillnair, and Gall, of Munich; Graeb, Hoynet, Von Hafften, Kay, Schraybach, Hend-

rich, and Wilberg, of Berlin; also very valuable sepia drawings by Simeon, Fort, and Fritz, and a landscape by David Vinckelboore, a celebrated painter in the Netherlands. Further details will be given in the next number.

MR. HILL says that he has never enjoyed teaching at Lasell so much as he does this year.

MR. ALFRED HEMENWAY, our lecturer on law, has declined an offer of a seat on the Supreme Bench on account of the illness of his wife. The governor's tender of the honor was a surprise to him.

BERTHA MORRISON has met with a great loss in the death of her father, Mr. Robert Morrison, of Chicago, Ill. He died March 6, after an illness of four weeks. He was honored and beloved, commanded high respect as one of the sterling business men of Chicago, and his death will be widely felt.

SINCE October, May Clarke, in her home at Trappe, Md., has been in great sorrow, on account of the very distressing and hopeless illness of her father, who is now apparently lying at the point of death. Her many friends here desire to express their deep sympathy for her.

SOPHIE F. CRANDON, who was a Lasell girl in 1882, is now in Thomasville, Georgia.

MISS MAUDE NEWCOMB and her friend, Miss Day, made Lasell a little visit Feb. 13. Maude was very enthusiastic over the improvements made since she was here as a student, in 1879.

MISS LUFKIN is continuing art studies in New York.

MISS ALICE E. THAYER's many friends here rejoice in the good news that she is regaining her health. May we see her again at Lasell!

A FORMER Lasell girl, Miss Lula Devnell, was one of the sweet young ladies who tendered me such a beautiful compliment — to use Mrs. Cleveland's words — "at Jacksonville, Florida."

A bevy of these accompanied Mrs. Cleveland and the party to the receiving parlors and stood near her. "What did they wear?" Oh! Our girl wore "heliotrope ottoman silk, brocaded skirt, feather trimmings and diamonds," according to Jacksonville reporters.

HORA M. GREENOUGH, crayon artist, Beacon Street, Newton Centre. Miss Greenough has the

good wishes of Lasellians for her success in a work for which she has taste and talent.

MISS HELENA PFAU is attending school in New York.

KITTY YOUNGS is at her home in Summit, N. J., this being within convenient distance of New York. She is taking lessons there in music and painting.

PLEASANT letters have recently been received from Jessie Godfrey, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Albert L. Gould (Grace White), now of 194 Lark Street, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. E. W. Lewis (Nellie Parker), now of 186 Webster Street, East Boston, Mass.; and May Clark, of Trappe, Maryland. We are glad to hear you often think of the "old home," and when you find time to make the promised visit you may be assured of a hearty welcome.

MISS LIDA CURTIS is well and happy at her home in Hoboken, N. J.

MISS MABEL BLISS has been visiting friends in Boston. We are glad that she did not forget the Lasell friends, who are always ready to welcome her.

LAURA MUNGER is housekeeping at home, and continuing studies in German literature.

A LONG-CONTEMPLATED school album of autographs has at last been completed, and is open for examination by the pupils. It is naturally of especial interest to the classes in literature. We will not mention the names gathered. A number are well known to us all, loved and honored. Some English names of Shakespearian scholars, as F. H. Heard, F. G. Fleay, Daniel, Collier, Ingleby, and Staunton, are much less familiar. This book will help us to an acquaintance with them; and some German scholars also, as Elze, Leo, Schmidt, and Snider. For these and many others we are indebted to our Shakespearian teacher, Prof. W. J. Rolfe. Indeed, without his help the album could hardly have existed, and it is fitting to give thus publicly our grateful tribute of thanks to him.

MARRIED, in Providence, R. I., Feb. 22, 1888, Miss Jennie B. Goff and Mr. Frederick R. Martin. At home, after March 21, at 9 Princeton Avenue, Providence.

LASELL'S GRANDCHILDREN!

Will former pupils please send photographs of their children as may be convenient? We are making an album for the little folks. Write full name and date of birth on the back.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

SPRING vacation over, we find ourselves preparing work planned for the last term of the year. The end of that seemingly endless winter term has been reached. None but ourselves can realize how rapidly the days pass away here, without the least urging on our part. The adage, "Time waits for no man," comes upon us in a new and all too real light. We are constantly overcome with the thought of how little, on the whole, we have accomplished during the past months, and we blindly wonder how we are to cram our poor brains with the knowledge we covet in these few remaining weeks. There is food for much thought here.

An education is not an easy thing to acquire; the more we know, the better we realize how much there is that we do not know, and probably never will. If we can learn to seize all the opportunities offered to us now in our youth, during our school days, and to utilize our time to the best advantage here at Lasell, we will have taken some steps on the "royal road," and may never have to regret that we were too economical of ourselves and of the gifts given us.

It is not our minds alone we are called upon to train: "a true education consists even more largely in the training of the character and of the will than in book knowledge."

WE offer thanks from the bottom of our boots to the former editor for her bright suggestion of appointing a school poet. We acted upon that suggestion at once, and now that the poet really is, the entire school is thrown into a state of expectancy. What effusion this poet will bring forth first is the question which agitates us. It seems to be a generally established custom nowadays for every one to believe that, "In the spring a young man's fancy," etc.; and we are in a tremble, fearing a young woman may be taken

that way too. We have a superfluity of spring poetry on hand now, besides being almost ill from wading through poems of this sort published by our contemporary over the way.

We modestly ask our poet not to allow her feelings to be hurt if we beg her to overlook spring emotions, and breathe forth a theme sage, loyal, and inspiring, for the benefit of her breathless listeners. Breathe it soon, please, for we are thinking of forming a glee club, and are willing to put most anything to music.

A "LASSELL BATTALION" has been formed in our midst, and we are bursting with pride. Lasell, with her proverbial go-aheadativeness, has risen above others of her kind by adding this to the many attractions already offered. We have a wild desire to witness the battalion in full play; therefore we make our bow — a very low one this time — to the major and the several under officers, and beg that as soon as they get the companies or a company drilled down to a fine point they invite the editorial staff to a review of said company or companies. A pardonable curiosity on the staff's part will thus be gratified, and the whole *Battalion* brought into prominence. We purpose to make all their military accomplishments visible to the naked eye through the columns of our paper, if our desire is acceded to with good grace, and at an early date. If it is ignored, our vengeance will pour forth. We will cause the *Battalion* to languish and sink into insignificance. How? By the power of our pen, mightier than that of their best diamond-hilted sword. Attention!!

THAT PIN once more! We are going to adopt extreme measures if we have to say anything hereafter upon this already worn-out subject, excepting that we are the happy possessors of a Lasell pin.

When the last design was exhibited, we congratulated ourselves, thinking we had certainly hit it this time, but alas! Frankly, now, don't you think we have been rather hard to please in this matter and let too much responsibility rest upon one generous friend's shoulders? As a rule, we are pretty sensible here at Lasell, and once in a century or so do a neat thing, but in this instance

we have fallen short of the mark and exhausted even our own patience. Some of us, it is true, have spent a tremendous amount of thought upon this subject, — parts of sleepless nights racking our brains for designs, — parts of busy mornings in vain attempts to put upon paper the ideas which had bubbled up to overflowing during the night. Friends from afar have been asked to contribute to our happiness by forwarding original designs; in fact, we have thought of many ways to fill this common want. All useless, however; and what a thrilling sigh of relief we would heave if some one would *settle* the question!

The staff is now ready to receive any and all designs, without asking questions. If some one wants to make this festive body think life worth living, they have only to submit a sketch. If their efforts do not meet with our approval, it will be kept secret. The design will be carefully preserved, and later, when the donors' modesty permits, it shall be framed, and given a place high up in the Art Gallery. 'Think of the glory!

For ourselves, if we may be permitted to send our sentiments to print, we very much like the idea of a book in plain gold, but think the present design could be improved upon. The book could be made a prettier shape; it opens awkwardly. If the corners are rounded a little they will not be liable to catch upon everything catchable; otherwise they will be a source of annoyance. The lettering might be more elaborate — oddly shaped letters, etc., to give the general appearance of the pin a more finished look. If "Lasell" has to be engraved upon both leaves, in order to get the word on, perhaps it would look well engraved diagonally.

We do not like the idea of having both the *old* and *new* designs. As it is to be a pin for all Lasell girls past, present, and future, we would like the pin decided upon by the majority of the present Lasell girls to be the one worn as the "Lasell-pin" henceforth.

Any further information upon the subject will be imparted at special rates, furnished on application at the sanctum.

CONCENTRATION is the secret of strength in all management of human affairs.—EMERSON.

WE must apologize for an omission in the March number of the LEAVES. Through some carelessness, the concert by the *Wesleyan Glee Club* was barely mentioned. We do not understand this, as the concert was quite an event, and the so-called "novel" entertainment must have charmed the most prosaic soul among us. At the appointed hour, we dislike to say that the appointed hour was some twenty minutes later than was announced, for promptness is an admirable virtue in the eyes of Lasell girls, — the sixteen men composing the *Glee Club* passed through the gymnasium to the temporary stage. Finding the quarters there somewhat close, they proceeded, with a promptness not hitherto manifested, to remove the objectionable front row of chairs, and after a few more preliminaries the leader gave his head a graceful swerve, and the club rendered the first selection upon the programme with a vigor and charm which won them enthusiastic applause. The next selection, "Little Dog," a whistle, by Mr. Richards, was well received and much enjoyed. The far from woful "Tale of Woe," by Mr. Gill and the club, was rendered in such a charming manner that the audience insisted upon two recalls. Many songs followed these, all of which the club sang with pleasing effect. Their voices harmonized beautifully, and the men sang with a volume and precision most creditable, calling forth many encores. The solo, "Schnider," by Mr. Griffin, had been looked forward to with pleasant anticipation; and we were not disappointed: the noise he made would alone have been sufficient to win him an encore. We were unanimous in pronouncing that solo one of the gems of the evening. Our kind-heartedness alone prevented us from asking him to sing the rest of the evening:

After the concert the S. D. Society, with a few invited guests, retired to the parlors, where they had the gleasure of beaming upon eight of the Glee Club men, who beamed upon them in return. We were sorry not to have met the other eight, who, unfortunately, belonged to numerous church choirs in the vicinity of Middletown, and were obliged to hie away on the first train. We embrace the opportunity here presented to say that we received their "regrets," sent from South Framingham. Some may be interested to know that these

"regrets" were not things of beauty when they reached Lasell. Written upon the club's last, lone postal, with a soft pencil, and having travelled some distance, this postal, when it came to us, looked as if it had been through a spring freshet, and it took us several valuable seconds to decipher the letters. We mildly suggest that, even though the men were so financially embarrassed, they might have used some of the "above the average" college man's cheek, and borrowed a small amount of ink and paper. This is only some sisterly advice we offer.

After the reception we had the good fortune to again hear the voices of the club, in a serenade. We highly appreciated this generosity, and were loath indeed to hear the notes die away in the distance, as the members of the club wended their way to the hotel. The S. D. Society pronounced the concert a success that reflects great credit upon — the *Wesleyan Glee Club*. So be it!

A LASELL GIRL IN THE SOUTH.

AWAY down here in sunny North Carolina, far from Boston's literary delights and searching east winds, we are obliged to look for much of our amusement to mother Nature. A walk in the pine woods has always something new for those who watch a bird that comes with the spring and makes the woods echo with his clear, joyful notes. We must find out his name. But there is no mistaking the jolly robin redbreast, that hops so cheerily about, almost at our feet. He is not a new-comer, though, for he spends his winter here, like a sensible bird; and the climate must agree with him, for such a fat robin was never seen in the North.

Perhaps you have never been walking serenely along in some quiet wood path, steeping yourself in the warm piny sunshine, and suddenly, without any warning, found yourself surrounded with a cloud of brown rushing forms, that flew away with a loud whir-r whir-r, that made your heart stand still from fright. Nothing but quails; but we are not sportsmen, and the sensation was decidedly novel.

One day it occurred to me that house plants would flourish finely in our south window, so I began to experiment with various seeds and some bulbs. But it took so long for all these things to

grow, that I determined to call on a "pore white" family that lived "beyond the hill," and ask for some geraniums.

The house was built in the real Southern style: walls made of rough boards, unpainted, and put together so carelessly that I could actually see daylight through the cracks in the opposite side!

Not a window, of course, for the wide-open door furnished the ventilation and light not supplied by the cracks aforesaid.

By the way, no matter how cold or stormy the weather may be, a true Southerner never closes the door. A bigger fire is kept in the great smutty fireplace, and the family gathers round, not minding how cold their backs are, if their faces are fast toasting into a glowing red.

As I went through an opening in the rail fence and up to the little shed-like room that contained the basin and dipper that were used in the morning ablutions of the whole family, I could look into the kitchen and see the young wife as she sat on a little stool near the door.

A pretty, black-eyed young woman she was, not more than twenty years old. If her fine black hair had not been drawn so tightly back from her low forehead, and if her strong teeth had not been disfigured by the "snuff-dipping" that she, like most of the country women of her class, indulges in, one would not have wished for a more comely little creature.

She was dressed in a gown of drab homespun, faded and much darned, but very clean.

"How-dy," she said, as I came up to the door. "Come in and hev a seat. How's yer folks? We've hed right smart er damp weather lately, hev n't we?" Her voice was low and sweet, but she drawled a good deal.

As I sat down in the little inner room — there were only two — I could not help wondering why so much space was wasted in that enormous chimney, which was in itself a room, large enough for two children, besides the fire. The room was furnished with beds mostly, though there was a chair and a table, both home-made. There were two beds — one little and one big — placed against the wall, so that at night the occupants could gaze through the cracks at the stars and moon. No lack of fresh air there!

The table was ornamented with a broken china

mug filled with a bouquet of faded red paper flowers.

Mistress Spain sat on the large bed, with her arms folded.

"Thear's er heap er geranums thar," she said, when I made my request. "Fred knows how tuh make um grow. Will ye come out tuh see um?"

So I went with her through the crowd of hens that gathered around, clamorous for food, to the back of the yard, where, in a pit several feet below the surface of the ground, the plants were kept.

Beautiful ones they were, not only geraniums, but many choice varieties of roses, and other plants that I did not know.

"Heah's ez many ez ye kin tote, I reckon," she said, as she climbed up with her arms full of green things. I "reckoned" so, too, as I took the plants from her, and started homeward.

As I reached the road, a very lean gray kitten, with great, bulging, yellow eyes, and a tail without any hair on it, rubbed herself up against me, as if asking me to take her up. Poor cat! I'm afraid she did n't flourish on hoe-cake, or whatever she was fed with in the Spain mansion.

On my way, the plants grew so heavy that I sat down to rest, and was entertained for a whole half-hour by some pigs that were grunting and squealing about in search of roots. There was one full grown, and a half a dozen little yellow ones, that would have made Charles Lamb shed tears, they were so very, very thin. No wonder they are so, poor things, turned loose and obliged to roam the woods in search of food, which is not abundant after the persimmons season is over.

But it was n't long before the pigs betook themselves to fresh hunting grounds, and I took up the plants and picked my way back over the hill by a "short-cut," which is, after all, not much shorter than the road, being covered with the long, matted grass, which is yellow at this season, but which grows green again in the summer time.

This town in which I am spending such a pleasant winter is a new health resort, in which you may be interested; not because you need to visit such a place, but because it was founded, and caused to grow and flourish largely by the influence of Mr. Goodridge, formerly teacher of Greek and Latin at Lasell.

When he came here, three years ago, there was only one house in the place; now the town bids fair to become one of the most desirable health resorts in the South. There are two hotels, a school-house, a town hall, and many neat, new houses are being built.

The climate is charming; instead of the cold storms and winds of the North, we have a warm, dry air, bright sunshine, and a soil that is never muddy, (can't you realize the delights of that, you girls who have just come from a day's shopping in Boston town?) not even after the heaviest rain-storms.

The long-leaf pines, so celebrated for their curative properties, grow abundantly here; and there is a plentiful supply of pure soft water.

I have often wished that New England could be gently taken up some stormy night when it was fast asleep and carefully set down in this delightful State of North Carolina.

Amid the many favorable conditions, it would soon surpass itself. Boston would be more than ever the Athens of America, and Johns Hopkins would send its professors to Lasell to take a special course!

MARY E. COE,
Southern Pines, N. C.

SANITARY SCIENCE.

As a corollary to the interesting lectures on sanitary science, a few of our number gladly accepted the kind offer of Mr. French, Lasell Seminary's master plumber, to inspect, under his guidance, the fine, new residence of Mr. Young, the fitting of which has been done by Mr. French.

On March 8 sixteen of us, after a pleasant ride of half an hour, reached the beautiful hill on which stands the house, where Mr. French was waiting to escort us over the building.

First to the cellar, where the drainage and ventilation were explained; then to the upper rooms, where the water supply and bath and water-closet system were illustrated. We were at liberty to ask as many questions as we chose, and I am sure we all learned something. We wish to extend to Mr. French our sincere thanks for his kindness in giving us the opportunity of learning so much about one of the most essential parts of a house.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP.

WEDNESDAY afternoon, March 28, was a long one to the Lasell girls who were waiting impatiently for the time to come to start for Washington. How glad we would have been to have had some of those long minutes at our disposal on our trip, for the time went only too fast! When we reached Fall River we found that it was very foggy, and our faces darkened as we thought of the possibility of seeing Washington from under umbrellas. 'T was only for a moment, however,—Lasell girls are not given to worrying,—and we settled ourselves on board the "Pilgrim" and enjoyed ourselves.

Some outside friends and old Lasell girls joined us on the way, and when we left New York the next morning we numbered over thirty. Every day of our stay in Washington was like the first, which gave us a most delightful impression of the city; it was bright and sunny, and so warm that sealskins were decidedly below par. After lunch at the Ebbitt House we went to the Capitol, were shown into the House of Representatives, and heard Nelson, of Minnesota, speak on that entirely new and novel question, the Tariff. One of the girls seemed to be peculiarly affected by this speech, perhaps because he mentioned Wisconsin, her native State; at any rate, she walked out of the gallery, leaving her pocket book, containing about ninety dollars, on the floor. She had a good scare, but happily it was only a scare, for thanks to the husband of an old Lasell girl it was returned the day before we came away.

Next morning we had a delightful carriage ride around the city, then took the steamer for Mt. Vernon. It is needless to say that we enjoyed ourselves there: the old home of our first President, with its quaint furniture and relics, is so interesting, and the view across the Potomac very beautiful. Going back we saw Fort Washington again, and the church attended years ago by George Washington was pointed out to us in the queer old city of Alexandria. Carriages were waiting for us in Washington, and we continued our drive of the morning.

Saturday, to the Treasury in the morning, and then to the Corcoran Art Gallery. Many lin-

gered before "The Vestal Virgin," "A Helping Hand," and "Charlotte Corday"; and we sighed that we had no more time to spend there. We went to the National Museum in the afternoon, and many of the girls had callers in the evening.

Sunday was a perfect Easter Sunday. We went to church in the morning, some to the Metropolitan and others to the Foundry Church. In the evening Mrs. Shepherd took us out to Mrs. Somer's school, where we heard Miss Frances Willard speak. We spent a very pleasant evening, and were charmed with both Mrs. Somers and the young ladies.

Monday, we went to the Patent Office, hurriedly looked through the one room open to visitors at the Dead Letter Office, then to the Pension Office, and from there to the Capitol. We went first to the Supreme Court room, and were present at the impressive opening of the session. Judge Miller, of Iowa, presided, as he is the senior judge, and no one has been appointed as yet in place of the late Chief Justice Waite. Many prominent men were pointed out to us in the Senate, and we were there when the bill granting Mrs. Logan's pension was passed. In the afternoon, after a look—a rather savage look, I fear—at the crowd between us and the White House doors, that made our chance of seeing the President a small one, we turned away, and consoled ourselves with a drive to Arlington, the old home of Gen. Lee. It is a most beautiful place, on a high hill overlooking the Potomac.

It was a sleepy party that took the seven-o'clock train for New York the next morning. We awakened though when we found that Pundita Ramabai, the high-born Hindu woman, of whom we have heard so much, was on the train. We saw her, and heard her talk, and Mrs. Shepherd thinks that she may speak to us at Lasell some time soon.

In New York we met Helen Pfau, Elizabeth Brownell, Sue Stearns, and Harrie Joy. We saw and admired the famous painting by Makoffsky, "Choosing the Bride," and then went reluctantly to the boat. It bore us out past the statue of Liberty, under the Brooklyn Bridge, to Fall River, and almost before we knew it we were on our way out to Auburndale. We could not tell Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd how much we had enjoyed our

trip, but we hope they understand. Let no Lasell girl hesitate when trying to determine how to spend her spring vacation, for a week in Washington with the Lasell party will never be regretted.

M. L. B.

CHARLES READE.

SINCE Charles Reade's death, some of the critics tell us that his works have always been much more widely known in America than in Europe. They also kindly tell us that this fact is not due to America's inability to discriminate between first and second class literary merit, but that it is due—at least so far as England is concerned—to two comparatively superficial causes. One of them is found in the character of Mr. Reade himself. To a wonderful energy of genius and temperament he added a more than feminine susceptibility to criticism. "With a faith in his own capacity, and an admiration for his own works such as never were surpassed in literary history, he could yet be rendered almost beside himself by censure from the obscurest critic in the corner of the poorest provincial newspaper. There was no pen so feeble that it could not rouse him into a fine frenzy." He replied to every attack, and discovered a personal enemy in every critic. Therefore he was always quarrelling, always attacking or being attacked, always doing his utmost to prevent the public from appreciating or even recognizing the genuine worth of his strange and paradoxical character.

The other reason urged is, that during the early part of his career he wrote in one of the popular London weekly journals which corresponds somewhat to the New York *Ledger*. He worked boldly then and did his best; and, moreover, he put his own name to the work. Perhaps that signature was his only literary crime. Any way, it is urged that because of it the London press has always been inclined to regard him as an author of the class "whose genius supplies weekly instalments of sensation and tremendously high life to delight the servant-girls and the errand-boys of the city."

Doubtless the facts adduced by these critics are such as would have more weight in England than in America; but, all prejudices put aside, there must be some common standard by which both England and America can judge of Mr. Reade's

literary excellence. Neither country will be satisfied with those qualifications alone which seem to mean so much to some of his friends, *i. e.*, that he was of good English family, a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, a man of culture and scholarship, and that his reading — especially his classical acquirements — was far wider and deeper than those of Thackeray.

Perhaps no writer of equal eminence has shown the character and principles of his genius so clearly from the very start. He has created no characters and uttered no thoughts that are not found in his earliest books,—“Peg Woffington,” “Christie Johnstone,” and “Cloister and the Hearth.” All his more recent works, and they are many, are crude and rough in comparison with these, and ought to have led up to them instead of succeeding them. After these first three works, Reade began to devote himself to exposing his or that social and legal grievance calling for reform. The treatment of criminals in prison and in far-off penal settlements became his favorite topics. “He converted parliamentary blue-books into works of fiction.” He took hard and naked facts as he found them in some newspaper and so blended them with other material that it is hard to tell which is fiction and which reality.

He thus sums up his aim in the last sentence of “Put Yourself in His Place”: “I have taken a few undeniable truths out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction — which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts — comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live.” The little touch of unconscious self-glorification is just as characteristic of Reade as in the aim.

Most of the scenes he described, in England at least, have in some way been a part of his own experience. He did actually bestir himself in the case of a person whom he believed to be unjustly confined in a lunatic asylum as energetically as does Dr. Lampson in “Hard Cash,” — and with a like result. He is tremendously in earnest, and evidently works often on the theory that the end

justifies the means — so far as novel-writing is concerned. His enthusiasm runs away with him, and he lays himself open to the charge of seeking outside the limits of art for the means of moving his readers, of casting probability to the winds, and riding wildly over all the laws of circumstance. These censures have a good foundation. He is occasionally coarse, as in “Griffith Gaunt”; but he is never immoral, unless, as one says, it is immoral for an author to let people commit sin, and yet not be eaten by lions or bodily carried down below, like Don Juan.

The island in “Foul Play” is, perhaps, as good an illustration as we could give in defending the justice of the second charge, — that of casting probability to the winds. That island is, throughout its length and breadth, an impossible island. The way in which it develops “A place for everything and everything in its place” is at times simply laughable. Yet we enjoy it all, for, throughout the whole story, we border so near the impossible that degrees of the improbable don’t count.

Mr. Reade’s repertoire of character is limited. He has one magnificent woman, full of noble instincts, and much sinned against. She is his delight, and he cannot too often reproduce her. His other woman is a simple, loving, feminine creature, who is for a time the rival, and finally the conqueror and friend of the first. Between these women he has a fondness for placing a weak often contemptible, man. This grouping is seen conspicuously in “Peg Woffington” and “Griffith Gaunt.” The circle is small, but it offers scope for many dramatic and effective contrasts.

Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and Kate Gaunt are types of his first woman. They are powerful and brilliant, ready to do and dare at any hazard for the right; but at the same time, “they are not above the deception of society, or those benevolent tricks which a fertile imagination suggests for the management and well-being of others.”

Each is perfectly true to her surroundings and to her age. Their costume is varied with all the skill of consummate art; they think as becomes their different stations and times, without the slightest confusion of identity; and yet they are one.

Mabel Vane and Mercy Vint are types of his

other woman,—the meek, sweet, blue-eyed creature from the country. They suffer, but their sufferings are not so deep that they cannot be gauged by copious falls of tears. The fly leaf to a library copy of "Queechy" bears the statement that Fleda weeps two hundred and fifty-six times, by actual count. The tears that Mabel and Mercy shed are not of the kind that are reducible to mathematical computation. They are quiet and "Aprilly,"—the sort that lays the mental dust, and makes moving on a delight to all concerned.

If, now, we turn to Mr. Reade's men, we are tempted to ask whether he purposely uses one class of them to work out a theory of woman's rights all his own, or whether it is mere accident that always places his weakest, most craven man as a foil to his noblest, most heroic woman.

One of his favorite heroes is a "Bayard-Crusoe Combination," like Henry Little and Capt. Dodd. He gives us also the rough, eccentric character, Dr. Lampson or Dr. Arboyne, whose principal business is to help the people of the book through all their trials and tribulations.

His villains stray so far from their intended sphere that they represent almost the only comic element in the book.

His characters are all sketchy; they are phases rather than beings. He groups them artistically, and arranges them in many fine dramatic situations; but he does not give them a sustained life, simply because he does not know them and their needs. He has the idea—borrowed from old-fashioned novels rather than from the life around him—that the close of a book must leave all the characters happily situated, no matter if the progress of the book has shown every possible reason why they should not and can not be happy. This circumstance alone would keep him from ever being a really great novelist; but in addition to this, all the higher gifts of imagination and all the richer veins of humor have been denied to him. "He is simply a powerful story-teller, with a manly purpose in every tale he tells." F.

FOREIGN VISITORS.

MR. and Mrs. E. M. Walsh, from Paia Mani, Hawaiian Islands, with a sister of Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. E. C. Damon, of Honolulu, visited Lasell this week to call on Miss Mary G. Beckwith. It

was a great treat to her to see these cousins from her far-off home. They went about the school, noticing its many advantages and seeming much interested. It was gratifying to meet people of their intelligence straight from those interesting islands, which so few of us are likely to visit, who speak from personal knowledge of the changes which are taking place in their midst. As a sample of the advance of the country during the last fifty years, Mr. Walsh presented to Mr. Bragdon a large silver coin of the realm, a coin of 1883, bearing upon one side the head of King Kalakaua, on the other the national coat-of-arms, and above it the motto, "The life of a nation is preserved by righteousness." To this Christian standpoint these islands have come in the growth of years.

Speaking of coins, Mr. Bragdon had another gift of a coin, this time from Miss Emma M. Barnum. This small but heavy silver piece was picked up in Turkey, and belongs to the time of Alexander the Great. It is battered and unshapely, but its inscriptions well deserve the attention of the curious student of numismatics. One side we cannot explain; the other has the head of Jupiter Ammon, and is marked, "*Basilons Alexandro.*" There are also Greek signs for the different countries subjugated by the great conqueror, the earth-born Jupiter of that time.

A NEW BOOK ON TEMPERANCE.

WE wish to return thanks for a copy of *The Temperance Movement*, by Senator Blair, sent to us by the William E. Smythe Company.

The book is one that all prohibitionists will be glad to have in their libraries. The author touches upon all points involved in the temperance question in an earnest and thorough manner. The arguments he presents for a life of total abstinence are of the strongest. We find the book valuable not only for the interesting historic and scientific facts relating to the temperance cause which it contains, but also for the collection of full-page portraits of some of the most prominent workers in the temperance field.

This work will, no doubt, do much good, and, quoting Miss Frances Willard, "Be to the Grand Army of the Temperance Reform what Gen. Grant has been to the Grand Army of the Republic."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE London *Globe* says: "It is comforting to find that the boiling-point of 'alylenedichloridibromide' is 190°, while that of 'methylchloridibromphopylcarbinylchloride' is something between 140° and 145°."

NATURAL gas furnishes all the stimulant that is needed in Northern Ohio and Indiana.

A story is now being circulated of a man who is able to detect the presence of natural gas by virtue of the muscles in the back of his neck. His name is J. S. Booker, and comes from no one knows where. His story is simply, that on recovering from an attack of the asthma he found the muscles of his neck very sensitive, and when passing over a vein of natural gas the electricity runs through his feet, up his legs, along his back, agitates his person, and knots up the muscles of his neck.

He has now placed himself in the hands of a manager and is successful. His terms are \$50 for the experiment, and \$500 if it proves a success.

THE State chemist of North Carolina has received a report of the discovery, by a Wilmington chemist, of a new oil and a process of obtaining it.

The oil is a hydrocarbon, vegetable in its nature, and can be made from waste paper, woods, etc. It is non-explosive, gives a strong, brilliant light, and is a splendid lubricant for all kinds of machinery.

A SCHEME is under consideration in Mexico for tunnelling the volcano of Popocatapetl through the wall of the crater, in order to reach the immense sulphur deposits inside the mountain. A narrow-gauge railway is to connect the tunnel with the town of Amecameca, which, in turn, will connect with the Morelos road, leading to the national capitol.

A NEW loom is being constructed in Boston, and will soon be placed on the market in competition with other looms. It is the invention of Messrs. Samuel T. Thomas and his son, Winfield S. Thomas, both experienced in this work.

This new loom, embodying valuable and radical improvements, has been the product of much thought and experiment.

It is intended, not for any particular line of weaving, but for broad and narrow, fancy and plain weaving, and for both woolen and cotton

fabrics. It is claimed by the inventors that one of the most pre-eminent of practical advantages of the new loom is the easy motion of the harness, secured by certain devices, which are claimed to handle the tenderest fibre without breakage. Two of the looms are being built, and will be in working order in a month's time.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE prospects for the passing of the International Copyright Bill are exceedingly good.

THE Secretary of State has received a message from the United States Consul at Tangier, from which it is inferred that a satisfactory settlement of the trouble with the Moorish government will soon be reached.

THE new French Cabinet is officially announced. M. Floquet is Prime Minister, M. Gobbet is Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. de Freycinct Minister of War.

THE party in power in England seems to have been gaining in strength lately. Some of the Liberals who have been dissenting from the government policy are apparently more contented.

THE coronation of Emperor Frederic and Empress Victoria as King and Queen of Prussia is expected to occur at Konigsberg in June.

ART NOTES.

FOR some weeks German newspapers have spoken of the reconstruction of the group to which the Venus de Milo is supposed to belong. Since the year 1824, the incomparable Venus de Milo has been perhaps the greatest attraction of the Louvre.

It is said that the French ambassador at Constantinople, hearing that a wonderfully beautiful statue had been found at Milo, decided to offer it to his sovereign, Louis XVIII. The king, after gazing upon it for a long time, said: "That is a very beautiful object, gentlemen, and a masterpiece that deserves a home in our museum: let it be carried there immediately." But from that time until the present, the administration has been embarrassed, because it seems almost impossible to decide to what group the statue belongs. Then every incomplete statue was restored before the eyes of a sovereign were allowed to rest upon it.

The Venus de Milo was considered too exquisite, even in ruins, to cast aside, and it furnished abundant study to the most eminent archæologists.

The quarrels became so serious that the case was laid before Louis XVIII. He quietly listened to the pros and cons for the reconstruction of the statue, and answered, "I see you do not agree: therefore, do nothing."

"But, sire, she has no arms."

"Very well: leave her without arms." And because of Louis XVIII.'s order, Venus has remained armless until this day.

M. Ravaisson, for many years *conservateur* of the Louvre, is the best authority on the Venus de Milo, and he affirms that the German savant has only copied his idea of the reconstruction of this group. His statements are of the greatest interest. "For years," says the venerable man, "I believed, with De Clarea, *conservateur* of the Louvre during Louis XVIII.'s reign, that, because the statue inclined towards the right, a companion at the left would be possible. But during the war of 1870 I was obliged to conceal the Venus in a cellar, and after the siege I took it from its hiding-place and restored it to the Louvre. The humidity had injured the statue in a slight degree, and I saw that the Venus is composed of several pieces, and that of these the two most important were joined in the folds of drapery. More than that, these pieces were badly united, for a shaving of wood had been inserted, thus throwing the body towards the right. I photographed the statue in that pose, then removed the shaving, and, behold! the Venus in a natural position. Of course, I then wished to reconstruct the group. The Louvre possesses the finest male statue in existence, — that called in the catalogue the Achilles Borghese; but I believe it to be Mars. There are many groups where copies of this Mars are beside women in the same attitude as the Venus de Milo. I had devoted some time to sculpture, and asked from the government permission to use a corner of the Imperial riding-school for a studio. Then I made casts from the Venus and the Mars. I placed them side by side, restored the parts missing, and on the ground floor of the Louvre is my result: "Venus inviting Mars to lay down his arms, and to taste the joys of peace." The warrior hesitates; and it is this hesitation that in the statue called Achilles, has been translated

Melancholy. Look at Venus! she is made to be seen in profile; of that I am sure."

MISS DORA WHEELER is making a portrait gallery of American men of letters, all of her own painting. She has Mr. Lowell, Mr. C. D. Warner, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and Mr. Frank R. Stockton completed, and John Burroughs and Walt Whitman in the early stages.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BOSTON is pluming herself upon having been the first city in America to hear Cowen's "Ruth" and Wagner's "Early Symphony."

MADAME GERSTER has returned to the stage, but her former extraordinary voice has by no means returned with her. However, she gave much pleasure and was warmly welcomed.

AN exceedingly interesting article was published in the March *Century* upon some of Liszt's pupils, accompanied by a fine picture of the grand old master.

LITTLE HOFMANN can draw pictures as well as play the piano, and his last effort was, most appropriately, a view of a ruined abbey.

THE first of the series of piano-forte concerto concerts announced by Mr. B. J. Lang was given in Chickering Hall, April 3. A large audience was present and enjoyed an especially fine programme. Mr. Whelpley quite carried the house by storm in his playing of the "McDowell Concerto."

ROSSINI was born Feb. 29, 1792, being among those whose birthday falls upon the odd day in leap year.

AMONG the friends of Nilsson and Lucca, it used to be said in jest that these prima donnas were the two leading lights in a mutual-admiration society.

EXCHANGES.

MARCH brings to us several new exchanges to add to our already long list, and, notwithstanding the sameness, the March numbers are all good. Volapuk still holds vigorous sway in many; one of the best of our exchanges, the King's College *Record*, devoting five columns to that subject.

AMONG the more substantial exchanges this

WE have been told that a bore and a cooking lecture are synonymous. Another definition of a bore might be, one who insists upon talking of himself when you want to be talking of yourself.

THE military drill is rapidly progressing, under the supervision of Capt. Benyon. The officers elected are as follows: Major, Lina A. Jones; Adjutant, Grace W. Skinner. Company A: Captain, Lulie Hogz; Lieutenant, Sue J. Brown; First Sergeant, Elizabeth Campbell. Company B: Captain, Josephine Bogart; Lieutenant, Della Fowler; First Sergeant, Mary Beckwith.

IF young ladies wish to purchase wash lists at fairs, it might be well for them to mention whether they desire a gentleman's or lady's list.

THE two or three steps on the third floor near the linen-room should either be removed or a danger light placed there in the evening. Is the stumbling up these steps, by those meandering in the halls in the wee sma' hours, caused "by a tack" or by the want of tact?

WITH Easter came a bright, beautiful day. The girls who remained at the Seminary during vacation went into Boston to services.

ECHO BRIDGE was visited by some of those who remained at the Seminary at Easter time, and many attended the concerts at Newton, given by the Yale and Amherst Glee Clubs.

TEACHER OF SANITATION. "Can any one tell me the difference between an open fire and a stove?"

BRIGHT GIRL IN THE BACK SEAT. "Why, of course. There is a *grate* difference."

PERSONALS.

MARY HASKELL is visiting Helen Underwood in Chicago.

PROF. BRAGDON left, March 15, for New York, with his brother, who is *en route* for Europe.

WE hear that Ida Northrop, who was here in 1874, has married a widower, and lives at Sharon, Conn.

MRS. HATTIE LATHROP BAKER, formerly of Waterbury, Conn., is about to move to St. Paul, Minn.

MRS. ELLA STEADMAN FRANK and her husband have just returned from a five-months' trip abroad.

WE are happy to add to the list of Lasell girls since last term Miss Lucy Pennell, of Portland, Me., Miss Mary Packard, of Boston, Mass., and Miss Louise Harvey, of Chicago, Ill.

EDITH GALE has recovered her health and engaged a place for next year, if still well.

SALLIE HEAD has recently visited Clara White in New York. Clara is now very well.

WE hear that Lizzie Burnham is "very happy, as usual."

THE hearty congratulations of Lasell friends are hereby sent to Mrs. Emma Johnson Borden, in response to the little card,

"Bolden Lee Borden, March 15, 1888."

The address is 1434 S Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MR. CHARLES EBERSOLE, of Yale University, spent the Easter vacation with his sister Caroline.

MR. and MRS VAN HORN made their daughter Maud a short visit April 5.

CLARA BOWEN's mother was with her two or three days in April.

THE fathers of Helen White and Annie Gage were here the first of the vacation.

GERTRUDE IRVING CARY, now Mrs. Dr. Will O. Campbell, of 3137 Clifton Place, St. Louis, writes pleasant words for LASSELL LEAVES from her happy home.

SUSIE M. CORD made us a brief visit in Easter vacation. She hopes to join the Lasell European party as far as Dresden, where she will stay for some time with her aunt now there.

MARRIED in Detroit, Mich., April 11, Miss Minnie F. Pick and Mr. Horace J. Caulkins.

MISS LARRISON is having a comfortable year in Buffalo. She reports a pleasant visit from Miss Louisa Holman Richardson as she returned to Carleton this spring; that our old pastor, Dr. Bashford, is preaching fine sermons at the best M. E. church in B. (hope he will keep humble!); that Anna Baker had a grand wedding lately, and Jennie is fixing for another; that she saw Emma Russell in a store and Lizzie Whipple at the wedding!

ALICE MAGOUN is improving remarkably in health, having taken the "sudden start" she has so long threatened. We are very glad.

MARY BAILEY, our "May," of Danielsonville, Conn., is going to marry John W. Newell, at one o'clock, April 26. May the day be bright and the promises distinct!

WHAT *do* you think? Ida Sibley is *engaged* to Hattie Webber's brother. Good!

SEND THE BABIES!

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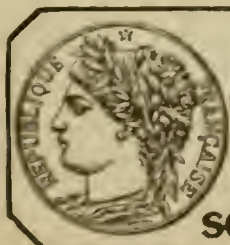
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WE have been fortunate in having the opportunity of listening to a number of very interesting lectures this term — a privilege we highly appreciated. The first course was given by Miss A. S. Scull, the former principal of a young ladies' school in Philadelphia. The subject was one almost wholly unexplored by us, and the lectures proved delightfully interesting, as well as beneficial.

The evening of April 12, Miss Scull devoted to "Events, Fabulous and Historic, which mark the unfolding of the Heroic Period; Dodona; the Trojan War; the Cycle of Œdipus; the 'Finds' at Mycenæ and Tiryns; Centres of Worship at Olympia, Delphi, and Athens."

The second lecture was given the next morning, and in this we learned much that was interesting concerning "The Shrines and Temples of Ancient Hellas."

The third and last lecture, treating of "The Footsteps of Athens," was listened to on the evening of May 12.

The many stereopticon views added greatly to the interest of the lectures, and made everything appear more realistic to us. We admired Miss Scull very much when we learned that she had procured most of the views herself, with the aid of an amateur photographer's outfit. We can see now that it would certainly be worth while to devote our spare moments to the study of photography, when one can achieve such satisfactory results with one's camera.

Miss Scull's work is truly worthy of praise; and we enjoyed very much the charming faces and views in the different cities which she kindly showed us. It is almost needless to say that Miss Scull would receive a warm welcome were she to visit us again.

The second course of lectures, on the evenings of April 25 and May 2, was given by Miss O. M.

Rowe. The subject chosen was "The Twelve Great Pictures."

On the first evening six of the pictures were shown to us, beginning with Titian's Assumption, and ending with Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. Each part of the paintings was very carefully and thoroughly explained, enabling us to get a clear idea of the whole. The pictures of the different artists were placed before us, and a short sketch of their lives given, so that we learned something of the painters of these masterpieces.

May 2, the lecture began with Leonardo da Vinci, and ended with Raphael.

Miss Rowe's lectures were beautifully written, and read in clear, pleasant tones, which held the attention of all.

ONE night we were seized with a mood most reflective, and, among other things, pondered over the report now current relative to a uniform dress for Lasell girls. After long-drawn-out contemplation, we wonder why this would not be a happy thing if carried into effect. How fine to have a costume for work, as nowadays we have for gymnastics, tennis, riding, etc. ! It would only be carrying out the modern idea of the correct thing, if we did do so. What a startling effect we would have upon each other, if some bright morning we should sail slowly—or *fastly*, as is usual—down the stairs to breakfast arrayed in an Oxford gown, or some costume with as intellectual a style about it. What a transformation ! The dining-room door could never have the bravado to swing shut just as we put our number nines on the last stair if such imposing figures confronted it. When we were seated, no one can tell what would take place ; we might forget ourselves, and greet each other in Siamese or Old Indian. (Siamese is here substituted for Volapük, in order to give that word a much-needed rest.)

If we possessed a gown consecrated to work alone, we would certainly have the advantage of being better equipped for work than ever before, and as a matter of course, *work*, setting all pleasure aside for the time being — !

Naturally, our first duty in the morning would be the discussion of breakfast, and, following the example of Gladstone, we might cheerfully give each mouthful at that meal the slow process — thirty-

two' chews — thereby gaining a digestion so good there would be no harm done if we ate anything set before us. We would continue doing everything in this admirably systematic manner during the day. No doubt the moment we assumed the wonderful gown there would be imbued into us a liking for study and school routine, most conducive to a learned mind ; a feeling which, to our knowledge, the majority of us have as yet never, never experienced. Some one tells us that clothing absorbs our thoughts, our moods ; and if this be true, no doubt our lessons are absorbed in their turn. If we wished to learn a lesson, all we would have to do would be to set our minds upon it, give the private residence of this particular lesson a slight poke to wake it up, and begin : all the knowledge stored away in the gown would come to our minds ; and how this *would* facilitate matters when once we were started on the right track !

Evening coming on, we would dress for a late dinner ; that over, go up-stairs and spend an evening of pleasant recreation ; all thought of tomorrow's lessons thrown aside with our working gown, and with nothing left to disturb our well-earned peace of mind, what an air of elegant leisure would pervade these classic walls ! Next day we would do as we had done the day before.

The uniform dress, with all its attendant advantages, may come before "Lasell's millennium," if the costume is not to be decided upon by the girls. We learn from the lamentable experience of the pin, that this is not the most rapid way of arriving at decisions.

IT was our misfortune that the April LEAVES went on its way marred by mistakes. "What are you going to do about it?" some one asks ; and we make answer that all we can do is to make amends by an apology, and a few words of our own, as usual, gratuitous.

We are greatly grieved that our agreeable contributors have seriously neglected one useful branch of study, *i. e.*, penmanship, making it almost impossible for us to translate their writing into good or bad English sentences. We can only say to them that some vital change is necessary now or never.

The poor unfortunates dubbed "proof-readers" venture to say that they, very innocently, caused

some of the above-mentioned mistakes. They are at present laboring under disadvantageous advantages. Their rusticity received a blow in the eyes the evening they walked into chapel, and had the electric light sprung upon them for the first time. Things have looked somewhat double, even triple, to them ever since. Then the art lectures came, with stereopticon illustrations, and they felt it their duty to fasten their already dazzled orbs on the glaring white sheet before them, at the same time fighting against a foolish longing for sleep. After this had been repeated several times they were called upon to read proof. Suffice it to say that they at once discovered how far short they had fallen of their true and destined vocation.

We would like to see the owners of the names we incorrectly published, but from afar, for we realize from personal experience that if there is one thing Americans are sensitive about, it is the spelling of their names.

First on our list is the Ogonty *Mosaic*, which name, we infer, belongs to the unique cover of the Ogontz *Mosaic*, distinguished for its pronounced political views.

If the very, very young man bearing the name of Rolden Lee Borden could read, he would raise his small fist in defiance when he perceived that we called him Bolden Lee Borden. We suffered a nineteenth-century delusion to seize us when we tried to gain time by ignoring the *Mc* in Miss McCord's name. We never fail to answer the query, "What's in a name?" with the words, "There's *everything* in a name," and when we insert an *e* in Bridgman, an *a* in Stedman, and make a *Pick* out of a Peck, we may expect to have the wrath of whole families upon us, and submit to all such consequences with a spirit of unvarnished grit. It may not make any material difference to any one whether *Mr.* or *Mrs.* Walsh was the donor of the Hawaiian "Dala," but it is only fair to allow Mrs. Walsh to carry off the glory of presenting it to Lasell, although Mr. Walsh undoubtedly helped her do it. Lastly, the "Basileus Alexandros" coin had the misfortune of being represented to the public in an entirely new and unheard of rôle, for which we beg its pardon.

If the editors of some of our exchanges who have lately ridiculed to such an extent the idea of

young women's interschool contests would pause in their wild writing and reflect in what century they are living, we have no doubt that their only desire would be to slink away into some remote corner. When they were comfortably settled there they might have a laugh all to themselves over their cheap jokes on the subject, and quietly burn all they had written to prevent its coming into the hands of any one undisturbed by narrow-mindedness.

We should like to have a talk with the writer of an article on this subject published in one of the college papers last month. We should enjoy waking him up, for surely he has been asleep for the last fifteen years. The scope of women's advantages has widened since he retired from public life. Just because it is not the custom for young women to indulge in interschool contests, it does not signify that she *could* not do so if it was thought best. Sports have not been made so important a factor in our educational life as in that of our male friends, but, nevertheless, we enjoy them to a certain extent. We have tennis clubs, out of which we get plenty of fun and physical benefit. Our boating, backed by muscle acquired through diligent work in the gymnasium, cannot be sneered at or remain unnoticed. And why not have a drill contest? Military drill has been introduced into a number of our schools, and will be into many more. We have a battalion here that will compare favorably with any. Considering the subject from a literary point of view, there is no earthly reason why we could not have contests upon subjects as deep as any our college friend(?) may ever hope to take part in. Nor even then should we think that the last word had been uttered on the matter. We close here for want of space, but if any one has still a tendency to slur us upon this subject, we are perfectly willing to continue later, and, if possible, correct, their mistaken views.

OUR hearts were filled with sympathy for our mate, Sadie Hollingsworth, when the sad news came of the death of her father, and she left us, to take her long, trying journey. Surely the thoughts of every one of us were with her during the two days and two nights she was obliged to travel, as well as after she reached her grief-

stricken home. We realize with sadness how little there is in our power to do for her, in her great sorrow.

Mr. Hollingsworth was held in universal esteem at his home in Evansville, where he had resided the greater part of his life, and his sudden death, Thursday afternoon, April 26, cast a gloom over the entire community.

JUNIATA BOAT CLUB.

SATURDAY evening, April 14, was made memorable to at least ten of our number by the Juniata Boat Club initiation and banquet.

The crowd gathered at the foot of the stairway leading to the studio, to witness anything startling that might occur, saw only five figures apparelled in the regulation initiating costume, with the addition of a few yards of yellow ribbon, but had they thought to look for the hearts of these prospective victims they would have been found very near their mouths, for they had been summoned to their doom, and felt that their hour had indeed come. At 7.30 the melancholy procession ascended the stairs with fear and trembling, and reached the top only to be seized with a new terror in human form, who blindfolded them and led them — But we may not say where, or give further particulars of the initiation; suffice it to say they were quite initiated, and came out of the fray with fewer broken bones than might have been expected. After the removal of some of the frescoing from the faces of the victims, the club repaired to the S. D. room — the supper-room, for the evening.

The table was tastefully decorated with daisies and ferns, the Juniata banner in the centre, with an elaborate menu and a souvenir of the occasion at each plate. The banquet, as dainty as if Epicurus himself had personally supervised its ordering, was a satisfaction in every respect. With the lighter viands came the toasts and a word of welcome to the new members from the captain, to which there was no need to call for a formal response, as all responded without hesitation, and the remainder of the evening was happily apportioned to the "flow of soul."

A word must be said here in regard to the forming, etc., of this club. In 1882, five girls, noted for — ask us rather to tell what they were not noted

for — well, these five noted girls, especially fond of boating, took it into their heads to form a club for that purpose. Happy inspiration! A club was formed, a name bestowed upon it, a constitution made, and a boat purchased; so began the renowned Juniata Boat Club.

The club has always held its own despite various oppositions from one source and another, and one seldom sees a better managed crew on the Charles (above Riverside).
L. C. R.

NOTHING.

You are looking at the aquarium on the library table. There is a trigonometry before you, which you do not understand, and therefore, you divide your time between reckoning up the seconds until June, and covertly poking the goldfish, "just to see what they will do."

"Write something." Turning your head, you encounter the smiling visage of the editor-in-chief, who, having fired her bombshell, hastily retreats before your volley of expostulations can harm her armor of assurance. It suddenly occurs to you that snow in the middle of May exactly harmonizes with your feelings. The world has all at once become "cold, dark, and dreary." Every shadow of an idea having left your head, it seems that *somewhere* you have heard of fish in connection with brains, whether the latter were obtained by conduction through the eyes while gazing at them, or simply by their proximity, is unknown. It can be tried: so you assume a very impolite stare. The fish do not seem to appreciate the situation, and still preserve the same inane and non-committal expression. You rise in disgust.

Of course a subject is the first step; but you can think of nothing. It might be your last walk in the "beautiful village of Auburndale." It was spring, and ye maiden's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of holey overshoes and inconveniently inundated sidewalks. Auburndale being, as the catalogue informed you, a "quiet village of homes," encounters upon its streets are not frequent. On this occasion you were more than usually fortunate in meeting six dogs, a few stray cats, an elderly gentleman, and two babies. After walking past the hotel, in the delusive hope of seeing W. D. Howells, — rumor has it he was once there, — you returned to filtrates and precipitates.

There is nothing wildly exciting in that subject. Plainly it must be of the harrowing type. It might be called "A Pair of Socks; or, The Wash-woman's Revenge," "The Seven Unwise Men of Chicago; or, The Anarchist's Uncle," or even "The Mystery of One Night's Faculty Meeting." Having a title, the plot, like the future President, is enveloped in obscurity. You are plainly not the one to lead forth the "dark horse."

Your last journey to Boston is the only resource. It was exciting because you went alone. Timidly getting into the train, you thought, as only half-seats were unoccupied, that you had better choose one with an elderly gentleman, which you did. He, thinking you had shown remarkably good taste, and desiring to show his appreciation, beamed upon you, and immediately entered upon a very one-sided, but, nevertheless, extensive conversation. Being considerably frightened, you looked around for means of escape, and encountered the disapproving gaze of one whom you knew to be a celebrity. It seemed as though she ought to do something extraordinary, but she behaved as any ordinary mortal, much to your disappointment. You wondered if all great people are only unusual, as regards appearances, in being so extremely ugly, and were then recalled to your senses by your old gentleman, who made the startling announcement, "The country is going to ruin, my dear."

Meanwhile the Newtons had been passed. Being inquisitive, you wondered how many there were, and, counting up, discovered seven. Evidently the early settlers lacked in originality. It seems strange that they did not call Boston, Northeast Newton. Surely an entirely new name was unnecessary.

You have wasted an hour and have not grasped an idea. The bell rings, a reminder of trigonometry and unlearned lessons. You wish that your tongue could utter some thoughts that *don't* come over you. Then, throwing down your books in disgust, you remark, "It's no use, I shall have to tell her that I'll write absolutely 'Nothing.'" H. R. G.

LASELLIA ENTERTAINMENT.

ON the evening of April 26 the annual entertainment of the Lasellia Club took place. The following programme was rendered:—

PART I.

PIANOFORTE QUARTET. Marche Hongroise Liszt
MISSES THOMAS, GARDNER, GRAY, OLIVER.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

MISS WHITE.

READING. Selection from "The Courtship of Miles Standish,"
Lougfellow

MISS RICHARDS.

SONG. Greypont 'Town Löhr

MISS GIBBONS.

RECITATION The Hat *From the French*

MISS REED.

PIANOFORTE. Transcription of Litthauisches Volkslied,
Chopin-Bendel

MISS GRAY.

PART II.

SONGS. { *a.* Das Vergissmeinnicht *Suppè*
 { *b.* Ständchen *Meyer Helmund*

MISS WHIPPLE.

READING { *a.* First Chapter of "Great Expectations," *Dickens*
 { *b.* "Oh! Monsieur" *Edward Gardinet**

MISS LANGLEY.

VIOLIN SOLO. Fantaisie de Salon *H. Vieuxtemps*
(I Lombardi.)

MISS SKINNER.

CHORUS. Waggon *Molloy*

A large and appreciative audience assembled in the gymnasium at the hour named, and it is no exaggeration to say the club fully deserved all the praise bestowed upon them. The readings by Miss Langley and the singing of Miss Whipple, both former Lasellians, added very much to the enjoyment of the evening; Miss Langley's impersonation of "Pip," in "Great Expectations," was especially pleasing, and won much well-merited applause. Miss Whipple has a finely cultivated voice, and charmed the audience by her rendition of two German songs. In response to an encore she sang "Marguerite" with marked feeling.

The other parts of the programme were well rendered, and deserve generous praise, but space forbids special mention.

Great credit is due the committee for their efforts to secure an excellent and unusually tasteful programme. Certainly the success of the evening shows that their energies were not expended in vain.

After the close of the entertainment an informal reception was held, thus giving the members of the club a chance to greet their friends, many of whom were present from Boston, Newton, Harvard, Amherst, and the Institute of Technology.

*Translated by Louise Imogen Guiney expressly for Miss Langley.

THE JEWESS IN FICTION.

ILLUSTRATED BY MIRAH AND REBECCA.

To know Jewish history is to understand much that is peculiar in the life of the individual Jew.

Certain elements in his character date far back to the time when his ancestors cultivated wine and oil, fruit and flowers, on the sunny plains of Palestine and amidst the soft landscapes of Babylonia and Persia. Those were happy days for the Jews, and the fulfilment of their divine destiny seemed not far away. They were not yet a hopeless, homeless people. But it was the lot of the Hebrew that "grief and glory should be mingled as the smoke and the flame." A change of worldly circumstances came, and by this change other elements were introduced into the Jewish character. In rapid succession the Pharaohs, the northern barbarians, and the Crusaders drove them forth on their long wandering. Not for centuries were they again to know a happy home-life. When free from persecutions, they lived apart from other men, unknown and friendless. Yet in their sorrows they gave the world its most splendid example of dignity and patience. Kunz says, "If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes?"

Through all this time the memory of their former dignity and the belief in their future glory seem never to have forsaken the Jews. Nor have they ever lost interest in education and literature. But when they left their homes in Palestine they left with them all love of agriculture. From that time on they have devoted themselves almost wholly to money-getting. With what success materially, and with what failure morally, Shakespeare has shown in Shylock, — a Jew whose Jewishness the world has never questioned.

But it has been left practically to Scott and to George Eliot to give us the Jewish woman. Living at a time when the Jews are still persecuted, and when, through their avarice and subserviency, they have become their own enemies, Rebecca is

truly what her father calls her, "A blessing and a crown, and a song of rejoicing unto me and to my house, and unto the people of my fathers." She believes firmly in the destiny of her people, though none realize better than she how far they are now removed from that destiny. The Jewish religious bond, "Our God and the God of our fathers," seems to Rebecca a strong and precious tie between all that is best in herself and all that is greatest in the history of her nation. It is this unity with what has been that gives her courage for the present and hope for the future.

Our other Jewess, Mirah, is both like and unlike Rebecca; just as one summer evening may resemble another, and yet the one leave a pleasant feeling of more summer days to come, while the other forebodes storms and early autumn winds. Rebecca is a Jewess of the twelfth century; Mirah is a Jewess of the nineteenth century. But the difference between them is not alone that of seven hundred years. Rebecca lives always among Jewess people, yet her religion is an abstraction; something to work very hard for, to die for if necessary. Mirah lives, for the most part, among Christian people, yet her religion is personal; he who assails it hurts her just as much as if he had attacked herself or the dearest friend she has. Rebecca says that she would shed her own blood drop by drop if she could redeem the captivity of Judah; and we believe that she would. Mirah never speaks of dying for her people, but she mourns because she does not live better for their sake. Yet, she is no "ten-minute emotionalist."

Exclusiveness has always been a good feature of the Jewish character, and distrust of others is the outgrowth of their peculiar history. In Jewish women this distrust naturally takes the form of self-repression. Rebecca, at times, is almost morbid, yet it is the effect of her being constantly thrown back upon herself for companionship and encouragement. Having no one to compare herself with, she does not know her own value. She feels that there is something out of harmony between herself and her world; but with all the generosity of a great heart, she does not once think that it is the discord of her own nobility and its servility. Mirah's self-repression does

not come from self-analysis, nor does it have even one tinge of melancholy. In the early part of her life she distrusts the people that she knows; but they are worthy any one's distrust. The world about her is not her world. She lives in it, yet alone, with only her own sweet thoughts and fancies for companions. Her nature is that of a delicate plant, that cannot mature and blossom in an uncongenial soil, but, given the proper surroundings, the blossoms are of rare beauty. There is naturally less of Jewish exclusiveness in Mirah, than of Christian democracy. She says, "I am glad to learn that Deronda is of high rank, because I have always disliked men of high rank before."

The Jews are a solemn people. In all their literature there is no trace of humor; nor is the Jewish face suggestive of even the shadow of a smile. Rebecca is too good a Jewess even to laugh. Mirah does occasionally, but it may be termed a Christianized laugh. Rebecca thinks of the solemnity of the past, the present, and the future; Mirah thinks of it when circumstances compel, and no oftener. She is easily pleased, and as easily saddened. That she knows this up-and-down tendency is not the least of her self-knowledge.

She says to her brother, "Ezra, you are a spring in the drought, and I am an acorn cup: the waters of heaven fill me, but the least little shake leaves me empty."

One feels that Rebecca would still be stately and solemn, even away from all Jewish surroundings. But in the midst of them she is so stately and so solemn that she must put the Jewish Rabbis themselves to shame. On the other hand, Mirah's patient sadness changes to quiet happiness as the circle of her life widens out more and more from its Jewish centre.

But in the study of the Jewess there is danger of losing sight of the woman. Her attributes are in all, through all, and above all. It needs a fine nature to appreciate the fineness of other natures — a nature that not only will not jar upon others, but will keep others from jarring upon themselves. Because Mirah and Rebecca are Jewesses they are more familiar with sorrow than most women are. They bear their sorrows well, and this helps them to a better insight into the highest aims of

others, helps them to see the real persons in what they hope for, work for, often in their very failures. Others see in Ezra only a sepulchral Jew. With the single exception of Deronda, Mirah is the only one who feels the real heroism of his devotion to the cause of his down-trodden people.

He cannot be a lovable person, nor one who is interesting to live with. But the beauty of his life-work so ennobles the man to Mirah that she forgets that he is her brother, and thinks of him as of a "prophet come from God." It is said that Mirah's presence is like "freshly opened daisies and clear bird-notes after the rain." Daisies grow everywhere, bird-notes are heard everywhere; yet they belong only to the nobility of the world, for these are the ones who see them best, hear them best. Rebecca has little chance to show her appreciation of others. With her this expression is mostly abstract. She shows what she would do, what a friend she would be, if she could

Given the opportunity, Rebecca would not be wanting. In her imagination, the women that she does not know are always thinking her best thoughts, and are constantly doing her rarest deeds; while the men that she does not know are never for a moment otherwise than manly and chivalrous. The men that she does know, her father and the Templar, she almost saves from themselves at times, by force of her belief, that they can not, will not carry out the wrong which they have begun. This very feeling of kinship with the true and the noble makes Mirah and Rebecca long intensely for recognition. It is not so much a desire to be received on terms of intimacy as it is a yearning to be free from the sickening sense of being forever misjudged. When Ivanhoe is wounded, and Rebecca is caring for him, she is cruelly hurt by his cold, constrained manner, after he learns from her own lips that she is a Jewess. Nothing could be prouder, and at the same time, more womanly, than her answer, when he offers to pay her: "I will but pray of thee to believe henceforward, that a few may do good service to a Christian without desiring other guerdon than the blessing of the Great Father who made both Jew and Gentile." But recognition never comes to Rebecca, and this lonely, unknown feeling strengthens with her life, until

she pours out her whole heart in that last talk with Rowena :—

“ You have power, rank, command, influence ; we have — money.”

Contrasted with Rebecca’s stormy anguish, Mirah’s quiet renunciation suggests more than ever the difference between the falcon and the dove. Even when given the same cause for sorrow, their sorrow is by no means the same. Rebecca must fight hers out to the bitter end, while Mirah lives her out, day by day. She is so used to playing parts, that, by feigning contentment, she deceives people, and they take for real happiness that which is only a fine part finely played. In her after life they are surprised to hear of “ the evident thirst of soul with which she receives the tribute of equality—the latent protest against the treatment she has all her life been subject to.”

Mirah and Rebecca are always womanly, and in the main issues of their life they are positively heroic. Scott is charged with a tendency to make his characters talk from the outside ; but only once does he make Rebecca do any of this outside talking. This is when the Black Knight and his followers are besieging Torquilstone Castle, Rebecca and Ivanhoe are prisoners in the castle. Ivanhoe is wounded, and cannot watch the assault, yet with all a warrior’s eagerness he longs to know its progress. Seeing his anxiety, Rebecca offers to stand at the lattice and describe to him what passes without.

“ You must not ; you shall not !” exclaimed Ivanhoe. “ Each lattice, each aperture, will soon be a mark for the archers ; some random shaft —”

“ It shall be welcome !” murmurs Rebecca. That is Rebecca’s voice says these words ; but it is Scott, who, for the moment, has control of that voice. The sentiment is but a purple patch of affected heroism, and has no connection with the real heroism, which is a vital part of Rebecca’s character. Neither Isaac of York nor Mr. Lapidoth is a man whom a girl could be proud to call father. Yet, although Rebecca and Mirah each has a perfect knowledge of her father’s petty, miserable character, she struggles hard to keep that knowledge from the world. And in this effort Mirah is grander, more heroic, than Rebecca. Neither of them has any self-motive, yet their individuality is

apparent. Mirah is at no time more thoroughly a woman than she is while planning to keep her father from everything that can make him less of a man in his own eyes.

She has a fine sense of the possible humiliation and shame that he might feel in the presence of a superior person, like her brother, and she would rather die than subject him to that experience. Rebecca is at no time more thoroughly a Jewess than she is when secretly returning to Ivanhoe’s servant the money that her father’s avarice has just taken from him. She does this because her father is a Jew, and for the honor of the Jewish race ; not because her father is a man, and for the honor of manhood.

When services that are naturally rendered gladly and lovingly become a disagreeable duty, there can be no more irksome bondage, nor no duty for the faithful performance of which greater heroism is required. Mirah does not, can not love her father, because she does not, can not respect him. Yet she thinks of him when he does not think of himself, works for him when he will not work for himself, and saves him from many evils in spite of himself. Rebecca, too, is devoted to her father ; not for his own sake, but for her people’s sake. She would have others believe that his avarice and subserviency are not personal faults, least of all, Jewish faults, but that they are the natural outgrowth of Christians’ cruelty and persecution.

But, while wretched, degraded fathers are found among Christians as well as Jews, there are some trials that are peculiar to Mirah and Rebecca as Jewesses, — trials which bring out their greatest, best heroism. When Mirah is very young, the truth is forced upon her that all the sorrow in her life is caused by the fact that she is a Jewess, and that always to the end people will think slightly and unjustly of her. This is a trouble from which there can be no escape. She has to live and love people into appreciating and liking her. With her there is so little outward expression that many mistake her firmness for lack of feeling, and hold the same opinion of her that Gwendolen once expressed : “ I have no sympathy with women who are always doing right. I don’t believe in their great sufferings.” But one who understood Mirah better than any other can,

says: "In the Psyche mould of Mirah's frame, rests a fervid quality of emotion, sometimes rashly supposed to require the bulk of a Cleopatra." Without this depth of feeling Mirah could never understand so well the great gulf between her life and that of other girls. But she will not yield to circumstances. She conquers those that can be conquered, and resolutely bears those that she cannot better. Rebecca's heroism is essentially different. It is no more to be compared with what is generally termed heroism than Mirah is to be compared with Gwendolen. It has an entirely distinct form. If one attempt to analyze it or to separate it from Rebecca, she ceases to be; for heroism is the very foundation of her character. She is heroic in her deeds to the Jews; heroic when a prisoner in Torquilstone Castle; heroic when saying "Mizpah" to her worst enemy, the Templar; and in the face of death her courage is of no less high a type than that of Marie Stuart or Joan D'Arc. Without doubt Rebecca is the Jewess idealized, and Mirah the Jewess Christianized. But this idealization and this Christianization make them all the more interesting and profitable as studies. Throughout they are rigorously true to their own laws of being. Rebecca has all the bloom and fragrance and passionate soul of a Southern exotic, while Mirah has the pure simplicity of a Northern snowdrop. X.

THE two charming flower paintings which have just arrived from Portland, Me., are the work of Mrs Daniel Atwood of that city. As Miss Jennie West, she was for several years the beloved and valued teacher of the art department, and is well remembered by some who yet belong to the school.

The asters are a gift from her to the art gallery, — a very generous offering, for which all are very grateful. It is the *first* gift of the kind, but we trust before long many others will remember the art needs of the school as kindly.

The large *genre* painting of the young girl setting the clock back, while her parents are nodding to sleep, in order that her lover may stay later, is by Mr. John Dunsmore, of London. Mr. D. is a brother of Alice, who graduated at Lasell some years ago.

THE party for Europe this summer will be exceedingly fortunate in the addition of Mrs. Mary B. Willard to their number. She is to have a school for American girls in Berlin next winter and has consented to join our party for the summer tour. Mrs. Willard was formerly widely known as the editor of the *Union Signal*, and her list of friends in the temperance work is very large. We can accommodate five more persons in the party, and our advice to those who wish to go is to engage at once, and secure the best accommodations. Address, WM. T. SHEPHERD, Auburndale, Mass.

Girls, send in your names right away if you want to go; this is a rare chance. C. C. B.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE French authorities are attempting to make use of carrier-pigeons for conveying information from war-ships at sea to certain stations on land, and with this object in view have fitted up on the St. Louis a dove-cot painted the most gorgeous colors in order to permit the birds to recognize their homes from a great distance.

THE plan of establishing a zoölogical garden in Boston, which has been pending for twenty-one years, seems to lead at last to practical results. The council of the Boston Society of Natural History has taken the matter in hand, and has received offers of two separate sites for this garden. The society proposes to make the enterprise thoroughly educational. In view of the climate of New England, no attempt will be made to make the garden of so general a nature as those of Europe. It will be rather an effort to show specimens of American animals, especially those of New England.

THE chief officer of the United States Signal Service at New York, in explaining why there were so many showers in April, says: "When the spring opens there is a great amount of moisture in the ground. The warm temperature draws it out and fills the atmosphere with moisture. If the temperature kept warm all the time this moisture would pass away; but while floating around it is caught by the colder waves, condensed, and sent back to earth in the form of rain. The changes in the temperature make this result come often." Whence the many April showers.

SPRING.

[This poem was sent to us by a little friend of ours, aged nine years.]

WINTER, so old and white,
Has slipped his anchor during the night,
And to other ports is bound to go,
And take with him his glittering snow;
And in his place the little Spring,
Who makes the woodlands once more ring
With the joyous voice of the bird,
And once more the flowers show their head
From the earth, their wintry bed,
And once more the little rill,
Which Winter has made so still,
Makes his voice be heard.

J. H. BARNARD.

ART NOTES.

THE Louvre Museum has been enriched with a new room devoted to portraits of celebrated artists of all epochs painted, as far as possible, by themselves. The idea is taken from the celebrated gallery in Uffizi, at Florence, with this difference, that the French contains not only portraits of painters but also busts and medallions of sculptors.

THE monument to Peter Cooper, to be erected at New York, will be executed by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, and is to take the form of a bronze statue of colossal size, showing the subject seated. The cost of the statue and the granite pedestal will be over \$30,000. The money for the monument has already been collected. The site has not yet been chosen. Mr. St. Gaudens is allowed three years in which to complete the work. This sculptor laid the foundation of his art education at the Cooper Institute.

A COPY of the medallion portrait of Louisa M. Alcott, by Walton Ricketson, has been presented to the Lancaster, Mass., High School, by the graduating class of that institution. The copy is a duplicate of the original in possession of the Alcott family.

POLITICAL NOTES.

CHAIRMAN JONES states that the report that Mr. Blaine has consented to an aggressive campaign for the Presidential nomination is false, and Washington friends of Mr. Blaine deny all knowledge of any such intention.

EX-GOVERNOR FOSTER says that Senator Sherman is gaining in strength for the Presidential nomination.

THE President has sent to the Senate the nomination of Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, for Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

THE political sensation of the week, in England, was a speech of Lord Randolph Churchill, made during the debate on the County Government Bill, and which was a vigorous attack on the ministry for their refusal to extend the provisions of that act to Ireland.

QUEEN VICTORIA has returned to England from Berlin: on the whole, her reception by the German people was respectful, but not enthusiastic.

MR. GLADSTONE is reported to have conferred with Parnellites over an Irish local government scheme.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

CAMPANINI, the tenor, is not superstitious, otherwise he would not have selected a Friday evening and the 13th of the month for the first performance of "Otello."

THE many Boston friends of that dainty little creature, Jeanne Douste, who made so many friends for herself and her pretty, lady-like elder sister when here last year, may like to know that she has been playing with the greatest success recently, under the royal patronage of the King of the Belgians, and also the Comtesse de Flandre.

IT is asserted by some that the individuality of a great pianist's style can be detected by the manner in which he grasps the hand of another in friendly greeting. Rubinstein's hand, therefore, has been described as resembling "a heated stone hand, and quiet and warm": while that of Liszt is referred to as "a wondrous structure, like a many-limbed, warm-blooded reptile, that eluded the grasp and slipped through the fingers un-awares."

LITTLE OTTO HEGNER, the new musical marvel, of whom the critics are unanimous in their praises, will probably make a tour of the United States next season. Exit Hofmann—enter Hegner.

SIG. AUGUST ROTOLI has resigned the co-ductorship of the Palestrina Society.

EXCHANGES.

WE have with us this month a new exchange, containing much good literary work between its artistic covers. The Fordham *Monthly* will always be welcome.

OF the several popular college exchanges at Lasell, few are more so than the Bates *Student*. The Literary Columns and the Poet's Corner are well filled, and the Literary Notes in the April number are very good.

CORNELL proposes to issue a monthly magazine, beginning on the 15th of April. It will be called the *Cornell Magazine*, and the editorial board is to be composed of the students and members of the Faculty. Edw. Everett Hale, Jr., will be editor-in-chief.

THE *Pine Knot*, of Southern Pines, N. C., copies from the LEAVES a part of our letter from an old Lasell girl, — Mary E. Coe.

YALE theological students to the number of fifty are attempting to commit the entire Bible to memory.

TWENTY thousand dollars has been subscribed for the Vassar College gymnasium, which will be built in the spring.

THE fear of "exchanging stereotyped common-places" keeps us from saying all that we might like to say of the merits of the Bowdoin *Orient*. But we desist, hoping that so good an exchange won't go on forever without an exchange column.

By the will of G. W. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Mass., Smith College will receive \$150,000.

LOCALS.

LASELL was honored on May 25 by a visit from Laura Bridgman. Deprived of much that makes life pleasant, on account of the loss of three senses, she yet seemed as happy as any of us. Through her interpreter she talked with us of her favorite reading, of her friends, and of other topics of interest. She expressed a desire to visit the studio, gymnasium, and some of the girls' rooms. It seemed a strange request, and yet it is our opinion that at this date she can tell more of the details about these places than many of our visitors. Her criticisms upon our school and its customs were favorable, except in the case of the

drill. She enjoyed that, but disapproved it, because the "young ladies were so well-behaved they needed no extra training." Her visit was a pleasure to her and an inspiration to us.

IN the list of officers given in the April LEAVES, the name of Bertha Gray, sergeant-major, was omitted. Added to that list are, E. Josie Wallace, second sergeant of Company A, and Frances Thomas, second sergeant of Company B.

APRIL 19 we again had the pleasure of hearing Judge Park. Appropriate to the day, he spoke to us concerning the battles of Concord and Lexington. We are sure that all who heard his earnest words will date from that hour a greater love of country, and a stronger desire to become worthy citizens.

MANY of the girls went into the last of the Symphony Concerts, April 28, and spent a delightful evening.

WHAT do you think of a teacher who spends a good deal of time — at least *one* minute — trying to impress upon the minds of her unsophisticated pupils that punning is a habit not to be cultivated, then deliberately makes a pun herself? We will all follow her good example.

OF all sad words, in the sweet by and by,
The saddest will *surely* be, "You see why."

WHAT a thing it must be when by the touch one can tell a color! Most of the Lasell girls can tell when they feel blue.

A NUMBER of the girls took tickets for the readings by Mr. Riddle at Newtonville. They proved very enjoyable.

THE money from the auctions of April 10 and 12 amounted to about one hundred dollars. All was sent to Dr. Pierce.

WANTED: Some one to explain the meaning of all the "jingling" heard in the halls.

THE members of the class of '88 presented the library with the "Englishmen of Letters," bound in thirty-eight volumes.

THE girls spent a jolly evening in the gymnasium, May 5. After a short programme, about a dozen of the girls took part in the May Pole dance, which was enjoyed by all. We made "roob for de queed ob de Bay," but as we did

not see her, think she must have forgotten her important position.

ALTHOUGH Boston is the Hub-bub of the Universe, it is prouder than ever since it has been said that Moses was found in Jordan Marsh(es).

"NEVER too late to mend." Why is it, then, we are obliged to have our lights out promptly at nine o'clock?

THE election of officers of the Lasellia Club took place Thursday evening, April 19. The result stands: President, Fannie Reed; Vice-President, Louise Richards; Secretary, Maud Oliver; Treasurer, Annie Gage; Critic, Grace Skinner; Guard, Elizabeth Eddy; Assistant Guard, Anne Bushnell; Executive Committee, Mayme Binford, Lucy Dudley, and Mamie Beach.

THE Atalanta Tennis Club had the first meeting of the year May 4. It was decided that courts should be marked. When? Some time. Where? On grass. By whom? "A colored gentleman of Newtonville."

THE officers of the S. D. Society are as follows: President, Leah Coutts; Vice-President, Daisy Lloyd; Secretary, Luella Richards; Treasurer, Marie Moger; Critic, Helen Gilbert; Usher, Maude Van Horn.

PERSONALS.

MRS. GERTRUDE CAREY CAMPBELL'S home is changed to 4020 Finney Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIED.—At Portland, Oregon, April 11, Miss Nellie Brooks and Mr. Herbert Bradley. "At home," 390 C Street, Portland, Oregon.

LUTIE PRICE, of Denver, Col., still has a warm place in the hearts of her Lasell friends. We should be glad to hear her lovely voice in that "Grand Musicale at Denver."

MISS LAURA MUNGER writes from her home at Xenia, Ohio, of continuing her studies in various ways. Her instructor in French, Prof. Paillet, now seventy-two years of age, was in exile from France with Victor Hugo, and is said to have furnished traits for the character of Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables." Miss Munger recommends highly Mr. W. W. White's method of memory training, which she has acquired.

MISS DORA M. MAYO'S address is College Hill, Mass., the present residence of her parents.

MRS. WM F. ETHERINGTON is congratulated on the arrival of the little "Elizabeth Etherington," April 16, 1888.

MISS NELLIE E. ALLING'S address is 1237 S. Fourteenth Street, Denver, Col., the home having been changed from Cañon City to that place.

WE were glad to hear recently of Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley Hills, as well and happy, and busy as ever.

MARRIED.—April 25, at Hawkinsville, Ga., Miss Ada Anderson and Mr. Robert D. Brown. "At home," Hawkinsville, Ga.

MRS. PENNELL spent a number of days in May with her daughter Lucy.

MISS HANCE was detained by illness in Rochester, N. Y., but is now comfortably well at her home, 720 Sixth Avenue, S., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE are not surprised to hear of Minnie Routt as a "bright particular star" in her social sphere. She will keep a level head withal, too.

THE address of Mrs. Anna Lovering Barrett, '81, is 1841 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. She hopes to see any of the Lasell girls who go there.

MISS TASH is with her aunt, at 31 Gray Street, Boston. We hear that she is "gaining every day."

MRS. LINCOLN left Wollaston, May 7, for an extended tour, partly for pleasure and partly to see cooking schools in Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, wherein Lasell girls are particularly interested.

VIRGINIA R. PRICKETT, '85, expects to be married in September to Mr. Burrowes, of New York. Now, Georgia, who would think *that* of you?

DR A. P. PEABODY, of Cambridge, will preach the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 10. Miss Sarah F. Smiley, of Saratoga, N. Y., will address the graduating class on Wednesday, June 13.

MRS. SUSIE ALLING is still living in Rome, Italy.

MARY HANMER, aunt of our Hattie Hanmer, of Burnside, Conn., died April 18. This is the aunt who was with the Lasell European party.

A genial companion, an interested traveller, an eager learner of new things, she was a welcome and valuable addition to our number. Our remembrance of her is only pleasant. We regret also to state that Hattie's mother has not been well.

MRS. GEORGIA HATCH JONES sends for the album of "Lasell grandchildren" a lovely picture of "Wellington," two years April 4, 1888." Thanks, Georgie! Now for one of the good old letters.

THE largest, loveliest Mayflowers which we have ever seen adorn the principal's desk in Chapel,—the happy remembrance of Grace Van Buskirk. "Sweet welcome to thee, dainty, winsome flower!" A kind thought on the part of one who is kindly thought of in her old school home.

BEHAVIOR is a mirror in which every one displays his own image. — GOETHE

Said a SENIOR to MISS BLANK. "Have you ever had mineralogy?"

MISS BLANK (*who never DID see anything funny in Mrs. Partington's sayings*). "I have had it in my head, but never in my face."

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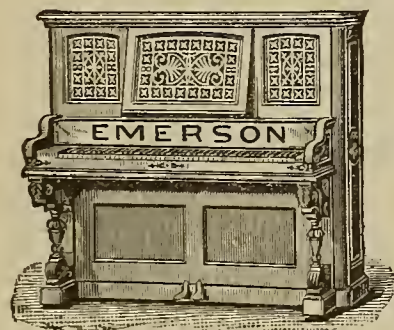
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"Time rolls its ceaseless course."

AGAIN the long-anticipated Commencement week has come and gone. The Class of '88 has passed bravely through the trying ordeals of Class Day evening, has condescended to be present at the Senior reception, has deposited its white-ribboned essays upon the library table, gathered up its goods and chattels, and departed this life, leaving behind it pleasant memories, its photographs, and a small weed, waving its would-be branches upon the lawn, and bearing the overwhelming name of the "Class Ivy." Our best wishes go with the class; and we think Lasell may well feel proud of the addition she has made to the hundreds of newly graduated girls scattered over the land.

Lasell girls in general need renovating. We are all ready to devote the next three months to rest; not idleness, but twelve weeks of pleasant change of work and play, beneficial to both body and mind. It is scarcely necessary to say that the staff wishes every one a good time, the very best kind of a time. Our *bon voyage* to the European party was heartily given, and we hope many reports to the effect that they are having a jolly time will come floating over the pond to us during their absence. We trust the members of the Faculty will thoroughly enjoy the vacation. Though temporarily deprived of our watchful care, we beg them to conduct themselves as we would desire,—in their usual dignified and striking manner, casting all tendency to frivolity to the winds, just as they would if the orbs of the one hundred and fifty Lasell girls were levelled at them. We inform this august body of our purpose to report, if we hear of any one of them meandering across lawns on French heels, wearing any jewelry, with the exception of a very plain pin and an engagement ring, going out evenings with the deliberate intention of sitting on stone

walls, escorting their gentlemen callers to the front doorsteps; in fact, breaking any one of our stringent rules. The editorial staff mean to give themselves time to breathe, and also mean to be *good* — not too much so, for Miss Sheldon has been known to say, “The good die young”; and Miss Sheldon’s speeches are implicitly believed in by at least one member of said staff, who considers her a cut-and-dried guiding star in the manifold difficulties of an editor’s life. The staff do not wish to leave this earth until the “Tariff Bill” has been finally settled, the last round fought in the “Fisheries Question,” and it has been decided whether it is or is not best for the welfare of the nation to have a “self-governed” list at Lasell Seminary for Young Women, Auburndale, Mass. When these momentous questions have become things of the past, the staff have no further use for life, — unless something equally engrossing turns up.

We will leave you now, although we dislike to tear ourselves away. Perhaps you notice that we have remained faithful to the last, even after the very slowest girl had gone.

Only one word more: let us whisper to you that the whole Commencement week was most gratifying, a little better than the most sanguine of us had hoped. Everything *glided* along, as it were; even Nature was dressed in her best to add to our happiness.

WHAT could be more enchanting than this “quiet village of homes” in the spring of the year?

It has seemed to us this year that everything is a little greener, a little brighter, a shade more beautiful, than ever before. We have had hard work to stay indoors for study, in these last weeks. We have longed to be out *all* the time. Everything invited us to throw our books aside and enjoy nature.

Happy indeed is the one who is fortunate enough to be a dweller among us in May and June. There is no lack of amusements then. There are numerous excursions out into the beautiful country surrounding us, one of the most delightful being the drive to Mr. Hunnewell’s, in Wellesley, where we go to see the finest collection of azalias and rhododendrons in this country, besides many other interesting sights in his large grounds.

What could be more pleasing to the eye than our own grounds, with their wealth of beautiful trees, smooth lawns, and well-kept driveways. How we do enjoy the tennis, the boating on the Charles, — an ideal river for that purpose, — the moonlight horseback rides to Echo bridge, where we are delighted with the wild beauty of the spot, the walk down the long path, overhung with a perfect bower of the greenest kind of green foliage, to the “frog pond,” — that quiet spot where everything is peace itself, until a little gnat takes up its habitation there, and causes us to depart, preferring the longer walk, along the river bank to the Weston bridge, which suits us even better than the former, and is minus the gnats.

Then the drives, — miles and miles of the most — well we must not *gush*! We want you to realize why Lasell is so charming in the spring, and that nature spreads beauty with a very lavish hand in Auburndale.

THE year which had so propitious a beginning has had an ending equally satisfactory. As the days passed by everything has gone smoothly along, with very little to mar the completeness.

We have had a rich store of lectures this year. We remember with pleasure the instructive and interesting course on “The Principles of the Common Law,” by Mr. Hemenway, — the first lengthy course of lectures we had. Judge Park’s talks remain pleasantly in our memories, as do also the practical lectures on “Home Sanitation,” by Miss Talbot, of Boston. Recently we enjoyed Miss Scull and Miss Rowe, who came last on the list.

These are by no means all the lectures of the year; we could name a dozen more; but every reader of the “Local” column must have already discovered that our mental cultivation has been well provided for. The recent exhibition in the gymnasium speaks for itself, and shows that our physical welfare has received due attention. Miss Ransom has reason to congratulate herself upon the success of the exhibition. The work was truly excellent. Besides the gymnasium, we have the morning calisthenics, drill twice a week, and as much tennis, boating, and out-door exercise as we could reasonably demand.

No one can say that the moral side of our natures is neglected at Lasell. We have been

labored with even more earnestly than usual this year, and the good results of the work are very evident to us all.

There is only one more point on which we wish to touch, and that is, our social life. Poor social life! we have little to say in your favor; you are an utter failure; no one has cared for you, or thought you worth a moment's consideration. We would have almost forgotten you ourselves but for the timely intervention of the several vacations, when we were *obliged* to meet you. After briskly burnishing up our memory of you, in the privacy of our own rooms, we managed to make a fairly creditable showing through the vacation, and then came back to Lasell, and forgot you. No one read a newspaper column in chapel, to show us that this was not as it should be; and we were not called to the "second floor centre," and reprimanded for it; nor did we find a "Suggestion" in our rooms, pointing out the way we must *not* go.

The series of afternoon teas given last year was a pleasant break in the routine of school life; it was a relief to have something a little different from the usual entertainments, and, being allowed to converse freely with the guests, we realized for once that we were too much *within ourselves* at Lasell. We have wondered why these entertainments have not been repeated this year.

The columns of the LEAVES have carried not a few broad hints to the world this year, but nobody has even noticed them, did not read them probably. This is discouraging; but we bob up like a cork, and it takes a whole Ohio flood to dampen our ardor where any improvement at Lasell is at stake, so we launch once more, hoping this question will be thought worthy of consideration.

THE LASELLIA CLUB BANQUET.

CAN it be that June with all its school festivities is here again? Indeed it is true; and the always-festive Lasellians did their best to give it a grand *entré*.

We all know a good thing when we see it, and hear it, and taste it; and surely we had a fair chance to experiment in each of these directions Thursday evening, May 31, at the Lasellia banquet. To begin with, we saw what a little work, a few decorations, and some taste can do for a bare club-room. Ours was certainly transformed

that evening, and we only wished it might remain so.

We had almost forgotten, before supper was announced, that we went for any other reason than to get acquainted with the Seniors, for they have kept themselves so absorbed in their studies, and aloof from the rest of us during the entire year, that we felt almost as if we were entertaining strangers, — that is, until we got acquainted. But when some one whispered "supper," and the dining-room doors were thrown open, displaying the tastefully decorated tables, we realized that a secret craving we had unconsciously been entertaining was about to be satisfied. The tables were placed in the form of a T, Mae Stafford, the toast-mistress, being seated between the two ends of the cross-piece, with the Seniors and guests on either side. As for the supper, we all acknowledged that Mr. Lee had catered to our taste exactly; and, to give everything additional flavor, five of our own club girls acted as waitresses.

After a short exordium, the toast-mistress proposed a toast to "Our Guests," to which Miss Stafford made a charming response, convincing us of the truth of the statement of which we may have been a little incredulous hitherto, — that Annex maidens *are* a little more clever than ordinary girls, after all. Next, the Seniors were toasted in a manner most flattering to them. We expected them to be a little rattled, but they took it as composedly as if they had a supper given to them every night in the year. The response, by Miss Bushnell, showed that frequent toasting had only formed a sort of crust around that reverend body, of which she was the representative, and that they were fire-proof. Miss Jones replied in rhyme to the S. D. toast, and she was so applauded that the acting president thought seriously of running for the club mallet to subdue the enthusiasm. The toast to the Lasell Battalion was brief and inaudible, but actions speak, etc. And the finish with which the salute was given and returned by Capt. Bogart spoke volumes for the Battalion, not to mention what Miss Bogart *said* in its behalf. Of course the omnipresent Faculty could not be forgotten, and a toast was proposed to them. Our regret that they could not respond in person was overcome when Miss Ewing supplied the vacancy,

for we felt that she alone could do them justice ; and we think she did. Last of all our own Club was honored. Miss Law responded. Her words gave evidence of a true club spirit, as well as a Senior's knowledge of how a thing should be done by a Senior. But the charm of all lay in the entirely impromptu nature of her remarks, to which she called our attention as she displayed the closely written pages preparatory to reading her speech.

Before leaving the table a number of the girls were favored with gifts, which were presented with remarks more or less suggestive in their character ; but as all were given in good faith they were received kindly, and the merriment which they caused made a happy termination to the altogether enjoyable evening. L. C. R.

A SKETCH of this year's work of the Lasell Y. W. C. T. U. may interest some of its former members, and others of our readers as well.

From the seven members left us from last year it has grown into a society of about fifty, with Miss Beckwith as president, Miss Raum, vice-president, Miss Thomas, secretary, and Miss Hax, as treasurer. It has proved a very pleasant, and in some ways, a helpful year, though time could not be found for much outside work.

In the fall Miss Frances Willard addressed the school, and through her a number were led to join our ranks.

The regular meetings have been held on the first and third Sundays of each month, as usual. The ten departments have been distributed among the members, at their request, and at the different meetings articles have been read representing these departments. We have also had appropriate poems, which have made the meetings doubly pleasing.

As "every little helps," a small sum was sent to Chicago, towards the great amount needed for the Temperance Temple to be erected there. The society contributed also about half the amount needful to purchase a hand-painted banner for the Marcella Street Home for orphan children of in-temperate parents in Boston.

This spring the society and members of the school had the pleasure of hearing Miss Bessie Gordon speak. She suggested having honorary

members ; so, during the Easter vacation, a few names were secured and triumphantly brought back.

Last month Miss Tobey addressed the "Y" and its friends, after which a reception was held in the parlors ; a very pleasant evening and a few new honorary members were the result.

At the last meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year :—

Miss M. Packard, president ; Miss F. Freeman, vice-president ; Miss Skinner, secretary, and Miss Buntin, treasurer.

In the president's parting words the wish was expressed that we all wear our white ribbons on all occasions. Shall we not all try to remember this ?

Let us hope that next year may prove as pleasant and successful as the present one has been.

A MEMBER.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

"Durch Kampf zum Sieg!"

THURSDAY.

THE Commencement concert ushered in the festive "last week" of '88's school life.

The gymnasium was well filled with the friends and relatives of the members of the class, who listened with evident pleasure to the following programme :—

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

PIANO-FORTE. Scherzo in B flat minor Chopin
MISS CURTIS.

CHORUS. Ave Maria Huber
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANOFORTE-QUARTETTE.
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" Niccolai
MISSES HOLDEN, CHAPIN, SPELLMEYER, AND MR. HILLS.

CHORUSES. $\left. \begin{array}{l} a. \text{ The Arrival,} \\ b. \text{ The Departure,} \end{array} \right\} \text{ From "Sleeping Beauty," Lahee}$
ORPHEAN CLUB.

Soloists: MISSES DAWES AND McBRIER.

SONG. Margreta Jensen
MISS GIBBONS.

PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLIN. Andante in F Beethoven
MISS THRESHER AND MR. NOWELL.

SECOND PART.

CHORUS. A Streamlet full of flowers Caracciolo
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. Capriccio, Op. 22 Mendelssohn
MISS GRAY.

(Accompanied on second piano-forte by Mr. Hills.)

SONG. Slumber Song (Violin Obligato by Mr. Nowell) Mattei
MISS BARBOUR.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. Moonlight *Hollander*
 GETHERELA QUARTETTE: MISSES BARBOUR, GIBBONS, H.
 BEACH, AND SUTTON.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Hebriden Overture *Mendelssohn*
 MIS ES GRAY, HOLDEN, LAW, AND OLIVER.

CHORUS. Oh! Skylark, for thy Wing *Smart*
 CHORUS CLASSES.

The selections by the piano-forte quartettes were rendered in a spirited manner, and received great applause. Mr. Nowell's Andante in F was a pleasant feature of the programme, and highly appreciated, as his playing always is, by the Lasell girls. The singing of the Getherela Quartette was unusually excellent, and received a merited encore. Miss Barbour's "Slumber Song," with violin obligato, was admirably rendered, as were the several selections sung by the Orphean Club. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work done in the club this year. Mr. Davis has worked hard, with what success we can judge after hearing the very excellent singing at the concert Thursday evening. We may be pardoned for the pride we take in our chorus class, when we have heard such flattering comments from our outside friends all the year. The platform was decorated with flowers and palms, and the large pleasant room was brightened by the light costumes of the girls, who, on account of the warm evening, revelled in summer attire.

SUNDAY.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached before the members of the graduating class, by Dr. Andrew Peabody, of Cambridge, assisted by Dean Huntingdon and President Warren, of Boston University. Dr. Peabody's text was from 2 Peter i. 5: "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge." Dr. Peabody said that his first thought in looking over the faces of such a class as was before him, where he could see only intelligence and alertness, was of the change that came about in a short time, even in a very few years. Some of the class, perhaps, had become noble women, while others had attained a standard no higher than that of a gossip, or a flirt, spending their days in discovering new methods of killing time, and amusing themselves generally. He remarked that the difference was suggested by his text of the morning. Faith was the corner-stone, Virtue the completed foundation, and Knowledge

the superstructure, built on earth, to be made eternal in heaven. Sometimes the structures fell to pieces, leaving only heaps of rubbish, while others endured for years. Dr. Peabody reminded us, in his earnest and impressive manner, that we could do little in our lives without the grace of God in our hearts, which ennobled all our natures, and made our culture amount to something.

Dr. Peabody's closing words were listened to by the fourteen members of the class standing. He said:—

"Young ladies of the graduating class, you are preparing for your commencement, that is, for a beginning, not a close. Such is the meaning of the word. In the European universities of the Middle Ages a student at a certain stage of his education received his first degree, the terms of which licensed him to lecture, that is, to give instruction in the university of which he was still a member, whenever his services should be needed. This was called his commencement, because he then began to be a pupil teacher. This is precisely what you, in going hence, ought to be; nay, in some sense will be and must be for your lives long. There are, no doubt, some of you who will be teachers by profession. If so, you will be teachers only so long as you are learners. As the sparkling, limpid, and refreshing spring stagnates, dries up, and disappears when the fountain that feeds it ceases to flow, so will you, whatever your attainments, become vapid, obsolete, and worthless in your office when you close your mind to the incoming of new truth and fresh thought. Mark Hopkins in his eighty-sixth year was still growing in his unsurpassed teaching power, and never had so strong a hold on his pupils as when, from the classroom, which he had made his sanctuary, he was called with hardly a moment's warning to the heavenly temple; and to the very last he kept the hospitable ear and mind ever open, still a humble and docile learner, while a kingly spirit among the great teachers of the land. On the other hand, I could recall from my memory not a few who are brilliant teachers whose light paled and died in early or middle life simply because, in their own conceit knowing enough, they ceased to learn. But whatever your mode of life may be you will none the less be pupil teachers, receiving from without or from above guiding, shaping, controlling influences, and to a degree impossible at an earlier age. If your lives are not hallowed by Christian faith and virtue, you will become more and more adepts in those refined and subtle arts of self-culture by which the tendrils of the spiritual nature are detached from the tree of life and twined around trees of withering leaf and fading blooms, and as you learn you will teach, and may so teach, souls that God shall have given into your special charge.

"But we hope better things of you. We would have you pupils in the school of Christ, sitting with Mary at his feet, drinking in the sweetness, loveliness, beauty of his holiness. Pupil teachers, too, you cannot but be in the whole art and

science of pure and holy living, diffusing a sacred influence that shall grow with your years, shall be a winning grace for all within its sphere, and shall outlast on earth the memory of your names. Pupils in Christ's school may you be not in this world alone but in heaven followers of the Lamb whithersoever he goeth — pupil teachers there, too; for must it not be from the redeemed among the children of men that go forth the ministering angels of God's love, who call home to their Father's house from the realms of ignorance, sorrow, and sin those who shall be heirs of his salvation?"

MONDAY — CLASS DAY.

PROGRAMME.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,	A. LINA JONES.
ROLL CALL,	BERTHA ADALINE SIMPSON.
CLASS HISTORY,	ANNIE MORTON GWINNELL.
SONG. "Whate'er Betide." <i>Willard.</i>	MARY LULIE HOGG.
STATISTICS,	MARY LOUISE COLE.
POEM,	MAUDIE LOVENA STONE.
CLASS PROPHECY.	HELEN LOUISE WHITE.
PIANO SOLO. "Caprice in A Major."	JESSIE MAY LAW.
MEMENTOS,	SUSANNAH JANE BROWN.
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF '88.	ANNE OVERMAN BUSHNELL.

LAWN EXERCISES.

IVY ORATION.	MARY BOURNE HATHAWAY.
PRESENTATION OF SPADE.	JOSEPHINE ESTELLE BAKER.
BURNING OF BOOKS. ELEGY.	ELIZABETH HOWLAND DAVIS, EDDY.

CLASS SONG.

WRITTEN BY MARY LOUISE COLE.

Through the strife we've come victorious,
 And at last a happy band,
 We are gathered here together
 Ere we scatter through the land.
 But though trials have beset us,
 As we look at them to-day,
 They appear but tiny storm-clouds,
 Which long since have passed away.

Although happy in our freedom,
 We cannot from tears refrain,
 As we think of the dim future
 Which we may not meet again.
 When, in places we've frequented,
 Unfamiliar ones will roam,
 While the class we loved so dearly
 Is a thing to them unknown.

With the burning of the pages,
 Over which our eyes have bent,
 Comes the mournful truth upon us
 That our school-days now are spent.

And though we may be forgotten,
 In our hearts will ever dwell
 Love and tenderness unfailing
 For the old home at Lasell.

Contrary to the usual custom on Class Day, the indoor exercises were held in the gymnasium, as that room accommodated more than the chapel; but, notwithstanding its capacity, the friends of the Seniors were so numerous many were obliged to stand. The Juniors, with that taste which has characterized all their efforts during the week, — and they have not played an unimportant part, — had made the platform attractive with graceful foliage plants, daisies, and here and there a bright scarf carelessly draped on the pianos, and the easel supporting a group picture of the graduating class. Very soon after the hour appointed for the exercises to begin there was a suggestive stir in the back part of the room, and all heads were turned to watch the line of black-robed figures, who came with 'aspect stern and gloomy stride,' and made their way to the front seats. These were, of course, the Seniors. Very dignified and solemn they appeared, slightly conscious, no doubt, of the interest with which each of their movements was watched.

It was hard to have to apologize for the non-appearance of the programmes, for such pains had been taken to have them here in time; but their absence did not detract from the success of the entertainment in the least, for everything came as a delightful surprise. — and unexpected pleasures are always most enjoyable.

We will not speak of the individual triumphs, for only the very best of everything could come from our Class of '88, as all who are acquainted with it can testify, and to those who cannot claim the honor of an acquaintance, we can only say, with the spring poet, that the limitations of language hedge our souls with too many inadequacies.

After a most inspiring rendition of the class yell, the guests were invited to the lawn, where they were soon followed by the Seniors and torch-bearing Juniors, who made their way to the "Crow's Nest," under which the "ivy" was planted with due formality. The spade was then presented to the Class of '89, by whom it was very gracefully received. Then came the burning of

the books, which, to a casual observer, seemed to be consigned to the flames with more than willingness; but casual observers do not always know; and we believe that in their hearts the girls parted reluctantly with these friends which have been so closely associated with them in their life at Lasell.

The singing of the class song ended the programme; but half an hour or more was spent by those who were fortunate enough to have an escort — and by some who were not — in walking about the grounds, whose decorations of bright-colored Chinese lanterns blended their soft rays with those of the electric light, and gave a weird picturesqueness to the scene.

TUESDAY.

They have a queer and altogether original way of doing things at Lasell, and one of the oddest things is the fact that they expect a poor girl, who never had even a glance at the "Senior reception," to sit down and write up a glowing account of everything that happened on that eventful evening. Now, as we were not there, did not even have an invitation, the only thing we can do under the peculiar circumstances is to tell what we have *heard* about the reception. This is what we heard: The parlors, and in fact the whole lower floor of the seminary, were thrown open to the guests of the evening, who wandered at will through the well-known rooms. The guests were ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and the Seniors by members of the Junior class, and were introduced in the approved style, after which they were allowed to enjoy themselves as they wished. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, and the girls who last year played the part of waitresses at the reception, in their turn were waited upon by the Junior class of this year. The several parlors were most artistically decorated with flowers, ferns, and plants in profusion, and in the hall an orchestra from Boston discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. Finally some one said that every one had a good time, the friends of the class present were numerous, and altogether the reception was a success.

Now we will tell you what we saw for ourselves. We were up in the third story, where we had been banished for the evening. There was a friend's

window conveniently near; we walked over and looked out. We stayed there for about five minutes, charmed with the scene before us, then we went back to our room, for we were "self-governed." The night was all that could be desired, — cool, pleasant, and quiet. From the "Crow's Nest" a line of Chinese lanterns was swung across the road to the first tree, and so on in front of the seminary, until the opposite end of the grounds was reached, making a most fairy-like scene. All along the piazza were placed at intervals these same fascinating lanterns, while high above them the new electric light burned, brilliantly lighting the surrounding grounds. Way down in one corner of the lawn a red light cast its shadows across the road upon the smooth lawn of the Atalanta Tennis Club; and over in the opposite corner electric light number two did its share in illuminating. The driveway was occupied by numerous carriages, which in turn deposited their occupants at the front door, and drove away to return later.

To our regret only one Senior appeared upon the scene; but we made the best of her. She was dressed in white, of course, and had a great many ribbons and bows sewed in just the correct style upon her gown. She carried a huge bouquet of white roses in her hand, and walked very fast along the piazza, followed by a very tall man carrying her fan, and trying his very best to keep pace with her. Just as we thought we had seen who she was, and what shade her gloves were, she disappeared, and we were left alone, to be edified the next moment by a glimpse of Lewis, as he *flitted by* in immaculate white gloves and a new suit.

WEDNESDAY.

At half past ten o'clock the long line of hatless girls began to move towards the Congregational church. When the foremost couple reached the door they parted, one to the right, one to the left of the driveway, and faced each other. Their example was followed by the others, until the end of the line was reached, when Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, who came last, passed between the two files into the church, followed by the teachers, alumnae, Seniors, and — *the girls*, who, in this day of days, were of no consequence whatever. We found the church well filled, and after the Boston

Cadet Band had rendered a short selection, prayer was offered by Dr. Clarke, of Newton Centre.

Miss Sarah F. Smiley delivered the address, from the text, "Woman's wisdom buildeth her house." Her earnest words will remain in our hearts for many a day, and there was not one of us who did not feel a thrill of sympathy as she showed what the possibilities of our future lives might be, if we appreciated our privileges, utilized our time advantageously, and grasped the opportunities before us with the strong purpose of making our lives noble, useful ones.

Miss Wallace's "Good-bye for the Class" was most impressive, and very gracefully given

The first prize, a gold loaf, for the best bread made in the cooking class, was awarded to Miss Hathaway; and the second, a silver loaf, to Miss Law, both of whom were members of the graduating class.

Mr. Bragdon then said a few words, after which he presented the diplomas to the graduates, whose names and subjects of whose essays are as follows:—

Josephine Estelle Baker; "The University, Ancient and Modern."

Susannah Jane Brown; "George Eliot's Men and Women."

Anne Overman Bushnell; "A Century of New England Literature."

Mary Louise Cole; "The English Essay."

Elizabeth Howland Davis Eddy; "Character and Nature, as represented by the Earlier and Later English Poets."

Annie Morton Gwinnell; "The Puritan and Cavalier in American History."

Mary Bourne Hathaway; "Legends of North American Indians."

Mary Lulie Hogg; "A New Back-Log Study."

Jessie May Law; "Homeric Heroism."

Bertha Adaline Simpson; "The Literary Salons of Paris."

Maude Lorena Stone; "Our Development of the Labor Question."

Josephine Wallace; "Journalism and the Comic Journal."

Helen Louise White; "Distinctive Anglo-Saxon Literature."

Anna Reliance Jones; "Representative Works of Goethe and Schiller."

After the exercises in the church lunch was served upon the lawn, as usual, for the friends and relatives. At half past three o'clock the reunion of the Alumnæ Association was held in the chapel. The address was given by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who chose for her subject, "Woman, her present Opportunity and Responsibility." The other exercises consisted of a piano solo by Miss M. I. Stafford, '86; a vocal solo, sung by Miss Gertrude M. Rice, '81; and the reunion hymn, written by Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85. After the chapel exercises the members of the alumnæ enjoyed their annual supper, and so another Commencement was ended.

In the evening only a few of the girls remained. They amused themselves in a quiet way, until an organ-grinder wended his way into the grounds, causing the usual excitement, and beguiling even certain members of the staff from their work long enough for them to gather the surplus remaining from their "mite-box" money together, to enclose it in conspicuous white and dash it at the smiling Italian under the sanctum window.

"RAH, RAH, RAH! RAH, WE YELL! OOTOGINTA OCTO OF LASELL."

LETTER-WRITING, OLD AND NEW.

It would be amusing, if it were not humiliating, to note the gradual backsliding in the art of letter-writing, from the letters of the apostles to their beloved people, and, later, of Cicero and his contemporaries, down to the present voluminous epistle of the school-girl, which nothing describes so well as its own disparaging finis: "I knew it must have tired you to death." It is scarcely fair to take these last productions as types of the present letter, for there are still men and women to whom has been given the natural gift in letter-writing, and one who receives a gracefully written letter from such as these is still charmed in the old way.

Can fancy picture any one leaving a letter from Mme. de Staël for a game of tennis, or Mr. Lewes waiting until he finishes his breakfast to read one of George Eliot's earnest conversations on paper?

Why is it that now, our correspondents take no more thought for our pleasure than to regard a letter

to us as so much blank paper which must be filled? Indeed, we are sometimes tempted to believe that the beginning and end are written at a proper distance apart, the intervening space measured, and the exact number of words necessary ascertained, and put down without regard to any law of sequence.

No one now cultivates the art of letter-writing; no one thinks it worth while.

The only way to account for this is, perhaps, that there are not the inducements there once were. Letters are torn up and thrown into the waste-basket as soon as read. Mails are more frequent; three mails a week our fathers were limited to; while three mails a day give us an extra course at each meal. If we had it too often, we should not relish a Neapolitan ice at breakfast. We are probably suffering from what may be called epistolary nausea.

Letter-writing, too, not only used not to be limited to men and school-girls, but it is even said that women have been the best letter-writers. In that case, another excuse for our degenerating may be that in the past, work in the fields of study, in temperance, in missions, and in business was not open to women, as it now is, and consequently she no longer has more leisure for letter-writing than the stronger sex. She is not likely in choosing her life work to step aside, and, among so many possible occupations, give the preference to the simple, unremunerative one of letter-writing. Unremunerative only in a mercenary sense, for how can one be better paid than by the pleasure of his fellows?

There will come a time when the present will belong entirely to history. Time will have more nearly finished his story, and will have written a chapter about us. What will it be, and how will it compare with preceding chapters? Why can we not bring our standard of letters back to its former height, and leave snatches of our life and happiness for others to enjoy? For in nothing can we show ourselves in our best light more than in conversation; and letters are, or rather should be, written conversations purely.

The essentials to a charming letter are few. First comes a hearty desire to please on the part of the writer. Wit, humor, and earnestness are all involved in this purpose. Secondarily, there is simplicity; for if one stops to think how to make

the letter sound well, the reader sees the effort at once, and the fascination is lost. With so few directions to follow, so simple a formula,—if we can write by formula,—why is there any need for our American woman to contrast unfavorably, in this line, with her great-grandmother?

Might we not fancy that our light language could be more easily managed, allowing more freedom in our letters, than the Latin, with its rugged endings to stumble over. And yet Cicero is taken as a type of a perfect letter-writer. He was accused even of travelling, simply that he might fascinate with his letters those whom he found implacable to his eloquence and entreaty.

Even if we are not writers for posterity, is there no inducement to make happy the lives of others, shorten the long partings, and carry good influences to those who are alone? Letters are best which are written as one thinks; and the art of letter-writing will be fully mastered, or rather, re-mastered, when nature is allowed full sway.

E. W. H.

READING ALOUD.

WHAT is it to read well? It is to concentrate your mind on the meaning of the author, and convey it clearly to others, with an utter forgetfulness of self; for self is the great enemy to good reading.

First of all, in order to read well one must think well, then be able to express his thoughts in his voice. It is necessary to think each word in order to express it. I dare say some sceptical persons will say here, "What nonsense! *Think* such an unimportant little thing as a word!" But it is merely because they have not given any thought to it. A word is of great importance. It consists of a body and a soul. The soul is the cause of the word, and the body the effect.

The law of all the arts applies to reading. "In order that the whole may be accomplished, each word must be given its own individuality, and its proper relation to the other words." To see the application of this law in another art, take piano-playing: each note must have its full value and proper tone, in order that the whole may harmonize. Also painting: the outline must be correct, and the lights and shades have their own individuality, in order that the full effect may be attained.

The voice and the articulation of the word are as separate as the clay and mould ; for the voice comes from the feeling in the soul, and the articulation from the thought. Yet, in order to have the reading perfect, the feeling and thought must be one.

One thing of very great importance in reading aloud is a good voice. A voice that will not cause your listener to feel, "How *dreadfully* her voice grates on my ears ! I can think of nothing but it !" I have heard a good voice beautifully illustrated, as having three parts : the oil, corn, and wine ; or, flexibility, strength, and brilliancy. I have been told people did not always have such trouble with their reading as we of the present day have. Years ago people were perfectly sincere, and meant exactly what they said. If any one saw a beautiful sunset, and wished a friend who was not present to know what it was like, he would immediately describe it on a piece of paper, and send it to his friend, who, on reading it, would feel, "What a glorious sunset !"

One time a young man had written some beautiful thoughts about a sunset ; he presented them to a young woman of his acquaintance. She, finding them so delightful, hastened to tell her friends. When she read the thoughts, her whole mind was concentrated on making these friends see the sunset as she had. The result was, that they were in raptures over it. But one of them, prompted by an imp, said to her, "That was a glorious sunset ! But how beautifully you did read it !" In a second the evil was done. Naturally, she was highly flattered by the compliment, and began to think, "If I read that so well, I ought to be able to read others in the same way." So the next poem she read to her friends, she kept thinking, "Oh ! how beautifully I am reading this !" But imagine what was her surprise upon finishing it to find that they had all left the room (for they were honest folks, and could not express what they did not feel), except one, who remained behind the rest. She immediately asked him why they had all left the room, upon which he replied, "I do not know how it was, but you made us think more of yourself than of what you were reading." Of course she felt dreadfully on hearing this ; but the mischief was done ; she never again was able to read

as she had before self-consciousness appeared. At length the Devil came to that part of the world, in the shape of an elocution master, and he taught the people all manner of ridiculous things : to raise the voice in saying one word, to drop it in saying another ; to make this motion, and to make that motion ; till finally people grew to be extremely unnatural : every movement was premeditated. In reading, the sense of what they read never once troubled them. Thus, as the years went by, things grew worse and worse, until a few years ago, when we began to try to reverse our steps, and at the present time we are nearer to where the sincere people were before destructive self appeared.

To sum up good reading, we will say that "it is the operation of a perfectly sincere soul through a perfectly free body."

NEEDLES AND PINS.

It has always been a source of much wonderment to me where needles and pins go when they are lost. Think of the number that are lost every day, and of the very few that are found ! Now there must be some place where these needles and pins go, and the other night the whole thing was revealed to me.

I had been asleep but a short time, when I heard the door of my room opened softly from without. I looked in amazement to see who it could be, and there in the bright moonlight stood a tiny old woman. She was about a foot in height, and wore a long, dark cloak, with a hood, which was drawn over her face, so I could not catch a glimpse of it.

I dared not speak, and so, thinking herself unseen, she entered the room. Over the floor she flitted, so light and airy did her motions seem, till she reached the table. Then she suddenly rose, borne aloft by some invisible power, until she was within reaching distance of the pin-cushion. From it she took some needles and pins which I had recently placed there, and put them in a leather bag which she carried.

In an instant it flashed across my mind that this was the cause of the rapid disappearance of the needles and pins in my cushion nearly every night. I always had plenty of them the last thing

at night, but in the morning, especially when there was need for haste in preparing for breakfast, or when there must needs be a button sewed on, there was very often a scarcity of needles and pins, and my toilet therefore delayed.

The coolness with which she possessed herself of my property exasperated me beyond measure, and I determined to interview her on the subject ; so, when she had accomplished her errand, and was about to leave the room, I said to her, in not very gentle tones, "Who are you, and what right have you to help yourself to my needles and pins?"

She turned quickly at my words, and threw off her hood, looking toward me with her sharp eyes. I could not see her features very distinctly, but the impression I gained of the face was that it was extraordinarily keen and sharp.

She looked at me for a few seconds, and then replied, in a high-pitched voice, the very sound of which suggested needles and pins, "What! have you never heard of the pin collector?"

"Never," I said ; "but do tell me about her."

"I am she," said she ; "and I must say I think your education has been sadly neglected if you have never heard of me and my numerous assistants."

I saw that I had incurred her anger, and I strove to conciliate her by meekly telling her that on that point my education had been neglected ; but that was no fault of mine, for I had often thought about the strange disappearance of needles and pins, and had made up my mind that somewhere there must be those who had a knowledge of the matter, and who could account for it.

She seemed quite pleased to find me so interested in her work, and so she began to tell me about herself.

"With the invention of needles and pins," she said, "I came into existence, and I have literally worn myself out in the performance of my duty as needle and pin collector. As people and needles and pins increased in number I was obliged to employ assistants, and now I have an innumerable throng of them. At first I did the whole business of collecting and using the needles and pins, but now I find that the gathering and disposing of them occupy all my time. 'What becomes of the pins and needles after they are collected?' do

you ask? It has hitherto been a profound secret, carefully kept from mortals ; but as you manifest so kindly an interest in my work, I will tell you.

"Each one of my helpers has a certain mission to perform, and when there is need he is able to quickly transfer himself from one place to another. The mission of one, for instance, is to forever torment the man who has acquired wealth by unfair means. Needles are left in his recently repaired clothing, which constantly annoy him, but of which he cannot rid himself. Pins are placed in the chairs in which he sits, in all his so-called pleasures, in fact, in all he attempts. We give him no peace, and we find plenty of ways in which to torment him, so long as he remains selfish and grasping.

"Oftentimes, in places of amusement, parties and social gatherings, by thrusting in a pin or needle here and there, we manage to make this or that person thoroughly uncomfortable when he expected to spend an evening of unalloyed pleasure. Sometimes when persons are engaged in conversation, by deftly inserting a needle in this or that look, or a pin in this or that word, we cause much hard feeling between the persons.

"In school we find a continual use for pins. If a scholar fails in recitation we manage to make him very uncomfortable by means of a few pin-thrusts.

"But there is one particular occasion when needles and pins may be employed that we never fail to make the most of. That time is the hour you assemble in the church to hear the seniors' graduating essays. Then the young ladies fall a prey to our torture. When one rises to read her essay, by means of these small articles of torture we succeed in causing her hands and knees to shake in a most annoying manner. If she is conscious that her production is rather dull and uninteresting her nervousness is much increased, and when she takes her seat she is exceedingly ill at ease.

"On some scholars our needles and pins have little or no effect ; but we can drive others almost to desperation by our thrusts."

She finished speaking, and I, feeling much interested in her story, strove to draw her out still more by my questions. She answered only in monosyllables, however, and at last, when I be-

Came too inquisitive, she answered sharply, "Ask me no more questions, lest I try my tiny instruments of punishment on you." I opened my mouth to ask one more question, when I felt a sudden sharp pricking sensation, and I rose at once to a sitting posture. The moonlight streamed into the room, but there was nothing to be seen. On the cushion the needles and pins glistened brightly, and everything was quiet and undisturbed, and it gradually dawned upon me that I had dreamed.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A VIENNA engineer named Fischer has just taken out a patent for a new smoke-abating process. He proposes, by means of electricity, to condense the solid part of the smoke as it arises from the coal, the carbon thus solidified falling back in the furnace.

AN electrical wire as the legal mode of capital punishment would be in accord with the fitness of current things, remarks an Albany exchange. Electrical wires are taking life in every direction without warrant of law, and with the political currents running and political lightning making its appearance in all the heavens, even the political wires are of an electrical character.

TELEGRAPH poles are preserved in Norway by making an auger-hole about two feet from the ground, in which four or five ounces of sulphate of copper, in coarse crystals, are placed, and plugged in. The chemical is gradually absorbed by the wood until its whole outer surface turns to a greenish hue. The sulphate requires an occasional renewal, and is said to be a perfect preservative.

A COMPANY has been formed in Berlin to manufacture electrical matches. Two small cells and a small electric motor take the place of the ordinary movement.

A LOUISVILLE company proposes to utilize the natural gas supply of Indiana, and have asked of Congress permission to lay conduit pipes upon or beneath the Ohio River for the purpose of piping natural gas, petroleum, or salt-water from Indiana into Kentucky.

ART NOTES.

THE well-known Bohemian artist, Vacslar Brozik, has lately received from the Emperor of Austria the decoration called "Litteris et Artibus," which has recently been created by the Emperor as the highest distinction to be given to the most prominent artists and *litterati* of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This decoration consists of a large gold medal, with the portrait of the Emperor Franz Josef, and is to be worn, like the grand croix of any order, on a red ribbon round the neck. Some weeks ago two other celebrated painters, Munkacsy and Masejko, received the same high distinction.

Sir Noel Paton's new picture, "Vigilate et Orate," which he has painted for Queen Victoria, is now being exhibited through England, before being permanently placed above the altar in the private chapel at Osborne.

POLITICAL NOTES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been renominated for the office he now holds.

ALLAN G. THURMAN is the nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

THE lumber schedule of the Mills Tariff Bill was completed by the lower house of Congress on Tuesday. All manufactured lumber is placed on the free list.

A BILL has been passed by both houses of Congress reviving the grade of general of the army. The President nominated Lieutenant-General Sheridan to the position.

BILLS have been proposed to establish additional Cabinet offices, one a Department of Agriculture and one of Labor.

EXCHANGES.

THE University of Bologna, the oldest university now in existence, will celebrate its 800th anniversary on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of June. — *Ex.*

WELLESLEY boasts of a young lady so modest that she goes into another room to change her mind. — *Ex.*

A WELL-WRITTEN sketch of the life of Matthew Arnold is one of the good things in a new exchange,

the *University Cynic*, from the University of Vermont.

A FATHER of sixty-four and a son of twenty-four graduate from a Western college in June, and are rivals for class honors.

THE four leading female colleges in the United States are Wellesley, with 620 students; Vassar, with 283; Smith, with 367, and Bryn Mawr, with 79.

A CHINESE girl recently took the highest honors of her class in Woman's Medical College in New York City. She could converse in and write accurately five languages.

THANK YOU, Mr. Record, of Yale, for the compliment paid to your friends at Lasell. We regret sincerely our inability to accept your kind invitation: it was proffered too late; they are all promised.

It is proposed to raise a memorial to the late Matthew Arnold in Westminster Abbey.

LOCALS.

HOT weather is here, and so are mosquitoes.

"PLEASE stop talking."

"OPEN the windows, and those without patients step to the front."

MONDAY morning, May 21, about forty of us, including three or four guests, took the 8.15 train at the Old Colony station for Plymouth, arriving there at about ten o'clock. The day was a delightful one. We first went to the famous monument, then to Plymouth Rock, and the old cemetery. At twelve, all were ready for lunch. In the afternoon we visited the Court House, but spent most of our time examining the old relics in Pilgrim Hall. We returned to the seminary at about half past five. Thanks to Mr. Shepard for his great kindness and consideration in making the day so pleasant.

As it was decided by a committee of one that those entering chapel after the *tolling* of the bell should be reported as absent, Miss Senior said, "I am absent."

THE "S. D." Society banquet was held June 2, and was, as usual, a most enjoyable affair.

TUESDAY evening, May 8, under the direction of Mr. Walter Davis, a concert was given in Auburn Hall, by the Orphean Club and Mixed Chorus, assisted by Miss Gertrude Bryant, Mr. George Parker, Mr. Willis Nowell, and Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. The programme presented was very entertaining, and the concert was pronounced a "great success," — the finest ever given in Auburndale.

The proceeds, amounting to about two hundred dollars, were given to Mr. Frank Butler.

ON Friday and Wednesday evenings, May 18 and 23, a gymnastic exhibition was given in the gymnasium. The girls went through their parts with great ease and grace. On the first evening, the "run and jump" called forth considerable applauding, and we understand that it was the cause of much of the excitement shown in the gallery.

AT Yale, in May, measles were the rage; at Harvard and the Tech., mumps; but they couldn't get ahead of LASSELL, where the pink-eye was *the* thing. We also had a case of mumps.

ON the afternoon of May 17, about thirty of us were given into the care of Professor Cassedy, and started off for a drive to Mt. Auburn and Cambridge. All thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

PROFESSOR CASSEDY has been called to be principal of Norfolk College, Norfolk, Va.

It is his intention to make the college an attractive school home for girls who spend their winters South, as the place, which is just across the river from Old Point Comfort, eight miles from Hampton Roads, is quite a winter resort.

Professor Cassedy has been at Lasell four years, and brought his wife two years ago. They will be greatly missed by all.

THE Oxford caps and gowns, worn for the last few days of school, added greatly to the dignity of the Seniors.

"How is the earth divided? Why, by earthquakes."

HAVING been told to write the Commandments, a conscientious Senior wrote as one of them, "Thou shalt not lie."

GIRLS, have a jolly time this summer, but with all your fun don't forget to "z" and "breathe."

PERSONALS.

LENA J. KAUL, of Tiffin, Ohio, who was a Lasell girl in 1882, is now Mrs. Richard Carpenter, and lives at No. 518 Crawford Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

MRS GERTRUDE BENYON PARKER's address is 620 Woodland Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

MR. THOMAS WHITE, of Bangor, Me., sent a splendid specimen of the Penobscot River salmon to Principal Bragdon, for which all the household hereby send thanks.

GENIE CONVERSE went out to Gunnison, Col., to visit Mrs. Georgia Hatch Jones, and "met her fate" in Mr. A. B. Mathews, a partner in business of Mr. Jones.

During the last year Mr. Jones has conducted a prosperous real-estate business in Kansas City, and removed his family there. Mrs. Jones will spend the summer with friends in Denver.

MRS. ALICE LINSOTT HALL, Springfield, Mo., disappointed us in not fulfilling her promise to keep especially here the tenth anniversary of her graduation, but she "did want to come to the dear old school home,—no dearer place to me in all the world."

ANOTHER of the same class writes: "What '78ers will be there? I don't see why the Western Lasellites do not organize and meet in Chicago or Cincinnati: other schools have their meetings. We could send four delegates."

MISS ELEANOR LE HURAY, a sister of Miss Louise, sailed from New York, May 26, for her new mission work in Buenos Ayres.

MARRIED. — In Cincinnati, Ohio, June 13, Miss Mary Ebersole and Mr. Henry Crawford.

MARRIED. — At Hartford, Conn., May 31, Miss Hattie J. Hanmer and Mr. Mark T. Robbins.

"At home" after June 19, at Hotel Capitol, Hartford, Conn.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD PAYSON CALL, Miss Langley, Miss Louise Hammond, and Miss Whipple were numbered among the guests at the Senior reception.

SATURDAY, June 2, the Misses Flint made Lasell a little visit.

WE were glad to see the face of Edith Gale, in May.

WE hear of Mrs. Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, of La Porte, Indiana, as we like to hear, a wife and mother, extending her influence in the community, and "keeping up" musically, and otherwise, her place as one responsible, in her measure, for the advancement of all that is best in life.

WE hear of Maggie Grether as visiting Miss Boston, and of Lydia Dougan and Maggie Hamilton as well, indirectly. We regret to learn of the death of Miss Hamilton's brother.

Let us hear from you, girls. Old girls expect us to tell them of you.

AMONG the guests at the annual supper of the Lasellia Club were Miss Stafford, Miss Upton, Miss Sayford, Miss Foster, and Miss Stearns.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A FUGUE is a form of music in which the right hand says to the left hand,

"If fugue get there before I do,
Tell them I'm a-coming too."

WITH the closing of the Symphony Concerts the Boston musical season practically ends. The London musical season opens at about the time that of Boston comes to a close. The season just opening bids fair to be unusually brilliant.

It is rumored that Hans Richter is to succeed Wilhelm Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when the latter shall have fulfilled his term of years with Mr. H. L. Higginson, in that capacity.

MR. COWEN'S "Ruth" has been given six times in Great Britain, which is very good for a new work, the first season.

MISS EMILY WINANT will sing with the Handel and Hayden Society next year.

IN Binghamton, N. Y., the mandolin has made for itself a notable place both socially and publicly, and is much enjoyed.

"It is difficult," wrote the correspondent of an English paper, "to say what are the mysterious conditions of musical leadership. They are certainly nearest akin to the qualities of a great military commander, and one can only agree with the good old Emperor William, who, himself entirely

innocent of musical knowledge, said, after Wagner's performance of the Beethoven C minor Symphony, at Berlin, "Now you see what a good general can do with his army."

A COPY of the "High-Caste Hindu Woman" was received by the library from Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Stamford, Conn., as a gift. Judging from the label inside, the library of Lasell is only one of many, selected to receive this donation. Probably Mrs. Thompson takes this wise method to aid Pundita Ramabai in her work in India, and to enlighten and interest the young of America — possibly of other countries — by the revelations of this interesting and valuable book. We accept the gift with gratitude, sympathize with the motives, and rejoice in the good work it may do, especially in schools where it may be less known than in our own.

THE Statesman's Year-Book of '88 has only recently made its appearance in our library. The purchase of it has been long neglected.

THE girls will be grieved to hear that Lewis was quite seriously hurt Commencement Day. He was

driving a wagon heavily loaded with trunks to the station, when his horse suddenly fell. The unexpected jerk threw him from the seat, under the wheels, which passed over his back and lower limbs. The injury, though painful, was not dangerous, and we were pleased to see him limping round, with the aid of a stout cane, before we left.

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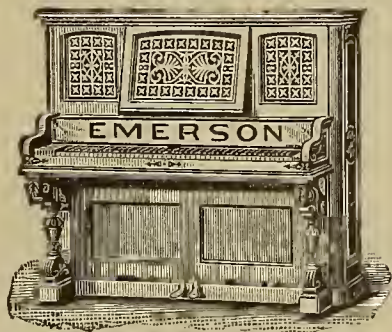
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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

"SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." The unfortunates who compose the present board of editors, through some mysterious dispensation, find themselves in the last class. To the public, we make the best bow of which we are capable, never having attended a finishing school, and beg it to remember our tender years, and not be severe upon us.

We, the new editor, expect to revel in printed expressions of our ideas upon all topics of current interest, and shall not lay down the office scissors until we have freed our minds upon such important subjects as, "Mrs. Cleveland's Bustle Reform," and that entirely new topic, "The Tariff." When all these knotty points have been decided, we expect to be placed upon the "retired list."

The year has begun very pleasantly. There are, as usual, many new girls. We are glad to see them, and know we shall be firm friends before the year is over; still, as we look around the chapel, we miss the familiar faces of the old girls. '88 has left an aching void, which we of '89 are too modest to ever hope to fill. However, we have aspirations reaching forward to the time when '90 will be eulogizing us, and holding up our virtues to coming classes.

By the way, where is the class of '90? Ever since last June we have been going about *à la* Diogenes, — with this modern improvement, that we carried a microscope, — trying to find more than one member. Can it be possible that "Lasell Seminary for Young Women, Auburndale, Mass.," will break its record, and allow June to slip by without a Commencement? We cannot understand why more of the new girls do not enter the course; many of them are prepared to enter the Junior year. but, for some reason known only to themselves, they prefer to join the great army of specials, and let one poor girl sustain all

the honors of '90. Think what unanimous class meetings she, it, then will have! no wrangling over class pins and receptions (?) and no anxiety concerning who shall be class officers.

In putting forth this plea for '90 our motive is not altogether a disinterested one. We learned in political economy that "man is a lazy animal"; we "also have heard that man embraces woman," so we conclude that means us. and accordingly, we fear that the usual attentions showered upon the Seniors at commencement by the Juniors will be wanting, and the "grave and reverends" must needs assist themselves.

Later. — Since going to press we have learned that '90 now boasts three members. Let the good work go on.

WE are all new editors, and have not as yet discovered any common grievance through which we may become sociable. No choice bit of poetry has been published which could be taken for the subject of half a column of extravagant praise; nor has there appeared any article especially obnoxious to all our beliefs in the denouncing of which we might expend our fiery e'ouquence and at the same time get into very serious quarrels with the college press.

Therefore, the would-be journalist, after thinking vainly, asks every one she meets in the halls for a subject upon which to discourse, and finally, in despair, decides to follow the example of the politicians. They, at any rate, are never at a loss for topics. If they possess neither celebrity nor grievance, they do not adopt anything so slow as the Micawber plan. What do they do? Why, invent something, of course. For instance: make a "surplus" where there is none.

But there is one never-failing resource, the stock in trade of the nervous young man, the vacuum-headed young woman, and the self-satisfied old one — the weather. The recent fit of sulks in which Dame Nature has been indulging has been most depressing. The tears which she has shed, together with the salty showers rendered by forlorn maidens on the occasions when some rash girl has wailed out a dismal ditty, supposed to be "Home, Sweet Home," have caused the atmosphere of Lasell to be decidedly damp. It is rumored that as a result of this most trying

state of affairs, one girl has actually contracted chills and fever.

Why, we've been momentarily expecting to feel the house loosen from the rocky soil of Massachusetts, and go sailing off to some distant Ararat. Possessing nothing in the shape of a dove, even figuratively speaking, to send out on an exploring expedition, we might, in time, have been and may yet be in a perplexing position. But the laws of the weather "do not regard trifles" like small birds, and the down-pour continues, despite vehement protestations. Having indulged in her caprice, and been so chilly in her demeanor toward us, — we've had three frosts, — we might reasonably expect Madam Nature to endeavor to propitiate us by opening her chest of "goodies" and giving us a few chestnuts.

Ah, you begin to be interested? Possibly you can sympathize with a young person who went off into the cold, damp, muddy woods and encountered nothing but very stubborn green burrs. E. P. Roe may revel in the "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," but — we beg to differ.

Have we kept you too long? You are tired. Oh, well, you have our stupidity to discuss, and so, having supplied you with that broad topic, we shall consider ourself as having conferred a benefit on the college press, and draw the curtain over our maiden meditations.

WE wonder if it would help the business manager, as she goes her weary rounds with the same time-worn expression on her lips, "Do you wish to continue your advertisement in the *LASELL LEAVES*?" if we should devote a little of our valuable time and space to explaining one of the many objects of the *LEAVES*? "Charity begins at home"; and we see here an opportunity to do a little philanthropic work. The profits from the paper go to assist needy girls in paying their tuition at this school; the money is loaned them temporarily, and in most cases has already been repaid. Eight or nine girls have been provided for in this way. At present there is nearly nine hundred dollars on hand, and it is the hope of the present business manager to swell the amount to over a thousand. The *LEAVES*, like nearly all college journals, depends for a large part, in fact for more than half, of its support, upon the advertise-

ments ; so you see, good patrons, that you are helping not only yourselves but others, by increasing your business through the agency of the LEAVES.

We have heard that the editorials are never read. This appeal may never meet the eyes of those for whom it is intended ; but we hope that those who advertise will understand one of our aims in editing the paper, and so be more liberal in their advertisements.

Imagine a man who has a good trade and is well patronized by the school in his business taking one twelfth of a column—"just out of courtesy to the young ladies, you know." Of course, the twelfths make the columns ; but it would save the manager considerable work in mental arithmetic, of which she is not fond, if larger spaces were taken.

It has been suggested that the money be allowed to accumulate until it has reached the sum of five thousand dollars, and that with this a scholarship be founded. We throw this out merely by way of a hint, in the hope that some former pupil whose husband or father is a bloated bondholder will advance a part of the money needed ; a still better plan would be for each old girl, rich or poor, to subscribe for the LEAVES, and also use her influence in getting her friends to advertise or subscribe.

AFTER reviewing the curriculum of our standard colleges, the average student wonders if one brain could grasp all the languages, sciences, arts, and 'ologies' that exist. Yet probably with added civilization there will come advanced ideas, to be resolved into a new science, language, or art.

There is much matter on the subject of phrenology, which ought to form soon an advanced study for everybody. The men who have been most prominent in this work are Spurzheim and O. S. Fowler.

Some of the laws of phrenology are established either by observation or the demonstrations of the craniologist. With due reference to these laws an observing person can determine the degree of development of his own mental faculties. Doubtless some are deficient in comparison with others. Knowing this, he should improve those faculties, in order to have a well-balanced brain.

In young Hoffmann, "tone" is precociously developed. Doubtless several other mental faculties are deficient, such as "form," "wit," or "acquisitiveness."

A person having some knowledge of the laws of which phrenology treats can make it very useful in studying those with whom he has to deal.

Then it is a never-failing source of pleasure and profit to notice others, ascertain their prominent qualities, and determine their character. Such a study can be pursued in a street car, on a railway train, anywhere.

In choosing friends one can discover his likes and dislikes, not instinctively, but phrenologically. There are people who have employed this means to a certain extent in choosing a partner for life. As a result, these same people are now living in connubial bliss and harmony.

Phrenology has not as yet been formulated as a science, but fundamental laws do exist, of which some, at least, have been thoroughly tested. But when phrenology comes to be a study, it may be defined as "a science which treats of the laws regarding the relations existing between brain and mind," or "the art of knowing one's self" ; or it might be called "the natural language of the faculties."

A NUMBER of changes have been made in the Faculty. Miss Farwell, formerly of Gannett Institute, Boston, takes charge of the History of Art class, in connection with the studio work ; Mr. Rich, a graduate of Wesleyan University, takes Mr. Cassedy's place, and Miss Cutler, of Carleton College, Minn., has the English classes. Miss Shinn, a former teacher at the Allen School, in West Newton, teaches Latin and Greek, and Dr. Maude Kent, of Boston University, is the resident physician. Professor Bowne, of Boston University, delivers three lectures weekly to the class in Logic. We think the school is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of so competent instructors.

TO THE OLD GIRLS.

WILL you do us the favor to notify us of any changes in residences of former pupils, that may come to your knowledge ? Lasell wishes to know where her daughters are.

WHAT TO AVOID.

“A LOUD, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

“Extravagances in conversation — such phrases as ‘awfully this,’ ‘beastly that,’ ‘loads of time,’ ‘don’t you know,’ ‘hate’ for ‘dislike,’ etc.

“Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy, often dangerously approaching to ‘female swearing’; as ‘Bother!’ ‘Gracious!’ ‘How jolly!’

“Yawning when listening to any one.

“Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

“Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

“Crossing your letters.

“Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

“WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

“An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

“The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

“The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

“The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

“An erect carriage; that is, a sound body.

“A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

“The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.” — *Christian Union*.

—•••—

THERE is no remedy for time misspent;
 No healing for the waste of idleness,
 Whose very languor is a punishment
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
 O hours of indolence and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
 Because I know this span of life was lent
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
 Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were given.
 Man should be better than he seems,
 And shape his acts and discipline his mind,
 To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

Aubrey de Vere.

A FEW days since a pamphlet fell into the hands of many of the Lasell girls. It was headed thus: “A Third Party Needed.” Its chief arguments are as follows:—

1. The two existing parties will do nothing to banish the evil of intemperance until forced to it by public opinion, such opinion to be aroused by a new party.

2. History and analogy drawn from anti-slavery movement prophesy the success of this party. The Liberty party, organized in 1840, was enlarged by the “Barn Burners” in 1848, and assumed the name of Freesoilers. In 1854 or 1855, according to Greeley, the “Whig party was dead” and the Whigs joined the Liberty party, and together they became the Republican.

3. “The Temperance party has been in the wilderness seventy-two years.” A third party will lead them out into the promised land if good temperance men, hereafter, instead of choosing between two evils, will “vote the third party ticket for Prohibition.”

4. “The license law is a great curse.” Statistics show the evils of intemperance to be appalling.

5. “The Republican party is dead.”

6. The Democratic party, by the cries of “Good Liquor,” have now nearly all the liquor fraternity on their side.

7. Were all the churches to come out against moderate drinking, a Prohibition President would be elected in 1888.

There are two sides to every question, and, in spite of the sweeping statements of this pamphlet, many temperance people with honest convictions still remain in the other parties, more especially the Republican. In the above, the third and seventh arguments are mere assumptions and are far from logical. The fourth, all temperance adherents accept in whatever party they may be. In replying to the fifth, we would only refer the reader to the recent State elections. The sixth appears to favor the Republicans rather than the third party; for a party which is deserted by nearly all the liquor fraternity can hardly be in sympathy with it. The first can be answered by the modern method of asking a question: “Is there need of a third party to ‘force’ public opinion?” It seems to the writer that, in these

days of free speech and free press, public opinion expresses itself without the need of any outside pressure. The only remaining statement, then, is the second, by far the most convincing of all.

As a parallel reading to this, we refer the reader to an able article, recently written by Daniel Dorchester, exposing the fallacies of the Third party. In this he elucidates by facts the formation and growth of the Republican party. This party was not, as is commonly thought, the Liberty party grown to manhood, though it contained, as a small part of it, some of the Liberty party. The Republican was not an outgrowth of the Freesoil party, nor the Freesoil party an outgrowth of the Liberty party. The Liberty League during its comparatively short life was made up of the radical members of the Liberty party. The early Republicans were not reformers of but one idea, nor was their creed entire emancipation. It was not a new party that brought about that. The two articles must be thrown aside, for they have caused only confusion. What shall we think? Is the success of the third party a foregone conclusion, and are we as temperance people justified in throwing our votes to the liquor party, in the hope that in a few years they will return to us unharmed and increased?

M. P.

A NEW BACK-LOG STUDY.

LET us hope for a rekindling of wood fires. Like Charles Dudley Warner, we long to sit before an open fire and thaw out some of that painful calmness and indifference which seem to possess us in this age; but we beg of you not to imagine that we have in mind a small aperture in which stand two puny andirons, and upon which rests lightly three, rarely four, artificial logs — logs of the same length, circumference, and weight, painted, and with gas burning in them, to resemble a wood fire. This product of man's inventive genius seems blasphemous, and to fail utterly in its purpose. The pale sickly light which it sheds must depress, rather than make happy and merry those within reach of its influence, and must engender insincerity and untruthfulness, rather than virtue. A cat would not lie down before it, and we doubt if a poodle would, without

hard coaxing. Surely such a contrivance as this can never fill the place of our dear old fire places, with their hallowed associations.

The ideal fireplace is deep, and seems to grow deeper and deeper as we gaze into it. It is nearly three feet and a half wide between its jambs, and has a capacious hearthstone in front of it, where the bright coals tumble down and rest without disturbance until cold and dead. Gigantic andirons stretch out their long arms, to receive and bear up the weight of the logs; while on either side stand "tall shovel and tongs, like sentries mounted in brass," ready to render assistance when needed. Now the back-log falls into a great heap of live coals, and the foresticks settle into a steady radiance. When 't is twilight, — "for daylight disenchant," — with the aid of an easy-chair and some interesting company, or even alone, could not Morris have found here his earthly paradise?

The best wood for a back-log is hickory, a sturdy kind of wood, which is fragrant with the forest and sings away when it begins to burn. The elm, they say, holds fire well, but the birch gives the softest and most brilliant flame.

One hates to see green wood burn; it seems so loath to give up its life; it hisses and foams, as if in agony, and the sap drops down like great tears.

A person must be very thoughtless to say that fire is only for heat. That is one of its good properties, to be sure, but it has countless other attractions. How beautiful it is to look at! There is no picture half so fascinating, so entertaining.

Like the landscape, it never looks twice the same. The crackling, snapping, and humming of the wood are not objectionable sounds, but rather give zest to conversation, and help drown the harsher sounds of cart and small boy outside. To poke a wood fire is a harmless and most excellent way of giving vent to one's spleen; the smoke acts as a conductor, and lets it escape out of the chimney.

Nowhere is one's imagination so free as before an open fire. Is there any place so conducive to that delightful occupation, day-dreaming? Only allow your imagination to pilot you and you can travel anywhere in the world. You are not

afflicted with sea-sickness, nor home-sickness, nor do you lose your temper. There is no luggage to look after, no changing of cars; in fact, every inconvenience incident to travelling is done away with. Especially is this mode of travelling adapted to invalids, and those whose means are limited, and those who speak poor French. To the former, because there is no strain upon the nervous system; and to the latter, because there are no fees to be paid to guides or servants, and no French, either good or bad, necessary. Only try it! Draw your chair in front of the blazing fire, and look steadily at the bright coals. There is Venice, with its golden streams winding in and out, and its gondolas filled with gayly-dressed revellers. The sun shines straight against St. Peter's, making it look like pure gold set with precious stones.

We now gaze with admiration and unspeakable joy at our long-dreamed-of castles in Spain. We came hither not by the "direct route through California, nor by the Northwest Passage," but *via* the old reliable "Fireplace" line. No wonder George William Curtis never came into possession of his great estates in Spain, when he only viewed them from his housetop at sunset! But if he had only descended from his exalted position to the hearthstone in his own little parlor, the deeds would have been signed and awaiting him, and he could have taken possession immediately. One always feels a little cross at his wife Prue, and believes that she had the deeds made out in her own name, without her husband's knowledge; for, although she only smiled when he made mention of his castles in Spain, she invariably gazed into the fire while doing her mending in the evening.

This "Fireplace" route was recommended by a friend (not Mrs. Curtis), and we had no trouble whatever in reaching our castles. With what conscious pride do we behold the lofty spires and battlements of our castles, as they flash against the horizon! Truly they are even grander and more beautiful than our wildest dreams had pictured. Sublime mountains, deep valleys, and soft landscapes are to be found in the grounds; the murmur of fountains is wafted to our ears, the songs of birds as they flit in and out of the trees, and the ripple of water as it passes over pebbles. "The luminous golden atmosphere," which seems

to pervade everything, brings us first a whiff of the jasmine flowers, then one of the orange, the citron, the oleander, and the rose. As we approach nearer, the great gates open on noiseless hinges, and seem to bid us welcome to our new domain. There must be guests inside; for we can hear their voices as we ascend the steps. Sure enough, there they are, and just the people we most desired to see. The Grand Duchess of Baden is in conversation with Miss Barton; Aldrich, true to his favorite theory, is urging Hamlet to take Juliet for a stroll down by the lake, and Ophelia to accompany Romeo. Dr. Johnson and his friends are there, too; Glaucus and Nydia, Dante and Beatrice; Poe, with the raven perched upon his shoulder; Milton, with his daughters; Tennyson and Oliver Goldsmith

When the fire blazes, and the snow is piled high against the windows, what beautiful visions float through our minds of the merry Christmas times! We can almost hear the shouts and peals of laughter from the children and the men as they hurry along home with the yule-log, and place it on the hearth of the wide chimney. 'Tis a venerable log, destined to crackle a welcome to all comers, and burn out old wrongs and heart-burnings. We see long rows of red-cheeked apples set to roast before the fire, and the ashes are strewn with popping chestnuts. Later, when all the games are over, when the kisses stolen under the mistletoe cease to resound through the house, when the letters have all been written and sent flying up the chimney to Santa Claus, and the little folks are tucked in bed, then it is that we see what is surely one of the loveliest sights in the world, the stockings; some long, some short, all hung with such care along the sides of the chimney. What a world of expectations, hopes, joys, and possibilities they represent, as they hang there in the dim firelight, waiting for Santa Claus to come down and fill them! It does, indeed, seem sad that this custom is dying out; for certainly it gave children, and grown folks, too, more real pleasure than almost any other one thing in the world.

Books are our best friends, after all, and come to our rescue when we are tired of everything else. They are never disappointing; but we can turn to them always, confidently trusting them to meet our mood. They are suited to all moods and all

times. When the wind howls, "making night hideous," and the rain taps against the window-pane, and runs down the chimney, making the fire spit and sizzle, as it strikes the coals, — on such a night we are apt to feel in the humor for reading something weird and gloomy. Perhaps we shall select something from Poe; "The Fall of the House of Usher"; or, "The House and the Brain" would not be badly suited to such a time. But should some of our number object to dwelling upon this morbid strain, and wish for something pleasanter, we have only to glance over the pages of Hawthorne's "American Note Book," or his "Marble Faun," and the firelight becomes only intense sunshine; we are transported into green pastures, fringed by great oaks, which unfurl their branches to the breezes, and afford grateful shade to the cattle. How delightful to go with Hawthorne on one of his afternoon strolls through the woods, and up a trout brook! How exquisitely and delicately does he describe every feature of the landscape! So perfect is the picture, we can almost feel the warm breath of spring on our cheeks, smell the perfume of the flowers, and see the tender green leaves dance in the wind, — even though the thermometer may stand below zero.

Our companion suggests that we have enjoyed our ramble with Hawthorne quite long enough, and must take up a little biography to-day. We hardly know which is the most fascinating, — to study the flowers and listen to the murmur of brooks, or to study the lives of men. Let us put on a fresh log and take Boswell down from the shelf, and see what he has to tell us about Dr. Johnson. All of us must have great curiosity to find out what there was about Johnson that fascinated Boswell so; and we would also like to know why it was that Johnson had such a propensity for collecting orange-peel. We do not care so much about the latter act itself, but we think that an understanding of it would explain the superstition, with which all the world is afflicted in some form or another. Sometimes it is the mania for stepping on cracks; sometimes the passion for counting the numbers containing seven; and, again, it is the looking for four-leaved clovers.

Or, if we tire of Johnson, some of Charlotte Brontë's dull, colorless life on those bleak, gray

moors might contrast with the bright light of our wood fire. But the increasing warm weather warns us that our days around the open fire are drawing to a close for this season, that we must substitute the fields for the fireplace, and sun and breeze for the back-log. But we are hopeful, believing that those who have not been indifferent to the lessons of the fireplace will not prove Peter Bells, nor fail to comprehend the mission of bird and breeze and flower.

M. L. H.

WHEN is a man's real character most visible to other men? Is it when he is conscious of being "the observed of all observers"? Nay, not then; for then he is on his guard, and is apt to conceal his real self. But when he thinks himself unwatched and unscrutinized, he acts out what is in him. His real character comes to the surface. And the silent, seemingly inattentive spectator of his deed often receives an impression of what the man really is.

EVERY day brings to each of us opportunities which we may neglect or never notice. We have an opportunity of speaking in behalf of truth and justice, and we are silent. We decline to take our stand against public prejudice or public opinion. We are afraid of being opposed or ridiculed, or of being out of the fashion; and so we do nothing, when we ought to act, and the opportunity goes by. We are like the man who hid his pound in a napkin and buried it in the earth, and said, "Lord, I was afraid!" We are not like the woman who put her two mites into the treasury, and was probably criticised by the by-standers for her very small donation. Yes, she may have been criticised by them; but, then, she was commended by Jesus, and has gone into the gospels of mankind as an example of right-doing. She did not lose her opportunity. Let us do what we can, and we shall not be followed into the other world by our lost opportunities bearing witness against us in the great day of account and retribution. Every day brings some opportunity. Every moment of conscience is an opportunity. And remember that we are never called to do anything more than is in our power. If we can say, "I have done what I could," that is enough. — *James Freeman Clarke.*

DEEP AFFLICTION.

"AT ten o'clock Aug. 1, the death of Mamie Peck, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Peck, occurred. The ailment was diphtheria, with which she was afflicted two weeks. It was thought last evening that she was improving, she seemed so much better. But she was very weak, and death was due to failure of heart action. Her death will cause sorrow in the hearts of the many friends of the distinguished father, who know how crushing the blow must be to the parents. Miss Mamie was a lovely young lady, just entering upon womanhood. She was a graduate of the high school class of '86, and was student after in Lasell Seminary, near Boston. She was talented, with a well-stored mind and graces of character which gave her the abiding friendship of all who came within her circle. The sorrow over her death is deep and extended in the city."

From the Davenport, Iowa, *Gazette*, of Aug. 1, we copy this sad intelligence for Mamie Peck's many Lasell friends. She will be remembered as a girl of rare promise, having a ready assimilative mind, the courage of her convictions, and tact in using them for good. In her home the loss is, on the earthly side, too deep for any poor words of ours, but we think of it with the deepest sympathy.

IN her home in St. Louis, Mo., July 4, Emily Peabody Stewart, aged twenty-six years.

To her numerous Lasell friends the above sorrowful announcement was a shock of painful surprise. This vivid life, so happy, so full of promise, suddenly gone into the great darkness? No, — that cannot be! The rather comes Kaulbach's wonderful idealization of the mother with the dead babe — all living and glorified, vanishing in the starry sky, the radiant, uplifted face shining in its deep and solemn joy.

Emily was married in April, 1887, to Mr. Alexander Stewart, and her life in her home in St. Louis had been "ideally lovely." Twin children were born July 2, 1888. One was taken, the other left. May He who permits so great a calamity for some ultimate good in the divine order, which we trust, but cannot see, give to these bereaved ones, according to his promise, exceeding grace!

AGAIN has the angel come within our circle and claimed one of our beloved ones for the realms above. In July, the sad news was brought us from St. Louis that Emily Peabody Stewart had passed beyond the gates, leaving sadness and sorrow in the homes so recently brightened and made lovely by her presence and character, and sending grief into many a heart glad in her friendship.

Emily's life at Lasell was especially happy in influence over her companions, and the cheerful, kindly girl with a welcome and pleasant word to every one will not be soon forgotten. Her influence will keep on in the coming years, as one whose presence lightened the cares of others.

Her joyous life and temperament so directed her character that no selfish motive was allowed to let fall a shadow on her neighbor. Truly had she received, freely she gave.

Well do we remember a slight discussion that arose in the class-room on the sincerity of meeting every one alike, when there might be a difference in feeling, and her reply to the effect that we owed, as fellow-creatures, a pleasant greeting to each other which no self-feeling should be permitted to mar. And there is not a Lasell acquaintance but will answer that Emily lived up to this friendly conviction.

As a classmate we grieve for the one who was the life of the six who together reaped the benefits of Lasell, and together passed from school duties into the various callings of a woman's world. We cherish the memory of one whose principle was ever for the right, and whose Christian influence was always uplifting. Her happy thought of giving the bridal bouquet to her grandmother when leaving her girlhood's home but expresses the ruling thought of her life, kind care of others, and reveals the secret of her many friendships. Keenly we mourn the loss of our beloved friend and mingle our sorrow with those who knew and loved her in the nearer, dearer ties of home. Favored and blessed in her friendship, we bow to the will of One who knows all sorrows and reads all hearts, and who can turn the grief of to-day into joy to come.

"C. L. L., In Memoriam," bring to the members of our Lasell European parties just tributes to the many virtues of Dr. Charles Loomis, "the noble, faithful, and affectionate son" of our friend and leader, Dr. L. C. Loomis, and his beloved wife. He was their only child; the loss is so irreparable to the hearts whose deepest joy and hope were in him that we know not how to speak to them. But all over this land those who have had the comfort and rest of his care for them in travelling abroad will sympathize with Dr. and Mrs. Loomis, appreciating as friends the refined, accomplished young man, so soon gone from a life in which he seemed so necessary that we find it hard even to say, "The Lord had need of him." Our hearts follow him, feeling no need of change in him for God's other place, — among all loyal, faithful, patient souls of just men made perfect.

MRS. JOHN M. PHILLIPS died at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 18. "A pure and lovable character, a lady fine and attractive by birthright, and adorned with that added graciousness that comes from above," said one who knew her well. Ida's many Lasell friends would express deep sympathy in this great loss of the loving, honored mother.

SUCCESS.

THE word means much, but it does not mean any more than was accomplished by those who went with the Lasell party to Europe this summer. To go through the whole programme of three months' time of almost daily travel, and to include nearly every important city, from Edinburgh to Naples, from London to Berlin and Vienna, without delay or accident, and everywhere "on time," with every one well and happy, is surely worthy the name of SUCCESS.

The ocean trips were delightful, and with the splendid steamers, and perfect management of the Cunard Line, from Boston, how could they be otherwise?

To any who may be planning to go to Europe next season, the best wish we could make for you would be that you might have as complete a SUCCESS.

W. T. S.

MARRIED.

THE most important event in social circles in Edwardsville this season was the marriage of Miss Virginia Russell Prickett, of this city, and Mr. William A. Burrowes, of New York. The event took place in St. John's M. E. Church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Promptly at the designated time the bridal party entered the church, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March. The ushers were Messrs. Asa Pittman, Fred. Hawley, and E. I., Jule L., and H. E. Prickett. The bridesmaids were Misses Georgie Meyers, Bertha and Emma Oswald, Jessie Prickett, Grace Whitbeck, and Macie Prickett. After the bride came the groom and his best man, Mr. Daniel Russell of St. Louis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. B. Thompson. Upon the conclusion, the party were driven to Major Prickett's residence, where a reception was held from 12.30 to 2.30 P. M. A sumptuous repast was prepared by a St. Louis caterer, and Steinkuehler's orchestra, concealed by banks of flowers, made the time short.

The bride was attired in an imperial costume of white filmy crêpe. The short-waisted effect was defined by a pearl girdle. The tulle veil was caught at the crown of the head with a diamond star, and fell to the foot of the court train. The only ornament worn was a superb necklace of diamonds and pearls, gift of the groom.

The bridal pair will make New York their future home. — *Edwardsville Intelligencer*.

Miss Prickett was a member of the class of '85, and a valuable member of the "S. D." society. Her many friends at Lasell wish her every happiness and a prosperous future.

CONSTANCE WAITE, at Lasell in '82, was married September 26, to Rev. F. T. Rouse, at her home in South Freeport, Me. A few friends were present, among them Grace Durfee, '85. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse will make their home in West Superior, Wis., where we wish them all joy and happiness.

AT 64 Burnet Street, Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 25, Miss Mabel Hill Bliss and Mr. Frederick Rowling Tibbitts.

OCT. 10, at Highland Place, Pasadena, Cal., Miss Nellie Rees Hugus and Mr. Victor Bush Caldwell. At home after Nov. 1, in Omaha, Neb.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

WE should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
 If we had but a day;
 We should drink alone at the purest springs
 In our upward way;
 We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
 If the hours were few;
 We should rest not for dreams, but for fresher power
 To be and to do.

 We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
 By the clearest light;
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
 If they lay in sight;
 We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet;
 We should take whatever a good God sent
 With a trust complete.

 We should waste no moments in weak regret,
 If the day were but one;
 If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun,
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what the Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.

WESTERN FEET GROWING SHORTER AND WIDER.

— Says a shoe drummer: "For nearly a quarter of a century I have been in the selling trade for an Eastern house. During that time I have noticed a great many changes, but none has struck me more forcibly than the change in the shape of Western women's feet, which are growing wider and shorter all the time. Twenty years ago a C last was considered wide in this section, while now it is narrow for the general trade. The explanation is simple: The Western women for years have had a weakness for French heels and short shoes, which, it is known, have a widening and shortening tendency, and serve to produce enlargement of the joints and deformed feet."

BIRTHS.

CONGRATULATIONS are extended to Mrs. Carlos Adams, *née* Emma Cooper, on the arrival of a son.

BORN to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seiberling, *née* Gertrude Penfield, July 24, 1888, a son.

LASELL friends congratulate Mrs. M. M. Jones — Georgie Hatch — on the arrival of a little girl.

PERSONALS.

STELLA TOYNTON has returned from Europe, and is at her home, in Detroit.

LUCIE MCBRIER is at her home, in Erie, and is much missed by the old girls.

BESS HARWOOD, Eula Lee, Grace Havens, Florence and Lizzie Freeman visited Maud Van Horn and Clara Bowen this summer.

MISS SINSABAUGH, '87, spent the summer in Italy, but expects to return to Paris this fall. Her address is Post Restante.

THE engagement of the class of '84 is announced. Leap year has fulfilled its mission.

DAISY PARKHURST, whom we expected to be with us when school opened, is detained at Titusville, Fla., only one hundred miles from the fever districts

MABEL RAUM, who is now visiting in Evansville, Indiana, will continue a course of study at her home, in Washington, D. C., during the winter.

MISS ROSE WELT and Fannie Reed were the guests of Maud Matthews this summer.

ANNIE BROWN and Lena Tidd have gone West to travel for a month.

ANNIE BUSHNELL expects to spend the winter in Florida.

LULIE AND NANNIE HOGG spent their summer vacation in California.

LIZZIE ATWATER expects to visit Anna Mitchell, '87, in October.

KIT YOUNGS, Lizzie Peck, and Josephine Bgart visited Annie Gage at her home, in Painesville, this summer.

MISS MAE FOWLER entered the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia at the beginning of this college year, Oct. 6. Her family are living at 2032 N. 12th Street, in that city, having removed from Elizabeth, N. C., for the better educational advantages for their children. So Mae can board at home through the medical course. We congratulate her on this beginning of preparation for large usefulness.

SARA PEW will be the guest of Jessie Law for a short time this fall.

AMONG those who were disappointed in being too late for places in Lasell were two daughters of a Houston, Texas, family, who know the Morris and Hill families. They report "Bettie" as well and happy and giving vocal lessons with success.

INIE SANFORD spent the summer with her mother, at Mrs. Fisher's. Her mother enjoys Auburndale air so much that she hopes soon to become a resident. We shall be glad to have them near us.

GRACE HUNTINGTON passed a few days on her way home in June, at Albany, with our former pupil, Grace White, Mrs. Gould, who was interested in Lasell improvements, and promised to send a photograph of her little girl for the grandchildren album.

BETTIE ASTON sends a kind invitation to Lasell to visit her in her Virginia home. She would honor the reputation of the "Old Dominion" for hospitality.

ONE of the "grandchildren" most sincerely welcomed is Ella Marie Porter, the bright little reminder of our Ella Stocking, whose image grows no less distinct to our loving memory as days and years go by.

IN the early August Mr. Stilwell, the brother-in-law of our dear Julia Miller, and the delightful companion of our last ocean voyage, made us a little call, — too little. He promises to come again. Reports Julia's father and mother well.

MISS MARY COE looked in on us last week. Her family return here Oct. 1, but Mollie will spend the winter in her new house, at Southern Pines, N. C.

IT was very pleasant for Grace Durfee's old friends to see her again among us. A sense of duty at home led her to resign the work at Carlton College, Minn., in which she had made an excellent beginning. She accompanied a younger sister to Lasell, and is now visiting in Providence.

FLORENCE BAILY, '87, is at present in St. Louis.

MAUDE OLIVER visited Lina Jones this summer.

MR. AND MRS. DRAPER and Miss Hattie, friends of Miss Lillie Potter, gave us the pleasure of a visit recently.

MISSES COBURN and Pierce made a call at Lasell a few days ago.

THE home address of Miss Lillian Upton is 287 Warren Street, Roxbury, her parents having changed their residence, formerly Blue Hill Avenue. We regret to hear that Mr. Upton has been ill since their return from the mountains.

MR. ROLFE is not expected until the latter part of October. He is at present in Rome.

MRS. BENJAMIN S. BROWN — Susie French — visited her old home, in Manchester, N. H., during the summer, and came also to see Lasell. Her present home is at 1520 N. 27th Street, Omaha, Neb.

MRS. ELMER WARREN LEWIS, — Nellie Parker, — here in 1884, and Miss Martha L. Prentice, of Le Roy, N. Y., also here in '84, made a brief visit together here in August.

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS HAX, of St. Joseph, Mo., made us too brief a visit lately. Since the coming of Bertha and Emma, in 1881, the parents have seemed not only patrons but kind friends.

MISS LILLIAN MIRICK is in a responsible position at Wesley Water Cure, — P. O. address, Experiment Mills, Monroe County, Pa. After she had finished the course in Dr. Sargent's school at Cambridge he thought it advisable for her to do some lighter work than teaching gymnastics. She likes her present work, and writes "Remember me to all my old friends if there are any still there."

MRS. CHARLES K. STEARNS — Jennie Hays — of Williamsport, Pa., sends two beautiful photographs — Rachel Hays, two and a half years, and Catherine, five months old

CLARA L. WHITE and Lizzie B. Burnham, '87, spent two weeks of July with Mamie Noyes, '87, and her mother, at Jefferson, N. H.

CLARA WHITE also spent two weeks with Sallie Head at Hooksett, N. H.

WE see that Ex-Governor Long is again associated with Alfred Hemenway, the legal firm being now Allen, Long & Hemenway. Mr. Hemenway has done his part toward making

Lasellians law-abiding girls, albeit all the grapes and apples about Auburndale don't fall from "branches leaning over our wall!" "Train up a child," etc., nevertheless, and when we are old we shall depart to Mr. Hemenway to wage our war with the husbands who repair to Buffalo and marry "unbeknownst." Nobody can surpass Mr. Hemenway in fastening on a bright button, to stick a girl's eyes to the law that she may be glad to remember by and by, not even that popular but still unknown to Lasell girls, Governor Long.

LOCALS.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS a year — no recreation.
ATTENTION!

ONE BROWN, no Smith, no Jones!

MANY names have been given this year for the Symphony Concerts.

WHAT is the capital of Georgia?
Chicago Senior — Atlanta.

AN unheard-of thing has happened in the Senior class: every member is *engaged*.

ON Saturday evening, Sept. 22, the new girls were received in the Gymnasium by the teachers and Seniors, and were welcomed to Lasell by all the "old girls." Decorations of blue and white bunting, Chinese lanterns, and flags were very tastefully arranged by Mr. Shepherd, and gave to the Gymnasium a very attractive appearance. During the evening, Prof. Hills dedicated the new Steinway grand by rendering two fine selections upon it, and the Auburndale Male Quartet sang some of their delightful songs.

THE Senior class numbers twelve.

MINISTER: The contribution will now be taken up for all needy clergymen and their *widows*.

NEW GIRL. — How dreadfully the wind blows here. Does it blow all the time?

Old Girl. — Yes; but — (happy thought) it does not belong here, it comes from the northwest.

MISS CUSHMAN will be absent until Christmas, perhaps the entire year, as she chooses to rest from school work for a time. Miss Jennie Farwell, also in charge of the studio, ably fills Miss Cushman's place in the History of Art class.

LASELL girls believe in spelling as they pronounce, as shown in the Bible examination of one Sunday.

Lazzarith

Marke

Jhon

Joab

Jobe

Pentituke, also Pentetook. Jacob, by the way, was placed among the Disciples.

PROF. B. (*in chapel*). — Any one by the name of Rachel here?

Voice from a distance. — Yes.

Prof. B. — Where?

Ans. — She has gone home.

THE S. D. reception given to the new girls in the Gymnasium, Sept. 29, was much enjoyed by all present. The S. D.'s showed charming taste in the decoration of the room, and a few members of the society favored their guests with music and elocution.

SENIOR'S conundrum. — Why is Cleveland like a tree?

Ans. — Because he *leaves* in the spring.

AUCTION. — "Wives" went for two cents.

SENIOR No. 1. — What is a Cheshire cat?

Senior No. 2. — Why, don't you know? It was an animal that followed "Alice in Wonderland" about on her journeys. The one that vanished and *revanished*.

ALL are much interested in the building of the new natatorium and bowling alley, which are still in an unfinished condition.

THE first regular meeting of the Lasell Y. W. C. T. U. was held Sunday, Sept. 23, at which an outline of the work of the Y.'s was given. Over forty were present, and the outlook for the coming year is very encouraging.

NEW STUDENTS.

MAUD BALDWIN, Hawaiian Islands; Ida Barton, Auburndale; Rosa Best, Whitinsville, Mass.; Ruby Blaisdell, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Belle Bragdon, Auburndale; Annie Burr, Middletown, Conn.; Bertha Clapp, Des Moines, Iowa; Alice Coe, Durham, N. H.; Addie Commins,

Akron, O.; Eva Couch, Round Pond, Me.; Nellie Davis, Chicago, Ill.; Rena Day, Wakefield, Mass.; Florence Durfee, Marion, O.; Maud Evans, Kansas City, Mo.; Jennie and Mary Fairleigh, St. Joseph, Mo.; Susan Flather, Nashua, N. H.; Fanny Foster, Terre Haute, Ind.; Flora Gardner, Chicago, Ill.; Emma Gass, Cambridge, Mass.; Elva Gibson, Clarks, Neb.; Martha Hall, Belfast, Me.; Adelaide Harding, Chicago, Ill.; Sara Harvey, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Heffelfinger, Minneapolis, Minn.; Sara Hitchcock, Bath, Me.; Laura Hutton, Richmond, Ind.; Nellie Johnson, Walla Walla, Washington Ter.; Helen Kendall, Auburndale; Lida Kidder, Orange, N. J.; Alice Lane, Waltham, Mass.; Margaret Leavitt, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mabel Lee, Detroit, Mich.; Isabelle Lombard, Chicago, Ill.; Annie Merrill, Manchester, N. H.; Margaret McChesney, Chicago, Ill.; Helen Moore, N. Anson, Me.; Gertrude Newcomb, Biddeford, Me.; Mary Hinde, Oskaloosa, Iowa; Etha Pearce, Baltimore, Md.; Lida and Mary Peck, Wellington, Kan.; Alice Pond, Dorchester, Mass.; Gertrude Reynolds, E. Haddam, Conn.; Nellie Richards, Roxbury, Mass.; Lucy Roberts, Decatur, Ill.; Marcia Robinson, Mt. Vernon, Me.; Lucie Sampson, Denver, Col.; Harriet and Lois Sawyer, Napa City, Cal.; Kittie and Mary Seiberling, Akron, Ohio; Bessie Shepherd, Auburndale; Daisé Shryock, Baltimore, Md.; Helen Staples, Dubuque, Iowa; Rachel Stearns, Waltham, Mass.; Vermeille Swan, Lowell, Mass.; Mabel Wanock, Urbana, Ohio; Laura Whitney, Millbury, Mass.; Lilian Whitney, Auburndale; Maude Whitney, Millbury, Mass.; Mary Wilcox, Fort Keogh, Kan.; Bessie Williams, Muncie, Ind.; Harriet Wilmarth, Attleboro, Mass.; Annie Wilson, Boston, Mass.; Nettie Woodbury, Beverly, Mass.; Louise Woodman, Fairfield, Me.; Susie Young, Danielsonville, Conn.; Jessie Benton, Brookline, Mass.; Bessie Tole, Somerville, Mass.; Theresa Hollander, Somerville, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

J. H. DEBRAY, a most eminent and distinguished chemist, died, at Paris, July 10, at the age of sixty-one. He is a great loss to the scientific world.

Two rare fossils were found in Catskill, N. Y. One a large specimen of branching coral, with a stem one inch in diameter, pronounced a new species.

ANIMALS that live in desert places never drink; and a kind of mouse has been obtained which for a year tasted no water or moist food.

Two French chemists have succeeded in producing, by artificial means, rubies of considerable size, which, in all their chemical and physical characteristics, can hardly be distinguished from the natural. The effect this may have upon the gems remains to be seen, but if the production of crystals of considerable size is successful, rubies must necessarily lose their position as the most valuable gem.

AMBER is found in paying quantities only in the Baltic Sea. It was formerly obtained when storms occurred in the winter, when the sea was convulsed, and threw the amber upon the shore. Now it is brought up by divers in improved diving apparatus.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Democrats are still engaged in trying to win the last election in Maine.

MR. THURMAN has recently taken occasion to set forth his great love for the negro, and to show that the abolition of slavery was brought about by the Democratic party.

THE Republican party is the only one in the North that has made war on an element in its own ranks, viz., the saloonists. Almost every Republican State has, by stringent legislation, proved its hostility to the saloon.

POLITICAL meetings at all points in Indiana, both Democratic and Republican, are being more largely attended than in any previous campaign. Crowds of 5,000, and even 10,000, assemble at little cross-road villages on two or three days' notice.

MUSICAL NOTES.

PATTI has been severely criticised in South America.

MISS GERTRUDE FRANKLIN has returned from London.

"THE MIKADO" is to be given in San Francisco in the Japanese language.

ON Minnie Hauk as Carmen:—

We hear with a musical pleasure untold
The strains of sweet Carmen, wherein we rejoice;
What paradox forced you, sweet songstress, to hold
The name of a hawk with a nightingale's voice?

APPROACHING deafness is said to have been the cause of Mme. Christine Nilsson's retirement.

TEACHERS complain that the holiday season, from Thanksgiving to New-Year's, sadly interferes with their professional duties. Added to this regular interruption this year comes the Presidential election excitement.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a key which simplifies and renders lasting the tuning of stringed instruments. Every violinist should have one. It is extremely annoying to be obliged to listen to a man tuning his violin ten minutes in order to hear a five-minute solo. But it is probable that if a vio'inist's fiddle never got out of tune he could n't play a solo on it without first "tuning it up"

ART NOTES.

THE new society of American etchers, whose object is the elevation of the etcher's art in this country, has elected Thomas Moran president, Frederick Diehman treasurer, and C. Y. Turner secretary.

FEW Boston artists have as yet returned to town; most are still at their summer studios.

A WING sixty feet square, connected with the main building by a hall, has been added to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

MR. WILLIAM WILLARD, who exhibited his ideal head "Hermione," two years ago, has recently shown two portraits, of Miss Alexander and Mrs. Hargrave, which are painted in profile against an effective golden-brown background. The types represented by the two subjects are entirely different. Both heads are superbly modelled, and are distinguished by the same exquisite coloring.

EXCHANGES.

GREETING to all our exchanges!

We wish you a pleasant and prosperous year. May your editor's jokes be comprehensible, your business manager's ways beguiling, your poets' exertions not all consigned to the waste-basket, and your subscription list full! Then your mission in life may be accomplished, and, the gods willing, that long-felt want may be supplied, — a successful paper.

SOME of the college journals have shown commendable enterprise in getting out their first number so promptly. The paper which reached us first was the *Yale Courant*. The blue is always ahead. We sorrow with them over the loss of their fence. Alas! poor fence! We knew it well by hearsay. A fence of infinite strength, of most excellent situation.

THE *Daily Crimson* seems much improved. The mud so liberally showered upon this publication last year seems only to have proved a sort of varnish to bring out good points in the paper.

THE *Phillipian* is a *great* success, — in an advertising way.

"MY mind has never been mine own, since when
For once on thy fair face I gazed; for then
I was transformed into another man."

T. G. S. in Yale Courant.

Plainly, here is another case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

ODE.

(To Yale '92 upon viewing their composite photograph.)

I.

You're a darling class, any how,
Though your collar's a trifle high;
But the thing we cannot get over

Is

Your hypermetropic eye.

II.

We like your hair cut just so,
Your mustache — ah! we sigh;
But the thing which strikes us most

Is

Your hypermetropic eye.

III.

Your mouth is dainty and charming,
Your ears are quite — well — fly,
But the feature which pleases us most

Is

Your hypermetropic eye.

IV.

We hope if we ever meet you,
 You'll not coldly pass us by,
 But will give us one glance from
 Without
 Your hypermetropic eye.

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

OVER the threshold there hang three balls,
 Glittering, bright, and beguiling,
 While below in the doorway stands
 An Hebrew so artful and smiling.
 The light burns dim in the store within ;
 Nobody sees him standing,
 Saying good by to his winter coat,
 For one half what he is demanding.

Nobody, only those eyes of black,
 Twinkling and full of meaning,
 Gaze on the poorest cad in town,
 Over the counter leaning ;

FOR YOUNG WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

"A ÷ DECADE ÷ OF ÷ ORATORY."
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A beautiful and substantial little book containing eleven orations which have been awarded the annual \$100.00 Kirk prize at Northwestern University — the highest honor in the gift of the institution. *Worth many times its price to young writers and speakers.* Shows what styles of oratory are successful before mature judges. *A study of these orations may bring you prizes or honor in your own school.* Address UNIVERSITY PRESS CO., Evanston, Ill.

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SCHOOL, ———

CHURCH AND

————— OPERA

SEATINGS.

31 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Starved and busted, with downcast eye,
 You wonder why he lingers ;
 But after all the exchange is made,
 And some money clinks in his fingers.

He snaps his fingers and looks about ;
 Suddenly growing bolder,
 He buys a spring coat with what he has left,
 To cover his shivering shoulder.
 There are questions asked, and a quick exchange,
 He's fled, like a bird, from the doorway ;
 But over the threshold there hang three balls,
 Which help him financially always.

Williams Weekly.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WE have received from a friend of education, whose name is reserved, but who is a neighbor in Newton, twenty dollars for the "Lasell Leaves Fund." Such money cannot fail to do multiplied good, and to such men money ought to be multiplied.

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Blanket Wraps for the Nursery, the Bath, the Sick-room, or Steamer Travelling, for Men, Women, Children and the Baby, at NOYES BROS.'

Morning and Evening Wedding Outfits, in Shirts, Collars, Cravats and Gloves, a specialty at NOYES BROS.'

English Mackintosh Coats, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at NOYES BROS.'

English Silk Umbrellas, in Gold, Silver and Natural Wood Handles, Ladies' and Men's, \$2.75 to \$35.00, very rare and choice designs, at NOYES BROS.'

English Travelling Rugs, for Railway and Steamer Use, \$3.75 to \$50.00, at NOYES BROS.'

English Dressing Gowns, Study Coats, House Coats and Office Coats, and Long Wraps, \$5.00 to \$45.00, in stock or to measure, at NOYES BROS.'

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Blanket Slippers for the Sick-room, the Bath or Dressing-room, for Men, Women and Children, at 75 cents per pair, at NOYES BROS.'

English Holdalls, indispensable to Travellers, at NOYES BROS.'

New English Neck Wear, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Shirts, in every possible style and quality, at NOYES BROS.'

Ladies' Silk Umbrellas in Fancy Colored Stripes, Plaids and Large Figures; new, stylish and desirable, at NOYES BROS.'

The last London production in **Ladies' English Waterproofs** are to be had at NOYES BROS.', \$7.50 to \$45.00 — just opened.

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The present fashion of Shirts with Linen Cords, Embroidered Figures and Spot Bosoms, may be had of NOYES BROS., most thoroughly and elegantly made.

We have a **SPECIAL DEPARTMENT** for Repairing Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, or any article belonging to Gentlemen; can be laundered and reaired at short notice at NOYES BROS.'

There are 81 offices in Boston who advertise **Troy Laundry**. MESSRS. NOYES BROS. are the *only house in Boston* that ACTUALLY send goods there.

We send the work every day, and return in five days, and give new goods for any damaged.

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Family Laundry Work called for and returned with no extra charge.

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NEW YORK.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XIII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1888.

Number 2.

LASELL LEAVES.

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BY THE

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OF

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Business Manager.

MAUDE OLIVER '89.

Local Editor.

GRACE SKINNER.

Exchange Editor.

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MABEL CLEMENT, '91.

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1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

"ALL work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," and why won't the same apply to Jack's sister? At present, she is thoroughly satiated with the number of study hours which she gets for five hundred dollars per annum, and, thus far, all her pleasure has been in anticipation. First, it was the thought of logic, and how much good she would derive from it. She expected to be able at the end of two months "to harness a team with a logical chain"; but she reckoned without her host. The time has expired, and all she knows is, that "terriers are dogs; but all dogs are not terriers." This fact she knew before. It has also dawned upon her that her mind is a vagary. With all this weighty matter resting upon the "vagary," with the earnest and searching perusal of sixty pages of Dowden's Shakespeare primer, and with the unusual amount of working hours, the Lasell young woman of '88 and '89 will soon be a shadow of her former plump self, and at Christmas will no longer tip the scales at one hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

But, to lay aside all bantering, we think the working hours too long. The sound of the bell at half past four again would, indeed, be welcome. We think any girl who possesses an average intellect, and carefully plans her time, can accomplish all that is required of her in less time than is now reserved for study; formerly we did it, and why can't we now? The incoming student is either unusually stupid or unusually studious. We have no opportunity to be social or to make friends, and it is not to be wondered at if the new girls think us somewhat unapproachable; the only time we have to speak a pleasant word to them is when we meet them as we pass to and from class-rooms.

Monday mornings are taken up with cooking lectures; Sundays, with Bible talks,—even the luxury of talking at the water tank is denied us. We think our condition lamentable in the extreme.

If it is permitted us to take time by the forelock, we would like to put in a plea for next spring. From the present outlook, those of us who are new will never know the delights of boating on the Charles, getting fast on a rock, and possibly being rescued by a Newton High School —

We were about to say something, when we were aroused by the sound of the fire-bell, and the rushing past of the *two* men, who live in Auburn-dale; so we felt obliged to stop, and tender them the usual Lasell inspection.

THE announcement of a new college publication, to be called the *Collegian*, has lately reached us. It will be published under the auspices of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, whose first convention was held last February; but will be the organ not of that body, but of the American undergraduate. It will consist of prize stories, essays, and poems, with correspondence, eclectic, athletic, and rostrum departments. The *Collegian* will resemble "Lippincott's" in size and general make-up; the subscription price is three dollars per annum; the first number to be published in December, 1888, as the January number.

The object of the *Collegian*, "to introduce *young talent* to the world," is certainly very praiseworthy; but two objections present themselves: first, the contributions are confined exclusively to young men's colleges; second, the paper will be supported at the literary expense of the local college paper or papers. From the first, we infer that women's colleges are to be debarred from entering the lists, and that competition with their brothers will be denied them. If the *Collegian* is to be, as it states, a paper for the American undergraduate, why are women not included? The second objection must be one of interest to the editors of the various college journals, as it encroaches somewhat upon their rights. Any one who has had experience in the editing of a college paper, knows how hard it is to get the necessary contributions. Will not this be even more difficult than formerly, if the undergraduate sends his contributions to this new paper? However, we wish them success, and shall watch this new venture with interest.

Now that the election has come and gone, and the voice of the office-seeker will soon be heard in the land, the feminine mind longs to make itself heard. It knows nothing about politics, but it has a few ideas which it drags forth quadrennially and airs. After being aired they are returned to the left-hand pigeon-hole of the editorial *escritoire*. The office has been painted a beautiful sunset crimson, and the editors are contemplating a jubilee banquet at Young's which will rival that of the Home Market Club. Only one thing mars our pleasure: the mysterious disappearance of the office boy, who is a Democrat; when last seen he wore a crape badge, and was taking to the woods, with his life in one hand and several pedantic Democratic editorials in the other. Any one seeing this eccentric young person need not return him, as no Democrats need apply at this office.

Heretofore, we always believed in the tariff; but our faith has been rudely shaken, for during the last campaign it has not *protected* us from many interminable talks upon the subject of the Third party. *Apropos* of the Third party, we read in a pamphlet which was circulated by it this astounding statement, "The Republican party is dead." We are reminded of a speech made by C. Mitchell Depew at Buffalo, upon his return from Chicago: "They tell me I am bringing back a Presidential corpse; but it is the liveliest corpse you ever saw, and intends doing some effective work during the coming campaign." It seems to us that the Republican party is a still livelier corpse, and will do some effective work in the next four years, chopping off Democratic heads, and perpetuating the victory it has won. We were told, the other day, that American politics is very complex (a revelation to us), and that one who can see all around it cannot come to an easy decision, but that one who can fix his small mind upon one phase of it, for instance the Sackville letter, seizes upon it with avidity, just as the President did, and makes it all important.

Having exhausted our stock of ideas, and the office boy not being here to replenish it, we will return them to the aforesaid pigeon-hole, to be revised in 1892; and close our harangue with these classic lines:—

"Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: We've won our Ben."

THE "Regeneration of the Body," an essay edited in pamphlet form, by Annie Payson Call, presents to us clearly, concisely, and consciously the author's ideas and convictions on this subject.

The regeneration of the body, she believes, is attained by a purely natural training of the human body, by which it shall come to possess no more tension in its muscles than a babe. The author depicts the degenerate human body utilizing, like the locomotive engine, only 19 per cent of the fuel which it consumes; the remaining 81 per cent being, to all appearances, wasted. When more nervous force is created than is necessary for an action, then occurs robbery of vitality which is meant to furnish strength for other uses.

The results which are claimed for this training of the body are, restoration of the body to its natural condition of ease, repose, and self-unconsciousness; grace as a secondary result, since everything in nature is graceful; and, finally, it stands to reason that if a person follows out this training, he will, by husbanding his physical and mental energies, add days to his life.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

IF any of the subscribers have failed to receive last month's LEAVES, they will confer a favor by reporting the non-appearance of the same to this office. We also wish to reiterate what was said in the last number regarding subscriptions. Subscribers who are corresponding with former Lasell girls would assist us by asking them to subscribe. We ask this of you, as we have no other means of reaching some of them. It would seem that this word of reminder would hardly be necessary, as we had supposed that all old girls felt enough interest in their *Alma Mater* to keep up with her advances and changes.

THE following books have been added to our library this year:—

Douay Bible.

"Daughters of America," by Phebe A. Hanaford.

Maps of the United States, illustrating the Tenth Census.

"English Dictionary," by Rev. James Stormouth.

"Laboratory Manual of Chemistry," by R. P. Williams.

"Introduction to Chemical Science," by R. P. Williams.

"History of the United States, with Study of the Constitution," by W. W. Rupert.

"Europe in Storm and Calm," by Edward King.

"A Decade of Oratory at Northwestern University."

New edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

SHE'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures — ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.

She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Brahma, and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she could n't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

PECULIARITIES OF WOMEN.

THIS is what a few French experts have to say about women:—

Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite. — A. RICARD.

When women cannot be revenged they do as children do — they cry. — CARDAN.

Woman is a flower that exhales her perfume only in the shade. — LAMENNAIS.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second. — PROVERB.

Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic. — MME. DU DEFFAND.

A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils. — OLD PROVERB.

Women are extremists — they are either better or worse than men. — LA BRUYERE.

There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty. — MONTAIGNE.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves. — BALZAC.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular. — COMMERSON.

Women are constantly the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness. — BALZAC.

A woman forgives everything but the fact that you do not covet her. — A. DE MUSSET.

O woman! it is thou that causest the tempests that agitate mankind. — J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A GIRL SHOULD LEARN

To sew.
 To cook.
 To mend.
 To be gentle.
 To value time.
 To dress neatly.
 To keep a secret.
 To be self-reliant.
 To avoid idleness.
 To mind the baby.
 To darn stockings.
 To respect old age.
 To make good bread.
 To keep a house tidy.
 To control her temper.
 To be above gossiping.
 To make a home happy.
 To take care of the sick.
 To humor a cross old man.
 To marry a man for his worth.
 To be a helpmate to a husband.
 To take plenty of active exercise.
 To see a mouse without screaming.
 To read some books besides novels.
 To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
 To wear shoes that won't cramp the feet.
 To be a womanly woman under all circumstances. — *Golden Censer.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods.
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CHILDE HAROLD.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

THREE hours distant from Boston via the Old Colony road is Greenbush, a New England coast village whose beauty of natural scenery alone is worthy of attention. It is a central point from which an impressive, panoramic view of ocean and land can be obtained. But it is more interesting for literary attraction.

Three miles in the country lived, in his early life, the distinguished orator, Daniel Webster; and the village is especially renowned for the boyhood associations of Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," a poem in which he has so tenderly recalled the "scenes of his childhood." He was an American author and editor, born in Scituate, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785; he died in New York, Dec. 9, 1842. His productions were a number of dramatic pieces, songs, and miscellaneous poems: but none have obtained so wide a popularity as the "Old Oaken Bucket," upon which principally rests his reputation. The places referred to in his poem, and their surroundings, are decidedly rural and picturesque. "The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell," the pond, the old mill, are still to be seen, with no changes except the decline of age. The cot on his father's plantation has been rebuilt, and is now occupied by relatives of the author. Visitors are requested to leave their names in the family register, and are shown a volume of his choice poems, his photograph, and other souvenirs. The famous well is situated between the house and a stone wall, covered with vines, that incloses the premises. It has a small, open, box covering, and the bucket is attached by means of a chain to the small end of the long pivoted pole. The original bucket has long since been destroyed, but was replaced by a party from Cambridge, Mass. The following inscription is cut on it: —

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

1817

T. R. T. }
 H. L. B. } JULY 13, 1885."
 G. T. D. }

The poem is by far the best of his numerous lyrics, and will ever hold its place among the choice songs of our country.

The following words are extracts from the poem:—

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollections present them to view ;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
 And now far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well,—
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF LASELL LEAVES.

To those who are not familiar with the early history of the LEAVES, the following facts, gleaned from former numbers of the paper, will, doubtless, be of interest:—

"In 1867 there flourished at Lasell a literary society,—the worthy mother of the 'S. D.' and the 'Lasellia,'—whose members had assumed the unpretending name of the 'Novices.' Among other things, they established a paper, for their amusement and profit, which was read at their fortnightly meetings."

The first number of this paper, bearing the name LASELL LEAVES, appeared Nov. 7, 1867. "On the first page, beneath a cross bearing the mysterious letters 'U. I. A. M.,' the secret motto of the 'Novices,' we read the words 'LASELL LEAVES, a journal of literature, fun, and improvement, Auburndale, Mass., edited by L. McCreary, A. Davis, A. Cuyler.' Next comes the leading editorial, promising contributions for the new venture from several widely known pens; after which follow various extracts, an ardent temperance article, and a *résumé* of the political news of the day. Our little paper endeavored to be witty,

also; with what success, we leave the reader to judge, contenting ourselves with giving a few examples, in which the unlucky Harvard student comes in for a gently satirical manner of treatment, in some syllogisms that we commend to the careful study of the present logic class.

"'Why is a Harvard student a goose? A goose is a biped; a Harvard student is a biped; therefore a Harvard student is a goose.' 'Why is Harvard College not an institution of learning? Lasell Seminary *is* an institution of learning; Harvard College is *not* Lasell Seminary; therefore, Harvard College is not an institution of learning.' Apparently, Harvard students and Lasell girls have not changed much, in spite of the years given them since then in which to grow wiser. We find, moreover, interesting bits of local news, and, finally, there is a long account of a fine entertainment given by the 'Novices.'

"But changes came; a new principal took charge of the school; the 'Novice' society was succeeded by the 'S. D.,' and the little paper was forgotten; to reappear, however, in 1875, in a new form, fresh for a stronger and bolder flight. The pupils and teachers used to meet on alternate Saturday evenings, to spend a few hours pleasantly together. There were games, music, and conversation, and the thought occurred to our principal that it would give interest and variety if the girls would commit some of their thoughts to paper and read them aloud. The plan found favor; an editor and three assistants were appointed, to collect and arrange the contributions, and on the evening of Nov. 20, 1875, the first number of the paper was produced and read to an interested circle." The paper bore the name LASELL LEAVES, and at that time it was not known that the name had been used before; but after a time these new journalists learned the history of the "Novices," and were forced to give to them the honor of originating the paper. The paper presented on Nov. 20, 1875, is thus described: "It has a cover of white cardboard, prettily adorned with a design of oak leaves and acorns, and the motto '*Dux Femina Facti*'; violet ribbons tie it together, but, alas! time has faded them sadly. Within are eighteen pages of foolscap, on which are inscribed, with evident care and pride, the witticisms, poetry, conundrums, and essays fur-

nished by the young aspirants for literary fame. The new undertaking was approved by all, and during the whole year the LEAVES contributed amusement and interest to the sociables. The next fall, when the girls returned, ready for another year's work, Prof. Bragdon offered to have the paper printed for them, with the thought of encouraging them to bestow more care on their writing. The offer was accepted with pleasure, and the first printed number appeared in November, 1876, much to the delight of the girls, who felt that their paper had suddenly become something of considerable consequence." This first number contained but four pages, but the little paper was soon enlarged to eight, and afterward to twelve pages. "The first number for 1877 contained a sufficient number of advertisements to pay the expenses of printing. A Publishing Association was organized, the number of copies printed was largely increased, and the paper entered at that time upon a prosperous career, which, we hope, may long continue."

A PATENT LOCK.

'T WAS at a regatta ball they met —
The name of the place I quite forget —
He, one of Yale's victorious crew,
She, in a dress of crimson hue,
Both skilled in Terpsichore's art.

At parting he gave her his *boutonnière*,
Which she fastened into her dress with care.
The pin she used was a golden key,
And the question he asked was, naturally,
"Is that the key of your heart?"

She smiled, and shook her pretty head:
"No; that's the key of *his* heart," she said.
Then glancing up in a saucy way,
"And it fits no *Yale lock*, let me say,
Tho' your crew is so smart."

Advocate.

A DEFENCE OF ELIZABETH.

THOSE who admire the beauty and the genius of Mary, Queen of Scots, cannot but look with horror at the dark pages of her history. Although the most beautiful, she was the weakest of women; she raised around her, by her irresistible fascinations, a whirlwind of love, ambition, and jealousy, in which her lovers, each in his turn, became the motive, the instrument, and the victim of a crime.

Like the Greek Helen, she left the arms of a murdered husband for those of his murderer.

In Elizabeth, we find a stout heart, dauntless courage, and amazing self-confidence; combined with these, she had a moderate degree of politic caution and wisdom, and early hardships had taught her prudence. Her aim was to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, and to restore civil and religious order. Enthusiasm or panic never swayed her cold and critical intellect either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her powers. Elizabeth caused Mary to be beheaded! Was she justifiable in so doing? I answer, yes.

The Casket Letters, a celebrated collection of documents, were the supposed correspondence between Bothwell and Mary. In some of these letters is found the charge that she was an accomplice in Darnley's murder. These letters, laid before the Scotch Council Government and Scotch Parliament, adjudged the charge proved, December, 1567. They were produced again before the English Commissioners at Westminster, compared with some other writings of the queen's, and accepted as genuine, October, 1568. These letters are accepted by the foreign writers Rauke, Paule, and Gardike. Robertson and Froude also agree in the opinion that Mary was responsible for the death of Darnley. Without granting to Mary's correspondence with Bothwell, be it real or apocryphal, more historical authority than it deserves, it is undeniable that a correspondence did exist between the queen and her seducer, and that if she did not write what is contained in those letters (which are not written by her own hand, and the authenticity of which is consequently suspected), still she acted in all the preliminaries of the tragedy in such a manner as to leave no doubt of her participation in laying the snare into which the unfortunate and amorous Darnley was inveigled.

In letters written at Glasgow by the queen to Bothwell, she breathes insensate love for her favorite, and implacable aversion for her husband. They inform Bothwell, day by day, of the state of Darnley's health, of his supplications to be received by the queen as a king and as a husband, of the progress which her blandishments make in the confidence of the young king,

whose hopes she now nursed, of his wish even of death, provided she would restore to him her heart and his connubial rights. Granting that she had no love for her husband, was it right for her to pretend to him that she had, and to confess her aversion for him to a stranger? She not only screened Bothwell from a fair trial, but she even married him in May, 1587.

If Mary had succeeded Elizabeth, Catholicism would have taken the lead, and Protestant England would have been no more. If Mary had become queen of England, she would have destroyed all that was dear to the English heart, — the glorious Reformation, effected by so many labors and sacrifices; for she had promised the pope, should she become queen, to deliver England into his hands, and to marry the son of Philip II., king of Spain; and thus Spain would get a foothold in England, a thing which Philip had tried to accomplish, but in which he had failed. The pope, Spain, and the Catholics were working hard, through Mary, to do away with Protestant England. If she had succeeded, where would we have been to-day, we who boast of our freedom?

After the flight of Mary to England, for Elizabeth to receive her with honor would imply an amnesty to the murderess of Darnley, and an approbation of the marriage with Bothwell, and would restore her to the throne of Scotland. From the first days of her stay in England, while caressing Elizabeth with one hand, Mary wove with the other, and with strangers as well as with her own subjects, that net in which she was caught at last. Her whole life during her captivity was one long conspiracy. We find her conspiring with the Earl of Norfolk to get possession of England in the name of Catholicism. Proofs of this are furnished us by a correspondence with Rome, which was revealed by unfaithful agents. Mary was implicated in a crime of the most flagrant and odious nature, namely, that of the Babington Plot, the object of which was the death of Elizabeth.

Letters secretly conveyed to Walsingham, the chief counsellor and minister of Elizabeth, prove this. They show some hesitation at first on the part of the conspirators regarding the propriety of the assassination of Elizabeth, and afterwards

a decision in favor of the murderer Gifford, placed them in the hands of the queen's council, and the conspirators could not deny the plots.

What punishment can be too great for one who is guilty of murder? and can Mary's solicitors now expect us or ask us to forgive her for her vile deceit, pretending to love her husband, at the same time encouraging Bothwell, and acting so dishonestly and unwomanly in the case with him? Can we commend such actions? Can we, or do we, even wish to pardon a woman who has, in alliance with her husband's rival, plotted against the former's life? Is there room in this world for one who would stoop to such a depth as so cruelly to destroy her husband's life? No; for this crime alone Elizabeth was certainly justifiable in beheading Mary. Again, Elizabeth is justifiable in beheading Mary to secure the throne against a Catholic successor (for a nation has a right to prevent its religion from being overturned or jeopardized), and to secure the nation from embarrassments, plots, and rebellions. That Mary was a bitter enemy to Elizabeth cannot be questioned; that she conspired against her we have proved. Now, if she sought her life, and was likely to attain so bloody an end as was generally feared, then Elizabeth, in self-defence, was right in sanctioning the death of her rival.

G. C. H.

MARRIED.

IN Southbridge, Mass., Nov. 8, Miss Nina C. Bartholomew and Mr. G. Clarence Winter. At home, Thursdays in December, Oakes Avenue, Southbridge.

AT Denver, Col., Nov. 1, Miss Birdie May Routt and Mr. Harry W. Bryant. At home, Thursdays in December, at 1128 South 14th Street, Denver.

IN Bangor, Me., Oct. 9, Miss Nellie A. Kidder and Mr. Lester W. Cutter. At home, Thursdays, after Nov. 10, at 61 Broadway, Bangor.

ABBIE R. TURNER, at Lasell in '78, was married Nov. 21 to Franklin L. Dodge, at her home, in Lansing, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge will make their new home at 211 Capital Avenue, Lansing.

MISS MOLLIE CRAWFORD was married Nov. 14, to Mr. Frank L. Kidder.

MEYER — HEINSHEIMER.— Miss Corinne Heinsheimer to Mr. A. B. Meyer, both of Newark, N. J. At home, Sundays, Nov. 18 and 25, at 69 Court Street. No cards.

PERSONALS.

MISS MARY COLE, '88, has been spending a few days at Lasell with Edith Gale, '89.

EMMA ROTH is teaching in Batavia, N. Y.

MISS MAY BIGELOW, of Worcester, Mass., visited Josephine Bogart lately, at Lasell. Miss Bigelow has been in Alaska and California this last summer, and expects to travel through Mexico in January.

MR. DAVIS's new house, on Centre Street, will be one of the handsomest in Auburndale.

PROF. HILLS gave the first lecture on "Musical Theory." The course will be given by different Boston musicians.

MRS. LINCOLN has begun her lectures on cooking. A large number passed the examination as candidates for private lessons.

SUE BROWN, '88, surprised us all by her appearance at Lasell. She remained only two days.

THE Rev. C. W. Cushing, D. D., former principal of Lasell Seminary, is transferred from the Genesee to the W. Virginia Conference, and preaches at Fourth Street Methodist Church, Wheeling, Va.

MISS ETTA STAFFORD is still a student at Harvard Annex, this year especially interested in logic, under Prof. Royce, and in U. S. history, French, and German. The other members of the family are in their new home, at Decatur, Ill.

MISS HELEN H. THRESHER is at her home, in Monson, Mass. She writes: "The Lasell pin already seems like an old friend, and I think it very pretty."

IRENE CUSHMAN writes from Deadwood, in the State that could n't get in, that she wants a Lasell pin, and the LEAVES, and that she can cook "like everything." She writes her letter from

beginning to end straight ahead, proving thereby that Lasell did her some good.

MR. BRAGDON met Grace Stebbins on Tremont Street, the other day. She is still taking violin lessons.

LIZZIE LUTHER LOTHROP, of Attleboro, sends, Oct. 27, the cards of her daughter, Mildred; weight, nine pounds.

LILLIE FULLER MERRIAM, '85, adds the photograph of her five-months' boy, Bernard Charles, to the grandchildren collection. Lillie rules wisely not only a husband and a child, but a fine new house, centrally located in South Framingham, which, as we were lately permitted to see, she makes a real home.

MISSSES KITTY COLONY, Altha Phelps, Bessie Sayford, Margaret Chapin, Bertha Simpson, Lucy Pennell, and Gertrude Smith called upon their old friends a short time ago.

MRS. FREDERICK TIBBITTS, *née* Miss Mabel Bliss, 75 Chester Square, Boston, was a guest at the Seminary lately. Mrs. Tibbetts was at Lasell in '85 and '86.

PROF. W. J. ROLFE returned from his foreign tour and began his lessons in Shakespeare at Lasell on Tuesday, Oct. 29. "Julius Cæsar" is the play to be studied at present.

MRS. W. H. PEARCE, of Pittsburg, Pa., the aunt of Miss Etha Pearce, was one of the delegates at the Woman's Missionary Convention.

WE missed Gertrude White when we came back in September, and were sorry to hear that she had been ill, and would not return for a few weeks. In October, her only brother died, and she decided not to come back at all. She has the heartfelt sympathy of every old girl, and our hearty wish that she may soon be well and strong.

LOCALS.

HURRAH FOR HARRISON!

THE result of the mock election at Lasell was as follows:—

Republicans	98
Democrats	21
Prohibitionists	8

UNPOPULAR GIRLS.

A YEAR ago 't was *Anna Kism*
 From Chicago we detested,
 And following her came *Polly Ticks*,
 In whom we're interested.
 These two we thought were bad enough,
 When another soon applies,
 And she we hate the worst of all, —
 Her name is Campaign *Lize*.

THE new bowling alley was dedicated by Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, who knocked down the pins in a way which showed she was not a novice.

WHICH way does the Circuit train go?

LASELL girls' hearts are composed of two *ventricles* and two *cuticles*.

THE Seniors have graduated in physiology and spelling, and this is how they spell: Oricle, mocus, alementry, asopfergus, polmunery.

TEACHER IN ENGLISH (*vainly endeavoring to elicit some information from the beaming countenance before her*). — What is an indulgence?

GIRL OF THE B. C. (*confident of having grasped one idea*). — Oh! they were merely trinkets worn by the members of the Romanish church.

SOME of our most studious young women, unable to utilize the large amount of recreation we now possess, have formed themselves into a sewing circle, which meets at 4.30 P. M. They are at present endeavoring to clothe the sub-Freshmen.

ACCORDING to our professor in logic, a chair is intended to hold one individual only.

WE assembled in chapel one evening to hear a lecture on "Memory," but our lecturer *forgot* his engagement.

YOUNG person (overflowing with information): cooking is boiling, of course.

A LASELL girl, calling upon a friend at Wellesley College, overheard the following conversation between two Sophomores: —

No. 1. — I know Omaha is a Territory!

No. 2. — No; I tell you it is in Canada!

And our Lasell Freshman settled the question by giving them the required information.

ON one of the Concord maps drawn by one

of the excursionists, the cemetery, "Sleepy Hollow," was designated as *Sunnyside*.

ONE of our Western girls discovered acorns under a chestnut-tree, and on being told they were *not* chestnuts, asked meekly, "Well, then, are these the *acorn burs*?"

Two young ladies slumbering peacefully one night were awakened by a knock on the door, with the request, "not to talk so loud."

MONDAY, Nov. 4, the Seminary doors were thrown wide open to receive guests from the Methodist Convention, of Boston, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes being one of the number. All rooms were on exhibition during the afternoon, and order reigned supreme. After a tour of the building, from studio to gymnasium, a lunch was served in the dining-room, the table being artistically arranged under Mr. Shepherd's supervision. We flatter ourselves that the visit was much enjoyed by every one. At 5.20 o'clock our guests departed for Boston.

Besides Mrs. Hayes, there were present Mrs. M. McClellan Brown, president of Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, O., Mrs. Dr. Torrey, president of Kent's Hill Seminary, Maine, Mrs. A. F. Newman, Washington, D. C., Dr. Ela, of Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Packard, of South Boston, and many others.

ONE thing we get gratis — suggestions.

THIRD floor centre,
 Water tank;
 Girl is thirsty,
 Lean, and lank.

Time, 9.20,
 Teacher there;
 Girl advances
 Up the stair.

Girl with pitcher
 Quakes within,
 Sees the figure
 Tall and prim.

Teacher squelches,
 Girl sent back;
 And the pitcher
 Water lacks.

NOVEMBER 2, a large party under the guidance of Prof. Bragdon attended the Republican rally

held in Tremont Temple. Notwithstanding the crowd through which we at last managed to pass, we obtained excellent seats, and became very enthusiastic over the stirring speeches made by some of our most prominent men.

A NUMBER of young ladies visited the ocean steamer "Pavonia," of the Cunard Line, Nov. 2, and were shown considerable attention.

WE have noticed that the girls occupying rooms between 35 and 40 faithfully continue the exercise in breathers even after the last bell at night.

THE following officers for the Lasellia Club have been elected:—

- President* MISS BOGART.
- Vice-President* MISS M. OLIVER.
- Secretary* MISS L. FREEMAN.
- Treasurer* MISS D. FOWLER.
- Critic* MISS W. EWING.
- Guard* MISS L. BURRIDGE.
- Assistant Guard* MISS E. FOWLER.
- Executive Committee* { MISSES E. LEE, S. DAY,
and MABEL CLEMENT.

THE officers of the S. D. Society stand as follows:—

- President* MISS B. HARWOOD.
- Vice-President* MISS BARBOUR.
- Secretary* MISS NORA GIBSON.
- Treasurer* MISS MAE SUTTON.
- Critic* MISS MARY PACKARD.
- Usher* MISS GRACE HAVENS.
- Musical Committee* MISS LUCILE WYARD.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MR. ALVIN CLARK, of Cambridgeport, maker of the great Lick telescope lens, placed, within the last year, in the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, California, is about to begin a forty-inch lens for the University of Southern California, located at Los Angeles. The cost of such a lens will be between \$400,000 and \$500,000. He believes a five-foot lens can be made, but thinks it would take a man his lifetime. Hereafter, all the lenses will be made with the photographic lens, as then it will be possible to record all observations accurately. It adds only a trifle to the expense, and is more satisfactory.

It is said that there are over seven hundred different varieties of pens, made of twelve different kinds of metals, wood, and quills. There are

pens pointed fine enough to make lines of microscopic delicacy, and others intended for men who use the first personal pronoun in their correspondence a great deal.

IF it be true, as has been said, that the yellow-fever never attacks a cigarette smoker, then the disease is without a single redeeming feature.

THE question whether the rainfall is increasing on the plains has been investigated by Mr. M. W. Harrington, who, for the purpose, has examined two series of observations representing the average conditions at the epochs of 1850 and 1880. They show an apparent increase of rainfall toward the plains.

POLITICAL NOTES.

EXIT the Mugwumps! Vanish the Free Traders! In other words, farewell to Cleveland! Welcome to Harrison!

THE campaign has been one of popular education, and its effects are seen everywhere in the increased respect which people and politicians pay to principles, and in the establishment of reason over prejudice. The reform will still continue to be reached after and worked for with Gen. Harrison as President.

IT is said that, in spite of Mr. Cleveland's elaborate professions of equanimity, he takes his defeat very hard.

GOVERNOR HILL seems to have gotten along very well without "the letter that never came."

A GRADUATE of Harvard College, who feels himself thoroughly competent to arrange a policy for the great industries of this country, walked up to the polls on election day, and, with great ostentation, pasted the names of Cleveland and Thurman over those of Harrison and Morton, and then deposited his vote. As he left the Republican electors unchanged, he did not accomplish his intent.

THERE is a great deal of complaint made every four years of the excitement, the disturbance to business, and all the disagreeable features of a Presidential election; but it is worth all it costs, in the stirring up of thought on great questions

of national policy, which would otherwise hardly penetrate through the crust of daily associations and interests until they were forced on the attention by some national calamity. In other words, it is better to have a quadrennial fever than a centennial earthquake.

THEY say the Republican party is dead! A very lively corpse, we think.

MUSICAL NOTES.

JOSEF HOFMANN is growing stout.

MRS. OLE BULL has returned from Norway to her home in Cambridge.

MISS GERTRUDE FRANKLIN contemplates going to London again next spring.

MUSIC is a higher revelation than science and philosophy.— BEETHOVEN.

HAYDN received five hundred pounds for the first six grand symphonies, known as the "Solomon Symphonies."

THE Austrian composer, Karl Goldmark, was compelled to shoot a finch lately, because it took up its quarters near his house, at Grunden, and prevented him from composing. We shudder to think of the punishment Goldmark would inflict upon an Italian organ-grinder if the latter were to stop under his window and play "Sweet Violets."

A CURIOUS paper by an English organist, upon "Melody in Speech," asserts that a cow moos in a perfect fifth and octave or tenth; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale. Each person has his fundamental key in which he generally speaks, but which he often transposes in sympathy with other voices, or when he is excited.

A SERENADE,

A YOUTH went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hilltops' rim;
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before;
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

ART NOTES.

THE new portion of the Museum of Fine Arts progresses rapidly, though it will not be ready for occupancy before next spring. A mass of antiquities, casts, pictures, and other works of art awaits exhibition space. The court-yard will probably be used for large monumental sculptures too bulky to be displayed indoors.

A SPECIAL exhibiton of Albert Dürer's engravings, etchings, and of most of the woodcuts executed from his designs, selected from the collection of Henry E. Sewell, of New York, and from the Gray collection of prints belonging to Harvard College, will be opened Nov. 15, in the print department of the Museum of Fine Arts, to continue two months. This exhibition will contain a practically complete set of Dürer's works. The series of exhibitions of which this is one is of great educational importance and value, as it gives us from time to time the opportunity to study systematically the works of the greatest engravers of all times.

GEORGE THOMPSON, the English water colorist, many of whose pictures are owned in Boston, has been visiting New Haven, Conn. He is a cousin of the celebrated battle painter, Elizabeth Thompson.

THE Caledonian societies of the United States have erected and recently unveiled a statue of Robert Burns at Albany, N. Y. It is the design of the sculptor Charles Caverly.

THE statue of Longfellow was unveiled in Portland, Oct. 1, and presented to the city.

MRS. NATHAN APPLETON, of Boston, is at the head of a movement to raise funds for a statue of Washington, to be presented to the French government by the women of America.

SOME late additions to the collection of pictures at Lasell are:—

1. "A Cloud on the Honeymoon," by J. Ward Dunsmore.

2. "Path under the Birches," by Minnie G. Speare, of Newton Centre.

3, 4. "Two Flower Studies," one of dandelions, by L. W. Roberts, of Bangor, Me., and one of "May-flowers," by E. M. Lincoln, of Cambridge.

5. "The Shepherdess," by A. Roosenboom, of the Hague.

The flower pieces are by pupils of Geo. Seavey, of Boston. No. 1 is a celebrated picture, having been twice engraved, once for a plate, and once for reproduction in the *London Art Journal*. "The Shepherdess" is one of the best pictures in the collection. The figure of the girl makes one think of Meyer von Bremen's work.

JOHN WARD DUNSMORE, who painted "A Cloud on the Honeymoon" and "All's Fair in Love and War," in our gallery, has been appointed director of the new Art Museum in Detroit, and will at once return from London to assume the duties of the position. A good appointment, we say.

EXCHANGES.

It is a pleasant task to look over a pile of exchanges and moralize thereon. All grades of merit are represented, good, bad, and indifferent. Some are distinctively literary monthlies, others are college newspapers, while still others are a happy or unhappy blending of both. Of late years college journalism has assumed an important place in college work. Almost every school of note sends out a representative magazine, and is largely judged by the degree of excellence to which it attains. Remembering this, should we not endeavor to make our college paper the best possible? Should we not give to it our best mental efforts, and if we have any light, set it upon a high hill, where it can be seen by all men, and not under a bushel?

THE *Yale Record* is still engaged in developing its remarkable illustrative powers.

THE *Lampoon* has twice made its appearance since our last issue, and life is once more worth the living.

WE are happy to add to our list of exchanges the *Chauncy Hall Abstract*, Boston.

THE *Oak, Lily, and Ivy*, Milford, Mass., has assumed a new form, and is much more attractive than of old.

THE editorials of the *Seminary Tattler*, Steubenville, Ohio, are most flowery, both in ideas and in the expression thereof. The following important announcement was the first thing to greet our eyes as we glanced over this exchange: "The *Seminary Tattler*, with all its prettiness and naughtiness, virtues and failings, is again a thing of the present."

Poor little *Tattler*! It is so young and innocent! It has not yet cut its teeth, to quote its own words, so we presume we must make allowance for its failures, and overlook its naughtiness.

THE *Tech* is out at last, and is full to overflowing with prophecies and exhortations about football. However, it contains some good editorials on the subject, and no one could find it in his heart to censure them for the large amount of space devoted to athletics, when he sees how enthusiastic they are, and how hard they are striving to make "Tech. Foot Ball Team, Champions 1889," as they were in 1888. Success be with them!

WE extend our congratulations to the *Ægis* upon its new cover, which adds greatly to the beauty of its appearance. The "Eulogy" of Edgar Allan Poe, in its issue of the 21st ult., is an exceedingly well-written article, full of good thoughts, clothed in beautiful language; but is not the praise of the poet a little fulsome?

THE *Hamilton College Monthly* is like the United States treasury: it contains a surplus, not of the almighty dollar, but of essays. Though some of these are interesting and excellent in point of composition, we believe your paper would be more acceptable to the general reader, if among the heavy matter was interspersed something of a lighter character. Talent and ability need not necessarily produce essays; indeed, we doubt not that humorous sketches and poetical fancies are the offspring of the highest talent and the greatest ability. In this line you are sadly lacking, and have room for much improvement.

WE are proud of the *Vassar Miscellany* and *Ogontz Mosaic*, two college journals of high literary

merit, which are (whether evidently or not) the product of the feminine mind. The October *Mosaic* contains a *résumé* of the life of Joan D'Arc which is well worth the reading; and students of literature will find an interesting article on "Chaucer" in the first issue of the *Miscellany*.

THERE is much good reading between the front cover and the advertisements of the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. This is one of the few college publications that is purely literary. The summer idyl, "Our Vacation," interested and pleased us much. It does not bear upon its face the stamp of the amateur, as do so many of the romances published in our college papers. But all in vain did we apply to it the rules which the *Lit.* itself lays down for ascertaining where the writer of a summer idyl spent his summer vacation. We could not solve the problem. We fear that we are stupid, and our stupidity gives us much SORROW.

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FOOLED.

THE time was summer (this of course),
The place was Mount Desert,
A simple student then was I,
And she a giddy flirt.
We boated on a quiet lake,
Played tennis on a lea,
And evenings sat and watched the ships
Fade into night and sea.
The weeks sped by like arrows swift,
Till cool September came;
My suit no longer could I hide,
But told with heart aflame.

Now probably you think she changed,
And, being but a flirt,
Gave me the mitten on the spot
With manner cool and curt;
Alas! there lies my present grief,
For came no answer slow;
She smiled, put up her lips to kiss,
With, "Charley, it's a go."

Williams Weekly.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S selection of a partner for life has given the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic something to talk about; in consequence, the all-absorbing topics, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "The Deceased Wife's Sister," have been enabled to take a much-needed rest. Our attention has also been attracted to the fact that, from statistics, the American girl seems to be away above par in the matrimonial market, in the eyes of the men of all nations, but especially the Englishmen. This is not much of a compliment to the much-lauded English girl, in comparison with whom, in current literature, the American girl has often been made to suffer.

Why is she in such demand? One says that money accounts for it; another, physical beauty. The first answer may carry weight with it; for it is an established fact that the women of no other nation possess the independent fortunes that American women do, and the glitter of the "mighty dollar" will dazzle even a sturdy John Bull or a phlegmatic *Deutscher*. Of the admirer of physical beauty, we ask, where is the coquettish French *demoiselle*, or the fascinating Spanish *signorina*, whom poetry and romance have made world renowned? The gallant of England seems indifferent to these charmers, who live so near his own little island, and crosses the raging waste of waters to select a wife from the daughters of America.

But, granted that these reasons are good, still, we do not believe either of them to be the real one. There is a much grander and nobler cause. The American girl from childhood has been taught independence and self-reliance, and to make herself felt not only in the social world and in the home but in wider spheres of usefulness. She has been given a broader field than her European sisters, and, by our American civilization, has been placed in positions of high responsibility.

Beauty and money are merely accessories of the American girl; her intelligence is the shrine before which all kneel. Our girls are able not only to discuss the theory of "concomitant variations," or render a sonata by Beethoven, but they can do that which is quite as creditable, go into the kitchen, if necessary, and cook.

We do not say that there are no intellectual or cultivated women in Great Britain, but that they are the exception rather than the rule; and the preference of Englishmen for our girls supports this belief. Mr. Chamberlain, certainly, has some reason to know English women, as this is his third matrimonial venture. Evidently he, at least, found them somewhat wanting, and decided to try an American cousin.

"It is not, as has been urged, that there are certain harum-scarum, tomboy qualities about the American girl that attract the foreigner, and inveigle him into the matrimonial web. Our girls are spirited and full of life. Plenty of out-door exercise adds to their graces physically, and constant mingling with companions, each anxious to shine as the bright particular star in each little group, sharpens them mentally, and makes them more than a ready match for the dullards or the indolent.

"The namby-pamby, spiritless creature is a scarcity this side of the Atlantic. It is needless to say, that the namby-pamby girl does not wed the wife-hunting foreigner, nor the American wife-hunter either, for that matter."

THE misspellings of Lasell have been so frequent and varied in the past that we had about concluded that human ingenuity could invent no other, when along came a letter from a well-known New York firm directed to "*Levall Sem.*" Immediately our mind undergoes a metamorphosis, and the conclusion is reached by us, that there *is* something "new under the sun," although we have been repeatedly assured to the contrary. Possibly the fault lies in our chirography, but we think not, as, after four years' experience, we have learned to indite our epistles in a neat copy-book hand, using "Joseph Gillott, 303."

Having eased our conscience on this point, we proceed to the spelling our *Alma Mater's* name.

The latest spellings which have come to light, besides the one already mentioned, are *La Belle* and *Lecele*. Great has been our wonder as to what there is so difficult about the word "Lasell" that all mankind should err. Even such near neighbors as our Newton friends cannot overcome the trouble; and the placard on the fire-alarm in front of the building informs us that "the keys can be procured at *Lassell Sem.*"

We once came very near losing a piece of valuable jewelry on account of this inexplicable stupidity on the part of the public. In this case we were in the right, for once, as we took particular pains to spell the word for the jeweller's clerk. After working ourselves into a fever of excitement over the non-appearance of our property, we went upon an investigating tour, and found that it had been marked *Marseille*, and but for our timely research would probably be reposing in the possession of some Frenchwoman.

One person, not content with misspelling Lasell, takes it upon himself to rearrange the spelling of Auburndale. "There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and when *Lesali* and *Arbondell* appear upon the same envelope, we think the limit has been reached.

We offer as a suggestion to our friends that they remember that the name of our school is a simple word of six letters, spelled as it is pronounced. Now don't remember the former and forget the latter, or we fear it will become *Dasell* or *Lafell*.

We trust that when the American church in Berlin is completed, and it is time to put the plate upon the Lasell pew, a competent committee will be appointed to carefully examine the orthography. We shudder to think of the horrible forms those foreigners might twist it into; and we wish to add, by way of emphasis, that the committee be very efficient. We give below, for the benefit of the reader, a list of the various spellings: *Lassell*, *La Salle*, *La Belle*, *Lacelè*, *Laselle*, *Levall*, *Lascelle*, *Lesall*; but the "last straw" is "*Mrs. Laselle Sem.*"

THANKSGIVING, with its proverbial turkey and bountiful dinner, has come and gone, and we have returned to perpetuate the time-worn jokes gathered during recess, upon our unsuspecting

friends. The standard question, "Had a good time?" is now at a discount, and "Going home Christmas?" has taken its place. It is thought that if the Christmas vacation is attended with results similar to those of Thanksgiving, the resident physician will be enabled to retire, and live in opulence the remainder of her days.

Now Christmas, with its holiday gladness, is drawing near, and the swiftly flying days bring thoughts of home and good times. Only two weeks and most of us will be homeward bound. This thought buoys up our sinking spirits and somewhat arouses us from the dejection into which we have been plunged, by the sudden descent from the pleasures of Thanksgiving into the humdrum routine of school life. It is needless to say that even an interim of only two weeks will be welcome, as our brains as well as our wardrobes need renovating.

We had hoped to edify our readers with an elaborate discourse upon Christmas, but at the last moment, the religious editor, whose duty it is to write up the holidays, failed us. The subject of Christmas has been so thoroughly canvassed that the cobwebbed brains of the remainder of the board failed to produce anything new; so we content ourselves with referring you to an ably written article in the Editor's Drawer of the *Harper's Monthly* for December. We heartily indorse the writer's idea of a Christmas "Trust," and hope some enterprising person will establish one. It would be of benefit to us, as the editorial purse, like the world-renowned turkey of Job, is so weak it "can't stand alone," and after Christmas, when another heavy drain will be made upon it, we contemplate going into insolvency.

After this number of the LEAVES, we shall, like President Cleveland, retire into private life, and relapse into "innocuous desuetude." The act of the Arab seems becoming to our style, so we shall "quietly steal away." We feel assured that this manner of exit is very dignified and lady-like, but human nature will assert itself, and away down in our secret hearts we would rather depart with some *éclat*, — a complimentary dinner or the regulation gold-headed cane would not be amiss. What would we do with a cane? Well, we know. Redfern in all of his advertisements puts a walking stick into the hands of

his ladies, and of course we would rather not inhabit this mundane sphere than be out of fashion.

But to return to the subject of our exit. No more shall we be pointed out as the "Editors of the LASSELL LEAVES, you know!" no more shall we fall a prey to the wiles of the office boy; we shall be to glory and to fame unknown. However, there is something to be gained by relinquishing the insignia. Our friends will become reconciled to us, and the throwing of — language at us, because we have seen fit to criticise some of their eccentricities, will be discontinued; our room-mate's life will once more be worth living; we shall have time to devote ourselves to cultivating "that form of expression which yields its contained idea with the least expenditure of mental power," in other words, to writing a Senior thesis.

With these reflections, and a hearty welcome to the in-coming board, we step down and out, wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year.

FOR THE LASSELL PEW.

A GENEROUS friend of education, an intelligent layman, of Minneapolis, has, unasked, sent the money for one share in the "Lasell Pew" in the American church in Berlin. He saw at once the value of such a centre of religious life for our American students in that great capital. As friends of America, not to say Christians, it is at once clear to thoughtful persons that it is vital to our Republic, that the youth who go to Germany for educational help should come back to us strengthened and not weakened in spiritual life. If others choose to help this good cause, Lasell will be glad to be the responsible almoner of their bounty.

I WANT to give unsolicited testimony to the satisfaction I have had in the use of the A. T. Cross stylographic pen. I have used one pen for over two years, without a cent's expense for repairs. It has never once failed me, or soiled my fingers, or behaved in any way uncivilly. I used it one year for pencil and pen in Europe, travelling from place to place, and it required no special care. I

have sold many to my pupils, and in no case have I known of any failure to give entire satisfaction where fair care was given it. I had before tried, without pleasure, two other kinds, and have heard a deal of complaint among my pupils of other sorts, before we began to use wholly the Cross. This is without the knowledge of the Cross Pen Company, and wholly, as I think, in the interests of users.

C. C. BRAGDON, *Principal.*

RETROSPECTION.

FULL many a backward thought I cast,
 And thought with tender memory blends
 O'er school days now forever past,
 And girls I fondly called my friends.

Bright glowing days — e'en fate was kind:
 Old Time himself we did beguile.
 In musing mood I call to mind
 Our fun and frolic, and I smile.

I picture now that close-knit band,
 Around the well-remembered fire;
 There, soul met soul, and hand touched hand,
 Where now? I of my heart inquire.

The "LEAVES" gives us the happy end.
 Some of those girls we used to know
 Have said, "Oh, dearer than a friend,
 Where'er thou goest I will go!"

Swift Time o'er us has quickly flown;
 We're one year nearer life's fourscore;
 But some have seen "the great white throne,"
 And time for them shall be no more.

Dear comrades then of eighty-seven,
 Bring in your sheaves while yet ye may:
 With zeal we'll strive — for earth or heaven,
 And alway watch and work and pray.

Ho, Lasell voyagers in life's bark!
 Wherever tempest tossed we be,
 We'll hail each other in the dark,
 As ships speak other ships at sea.

ALL IN A ROW.

A YALE graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical college was next the cemetery, and the divinity school was on the road to the poor-house." — *Hartford Post.*

ORIGINALITY.

ONE is made conscious daily that "there is nothing new under the sun."

As a result of thoughtful research, there may develop in a man's mind some idea, which he congratulates himself has been revealed to him alone. Upon comparing his thoughts with those of others on the same subject, he finds he is sadly deluded; his pet idea, in substance, is centuries old, and may have been firmly established in the mind of some antediluvian. Such rebuffs are natural in the course of earnest inquiry, though it must be granted that in specific departments, as the sciences, remarkable revelations have been made during the last two centuries. Great spiritual and moral principles vary to no noticeable degree, as the ages move on, and the commonplace truths are changeless.

As it is not given to men as a class to institute great reforms in thought, and, consequently, in literature and conversation, we immediately query if the remaining mass of humanity are doomed to be ordinary and correspondingly tiresome. That they *are* so we are convinced by the numberless illustrations in every-day events. In conversation, the average person discusses with avidity the weather, the last new buildings, the latest fashions, and then makes a merciless raid upon the little peculiarities of a chance acquaintance. These subjects exhausted, the conversation must cease, or continue in still more useless channels. On a rainy day, our model of either a commonplace or exceedingly thoughtless man will call out to a passer-by, "A rainy day," as if he were imparting an exciting bit of news, while his friend no doubt has realized the said fact most painfully, when wading through deep pools of water and walking over muddy crossings. He invariably asks some one, who is standing in a doorway, wraps on, and umbrella raised, if he is going out. Such a man may be called "good-natured" and "well-meaning," but he calls forth no admiration nor approval from one of culture and intelligence. He contents himself with an ordinary amount of knowledge, imparts it in an ordinary manner, and is, consequently, an ordinary man.

On the other hand, we find an example in one whom we shall call "original." We take this to mean, not that he is a great reformer, nor that he possesses a marvellous brain, but that he is well

informed, is a vigorous thinker, and that, above all, he has that happy expression of his thoughts which universally interests and captivates.

A rusty, faded hat is sometimes brought from the garret, and, at first glance, is condemned as useless, but by a little skilful renovating and retrimming, it may be so improved and beautified as to be hardly recognizable. This very homely illustration may serve to show the method of thought of an original man. He begins with a truth which may be covered with the dust of ages, but by his powers of imagination and speech he embellishes the old truth, and so presents it, that it is gladly received. To men of rather peculiar temperament, Truth has, by reason of her severe, plain garb, become tiresome, and they turn away to seek the more attractive. If she were clothed in her fairest as well as her simplest form, she would be accepted more universally.

In brief, the original man charms and interests not so greatly by the brilliancy of his thoughts as by the powers of expressing them through pen or tongue. In order to comprehend, in some slight degree, how he has acquired this ability, let it be granted that he comes into the world endowed with the same mental capacity as the average man. He has a great struggle before him. It begins when he first becomes conscious of his own powers and the possibilities before him. As he looks into the intellectual world around he is aware that to investigate for himself what men have been ages in revealing is impossible. Hence he accepts their condensed testimony, and eventually finds them verified and confirmed by experience and observation. He devotes himself not only to the acquisition of mere knowledge, but acquaints himself with the varied moods and fancies of those he chances to meet, and thus can appreciate what will attract them.

As, in the effort to become great in the opinion of the world, many have incurred well-merited ridicule, so, in attempting to be a trifle new or original in thought or speech, one may easily become absurd. But we claim that there is a desirable medium, well worthy of earnest endeavor, which will come so gradually and unassumingly that its fortunate possessor may never realize its existence in himself, though it will be apparent to others.

E. E. P., '90.

THE MAGIC HAIR-PIN.

THE proof of a boy's mechanical skill is what he can do with a jack-knife; the proof of a woman's is what she can do with a hair-pin. Few women take naturally to ordinary tools. They use hammers in a gingerly and ridiculous manner, or they pound their fingers with them; they put blunt-pointed nails along instead of across the grain, and then wonder why it splits; they use screw-drivers principally to pry open boxes; and they think wire pincers were made to crack nuts with; but they know how to manage a hair-pin.

"A lady," said an observant gentleman the other day, "always opens a letter better than a man. A man tears off a corner, and then pulls the envelope more or less to pieces in getting at the contents; but a lady draws a hair-pin, inserts one prong at a corner, and rips open the edge as neatly and quickly as if the tool were made for the purpose."

With the same "tool" she can, and frequently does, button her gloves, and occasionally her boots. She cuts the magazines with it; she twists it into clasps for broken jewelry; she uses it to suspend plaques; she employs it to draw corks, and also to snuff candles; she inserts it into windows to keep them from rattling, and uses it to brace back shades that incline to tumble down; she succeeds, with its help, in turning the hasps of windows from the outside, when obliged, by accidental lock-out, to burglarize her own house; she arms herself with it when travelling to keep disagreeable neighbors at a respectful distance; she files receipts upon it; she pins up notices to the milkman with it; she even bends it roughly into the form of an initial, and hangs it in the keyhole of her intimate friend's lock, by way of a card, when she has forgotten her card-case, and the family are out.

The fan has long been regarded as the object most suggestive of the Spanish women. Ladies of other countries are famed for their especially graceful or skilful use of other dainty, feminine articles. But if we were asked to select the thing most truly representative of the great American girl, we would name without hesitation the neat, the ingenious, the inexhaustible, the magic hair-pin. — *Ex.*

One of the memorable moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to my little school on a wintry day, my eyes fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: "'Bertha,' a new tale by the author of 'The Rival Prima Donnas,' will appear in the *Saturday Evening Gazette.*" I was late; it was bitter cold: people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood, feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummies, "This, this is fame!" That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pothooks, I was writing immortal works, and when they droned out the multiplication-table I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and, finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery.—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE MORROW.

As you will doubtless see,
I am not an "S. G.;"
Yet I crave your leave to mention
Some virtues that I'll borrow
When the dawning of another sun
Proclaims it is the morrow.

Then listen while I tell,
I'll hear the rising bell,
And spring up like a soaring lark
Into the atmosphere,
And dress myself in clothing
That's *not* scattered far and near.

All properly and slow,
To breakfast then I'll go;
And eat most plentiful
Of brain and muscle making food,
And never touch
What's indigestible, though good.

At table I'll begin
To call my bad French in;

With foreign shrug
I'll meekly ask for bread
With many a pang,
And try good *Deutsch* to *sprechen*
Instead of English slang.

To-morrow I'll not devour,
During my practice hour,
A novel, but prove
Faithful to *arpeggios* and scales,
And try to force sweet melody
Up through my finger-nails.

To-morrow, in our college,
I'll attack the tree of knowledge:
All the ologies and isms
I'll welcome to my brain.
Like sardines in a box,
I'll pack all one head can contain.

To-morrow, in my walk,
I will confine my talk
To petrification,
Fishes in fossiliferous rocks:
Or the which-ly of the why-for,
Inducing earthquake shocks.

The path I will not scan,
To spy a fellow-man,
Because I know it is not right
Such beings to discover;
And on to-morrow
I am going to turn a new leaf over.

On to-morrow I will be
As good as an "S. G."
I'll not consider a
Teacher as a natural enemy.
When they read these "resolutions"
How delighted they will be!

Yes, *to-morrow* I'll begin
All this fine "shading in."
But you'll hurt my feelings awfully if
You should think or say,
"Why not put into practice
All these good works *to-day*?"

H. S. J.

PERSONALS.

MISS ALICE WARD's engagement to Mr. Nicholas Thomas is announced.

MISS BOGART, '89, visited at Vassar College and in New York during the Thanksgiving recess.

MISS ANNA STALEY was the guest of Maude Stone, '88, in vacation.

IN the book, "The Daughters of America," lately received in the library, there is a very interesting notice of Miss Carpenter, which will be doubly interesting to all those who know her.

ANNIE GAGE has been visiting Jennie Gardner in Chicago, but is now at her home, in Painesville.

MISS WINNIFRED EWING was at Miss Bessie Sayford's, in Newton, during the vacation.

MISSSES GILBERT and Ewing, '89, visited Miss Oliver, '89, in vacation at her home, in East Saugus.

GRACE STEBBINS called during the vacation. Her address is 3 Yarmouth Street. We ask her to call again when we are all at home.

DR. B. G. NORTHROP, of Clinton, Conn., the well-known educational lecturer, who expected to give the lecture on "Memory" at Lasell, had a narrow escape from death last week. He was driving out at Nassau, N. Y., in company with Rev. L. Hall, when a runaway team with a loaded wagon dashed into the buggy in which they were, completely demolishing it. Mr. Hall was nearly killed, but is now expected to recover. Dr. Northrop was badly bruised, and has been compelled to cancel all lecture engagements for some weeks.

A PLEASANT letter from Florence Ryan, who is now at Berlin, tells us she attended service at Dr. Stuckenberg's house. She seems to be enjoying Europe, and will soon leave Berlin to visit Dre-den, Vienna, Munich, Italy, and Spain, reaching France about the middle of May. The summer she expects to spend in Switzerland and the British Isles. The best wishes of all Lasell friends go with her.

JESSIE REECE made Lasell a short visit Nov. 23. She recently gave a lunch at her home, in Chicago, in honor of her former school-mate, Martina Grubbs. Among those present were Hattie Woodcock, Margaret Cook, Mattie Fowler, and Mrs. Nellie Brown Shattuck.

ETTA STAFFORD, of '86, called on us last week. Full of enthusiasm about her work, she would make the girls who are doing only what they have to, ashamed of themselves in ten minutes.

MRS. LOU BEST CUMNOCK, of Chicopee, made her sister, Rosa Best, and her old school home, a brief call last week.

THE painful, but not unexpected news of the death of our beloved professor, R. R. Raymond, Shakespearian reader, comes to us a little tardily. We wish it might not have come for years. What he has been to Lasell no other man will ever be. It hardly seems possible that death has stilled that loving voice with its magic art. We mourn him not merely as a revered instructor but as a beloved friend, whom not to meet again would be eternal loss.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD P. CALL leave Newton this week to take up their permanent residence in New York City, where Mr. Call has accepted a position in the advertising department of the Royal Baking Powder Company, one of the wealthiest concerns in the country. Although the change will be a step in advance for Mr. Call, his friends regret that it calls him away from Newton, where he has many warm friends, and he will be greatly missed. He has been connected with the Boston *Herald* for almost twelve years, and for the last four has had charge of the advertising department, and severs his connection with the *Herald* much to the regret of the owners of the paper. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Call will board at the Gilsey House, New York, where Mrs. Call's parents are staying.

The above, from the Newton *Graphic*, will be of interest to the friends of Mamie Marshall, whom they may not readily recognize by her later name,—Mrs. E. P. Call,—although she is getting quite used to it. Mr. Call is our Miss Call's brother.

ANNIE LOVERING BARRETT, '81, with her husband, made Lasell a most welcome call in November. They were taking their annual vacation with his friends in Melrose. Anna has n't changed any since the old days, except, perhaps, a little for the better. By all appearances, she has a happy lot in life. She lives at 1341 L Street, Washington, D. C.

LILLIE EDDY, '88, recently visited Laura Munger in Xenia, Ohio.

LIZZIE ATWATER is visiting Annie Mitchell, '87.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD, '84, visited her sisters here for a few days.

LUCIE MCBRIER is visiting Stella Toynton and Flora Whitney in Detroit.

MISS MARY A. ROBARTS, class of '85, is filling her place in the Normal faculty with good success and satisfaction. Well-directed energy and ability are sure to tell in the school-room. Miss Robarts spent the past summer in the East, making especial preparation for her work in the department of book-keeping, which was placed in her charge by the trustees last spring. — *Carbon-dale Normal Gazette*.

GERTRUDE GOVE, here from Cambridge last year, and well liked among us, is this year studying music and kindergarten work.

LOUISE KNILL was maid of honor at Miss Wood's wedding.

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG, '79, and Annie Kendig Pierce, '80, spent Thanksgiving with their parents in Brooklyn. The papers of the next day give extended notice of what must have been a remarkable sermon by their father, Dr. Kendig, who seems to be as popular in Brooklyn as he is missed in Boston. The report of the *Daily Union* begins: "It was a striking scene; men and women, carried away by the hot words of the preacher, arose as a single person, waving handkerchiefs, and cheering vociferously. This was in the Hanson Place M. E. Church, yesterday morning." The subject was the Attacks of the Jesuits on our Public Schools.

MARRIED.

AT Moosic, Penn., Nov. 14, 1888. Mabel M. Olds to Charles L. McMillan.

MISS NANNIE CAREY WOOD, formerly of class '89, was married Dec. 6, 1888, at her home, in Piqua, Ohio, to Mr. William Kendall Leonard.

DEATHS.

DIED. — November, '88, at Bennington, Vt., Mabel Cooper Graves.

THE Framingham *Tribune* of Nov. 30 brings us the sad news of the death of Mr. Adolphus Merriam. Mr. Merriam is the father of our Bessie, and her many Lasell friends would express deep sympathy in this great affliction.

LOCALS.

SNOW — at last!

"JACKDAW'S strut in peacock's feathers."

SOMETHING remarkable in the shape of a United States map is at present on exhibition in room 27.

YOUNG lady, examining a dress, said: "Is n't it antique?" (Meaning unique.)

No. 1. — Do you like Rider Haggard's works?

No. 2. — Oh, yes! they are so full of *mythology*.

Two young ladies were seen wearing one *boa*. The observer remarked, "I have known of two girls having one *beau*, but never one *boa*."

IN spelling: —

GIRL (*thirsting for knowledge*). — What is the meaning of stagnant, please?

TEACHER, willing to define, but words failing, accidentally illustrates by pointing directly in the direction of the *pond* within.

WE were requested to pass in a list of our favorite hymns. After doing so, one "crazy" young lady ventured to remark, she had never been allowed so many *hims* on a list at Lasell before.

MAIDEN (*interested in drill*). — Can you buy them?

"EARTHLY things are fleeting," as a near-sighted professor said when he tried to hang a map on a fly.

RESOLUTIONS, like fainting people, should be carried out.

TOPICS of conversation at the Senior table: —

"Actions vs. Possibilities." — (Only once.)

"Laws of agreement and difference." — (Mostly difference.)

"Is marriage a failure?" — (No theories on this subject have been deduced, as all insist upon talking at once.)

"The psychology of dreams." — (Too deep for y^e local editor.)

"Palmistry formulated as a science."

The above are interspersed with such brand-new jokes as, "the red-headed girl and white horse." "the lightest I could get." etc.

It is suggested to the members of other tables that they read carefully these subjects, and, having pondered thereon, "go and do likewise."

THANKSGIVING day at Lasell proved to be a very enjoyable one, and the forty Lasellians with their thirty guests sat down to the following menu: —

LASSELL'S THANKSGIVING

FOR 1888.

Oysters on Deep Shell.

Soup.

Consommé.

Mock Turtle.

Fish.

Baked Red Snapper.

Green Pease.

Dressed Lettuce.

Entrées.

Roast Venison and Jelly.

Cranberry Sauce.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Roast Turkey.

Roast Goose.

Mashed Potatoes.

Cauliflower.

Squash.

Chicken Salad.

Tongue.

Celery.

Olives.

Pastry.

Mince Pie.

Pumpkin Pie.

Baked Indian Pudding.

Dessert.

Ice Cream.

Sherbert.

Cake.

Lemon Jelly.

Fruit.

Nuts.

Raisins.

Cheese.

Coffee.

As year by year we celebrate the day,
So let us keep the feast with joy and mirth,
As did the Pilgrims — love and good display,
And spread the spirit of it through the earth.

THE promptness of our girls in returning after Thanksgiving was something admirable and wonderful. Every girl was in her place for evening chapel, with one or two exceptions, and those were cases of dire necessity. The girls who spent the vacation at the Seminary are loud in their praises of the good time they enjoyed.

ON the first Sunday of vacation, a party of girls attended the Chanuccah celebration in the Temple Adath Israel of Boston.

FIVE young ladies attended the foot-ball game between the Yale and Harvard Freshmen, Nov. 30.

ALL old girls will be sorry to hear of the loss of Mr. Shepherd's green-house, which burned nearly to the ground on the first morning of vacation. Many of the valuable plants were utterly ruined, some choice palms being among the number. We shall miss the tastefully arranged bouquets which Mr. Shepherd often placed on the chapel desk and elsewhere.

THE Lasell branch of the Y. W. C. T. U. gave a very unique entertainment in the gymnasium, Nov. 24. The room was beautifully decorated in white scarfs and flowers. The letters Y. W. C. T. U. were artistically arranged over the brick fireplace, and the two State banners, presented to the society for the occasion, were much admired, both being of exquisite design and workmanship.

Temperance songs were sung, and Miss Fanny Foster rendered a vocal solo with temperance words. Ice cream and cake were served during the evening, and Rebecca presided at a well of the temperance drink — lemonade.

A LARGE number of the new Lasell pins are being worn and are much admired. Many old girls have sent for them already, and it is to be hoped that all Lasellians will send their orders soon.

ANY one wishing to receive suggestions as to the correct apparel to be worn to dinner, may do so by calling on the *young* occupant of room No. 44.

[From The French Table.]

HUNGRY JUNIOR (*to neighbor*). — *Voulez-vous* pass the *beurre*!

NEIGHBOR (*too accustomed "to that sort of thing" to mind it much*). — *Oui*, certainly.

DURING the recent severe storm which we had, one of the girls inquired of another which way she thought the wind was, to which her friend replied, "The Gale is behind you."

WHAT young lady has been mostly discussed lately? Polly Ticks.

ANY old shoes, bottles, tooth-brushes, etc., will be thankfully received at room No. 41 for the night serenaders.

MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE, my love, my true one,
Tell me what thou dost betray,
Gazing deep into the fire-light,
With thy thoughts far, far away.

Dost thou dream of some brave warrior
'Listed in the battle's woe?
Or has fancy claimed thy dream-thoughts
In the fire-light's lusty glow?

Nay, 't is neither elves nor fairies,
Searching golden thoughts to find,
Mother Nature, with her sleep-wand,
Round thy thoughts a web has twined.

'89.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE Dominion steamer "Alert" recently left Halifax, N. S., with men and material for the erection of a light-house, for the third time, on the west end of Sable Island. The rapid disappearance of this island is one of the present marvels of the North Atlantic. Its gradually lessening in extent, and its existence at no distant day will be as great a mystery as the location of the mystic Atlanta.

THE approaching resignation of Dr. John B. Hamilton, surgeon-general of the marine hospital service, adds another to the frequent examples of the difficulty of retaining the bright men of science in the public service.

AN electric carriage has just been made by Messrs. Immisch, of London, for the Sultan of Turkey. In appearance it does not differ from a four-wheeled dog-cart, with the shafts removed. The motor is placed in the centre of the cart. It is said to be propelled at the speed of ten miles an hour for five hours.

THE universal language, Volapük, is slowly coming into use, but so slowly that some doubt remains whether it will ever be universally adopted. The study of such an artificial language is, in any case, an excellent mental discipline. The death of its inventor, Johann Martin Schleyer, is announced.

PROF. LEWIS BOSS, of the Dudley Observatory, has completed calculations of the orbit of the new comet discovered by Prof. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory, Sept. 2. According to these calcu-

lations, the comet is twice as far away from the earth as the sun.

POLITICAL NOTES.

KANSAS is the banner Republican State of the Union.

BOSTON appeared to take a great deal more interest in the recent municipal election than it did in the national election.

THE President-elect receives many letters from people in the South expressing solicitude regarding his probable policy toward that section, and there is reason for believing that the problem is being given more consideration by Gen. Harrison at this time than the selection of a Cabinet, or anything else relating to the new administration.

SHERMAN, Allison, Miller, and Wanamaker are the only names yet discussed by Gen. Harrison in connection with his Cabinet.

DURING the past campaign Gen. Harrison has gathered quite a museum of relics and trinkets that have been given him. Among them is an interesting collection of about fifty canes. One of these is made of 10,500 pieces of wood, some of the pieces being no larger than an ordinary nail-head.

THERE are growing indications that the Democratic conundrum, "Who will run Harrison?" is easily answered. His name is Benjamin Harrison.

MUSICAL NOTES.

ONE day, when in Florence, Paganini jumped into a cab, gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Uloise" on a single string. "How much do I owe you?" he inquired of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "What! ten francs? you are certainly jesting." "I am speaking seriously; you charge as much for a place at your concert." Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too wily cabman, he said, handing him at the same time a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

MISS LAURA MOORE, the first American girl to take the first prize in singing at the Paris Conservatory, is at present in Chicago, where she is to appear in the "Lady or the Tiger."

THE authoress of "Rock-a-by Baby," Miss Effie F. Canning, is a Boston girl, not yet out of her teens. She is described as rather tall, very pretty, and in "every way musical." She is at present writing an operetta founded upon an old English legend.

MUSIC is a higher revelation than science and philosophy. — BEETHOVEN.

THE first efforts of great musicians are worthy of notice. Haydn wrote short easy pieces for the harpsichord and country dances. Rossini commenced with a cantata. Handel, aged nine years, wrote church motets. Mozart, aged seven years, wrote two sonatas. Weber began at twelve years of age with short fugues for the piano.

ART NOTES.

JUST four "Americans" — not all from the United States — exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1881. In the Salon of the present year, the number of exhibitors from the United States was one hundred and five, more than twice as many as belong to any other foreign country. It is maintained, in addition, that works of considerable originality are more numerous among them than among the native samples.

A NUMBER of Copleys has recently been added to the antiquarian collection that now enriches the walls of the Old State House in Boston, which has been turned into a museum for such relics.

HAGENBECK, the dealer in wild beasts, of Hamburg, has sent to Mme. Rosa Bonheur three panthers, and a keeper to take care of them, she having expressed a desire to make studies of the beasts.

By the death of Frank Holl, the London Royal Academy loses one of its most vigorous portrait painters, and one of its most honored associates.

FEW artists are yet ready to exhibit their summer work, but a large collection is promised for an informal exhibition at the St. Botolph Club

early in the winter, and the house-warming of the new Commonwealth Club will probably see the best display that Boston artists can make.

THE main purpose of the new Society of American Etchers is to elevate the art, and check the spirit of commercialism which dominates the art in this country. To counteract the evil of issuing unlimited "proofs," each impression of the plates issued by the society is stamped with its official seal, which tells how many copies are printed, and what number the particular copy in hand is.

EXCHANGES.

THE days are now fast approaching when college editors will lay aside their pens for a short time and postpone their interesting labors.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and with it nearly half of the college year, and this issue brings us to the pleasantest thing about our school term — the Christmas holidays. Although we have noticed no weariness nor lack of excellence in our exchanges, yet, after the Christmas festivities are passed, after our hosiery has all been well filled, and our Christmas pie devoured, undoubtedly there will be a greater effusion of deep and thoughtful articles; for then the much-written-about foot-ball, base-ball, and other athletics will be a thing of the past, and no longer a fruitful subject; and the poets, having worn "The Summer Girl" threadbare, and divested her of her last charms in the eyes of the public, will betake themselves to a more profound field. During the year fast drawing to a close, college journalism has made rapid progress. It is becoming an acknowledged factor in the literary life of our nation. For the year which is now the future, but which will all too soon be the present, let us not only maintain but elevate the standard to which we have attained. To all of our exchanges we extend our best wishes and compliments of the season.

Many of our exchanges have no table of contents. This is a decided disadvantage to the reader, and causes him to waste much of his time searching for articles which he could readily find were the contents tabled. Moreover, he can see at a glance what the contents of the paper are,

and decide, if he cannot command the time to give it a thorough reading, what articles will be most advantageous and interesting; while, if this plan is not pursued, he needs must turn each page separately, and consume the time which might be used in the perusal of the journal, in finding out what there is to read. This fault is so easily remedied, and will benefit so many, that it seems that those who have not heretofore given it their attention might do so now, and act with profit upon the suggestion.

THE *Crescent*, the work of the pupils of the Hillhouse High School, of New Haven, is among our best exchanges. All of its departments are well conducted, and its arrangement is artistic, which cannot be said of every college journal.

THE editorial department of the Swathmore *Phoenix* for October is worthy of especial mention, as is also a well-written article, "Maidens of Song," in the same number. Swathmore has recently received large additions to its endowment fund, \$160,000, divided equally among the chairs of history, Latin, engineering, and mathematics. We congratulate her.

THE *Argosy* has put on a new dress, that well becomes it, and has enlarged its space for literary matter. Its October number was exceedingly well made up, and betokens for it a successful year. A portrait and biography of the president of the university and the biographies of the class of '88 were a unique and exceptionally good feature of this issue.

THE *Tuftonian*, with much modesty, devotes its exchange columns entirely to clippings from other papers concerning itself. The love of admiration is common to all mankind; but, judging from appearances, the *Tuftonian* is possessed of a greater degree than is usual of this frailty. We had all read the aforesaid clippings in the original, and when we turned to the exchange column, hoping to find something fresh and interesting, what a disappointment we experienced. Save us from such a fate in the future!

THE *Phillipian* of Nov. 10 was an extra, resplendent with heavy type and crowing roosters, in honor of the great foot-ball game between Andover and Exeter, at which the Andover eagle

of victory got her claw firmly upon Exeter, and no doubt (in their own minds, at least) it will never be removed. In this issue the advertisements were all relegated to the last page; evidently, for once, their greed for gain was overpowered by the desire of improving this long-looked-for opportunity of sounding forth their own praises and celebrating a victory.

To that extraordinary article in the *North American Review* entitled "The Fast Set at Harvard" both the *Crimson* and the *Advocate* have replied, through their editorial columns, in a manner both dignified and assertive. Indeed, in their short articles, even in a hasty perusal, one will find more good common-sense (a quality which, by the way, is somewhat *passé* in this progressive age) than he would in a more careful and prolonged study of Aleck Quest's remarkable production. If it were possible to bring to the notice of the public at large these journals, with their ably written and convincing replies to this malicious article, the effect of it would certainly be greatly palliated. And to those who have taken or who are contemplating taking this poisonous dose concocted by Aleck Quest, we would recommend as an antidote the *Crimson* and the *Advocate*.

LEAP YEAR.

THEY strolled beneath the maple's shade,
The month it was July;
They thought it "just the place" out there
To sit, and so did I.

And as I got there first, you see,
I thought 't would not be rude
To stay, so watched them unperceived,
And this is what I viewed:

A figure clad in creamy white,
With sash of azure blue.
A jaunty little tennis cap
On curls of golden hue,

Two little hands that smoothed the curls,
A glitter of gold rings,
Two feet that I could scarcely see,
They were such tiny things.

Another figure on the grass,
Trying to get a light,
A cigarette all nicely rolled,
A dozen smoke rings white,

A snowy stiff *piqué* cravat,
A collar most absurd.
Now that I've told you what I saw,
I'll tell you what I heard :

A gentle sigh, while two blue eyes
Look into two of brown,
Another sigh, and then, " What day
Do you go back to town ?"

A few long puffs, the brown eyes watch
The smoke rings curl in air ;
The answer comes indifferently,
" I do not know nor care."

A frown upon the snowy brow, —
" Do throw that thing away :
I'm sure you've smoked it long enough,
Now hear what I've to say.

" You think I'm nice, you know you do,
I suit you to a T,
And I am very fond of you,
And think that you'd suit me.

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" Papa is rich, and he'll allow
The proper thing a year,
And, coming to the point at once,
Suppose we marry, dear ?"

Now don't look frightened, gentlemen,
I have not finished yet —
'T was *he* that had the golden curls,
And *she* the cigarette.

NAN.
Harvard Advocate.

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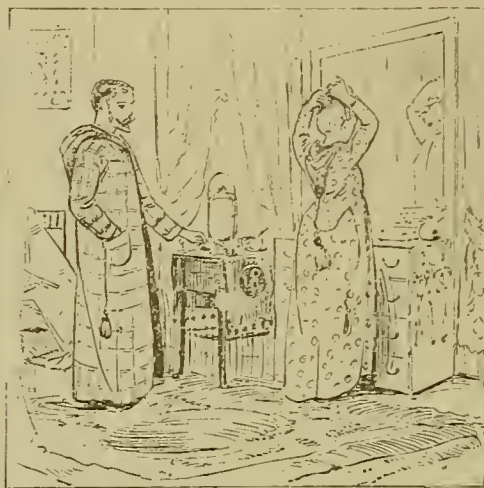
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NEW YORK.

LASELL LEAVES.

“DUX FEMINA FACTI.”

Volume XIII.

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Number 4.

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

OFTENTIMES this couplet is read with a tone of regret, because the sweetness and freshness of a woodland flower must be unseen on account of its lonely haunts, and is for this reason thought to be of no use or good in the world. It should not be thus. It is a statement of a duty well performed, although no eye beholds it. Its sweetness is not wasted; but it mingles with the common breath of nature, that refreshes some fevered brow and cools some excited brain.

We were reminded of this couplet upon the advent of the new staff, because of our long obscurity. For many years we have avoided the highways to publicity with a remarkable perseverance, and lately have even congratulated ourselves, that, now we are so near the end of our school life, there would be no further need of restraining our footsteps, but we might spend the few remaining days of our existence here in school in unrestricted freedom. But, alas! mercenary bugbears were on our track; they followed us up; they pushed our unsuspecting feet over a by-road to fame, right into the glare of this title-page, and wrote our names in unredeemable letters, there to shine for a few short weeks for their own special amusement, and then to droop and fade anywhere, they care not where.

So, first of all, we would ask you to bear with us while we attempt to fill these pages with something worthy of your notice. Dissertations on the principal topics of the day, such as “The Annexation of Canada,” “The Future of the Prohibition Party,” “Survival of the Fittest,” and “Woman’s Suffrage,” are in order, and would be gladly received at this office.

Several years ago, Lasell had among her children an authoress; but her gift was not made public until the day she graduated. The LEAVES

never received any benefit from her pen, because she antedated it. But if there is any youthful authoress among us now, whose mind has a combination lock, we would be happy to have her presented to us; and we would set about hunting up a key, in order that her brain might occasionally scatter ideas over our hitherto well-filled pages.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone on swift wings, and left behind an unusually full stocking. Among various other things too numerous to mention, it gave us an opportunity to compare our Christmas with that of the Slavs.

Christmas in a Slav village has a purely religious character, and is celebrated as a sort of twelve-days' festival. In many villages, on the first evening, processions are formed, and the images of the Holy Virgin and St. Joseph are carried to the first home in the place, while hymns are sung by the inmates. The attendants of the saints ask a night's lodging. Those within inquire who the travellers are, and so gradually the whole history of the nativity is told in Old World verse and music. Then the doors are thrown open, and all who are within kneel. The images are borne to the altar prepared for them, the two choruses join in a hymn of praise, and evening prayer begins in their presence. On the following afternoon the two saints are taken to the next house, and the scene is repeated. The peasants are evidently worshipping the true God after their own fashion.

On the day set apart for devotion to the three Holy Kings, — the Wise Men of the East, — the three appear in full costume, — the one with his face conscientiously blacked, — with holy-water, and censers filled with burning incense. They bless all the rooms and stalls, and upon every door they make three crosses, in order to keep out Frau Perchta, which is the unhallowed and unhonored shade of the goddess whom heroes once worshipped as Freya. The crosses are treated with great respect, and what would happen to any one who should wilfully rub them out no one knows. Particularly devout persons often endeavor to connect the crosses so that they form one of the names or symbols of our Saviour. If they succeed, it is a favorable omen.

It is a universal belief among the Slavs that horses and cattle talk in human language with each other on the night between the 24th and 25th of December. But they also believe that no one can hear the animals talk unless he has on boots with nine soles, and with fern leaves in them.

A large proportion of the people of America, during the weeks preceding Christmas, are engaged in preparing surprises for the household and friends on that day. Wherever the enjoyment of Christmas is known the preparations for good cheer are going on. What is to be remembered is, that it is not the rich who can give without feeling it, but the people in moderate circumstances who give with discretion, and the very poor who give through sacrifice, that have joy in the act. It is the opening of hearts all around, that is the social key to the Christmas season.

Notwithstanding this time of general benevolence, there is one phase of Christmas giving which detracts from all its other delectable enjoyments. It seems a shame that so much of the old sweet spirit has gone out of the Christmas season. Years and years ago, when our grandmothers and grandfathers were young, they used to keep their simple Yule-tide with the tenderest and kindest of feelings. They exchanged their little gifts in the most unostentatious way, which, alas! we have almost forgotten. Now, Christmas is nothing more nor less than a debt-and-credit account. We give only where we hope to receive in return. How often do we hear this sentiment expressed: "I shall not send her any gift whatever this year. I sent her a lovely present last year, but she did not send me anything except a bare note of thanks." What a dreadful spirit this is! So out of harmony with the general exuberance of kindly feeling towards others! No one seems entirely free from the popular belief that if he receives a gift he must give one in return, else he will be set down by his friends as a stingy sort of person; rather than be thought stingy, he will stretch his purse strings to an unwarranted extent.

The baby is the only being in the great wide world who is exempt from Christmas taxation. His stocking may be filled to overflowing, and even the chimney-shelf may be filled up with the gifts of fond grandparents and maiden aunts, and

no one will dream of any returns. His innocent little soul is filled with love for everybody, and if he could talk, no doubt he would say, "A merry Christmas to all, and happy cheer to every one!"

👉 **GIRLS, PLEASE READ** 👈
THIS!

OVER a thousand girls have been pupils at Lasell since the LEAVES began. Over a thousand women, now out in the "cold, cold world," think tenderly and gratefully of the old school that did its best for them, whether that "best" was perfect or not. Don't you want to know what is going on at the old home nowadays? Don't you wonder whether the girls can write better than you could? Don't you want to know about the new things? How would you know the "lists" were abolished if we had not sent you this copy? Don't you want to help the LEAVES? You are willing, but it is a small matter, easily overlooked if put off. Many of you meant to subscribe last fall, but put it off and forgot it. Now, please do it *this very day*. Get a postal note for fifty cents, and send it to the LEAVES or to me, or enclose stamps,—the new girls still buy a stamp now and then,—and we will send you the LEAVES the rest of this year.

Now, for once, let EVERYBODY respond. We want to know that we can talk to YOU through our paper.

As ever, yours,

C. C. B.

N. B.—Don't forget to give any change in address or "condition" of yourself or any Lasell girls.

P. S.—If you want to save trouble, put in one dollar and a half, the half for this, the dollar for next year!!!

THE ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIP.

WE have talked it over several times. Now I'd like to know who is in earnest about it. I think I can go next year as well as any time.

Note the plan, in the rough: Leave Auburndale about Oct. 1, 1889. San Francisco, Oct. 15, giving about a month each, on an average, to Japan, China, Ceylon and India, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Constantinople and Greece, reaching Italy about May 15; until June 1, in Italy or Sicily. I think I can guarantee the cost for the eight months to be not over \$2,500. The company not to number less than ten or twelve, besides Mrs. Bragdon and me.

I should plan to personally reach Auburndale by June 10. Any wishing to spend the summer abroad would be placed in satisfactory care and "personally conducted" by Mr. Shepherd probably, through Europe, to arrive in New York or Boston by Sept. 1, for \$600 more, or they could join other parties or friends.

If we go, everything will be done satisfactorily and thoroughly. Who will go? I ought to decide by March 1.

C. C. BRAGDON.

OLD GIRLS.

ONE of the Lasell family recently in New York came suddenly upon Blanche Best, in company with Clara Comstock and her sister. It was in the Grand Central Station, and in the crowd and rush for trains little could be said, but all three seemed well and happy. Blanche was staying in the city, studying elocution, if one is not mistaken. The others were going to their home, in Providence. The same traveller walking up Broadway, in pleasant chat with Louise Le Huray, met face to face the late Georgie Prickett, now Mrs. Burrows, as smiling and gracious as ever. She is living in apartments in the city. Invited to a cosey lunch on West 61st Street, our Lasell woman found herself especially welcomed when her belongings became known to the charming young hostess; for was not this hostess once Miss Rosa Marritt, of Cleveland? and did she not know Gertrude Penfield that was, and Mabel Clement that is, and the sister of Grace Spellmeyer, and had heard of a host more of Lasell girls?—which latter part goes without saying.

Knocking about in Boston, doing Christmas shopping, this roving Lasellian met with Martha Tash and her sister on Summer Street, and in an

angle of a building that fended off the wind they held pleasant converse together. The result showed Martha to be well, rosy, and happy, at which all must rejoice.

Mrs. Noble in a West End horse-car declared herself to have once been Mary Louise Gillingham, and was urged to come back to her *alma mater*, and establish her identity forthwith. There were others, later residents, who were nodding and bowing at a distance, till it seemed to this unsophisticated Lasellian that the people, former or latter, of her household, were almost ubiquitous.

A FAIR BANDIT.

Do you never stop to ponder
On the error of your way?
On the hearts that you do pillage
When you try us all to play?

Really, do you never think of
All the torture we go through?
Have you never hours of anguish?
Hope you have — at least a few.

They tell me scalps adorn your wigwam,
Each warrior vanquished at first sight,
Big and little, true and fickle,
Armies of them every night.

Zero is the point, they tell me,
Indicated at your heart;
Let us hope a thaw may soften
Even this ere you depart.

BRET RUDDER.

A WORD FOR QUEEN MARY.

BEFORE we condemn Mary, the unfortunate Queen of Scots, let us glance at her life, and at the times in which she lived. She was born only a few days before the death of her father, during one of the most turbulent periods of Scottish history, and crowned at the age of two years.

Many suitors sprang up for the hand of the child-queen, the chosen one being the Dauphin Francis. The betrothal was recognized on condition that Mary be educated in France, and brought up in the Catholic faith. Catholic Scotland gave this innocent child into the hands of the perfidious instigator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, who was to be her mother, her

teacher, and her guide. But, despite the influence of the corrupt French court, she grew to be true, beautiful, and good.

As a poet, musician, and linguist, she ranked among the first women of her time. At fifteen she was married, and at eighteen she returned, a widow, to find Scotland adhering to the Reformed Church.

After a time, a second marriage began to be discussed. Elizabeth jealously watched the proceedings, and finally, for reasons of her own, mentioned Darnley, the supposed husband and murderer of Amy Robsart. Mary mortally offended Elizabeth by preferring his cousin Henry, Lord Darnley. We need not go into the details of the marriage and death of Darnley; of Mary's marriage with his murderer, Bothwell; of the vengeance of the people; of Bothwell's flight, and of his death, twenty years later, declaring Mary innocent of the crime imputed to her.

Mary, who was taken prisoner and conducted to Lochleven Castle, made her escape. Without hope from Scotland, she fled to England, where letters from Queen Elizabeth led her to expect the welcome due one sovereign to another. "Elizabeth adopted a policy indefinite, dissembling, caressing in speech, odious in action, which delivered up her sister by turns to hope and to despair, wearing out the heart of her rival by endless longing, as if she had resolved that grief, anguish, and time should be her executioners. This queen, so great in genius, so mean in heart, so cruel in policy, and rendered more so by feminine jealousies, proved herself, in this instance, a worthy daughter of Henry VIII., all of whose passions were slaked in blood." She offered to Mary the castle of Carlisle, as a royal refuge, while in reality detaining her as a prisoner. She wrote that she could not with propriety treat her as "a queen and a sister" till she should clear herself of the crime imputed to her. Elizabeth had no right to detain her in prison, as Mary was not an English subject, but a Scottish queen, and therefore did not come under English jurisdiction.

The evidence upon which she was beheaded was false. It was based upon letters purported to be from Mary. When they were called for, nothing but a copy could be produced against her. Upon this false evidence, Mary was condemned

and beheaded. The passions were Mary's judges; therefore she was not fairly judged, nor will she ever be. Even if Mary had been guilty, the inhuman duplicity of Elizabeth's policy would have justified all she did.

Elizabeth, having mercilessly sacrificed the life of her whom she had so long and so unjustly retained in hopeless captivity, now added the most flagrant duplicity to her cruelty. Denying, with many oaths, all intentions of having her own warrants carried into execution, she attempted to throw the entire odium on those who, in reality, had acted as the blind and devoted agents. This policy of the English queen was unsuccessful, however; posterity has with clear voice proclaimed her guilty of the blood of her royal sister, and the sanguinary stain will ever remain ineffaceable from the character of that otherwise great sovereign.

L. T. C., '89.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

EVERY little while we find some article which pleads that the girls of the country may have more privileges, and the writer generally beseeches the public to "give the girls a chance." Now, we say, why not broaden the matter? The girls are not the only ones for whom our voice is raised. Why not give the boys a chance?

From time immemorial it has been the custom carefully to shield the girls from all danger, and from all contact with wrong and contamination, while the boys have been allowed to roam about at their own sweet will, and all their escapades have been condemned with a shake of the head and a repetition of those extremely trite sayings, "Oh! boys will be boys," and "Every boy must sow his wild oats." So, while the girls have been safely housed within convent walls, or within some seminary almost equally strict, the boys have been permitted to attend class or not as they saw fit, and to wander at the dictates of their own fancy. Now, we hold that this is unjust to the boys. Why should they not be shielded as carefully as their sisters? Surely they are no better; and if the systems now in vogue are beneficial to the girls, surely they might be to the boys as well; or, so it seems to us.

Imagine, if you can, the average boy, or young

man, as he would insist upon being called, under the same rules as those which govern his much-restrained sister. Fancy him calmly seeking his room for quiet thought and meditation each Sunday afternoon, or picture him asking permission to go into town in order to do a little necessary shopping. Such a sensation as fifteen or twenty young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two would create, if they were allowed to go into town only upon Monday afternoons, and then attended by some prudent chaperon! We laugh at the idea; but why would it not be as much for their welfare as for that of the girls? Both are human; and it is the universal opinion that the girls are much the better of the two sexes; then why should the boys be allowed to enter life in something of a "go-as-you-please race," instead of being guided and kept in the strait and narrow way? We are anxious to know why it would not be wise, also, to restrict the correspondence list of the boy. Who thinks of allowing his daughter to correspond with every "Tom, Dick, and Hary"? Yet the son has no restraint placed upon him. His judgment, generally, is no better than that of the average girl; yet he is a boy, and that fact seems to condone everything. We hold that this treatment of the boy is most unjust. Why not give him to understand that "sowing wild oats" is not one of the most profitable branches of agriculture? Why not raise in him a desire for that which is noble and good, not give him to believe that he has a special license to do as he pleases, simply because he happens to have been born a boy? If only boys could have a chance to be trained even as their sisters are trained, there would be not even the slightest foundation for such articles as "The Fast Set at Harvard"; so we would most respectfully advance the question, why not give the boys a chance?

M. L. S., '90.

PERSONALS.

MR. J. GARDNER, secretary of the Board of Managers of East Greenwich Academy, and a relative of Sophie Mason Dumas, visited Lasell recently, and seemed much interested in the special features of our seminary. He reports that East Greenwich Academy is soon to have improvements, made possible by a late endowment.

WE learn that Aline Oglesby has been married to a Mr. Snyder, of Kansas City.

HELEN UNDERWOOD is visiting her sister in Omaha.

ABBEY L. FROST, who was a Lasell girl in '75, was married three years ago to Frank S. Kent, and now lives at No. 77 Delaware Street, Syracuse, N. Y. We hear she is a good wife, that she is much interested in Christian work, and has made many warm friends.

MAMIE HASKELL sails for Europe this month for a three months' stay.

GRACE SIEBURLING, '87, has been visiting Jane Ninde, and Laura Munger spent Christmas with her.

MAGGIE WATERHOUSE visited Maude Lutes before the holidays.

HELEN GILBERT visited Washington during the holidays.

LIZZIE B. BURNHAM, '87, has Grace Sieburling's place in the laboratory this year. She also takes a few "post" studies.

MAJOR BENYON sprained his ankle a little while ago. The Lasell Battalion extend their sincere sympathy.

CAPT. E. C. WHITNEY, who takes charge of the Lasell Battalion, has an enviable war record, having enlisted as a private in the Fifty-third Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and in a year and a half having risen through all grades to acting adjutant of the regiment. He served in several battles on the staff of Gen. Kimball, commanding a brigade of the First Division Nineteenth Army Corps. After the close of the war he was made captain of Company E, in the famous "Massachusetts Sixth," what was left of those who "marched through Baltimore." He held his position for six years. He was tendered the major's post, being ranking captain, but was compelled to decline on account of the demands of business. It is a record to be proud of, and we are proud of it in him.

MISS CUSHMAN is back at Lasell, after her long holiday. We hope she will not find it necessary to take another one until June, at any rate.

MISS LE HURAY is spending a quiet winter at her home, in Summit, with an enviable opportunity to read and study. She has had her eye on Georgia Prickett Burrowes, Miss Cushman, and various Lasellians in New York wanderings.

A NICE letter from Georgie Hatch Jones tells us many pleasant things about her two children, and also that she has received a photograph of Genie Converse Mattin's baby. The latter gives us an excellent illustration of how rapidly news travels among the girls. The honor lists were announced as abolished at Lasell, Dec. 19, and before Dec. 28 the news had travelled to Brockton, then to *Kansas City, Mo.*, and back to Auburndale.

FANNIE DILLRAIM has been spending the summer in Denver, and we hear that she is the same old Fannie.

ELIZABETH EDDY, '88, visited Carrie Brown for a few days just preceding the Christmas holidays.

It is whispered that Mabel Ramm is engaged to Sydney Littell, of Washington.

HELEN THRESHER visited Miss Bragg, Dec. 15.

EULA LEE visited Clara Bowen during the holidays.

BESS HARWOOD spent part of her vacation with Maude Vanhorn.

MAY CHURCH has returned from California, and is in her old home, Marshalltown, Iowa.

SARA PEW paid her sister a visit before Christmas.

LIL CAMPBELL was a guest of Priscilla Parmenter in December.

INDIANAPOLIS Lasellians please note that Alice Van Harlingen (Alice Dunsmore, '78) has moved to their village, and may be found at 174 East New York Street. Make her welcome! Alice reports her little girl as four years old, and well and strong; herself, as not very strong, but pretty happy, and as anxious to hear from Lasellians of her day.

PORTLAND Lasellians note that Cora Dawes has come to stay with them a bit, to study music, and can be found, — I declare, I forgot to find out where she is to be found, — but you can learn, — in Portland, somewhere. Cora made Lasell a welcome call last week.

ADA HIBBARD CREWE sends from her English home — Clifton, Bristol — her three dainty children in one precious picture. It is very welcome, and very nice, and she may well be proud.

And so may Lottie Snell Simms two thirds as proud of her two, who sit lovingly side by side. Girls, we are very pleased to get even this distant acquaintance with your bright blessings. Let us have every one. Please send the grandchildren for the Lasell arms, — album, I should have said, — but I mean the other too. God help you to be wise mothers!

MARY COE, '86, made a flying visit to her people, who are now living in Auburndale. She thinks the climate of Southern pines delightful, reports cases of wonderful cures it has effected, and calls for a branch Lasell in the pine groves of North Carolina.

We will see.

LIZZIE FROST, of Galesburg, Ill., made a visit in December to her brother in Topeka. If we had known in time we would have given her address to the Lasell girls in Topeka. They might have helped to make her stay pleasant. They would certainly have tried.

MRS. JAS. T. BRYANT, of Worcester, accompanied by Mrs. Bigelow, looked Lasell over during vacation. Were much delighted; thought girls must be hard to please if they were not happy here; wished their school-days were just beginning, and engaged a place for Miss Bryant for September, 1889. They report Edith Flint Barber as about to move back to Fall River.

ANITA HENRY MIRICK, of Worcester, here in 187 — something — reports herself still the proud owner of a good husband, — three children, — Florence and Richard (the former destined for Lasell), whose gentle faces are in the grandchildren album; and George, the three-year-old baby, whose face is yet to come, — and a pleasant home at 130 Beacon Street, where she would be glad to see any Lasell faces. She is herself not very well, but improving in health, having been last winter at death's door. Her mother, and sister Nellie, here in '81, live at Santa Yuez, Cal., and like it well.

LIZZIE WHIPPLE, '85, and her cousin, Mrs. Warren, of New Boston, N. H., made us a little call the first day of the vacation, inspected the premises, and booked Mrs. Warren's daughter for 1889. Lizzie does n't look a day older; is working on German; says her brother John has five "best" girls; is coming to swim. She met Jennie Baker, of Buffalo (here from Warsaw), in New York lately, and found her the same Jen. Says Anna Baker Jebb has a darling six-month-old youngster, and has "settled down dreadfully," — whatever that means.

SOPHIE CRANDON, of Boston, here in '82, has spent the past two winters, and will probably pass this one, in the South. She covets the balmy air of frostless zones. When in Boston, she works at singing, which she much enjoys. She thinks the Lasell pin a good idea.

IN a recent number of the *Carbondale Free Press* we see the creditable mention of Ada L. Dunaway in connection with an art display, given under the auspices of the resident alumni of the Normal University. One of the beautiful pieces of China painting was from her brush. The works of art that received the most attention were the works in oil. One of these, — a painting on hard-wood, — executed by Ada, was pronounced excellent.

DEATH.

THE many friends of Florence Bailey, '87, will be pained to learn that the holidays for her were saddened by the death of her father. Mr. Bailey was one of the leading citizens of Erie, Pa., and for many years cashier of the Marine National Bank. He was a man of excellent business habits and sterling integrity, quiet in his tastes, and fond of the home circle. The friends at LASSELL extend their heartfelt sympathy to Florence and her friends in this bereavement.

MARRIED.

HATTIE M. GREENLEAF, of Nashua, N. H., at Lasell in '87, was married Nov. 24 to George F. Smith, of the same city. Her future home will be No. 5 Granite Street, Nashua, N. H.

AT Wichita, Kansas, Jan. 9, Fannie W. Hanscome to Frederick W. Herbert. At home after Feb. 15, Denver, Col.

OCT. 31, 1888, Mary E. Ward to Joseph W. Sterns. At home Wednesdays in December, Greenfield, Mass.

AT Newtonville, Dec. 13, Annie L. Briggs to Frederick S. Sherman. At home Jan. 9 and 16, 1889, corner of Watertown and Walnut Streets, Newtonville, Mass.

AT the Congregational Church, Warren, Mass., Dec. 27, Ida M. Sibley, of the class of '84, to Frederick S. Webber. At home Wednesdays, from Feb. 12 until March 6, — the Essex, Holyoke, Mass.

A SLOW run to Warren, a carriage to the church, which was the most tastefully decorated wedding temple I ever saw, a half-hour's wait in the rapidly-filling room, beguiled by good work on a good organ, and Mr. Webber came in from a side door, looking as if he appreciated the grave responsibility he was undertaking, while Ida walked gently but firmly up the left aisle, leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. Fairbanks, who presently gave her away. Instead of obey, Ida said defend, which must have sounded odd to the man who had been led to suppose he was expected to do the defending. But Ida can do it. As they walked together down the right aisle Ida looked pleased, Frederick, serious. A little cyclone of wind drove the plentiful rain upon some fine toilets, overturned the canopy at the door, and nearly overthrew some of the carriages which were taking guests to the cosy home of Emma Sibley Guilbert, where the reception was to be held, but a lively and delightful company minded not the weather, and gladly congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Webber on their new relation. Among the guests were eight Lasell girls, quite the galaxy of the evening, — Emma Sibley Guilbert, Ida Sibley Webber, Edith Flint Barker (who is soon to move to Fall River — it is hard to keep a Flint away from Fall River), Nellie Packard, Hattie Webber, Annie Wallace, Mabel Wetherell, and Agnes Fanning. We were glad to meet again Rev. Mr. Forbes, now of New York, who brought

the Sibley girls to Lasell, and Mr. and Mrs. Strickland and the sister of our Minnie Strickland, who, to our regret, was absent in Brooklyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Webber, whose faces were familiar from yore, Hattie's sister, and, last and least, the sweet little Susie, Emma's daughter, who did the honors of the house charmingly. How we did enjoy the glimpse of so many Lasell faces of former times! A carriage kindly furnished took us quietly and comfortably through the wet and miry road to the station, three miles away, where we took the late train for home. On our way we had time to call on Anita Henry Merrill, in Worcester, whose bright, pleasant home and three fine children gave us much comfort.

LOCALS.

HAPPY New Year!

LASELL girls have commenced the new year by all being self-governed.

JUST back after the holidays.

“What did you get for Christmas?”

“Oh, I don't know! Let me see: I got garter clasps, a tortoise-shell hair-pin, bon —”

“Bonbonnière, gold beads, and opera glasses.”

“Why, yes! how did you know?”

A LASELL SEMINARY young woman (who has just been excused for being late for breakfast, taking her place at French table, to her neighbor). — *F'ai en le cheval de nuit pendant presque tout le nuit.*

CAN rosaline be used for any other purpose except that of tinting the finger nails?

(At French Table.)

GIRL NO. 1 (to girl No. 2, who did not hear what had gone before). — Comment?

GIRL NO. 2 (much shocked). — Come off! How horribly slangy *vous êtes devenue pendant la vacation*, 'Mlle.

THE new girls are Emeline Winnifred Brady, Muncie, Ind.; Jessie Siddall Bybee, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ada Jones, Honolulu, H. I.; and Anita Lyman Paine, Cambridgeport, Mass.

LOST (by) B. C. — A Cæsar.

WHY is door in the potential mood?

Because it is *wood* or should be.

MR. SHEPHERD certainly did himself credit, and gave us a most pleasant surprise, when we descended to the dining-room on Dec. 15 and found an attractive menu at each plate, letting us know that he had not, after all, forgotten the game dinner, as some of us had begun to fear.

THE bowling alley is *at last* in working order, and Monday afternoon it will probably be filled to overflowing by girls anxious for more exercise than they can obtain by their daily walks and work in the gym.

ON the afternoon of Dec. 16 Mr. R. H. Barnum interested us greatly in "Woman's Missionary Work in Turkey." Mr. Barnum has a daughter at Lasell, and through her we have made valuable additions to our collection of rare old coins.

UNDER direction of Messrs. Davis and Hills, we were most pleasantly entertained on the evening of Dec. 17, by a concert given by their pupils. Although the weather was stormy the gymnasium was pretty well filled. The programme rendered was as follows:—

PIANOFORTE.	{ a. Etude in A minor Krause
	{ b. Tarantelle Gerlitt
	MISS OLIVER.
SONG.	Do not Forget Georges Rupès
	MISS GALE.
PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE.	Ojos Creolos Gottschalk
	MISSES PEW, JOHNSON, COUTS, AND WILLIAMS.
SONG.	Garonne Adams
	MISS M. SEIBERLING.
PIANOFORTE.	Agitato, Op. 65 Von Wilm
	MISS WARNOCK.
CHORUS.	The Holy Night Lassen
	ORPHEAN CLUB.
<hr/>	
VOCAL QUARTETTE.	Estudiantina Lacomé
	MISSES BARBOUR, PEABODY, SUTTON, AND GALE.
AUTOHARP.	Selections
	MRS. FLORENCE C. SHERWOOD.
CAVATINA from Cinq-Mars Gounod	
	MISS BARBOUR.
PIANOFORTE.	Romanze from Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Mozart
	MISS HARDING. Accompanied on a second pianoforte by MR. HILLS.
SONGS.	{ a. Dearest Heart, Farewell Strelezki
	{ b. Romanze from Zemire und Azor Spohr
	MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE.	Overture Kéle Béla
	MISSES FOSTER,* OLIVER, NINDE, AND FULLER.
CHORUS.	Venetian Boat Song Blumenthal
	ORPHEAN CLUB.

* Miss Foster's place was supplied by Mr Hills.

MILITARY drill is progressing finely. The battalion has been divided into companies, and there will be a medal awarded to the best company, and another to the best individual drilling. Work hard, girls!

MRS. FLORENCE SHERWOOD entertained us in the chapel on Friday, Jan. 4, by playing three solos on an autoharp. Prof. Bragdon offers this instrument to those who are still faithful to the banjo.

A NEW version of the Beatitudes:—

Blessed are the poor in spirit for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the merciful for they shall see God.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall obtain mercy.

THE State Inspector of Public Buildings has been several times through our modest home, and on his last visit said that ours was the best equipped and appointed of any school building in the State.

THE nineteenth day of December, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, will ever be a memorable one in the history of Lasell Seminary for Young Women. It witnessed what no true daughter of Lasell would ever have thought possible, the abolishment of the lists. Send forth the tidings, east, west, north, and south, to all those who, in former times, have haunted these classic halls, that the self-governed girl, the roll-of-honor maiden, and the crazy lassie are no more. Now we all stand on a common level, and enjoy what we have long counted a fair field and no favors. To be sure, the new plan presents some disadvantages,—to those who have formerly been found in the ranks of the just and honorable; but we have yet to hear of one outside of that number who is at all inconvenienced by it. We will now all walk at two, unless enjoying poor health, or are eloquent enough to persuade the teacher in charge, to that effect. If we are in need of five eighths of a yard of elastic, or a new tooth-brush, we can (without formal application and spending three quarters of an hour in expatiating upon and explaining this need) betake ourselves to the

busy part of Auburndale. There we can make our own selections and satisfy our artistic taste. This is much more convenient than sending by Lewis, who was always sure to get the wrong color of elastic and a size too large in a tooth-brush.

Another marked improvement: we may now quench our thirst whenever it pleases us, — a luxury enjoyed before only by the famed few. Such a high degree of that estimable quality, self-control, has been reached by us that study hours are no longer necessary to assist us in preparing our lessons, though it is still thought best to observe some hours during the morning and evening, simply as a guard, you know, against the intrusion of the omnipresent girl. But from the moment the town clock tolls forth the hour of two until the ringing of the chapel bell at a quarter past seven, the time is ours to do with what we will.

Whether the plan will work wisely and well remains to be seen. However, it has our approval, and we will endeavor to give it our best support. We wish it every success. Should it fail, let those with whom it originated comfort themselves with the assurance, "Variety is the spice of life," and remember that young people are fond of spice. Farewell, O ye list! We cannot mourn you. You were too good for this earth. As the *Lampoon* says of the class of '92, so we can say to you: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

WHO are great astronomers? The stars, because they have studded the heavens for ages.

THE famous pear-tree planted in 1630 by Gov. Endicott, at Danvers, Mass., died recently, having reached the age of two hundred and fifty years.

THE Argentine Republic has ordered about thirty locomotives of various classes from the Baldwin Works.

THE observation of the total eclipse of the sun of Jan. 1, which was visible over a belt stretching from California to Manitoba, was favored by clear weather, and it is probable that results of great value have been obtained.

LAST December Major King happened to see two large fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side in the dock. He immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannon, with submarine cable wound about them. The experiment proved successful. The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. Some faint idea of its power may be conceived from the fact that it takes a force of twenty-five thousand pounds to pull off the armature. The most interesting experiment was the test made of an American non-magnetic watch. It was held three feet from the magnet, and was immediately stopped. Another test was made with a number of carpenter's spikes. A spike was placed lengthwise on the end of the magnet, then another spike was attached to the first, and so on until a line of them stood straight out from the magnet at least four feet in length.

POLITICAL NOTES.

EVERYBODY ought to enjoy this festive season, for it has been a great year for Republican crops.

A RUMOR is in the air that President Cleveland will deliver to Congress a message exclusively devoted to civil-service reform.

GERMANY is about to prosecute with vigor the war against the Arabs in East Africa.

MR. THOMAS N. HART is elected mayor of Boston by a large majority, and the 17,000 votes cast by the women for school committee secured the election of their candidates.

THE rejection of the government bill to aid the Panama Canal Company gives rise to a threatening agitation in France.

THE Indian Territory Convention at Baxter Springs, Kansas, favors the opening of the Territory to whites and the allotment of land to Indians in severalty.

THE proposed Hungarian demonstration in favor of Pope Leo's restoration to temporal power is abandoned.

CLEVELAND has appointed 137 known criminals to office, and so it is not alarming that he has nominated for the important position of consul on the Congo an ex-lieutenant of the navy who was dismissed from service only a short time ago for drunkenness.

THE Senate agrees to end the debate on the tariff bill Jan. 21, also provides for a holiday recess from Dec. 21 to Jan. 21.

AMONG the most ridiculous of election bets was that made four years ago by John Shaw, of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, that he would never wear a coat again till a Republican President was elected. He was carried to the polls wrapped in blankets at the last election and died the next day.

MR. JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, a member of the British Parliament, has accepted an invitation to visit the United States early this year. He expects, while here, to have the honor of appearing before Congress in advocacy of ocean penny postage, and much of his time will be devoted to the furthering of cheap postage.

MUSICAL NOTES.

RUBINSTEIN'S "Demon" did not please London.

THE organ recital given by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, on Nov. 4, greatly pleased his large audience. The Newton press compliments highly all the participants.

RUSSIAN opera has made a failure in England.

IT is said that J. J. Lyons, who wrote the music for "The Lady, or The Tiger," does not know a note of music, but writes by a system of figures. The deciphering of these hieroglyphics was the lot of Adolf Nowak, McCaull's director.

SMOKING concerts are quite popular in England.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN thinks the English people have much to learn from the Germans and the French, who are not guilty of rudeness in leaving the hall before the concert is finished.

PRINCE HENRY, brother of the German Emperor, is a good amateur violinist.

ART NOTES.

"HE is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

THE Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum, has lately acquired a beautiful dress-pin of bronze, thickly coated with gold, ornamented with a group of doves about to drink from flowers, and bearing a dedication to Aphrodite. It is from the site of the Temple of Aphrodite, at Paphos, and presented to the trustees by the Cyprus Exploration Fund.

As Director of the French School of Archæology, at Rome, for six years, M. Geffroi has been appointed in place of M. Le Blant.

IT is credited that America has a one-fifth share in the twenty million dollars to which the commerce in pictures in France has amounted to during the last ten years.

THE Boston artist, Paul Bartlett, who is now in Paris, has nearly completed his statue of the "Indian Dance."

ALFRED STIEGLITZ, of New York City, occupies a place in the foremost rank of the amateur photographers of both hemispheres. At the International Exhibition of the Productions of Amateur Photographers, recently held in Vienna, he was awarded the large silver medal.

SAMUEL KITSON, the New York sculptor, has completed his design for the monument to be erected over the grave of Gen. Sheridan, at Arlington.

EXCHANGES.

UPON entering the reading-room the other morning we discovered the *Harvard Advocate* proudly occupying a pigeon-hole by itself, instead of being placed with the other exchanges. Naturally, our curiosity was fully aroused, and we decided to investigate. The words of the poet, "Why this thushness?" were uppermost in our mind, and, with zeal "worthy of a better cause," we set to work to solve the mystery. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that the *Advocate* was occupying the place usually allotted to the *Religious Herald*; we

are still unable to decide whether this was an illustration of the principle "opposites attract," or whether "birds of a feather flock together" would be more applicable.

We fear if it were not for athletics and glee-club trips, the daily college journal would be obliged to adjourn *sine die*.

As usual, much good reading may be found within the covers of the *Nassau* and *Amherst Lit's*. The book reviews in the former are especially worthy of notice.

EVEN the *Ogontz Mosaic*, a school-paper, with the LEAVES right under its eye, spells us *Lassell*! While the *Wolfe Hall Banner* goes even further than that, and speaks of us as the *Tassel Leaves*. What is the dreadful thing about our name that makes folks torture it so? The *Magazine of Art*, of Boston, gave us *Lassell*, and the last envelop brought it "*Lovell*." Why did n't we have a name that would spell itself?

WE would suggest to the *Troy Polytechnic* that it devote a part of the department called "*Polyisms*" to exchange notes.

It is with feelings of the keenest pleasure that we find that the *High School Bulletin*, of Lawrence, Mass., so fully appreciates our exchange column; however, we do not feel called upon to furnish exchange notes for the entire scholastic world, without at least receiving some credit for the same; and as we find upon looking over the above-mentioned paper, two of our most cherished exchange notes adorning the exchange column, without so much as a "by your leave," our righteous indignation is somewhat inclined to soar. We can assure our friends in Lawrence that the life of an editor is, indeed, hard; that it is no easy matter to write these items. It may be all very well to speak of the "little thing we dashed off this A. M.," but to do the dashing successfully requires some thought and application. The motto of our esteemed contemporary, "Labor conquers all," seems to be disregarded by the present staff. We are perfectly willing to have our choice bits copied when due credit is given us, but we do seriously object to plagiarism.

THE article in the *King's College Record* entitled "Our Existence as Photographs" we found

very good reading, and recommend it to those who are afflicted with melancholy.

THE *Anchor* for December contains some sound articles, but we trust they have no designs on our lives, as we were inclined to infer when we gazed on the dazzling blue type.

THE Christmas number of the *Yale Courant* presented an appearance more than usually attractive. What is better still, the appearance did not belie its contents, and we found the number most enjoyable. "The King's Jest" and "Coreen" especially were well worth reading.

THE editorial in the *Sunbeam*, from the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, upon that much-vexed question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" was admirably written, and worthy of much attention. It seemed to us that the *Sunbeam* started out in a manner almost too modest, for the article fully atoned for the ancientness of the subject, and we felt a sense of disappointment creeping over us that it, like all good things, at length came to an end.

WE had almost forgotten we ever had any childhood, but the poem entitled "I'm a Little Birdie," in the last issue of the *Beacon*, carried us back once more to the time when we were wont to pore over that "classic of the nursery, Mother Goose." This from a paper edited in the "Hub" is truly startling.

THE first number of the *Collegian*, the new magazine of the Intercollegiate Association, has appeared, and in every way meets the expectation of the college world. The first article is entitled "Harvard Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago," by Edward Everett Hale, and an aspiring "Harvard Junior" contributes a short sketch "From My Attic Windows." Besides these, there are, in the literary department, two stories, an essay, and several choice bits of verse. The editorial, eclectic, and athletic departments are all well sustained, and repay careful perusal. Under the Eclectic and Critical there are criticisms on the various college journals, and clippings from the exchanges. The February number will contain letters from foreign correspondents, and the last four pages of all subsequent numbers will be devoted to an extensive book review.

AMONG the interesting specimens to be found in the College Museum is a diagram of the monkey, ascribed to a small boy by the name of Johnny. It runs as follows:—

“A munky is a blame funny insek — he begins looking like people, but he runs the other en’ too far out to remine you of his bein twins. You can’t tell how menny feets he has cause he aint made up his mind yet whether his front feets is hands or feets and uses them both waze. When he smiles his feechers work hard enuff to pan out somethin’ ginowine but the reel flavor don’t seem to be fetched out. Monkey’s hang onto a tree

like a grape vine but they’s more meat to em. Monky’s don’t dress enuff to suit some fokes an besides thare close is made of such thin stuff that it wares off wen tha sit down.” — *Oberlin Review*.

THE small boy, Johnny, seems very popular of late among college journals. First *it was* the Johnny of the *Lampoon*, whose untimely death we mourn, and now his Western relative appears upon the scene.

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

THE United States seems to be incurring disfavor on all sides. Great Britain frowns on us because of the agitation concerning the annexation of Canada; she also refuses to send us a minister since Sackville-West did not meet approval; the French have a feeling of irritation against us, which seems to have been quieted a little since the issue of the recent political campaign was announced; the Haytians have recently imposed indignities on our ships; and, latest of all, the Germans at Samoa have taken a disliking to the Stars and Stripes and have rent them asunder.

When we read accounts of the political affairs of our nation in the daily papers, how little do we as a body of young women realize the amount and importance of the machinery that conducts this Union! Some of us were made more fully aware of our deficiency in this regard by the preliminary talk of Joseph Cook on Feb. 4, when he spoke of the factions that exercise power in the United States. How could we be expected to know the "ins and outs" of the government of our nation and its constituents, when we hear so little philosophical discussion on this subject? To be sure, we learn the theory in our "Science of Government" and "Political Economy," etc.; but the mere theory and nothing more seems like committing formulæ without discussion, or learning the rule for cube root without seeing an example performed, to say nothing of doing it one's self.

We hear often now from the platform that the twentieth century will be the "woman's century." If this statement is to be realized, we think it is high time that the rising generation of young women should be educated more deeply in the purlieus of the nation. Although the student of mathematics may never hope to be a navigator, it is a part of his education that he should understand how a ship is guided.

OF all the lost arts, that of legible chirography leaves the most painful void. Penmanship, from its earliest use, was designed as a conveyance for thought; but in the mad rush of the nineteenth century the vehicle of thought has been tipped over, and so much abused that it can hardly be said to serve its purpose at all times. The person who allows this loose, careless state of affairs in his handwriting is the recipient of invectives from all those who attempt to decipher it.

The two most important demands on penmanship are letter-writing and the writing of manuscript either for file or for the press. Nearly every one has known the embarrassment occasioned by his inability to decipher in his friend's letter the date or place of an appointment, the name of an anticipated caller, or perhaps the name of the latest novel.

In writing articles for file, the necessity for a clear, legible hand is obvious. In writing articles for the press, one should be rigidly scrupulous as to the legibility; for if words are not written legibly, a type-setter has ample excuse for all the mistakes he makes. But if the writing is not plain, just as easily as not can he change *nothing* into *something*, *something* into *everything*, *Cumstock* into *cornstalk*, and *calm and collected* into a *clam in décolleté*.

Those who are most lax in the flourish of a pen are not always the ones who are habitually lax in other things. Quite the contrary. We often find among the worst specimens of handwriting the selections which were written when the writer's eye was "in a fine frenzy rolling." Why is it that poor penmanship should be a failing not only of those in whom we would suspect indifference, but of those who are, in the main, painstaking?

Penmanship, as we said at first, is a conveyance for thought through the thoroughfare of sight. Now another way leads just as quickly, and a little more safely, to the mind, and this way is through sound. In accordance with this theory, the phonograph has been invented; but as yet only used for exhibition. We hope it will soon be fully developed, and placed by quantities in the market. It will not be an expensive luxury, since it is long-enduring, and its only current expense is the rolls or phonograms to which the record of sounds is committed. The cost of the phono-

grams is but little more than that of writing-paper.

At present, the improvement sought for on this talking-machine is to arrange it so that it will halt after every ten words, in order that a person may dictate to it. This last is an improvement even on the primitive talking-machine, and is the first instance on record where machinery can do its work more satisfactorily than nature.

When the phonograph begins its public life, papers, books, and magazines can be read into a phonograph and ground out again at pleasure. Speeches can be produced in the same manner, with the additional flavor of rhetorical phrasing. Concerts, and possibly operas, can be consumed by one of these machines, so that not only the masses who did not attend, but future posterity may have the opportunity of hearing an opera from the nineteenth-century stage.

When this step in our civilization has been achieved, as we have every reason to expect it will be, our poor demoralized penmanship can take a long-needed vacation. Perhaps in the course of events, the proverb, "He who runs may read," will be converted into "He who runs may hear"; but until the voice of the phonograph is heard more commonly in the land, we may as well favor the first version.

BOARDING-SCHOOL girls, as well as college men, may be divided into three broad classes, — society people, grinds, and the great, undistinguished middle-class. In all "schools for young women" these three classes are represented, but both the society girls and the grinds are more in the minority than is generally supposed. The society girls are those who come to college because their fathers wished it. Their all-prevailing thought is to get through, and to make the time behind their prison bars pass as gayly as may be. They are always general favorites, and, more often than not, prove valued additions to their class, for they have plenty of time for anything but study, and so upon them are thrust the social duties, which they discharge most gracefully. They act on committees, run the club, and are the general exponents of the gospel of easy-going-ness. Once in a while a trained society girl finds her way into

classic halls, thinking to rest for a while, and gather strength for fresh conquests in the social world. But the atmosphere is not congenial. There seems to be no place for her, and so, after astonishing the uninitiated by her perfect grace and polish, she goes back from whence she came.

Then there are the grinds. They are those who are spurred on by a never-resting ambition, who think every moment of their college life should be devoted to cramming their minds with facts. At an unearthly hour in the morning their alarm-clocks sound forth, and awake their wrathful neighbors. Their heavy shawls and gossamer water-proofs keep the beams of the midnight oil from the prowling watchman and teacher in charge. Of all classes of students the grinds have the hardest time. They are envied or laughed at, but never liked.

But the majority, the populace, are neither grinds nor society girls. They are the girls who at home, in some public school, have stood at the head of their classes, acquired a taste for study, and dreamed of a college career which should be brilliant, and sweep all before it. So, from all parts of the land they come, each displaying the badge of her State when she speaks. She soon finds that she now competes with picked minds, the leadership is not so easily gained as in the old school, and very often her conceit receives a cruel shock. She is rudely awakened to a clearer notion of her own ability; but the awakening does her good. If she enters school determined in every way to make the most of her college life, she is sure of a liberal education. She should make study her chief end, but not alone the study of books. There are people all around her, and occupations in endless variety on every side. She may share in the social life and gain truer polish than any mere social training would ever give her; and at the end of her four-years' course she will have begun to catch a glimpse of the true meaning of life.

She will undoubtedly belong to a clique, for in all schools and colleges cliques exist in full force. Much might be said in their favor, more might be said against them, and perhaps the conclusion of the whole matter is that they are evil, but one that is absolutely necessary. No doubt these intense intimacies and exclusive sets are weakening

and narrowing, but as long as the nature of young girls remains what it is, they will never be led to hold their one or two hundred school associates as friends all equally valuable and valued. These cliques obey no apparent law, nor can it be told when one forms and another decays; but there is a constant change. There are at the present time cliques in schools that can be traced far back, always made up of girls similar in character, bearing the same reputation and exerting the same influence now as years ago, though the present members know not even the names of their predecessors. There is nothing premeditated in these groups. Girls become established in these cliques in many ways. Some come heralded by alumnae sisters and cousins, and at once the friends of their friends interest themselves in these girls. They are invited to join certain clubs, introduced to a certain set, and before they know it they are recognized members of a clique. Others come knowing no one, and known by no one. They are brilliant or pretty, and so receive numerous calls, and at once a certain set see that they would make them a valuable addition. If they are very attractive, other sets will recognize their value also. Numberless attentions and invitations will, for a time, be showered upon them, and they will be in danger of being completely spoiled. But as soon as they show a preference for some one set of these friends, their number suddenly lessens.

Those whose views, aims, interests are similar, are attracted to one another, and, while the narrowing element must be admitted, it is still true that to "our set" are due many of the friendships that make our school life so pleasant, lasting forever, a never-failing source of strength and happiness.

TO WASHINGTON AGAIN.

It is proposed to make another trip to Washington during the spring vacation, April 17 to April 24, and the usual programme, which has proved so successful and interesting to all who have taken the excursion, will be carried out. A number have already given their names as desiring to go, and every assurance is given that this

trip will be as delightful and instructive as the former have been.

We are glad to have any of our old girls or their immediate friends join us.

For full particulars address,

WM. T. SHEPHERD,
Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

MY QUEEN.

EACH heart is the home
Of an ideal queen,
Be she named or unnamed,
Be she seen or unseen.

My heart owns the sway
Of a magical muse,
Whose charms with full bliss
My spirits infuse.

I find her in voices
Of those passing by,
I hear her in woodlands
In the crooning wind's sigh.

But nearest she seems
And far dearest, too,
When in strains from fair lips
Her message comes true.

The name of my Love —
You've heard her so long —
Is that matchless wonder,
The Muse of Song.

My Love cannot fail me
I have many years known.
She will be dearer still
When all else has flown ;

For her birth was celestial,
Her prestige divine ;
Her mission the grandest
Through ages of time.

Z.

MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

IF this sign were to catch the eye of a passer-by there would immediately be pictured in his mind a completed boot, ready to be worn upon the most shapely foot. Of course, the picture presented would differ according as the aspirations and social standing of the beholder were different.

The society man would at once, in fancy, see a finely pointed patent-leather boot, or a well-proportioned Waukenphast, possibly accompanied by a pair of light gaiters. The hard-working mer-

chant or mechanic would have cast before his vision a broad boot, with common-sense toe, and a sole that would defy all weathers. And so we might enumerate until all the various grades and shapes were exhausted, but the picture would continue to present a finished ideal.

Far different is it with the man who has visited a manufactory where there is a maze of machinery and workmen. Little do we realize how many hands have been employed in the construction of this most necessary commodity. Even the shoe button claims an establishment of its own, where one finds that its primitive state is paper.

Kangaroo and calf-skins are used in large quantities, but they undergo many cuttings and shapings before they are ready for use. Heels are made of raw leather as stiff as a board, which is cut into proper shapes by machines, five or six layers being pasted together. Some heels are made of pancakes, or exceedingly thin pieces of leather stuck together, and cut in proper shape.

Many machines are employed in various kinds of stitching, cutting, and button-hole making. In the last process one person seated at an angle where two benches meet, may run two machines at once ; for, after it is started right, it proceeds to complete the button-hole without further attention.

Thus it is that we know but little of the different kinds of labor which are combined to make a perfect whole. A man who understood the processes which all his garments had undergone would be wise enough to rank with the *savants* of the land.

M. L. C., '88.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LITTLE WHITE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

To those who have been reared in large towns or cities, and have attended school in public buildings furnished with all the modern improvements, it might be interesting to have an introduction to a small white school-house in a little country village of the Granite State. It might be well to remark that the school-house to be described may be kept in mind as the typical one in any country village.

The small, square, one-story building stands close by the roadside, with scarcely any yard,

except what is divided off from the surrounding pasture by a brown board fence. On approaching the school-house, if the day is warm, one can see through the open doors the rows of hats and cloaks in the little entry, some tin dinner-pails in the corner, and on looking beyond into the larger main room, the rows of children's heads are seen bobbing this way and that in constant activity.

Within the school-room, near the centre of the floor, stands a square stove, grown red with repeated calefaction; the floor is unpainted, and has some prominent spaces between the boards, which serve the purpose of keeping in a straight line the toes of each youngster when he stands in his class. The plastered walls are dingy, and bear ugly spots where frozen ink bottles might have burst and adhered. In some places there are large cracks in the plastering, with smaller ones leading from them in such a natural manner that the entire delineation might be used to represent to the juvenile minds the Amazon River. Even the delta at its mouth is represented by a spot from which the plaster has fallen.

Facing the door are a score or more of desks, each with its accompanying bench, designed for two pupils. In the back of the room is a long bench, which is the place of honor, and is generally occupied by the largest boys and girls. The benches on the side of the room are occupied by the A B C class. In the front of the room is a small platform on which are the teacher's desk and the dunce's stool, and overhanging all is the birch or ferrule, whichever has proved most enduring. The boys sit on one side of the room, and the girls on the other, unless some unruly boy has to be punished, and is made to sit on the "girls' side."

The management of the school is strictly in accordance with the method that has been used from "time immemorial." Lessons are recited by questions and answers. No word is ever given by way of explanation. Nothing is ever thought of, much less discussed, other than the matter that lies between the two covers of the text-book. Failure in lessons is punished by keeping the delinquent after school to repeat his lesson, and, if the teacher is of the variety called strict, a flogging is administered.

But let us turn to the privileges of the school-room, which are meted out with rigid impartiality.

The younger children take turns in passing the writing-books. Two big boys are delegated in turns by the teacher to go to the brook after water. On the return of the boys, some pupil who has had especially good lessons on that day is privileged to pass the water to the rest of the scholars. It is also considered a privilege for a boy to lock up the school-house at night, and carry home the key; but the one thus privileged must build the fire the following morning. Twice each week the names of two girls are read off to sweep the school-room after school.

Once each fortnight, an afternoon is devoted to exercises of a higher order than usual. Generally parents and friends are invited; but rarely does any one drop in, unless it is the "committee-man." If any one does present himself at any time of day, if only to get a scholar dismissed, his name goes down directly on the school register as a visitor. Well, as I was going to say, every other Friday afternoon, before recess, the A B C class puts its toes on one of the familiar cracks in the floor and spells the words it knows the best. The geography class bounds New Hampshire, and tells its capital. The Fourth Reader class is called up to read a piece it is perfectly familiar with; perhaps the Sixth Reader class—if any scholars are so far advanced—attempts the poem entitled "William Tell," or "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle"; and the arithmetic class does the examples on the board that it has performed and explained a dozen times before.

After recess comes the speaking of pieces and the reading of compositions. Just as sure as this eventful day comes round, the boy stands on the burning deck, the busy bee improves each shining hour, and Mary's little lamb doth appear. But the compositions, alas!

First, the four seasons are treated in devious ways. Some write on the seasons collectively, while other discuss them separately, in order that the four may furnish material for compositions during an entire term. If any one season receives more favor than another it is spring. Some girl with unusually advanced ideas attempts an essay on Flowers—giving the names of those she knows, and their color, and always stating which flower is her favorite. The majority of the scholars have written more than once on the subject,

“School.” Here is a chance for a little variety of ideas, because the list of studies pursued by the writer is not in every case the same, and every scholar does not like exactly the same study. Sometimes an essayist makes some flattering comment on the teacher; but not often. Every composition, without exception, is read in a monotone, and with all the *embarras* peculiar to a district school.

Such are the reminiscences of a school of ten years ago; and ten years ago there was not a suspicion in the mind of teacher or pupil but that the duty of each was fully discharged.

E. I. G., '89.

PERSONALS.

NELLIE PARKER LEWIS showed us her bright eyes last week. She has made a permanent home at Cohasset, where she and husband and that marvellous boy, with her mother and two brothers, make her quite a houseful to manage. We are sure she does it well.

NELLIE HUGUS CALDWELL is also “reached” by the January appeal to the old girls, and responds handsomely with the dollar and a half.

Thank you, Nellie, we knew you had a heart somewhere within touch, or you had much changed. She has found Sue French Brown, but no other Omaha Lasellians as yet. But the rest of you Omaha Lasellians ought to find her, and not wait for her to find you. She is worth hunting up. Mrs. V. B. Caldwell, 20th and Leavenworth Streets.

JESSIE HILL, Nellie Hugus says, is in Berlin, “still struggling with her German”; and it looks barely possible as if the German might get the better of it! Whew!

REV. C. W. BRADLEE, of Concord, N. H., spent a day or two looking through the school, in performance of his duty as official visitor from the New Hampshire Conference.

Mr. Bradlee, though a young man, has filled with constant acceptability and great success leading charges in the Maine and New Hampshire Conferences, and is one of the “coming men” of our church. What he thought of Lasell he did not say.

FANNIE HANSCOME HER—, how hard it is to say it!—Herbert, after three weeks' trial, announces her decision that “marriage is not a failure,” and her address is Box 2745, Denver, Col.

THE last new-comer is Miss Fannie Dunn, of Maine. Her brother, a graduate of Bates College, inspected Lasell, and in the name of the Bates College girls invited an athletic competition, to which, doubtless, Lasell will be very ready.

WE are sorry to hear that Miss Daisy Lloyd, a former accomplished editor, has been confined to her room for some weeks, on account of exhaustion from caring for her father, who met with quite a serious accident. Both are improving.

LIZZIE BURNHAM spent the Christmas vacation with Clara White, New York City. She brings good news from Clara, who is enjoying herself at home this winter. One day was spent with Hattie Robbins Reeve, at her home in Brooklyn; and one can readily see that Hattie is delighted with her lot. The three called on Lida Curtis, and found her as jolly and pleasant as ever. Of course, Lasell news was the topic of conversation, of which there is always a plenty.

A NICE letter from Lillian Eddy tells us she is looking forward to a reunion of four members of “*Octaginta octo*,” as Bertha Simpson, Mary Cole, and Lina Jones are soon to be in New Bedford.

LOUISE DIETRICK, here in '87, is attending school in Stamford, Conn.

JESSIE LAW is teaching school at her home, and reports that she enjoys it very much.

WE hear that Ella Race is no longer on the invalid list. She has been keeping house during her mother's absence, and has been attending some of the “gayeties” of Decatur.

ANNA D. PHILLIPS, who was a Lasell girl in 1884, made us a flying visit Feb. 4.

OUR former pupil, Miss Hattie M. Webber, has not been neglecting her music, to judge from the programme of an organ recital held at Holyoke, Mass., on Jan. 23. Miss Webber was the sole assistant of the organist, singing among the selections one from the oratorio of “Elijah.” Wish we could have heard her.

MRS. BEEKMAN E. ROUSE, *née* Elsie Jones, has a very pleasant home in Geneva, New York.

HELEN L. WHITE'S visit to Boston has been postponed on account of her mother's illness.

LOUISE RICHARDS is travelling with a party in Mexico.

LIZZIE and FLORENCE FREEMAN have been visiting Maud Van Horn, Lockport.

ANNIE BROWN spent Sunday, Feb. 3, with Maude Oliver, '89.

LUCY MAC BRIER has just recovered from typhoid fever.

DR. KENT thoroughly believes in out-door exercise. And it is not all talk in her case, as only the other day she walked from Newton to Auburn-dale.

MRS. CHARLES E. HILLIER (Mame Harmon) now lives at No. 285 West Chester Park, Boston.

MISS FLORA MAY GREENOUGH wishes to announce that she has taken up her residence in Providence, and is prepared to take orders for crayon and pastel portraits. Instruction given to a few pupils. Studio opened Tuesday and Friday at No. 47 George Street.

MISS ROSE, '86, visited Leah Coutts, '89, in January.

ISABELLE LOMBARD spent a few days with Mattie Hall this month. She is going to Washington, Old Point Comfort, and thence to Chicago, coming East again in June, in order to see the class of '89 take their "sheepskins."

MISS A. P. CALL entertained about twenty of the Lasell girls very pleasantly at her home on the evening of Feb. 2.

MARY COLE and Bertha Simpson have been visiting Mary Hathaway.

SUE BROWN, '88, has been visiting Lil Eddy, '88, in New Bedford.

DR. HELEN PIERCE is much better than a year ago.

THE "Lasell Colony" at Norfolk College is "flourishing," and Miller Cassidy is the most conspicuous of all in that flourish.

ADA LANGLEY seems to be a great favorite among the young people of Norfolk.

MISS RICHARDSON and Miss Sheldon spent the holidays at Washington.

MANDIE STONE is living with her grandmother in New Hampshire.

MARY HATHAWAY and Hattie Joy spent the summer in Duluth, where they were as happy as "S. G." after the "Lists" are read.

GUSSIE BENTÉ is at her home, in Hoboken, N. J., this winter.

IRENE CUSHMAN is at her home, in Deadwood, Dakota, and reports that she has almost made up her mind to go round the world with the Lasell party.

UNFORTUNATELY New Bedford was too far away to allow those who were favored with an invitation to Miss Eddy's "At Home," on Jan. 26 to accept, even for the pleasure of meeting Miss Sue Brown; but by waiting they saw her at Lasell.

MISS COREY came back to us on Feb. 6. How glad we were to see her after her long illness!

FANNIE REED made us a short call Feb. 7. She is spending the winter in Dorchester, and is studying with Miss Call. Stay longer next time, Fannie.

A NICE letter from Mrs. Lou Hawley Sanders tells us how pleased she was to hear the "Lists" had been abolished. She finds much comfort in reading the LEAVES, and looks back with pleasure upon the time she spent at Lasell.

ANNIE BUSHNELL is spending the winter in Pensacola, Fla. She has been very ill with typhoid fever, but was gaining at the last report.

THE latest addition to the "grandchildren's" album is from Chicopee, Mass.: Ruth E. Cumnock, two and a half years old in January: daughter of Lou Best, our whilom adorer of French houses at boarding-schools. Thanks, Lou.

SOME one recently visiting Mrs. Reed's school, in New York, found Georgia Prickett Burrowes busily engaged consoling her sister, who lately joined that school. Her "tear-bedewed" cheeks betray the fact that that early experience of many pupils — homesickness — does not confine its visits to modest schools like Lasell, but invades as well such "high-toned" ones as Mrs. Reed's.

DEATHS.

THE *Nunda News* brings us the sad announcement of the death of Mrs. J. E. Mills, the mother of our Sarah. The sympathy of all Lasell friends is with the devoted daughter in her bereavement.

LILLIE FULLER MERRIAM has our sympathy in the loss of her father, who died suddenly of heart disease at Ellenville, N. Y., in January.

It was odd that both her father and her husband's father died within six weeks of each other. "Gathering home."

 JOHN M. PHILLIPS,

SENIOR AGENT OF THE BOOK CONCERN OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

IN the October number we voiced our sympathy with Ida Phillips on the death of her mother, Sept. 18. Now we are called upon to mourn with her over the loss of her father, our dear friend, our well-beloved counsellor of lang syne, who was taken hence Jan. 15. "How are the mighty fallen!" The strong man in his strength! And what a tower of strength was this leader in Israel! Sturdy, solid, unflinching in duty unselfish to a fault, if there be any such thing, even lavish of himself for others, faithful in all service, yet withal gentle as a child, unpretentious as God would have men be, a royal man, God's noblest work!

Many will miss him. The whole church will mourn him, but what a loss to his own, others can never tell.

Well do we remember him in the old Cincinnati days, when he was our "peace-maker." How kind he was to us younger men! How God's grace was magnified in him! John M. Phillips has in all these years stood to us for what a Christian man ought to be.

Dear Ida, we do mourn with you, but, thank God, in glorious hope.

Those so long united in life are together forever, and we shall meet them there. * *

 MARRIED.

AT Spencer, Mass., Jan. 16, Ellen Prouty Starr to Chester Thomas Linley.

AT Houston, Texas, Jan. 24, Cora P. Morris to

J. Alfred Early. At home after Feb. 1, No. 300 North Fifth Street, Waco, Texas.

AT Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 19, 1889, Eleanor Young to Francis T. Hord.

THE social event of the month in Wichita was the marriage, Jan. 10, of Fannie Hanscome to Mr. Frederick Herbert, of the Denver Water Works Company. The ceremony was solemnized in the Second Street Plymouth Congregational Church, according to the ritual of the Episcopal creed, and in the presence of a large number of invited guests. Nellie Alling was maid of honor, and Jennie Brown and Lulu Wells, bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert will make their future residence in Denver.

 LOCALS.

WHAT next? A thriving daily reports one of our students as having arrived home for vacation from Laselles' Convent.

OUR attention was held very closely indeed on the evening of Jan. 10, by Rev. F. E. Wood, whose subject was Charlotte Corday. Indeed, it is not often that the calm, cool, and collected young women of Lasell Seminary are so completely carried away, so to speak, as we were that evening.

ONE of the Sophomores is so much interested in geometry that she actually tries to prove the triangles in the windows of the Congregational church equal, and is quite worried because she cannot tri-sect some of the arcs.

OUR lectures on Physiology continue; so does our interest, which was stimulated on Jan. 10, 1889, when Dr. S. M. Perkins told us all about our hearts: and we feel assured now that we can take *good* care of them, too.

JUDGE J. C. PARK, of Newton, talked to us on the afternoon of Jan. 17 on "Orators and Oratory." We always enjoy hearing him; the only fault we find is, that the time he devotes to us seems so very short.

SOME new electric fire-alarms have appeared in the halls during the past month. We suppose it will be only a question of time now until we have an engine house, engine, all complete, connected with the Seminary.

DURING the month the school has been visited by a lady who graduated here in 1859. She had not been here since soon after her graduation, and was much interested and delighted with the greatly increased dimensions of the buildings, and the advanced facilities afforded. Her own room, in the old part of the building, remained unchanged, but for the most part she would not have recognized the school, which forty pupils then filled completely.

ONE of the Seniors was heard anxiously inquiring, "If we went around the world with Prof. —, do you suppose we would have to learn a Bible verse every morning?"

THE swimming lessons have begun, but, for some unknown reason, we poor mortals who already know how to swim, or those whose imagination pictures, summer, the ocean, and a man as instructor (?) — these poor mortals, I say, are not allowed to witness the heroic efforts to keep above water of the novices in the art, but we hear encouraging reports, and no doubt before long there will exist a Lasell Life-Saving Station.

FOUR bright and shining lights appeared around the centre table in the dining-room about two weeks ago, but suddenly disappeared. We naturally supposed they were removed because Mr. Shepherd thought that table brilliant enough already. Imagine how rudely our conceit was reduced when, upon inquiry, we were told that they had been taken away simply to have the other chandeliers made like these new ones. When they returned to stay this time, it was noticeable that no remarks were made upon the subject, at least by that table.

Two of the Pupils' Biweekly Recitals have taken place, — the first on the evening of Jan. 19, 1889, and the second on the evening of Feb. 6. About twelve girls took part each time, and acquitted themselves *well*. The music was thoroughly enjoyed by all; and even those who will have to take part in the dim future have decided that these concerts will be very beneficial.

DURING the past four weeks we have been deeply interested in a course of lectures by Dr. Shinn, of Newton. The subject is "Modern Fiction and Real Life." This is divided into four parts. On

Jan. 24 we had the first, "Are the Views and Principles Gained from the Popular Novel always Safe?" The second on Jan. 31, "Are the Heroes and Heroines in Modern Fiction Good Examples?" The third, Feb. 7, "What about the After-life of these Heroes and Heroines?" And the last, on Feb. 14, "Some Obligations in Real Life."

ONE old girl writes as follows: "I have been feeling ashamed of myself to-night, just as if I had been called into the 'office,' and all because of that little paragraph in the LEAVES. It hit me, of course. I have not subscribed, and for such a silly reason! It has happened every month some one has sent the paper to me. Every time, I would think, now I will send my dollar right off, and before I knew it in would come another copy of the LEAVES. I think any one who was so interested in the paper should have behaved very differently; so now I have apologized and subscribed."

REV. F. E. CLARK and Miss Elizabeth D. Hanscom, of Christian Endeavor fame, spoke to us very interestingly in the afternoon of the day of prayer for schools and colleges. After the meeting, a society was formed, with the following officers: —

- President MISS BURNHAM
- Vice-President MISS HAVENS
- Secretary MISS DAY
- Corresponding Secretary MISS MERRILL
- Treasurer MISS CLEMENT

LOOKOUT COMMITTEE.

- MISS MATTHEWS, MISS FARWELL,
- MISS BLAISDELL, MISS A. HALL.
- MISS BOYCE,

MUSICAL COMMITTEE.

- MISS GALE, MISS BROWN, MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.

TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE.

- MISS M. PACKARD, MISS SKINNER,
- MISS BOYCE, MISS CLEMENT.

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

- MISS GALE, MISS COMMINS,
- MISS HOGG, MISS PACKARD.

PRAYER-MEETING COMMITTEE.

- MISS BROWN, MISS MATTHEWS, MISS COREY.

ON Sunday, Feb. 10, a union meeting of the Missionary and Temperance societies was held in the chapel. A paper was prepared on "The Relation between Temperance Work and Missions,"

by Miss Havens; also a paper on "Intoxicating Drinks in all Lands," by Miss Foster. An exceedingly interesting description of Miss Leavitt's work in connection with the world's W. C. T. U. was given by Miss Packard. A letter from Miss Ogden concerning Christian life and temperance work in the Puebla school was read by Miss Staley, and the poem, "Whom Shall I Send?" was read by Miss Burnham.

THE class of '91 has at last decided upon its color and motto. The class being unusually large, the discussions have been proportionately animated. The issue of all this is: color, shamrock green; class motto, "*Nous y arriverons tout même.*" The roll-call numbers two at present.

MR. EDWARD G. BLAISDELL will please accept our sincere tribute to his heroism in rescuing Howard Lee from drowning. We were glad to hear his praises from the lips of the small boys who saw their young playfellow snatched from death, and no less glad to note the public official recognition of his courageous act. The details of the story have been given through the columns of the local newspapers. May we add a leaf to his well-deserved laurels?

MISS R. — Have you seen Coquelin yet?

MISS — (*who has not been long in Boston*). — No; I have not visited *all* the churches.

IN Bible class: —

PROF. — For what was Sardis particularly famous?

STUDENT. — Chestnuts were first found there.

POURQUOI?

ONCE a maid of preoccupied heart
Took a caller to show him fine eart,
But they sad down serene,
Quite hid by a screne,
And when caught gave a terrible start.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

WHAT would happen if an irresistible force should strike an immovable body? We have given it up.

THE far-famed city of Damascus, so bound up with memories of antiquity, and so Oriental in all its characteristics, is to have street cars, and be lighted with gas.

AT Parkersburg, Penn., two houses are being built which will have paper walls, paper partitions, and paper roofs. This adds one more to the manifold uses to which paper has recently been put in cases where great strength and durability of material are desirable.

THE superintendent of the Madras Museum has been requested to visit various electrical establishments in Europe, in order to select an electric globe light to shine in twenty fathoms of water. Such a light is wanted at the pearl fisheries, for up to the present time, the work of the fisheries has been confined to shallow banks.

THREE hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future. It is a compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad. It carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels, without any attendance. An experimental line has been erected at Laurel, twenty miles from Baltimore, Md., and, if it succeeds, it is stated that similar roads will be laid between Baltimore and Washington, and elsewhere.

A CABLEGRAM from Munich announces that Dr. Kruss, a chemist of that city, has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both of which have hitherto been supposed to be elementary substances. If the facts are as alleged, the discovery is one of great importance to the scientific world.

POLITICAL NOTES.

To make the centennial of the inauguration of Gen. Washington as President of the United States a success, a general committee has been formed, with Hamilton Fisk at its head, and the call is made to patriotic citizens for contributions of money to help pay the expenses of its celebration on April 30, 1889.

A bill has been introduced in the House for the admission of Arizona, South Dakota, and Idaho as States.

THE agent of the British East African Company gives hundreds of slaves their freedom at Zanzibar.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the House prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors at the inaugural ball.

THE subject of changing the State capital from Augusta to Portland is agitating the Maine people.

THE President-elect, Benj. Harrison, has now \$40,000 insurance on his life.

JUDGE STRATTON, one of the Alabama Republicans who lately called on Gen. Harrison, has great hopes of the growth of the Republican party in the South.

PRINCE BISMARCK was present at the meeting of the Reichstag, and while there he denounced the Liberals.

THE Senate agrees to strike fresh fish off the free list, and make it dutiable at one half per cent a pound.

NEW YORK citizens petition the Board of Excise Commissioners to diminish the liquor licenses.

THERE are prospects of a new Panama Canal Company, which will buy out the old company, and still retain De Lesseps at its head.

THE United States Senate debated and amended the wool schedule of the Tariff Bill, increasing the duty.

THE Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert, and he said: "Italy will continue to work for peace, which all desire, and which I can declare will be kept by us."

MUSICAL NOTES.

HERR ARTHUR NIKISCH, the famous Leipsic conductor, succeeds Herr Wilhelm Gericke as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has a contract for three years.

A FINE granite monument is to be erected in London as a memorial of Jenny Lind, the famous songstress.

MR. WILLIS NOWELL returns to Boston in March.

MR. WILLIS NOWELL, the violin soloist who will appear at the initial concert of the Wagnerian Club, is the owner of two of the finest violins in this country, genuine Stradivarii, known as "Nero" and "Elijah." The former was made in 1715, and was owned at one time by the Czar of Russia.—*Memphis Sunday Times*.

MR. P. S. GILMORE, the renowned originator of the great Boston Jubilee of twenty years ago, will

conduct a series of anniversaries commemorating that great event during April, May, and June. His famous band will have the assistance of Signor Campanini, Signora De Vere, Madame Stone-Barton, Miss Helen Campbell, Signor Del Puente, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

JOSEF HOFMAN is expected in London soon.

RUBENSTEIN is at work on a new oratorio celebrating the miraculous preservation of the Czar and his family.

THE author of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird" has made \$100,000 by that one effort.

ART NOTES.

ART should exhilarate and throw down the walls of circumstance on every side, awakening in the beholder the same sense of universal relation and power which the work evinced in the artist, and its highest effect is to make new artists.—EMERSON.

IN memory of Jean François Millet, the peasant painter, a monument is to be raised in Cherbourg, the town in which he received his first artistic education. The work is to be by M. Chapu, and will be placed in the Jardin Public.

THE immense mural painting of the "Ascension of Christ," by John Lafarge, M. A., was recently unveiled in the Church of the Ascension, New York. The *Magazine of Art* pronounces it to be one of the finest productions of the new American school of mural painting.

"THE Pearl Diver," a statue which represents a youth lying drowned among sea grasses, was executed by Paul Akers, thirty years ago. It has been purchased by public subscription for the city of Portland, Me.

MR. LOUIS G. MASON, the Boston artist, contemplates going to Paris in May, where he will open a studio.

THE well-known banker, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, has given his rare collection of invaluable paintings to the Metropolitan Art Museum. Now, as this princely gift is generously laid open to the public, the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate, can alike enjoy its uplifting influence.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Wellesley Courant* is a welcome addition to our exchange list, and we are delighted that the college has at length taken an interest in college journalism. We have been waiting patiently, for some time past, to see our Wellesley friends take this step, and the enthusiasm with which they have entered upon this new undertaking fully meets our expectations. We have a sisterly interest in all papers edited by young women, and our best wishes go with the *Courant* in the prosperous career upon which it seems to be entering.

THE article, "Fast Life at Harvard," in one of the January numbers of the *Oberlin Review*, was the first thing to attract our attention, and was read with much interest. It was ably written, and proved the writer to be possessed of more than ordinary ability; but while we commend his work, we question the advisability of a college paper's taking issue against a sister college. It seems to us that it would have been in better taste had the article been published in some magazine or journal outside of the college world. As members of the same family are always eager to protect and stand by one another, so each college should be anxious to preserve unspotted the reputation of its colleagues.

AN interesting article, "Kalevala and Hiawatha," is found in the *Northwestern* for Jan. 25. Its aim is to show the great similarity between Longfellow's poem and the great Finnish epic. The writer seems to be of the opinion that Longfellow borrowed his idea of Hiawatha from this poem of the Finns; but, be that as it may, we could ill afford to lose those beautifully written legends from our literature, and after all we must remember that "there is no new thing under the sun." However, the article is worthy of much commendation. Our interest did not flag until the last word had been reached.

THE withering sarcasm which the *Tuftsian* has seen fit to pour upon our unprotected heads, in answer to the comment made upon its exchange column in one of our recent issues, combined with the chilling blasts of the cold winter, has nearly shattered our constitution. Our natural curiosity, however, helps us to survive, for we feel that we cannot rest easy until we learn for what purpose

the exchange column of the above-mentioned paper is conducted. We are politely informed that it is not for such as we, and presumably not for any particular reason. Then is it conducted exclusively for the benefit of the exchange editor, or does the exchange column exist merely for the purpose of "filling up"? If a little light could be thrown on the matter we should be gratified.

CERTAIN of our exchanges seem to be a little troubled as to the authorship of several exchange notes which appeared in the November number of our paper, and again appeared as original work in the December number of the *High School Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass. It seems to us that the fact of their appearing in our paper a month ahead of the *Bulletin* should be sufficient proof that, such as they were, they originated with us. However, if any doubt is still felt, we will offer to produce not only the young woman who wrote them, and the stub pen with which they were written, but also many witnesses who can vouch for our veracity.

WE find a bright little sketch in the *Bowdoin Orient* upon the subject "Grinding." It is well worth the consideration of the average college student, and the writer's ideas are put forth in a very pleasing manner. The truth of his remarks can be attested by any one who has been in college or boarding-school for any length of time.

THE last number of the *College Transcript* was unusually good; it contained many articles of interest, and was read with much attention. "A Glimpse of Mexico City" was especially delightful, both on account of its beautiful description, and because of the author's well-chosen words.

IS N'T it about time for us to hear the last of the "Glee Club's Western Trip"?

THE criticism which the *Bates Student* makes upon us in its January number seems to us a little harsh. It will be remembered that in our December number we inserted a poem from the *Harvard Advocate*, entitled "Leap Year." Now, the *Student* considers this poem one of "questionable refinement," and proceeds to inquire what we can expect of college men when we countenance and encourage such coarseness. We feel that an explanation is necessary. We have the most intense

longing for culture, but alas! our location is not favorable, for one thing, and, situated as we are, so near the insignificant little town of Boston, it seems hardly possible that we can ever hope to attain to that delicacy and refinement which are so easily acquired by the students at Bates in the classic atmosphere of Lewiston, Me. Again, it has long been a custom with us to encourage struggling journals: now, Harvard is but a small and obscure (?) university, and we thought to encourage the editors of the *Advocate* by publishing a selection from their paper in our own. Possibly, we may have done wrong; but we trust by the

time Harvard and Lasell have attained to the high moral standard raised by the *Student*, we shall not sin so grievously against the innate refinement of our college friends.

AFTER reading the "Trials of the Exchange Editor" of the *W. P. I.* we feel that we can sympathize with him most heartily. Truth to tell, his sketch was so very life-like that it almost brought tears to our eyes, and we feel that we have recognized in him a kindred spirit.

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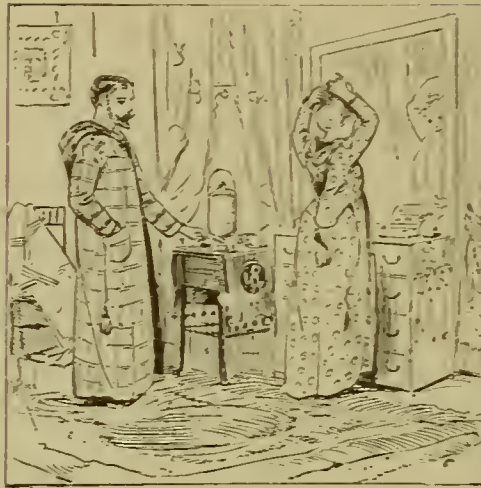
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As we read in some of our exchanges how teachers — yes, and pupils, too — are trying to do away with cramming, we are glad that cramming is entirely unknown to Lasell students; not because we are more studious than other pupils, but because the one occasion of cramming — examinations — is not a custom among us. To be sure, we have examinations on the courses of lectures which treat of subjects foreign to any pursued study, but of the general order of examinations we have none. By uninterrupted recitation and work is our knowledge obtained, so that it is not necessary to give an examination in order to find out what we know or do not know.

This plan of non-examinations is undoubtedly one of the best plans ever adopted in a school. Of course, every school cannot do away with examinations with equal profit. Every school has to decide for itself what is the best method to pursue in this regard. But it seems to work satisfactorily to all here. The larger a school is, the less advantageous is it to do away with examinations, because large classes need other means than recitations to ascertain how much or how well work is done. The small size of our school is considered one of its advantages. In every class, with perhaps one or two exceptions, every scholar has a chance to recite during a recitation. Occasionally the teachers unexpectedly ask for a written lesson or perhaps a written review, but these are always marked as a single recitation.

Speaking of marks, these are purely incidental with us, and are not, as in some schools, a "motive-power." Some one may say, "Certain pupils need a motive-power." This is true in almost every school; but a motive-power in the form of marks is given not only to those who need it but also to those who do *not* need it. We have known many instances where ambitious students have been unnecessarily urged to greater efforts

by the anticipated marks, and because of the effect of their overwork have repented at leisure for remaining so long in school. These cases are by no means the rule, but they do form an exception large enough to demand the attention of instructors.

We do not know what important place *our* marks may hold with our teachers; but, as we said before, our marks are purely incidental to us students. Oftentimes pupils do not know their marks from one year's end to another. Although we did not attempt to array Lasell's advantages at length, we cannot refrain from saying that this absence of the customary sentiment concerning the "marking system" seems to us one of the favorable systems of a well-regulated institution.

ONCE more our country has been stirred to its very depths, after four months of comparative quiet. The Inauguration has taken place; possibly it's a little late to make this statement and it may be advisable to hesitate somewhat, before accepting its veracity, as we do not speak from personal observation, but gleaned our knowledge from the newspapers. It was not our fault that we did not participate. As Washington was the Mecca towards which all journeyed, and as we always go with the crowd, we naturally wished to journey also. In vain did we plead astigmatic eyes, and hint that diphtheria and robbers were running rampant in Auburndale. Stern parents and relentless guardians replied that, from past acquaintance, they took our statements with a "grain of salt"; while the "powers that be" gently but forcibly reminded us that our delicate nervous temperaments would not stand the strain. So the Inaugural ball proceeded without us, its monotony unrelieved by our Directoire and First Empire gowns. Although baffled in our designs, we did not lose courage, therefore we have eagerly read everything pertaining to the Inauguration, from items regarding President Harrison's back hair to certain high-spirited performances of a Virginia senator. What interested us most was the office-seekers. It was once prophesied in these columns that his "voice would be heard in the land," and like the prophecies of old, ours has been fulfilled. His stentorian tones re-

sound from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. The American eagle falls into such utter insignificance beside this queer biped, that abashed, with tail-feathers drooping, he has relegated himself to the past. The office-seeker alone, of all the thousands who went to the national capital, has not returned; he still crowds the lobbies and corridors of the hotels; so persistent is he after the best place on the earth that certain members of Congress have been obliged to change their residences or hang out a small-pox flag. What a relief it would be once more to find a man who let the "office seek him!" Such a man would indeed be a *rara avis*.

All great reforms mature slowly, even Civil Service Reform, so we must not expect much in our day, but trust with Jules Verne, to see their fulfilment in 2889.

WHY should not young women receive as substantial equipment for the world as young men? From early childhood, plans are laid for the future business, trade, or profession of a boy. As soon as he is through high school, he is sent away to higher institutions, in order that he may receive the best knowledge and discipline possible for the department of work he expects to enter upon for a lifetime. When he has reached the end of his school days, he starts out in the world with the advice and assistance of his father, the prayers of mother, sisters, and maiden aunts, and the influence of a large circle of friends. Why should he not prosper? Every one hopes he will.

What does this young man's sister do to equip herself for the world that demands as much of her as of her brother? She attends a fashionable boarding-school for a couple of years, and comes out of it a society belle and the possessor of several accomplishments. She lives with her father and mother, and waits for the lover that never comes, and then when her father meets reverses, or her mother becomes a confirmed invalid, she is obliged to put aside her dainty garments and do something for her own maintenance and the assistance of her family. Between thirty and forty years of age, when she is beginning to fade, her fond hopes shattered by her father's misfortune, or heavy with grief concerning her sick mother, she

begins to live the life of usefulness that she might have begun in early days. Her youthful vitality is sapped by years of indolence ; her once grand capabilities are now fallen asleep from disuse ; her character, which might have been broadened into an expanse of charity, benevolence, and nobility, is meagre and barren.

All the sweetest, purest, and most unselfish deeds that bring smiles into this cold, sordid world must almost invariably come from women ; and when one is surrounded by such influences as a luxurious home and loving relatives can afford, and is intrusted with such talents as honor, wealth, personal charms, and a position of influence, is she not bound by the demands of humanity to use all her capabilities for the cause of right? Many say they do not know what their talents are. No one will ever have any unless he does something besides eat, drink, and sleep. If every person, young man or young woman, should make it a point never to refuse to do a single thing that came in his way to do, and do that thing his level best, that person would some day have a power that would be felt in the world, and possess a character respected by all.

It is with sincere regret that we part with the LEAVES, and let them go to other hands ; not but that they will be kindly received and better cared for by others than by ourselves, but that we have enjoyed their systematic exigencies and elevating influences. We hope the new editors will enjoy their new duties as much as we have. Instead of its being an irksome task to find matter to fill the LEAVES, we have been unusually blest, inasmuch as we have often been obliged to put on our spectacles and ponder over the selections for the current number. For every edition there has been a wide margin of matter. Known as well as unknown friends have contributed to the paper, and to these our thanks are respectfully extended. We always like to have each article written over the name of the writer, or at least the *nom de plume* ; but when worthy productions are sent in unknown handwriting, or are surreptitiously placed inside the editor's sanctum after dark, there is nothing to be done but to let it go.

The editor of one paper says that there are

pleasant things and there are unpleasant things incident to an editor's life, and that one of his unpleasant things is to remind the subscribers that the editors of the paper are in urgent need of the unpaid subscription, in order to pay the expenses of the paper. We are sorry that such perplexities come to any of our colleagues, but we cannot sympathize so heartily as we might, since all our subscribers pay in advance. During the past two years there has been only one instance of non-payment at time of subscription.

So, withal, we have very few of the trials incident to an editor's life. As we said at first, we are glad of our association with the LEAVES ; we have done our best for them, and now we bid them adieu, with the following lines to the new editor-in-chief : —

Advancing chief, attend my sage advice,
Deduced from three long months of ceaseless zeal.
Whate'er your tribulations be, do not
Your aggravations e'er reveal.
Reserve the midnight oil for other things
Than writing eds, or making a dummy ;
For sleepless nights bring no reward, and soon
You'll look and feel like an Egyptian mummy.
Never let your temperature arise
Above the normal point of ninety-eight.
If righteous indignation tends to rise,
Walk the fire-escape, take ozone, any rate.
When you wish to write all undisturbed,
Don't put out "Engaged," in *any* shape,
But write upon another card, "Married,"
And hang upon the door a piece of crape.
Of all the words we say remember this :
Whate'er mishaps befall or angers rise,
Your head upon your shoulders keep, confide
In none, and keep closed mouth and open eyes.
If you would have a heart for any fate,
Regard this rare advice which we impart ;
But if you scorn these well-directed words,
The'll say, "'T is said she died of a broken heart."

THE oldest known rose-bush in the world is at Hildersheim, a town of Hanover, Prussia. It was planted more than a thousand years ago, by Charlemagne, in commemoration of a visit made to him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. Its roots are enclosed in a vault under the middle altar of the crypt of a cathedral built in 818. In 1146, the cathedral was burned, but the crypt and the rose-tree survived. When described a few years since, it was blooming profusely, was twenty-six feet high, and covered thirty-two feet of wall. — *Cosmopolitan* for August.

A MAN'S WORD.

Not for thy pretty face
Wholly I love thee ;
Not for thy maiden grace
Wholly approve thee ;
Not for thy smile so bright,
Not for thine eyes' soft light,
Nor thy brow pearly white,
Maiden, I love thee.

'T is for the sympathy
Resident with thee ;
Absence of apathy
Manifest in thee ;
That thou canst soothe my pain,
Bring sunshine out of rain,
Lead back the smile again,
Maiden, I love thee !

What brooks a winning smile
With a false heart ?
Laughter a little while,
Galling a smart ?
If thou art only fair,
Woman, thou art a snare ;
Many have faltered there —
Faltered and fallen !

Give me thy maiden heart,
Pure, undefiled, apart
Far from the wiles of art,
Innocent, true !
Then shall I love thy face,
Pride in thy maiden grace,
Kiss thy brow pearly white,
Bask in thy smile so bright,
Dream of thine eyes' soft light,
Innocent, true !

J. HOWELL CROSBY.

A DEFENCE OF JEZEBEL'S CHARACTER.

JEZEBEL, daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Sidonians, was married to Ahab, king of Israel, about 929 B. C. This union was of great benefit to the kingdom of Israel. A flourishing commerce with Phœnicia was established, and a number of large cities were built ; but the great objection brought against the marriage was the introduction of Baal worship, which was effected by none other than Jezebel, whom the Bible leads us to consider one of the most wicked of women.

But was she to blame ? She had been brought up in an idolatrous kingdom. The priests had represented Baal worship to her as being the only

true religion. Her father himself was a priest, and Jezebel, a strong-willed, passionate woman, took that religion to be her own, and remained faithful to it till death. So when she came to marry Ahab, she believed the only way to be true to her religion was to abolish the false and establish her own in its stead ; and she set about it with a will and determination that should have put to shame the efforts of the good kings of Israel to establish the religion of their God. She first converted Ahab to her way of thinking, and with his co-operation soon made rapid progress.

A number of Christian priests dwelt in the land of Israel. They were a hindrance to the furthering of her own religion ; for they taught a faith utterly at variance to her own, and therefore as utterly false. She must exterminate them. This she did so far as lay in her power, firmly believing that it was her duty, and that the religion she had determined to uphold required and expected it of her.

But what shall we think of Elijah ? Having enticed all Baal's prophets up into Mt. Hermon, and proved to them the falsity of their religion, he had them all slaughtered. He might have made an attempt to convert them, but no doubt thought the better policy was to get rid of them.

Now about the affair of Naboth's vineyard : Ahab coveted the vineyard, and demanded it of Naboth, who naturally refused either to sell or to give it to him. Ahab then went with his complaints to Jezebel, who assured him that she would manage the affair to his entire satisfaction. She then wrote letters in Ahab's name to the elders of the city where Naboth lived, telling them to proclaim a fast and set Naboth on high, placing two men near him to witness against him and accuse him of blasphemy ; then to have him taken out and stoned to death. Her commands were obeyed, and Ahab had his wish. The fact that she wrote those letters shows that she was an educated woman : her management of the affair shows diplomacy ; the readiness with which she undertook it, that she was accustomed to take responsibility ; the promptness with which Ahab gave the case up into her hands, that he had perfect confidence in her ability. The act itself is not to be condoned ; but we must remember that it was committed in a barbaric time, when the life of

a common man was not held of much account, and the power of the ruler almost absolute.

Jezebel's death was a terrible one, but she met it bravely, unflinchingly.

She had a fine mind, good executive ability, and a strong will, joined with a determination to accomplish whatever she undertook, and, had her early training been different, she might have accomplished a great deal for the good of the world.

A WEDDING.

GIRLS like to hear about weddings. The one of which I shall tell took place in the far East, in a town very near the ruins of Philippi, once a flourishing city, named after its founder, the father of Alexander the Great, with the seaport of Neapolis, the modern Cavalla. Paul had good friends and many converts in Philippi, where he had been three times. The young girl who was to be married had never heard of Paul, however, for she was a Mohammedan. Her father, Ismail Bey, was one of the richest men in the town, his house very comfortable. We went through the court of the rissarelik (the master's house) to the Haremlik. The bey's wife welcomed us, carrying her right hand to heart, lips, and forehead; she took us up-stairs into a sitting-room, where we found the more distinguished guests, most of them seated on the floor. Her daughter, a very beautiful young girl, was dressed in dark velvet, wearing a blue veil and all her diamonds. Rlada (the nurse) lifted the veil, then we noticed thin gold-foil pasted on the girl's forehead and cheeks. She had a sweet and innocent look, but it was greatly spoiled by the thick paint with which her face was covered; she looked faint; and well she might, for, according to the custom, she must fast the twenty-four hours preceding the wedding, eighteen of which had passed. The poor child sat motionless, her eyes shut, some women fanning her. New guests came in. Young girls would often on entering the room kiss the hem of the garments of the old women. Coffee, candy, sherbet, and water were passed. The talking grew louder and louder, the heat almost unbearable. All seemed so strange. We were a little amused, much interested. Only two or three of the women wore the European dress, the rest

wore the Turkish pantaloons, short round jackets with very wide sleeves, red or black slippers; the younger ones' hair fell down their backs in three or more braids, the hair often, the nails always, dyed an ugly red. They seemed good-natured, talkative, some trying patiently to make us understand them. Suddenly all rushed to a door which led into a flat roof. We followed; an old hag, of whose ejaculations we could understand the one word "Giaour!" tried to forbid us; we slipped out under her arm, fortified our position by getting near the more friendly women, looked down into the large yard, and saw what had caused all this commotion.

We were the only women who saw and were seen, the others had veiled their faces or were hiding them behind their handkerchiefs (one had mine, a second my parasol, both objects I believed to have lost in the crowd). In the yard, which was literally filled with poor people, stood Ismail Bey and a handsome boy, the bridegroom's brother, that one himself assisting a religious ceremony at the mosque, from which the girl is excluded. Ismail drew his sword, laid it on the ground, bid his daughter, who had come down with mother, aunt, and nurse, step over it, whereupon he and the young boy threw silver coins among the poor. The ceremony was twice repeated, after which the mother handed to the father a golden belt, which he fastened round his daughter's waist. She kissed her parents' hands and feet, was taken up-stairs again; the women rushed back into the room, and there we waited till 4 o'clock—we had come in the morning. Then a general hustling, screaming, grasping of veils and cloaks, hurrying down-stairs into the hall. The poor girl was led down also, and there she saw, probably for the first time, her husband. He was very handsome, and considered heterodox, for when she knelt to kiss his feet he lifted her up and let her kiss his hands only, gave her his arm, took her up-stairs, where, as we were told, for we now went home, the couple sat for a while under a canopy, and finally led her to her new home.

We heard afterwards that she was happy, and when, several months later, the young husband called on us, he of course never mentioned his wife, but said he had been glad to see us at the wedding.

A COMIC VALENTINE.

It was a few days before Valentine's Day, and Potter Brothers had extensively advertised their stock of valentines, — everything from the most ludicrous to the most sentimental, at prices ranging from one cent to one dollar.

Two small boys sauntered in, and while looking over the valentines came across one representing a humped woman.

“Oh, see this one! Percie Wilton's gettin' to look like that.”

“Let's send it,” chimed in the other. “She won't know who did it.”

Percie Wilton, sitting on a low couch by a window commanding a view of the street, saw her thirteen-year-old brother, Ben, come bounding up the steps. “A valentine for you, Sis!” he cried, breathlessly, rushing into the room, boy fashion, and throwing the envelope into her lap.

A faint color stole into the pale face for a moment, as with trembling fingers she broke the seal; but it quickly vanished as she unfolded a hideous caricature of a woman bent almost double by a hump on her back. With a moan she sank back on the pillows, and the next moment burst into tears.

“Has it come to this? Oh! has it come to *this*?” she sobbed.

Frightened by the unusual sight, the boy ran in search of his mother.

“Come quick! Something awful's the matter with Sis, because she has a valentine!” he exclaimed.

In an instant the mother comprehended the whole dreadful truth, as she glanced from the pale, distracted face to the miserable caricature in the trembling hand.

“My poor wounded bird!” she cried, indignant tears choking her own voice. Keenly she, too, felt the cruel stab.

“So different from last Valentine Day,” sobbed the poor girl. The thoughts of both went back one year, and they saw Percie not the helpless, suffering creature of to-day, with spinal deformity's fatal stamp upon her, marring all but the sweet face and gentle spirit, but the handsome, light-hearted belle, holding in her hand the wonderful combination of velvet and flowers sent by one who had underlined the words —

“I love you, sweet maid,
For thy favor I woo.”

All day long these words had repeated themselves in her mind, and more than once tears had gathered in her soft brown eyes. He sometimes called now, but she knew how vain was the hope she once had cherished, and doubtless to-day some one else was dreaming bright dreams over a token of his favor. She could not, did not blame him; oh, no; but it was hard. And then this blow! Did she look like that to others? Her friends had been very kind, and tried to keep her from realizing the truth.

Gently her mother strove to gain possession of the hideous (so-called) “comic” valentine; but the deformed figure seemed to hold fascination for the poor girl, and over and over she read the silly, insulting inscription beneath.

Gradually the first storm calmed, and Percie at last folded the paper and put it aside. “I am so tired,” she whispered, as her mother bent over her.

“Try to sleep some, darling, while mother gets supper.”

“I'll try.”

As she turned away, Mrs. Wilton noted a flush on the delicate cheek, and her heart misgave her.

A little later a messenger left a box of beautiful flowers for “Miss Percie,” and the mother knew the same hand had sent it that had underlined the lines one year before. With it she hurried to her daughter's side, hoping the tardy remembrance might prove a remedy for the wound of the afternoon.

“See, darling!”

But one glance at the feverish face and wild eyes caused the mother to utter an exclamation of dismay. “She is in a raging fever and delirious; that dreadful valentine has proved more than she can bear. Oh, who could have been so cruel as to have sent it?” Quickly Ben was sent for the doctor.

“Brain-fever, induced by some sudden mental shock,” the doctor said.

Sweet little Percie! She was too frail; she could not rally, and in less than a week she lay once more in the sunny front room with the flowers she never noticed on her breast, while he who had sent them knelt by the simple casket.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

AT a meeting of the Lasell Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, held Feb. 11, 1889, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by a majority:—

Whereas, The Y. W. C. T. U. are banded together to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in liquors;

Resolved, That the Y. W. C. T. U. express to Mrs. Lincoln their thanks and appreciation for her work at Lasell, in that she has always given to her pupils in the Seminary a substitute for any liquor which has appeared in any receipt taken from her cook-book.

Resolved, That the Union express to Mrs. Lincoln the inestimable value which it places upon her influence, through her own classes, those of her pupils and her cook-book, upon the homes of our country, and that it is the conviction of the members that a decided stand on her part for temperance cooking would result in incalculable good.

Resolved, That Mrs. Lincoln be asked to seriously consider the advisability of omitting in the next edition of the cook-book, the liquor constituents of any receipt, and replacing them by substitutes.

Resolved, That the young women give the following reasons for the above resolutions:—

1. Statistics, made by a physician, show that of over six hundred cases of drunkenness, twenty-five per cent declare their taste was first developed by liquors used in cooking.

2. That food highly flavored with stimulants is harmful from a health stand-point.

3. That the use of liquors, though used to a small amount in each home, makes in all our country a greater demand for its manufacture.

4. That many young housekeepers would not use liquors if they were not suggested in the cook-book, upon which they implicitly rely.

 PERSONALS.

GRACE SEIBERLING, '87, is studying German at her home, Akron, Ohio.

LIZZIE FREEMAN has gone South with her father for her health.

MISS CALL has gone to Chicago to deliver a course of lectures.

FANNIE REED visited Maude Matthews, Feb. 17. She is going from here to Washington, where she will visit Mabel Raum.

JENNIE NINDE, '87, is studying music in Chicago.

ANNA MITCHELL, '87, has been studying elocution since she left Lasell.

MERCY SINSABAUGH, '87, has returned to her home in Washington, after two years' sojourn abroad.

LIZZIE ATWATER has been visiting Anna Mitchell, Laura Munger, Willie Kennedy, and Alice Ward.

JO WALLACE, '88, was in Washington during the inauguration.

GRACE DYER was also in Washington on the 4th.

WE are sorry to hear that Edith Kelley is in poor health.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK TIBBITTS were the guests of Edith Hax, March 7.

ALTHA PHELPS spent the 7th of March with Amy Harris.

MISS NELLIE PACKARD was the guest of her sisters the past week.

WE were greatly disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Francis Hord, *nee* Eleanor Young, at Lasell, when on her way to New York to take the steamer for Europe.

THE MISSOURI CHILDREN. — Very welcome to our "choice collection of distinguished photographs" are two from the Kansas corner of Missouri, children of our Alice Linscott Hall, of 1878, an earnest face of Elinor Alice Hall of three years, which we hardly recognize as the same whose almost girlish picture, received some years ago, is put side by side with it, and a roguish one of William Linscott Hall of seven years.

Thanks, Alice, and may the bairns be more and more a comfort to you and your "Fred" in your far-off exile!

You are one of the "ever faithful" of lang syne.

SADE HOLLINGSWORTH, who was the only Lasell girl fortunate enough to see Mrs. Hord, reports her looking splendidly.

DR. D. K. PIERCE now takes charge of the Bible class on Sunday mornings, and promises to make it very interesting.

MISS MAY BULLENS is now making her home in St. Joseph, Mo.

MISS GERTRUDE RICE, '81, is the interesting correspondent of the Brighton *Item* over the signature of "Gretchen."

ISABELLE LOMBARD is in North Carolina.

ADELAIDE HARDING was visited by her cousin, Miss Coburn, of Weston, the past week.

FORTY Lasell girls are to be in the party for Washington, Easter.

MARY COLE, '88, and Mamie Hathaway, '88, were at the reading by Mr. Powers.

CLIFFORD WARNOCK and Therese Hollander witnessed the amateur theatricals, "The Sword and the Ring," given at Wellesley on March 2.

MRS. OAKES has taken Mrs. Lincoln's cooking classes during the latter's illness.

OUR esteemed art editor has been suddenly called home by the illness of her brother. We miss her very much and hope she will soon return.

DEATH.

HON. H. E. WADHAMS, father of Stella and Lillie Wadhams, '83, died Jan. 18, after a short illness. He was a man honored and respected by all who knew him, prominent and helpful in church, Sunday school, business circles, and politics. In his home life he was especially happy, and his family must feel more keenly this first break. Our deepest sympathies are with them all in their affliction.

MARRIAGES.

AT PARIS, Texas, Feb. 26, Patee Gibbons to James T. Rountree.

IN CHICAGO, Ill., March 5, A. Louise Harvey to Clarence H. Faxon. Their future home will be in New York.

LOCALS.

THE 16th of February was indeed a "red-letter" day for the inmates of Lasell Seminary for Young Women, for, on that day, did not some of us have two delightful sleigh-rides?

The fortunate twenty-five participants of the afternoon's pleasure were certainly greatly indebted to Mr. Tinkham, for it was on his invitation that at two o'clock we appeared at the front door of the Seminary, hooded and cloaked, and piled into the immense boat-sleigh there waiting for us. Mr. Tinkham's plan was to take us to Brighton to see the race-horses; but the clerk of the weather did not have the consideration for us that we generally inspire, and sent his sun to melt the snow to such an extent that we could not reach our intended destination. However, we went through the Newtons, and were sorry when the approach of dinner-time compelled us to turn our faces homeward.

"Young voices rang out on the evening air,
Ah! a merry, gay crowd was along;
But the wind it blew cold though the sky was fair
And the hills and dales echoed the song.

"First 'Rockabye Baby' was yelled out of tune,
Then 'Sweet Genevieve' floated in space;
The horses grew weak at 'The Man in the Moon,'
And the college songs broke a strong trace.

"Young voices were hushed on the following day,
Oh, why were the voices so still?
The larynx will bu'st if you use it that way,
Here's the doctor! 'What! swallow that pill?'"

The above, taken from *Judge*, applied so well to the Lasell girls the day after our double-sleigh ride that we could not refrain from inserting it in this column; for in the evening of the same day, Feb. 16, to the jingle of sleigh bells, the tooting of horns, and the music (?) of the Lasell yell, four barges filled with merry happy girls started upon the drive which we had been anticipating for two years.

As the snow was minus on the road to Boston, we were compelled to follow the roads the sun had visited the least, consequently we went in the direction of Wellesley. It *was* rather a disappointment to arrive home at half past nine instead of twelve or one o'clock, as we would have done had we gone to Boston; but we were also very hungry, and full ready to do justice to the hot oyster stews Mr.

Shepherd had waiting for us when we returned. We wish to thank Prof. Bragdon and Mr. Shepherd again for the pleasure they gave us.

GIRLS who go to Boston to shop cannot have their bangs cut unless they "put it on the list."

FOR the past three weeks Wednesday afternoons have been given up to Miss Talbot, who is giving us a course of lectures on "Sanitary Science." Although the subject is the same as last year, she is treating it so differently that even those who are hearing them for the second time cannot fail to be interested.

BOSTON GIRL (*elevating her lorgnette*).— How many inhabitants has Chicago?

CHICAGO GIRL.— Oh, about fifty thousand!

THE officers of the Lasellia Club are as follows:—

President	MISS ROSA BEST.
Vice-President	" EMMA GASS.
Secretary	" DAISY HARVEY.
Treasurer	" ANNA STALEY.
Critic	" BERTHA CLAPP.
Ex. Committee	" FLORENCE GARDENER.
	" MARY SEIBERLING.
	" DELLA FOWLER.
Guard	" SIMPSON.
Assistant Guard	" PARMENTER.

BY some irretrievable mistake we did not have our annual fancy ball on the 22d of February. Naturally we were *very* much disappointed; but on the Saturday night following some of the girls donned their costumes and had a jolly good time in the gymnasium. Among those conspicuous for beauty, cuteness, etc., were Little Lord Fauntleroy, Nanki Poo, Lotta, a half-back on the Harvard foot-ball team, a sailor (quite the cutest ever seen), Topsy, a military cadet, and The Lasell Beauty. The last the local editor christened, being at a loss (as was the young woman herself) for a more appropriate name.

THE classes of '89 and '90 received cards for a reception given by the Faculty to the Senior Class of Boston University on Feb. 21. We are glad to say '89 behaved with most becoming dignity on this her social *début*, and if '90 did so far forget herself as to become hilarious in the least degree, she was abetted by the theologians, who, after refreshments had been served at *tête-à-tête* tables in

the dining-room, beguiled the *Juniors* into allowing them a glimpse of the natatorium, bowling-alley, and gymnasium, where their acrobatic feats were wonderful (surely!) to see. The evening passed off very pleasantly to all, thanks to our hostesses and *host*.

THE *Wichita News Beacon* publishes the following rather startling statement: "Miss Mabel J. Clement has returned to her home in this city from the Auburndale, Mass., Seminary. Last week the principal of the seminary read several extracts from Eastern papers, reflecting upon Kansas, to the scholars assembled in the chapel. The articles were of the character so common to Eastern papers, detailing the mud-houses of Kansas, her ignorance and destitution. Miss Clement, with the characteristic pride of Kansas, resented the unwarranted charges upon her State, and refused to stay longer in an institution where such ideas were tolerated." Where the editor of the *News Beacon* gathered this information we are at a loss to ascertain, and we know that Mabel is by far too loyal a Lasellian not to be greatly annoyed by such a scandalous piece of news getting abroad. In the first place, our principal is *from* the West, and has "the characteristic pride" of all from that section of the country, and consequently not likely to read us such extracts if he came across them; and although such articles are "so common in Eastern papers," we have seen so few that we are incapable of forming *our* opinions of Kansas from them; but, the above clipping might lead less liberal-minded individuals to suppose that *some* Kansas people were *very* ignorant, or they would know that so fine and large a school as this would not be likely to have at its head one who knew so little of the position of Kansas in point of culture and refinement, much less one who would speak slightingly of anything so dear to the heart as the home and, consequently, the State of one of Lasell's daughters. But we, fortunately, have formed our opinion of Kansas from those whom we have had among us from there. In conclusion, it is only fair to state that Mabel Clement left Lasell on account of ill health, and also that she remained here voluntarily some time after it was thought best for her to return home.

THE Lasellia Club was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Leland T. Powers for its annual entertainment, March 7. Mr. Powers's faultless impersonations of Dickens's characters, which have secured him well-merited notoriety, were brought into full play by his rendition of "David Garrick."

This little comedy is arranged in three acts, in which Mr. Powers has before him the difficult task of representing successfully nine individuals, whose personal appearance and peculiarities are widely diverse. As a whole, his interpretation was thoroughly artistic and each character was so introduced to the audience as to excite keen interest and genuine enjoyment. One feels safe in asserting that a full cast and scenic effects could have added but little to the distinct impression of the individuality of each character and the clear outline of the plot produced upon the audience.

Mr. Powers did not give the anticipated response to the hearty applause given him, but nevertheless the remembrance of the evening will be of one of the most enjoyable, and he will be warmly welcomed should he ever again read at Lasell.

THE PLAINT OF A LOVER UPON THE MOODS OF HIS SWEETHEART.

I.

LET all the world be gay, my dear,
Let all the world be gay!
You smiled upon me such a smile,
My happy heart stood still the while;
Good by to sighs, I say, my dear,
To sighs and tears, I say.

II.

Let all the world repine, my dear,
Let all the world repine!
You frowned upon me yesternight,
I would forget it if I might,
But, ah! such pain is mine, my dear,
Such weary pain is mine.

III.

Let all the world despair, my dear,
Let all the world despair!
You scowled upon me twice and thrice,—
Take back those looks at any price,
The grief will kill, I swear, my dear,
The grief will kill, I swear.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE colored people of Lynchburg, Va., have organized a real-estate and trust company, with a capital of \$20,000. This is one indication among many of an increasing business enterprise and prosperity among the Southern negroes.

THE Fiftieth Congress ended March 4, and it will be memorable in history on account of the carrying into effect of these three bills: First, the admission of four new States in the Union; second, the tariff discussion which consumed so much time in the House and Senate; third, the creation of a new executive department of agriculture.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND informed Congress that the German minister informed the State Department that German troops would be withdrawn from Samoa and the neutrality of Samoa preserved.

THE condition of Alaska has been discussed, and an appropriation made of \$50,000 for educating Alaskan children.

By a vote of seventeen to thirteen, the New York Senate has passed a bill creating a State naval militia.

EUGENE KELLEY, as president of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association, makes a special appeal for funds to aid the cause of "Home Rule in Ireland."

A FINE photograph of President Harrison has gone to Philadelphia to be used in the mint there in making a plate which may be used at some future time upon the government bank-notes.

AT the council of the Irish National League in Cincinnati, resolutions were passed pledging support to the Irish people and their leaders, authorizing the treasurer to send at once \$20,000 to Mr. Parnell.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives passed the bill to make violation of the liquor law punishable by both fine and imprisonment without discretion in the court.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND signed the Territorial bill admitting four new States into the Union: North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington; also four stars to be added to our flag.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MME. ALBANI considers Cincinnati and Boston the most cultivated cities, musically, in the United States.

BERLIN likes the "Mikado."

HANS VON BULOW will arrive in Boston about the last of March.

THERE has just been brought to public notice another Hungarian Rhapsodie by Liszt in MS.

BOSTON will be musical enough next summer, with the Promenade Concerts at Music Hall, and opera at the Boston and Park Theatres.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE announcement recently made, that Prof. Kruss, of Munich, had succeeded in decomposing nickel and cobalt, proved to be erroneous. What he has really done is to obtain from these two elements a third one, which existed in them as an impurity.

Mlle. SCHULTZE, the first woman to receive the degree Doctor of Medicine from the Faculty of Paris, is twenty-two years old. Prof. Landouzy, in his address to the Faculty, said of Mlle. Schultze, "She has been my pupil, and I appreciate not only her instruction but the rapidity and surety of her diagnoses." This is a case of most wonderful perseverance on the part of an unaided woman.

DR. DE ARMOND believes that gum chewing at proper and regular times will cure certain cases of dyspepsia, but he strongly condemns the habit of chewing gum at any and all hours.

FOR paving streets, india-rubber threatens to enter into competition with asphalt. It is asserted that the new pavement combines the elasticity of india-rubber with the resistance of granite. It is said to be perfectly noiseless and unaffected by heat or cold. It is not so slippery as asphalt, and is more durable. As to covering bridges, it ought to prove excellent, as it reduces vibration; but a question may be asked as to its cost. The expense must be heavier than that of any known pavement.

SELF-DEVELOPING photographic dry-plates are the latest novelty, in which the chemicals used in developing are applied in the solid form to the

back of the plate. After the exposure it is only necessary to immerse the plate in a tray of water, when the developing salts will dissolve and form a bath all ready for use. The convenience of this method to travellers, and photographic amateurs away from their base of supplies, will, undoubtedly, be very great.

ART NOTES.

SEVEN hundred and eighty-one pictures make up the Water Color Society's twenty-second annual exhibition, now open at the Academy of Design. Few of them are large, or in any way striking examples, yet excellent work of an unassuming character abounds, and as a whole the collection is satisfactory and pleasing.

A UNIQUE chair made of the horns of Texas cattle is on its way from Antonio to the White House. It is a gift of a San Antonio banker to President Harrison, and cost its donor \$1,500. The horns are riveted with gold, and there are a number of gold plates used in the construction. From one of them glistens a very handsome diamond.

THE visitors to the Averys' new galleries in Fifth Avenue, New York City, will find in two cases a most interesting collection of miniatures by Mr. Gerald Heywood, including portraits of some noted people on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. Cleveland is there in white, gold, and pearls; Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice, her roguish expression caught to perfection; Miss Grove, of Boston, a typical New England beauty, and others.

SEÑOR CAUTO, of Barcelona, proposes to give photographs for a penny; and if his idea reaches this country, the cost, presumably, will be a nickel. He proposes to have in public places an apparatus which, he believes, by the simple operation of dropping in a coin, will uncover a lens facing the applicant for portrait honors, whose lineaments will immediately be impressed upon a sensitive plate, which will then pass on automatically under a bottle, or rather a series of bottles, containing developing and fixing solutions, with the intermediate and after-washing requisite, and finally deliver to the expectant customer his portrait, all finished and ready for putting in his pocket.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Kent's Hill Breeze* is with us once again. It is a most creditable publication and is deserving of much praise. The last number contains many good articles. We notice particularly the essay on "Studious Habits," whose precepts, if followed out, might benefit many of us. The editorials are well written, bright, and to the point, and the Local and Exchange columns deserve especial notice. The little poem which opens the local items is far above the usual outpourings of the amateur Muse.

"WHAT I Know About College Housekeeping," in the March issue of the *Wesleyan Argus*, is most terribly realistic. Our personal experience with dish-washing is limited — but, oh my! Let us pray the gods that by the time the author meets the "proud woman who may some day bear his name" he may have learned how to exist without eating, and thereby escape the necessity of "manipulating the dish-cloth."

WE are glad to add the *Reveille*, from the P. M. A., Chester, Penn., to our exchange list. The contents of the December number were especially pleasing, and from cover to cover the paper was replete with interesting items. "Stepping Stones" and "The Crumpled Rose Leaf" were most excellent, while the two articles, "Clams," and "What Shall I say in a Letter?" sufficed to supply the humorous.

THE *Ægis* gives us a well-written article entitled "A Southern Cracker." The description of the forest was charming, and in fancy the sweet strains of the mocking-bird reach us, even in the cold and sullen atmosphere of this most inhospitable of the New England States. We can taste the "goobers," the good old-fashioned Southern hoe-cake, and that black coffee, which the author so much despises. We think he can hardly know whereof he speaks when he refers to the hoe-cake as water-soaked, and to the coffee as a decoction; for even the poorest people of the South know how to make these two articles after the most approved plan.

THE *Crescent*, in its February edition, tells us that the number of its exchanges is so large that "it is well-nigh impossible to mention many of them at a single issue." It then proceeds to con-

sider what shall be done. Shall a number of short criticisms be inserted, or shall only three or four be criticised, and those at great length? It decides upon the latter plan, and then favors the public with two criticisms. Both of these are excellent, of course; we have no fault to find there; the problem which agitates us is this: At the rate of two items, we shall have twenty-four criticisms annually, and, allowing for the summer vacation, only eighteen. Then, of course, a large number of exchanges cannot be mentioned. The *Crescent* favors this plan because "the defects of the papers can be seen and remedied." But what are those whose evil ways are not shown them to do? We are alarmed at the prospect. Will not the *Crescent* reconsider its decision, and kindly undertake to show more of us wherein we err?

THE remarkable absence of light matter in the *Geneva Cabinet* is somewhat astonishing. The *Cabinet* seems to forget that "variety is the spice of life," and offers nothing but the solid meat of literature to the palates of its readers, instead of occasionally regaling them with its cream and froth. We do not mean to insinuate that a college paper must necessarily be a reproduction of the *Record* or *Lampoon*, but why not offer us a change of diet once in a while? The reading of many essays is "a weariness of the flesh."

WE are happy to add to the list of our exchanges the *Pulse*, from Iowa College. It is a new publication, having made its first appearance in February, containing excellent editorials and interesting news concerning the college world. It gives promise of a prosperous future. We congratulate the *Pulse* upon the success of its first appearance, and wish for it the welcome it merits among our college papers.

WHILE looking over the *Brunonian* we found the following astonishing statement, copied from the latter's exchange list: —

At Lasell, the young ladies are divided into three divisions or "lists." Those fortunate enough to be assigned to the first are given leave to walk with gentlemen, if they can find any; those in the second class are allowed to take a daily walk without a teacher, but are not allowed to speak to any one of the opposite sex. The third or "crazy" list are never allowed out of the building unless accompanied by a chaperone. — *Exchange*.

Before we proceed further, let us say that "lists" of any kind are now a thing of the shadowy past, or, in other words, that they were consigned to oblivion some three months ago. During our long career within the walls of this institution our name has at different times adorned all three lists. We have been not only "Self-Governed," and "Roll of Honor," but also "Crazy"; therefore we feel that we are competent to speak upon the subject in question. We believe we may be trusted, when we say that if, during the time we were "S. G.," permission had been given us to walk with gentlemen, providing any could be found, we should certainly have found them. However, we must confess that

during our daily walks our eyes have never been gladdened by beings of the other sex, save a peanut vender (we never met him but once, and then he disappeared before we could get any peanuts), one small boy, and a very mournful looking yellow dog. While on the "Crazy" list we suffered no inconvenience from chaperons, but meandered along at our own sweet will. So it seems evident that the *Brunonian* is not so well informed in Lasell matters as would appear from reading the above item.

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ON account of the inclemency of March weather, the question is now being agitated throughout the land: "Why not change the date of the Presidential Inauguration?" It surely is very uncomfortable to attend an inauguration while the elements are all the time pouring forth volleys of rain and cyclonic gusts of wind. The perfect jam of people only adds to the discomfort, because each person hastens at acute angles to all the others, and each has a horrid umbrella bumping and poking on all sides; it all tends to ruin the disposition. When two "old comrades" meet they are so cross that scarcely a pleasant word is spoken; all the conversation turns upon the "bad weather" and rude people; their respective opinions of the beautiful capital are distressingly severe; they wish they were *home*; and when they have parted each thinks to himself he would not have known the other, so crabbed had he become. Finally, after our friend has viewed the parade under great difficulties, and after raising his countenance, thus forming a portion of the "sea of upturned faces," he is able to discern nothing as the President takes "the oath"; he returns to his hotel *disgusted*. However, with the slacking rain, his spirits revive, and he attends the ball in the evening. The entire scene is a curious one; some few are smiling, and appear in keeping with the occasion; others are trying to follow suit, but succeed only superficially, as they remember their bedraggled garments, soiled from their use in the parade. A dude appears; the poor little creature has been almost floated away by the tears and breath of nature, and now presents an aspect in his "full dress suit, patent leathers and English eyeglass!" And so they pass on.

Not considering inconveniences, many people contract severe colds in this murky, damp weather; almost half the people in attendance suffered from the effects. In the case of Congressman Townsend, the exposure proved fatal.

An aged man from Virginia, who has attended all the various inaugurations since 1848, says there has not been one pleasant inauguration day since then.

George Washington was inaugurated on the 30th of April. By that time spring weather has settled, the trees have assumed their usual summer gown, Washington appears in a favorable light; historically, too, this is a good day; altogether it is a much more suitable time than the 4th of March. Are we such an improvement over the "Father of our Country" that it was necessary to depart from the last day of April in order to inaugurate our Presidents?

FOR years, rumors of the coming of the Huns and Vanda's, current among us, have only met with sneers and derision, but now, when we hear the news of the advancing vanguard of the armies, it is a time for preparation. We have heard the low and sullen mutterings of the on-coming storm in the distance without alarm; but now, when the portentous clouds are visible, it is necessary to take precautions ere the tempest is upon us.

Upon the horizon of our political future hangs a cloud of danger, no larger than a man's hand, which, unless averted, is destined to grow until it bursts upon us with the fury of a cyclone. Every nation has its conflicts, every people its perils. Our government, based upon the broad foundation of liberty, has thus far passed through its struggles with renewed strength and vigor. This success has generated in many people a spirit of optimism which brands any discussion of the clashing of present political and social elements as the effusion of a blatant alarmist, as the terror of one who mistakes a mole-hill for a mountain. Nevertheless, facts are stubborn, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Noble triumphs already achieved will not assure against dangers in the future. Who will deny that there are questions before the American people to-day whose proper and immediate solution is most vital to our existence as a republic? Who will deny that our present social, political, and industrial discontent is fast approaching a crisis in which the reserve energy of our native, liberty-loving people will be brought to a more sore trial? Who will not say

that this growing dissatisfaction, that the conflict between the employer and the employed, that the corruption in politics, that the disobedience to law, that the frequent socialistic and anarchistic uprisings in our large cities, are in most part due to the foreign element in our body politic? While population is sparse and industries are in their infancy, the great need of every new country is money to develop its resources. Life must be supplied to carry on the work while the new crop is growing. This can be done only by using the wealth that has been saved in past years. For this reason our forefathers rejoiced when men of wealth and industrial skill came to our shores. For the same reason we also rejoice. Foreign immigration was to us, in our early history as a nation, a divine blessing. There were homes to be protected against the Indians, boundless resources to be developed, broad lands to be peopled, and firm political principles to be established; in all of which our immigration aid was most valuable. Many foreigners are among our most useful and patriotic citizens; these we heartily welcome. But the "Land of Liberty" has a strange and fascinating sound to many a foreign ear. The poverty-stricken, monarch-ridden hosts of Europe dreamed of an Elysium, where flourished indolence and ease. Those filled with visionary schemes for social reformation, which had to be smothered at home for fear of a monarch's wrath, crowded to our shores, where free vent could be given to their fallacious conceptions without fear of executive restraint.

Accordingly they have come from oppressed Ireland's starving millions and Italy's mendicant hosts; from Spain, Sweden, and Austria. The Russian nihilist, the German socialist, all Europe's malcontents have been wafted to our shores by each succeeding wave of migration. All have found an asylum with us under existing laws. No nation could assimilate and nationalize such hordes as these; hence, they are but aliens, and sow the germs of social, political, and industrial diseases, which demand a cure ere it is too late. Through the walls of our constitution is wheeled a massive wooden horse, seemingly to propitiate the fates of the Republic. It is looked upon by the people with favor and respect, but from its sides, crowded with the filth, crime, and poverty

of Europe, there issue, unawares, forces which threaten our own existence.

When we remember this is a government by the majority, and not by an absolute monarch; when we remember that the foreign element is fast approaching that majority, and that, if a crisis comes, it would have a strong following of native malcontents, the rapid increase in numbers and in influence of our foreign element becomes a subject of needed attention. When we remember that those immigrants nucleate about cities already thronged with dissatisfied multitudes, introducing most dangerous elements into our civilization, and that some of the power of municipal legislation is, in many cases, in the hands of naturalized foreigners, the subject is one of serious importance. These foreigners are a turbulent mass, dissatisfied, ungovernable, and ready to rise at the beck of revolutionary leaders in periods of great commotion. They, although naturalized, are ignorant of American institutions, have no sympathy with American ideas, and frequently have no knowledge of the language in which the Constitution to which they have sworn allegiance is written. Their votes are manipulated by political demagogues and party tricksters, — curses of American politics. They form the greater part of the floating vote; patriotism and principle, the most competent candidate, the development of their country's institutions and the welfare of its people are no incentives in the casting of their ballots.

Conventions construct platforms and nominate candidates to catch as much of the foreign vote as possible. Legislators decline to make laws and officers to enforce laws for the protection of our youth, our homes, and our Sunday, for fear of offending the foreign vote. He who says, "This is an asylum for the oppressed of every clime," is more poetical than patriotic. We do not ask that our country seclude itself from the rest of the world, but gladly welcome those who wish to better their condition, — those who wish to become adopted children of the Republic, and do as we Americans do. But must we become the reservoir into which shall empty all the streams of refuse and corruption of other lands? Is this our glorious mission? Must our fair land become the theatre in which fanatical socialists and anarchists

shall attempt to play their bloody tragedy? With the absorption of such virus as this into our nation's veins and arteries, what revolutionary madness will not develop in the future? With dozens of cities containing the turbulent elements of a Paris in the French Revolution, what will be the outcome? With hundreds such as Marseilles, what the result? Why not first attempt to protect ourselves from our enemies within?

Let immigration be restricted, and naturalization improved and stringently enforced, and much will have been done to destroy the germs of these evils. Then let the American people diligently apply themselves to removing the mountain of ignorance and immorality which obstructs our path to a higher civilization. Let us again become a free, homogeneous people. Let men of principle and patriotism, men of conscience and honor, be placed in office; men who have no political debts to pay; men whose prime object shall be to promote the interests of the people, and not to regulate their official life with an eye single to personal aggrandizement and future political exaltation; men

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor pandered with Almighty God for power."

The treasure of liberty, which the Greeks and Romans left unprotected, has been intrusted to us. Behold the rocks upon which former guardians of this priceless possession have been wrecked! Shall we close our eyes against them? Let us guard our treasure closely and well.

A GOOD FRIEND. — Capt. Chas. T. Haskell, our veteran mariner, — the only one left in our village who makes the long voyages of two and three years, — is making a welcome, but brief visit home. He leaves next week for Siam, whence he will return via Singapore. He most kindly remembered Lasell, bringing us some rare and beautiful specimens of coral, finer than one often sees; to Mr. B, some of the famous chutney of Calcutta; and to Mrs. B. a quaint jar of preserved ginger from Canton. Many a story could the Captain tell of struggle with the deep and its monsters. We suggest gently that he lay down his command, after this trip, and stay with us. If he must have water to make him feel at home, he shall have our swimming tank to sail in!

A WINTER VACATION.

A QUICK and comfortable run to Chicago, a short day at Evanston with the dear mother and other kin, a collision on the Illinois Central Railroad by which we are delayed ten hours and thrown out of calculations, a day's ride through the indefinitely rich, horizon-wide, and, at present, inexpressibly muddy corn prairies of Central Illinois, a moment's glimpse of Ada Dunaway's bright face (she came with her brother through wind and rain to the train and hospitably begged us to tarry, but we could not. If she knew how glad we were to see her looking so well she'd be repaid) at the station at Carbondale, by all odds the brightest and handsomest town after Chicago, and we are in Cairo, "Egypt's" metropolis, our last visit to which was in 1864, when we wore the blue. "Snatty 'n' Shcawgo papers" sounded altogether natural, and the whirl of the red Ohio, the mud, and general dirtiness of things made us feel "at home" again, after so long absence.

Pants in boots is the uniform of this section, and appropriate. The floor of the ladies' waiting-room of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad station, where we waited fifty minutes between four and five A. M. for a train "on time," was so filthy that Mrs. B——'s sarcastic warning "not to throw anything on the floor lest we might soil it" provoked a smile, which became a laugh at the earnest invitation of a colored gentleman to warm our chilly vitals with a cup of "red-hot" coffee.

The politeness of the darkies betokens proximity to the South. "Good day! Wish yer luck, boss!" is a good-natured reply to my declining offered services. "Can I do anything for the lady?" is a frequent earnest inquiry. The quaint interest taken in our welfare is well illustrated by the earnest advice given when I announce my intention of going to Columbus. "You can't get nothing fit to eat in C'lumbus. Better go on to Rives: ye kin git a good breakfast there." "But I came on purpose to go to Columbus." "Did ye? Better not. Go on to Rives: ye kin git a stavin' good breakfast at Rives. Ye can't git nothin' to eat at C'lumbus." The waiter at table confidently told me he had been three years at college in Knoxville. "I've a pretty good education: I can teach school." He gets fifteen dollars a month and board. Why does n't he teach?

We quit Cairo on a train due to leave at 4.20 A. M., reminding us of Spain in its untimely hour, and dive into the Ohio fog to board a transfer steamer upon which the whole train is ferried to the Kentucky side, then cross the forest swamp mostly on piles, along the Mississippi bottoms — are n't those rich swamps worth draining? More men whose chief apparel is boots, more huts in clearings, more signs of slack and unambitious quarrelling — it hardly amounts to a struggle — with unsubdued nature, more double-barrelled houses (a house at each end, with a connecting piazza — *i. e.*, a roof and floor — between), are signs of a land foreign to New England as any in Europe. Presently we are at Columbus, Ky., where I was stationed during the war, and where many brave boys gave up their lives to fever before ever seeing an enemy. Two dilapidated "hacks," one covered and one uncovered, contend for the honor of our patronage. "Simonds's Hotel is the best," says one: "Dupre's is the best," says the other. "Simonds's is only one dollar per day," says the one. That settled it for us, and we took the other; and it *was* the best, and we commend any visitors to Columbus to the mercies of its kind-hearted and friendly landlord. "I know'd you'd take Dupre's," said the well-fed darky driver, as we worked through the mud. "Enny gemman could tell which was the best by the hosses," which, considering the horses were covered with tarpaulins, was a credit to our discernment truly flattering.

POOR OLD COLUMBUS!

Main Street, mud half-hub deep, sidewalks of red mud, notched and tracked: here and there a warped board splashes muddy water up the trousers, if you are incautious enough to prefer its apparent but deceptive succor from the waste of mud; bridges wheezy and broken or canted: five stores closed; peering into their broken panes, a whiff of mouldy death drives you back into the better-aired death all about. Now and then a solitary horseman, of varied plumage, splashes through the mud, — basket, pail, or jug on arm. Five or six darkies loafing in front of their favorite grocery try to provoke the hens to a fight. Main Street is a variable quantity. When the 134th Illinois was here in 1864, Main Street was a block farther west. The river has swallowed it, "hoo

and hide." Here and there traces of its nice wide brick sidewalk can be seen, and a few of the splendid row of great poplars that used to make the street beautiful stand guard over the houses, that look pitifully but helplessly conscious of the fate reserved for them, when from between the outreaching roots of their long time bulwarks the pitiless water has eaten a little more dirt. What was once a fine brick bank lost its front part of the rest was torn down to get the bricks, while the rear still stands and is used, with no attempt to repair the river side, which shows the doors, plastered walls, chimneys, ragged paper, protruding water-pipes, etc., that once were part of the old mansion. The massive safe stands as it dropped, — door half open; any curious can spy its secrets and Canadaize its treasure; a stone step or two, some stone trimmings scattered here and there, are part of a cow-yard, and the river nibbles away as heartlessly as a cat at a canaryr As if in legal protest at the lawless appropriation. the old sign, "J. M. Brummal, Attorney," still stands facing the water on what is left of a lawyer's office, once in the very centre of the town, now windowless, doorless, its great open fireplace shivers out in the air, — a scratch post to two lean Kentucky kine.

I never saw in America such decay. Even the bricks, the most durable of all masonry, are rotting, out of sympathy. Such is the influence of mind over matter. Corner lots five dollars each, including deed: what was assessed at fifteen thousand dollars fifteen years ago, a drug at three hundred dollars. Let Minneapolis and Denver beware. Here are downfalls as astounding as their uprisings. Broken panes of glass in the best houses show the general discouragement. Old Soldiers' Home empty and rotting; pipes sticking out of bank over river (even the stove which warms my wet feet droops to one side); water standing under good houses; yet on the hills are grown the best strawberries for St. Louis, — twenty-five thousand cases marketed last year.

A ride through more forest bottom-land to Memphis, a tarrying to see the city, another ride through sugar plantations, with thermometer 67° in the shade, and over a road-bed so bewitched by the spongy soil that we thought the car had left the rails and was travelling on the ties,

and at 10.30 A. M. we find ourselves in New Orleans, the foreign city of the United States. By the most kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mamie's parents, which there was no refusing, we had more comfortable housing than any hotel in New Orleans could have given us, and, by their extensive knowledge of things, always most generously at our service, our stay of a week has given us larger acquaintance with New Orleans than a month could have done without it. Mamie has a delightful home in the choicest part of the city, at once roomy and cosey Magnolia and orange trees, sweet violets, roses of all kinds in bloom, jessamine, and a well-kept lawn make the spacious yard a fitting setting for the mansion. We shall never forget the rare delight of our visit. Mamie is studying French and looking out for her friends; was disappointed by the failure to come of her expected guests, Lulie Hogg and Annie Bushnell, both detained by recent illness. In New Orleans one would feel as much at home if speaking French or Spanish, and I am not sure but Arabic, Choctaw, German, Dutch, or Italian, as English. Many of the French never cross Canal Street, the dividing line between the old French town and the modern American. They have their own shops, hotels, market, and opera-house, and make a city of their own. Oddities to us were the prevalent balconies (galleries, they call them), with their abundant iron-work, often very fine; the high iron fences with locked gates and consequent gate-bells, which all are expected to use; the immense wooden cisterns above ground, usually one above another, with which every house is provided, to hold roof water for drinking; leafless magnolias in full bloom, the flower of this kind coming before the leaf; palms of various kinds; the very muddy streets (I should not care for a carriage in New Orleans, for, where they are not paved, as a few are, with asphalt, gravel, or shells, they are now, in consequence of much rain, almost impassable, and where paved with stone are in a fearful state); the setting apart of separate cars as smoking cars (I noticed many ladies used them notwithstanding); the mosquitoes already full grown and preparing to put in a good summer's work; the institution of "lag-nappe," which means giving to purchasers a little present, — a foreign custom; the calling of

sidewalks, banquettes; the prevalence of the lottery, many of the fine houses having been builded by lottery men; the foreign Sunday, which seems to prevail in spite of the recent Sunday law; the many houses of an humbler sort built with one story in front and two stories in the rear; the cemeteries, with tombs above ground, like Munich and Holland; the Margaret monument, the only monument to a woman we remember in a public square; the splendid gymnasium of the Southern Athletic Club, which we saw by the courtesy of Mr. Wood's son, who has a pleasant home and its appropriate and necessary attachments, — a nice wife and babies, — near the father's, it has a fine swimming tank too (the gymnasium, not the home), supplied by an artesian well; the ice manufactory, whose product sells at \$5.00 or \$6.00 per ton, — we pay about half that here; the cotton-gin, pickery, and press, whose two great arms squeeze in an instant a five-foot bale into an eighteen-inch one; the oddly combined colors on some houses, — pink groundwork, yellow blinds, and green doors was the combination on one house we saw, — these hints must suffice for what our eyes feasted on so delightfully. Another time for the Carnival and its splendid pageants.

C. C. B.

WASHINGTON.

THE annual excursion from Lasell to Washington, during the Easter vacation, is attracting much attention, and from the applications already in, a most popular party is assured.

The arrangements throughout are most complete. Special cars engaged, the best rooms on the steamers, and first-class hotel accommodations.

The attractions in the capital are many, and every important one will be enjoyed, we hope.

The usual steamer trip to Mount Vernon, a carriage ride throughout the city, and street-car fares, as well, included to and from all places of interest. The time will be fully taken up, and every advantage given to make the excursion instructive and entertaining. We leave Wednesday, 17th inst., 4.33 P. M., from Auburndale, or 6 P. M., Old Colony, from Boston. Get ready quick and go!

THE public schools in Paris, Texas, gave a better average answer to the same tests than three in St. Louis, Kansas City, and one other forgotten competitor; while the schools of Fort Worth are equal in methods and results to any in our boasted New England. I'd like to see a competitive examination on a certain list of practical questions of universal applicability between representative schools of same grades in our various States. Why not?

By the way, the schools in the North ought to do *better* than those in the South, or show cause why they should not be dubbed lazy, for they have two or three months more work in the year than they, for May, June, and September can hardly be called profitable months for study, under the discouraging conditions of a hot Southern sun.

THE LASELL PEW IN BERLIN.

SEVERAL responses have come from old girls who did not when here seem to care so *very* much for Lasell, while some who seemed to be her warmest lovers have not been heard from. Perhaps they do not approve the enterprise. Perhaps they "meant to," but have forgotten. Perhaps, then, they'll be thankful to be reminded of it hereby.

We should be glad to say in June, "That Pew is Paid For."

ROUND THE WORLD.

ONLY two applications (beside Mrs. Bragdon, who seems to be a sort of "standing" applicant for all travel parties. For an apparently quiet woman, she has a good deal of "go" in her) having appeared up to date (April 5), it seems probable that the already famous (what will it be when bronzed, bearded, and scarred with the — etc. — it comes back from its thirty-thousand-mile tramp with torn gossamer and stuffed grip?) Lasell Round-the-World Tour will be postponed until 1890, but not longer (D. V.). So you who have dreamed of "Afric's golden strand" and "India's coral sand," save your pennies, look up your geographies, get some good shoes, and be ready. If made in 1890, Dr. Bragdon and wife promise to take the tour. Good to have a doctor along! Still there is time for it yet this year.

PERSONALS.

It is one of the feats of a special department of journalism, by which Mr. Joseph Addison Richards, brother of our Grace, has won the prize of \$1,000 for the best special advertisement. Mr. Victor F. Lawson, proprietor of the Chicago *Daily News*, offered the prize. The advertisement was for his own use, and he was himself the judge. There were over eight hundred competitors and one thousand seven hundred manuscripts. With such competition, success was a great honor, and we congratulate Mr. Richards.

MISS A. P. CALL returned from her visit in Chicago, March 26.

JENNIE GARDNER has been spending several weeks with Annie Gage at her home, Painesville, Ohio.

MR. FRANK T. HEFFELFINGER, of Exeter Academy, tested the hospitality of Lasell as a guest of his sister, Nellie Heffelfinger.

M. LUCILE WYARD and A. Blanche Merrill have anticipated their vacation by two weeks.

MR. AND MRS. C. C. BRAGDON returned to Auburndale from their trip in the South, March 30.

WE hear Mrs. Albert L. Mansfield, *née* Ida Mack, has a five-months-old baby girl.

SALLIE HEAD, '87, spent Sunday, March 31, with Edith Gale.

MRS. D. A. LINCOLN was welcomed by her class in cooking, March 25. Mrs. Lincoln assisted Mrs. Oakes in the last lesson of this year's course on that date.

MISS FANNIE THOMAS spent Sunday, the 31st, with Allie M. Gardner.

MARRYING seems to have agreed with Georgia Prickett; — at least a photograph recently received is by far the best-looking picture of her we have ever seen. Thanks.

DR. B. K. PIERCE delivered two addresses in chapel during the month of March. The Bible class conducted by him on Sunday mornings is very much enjoyed by its members.

MISS ADELE ROTH, teacher in German, has recovered from her illness. The girls expressed their sympathy by keeping her supplied with flowers.

JOSEPHINE MASON and her mother are settled in Helena, Montana. Apparently she is making a degree of financial success of the art of painting, which she has long studied in this country and in Paris. She writes very affectionately of Lasell, the principal, teachers, and pupils of former days.

MRS. BEST, Rosa's mother, sends a line from Lou Cumnock's home, in Chicopee, where she is enjoying her little grandchild, Ruth. She says some very grateful words for the kindness shown to her children here, and makes some complimentary quotations from the *Springfield Republican*, that we hardly dare repeat lest they put the modesty of our good principal to the blush.

PROF. BRAGDON received a telegram Tuesday morning, April 3, calling him at once to Williamsport, Penn., because of the severe illness of his aunt, Mrs. Dr. Crawford, of that place. He left for Williamsport on the next train.

MAUDE LUTES and Daisy Parkhurst will spend the vacation with Maggie Waterhouse, at her home, in Centreville, R. I.

MISS MAUD HOLLANDER, of Wellesley College, spent March 16 and 17 with her sister, Therese Hollander.

BELLE BRAGDON entertained a party of her Auburndale friends, at her home, March 14.

MISS C. H. COOMBS instructed Miss A. P. Call's pupils in motion during the latter's absence in Chicago.

MAMIE YOUNG visited her sister, Susie Young, March 17 and 18.

MRS. H. N. NOYES made a short call March 13. She is always welcomed at Lasell by the girls.

DURING Miss Adele Roth's illness, Miss Zeickelbron, of Berlin, conducted her classes.

MRS. D. B. GARDNER will accompany her daughters to Washington in the Lasell party.

GRACE SPELLMEYER, lately of Hoboken, N. J., now resides in East Orange, N. J.

GENIE CONVERSE MATHEWS writes from Gunnison, Colorado. She is happy in her home, her husband, and child. Inez Bragg, who lives near, asserts that the latter is the "sweetest baby I have ever seen." It is named Louise. Inez is studying bravely, in view of returning to Lasell next year.

 DEATHS.

WE are pained to record the death of Mr. Benj. F. Cogswell, at his home, Killingly, Conn., on Feb. 27. Mr. Cogswell had been ill for many months and his death was not unexpected; yet he will be missed none the less keenly by his devoted family, three of whom were Lasell girls, Cora, '83 Mabel, '85, and Mrs. Ida Bailey.

KATE IRENE GREEN died March 12, 1889, at Denver, Col.

Kate was here two years ago; and although never a very strong girl, yet, as we all do, was looking forward to a long and happy life after leaving here. She was not very generally known among the girls, but those who knew her well loved her. After leaving here in June of 1887, Kate went to her home, in Denver, and the following winter her health began to fail, until last summer the doctors said she would live but a very short time. She had a strong will and wished to live, which prolonged her life a few months. She died of the dread disease, consumption; her last moments were very sad and painful.

CHARLES W. PIERCE, of Boston, formerly a prominent member of the Board of Trustees of Lasell, and one of its earliest and readiest friends, died at his home, 64 Commonwealth Ave., Friday, April 5. He was lately prominent in railroad enterprises, being at one time treasurer of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. He was seventy-one years old.

By a very indirect way and without any particulars, we learn of the death of Henry F. Mills, of Boston, also a member of the Board of Trustees of this school, and a most warm and interested friend of all its work. Though for some years under the depressing influence of impaired health, he was always cheerful. A meeting with him was always a bright spot in the day; his enthusiasm was contagious, his hopeful spirit a great stay and inspiration to me in the darker days of Lasell's struggle for life. A noble nature, despising all littleness and unworthy ways, he was a firm believer in the higher methods in business, in the higher aims in life. After one little call on Henry Mills, I used long to feel more hope, better courage, a quicker pulse, a stronger purpose to do well. Blessings be on Henry Mills evermore! Amen.

THE news of the loss of the "Vandalia" at Samoa brought sorrow to one of our number. Lieutenant of Marines Francis E. Sutton, brother of Mai L. Sutton, was among the number lost. Her many friends wish to express their deepest sympathy for her in her grief

HYMEN was not called upon this month to officiate by Lasell girls.

LOCALS.

SEVEN days' respite, beginning April 17.

SEVERAL formidable candidates for Boston missions have been disappointed since spring's inauguration.

THE Seniors have exchanged their photographs taken in the Oxford cap and gown. Twelve more scholarly miens never were seen. *We understand* they were taken by the instantaneous process.

IT has been said that many girls who say "no" at first are like photographers, for they know how to retouch the negatives. If the art proves as profitable with the girls as it has with McCormick and H. F. Holland for the past three months, *our* advice is to follow it up closely. We will not disown the art as yet.

TO all whom it may concern. Bailey's, 615 Washington Street, offers great bargains in engagement rings. For particulars call on the Senior member of room 40.

AFFABLE SENIOR. — There are three holidays in April.

ASSERTING SENIOR. — Two holidays in April: Fast Day and Battle of Bunker Hill.

SHOULD you upset a bottle of ink or shoe polish on the carpet, the best treatment for removing the spot is to place the bed over it. This is both cheap and efficacious. Boarding-school experiences will doubtless prove valuable to us in after life.

LASELL was represented at Mme. Albani concerts by two delegations. The enthusiasm manifest on their return revealed the verdict.

THE course of lectures to be given by Mr. Corey on "Nibelungen Trilogy" had to be postponed on account of Mr. Corey's illness.

THE Lasellia Club has purchased one share in the Lasell pew at the American Church in Berlin. The club desire that it may prove a paying investment to its members.

THE prevailing opinion that the loose use of the word "cousin" originated with the modern boarding school is erroneous. Professor Rolf traces it back to Shakespeare. Give every man his due. If proof for this statement is necessary, read "Hamlet."

A MITE-BOX for the benefit of the Temperance Temple, Chicago, has been left on the mantel in the library by the Temperance Society. All interested in the cause have been invited to contribute. Unless the spirit of the school has changed, the box will not long stand empty.

THE François Delsarte system for the relaxation of the nerves has worked so successfully with all who have been faithful in the exercises given for that purpose by Miss A. P. Call that the following bill has been brought before the house: "Will a system for the relaxation of the energies be advisable to adopt?" The bill will, in all probability, be passed by a strong majority by the latter part of the spring.

WE are looking for the renewal of the *modus vivendi* licenses, issued for one term, Dec. 19, 1888, the date of the abolishment of the lists. Additional licenses are desirable. We think we deserve them, and are willing to pay a fair price for them.

MARCH 21, the sun played a game of leap-frog. He crossed the equator, jumped over the tropics, and by a paradoxical feat reached the equinox before nightfall.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 't was said to me."

NOTICE. The "young women" at Lasell have voted to ask to withdraw their names from any legal or civil document in which they are ranked with the criminals, paupers, or idiots. Strictest examinations have revealed them to be unworthy the position law, the administrator of justice, has so magnanimously tendered to them.

THE Seniors have their class badge, which consists of the figures 89 on a lace pin. The figures are of gold and filled in with chipped diamonds. They look serviceable as well as ornamental, and are particularly becoming on a dark background.

WE feel just a little uncertain in this issue as to who we are, where we are, and what we are there for. Recently we have received mention in several well-known papers under various titles which have tended to jar our mental balance. "Lasell, the most fashionable boarding school in the East," "Lasell, a finishing school," "Lasell, a boarding-house"; finally, Lasell Cemetery was put on the list. Can it be we have so long been deceived in our purpose here? Or are we but the spirits of our former selves, doomed for a certain time to walk these haunted halls?

Ghosts! revenge these strange and unnatural appellations!

MR. BERNARD BIXBY, of Oxford, England, delivered two very interesting lectures at the Seminary, on the evenings of March 21 and 27. His subject the 21st, "Thomas Arnold and Rugby," offered many amusing anecdotes taken from his experiences there. His object in his second lecture, on the "Origin of Language," was to create an interest in the study of philology. With Mr. Bixby at the head many are ready to enlist.

THE twelfth annual course of demonstration lectures in cooking given by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln was completed March 25, with *crème diplomate*. Mrs. Lincoln being ill during the latter part of the course, her place was filled by Mrs. Oakes. The theory of cooking should be well established in our "retainers." The test in the practicability of the theory *may* come later to some. The market should quote the Lasell girls at a premium, for this Seminary is one of the few where attention is paid to this department of technical art.

THE dining-hall has undergone several inspections, of late, by members of Harvard University. The "Lasell Dining Association" hope to be able to give a favorable report on the inspection in the next issue of the LEAVES.

DR. KENT'S lectures on "Physiology" have been illustrated by Yaggy's Anatomical Study.

NOCTURNAL invocations should be made to Hypnos for *quiet* sleep. Too often, as the mind becomes tranquillized, the careworn heart soothed, and the Oneiros despatched to our confines, a gentle tap from without startles us, and the admonition, "Less noise, girls!" calls us away from fairy-land. How sound waves travel at night!

A SUB-FRESHMAN speaking of her developments under the training in elocution: "Why, my throat has relaxed and stretched so much that it is almost as large as Jonah's when he swallowed the whale!"

MISS MARION TALBOT completes her course of six lectures on "Sanitary Science" this term. She leaves with us the fulfilment of the conditions requisite for health. A valuable dowry.

DR. CHARLES PARKHURST delivered a series of six lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity" to the members of the Senior class. The abstract of each lecture was required in writing. We understand the Seniors did not consider this latter procedure as *an evidence* of Christianity.

THE representatives of all ecclesiastical denominations at Lasell have united their forces in the strictest observance of Lent. Only the old girls can have any conception of the rigor donned within these halls during not only the entire season of Lent but its dawn and twilight. Among the self-denials the following take a prominent stand: Boston Theatre, Globe Theatre, Park Theatre, Boston Opera House, Hollis, Huyler's (26 West Street), gentlemen callers (cousins excepted), moonlight strolls, and the Inauguration Ball,—it unfortunately coming in the dawn. A grand celebration is to take place the eve of the date we once more enter the festive world,—in all probability by June 17, 1889.

THE officers of the S. D. Society are as follows:—

President	MISS HELEN R. GILBERT.
Vice-President	" VERMEILLE SWAN.
Secretary	" NELIA A. CHURCHILL.
Treasurer	" LEAH COUTS.
Usher	" LAURA WHITNEY.
Critic	" MARY L. SUTTON.
Mus. Com.	" ANNIE S. PEABODY.

JACQUEMINOT.

WHO is there now knows aught of his story?
 What is left of him but a name?—
 Of him who shared in Napoleon's glory,
 And dreamed that his sword had won his fame?

Ah! the fate of a man is past discerning!
 Little did Jacqueminot suppose,
 At Austerlitz, or at Moscow's burning,
 That his fame should rest in the heart of a rose?

HELEN JOHNSON and Grace Kitfield called on May Adamson.

MUSICAL NOTES.

JOSEF HOFMANN is studying in Berlin. His health is excellent.

A COMICAL sentence appeared in the programme of a concert at St. James's Hall, London. A certain song was announced thus: "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side, accompanied by the composer."

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN when a choir-boy of the Chapel Royal composed an anthem, and it so pleased the bishop of London that he gave the little author a half-sovereign. This coin Mr. Sullivan wears around his neck as a talisman while composing till this day.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is to lay the corner-stone of Messrs. Abbey & Schoeffel's new Tremont Theatre, Boston. Patti will probably appear at that theatre about New-Year's.

So Patti has decided to take "just one more final, positively last, closing, ultimate, conclusive good-by, finishing farewell" of New York and Boston admirers, from whom "parting is such sweet sorrow"!

POLITICAL NOTES.

THERE are in Japan about 800,000 natives who will be entitled to vote under the new constitution. The day of the national election is fixed for July 1 of each year.

ALL the newspapers state that President Harrison will occupy a cottage at Deer Park this summer.

THE Duchess of Uzis, the leader in Boulanger's social campaign, is rather a short woman, not much older than forty. Although not pretty, she is intelligent and charming.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER still has seven daughters left.

EIGHT States have rejected woman suffrage propositions this winter so far.

THE report comes from Shanghai that an amicable understanding has been arranged between China and Corea.

WE hear that the Chilian government has issued a decree prohibiting the immigration of Chinese into the republic.

PRESIDENT HARRISON will have no work done in the White House on Sunday. This gives an inkling to his character.

ENCOURAGING reports come to the Navy Department concerning the torpedo boat which is being built in Rhode Island.

KING ALEXANDRIA, of Servia, is thirteen, William, of the Netherlands, is nine, and King Alphonso, of Spain, has nearly reached the mature age of three.

FRANCE, Austria, and Germany have adopted smokeless gunpowder for their armies.

RAILWAY concessions are to be made by the Persian government without consulting Russia.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

So cobalt and nickel did really stand their ground, after all.

A FRENCH chemist has succeeded in making emeralds, which are apparently in all respects exactly like those found in nature.

THE Sprague electric cars are in operation at Steubenville, Ohio. The kind of trolley-pole used upon this road is light and unobtrusive, consisting of a light, hollow iron rod carried on top of the car by a stout steel spring, which allows it to move in every direction necessary.

The road has been a success from the start, and has been visited by many street-railway managers from all parts of the country.

C. A. STEPHENS'S latest work is entitled "Living Matter: its Cycle of Growth and Decline in Animal Organism."

THE report of the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools for the year 1888 shows that twelve million children in this country are now under compulsory temperance education laws.

"THE Animal Life of our Sea-shore; with Special Reference to the New Jersey Coast and the Southern Shore of Long Island," by Angelo Heilprin, is one of the latest works on biological science.

Dr. VINCENZO, of the Pisa University, has experimented with the effects of tobacco smoke on bacteria. He finds that delay in the development of the germs occurs in every instance.

THE chemical industry of Germany pays in wages over \$15,000,000 annually.

MERCURY was morning star throughout last month, and was at a considerable distance from the sun, reaching its greatest western elongation a little less than 28° on the morning of March 13.

VENUS passed its greatest eastern elongation during February, and is now gradually approaching inferior conjunction, which it will reach near the end of this month.

ART NOTES.

PELLEGRINI died almost penniless.

THERE are more American women studying art in Vienna and Paris than ever before. A leading art club in the former city numbers twenty-five American lady students.

ALL the pictures that were selected by the American jury to represent the American artists at the Paris Exposition have been shipped. There were one hundred and sixteen artists represented in the collection, and over four hundred pictures.

THE large painted window over the entrance doors of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in Fifth Avenue, has been filled with stained glass by the Tiffany Glass Co., the subjects being seated figures of Christ and the Evangelists, with symbolic ornaments in the upper part. The work is in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Howland, founder and first rector of the parish.

MR. BOEHM'S bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, recently unveiled in London, is said to be wonderfully lifelike. Four sentry figures, fashioned after an English, an Irish, a Scotch, and a Welsh regiment, guard the approach to the statue.

MR ARTHUR B. TURNURE, editor of *The Art Age*, suggests an annual art convention, which shall bring together workers in all branches of art — graphic, plastic, architectural, technical, etc. The idea seems, at first blush, to be a good one, and is worthy of serious consideration.

MR. W. GOODRICH BEALS has made an etching representing the city of Old Cambridge as seen from the Charles River, the most prominent feature in view being the tower of Harvard Memorial Hall.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

EXCHANGE editor! When first put into that office what a world of meaning we found in those two words.

We immediately imagine our room littered with college papers and journals, and in fact, forevermore in total disorder, and ourselves in an utterly cross and disagreeable state. Soon we not only imagine this, but find it realized. Papers come pouring in, good, bad, and indifferent; some prosy, some funny, and some would-be funny. After perusing many, we proceed to don our thinking cap, sharpen our pencils and our wits; then we are ready for work.

The more we read, the more confused we get. We think, yea, we grind; but what comes of it!

We find 't is easier to say than to do, easier to think than to express our thoughts on paper. A line or two of rhyme would come in well in our columns, but we find, after long and fierce struggles, that there is nothing poetical in our composition.

After looking over such papers as the *Yale Record* and the *Harvard Lampoon*, we envy the efficient writers, and wonder why we were not all born smart.

The *Crimson* and the *Princetonian* are as regular as clock-work. We cannot, of course, be so enthusiastic on the subject of athletics as our college friends, yet we assure you we are very curious to hear what is the final result of all the practising for the different games.

We have noticed that in many of the papers, the exchange column — if the paper has one — is completely filled up with quotations from other journals. If we see a particularly spicy note, an appropriate bit of poetry, or an article of great interest, we are likely to have it appear in our next number. A little of this may many times add greatly to the papers; but it is quite amusing to see one article printed and reprinted time after time, and especially if the author's name is not given correctly. Let us endeavor to have the most

of our notes our own, and not have printed anything and everything for the purpose simply of filling up space, as seems to the thought with some papers. Let the opinions of the editors be liberally expressed.

MUCILAGE is cheap, and we would suggest that a little be put on the inside of the cover of the *Geneva Cabinet*, as that paper always comes to us with the outside separated from the inner leaves. It would add greatly to the appearance of the monthly, and at the same time prevent the loss of the cover.

WE welcome again the *Exonian* and the *Phillips Exeter Lit. Monthly* among our exchanges. In the latter the beautifully written sketch on "Darkness" especially attracted our attention.

THIS month's *Dartmouth Literary* is filled with good reading matter. The productions both in prose and in poetry are well worth the time spent in reading them. We would speak in particular of "The Healer," the thought of which is brought out in a clear and concise manner. Its principal charm lies in the fact that it is different from the majority of stories found in college journals.

IN the *Haverfordian* we find an interesting article entitled "A New Industry." This new industry, which came to light through a circular sent to Haverford College, is the making of essays to order. The *Haverfordian* printed one of these essays, and treated the subject in a sensible way. Though the "manufacturing" of essays is quite a unique idea, we think that if the one shown to us by this paper is a sample, it would not bring a rush of customers.

As to the exchanges of the *Haverfordian*, we would do well if we could follow the example of the editor of that department in having such well-worded and pointed exchanges. Our sympathy goes out to the papers which were so keenly criticised; yet we cannot help liking the way in which the criticisms were made.

WE number the *Tech* among our best exchanges. It comes to us this month with its usual amount of wit and wisdom.

The editorials of the *Harvard Advocate* are unusually good. They speak of the necessity of maintaining the college paper and of the duties of the *Advocate* as such, propounding their views in

a manner which showed they had given careful attention to the subject, and urging that a greater interest be manifested by some of the collegians. "Progress or Standstill" is an article well worthy of praise. The able writer brings out the prevailing theme in a simple yet attractive manner.

THE following appears in the *Brunonian's* last number:—

"Why is it that ladies all have such a fancy for students? The city fellows say they don't stand any show when the college boys come around."

Although the above may be correct in many cases, allow us to say that a great deal depends upon the kind of "student" and "city fellow." Of one thing we are quite sure: as a rule, a young lady fancies rather one city fellow constant and firm in his pursuits, a self-made man, than a dozen full-trousered, large-caned, easy-going college students. Of course, though, this species of student could not be found in Brown University.

As far as quantity is concerned, the *Brunonian* does excel most journals in poetry, but we think the quality of that found in other papers equally good; nevertheless, a committee of Lasell young women, capable of judging such matter, will be appointed to compare the original verse published hereafter in the *Brunonian* with that of other papers.

THE items in the *Argosy* under the heading of "Sackvilliana" are bright and interesting. The one which speaks of a student's great faith in his classmate's knowledge of physiology recalls to our minds a similar story.

An instructor once asked a small boy to translate *arbeit* into English. The youth, not having prepared his lesson, was only too eager to listen to the words of the class mischief, who whispered, "Chicken." The aforesaid small boy, with great assurance and in an unusually loud tone of voice answered, "Chicken," whereupon the instructor presented him with a medal for so amusing the school.

Alas, that we are not all innocent!

In one article of the *Argosy*, the word "whisper" is spelled "wisper."

The question revolved in the feminine mind is whether the mistake is the printer's, or whether the writer is a "h-Englishman."

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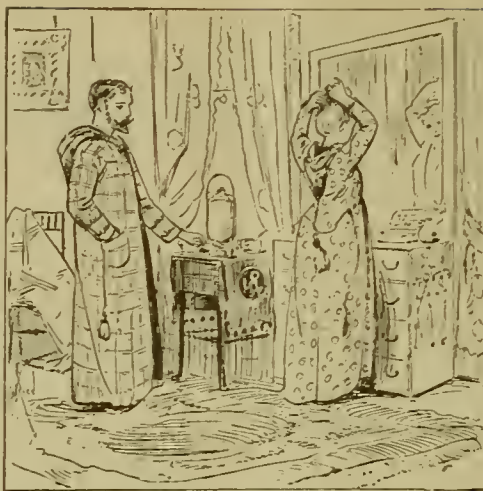
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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IN obedience to patriotic impulse, as well as in obedience to the Proclamation of the President of the United States, on April 30th our people throughout the land met to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of the first President of the United States. Our ancestors, for the most part, came from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, or Germany; but we are not Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, or Germans. We are American citizens; and our proud boast is that we make, administer, and execute our own laws: we govern ourselves.

Centennial celebrations by nations are sanctioned by divine authority. They are of great antiquity. About 1500 B. C. lived a people whose lives for more than a century were made bitter with hard bondage in mortar, in brick, and in all manner of service in the field. Task-masters were set over them who exercised their ingenuity in devising new ways and means to increase these burdens. In addition to the cruel bondage in which these people were held, and the grievous burdens they were compelled to endure, the king of that country ordered that every son born to this enslaved people should be put to death. But the more this people were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew.

At last a leader was raised up, who led them out of the land of bondage and out into the wilderness, finally into the wilderness of Sinai; there Moses, their leader, went up into the mountain, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, and gave him the law—established ordinances, feast days, fast days, rites, ceremonies, and among other commands, He gave them this: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." "For it is the jubilee; it shall be holy unto you." This was the

semi-centennial celebration provided for by divine command.

Following this divine precedent, the American people celebrated the fourth day of July, 1826, with the greatest demonstrations and patriotic enthusiasm. It was the semi-centennial jubilee of American independence, and throughout the entire country the day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, strains of music, firing of cannons, and the rejoicings of a free people.

The recollections of the great Centennial celebration of 1876 are still fresh in our minds. We remember how a glad nation for months poured into Philádelphia, as pilgrims visiting a Mecca shrine.

As the setting sun throws back his golden beams to the eastern horizon as the pledge of his return in the east, so history shows likewise its reacting influences. Here we find a people burdened with unjust taxes imposed by the "mother country." A revolutionary war was precipitated and God provided a leader. Very many of those who were the strongest advocates of Colonial rights and had resisted the encroachments of Great Britain, were not opposed to a constitutional monarchy; and especially was this true with very many of the army officers, who met, and determined on Washington as ruler, with the title of king. Washington was informed of the fact; this offer of a title and a crown was not an empty offer. He had but to accept, and nothing could successfully oppose him and his followers. He was the commander-in-chief of a victorious army which had followed him through seven long years of bloody strife. All were devotedly attached to him. Washington was ambitious; his tastes and surroundings were of an aristocratic nature. He had greater knowledge of the resources of this country than any other man; he could see its splendid future. A great empire such as the world had never seen was before him. It was the supreme hour in the history of the young Republic; the national fate hung trembling in the scale of destiny. Fortunately for the oppressed of every land, for the cause of freedom, for humanity, for the world, while George Washington was ambitious, while he was aristocratic in his feelings, he was more than anything a patriot. He spurned the gilded bribe and rebuked the abettors of the

scheme. Thus the country was saved, because George Washington was a patriot. The war was over. The soldiers had fought at Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Princeton, and their banners had waved at last triumphantly at Yorktown.

And as we believe God raised up Washington to guide this nation safely through the dangers of the Revolution and bring it to Independence, so we believe to-day with profound gratitude that in our struggle for universal liberty, the same Almighty power called forth Abraham Lincoln to be the standard-bearer to save the Republic in the hour of its greatest peril, and to lead men to the comprehension of this great truth: "That of one blood God has created all men to dwell upon the face of the earth."

Abraham Lincoln! what a mysterious, tender, comprehensive nature he possessed! He seemed to be divine and human; solemn, yet majestic; with a soul ever flowing toward infinite good upon every event of his career. Still this man was stricken down in the hour of his triumph, and with his bleeding brow fanned by angel pinions, he was borne away to the higher duties of eternity. To-day he wears a martyr's crown. Like Washington, he sought strength and support from Him who holds the destinies of nations in the hollow of His hand. Washington and Lincoln — the one a founder, the other the preserver of a nation of free men. Their names will forever stand side by side as equals in a common glory.

As we have started down the new century so full of hope, so full of promise, of glorious expectancy, let us go not to devastate and conquer, but to establish a lasting peace; to establish such principles of justice and equity that capital and genius and labor shall be joined in bonds such that no antagonism shall ever be able to sever them. Then indeed will we have placed the capstone of prosperity and the seal of perpetuity upon the mighty structure which our forefathers struggled so heroically to create and maintain.

Man is a unique being: he is of the earth, but not entirely earthly; in bondage, but not entirely in chains; mortal, but not wholly doomed to die: finite, yet bordering on the infinite; human, and yet allied to the divine. He was designed for more than to dwell forever in darkness. At last the crisis comes, and, like a pilgrim on a long

journey, he falls asleep over the first pages of his Bible. When he awakens, it is to realize what he has read. The times move steadily on; civilization advances; a spirit of free development is manifest. Man starts on his journey anew, and with a different aim.

There is that in the human breast which longs for a higher, purer, nobler Being. This principle is the soul of worship; when reduced to a system it is religion. Worship is the light of the world, an anchor of the soul, the emblem of immortality, the child of glory, man's brightest anticipation for the future; it is divinely implanted in the soul.

No other principle has so stirred the human heart, has been the cause of so many wars and persecutions, has filled man's soul with so much joy and peace. Mankind will yet be crowned with the laurels of spiritual victory, man's heart will yet be filled with purity and peace, if he only develop the principle of worship in a right manner.

Who can express what the eye of faith sees and the soul of man experiences? It is the light from above. Philosophy and Science address their lifeless abstractions to the head; Christianity lays her hand upon the soul; Philosophy and Science breathe their chilling influences on a few; Christianity comes with life and power for all; Philosophy and Science accompany man to the farthest earth-shore, but leave him hopeless in the hour of death; Christianity guides him safely o'er the swelling waters, opens to him the golden portals, and crowns him with a glorious immortality.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP.

A LARGE number of students, joined on the way by parties from Boston and New York, formed the largest excursion that has yet been made from Lasell to Washington. We went by rail from Boston to Newport, and there took the boat for New York. In the beginning the passage was rough, but to the fortunate few this was only additional sport. Special menus were prepared for the "LASALLE Students" on board of the boats, which now serve as pleasant *souvenirs* for our "memory books."

The first morning after our arrival in Washington, fifteen handsomely equipped barouches conveyed our party through the residence part of the

city. Among the most interesting that we saw were the official residences, including those of the English, Russian, and Chinese legations. Then we took the boat for the beautiful journey down the Potomac to Mount Vernon. The river views are magnificent; Arlington, the location of the National Military Cemetery, originally the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, can be seen. We pass Alexandria, a town of much historical interest. Here Washington had his chief social, religious, and Masonic relations, and here he cast his first and last ballot. From the landing can be seen the old-style spire of Christ Church, of which Washington and Lee were vestrymen. We next pass Fort Washington, which the general selected as a point of fortification from the eastern piazza of Mount Vernon.

The tolling of the bell announces to the passengers that they are approaching the home of Washington, which is beautifully situated on the summit of a hill, and surrounded by choice shade trees, with a commanding view of the Potomac. By the side of the road, leading from the landing to the mansion, is a weeping-willow tree brought from the grave of Napoleon, at Saint Helena, and farther on is the tomb of Washington, a simple brick structure, built in accordance with Washington's wishes. The front is unpretending, with a wide arching gateway and double iron gates, through which can be seen the marble sarcophagi containing the remains of Washington and his wife.

Among the great number of valuable relics in the mansion is the key and model of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette immediately after the destruction of the celebrated prison. In the music-room is Washington's silver-mounted flute lying on a harpsichord which was a wedding present from Washington to Miss Custis, his adopted daughter. Here also is a card-table at which Washington and Lafayette played whist. The "Lafayette Room," so called in honor of Lafayette, who occupied it during his visit to Mount Vernon, the "Nellie Custis Room," and the rooms in which General and Mrs. Washington died are the most interesting of the thirteen in the mansion. On returning to the city we completed our drive, going through the Navy Yard, which contains many trophies captured at different times by the American navy.

During the evening we were highly entertained by a talk from Capt. Brooks, in which he related bits of his remarkable personal history and detective stories of counterfeiture connected with his office in the secret service at the Treasury Department.

Next morning we visited the Treasury Building, where the "Rogues' Gallery" (so called by the guide) attracted much attention. Here we saw the photographs of the famous counterfeiters, their tools, engraved plates used in counterfeiting, and much of their money. The money vaults, made of massive iron and steel, are located in the basement of the building. In the State, War, and Navy Department Building we were introduced to Secretary Proctor, and shown through his elegant office. We saw in this building the original draft of the Constitution.

Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Edwin E. Clifford, Deputy Sixth Auditor, for many courtesies in our sight-seeing in the Treasury and Post-office Departments.

President and Mrs. Harrison honored us with a private reception in the White House, which was the most enjoyable occasion of our trip. We saw the famous East, Green, Blue, and Red Rooms, and the Conservatory. Our guide through the White House was the same person who ushered Lincoln from the room now known as the "Red Room" to his carriage the night he was shot. While we were here the barouches arrived for the delightful drive through the grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

Early Sunday morning beautiful cards with Easter greetings from Mrs. Shepherd pleasantly surprised us all. Our party attended various churches during the morning, and in the evening a large number attended a colored church. Monday morning we visited the Post-office, the Dead Letter Office, and Museum, where we found the greatest variety of curiosities we had yet seen. At the Patent Office we passed our time in the Museum of Models, which contains two hundred thousand models of American and foreign inventions. Then we went to the Pension Office, where the Inaugural Ball was held, and saw the nearest living relative to Washington, who has a cigar stand near the entrance of the building. He has a stately figure, wears his white hair in colonial

style, and bears so strong a resemblance to Washington that his distinguished appearance is noticeable even to strangers.

At the Capitol, the famous Crawford and Rogers bronze doors, the rotunda with its celebrated paintings, Statuary Hall and the echoes, Hall of Representatives, Senate Chamber, and the Supreme Court in session were of unusual interest. In the Corcoran Art Gallery we saw the renowned "Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers.

The old custom of the children of Washington, of rolling Easter eggs in the park at the White House, was repeated this Easter, and we very much enjoyed seeing the merry throng. The Washington Monument, National Museum, and Smithsonian Institution completed our sight-seeing at "the most beautiful city in the world," which has truly convinced us of the grandeur and greatness of our nation.

D. F.

WAIALE.

It is a simple story that I am about to tell you, and yet it involves one of the saddest experiences of human life.

Molokai is a beautiful island, and yet the tourist, who visits the Hawaiian group to which it belongs, seldom finds footing upon its shores. He passes it at midnight on his trip from one island to another, and if he would rouse himself and look over the waters, he would see rising out of it the dim outline of a mountainous island, with here and there a light glimmering on its shores. The vessel he is on weighs anchor; a boat is lowered; its freight is human beings. The island to which the boat is now taking them is their destined home for life. It is called the asylum of death, for the poor wretches bound thither are victims to that insidious disease, leprosy. But sadder than all is the saying good by. They leave homes they may never hope to see again. The familiar fields, mountains, ravines, streams, become now but a dream of the past. But the parting from their loved ones, — how can they endure that!

Waiale, a pretty, bright-faced little native girl, lived with her parents in the village of Wahee, just at the foot of the Ounan valley, and bordering on the great Pacific Ocean. If I should tell you of the wild rambles Waiale took with her

friends in the neighboring ravines, if you could have seen her sturdy little form wading through the deep streams and leaping from rocks, watched her struggling resolutely through the thick undergrowth of fern and vine, and heard her merry peals of laughter, I am sure you could but have rejoiced with her, for Waiale was the happiest of the happy.

Waiale had a great fondness for ferns, sea-shells, and land-shells. The rare ferns seemed to grow in the most dangerous places, and these above all others was it her ambition to obtain. Sure-footed and steady-eyed, she would creep along the edge of a precipice, often slippery with moss, let herself down from ledge to ledge, and, with the rocky bottom some forty feet below her, would stretch out her hand and coolly seize her prize. The land-shells she would find on the trees and on the damp ground under the tall brush fern. For sea-shells she would trudge along the beach for miles, sinking at times over her ankles in the soft white sand, and yet encouraged every now and then in her search by some new-found treasure. When weary, she would plunge into the bright, sparkling waves; and how she would laugh as they tumbled and rolled her up the beach!

When Waiale had reached her thirteenth year her father determined to send her to a boarding-school for native girls on the Makawan slope of the mountain Haleakala. Waiale bids a tearful adieu to her mother, brother, and sister, to the ravines she loves so well, and with an aching heart sets forth on her journey. Her father is with her; they gallop along side by side, and evening finds them within the walls of the seminary.

I pass over quickly the first three years spent within those walls. They are profitable years. Waiale does admirably and gains the love and respect of teachers and scholars alike. But homesick moments would come now and then, and Waiale would climb the slope and, with one hand shading her eyes, would gaze long and earnestly at the distant, blue Wailuku Mountains, trying to fix the spot where her own little village lay.

One year more and she will graduate. What are her hopes for the future? She would have told you, had you asked her, but you need not flatter yourself that she would have opened her heart to you wholly; no, Waiale had happy secrets she told to no one.

And now, you may ask, what becomes of her? Does she go back to her pretty Wahee home and live to a happy old age?

The sun is just setting over the Wailuku Mountains, six months later, when a steamer sails out of the harbor of Kahilui. On the lower deck, crouched in a dark, dirty corner, is the figure of a girl. Her face is hid in her hands: you cannot see it; but the drooping little figure, the unkempt hair, the heaving bosom move you strangely, her whole appearance is so expressive of utter hopelessness and despair. Once she lifts her face. It is Waiale's! but who would recognize in those sad features, those mournful eyes, the once bright, happy, joyous Waiale? Our poor little friend is a *leper*. When the terrible truth dawned before her, not wishing to expose her friends to the loathsome disease, she fled away, all alone, with no one to comfort or console her, and is now on her way to the island of Molokai. It was a brave, noble act; very few would have had the courage to do what she did. As she sails away over the deep, blue-water the thought of never seeing again her home and friends must have been overwhelming to her. And now we too must take leave of Waiale as she puts off in the boat and lands on the strange, unfamiliar shore, praying that, through all her suffering and trials, the dear Lord in heaven will sustain and comfort her.

A. A. LASSELL.

BECKY SHARP.

THACKERAY was accustomed to lament that, "since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been able to depict to his utmost powers a man." Thackeray himself began writing on an almost entirely new line of thought in fiction, namely, showing up the vices of the human race. He soon won the fame of being the greatest satirist of modern times.

Before him, Scott had dealt with chivalry; Miss Edgeworth had been moral; Miss Austen, conventional; and Lytton, sentimental. Up to his time, the people demanded that the novel should contain the good and the bad, the dignified and the undignified,—provided the good and dignified were always in the ascendancy; besides, the heroine must be timid, beautiful, and reticent, the

hero, manly and noble. Thackeray has portrayed in his novels the evil of vice as it existed in his time; he has uncovered the shams of modern society, and given the lesser sins of the world a rap, with quiet satire.

He had become famous, to a certain extent, by his contributions to magazines, but, fired by the ambition to write something which should rank him with Dickens and Scott, he wrote "Vanity Fair," a novel without a hero. However, he has not left out the heroine; in fact, he has created two heroines: "Becky Sharp, who has intellect without heart, and Amelia Sedley, who has heart without intellect, but is a most lovable little woman." Becky Sharp stands recognized by all as Thackeray's masterpiece—a bad character, but an interesting and well-mannered woman. From the time she comes on the stage, at the early age of seventeen, until the curtain falls on the last scene of her life, we find her lying and plotting, attaining her end by false means and subterfuges. The daughter of an opera-singer and a dissipated drawing-master living in a questionable part of London, her early education was not calculated to inspire strong moral sentiments or build up a noble character. At an age when most children are carefully watched and guarded she was sent to bring beer for her father and his dissolute companions, or was obliged to use all her wits to keep the bailiffs away.

Her stay in Miss Pinkerton's school did her more harm than good. The august lady who had been honored by a visit from Dr. Johnson, whose "dixionary" she always presented to her pupils on leaving school, snubbed and rebuffed Rebecca until her heart was filled with hate towards every one. We feel almost tempted to condone Becky's faults when we think of her cheerless early life.

She leaves school, throwing the "dixionary" out of the window, as she would shake dust from her feet, and goes with her one girl friend, Amelia Sedley, to spend a few happy weeks in Russell Square before going to take her position as governess in a baronet's family. At the Sedleys', Becky practises her wiles upon unsuspecting Jos. Sedley, who is a drunkard, a fop, and a coward. Still, he has money; and this world's goods possess many attractions for Becky. She knows that she, with her green eyes and cat-like ways, is

not qualified to set up as a beauty; yet, by clever management, she does this afterwards. Though Jos. is repugnant to her, she will marry him, if she can; to accomplish this end, she bends all her energies to the attack. Who can blame her?

Thackeray himself says, "If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined upon making a conquest of this big beau, I don't think we have any right to blame her; for though the task of husband hunting is generally intrusted by young persons to their mammas, recollect, Miss Sharp had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her; and if she did not get a husband for herself, there was no one else in the world who would take the trouble off her hands."

Once launched upon the world, Becky's varying fortunes follow thick and fast. Failing utterly with Jos. Sedley, she takes her position as governess at Queens Crawley, where she makes a complete conquest of all the household; of her pupils, because she lets them neglect their lessons and reads "Voltaire" to them; of Sir Pitt, because she keeps his accounts straight and plays backgammon. Pitt the younger looks at her a little askance, but later becomes her admirer.

She gains the favor of the fat old aunt, Miss Crawley, and is taken by her to London. But it is Rawdon Crawley, the heavy dragoon, that Becky subjugates entirely. Capt. Crawley follows his rich aunt to his father's home, and Becky, who can no more help flirting than she can help breathing, immediately sets her cap for him and succeeds.

While in London, Lady Crawley dies, and old Sir Pitt rushes to Becky for consolation. Before he leaves he asks her to return to Queens Crawley as his wife. Becky has angled for favor and position, but she never expected to have her hand asked in marriage by a peer. Twice in her life Miss Sharp shows real feeling: once, when, after the battle of Waterloo, she visits Amelia, who is half crazed with grief; and the other time, on this occasion, she loses her presence of mind entirely and exclaims, "O Sir Pitt! O sir! I—I'm married already." She has married Rawdon Crawley, his aunt's favorite nephew and prospective heir. To thus have lost the chance of being "my lady," the possession of a town house, a box at the opera, and twenty thousand pounds

a year was almost more than human nature could bear; but Becky put on a brave face and despatched the cheeriest kind of a love-letter to Rawdon.

Then follow Becky's adventures as a married woman. Through everything she seems to have a glimmer of love for her husband, but her one end is to gain money. For her son she had no tenderness, except when strangers are present, then she makes a great show of maternal solicitude. How the great eyes of the boy must have reproached her when he said, "Mamma, why do you kiss me now: you never do at home?"

At Brussels, where Rawdon's regiment is stationed, she succeeds in bringing down by her fascinations Gen. Tufto, and George Osburne, who neglects his bride of six weeks for the charming Mrs. Crawley. Here her innate selfishness and deceit show themselves. She lies to her husband, and when he is on the field of battle employs herself in getting together a purse for herself. Thackeray designedly dwells on the contrast: the heavy dragoon "went through the various items of his little catalogue of effects, striving to see how they might be turned into money for his wife's benefit." Later he says that "this famous dandy of Hyde Park went off on his campaign . . . with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. He took her up . . . held her in his arms for a minute, tight pressed against his strong heart. His eyes were dim as he put her down and left her." And what did Rebecca do? She resolved not to give way to "unavailing sentiment," so she calmly divested herself of her ballroom attire, went to bed, and slept comfortably.

After conciliating with Capt. Crawley's creditors, the family returns to London, and our gentle Rebecca sets up for a woman of fashion; holds her receptions, and altogether leads a very gay life.

The Marquis of Steyne, her lover, possesses two distinctive characteristics: he is very dissolute and very rich. From him she obtains money and jewels. At last stupid old Rawdon finds her out.

Rawdon is seized by the bailiffs and taken to a sponging house, from which he unexpectedly escapes, and upon entering his home finds Becky arrayed in jewels and with her lover, Lord Steyne, at supper.

There is a scene. Rawdon knocks my lord down, hurls the diamonds at him, and leaves his wife forever.

Becky wanders on the continent, tries to get rich and appear honest. Several times she has success almost within her grasp, but every time she is thwarted. Thackeray seems to delight in sporting with her; he permits her to climb almost to the last round of the ladder, in order that he may drag her down the more disgracefully. To the end she is covetous, false, and utterly selfish. On the last page Thackeray places her in possession of a small fortune and leaves her abandoned to the shadiest society.

The reader upon closing "Vanity Fair" has the conviction that Becky Sharp was the victim of — to one of her nature — very unfavorable circumstances. If she had been born rich, and thus had had her overweening desire for worldly possessions satisfied, her mind would have turned to better things and her ready wit and intelligence been used for good.

The contrast, which the silly Amelia Sedley presents to this bright little woman, is very artistic. Even the virtuous reader is sorry when Becky comes to grief, as the novelist — with proper respect to morality — is bound to make her.

PERSONALS.

MAY BIGELOW, here from Worcester in '86, is said to be in Mrs. Salisbury's school in New York, finishing up unimportant educational matters preparatory to going to Mexico to take care of a man whom she met, with fatal result, on a recent visit there. Name not yet vouchsafed.

It has leaked out through two of Wichita's prominent business men that the secret of the Clement-Kansas undignified attack on Mr. B — is that Mr. Clement was a candidate for mayor at the election of April 2, and being an Eastern man (he emigrated to Wichita from Willoughby, O., less than two years ago) thought in this way to prove his Kansasism pure and strong.

We do not envy Mabel the notoriety to which her father's political ambition has exposed her. She is a good deal more sensible and modest a girl than some of those papers would lead their readers to think.

OUR Cora Shackford (Tilton), here in '82, '83, in the round of the itineracy has been planted in Waltham. That is nice—for us, and, we hope, for her, too. Now, be neighborly, Cora!

By Miss Wyard's kindness, a "favor" from Vice-President Morton's reception graces Mr. Bragdon's desk. Hard to tell how long it will be there.

MISS ELINOR CHAMBERLAYNE writes from her home, in Utica, that she is boarding in the house with two other "Lasellites," Lou Hammond and Ida Foote Willis. Cora Mills, who is Mrs. Willis's cousin, has been there for a brief time, and Elizabeth Brownell has been in town. She hears that Alice Magoun is a good deal better, but Alice Linscott Hall is in bad health. The climate of the Southwest does not agree with her. She is coming East this season with Miss Chamberlayne.

ONE of our number, Miss Sadie Hollingsworth, expects to give a musical recital this month, with the aid of some of the best artists of this vicinity.

MRS. MILBANK (Jennie Johnson), of Yonkers, with her sister, has been visiting Prof. Bragdon.

MISSES ANNIE BROWN, Sarah Pew, C. Tidd, and Merriam have recently made calls here. All former pupils.

MRS. WM. T. SHEPHERD, who branched off on the return from the Washington trip to visit a sick relative in Pennsylvania, returned May 9. We all echo the remark of one of the pupils, "It seems good to see her back."

By way of Annie Gage we hear the very unexpected news, without particulars, of the death of Kittie Youngs, of Summit, N. J., here in '86. The funeral was May 11.

THERE are still several people at Lasell who remember with pleasure the pastorate of Rev. Dr. McKeown at the Methodist Church at Auburn-dale. We welcome him to our neighborhood in Newton. Already some of our number have heard him preach in his new church.

ONE of the pleasant happenings of these latter days was the hearty greeting of Alice Libbey, here from Newton Centre in—(we won't tell what year, will we?), now Mrs. Wm. S. Walbridge, of Winchester, Mass. In spite of the many years since we last met, we knew each other at once.

Alice has matured some, hardly changed in looks, and I think, if her face is any guide, that she is even a better woman than she promised to be. She promises us the pictures of her two children for the "Lasell Grandchildren" collection. We shall hope to see both her and them, with Mr. W., at old Lasell before long.

ONE of our beloved Dr. Peirce's minor gifts was his graceful way of saying pleasant things. Some men throw a compliment or a kindness at you like a base-ball, and the pleasure intended is much diminished by the method of its approach. The encouraging things he made a habit of saying to young folks were doubly sweet by his way of putting them. He even made one almost thankful for unwelcome opinions or decisions by his winning art of saying them. A minor gift? But how much comfort he gave by it!

MRS. ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINJEN sends in her subscription for '89, '90. That is faith in the LEAVES and help for the publisher. Suppose all the rest of you should do the same in *September*,—not necessarily now, but in September,—without waiting to be reminded!

BLANCH PRUVNE and Edith Hax spent the Easter vacation with Ada Marsh at her home, Lansingburg, N. Y.

BERTHA GRAV made Lasell a little visit April 26.

ANNIE WILLIAMS and her cousin, Miss Draper, made Lasell a visit April 8.

GRACE HAVENS left the school May 3, for her home, Terre Haute, Ind.

A. LINA JONES, '88, and Helen White, '88, called April 4.

MAUD VAN HORN and Clara Bowen spent Easter with Lizzie and Florence Freeman at their home, in Syracuse, N. Y.

MISS WARNOCK spent a very delightful Easter vacation with Miss Shryock of Baltimore.

WE ought to have noticed Rev. Dr. Shinn's paper on the Constitutional Amendment before the 22d, but it is not too late to express our satisfaction with the decided and manly stand Dr. S. took on the subject. He was on the right side, and is among the large minority who are not to blame for the failure in the vote.

AMONG the pretty babies, grandchildren of Lasell, is Emily Elizabeth Stuart, whose photograph has come to us. It is a tender reminder of her mother, whose name she bears, and who died at her birth. Her mother, Emily Peabody, a graduate of not many years ago, sister to "Nan," is well remembered and loved by many people still at Lasell.

LOUISE HAWLEY, of Aurora, Ill. (Mrs. Sanders), now of Stockbridge, kindly sends photos of herself, her husband, and daughter, aged nine. This is Lasell's oldest grandchild of the present management, we believe, unless we except the son of Mary Carter (that was), who is nine years and a half, and yet may be no older, comparing birthdays.

WE have had a visit at Lasell from two artists who are represented each by several paintings in the art collection of the school. And it happened that they came together one day in vacation, and went about together looking at the pictures and other attractions of Lasell. They were Mr. John Dunsmore, of Detroit, and Mr. C. W. Sanderson, of Boston.

THERE came cards from Minneapolis, — the cards of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Oswald, Miss Oswald, and Mr. Henry E. Barnes, Jr. So our old mate Bertha is going the way of all — well, *almost* all — young women.

CARRIE ALLEN writes from Boston, 35 Temple Place, for a Lasell pin, as a reminder of "pleasant days." She is true to old times and friends.

A LETTER from Nellie Babb tells that she sails for Europe on the first day of May, in company with a party of her Williamsport friends and relatives. Mrs. Ryan is one of the party, and they expect to join Florence Ryan and Miss Parsons, another Williamsport girl. A charming plan the whole seems to be.

OUR late pupil, Helena Pfau, writes from Naples, Italy, in behalf of a younger sister who is to enter Lasell next year. She intrusts her to the care of the principal and his aids with affectionate confidence. Helena has been traveling with friends in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, is on her way to Paris, with Holland, Belgium, and England in view. She seems to be in full enjoyment of her opportunities.

MISS IDA PHILLIPS of New York, a graduate of Lasell, has an interesting article in a late number of the *New York Christian Advocate*. We are glad to see that she is using her pen.

IF it comes within the knowledge of any of our readers that a good Kindergartner, one with the best training, great natural facility, and some experience, is wanted, I will be glad to give the name of one who will fill all reasonable requirements abundantly.

C. C. B.

ONE of the "old girls" is near us again. This time she brings her husband. Mamie Harmon, now Mrs. Charles E. Hellier, lives in Boston, and her husband has his law office at 57 Equitable Building. Success to him!

MRS. HENRY F. ATEN of Brooklyn, formerly Miss Lizzie Mills of Boston, recently called at the school expressing great interest in it. She was a pupil here for four years, entering on the very first day when the school was opened, in 1851. She did not graduate, much to her later regret, allowing her dislike for an especial study to lead to its entire omission, otherwise she had fulfilled every requirement of the course. Mrs. Aten is a grandmother, though a fair and fresh one. She is the right kind of a daughter of Lasell, for we hear that, being now somewhat released from household cares, she is giving her time and service in many useful charities. Mrs. Aten's reminiscences of Lasell in its early days, its beginnings, were interesting to hear.

REV. W. H. CRAWFORD, of Union, Me., a Conference visitor, has been examining the school, making the tour of the classes, observing the gymnasium, etc.

DR. W. A. SPENCER, corresponding secretary of the Board of Church Extension for the M. E. Church, has been a guest of the principal for a few days. Dr. Spencer has the gift of an unusually sweet voice, like that of Chaplain McCabe. He sang old songs and charmed all hearers.

MISS LUELLE CLARK, well known in the past as a teacher and a writer, but of late years absorbed in the care of an invalid mother, has since that mother's death been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Noyes, and other friends. She has spent a few days at Prof. Bragdon's, and been greatly enjoyed by her several friends here.

ROUND THE WORLD TOUR.

MRS. FLINT, of Providence, who started with the Lasell European party of '84, but, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the surgeon, did not go very far, writes that if we'll get out a new edition of the geography so that one may read "one quarter is land and the remainder solid earth," we may enter her for the Round the World Tour. Well, we will do that simple thing, and have entered her name, but for 1890, not 1889. That will give us time to get the thing fixed.

Any other little matter that we can arrange for any of you, let us know.

 IN MEMORIAM.

WHEN the late Easter bells rang out their usual glad tidings they had in them for us some notes of sadness. Two beautiful lives within our social circle had ended their earthly career, and two lofty souls, dear to us, had entered into the joy of the risen Lord, one on Easter day. Our two friends were Dr. Bradford K. Peirce, and Judge Jno. C. Park. They were both men of note, and of their public lives we have no need to speak. Both held high positions, one in the pulpit, the other at the bar and on the bench. Both as men and as public speakers had exerted a strong and positive influence. Both were active in every good word and work. What were they to us?

Since the present administration began Dr. Peirce had been an unfailing ally of the school, hearty to aid by word or deed. He came to address us on topics mainly historical and religious, or on occasions of special services, as the day of prayer for schools. Whatever the word he said, he won the full and eager attention; so that the old pupils who recognized the large and loving soul behind the benevolent face were ready to welcome him when he came, three months ago, to be the regular leader of the Sabbath-morning Bible studies, and all soon learned to esteem and enjoy him. He came first on his seventieth birthday, but spoke with the fire of vigorous early manhood. He was absent only once, the Sunday preceding his death. When he should have come again he lay in the last peaceful sleep; but perhaps his ever-earnest teachings came back to his awe-stricken

pupils with an impressiveness that living lips could not convey.

Lasell girls have for years been familiar with the tall figure, a little bent by age, of Judge Jno. C. Park. They welcomed always his bright, shrewd, but sweet and kindly face. He was nearing fourscore, and no longer physically vigorous, but he loved young people; he was awake to every vital question of the day. There was still much of the magnetism which made him once a consummate orator. He was in sympathy with youth and gave fully both precepts and illustrative facts from the riches of his long experience. He was wise and witty, whether on the platform or in conversation, and the girls responded warmly to his attractions. He spoke in our chapel twice last winter. He said it would be the last time. His words proved prophetic.

On Sunday morning, April 28, at the usual hour for the Bible class, the whole school met in the chapel, and held a memorial service in honor of our two friends who would come to us no more. Kind words were spoken in grateful recognition of their worth and service to us, and tender songs were sung; and we tried to catch some notes of the anthems which our friends were newly singing with the invisible choir of the redeemed.

U. C.

 DEATHS.

JOHN M. PHILLIPS.

THE February number of the LEAVES had a notice of the death of John M. Phillips, senior agent of the Book Concern of the M. E. Church, New York City.

A small book, "In Memoriam," has appeared, which contains the words of Bishop Andrews at the funeral of the deceased, also the address of Rev. Dr. Kelley on that occasion, and official testimonials from the Missionary Society of which Mr. Phillips was Treasurer, from the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of New York and vicinity, and from the directors of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank, of which body he was a member.

In this little book it is interesting to trace the history of one marked for worth, intelligence, and usefulness from the time, when an orphan boy,

he began, in the humblest position, the business which became his life work. One sees his fidelity and honesty gaining the confidence of his employers, and leading him, step by step, to places of increasing trust for which his trained abilities fitted him. Many and varied responsibilities were put into his hands, and his wisdom and judgment were constantly sought in counsel. Always true, always noble, strong, and helpful, such a man must be greatly missed; but he is not wholly lost, for the memory of his life remains a light and an example to those who come after him.

SINCE the last issue of the LEAVES the following notice has been received:—

MR. HENRY F. MILLS died in San Diego, Cal., Dec. 7, after a protracted and painful illness.

MARRIED.

MARCH 28, Louise S. Worcester to Harry S. Hardy. At home after April 15, 426 Broadway, South Boston.

SOME members of the Faculty had the pleasure of attending the wedding of Miss Nellie E. Halford, a former pupil, who was married to Mr. Louis B. Wheildon, on Saturday evening, April 27, at the Church of the Advent in Boston. The affair was elegant and tasteful, as also the reception at Hotel Brunswick, the bride looking fair and sweet in white and orange flowers.

APRIL 27, Ellen F. E. Halford to Louis B. Wheildon.

MAY 16, Mabel Raum to James R. Littell.

MAY 14, Emma Netta Oswald to William L. O'Brien. At home Tuesdays after June 15, 1322 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

LOCALS.

THE noble Charles is once more the scene of action. Many uninitiated in the art of rowing have tried to see what they could do, "And many are the things that they said, said, said."

"CARRIE" is an abbreviation for "Clarissa." If you don't believe it, ask H. C. B., Box 2263.

UNDER what term shall we speak of fermented cherry juice when offered to us by a prohibitory house?

THE tennis season has opened with more life than ever before. The scores lost and won are carolled from early morn until late at night. Every girl the owner of tennis shoes and a racket now feels competent to accept or challenge a champion of high repute.

ON Thursday evening, May 2, a party, including Seniors, Juniors, a few special students, and several members of the Faculty attended a reception given by the Theological Students of Boston University. The early part of the evening was spent in conversation, and at 8.30 an enjoyable musical programme was rendered, including selections by the quartette, and on the violin and pianoforte. After refreshments were served the whole house was thrown open and guests were invited to inspect the rooms at their pleasure. The committee are to be congratulated upon their successful entertainment.

MR. E. B. HOMER, lecturer on Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is giving a course of six lectures at the Seminary.

THE death of Dr. Bradford K. Peirce and of Judge John C. Park occurring within a few days of one another has caused a double grief to both teachers and pupils of Lasell. As a tribute to their memory a memorial service was held in the chapel, Sunday morning, April 28.

After the opening exercises, conducted by Prof. Bragdon, Miss Gale gave "Reminiscences of Dr. Peirce," touching upon the important events of his useful Christian life. Miss Mary Packard supplemented them by a few words concerning "Dr. Peirce among us," for his connection with the school had rendered him a warm friend to every one. Misses Brown and Coutts spoke upon "Judge Park as a Citizen" and "Our Friend at Lasell," recalling the incidents of his life which made him a benefactor to every good cause, and a friend to all who knew him. A poem entitled "Forefathers' Day," written by Judge Park, was read by Flora Gardner, and appropriate music was rendered by Miss Hollingsworth and the Amphion Quartette.

In the death of these two men the school has lost two of its strongest supporters. They will be missed, but their friends can but be content in the

knowledge that in the beauty of ripened age they have received the nobly earned "well done."

THE chronic delinquents to the 7.30 repast have received several unexpected checks of late from the hands of the doorkeeper of the dining-hall. Sixty were filed on one morning. Considerable difficulty was encountered on that eventful morning in getting them cashed.

MONDAY afternoon, April 29, the Seniors, chaperoned by Miss Cutler, visited the home of Miss Marion Talbot, on Marlborough Street, Boston. The invitation included a thorough inspection of the sanitary arrangements of the house, from the depths of the cellar to the top of the house. This was indeed a practical illustration of the lectures given by Miss Talbot last term, and it is only to be regretted that more who heard them could not have the pleasure afforded to the Senior class.

THE surplus silver has been invested this spring in oranges, lemons, bananas, peanuts, etc., vendors being stationed at the four points of the compass, within a short distance of the main building. It has been wafted through the air that a co-operation with a transfer of location to the rear of the building in some secluded nook would not tend to detract from the appearance of an institution intended for the feeding of the mind.

By the courtesy of Capt. Albert Little, of Company A of the Newton High School Battalion, several of the Lasell Battalion enjoyed the annual drill of the M. I. T. Corps Cadets, at Mechanics' Hall on May 11.

A RECEPTION was given to the Sophomores and Freshmen Thursday evening, April 11. Notwithstanding the inflated feelings concomitant with the Sophomore class, they were obliged to exert all the hitherto latent energy they could muster to keep the Freshmen in the background, for they numbered eight to ten. The Amphion Quartette rendered several selections in their usual pleasing manner. The gymnasium, bowling-alley, and dining-hall offered their support to the evening's entertainment. The diversion was very much enjoyed by all who participated.

FRIDAY afternoon, May 3, the dress-cutting class exhibited the result of their labor. Great credit is due Miss Lillian Upton, their instructor and

an old Lasell girl, and the members of the class. Scores of Lasell girls are now only waiting for their sign to be raised.

THE members of the Thursday cooking class gave a dinner Friday evening, May 3, to the members of the Faculty and their own friends. The tables were prettily decorated and the dinner well served. The following *ménu* will show what a class with one term of instruction can do:—

MÉNU.

Soup.

Tomato.

—
Roast.

Lamb, Jelly.

—
Entrees.

Potato Puffs.

Lobster Salad.

Corn, Parsnips.

—
Dessert.

Ice-cream, Cake, Strawberries.

Café au Lait.

APRIL 30, 1889, a patriotic spirit was felt by each Lasell girl, and all did their part to show their love and appreciation for "*Pater Patriæ*." In the morning interesting exercises in the Congregational Church made a good beginning for the day's celebration. With such an impetus we were fully prepared to spend a part of the afternoon enjoying, with much pleasure and profit, a programme consisting of music, reading, also the reading of two essays. Much to our surprise, a band of music in the "Crow's Nest" greeted us at the close of the preceding exercise, and in a short time the Virginia reel and other dances were indulged in on the lawn. The day was a success in every way, and now we feel ready to begin another century with good courage.

APRIL 10 saw the "Constitutional Amendment" carried at Lasell. At nine o'clock on that morning the polls were opened, a registration taken in the fall showed all the members of the school competent to cast a vote. However, there were two who could not see that non-use of the ballot is misuse. Five tellers were appointed to canvas the votes. The result showed one hundred and sixteen voters, one hundred and nineteen ballots cast, one hundred and nine pro,

eleven con, three ballots yet unaccounted for. The electioneering done for two days prior, by the party favoring the amendment, had its influence. The halls were lined with posters stating the evil effects of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. The wee anti-amendment party now cry the mind of the Lasellian was biassed.

"ANYTHING for a change." So say we all. Saturday evening, April 13, for the first time in the history of the clubs, the Lasellia Club and S. D. Society united in giving an entertainment to the members of the two clubs. Only three uninitiated were permitted to witness the talent unveiled by the clubs. A petite comedy in one act, by Shirley Brooks, entitled "Anything for a Change," was given.

CAST.

MR. PAUL HUNEYBALL	Miss Gilbert.
MR. SWAPPINGTON	Miss Pearce.
MR. JEREMY CENSUS	Miss Coutts.
MRS. HUNEYBALL	Miss Warnock.
MARGARET HUNEYBALL	Miss Harwood.
ELIZA	Miss Shryock.

ON the evening of April 16, Messrs. Davis and Hills gave their second musical rehearsal. Their pupils presented the following programme:—

PART I.

PIANOFORTE. Promenades d'un Solitaire Heller
MISS NINDE.

SONGS. { a. I should never have thought }
 { b. In Summer seek a love to find } . Meyer-Helmuna
 { c. The Double Loss }
MISS PEABODY.

PIANOFORTE. On music's bright pinions Mendelssohn-Köhler
MISS HUTTON.

SONG. O Salutaris Panofka
MISS M. SEIBERLING.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Dance Parisienne, 6 Nos. Hofmann
MISSES PEW, JOHNSON, COUTS, AND FULLER.

SONG. Thou art like unto a flower Rubinstein
MISS GALE.

CHORUS. Summer Fancies Mclra
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PART II.

SONG. The Gate of Heaven Tours
MISS BARBOUR.

PIANOFORTE. 32 Variations on an original theme in C minor, Beethoven
MISS SARGEANT.

SONG. Tarantelle Bassford
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. { a. On the Mountain Mair
 { b. The Cuckoo Fittig
MISSES BARBOUR, PEABODY, DUDLEY, AND GALE.

PIANOFORTE QUARTETTE. Hungarian Lustspiel Overture, Kéler Bó'a
MISSES FOSTER, OLIVER, NINDE, AND BRAGDON.

CHORUS. The Arrival Lahee
CHORUS CLASSES.

A CARD.

MISS BLAISDELL wishes to express her sincere thanks to the members of the class of '89 for the beautiful flowers that welcomed the return of April 29.

MUSICAL NOTES.

ALBANI returns home May 11th.

MR. WILLIS NORWELL has returned to Boston.

ROSENTHAL is said to be the coming pianist.

BOSTON is to try the experiment of having meritorious performances of standard operas at low prices during the coming summer.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, at the conclusion of its home season in New England, makes a provincial tour.

SIG. A. LIBERATI, the cornet virtuoso, has been elected an honorary life member of Haydn Musical Association, of Baltimore, a compliment rarely tendered.

It is intimated that von Bülow will come over again next season, and give six concerts in New York, and the same number in Boston.

WAGNER's music has not enchanted the Russians. The news is just received that, after the curtain fell on the second and third representations at the St. Petersburg Opera House, the audience hissed loudly.

MR. FREDERICK ARCHER, the conductor and organist who was so prominent in Boston musical circles last season, is taking a similar active part in the musical affairs of the great Northwest.

POLITICAL NOTES.

WORD comes from Ottawa that Sir John McDonald will probably visit England to confer with the imperial authorities about the settlement of the fishery treaty.

Two of the recently appointed postmasters in Mississippi are colored men. Another has been made inspector of Indian depredations in the general Land Office.

RUSSIAN detectives have been sent to Switzerland to negotiate for the extradition of Nihilists.

A SUPERINTENDENT of Indian schools has been appointed by the President. This position has been vacant for some time. It was little more than a clerkship when first established, but now is a position of considerable importance.

Two hundred million revenue stamps, of the value of forty-five million dollars, stored in the Treasury vault in Washington, were recently counted, and every cent was accounted for.

THE government of Chili has formally signified its intention to participate in the Congress of American Nations, to be held in Washington, this year.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ARE sorry we cannot find something more to say about cobalt and nickel.

THE Topeka Rapid Transit Electric Railway has just been completed, and is said to be the longest in the world (14 miles, 20 miles of track). The trial trip was made on April 3, and was a great success.

MICHEL EUGENE CHEVREUL, the famous French chemist, died on the 9th of April, in his one hundred and third year. His most important investigations were upon the chemistry of fatty substances, including the discovery of stearine, glycerine, etc., and his researches upon complementary colors.

VENUS became morning star on April 30. The distance between this planet and the sun is rapidly increasing, and by the end of May Venus will rise about two hours before the sun.

MERCURY is evening star throughout this month.

A NEW mineral of great chemical interest has been discovered by Mr. Sperry, of Sudbury, Ontario, Canada. It is an arsenide of platinum, Pt. As₂, and is the first mineral yet found containing platinum as an important constituent

A quantity of the mineral which takes the form of a heavy, brilliant sand, composed of small well-defined crystals, has been investigated by Prof. Wells, who names it "sperry-lite," after its discoverer.

WE may have new minerals, even if we may not have new elements.

ART NOTES.

HENRY ORNE RYDER, the artist of Auburndale, whose picture, "Anxious Moments," is remarked among our paintings, has sent a landscape to this year's Salon, which has not only been accepted but given the honor of a "second."

We congratulate our friend.

MR. LOUIS K. HARLOW brought home from his Florida trip a very interesting set of water colors painted in St. Augustine. He has never done better work than these picturesque compositions representing the streets, gates, sea-front, and walls of the ancient town.

WITH the May number the tenth year of the *Art Amateur* ends. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the good influence this magazine has had in popularizing art in this country.

THE art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident, a few drops of *aqua-fortis* fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the acid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

IN the *Bowdoin Orient* we find some solid reading—a little too solid perhaps. The article on "Conversation," though short, is well written. It speaks of some of the advantages of conversation and the qualifications of a good conversationalist.

WE heave a sigh of relief when we think spring is so nearly over,—spring, that season whose presence all journals think themselves obliged to

acknowledge,—by the way, some papers were a little ahead of time this year with their verdant covers and remarks,—and in writing lines to which the poets (?) outdo themselves.

CLASS day at Tufts College is a thing of the past.

FOR two months we saw nothing of the *Chauncy Hall Abstract*, but we again welcome its appearance.

THE *University Cynic* is before us, with its usual amount of grave and sober reading.

THE funniest thing we have come across for a long while is "O sugar!" We know that must be 'cute, for 't is put in the 'cute column Do tell us what 's the joke?

ONE of the most attractive papers, both inside and out, among our exchanges is the *Pulse*. The cover is especially artistic, and the literary matter both pleasing and instructive.

We agree with the editor who says, "The *Pulse* bids fair to remain in the front rank of college journals for a generation to come."

ON THE BALCONY.

'T was just after twilight, and, standing
Alone on the balcony, I
Was watching the gathering darkness,
And the stars coming out of the sky.

And she came to me there in the dimness,
Her little hand slipped into mine,
And we silently stood there together —
With feelings — ah! who can define?

Then I bent down and lovingly kissed her,
As she stood there so close to my side,
And she took it all strangely demurely,
And smiled, never thinking to chide.

From above a small star, looking, saw me,
And tipped me a kind of a wink,
As if it would say, not unkindly,
You 're spooning, young fellow, I think.

But I was n't. Most every one kissed her;
My right was undoubted and clear,
For, you see, 't was my small baby sister, —
After all, it was n't so queer.

Williams Weekly.

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THE return of Memorial Day brings to mind again pictures of the greatest national struggle in this century, and calls up recollections of the troubles and privations of those dark days of national trial, a quarter of a century ago.

On these occasions the nation pays her tribute to bravery, to sacrifice, to patriotism. It is a day of memorial, and as the old memories crowd thickly up there are tears shed by many whose bereavements time has only softened. The ordinary duties of the day are laid aside, that we may consider briefly the incidents of a most stupendous struggle for liberty and the Union.

"If you wish a thing well done, do it yourself; do not wait for others to do it." Miles Standish spoke the truth; because nearly three hundred years have elapsed since he asserted the fact, it is no less applicable now to those of the nineteenth century.

If matters do not glide smoothly along, do not forever groan, and find fault with those who are working to the best of their ability. Their "best" may not *be* the best way, but instead of telling them it is *not*, tell them what *is*, and then help them in person.

The question to-day is not to inform the multitude of a long list of what should not be done (thus pulling back with all one's might), but to tell them what to do; then the way will be easier and the burden lighter.

THE habit of criticism is one of the greatest faults; it is a habit that should be carefully guarded against, and eradicated if formed, for it is as destructive to character as acid is to fine gold. It is only too easy to fall into judging others, criticising their acts and motives, perhaps putting a very unjust construction upon them.

Praise and commendation may be given grudgingly. Persons take it upon themselves to criticise their neighbors' dress, or furniture, their family expenditure, their way of living, their government of their children; and always with expressed or implied censure because these matters are not ordered differently. This they do without reflecting that it is no business of theirs, that the neighbors are the best judges of their own necessities and means, and have the right to manage income and outgo with no reference to the opinions of outsiders. All are liable to errors of judgment — especially in the eyes of critics.

The people who criticise most harshly are invariably those who resent most indignantly any comments upon their own affairs. They arrogate to themselves the utmost liberty in deciding the merits or demerits of the best others can do, but expect to be passed by scot-free themselves. Sometimes they do escape, simply because their propensity is known so well that peace is purchased at the price of silence.

Criticism is the fruitful source of trouble between friends and neighbors. Some one says, "What a shabby supper Mrs. Grey set for her euchre party; she might have had something a little better; don't you think so?" Oh, that wicked "Don't you think so?" It is so easy to say, "Why, yes!" that it seems sometimes as if it were almost extorted against the will. The next minute the ill-considered reply rises before us and we are dumb. Perhaps our friend is lost forever; perhaps the breach is smoothed over, but the friendship is never quite as free and trustful as before. We must beware not only of making uncalled-for criticisms ourselves, but also of being beguiled into assenting to those of others.

THE old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is not only a true saying, but, it might well be added, it makes Jack no boy at all: it takes all the life out of him.

Dickens has given a vivid illustration of this fact in the person of "Johnny," in "The Haunted Man." The other small Tetterbys are exceedingly vivacious and mischievous, and have no end of "fun"; but meek Johnny must eternally have the care of that "precious baby," which is *always*

cutting teeth and *always* very cross. When it is a bright day and Johnny has an inclination to play marbles on the front walk, the baby is asleep and he must remain by her side. When Johnny is unusually tired and desires the privacy of his stool behind the stove, "that baby" is restless and must be taken for a walk; Johnny must take her. The entire family continually persuade him it is an honor and a great pleasure to care for the "flower of the family," and for a few seconds he is blissfully deluded; but *his* honor and pleasure soon become such a duty that work — hard work — is all that is left. By this time, what is left of Johnny? He has no energy to defend himself, and is obliged to take uncomplainingly all that is put upon him by his parents, five small brothers, and "that baby"; he has no life. Dickens styles him "the patient, much-enduring, and devoted Johnny."

The same effect is produced if a youth be sent to school, and the studies so diligently pursued that no time is left for recreation. Re-creating is creating over again, making new. After continuing any one thing for a length of time, the body requires a change and a rest; and the mind is better for changing the line of thought which has been followed.

Goethe took for his recreation the study of botany and nature, and became an enthusiastic student. He delighted to wander deep into the forest and to return with the rarest wild flowers.

Alfred the Great would labor over the translation of some favorite author, for his pleasure and for the benefit of his people; after an exciting day on the battle-field, when others would be too tired to work, it was a relief to turn to his books and refresh his mind. Although his reign was greatly disturbed, he succeeded in accomplishing much.

After a busy day at his office, Robert Bonner would return home very tired, but only to enter his library and pursue the study of the horse with the greatest eagerness. It was a welcome change from the duties of the day, which re-created him; and late into the night he might be seen still studying his favorite subject. It was a pleasure for him to turn his mind from the grooves and channels in which it had been running all day. It is possible to so divide our time that even our studies will be a delight and a recreation.

THE hills are to me the great symbol of strength. A man should be a steadier, solider man for living among mountains. God is a "rock," but the torrents roll the rocks over and over like playthings; a "high tower," but the assaults of men bring to naught the defences of men. But when He says "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," there comes to me a sense of something enduring. The "everlasting hills" expand me with the feeling of eternity.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

A THOUSAND miles at sea, twelve hundred miles from land, the island of St. Helena lay sleeping on the bosom of the Atlantic.

No human eye had witnessed its birth. When the ages of God first broke into years its origin might have been comprehended in that fiat of Deity which set the stars in their shining orbits and the sun in his pathway; or ages after, when on the Mediterranean shores Rome was waging with the Goth her desperate struggle for existence, it might have sprung forth in the eruption of subaqueous fires, the roar of surges, and the calling of deep unto deep. No man could tell. The silent canopy of God was its only watcher, the voiceless solitude of four thousand years its only companion.

In the fifteenth century men had pushed westward; the New World had been found; one bold adventurer had doubled the south and found a way to the Utopia of the age, and the trade of all Europe set its sails in the wake of the adventurer.

The pathway thus marked out and followed by European commerce led directly past St. Helena. It was a lonely, desert spot, frequented only as the albatross might rest its wings after a flight of many days upon the main, or as the mariner sought a temporary shelter for his weather-beaten vessel. So it remained for three hundred years.

About the year 1815 a British man-of-war broke the solitude of St. Helena and landed on its coast the person of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is now that St. Helena becomes historic. The albatross may visit its coast as before and find nothing to disturb its rest; but the mariner no longer passes by without pointing his comrades to

the spot, saying, "Yonder is he who was Emperor of France."

Wonderful things went on there before the six years of his exile were over, and he slept at last beneath the sky and by the sea. No great events, it is true. But what a mind was there! And what storms of emotions must have swept its surface day and night! Amazing scene! Awful spectacle! Dread counterpart of the Greek tragedy of old! There, the desert rock in a trackless wilderness—here, on a trackless sea; there, the bound Prometheus—here the exiled Napoleon; there, the scorching sun by day and piercing frost by night, and here also; there, the vulture at the vitals—here, remorse and baffled ambition; and the same starry-mantled night overarched the one and the other.

Napoleon was restless in his exile, and, with that constant activity which marked him on the battle-field, made a thorough survey of the island, till every spot was familiar to him. One place came to be his favored retreat; it is on the northeast, a single rock jutting out from the shore, where the broken waves mutter uneasily beneath him and cast their spray fitfully to his feet, and where, too, there is a wide view of the sea.

Behold him as he stands there, alone, peering out over the sea to that far horizon beyond which lies "sunny France" and the Continent. The keen eye glazes, the quick ear dulls. In the deep abstraction of memory, "the past rises before him like a dream." St. Helena broadens beneath his feet into the space of a continent, the low muttering of the breakers sounds to his ears like the measured tread of armies, and the waves, sparkling before him in the sunlight, transform into the glitter of a myriad of swords and bayonets. He is leading the soldiers of the French Republic on the northern plains of Italy, in the first venture of his arms, winning laurels and fame, homage and power. Three armies recoil before him, defeated, overwhelmed, annihilated—but for the few who carried the awful intelligence across the plains to the walls of Vienna. In the crash of opposing armies, in the wild tumult of the charge and the retreat, he rises to the full consciousness of his capacity for leadership. His ambition is born, and its first irregular impulse is to go eastward, awaken the slumbering power of the Orient, and

reign, a second Alexander, on the banks of the Indus.

He is leaving France. The hoary heads of the Alps, lifting themselves proudly against the sky, recede and fade away in the lengthening distance, until the loftiest has sunk below the horizon, and the last landmark of his country has disappeared. He is skirting Sicilian shores, penetrating Mediterranean solitudes, "till on the shores of Ptolemais the Orient bids him 'Hail!'" He is marching with impatient energy beneath the shadows of the Pyramids, through the Nile, across the deserts and seas, until, defeated at last by heat and famine and the enemy, he turns his back upon the East, uttering this epitome of his ambition, "If Acre had fallen, I should have changed the face of the world."

How events have culminated while he dreamed! Paris is in an ecstasy of terror. Festivities have paled and fled before the dismal news of armies defeated and borders invaded. From the Rhine, from the Alps, from every quarter come rumors that thicken into fears, through fears into appalling certainty, till, like frightened Rome in her peril, Paris utters that fearful cry, "Hannibal at the gates!"

Evidently the Republic is on the verge of a crisis. Will it fall? See, how a few days will answer. Freshly returned from his Egyptian dreaming, and fully awake now to the crisis at hand, Napoleon steps to the head of affairs. It is announced that the Republic is at an end, and France, with facile assent, creates the consular throne. So falls the Republic; so rises the star of Napoleon.

Events are swift now. Ambition is designing ends and genius adapting means. He calls himself the creature of circumstances; but it is the idle talk of the man who is master of circumstances. As a star, sent out from the hand of God, cannot fail of its celestial orbit, Napoleon moves steadily for his goal. There is no uncertainty, no doubt. Things take the shape of a clear design; each prominent event is the outcome of a settled purpose, each purpose the issue of his deep ambition.

Now he sets before himself the goal of empire. Hannibal is driven back from the gates, the Alps are crossed, Marengo and Hohenlinden are

fought, and everywhere completely victorious he returns to Paris, having reached the goal. It would seem sufficient glory to sit upon the throne of the first empire of the period; but as Napoleon is a man of no ordinary genius, so he is a man of extraordinary ambition. If a conqueror, and emperor of France, why not lord of Europe, and master of the world? He sets before himself the goal of universal empire. To this end, every sacred shrine of his heart is dethroned, every scruple of conscience subdued, and every cry of outraged justice and patriotism muffled into silence. Glory is his shrine, ambition his conscience, and war his arbiter of justice.

The crisis of the age approaches. Hero of Ulm, Austerlitz, Auerstadt, and Jena, Napoleon prepares for his final campaign. The Continent becomes the theatre of war. From Arctic Russia to the gates of Gibraltar there is the sound of bugles and the commotion of arms. Europe is arrayed against one man. The course of history hangs on the issue of a single campaign. But a step more,—the taking of Moscow,—and the world shall lie at his feet.

The dream passes. The glaze is gone from his eye, the dulness from his ear. It is St. Helena beneath his feet; it is the low muttering of broken waves down there, not the march of armies, and out yonder is the sunlight glittering on the sea to that far horizon.

What does it mean? what, Napoleon! Where is thy Austerlitz and thy Jena?

How like Lucifer, from the highest battlement of glory, the star of Napoleon fell, and went out in the night.

Out on the bosom of the Atlantic still lies the island of St. Helena, the albatross again the only frequenter of its solitudes, and the silent canopy of God its only watcher, a fitting monument of the fallen ambition that lies buried there, a thousand miles at sea.

C. W.

THE light of the face is the eye; the sweetness of it is the mouth; the glory of it is the forehead. Shut the eye and you darken the face; by the lips you may make it stern and sour; cover the forehead and you degrade it.

THE LASSELL PIN

HAS already done its work in two cases heard from, one in California, one in Omaha.

Wherever one Lasell girl recognizes another by it, let the fact be sent to the LEAVES. Let us see whether or not it is going to be of real help. In this matter, however, its value cannot be surely measured by its immediate results. Lately the writer met in N. O. a brother *Φ. Ψ.*, in N. Y. another, two within one month, while the wearing of the pin had been apparently fruitless for the two previous years. One criticism was vouchsafed: "Why did n't you have it a pin and not a sticker? Where we have babies we can't wear those stickers: they'd gouge baby's eyes out!" Well, we will have the "sticker" changed for a clasp pin for any Lasell girl mother. There now!

C. C. B.

 "THE TWO MOTHERS."

Harper's Bazar last month gave its readers an admirable double-page engraving of the picture exhibited by Miss Elizabeth Gardner at the Paris Salon of '88, entitled "The Two Mothers." It represents a cottage interior, plain and homely; the great kettle swinging on the crane in the deep fireplace, and the various household utensils hanging upon the wall. By the fireside kneels a fresh young peasant mother, her arm about her first-born, a brave, curly-haired laddie, while a babe sleeps calmly near by in its rude wooden cradle. The little man is full of childish delight over a venturesome hen, who, with her feasting brood, has entered the cottage door and is calling the little ones to the feast of crumbs he has scattered from a piece of bread in his hand. This is all, the simplest of motives, but wrought out in all its details with much sweetness and delicacy, and the whole bright scene is one upon which the eyes rest with tranquil pleasure. The fair, young face of the mother, lighted by her sympathy in her boy's enjoyment, the little fellow's clustering curls and soft dimpled limbs, as well as the proud and busy hen-mother with her downy wee chicks, — all are dwelt upon by the loving hand of a woman and true artist, who delights in her work. We are glad to claim Miss Gardner as a Lasell graduate, and wish that we

could some day see such a charming example of her best achievement on the walls of our gallery.

Her subjects have rarely been of the purely classic order, although the treatment has illustrated academic classicism. Like most figure-painters of the day, she has felt the tendency toward *genre* painting, but her *genres* have been of a comparatively elevated kind, wholly different, for example, from the healthy if coarse realism of Holland, or the vicious sensationalism of certain so-called modern realists in France. Her paintings have been seen at the Salon for some eighteen years, occasionally at the National Academy of Design, and not infrequently in the galleries of New York dealers.

Miss Gardner's studio in Paris has been for a long time in the artistic quarter of the Luxembourg. She painted under the same roof with the historical painter Jean Paul Laurens, and Bouguereau, the late Paul Baudry, Francais, and Chapu have been among her neighbors, for the Rue Notre Dame des Champs is a street where artists of distinction congregate. Seen in her studio, Miss Gardner is described as a lady turned of forty, of medium height, with dark hair and rather rounded face. She is an admirable talker, and in addition to her studio receptions, — always well attended by Americans, — she frequently gives "talks" on art.

GIRLS, please, when you send photos for the grandchildren's album, put on the back of each the name in full, birthday, and age of the darling when the picture was taken, and

Don't forget that our Art Gallery is a thing we have a right to be proud of, and good pictures are always acceptable, and you can put a comparatively small amount of money where it will forever tell in a very helpful and pleasurable way.

Miss West made the first gift. Who makes the second?

AMONG the pleasantest features of the visit to Plymouth was the call upon Susie Drew, who enjoys life in the one original old mansion which the progressive (?) hands of the younger generations have left. She is handsomer than ever, brighter than ever, friendlier than ever. We wish we might see Sue here oftener.

COMMENCEMENT, 1889.

COMMENCEMENT week opened Thursday evening, June 13, with the Commencement concert. A more satisfactory entry could not have been made. The following programme was rendered :—

PART FIRST.

PIANO-FORTE. Serenade and Allegro Giojoso *Mendelssohn*
MISS FOSTER AND MR. HILLS.

VOCAL QUINTETTE. May Night *Abt*
MR. SLADIN AND AMPHION QUARTETTE.

PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLONCELLO. Adagio,
op. 38 *Bargiel*
MISS SARGEANT AND MR. A. HEINDL.

CHORUSES. Tuscan Folk Songs *Caracciolo*
a. A streamlet full of flowers.
b. From far away.
c. A flight of clouds.
d. Nearest and dearest.
SEMI-CHORUS.

PART SECOND.

MOTET. Hear my Prayer *Mendelssohn*
MISS BARBOUR AND MIXED CHORUS.

PIANO-FORTE. Faschiungsschwank aus Wien *Schumann*
(First Movement.)
MISS WARNOCK.

SONG. Heaven hath shed a Tear *Kücken*
MISS HOLLINGSWORTH.
Violin obligato, MISS SKINNER.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Tarantella in A
minor *Joseph A. Hills*
MISSSES FOSTER, NINDE, BRAGDON, AND MR. HILLS.

CHORUS. Queen of Night *Ergmann*
CHORUS CLASSES.

The BACCALAUREATE SERMON, on Sunday, June 16, was by Prof. Wm. North Rice, of Wesleyan, and will be reported in full in the *Zion's Herald*, of Boston. It was beautiful and full of meat.

On Monday morning, June 17, a competitive drill was given in the gymnasium. Following the formation of Company B was a drill in the manual. Then came a drill in the "school of the soldier." After B had borne the scrutiny of the judges, Major Lawrence Duchesney, Capt. Geo. A. Keeler, and Lieut. Frank L. Locke, for about twenty minutes, Company A went through the same ordeal. Contrary to all expectations, A won the prize banner, which was presented with a very appropriate speech by Capt. Keeler. The girls who had entered the individual competitive drill in the manual did themselves credit; but the first and second medals were awarded to Miss

Bessie Shepherd and Miss Emma Gass. The awarding of the prizes was followed by a few words of farewell to the girls from Capt. Edward C. Whitney, who has been the drill master for several months past. Major Hamilton, the father of this movement in the United States, drill-master of the New York State Militia, then said a few words of approval.

CLASS DAY.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 17, 1889.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MEDLEY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. MISS MAUDE E. MATHEWS.
AUTO-HARP. *Selected.* MISS CARRIE M. BROWN.
CLASS HISTORY. MISS JOSEPHINE BOGART
SONG. *Selected.* MISS FRANCES W. BARBOUR.
LEGENDS OF LASSELL. MISS LEAH COUTS.
PIANO-FORTE. "Novellette in F." *Schumann.*
MISS MAUDE OLIVER.

RECITATION. *Selected.* MISS HELEN GILBERT.
VIOLIN. "Præludium." *Bohm.* MISS ELIZABETH HARWOOD.
SONG. "Lost Dreams." *Gabriel.* MISS EDITH I. GALE.
CLASS PROPHECY. MISS WINNIE BELLE EWING.
CLASS SONG.

LAWN EXERCISES.

PLANTING OF THE TREE. ORATION. MISS MARY W. PACKARD.
BURNING OF THE BOOKS. ELEGY. MISS GRACE T. HUNTINGTON.

CLASS SONG.

WINNIE B. EWING.

Music by FRANCES W. BARBOUR.

I.

We are twelve little maidens!
Each little maiden, her head all laden
With the legend "'89."
Une bien venue we give to you,
And right boldly do design,
To
Fascinate, captivate, infatuate, agitate,
Intoxicate, animate, stimulate, intimidate,
Subjugate, cultivate, recreate, satiate,
Every one of you before we're through,—
We do, we do, we do, we do.

We come this class night, our hearts gay and light,
For we are the great, the glorious, the Lasell Seniors.
The faculty at last forget our misdemeanors,
Rules we've disobeyed, naughty pranks we've played;
We've ne'er been very good, though the best that we could,
Still we fondly opine, when we our place resign,
You'll greatly miss the class of '89.

II.

We are twelve little maidens!
Each little maiden, her brain all laden
With knowledge, oh, such a store!
Four are the years, many the tears,
Spent in acquiring this lore,

Of

Metrology, theology, geology, photology,
Phonology, thermology, histology, biology,
Zoölogy, ideology, mineralogy, anthropology,
All the ologies of the colleges.

The Greek we speak, Français is play,
We philosophize and we analyze,
We are cognizant of the history of all nations,
We speak fluently of concomitant variations,
We 've been through quadratics, we're up in pneumatics,
We cook, we swim, we sew, we play the piano,
We can swing a club well, we can do a dumb-bell,—
Oh! all our accomplishments we can ne'er tell.

III.

We are twelve little maidens!
Each little maiden, her heart all laden
With sorrow both deep and true.
School days are done, the time is come
We must say farewell to you

With

Lamentation, lachrymation, trepidation, agitation,
Prostration, perturbation, suspiration, presternation,
Tribulation, vexation, irritation, desolation,
And every ation of creation.

Farewell, farewell, to you, to you,
We bid you, O Lasell, a last fond farewell,
But though sundering time and space may force us far apart,
till shall love for Alma Mater glow warm in every heart.
Praise to her we'll tender, unto her we'll render
Our deathless fealty, and bend the loyal knee.
Across the phantom years we look with doubts and fears,
Though smiles wreath our lips, our hearts are full of tears.

The walls of the gymnasium were gracefully draped in a soft material of various delicate colors. Conspicuous among the draperies was the banner bearing the class motto, "Add to Virtue Knowledge." The stage decorations were of flowers and ferns, arranged by Mr. Shepherd with his inimitable taste. The Seniors, arrayed in their Oxford caps and gowns, marched to music down the aisle to the stage, where they opened by singing a beautifully arranged medley.

The class prophecy was unique and entertaining. Individual photographs of the members of the class represented their respective future positions; these were given to the audience by means of the stereopticon. From the very crowded gymnasium they proceeded to the selected spot on the lawn, between the crow's-nest and the street, on the sloping part of the hill, to plant the apple-tree; then followed the burning of the books in front of the seminary. Rain had fallen considerably during the day, but the evening was clear and cool. The lawns were beautifully lighted by electric lamps placed in the trees, and the band from Waltham gave music at intervals during the evening.

[Tuesday was occupied by the final classes, the reading of Reports of Punctuality showing a very good average for the year.

In the evening, the Principal's Reception was given, of which no report has come in. We do not know who is responsible. — C. C. B.]

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

"ALL things come to him who waits." So says the poet; and the truth of the words was fully realized when Commencement Day finally arrived. It seemed impossible to believe that the time had, at length, come when many of us were to part — perhaps forever; and the remembrance of Wednesday even now seems but the dim recollection of some dream.

The exercises at the church began promptly at 10.45 A. M. At about half past ten the girls formed themselves into a procession, and slowly wended their way over the hill toward the Congregational Church, where they were ushered by the Juniors to seats in the body of the church. The sight was indeed an interesting one; the girls in their white dresses presented a pleasing appearance, while toward the Seniors, who occupied the front seats, all eyes were turned. As soon as the girls were seated, the Boston Cadet Band favored the audience with several charming selections, and prayer was offered by Rev. F. Woods. Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, who delivered the Commencement address, was then introduced by Prof. Bragdon, and the Commencement Day was fairly begun. Dr. McKenzie's remarks were especially appropriate; one could but feel that he was thoroughly in sympathy, not only with school life, but also with students. He gave a short outline of the history of our country, and endeavored to impress upon the Seniors that to them, as representatives of a new generation, belonged our much-loved America. His words were simple, yet earnest and impressive. We can but feel that he has given us an incentive to be better girls, more eager to do the right, more willing to accept the truth, "Life is real, life is earnest," more anxious to take up our duties and responsibilities, less ready to shirk them.

Miss Edith Irvina Gale then gave the good-by for the class, the sentiment of which is so beauti-

ful that we do not attempt to give an outline of it, but copy it in full : —

GOOD-BY.

Education assembles multitudes ; she rejoices in large numbers ; the more devotees at her altar, the higher her dominion ; lenient is her sceptre, but great is her power.

One hundred years ago, institutions of learning for women were unknown and scarcely conceived. The education of young women in ancient times, and even up to the last century, was regarded as unnecessary, impracticable, and unprofitable. Our great-grandmothers distinguished themselves by weaving carpets and making embroidery pictures of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. These were admirable in their day ; but their day is past, and these specimens of feminine skill are consigned to the garret, or are produced but to excite wonder at the patience of former generations. The generation just past was capable, and the present generation is still more capable, of vaster possibilities and higher attainments.

The ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time, has been widely unrolled to womankind within the past century. The first movement toward a higher education for women was made when the convents were established in the old country ; while the first impulse towards this end in the Protestant world was felt in the New England States when Mrs. Emma Willard of Connecticut lifted her voice against the exclusion of her sex from a participation in the advantages of a higher education. To vindicate her purpose she established a boarding-school for young women in Vermont ; but not, however, until Massachusetts had taken the lead among all nations in establishing schools for girls exclusively, for their liberal, unbiassed education. This first stepping-stone for women toward the heights of wisdom still remains beside the banks of the Merrimac, in the beautiful old town of Bradford. As this was an initiatory step in an untried field, and as all plans were purely experimental, there were not more than half a dozen similar schools established during the first half of the century. Prominent among these is one whose progress is well marked, and whose history is of peculiar interest to us.

A little less than forty years ago, into a small district of Massachusetts, occupied solely by half a dozen families, covered by a large expanse of forest, and dignified by the name of Hull's Crossing, there came a philanthropic lady with a seventy-five-thousand-dollar bank account. Alighting at the rude little station, she followed the crooked path through the woods until she came to a sharp knoll, or ridge, just back of the turnpike over which Burgoyne's forlorn battalions had once marched. With a woman's intuition she selected the summit of this ridge as the place to plant her money, and there she left it to the husbandry of her brother-in-law. Two years later, a boarding-school for young women had modestly reared its head, and held beneath its protection a dozen feminine minds. At the start it was full of promise ; it charmed alike visitors and pupils, and was declared, by those who knew it, to be far ahead of the times. Through the change of hands it was kept in steady progression, both in number of pupils and equipments, until the middle of the war, when it entered into decline.

Fifteen years ago its present honored head took the school, with its seventeen pupils and extravagant management, and by keen perceptions, rare ability, and a level head, has piloted the institution through dangers and difficulties, until to-day this school, called from its founder, Lasell Seminary for Young Women, holds its place in the first rank of schools for girls in this country. The object of Lasell is not to make bookworms or blue-stockings, still less to develop cooks, dressmakers, or athletes, but to graduate first-rate, enterprising women, who shall be versed in Parloa, Redfern, and Hollander, as in Virgil, Mendelssohn, and Euclid.

To-day you see an unusually large number of representatives of Lasell here. There sits the class of '56, and near it the class of '87. During the thirty years' interim Lasell has graduated women whose names adorn nearly every honorable rank of life. The alumnae have representatives among teachers, writers, lecturers, musicians, painters, poets, and sculptors ; some have finished their work here below, and many have performed the noblest work of woman, the establishment of happy homes all over the country, yes, and beyond the seas. What a noble monu-

ment Lasell is to its founder, and what a worthy tribute it bears to those who have had its charge in their hands!

For you, our teachers, and especially our principal and preceptress, who for so many years have enjoyed the greatest privilege, and held the most sacred of all trusts, that of moulding the thoughts and ideas of the young, — for you, the best thing we can wish is that wisdom and power may long be granted you to bless each life that shall come under your care, as you have blessed those in by-gone years.

Dear '89, what honorable place are you to hold among your illustrious predecessors? Many thoughts, memories, and associations press thickly about us at this hour. Many of our hearts are sad at the thought of parting. Our hearts were just as heavy four years ago, when we left home and friends, but that thought seems trivial to us now. We cannot expect the heat and ardor of the noon always: the cool of eventide must come after the hottest day. One happy thought is ours to-day: that our lives, which so long have been open to each other's gaze, exposing both the good and that which was otherwise, will henceforth be seen in a more favorable perspective, in which our faults will vanish into the vast forgotten, and the good qualities which we have sought and admired in each other will approach the glorious ever present.

These and kindred thoughts all come to us at this moment; but a vital inheritance is ours, to make or to mar the lives which are in our hands. Often in our serious moments we may think that our lives are probably one third spent, and that the shortest route through the world is over the path of pleasure. It has been truly said that this world is simply the threshold of our vast life, the stepping-stone from nonentity into great possibility. What are the possibilities of '89? They are just what each one makes them for herself; and never in all our lives will we have an era opening before us, when we will have a better opportunity for making a strong stand in the world. Every one of us has pictured to herself a life made lofty by kind deeds, gentle words, and fine motives. So remember, the higher the ideal, the higher the life will be.

As '89 goes to join the classes of former years,

let us carry away with us the best and choicest memories of Lasell, of its teachings, and of each other; let us depart from its walls with a brave heart for any station in life, and with smiles that will banish every cloud; let us strive for promotion to a higher school where there will be no parting; and let us face each other — well, not with a sad, uncertain good-by, but with a glad and hopeful "*Auf Wiedersehen.*"

After this, Prof. Bragdon awarded the bread prizes: the first one, a small gold loaf, being awarded to No. 4; the second, a small silver loaf, to No. 3. The girls having these numbers were requested to step forward and claim the prizes, when Miss Bogart and Miss Gilbert, both of '89, arose and received the reward of their skill. The diplomas were then presented, and the Juniors brought to the graduates the many beautiful floral tributes left for them by their friends.

Besides the diplomas given for the regular course, Misses Hollingsworth and Barbour received diplomas in vocal music; Misses Bogart, Day, Gale, and Oliver, in cooking; and Miss Huntington, in stenography and type-writing. Thus ended the morning. The guests of the young ladies, having been most cordially invited by Prof. Bragdon to remain and take lunch with Lasell upon the seminary grounds, were escorted to the lawn, where ample refreshments were served. After this there was a general scattering; some attending the exercises of the alumnæ association, others going for one last walk around Auburndale. So the day ended; and its memory will ever linger in our hearts as one of the dearest recollections of Lasell.

After their business meeting, at 2.30, the large and stately body of alumnæ gathered for their literary exercises in the chapel. Dr. McKenzie offered prayer, and Maude Oliver, of '89, gave a brilliant piano selection, and Mrs. Maria Upham Drake an address upon "The Relation of the Home to the School," making some severe strictures on the public-school system of to-day.

They then adjourned to inspection of the changes in the school, renewing old friendships, and eating the annual dinner. Among the guests was Mrs. Wm. Ganeard, the editor of a number of the LEAVES in 1867.

LOCALS.

Auf Wiedersehen!

To the "*ex post facto* law" several Lasellites owe their present state of existence and happiness. Were it otherwise, they would now be occupying other climes.

ON the evening of June 14, the annual fish dinner was served at Lasell. The menu offered every variety of fish, from the brook trout to the whale calf.

THE Senior vacation began at 2 P. M., June 8, with the class yell.

MAY 22. The school and Lasellia Club presented themselves victims to the photographer's camera for group pictures.

MAY 21. The "Juniata" boat crew admitted within their ranks four new members. Louise Burrige is captain of the famous crew; Fanny Barbour, cockswain. The annual banquet was given to the new members on the evening of June 7, Capt. Burrige officiating as toast-mistress.

THE Lasell natatorium feels a touch of pride in sending out her first swimmers, divers, and floaters.

MAY 25. The Amherst Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert in the gymnasium, under the auspices of the S. D. Society. The programme rendered was very much enjoyed by all present. The enthusiasm manifest after each selection on the programme proved the novelty (here) to be a great success. A short reception was held by the members of the S. D. Society and officers of the Lasellia Club immediately after the concert.

PATRIOTIC sentiment was not lacking at Lasell on Decoration Day. Various flags were hoisted on the grounds. At 4.30 Capt. E. C. Whitney headed the battalion, composed of all the able-bodied Lasellites. The line of march was a short one, — Seminary Boulevard, Grove Street. The battalion took its stand, single file, on the north side of Seminary Boulevard. As the veterans of the late war and the Newton battalions marched past, salutes were received. The Lasell Battalion presented each veteran with the badge of the Union.

EXCURSIONS taken during May and June: to Plymouth, May 13; Echo Bridge, May 11 and 15; the "Cephalonia," May 17; Cambridge, May 24; Hunnewell's, June 3; Newport, May 27; Nantasket, June 10; Newton Boat Club Regatta, June 17.

THE Missionary Society gave a social and entertainment in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, June 1. The failure of some who tried to pin the donkey's tail on, or attempted to use a pipe at the bubble booth with little or no success, was forgotten in the enjoyment of the reading and music which followed. The fireplace did good service as a well, and gave to all a bountiful supply of lemonade; then, too, the ice-cream must not be forgotten, which satisfied us so thoroughly. The room was decorated very prettily, and reflected much credit on the committee. The evening was passed very pleasantly, and we hope to have just such another social next year.

JUNE 6, Miss Sadie Hollingsworth gave a recital in the Congregational Church, assisted by Mr. Willis Nowell and Miss Grace Skinner, violinists, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist, and the Amphion Quartette. Mr. Nowell charmed all his hearers by his artistic rendering of two violin solos, and Mr. Goodrich presided at the organ with his usual skill. Miss Hollingsworth was in excellent voice and well merited the hearty reception given her. She sang especially well in the song, accompanied by Miss Skinner and Mr. Goodrich. The recital was in all respects a success and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

THE following board of officers were elected by the Publishing Association for the term beginning Sept. 17, 1889: President, Sarah Harvey; Vice-President, Nina Burr; Secretary, Nannie Hogg; Publisher, Etha Pearce; Editor-in-Chief, Mary Sutton; Local Editor, Annie Peabody; Exchange Editor, Lucy Sargeant; Political Editor, Gertrude Reynolds; Art Editor, Annita Paine; Scientific Editor, Flora Gardner; Subscription Agent, Ida Simpson; Auditing Committee, Prof. Rich, Sadie Burrill, Bertha Hammond.

THE new catalogues for 1889 have arrived. Several additions have been made since the previous issue of the catalogue, — natatorium, bowling alley, military drill, etc.

THE Lasellia Club gave their annual farewell supper to the Seniors on the evening of June 8. After a short reception held in the club-room, all withdrew to the dining-hall. Miss Etha Pearce, the president, presided. She addressed the Seniors, expressing the sincere wishes of the club for the future welfare and happiness of '89; to which the class responded with their class yell. The tables offered not only a very pleasing sight to the eye, but one as pleasing to the taste. The customary feasts of reason were omitted.

LASELL has been courteously remembered by invitations to the exercises of Commencement week at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston University, Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Gannett Institute, Hackettstown Institute, Miss Hersey's school, Boston, Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., Claverack College, New York, Ogontz, Pennsylvania, North Western University, Evanston, Ill., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and Cincinnati Wesleyan College, Wellesley, etc.

THREE more pictures have been added to the Lasell collection:—

1. Marine Sketch (pen and ink), by Olaf Jernberg.
2. Study of Man's Head (oil painting), I. V. Gemiti.
3. On the Canal (water-color), A. Cassagrez.

THE new catalogue of the paintings, engravings, photographs, etc., of the seminary will soon be in print, perhaps by the time this paper is out.

TO '89.

"My sweetheart is a student in a famous female college,
And though I do not think she'll win particular renown
In any special study, or be noted for her knowledge,
I'm certain that she's charming in her college cap and
gown.

That the costume's fascinating there's no reason for con-
cealing,

I think my love more beautiful when in it she appears;
But when I steal a kiss from her, how funny is the feeling
When the edges of the mortar board are tickling my
ears."

It is now decided that Mr. Bragdon's trip round the world will not occur *this* year. It is postponed to 1890, and it is hoped that those who intend to join the party will send their names now,

or as soon as possible. Plans can thus be made, subject to later corrections.

THE American Home School for Girls at Berlin, Germany, Mrs. Mary B. Willard, principal, sends out its circular for another year, beginning Sept. 16, 1889. Any young lady wishing to study in Germany should know of this superior opportunity. Mrs. Willard is personally well known to many of the readers of the LEAVES. Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, while living in Berlin two years ago, saw and approved the workings of the school; they cordially recommend it. Any one acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which young women find in studying in a foreign city, unless under proper guidance, would covet for them such a home and such instruction as her circular indicates. Miss Ruby I. Gilbert, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago, acts as agent for Mrs. Willard, whose address is Nettelbeck Strasse 21, Berlin, Germany.

SATURDAY evening, June 15, the members of the S. D. Society held their annual banquet. An informal reception was tendered the class of '89, who were the guests of the evening. After a few musical and literary selections, an adjournment was made to the dining-room, which was tastily arranged with ferns and flowers. At each plate was a dainty menu, while the Seniors were favored with cut flowers.

After kind greetings from the president, Miss Sutton, "the feast of reason and flow of soul" occupied the remainder of the evening.

To test the phonographers, twenty-five dollars was offered for a full report of the baccalaureate address to the graduating class.

BESS HARWOOD, '89, sailed on the "Aurania" from New York, June 29; Louise Knill, "Aurania," June 29; J. Tichenor, "Alaska," New York, June 19; Ada Jones, Maud Baldwin, Annie Alexander, from New York, on the "City of Berlin," July 3; Emma Gass, from New York, on the "Lahn," July 3; Miss J. S. Farwell, from New York, on the "Bothnia," June 19; Miss A. P. Call, from New York, on the "Celtic," June 19.

ONE of the literary editors of the High School *Index*, we perceive, is William O. Whipple, brother of our Lizzie and Nellie. We like to see the names of our friends in good responsible places.

Lizzie Freeman has been South all winter. She is suffering from weak eyes, but means to be at school in New York next year. Florence has been studying with a teacher at home. Maude Van Horn and Clara Bowen have been visiting the two girls. The family will spend the summer on the St. Lawrence.

MAMIE SCHELLENBERGER HERKNESS lives on Vine St., Philadelphia. She is an "old married woman" of more than three years' standing, and sends her Lasell grandchild by photograph, a fine, sturdy boy, a little more than two years old, J. Stoddard. Bring him to see us, Mamie!

It is reported that Mr. Lowe is to take his family to California to live. Some one saw Blanche and Ava in New York City lately, and learned this.

BIRDIE MASON in a recent letter expressed her warm approval of the effort to build an American chapel in Berlin. She said one of the things she missed most while studying abroad was a church home. Some friends outside of the school, as Mrs. Josiah Lasell and Mr. E. T. Sykes of Minneapolis, have taken a share. Of former pupils who have contributed to the fund are Lucy Curtis, Libby Hance, Lucy Phelps, Inie Sanford, and Emily Shiff.

A VERY pleasant letter has been received by Mr. Bragdon from Dr. Beebe of the Central China Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Nanking, China. He acknowledges further moneys sent, and explains their distribution, especially in the reading-room of the Memorial Hospital, in the purchase of books, tracts, and newspapers.

HELEN WHITE, Annie Gage, Blanche Merrill, and Elizabeth Eddy spent Commencement week at Lasell, and among other familiar faces were those of Bertha Simpson, Mrs. Edith Flint Barker, Nellie Packard, Addie Johnson, Sue Brown, Rose Welt, Fanny Reed, Josie Wallace, Tibbie Hosford, Sallie Head, Emma Civill, Anna Mitchell, Lizzie Atwater, Mertie Sinsabaugh, Mollie Coe, Jessie and Jennie Flint.

A. LINA JONES, '88, visited Maude Oliver during the latter part of May.

EVA COUCH's mother spent Commencement week with her at Lasell.

WE have seen the photo of our Lasell grandson, John Frederick Seiberling. He certainly looks "too cunning for anything" in the arms of his young mother, Gertrude Penfield that was. How can he go to sleep when her sweet voice is seeking to hush him? He must stay awake to listen — one would think.

MRS. JOSIAH HILL, of Omaha, Neb., is better known at Lasell as Blanche Ford. She kindly gives a small part of her visit East to her Alma Mater, and finds cordial welcome.

SUSIE ALLING BALDWIN — most of us recognize only the first two names — is now living in Rome, Italy, and writes of her charming home at the head of the well-known staircase fronting the Trinita di Monti, and leading up from the Piazza di Spagne. They will go to Vienna this summer, as Dr. Baldwin wishes to visit the hospitals. Mrs. Baldwin visited Rome first with the Lasell party in the summer of 1882.

MAJOR JOHN A. WILCOX sent, some little time ago, a pair of moccasins to Mr. Bragdon for the school. He writes that they were made by a Cheyenne Indian woman. He tells of the travels of Mrs. Wilcox and Mary since they left Lasell, through France and Italy, Greece and Egypt, in all the principal cities. Their last letter was from Venice.

POOR Bettie Aston has been suffering from a difficulty of the eyes that for a time shut her in to real darkness. She is a little better. She sends for the Lasell pin and back numbers of the LEAVES, and wants the circular about the Berlin pew, not having yet seen it. She has been for some time in Texas.

THROUGH Agnes Fanning, of Worcester, we learn that Mary Mangels, who was here many years ago for a short time, was married lately to Mr. Clarence W. Sedgwick. They will live in Brooklyn.

MISS ISABEL WEBSTER made Lasell a brief visit May 9. She has recently returned from a trip abroad, and is much improved in health.

MARTHA TASH is in better health.

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL is coming East. She will visit Alice Dunsmore (that was) at Indianapolis, stop in New York with Miss Nellie Chamberlayne till Mr. Hall joins her, and later come to Auburndale.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN, Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, and Mrs. J. W. Barbour enjoyed Commencement week with their daughters, graduates of '89.

ELIZABETH EDDY, Carrie Foster, Mary Cole, and Sarah Pew were guests at the Lasellia Club supper, June 8.

It was pleasant to see the faces of Bessie Merriam and Etta Stafford at our last concert.

MARRIED.

APRIL 4, Alice Miller to William Parry Kennard.

APRIL 17, Carrie E. Dalton Mears to Jacob R. Stewart. At home, Chateau Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JUNE 5, Bertha W. Gray to Charles E. Richards, at Dwight Place Church, New Haven, Conn.

MINNEAPOLIS papers give a brilliant account of the marriage, in May, of Emma Oswald to William L. O'Brien, Jr. In truth, according to this description, it was a brilliant affair. We trust it was yet more happy, and send our heartiest good wishes to the bride and bridegroom.

NELLIE FERGUSON — we beg pardon, Mrs. Samuel Morris Conant — not only sent lovely pictures of her baby boy taken in her arms, and again alone, but she brought her good husband to see her Alma Mater, and they both made us two charming calls. She is like her former bright self. The baby's name is Roger Ferguson. He was a year old last April.

ANOTHER grandchild for Lasell! Sephie Mason sends a tiny card. Allan Mason Dumas, born May 21, 1889. Our hearty congratulations.

Two valentines came to Lasell, — one alighting in New York, at the house of Mamie Marshall Call, and they call her Dora; another, away out in Kearney, Nebraska, at Ella Stedman Frank's new house. We don't know yet what they call him. Valentines of this order are worth having, and we congratulate both the homes to which the welcome missives came.

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And with the Seniors stand,
A ring upon my finger,
An essay in my hand."

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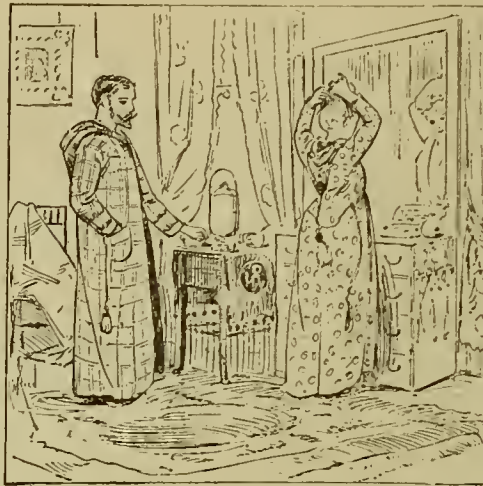
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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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Number 1.

LASELL LEAVES.

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CAN it be that the long vacation is indeed a thing of the past? We hardly realize it; and it is only when we come to prepare our lessons for each day that we can understand we no longer have plenty of leisure at our disposal. Still it is pleasant to be back among our friends; and we are not sure but that it is a relief to know that each day is marked out for us. There is such a thing as too much leisure, and while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," all play and no work makes Jack anything but a bright boy; and what is true of Jack, alas! is true of Jack's sister. So we do not regret that our year's work is fairly begun, for the experience of former days has taught us that "life at Lasell" is not altogether without its bright side. We know that moments may come when we shall not take so hopeful a view of the situation as at present; but we are certain that when our school-days are at length ended, and we look back over the time we have spent here, we shall not think of it as spent in vain.

These are the most important days of our existence, for in them we are laying the foundations of our future lives, and upon our work now depends the position which we are to take in society. Just in proportion to the education which we obtain now shall we be of use and of value in the world. Then let us improve every moment of the nine months before us; for if we do not make the most of our opportunities, there are others who will; and if we equip ourselves but poorly for the battle of life, we must expect to fall behind, and to see others fill the places for which we aim. Is it not a pitiable sight to see one who might have done better occupying a secondary position in life? Oh, let us try to do for ourselves the best that is in our power; let us strive to keep up with the age in which we live; let us endeavor to turn every moment to our advantage, that when

we come to more mature years we may not find ourselves crippled and maimed intellectually, but may be able to take our place among the educated thinkers of our day!

VERILY, verily, the pathway of the editor is like unto a hedge of thorns. She seeketh out from among her friends those who do seem of an amiable countenance, and in pleading accents requesteth them to write an article for the paper. She saith unto them: "It is exceeding hard to get material enough, and verily my soul is heavy within me; now, therefore, arise, and come nobly to the rescue, and lift from my shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility which weigheth me to the ground." But, behold! the friends do not arise, and come nobly; they do fly into violent rages, and do revile the editor, and look askance at her. They utterly refuse to write a word; they do utterly decline to let the rays of their brilliancy shine forth upon a benighted world. Then verily the despondent editor goeth to her sanctum, and attempteth to "grind out" a few *choice bits* for the next issue; she sigheth and groaneth because of the task before her, and writeth and rewriteth until the night is far spent. But at length her eyelids droop from very weariness; sleep seeketh her out, and for a few brief hours her trouble is forgotten. She saith, with Sancho Panza, "Blest be the man who invented sleep."

WE wonder who is the wretched man who first conceived the idea of inducing amateurs to attempt photography. How his conscience must trouble him! And yet we can hardly believe a person guilty of such an atrocity who was possessed of a conscience calculated to make him very uncomfortable.

Now, while we have never considered ourselves transcendently beautiful, we did think our looks passable; so when one of our friends, who is attempting photography, requested us to sit for her, we consented without the slightest hesitation. It took a long time to get things arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, but we finally struck an uncomfortable attitude, rolled our eyes in a fine frenzy, and tried to look happy and natural. The result was declared to be "quite

divine," to use the language of the base and heartless wretch who was so soon to rob us of all peace of mind. We spent several hours trying to see what method of posing was most becoming to our peculiar style of beauty, and then departed, to await the developing of the plates. Oh, why were they ever developed? Why did we not retire from the pitfall laid for us before it was too late? No tongue can fitly portray the anguish which filled our hearts when the proofs were at last handed to us. Our self-complacency vanished into thin air, for the awful figure before us resembled, more than anything else, a composite picture of all the heroines of Haggard's wild extravaganzas. We have not dared to encounter a mirror since; our faith in humanity is shaken, and we feel that never again can our nature be so simple and unsuspecting as in days of yore. Who can wonder that our thoughts of the author of all this misery are anything but complimentary?

THE LASELL PIN.

GIRLS, after all the enthusiasm about a Lasell pin, one unique, peculiar to us, by which a Lasell girl might be known to a Lasell girl the world over, just fifty-eight have been taken! There are over a thousand girls who have a right to that pin. One might think that some of you don't want to be known the world over.

We are not selling them at a profit, we are selling at cost, as your own committee knows, which chose the design and made the bargain. Wake up, Lasellians, and mark yourselves, you who are worthy! I wish your old mother Lasell could afford to give you each one. She would do it if it were not for the new organ, and art gallery, and chapel, and music building, etc., etc., etc., which she needs.

THE Lasell daughters are kind enough to remember their cherishing mother when the time comes for entering into matrimony. They send cards in due form, and enable us to rejoice with those that rejoice; but afterwards, when we want to communicate with them, we find nothing to show their local habitation. Will the girls remember to tell us their place of residence, as well as their new names?

THE POET'S EVE.

YES, my subject is Eve, — poor Eve! — talked of and written about until we have lost all interest in our common mother, who, we too often forget, dared so much in pursuit of knowledge.

In the Garden of Eden, that ideal, first home of mankind, where she found ample opportunities for acquisition, we can fancy her treading those pretty paths, no modern geometrical curves in concrete, but the simple beaten tracks made by her own busy feet, in and out among the flowers.

Oftentimes, while she pursued some winding path, a most enchanting view would be exposed to her searching eyes; far in the distance were the hills, standing now in bold relief against the silver clouds, which dotted the pale, blue sky, then again lost their identity, the hills and clouds appearing as mist. Against this background she saw the tall, majestic trees stand forth in all their beauty of perfect foliage, and, with the help of glorious tropical plants, relieve the broad meadow of its barrenness; she also caught sight of birds, with the most gorgeous plumage, flitting from tree to tree and from branch to branch, glorying in their beautiful surroundings, and filling the air with their praises.

Such a home as this Eve enjoyed. Eve — perfect in every detail — was in strict harmony with all her surroundings. Her figure was one which the ancient Greeks long sought for, but, with all their attention to athletics, never attained. Every movement was full of grace, — not that which is acquired by pursuing it as an art, but the simple, winsome grace which was born in the woman, making her movements as free and simple as the running water, never showing where the motive commences or where it ceases.

“Beautiful she was and fair.” In walking among the flowers she seemed as one of them, her fair face tinted with pale pink, rivalling the Catharine Mermet; her teeth as clear as the water which she drank; her eyes were of the deep blue which carries one's thoughts with them as they wander in quiet absorption from object to object; overshadowing them was a long dark fringe, relieving them from the bright rays of the sun, as it shone in its noonday splendor, and casting a pretty shadow on the eye itself. Crowning all this loveliness was a wealth of golden-brown hair, hanging in graceful

ringlets over her sloping shoulders, and showing, in a quiet way, the beautiful outlines of her unequalled features.

In all this loveliness of the mortal body, we have neglected to notice the depth of soul, which shone out in every movement. How careful she was of everything, taking the utmost pains never to harm the tiniest thing; even the flowers, instead of trying to close in order to defend themselves from an attack, threw all their beauty out, trying to vie with her in her loveliness as she passed. In her eyes, especially, we noticed what a depth of character there was; no shrinking, no deceit, but an openness born of a noble disposition.

What a thirst for knowledge she displayed! What an understanding, as well! Pity it is that we cannot be benefited by the fruits of such an intellect; that the labor of a mind so superior to our poor, crippled ones should be lost to us. We, with our minds blunted through ages of misapplication, have many advantages, which, at Eve's disposal, would have made her far excel any of our present masters.

She had no intercourse with any one aside from Adam, and he, having had no more advantages than she, could not help her in any difficult problem. There was no one but him to confirm or refute her opinions, and so her own mind was her only resource aside from nature. But what a force there is in nature! The more she studied it, the deeper could she penetrate, and the more find to study. Would that we had the key to it which Eve possessed! What a grand age of revelation this would be!

It was while she was out trying to satisfy this thirst for knowledge that she met her tempter and made that fatal mistake. Still, she was not to blame, it cannot be laid at her door, for as she was part of Adam, so this great fault came from him as well. She, not knowing her weakness, could not arm herself against it, and in the fatal moment succumbed to the circumstance which proved to be her downfall and that of the human race.

H. B. S., '91.

THE usual quiet of an Auburndale Sunday was broken by the alarm of fire on the 6th of October. It proved to be Mr. Eager's barn. But slight damage was done.

A REMINDER.

A VERY depreciating view of the heroism and bravery of our people has been nurtured by a large class of pessimists.

They think of the heroes of past ages and decades, but when reviewing their own time they pass this subject in silence, or perhaps say, "We produce no heroes in this our nineteenth century." True, we have no necessity of martyrs, for in this day of broad liberal views and wide culture, we name no heretics; we have no fair Helen to reclaim, hence we need no Æneas; there are no more hemispheres to discover, so we call to our aid no Columbus; but surely we must grant that nearly every year reckons with its close the end of many a home martyr's existence, — a martyr to circumstance, a hero in that he bore bravely what he could not conquer. Yet, since his death is not sealed by agony at the stake, since he has made no desperate attack upon an enemy and conquered though dying, the average class pass him by, and only remember him as a good man, and look ahead for an ideal hero, or spend their precious moments in recalling the forms of men whose deeds have long since crumbled into dust.

We will not attempt to set before this class the true hero of the nineteenth century as we find him, but simply to call more vividly to their attention a most thrilling example of genuine heroism, in which it is to be hoped they may discover many great characteristics combined, which, distributed singly, they may note among their fellow-men.

The world to-day should stand awed in the presence of a love which was undaunted and strong in the face of the greatest curse placed upon quivering human flesh. Not ignorantly did our hero claim his title (not for self-laudation), for he knew that the disease to which he voluntarily exposed himself is deadly, fatal, loathsome; not for self-laudation, for no man yet ever had the moral or physical courage to encounter awful suffering and utter isolation for mere worldly praise. Again, it is seldom the world can find a praiseworthy subject amid such surroundings.

But to my illustration. Amid the sunny group of the Hawaiian Islands lies one which the light of joy and hope never illumines. The inhabitants have no more intercourse with the outside world than if Pluto held them in his grim embrace, — nor

so much, perhaps. 'T is naught, in fact, but a city of the dead; for who can be numbered among the living who is cursed by the most loathsome of all plagues, leprosy?

Here our hero employed his strength and years by ministering to the physical as well as the spiritual comfort of a vast band, numbering sixty thousand, of men, women, and children, gathered from all lands, to spend their weary lives, isolated from all men, lest they should again plant the curse.

What claim had they on a young, strong life, you ask? *None whatever*, as men in general understand "claims"; none, save the claim that human suffering and want and death ever make upon a human heart and life.

Father Damien, for such is our hero's name, felt this claim his claim, and forthwith obeyed the summons, which at the same moment sounded his death-knell. His allotted work in the Catholic Church was in Honolulu; but in 1873, when the fearful condition of the lepers became known to him, he left his less important work with others and went to the lepers. He found them in a most degraded and loathsome condition. They had no comforts, no religion, no help. Upon applying to the British government, he arranged that sufficient food and clothing should be left upon the island at regular intervals. Having thus secured all the outside help it was possible to obtain, he devoted himself to the elevation of these unfortunates. They were living in miserable huts, he helped them build comfortable cottages; they devoted their miserable days to debauchery of all kinds, he opened schools and taught them to read, and thus opened to them new sources of occupation and interest; they left their land untilled, but he taught them to love order and beauty in surroundings, so they cultivated their lovely island home. He founded hospitals and churches; and, having relieved their physical suffering as far as possible, he devoted himself to their mental and spiritual comfort. Thus he spent eleven years, till, in 1884, he was stricken with the dread malady; but he worked faithfully until 1888, when he was compelled to abandon all active work. Still, he served as priest; and many are the times he must have gathered around him his suffering subjects, — for such his devotion to them had

made them,— and taught them what seemed to him the true way of life.

Thus he died for his fellow-men ; and when his epitaph is written, no greater truth, more nobly illustrated, can be placed upon it than this : " Greater love hath no man than *this*, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Since he gave his life not once but many times, through his fearful sufferings, since he died not for one, but for many, what must his love have been? Surely, it is not to be measured by man's feeble imagination, nor by words, nor yet by comparison, but by the Great Love of the universe.

MARRIED.

A MIDSUMMER wedding was that of our dear friend and graduate of '83, Ava Eugenia Lowe, now Mrs. C. Henry Stimson. She was married at her home, in Norristown, Pa., where she will continue to live.

It is impossible, in the small space permitted, to give any description of this elaborate and perfect wedding, the beautifully decorated house, with its many testimonials of Prof. Lowe's rare ability and success as an inventor, the lovely bride and bridesmaids, the flowers, the many rich gifts, and much else. It made us wish more than ever that we too could have been there.

AUG. 5, Miss Sarah M. Corey to Rev. Henry E. Bray. After a delightful trip to the White Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Bray have settled into their home, at Wareham, Mass., and are devoting themselves to a life of usefulness. Mrs. Bray is greatly missed at Lasell, where she was ever ready for every good word and work. She has entered a new sphere, for which she is admirably fitted. She cannot fail to be the best of helpers to her husband,— a model minister's wife. She inaugurated the "Y's" here.

ANOTHER midsummer marriage was that of Louise Crane Richards, of Hinsdale, Mass., to Mr. Theodore L. Pomeroy, of Pittsfield. This was a very brilliant wedding, at home, and in the presence of many friends, every appointment being elegant. Among the bridesmaids was Miss Daisy Lloyd. Mr. Pomeroy is already successful as a

woollen manufacturer. They have an elegant home in Pittsfield.

THREE hours to Middletown. The light of a great conflagration split into great jagged flashes from a cloud of thick blackness hurrying up the river. An hour more on a slow train, and Mr. Reynolds's hearty greeting gave us welcome to "Goodspeeds."

A good supper, bed, and breakfast at the "Champion Hotel" gave us courage for the great event of Oct. 2, the marriage of J. Adelaide Johnson to Dr. M. W. Plumstead at high noon.

The brisk fall day was all that could be desired, the wedding breakfast and decorations, the presents elegant and rich, the friends plenty and friendly, the bride and groom fair and handsome, the ceremony strong and earnest.

We enjoyed every inch, every bit of it, in the delightful home which owes so much to Addie and Tassie. But I did n't get "Charlie," though I suppose he will be forthcoming. We had the company of Dr. and Mrs. Plumstead to Saybrook, whence they went to Philadelphia for a brief visit, and of the father, mother, sister, and brother of the doctor to Boston (they live in Lynn), and of the officiating clergyman, Dr. Nutting, to East Greenwich. Blessings on the new life so auspiciously begun!

LAURA M. DAVIS was married to Joseph C. Godfrey, Sept. 4. At home, Oct. 16 and 30. They will live at 3267 Vernon Ave., Chicago.

MARRIED, Oct. 2, at Harrodsburg, Ky., Martina Grubbs to Lafon Riker. Our hearty congratulations.

IN the Congregational Church at Auburndale, Sept. 25, 1889, Miss Hattie Batchelder was married to Mr. W. Franklin Spooner. Once a pupil at Lasell, Miss Batchelder has been for some time a teacher in the public schools. Mr. and Mrs. Spooner will live in Auburndale.

MISS LUELLE KINMAN PEARCE was married to Mr. Wilmer Black, Sept. 16, at St. John's M. E. Church, Madison Ave., Baltimore. Miss L. K. P., or, rather, Mrs. Black, is a cousin to Etha Pearce, who was "best girl" on the occasion.

SECOND ADVENTISTS IN CAMP.

ABOUT twelve years ago, the Second Adventists, while searching for a suitable place in which to hold their annual camp-meeting, discovered a little village on the west side of the Connecticut River, about fifteen miles from its mouth.

The few scattered homes which comprise it are quite a distance back from the river, and a person passing the place on the railroad would see only the station, the station agent's house, and two other dwellings.

Finding that the place was readily accessible, both by boat and by rail, and that there was a fine grove, they determined it was entirely suited to their purpose, and accordingly leased the ground for a term of five years.

At the expiration of that time the lease was renewed, and when it again expired, which was one or two years ago, the Association bought the ground, and six of the members have erected cottages. During the past summer they added another large tract of ground to their possessions, and more cottages will be erected. These are not cottages containing forty rooms, and costing forty thousand dollars, but are built merely because they are commodious, and afford more protection from the weather than do tents.

The regular camp-meetings last but one week, but many of "the campers," who enjoy the quiet rest among the pine-trees, come early in the summer and remain until September.

The meetings are held in the open air when the weather will permit, but it not infrequently happens that it is extremely unpleasant. Always on Temperance Day there is certain to be a plentiful supply of cold water.

The preacher's stand occupies a central position, with the seats arranged in regular rows before it, while there is a covered building at the side, to which they resort when the sun does not smile on them.

Around the auditorium is the circle of tents, and the occupants may sit under their own "vine and fig-tree," and usually hear every word of each discourse distinctly. There is very little difficulty in hearing the speakers; indeed, in the evening, persons on the opposite side of the river have the full benefit of some worthy brother's address.

Although the series of meetings last but one week, there are enough crowded into this short time to occupy the entire time of one who attempted to attend all of them — almost as many each day as one can count on his fingers. One must indeed be an early bird to catch the first one, which is held at 6 o'clock A. M. Then others follow in quick succession all day long.

There are preaching services, prayer-meetings, young people's meetings, praise services, mothers' meetings, and every other kind of meetings. At 9.30 P. M., a bell rings, which warns all outsiders that the time has come for them to tear themselves away. After 10 o'clock, quiet is expected to reign on the camp-ground, although it is not necessary for the lights to be extinguished at that time.

There are always a great many present on Temperance Day, for the speakers are among the best that can be had; but the last Sunday is, in common phraseology, the "big day." From up and down the river, and from both sides, the people come flocking together, — by boat, in carriages, and, until the last two years, by train. It proves an irresistible attraction to innumerable people from all portions of wayback. It is delightful to go out on the bluff and look down on the river, where small boats of every description may be seen plying back and forth, up and down the stream; the passengers in them are all bound to the same destination, but with what different objects in mind. Some come to hear the discourse and to learn the doctrine taught, some to say they have been, others merely to wander aimlessly around and consume peanuts.

The immersion of the new converts is usually held at the river, about 8 A. M., but sometimes it is deferred until afternoon. The last prayer-meeting, at 8.30 P. M., closes the series, and the next morning the tents begin to come down.

Some stay for a week or more afterward, but they find it much more lonesome than at first, when the crowd had not yet made its appearance.

The people on the east side of the river regret to have them go, for they miss the lights at night, which show that the place is inhabited, and they gladly welcome them back each succeeding year.

G. P. R., '93.

PERSONALS.

MARIE MOGER spent the summer at Chautauqua.

MRS. SUE MILLS KINSEY is keeping house on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GRACE DYER called on Miss Chamberlayne and the old girls, Sept. 30.

FLORENCE FREEMAN is attending Miss Brown's school, in Cleveland, Ohio. Lizzie is in New York.

JENNIE AND ALLIE GARDNER have organized an orchestra, and expect to do wonders this winter.

LUCILE WYARD is travelling in California.

ALICE WILLIAMS and Stella Toynton visited Lucie McBrier this summer.

ISABEL LOMBARD and Mattie Hall made Millie Swan a visit during the summer.

THE engagement of Miss Grace Amelia Van Buskirk, of West Stockbridge, and Mr. William Davis Field, of Shelburne Falls, is announced.

LILLIE E. EDDY sends her subscription to the LEAVES, and declares herself homesick for Lasell. She has laid out a programme for home study, like the old school pattern. She has the kindest words of gratitude for Mr. Bragdon; she and the other New Bedford girls were delighted to have a glimpse of him in the summer. She says Annie Bushnell has been in Florida, and Harrie Joy has been at Mary Hathaway's home. We are indebted to Lillie for the account of a musicale, given by the Xenia (Ohio) *Daily Gazette*. It was held at Judge Munger's home, and our two girls, Laura Munger and Jennie Ninde, were among the chief performers, who charmed an audience of sixty guests for the space of nearly two hours.

WE quote an extract going the rounds of the press: "Kansas is said to have lost 58,000 in population since last year, owing to crop failure in 1887 and 1888. The population, as returned by the assessors, is about 1,480,000. In 1880 it was 996,000." We give the above without comment. It will have force and meaning to some readers.

MISS GRACE I. C. PERLEY, of Portland, Me., died Aug. 10, 1889. She was a graduate of Lasell in '76. There are only a few here now who knew her, but those will remember cordially and with affectionate regret that she was cut off so early in a life of activity and usefulness. After leaving school she made a special study of elocution, and read in public with, we understand, much success.

ANNIE GWINNELL writes that she has been for some time head nurse in a home where there has been much illness. The experience has done her no harm. She meets Grace Spellmeyer now and then, also Harrie Joy.

ANNA BAKER JEBB has moved from Buffalo to Waukegan, Ill., and writes very happily of her husband, baby, and beautiful home.

FLORENCE DURFEE much regrets that she cannot return to school this year, because of her sister's continued ill health.

GERTRUDE SMITH sailed very late in August with some friends for a short trip in England, France, and Germany. She wrote from the steamer going across, and was having a very smooth, charming voyage. She had recently seen Florence Fuller and Edith Ellis. She wears the Lasell and S. D. pins, hoping to meet other wearers of the same, and be recognized thereby.

DR. HELEN F. PIERCE is somewhat better in health, and goes out of doors a very little in the wheel-chair given her by Jennie and Jessie Flint. She says the Baldwinville Hospital has collected the million of stamps towards which the Lasell girls assisted. Now an old lady is to be helped into an Old Ladies' Home.

MRS. MARY HAVEN THIRKIELD, with her three bright, restless chicks, have been at Lasell with her brother from Malden. Her husband, Rev. Mr. Thirkield, is of Gammon School of Theology, in Atlanta, Ga.

THE Squirrel Island *Squid* registers at the Willow Cottage, last summer, Mr. James E. Fuller and family, Florence E. Fuller, Edith A. Ellis, and Rev. C. W. Bradlee, of Concord, N. H.

CLARA MALTBY STEVENS has four boys to keep out of mischief.

IN July, the ladies of St. Paul's Church, Evansville, Ind., held a musical *fête*. Evansville is Sade Hollingsworth's home, and she was one of the chief performers. The local papers speak in high praise of her success and predict much for her future. She has also begun to take some pupils in voice culture.

DR. GRACE PRESTON is still at Northampton. She has had the rent of a good house near the college added to her salary. Her sister keeps house for her, and it is their home. She hopes she is not forgotten at Lasell by her old friends. No, indeed! All who knew her here keep a very warm place in their hearts for this gifted, noble, and very sweet woman.

ALICE MAYO HICKS writes from Needham, where she is helping to arrange the Public Library, of which she is a trustee. She is otherwise useful and busy, but has time to remember Lasell cordially.

BELLE FITZGERALD KERR has a home in Birmingham, Ala. Her letter is full of affectionate remembrances of the school, Mr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, and the trip they took to Europe in '82 together.

INEZ BRAGG is not well enough to come back to Lasell, but is coming East, and may be here for a call. She says Genie Converse Mathews is training her girl for Lasell. Georgia Hatch Jones has moved to Kansas City. The letter is from Gunnison, Col.

DR. STILWELL and daughters, from Fremont, Ohio, made a short call at the school. One of the daughters is Mrs. Jno. T. Lanman, of Newton. These are connections of the family of dear Julia Miller.

GENEVRA GRISWOLD has another daughter, and Hattie Hamner Robbins a son now nearly four months old.

HELEN GILBERT reports that she and Helen Underwood are teaching in a mission school.

BESSIE HARWOOD and mother have been through Scotland and Ireland.

CLIFFORD WARNOCK has read three German books the past summer.

ADA MARSH has gained in health. She has been with Blanche Pruyne, Grace Huntington, and Kittie Totman. At the Thousand Islands she saw Lizzie Freeman, and once caught sight of an S. D. pin, whose owner vanished into a railroad train before she could be identified.

MISS M. RANSOM was camping during the summer at Nippeno Park, and won much admiration by her expert and graceful bathing. She floated from Crane's Island to the Park, a distance of one mile.

JOHN HUGUS CALDWELL, son of our Nellie Hugus, was born Aug. 7, 1889, — another grandchild of ours.

MRS. WM. P. KENNARD, born Alice Miller, made Lasell a brief visit Sept. 20. She is enthusiastic over the improvement in the school since she was here in 1882. We are grateful that she had her charming husband with her. Come again, Mr. and Mrs. Kennard. You are always welcome. Their home is in Sterling, Ill.

MAMIE COLSON, Mrs. Edward Curtis, has her home now at Machias, Me.

SUSIE BROWN's address is changed to 116 North Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia.

SADIE SMITH, now Mrs. Prof. Schofield, has a very flattering notice in *The Ink Bottle*, in which she is styled "the finest specimen of art in Prof. Schofield's collection."

MRS. DAME (once Lou Fribley), from Columbus, Ohio, paid us too short a visit. Much the same may be said also of Mr. William Smith from the same place.

RUBY BLAISDELL is superintending the moving of the family to Springfield, Mass. She has secured a good position and intends soon to teach.

ONE of the Lasell teachers was at Bethlehem, N. H., in early September, and met Annie Holbrook, now Mrs. Derbyshire. Her husband leaves his business in Lowell to his partner, who is his brother, and for the summer carries on the Howard House. Three years of this change has restored him to health. Cora Flint (Mrs. Anthony) was with Annie in July, but Lucy Curtis was not able to go because of ill health.

ALICE BROWN (Mrs. Perry) is living in a nice home of her own in Portland, Me, and is well.

MRS. ATWOOD, who was Miss West, never looked better than now. She grows younger.

ROSA BEST, of Portland, it is whispered, will soon be married.

ROSA U. BEST was in Littleton, N. H., during the summer, with her sister Louie, Mrs. Comstock. She figured charmingly in the coaching party at Bethlehem, N. H., in August. We mean Rosa, *not* Louie.

JESSIE B. RUER sailed for Europe in June, to stay one year. She is now in Berlin.

HARRIE JOY is just starting for the Pacific coast. She sends a dollar for the LEAVES.

IT is through Sue Brown that we hear of the marriage of Kathleen Ziele to a Baltimore gentleman. Name not given.

SOME are at Lasell who remember Bertha Harris, now Mrs. Armington, of Providence. She sends for the LEAVES. She is not keeping house, and so has time to paint, read, and study. She writes that the gentleman whom Laura Place was engaged to marry has recently died. It is a sad blow to Laura. Bertha often sees Mollie Davis, who is a very successful teacher of a kindergarten.

GEORGIE PRICKETT, now Mrs. Burrowes, of New York, is the mother of a little daughter, not yet named. Her husband writes that both are doing well.

ABBY GOODELL was here in the summer.

GRACE HUNTINGTON uses a Remington typewriter, and writes all her father's letters.

EARLY in the summer, Edith Gale brought a friend out to see LASELL. Glad to see them.

MR. C. M. SITES, of Washington, D. C., was here with his sister, and spent a night, during the summer. Mr. Sites's father is a well-known missionary in China.

A PARTY of insurance people who were having a dinner at the Woodland Park Hotel in September made Lasell a critical visit of inspection. As they came with their wives, in a number of carriages, it made quite a display. They professed themselves much pleased.

ON Sept. 22 somebody of taste decorated the table, etc., in front of the pulpit in the Methodist Church at Auburndale with fall asters, golden-rod, etc. Only weeds, but the effect was exquisite.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL will study the kindergarten system.

MISS MARION GILMORE has taken a position as preceptress of a school in California, and is said to be making a marked success. She always does everything well. She went to California mainly hoping, by the change, to build up her health, which we hope will be the result.

SEVERAL of the waiters in the dining-room at Lasell went to the Province House, Cape Cottage, but being required to serve liquors at table, they left at once. Plucky and high-principled girls!

WHEN speaking of Anna Baker Jebb, we should have mentioned that her sister, Jennie Baker, is studying in Europe.

Two "cute," yet earnest faces are those of the baby girls of Annie Kendig (Mrs. Pierce). They are welcome to their place among the grandchildren.

ALSO the beautiful little boys of Emma and Bertha Hax, — Louis Hax Smith and Benard Forman. The former lives at St. Joseph's, Mo., and the latter at San Diego, Cal.

MRS. JOSIAH LASELL, of Whitinsville, made a pleasant call at the school with her friend, Mrs. James Tucker, teacher of elocution here under Mr. Lasell.

A NEW picture for the album of grandchildren is little Allan Mason Dumas, taken a month ago, aged three months, Sephie Mason's boy.

MR. BRAGDON had a call this summer from Mr. J. C. Thomas, assistant of Dr. Buckley, and an old college mate. The *Christian Advocate* (New York) owes much of its method and system to this assistant editor.

EDITH HAX visited Manitou and Denver this summer; while in Denver she was entertained by Carrie Brown and Lucie Sampson.

LUCIE SAMPSON visited Edith Hax, in St. Joe, this summer, where she enjoyed the hospitality of her pleasant home and many friends.

LOUISE BURRIDGE and Nellie Hefflefinger are at school in New York City.

AMY HALL visited Nina Burr this summer.

SOME one met a relative of Hattie Haskell, and heard very pleasantly of her. We all know she is a happy matron in a home of her own.

HELEN WHITE, '88, has been West during the summer, visiting Annie Gage and Florence Bailey, '87.

JOSEPHINE BOGART, '89, expects to spend the winter in Toronto, Canada.

MARY PACKARD, '89, made us a short visit in September.

HELEN GILBERT, '89, spent the summer at Neenah, Wisconsin.

WINNIE BELLE EWING, '89, made Mame Binford and May Church a short visit this summer.

LOCALS.

THE halls resound with "have a good time this summer?" and many thrilling, awe-inspiring tales are going the rounds.

TEACHER. — Name Tennyson's best poem?

GIRL. — "Marble Faun."

SEPT. 23. Lasell girls stormed Bunker Hill.

THE S. D. Society received the school in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Sept. 21. With dancing and refreshments, the evening soon passed.

OCT. 2. The Ruggles Street Quartet gave a concert at the City Hall, West Newton. It was well attended by the Lasell girls.

THE posts have been removed from the natatorium, and it is greatly improved.

WE have heard a wild report that there are twenty-three Juniors. Four are all that have materialized; where, oh, where, are the others?

TEACHER (*in History of Art*). — Miss J —, tell some of the symbols placed in the catacombs.

PUPIL. — Well, the four Evangelists were represented by the four beasts, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

WHY is the expressman like the letter R?

Because he makes *Ginn Grinn*.

THE Senior Class has received the welcome addition of two new members.

DR. CHAMPLIN, who took Dr. Pierce's place in '87, is again at Lasell, — this time as the regular physician.

QUITE a number of the girls attended Jenness Miller's lecture in Boston, Oct. 8. They are very enthusiastic in their praises of her, and we hope to see her out here during the winter.

MISS RANSOM held a reception in the natatorium, Wednesday evening, Oct. 9, from 8 to 9. This was the formal opening of the natatorium for the year.

THE old girls are in the minority this year, most decidedly. Following is a list of the new pupils: Misses Ackerly, Ames, Anderson, Arnold, Ashley, S. Baker, Ball, Bond, Brown, Bryant, Birdie Burr, Carll, Chapin, Clarkson, Cole, Collins, Cooke, A. Corre, Davis, Dodds, Edgerton, M. and S. Englehart, Fisher, Goodell, Hall, Hamilton, Hamner, Hartridge, Hood, J. Hubbard, A. Hubbard, M. Hubbard, Johnson, Keith, Kilgore, Lamson, Littlefield, Lord, Lothrop, E. Lowe, J. Lowe, Maloon, Medsker, Merrill, Milliken, Morrison, Ninde, Northam, Ostrander, Pfau, Rice, Roper, E. Rowe, S. Rowe, Rucker, Russell, Sage, Shaw, M. Shellabarger, G. Shellabarger, Sherwood, Sidway, D. Slavens, M. Slavens, Smith, Snyder, Soule, Sternburgh, Stevens, W. Stowe, V. Stowe, Swift, Towle, Warren, Watson, Westcott, White, Wilder, Woodbury.

ART NOTES.

THE Russian sculptor, Kamensky, one of the most noted of Russia's artists, has come to America.

M. J. TISSOT, the French artist, is engaged upon a series of water-colors, representing the life of Christ. They will number over three hundred.

A GENUINE picture by Mesonier was lately sold at auction in Paris for \$20, the appraiser being ignorant of its value. It was immediately resold for \$3,600.

ROSS TURNER sailed for Antwerp on the 11th of September, and will spend the greater part of his time in Venice and Florence.

No fewer than nine eminent German sculptors are at present engaged in designing monuments for the late Emperors William I. and Frederick III.

MAURICE SAND, the son of George Sand, was an artist as well as an author.

ONE of the most important artistic contests that have taken place in the United States is that for the design of the Protestant Cathedral of St. John in New York. It is still undecided.

MR. T. H. BARTLETT, the Boston artist, is at present in France, preparing for publication a large number of letters by Millet.

MR. J. J. ENNEKING has found some very choice bits of scenery at Bridgton, Me., and is going back there this autumn to finish an outdoor picture which is three fourths completed.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE contest between the parties in the new States promises to be very severe. The Republicans claim Washington, and it is not unlikely that there will be a considerable majority of votes in their favor. In the other States it is impossible to tell what the result will be, but the Dakotas seem to have adopted prohibition.

WORD has been received at the Navy Department, from Rear-Admiral L. A. Kimberly, that he arrived at Honolulu, Sept. 20, from Samoa by steamer "Alameda." At Apia a dinner was given him by the residents, principally English and Americans. At this the most friendly sentiments were expressed toward the United States. Mataafa and the other chiefs of the government called, and presented him with gifts, all of which were made in different parts of Samoa.

THE delegates to the International American Congress spent Thursday, Oct. 3, at West Point. The ceremonies were especially interesting, as on that day occurred the presentation to the Academy of the portraits of Gens. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. The delegates were sent back to New York City on a man-of-war, and from there they proceeded on their five-thousand-mile journey.

AT the recent election in Montana the Australian system of balloting was used with great success. The voting was done quickly and quietly, without disturbance or confusion.

SEVERAL thousand Jews who have been expelled from Russia intend to go as colonists to the Argentine Republic, in South America.

THE treaty of commerce between Russia and Japan alters the tariff in Japan. Hereafter duties will be levied on all articles separately, instead of on gross bulk, as before.

THE Swiss government has adopted smokeless powder for the army.

THE anniversary of Mexico's independence was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

"THE poppy forms a network of roots that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty. French engineers are sowing newly constructed railway embankments with poppies, with a view to prevent their destruction by heavy rains."

THE use of celluloid plates instead of copper for sheathing ships' bottoms is an experiment made in France. It is found that the plates are free from marine growth, which was abundant on all other parts not so protected.

A PHENOMENON observable in some rivers is their apparent disappearance. Capt. John Page, of the Argentine navy, says that the Upper Paraguay, although lost from sight for many miles, has been known to flow beneath a firmly matted covering of living and dead vegetation several feet deep. In 1858 one of these coverings broke loose and drifted for about two thousand miles to Buenos Ayres. Many animals and reptiles were found in it.

THE use of crude petroleum as fuel under steam-boilers is receiving increased attention in New England. At East Everett a system has been adopted which proves to be both successful and economical. The oil is burned under a fifty-horse-power boiler. The average consumption a day is about one hundred gallons, and the total cost \$2.75 per day. Before this, almost twelve hundred pounds of soft and screened coal have been used daily, costing about \$4.80.

EXCHANGES.

ONCE more the editors of school papers throughout the land are hard at work, and a general call is instituted for scattered wits. In many instances the call has been promptly obeyed, for the exchanges are teeming with productions which show even sharpened wits. The LASSELL LEAVES once more will endeavor to compete with these able papers, and criticise and be criticised with thorough good-will.

The general complaint seems to be lack of exchanges, and empty tables in consequence.

Not so with us; the material is more than we can deal justly with; but we welcome them all, and shall, in all probability, recognize their worth in due time, if they fail not.

THE June *Ogontz Mosaic* deserves special mention for its interesting work, before it sinks into oblivion as past efforts of '89.

THE fall exchanges seem especially poetical, and Williams need have no fear of a falling away in this line, if other papers are at all prophetic of theirs.

WE note the difference of opinion of two writers upon the subject of woman. The *Geneva Cabinet* gives us a stirring account of woman's work, and exclaims, "Can a true, brave-hearted woman be silent?" While the *Dartmouth Literary* ends an article, "O, the awful powerlessness of woman!" The difference is certainly marked, and provokes argument. We can heartily protest against the latter, at least.

THE latest departure at Williams seems to be navigation on the lawn. Success to them.

PRESIDENT SEELY, of Amherst College, left on Monday for Europe, ill health incapacitating him for work, for a year. — *Ex.*

IN the *Bowdoin Orient* for June is a pen picture of exceeding delicacy and wit. Written simply, but effectively, in its quiet undertone, it will suggest many another "face and fancy."

A NEW college opens in October, in New York, the first woman's college whose graduates are entitled to a university degree. It is called "Barnard College." — *Century.*

THE college notes in the *Brunonian*, October, are very interesting, if one happens to find them. By a diligent reading of the advertisements you may chance upon them by and by.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

IN old Berkshire, when the summer
Casts abroad the sunlight's gold,
Near a forest dark and lonely
Roses bloom in wealth untold.

Like a garden fair and sunny,
Glow those roses brightly red;
But the planters of that garden
Long ago have died or fled.

Crumbling stones in desolation
Mark where once the homestead stood;
Now the roses are the only
Relic of the fair and good.

Roses, roses, tell me, tell me,
Whither have your old friends fled?
To the westward? To the eastward?
Are they living? Are they dead?

Where are blushes once as ruddy
As the beauty of your bloom?
Where are voices once so tender?
Silent are they in the tomb?

O my native, dear New England!
Must thy homesteads come to this?
Must the altars of our fathers
All respect and memory miss?

What avail the hoarded millions
Wrung from Labor's tired hand?
Men, not money, are the making
Of our State and all the land.

Yet again, deserted homestead,
Pilgrims' sons shall raise thy walls;
Fear of God and love of justice
Shall re-echo through new halls.

Yet again, my loved New England,
Thou wide sovereignty shalt claim,
Foremost still for God and freedom,
Foremost on the scroll of Fame.

MUSICAL NOTES.

IN answer to the question whether Patti is to retire, Martha L. replies, "Patti has recently signed a contract covering the next five years." That doesn't look like a withdrawal from the stage!

GEORG HENSCHEL laid the solid foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Wilhelm Gericke has built a grand superstructure.

TAMAGNO, the tenor, will be in Adelina Patti's company through its American tour next season, but will sing on alternate nights; it is reported that his contract with Mr. Abbey calls for \$100,000, for fifty nights.

LONDON audiences dote on Handel.

PARIS has thirty-four streets named after famous musicians, from Beethoven downward.

MME. CARLOTTA PATTI is dead.

CHRISTINE NILSSON was in London a few days since, evidently enjoying the best of health. Italian newspapers mention as possible the engagement of her and Marie Van Zandt for an American tour, to begin in the fall of 1890.

VERDI is reported at work on an opera, the plot of which is based on the story of Beatrice di Tenda.

GERSTER has sung recently in Berlin, and the critics write that her voice was in very good condition.

DR. LOUIS MAAS died a few days ago in Boston.

It is hinted that Mr. P. S. Gilmore is desirous of forming an orchestra for the performance of symphonic works.

EMMA ABBOTT states that she shall be unable to bring out several spectacular operas until the Interstate Commerce Law is repealed.

ANOTHER woman composer has made her mark, — Mme. Helen Manletell, whose opera, "Florence," has just been brought out with fair success at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm.

GOSSIP says Mr. Abbey has been compelled to cancel the engagement with Mme. Albani for his Italian opera season in this country, because Tamagno refuses to sing with her, and Patti says Mme. Albani will bring her ill luck.

It is rumored that the Bostonians are to yield to a widespread demand, and revive "Pinafore" upon a most elaborate scale next season.

MR. T. ADAMOWSKI has been joined by his brother, Mr. J. Adamowski, who will be 'cellist of the quartet. Three concerts will be given by the organization in Steinert Hall on Monday evenings, Nov. 18, Dec. 9, and Jan. 6.

A CARD.

MR. AND MRS. WM. T. SHEPHERD wish to thank the young ladies for the very beautiful roses presented to them, Oct. 9, the wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs. S.

GIRLS' BIRTHDAYS.

[From Harper's Drawer.]

AN old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl, according to the month she is born in, as follows:—

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, likely to be good-looking, and studious of fashion-plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.

VENUS AS A SISTER WORLD.

WHILE watching those graceful windings of the planet, we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, travelling in a smaller but otherwise almost similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry, we find that the likeness between it and our earth, in some points, is very great; greater, in fact, than in the case with any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter, and Venus 7,500. The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction as that of the earth.

These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine tenths our present weight, and should find distances bearing much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be formed there, would be compacted and constructed like those we daily see around us. This would be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger, as Jupiter, Saturn, or Neptune. Again, the year on Venus would be about two hundred and twenty-five days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than in the case of any other planet.

In the length of the day we should find a still more homelike experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation. Venus rotates in twenty-three hours, twenty-one minutes, twenty-three seconds, and the earth in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds. The day, of course, depends a little on the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this as seen on our earth and from Venus would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and year, and to our world's density, would cause similarity, in all probability, in mountain form and vegetation. In fact, so far, Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

HAVE you ever noticed what a difference there is in a girl's manner when she gets engaged to be married? She flirts as much as ever, of course, and even a little more, for it seems as though a semi-appropriated damsel has more charms for the male flirts than those whose hearts have not capitulated. The difference lies in the manner to other girls of the engaged one. Even the gentlest and nicest assume slight airs of superiority, as though the problem of settlement in life having been settled for them, they were now competent to guide and advise all other young women.

If the *fiancé* be young and handsome, they are generally too much absorbed in him to pay much attention to any one else; but if he be middle-aged and very rich, they find abundance of leisure to place at the disposal of their friends. This they employ principally in discussing their own prospects, settling what color their liveries shall be, and in arranging the various details of their establishment.

But a little egotism is pardonable at such a time, and they are seldom so wholly occupied with their own concerns as to forget to quietly patronize their girl friends. "You must marry well, Lucy. You shall come and stay with me, and we will see what can be done." Or, "Mary, you must give up young Browne: he will not be able to give you a carriage for years and years, if ever." "I shall have dark tan-colored liveries picked out with crimson," etc.

Then, if anything occurs to break off the engagement, and the girl sinks back into the ranks of the unengaged, her position is all the more disagreeable if she has put on a lot of style during her betrothal. But, perhaps, the girl who is slavishly in love with her *fiancé* is the greatest bore of all. "Has not Edmund glorious eyes? Have you ever looked deep into them? Have you ever noticed the way his hair curls just above his ears?" Or, "Is not my George's voice charming—so musical and well-bred?" One gets very tired of this kind of thing. We have had an engaged girl staying here for the last week, and, though we have never seen her young man, we all detest his very name, so incessantly does she chatter about him. "My Archie" is dinned into our ears all day long. I should often like to hit that girl.

LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WE are almost inclined to believe that the ancients, when they made out the list of the deadly sins, omitted the chief of them all; for is not curiosity entitled to a place by the side of idleness, envy, wrath, and all the rest? We claim that there are eight deadly sins instead of seven, and that curiosity is the most abominable of them all. Think of the misery and of the annoyance to which that one vice has given birth, even from the days of our common mother, Eve. Perhaps you do not agree with us that Eve's fall was due to curiosity, you would prefer to lay it to ambition; but did ambition lead her in the first place to listen to the speech of the serpent? Was it not rather a desire to find out what he intended telling her, and how he would make his thoughts known? Do you suppose Eve stopped to consider what benefits would accrue to her from the eating of the apple? The very argument of the serpent is conclusive proof that to Eve's curiosity and not to her ambition an appeal was made. The fear of death had sufficed to keep her from approaching the tree, but when the serpent said to her, "Ye shall not surely die," her curiosity was roused, and she paused to consider whether what the serpent had said could be true.

They say that when a woman hesitates she is lost; and this case proved to be no exception to the rule. Prudence whispered to her, "Do not disobey the command of the Creator," but curiosity urged her on to the fatal act.

But to return to our own nineteenth century: does not each day present countless instances of the sway which this vice has acquired? Who has not lost his claim to amiability, who has not felt a strong desire to disobey the Sixth Commandment, when at the mercy of some inquisitive friend? The curious seem never to reflect; they have no tact, no delicacy; they "rush in where angels fear to tread"; and the thoughtless-

ness with which they wound even their best friends is truly surprising. Their number is legion; and we feel that it is safe to say that there is not one of us who, at some time, has not been tormented by these slaves of curiosity. We do not mean to condemn all forms of curiosity, for as we all know, there are many things about which we should desire to be informed. But a curiosity that prompts us to ask imprudent and offensive questions surely cannot be too strongly condemned. What does it matter whether Mrs. A's sealskin sack cost five dollars or fifty? Of what importance is it whether Mr. B is twenty years, or a hundred? Such petty forms of curiosity really tend to weaken the intellect, and they make us appear mean and small in the eyes of those around us.

THIS has been a trying month with us; things have not gone at all as they should, and therefore it must be confessed that we are not in our most amiable mood. We feel just like growling at every thing and every body, and for once we mean to relieve our pent-up feelings. We have been reflecting upon a variety of grievances for some days past, and now we feel that the time has come to make our meditations known. Well, to begin, we have been wondering why some people will insist upon shouting at us, as if they thought us afflicted with chronic deafness; why the young lady who has something of great importance to tell her roommate cannot wait until she reaches the privacy of her own room, instead of shrieking from the most remote end of the corridor "O Jo! Jo! I've got something to tell you." We wonder why it is that she seems to forget that the fact may not be of so great interest to all the others in the hall. Then, again, there are the girls who talk not only when you would prefer to study but also when the "shades of night" have fallen, and you are thinking of resigning yourself to the arms of Morpheus. Do they, can they, know the anguish they inflict upon us? We wonder why the girl who cannot play the banjo will insist upon attempting it. Oh! how often have we been tempted to wish that every string would break! We tremble when we think of the dark thoughts which have possessed us when the breezes have

borne to our ears the wails and discords which she causes to proceed from the tortured instrument. The girl who plays waltzes in four-four time, in the room below us, also comes in for our consideration, and those who waylay us on our way from recitation in order to tell us, under the pledge of strictest secrecy, things which are not worth the telling, and which we most decidedly do not wish to know. There is also the girl who stations herself just outside the library door and proclaims to an interested world all about her private affairs; then, what a soothing effect she has upon one's nerves, when she finally enters the library and begins a whispered conversation with a friend on the opposite side of the room! How conducive this is to quiet and peaceful reading! Ah, well! perhaps all these have their mission in the world; we do not dare to assert that they have not; and if, as an old minister once said in regard to his sermon, they teach us how to be patient, perhaps they have not lived in vain.

THE one object which brought the LEAVES into existence was the building up of a fund to aid deserving students. The past history of this paper is one in which all Lasell girls may take pride. During thirteen years it has proved a success, from both a literary and a financial standpoint, and the outlook for its future is bright. To further the efforts of the LEAVES and to increase the 'educational fund' more rapidly, why cannot we establish a *Lasell* "Annual"? The management of it could be placed in the hands of one of the two upper classes, or, what seems more feasible, under the control of the two literary societies. The sale ought to more than pay expenses, for we can furnish our own artists, — a heavy expense in such a publication when outside help is used. Not only might it be made a financial success, but it would serve also as an impetus to good literary work. Let every Lasell girl consider the *pros* and *cons* carefully, and then report her decision to the editor.

FRIDAY evening, Nov. 1, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson gave a lecture on Queen Isabella of Spain, in place of Miss Kate Sanborn, who was expected to lecture on "Newspaper Wits."

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

THE Chinese theatre was founded by Wing Wang, an emperor who reigned about the middle of the fourteenth century.

Wing Wang, so the story goes, had a dream, in which he visited the moon. There he saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, and beautiful beings danced before him in costumes unfamiliar to his eyes. When he awoke the dream remained with him, and he decided to reproduce it for his wife, whom he loved very dearly. A temporary structure was erected in his pear garden; the performers were selected from the younger sons of the nobility, and, therefore, to this day, in China, amateur actors are called "Younger Brothers of the Pear Garden."

It is probable that Wing Wang's efforts were not appreciated in his own time, for the taste for theatrical performances died out soon after his reign, and were revived only by the talents of the three great dramatists of China, Tin, Tan, and Chung.

Although very little is known about these men, it is probable that they arranged not only the plots but also the costumes, gestures, and stage fixtures, and that, as a result of their labors, the drama became popular among the Chinese. The festival of this trio of authors is celebrated once every year in the principal Chinese theatres of San Francisco.

It is two o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the Jackson Street theatre of that city. The performance has not yet begun, and a drum beats monotonously, to allay the impatience of the expectant crowd of Chinese assembled there. The box above the stage is thrown open for the occasion, and is brilliantly illuminated. Far within can be seen an altar heaped with offerings, and smoking with incense and a thousand candles. The women's gallery is full to the top and picturesque with many bright colors.

With the sudden sound of fire-crackers on the left of the stage, the performance begins. One after another, the eight angels enter and take their places on the stage. After giving their names, the chief angel gives the whole plot of the play, by simply saying: "It is the birthday of the Goddess of Mercy: we will all go and congratulate her." After the eight angels have filed out,

the King of the Monkeys enters. He and the rest of the tribe are climbing the mountain in quest of a peach that has the power of conferring immortal life, which they intend as a present for the Goddess of Mercy.

Upon this slight thread is constructed an acrobatic ballet, which is performed by men arrayed in gay costumes. The director stands in full view of the audience, and as the performance is given only once a year, many disputes arise, which are settled then and there with much squabbling. Pyramids of twenty and even thirty persons are formed, one little fellow carries valiantly around the stage six others larger than himself, etc. The concluding event of this part of the entertainment is as follows: The acrobats are arranged in two long opposing rows, holding one another by the hand. At the farthest end, just in front of the musicians' alcove, stand two men, one on top of the other. At a given signal they fall headlong from the height upon the cushion of hands below.

The monkeys now assume the shape of a dragon and vanquish the guardian of the peach. Then, with banners, fans, and gauze hats, they form a procession, and proceed with their prize to the Goddess of Mercy.

Enter forthwith other divinities, also on their way to congratulate the Goddess,—the Goddess of Flowers, the Eastern Goddess, and the Western Goddess. After they have shown themselves, a shrimp, an oyster, and a turtle, presents from the four Kings of Ocean, take the stage. The culminating point, however, is the entrance of the Goddess of Mercy herself. She is attended by two standard-bearers, each of whom carries a banner bearing her motto. When she is fairly seated on her throne, the Goddess of Flowers and the Eastern and Western Goddesses enter, and make obeisance.

"What do you come for?" asks the Goddess, in kindly tones.

"It is your birthday, and we come to congratulate you."

At the invitation of the Goddess, the visitors sit down to a banquet which she orders prepared for them. Next come the Kings of Ocean, who are questioned, and answer in the same manner. Next, the King of the Monkeys arrives, with the wonderful peach, which he begs the Goddess to

accept. As all of the seats at the table are taken, she graciously invites the monkeys to be seated on the floor. This they do immediately.

After some preliminaries, the King of the Eastern Ocean begs that the Goddess will go through some of her marvellous transformations

Then follows an interlude, in which she transforms herself into eight different characters, ending with that of a scholar who has received the highest degree at the imperial examinations.

The scene is then changed to the Temple of Mercy, where, by a staircase ingeniously devised of chairs, the whole party are enabled to ascend to the actors' box, which has been draped in white, to represent the gates of heaven. Presently, the Chinese God of Cash enters, and presents to the Goddess cash in great quantities, while the orchestra imitates the clinking of gold and silver. It is then thrown broadcast into the audience.

The peach, miraculously opening, displays a beautiful boy holding in his teeth this symbolical motto: "A thousand grandsons, and still a thousand more, and so on to eternity." Thus ends the festival of Tin, Tan, and Chung.

It is safe to say that no stage is or ever has been so completely incrustated with conventionalities as that of the Chinese. Even to Chinamen who have not been educated up to the theatre from their youth, a dramatic performance must be merely a dazzling spectacle of color and light; for all of the characters in the drama, except, perhaps, the comedian, who may, to save his joke from falling flat, occasionally drop into the vernacular, speak a dialect unfamiliar to the mass of the audience. Then, too, all of the costumes are taken from an early period of Chinese history.

Moreover, with little scenery, other than a few tables and chairs, and, perhaps, a little strip of painted muslin, the representation of everything is attempted, from the building of a bridge to the storming of a castle or the apotheosis of a saint. All this, of course, cannot be done realistically, so they are obliged to fall back on a stock of stage conventions. For instance, a man who throws his leg into the air is supposed to be mounted on horseback.

A change of scene on the Chinese stage is indicated by the whole *dramatis personæ* walking rapidly three times around the stage. In San Francisco, however, they have ceased to notice a division into acts.

"The Chinese," it has been said, "walk with their feet on earth and their heads in heaven"; and throughout their plays we find the strongest evidence of this spiritualistic tendency. The being about to receive the first degree at the imperial examinations also holds a prominent position in their drama, and, in the mind of the Chinese, every play is conceived to be a portion of their own history. Although all of their plays were originally historical, seven different classes, or elements of plot, are recognized. These are briefly: the historical play or tragedy, the comedy, the Platonic-love play, the court play, the chivalry play, the persecution play, and the merit-rewarded play. The last three may be classed under the head of the Melodrama.

In these forms of the melodrama we get our first true insight into the moral and political life of the Chinese. The instances of official outrage, where the machinery of the law is invoked to the injury of the innocent, form the foundation for the persecution plots.

A man of inferior family is, in China, practically debarred from all of the lucrative and honorable pursuits; and though promotion through merit is the law of the merit-rewarded plays, nothing in reality is so unusual.

The chivalry plays would not be thought melodramatic at all on our stage; but from the extreme rarity of the occasions on which one Chinaman helps another, they are, perhaps, entitled to that term. This play deals chiefly with, if such a term be possible, negative chivalry: not doing a man an injury when you might, and doing him a kindness when it is no very great inconvenience to yourself.

The strength of a Chinese play lies in its ingenuity of plot and strength of character. It cannot be said to excel in conversation, because the Chinese life is peculiarly barren of great themes. Nobility of thought and Shakespeare's subjective search for the secrets of the heart are nowhere to be found. Besides, most of the Chinese plays are the merest outlines, the dialogue in most cases

being left almost entirely to the improvisation of the actor. In spite of the fact that there are often five or six actors on the stage at the same time, no actor interferes with another, and the whole performance has the deliberate air of preparation.

A curious feature of the Chinese stage is its minutely divided cast. Every actor has his particular "line" of characters, from which he seldom departs. This makes it necessary to have very large companies, which adds little to the artistic side of the performance and greatly to the expense.

Not only are the costumes worn by the different characters effective on the stage, but they bear the test of close examination, the most costly gold-cloth being picked out, and brightened by innumerable silk threads of many different colors. They do not vary much in general cut, and are for the most part distinguished from each other by some difference in the head-dress or by some minor ornament.

The most distinctive of all of the costumes is the general's. In his head-dress are four dragons rampant, and on the flap in front a lion's mouth. In time of action his sleeves are rolled up, and he wears around his waist a sash of light-blue silk. An enormous butterfly laps over and partly covers the side pieces that protect his thighs. His boots are high-soled, and add much to his stature. Two long feathers sweep from his helmet behind. As a symbol of power he wears four flags in his back, and as a token of strength a cockade of black silk on his forehead.

All barbarians are represented with painted faces. This distinction serves in place of a difference in costumes, and is about the only way in which the Chinaman recognizes on the stage the existence of any nationality other than his own. The painted face is also used to denote moral or physical ugliness.

An important part of the organization of the theatre is the orchestra, which is composed of a leader, who plays the ox-hide drum, a fiddler, a banjoist, a gong player, and a cymbal player. The cymbal player is sometimes very expert, and is the only one of the orchestra who does not remain always at his post. As he is inspired, he moves about, often throwing up one of the cym-

bals and catching it on the flat side of the other. As the Chinese cymbal weighs upward of ten pounds, the difficulty of this feat can well be imagined.

Everything necessary to his existence the actor finds within the four walls of the theatre. There he has with him his barber, servant, wife, and household gods. He seldom leaves the theatre, except for a walk or to take dinner at a restaurant. He does not have to leave it even when he is married, for his wife comes to him.

There is no stage manager in the Chinese theatre. When a new play is to be produced, the author, who is generally an actor, superintends the rehearsals as well as the performance. No parts are given out; the author merely tells the actor in a general way what he is to do. A Chinese actor, therefore, must be a man of intelligence, good education, and ready wit. He must also possess an accurate knowledge of the history of China, and of the etiquette and ceremonial of the Imperial Court as it is popularly understood. He must be suitably dressed, and his action must conform as much as possible to the character of the personage he represents, who is often historical, and well known to the audience.

The salary of a Chinese actor ranges from two hundred to seven thousand dollars a year. On the other hand, he occupies in China the lowest plane in the scale of caste. He is incapacitated from holding any position of trust under the government; and this rule applies with all its rigor to his sons and grandsons as well.

The Chinese theatre is rich in sign literature, and signs of all descriptions exist, suited to all needs, and addressed to all intelligences.

In closing, it may not be inappropriate for us to notice the advice given by one of the signs in the Jackson Street theatre of San Francisco:—

"Neighbors all, observe with your eyes, and listen well with your ears. Be as one family, exceedingly happy and contented. In heaven above and on earth below, things great and small are judged, and immediately receive their reward. You see before you the whole story of life. Consider well what ye shall choose, the reward of the good, or the reward of the evil."

L. H. R., '91.

LOCALS.

OCT. 28, being a rainy Monday, spoiled another day's pleasure. A trip down the harbor to Fort Henry had been planned for the new girls. Pleasant Mondays are, so far, a rarity.

EDMUND SPENSER must have foreseen Miss Call's concentration when he wrote the following line : —

"Poured out in looseness on the grassy ground."

THE officers elected for the ensuing term in the S. D. Society are : —

- President MISS PEABODY.
- Vice-President MISS CORRE.
- Secretary MISS N. WOODBURY.
- Treasurer MISS SOULE.
- Critic MISS SUTTON.
- Usher MISS B. BURR.
- Musical Committee { MISS FISHER.
MISS HAMILTON.

GIRL. — What *is* the name of that college in Baltimore, begins with G? Oh, of course, Johns Hopkins.

ECHOES from cooking examination. — Tripe is a small fish. Veal is flesh of a sheep. *Entrées* are entrails of animals.

SCENE, *front room*; TIME, *calling hour Monday*.

FRESH. (*awful fresh*) to Senior. — Has Art come?

SENIOR (*using pet expression*). — Yes, he approached on horseback.

FRESH. (*after few moments of meditation*). — Where did he leave his horse?

SENIOR. — I suppose in front of the Sem.

(*Fresh. rushes wildly to the window and discovers the "horse" is on her.*)

WEDNESDAY evening, Oct. 30, a large party of pupils attended a concert in Boston given by the Ruggles Street Quartet and others.

WE hear that B-nn-e Y-u-g is the Lasell girls' Apollo.

ONE of our friends has an idea that Psyche is pronounced *fish*.

THE election of officers in the Lasellia Club resulted as follows : —

- President MISS JULIA HUBBARD.
- Vice-President MISS TICHENOR.
- Secretary MISS CLARKSON.
- Treasurer MISS GARDNER.
- Critic MISS BROWN.
- Guard MISS SHAW.
- Executive Committee { MISSES PAINE, SMITH.
and NORTHAN.

WE happened to see the note-book of one young lady who is attending the art lectures at Newton. We copy a few lines from it : —

- Who was St. Peter?
- Who was Raphael?
- What kind of metal is mosaics?
- Was Pompeii in Rome?

SATURDAY evening, Oct. 26, the annual "Harvest Festival" was held in the gymnasium, which Mr. Shepherd had very prettily decorated with fruits and vegetables. The programme was as follows : —

- Piano Solo MISS HUTTON.
- Song MISS SUTTON.
- Recitation MISS BROWN.
- Guitar Solo MISS SNYDER.
- Piano Solo MISS SARGEANT.
- Song MISS PEABODY.

Refreshments were then served, and the affair ended with a general jollification.

'91 elected Miss Lucy Sargeant, president.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Owing to the numerous rainy Mondays we had no school Oct. 17, and the new girls went to Concord.

MISS X. to Miss Y. (*who is singing Schubert's Serenade*). — Who is the *author* of that song?

MISS SUTTON was unanimously elected president of '90.

PROF. — (*teacher of history class*). — Miss C., you may read "Plutarch's Lives" for the next lesson.

MISS C. (*after much meditation*). — Did he have more than one, Professor?

WHO is Annie Smith P——y, anyhow?

MARRIED.

AT Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 22, Harriet Webber to Dwight Goddard. At home, after Dec. 30, 26 Essex Street.

Nov. 5, at Rockland, Me., Rose Marie Welt to Ernest Clifford Davis. At home. Tuesdays after Dec. 1, 72 Middle Street.

OCT. 30, Georgie E. Meyers to S. Christy Church.

Nov. 14, at St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Col., Lulu Wells to Robert S. Brannen. At home Fridays in January, 1042 Clarkson Street.

DEATH.

[*South Boston Inquirer.*]

MR. AND MRS. W. F. CLERKE (Emma Cardell) have been suddenly bereaved of their youngest daughter, six years old, by that dreadful disease, diphtheria, after an illness of only four days.

The oldest daughter, Ethel, was first attacked, and she had hardly recovered when on Sunday last little Marion became similarly affected. The best medical skill was employed to save the darling child, who was the idol of her parents and beloved by all who had come within the circle of her home, but neither professional zeal, parental love, nor friendly endeavor availed, and she died on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Clerke are overwhelmed with grief, and their said affliction has elicited expressions of the deepest sympathy.

PERSONALS.

GEORGIE LAMME has entered the Freshman Class at Wellesley.

MAUDE OLIVER, '89, and Lina Jones, '88, made us a short call Saturday, Oct. 19.

AGGIE BATCHELOR is visiting Lyde Curtis in Hoboken.

AMY HARRIS spent Sunday, Oct. 20, with Anna Staly.

MILLIE SWAN, Mattie Hall, and Bessie Towle called Monday, Oct. 21.

NELIA CHURCHILL spent Monday, Oct. 14, with Nina Burr.

MR. PAINE, Anita's father, holds a mammoth Bible-class every Saturday at the skating rink in Cambridge. It is for children, but many adults come in showing an eagerness to be taught. Some one describes the meeting one rainy morning: When the gong sounded at half past nine seven hundred little ones came in, most of them dripping wet, but all bright and cheerful. They are well trained in singing by skilled leaders, and are learning fast. They listen respectfully to Mr. Paine's explanation of the lesson of the day. Over eleven hundred of the children have been photographed. Seven hundred have been finished and are excellent likenesses.

AN address by Dr. R. L. Walston, of Decatur, Ill., before the Y. M. C. A. of that place, deserves careful reading. Dr. Walston, by the way, is the father of two of our "old girls." The address treats of the "Care of the Nervous System," and shows that the groundwork of nervous disorders is often prepared in the young child by lack of physical care, by severity, and by inspiring fear.

ONE of the old girls writes Miss Blaisdell in high praise of the last Lasell catalogue.

A LETTER from Rouette Bowen Baker, of Plattsburg, N. Y., begins by saying that she is "lonesome to-day for Lasell" — after all these years! She was here when Miss Parloa taught the cooking, and remarks that her instructions were "a great help when I began housekeeping." She was then expecting to see Grace Garland Etherington. She (Rouette) has three children, two of them girls, whom she means to send to Lasell by and by, and hopes herself to come here next June.

MR. B. A. GOODRIDGE, once a teacher at Lasell, is for a time at Cambridge. His home is in the South, and he is the editor of a Southern paper.

INEZ BRAGG was about starting for the East early in October, when her father was taken ill, and has been for some time in a very critical condition. There are now hopes of his recovery, but the family are still in great anxiety and distress. It was a case of overwork affecting the brain. Dear Inez has all her energies heavily taxed in this emergency. May her father be restored to health!

MAUDE MATHEWS has been in Boston for some time. "Busy," she says. But we all want to see her here.

NORA GIBSON is making herself useful at home to a sick mother and others. She finds some time for study. She hears from Annie Alexander, and of Betty Aston, and Florence Fuller, who goes regularly to Portland for music lessons, from her home, in Augusta, Me.

JESSIE WILSON is a "cadet" in the Chicago public schools. She expects a position to teach in January.

NETTIE LIBBEY FULTON writes from Minneapolis one of the warmest of letters, about Lasell and

old schoolmates. She keeps up a little in correspondence with some of them, Ella Morrison, May Bailey, Lina Maynard, but complains that they stop writing after they get married. When she goes back to her father's home, in Oshkosh, she sees Jessie McMillan Snow, Eva and Kate Morgan.

REV. DR. LISTON H. PEARCE, father of our Etha, has resigned his position as pastor of St. John's Madison Avenue M. E. Church at Baltimore, to accept the pastorate of the Hedding M. E. Church at Elmira, N. Y.

MARY HAZLEWOOD is at home in Grand Rapids studying, and making herself useful to her family. She thinks of Lasell and the prayer-meeting on Tuesday nights, and remembers the good she got there.

SUSIE GARFIELD BLODGETT is not very well. She lost her youngest child in the spring. She has our hearty sympathy. Her mother and sister have been with her lately.

HEARTY thanks to Grace White Gould, of Albany, N. Y., for the pretty photograph of her little daughter for the school album. She, like most of the old girls, in their letters, sends her subscription money for the LEAVES.

MARIETTA ROSE is happy in teaching at Abington, Mass., and invites her friends to call on her. Lena Jones also likes her teaching. She has been visiting the school.

SADIE RANSOM HAZLET has been visiting Lasell with her baby for several weeks, staying with her two sisters. Her husband came for her early in November with their little boy.

ADA MARSH is going West in December. She will go to St. Joseph and perhaps Denver and stay several months. Hopes to see Gertrude White. Ruby Blaisdell and B'anche Pruyne are to visit Ada in November, and the latter may possibly go West too. She thinks Mary Beach has been East this summer.

NELLIE BROOKS BRADLEY sends the card of her little son, Arnold Brooks, born Sept. 21, weight, eleven pounds. He gladdens a home in Portland, Ore. Our congratulations and thanks.

BLANCHE MERRILL has been at the school; also Edith Gale, both looking well and happy.

ANNIE V. KELLY ADAMS, of Haverhill, came in October with her husband to visit Lasell. It was a true enjoyment to have her here, looking at everything with the interest of an old-timer. Also a pleasure to meet her husband and a regret not to see their six children.

AVA LOWE STINSON appeared last month by mistake as Mrs. Stimson. Hattie Hanmer Robbins had her middle name given as Hamner.

IN the October paper it should have been said that Mrs Alice Miller Kennard now lives in Waukegan, Ill. Her husband is a partner of Anna Baker's husband, Mr. Jebb, in an extensive manufacturing business.

LOU FRIBLEY is now Mrs. Dann — not Dame, as it was made last month. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were here with her in the summer.

MRS. LOUISE BEST CUMNOCK may not be pleased to see her name given as Comstock in the October LEAVES. And Jessie Reece has her pretty name changed to *Ruer*. What a list of disasters! One of Dickens's characters says she does n't mind being called "out of her name, if only it is considered in the wages." We fear our friends get no such compensation.

MR. BRAGDON would be glad to know what Lasell girl, wearing a Lasell pin, came with her father, from Nantucket, in late July or early August of this year.

JUST a few left of the beautiful Lasell pins, the most unique college pin in the world, fitly signifying what each Lasell girl is to those she loves.

THE last welcome addition to our Grandchildren's Album is of Grace Perkins Patillo's dear little ones, — one of Carlton, the brave, bright boy, who was early gathered home and is safe in heaven, and one of Alice, the sweet seven-months-old girlie, who gladdens the home. Sadie Ransom Hazelet made Grace a little visit, and was charmed with her home and all its ways. Sadie and Grace had a great time, you can imagine, talking over times old and new. How delightful are the reunions of school-girl friends! Some of the pleasantest friendships of life are made at school. Go and see each other oftener, girls: it is time and money well spent.

MRS. GRACE PERKINS PATILLO would like to hear from Mrs. Eva Bragdon Judd.

ART NOTES.

THE number of living French artists who have been decorated with the Legion of Honor Cross is three hundred and sixty-nine, or about one per cent of the whole legion. Meissonier is one of the grand officers.

THE museum at Nuremberg has bought the Prince Sulkowsky's collection of arms, one of the best in Germany; as well as a very fine portrait of the school of Dürer.

THERE is at the Paris Exhibition a three-fourths-length portrait of Meissonier, painted by himself.

J. M. MUNDAY is probably the only blind sculptor in the country. He has nearly finished a fine statue of a soldier. Its progress is necessarily slow, as he has to work entirely by feeling.

AMONG recent additions to the British National Gallery are a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte and one of a young man by Gainsborough.

IT is said that a large picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," by Rubens, has been discovered in England.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MISS LILIAN RUSSELL is one of the best comic opera singers now before the public. In fact, she and Miss Laura Bellini are at the head of that field of stage vocalism in this country.

MME. MINNIE HAUK has purchased a villa near Lucerne.

NEVER in the whole history of music in Boston has there been anything more ridiculous or unjust than the manner in which the tickets for the Symphony concerts have been sold.

GUSTAV LANGE is dead.

MR. LEANDRO CAMPANARI has returned to Boston from Milan.

NILSSON says she is n't deaf.

THE Yale Glee Cub purpose making an extended concert tour next season.

AN amateur brass band at Millerton has determined to give satisfaction at all hazards. It has resolved to disband.

EXCHANGES.

THE articles in the *Vassar Miscellany* are tritely written, for such a paper. The exchange column is very bright and fresh.

THE placid looking *Tuftonian* arrives, and asserts its good qualities with its usual equanimity; no barbaric customs, full subscription lists, *et cetera*, but we are surprised to note that "college politics" and "petty jealousies" can have cropped out and marred the serenity.

OF the small sheets sent us to peruse, the palm must undoubtedly be given to *The Princetonian*. It contains the every-day news, yet finds some space to interest its foreign reader.

THE extreme brilliancy of a recent article in the *Colby Echo* is seldom surpassed, and, we hope, never equalled.

THE *Brunonian* and *Dartmouth* have, at the same time, written in brief upon the question which has been discussed so much. But listen to what they say. The *Brunonian*: "After all, we come to college not so much for tennis or base-ball as for study. Athletics are undeniably important and valuable, but the four years that we spend within these walls are primarily intended for the training of the mind." The *Dartmouth*: "To make young men familiarly acquainted with letters is not the sole object of this or any other college. While a student should always endeavor to attain a *satisfactory* standing in his studies, he should not neglect that physical training, which is so necessary," etc. The speech of the latter seems to be the speaking of the general voice, and the good writing in college papers consists largely of vivid descriptions of the many branches of athletics. More than a *satisfactory* standing is expected there, too.

AS was once said of Satan, by one who was was never known to speak ill of any person (a lesson here for us all), that he was persistent, at any rate, so may we speak of the *Daily Crimson*. It is doubtless of much value in the college, and even we, at this distance, can glean from it now and then.

THE *Yale Record* is unusually bright, and offers much sparkling wit to its many readers.

THE first two chapters of the talked-of "Kismet," in the *Dickinson Liberal*, have appeared. Some of the ideas contained are painfully realistic, but it is written in an easy manner. In this same paper we notice a prominence of one Miss Mallelieu, and if M. after "Kismet" does not stand for the same, we shall look for her to figure upon the editorial staff.

The Tech, with its brilliant covering, prophesies bright things within; and we are not disappointed. We accord it a high place in our list of exchanges.

Is it not surprising, that strikingly noticeable fact that in all our papers it is necessary to write long articles urging our students to subscribe for their school papers? But few papers have not found it necessary to do this this fall. What is the matter? Are we becoming lazy, or are our members too retiring to come forward into their literary spheres of school life? Let us hope that the account books may be helped to balance, and let us all be more loyal with our aid, both by funds and literature; then the editors will have to bewail the loss of one subject for their editorials.

THE *Wesleyan Argus*, though lacking somewhat in interest, contains a beautifully and skilfully written sketch of Edward Rowland Hill.

Too much can hardly be said of the *Ogontz Mosaic* as to its high literary standard, systematic compilation of the volume, and general interest.

VARIETY is the spice of "life," we will admit, but, notwithstanding we appreciate the frequent appearance of love stories amongst the college literature of deeper calibre, still something is undoubtedly lacking in the sentiment of the writers. for the stories are vapid and tiresome, for the most part. Let them be sprightly, if they must appear.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE members of the Parnellite party who have been travelling through Australia have finished their tour. They have collected \$100,000 to advance the Irish cause. They will now go to New Zealand.

THE proclamation setting apart Thursday, Nov. 28, as a day of national thanksgiving was issued by President Harrison, Nov. 1.

THE Swiss government has prohibited the holding of meetings by the Salvation Army and has closed the halls occupied by the Salvationists.

A LETTER from Honolulu states that Albert Loomens, one of the leaders in the insurrection last July, has been sentenced to be hanged the first week in December.

THE strike of the coal-miners in Belgium has collapsed.

Strikes have spread even to Egypt. The Cairo cigarette makers are the first to introduce this Western system into the land of the Pharaohs, having struck against some very strict regulations enforced by their employers.

THE municipal elections held throughout Italy on Sunday, Nov. 3, resulted in victories for the liberals and radicals, and defeat for the clericals.

THE payment of the debts of the late king of Bavaria will not be completed until 1905. They are now being paid off out of the Bavaria civil list, at the rate of £55,000 a year.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A BOTANICAL garden has been established in the Alps of Valais, at an elevation of more than fifty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is situated on a cone-shaped knoll, about two hundred feet high, and is composed of a number of natural terraces, planted with *Pirrus cembra* and larch. It faces north, east, and west; on the summit is a plateau facing south, on which will be a little *chalet*, containing the library and herbarium of the garden.

THE Emperor of Brazil sent a telegram to the Paris Academy of Sciences announcing an observation of globular lightning on Sept. 16.

A TRAM-CAR line is being constructed in the Argentine Republic which will connect Buenos Ayres with the surrounding towns, and will, when completed, extend over two hundred miles. The cars are to be drawn by horses, which are cheap and plentiful in South America; while fuel, both wood and coal, is scarce and expensive.

THE deepest bore-hole in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, accord-

ing to latest accounts, at Schladebach, a small German village near Leipsic. It measures about 5,735 feet.

A COMPANY is now putting down a shaft into Grand Avenue Cave, four miles from Mammoth Cave, for the purpose of bringing up the air and putting it into the rooms of a large hotel which they propose to build, both as a pleasure resort and a sanatorium.

A SUBTERRANEAN river has been discovered in the Department of Lot, France. The discoverers worked their way down stream for two miles through a succession of wonderful grottos sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids.

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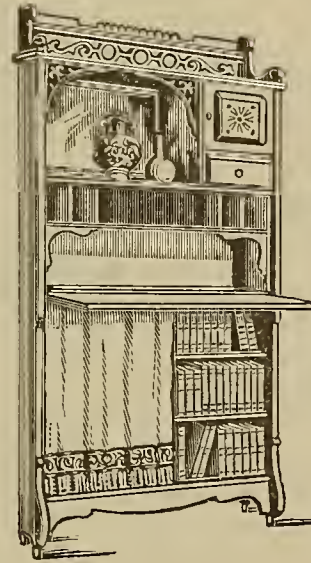
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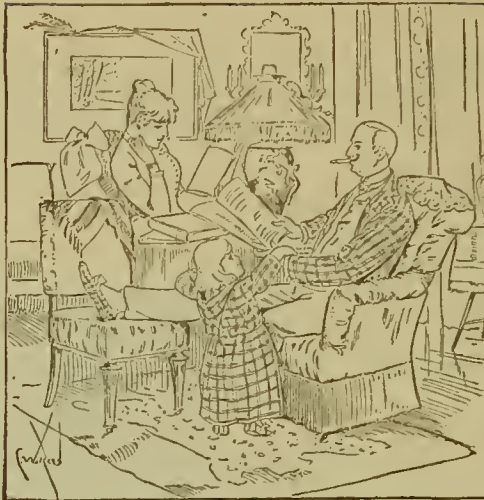
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IN this enlightened age of society, we see no reason why girls should be less independent than boys. We see no reason why they may not take their places in life on an equal footing with the masculine portion of the community. Now, do not imagine that we intend to advance any wild or fanatical ideas; we mean simply to ask why women should not be as able to support themselves as men. When the boy's education is completed, he does not return to his home, fold his hands, and expect his father to support him; he feels that the time for him to enter upon a more active life has arrived. He fits himself for some profession, or enters some business, and henceforth he is self-supporting. All this we heartily approve. We should have but a poor opinion of him were he to become a mere drone in the social hive. But how different it is with the average girl! She is graduated, her school-days are over, and she returns to her father's home, dependent upon his bounty, unwilling, and, in too many cases, utterly unable, to help herself. This is not as it should be. The average woman is possessed of average common-sense, and she ought to be able to provide for herself as well and as comfortably as her father or brother can provide for her. As well, did we say? Perhaps that statement is somewhat sweeping, but at any rate she should be able to rely upon herself. The young woman who is content always to live upon the means of others, no matter how willing or how able they may be to support her, displays a surprising lack of independence and energy. It has often been said that one never knows the value of a dollar until he has earned it; nor is anything quite so good as something one has acquired through one's own efforts. How, then, can our dependent friend gain this needed knowledge or experience this sweet pleasure? We cannot understand why it should seem quite the

expected thing that the daughter shall remain in comparative idleness at home, while the son must needs devote every moment to untiring industry. This is not right or just, and we predict that the next hundred years will work a radical change in this direction.

Many women are becoming self-supporting, and more are being educated and fitted for some definite aim in life. It is impossible to accomplish much with but a smattering of this and a smattering of that; and women are beginning to realize that this is true. They see the importance of preparing themselves carefully for life's race, and the future looks bright.

Let no woman think that she will be more respectable if supported by her father than she will be if supported by her own exertions. Good common-sense and pluck are respected and esteemed wherever met.

ONCE more we hail the approach of vacation; every one is happy, and every face lights up at the thought of the three weeks in which we are to be free from scholastic duties. Not that our love for Lasell has vanished, but it is so delightful to anticipate the mornings when the harsh sound of the gong shall not dispel our sweet morning's slumber,—to dream of the days that are to bring us so much of pleasure and jollity.

"Sweet is pleasure after pain," says one of the poets, and observation has taught us that the particular pleasures which vacation brings are also sweet after long days of study; sweeter, perhaps, because they are not every-day occurrences to us, for that which we have always we seldom, if ever, appreciate. What perverse creatures we poor human beings are! Never contented with what we have, always desiring something beyond our reach, and yet if our wishes are gratified we are usually as discontented as in the beginning. Edgar Poe's "Imp of the Perverse" seems to possess every one of us. But let us not indulge in such melancholy reflections, for surely our vacation will be all that we can desire. Let us then continue to look forward to bright and joyous holidays, when all hearts shall be filled with peace and good-will, and our dreams of vacation shall at length be realized. To the weary and care-burdened editor the Christmas season is espe-

cially suggestive of rest. No longer will the few ideas which we possess be cast upon a cold and unsympathetic public; the "midnight oil" will be a thing of the past, and thoughts of unfilled columns will no longer reduce us to despair. There will be no more articles to "grind out," no more contributions to be solicited, and we shall no longer be ostracized from the companionship of our friends and neighbors; for as we shall have no further need of ideas for editorials, we shall not render ourselves obnoxious to those around us. Even now we see a softening on the part of our room-mate. She has not been to us all that she might have been, for has she not rebelled when we have wished to read to her our editorials for the eighteenth time? Has she not cast bitter reproaches upon us? But now that Christmas is approaching, she again becomes reconciled to us, and peace and rest seem about to take up their abode with us. Surely these delightful thoughts can but make us long for vacation; we feel that life is yet worth the living; and now, as we turn from our literary labors, let us wish you all a "Merry Christmas," and good by.

WOMAN'S everlasting befrilled, bedizened and bedraggled style of dress is to-day doing more harm to children unborn, born, and dying, than all other causes that compel public attention. With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads can carry all we know. Catch Edison and constrict him inside a wasp-waistcoat, and be sure you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause; treat Powderly in the same fashion, and the powder-mine of failure will blow up the labor movement. Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the smallest diameter of the womanly figure means an impoverished blood supply in the brain, and may explain why women scream when they see a mouse, and why they are so afraid of a term which should be their glory as it is of their brothers, viz., *strong-minded*.—*Frances E. Willard's annual address.*

GLIMPSES FROM MY WINDOW IN THE "FIFTH STORY BACK."

WHAT wondrous flights one's fancy takes, away up here in this airy cell, apart from the world, yet gazing out upon it, as from an observatory, without the necessity of stepping down from the lofty height and mingling with the seething throng!

There is certainly something delightful about this noisy solitude. Yet still do I feel myself growing lonely when the sun has cast his last rays on the buildings opposite, and darkness brings with it the plaintive wails of — I would like to say — *millions* of cats to make night anything but "a joy forever." Ah, the nocturns in E flat, the pizzicati movements in sharps of all sorts, and sometimes little conversational recitatives with friends in the next block! Do you suppose "Sally in our Alley," that lovely traditional maid of English song, was lulled to sleep each night by such heavenly strains? Such a pity that the fact of this dark beauty haunting and brightening an alley should subject her to such unpoetic companions as *cats*! Rather let us imagine that fair creature rocked to sleep in a spider's web, with fairies to sing a lullaby!

But alas! there is no "Sally" in *our* alley, though I have looked hard for the pretty maid. The only Sally visible bears the names of Minerva, or "Nerve," as I hear her called. She occasionally appears at the gate, with her calico sleeves rolled up, her apron over her arm, and leans both brawny elbows on the fence, while the butcher's boy from his cart relates all the gossip of the day. Poor Mistress Minerva! This one "gintleman" is her only glimpse of the outside world, beyond the back gate; and what wonder that, while her hungry soul drinks in choice bits of gossip, she should forget the steak over the fire, or let the soup boil over! Friends, do not grumble if the meat is scorched: the cook is fond of society!

My window faces dozens of other windows of other boarding-houses, and I often find myself wondering what kind of lives all these people live whose heads appear now and then at the windows. I think perhaps the young lady opposite me is dramatic in her tastes, for she throws up the sash with a theatrical air, and listens, as if she expected a Romeo to call to her from the

alley below, then sighs, brings a hand-mirror, fixes her bang, and finally draws the curtain and shuts out the cold, irresponsible world. Presently I see a light over there, and I wonder if she is going through all the Juliet agonies according to Monsieur Delsarte, or is decking herself in all the graceful draperies of a tea-gown to receive Romeo at the front door. Alas, even imagination can travel only so far; so I, too, draw my curtain, and cogitate upon the many mysteries about me.

Now, there is the apple man, the banana man, the rags-old-iron man, who ride up and down the alley, singing their wares in varying keys, and with often quite brilliant musical effects; and there are, too, their patient, bony nags trudging along in front of them, out of this alley into many other alleys, probably believing in their lean and hungry hearts that the world is made up of alleys where visions of green grass-plots never appear, and only a bit of hay hanging from some mow comes within reach of their noses now and then. Poor old beasts! After they have accomplished the destined number of alley journeys, let us hope they will find at the end one grand hay-mow, where they may eat their fill and be forever happy.

So we go, here in this alley, each human being and each animal working out his own destiny, each a part of the great machine of life, which works with a great rumble and roar in this big city. No one seems to have time to stop to rest, or *think*, and each one feels that if he takes his shoulder one instant from the fickle wheel of Fortune it will turn the other way, and instantly crush him.

'87.

 LOST GIRLS.

IF the Lasell girls fail now and then to receive a call from their old Principal, it would be well for them to reflect whether it may not be due to a forgetfulness on their part. Recently, having a few hours at my disposal in Portland, I thought I'd call on some of the "Ancient and Honorables." Finding my way to 408 Cumberland Street, I inquired for Mrs. Grace Fribley Pennell. "Why, she has n't lived here for two years!" "Can you give me her present address?" "No, sir." After a delightful call on Mrs. Jennie West Atwood and her husband in their beautiful home,

I tried 84 Carleton Street for Anne Gilson. "I think she lives on Thomas Street, but am not sure." Not having time to try experiments, I forego, also, the pleasure of seeing *her*.

Next call is on Alice Brown Perry, whose address stands unchanged on our register as 30 Deering Street. "Nobody here of that name, nor has n't been for a long time," is the answer of the servant. Inquiring as to her present home brings out the mistress, who is equally ignorant, and I give that up too. I am fortunate enough to find Lucy Pennell, and succeed at last in running the gauntlet of a very vigilant mother who is willing to throw herself into the breach to *defend Lucy from itinerant peddlers*, and having a few very pleasant moments with both Lucy *and* her mother. Gertrude Smith is also at home and looking well, though bothered a good deal with a brother about to plunge into matrimony.

So three out of six whom I was able to reach have changed addresses without remembering that their old school would like to know every such change.

See what sorrow it gave to me and what relief to them!

C. C. B.

THE LEGEND OF THE FASHION FIEND.

I HAVE read, in a musty old volume, a story said to have been written by the Cumæan Sybil. She inscribed it on twelve cypress leaves, and placed the leaves on the ledge of a rock in her Avernian cave. A light breeze coming in, blew seven of them into one niche in the stone. Having remained in this niche two thousand years, they were discovered by the compiler of our old tome.

In the Introduction of his book, we have the story of the Fashion Fiend as it was first written. The soul of Fashion, which, as Plato said, was like the souls of other men, a spark of divine fire, Jupiter placed in an acanthus stalk, and sent it, under the care of the rainbow, down to earth. Unfortunately, it could not come all the way by the side of its kindly guide. On leaving her, it darted down to earth with such rapidity that, dashing itself against a stone, the stalk was shivered into many pieces, and the soul of the Fiend, which, in the beginning, was one large spark, on

landing snapped into three parts. Forthwith, the three sparks were clothed in the likeness of man; hence, we have a tripartite Fashion Fiend.

Here, on account of missing leaves, the story breaks off, and we hear nothing more about the three individuals until we come to the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning Astraces, the most important one of the three. This prophecy is given in the first chapter, and is as follows:—

I, the Sibyl, the guardian of Lake Avernus, I, inspired by shining Apollo, prophesy from the hundred roaring mouths of this Plutonic cave concerning Astraces,—Astraces the embodiment of the largest third of divine fire sent by omnipotent Jove, sent by Olympian Zeus, in the acanthus stalk. Listen, ye purple cypresses and ye complaining firs; hearken, ye great mountains and ye little hills, and I will tell you of Astraces, the Fashion Fiend, Astraces, whose power shall rule the world.

Having breathed the vital air for twenty years, he shall depart from the place which gave him birth, and shall go to the land of the rising sun, to a country by the sea, by the great sea. Here he shall set up his Lares; here he shall establish his Penates. To this people shall he bring the fashion of a cruel thing, the fashion of a sandal, made by the followers of Vulcan, to cover the feet of the people. These shall he compel the people to wear; thus shall he cripple the feet of the people; thus shall he cripple the foundation of the kingdom.

Woe to you, Astraces, when this day shall come; when you no longer shall roll the wheel of life; when you no longer shall spin out your thread on earth; when Atrepos, with her scissors, shall cut it short: for then shall you descend to grim Plu:o's kingdom; then shall you be purged with the fires of Erebus, drink your Lethean draught, and rise to the upper world. You shall dwell in a country to the far west, and there, in the days of one Charles Lamb, you shall establish the order of the "Bluecoat School." For this you shall be blest, and, when you have lived your allotted time, with me you shall visit Pluto's kingdom. Charon, in his iron-colored skiff, shall smile upon you. Cerberus, content with my cake steeped in honey and the sleepy poppy, shall suffer you to pass. Then shall you hear the music of the spheres,

and of Orpheus picking the lyre with his fingers and the ivory quill. You shall see the blessed spirits beating the dance and singing the pæan. When you have seen these things, then shall you be hung up on a tree, while Auster and Boreas shall blow away your faults. You must then again drink of the river of forgetfulness, and once more rise to the upper air, for the earth will have need of you.

The people shall call you by the name of Worth. Easily shall the people be influenced. Your power shall be felt all round the world. Then, in those days of the nineteenth century, you shall touch the highest point of all your greatness, but from the full meridian of your glory you shall haste to your setting, when you shall fall, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man shall see you more. Your thin shade will need but little purging. Its contamination, from contact with your earthy body, by a bellows shall be blown away, and you shall dwell forever in the Elysian Fields. Never again shall you rise to the troubled earth, for you shall have finished your allotted work, in doing good, and, by the medium of your designs, in giving much comfort to the human race. This is a true saying. I, the Sibyl, have spoken.
"Sic placitum parcis." M. H. S., '90.

A TRUE STORY.

A TALE of shipwreck is always interesting to children. The following one has become a household story on the coast of Long Island, and is often repeated to the old as well as the young, since it illustrates the attachment of a poor dumb animal to its protectors:—

It was in the winter of 1875 that a schooner was wrecked on Lloyd's Neck, some distance from the Eaton's Neck lighthouse, which is one of the most important on the island.

At that time there was no life-saving station there, only an old shanty on the beach, in which was kept a small life-boat and oars. They were placed there and kept in order by the people of the village near by, and during a storm a crew would go down and be in readiness to render assistance to any boats in distress.

The night of which I speak was bitter cold, the wind had been blowing a gale all day, and the

water was forming into ice as fast as it could. It was almost impossible to hear the fog-whistle above the roaring of the sea, although it was kept blowing almost incessantly.

During all this, a boat, perhaps from placid waters, for she was from the south, was battling against that storm, not knowing the dangers of the rocky coast. At length the crew could do no more to keep her off the rocks, and she was beaten against them with all the fury of the storm. After firing the last charge of powder the sailors could do nothing but cling to the rigging, with hands almost frozen; one and another dropped into the icy water, until only the captain and his wife, lashed to the rigging, remained.

But let us pause here a moment and see what the men on shore did to save the unfortunate crew: they launched the life-boat,—some ready enough to risk their lives; others hesitated a moment, for it was such a long row, and so little chance of saving anyone; but soon all were working with their utmost strength to gain the side of the doomed boat.

What a pitiful sight met them there! Only two of the crew remained, and as the rescuing party lifted their insensible forms into the boat, they found in what a miraculous way their lives had been preserved.

The captain and his wife had a pet monkey, who always accompanied them on their voyages; they were very much attached to him, as he was to them, and while they were clinging to the boat, the poor little thing, almost frozen, had crawled from one to the other, nestling in their bosoms, and by the warmth of his body had kept them from freezing. When they were rescued it was found that the monkey was dead.

LOCALS.

A LITTLE maid,
 So timid, said,
 "I'll go to the tank and swim."
 Oh, how she did boast,
 But gave up the ghost
 When she was fairly in.

A LARGE party, which had been waiting for a favorable day, went down the harbor for a sail and visit to Fort Warren, Monday, Nov. 11.

FRIDAY, NOV. 29, a small party of the girls walked to Weston to see the monument erected by Prof. Horsford, on the site of the old Norumbega Fort. They took the view from the top, crossed the dike of the Cambridge water works into Waltham, and home past the paper manufactory.

A PORTION of the pupils attended a concert for the Church of the Messiah, Wednesday evening, Dec. 4.

A YOUNG lady, on being informed of Jeff Davis's death, inquired, "Is he any relation to Prof. Davis?" "Yes," replied her friend, "first cousin." Young lady then retired to weep bitter tears.

Another friend, a bright member of the United States History class, remarked, "Why, has he been living all these years? Thought he was killed in the war."

AFTER two weeks' absence Mr. Wright resumed his interesting lectures on the Bible, Thursday evening, Dec. 5.

ONE of our number cannot see how the drill skirts can possibly all be of a uniform length, "For," she argues, "some girls are longer waisted than others."

MAIDEN (*busily crocheting*). — Where do we get Angora wool, anyhow?

B. — Don't you know? Cats.

(Maiden crochets *more* busily.)

MISS X (*approaching Miss Y, who wears a white ribbon*). — Is that the badge of a secret society?

MISS Y. — No. The Y. W. C. T. U. badge.

MISS X. (*puzzled*). — What's that?

(And she's not from Kentucky.)

WEDNESDAY eve, Nov. 27, a party of pupils attended the grand concert of Sarasate and D'Albert at Music Hall, Boston.

REV. C. W. SHELTON, a graduate of Yale, who has been many years in the West among the Sioux and Dakota Indians, preached at the Auburndale Congregational Church, Sunday, Nov. 24. A large number of pupils who attend that church being much interested, he was induced to come to the seminary in the evening and give further descriptions of Indian life, Indian wrongs,

and the progress of Christian missions among the tribes. Mr. Shelton succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of his hearers to such a degree that it was proposed to take up a collection to defray the expenses of a young Indian girl, Jennie Cox (Indian name, Winona), who has volunteered to teach among her own people, the Sioux. The amount pledged upon the spot was \$280. Since then over \$100 has been raised, making a total of almost \$400.

SOME one having said that of course it was the Western girls who were learning to swim, — of course the Eastern all know how, — the tally was taken and resulted as follows: —

Eight Eastern, seven Western, four Southern, are in the present list of learners. So it seems the Eastern need the lessons as much as the Western.

TEACHER (*in cooking class*). — Now, young ladies, what would you do, if you were house-keeping, with these lady-fingers left from the charlotte russe?

CHORUS OF YOUNG LADIES. — Eat them.

PLEASE inform a curious maiden what diseases are caught from a mustache? Dear girl, the only disease we know of, which is contracted in that manner, is a *fever blister*.

MARRIED.

Nov. 6, at Omaha, Neb., Fannie V. Dillrance to William J. Coats. At home, after Dec. 15, 1234 Tenth Street, South.

Nov. 27, Harriet Woodcock to DeWitt Clinton DeWolf. At home, Thursday, Dec. 19, from three until nine o'clock, 3629 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR Alice Miller, since last April Mrs. Wm. P. Kennard, passed out of this life Dec. 12, at her new home in Waukegan, Ill., where Mr. Kennard had just joined in manufacturing business with Mr. Jebb, Anna Baker's husband. The fatal disease was pneumonia. She was in this school in '82 and '83, and won the esteem and affection of all by her worth of character and amiability of disposition. With her husband she paid us a visit last October, and was as bright and sweet as ever.

Every prospect was bright for success and happiness. To us the change seems very sudden. We mourn her truly, yet not without hope. Our hearty sympathy is given to the bereaved young husband, her mother, and all the family, to whom she was so attached.

MARGIE DURFEE passed away Nov. 19, at her home in Marion, Ohio. Her sufferings are ended and she has entered into rest. But alas for those who remain! They have our heartiest sympathy.

PERSONALS.

RUBY BLAISDELL has given up her plan for teaching. She is painting and studying art, with the leisure of boarding. They are at the Evans House, in Springfield. She has seen Sadie Hitchcock, and is to visit Ada Marsh.

MINNIE ROUTT was married early in November. Don't know the name.

LULU WELLS will be married in December. Nellie Brown, sister of Jennie, is also to marry next month.

NETTIE KEENER is "astonishingly quiet" at home, so some one says. She always was a quiet little body, but we wish she would make a little noise and let us hear from her.

IDELLE PHELPS and Mary McMann are again away at school.

IRENE CUSHMAN has been visiting in Denver.

FANNIE HANSCOME HERBERT is busy buying furniture for a new house.

SOPHIE WHITE talks of old-time girls, as Helen Winslow, Edith Gilmore, Annie Harbaugh Strobel. The latter has gone to housekeeping in Philadelphia. Jessie Godfrey is not very well. Lillie Wadhams has been visiting Sophie. Sophie was at Fort Wayne last year, and had long talks about Lasell with Jennie Ninde. Lu Orrell is in Europe. She is to marry a Chicago lawyer. Sophie means to come to visit Jessie Macmillan and Lasell, but is not certain when that may happen.

GERTRUDE EARLY sends for a Lasell pin, and apologizes for being so late. She was ill for months, and unable to write.

MANY Lasell people who have enjoyed the excellent art lectures of Rev. Henry G. Spaulding this season, and began to feel a friendly interest in the lecturer himself, learn with painful regret of his late bereavement, in the sudden death of his daughter. All reports speak highly of this young lady. How great a loss to her parents and friends!

MINNIE E. STRICKLAND (Mrs. Whitney), of Warren, Mass., writes from Brooklyn, N. Y., to ask for the LASSELL LEAVES and pin. She speaks of some "girls of her time": Esther Bridgman Lane, who has a fine young son. Susie Alling Baldwin has lost her mother. Susie is still in Rome. Her mother died suddenly. What a sad home-coming for Susie!

NELLIE FERGUSON CONANT has another little son, born Oct. 19, named Morris Ferguson. Nellie is afraid she is "doing more for Brown University than for Lasell," as her children are both boys. She lives in Pawtucket, R. I.

MR. C. W. SANDERSON, the artist, held a reception last month, in his studio at 20 Beacon Street, Boston, to which Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon were invited. It was to see a clay model of an equestrian statue of Gen. P. H. Sheridan. The company were much pleased, especially with the fine action shown in the figure. It is of colossal size. The sculptor, Mr. Samuel Kitson, and his wife were present; charming people, whose home is in Rome.

THE Beethoven Club held a fine concert at Chickering Hall the evening of Dec. 5. Thanks are due for complimentary tickets to Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, with regrets that they could not be present. The programme was excellent.

MR. I. T. JONES, Lina's father, of the firm of Jones & Heald, dealers in Cape Cod cranberries, at Sandwich, Mass., has just sent Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon a case of this fine fruit, with the compliments of himself and family, Miss Lina in particular, to spice our Thanksgiving feast. A very acceptable gift at this season of the year.

MARY B. STEBBINS is studying design in New York, and "enjoying every moment." She is at a school for artist-artisans, which she thinks most excellent. She is evidently putting her heart into it, and success must come.

ELIZABETH M. CAMPBELL is still busy studying the kindergarten methods. She tells of the engagement of Kittie Colony, but as we do not have it from headquarters we are not at liberty to give the gentleman's name.

INEZ BRAGG writes in a very thankful spirit that her father is improving in health. He and her mother are in California, where the family will probably eventually make their home. Inez is doing a brave work.

A VERY interesting letter from Mary G. Beckwith, of the Sandwich Islands, gives an account of her teaching in a native school. She is only a substitute, but likes the work so well that she may remain permanently, for the year at least. She had a remarkable trip around the island of Maui, which is her home. The party went on horseback, but were often obliged to walk. The six hundred miles' circuit furnished great variety of travel on mountains and through ravines, camping at nights and seeing great variety of scenery. The same party propose at Christmas to explore the crater of Kaleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world, thirty miles in circumference.

GRACE HUNTINGTON uses the typewriter in her father's office, and wonders that the girls this year do not aim to acquire short-hand. She finds it very useful, and thinks they are missing most excellent opportunities. She has lately met Beth Brownell, and sees Kittie Totman and Blanche Pruyne every day.

OUR former pupil, Frances L. Gregg, is now teaching at Barre, Mass. She wishes, however, to prosecute her studies still further, that she may become better fitted for continuous work. Her great ambition is to become a teacher at Lasell. She is now hoping that a party will go to Europe from Lasell which she may join. She writes to make inquiries whether Mr. Bragdon or Mr. Shepherd are going next summer. Miss Gregg's mother and a friend also wish to join the Lasell party. Miss Gregg is very loyal to Lasell, and wishes herself back, for she thinks the advantages here are increasing every year.

HELEN H. THRESHER has accepted a position in the Burgess Institute, Auburndale, as teacher in music.

FANNIE BARBOUR sends thanks for a copy of the Commencement address which was sent to each graduate. She is expecting to be at the school at the next Commencement, and knows that five of her classmates propose to meet her at that time. She describes herself as always impatient to see the LEAVES, and hear about old friends. We shall be very glad to see Fannie and her classmates.

MR. THADDEUS S. C. LOWE, our long-time genial friend and patron, father of two of our present pupils, and of three in the past, is known to the public as an inventor, aeronaut, and scientist of truly distinguished merit. He has recently taken his original lighting process to California, and the "Lowe Gas and Electric Company" has made some brilliant exhibitions in the principal cities. At Los Angeles, on Sept. 30, at the Pavilion Fair, the first prize was awarded to the Lowe gas. It was in constant use there in lighting, heating, and cooking. A paper called *Los Angeles Life* has a quite extended sketch of Mr. Lowe's life, labors, inventions, and successes, showing how he has risen by his ability and merit. He was a New Hampshire boy, born of a family of small pecuniary possessions. He was first widely known to the public by the construction and use of an aerostat six times larger than any other ever built. President Lincoln employed his aid in balloon service during the war, Prof. Lowe constantly making new inventions in aeronautics, and these inventions being of benefit in this and other countries. In 1867 he invented the manufacture of ice, now in general use in warm countries, and from 1872 to 1875 brought out the water gas, now lighting over two hundred cities. The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has awarded him three medals and a diploma, — the highest award ever given to one man by this institution.

A SMALL book lately issued, called "The Popular Manual of Visible Speech and Vocal Physiology," has been presented to the library. It is one of many similar books by Prof. A. Melville Bell, father of the telephone inventor, who doubtless owes his success in part to his training at home in the science of sound. This book gives symbols depicting the position of the vocal organs when emitting any sound. All possible linguistic effects can be expressed by the symbols

with universal intelligibility. The book is intended for any school, to teach the exact pronunciation of language, and to correct or remove defects and impediments of utterance. It expounds the science of speech. The teaching of articulation to the deaf will be especially facilitated by the methods inculcated.

ART NOTES.

THE art wealth of the Paris municipality in paintings, sculpture, engravings, etc., is estimated at \$2,500,000, outside of the great treasures owned by the nation.

ONE of the three American sculptors who received honorable mention in the Paris Exhibition this year was Miss T. A. Ruggles of Brookline, Mass., a girl of eighteen years.

A FINE monument of Goethe is to be erected in Central Park, New York. The sculptor is Henry Baerer, who designed the Beethoven monument.

THERE is on exhibition in a Paris gallery a collection of seven cartoons on canvas, thought to be by Raphael, from which the tapestries in the Vatican were executed.

MR. CHARLES G. DANA, whose marine pictures are well known, has returned from Paris and opened a studio in Boston. He will devote his time entirely to portrait painting.

J. H. CALLIGA is expected in Boston this month.

IT is thought that the work of American artists at the Paris Exhibition is not a fairly representative one; the more important pictures being held by private owners and rarely contributed.

KARL KÆPPING, the etcher, who was recently awarded a medal at the Paris Exhibition, received \$12,000, for the plate of Munkaczy's "Christ Before Pilate."

No art exhibition held annually in this country shows so much of the best recent work of American artists at home and abroad as the one held in connection with the Chicago Exposition.

MR. W. W. CHURCHILL, JR., has returned, after a European trip.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET'S "The Angelus" arrived in New York safely in October. It will be in the American Art Exhibition.

A GENUINE Stradivarius is said to have been sold lately for \$10,000.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

"As a supplement to Edison's improved phonograph, a Mr. Gueroult proposes to introduce a small apparatus that will represent the face and the gestures of the persons speaking through the instrument. Mr. Gurroult suggests that while the cylinder of the phonograph is being turned to register the speech, instantaneous photos of the speaker should be taken at equal intervals of one tenth of a second. Supposing, for instance, one revolution of the cylinder to last thirty seconds; three hundred photos will be obtained in that time, which, after being spread out, are attached to the small apparatus, and made to rotate at the same speed as the cylinder. As the photos pass in succession before the eyes of the spectator, the apparatus reproduces the movements of the speaker simultaneously with his words, owing to the fixity of the impressions made on the retina. Moreover, the precision of these successive images is secured, as there is not a syllable that can be pronounced in less than one tenth of a second, so that the gestures and facial expression will closely correspond with the sentences uttered by the phonograph. In this way it is possible to reproduce the text of a speech together with the gestures and physiognomy of the orator."

VEGETABLE flannel is a material now being largely manufactured in Germany out of pine leaves. The fibre is spun, knitted, and woven into under-garments and clothing of various kinds; it is also used as stuffing, closely resembling horse-hair, and costs only about one third as much.

A CARRIER pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, and the subject photographed was the winter palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to the light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkoro.

PROF. CHANDLER, who has been studying the fogs of London, finds that the mass of fog that

hangs over that city every day weighs no less than 6,000 tons, and contains in the course of a year \$12,000,000 worth of carbon.

"THE scientific experiments of a Parisian have proved that daylight entirely ceases in the Mediterranean at a depth of 1,518 feet."

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Messrs. Rothschild have consented to support the Brazilian Republic on condition that the union be preserved, and that order be maintained.

THE British have started two expeditions against the Chins, on the western boundary of Upper Burmah. One expedition goes from India on the west, and the other from Upper Burmah on the east, expecting to fall upon the enemy simultaneously. The Chins have been making raids on surrounding tribes, and stealing victims for sacrifice, according to their custom.

A PLOT has been discovered in Belgrade, in which a number of Russian officials are said to be implicated. Its design was to depose King Alexander, and put Prince Peter Karageorgevich on the throne. Several of the conspirators have been arrested.

MUSICAL NOTES.

TARTINI, the great musical composer, dreamed that he made a contract with Satan, the latter ever to be in the composer's service. He then dreamed he handed Satan a violin and commanded him to play it, when Diabolus played music so sweet that the composer was awakened by it. On realizing that it was a dream, he at once rose and tried to reproduce the piece; the result was Tartini's most famous piece, "Devil's Sonata."

THERE was a grand American concert at Trocadéro this summer under the direction of M. Franck von der Stoker. M. Willis Nowell, our old violin teacher, took part.

ALBANI will probably give a few concerts in New York and Boston, after fulfilling her engagement in Italian opera with Manager H. E. Abbey.

PARIS, it is reported, will soon have a new opera house, under the management of Carvalho, former director of the Opera Comique. It is his

intention to produce mainly works of French composers of the present generation.

EXCHANGES.

THE new dress of the *Phillips Exeter Literary* reminds us forcibly of the dainty holiday books of poems, and is enticing to the worn-out exchange editor who is rummaging through the piles of books and papers he has seen so often. Inside, he is not disappointed, for many gems are there, and easily found.

THE general call for better verse seems to have been promptly obeyed. In many of the exchanges we see a great improvement from the early fall efforts, and there is more verse sprinkled throughout the numbers.

THE editorials in the *Polytechnic* are well written, and pointed.

MAY the gentle breezes that play about Kent's Hill carry with them, in due course of time, sense of the beauties of orthography, and may they, in company with others, some day spell *Lasell* with but one *s*.

IN the *Harvard Advocate* we are touched by the plaintiveness of "Elise," told so feelingly. However, Harvard men evidently think no man's vanity lasts until death, which mixes a little ridiculous with the sublime.

THE *Bowdoin Orient*, in a short editorial, sharply depicts the Thanksgiving recess in a single sentence, and presents general truths in a few more, which would we might all realize and follow.

IN the *University Cynic* we learn "The Costs of an Education"; the statements are only too true, and we would echo the sentiment that the struggling ones may some time see the paths made smoother and less steep.

IN the *Swathmore Phoenix* we follow anxiously the flight of "Zanita," and draw a sigh of relief at the safety of the noble animal and of the fair young Spaniard.

A PAINTER had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full for fifty-nine francs and

eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying that the committee would require a complete detail. The painter produced it as follows:—

	Francs. Centimes.	
Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments	5	12
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon in his bonnet	3	6
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb	3	20
Replumed and gilded left wing of Guardian Angel	4	18
Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks	5	12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the sun, and cleaned the moon	7	14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored some souls	6	6
Revived the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned	4	10
Rebordered the robe of Herod and re-adjusted his wig	4	4
Put new spatterdashes on the son of Tobias and dressing on his sack	2	
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him	3	7
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah	2	4
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs	3	2
Decorated Noah's ark	3	
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned the pigs	4	9
Total	59	11

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First. Automatic metal hangers to support lid when desk is open.

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The Bookcase.

First. Books are handy when writing.

Second. Weight all at bottom, giving strength and rigidity to the whole.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XV.

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THERE are those who never weary of calling to notice the effect of a woman's influence. Generally, illustrations are confined to influences resulting from intellectual inspiration, constancy, and love, and numerous qualities peculiar to the sex. As a rule, the cause of this effect may be traced directly to the individuals concerned. For instance, that any one should have inspired Napoleon with fear and respect is, at first thought, impossible; that Madame de Staël exerted this wonderful power over the little tyrant is an historic fact. In this case, the reason can be found in the great intellect of Madame de Staël, in her rare intuition, and in her knowledge of her own capabilities. Napoleon, from his boyhood, had been admired, feared, and obeyed; that a woman should defy him rather startled him; that she had courage to avow openly her views demanded his respect. The lives of true, brave women, who by their love and constancy change and direct the courses of their husbands' and sons' lives, are to be found daily. Here no great mind is necessary, simply truth and love.

A specimen of unusual power exerted upon a character known as "iron" brings to light a rather unique faculty in woman developed under peculiar circumstances. The letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J—— contain the facts. Miss J—— was a religious fanatic. Differing from the average of her class, she was young and beautiful. Her self-confidence, naturally abnormal, was flattered by the conversion of a convict under her ministry. Believing that new worlds awaited her conquest, she addressed a religious letter to the Duke. She received a response, and, thus encouraged, asked an interview. The strict conventionality of the Duke was somewhat shocked by this demand, as his reply expresses. But by this queer influence Miss J—— succeeds in obtaining an interview. From this time letters are frequently

exchanged. The object as held by Miss J— was to save the soul of the old hero. Her sincerity has been called into question, and in its place visions of the position and fame of the possible duchess have been substituted. A short time before his death, the Duke refused to continue the correspondence, and received in response a scriptural text defying his neglect.

It has been thought that if the Duke had lived the correspondence would have been renewed. From this very probable reasoning, the inquiry arises as to what power this young woman possessed which could so affect an otherwise immovable character, and what rendered the great man so susceptible. Surely it was not her beauty, since the intercourse was almost entirely by correspondence. Her intellect does not prove any extraordinary powers by her letters nor subsequent life. Her piety was hardly sincere, since she became a fanatic. Hence we are inclined to believe that her perseverance and her audacity were her never-failing resources.

She had "made up her mind" to convert the Duke, either to her creed or her own especial use, and in this she persevered till death ended her efforts. Naturally, modesty and custom would restrain any young woman from addressing the Duke. One feels inclined to apologize for the Duke, to cover some little unnamed weakness, which rendered him so susceptible. It is at least possible that he felt a kind of magnanimous pity for one so misguided, and answered her letters in this spirit; or again, her audacity may have interested him, and a spirit of adventure led him to try the resources of his admirer.

Misplaced and overgrown as these qualities were in this woman, would not the average young woman be far more interesting and successful if she possessed a mere flavoring of them in her general composition?

OF late, one of the principal themes of conversation, especially among physicians and persons afflicted with the disease, has been "La Grippe." It is not, however, the first time that there has been an epidemic of this kind, for the history of influenza can be traced back with certainty to the sixteenth century. Between 1510 and 1870, more than ninety similar epidemics have been

described. They have more frequently visited the colder climates, but at indefinite periods they have affected almost every season and latitude. Sometimes the approach of the disease was heralded by a few single cases, but much more commonly it made its attack suddenly and with great vigor; so that in large cities the sick soon numbered thousands. The epidemics lasted generally not more than four or six weeks, and their ending was almost as sudden as their beginning. Up to 1850 or 1851 are found more or less extensive epidemics every year, but the recent ones have run a less dangerous course. It is almost impossible to decide what occasions these epidemics, but many authorities claim that damp, foggy weather is conducive to the spread of the disease; but, although this statement has not been proved, if it be so, we can certainly account for the latest invasion of "la grippe."

THE rapid strides which have been made in the advancement of civilization in our century have been to a large degree due to the great number of valuable inventions which have been perfected since it began. We have come now to the place where the tasks over which our ancestors faithfully toiled, for several days, it may be, are accomplished for us in as many minutes. Old inventions have been improved upon, as well as new ones made, until every work has been lightened by the genius of some man whose mind has been of such vast service to his fellows.

Machines which supply a boundless variety of materials, ranging from tracts to chewing-gum, have been provided to answer our needs, and almost every want has been covered. If we honor and praise the men who have already done so much, what glory would rest upon the head of him who would get us up a machine to turn out editorials! How many tired, aching brains, when feeling in duty bound to find something which no one else has ever said in an editorial, on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, or any other subject which has already been considered under every possible aspect, would find a never-ending source of peace and comfort in an invention which would reel off just what was wanted in the way of editorials for each issue at the proper time!

SOME CELEBRATED MONASTERIES.

MONASTICISM is of the most ancient origin. The people, after Christ, borrowed the thought from pagan countries. Men sought the desert first, as a refuge from the persecution of the empire: afterwards, in flight from the allurements of the world. In Egypt there were nearly as many in seclusion as made up the population of the cities. Gradually, for the sake of support, defence, and discipline, they gathered together in numbers, and the building where they lived was called a monastery, and later, sometimes, a cloister or abbey.

The life of such people is called monasticism, from a Greek word meaning alone; hence their dwelling is called a monastery. Among the different sects of the early Christians there were many of these institutions established all along the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, and in time they spread over all Europe. In process of time these single monastic institutions combined into larger communities, having a common rule and a common head. These larger communities were called orders, such as the Franciscan, Dominican, and, later, the Jesuits. These orders often became very powerful, placing monarchs upon the throne, and deposing them at will.

With the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, they were for a while almost unknown, but were restored by Benedict, who was canonized a saint.

He lived during the fifth and sixth centuries; he required that the monks should live very frugally, avoid laughter, hold no private property, and be very industrious.

The most noted monastery in Western Europe, and perhaps the most noted in the world, is that of Monte Cassino, founded by Benedict, in 529 A. D.

Monte Cassino is a mountain in Italy, about fifty five miles from Naples. This monastery was built upon the top of this mountain, and century after century it was celebrated and powerful, and still stands a monument defying time.

Benedict combined in this monastery industrial pursuits with the education of the young. It was in those days the greatest educational institution of all Europe, and held that place for centuries. It is remarkable for its wealth, architecture, its immense library, and for the learning of all the monks who have lived within its walls. To these

early monks we are indebted for the preservation and translation of many of the ancient classics. Longfellow has written of Monte Cassino, and tells in verse of his visit there; he says of it:—

“And there uplifted like a passing cloud,
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.”

Another very interesting and noted monastery is that of Cluny, in France. It was founded by a Burgundian count, William, Duke of Aquitaine, in 910 A. D. The building was five hundred feet long, and accommodated two hundred monks. The great Hildebrand was educated at this monastery, and from 1050 until he was made pope, in 1073, he was the prior of the monastery.

About this time the monks were not very religious, and had degenerated greatly; but Hildebrand was determined to be a great reformer, as well as a despot. To do this, he had to have all the power of the country, which is pretty well shown in the way he excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany. These are the words of excommunication that the popes laid upon the people, and such was the one given to Henry:—

“In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and all other saints in heaven, do we curse and cut off from us him who has thus rebelled against us. May the curse strike him in his house, barn, bed, field, path, city, or castle! May he be cursed in battle, accursed in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, in drinking, in sleeping! May he be accursed in his taste, smell, hearing, and all senses! May the curse blast his eyes, head, and body from his crown to the soles of his feet! I conjure you, Devil, and all your imps, that you take no rest until you have brought him to eternal shame; till he is destroyed by drowning or hanging; till he is torn to pieces by wild beasts, or consumed by fire; let his children become orphans, his wife a widow. I command you, Devil, and all your imps, that even as I now blow out these torches, you do immediately extinguish the light from his eyes. So be it, so be it. Amen.”

To have this decree removed, we remember how the mighty monarch was compelled, in mid-winter, in the dress of a pilgrim, to cross the Alps

and approach the castle where Hildebrand then was. And how Henry had to stand for three days in the bitter cold weather, and snow, bare-footed and bareheaded, in the court-yard of the castle, before the pope would grant him absolution. Such men as Hildebrand the cloisters of Cluny helped to make. His successor, a few years after, as Abbot of Cluny, was Peter the Venerable. This old man made himself famous with this monastery for the beautiful kindness rendered to the immortal Abelard and Heloise. This cloister seems so much a part of their lives that the very name of Cluny brings them to mind. There is said to be no woman in French history of whom the French are more proud than of Heloise. She, the beautiful and gifted girl of eighteen, was in love with the fame and talents of Abelard, who was nearly forty years of age. The laws of priesthood forbid him to marry, and yet he loved her. So he married her in secret, and placed her in a convent, where she soon became the abbess, and the true and faithful friend of Peter the Venerable. She never forgot her Abelard, and for fifteen years she never heard nor saw him. When at last she heard of him, she wrote and begged to be his wife indeed. Although he loved her, his priestly vows kept him from her. After many years of wandering, he resolved to visit the pope, and on his way he stopped at the monastery of Cluny, which was near the convent where Heloise was. Good Peter the Venerable received him, sick, and gave him the hospitality of the convent.

After a few days he died, and history says that, "under the instinct of a sentiment as sacred as religion itself, Peter felt that Abelard above and Heloise below on earth demanded of him the last consolation of a reunion in the grave. So, quietly, in the dead of night, without any one to assist him, he moved the body from Cluny cemetery to the convent of Heloise. She received it, and had Peter repeat the burial service over the coffin. When she died she was buried with Abelard.

The Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, was noted as the one where the famous St. Anselm dwelt for thirty years. Other noted monastic retreats are St. Denis, St. Albans, Clairvaux, and Westminster Abbey. The Westminster Church now stands on the site of the once famous monastery.

THE STORY OF A SHAWL, POCKET-BOOK, OLD MEDAL, AND A PIECE OF SOAP.

SOME time ago in a stable in one of our South-western cities were found an old shawl, a pocket-book with a dime in it, a Catholic medal, and a piece of soap.

Many theories were advanced as to how these things got there, and finally the mystery so troubled the minds of a few people that each one put his idea on paper, and the following was given as one of the solutions of the mystery:—

"Mysteries are always interesting, and more so if they persist in not being ferreted out. You lose a collar button, and if it is not found, your curiosity is excited, and you don't rest until it is found. A pocket-book is picked up; no name or clew to tell whose it is; may be there is nothing valuable in it, but you wonder who carried it, and wondering takes on interest, and interest begets curiosity, and curiosity blends into absorbing thought, and this leads to questioning, until finally you have your pains for naught, and still have your mystery; or, perhaps an owner turns up unexpectedly, and claims are proven.

"Little things often cover deep mysteries. Detectives will tell you that the greatest and most puzzling crimes, mysteries, secret and hidden wrong-doers have generally been traced out by a small and what seems like an unimportant clew. An acorn of truth may grow into a spreading oak of realism, by a careful ferreting nourishment of undaunted zeal.

"In the great rush to Oklahoma a few weeks ago, there were all kinds of people, classes, and conditions present, and among this army of land grabbers was a little jabbering Frenchman. He was a dapper-looking chap, with sharp, gray eyes, and as keen and quick-witted as the troublesome times demanded. He dressed oddly, and this made him conspicuous, and often the laughing-stock of his associates, but he took it good-naturedly, and as a consequence made friends of those who at first tried to be his enemies. He was very superstitious, and always wore a charm concealed about his neck. His little, thin, wiry legs were fitted tightly into knickerbockers, and his black hose looked like a part of him, so tight were they. A short, braided jacket and a pleated shirt underneath completed his outfit, with the exception of

a jaunty, wide-brimmed hat and low-cut gaiters. He had come over to the States for sight-seeing, and had before starting converted his small property into ready cash, and so when he landed in New York he carried his all with him. Hearing of Oklahoma, he went out there about the time the rush began, and meeting some sharpers, he had been fleeced, and at the time we take him up, as he stands on the claim he had made he had n't a dollar, although he did have besides his clothes a good six-shooter to emphasize his claim to a small plot of ground where he stood. It was not long before he had trouble with the claim jumpers, and at the first opportunity he sold out for enough to take him East and keep him awhile. It was while he was travelling that he fell in with a drummer, who persuaded him to go to headquarters with him and apply for a position of travelling salesman. Soon afterwards he was on the road and making money. He still kept his costume, and as it wore out he replaced each piece with something as near as possible to the original garment. Because he was conspicuous he was well known, and it helped his sales very considerably. On one of his trips in the Southwest he found himself with a large sum of money, collected for the firm, and on going out one evening was 'held up' by thieves and left without money to pay his board bill. He had a few samples of his goods about him, but these the 'footpads' left with him.

"His jacket had caught the fancy of one of the pads, and it was taken. Wandering about the town, ashamed to go to the hotel, he picked up an old shawl in an ash barrel, to take the place of his jacket, and going into an alley he found a stable door open, crept in, and, counting his assets, found he had but ten cents. After a sleep in the hay-loft he went out, forgetting his shawl and his pocket-book, which he had wrapped in it and used as a pillow. One of the samples he had also put into the shawl, to make a good-sized pillow, and the charm about his neck had slipped off into the shawl during the night." H.

AN electric drawbridge is one of the latest applications of electricity. One of these has been put in operation at Bridgeport, Conn., by the New England Electric Supply Company.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Backus, Truman J.	} The Great English Writers from Chaucer to Geo. Eliot,	820.9
Brown, Helen Dawes.		
Badger, The.	Published by Junior Class of the University of Wisconsin	60.1
Bell, A. M.	Manual of Visible Speech and Vocal Physiology	612. B41
Bellamy, Edward.	Looking Backward	823. B41
Bunker Hill Memorial Tablets.	1889	974.3
Gaskell's Popular Atlas of the World		913. G21
Holbrook, M. L.	How to Strengthen the Mem- ory	154. H69
Legenda, The.	Wellesley College, 1889	60.2
MacCoun, Townsend.	Historical Geography of the United States	918. M19
Old Colonial Laws of Massachusetts from 1660 to 1672		974.2
Old State House Memorial		973.13a
Rolfe, W. J.	Select Poems from Wordsworth	821.19a
	Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse	815. R64
	Tales from English History	825. R64
Sidney, Margaret.	Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways	910. S11
Sumichrast, F. C.	Les Trois Mousquetaires. Translated from Alexandre Dumas	843. Su6
Sheridan Memorial.	A Memorial to Gen. Philip H. Sheridan by the City of Boston	923.5a
Stowe, Harriet Beecher.	Uncle Tom's Cabin	823. St6
Van Daell, A. N.	Memoires de St. Simon	920.76

DAILY DUTY.

"EACH day its duty brings. The undone task
Of yesterday cannot now be fulfilled
Without some current work's displacement. 'Time
And tide will wait for none.' Then let us act
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which
So interwoven grow that he who shuns
The latter fails the first. Ye cannot pick
The dainty and refuse the task. To win
The smile of Him who did his Father's will
In the great work assigned him, while 't was day,
With love self-sacrificing, his high course
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate,
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find
Us not defaulters, in arrears with time,
Mourning, like Titus, 'I have lost a day!'
But busily engaged in something which
Shall cast a blessing on the world, rebound
With one to our own breast, and tend to give
To man some benefit, to God some praise."

POCKETS.

IT is true, as Hawthorne says, that man and the pocket are advancing side by side to the millennium; the former never would have become the civilized being that he is without the assistance of the latter. Another writer solemnly announces the fact, that God made man, but man made the pocket; therefore it is his *alter ego*, his *sine qua non*, the connecting link between the spiritual and material worlds.

Imagine the dilemma of a person, but especially of a school-boy, should he, on waking some morning, find all his pockets missing. I once heard of such a case, in the person of a small boy named Johnny, who lived with his aunt Betsy. This Aunt Betsy had a world of trouble with the boy Johnny in regard to his pockets, and, at last, she was obliged to rip them out, and sew up the pocket-holes. She said it did not do any good to reprove Johnny for cramming them; neither would he ever cease to perform the sacrilegious act of walking into church with both hands hidden in their depths, the extra importance of which so increased their size that Aunt Betsy likened it to a pumpkin on either hip. Well, after this boy was bereft of his pockets, he was covered with mortification. What would his schoolmates say, should they find out his condition? He felt like an impostor. How he was deceiving the world! What would it think of him, should it know the truth? Alas, the loss of his pockets was the cause of his death, for he withered away with such rapidity that in less than a month he had ceased to breathe the vital air.

Pockets are in many respects the subtle and true index of character. When we meet the cheery face of a middle-aged man, and do not know to what profession he belongs, let us search his pockets and we shall soon find out. Here, in the right-hand pocket of his overcoat, is a leather case; opening it, we see a company of small bottles arranged in rows, and labelled respectively, Quinine, Papoid, Podophyllum, Leptandria, Uva Ursa, Aconite, Bromide of Ammonium, Phosphoric Acid ten per cent, Digitalis, Rhubarb, and Paregoric; looking further, into his left-hand inside pocket, beware: there is his spring lancet, a case of diminutive knives, tweezers, silver needles, silver wire, thermometer, and so on;

but this is enough: we know the vocation of the man.

A timid, retiring nature has a predisposition in favor of waistcoat pockets, as their access is easy. A large, pompous man, on the contrary, loves to fetch out a thing from his coat-tail pocket, with a grand sweep and flourish of the arm. The bald-headed, complacent philanthropist rejoices in wide, baggy pockets, capacious enough to contain the overflowings of his benevolent heart.

Pockets are of assistance in striking an attitude; and the attitudes of a man betray his temperament and condition. Thus a species of jaunty exquisiteness poises his white thumb and forefinger in the pocket of his waistcoat; this adds importance to his bearing. An Abernethy thrusts his fists into the depths of his coat-pockets; his mind is away on leave of absence. A merchant crowds his hands into his pockets while engaged in thought, and rattles his change. A minister places his hand reverently in the opening of his waistcoat. Thus is a pocket a convenience, a means of grace, and a reflector of character.

H. S., '90.

WILL SHE BE A MERRY MAIDEN STILL?

IT'S an answer of "yes" or an answer of "no."
 She'll either "bless me" or "work me woe."
 I've planted my flag and by it I'll stand,
 While dart-flinging Cupid fights for her hand.
 'T is the one great effort, the best in my life,
 And I'll be lonely or can call her my wife.
 It's the coin of the realm, she says will command
 The control of her heart and the gift of her hand.
 Well, be it so; the issue she's made
 Is not to my liking, but I'm not afraid.
 If it's wealth she's after, and love not a bit,
 Why, I'll call Cupid off, and tell him to hit
 Some other sweet maiden, who cares not for fortune,
 And *her* hand I'll sue for, and *her* love importune.

R.

LOCALS.

THE latest feature introduced in the gymnasium is jumping. As the tiny rope is raised one inch higher, it seems to the anxiously watching jumper as though it had gone at least a foot, but bravely she makes her way to the extreme end of the gymnasium, gathers herself together, draws a long, full

breath, plants her rubber soled shoes firmly on the slippery floor, and runs.

Faster and faster she goes, until the perilous place is reached where it is time to leave mother earth for a few seconds, but alas! by that time, the marvellous courage she has displayed throughout the proceeding disappears, and leaves a poor, limp, exhausted girl looking at the height she dares not scale.

PROF. LITTLE gave the seminary the great treat of listening to his lectures, Friday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, Dec. 6, 8, and 9, upon the subjects, "Paul and John," "John Chrysostom," and "St. Augustine."

ALL of a sudden, each girl who is taking swimming lessons is devoured by a wild desire to "be a swimmer," and one girl coming from a recitation is met by a triumphant but dripping creature from the tank, who proudly asserts "that she has been across twice without the preserver." Lucky child of fortune! for it is no easy thing to do; and what to a bystander seems a very small area to swim across is to the frightened swimmer like a vast expanse of ocean before reaching the goal of the other side.

THE exciting novel composed by seven members of the composition class, and entitled "The Mystery of Auburndale," was read at the last meeting before vacation, the only thing to be regretted being that there were not more present to enjoy it.

EVENING songs in chapel have been done away with for the present, and instead, each girl repeats a hymn she has been requested to learn; and though some put their greatest power of expression in the recitation of the same, still all unconsciously they fall into the sing-song voice, and the time of the tune is almost distinguishable. About ten or fifteen minutes before chapel, every secluded corner is occupied by a girl repeating her hymn, in case she should be called upon.

THE following is a list of the officers elected at the last meeting of the S. D. Society:—

- President* LOIS SOULE.
- Vice-President* KATHARINE HAMILTON.
- Secretary* MARY FISHER.
- Treasurer* GUSSIE L. PFAU.
- Critic* MAUDE LUTES.
- Usher* EMILY ROWE.

THE annual game dinner was partaken of Saturday night, Dec. 14, and it was a beautiful and happy meal.

SUCH a reformation as there has been in rooms and mates, but now all seem quite content.

THE usual Christmas auctions have been held, and the poor individual who paid seventy-five cents for a pair of gloves which looked well on the exterior, found, after trying them on, that unless they were used for mits, they would not do to travel home in, and the little air-castle falls with a heavy thud.

BEFORE — Bright, sunny faces continually being startled by some one popping up at the most unexpected times and places with the words, "Less than a week!"

AFTER — Long, doleful visages, no more popping and punching, but occasionally you come across some one who still has a small quantity of remaining life to remark, "Thirteen — long — long — weeks — before — Easter."

THE publishing association of the respected LEAVES have held exciting and animated meetings over a discussion as to whether the school paper should contain more advertising pages than brilliant productions of Lasell wit. We always supposed the paper was to be made interesting if possible, and not a collection of advertisements, with a few school notes thrown in, provided there was room.

DEC. 18, the concert given by the pupils of Messrs. Hills and Davis was held in the gymnasium. It was a grand success, and all the participants were loudly applauded, and well deserved all they received. After the performance the young ladies on the right of the aisle seemed quite desirous of making their exit, scarcely giving the guests time to breathe; but their impatience can easily be accounted for, as all the day long every one acted as though only half conscious of what she were doing.

THE enunciation match, on "Speak the Speech," was held three days before the close of school, and the happy winner of the prize was Miss Collins.

THE little silver cup at the upstairs water cooler has finally breathed its last, and the place it has held for so many generations knows it no more.

THE following officers were elected at the last regular meeting of the Lasellia Club, Dec. 5:—

- President EVA BOND.
- Vice-President DAISY HANMER.
- Treasurer MAY RICE.
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- Guards { NAN ATKINSON.
MARGARET HUBBARD.

MARRIED.

AT Meadow View, Va., Jan. 15, Sarah Elizabeth Aston to Edwin Marcellus Kennedy.

AT Sewickly, Pa., Jan. 23. Edith Gilmore to Robert J. Cunningham.

LOUDON—BRAGDON.

A PLEASANT company of friends from Boston, Colorado, and Auburndale met in the beautiful little church at Newton Highlands at 8 o'clock, Nov. 20, to witness the marriage of Belle Loudon, a Lasell girl for a few months in 1880, to George E. Bragdon, youngest brother of our Principal, the managing partner of the wholesale grocery house of McCord, Bragdon & Co., of Pueblo, Col. The Episcopal form was used, the church handsomely trimmed and filed.

After the ceremony, the wedded received their friends at the bride's home, on Columbus Street, where an elegant collation was served and the numerous gifts from the East and West were inspected.

About ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon drove to Boston, departing the following day for their home, in Pueblo, by way of Evanston, Ill., where a few days' stop was made at the former home of the groom. They are at THE ALDINE, where the bride is fast making friends with Mr. Bragdon's constituency.

THE VERDICT OF THE SCALES.

- THE lightest body among us weighs . . . 89 lbs.
- The heaviest body among us weighs . . . 173
- The average weight is 119 1-11
- The greatest gain, Sept. to Dec. 22
- The average gain, Sept. to Dec. 6 3-8

PERSONALS.

ONE Western paper addresses us as *La Sell*. No, friend, we are not a *sell* in any sense.

HELEN DYKES (Mrs. Knowles) has recently lost her father. Our cordial sympathy to her.

ADDIE JOHNSON (Mrs. Plumstead) and her sister Tassie have made themselves presents of Lasell pins for Christmas.

HELEN A. STAPLES wrote from Bryn Mawr at Christmas of coming examinations. She does not forget Lasell because of any new love.

MISS JENNIE BAKER, of Buffalo, has returned from Europe, where she has been spending the past six months.

FANNIE BARBOUR is singing in the quartet of the Episcopal Church, in Evansville. She finds great delight in her work.

ALICE MAYO, once of our number, now Mrs. Hicks, has recently made us a call. Very glad to see her. It seemed just like old times.

CHRISTMAS greetings came from Grace Garland Etherington, of Brooklyn, and Prof. Sites, of Washington, whose visit with his sister in July was so pleasant.

WE hear good news of two of our former teachers, Miss Larrison, in Chicago, and Miss Gilmore, in California. Both are making marked successes.

EMMA CIVILL has been visiting Mae Fowler in Philadelphia. Christmas time with four girls together has been lively, it seems. She sends for a Lasell pin.

MARY HAZLEWOOD's Christmas has been saddened by the death of a dear cousin, a young lady of her own age. The family party was wholly given up. Mary is busy in study, church, and home work.

MAMIE BINFORD contemplates a half-year in Europe. She goes with a dear friend and her husband to France and Italy, and anticipates much from a trip in such good company of cultured people.

FANNIE BARBOUR has had a call from Laura Munger and her husband. Fannie advocates the cooking classes, and succeeds when she finds time to try any cooking experiments.

ONE of the girls met Nellie Hefflefinger in New York during the vacation. Nellie, with Lousie Burrige, is attending Miss Saulsbury's school in that city, and very much pleased with her surroundings.

JESSIE BOONE BONSALE, of Galena, Ohio, has been visiting Carrie Wallace Hussey, and they made us a call, much too brief. Both are like their old-time selves, in spite of the babies growing up around them.

FRANCES L. GREGG in a recent letter speaks of the Thanksgiving *menu* of Lasell, and recalls that one of those cards of a former year was published in "Demorest's Magazine." Miss Gregg is to take music lessons in Boston of Prof. Carl Baerman.

CARRIE BROWN of '89 is said to be engaged (for the present) to a young lawyer of Denver, Robert T. Cassell. Of course, Carrie thinks there is only one young man in that town now that is very "promising." Look out he does n't promise too much, Carrie!

GRACE HUNTINGTON says she is not yet, as implied in a recent LEAVES, advanced to the dignity of office secretary of her father, but is only home secretary. She has been to a social, like her classmate Carrie. Look out, Grace!

SOMEBODY met Florence Fuller at the Central Station in Portland. It was on one of her semi-weekly trips from Augusta for music lessons. She spoke of her very happy years at Lasell, and would gladly be back again save for her devotion to her mother. Elva Gibson has been visiting her in the vacation, giving part of the time, however, to Miss Chapin, at Holyoke.

MISS LE HURAY writes her New-Year's greeting; is well, and records with surprise, which we share, that it is ten years now since she saw the "Welcome" over Lasell's front door. She says the pupil already booked for next year from Summit is a nice girl. You come and bring her when

she enters, Miss L. She reports Miss Preston as flourishing, in spite of her deflection from homœopathy.

LIDA PECK, too, sends holiday congratulations, for herself and Mamie, to those who were so fortunate as to stay here during the recess, "recalling with pleasure a year ago, when we were of the number."

They have this year a private teacher who has received four diplomas from different colleges, so they ought to do handsomely. They study in A. M. and recite in P. M.

ANOTHER brilliant wedding in the home of Prof. T. C. Lowe, at Norristown, Pa. In midsummer Ava was married. Blanche has chosen midwinter. She became Mrs. Warren A. Wright on the 2d of January, 1890, in the presence of a large and elegant assembly of relatives and friends from near and far. Miss Gussie was again called upon to be maid of honor to her sister. In white crêpe and veil, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds, the pretty bride must have looked very lovely, and we were sorry not to be there to see. The parlors were beautifully adorned with flowers. The Wedding March from "Lohengrin" was by Greiner's orchestra from Philadelphia. The refreshment table was of the daintiest. The gifts were numerous, varied, beautiful, and costly. Nothing was lacking, in fact, to give consequence and charm to this happy event. The young couple will live in Norristown. Mr. Wright is connected with a firm of wholesale grocers in Philadelphia. They have our very best wishes. We like to know that our Lasell girls are happily married.

ANNIE HOLBROOK DERBYSHIRE.

THE subject of this notice passed out of this earthly life on Tuesday, Jan. 14, at her home, in Lowell. We knew her at Lasell as Annie May Holbrook, a little girl of fifteen years, when she came in 1876. She was graduated here in the class of 1880, a fair, sweet, and earnest young woman, in the bloom of health and hope. So her dear, pictured face looks down upon us in the circle of her classmates. No one would have chosen her as a victim whom death would snatch while

yet in her early womanhood. In the fall of 1882 she married Mr. Frank E. Derbyshire, of Lowell, where her home remained until her death, though the health of Mr. Derbyshire led to their making a business home in Bethlehem, N. H., for the past three summers. The writer of this notice met her last summer in her mountain home, and found her the same bright, cheery, lovable Annie that she was as a school-girl, with the added intelligence and dignity of later years. Faithful, studious, obedient as a pupil, always kindly, courageous, and hopeful, she could never be otherwise than dear to her teachers and popular among her mates, and has left only pleasant memories, and mourning for her untimely death. In her early school days she joined the Episcopal church, of which she remained a member till her death. During the last two months of her life she was a sufferer from disease, but her previous life had been mainly a happy one. Her death is full of hope of a Christian resurrection. We sympathize with those to whom she was nearest and dearest, and we deeply grieve that Lasell has lost one of her cherished daughters. It is the first break in her class. Mr. Bragdon had the mournful satisfaction of being at her funeral. He noticed among the friends assembled, Nellie Alderman, Anna King, and Sephie Mason Dumas.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Bowdoin Orient* contained a sketch of "Tom Reed as a College Boy." How interesting a famous man's school-life always becomes! We wonder if we will find ourselves mates of some great persons in the future, and relate their peculiarities as a student.

THE familiar faces of some of our exchanges were transformed to the pretty covers of Christmas numbers, among them, the *Yale Courant*, the *Tuftonian*, and the *Pulse*.

WE were glad to learn from the *Vassar Miscellany* the "Origin of Mince-pie." Such a universal Christmas dish deserves its history.

THE tale in the *Tuftonian*, called "The World's Fair; or, The Golden Apple," is told in an interesting and well-sustained manner. It represents the

contest between the three cities for the World's Fair with an impartial and unprejudiced judgment.

IN a recent number of the *Tech* appeared "A Chance Correspondence." The situation of the hero is certainly novel and amusing.

OUR interest in Abt Vogler was renewed by reading the article in the "Sketch Book" of the *Amherst Literary*. After the attack made in this monthly on exchange editors, we shall expect, hereafter, to find very profound criticisms in its exchange column.

IN a large proportion of the exchanges we notice appeals for contributions from the students, and, in some cases, from the alumni. Why is it we all are so backward in supporting our school papers?

THE Christmas number of the *Polytechnic* proved very interesting. The story called "A Quiet Sacrifice" introduces us to a true, though humble hero.

AMONG the many Christmas poems which appeared in the December exchanges, those in the *Brunonian* claim our special commendation.

SOME WILLIAMSPORT LASELLIANS.

I WENT to Williamsport to spend Christmas Day. In the sleeper I met the brother of Minnie Holmes, here from Cambridgeport in 1876, now Mrs. Ellis, of 72 Vernon Avenue, Brooklyn, and passed a pleasant hour in talking over Minnie and her old Lasell friends, of whom Mr. Holmes had a good deal of knowledge.

Within two years Minnie's father, mother, and brother have died. Minnie thinks a little of returning to Cambridge.

I also met Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, old friends of Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee, and Dr. Wheeler, former president of Allegheny College, of which Mr. Dunbar is a trustee. They reported Blanche Best as one of the finest young women of Meadville, teaching elocution there.

Reaching Williamsport, I found Minnie and Sadie Ransom (Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Hazelet now) well, and enjoying their delightful homes,

in spite of "floods." They are always eager for news of the Lasell girls of their day.

We were all at Christmas dinner at Mrs. Hazlett's, and had a good time. In the evening Nellie Bubb invited me to meet the Lasell girls of her day at her spacious home. Gladly I accepted, and spent a pleasant hour (I guess it was rather more, but it seemed like a few moments only) with her and Rachel Allen and Florence Ryan. Jen. Hays Stearns's girl had her evening "out," so Jen. had to stay at home and care for her three bright "babies," and as I came away the next day I could not call on her, or Alice Williams, or Laura Foresman, but I heard that they were "lively."

So seductive were these "old girls" with their constantly increasing charms that they actually beguiled me into taking a cup of *Russian tea*, and some of Williamsport delicious ice-cream was served; but my, how we did talk! The girls had much to say and I to hear of their last summer's European trip, and I had to "air" my "Round the World Tour," which they decided (D. V.) to join.

Memory has one more delightful evening with the "manufactured product" to help me stand the "stings and scourges" of the manufacturing process. If all her girls turn out as well as these, Lasell may well afford "to labor and to wait."

C. C. B.

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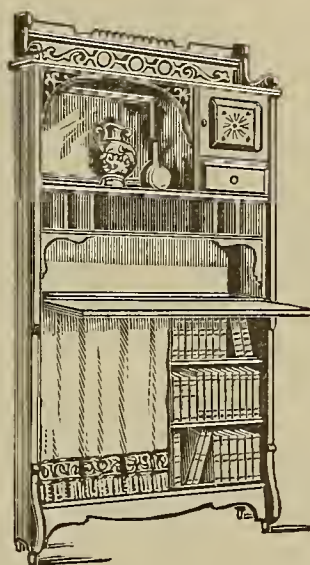
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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

Volume XV.

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Number 5.

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EVER since the publication of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which has had such a wide circulation and met with so many different criticisms during the short time it has been in print, men have been discussing eagerly the questions which have arisen from the reading of this remarkable book. The great thinkers of our times have studied earnestly into these new ideas and then have approved or criticised, as the case might be. Those believing that it would be for the country's greatest good have banded themselves together to work for a reformation from the present state of affairs, calling themselves Nationalists. Those opposing the propositions of Mr. Bellamy have, on their side, not hesitated to show wherein they think the scheme would be sure to fail, should it be tried, and to point out the obstructions which, even if the proposed steps should be taken, would hinder the people from reaching the desired end.

Joseph Cook, in a recent lecture, said, "The Nationalists are worshipping a statue which has feet of clay, a forehead of brass, leans on crutches, and, I am sorry to say, has a cigar between its lips and holds a winecup in its right hand; its only merit being that it has a golden heart. Is this the angel which is to lead us to the millennium?"

Of course there are the two sides to this, as to almost any question of importance, and time only can determine what the result of the controversy will be. But it seems to us that in some way the great gap between the rich and poor should be bridged over; that, if these plans of Mr. Bellamy's will not work if carried out, something should be thought of which will accomplish the purpose. We hear of stories such as that of the Western minister who determined to dress as a laboring man, act as though he were dependent simply upon the work of his hands for his living, and see if it really was so hard to find employment. After trying for quite a time, in vain, to find work, he

came to the conclusion that the struggle to keep the wolf from the door was, in reality, much more desperate than people in the so-called higher class realize.

Such things as this show us that the path of the poor man is rougher than we think.

It will doubtless be said that we have no clear idea of these things and should not try to enter into a discussion of them.

But why should we not take just as lively an interest in our fellow-beings and in our country and her best good, as our fathers and brothers?

SINCE the death of Robert Browning, which occurred Dec. 12, 1889, his admirers continue more earnestly than ever their unmeasured praise, and his critics begin their work of careful, keen analysis. No poet has warmer friends or colder critics. It may be true, as some critics say, that "his poems were not written for the masses," but, when understood, his writings cannot fail to be admired, at least by the majority of readers.

Rev. Stopford Brooke, a well-known Boston preacher, and one of Browning's most ardent admirers, prophesies "that among the whole of the English-speaking people, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and praise of the main body of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power the reach of which we cannot yet conceive." On the other hand, however, we have this criticism: "That he was a real poet, in the sense of having written real poetry, will be admitted by every competent critic. But it will have to be admitted that no poet so eminent as Mr. Browning has ever left behind so large a body of brilliant, profound, inspiring literature wherein the essential characteristics of poetry will be sought in vain."

As the 14th draws near, we are reminded of the years when Cupid entered into league with Uncle Sam, and succeeding in getting control of a large part of the mails he used them for the dainty missives intrusted to his care. The trains fairly groaned under the additional weight, while the mail-carriers, though their burdens were heavy, felt that this service was far more satisfactory than most, since everywhere their approach was

welcomed by a shower of smiles and surprised "For me's?"

What a charm came to surround the day! Here was an opportunity offered by the ever-beguiling Cupid in which the most timid of lovers might acquaint his lady of his regard for her. The object of his admiration, on the other hand, could easily feel assured of his ardor by one of those fair bits of lace, card-board, and even sometimes of finest silk and satin, which became the usual expression of regard. At this time, too, those stricken with poetic fancy found ample field in which to air their emotions; their friends and lovers were deluged with poems of love and friendship in such terms as the Muse(?) suggested.

The ever-watchful small boy proudly slipped his penny on the counter of the village store, and receiving in return a bit of fancy card-board, or a verse, he would slyly slip it in the desk of his chosen embodiment of all that was jolly, rosy, and lovable in the school-girl.

Notwithstanding its joys, the day never passed that it did not leave some unfortunate or deformed person a trifle more miserable by the comic valentine sent by an evil-minded acquaintance who felt the necessity of venting his spite in this way.

At last the celebration of this day, with all its delights and its one fault, has passed into the realm of last season's styles, and has left Cupid to effect his mission in other ways. What the next freak which this roguish imp will establish in the world we dare not prophesy. Even where he is now hiding himself we do not surely know, but, judging from the events of the past few months, we imagine he must be under some huge umbrella in the driest spot he could find on the earth, trying vainly, like common mortals, to keep warm and comfortable.

TO WASHINGTON.

THE annual excursion to Washington by Lasell girls, which has become a "fixture" in our yearly work, will occur April 2 to 9, during the Easter vacation. The usual interesting schedule of attractions will be sent out to all of you soon. If you want to go with us, write to Mr. Shepherd for the circular. The whole trip, from Auburndale to Washington and back to Auburndale, everything first-class and the very best, for Forty Dollars.

A SHORT LAY SERMON.

Beloved Sisters,— My text is short, easily comprehended, and easily remembered ; and were it not that we are prone to forget easily what we learn easily, there could be no excuse for asking your attention to these commonplace remarks on a commonplace subject.

My text is the one word "Help." It is a word found in a certain quotation which accidentally caught my eye the other day. Book, chapter, and verse I cannot give you.

As said Dr. Doddridge in a talk to some wild young fellows who had insisted that he should preach to them from the word "Malt," I cannot divide my text into clauses, there being none ; nor into words, there being but one ; therefore, I divide it into letters. These are H-E-L-P. Of these, H is Half-hearted ; E, Ease-loving ; L, Laggard ; and P, Powerless. Again, H is Honorable ; E, Earnest ; L, Loyal ; and P, Patient. Lastly, H is Habit ; E, Energy ; L, Labor ; and P, Power.

Now what does our first series give us ? As nearly as I can come at it, it is a very fair summing-up of the mental and moral characteristics of that one who covets life's fairest prizes, but prefers to miss them rather than to work for them. Half-heartedly they view the situation, and seeing, as they suppose, that there is no necessity for any immediate action in the matter of winning these rewards, which they intend by and by to possess, they settle contentedly down, true to their Ease-loving natures, like their friend the Sluggard, whose desire for "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," they mutely echo. Laggards all they become, and, since it must needs be that to them, as to others, some tasks must be meted out, they take up their daily work with a whining protest, and put it down with a sigh of relief, say rather, a solid chunk of satisfaction, that once more they are at ease, and may doze and dream, or set about their favorite undertaking,—moral suicide,—though they never call it by any such name. Happiness, I think, is the name most often applied to it.

What is the last link of this chain ? What should it be but Powerlessness ? You remember how, in "Bitter-Sweet," David holds up to Ruth his conception of those dwellers in the Eden of

her dreams ? "Powerless, pulpy souls," he says, "that showed a dimple for each touch of sin." So powerless are those whose chain of habit, or character,—for the two are so nearly one that it is hard, if not impossible, to distinguish them,—is composed of the links Half-heartedness, Love of Ease, Laggardliness, and Powerlessness.

How will our second series compare with our first ? This is an ascending series, and if made a matter of experiment, will be found to increase in a geometrical ratio. Honorable is the first term of this progression. Is not Honor the basis of all true success ? I say "true success" because I would draw clearly and sharply the dividing line between apparent and real success in life. One is honorable who is true to himself, to his inner consciousness of right and duty. This I shall not argue, as no one requires any argument to establish its truth, excepting those who, believing it, as they cannot help doing, are trying to argue themselves into a disbelief of it, that they may quiet their consciences and do unhindered the things that seem to them so pleasantly wrong, so delightfully questionable.

We have character in this series, too,—the character of that one who, knowing the right and recognizing its sure rewards, deliberately sets about doing it with Earnestness ; not for a day, or a week, or a month, but from the day of decision to the day of death. They are Loyal. Spasmodic earnestness is not loyalty. He is a traitor who to-day kneels in homage to his sovereign, but to-morrow leads a host against him, or harbors knowingly his lord's sworn foe. Patience, too, is a part of the character of the Honorable, Earnest, and Loyal one. Why does it come last in the series ? It seems not so important to you as the others. It is not last merely because of its initial letter, but also because we have here, as I have said, a progression, and Patience is so God-like a virtue that it must wear the crown. Well is it said, "How poor are they that have not patience !" Patience is the skeleton key that fits the lock of many a difficulty : possess yourselves of it. It is also the key to the door that closes the Happy Valley of Contentment : be sure you get it.

The last series is but a continuation of the second. Habit and Energy are interdependent :

each in a certain sense gives rise to the other. Think it out for yourselves and you will see. Power is the necessary result of Labor, and, let me emphatically say, of nothing else, in the personal sense in which we are here considering it. I mean not passive influence, but active ability to be, to do, to compel.

But what, say you, has all this to do with Help, the word you took as a text, and from which, as is not unusual, you have widely departed?

In reply, let me give you the quotation in which I found the word. "The only help that may safely be given to individuals or communities is the help that aids and increases self-help." The connection, should it still prove a puzzle, is that in your choice of help for your daily tasks, let them be what they may, whether painting or pie-making, millinery or music, you also choose for yourself either the descending series in the character-scale, and become enervated and powerless, a sort of human excrescence, for whose existence one looks long ere he finds a reason, or that other ascending one, whose last term is the precious fact of Power.

There is a help that helps, and a help that hinders. All must have help: it is one of the inevitable conditions of life. No one can live and do his work in the world without help from others. But shall it not be the help that helps?

Now, in conclusion, H — Heroic ones, E — Enter upon L — a Life of P — Power. H — Helpless ones, E — Endeavor L — to Leave off P — Playing with life.

A SEARCH FOR THE HERO OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

"EDITH, look! can't you see him? The third one from the end. Is n't he lovely? and just suits! I said I would find him first. There, he is going to play!"

"Oh is n't he elegant! exactly what he ought to be! He is a fine musician, too. Don't you wish we knew him? But we must be quiet."

This whispered conversation took place at one of the Symphony rehearsals in Boston. The speakers were two girls of about twenty-one years of age. One, Edith Rolfe, a tall, handsome girl, was the only child of a well-to-do Boston merchant. She had decided musical talent, and her master prophesied a brilliant future for her.

Nan Nelson, her companion, was a pretty blonde, who, with her mother, had come to Boston, where she intended to continue her study of art. They were at present visiting the Rolfes, with whom they would remain until they could secure desirable rooms.

Since Nan's arrival, the girls had read together that pretty book called "The First Violin." They were so charmed with the story that they playfully vowed to find a man corresponding to their idea of its hero, who should be first violinist in an orchestra of some renown.

The man of whom they were now speaking was tall and handsome and evidently a master as well as a lover of his profession. He played with his "whole soul," and the violin answered to his touch with sweet, clear tones which seemed to throw a charm over the audience. The girls were "carried away," as they expressed it, and thought if they could only know him they would be happy.

A few days after this, on returning from the studio, Nan rushed excitedly into Edith's room, exclaiming, "I saw him! I saw him!" "Did you? Where?" "On my way home. I passed right by him. But after all he is nothing but a man, there is nothing heroic or grand about him, as there must be about my 'first violin.'"

"Well, I don't know about that. All I know is that he suits my idea, and I only wish I knew him."

After this, on the way to their lessons, the girls often passed Carl Binder, the musician. Nan thought it a good joke, and used to say, "His ears must burn; if they don't they ought to, for we talk enough about him."

But to Edith it was no joke. She scolded herself soundly when, to her humiliation, she first discovered that she felt disappointed and cross if they did not meet him. "You ought to be ashamed, Edith Rolfe, to ever think of him! he does n't know you, and probably never noticed you; the idea of being so foolish!" she would say to herself.

But in one thing Miss Rolfe was mistaken. Carl had noticed the girls whom he so often met, and had wondered who they were; had often thought, too, that the tall one had the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

One afternoon, on reaching home, the girls found

Mrs. Nelson preparing to go in search of rooms. Suddenly taking the notion that they should like to go, the girls persuaded her to let them, and taking the address of a Mrs. R., 61 Blank Street, they started on their errand.

The call at 61 proving unsuccessful, they left the house, intending to go, as Mrs. R. had advised, to 60 of the same street. So engrossed were they, however, in talking of an anticipated trip to Europe, that without thinking that 60 was opposite 61, they walked on down the street.

Finally glancing at the number of a pretty dwelling-house near the end of the block, Nan said, "Here we are!" and without a doubt or a second glance they went up the steps and rang the bell.

The rooms suited exactly and all arrangements were soon made. Turning to go, Nan said, "Let me see, the number is 60." "No, 69." "What! can I be mistaken? I was certain I was right!"

But sure enough they had mistaken the number. "It is fortunate it was not something of importance, or our carelessness might have caused some trouble," said Nan when they were on the way home, and then she went on to talk of the rooms, how she would arrange them, etc.

Poor Edith, however, heard little or none of this, for as the door of the house had been opened they were greeted with the sound of a violin. Could it be he? Could they have passed 60 and gone straight to his door? But what nonsense! of course it could not be so.

Mrs. Nelson was soon nicely settled in her new quarters. As they did not dine with the other lodgers, there was little opportunity of seeing or meeting them.

Edith often called and often too heard the mysterious violin. One day she was hurrying towards the stairs which led to Nan's room, and, looking at a piece of music in her hand, was not thinking that any one was near, when suddenly she came to a halt in front of some one and, looking up, found herself face to face with — Carl!

Begging her pardon, he stepped aside for her to pass, but before she reached the room a door closed in the hall below, and Edith knew that it was his violin which had greeted her on her first visit to that house.

Edith did not visit Nan again for some time,

thinking it unwise to risk meeting Carl, but when at last she did go, it was to a worse fate than before.

As she was about to ascend the stairs, the sound of children's voices arrested her, and glancing up she saw, through the open door of Carl Binder's room, two children of a lady boarder. She knew they were forbidden to visit strangers, and thinking the door had been left ajar and they had wandered in alone, she was about to call them, when, to her horror, a man who had been talking with the children rose from the floor and stood facing her.

Oh! what had she done? It was Carl! and he had seen her staring into his room! There was nothing to do but to hurry upstairs and get out of sight as soon as possible.

Shortly after this, Edith was taken ill, and before her slow recovery Carl had moved, where she did not know. But she was free to visit Nan now as often as she liked. She knew it was best that he had gone, and still in her very heart she was sorry.

But time passed by and soon the time arrived when the party in which we are interested were to sail for Europe. The day was bright, and many friends were at the wharf to see them start.

Edith's teacher, Prof. Hazen, who was there, drew her aside, and said, "Edith, I want you to meet a friend of mine who is also going to Germany. It will be pleasant for him to know your party, and as he is a musician he may be of help to you in meeting the musicians there. I have not told him you are going, but I will find him now."

With that he left, and did not return until a few moments before the boat was to leave. How familiar his friend looked to Edith! Could it be — yes, it was — Carl!

In the confusion of farewells, no one saw the hurried introduction, no one noticed how pale Edith grew as she repeated his name, nor the flush of true pleasure with which he recognized her.

Prof. Hazen did not know that day that he had made two hearts very happy. But later, when he received a letter from Carl, he read, "Your pretty pupil is to be my wife."

When Edith told Nan her good news, and blushing confessed how long she had loved Carl, Nan

said, "I thought you were greatly interested in him, but, Edith, you should have told me: I had a right to know, for you must remember that I found him."

"Yes, dear," she answered with a kiss and an impetuous little squeeze, "you found him for me, — you found my 'First Violin.'"

O. M.

OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

THEY say that the nineteenth century is the century of progress, and truly, as regards the imagination of the modern school-girl, we have advanced greatly since those good old days of common-sense and sincerity, when the Puritan fathers so wisely ruled their little settlements, without the aid of skilful scheming and adroit deception.

But it is not of the Puritans that we wish to speak, but of the "Castles in Spain," in which so many of us live.

When we first arrived at Lasell we were young and unsophisticated, so it was a constant source of wonder and astonishment that so many of our classmates and friends possessed such unlimited wealth, such talented friends, and such untold treasures in the shape of sealskin jackets, diamond necklaces, and the like, "which mamma is keeping for me until I am out of school." Alas for our innocence! We were yet to learn that these treasures were only a part of the furnishings of "Castles in Spain."

Who has not listened to the glowing description of "our parlor furniture," the upholstery for which "cost \$125 a yard, narrow width," when in all probability the entire set of furniture was purchased for what the price of one chair would have been, reckoning from the story of our visionary informant?

Oh, the depravity of this perverse generation! What would the great-grandmothers of some of our friends say, the grandmothers who toiled early and late, and who were not ashamed to let it be known that they possessed but little of this world's goods, could they hear their descendants trying to persuade us that these fair and goodly structures, these palaces of the imagination, are indeed the substance and not the shadow! Picture, if you can, the astonishment good old Grandmother Smith would feel could she hear Elaine

speak of the wealth and splendor of her Washington house! Can you not see the lady look when Elaine asserts that "our family have a coat of arms, you know? My grandfather was an English lord."

What story did you ever relate, that some friend did not know of an incident exactly parallel, which "my sister Kate's friend told us last summer, when we were in the mountains. He's a Yale man, has travelled lots: and so cute!" Sister Kate's friend, by the way, belonging to the same family as Sairy Gamp's Mrs. Harris, of whom Dickens tells us.

Then there is the girl who has such an utter contempt for money. She is eager to give the idea that she has always been accustomed to luxury, and, in her anxiety to make her companions believe in this delusion, she rather overdoes the matter. She it is who tells you so often of the political honors won by "my papa," of his popularity, of "my brother's horses and dogs," of "my little sister's reception dresses," and, lastly, she dwells upon the capital "papa" has placed in his business. Then, lest this information does not sufficiently impress you, she hastens to add, "Oh, of course, papa has n't all of his money in his business! why, he has millions invested elsewhere!" How delightfully indefinite — elsewhere! from our knowledge of this kind of girl, it is highly probable that "papa's millions," besides being so doubtfully invested, are utterly inaccessible both to him and the other members of his family.

Another girl we so often meet is the girl whose dresses are made at Worth's. Here let us pause to heave a sigh. No pen can fitly portray the agonies she heaps upon us. She bounces into our quiet room just as we are about to spend our few hoarded moments in perusing the new book our cousin has so kindly sent, and forces us to examine some dreadful arrangement of folds and flounces, which has just arrived straight from Paris. O Worth, what atrocities are committed in thy name! Why is it we must be so tormented?

Could we but "see ourselves as others see us," could we but know that the building of these air-castles deceives nobody, but rather lessens the respect of those for whose good opinion we most care, possibly we might turn our well-cultivated imaginations to some better use.

Is it not more contemptible to be ashamed of one's position in life, and to endeavor by deceit and artifice to augment one's importance, than to live honest and open lives, regardless of sneers and ridicule? Let us remember the words of the Scottish poet, —

“Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.”

M. B. S., '90.

LOCALS.

A GAME of “Halma” has made its appearance in the school, and every one who has tried it is continually desiring to borrow, until at this date the owner has not set her eyes upon said game for over two weeks, and it may be in passing from hand to hand the real possessor has been entirely forgotten.

THE course of law lectures by Miss Greene has commenced, and though some of us dreaded them lest they should be dry and uninteresting, all agreed at the end of the first discourse that they were very *charming*.

THE individuals who were congratulating themselves upon the delightful idea of going home for Feb. 22, and leaving here Friday afternoon, not returning until the following Monday, are, alas, doomed to disappointment, for Washington's birthday, which everywhere in the United States is a holiday, is for us to be like any other day in the school week; for when we petitioned for three weeks at Christmas, it took in all the holidays from then until Easter.

This is a case when the old saying might be somewhat altered, making it read, “impatient and greedy waiters are losers.”

How true to some natures is the roughly expressed opinion of a hired man, uttered some time ago: “Master has a little religion all done up in a nice little package and put down in the bottom of his pocket. When he goes to church he draws out this little package and opens it, showing it to the people for a few moments, then he does it up again, and when he goes out of church rams it still farther down in his pocket and turns and swears at us men.”

THE committee called to change the uniform of the battalion decided not to change it after all, as it answered all the requirements.

MRS. DORCHESTER, a charming school friend of Miss Farwell's, gave us an informal talk upon Indian Missions, which was exceedingly interesting, as it was all her personal experience and greatly in the red man's favor.

A FAREWELL ode should be sung to “La Grippe,” for he has made his ravages upon Lasell and flown to distant lands, — at least we hope so.

IN a whole month of winter only once have we used our polished steels upon the Lasell pond, and then it was anything but enjoyable, it was so rough.

As the season advances every girl is seized with a wild desire to have her pictures taken in Boston, and every evening at office hours Miss Chamberlayne's bench is crowded with expectantly waiting girls, and all have the same old question as they close the door behind them: “*May I go to Boston and have my photographs taken please?*”

THURSDAY, Jan. 30, was the Day of prayer for Colleges, and the services held in our chapel were extremely interesting.

At 10.30 A. M. we listened to a sermon by the Rev. Wm. Rice Newhall; at 3.30 P. M., a sermon by Rev. Wm. Nast Brodbeck; and at 7.30 P. M., an informal talk from Mr. Davidson.

WEDNESDAY evening, Jan. 29, quite a pleasing concert was given at West Newton, by Mr. and Mrs. Allen; also, the same evening, a lecture in the Methodist church, on India, with illustrations. Why is it we were not all endowed with the great gift of being natural spellers?

DR. PICK has begun his lectures on Memory, and we all find them interesting and amusing. After his first lecture, as a regular thing at the dinner-table, one and all present begin to repeat the connected ideas of desk, wood, forest, bird, etc. It is really surprising how much one can remember in that way, and we all confess that if he could teach us the names of the English kings so we could remember them with “facility” it would be well worth the price of the lectures.

How hard it is to take up a thing which you have for some time dropped, and with what a dread

you commence again. After the three weeks' vacation the few who were always more or less timid of the water are now constantly finding excuses by which the all-important swimming lesson can be postponed.

MARRIED.

AT Grace Church, Utica, N. Y., Jan. 23, Louise M. Hammond to Robert S. Maus. At home after March 1, Ashtabula, Ohio.

AT Detroit, Mich., Jan. 15, Mabel Lee to Willis Caspar Ward.

PERSONALS.

BERTHA SIMPSON writes from Lowell.

SADIE HITCHCOCK, of Bath, is visiting in Brooklyn.

MAY ADAMSON writes from Fort Edward, N. Y. A friend of hers wants to come to Lasell, and she to come back.

MARY HATHAWAY and Mary Cole were at Lasell together. Both well and happy.

MINNIE BIGELOW PETERSEN has been at the school. Also Etta Jackson. Glad to see them.

MISS GRACE SEIBERLING, '87, is visiting Jo. Wallace, '88, at her home, in Rochester, New Hampshire.

FLORENCE DURFEE tells how they miss the dear sister Margie. They do not repine, but it is very lonely for them all. We grieve for them.

CAPT. J. W. HAIGHT has made a present of a number of valuable statistical works to Lasell library. He has our thanks, and we are glad he is recovering from a very bad case of "La Grippe."

SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH is very busy, with teaching music, singing in public, etc. Her sister has been very ill. Laura Munger and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ninde) called on her while making their bridal trip.

LAURA PLACE is trying to bear cheerfully her great affliction, the death of the gentleman she was

about to marry. She is living in New Jersey. She may come to Lasell some day. We heartily hope she will.

REV. DR. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR writes a characteristic letter. He is struggling with neuralgia, yet manages to do a good deal of work; enough to keep him out of mischief, "if that were possible." He thinks the Lord would help him more if he would give the Lord "a better chance."

HELEN WESTHEIMER writes affectionately of her old companions here. She suggests that if the World's Fair takes place, all Lasell people shall register at some place to be agreed upon, so that they may easily find each other. She says that Emma Hilton, now Mrs. Donnelly, of Minneapolis, has a little son. Our congratulations.

REV. DR. PARKHURST sent a chatty note from Washington, Jan. 20. At the Metropolitan Church, Carrie Foster and Mertie Sinsabaugh came up and spoke to him, introducing themselves as from Lasell. He was much pleased. Dr. Parkhurst was at Mr. Walker Blaine's funeral, met for an hour Dr. Scott, father of Mrs. President Harrison, puzzles himself over the negro problem, etc., etc.

SUE BROWN has had a visit from Carrie Foster, attended Blanche Lowe's wedding, "the prettiest wedding I ever saw." had a call from Maude Stone, met Lutie Price, of Denver, in Washington, Agnes Kingman, in Philadelphia, also Emma Civill, Gussie Lowe, and Mae Fowler. Expects to see Alice Williams and Lillie Eddy, who are in Philadelphia. Lillie is probably with Sue now. She says Kathleen Ziele is now Mrs. Oakley Clarke, and lives in Baltimore. Sue was to have a birthday reception Feb. 5, and there was talk of a reunion of the Lasell graduates in and near Philadelphia.

A PLEASANT word from Annie Blanche Merrill, saying kindest things of Lasell. She is making herself useful, or was at that moment, in place of the regular Bridget in the kitchen. That is a good way to learn, and many people are forced to try it.

MR. HERMAN BRAGG, Inez's father, died in Pueblo, Jan. 23, of apoplexy of the brain, aged 38. He has been suffering in health very severely for several months, but had improved while in California, and hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery. A swift relapse and sudden death were a great shock to his family. Poor dear Inez has written several times very bravely about her father's sad condition of health, but it is certain that all through his illness the family have felt very anxious and distressed. We give them all possible sympathy. Mrs. Bragg has one son, Inez's brother. Mr. Bragg was a Massachusetts man, and went to Gunnison seven years ago. He seems to have been greatly respected, and his early cutting off is universally lamented. He was a Mason, and was buried at Gunnison by that Order.

THE SIXTH LASELL PARTY TO EUROPE.

SOME of our girls and their friends want us to take them through Europe the coming summer, and it is decided to go. So, if any of our old girls with their immediate friends want to enjoy this trip with us, we shall be glad to hear from them soon. We shall sail by steamer "Pavonia" from Boston, June 21, and, from the sketch of the route already prepared, it is thought none better could be planned for the time allowed. The party will sail from Liverpool, on the return, Sept. 5. We shall distribute circulars of this trip with full details.

If you desire special information in relation to either excursion, write to

WILLIAM T. SHEPHERD,
LASELL SEMINARY,
AUBURNDALE.

LASELL ROUND THE WORLD TOUR.

It now seems quite likely that this trip will be taken next year, starting in October, 1890. It certainly will if ten good girls want to go, and certainly will not unless they do.

The plan is substantially as outlined last year. Leaving here (or possibly San Francisco) early in October, to spend a month in Japan, a week in China, a month in India, another in Palestine, another in Egypt, going up the Nile to first cataract, (perhaps South India or Sinai instead of three

weeks of Egypt?) a week or two in Constantinople and Athens, touching at various places on the way, and to finish at Rome, June 1, 1891. Those wishing, may return direct to Boston with me. Those preferring, may spend the summer in Europe, under good care, which I will provide if desired.

*Price from Boston to Rome \$2,500, from San Francisco to Rome \$2,325, everything included.

Not over twelve will be taken besides Mrs. B. and myself. Intending members should let their purpose be known as soon as possible.

C. C. B.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

OH, the shimmer and the glimmer
Of the pale electric light!
How it flashes out in triumph
As daylight takes its flight!

How my heart beats on in gladness,
And my eye with joy does blaze
As the brightly beaming luminary
Shines out before my gaze!

So we'll crown immortal Edison
With a wreath of jewels bright,
And the centre foremost sparkling gem
Is the pale electric light.

EXCHANGES.

UNDER the title of "Reminiscences," the *Wesleyan Argus* relates several laughable anecdotes, which we enjoyed, and which must be especially entertaining to the students of that college.

THE *Ogontz Mosaic* presents a very attractive number for January. Nearly all of the articles are worthy of attention, but we especially enjoyed "The Story on a Japanese Fan."

AFTER reading recent editorials and communications of the *Princetonian*, we will be on the lookout for a humorous journal from Princeton, probably to be called the *Tiger*. Such a publication would doubtless be welcome, for we notice that the *Harvard Lampoon* and *Yale Record* receive a great deal of attention in our reading-room.

AN amusing story, called "The Skepticism of Eleanor Deans," is in the *Harvard Advocate*. The influence of a planchette seems, of late, to form a favorite topic for stories.

IN reading the *Swarthmore Phoenix*, we were pleased to find sketches of Thoreau and Dr. Amelia Edwards. That of the latter was especially interesting and well-timed.

THE *Polytechnic* devotes several pages to "A Trip to Southeastern Alaska." Although a fertile subject, we think a shorter article would have been better.

THE prize story called "Only Mother," in the *Colby Echo*, although unpretentious, is well told. We, however, hope it is not often a tale of real life.

EVERY one who knows anything of Tom Brown cannot fail to be interested in "Rugby as I Saw It," as told in the *University Beacon*.

"A LITERARY COMPARISON" between "Measure for Measure" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," is a well-written article in a recent number of the *Haverfordian*.

SINCE the vacation, the various exchanges are full of accounts of successful glee-club trips. The last season seems to have been unusually good.

THE *College Rambler* pays a neat compliment to the journals edited by young ladies. We were pleased to find ourselves mentioned in this connection, and were very glad not to have our spirits dampened by a mistake in our name. After being called *Lasell Lever*, *Laurell Leaves*, and *Lowell Leaves*, this is truly gratifying.

A BIT OF BAR HARBOR.

OUR first glimpse of Maine's noted summer resort is from the deck of the little steamer, as she makes her usual trip between Mt. Desert ferry and Bar Harbor.

The harbor itself is crowded with boats of every description, from the huge man-of-war to the light birch canoe paddled so skilfully by a young woman in white blouse, who may, for aught we know, be a Lasell girl.

On approaching the landing we behold the most unique looking vehicles imaginable. These are the long, low buckboards with which the wharf is crowded. Hardly have we stepped from the plank when with our goods and chattels we are hurried to one of these vehicles, and are being whirled to the largest hotel of which Bar Harbor can boast. If one is in low spirits there is no surer remedy for him than a drive on one of these buckboards, for the rider forgets his own trials and tribulations in the excitement of holding on.

After five minutes of this exhilarating exercise we find ourselves at our destination. The broad veranda where the carriage stops is occupied by two young men in tennis costumes, who are evidently awaiting the appearance of their fair partners. We are surprised that not more people are stirring, but learn afterward that at Bar Harbor the fashionable hour for walking and driving is from four until six o'clock. And truly we are not misinformed, for at that time there is almost a transformation scene. People who an hour ago were thinking life a bore are now all animation. Among the many pleasure seekers strolling over the lawn we see five young ladies and one of the young men whom we noticed upon our arrival. On the hotel steps stands the small boy selling his burden of fragrant pond-lilies, and within doors, as near the fish-pond as he dares, is a pure unadulterated dude. Perhaps this fish-pond may need a word of explanation. It is the place near the hotel office where the fair sex angle, but their catches are few and far between.

If one admires Bar Harbor by daylight, what will be his opinion of it by gaslight, for the real life here begins then. The immense hotels, gay with lights and dancing, make a scene long remembered, while the cottages abound in festivities.

We have the pleasure of watching one of the most successful hops of the season. Around the walls of the music-room are arranged the watchful mammas and vigilant *chaperons*, while their charges are promenading the veranda with Clarence and Harry. Ah, the *chaperon* is truly an invention worthy the age in which we live. Suddenly the sound of music fills the great room, and as a few of the more daring dancers glide across the slippery floor, we feel that the party has actually begun.

But hark! Is that the nine-thirty bell that jars upon our ear? No, certainly not; but we are all so drowsy that we agree to stand by our old Lasell custom, and tear ourselves from the midst of such fascinations, to dream of the festivities in which, as yet, we cannot participate.

PEDRI.

PEDRI was only a page, a little Italian boy whom Mrs. C., the rich American lady, had picked up somewhere in her wanderings through Italy. Mrs. C. was a kind-hearted woman in her way—or rather when not out of her way. She had often noticed the handsome little fellow with his gay young mother, as they passed her balcony; so when she heard that Pedri's mother had been taken ill, oh, so suddenly! and died (leaving her little boy an orphan), Mrs. C. offered to take him back to America with her, to be a little page in her beautiful home. Would he go? Oh, yes! Nothing mattered to him now; he did not care.

Pedri did not like America: it was all so cold; not anything like his own warm land. The only bright, lovely thing in it all, thought Pedri, was Mrs. C.'s daughter, a girl of twenty,—Mees Yessie, he called her. If he had been a poet or an artist, he could have expressed her beauty on paper or canvas; but Pedri was neither the one nor the other, only a beautiful, velvet-clad page. But oh, how he loved her! with all the depth and width of his Italian heart, which could swell with love or contract with passion. She had been so good to him, oh, so good! She talked to him in Italian, and tried to teach him English, always so patient with him, and he adored her. Next to Mees Yessie, Pedri loved music. No matter what he was doing when Yessie took her violin lesson, he always managed to be within hearing distance, and he would remember what she played. In the early mornings he would beg the housemaid to let him dust the music-room and put it to rights. The sleepy girl was willing enough to give up that duty. So Pedri would take Yessie's violin tenderly from its case, and, tucking it under his chin, would play anything and everything, from Yessie's difficult pieces to the airs remembered from his own dear Italy. Then he would impro-

visely, playing out his very soul in wonderful melodies. But the time was so short! At the first sounds in the house he would put the violin back, and wait only for the next morning.

Pedri was very ill. He lay on the bed so still and quiet, with Mees Yessie's hand clasped in both his own, and her eyes resting pityingly on him. The doctor said the American winter had been too much for his delicate body, and the same disease which had killed his fair young mother had seized him too. His eyes had become bigger and bigger each day, and his cheeks more thin. Mees Yessie sat beside him, talking to him in his own Italian. Was there anything in the world she could do for him? His eyes lighted, and he tried to speak, but with his weak lips could only breathe "violin." Her violin? Pedri want it? It was brought, and sudden strength seemed to return to him. He lifted it and laid his cheek lovingly on it. One long, sweet chord, and the slender hand relaxed, the bow fell, and Pedri was dead.

P. A. L.

SOME UNWRITTEN RULES OF MISS LAURA THOUGHTLESS.

IN LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

MEM.—To secure the best seat unoccupied, put feet on rungs of second chair, books on a third. People who want to get by can go round.

Take two or three of the popular papers at a time: it saves getting up often,—and some one else might take them.

When read, drop them on the sofa or table; if near the pigeon-holes, thrust them in anywhere; why bother to fold them, or find the right place? What else has the librarian to do? If by chance one carries off some paper with one's books and music, why bother to return it? A newspaper is of no account.

In case of wanting a book, ask some one where to find it: it's a great bother to look it up, and it takes time to read the cards hung about. When done with it, drop it upon the table: too much bother to find its place on the shelf,—sure I could n't do it. Besides, the librarian will soon set things right: what else is a librarian for, to be sure?

A GERMAN SCHOOL.

IT is interesting to compare a good home school for girls in Germany with our own. The Misses Liste send out the modest prospectus of their school in Vienna.

They arrange for girls from six to eighteen, though accepting some at four years of age. The school is held in the city from October to July; July and August are spent in study among the mountains. September is the holiday month, and may be given to relatives.

There are seven half-days of the year when pupils who wish may make visits; these are Easter Monday, New-Year's Day, All Saints' Day, etc. The younger pupils have very little pocket-money, and it is begged that the eldest never have over six florins (\$2.40) per month. All wear uniform, furnished by the school. When not in recitations they spend their time in the garden, which has a large swimming tank. In winter they skate, and ride on sledges.

The curriculum of study is much the same as our own, but with eleven yearly grades. Each one begins with "Religion," meaning graded Bible study, the creed, catechism, and preparation for holy communion when old enough. Gymnastic and household work are carefully graded for each year. The youngest knit. Later, they crochet, sew, do worsted work, embroider, darn,—making of the latter finally "art darning," a nice accomplishment of our grandmothers. Also "heeling and toeing," as it was called here in the old times, when grandmothers sat in chimney-corners and placidly knit their lives out. Germans keep the simple ways of knitting on heels and toes to half-worn stockings. Also, the forgotten art of marking linen with the needle is taught to the older girls, by samplers such as we preserve as heirlooms of a past civilization. Lora Standish's, at Plymouth, is memorable, if we remember aright, for some bad spelling.

In this school they make the underwear and the lace which we buy; and they begin to cut dresses in the year before the last at school.

The last year has two days of every week devoted wholly to dress cutting and making, to "measuring," (exactly what is that?) to pattern drawing, and last, not least, to cooking in considerable variety. So the cultured and refined

young woman becomes a capable *hausfrau*, and goes to take "her proper position as daughter, wife, or mother." There is certainly more simplicity and the habit of obedience of youth to elders in the German ways than in ours in America. They manage some details differently from our ideas, but it strikes us that, on the whole, such a school and its training must be very good indeed.

IN Greece many centuries ago lived seven gnomic poets, who were also philosophers and statesmen, known to us as the "Seven Sages." Each one of these "Seven Sages" had a motto; these mottoes have "rattled down the ages," and have become more or less proverbially popular. Cleobulus of Lindus took for his motto, "Avoid extremes," which naturally suggests to us a medium, a standard. Some, less philosophically inclined, may disagree with the great Cleobulus, and believe that a standard is not necessary; they may further think that "variety is the spice of life," and act accordingly. Their ideas and habits would then become of the most varied and extreme nature, and they would soon find themselves in a jumbled condition.

In making acquaintances it is always most agreeable to select for friends those who are happy, pleasant, lively, entertaining, and of even temperament. We are not charmed by friends who are so waspish and discontented that it is a continual struggle for peace and repose when in their company. Nor do we particularly like those whose natures are so gentle and passive that we have an innate desire to see them in contact with an exploding bunch of fire-crackers. Many travel extensively in foreign lands, acquire vast knowledge, and receive the title of "smart people." Of these *many*, there are three classes: First, those who are natural conversers, and to whom we would gladly listen, but for one reason, they are supercilious; and every time they address us it is with an air that is repugnant to us, and we turn away disgusted. Second, those who *could* be entertaining, but who have not animation enough to stir. They sooner or later become "wall-flowers," and we tire of them. The third class are the "much sought." They have with them such a pleasant delightfulness, which develops into an odd fasci-

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WE have learned that, through some accident, several of our subscribers did not receive their LEAVES for January. It may be possible that there are more with whom this was the case than we have been able to find out. If so, we should be glad if our friends would let us know of it, so that other copies may be sent as soon as possible.

SOME time ago Prof. Bragdon offered a prize to any one who would send in the best Lasell song. We publish in this number the first one which has been given us. Where are all the gifted and loyal daughters of Lasell, that they are not on hand ready and eager to vie with each other in eulogizing her in rhyme?

SEVERAL days ago there came into our hands specimen pages of "The Collegian Song Book." This is a new collection of college songs for the glee clubs and under-graduates of American colleges. Its arrangement and contents differ so materially from the collections of college songs which have been handed down from generation to generation that the book would be a sure success if only on account of its novelty.

But if the whole collection fulfils the promise held out in the four or five songs which these specimen pages contain, we think musically inclined college men, and maidens too, will have a book which will prove a delight to them.

AMONG the many criticisms passed upon school-girls, none is more common than that they know little concerning the affairs of the outside world. Often this criticism is too true, for, since a college is in one sense a world by itself, the students are apt to interest themselves only in things pertaining to college life.

One of the answers to the question of how we

are to broaden our views, is, by newspaper reading. While it is an acknowledged fact that newspapers do not always contain the most refreshing and elevating kinds of literature, still it must be admitted that only by such reading can we hope to be well informed on the topics of the day.

We certainly should know something of the great movements which are claiming the attention of the most profound scholars and thinkers, and should not be ignorant of the purpose of the great reformers, and the results which they hope to bring about. Many who are familiar with the political condition of other nations know but little of affairs in their own country. Surely this is not right.

Why is it, then, that, with our library furnished with dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, no more of us seize the opportunity to be well informed on the important questions of our time?

LASELL is following fast in the tracks of the colleges, in that she feels the necessity of a yell. The immediate occasion of this tidal wave of feeling was a sleigh-ride. The spell which usually falls upon the youthful voice and heart at such times came upon the entire school as they glided over snow-clad hills and dales and — street-car tracks. The result was displayed in songs and impromptu yells, the effect of which was instantaneous. From windows heads appeared very suggestive of slumber; people passing on the roads responded with the ever-ready "Ah there!" while in Boston — intellectual Boston! — the sleigh-loads of giggling girls were greeted by, "How are you?" from a Commonwealth Avenue turnout.

Now, if we might have responded to these varied salutations with a genuine *yell*; if we had roused even the sleepest inhabitant of the little villages; if we had turned our deep, melodious voices in one common jingle of nonsense, how proudly would we have laid our tired heads to rest that night!

But we said it was a necessity, and in proof we may suggest our increased lung power, acquired in gymnastics, our beauty of enunciation, developed by the repetition of "Speak the speech, I pray you," and, more than all this, the well-

modulated tones which we have recently adopted. Then, too, a yell would have revealed all these accomplishments to the listening world, and might also have relieved us of all the surplus energy and combustion heaped up on two months of steady work.

The yells improvised were variations of "boom," "ba," and "rah." To our minds, the first two are utterly inappropriate; the first, since a girl usually is supposed to run from any kind of fire-works; the second, because we are tired of suggestions of "Mary and her Lamb." "Rah" was a trifle more satisfactory, since most college yells use this exhilarating syllable.

With this brief summary of our position on this all-important subject, we beg our interested friends to aid us in the production of the aforesaid instrument of joy, in the pursuit of which we shall forthwith engage ourselves.

GIRLS

WHO are glad they went to Lasell, and think, on the whole, that it is about as good a school as there is, even if Miss Carpenter did "rise to stir you up" and Mr. Bragdon to "put you down," you want to get a Lasell pin, and put it somewhere in sight when you travel, so as to catch the eye of any other chance Lasellian whom you may meet on your way. We sell one to every Lasell pupil who has had an "honorable discharge." I wish I could afford to give you each one.

C. C. B.

A SHORT LIFE'S TRAGEDY.

THE alleys and back streets of our large cities form little worlds all in themselves, and very dark and dismal ones at that. Through the smoky atmosphere the sun cannot pierce his way, and his smiling face is never seen, the high walls shutting him out forever. It is only through the few cracks large enough that the daylight reaches these places at all, and saves them from a perpetual night. The dirt-begrimed faces and the low language set these people off by themselves, and all seems dark indeed.

In one of the dimmest of the homes in one of these alleys lived a small child. I say small, rather than young, for with the sixteen years that

have rolled over her head has come such experience as — God be thanked! — comes to but few. Her little form hardly denotes so many years, as it is marred, and out of proportion, so that she would pass for ten or less. The tiny face is pinched and pale, and the hand that supports the always aching head is emaciated. The blue eyes, that look like deep hearted violets, have in them, not the haunted look sometimes seen, not even the sad and tearful appeal commonly recognized, but a constant look of inquiry and alertness that is inexplicable. This is all that in any way beautifies the face. Her mouth might have been pretty, but has been so drawn with pain that it is pitifully ugly. A much-worn pair of crutches takes the place of feet.

In her little room she stays. Here a pile of straw, there an old box. Upon the first she lies at night; upon the last she sits by day and fashions some simple toys with her weak fingers. Who she is or where she came from she knows but little more than you or I. She remembers that three years ago the pale-faced dying mother was carried out of the home, and never returned. She might know more, but her own pain has erased it all.

She has lived alone in her garret, though her surly neighbors have at times given her some necessities for her very life. She is called by them, Beauty; not because she is so, but in derision. Why she is thus called is her whole story.

One night she had been out to sell her few toys and to buy something to eat with the pennies. As she was struggling home, just as she turned the corner of the street, a voice rang out near her, "How beautiful!" The words rang in the little one's ears, and she wondered what anything *beautiful* could look like, and longed to see the same. Whenever she met the neighbors she always inquired where she could find the beautiful, and what it was. They only laughed, for they did not know.

One summer day, after lying on her straw, drawn up with anguish for a long time, she decided to wait no longer, but to go in search of it herself.

The look in the violet eyes deepened as she made a desperate attempt to start upon her search. It took a very long time to reach the common, but at last she sank upon the green grass. As she

lay looking at the blue sky above her she thought that must be *beautiful*; but it could not be what the voice meant, for, she thought, "Such people see these things always: it would not be beautiful to them as to me." What was working in that small brain to reason so much better than she knew?

She compared herself with the passers-by, and noted how differently she had looked in a small piece of glass she had rescued from an ash-heap, and in which she had seen herself. "Oh, if I could stay here forever!" she thought. Suddenly there burst on her vision that of which she had even no comprehension: a being like and yet not like herself; a lady, tall, erect, with golden hair, which, in some strange way, was all in circles about her fair face and head; rosy cheeks, which were a wonder to the little cripple; and the rush of her silken draperies almost took the child's breath away. What! could she be an angel, just come to earth? This must be of what the voice had spoken.

The little girl gazed with gasping breath, the blue eyes wide open in wonder. "Is n't it beautiful?" she thought. "I did not know there was anything in the world like this. How I would like to hear her speak!" Like a quick blow, — but in reality it was only the words of the beautiful (?) one, — the lame girl heard, "Well, Miss Impudence, when you have done staring, move on." Her fine brown eyes flashed in the sunlight. The tiny figure recoiled; hot tears welled up in her eyes, and, feeling for her crutches, she murmured, "I was only thinking how beautiful you are."

Thus was her life's dream shattered. She had travelled far, with much pain, for — this. Blinded by tears, she struggled on, falling sometimes against the hard walls. Disappointed in what she had held most dear, she cried out, "What might the beautiful, of which I have dreamed so much and so long, not have been, if it had only been true!" At last, reaching the little garret, she lay down on the straw, never to rise again to seek for *the beautiful*.

The short life was spent, and the unrequited exertion had been too much for the frail creature. When morning dawned again, she was carried to lie forever under the blue sky and green grass, as she had wished. The harsh neighbors were soft-

ened for an instant, and carried "Beauty" to the place they considered beautiful. Had she found the beautiful that was true? E., '91.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WE are assembled here to-day, friends, to hear of the life and character of a man whom the nation does well to honor; a man who has been to his country what no other man can or ever will be — Abraham Lincoln.

Most of us present are probably familiar with the privations and struggles of his early life, his hardships as a pioneer, so we will pass on until the time arrives when he makes a name for himself and his posterity.

As the law was his first stepping-stone to fame, it may be of some interest to learn how he obtained this legal knowledge, in spite of his pecuniary disadvantages. One day a farmer drove up to Lincoln's small grocery store in Salem with a broken-down horse, and a wagon filled with household plunder, and asked him what he would give for the whole load. Lincoln looked over the lot of old pots, pans, and kettles, and gave him half a dollar. The man went off, and Lincoln stored the stuff. Some weeks after the purchase, Lincoln had occasion to use one of the barrels which he had bought of the farmer, and as he turned out the contents, under the old rusty pans a dilapidated copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries" came to light. Lincoln eyed it curiously, and laid it aside. Later in the afternoon he picked up the book and began to read. He soon became absorbed in it, and from that day on he read all the long leisure hours which fall to the lot of a country grocer. This was the first inkling he had of any taste in the direction in which he afterward attained such success.

Some idea of his great talent in this direction may be drawn from the fact that in a series of debates he defeated Stephen A. Douglas, who was then at the zenith of his power, and who was regarded as the inevitable candidate of the Democracy for President.

Probably no man was ever placed in such a situation as Lincoln when, in 1861, he entered upon his administration as President of the United States.

Preceded by a man suspected of adhesion to the South, and who left the affairs of the state to a man unknown except as representative of a party which had no experience in conducting affairs, the country was on the verge of civil war; money must be obtained for the carrying on of such out of an empty treasury, and, as Lowell says, "The trees were yet growing and the iron unmined with which the navy was to be built and armored; officers without discipline were to make a mob into an army, and, above all, the public opinion of Europe, echoed and re-enforced with every vague hint and every specious argument of despondency by a powerful faction at home, was either contemptuously sceptical or actively hostile." Besides all this, the nation was in no way fitted for war after a peace of fifty years. Think of the shambling, loose-jointed pioneer placed in such a position! But was there another man in the United States who would or ever could have arisen to an emergency like this? "It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested."

Did Lincoln falter for one moment in his fearful undertaking? No! He stuck to it; and that he succeeded is proved by the fact that he has stood firmer in the hearts of his countrymen than any other man since Washington.

Lincoln was between two fires. A large minority of the Democratic party scarcely allowed him to claim the office; while the same of his own party suspected him of being a secret communicant with the church of Laodicea. Therefore, whatever he did was sure to be in opposition to one faction.

Slow and methodical in his habits, he exhausted the patience of those who knew exactly what to do when they did not have it to do; but when he had once decided, he went to work, and with unerring tact struck straight to the centre of the citadel.

His utter lack of self-consciousness did a great deal towards establishing himself in the hearts of the American people, who knew that when he had once decided to do a thing he would not retreat.

His appreciation of a good joke was one of the most important characteristics, and a phase of his nature that was afterwards revealed to many, and seemed inexplicable to them. It is told of him

that, when in the throes of the Civil War, and at a time when he was especially downcast, he sent for Judge Trumbull, a noted wit, to come and tell him some stories. Trumbull came, and Lincoln received him with delight. The judge spent the greater part of the night, and when he went away, the President declared that the visit had raised a ton of depression from his heart. Therein lies the secret of Lincoln's *proneness* for humorous anecdote. He turned to it that he might ease the strain which he perpetually bore.

The slavery question was undoubtedly the most delicate affair he had to deal with, but he must either meet it or sink under it, and he met it, as the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 testifies. The country cannot be thankful enough to the man who struck this heavy blow for liberty. After thinking over the benefit of such a man, who can refrain from saying with us: Would that the world *would* produce more such heroes?

N. W., '91.

LASELL SONG.

LASELL, beloved Lasell!

We, thy children, gather now,
With our praises' simple spell
To crown thy stately brow.
From North and West and South,
From the mountains and the sea,
In our strong and happy youth,
We have come to learn of thee.

Throned on thy hills, Lasell,
Neath stern New England's sky,
Where vale and hillside tell
Of deeds that cannot die,
Thou hast taught us to be true,
To be lovers of the right, —
Quick and glad to dare and do
In the future's glorious fight.

Hark! from afar, Lasell,
Life's thrilling call we hear;
With tears we say farewell,
With smiles we answer "Here!"
Heart to heart, in loyal love
Go we forth the world to meet,
Following where the light above
Shall lead our willing feet.

Most fair, most dear, Lasell,
In memory's golden haze
Thy form shall ever dwell,
Undimmed by passing days.

All noblest gifts are thine,
Dear friends our hearts to cheer,
And wisdom's precious gems that shine
More bright from year to year.

Then here 's to thee, Lasell,
While hand with hand we twine —
From our hearts we wish thee well;
Long may happiness be thine!
May thy daughters in the land
Be a blessing and a power,
Loving heart and helping hand
Their more than queenly dower!

THE CHILDREN OF LITERATURE.

So numerous and life-like are the children of romance as to make us feel that the authors creating them must have sympathized with Jean Paul Richter, who not irreverently said, "I love God and little children. Ye stand nearest to him, ye little ones."

Charles Dickens's large family of ideal children seemed to him really flesh and blood. The memories of many writers have been kept fresh in our minds, not by their philosophical and theoretical works, which have gradually been read less and less, but by their stories of children. No one should consider himself too superior to read such stories, and, indeed, there are but few who do not enjoy them.

Let us glance at some of the little ones, who have always had such a charm for many of us.

First of all, our minds revert to the nursery rhymes, where we have been called upon to rejoice with Goody, on the receipt of her two shoes, and with Jack Horner at his success in pulling out the plum. Try as hard as we may, with the aid of all scientific or classical works, can we ever forget those frivolous personages Jack and Jill? Next the boy Hiawatha claims our attention, and of course we all know The Barefoot Boy, of whom our own Whittier has written.

At the head of the authors whose pens have produced for us the children, stands Charles Dickens, surrounded by his large family, and prominent among them are Little Nell, Poor Joe, Tiny Tim, and the Marchioness. In fancy, we have all accompanied Little Nell and her grandfather on their wanderings, and, doubtless, have longed to assist the child, who never, for one

instant, swerved from her duty and affection. Even the stern critic, Jeffrey, whom all writers feared, upon being found weeping in his library, assigned the cause to the fact that Boz's Little Nell was dead. Our favorite, however, is Tiny Tim, who, by his patience and gentleness, won even the tough old heart of the miser Scrooge.

All of us have been rendered more content with our own fortunes, if not otherwise benefited, by reading of Tiny Tim, and, as we finished his history, have united with him in his cheerful, "God bless us, every one!"

Closely following Tiny Tim comes Leonard, the young hero of Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life," who by an accident was crippled, and prevented from becoming a soldier, the goal of his greatest ambition; yet he ever strove to live according to the motto of his house, *Lætus sorte mea* (Happy in my lot).

Another lesson of heroism under affliction is taught us by the Lady of Shalott, that exquisite creation of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Although confined in an attic at the east end of South Street, during a Boston summer, she was happier with her only possession, a 7 x 10 inch looking-glass, than many more fortunate children are with the most expensive toy.

From Boston, we turn our thoughts toward sunny France, to St. Pierre, remembered by us not chiefly because of his theories and philosophical essays, which he fondly hoped would make his name immortal, but for his simple yet beautiful story of the children, Paul and Virginia, the admiration of all young people.

Who is not grateful to John Brown for the story of Marjorie Fleming, the charming Pet Marjorie of Sir Walter Scott, who, in her short life, gathered at her feet so many of the great men of Scotland? How we all wish we might have seen this "wee maidie" laughing under Sir Walter's great plaid on her way to his home, even upon the stormiest and coldest of days. We also wish we might have been with them as they sat together in the warmth and light, he forgetting his maturer years in listening to her quaint chatter. Now the room rang with the laughter of the "wee maidie," and now the big man "swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill," while he listened to the gifted child-woman as she repeated to him with so much

power and pathos the speeches of Constance in "King John," which she delighted to recite.

As we mention Constance, we cannot but think of the ill-fated young prince, Arthur, who prayed Hubert, with such passion, not to perform the cruel deed assigned to him by the avaricious king. Even that grim jailer could not withstand such entreaties, and, at last, relenting, he promised Arthur his sight and his life.

We divide our pity between Arthur and those two other young princes, Edward and Richard, whose short lives were brought to an end by the cruelty of their heartless uncle. In Shakespeare, too, we find the boy Lucius, the noble young attendant of Marcus Brutus, whose devotion to his master showed itself in every act.

Even as far back as Virgil, we read of Ascanius, the son of Æneas, and Cupid, the son of the goddess Venus, the latter of whom did perhaps more mischief than any other one boy of whom we read.

Among the children of mythology, we find the boy Epimetheus and the maiden Pandora, who, it is said, endowed the world with all its cares and troubles, for, in an evil moment, Pandora's curiosity to see what was in the mysterious box overpowered her, and it was but the work of an instant to free those mischievous sprites with whom the world and mortals have ever since been harassed.

Though we censure her for freeing the troubles, we give her our thanks for admitting into the light that other fairy, Hope, without whom we should all be desolate indeed.

Having always had with us the children, both of life and literature, we cannot imagine an existence without them.

"What would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

So would literature, in losing its children, lose its chief interest; for, indeed,

"They are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For they are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

L. M. S.

A SUMMER DAY DREAM.

ONE lovely afternoon last August, during my stay among the White Hills of New Hampshire, I felt in a particularly dreamy state of mind.

In order to indulge my mood undisturbed by any one, I took my shawl and sunshade and started for one of my favorite retreats. As I walked along I picked raspberries here and there, for I was very fond of this fruit, and had roamed the hills on all sides in search of it.

I soon came to a pair of bars, near which was a bush of magnificent berries, large and sweet looking. Should I stop to pick them? The sun was extremely warm, and a short distance up on the mountain-side was a grove of sugar-maples. It looked so cool and inviting up there, I left the raspberries, climbed the bars, and was soon comfortably situated on my shawl, with the green leaves of the maple-tree forming a shade over my head.

It was a perfect day, and I could look over across the fertile valley lying before me, to the mountains, which reared their peaks on all sides.

The valley was dotted with haystacks, and the carts loaded with hay and drawn by sturdy oxen completed the picture. As I watched the shadows play over the mountains, I gradually fell into a dreamy state of mind, thinking over my visit the day before to Franconia Notch, where I saw the Old Man of the Mountain, whose stony face overlooked, as it has done for centuries past, the little basin at his feet. Then began my day-dream. All at once I imagined I heard a shrill voice speaking to me. I turned my head, and, sure enough, there was one of the fairies, whom I had never believed in since my childhood days! Since I have not a very clear idea as to how she looked, I shall not attempt to describe her to you. "I know what you are thinking about," she said, "and if you promise not to touch that raspberry-bush down by the bars I will tell you what you wish to know. We fairies are fond of raspberries, too, and we wish that particular bush. You won't touch it, will you?" I readily gave the required promise, and she began, "You are wondering about the Old Man of the Mountain. A great many mortals have wondered about that, but I will tell you our fairy legend. Long, long years ago, before human foot had been planted on these

shores, and way over in countries that people know but little about, there was a king called Zeus. He was king of the gods and of men, and all things were done according to his will. He had a most beautiful daughter whom suitors from many countries had wooed; but they wooed to no purpose, for she was a wilful, wayward maiden, and her dark eyes smiled as bewitchingly on one as on the other.

"On a certain day, a young man from a foreign country came to where she lived. He was tall and noble-looking, with blue eyes and golden hair. When they met they straightway fell in love with each other, and, although nothing was then said, their eyes spoke what words did not tell until some time afterward, when their troth was plighted and they vowed they would never part.

"Zeus was very angry indeed when he found this out, and called them both before him. When they came into his presence, — the maiden trembling, but her lover bold, — he fixed his eyes on the young man, and said, 'Who art thou, indeed, that presumest to take my daughter away from me, and hath already won her heart without my knowledge?' He did not wait for an answer, but continued, 'Both of you shall be punished. 'Way over the mountains and seas there is another country, unknown to thee, whose solitude is only broken by the songs of birds and noises of wild beasts. There is a range of mountains over which the clouds and mists love to linger. In one of these, young man, thou shalt be confined forever. Thy face only shall be seen from the top of a cliff. Thou shalt never appear older than the day when thou art first placed in confinement there; but thou shalt live there forever, and never be permitted to ascend to Mount Olympus nor suffered even to enter the infernal regions. At the foot of the cliff there is a lake, and once in half a century thou mayst descend from thy crag and wash thyself in what shall be called the 'Old Man's Basin.' Under this basin, my daughter, thou shalt be confined in a coral palace, and when thy lover descends from his cliff, once in half a century, he shall be permitted to spend from sunset to sunrise with thee. Now, go.'

"When they turned away the young man's form became bent with age; his face grew keen and sharp-looking, as though already it felt the blasts

which would blow upon it in its mountain home. His beard became long and his eyebrows bushy. The maiden, however, still knew him, and clung to him. This is all we fairies know, except that the next morning at sunrise his face appeared from the cliff, above the clouds and mists." The voice ceased. I looked around, but my tiny visitor had disappeared.

Already the sun was sinking over the mountains, and I heard the faint tinkle of bells as the cows came up the lane homeward. This reminded me that I, too, must be going home, and, picking up my shawl and sunshade, I started down the hill, passing on my way the raspberry-bush, which I left unmolested. I would not touch this, for the story of the fairy lingered with me, as it does even now whenever the stern, weather-beaten face of the Old Man of the Mountain appears before me.

S. C. R., '91.

AN ENIGMA.

His voice is eternal, but sometimes grows hoarse,
His life is eternal, eternal its force.
It laughs and it sighs, it weeps and it moans,
It munches, it breaks, it swallows dead bones.
Its bosom is smote with death and despair,
Yet he never grows old, he always is fair;
His bosom is colored, 't is red, black, and white,
It is seen, it is touched in the glare of the light.
With all of these colors it sometimes is green,
Yet he never is touched, he never is seen.

EXCHANGES.

WITH the new year, the *Bates Student* appears in a new cover, but still seems familiar when we turn to its literary columns. The last two numbers contain an interesting debate on "Will Bismarck be a Greater Historical Character than Gladstone?"

AMONG the best of our exchanges is the *Nassau Lit.* The February number contains several excellent articles. The "Ballad of Onèta" is well written, but to the ordinary reader seems somewhat weird. "Logomachy in Fiction" is a skilful treatment of "the latest development of fiction—realism"—compared with the idealism of former novelists. As usual, considerable space is devoted to book reviews.

THE *Vassar Miscellany* presents an excellent number, fully up to our expectation. The articles under "De Temporibus et Moribus" are worthy of special notice.

"A SUGGESTION to the World's Fair Committee," in the *University Cynic*, is certainly quite original. Whether ever of practical use remains to be seen.

ONE of the principal articles in the *Amherst Lit.* is entitled "Reconciled." We feared we should find here another ordinary love affair, but in this case, to our great relief, the effect of hypnotism entirely counteracts the sentimentalism.

THE *Dartmouth* gives us a story called "Only a Girl's Love." In this, the lover is not so fortunate as in "A Basket of Grapes," which is, really, quite an orthodox love-tale.

"RICHWIN, the Monk," in the *Yale Courant*, is a good sensible story. We also enjoyed the clever piece, "Donovan Won."

WE notice a growing tendency among the exchanges to devote a page or more to short poems. In many cases this is an addition to the paper. We wish we could say the same of all. In this connection we wish to commend the *Pulse* for its poem, "Two Sermons." Also for a curious article entitled "A Nameless Chronicle."

THE *Brunonian* contains few of the usual stories and literary articles of a college publication, but devotes its space and brains to its excellent "Brown Verse." "Jonathan's Proposal" is the most pretentious of its poems this month, and is worthy of attention. "Their Cruel Fate" is a humorous little poem, at the expense of girls in general, under the name of Vassar girls.

PRAISE, fond lover, her tender heart,
Her tender voice, so low and sweet,
Her tender eyes, where lovelight lies—
But never, never her tender feet.

Ex.

LOCALS.

WHO believes in omens? There is an omen, brought very forcibly to our notice two or three times a day, which refers to the approach of spring, namely, the hand-organ, or rather in the plural, with three or four s's added,— if the word.

could thus be made more plural. Oh, misery!!! Morning, noon, and night, the sweet strains of "White Wings," "St. Patrick's Day," and the "Highland Fling" are wafted by the damp breeze to our patient but tired ears. We would not complain of it were it not that the miserable weather we have had lately has put the instrument most abominably out of tune, and to the well-trained musical ears of Lasell students it is misery personified.

Then, too, the heartless grinder stops just in the middle of a thrilling "run," and stoops to pick up the tiny wads of paper which are showered from windows and curtains, — the coppers he so avariciously pockets. Poor Spring! *can't* you make your entrance without all this heralding?

THE Junior entertainment held at the Seminary, Feb. 13, and entitled "Among American Authors," is worthy of mention. The room was filled, and the applause was very flattering.

Many *encores* were given, but the actors did not respond, and never once made their appearance the second time, although the untiring audience asked and asked again. After the performance, Mrs. Keyes entertained the entire Junior class at an oyster supper.

How we all wished we were Juniors!

THE poor, dear Italian fruit man, or "the Lasell Girls' Friend," who used to sell us oranges, bananas, dates, and —, etc., has been forbidden us, and, though he patiently waits outside our hospitable gates, we patronize him not, turning our longing eyes from his temptingly arranged fruit, and also turning a deaf ear to his entreating voice, which asks in accents Italian, "No fruit you want to-day?"

OUR last three lectures from Prof. Little were on "John Wesley," "Savonarola," and "Bernard and Wycliffe."

We are more than sorry he has finished, for his last three lectures were even more interesting than the preceding ones, if such a thing could be possible.

PHOTOGRAPHS, photographs, photographs! Every mail brings a package of the little pasteboards; but the old saying of "Now you see them and now you don't" applies very well in this case,

for every girl within half a mile of you madly rushes up, and demands in breathless tones, "EXCHANGE?" and before you are in any way aware of the fact, the two dozen pictures you held unopened in your hand about two minutes ago have flown to the four winds.

FRESH FROM THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

SCENE: *Dark Stairway.*

MAN ASCENDANT (*to approaching dim figure*). — Hello, doctor! that you?

DIM DESCENDING FIGURE. — No, it ain't me.

MISS SPYKER's private pupils are entertaining us most royally by reciting in chapel the fruits of their labor. It makes a pleasant variety in the chapel exercises, and we hope will become an established custom.

THE new officers chosen by the Lasellians are: —

<i>President</i>	NELL SMITH.
<i>Vice-President</i>	ANNIE CHAPIN.
<i>Secretary</i>	NINA BURR.
<i>Treasurer</i>	MYRNA LAMSON.
<i>Critic</i>	ANNITA PAINE.

DR. HAMILTON, of Saratoga, lectured to us on Hygiene, Wednesday evening, Feb. 19. Besides being a physician, he is a phrenologist, and after his lecture the girls all flocked around him, and begged him to "feel of their heads."

All he told was very complimentary, and most of the girls went away from him feeling very happy over the thought that "they were not engaged now, but would be very soon."

THE twenty-first day of February was the first time the sleighing has been fine, and fine it really was. Seventy-one girls out of the school had a sleigh-ride on that day, and all were in the best of spirits.

Mr. Tinkham invited twenty-five of the girls to drive in his big boat, and they had a grand good time. In the afternoon, ever so many times the Seminary team went over the road, giving the Southern girls a regular Northern sleigh-ride.

MISS GREENE has finished her lectures on Law Dr. Pick, also, has brought his memory lectures to a close, and now we are able to remember the law lectures, presidents, and English kings.

"WHERE is Mason and Dixon's line?"

THE event of the season occurred Saturday evening, Feb. 22. It being Washington's birthday, Lasell felt bound to celebrate the occasion, so decided on a fancy-dress ball. For any one away from home, having her entire day taken up in recitation, and afternoons and evenings in study, a fancy-dress ball means a great deal.

About one week before the festive occasion, people began to borrow.

It was borrow, borrow, borrow from morning until night; and it is a fact, that one poor girl would have been obliged to give up a gorgeous sleigh-ride, on account of having not even a cloak for her back, had not her friends taken compassion upon her needy condition. The costumes were most effective, and the whole place seemed like a scene upon the stage. After the ninth dance, refreshments were served in the dining-room. The decorations of said room showed immediately Mr. Shepherd's good taste, and the ice-cream and cake were delicious and refreshing. Everything passed off to perfection, and every one was as happy as a lark.

Miss Gass, Miss Skinner, and Miss Parmenter, some of last year's young ladies, so far honored us as to appear in costume, and expressed their desire of being one of our number again if we often participated in such gayeties.

QUITE a number of the pupils have been receiving visits from parents and sisters and brothers. Those who live too far away to enjoy such favors look on with a sigh, sometimes, for themselves, but are heartily glad, too. No "dog-in-the-manger" feeling about us!

TUESDAY night, March 4, the Lasell girls had a grand time. Prof. Bragdon took us on a sleigh-ride to Boston. The moon was full, the night just cold enough, and the sleighing perfection.

Five four-horse sleighs, containing about twenty girls each, started at 7.30 P. M., reaching Boston a little before ten. We drove immediately to Cook's, where a hot oyster stew was served; then we started home, reaching Lasell about 12.15.

Nothing could have been done that was not done for our pleasure, and we want to thank Prof. Bragdon over and over again.

AN anti-slang society has been formed in school, and more than three quarters of the girls joined, but it is hard to say whether there has been any improvement or not; it is not as yet very noticeable.

DEMOISELLE (*at breakfast*).—Don't you love and adore Welsh rare-bit, Bess?

BESS.—No!!! If there is one thing in this world I loath and despise, it is rabbit in any form: it is so like a cat.

(*Curtain falls.*)

NEW officers have been elected in the battalion, and the commissioned officers, together with the first sergeants of each company, were invited to Newton to witness the fifth annual drill of the High School boys. They certainly did finely; and some time we hope our Seminary will be able to turn out as fine drillers among the girls as theirs among the boys.

LIEUT. HAMILTON came for his monthly examination of the battalion, March 1, and was greatly pleased with the improvement we had made.

PERSONALS.

RUBY BLAISDELL is hard at work in the Art League, New York City.

AMY HALL and Maude Oliver have looked in upon us very pleasantly.

ALICE MAGOUN, of Bath, Me., reports that she is still gaining in health.

KITTIE TOTMAN and sister and Mabel Bliss Tibbits were all here together.

MISSSES SKINNER, PARMENTER, and GASS, though in characters not quite their own, were very welcome presences on the evening of the fancy-dress party. Mrs. Skinner's kindly face beamed upon us in sympathetic pleasure.

PROF. AND MRS. WILLARD, from Saxton's River Seminary, Vermont, were at Lasell for a day or two and made themselves most agreeable. Prof. Willard gave an impromptu talk which was very inspiring. He especially admires and commends the military drill. The gymnasium and industrial training have his warm sympathy.

EVERYBODY was glad to see Miss Sadie Corey, now Mrs. Bray. Her visit was only too short. We have no doubt she fills the place of a minister's wife's as well as she did that of teacher, — which is saying a good deal.

LIBBIE HANCE was a bright, cheery presence that beamed in upon her friends one Saturday morning. Mrs. Bragdon whisked her off to lunch at her table, and so we did n't see her half enough. She went back West improved in health.

THE school album of grandchildren is enriched by two lovely little faces on one card, Abbie and Mary Bonsall, children of Jessie Boone that was, from Salem, Ohio. Dear little girls they are. We want to get our grandchildren together: send the pictures along, or bring the originals, daughters of Lasell.

MARY O. BEACH writes from Washington, where she is teaching gymnastics in a large school for that branch. She is grateful that she learned what she did in this department at Lasell, and so had her attention called to the subject. She prepared herself at a normal school for gymnastics, in Brooklyn.

REV. DR. MILLER, of Grace Church, Haverhill, calling to speak about placing two daughters here, found, with surprise and pleasure, two friends in the Misses Grace and Marie Shellabarger, an agreeable affair for all three. He was a friend too of our old girls, the Misses Wadhams, of Wilkesbarre, Va.

LIEUT. HAMILTON, U. S. A., has made us another visit. His presence at the drill is always welcome, though we do a little fear one of his position and knowledge. His grave smile of approval when in the review we do well is delightful to gain. His advice in regard to walking well is a thing to cherish and practise.

MAMIE MARSHALL (Mrs. Edward P. Call) has been visiting at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Whiston, at West Newton. Mrs. Whiston held an afternoon reception for her sake. Everybody was glad to see Mamie, but little Miss Dora, in the nurse's arms in the next room, had a reception almost rivalling her mother's. Dora was one year old Feb. 14, — "a valentine."

DR. HAMILTON, of Saratoga, N. Y., at the head of the Health Institute, paid a little visit to two old friends here, Misses Farwell and Carpenter, and gave the school an evening's talk upon physiology and hygiene.

CARRIE EBERSOLE sends the Avondale *Mosaic*, a plan of work of the second year of the Forest Avenue Methodist Church at Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati, where Carrie lives. It is an attractive programme of literary and musical entertainments, begun in November and extending beyond the middle of April. The subjects are well chosen, and Carrie and her family do their part at various times. We would be glad to attend.

INEZ BRAGG, we are glad to learn, has joined the Baptist Church in Gunnison, Col., where she lives. She is active in church duties, which, with her daily office work and the home demands, keep her too busy to give up to aimless grieving over the loss of her father. She is a brave little woman, and she knows the true source of consolation. It is not yet certain where the family will make their home in the future.

A RECENT letter from Prof. Dole, of Keene, N. H., for years a valued teacher at Lasell, shows him to be still, as ever, an active worker. It is characteristic of him, that through many years of physical suffering he has never remitted labor, and now, though very feeble, he perseveres in the preparation of his manuscript for a book upon the grammar of the English and Latin languages. He is very much helped physically by the use of compound oxygen.

BLANCHE HENLIN that was, now Mrs. William W. Robinson, of New York City, is hoping to visit Lasell by and by, before many months. She has married one of the "best men in the world" (what a good thing that there are so many best men!). She pays some very high compliments to Miss Carpenter, gratefully acknowledging how much she owes to her. Come as soon as possible, Blanche, and bring the good man too.

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL, in addition to caring for her own two very good children, is taking charge of four boys about fifteen years old, pupils of the institution in which her husband teaches. She mothers them, gives them a little home life in her family, and aids them in their studies. She

is talking of forming a Western Lasell Association. She will stand as a representative of the graduates of some years ago, and Carrie Brown for the later alumnae.

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN, of Indianapolis, class of '78, falls at once into this idea, and writes to the same effect. Her husband is also interested. Sorry to hear that Alice is in bad health.

SADIE HITCHCOCK and Mame Packard came together and made Lasell a brief visit. Sadie has been away from home for months. Mrs. Packard spent two days in our circle, lately. She is a charming, motherly presence, that is felt even by the girls who know her only by name.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

LEVI P. MORTON'S name is on that application for a liquor license, and all the powers in this world can't take it off. — *The Lever*.

A PREACHER is in fine company when he votes with a party that licenses man to make sots, bloats, and bums. — *Southern Journal*.

THE official vote for Helwig, Prohibition candidate for governor in Ohio, is 26,504. This shows an increase of 2,148 over Fisk's, or nearly 9 per cent.

Is it not a little amusing to hear men plead for prohibition in Africa and India, and then, when prohibition is advocated for America, argue that the people are "not educated up to it" yet? — *N. Y. Voice*.

MORNING [hic] Mr. Vice-President [hic] Morton. Gimme drink [hic] of your cordial — sympathy for all-wise and [hic] well-directed efforts for the promotion [hic] of temperance and sobriety. — *Bloomington (Ill.) World*.

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON cannot afford to decline membership in the Terre Haute Liquor Dealers' Association. His party might lose some votes. Be careful, Levi: you are between the Devil and the deep sea. — *Chicago Lever*.

SOMETIMES we think things are going slowly. They are going more rapidly than you think, my friends. There is more motion upon the people who do not stand with us than at any period of the history of the earth. — *Clinton B. Fisk*.

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LASELL LEAVES.

“DUX FEMINA FACTI.”

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FRANCOIS FOURIER, a French scholar of the eighteenth century, having a metaphysical turn of mind, proposed to revolutionize society. Tolstoi, the philosopher *sui generi*, has eliminated and promulgated Fourier's views; mingling in his efforts, however, more of the spirit of a martyr than did his illustrious predecessor.

At one time, Horace Greeley, with all the clearness and vigor of his intellect, advocated the same theory. Whether he did it in the spirit of a true philosopher, or from mercenary motives, and for the sake of political aggrandizement, we cannot say; yet, from what we know of him, we cannot impute to him aught but purity of purpose.

These three minds form a galaxy of thought *protine* in character, evolving from a mass of metaphysical ideas apparent facts which stand out in bold relief, perhaps for the benefit of future generations.

Henry George follows closely upon their footsteps, arrogating to himself originality in the matter. However, the subtle and evanescent qualities of Mr. George seem to be over-balanced by the sound reasoning of Canon Farrar, who says, "Too much has been attempted by Henry George, in trying to perfect and establish his system of general reform. For, supposing it were possible to arrange an equitable division of wealth between individuals, with the present state of business capacity, how long would the equal division remain? To make it permanent, business power and capacity for acquiring wealth must be made the same for each person. Let government bonds and greenbacks be taxed. The wealthy, to a great extent, put their property into this form of security. If there were a tax, other avenues for investment would be made as desirable as this one. This would increase the volume of circulation, would tend to equalize taxation between the rich and poor. Thus help bridge the gulf."

EVERY old girl should bear in mind the fact that in May, Lasell's first *Annual* will be published, and every one should hasten to subscribe her dollar to secure a copy of the first edition. Subscriptions should be sent to Lucy E. Sargent, Business Manager.

SEVERE winter is melted away beneath the agreeable change of spring and the western breeze. The cattle no longer delight in the stalls, nor the ploughman in the fireside. No longer are the meadows white with hoar frost. The keepers of the sheep play tunes upon the pipe in the green meadow, and delight the god whom flocks and the shady hills delight. Now it is April, the month sacred to Venus. Now she leads the choral dance by the light of the new moon; the comely graces, together with the nymphs, beat the ground with alternate feet; while glowing Vulcan kindles the laborious forges of the Cyclops. That we are not to expect things permanent, the day and the hour which hurry away the pleasant year admonish us. Mindful of the gloomy torches, mingle while you may your grave studies with light gayety. For since the wise Sire obscures by darkness the events of the time to come and smiles when man is solicitous, be mindful to duly manage the present, be mindful of spring.

THE ANNUAL have been the words that we have heard whispered about the halls for several weeks, and great has been the inquiry as to what they meant.

Of course every one knew what an *Annual* was (?), but why should it be talked about so much here? Well, just this, and nothing more or less, we are going to have one.

The Junior Class, not wishing to remain a non-entity, and abide in the shade which the Seniors' glory was leaving, decided that Lasell ought to have an *Annual*, and so the first attempt at such is on its way to completion. An entertainment was given to secure funds to place as a cornerstone, and the project kept a dark secret until at last in all its brilliancy the idea was announced, and the work fairly under way.

In the beautiful month of May, "The Allerlei"

will start forth; and may it go far and wide, and be the harbinger of many more to follow!

The Juniors have struggled almost manfully to lay the foundation for this good work, and many are the trials and temptations of editorship; but when at last they give to the Lasell world, and the world at large, the fruits of their labor, be it good, bad, or indifferent, all the Lasell world especially should then help shoulder the care and reap the benefits. Take hold, girls, and show your appreciation.

THE TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

A HAPPIER looking party of girls one seldom sees than the fifteen who started from Boston on the evening of the 2d; and good reason we had to be happy: school was over, and we were most of us on our first visit to the *capital* of our country.

At Fall River we took the *Puritan*, and a most delightful sail it was, calm and warm, so that we spent the evening on deck. The next morning we awoke to find ourselves sailing into New York Harbor. From New York we went to Washington by rail, and all along the ride the scenery was most beautiful, and the time passed pleasantly; however, it was a tired little party that arrived at the Ebbitt House at about three in the afternoon.

After a little rest we started for a drive, and our first impressions of Washington certainly were delightful. We drove over the city, passing the public buildings and many handsome residences. As we passed the Chinese Legation we saw the Chinese minister himself, out walking; we also saw the ruins of Secretary Tracy's house.

Friday morning we started bright and early for Mount Vernon. Although it rained while we were going down the river, the sun came out brightly soon after we reached the mansion. We spent about two hours wandering about the beautiful old home of Washington, and looking at the relics, and all felt that he could not have found a more beautiful spot. The view of the river is grand, and it must have been a charming home; one comes away impressed with the quiet beauty of it all.

After our return from Mount Vernon, we visited the Monument, some of the party going to the top, and were well paid by the magnificent view of the

city; for nowhere else does the capital seem so grand and imposing.

In the evening we were invited by Mrs. Logan to visit her home and see her "Memorial Hall." Mrs. Logan's daughter, Mrs. Tucker, received us, and told us many interesting things of her father, showing us the beautiful things they had in memory of him.

The next morning, by the courtesy of Mr. Boothman, member of Congress from Ohio, and a friend of Miss Morrison, we received a note of introduction to an official at the White House, through which we were shown by an old colored man who was Mr. Lincoln's body-guard, who was with him when he died, and who has been at the White House ever since. He told us many interesting things about the house and the different families who had lived there in his time. Then at one o'clock we attended the President's reception and shook hands with him, after which we went to the War and Navy Departments to see the original Declaration of Independence. Then, through the kindness of Capt. Biddis, a friend of Mr. Shepherd, we were presented to Secretary Tracy.

In the evening we were entertained by Capt. Brooks, who had been for many years chief of the detective service of the United States. He told us stories of his own life and adventures, which proved very interesting, and all pronounced it one of the most enjoyable features of the trip.

Sunday the party attended different churches, most of them going to the church the President attends.

Monday, our last day, was spent again in sight-seeing in the different public buildings, including the Capitol, where we saw the Supreme Court, Senate, and House of Representatives in session. In the afternoon a drive to Arlington was one of the most delightful things in our whole trip.

We all were sorry when the time came to start for home, and every one pronounced it a very enjoyable week of sight-seeing in the Washington we all are so proud of. Thanks to Mr. Shepherd, through whose efforts it was made so pleasant.

"THE seeds of things are very small: the hours that lie between the sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled by the tiniest workings of the clock."

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY.

AMONG young women in college or seminary, a few have an inborn love of history, preferring Bancroft's or Motley's works to the most exciting novel; others have cultivated their taste for it, until it holds a rival place with fiction; but many more, alas! read and study it when compelled, and then instinctively turn to something more interesting and better suited to their comprehension.

To such the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family" is a delight, and also serves as an appetizer for the history of Martin Luther and the Reformation.

Entering the door of the humble Cotta family, at Eisenach, starting with Elsä's chronicle in the garret, little do we dream of the extent of the panorama to be unrolled before us; that the issues which shook all Germany, and put a new face on the world, shall hold our attention ere we have laid down the book. Though we go with the family to Wittenberg, and other towns, to which the vicissitudes of life call them, we lose sight of the place, and see only the family circle.

The father, absorbed in his attempts at invention, remains, like so many others, a visionary among those who held the background of labor and thought, while one man stepped to the front with the perfected scheme. And then the gentle mother, who shows the beauty of motherhood and the truth which came to light in those times,—its sanctity. Never does she realize this truth until the book closes, for the teachings of the church forbade such an idea. She regarded her Sister Agnes, a nun, as the holy one, and herself as rebellious against God, because not following the same vocation.

Martin Luther first appears upon the scene as a youth of nineteen, adopted by "Aunt Ursula Cotta." Our interest in him increases ever as the story advances, and we know him better by the many details of his home life and character than we could from any history of his achievements. He entered the University of Erfurt with Elsä's brother Fritz, and the chronicles of the latter tell us of his popularity among the students, his abilities in debate, and his fondness for music. The fruit of his later life was true to the blossoms of youth. When, incurring the frown of Tetzels

and the monks, he boldly proclaimed the truths of the Bible contrary to the sale of indulgences, we recall what Fritz had said in the university of his devotion to truth in all circumstances. And as we look into his student room, on the morning when they came to find him gone to the Augustinian cloister, as we see his flute and lute lying on the table just as he had left them the night before, after making his friends happy with his music, they but point forward to the time when Catherine Von Bora, his wife, thanked God for the doctor's love of music. And still onward they point to the present, when his chorals are sung in our churches and by our hearths. Music he declared to have great potency against the wiles of the Devil, in whose personal existence he believed so strongly. At one time, after self-imposed fasting, he was found senseless in his cell, and was revived only by the strains of sacred music chanted by the choristers. And he said later, "The Devil, that lost spirit, cannot endure sacred songs of joy. Our passions and impatiences, our complainings and our cryings, our Alas! and our Woe is me! please him well, but our songs and psalms vex and grieve him sorely."

Martin Luther was not a character to remain a novice, and we are not surprised that soon he becomes a monk, and then a priest and professor. And all this time we do not dream but that he is happy in his chosen path in life, and has found peace of mind, until Fritz, who has followed him into the convent, reveals the contrary. Ever seeking for purity of heart, freedom from sin's oppression, but never finding it, he tortures himself in mind and body. Fritz likewise suffers the pangs of conscience, while seeking to alleviate them by works of merit; and when it chanced that they were sent together to Rome, on an errand of the church, they comfort themselves by the way in anticipation of finding, in that holy city, peace and absolution. There, amid prelates and priests, they may kneel where apostles and martyrs have knelt; there they may be at peace with God. And here at Rome, Martin Luther made his first step toward that freedom which has broken the tyranny of the Roman Church, let us hope, forever. "The just shall live by faith." These were the words which had previously settled the conflicts of his heart; and as he slowly ascended

the Santa Scala on his knees, these same words, whispered, as it were, by a voice from heaven, led him suddenly to arise, stand erect, lift his face heavenward, and in a moment turn and walk boldly down. This act shaped his future career. From that time his foundation was the Word of God; henceforth, not the mandates of the corrupt, unholy church, but the Bible for every man; this was his life, his work. His second bold act, in nailing his theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and the sensation caused by it among the doctors and students, is graphically represented, and afterwards, when he is summoned to the Diet of Worms, we actually feel the grief of the Cotta family as they realize what it may mean for him. We share their anxiety, as time passes and he does not return, as to whether he is free or imprisoned; and their joy, too, when they learn that he is awaiting the end of the storm, safe in the castle of Wartburg. We realize his laborious perseverance during this solitude, in the great work of preparing the German Bible; at the same time holding conflicts with Satan, but no longer a slave to his servant, Superstition.

The humbleness of the family in which our story is laid but sets off the greatness of the man. His fondness for the little children, and sympathy with them, show not weakness but power; his consolation of little Thekla in the loss of her pet dog, — even to this he stoops, and shows not a trivial mind but a great one. For "not a sparrow falleth" without the notice of a Greater than Martin Luther. When, later, we see him with his own dear children, see him leave his weighty discussions with learned men to write a letter to his little son, we comprehend his abilities still further. At last the great man dies, dies, but lives in memory, and will live as long as freedom from Rome remains.

There are other beautiful characters in the book, not yet mentioned; pale, indeed, beside Martin Luther, but they are as the setting of the jewel. Each holds his place in the band of tiny pearls surrounding the diamond.

The beautiful orphan Eva, as soon as she is old enough to realize her dependence upon the already burdened family of her aunt, enters a convent. In the household she was revered as ethereal, and in the convent she seemed like an angel indeed, ministering to old and young.

While there she discovers her love for Fritz ; but, instead of pining to be back with him in the world, she looks forward trustfully to the time when, each having accomplished the God-given work, they shall be united in heaven. Little does she dream of the earthly reward in store for her ! Indeed, Fritz had entered the convent from a vow made for her sake, though she did not know it, and found his sorrow only when irrevocable.

For twelve long years she remains Sister Ave, until she realizes that it is not a life of growth, and that solitary service does not bring her any nearer God than service among his needy ones in the world. Still more is she convinced of this from Dr. Luther's writings ; for the printing-press is in operation, spreading to the convents his expositions of Bible truths.

For twelve long years, Fritz, a warm friend of Dr. Luther, lives the priestly life, and then, leaving the cloister, travels from village to village carrying the glad tidings, fearless of threatening priest and hostile convent, until he is imprisoned. At last, worn by the torture of the rack, he escapes, and enters once more the family circle ; and just here enters the romance of our story. Here, where the family joy is so full, here falls the tear ! Why ? Ah ! we cannot tell you : here you must read for yourself ; this is ground too sacred for the critic to enter. Suffice it to say, that, had it not been for Martin Luther's teaching, one home had remained uncreated. He it was who dared to say that life might be as holy without the convent as within.

And so you see our interest in the peasant family has brought us to know the great reformer and the Reformation. Entering the lowly cottage door, we have passed into an open court, widening its boundaries through France, Germany, and Italy. We thought only to live and breathe in the family, but it has opened to us the world. We have been converted, as it were, with them, have passed from the spur of conscience and the dread of God, to the constraining love and the justification by faith. We knew what the Reformation meant then as well as what it means now.

This book is worthy to be read by every American woman. The Church of Rome is strengthening her bands in our country to-day. The public-school system, designed by Martin Luther

and copied by America, is here attacked. The priest seeks to veil the history of past tyranny from the young of our land.

To American women is granted increasing influence, and, in some cases, a voice as to those who shall teach our coming generation. Therefore let every young woman, in gratitude for the liberty which she enjoys, be faithful to the trust, and to this end inform herself of the wonderful transformations of the sixteenth century, through Martin Luther, an instrument in the hand of God.

VISITOR, '91.

THE EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

OUR party for Europe is growing, and there is every assurance of a pleasant and congenial company. There is room for three or four more, and any of our girls or their friends who are expecting to join us should send in their application at once, as there is a limit to the capacity of our steamer, and nearly every state-room is now engaged. So let us hear from you at once if you have any idea of going with us. Write to Mr. Shepherd for particulars.

OH, dear me sus ! and how I wish I was smart ;
 But it never, no, never can be ;
 I may struggle and toil a long weary life,
 But it worketh no difference to me.

Yes, Fortune has smiled on some of our race,
 And blessed them with talent that 's rare.
 I wonder, oh dear ! why the flattering dame
 Did n't fashion me witty or fair.

Or, I 'd be content, if I only was rich,
 For then it would n't matter so much
 Whether blessings or curses had come in my path,
 Or if I were French, Spanish, or Dutch.

S.

CHARACTER.

WHAT is it ? As Emerson defines it, it is a reserve force, which acts directly by presence and without means. Character is that which is in a man, known only to himself, which may be moulded according to his own desires. Character is not to be estimated by reputation, for that is merely the opinion which others have of the person ; and they can judge only by what they see. The part which he acts in the world may be very

fair to the beholder, full of graceful and beautiful deeds, but who can read what may underlie it all? Policy may give him smiling lips, sweet words, and engaging manners, but, unless the true feeling is there, he is worse than a hypocrite, and is daily growing weaker, and receding farther from that high standard which should always be before him as the goal to be attained. How beautiful to be able to live so that those lines of Wordsworth might be applied to him!

“Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright.”

To have one of those sound, high characters, one must have a pure heart, a principle within to actuate him, and a strong will to execute. But how hard a thing it is to keep a pure heart! Who has not felt that sting of regret when he first realized the presence of envy, jealousy, and bitter dislike within him? However hard the feeling is fought against, when, in the strongest moment, he congratulates himself that he is high above all petty disturbances, then is the most likely time for just such feelings to come in, and he falls from his lofty pedestal with a crash, unwilling to rise and make another attempt. Yet, if the attempt is made and carried out manfully, bringing success as its result, the joy that attends it cannot be told; and how strong is his desire to go on and conquer yet more!

There are very few who would deny the absence of principle within themselves; but the great fault lies in the absence of sufficient will power. The fear of what others will say too often lies at the root of this fault, and in this way one allows their influence to control him, even though he knows it should not be so. If he yields, and does as he knows the world will approve, does he not often lower his actions to the plane in which smaller minds hold sway, and “these feeble souls look at the profit or hurt of an action? We boast our emancipation from many superstitions, but if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it, or at the threat of assault, or contumely, or bad neighbors, or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumor of revolution, or of murder, — if I quake, what matters it what I quake at?” But, on the other hand, may he not exert an influence which will help others? May it not pervade his whole

being, and compel others to look up to him instinctively? As Iole said, when asked why she knew Hercules to be a god: “Because I was content the moment my eyes fell on him: he conquered, whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did!” So when a man is so strong and upright that we can say of him, “With what quality is in him he infuses all nature that he can reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastness, but, at how long a curve soever, all his regards return into his own good at last. He animates all he can, and he sees only what he animates. He incloses the world, as the patriot does his country, a material basis for his character, and a theatre for action. A healthy soul stands united with the just and the true, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole; so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun, and whoso journeys towards the sun journeys toward that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.” Surely all can mould their characters more after this pattern.

But how is this kind of character to be formed? What can be a better way than seeking acquaintance with noble people, whose principles are of the highest, and selecting from among these a few firm friends with whom it is always happiness to converse? Then the power of good books is inestimable. Through them a man comes in contact with the grandest minds of all ages, and it is not possible to read such works, in however careless a manner, without gaining. Neither can he read the lives of the noblest men and women without having a desire — perhaps almost unacknowledged to himself, yet a desire — that he may at some time be somewhat like them. Then, if in no other way, surely he cannot attain to a perfect education unless he has that desire to be always what he seems to be, and, combined with humility, that pride which will not allow one to stoop to do a mean thing. Then will the world pay homage to such a soul, and the pure light of happiness will illumine the face, making it more beautiful than any earthly beauty. “There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can dis-

cern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable ; but when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-inspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it." X.

ECHO.

ECHO, a beautiful mountain nymph, daughter of Earth and Air, was loved by Pan, the forest god. Having a wonderful voice, she delighted every one with her music. In her wanderings about Olympus, she one day met Narcissus, son of the River god, and loved him. Unfortunately, Narcissus could love no one but himself, and Echo, grieving, pined away, until at length nothing was left but her voice. With this she amused herself by mimicking every sound she heard, and so, from that day to this, amid rocks and woody dells, in caves and temples, Echo's voice may be heard.

The history of the world tells of struggles for freedom. The Israelites, escaping from Pharaoh, were the first people whose efforts through years of privation, loneliness, and homelessness are recorded. Sounding through the ages comes the cry of the Romans, driving their king, Tarquin the Proud, from the city ; come the words of the final treaty with Maximilian, establishing the independence of Switzerland, after nearly two hundred years of warfare ; come the noble declarations of the Magna Charta, insuring equality of rights to the clergy, nobility, and laity.

American liberty of to-day is but an echo of those earlier struggles for right ; and has not our success already been echoed in France, in Spain, in innumerable places on the globe? * So this echo of the cry of liberty will resound throughout all ages, rousing men to throw off the yoke of slavery and take upon themselves a God-ordained freedom.

In a cathedral at Pisa is a wonderful echo. Every sound, even the most discordant, by echo's magic, comes to the ear as far-distant music. Liberty must often be obtained by a great sacrifice of life, but when we consider the good that follows in its train, even the terrible cry of death,

through the long ages, sounds like music in our ears.

While Bayard Taylor was travelling in the interior of India, he visited the renowned temple, Taj Mahal. Standing in a certain spot and addressing one near him, he discovered that the slightest whisper was echoed again and again. To test this discovery, his friend sang the words of the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The strain was echoed again and again from a thousand directions, and, as Bayard Taylor said, it seemed as if angel voices were singing praises to their King on high.

Our lives pass by as a tale that is told, but their notes are echoed throughout the earth in other lives and in heaven by angel voices before God's throne. There may these strains be heard again, in music pure and beautiful, strong and true!

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago lived One whose words have been echoed and re-echoed in the remotest corners of the world. As his wonderful thoughts and sayings are spoken by one voice, the echo is taken up by hundreds of others. Books echo the life of this "Strong Son of God — Immortal Love" — and carry the sound in most noble harmony to those that love his word. As the ages pass, the swell of this harmony will increase, until the universe is filled and heaven and earth are one.

M. C. S., '91.

LOCALS.

THE first of the three recitals which Mr. Hill's pupils have prepared was given March 24. Miss Sargeant was the soloist. Her selections showed fine technique, and the little nocturne with which her part of the programme ended was particularly pleasing. The *ensemble* classes did very creditable work, closing the evening's enjoyment with the overture from "Taunhauser."

GIRLS, why is it that, no matter if we start with the best intentions and at the top of our speed, we are so apt to have that dining-room door shut directly in front of us? And no matter how agile we are, it is almost impossible to squeeze by the "keeperess" of the door. It is so comforting to think if we had only been the girl in front of us we could have got in all right, and not had to sit on the stairs for a full three minutes.

FROM the reports of the girls who made up the Washington party, one would judge they had a most enjoyable time. I wonder if the Washington people know who the troop of girls is that comes so regularly every spring; or do they, when they meet them on their way to see some celebrity, greet them with such stage asides as "Little Wanderers' Home!" "Orphan Asylum!" "Salvation Army," etc., as the intellectual little street gamins of Boston do?

THE following officers were elected for the S. D. Society, on March 13:—

President	MINNIE SHERWOOD.
Vice-President	LAURA WHITNEY.
Secretary	KATHERINE WATSON.
Treasurer	DESDEMONA MILLIKIN.
Critic	NETTIE WOODBURY.
Usher	FANNIE LAMME.
Musical Committee	{ GUSSIE PFAU. AMELIA DAVIS. MAUDE BALDWIN.

LET us hope the black cat, in which the Doctor and Prof. R. took so much interest, is at rest in its grave. We can hardly say peace to its bones, for at the last appearance its bones were in a decidedly contorted condition, and unless they were placed in proper position how could they be comfortable?

THE delight of the girls knew no bounds when it was announced that we could go to the opera to hear Patti,—and not only once but twice. The merits of the different singers and operas were discussed and the girls made their choices. Many were very disappointed at not hearing Madame Albani in "Faust," but were successful in hearing her the next afternoon.

WHO was it who wanted to hear *Miss Patti*?

WOULDN'T it be better for some one to give us a party, so we could put our newly acquired knowledge of accepting or declining into practice?

MR. GOODRICH'S invitation for his organ recital was much appreciated, and a large party attended.

THE POWER OF PRESENCE.

THE basis of all the force directly exerted by one mind upon another, all the penetrating energy which heroes have in their eagle glance, is some-

thing sent from within. The philosophy of presence can be comprehended by the statement, "There went virtue out of him."

In the great Civil War, when Gen. Early's army seemed about defeated, Sheridan heard the cannonading at Winchester, and, knowing the importance of his being present, put spurs to his steed and never drew rein for twenty miles. Dashing into the midst of the nearly discouraged soldiers, he cried, "Turn, boys, turn, we are going back!" Under the magnetism of his presence, they turned, and followed him back to victory.

Another instance in history is the power which Cromwell had in his presence and speech. Judged by the rules of elocution, he was no orator: he had neither polish nor splendor of diction; but in his rugged bursts of earnestness he was wonderfully eloquent. Look at the time he faced Rump Parliament, and by a brave bearing and few stern words frightened them from their hall!

The Dutch, tired of fighting, had sued for peace, but Parliament, thinking a continuation of war would tend to restrict Cromwell's power, refused to grant it. Cromwell, knowing well how the case stood, went with three hundred soldiers to the house, and with an energy of manner and utterance, he denounced the members for their crimes against the public, and, stamping his foot, he said: "For shame! Get you gone! Give place to more honest men! I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament: the Lord hath done with you." Under the influence of his presence and speech the members withdrew, thus showing that the magnetism of the soul makes itself felt, and is the influence which penetrates men, and causes them to yield. Of him who so influenced men by his marvellous presence, Carlyle says: "With that rude passionate voice he was understood to mean something, and men asked to know what. If the words were true words, they would be left to shift for themselves. This remarkable influence is not alone exerted by men; there are many instances of personal grandeur displayed by woman which stand out as bright as beacon-lights. Who came to the deliverance of Charles VII. when he was defeated by the English and his last stronghold, Orleans, was besieged? Was it not the simple peasant girl, Joan of Arc, un-

educated, but clearly comprehending the critical condition of the country, and inspired by her heavenly visions, resolved to save France? Repulsed at first, she finally gained admittance to the court, demanded troops, and repeated the words, "I am Joan, the maid sent from God to save France." There was something so strange, so persistent about her, that the fate of France was intrusted to her care. Her troops, cheered and encouraged by her presence, were stimulated to deeds of heroism and led to victory.

M. F.

PERSONALS.

A FEW words from Della Fowler, who is at her home, in Paris, Texas. She had just returned from a visit to friends.

By the kindness of Mr. E. N. Kimball, of the Hallett & Davis Piano Company, a party of Lasell girls recently attended one of the Hyllesped concerts, and enjoyed it heartily.

MABEL BOYD writes in most affectionate remembrance of her stay at Lasell and grateful recognition of kindness received there. Come back to us, Mabel, and see how we care for you.

LILLIE EDDEY tells of Sue Brown's home, in Philadelphia, — what a good housekeeper Sue is; of seeing Miss Pennell in church; and Lillie is now at her own home.

ADA DUNAWAY sends a fine photograph of herself, from her home in Carbondale, Ill. It is a lovely picture and a pleasure to possess it.

MARY BEACH is now teaching in the New York Avenue School of Physical Culture. We understand that she is the principal teacher of gymnastics. The school held an exhibition, April 1, of light gymnastics. Mrs. E. M. S. Marble is the principal, Washington, D. C.

SOMEBODY has just seen Nellie Alderman, — wish it were we!

JOE WALLACE, Ida Seiberling, Maud Mathews's sister, and "we" met at the Boston & Albany station — "met and parted" — tantalizing for us! But Maud herself has been at Lasell since that time, with Mamie Packard, just a glimpse of them for an afternoon.

A PLEASANT rumor concerning Rena Day. Of course, we are not at liberty to tell all about it, if we were sure we knew. But we shall expect the usual cards some day.

It was a sad and sudden message that called Lucy Roberts home to Decatur, Ill., to find that home already bereft of its head, the dear mother. Mrs. Cynthia E. Roberts died March 22, of heart failure. She had been afflicted with dropsy for eight years. The testimony of all who knew her is to great worth and loveliness of character, preserved, in spite of constant suffering. She seems to have been a noble Christian woman. Lucy is now an orphan, her father, Dr. Roberts, having died many years ago. Of the five children, she was the only one not beside her mother's bedside at her death. She and her family have our most cordial sympathy.

MARY BECKWITH has been teaching at the Makawas Girls' Seminary, but found it not so easy as she used to think it, and is "resting up" at home. Her sister is at Mt. Holyoke, and visited Maud Baldwin during Easter vacation, making us a welcome call and looking over Mary's haunts.

GERTRUDE M. RICE, of the graduating class of 1881, was married to Dr. S. Weston Thayer, Thursday, March 27, in the Unitarian Church of Brighton. Dr. and Mrs. Thayer are to live at Allston, and will be at home after May 1. The happy bride and bridegroom have our sincerest good wishes. Gertrude is remembered at Lasell with much respect and affection.

MISS LOUISE L. HURAY spent Easter week at Lasell. She has been with Dr. Grace Preston, at Northampton. Dr. Preston is very busy indeed, and very successful. Miss L. Huray is giving herself a little vacation from teaching, is well and happy.

MISS EMILY SHIFF spent Easter week with Miss Ransom, at Mr. Bragdon's. She is just like her old self when at school at Lasell.

MARY HAZLEWOOD sends a programme of the the Young People's Guild of Park Congregational Church at her home, in Grand Rapids. It suggests an active church with intelligent working members.

ALICE MAGOUN continues to improve in health, we are happy to report.

MARION A. MCBRIDE, who distinguished herself by her journalistic work at the fair in New Orleans, has just put out an able and vigorous pamphlet, called "Woman's Tribute to the American Shipping and Industrial League." It is an urgent plea to restore American shipping, and so increase commercial power, multiply industries, and dispute the possession of the seas with England.

THE Washington party met Jessie Bybee at Mount Vernon. They also saw Emma Gass, Anna Lovering Barrett, Mabel Raum (that was), Myrtie Ginsabough, and Grace Corre, who was with a party stopping at the Ebbitt House.

LITERARY STYLE.

THE great mass of the writing and sermonizing of any age is mechanical; it is the result of the machinery of culture and of books and the schools. But now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism. The writer does not merely give us what he thinks or knows, he gives us himself. There is nothing secondary or artificial between himself and his reader. It is books of this kind that mankind do not willingly let die. Some minds are like an open fire: how direct and instant our communication with them! how they interest us! There are no curtains or disguises; we see and feel the vital play of their thought; we are face to face with their spirits. Indeed, all good literature, whether poetry or prose, is the open fire; there is directness, reality, charm; we get something at first hand that warms and stimulates.

There is real fire in Dr. Johnson's conversation as given by Boswell, but rarely in his essays. In conversation the real man spoke; in the essays, the formal writer, like a judge in his wig and gown. The huge mechanical or architectural style is often valuable for its results, as in Gibbon. Ruskin derides Gibbon's style; but what would be the value of "The Decline and Fall" written in the wayward, personal, and capricious style of Ruskin?—three parts Ruskin to one of Rome.

Gibbon's work is like a solid piece of masonry: every block cut four square, and to fit its place, and no crevice or imperfect joint anywhere. How smooth and imposing his page is! The mind feels how his sentences are bound together, and feels that here was a master workman.

The style of Ruskin belongs to a different man and a different time, and serves a different purpose. His writing is a sort of personal exhibition of himself—all his caprices and whims and follies in vital play before you. Mr. Stillman has lately pointed out in *The Century* some of his extravagances, some of the gorgeous curtains he hangs before the objects he describes; but, at his best, these disappear. We do not, indeed, then see the object, so much as we see the writer. It is the whole man that speaks, not the tips of his fingers. His books, or sortings and siftings from them, will doubtless last; not by reason of their wisdom, like Bacon's Essays, but by reason of the quality of fresh individual genius which they hold. This is the salt that will save him, if anything does. Never was such an extravagant and unsound critic and guide, not only in art, but in science, in politics, and in literature; but never was a more entertaining one. He is as "weak as is a breaking wave," and as full of motion and of pleasing effects.

In Arnold's books we touch the mind of the author as closely as in Ruskin, while at the same time we feel the force of the reason and common-sense. Arnold has probably written the clearest and most vital English of any contemporary British authors. He stands in a fuller, stronger light than Froude; he is more steady and consecutive, more disinterested and consistent, than Frederic Harrison or John Morley. Froude had a fine, steady, firmly knit mind, a little too sombre, a little too much in shadow, but with never a false note in any page he has written. His style, at its best, is as flexible and genuine as Arnold's or Newman's, but not set in the same strong, open light. I think Arnold's style is more compact and penetrating than Newman's; it is not so much outward and extraneous affair, but more a personal matter. Newman is more stately. Newman is a speaker, a preacher, and we miss in the writing something which we probably should not miss in the spoken discourse. Nothing can be more easy and lucid

than his page, but it does not afford enough resistance to the mind; he does not put his thought to yours with quite enough vigor. Arnold, on the other hand, is pre-eminently a writer, and not a speaker; his spoken discourse makes less impression than his printed essay. A thing to be heard must have a different focus from a thing to be read. That which reads well is more private, personal, and near. One is easier pleased in public than in private; when he is with a multitude, he thinks and feels with the multitude; but in his own closet, things have a different look. Distance no longer lends enchantment. You have the gem in your hand now, and can see its real qualities. — JOHN BURROUGHS in *The Critic*.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

D—N.

That little word — not much to tell,
And yet a word — has tolled my knell,
And life's to me a thing that's dead,
For all the glamour love may shed
Has flown, and left my heart a shell.

Oh! will the future years e'er quell
The feelings that within me swell,

As I think of the time I said
That little word.

For I was strolling with Lucelle.
I swore she was my queen, my belle;
She spoke of future judgment dread
On profane men, when off my head
My hat went, and I uttered, — well,
That little word.

“MR. Maynard's Story,” in the *Bowdoin Orient*, attracted our notice. The plot was very well conceived, although the latter portion was rather unsatisfactory.

WE have heard the criticism, that to young women is due the superfluity of love stories. But on looking over the exchanges we found that in nearly all the papers edited by young men there were two, and sometimes three, articles of this same nature. We have, therefore, concluded that the tendency to write in that style does not lie in the young women alone.

The University Magazine for March is especially good. It contains the Inaugural address of President Low, of Columbia, a sketch of President Potter, of Hobart College, and several other articles. “Yale College in the Second Decade of

the Present Century” is very interesting, showing the difference between the systems in use then and now. There were also two songs, “The Orange and the Black,” and “The Yale Blue,” worthy of our notice. We feel assured that the paper will soon become, as it intends, an ideal college magazine.

UPON looking over the *Phillips Exeter Lit.*, we happened upon a most remarkable story, entitled “An Inter-Collegiate Contest.” Some of its sentences resemble the “human form divine” in that they are “fearfully and wonderfully made.” Several times we were filled with anxiety lest the author would find himself unable to rescue his characters from the labyrinth of phrases and clauses into which he had permitted them to wander.

One sentence made so vivid an impression upon us that we feel we must quote it: “A man incased in a spotless shirt, bearing a not over-modest size diamond stud, a dark suit of clothes, and a brilliant pair of patent-leather shoes, was,” etc. Really, that is the most remarkable shirt of which we have ever heard: it must have been a regular grip-sack. Fancy any ordinary shirt bearing, besides a diamond stud of not over-modest size, a dark suit of clothes and a brilliant pair of patent-leather shoes! Alas, poor shirt!

The article, in one respect, reminded us of the Sanscrit language, of which we have recently been reading. We refer to such expressions as “a not too clean shirt,” and “the soil-shirted, unblackened booted individual.” In fact, the article is rich in adjectives.

One other sentence claims our attention, and after a glance at it, we faithfully promise to lay down the official stylo for another month: “However, there was nothing to sway her intentions, until she had entered a small store in Cape May City that she found the lack of confidence she bore in her determination.” Why did she bear her lack of confidence in her determination? Was she a freak of nature, or is that the customary way to bear lack of confidence?

We trust the *Lit.* will not take offence at our frank criticism, for, to quote from its exchange column, “we cannot always coat our criticism with sugar, and henceforth intend to aim at the truth and play the part of an impartial judge.”

THE WAYSIDE INN.

THE Springfield *Republican* says: "The Red Horse Inn, at Sudbury, under whose historic roof Longfellow imagined the Tales of a Wayside Inn to have been narrated, has been sold at auction. The building is more than two centuries old, and from its situation on the old post-road between Boston and Worcester, it became a favorite resting-place for travellers. The Inn is well described by Longfellow as

'A kind of old Hobgoblin hall
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.'

For about 150 years the old hostelry was kept by members of the Howe family. The last landlord, Lyman Howe, held that position from 1831 to 1860, and is thus portrayed by the poet: —

'Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "the Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the walls in color blazed.'

Parties of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers were welcomed at the inn long after it was closed to the public, and it is to be hoped that the new owner will be as tolerant as the old in this respect."

The New York *Press* was sufficiently interested in the matter to publish an editorial, and to hope that "some public-spirited citizen will prevent the destruction of this landmark now more than two centuries old." Boston seems to have been quite apathetic; but, perhaps, with a little outside aid, the wish of the *Press*, which is a very laudable one, will be gratified. By all means let something be done to preserve the famous Wayside Inn!

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WITH the extreme practical and realistic tendencies of the day has come a sceptical disregard for the old fireside tales, which, for decades, have been sources of pleasure to the old, as well as inspiration to the young; that we can no longer think of Romulus and Remus as vested in real flesh and blood is not surprising, for the wonders surrounding their existence demand belief in a whole host of jealous gods. But when we read that William Tell, Pocahontas, and finally Joan of Arc, by some, are now proved to be creations of imagination, and not historic characters, we feel that we have overstepped our rights in our matter-of-fact clumsiness, and that it is a homœopathic kind of murder to doubt their reality, since they have made a part of history itself for so long.

The length of time supporting such stories does not, necessarily, prove their existence as facts, or rather as factors in history, but, assuredly, if contemporary sceptics did not discredit these tales, need we, at our remote point of view, find in them no ground for our disbelief? Joan of Arc, that "Light of Ancient France," may have been a simple peasant woman, devoted to her children, as M. Lesigne thinks he has proved. However he may reason, her domestic devotion would not have prevented her reverence for her country, and her efforts in its behalf. We do not intend to discuss M. Lesigne's theories, but rather to offer a protest against that increasing realism, which can believe nothing unless proved to its smallest detail as fact, simple and undisputable.

What difference need it make to us if an incident in detail never transpired, since the truth it illustrates remains immutable? If truth can attract by grace and beauty of dress, why rob it of its rightful garb? Should we begin to dissolutionize all which is not perceptible to our coarser senses, to what extremes would our realism carry

us? surely to a form of stoicism, which is far from desirable, and which would take away half the joy which comes into most men's lives. Yet we would not, for an instant, advocate the acceptance of all which is charming, though it be false; but rather that we accept whatever is true in its sweetness, and strong in its teaching, in the legends and tales which the past gives us, having a care that those precepts and customs which we follow daily are true. In other words, let Robin Hood have ghostly supremacy over the hills and valleys he used to ravage in the olden time, and let his chivalry be an admonition to all those who think themselves called to the vocation of highway robbery; let Pocahontas be ever pictured in our minds as the faithful protector of Capt. Smith; and let Joan of Arc embody to us all that is spirited, heroic, and grand in woman, which is attainable even now as then; and then, looking forward and not back, make our own institutions and doings, as a people, so upright and so perfectly true, that hereafter no harsh criticism shall be passed upon our age, nor its worth, its reality as a great influence, be called in question.

WE notice that in all the college papers of the other sex, that dreadful subject "base-ball" is again coming up to fill the columns of their periodicals. At one time it was with a great deal of pleasure that we felt we could rightfully steal a few hours from the time allotted to the repose of our delicate frames, — after that terror, the teacher in charge, had passed with her dainty footfalls, — to spend by the fireside of our cosy little sanctum in perusing those interesting productions. Now, however, we turn the leaves in vain to find something that will invite our attention. All that meets our eyes is, "The April vacation is over, and with its close the season of spring athletics begins in earnest." If the true office of a college paper is to "reflect the active, busy life of their institutions," then some have begun the work nobly, and are in a fair way to accomplish their undertaking most effectually. If, on the other hand, it should be, as a great many think, and some have been known to avow, a "golden mean," then we shall hope to find in the future something besides organizations of athletic associations and

reports of games played. We do not doubt that the subject of base-ball is of vital importance to the participants, but still we have a faint hope that it does not constitute their whole being, and that once in a while we may enjoy a few grains of literary sesame that may unwittingly escape their overtaxed brains.

DID you ever stop to think how little we see of what is around us? How many things we pass by without even a thought; yes, how many things are utterly lost to us, and all through our heedlessness, all because we have not cultivated our powers of attention and concentration! We take a morning's stroll in early spring-time; all about us are hundreds of beautiful forms which call loudly to us for appreciation and interest; yet, all unheeding, we pass them by. The symmetry of the pine-tree, the fragrance of the hyacinth, the heavenly blue of the violet, make no lasting impression upon us, and when we return home a vague idea of spring-time is all that we have gained from our walk. Suppose you visited the Art Museum yesterday; can you describe any one picture accurately? Can you mention every little detail? If you cannot, then your powers of concentration are limited; and if you would be a success in life, you must strive to strengthen and apply them as you have never done.

But let us come nearer home. Can you tell us how many steps it is from our front piazza to the ground? Over this simple question you seem to hesitate; well, then, we will pass it; but surely you can give us a good *idea* of the lecture you heard last Sunday. No? Then you must surely agree with us that you do not get the good you should out of your surroundings.

Lack of attention and of the power of concentration seem to us to be the crying sins of the age. Day after day we wander through our little world, and almost every moment presents something for our notice which we fail to see. How can we hope ever to become of use in the world about us if we are unable to observe and to hold what we observe? How can we hope for enjoyment and pleasure, when we allow so much to slip through our hands? Truly, eyes have we, but we see not; ears have we, but we hear not.

WHAT SHALL I READ?

THIS is a question to which great and wise men have given so much time and thought, that it seems a piece of presumption to express any views concerning it. It is also a question of comparatively recent date, as our forefathers had to be contented with Hobson's choice, and read what they had to read. But we, with our well-filled and constantly increasing libraries, cannot take indiscriminately all that comes within our reach.

We can never read all the good books that have been written, and if we must choose from the best, how vastly important it is that we eschew all that are even second best. How necessary is the guidance of some one who is wise, to us young people who find such an irresistible temptation in the stories which flood our markets of to-day, and which contain in themselves nothing harmful, but which help to form a taste for fiction, sure to *destroy in time* our love for other literature. In this, and in the fact of its weakening the memory, seem to me to lie the chief arguments against wholesale novel reading.

We can easily understand how the constant devouring of trifling tales we do not care to remember will destroy the habit of retaining that which we read. If we could but train ourselves to read but little and to remember all of that little, what an inestimable gain we should make. The magazines lead many of us astray; the stories are presented to us in so enticing a manner that it is not strange we cannot resist them. We should realize that the varied contents of our monthlies are intended to reach a varied class of readers, and that a careful discrimination is necessary in choosing our part from the brilliant assortment.

The thought of how much valuable time we are wasting in such reading is often brought up before us so distinctly that we make a sudden resolution to reform, and, bringing out some big dry volume of history, try to become interested in it, usually with very poor success. This is a mistake we young people often make. The change in our tastes must be brought about gradually. It is but a short step from the story of some beautiful imaginary maiden to the story of a noble and real woman, who, some time in the world's history, conquered the hearts of her contemporaries, or, in some less romantic manner, made for herself a

place in the memory of man; or, if this seems too abrupt, we have some charming writers who have coated this bitter pill of fact with the sugar of fiction in a most delightful manner. Who that has pored over the pages of "Ivanhoe" can ever forget the brave Lion Heart or the Crusades? An interest in these knights of chivalry being once awakened, the history will not seem so dry, surrounded, as it must be, with the halo of romance. Once on the right road, the ascent will not seem so steep. The history of the world is nothing but a chain of events, and one link leads us naturally to another, at whatever point we begin.

Superficial reading is another habit many of us have fallen into, and we do not realize how bad a one it is. "Information got by galloping through a multitude of books is about as nourishing as mustard scraped off a sandwich: it may make your tongue smart, but it won't make you strong." We most of us agree with John Ruskin, who says, "that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate,' uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter — that is to say, with real accuracy — you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person." At first thought we may not realize the truth of this, but if we understand the meaning of those words, "real accuracy," it does not seem so strange. To know the meaning, formation, and derivation of every word, — nay, the history of every letter, — to think of, and understand the whole meaning of the writer, means no little study.

We must think, too, of what John Ruskin would call a "good book." Not the talk of an intelligent, bright man, not the pleasant narration of his travels or experience, but that part of himself which is better, truer, more useful than the rest; some thought which he feels can help his fellow-men to a better life, and which he gives to them, not for this decade, not for this century, but for all time.

To return to story-reading: a good, wise man once said, "It is well enough to read a story which is only and purely amusing, but when it comes to the sad and tragic delineation of trials and suffering, I don't think they ought to be read at all. It only cultivates an overstrained and

susceptible sensibility, and leads to lavish waste of sympathy over the troubles of imaginary characters."

It is this craving after excitement which leads so many of us to what we deem our only resource in these prosaic times, namely, the sensational novel. If we but knew it, there is enough of sorrow and pain all around us, perhaps in the hearts of those we meet every day, to furnish material for plots as sad and tragic as any that have ever been written. C. W.

THE LASSELL SONG.

EVERY Lasell girl, near or far, is begged to read over, once and again, "The Lasell Song," in the March number of the LEAVES. How do you like it? And are you willing to adopt it as the Lasell song of the future? If you are not wholly satisfied with it, please ask yourself why not, and then write out your opinion, sign your name, and put it into Mr. Bragdon's box in the office. Or if you are at a distance, write to him. Your letters shall be in confidence. So we can make a literary synod of Lasell girls to decide whether to accept this poem, either as it is, or changed.

If any one can offer an original song for this purpose, let her do it quickly. We want something stirring, with the right ring in it. One who can furnish just the right thing shall not be the loser. It must not be forgotten that the prize offered by Mr. Bragdon to the one who would furnish *the* Lasell song has not yet been won, unless it be by the writer in the March LEAVES.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

IN a busy Western city lived a simple German family, consisting of father, mother, two little daughters, and the "Uncle Karl," twin brother of the father, then fighting bravely for his adopted country. One day the little girls brought home with them their beloved young teacher, the daughter of a clergyman. She was very ambitious, and was courageously and successfully working to win her daily bread. She, charmed with the little home, eagerly asked permission to come and live with them, and her petition was seconded by the children. The parents, fearing their uneventful life might be irksome to her, hesitated, but at last

gladly granted her request. When, after two weeks, she came to her new home, she found that the time had been given by her kind friends to the beautifying of the room appropriated to her use. She was made to feel perfectly at home, and was very much beloved by the whole family.

One day the sad news came that Karl had been seriously wounded, and was among the missing. The young teacher then became indeed the good angel of the house, for it was a hard blow for them.

As Miss Margaret sat alone one evening, a tall, blond young man, wrapped in an army cloak, suddenly entered, and, embracing her, kissed her very lovingly upon either cheek. His astonishment — for he thought she was his sister — was even greater than hers, and, his newly acquired strength leaving him, he sank upon a couch, making it necessary for Miss Margaret to forget her embarrassment, and to use all her skill to care for him until the return of her friends. Their rejoicing over Karl's return was even greater than their sorrow over his supposed death.

In the heat of the battle in which he was so sorely wounded, Karl had found a four-leaf clover, and had firmly believed, through all his troubles, that at last the little *flower* would bring him its unflinching good luck.

Karl, too, soon shared the love that the others had for Miss Margaret, but he felt that she was too far above him to allow him even to dare to hope for her love in return.

He constantly showered beautiful flowers upon her, showing his love in this way.

Miss Margaret at first misunderstood the spirit in which these offerings were made, and some little difficulties arose. However, these were at last removed, and Miss Margaret made Karl, and therefore the family, happy by becoming his wife.

SAXE HOLM.

REMUNERATION OF WOMAN'S LABOR.

LADIES, my subject this evening, I feel safe in saying, is one in which we all feel at least a slight interest now, and possibly the time may come when some of us will find it a vital question. At all events, we all want to be able to talk intelligently about it, so I think our time spent on it this evening will not be wasted.

I presume we are all agreed that in a great majority of the cases where women's wages are too low to buy the necessities of life, a reform for relief should be instituted.

I merely touch on this point briefly, for the real question I wish to speak of this evening is not, do women need an increase of wages? which I think not to be doubted, generally speaking, but, ought they to demand equal wages with men? Now, in treating this subject of trade, let us do it in a reasonable, matter-of-fact way. None of us want high wages just because we are women; not even the most romantic young lady here wants to bring chivalry into this question. All we want is simple justice. We think we are not receiving justice now, but let us be careful not to swing the pendulum too far and overreach the other limits of justice. If woman receives less remuneration than man, there must be some cause. One reason is an over-supply of workers in such occupations as are now open to women, thus causing great competition and, consequently, low wages. The only remedy is to open more occupations to them, and thus draw off this surplus of workers. To do this we must overcome the prejudice not only of men, but also women. Women are one of the greatest obstacles to women. But this should not be. We need not fear to sanction all movements of progress in this direction. A woman ought to be allowed to do all she is able to do, and her natural instincts of delicacy will decide the true limits of propriety.

Again, in adjusting wages from an abstract point of view, we must consider that a man, at some time in his life, is expected to support a family, and a woman is expected to be supported. A woman's real sphere is in the home; and, as she does there the important work of using to the best advantage those wages which the man earns, her legitimate reward is a rightful partnership in all the husband, father, or brother gains from the world. This must be remembered in all our discussions of the subject. There is a degree of justice in deciding that a man needs more money than a woman, although it bears so hard on individual cases that often our sympathies run away with our reason.

Then again, young ladies, you will agree with me in saying we don't want to demand equal

remuneration if our work is not equally good. We are all loyal enough to think woman can do almost anything she attempts. Many marked examples of success will easily come to your memory as testimony. But we must remember there are emergencies when a man is needed, even where a woman is ordinarily as good a worker. For instance, women make better teachers, as a rule, because of more tact and patience; but even mothers think it necessary to have a man for principal, to meet chance emergencies. And this power of the man, although not always used, must receive its pay. It is a great temptation to us to overlook this latent power.

Then, often, we do receive full and just recompense. If a superior woman achieves great success, she is usually appreciated, and can command a high price for her work as easily as a man. For examples, we have Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Browning, Rosa Bonheur.

So what I would like to impress on your minds, young ladies, isn't to be content with woman's wages as they are, but to be reasonable in your zeal. We see great needs among poor working women, and also an apparently great difference in the wages of the two sexes, and too often cry against the injustice blindly. Success will not attend our efforts for reform unless we undertake it systematically and intelligently. To do this we must remember these causes of the low wages, namely, the great competition, and the natural reason that man is thought to need more money.

The first cause we can do much to remove, by always encouraging an increase of suitable occupations. And we can help many individual cases which may come under our notice, by paying a fair price for all the work we have done.

With these reasons for moderation remembered, I think we may safely strive for a conservative reform, and trust that the growing tendency to render justice to our sex will soon bring us to a well-balanced adjustment of wages.

IF sorrow could ever enter heaven, if a sigh could be heaved there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for the time spent in neglect of duty, and of God, which might have been spent in his spirit and for his glory. — *Payson*,

A PAIR OF RED STOCKINGS.

POLLY DINSMORE was a little girl who lived long ago in the troublesome times of the Revolution. Now, Polly's mother was dead, and Polly could hardly remember her; the only real thing that she could remember of her was how one day, as she lay ill, she called Polly to her, and told her that soon she would have no mother to care for her, and that she must be a brave, true little girl for the sake of the dear papa who would be left so lonely. And Polly laid her little curly head down against her mother's face and promised she would be good. Then Aunt Sue came and told her to run and play, for mother was tired; and Polly went out and told her pussy all about it, and cried because she was so little that she did n't see how she could be brave. That was all she could remember about it, but the promise made such an impression on her baby mind that she never forgot it.

When Polly was about fifteen the war broke out, and soon after came her chance to be brave; her father went to the war. The morning he started he took his little Polly in his arms, and kissed her again and again, and told her to be his own little woman, and to help all she could at home. He told her that there were as many heroes at home as on the fields of battle, and that she must be his little heroine. Then he went away, and Polly stood at the gate with the tears streaming down her face, and watched him out of sight. She was very proud of her father, and as she stood there, she thought, even in the midst of her tears, what a fine captain he was.

Just then Aunt Sue came to the kitchen door, and called Polly to come and wipe the dishes; it was always Aunt Sue that called just at the wrong time, so it seemed to Polly. However, she went obediently into the house, and after the dishes were done she took her knitting and went out under the apple-tree and began to knit on some red stockings she was making for her father. Pretty soon Aunt Sue and one of the neighbors came out with their work and sat down to talk over the latest news of the war. This afternoon Mrs. Dowd, the neighbor, had a plan in mind which she proceeded to unfold to Aunt Sue and Polly. The plan was this: she had heard that many of the poor soldiers were destitute, and now it was getting late in the fall, and the winter

would soon be upon them; and if those poor men did not have better clothing, many of them would die from exposure. So, some of the ladies in the village were going to make up a large box to send for distribution. She thought that perhaps Aunt Sue would help them.

After Mrs. Dowd had gone, Polly sat knitting, and thinking what she could do for the box; for that seemed really like helping, and her father's words were still in her mind. She thought of all sorts of things. At last she decided to send the stockings she was knitting, and forthwith set to work more busily than ever.

So the days went by, with occasional letters from Polly's father, but at best it was a long, hard waiting for those at home. Everything at the Dinsmore homestead went on as usual, Polly knitting, and helping Aunt Sue.

At last the box was ready to send, and the red stockings finished. Polly had wondered many times what poor soldier would wear them, and if he would ever wonder who made them. The more she thought of it, the more she wondered, till at last she resolved to put a piece of paper, with her name and the name of the town upon it, into one of the stockings. For you see, Polly was not unlike other girls in her love of adventure. But she took good care to put the slip of paper far down in the toe of the stocking, lest Aunt Sue should see it and think her silly. So the red stockings went, and not long after were put into the hands of a soldier who was glad indeed to get them, for his feet were bruised and sore, and it was bitterly cold.

This young soldier was Roger Nichols, and a fine young fellow he was, one of the most popular in his regiment. When Roger put on the stockings next morning, he found the slip of paper, and, smiling a little to himself, wondered what "Polly" was like. He put the slip of paper carefully into his pocket, thinking some time he might see the little girl who had given him so much comfort. However, he did not think of her again for a long time, for that day his regiment was led forward to battle. The fight was long and hard. Night found Roger lying on the field among the wounded. When they picked him up, they thought he was dead, but he was taken to a hospital and cared for.

That same day Capt. Dinsmore was killed, and poor little Polly, in her far-away home, little knew of the sorrow that had come to her. It was two weeks before the news of Capt. Dinsmore's death reached his home. Poor Polly! It seemed as if all her young life was crushed. She almost worshipped her father, and her sorrow was more than she could bear. Still the days and weeks dragged on, and it seemed as if the cruel war would never come to an end.

In the mean time, Roger lay at the point of death, and for weeks they thought he would never recover. At last, one day, when he had grown stronger, he asked for writing materials, and began, with a very unsteady hand, to write a letter. When he had finished, he asked the nurse to bring a slip of paper from one of his pockets, and then asked her to send the letter to that address. The nurse smiled a little as she did so, thinking probably it was his sweetheart; and Roger, seeing the smile, told her all about Polly and the stockings. The nurse, who was a kindly old lady, took an interest in them both, and grew almost as anxious as Roger in waiting for an answer to the letter. At last it came, and a pathetic little letter it was, asking if perhaps Mr. Nichols did n't know her father; in fact, it was a letter very like Polly's own sweet self. And Roger did know her father, and wrote Polly all he knew of his life in the army and of his brave death, for he had stood quite near Capt. Dinsmore when he was shot. And now his interest in Polly was deeper than ever, for he had a great respect for her father.

Soon Roger was well enough to go back to his regiment, and he was promoted to the rank of captain for his brave conduct in that last memorable battle. Still the letters passed back and forth between Polly and Roger, and every day each grew more anxious to see the other. At last, the war was over, and after Roger had been home to see his aged mother, he went to see Polly, and he thought her just the dearest little thing he had ever seen; for, although she was quite a little woman now, she had still the same laughing eyes and curly hair as four years ago, when her father left her standing by the gate.

One summer evening we see her once more standing by the same gate looking down the road,

as Roger comes rapidly towards her, and she is pondering what it is that he has said he wants to tell her to-night; but the sweet, glad light in her eyes shows us that she has not much doubt of what his message is. If we look once more, a little later, as they say good night by the gate, we shall hear Roger saying softly, "And all for a pair of red stockings, my darling." O.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

YES, I am a country girl;
I glory in the name;
I ask no prouder lineage,
I crave no nobler fame.
Born to roam forever free
Within God's glorious walls;
Taught to love the mighty works
In the great Jehovah's halls.

You call me poor, but heaven has spread,
Her richest gifts for me,
And formed my paradise below
With no forbidden tree.
The mountains and the torrents dwell
Around my rustic home,
And timid flowers look up and smile
Mid their unceasing foam.

The dark old tree in fondness bends,
To shade the stream beneath,
As autumn breathes her plaintive song,
And weaves her tinsel'd wreath.
My mirror is the boundless sea
That girds the world around,
And gleaming pearls and golden gems
Within its depths are found.

There, in his majesty sublime,
Doth gaze the god of day,
And Night, with all her heavenly host,
Her glorious charms display.
My lamps are hung in gorgeousness
In yonder azure sky,
And there they glow eternally
'Neath God's all-seeing eye.

And He hath robed the fertile vale
And decked the ocean strand,
And scooped the corners of the deep
With his omniscient hand.
The lightning links its fiery chain
Around the whispering wood,
And tempests shriek their anthems wild
Amid the solitude.

Can ye despise the free-born one
Who loves the boundless wild,
And clothe your haughty brow with pride
To sneer at Nature's child?
Boast, boast, ye vain, the sickly glare
Of wealth; corrupted hall;
And revel in your pompous pride,
Where tones of flattery fall.
But give to me the mountain air,
The country, wild and free,
Where God eternal, wise, and just,
Has formed it all for me,

M. C.

THE ANNUAL.

EVERY old girl should bear in mind the fact that in May Lasell's first Annual will be published, and every one should hasten to subscribe her dollar to secure a *copy* of the first edition. Subscriptions should be sent to Lucy E. Sargeant, Business Manager.

LOCALS.

THIS May weather has been without equal for tennis, and the courts, which were marked out last month between the proverbial April showers, have been in steady demand from morning until night. Good, bad, and indifferent players alike come in for their share. It is amusing to notice the various degrees of confidence with which the players begin a game. Some underrate their ability, and are so sure they "never could get a ball over." There are others who err as far and farther the other way, and who, alas! though they are champions in their respective towns, do not distinguish themselves in this less congenial atmosphere.

And boating, too, has been begun again. Every suitable day Lasell is represented on the mighty Charles by a small fleet of boats manned by the girls. Usually, this squadron is to be seen in the early afternoon, but on the very warm days, a short time ago, the time was changed to after dinner, and although we are hurried a little in order to be back in time for chapel, on the whole, we think this time is far preferable.

A RECEPTION was given by Mr. Bragdon to the members of the Methodist Conference on April 11. About three hundred accepted the invitation. It was "open house" from studio to swimming-tank. The guests were shown the different points of interest by the girls. The natatorium was an unfailing source of interest, and the room was full of people watching the girls swim, dive, jump, etc. At six o'clock, in the dining-room, were served refreshments; and there the girls assisted also. We noticed among the guests several young men who were very dignified, although not in clerical attire.

OUR swimming-tank has been rechristened, by the way, and it certainly must be "legal," for it was one of the members of the Methodist Conference, who called it the "Duck Pond."

ABOUT eleven o'clock the other evening, when we were in the very midst of our beauty sleep, we were favored with a serenade. By whom? Oh! "Brown of Boston," and "Smith of Chelsea," were the names given in response to Mike's gentle inquiry as to what it might be. The singing was very sweet and much enjoyed, and when a few moments later the serenaders departed at a subtle hint, forwarded by the aforesaid Mike, we were very sorry.

THANKS to Miss Ransom and Mr. Shepherd, May 1 did not pass without the conventional May-pole and dance. An invitation was given for an evening in the gymnasium, and, needless to say, it was accepted by all. In the centre of the room stood the May-pole, gayly beribboned, around which danced the twenty girls who took part in the May dance. This feature took up but a portion of the evening, and the remainder was passed by all in dancing. A band, provided as a surprise for us, added to the enjoyment of the evening. At nine, in the dining-room, were served refreshments, during which the band gave us several selections. The evening was a very jolly one, and we wish to thank Miss Ransom and Mr. Shepherd again for the pleasure given us.

THE second of the piano recitals took place April 21, the programme differing from the first of the series in that there were three soloists, Misses Watson, Sage, and Thresher. The numbers included selections from Beethoven, Raff, Handel, and Schubert, each of which was well rendered, particularly those played by Miss Watson. The last recital will be given Monday evening, May 12.

INSTEAD of the usual Bible lesson on Sunday, April 28, we were favored with a very interesting and beneficial talk by the Rev. Dr. Coxe, of Washington, Iowa, a friend and guest of Miss Farwell. Mr. Coxe's subject was, "How to study the Bible"; and we noticed he put no particular emphasis upon the "scientific method."

THE following officers were elected for the Lasellia Club on May 2:—

President	SARAH HARVEY.
Vice-President	CHARLOTTE WHITE.
Secretary	LUCY SAMPSON.
Treasurer	MARY HUBBARD.
Critic	IDA SIMPSON.
Guards	{ JOSEPHINE TICHENOR. DAISY WILDER.

A LARGE company of the girls attended a reading given in Boston, Saturday, May 3. Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Pond, with Mr. Murdock and Mr. Powers, gave an entertaining program. We enjoyed Mr. Powers particularly, he having read for us last year. We went prepared for the treat which we received. The perfection of his impersonations is shown in that we seem to recall several different characters individually, instead of the one man, as he represents them.

Mr. Bragdon, who accompanied us, played the role of usher so naturally that he received no thanks from the numerous bewildered women whom he so kindly conducted to their seats. The trip, on the whole, was rather exciting, both to ourselves and passers-by, for the number of girls was so large that several men "worse for wear and tear" declared us in no very gentle tones "woman suffrages," from which epithet our maidenly souls naturally recoiled.

PERSONALS.

THROUGH Rev. Dr. J. F. W. Coxe, who has been visiting the school, we have learned a few particulars concerning former pupils of Washington, Iowa. Hattie Williams, now Mrs. Frank L. Wilson, is of that town; she lost her father last winter. Eva Dye has married and moved away. We would be glad to know her whereabouts. We must say the same also of Helen Canfield, Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham, of whom Dr. Coxe could tell us nothing. How we wish every old student would report herself, from time to time!

THE *Washington Post* of April 6 has a very interesting account of an exhibition in the school for physical training, in which Mary Beach is teaching. She is, as has been said, the principal teacher in gymnastics, and is apparently following the methods learned here, as the gymnasium is

furnished with Dr. Sargent's apparatus. Especial testimony is given concerning an invalid class, sent by physicians. Also, the discovery of slight curvatures of the spine, or an outgrowing shoulder-blade, and the methods of care are alluded to. The article is too long to be repeated here, even in brief, but it indicates that this school, founded by a woman for the benefit of women, and carried on by women, is a marked success and doing good work.

THE Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune* has a very pleasant description of an entertainment in vocal and instrumental music, held in that town near the middle of April. Much commendation is given to the singing of our girls, Fannie Barbour and Sade Hollingsworth; such praise seems well deserved, from our own knowledge of the singers, and is pleasant reading for us.

Miss Barbour brought her pleasant voice to Lasell, early in May, to speak for itself. One saw her much upon the lawn, flitting after the ball in the tennis court.

MISS LEHURAY made her friends at Lasell quite happy with her little visit in April. She also visited Susie Garfield Blodgett, and reports her well and happy in the midst of her little family. She (Mrs. Blodgett) made a trip to the Bermudas in the fall, but refused to remain without her husband, whose business compelled him to return quite speedily. Miss LeHuray's chief stay in New England is with Dr. Grace Preston and sister, at Northampton, Mass. Dr. P. is very busy indeed with her practice, lectures, and studies in a second course of medicine in New York. She will finish that course this year, and so, at least, have less travelling to do. She is a successful, as well as busy, woman.

NETTIE LIBBEY, Mrs. Chas. K. Fulton, of Minneapolis, wants her younger sister to come to Lasell next year, though she fears her mother will not spare her. Nettie and her family have had la grippe. Nettie boards in the winter, and lives in a cottage at the lakes near by in the summer.

SOMEBODY tells us something about Tibbie Hosford and an "Oshkosh boy," but the rumor comes in so round-about a way that we shall wait till we receive cards.

EVA MORGAN writes to one of the old girls, with much enthusiasm, about going round the world next fall with the Lasell party; we don't understand that the matter is wholly decided yet. or that she is sure to go.

SUCH sweet gifts: trailing arbutus in lovely great bunches, from Miss Grace Van Buskirk, of West Stockbridge, Mass.; and again, orange blossoms sweet enough for a bride, but meant, as the Mayflowers were, for the good principal of Lasell, and sent by Miss Virginia D. Hogg.

NELLIE ALLING has made us a call; also Alice Maloon.

ANNIE CLAYPOOL, Mrs. Vajen, of Indianapolis, was a pupil at Lasell in the first year of the present principal. She has not written at all till recently, and gives account of her husband and two children, a girl and boy. The latter is under treatment for hip disease, and getting well, as we are glad to hear. Mrs. V. keeps kindly memory of her school home and teachers.

ETTA FOWLER expects to be in Boston this coming summer, and will probably take music lessons.

FANNIE BAKER, that was, sends a charming photograph of her two little boys on one card

RENA DAY took dinner with some of the girls at Lasell, early in May. Her engagement is "out" now, and she speaks of it freely. A Wakefield young man.

MISS JESSIE MACMILLAN, a graduate of and a teacher at Lasell, came on May 9.

EMILY SHIFF, with nearly all the family, is going to Europe for a year, to be much in Paris.

EMMA M. BARNUM writes from the Euphrates College, at Harpoot, Turkey, an affectionate letter to Mr. Bragdon, remembering gratefully his good teachings at chapel services. She uses them now sometimes in her own teaching. She enjoys best visiting the outlying stations for evangelistic work. These teachers travel sometimes in this way for a month and more. Judging from a circular issued lately, the work among the girls is more satisfactory than that among the boys. The latter desert their country for our own more favored land. The Missionary Society of Lasell has received a long letter from Miss Baldwin, which awaits its next

meeting to be read to the members. She teaches in a college of over five hundred pupils of both sexes.

OUR hearty sympathy is most cordially given to Bertha Harris, a beloved pupil of some years ago, now Mrs. I. B. Chesley, of Springfield, Mass. We learn through Miss Carpenter that she has lost her second son, a lovely boy of three years and four months. His mother remembers with pleasure that his little life was so joyous as never to have an unhappy hour. She clings to the two dear children that are left, and looks up through tears to Him who gave and has taken away.

STEERFORTH: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE study of the character of Steerforth is at once interesting and fascinating; and as one thinks over the many noble and generous traits of which he was possessed, the thought which presents itself to the mind seems to be, that perhaps, under different training and different influence, he might have developed into a grand man. To be sure, when one analyzes his actions, there is a vein of selfishness running through them all; but even this selfishness is condoned by the average reader, for there seems to be something about him which renders even his faults more attractive than the virtues of ordinary characters. One can hardly wonder that he grew into manhood, firmly impressed with the opinion, that to and for him all things must bend. He had been brought up in this belief from early childhood. "The only son of his mother, and she a widow"; it is not at all wonderful that she should have idolized him, and perhaps less so, that in her desire to make him happy she should have done the best to spoil him. Over-indulgence is seldom beneficial, and his case proves no exception to the rule.

One catches a glimpse into his nature when, upon first meeting David Copperfield, in the school at Salem House, he relieves David of his spare cash, and patronizingly spends it for him, persuading his victim, meantime, that he does him a great favor, and indeed thoroughly believing in this little fiction himself. In his treatment of Mr. Mell, too, the result of his home training may be seen, since, after causing the dismissal of that gentleman, he tries to quiet his conscience

and the reproaches of his comrades by proposing to have his mother send a supply of money to Mr. Mell, as some reparation for the injury done him; so we see that, even so early in life, he was convinced that money could wash out the remembrance of every insult.

He was weak in many respects, or rather, perhaps, it might better be said, that he was unduly strong where he should have been more yielding. Generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted, his boy friends were most numerous, and he ruled supreme throughout his school life; his nature seems to have been one of those which like a magnet attract others. When he again meets David, years after they were at school together, he seems to have grown somewhat cynical. Evidently life has bored him, and while yet a mere boy, we find him looking upon David's innocence of the world with compassionate surprise; but he is still as kind hearted as ever, and it seems a most natural thing that David should still regard him as his ideal. In reviewing his life, one feels a keen sense of disappointment that he did not make better use of his abilities; his character was capable of great possibilities; he might have been truly noble, or truly base, and there is a sadness in the thought that he chose the base. One can but echo the wail of David: "Oh, God forgive you, Steerforth!"

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Allen, Frederick H. The Great Cathedrals of the World. 2 vols. Ill. 726. A15
 Bartholomew, John. The Literary Reference Atlas 913. B23
 Boston Town Records. 8 vols., from 1701 to 1777. One vol. 1876. One miscellaneous. 10 vols. in all.
 Ely, Richard T. Introduction to Political Economy 330. E19
 Franzos, Karl Emil. For the Right 823. Fr84
 Howe, Dr. S. G. Education of Laura D. Bridgman 928. 1183
 Ingraham, Rev. J. H. The Prince of the House of David 823. In4
 Lansing, Rev. Isaac J. Romanism and the Republic 282. L22
 Larcom, Lucy. A New England Girlhood 920. L32
 Martin, H. Newell. The Human Body. An Elementary Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene 611. M36

Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of English History 942. M76
 Pansy Books.
 1. Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On . . . 813. P11a
 2. Four Girls 813. P11b
 3. Chautauqua Girls at Home 813. P11c
 Prentiss, Mrs. E. Stepping Heavenward . . . 823. P91
 Steele, Geo. M. Outline Study of Political Economy 330. St3
 Thorpe, Francis Newton. The Government of the People of the United States 324. T39
 Upton, Emory. Army and Infantry Tactics. 2 copies 356.1
 White, Sally Joy. Housekeeping and Home Making 640. W58
 Wright, A. A. New Testament Greek, advanced course 225. W93
 Young, Charles A. Elements of Astronomy . . 522. Y07

EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE minister stood in the minister's place,
 And the little boy sat in the pew;
 The minister dealt with a doctrinal case,
 And the little boy wished he was through.

The minister showed, from his learning and lore,
 The point he was proving; and then
 Triumphantly asked, "What shall I say more?"
 Said the little boy, "Say Amen."

Dartmouth Lit.

THE first number of the *Brown Magazine* lies upon our table, and, after carefully reading it, we turn to bestow a few words of merited praise.

It contains an article on "Old and New in Southern Literature," which is especially good, and "The Enchanted Man" is a well-written story which interests and pleases the reader. The magazine is complete in all departments; it devotes much attention to book reviews, and its exchange column is far above the average. We prophesy that it will become a valuable addition to undergraduate literature.

THE locals in the April number of the *Geneva Cabinet* are extremely interesting, and reflect great credit upon the editor: "Who Stole the Ice-Cream?" "Are n't They Silly?" and "Papa Don't Allow," were especially appreciated. Throughout the two pages which they cover, the locals display the keenest wit and humor, and it is evident that they must have been evolved from some master mind after long and careful thought.

THE *Hamilton College Monthly* for March greets us with the startling intelligence that "the largest snow of the season fell during this month. Many of the girls had never seen as large a snow stay on the ground so long."

What excitement must have been felt when "the largest snow of the season" was falling! We presume each flake was enough to crush one out of existence. However, the snow seems to have been very well behaved, for, after once reaching the earth, it seems to have made no more disturbance. Doubtless, this is not always the case in Kentucky, for we are led to infer from the last sentence that "large snows" do not usually remain quietly resting upon the lap of Mother Earth.

THE *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Lit.*, although published by the same college, do not seem to be very amicable. The *Princetonian* for April 16 contained a long communication with reference to some comments made upon it by the *Nassau Lit.* As the *Lit.* has always been thought one of our best exchanges, we wished, of course, to read the article which called forth such an invective against

it. But imagine our disappointment when, on looking in the *Lit.*, we found that the page sought had been carefully removed. We trust there was nothing published in the *Lit.* that it did not wish the other colleges to read. However, with regard to the "little dog's barking to make itself heard," we should place the two papers in exactly opposite positions to those in which they are placed by the correspondent of the *Princetonian*.

THE *Tuftsian* contains "A Night of Ill Luck," in which we read of a young man who throws down his "Hermann and Dorothea," exclaiming that he had spent just two hours and twenty-nine minutes upon the lesson.

Now, there must be some reason for his requiring that length of time to master it. If the young man was a representative of the college, we infer that the lessons there must be very "tuff"; the class here, who are reading the same work, translate it at sight with ease, grace, and precision. We have given the matter much thought, but are still unable to decide whether the fault was in the young man's mental disability, or in the extreme length of the lesson.

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GOLDSMITH says, "They seldom improve much who have only themselves as models"; and thus he would enforce our sense of indebtedness to those who have preceded us. A picture was once shown Michael Angelo, which an artist had painted with his fingers; he would be original in something. "Silly fellow!" said Angelo, "he'd better used his brushes." And so, lest the clamor for inventions or for "originals" be the mark of superficiality, it becomes us to respect the models of the past.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter. Many will read a book, before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done it, that line will be repeated east and west. There are a great many ways of borrowing. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "But he was more original than his originals." Voltaire imitated, but with such superiority that Dubue said: "He is like the false Amphitryon: it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." "Goethe frankly said, "What would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand persons, a thousand things; wise and foolish have brought me, without suspecting it, the offering of their thoughts, faculties and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Gœthe."

Our debt then to the past is great. Although we shall always be too poor to pay it "in full," nevertheless, we may treat the debt honestly. We may acknowledge the obligation; we may allow the claim, and we may seek to pay it by making the most of the present, and by passing along the obligation unimpaired to our successors.

WE all know what we have come to. We no longer recognize anything high; we even put "higher" and "lower" in quotation marks, to show our scorn. Obligation is but a vestige of tribal self-interest. The most eminent and dignified among us indulge in our little flings now; thus, in a scientific work on ants and bees, we query whether ants are "moral and accountable." As to religion, it grew out of dreams and things unexplained. And the beautiful,— 't was foolishly believed to have a high ideal sanctity, to be spiritual and divine; but it can be resolved into accidents at most, into the intellectual pleasure we take in order and the semblance of handicraft.

THE glories of an American October are good for nothing, and all is said when we tell you what a schoolboy knows: that they are due to oxidation. The graceful vase of the convolvulus and its relative, the morning-glory, — we can enlighten your ignorant admiration, — is due to the coherence of the once separate petals, as we learn from any first lesson in botany; and that is all there is to say about it. The bees created the blue of the bluebell, and hence there is no Creator. The peahen was the only and exquisite designer of the peacock. Every thing had an immediate cause, and therefore there is no cause of causes. We are inclined to think, — yes, are sure — that beauty is a verity in the brute mind, but in man's, it is an illusion, nothing. We ourselves are only bubbles, swept along the stream of time, and beauty is but the iridescence of the bubble.

"*Tempus* does *fugit!*" "I should say it did; can it really be nine whole months since we began school this year?" "It does not seem possible, yet the calendar tells us so; and that is a thing which cannot 'make a lie.'" We hear these remarks on every side, nearly every hour in the day; and, in truth, it does not seem as though a year never did go quite so quickly as this one.

In the middle of last September, when the doors were thrown open, admitting a hundred or more girls, some here for the first time, others, to whom the place seemed like a home, how long the time seemed till we should leave it, and how much there was to be done!

To those who came for the first time, how

strange it all seemed, this first going out from the home where all was happiness, and in which their every wish was a command to be obeyed on the instant. These girls had a hard lesson to learn; there was many another girl in the world just like themselves, who had received the same amount of attention, and who expected to be treated with as much consideration as if she were the only one in the world. Then there were other girls, who cared for no one: the I-can-look-out-for-myself kind. These were harder to deal with, for they would not be approached with anything savoring of kindness and good-fellowship; but once the door of their hearts opened, they proved strong, firm friends. Again, there were the old girls, who kept to themselves, and talked about the new girls coming in and taking the places of last year's girls, and would have nothing to do with the newcomers. They made the innocent offenders feel as though they should like to pass out of existence if there were a loop-hole, but, none offering itself, they resolved to stand and face it out. But the old girls were not so bad after all, if once an acquaintance could be made with them; even they could throw off their iron masks. There is always some sweet mingled with the bitter, and this instance was no exception to the rule; there came among us some lovely, gifted, wholly charming characters, who brightened all the dark days, and made our disappointments seem a mere passing shadow.

Probably each one had a desire to learn, and improve herself as much as possible, and make this one year a stepping-stone to a higher life, and if it was to be her last year of school life, all the more must it be employed for the best; while, if several more were to follow, this one must be made a sure foundation, on which all the others might be built.

WITH all our cares and vexations, we can truly say we are heartily sorry that this year is gone, and hope that in some ways at least, we have made ourselves better, truer girls, more fitted for the ensuing years of this life. And now we wish to bid farewell to our classmates, hoping that we shall all meet again, if not next year, in the years to come, to exchange greetings and wish each other all the good things that life can offer.

AN appeal from the business manager of *The Northwestern* has been brought to our notice. That a college of seventeen hundred students cannot support a college paper seems rather peculiar. The LEAVES has paid its way from the start and laid by over \$1,700 to help girls; and we are *only girls*, gentlemen! It is evident that the future business magnates of the West have not exercised their energy upon the subject. Our Junior Class, also, has proved its admirable business capacity in editing the *Allerlei*, which has more than paid for itself, although there are a number of copies as yet unsold. The literary merit of this annual reflects much credit upon the Juniors. Let every Lasell girl possess herself of a copy.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

THE characteristics of women are varied, more so than those of men, and on account of their very variety are more difficult to understand and follow out. It seems, and in reality is, impossible to discuss woman but in contrast with man; her destiny so closely linked with his in their creation, is equally inseparable to-day, and ever will be.

Much of the space in the magazines is now devoted to lengthy discussions upon woman's adaptation to and aims in life; to the thought that the girl of the period has been, for some time past, a girl of one idea, and that idea marriage. How to divert her from looking to this as her sole end is the great question before the world.

Woman's characteristics, — because she is such a creature of whim, and such a weather-vane, as it were, — change as the generations glide by. They have changed, and will change, but, even as history reports itself now and then, many traits remain unchanged throughout the ages. The woman bids fair to be the "one"; at any rate, she will be in the near future the subject of an absorbing national question, and her future, which now begins to peer above the horizon's line, will be of vast importance to herself and all others. Will "Woman's Suffrage" be our next Constitutional Amendment?

How tiresome it is to be always happening upon our British friends (?) comments on "The

American Girl," "Impressions of America," etc., for when were they anything but humiliating, when looked at as truth, or startling even when known to be false? Types must have existed to furnish so much material for English pens, though we cannot but blame them for decisions made upon articles in the rough.

"Woman's coquetry, *finesse*, and arts," Herbert Spencer tells us, "are modified hypocrisy: notwithstanding, they are found to be adorable." Woman has studied to be what men would have her, and now and then a woman has succeeded in being what she would have herself.

Infinite tact has been woman's weapon for all time. In the days of woman's barbarity, when she was a cipher in society, her tact and power to please shielded her from much, and has brought her where she stands to-day, with all her rights.

Women, as brilliant conversationalists and interested listeners, have made hall and salon brighter and more attractive, and drawn there the noblest masculine minds.

The vivacity, the freedom of speech and manners, and the quick power of adapting thought and action, possessed by our countrywomen to-day, is very attractive to foreigners. These characteristics have won for our women liberties and stations in life enjoyed by few other women in the world, and yet there remain the sweet, womanly dignity and feminine delicacy. Her further powers of adaptation will be strained to their utmost in the coming life of the American woman, but we venture to say it will be found fully equal to the strain.

In the every-day world, one may see much that is characteristic of women. Many women's characters are so telling that their presence is not needed to denote they have been this or that way. In a home where a true queen of the household reigns, the dainty touches prompted by thoughtful mother love, and the wifely tendernesses are shown in more than just the happy faces looking up into hers, or in the soothing words of comfort which fall more sweetly from the low, distinct voice of woman than from any other. O woman! note that of all her characteristics that is best which shows her influence from her own hearthstone.

To be sure, woman's world-renowned loquaciousness, curiosity, jealousy, and ironical, even

sarcastic, characteristics, we have overlooked. These have been worn threadbare and denied again and again, but always with the same result, man is willing to be convinced that woman is not talkative, etc., but just the person to convince him has never yet been seen. Yet, in passing, let me say, take men in their club-rooms and compare them with women in theirs; talk to a man upon a subject in which he is much interested, and hold back what he regards as a telling point; compete with a man in his dearest desires; talk with a man of embittered hopes, and, after all this draw, your own conclusions as to his characteristics and woman's in these particular lines. The balance may tip.

What can we say of the general femininity of such as Charles Egbert Craddock, so long supposed to be a man. Surely, those things which led people to believe her masculine, through her powerful writing, do not debar her, or others, from the sphere of womanhood. Rather let us say, true men and women have in themselves interchangeable characteristics, and each may be manly or womanly, as the case may be, without compromising other individual characteristics, and becoming, the one effeminate, and the other masculine.

Woman, at this day, is not properly estimated, if Craddock's books create less enthusiasm since the double discovery of its author. Yet, once more a characteristic of true womanhood is pure, refined language. It seems to belong to her native delicacy, and coarse or uncouth language seems to gather additional vulgarity when dropped from the lips of a woman. Is anything more truly lovely than good, pure, holy, helpful words heard from the sweet voices of some women, partaking of all that is most beautiful in their natures? As we stated at the beginning, woman's characteristics are so varied that they cannot be set down at a single writing. Good, indifferent, and, I must say it, bad, we have found in this short inquiry. According to our beloved Milton

"Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell."

And so with woman it still is: she holds it in her power to be great or infinitesimally small. O woman!

"Remember, and fear to transgress."

L. E. S., '91.

THE LASELLIA BANQUET.

THE Lasellia banquet, held annually in honor of the Seniors, was given on the evening of June 7.

The guests went first to the beautifully decorated club-room, where they were cordially received by the President, Miss Sara Harvey.

Some time was there spent in genial conversation, which was pleasantly interrupted by a piano solo by Miss Sade Burrill, a guitar solo by Miss Ada Marsh, a visiting member of the club, and recitations by Miss Annie Brown, and Miss Langley, also a visiting member.

But the four brilliant Seniors, around whom we eagerly gathered, were the centre of attraction.

When Miss Harvey and our honorary member, Prof. Rich, led the way to the banquet hall, no one seemed loath to follow, but all entered as heartily into that part of the evening's entertainment as they had in the former.

The long tables were beautifully decorated with smilax and flowers. At each plate were exquisite roses, the Seniors being favored with larger bunches.

The respective seats were found by the aid of mysterious envelopes, each bearing an individual's name, and tied with blue ribbon, the club color. On opening these we found in each a dainty card, bearing an apt quotation, and an artistic sketch in water colors or pen and ink. These were the work of two of our members, and were worthy the praise which they received. The *menu* was also very dainty.

We were favored with the presence of Misses Langley, Marsh, Best, Skinner, Sue Brown, Pearce, and Thomas, all loyal members of the club.

After we had partaken of the good things prepared for us, the President gave her address of welcome, and received a witty response from Miss Sutton. A song in honor of the class of '90 was then well rendered by three Lasellians.

Miss Eva Bond as "Regina Vini" entertained and amused all by her witty remarks. Miss Pearce disposed of her questionable subject (????) in an entertaining manner, and succeeded in proving that the class of '90 is not so much of an enigma after all. In her prophecies regarding the prosperity of the Seniors in their future contact with "The Cold Cold World." Miss

Sherwood provoked much mirth and laughter. The experiences of "By-gone Times," told by Miss Marsh, were much enjoyed by all. At her suggestion, the health of the old members was drunk. Miss Lucie Sampson prophesied in verse as to the fate of some of the Lasellians "In After Days." Mr. Rich favored us with a few terse and interesting remarks.

When all too soon the clock struck the "hour," we bade each other "Good-night," and stole quietly to our rooms, agreeing that the banquet had been a great success, and wishing the Lasellia Club success and prosperity in the future as in the past.

S. D. RECEPTION.

The S. D. Society held its annual banquet and reception to the Seniors, Saturday evening, June 14, in the Lasellia club-room, which had been kindly offered by that society. After being presented to the President and the Seniors, a delightful musical programme was given consisting of a

PIANO SOLO	MISS SOULE.
SONG	MISS WHITNEY.
GUITAR SOLO	MISS SNYDER.
PIANO SOLO	MISS WATSON.

The march was then formed for the supper room, and the tables presented a beautiful sight, profusely decorated with flowers and laden with a bountiful repast. At each plate was laid a pretty *menu* and roses, and the Senior's places were marked by large bouquets of roses.

Toasts were introduced by Miss Peabody, toast-mistress, with a few witty remarks. Miss Lamme responded to the toast, "The West"; Miss Shellabarger, "The Lasellia Club"; Miss Commins, "The Unrepresented Sex."

The latter was particularly interesting, referring to our past efforts in seeing our Harvard "cousin" and explaining to the powers that be that our great-aunt's husband's cousin was as near as a brother.

The president of the club, Miss Woodbury, then gave a short address, which was responded to by the president of the Senior class, Miss Sutton, which closed with the appropriate quotation, "It is good to be here," and the Freshman,

looking around on the festive board, echoed the words, and thought it almost paid to stay here four years to get to be a big Senior and be feasted in this royal manner.

Miss Packard, our member who represents us in the Faculty, then responded to an impromptu toast, which elicited much applause. After a short adjournment to the club-room, the company parted, with many wishes to the Seniors for a successful life.

LOCALS.

FOR some reason or other, there appeared to be more "Engaged" cards up than usual on Sunday, the 8th.

ON Wednesday evening the 3d of June, the Euterpian Guitar Club gave its first concert. The programme comprised solos, duets, and trios, and pieces by the club. The quartette singing was very much enjoyed. Most of the compositions were by W. L. Hayden, — not, however, Haydn the great master, as one of the Boston papers reported.

THE competitive drill was on Wednesday afternoon, June 4. Each company was drilled separately in the gymnasium before three judges. Then the individual competitive drill took place, in which twenty-one took part. After this, dress parade was executed, the companies forming three sides of a hollow square. Master Loring, of Newton, kindly gave his services, for the afternoon, and sounded the different calls on his cornet. After the dress parade, the order, "Place—rest", was given, and the prizes were awarded by Major Benyon, a former commander of the Lasell Battalion. We congratulate Company C as possessors of the prize banner, and Private Bragdon and Sergeant Brown as winners of the first and second prizes.

THE sum total of money contributed for benevolent purposes by the school during the school year just ended is \$608.48.

THE Lasell Art Gallery has received some valuable additions: one of J. Appleton Brown's charming pictures of apple-trees in bloom, a Spring Scene in France, by F. H. Richardson, an American artist still studying abroad; four of Mr.

Philip A. Butler's transparent water colors, De Montfort's "Little Protégée," Munger's "Twilight," A fine Moonlight by Van Elten, "The Eagle's Nest," Otis Webber, A Funny Song," Edwin Long's "Diana or Christ," and an etching of the old Norman church of "St. Bartholomew the Great," in London, -- a fine thing indeed as an etching and an architectural memory.

LASELL SONG.

WE would sing a song of a village fair,
Near the hub of the world, so charming,
Where, far away from home and from care,
And the strifes of the world alarming,
Young maidens oft gather from far and near,
Great lessons to learn, great lectures to hear.

And here you may see them with studious looks,
As the bell for morn chapel is sounding,
Come all trooping in, eyes intent on their books,
For on books their future they're founding,
And the songs they soon sing with faces so bright,
Bring in a new day, with joy and with light.

With work all completed and studying o'er,
They gather with mirth and with dancing,
And tennis, and bowling, and many sports more,
Which bring to them charms all enhancing,
They enjoy, till at length, to books they return,
For honest enjoyment brings longing to learn.

Thus ever the years speed on in their flight,
And the maidens from school are oft going;
Altho' some may reach their air-castles bright,
While others sweet patience are showing —
We know that our maidens will always be true,
And reflect in their lives our emblem of blue.

COMMENCEMENT, 1890.

COMMENCEMENT week opened Thursday evening, June 12, with the commencement concert.

The following programme was rendered. No better rehearsal was ever given by Lasell pupils:—

PART FIRST.

CONCERTO FOR THREE PIANO-FORTES	Mozart
(First Movement.)	
MISSES WATSON, WILDER, AND BRAGDON.	
CHORUS. Charity	Faure
ORPHEAN CLUB.	
SERENADE	Goldberg
MISSES M. SLAVENS, PEABODY, G. WOODBURY, AND SUTTON.	

PIANO-FORTE. Variations Sérieuses	Mendelssohn
MISS SOULE.	
VOCAL DUET. Zuleika and Hassan	Mendelssohn
SOPRANOS AND TENORS.	
PIANO-FORTE. Sonata, Op. 26. Theme and variations,	Beethoven
MISS THRESHER.	
CHORUS. O, come let us Worship	Mendelssohn
MIXED VOICES.	

PART SECOND.

PIANO-FORTE. { a. Cachoucha—Caprice	Raff
{ b. Hexentanz	MacDowell
MISS SARGEANT.	
CHORUS. { a. O wert thou in the cauld blast	Mendelssohn
{ b. My bark is bounding to the gale	Mendelssohn
ORPHEAN CLUB.	
GITAR. Gondellied	Oesten
MISS SNYDER.	
SPRING SONG	Lynes
MISS PEABODY.	
Violin Obligato, MR. SABIN.	
CONCERTO FOR THREE PIANO FORTES	Mozart
Adagio and Finale.	
MISSES WATSON, WILDER, AND BRAGDON.	
CHORUS. Green Vale and Vine-Clad Mountain	Cowen
MIXED CHORUS.	

The *Baccalaureate Sermon* was delivered Sunday, June 15, by Rev. Dr. Frank M. Bristol, of Chicago. The service was opened with an organ voluntary, scripture reading, and prayer by Bishop Foster. Dr. Bristol took his text from I. Corinthians xv. 10: "By the Grace of God I am what I am." The magnificent sermon is reported in the *Newton Graphic*, and published in pamphlet.

Class Day did not break so clear and fair as it might have done, but by degrees all the cloudiness disappeared before the ardent rays of King Sol, and at his going down there was promise of as pleasant an evening as heart could wish.

The walls of the gymnasium were gracefully draped in a soft material of the class colors. Conspicuous among them was the banner bearing the class motto, "*Per ampliora ad altiora.*" At eight o'clock the Seniors, arrayed in Oxford caps and gowns, entered to the sound of music. The president of the class, Mai Louise Sutton, then addressed the audience with these words:—

"With greatest pleasure the members of '90 welcome their friends this evening, although the pleasure is not unmixed with sadness, since Class

Night sounds the knell of our school-days. Never more shall we meet to discourse Peabody on Habits or Wayland on the Memory; never more shall we give the wrong commands in drill. All these things, for us, are over; our course here is ended, and in a few days, 'the places that knew us shall know us no more.'

We have looked forward to this time even from the days when as guileless and harmless Freshmen we roamed about the quiet streets of Auburndale; and as Sophomores and Juniors the anticipation of the joys of our Commencement was all that sufficed to help us over the many obstacles which impeded our progress along the rough and stormy path of knowledge. But, though the way at times has seemed long, though we have often felt inclined to envy the future existence of the old woman who said to the relatives assembled about her death-bed,

'Don't weep for me now,
And don't weep for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing
For ever and ever.'

Yet we cannot but agree with the famous philosopher who said that the pursuit of knowledge was more fascinating than the possession of it. Perhaps, however, we do not realize what it would be to possess knowledge, since one learns only from experience; but at any rate, we can give you many bits of information in regard to its pursuit, for we have enjoyed our work deeply, and also our few successful attempts to escape it.

Despite the fact that we have often been misunderstood, our life has been a pleasant one; we have had many sore trials, yet we have borne them all with meekness, and with a sweetness of disposition unparalleled in the history of Lasell. Imagine your feelings, had your natural reserve been accounted as laziness; and what would have been your sorrow, had your habit of 'taking your pleasures sadly' been regarded as an evidence of lack of class spirit? Yet we bear no malice to those who have misjudged us, and as we are about to sink into 'innocuous desuetude,' to use the words of one of our eminent statesmen, we but ask you to be to '90's virtues very kind, and to her faults a little blind, for we feel that the treat which is to be afforded us by the address which is to follow is more than sufficient to make up for our shortcomings.

Owing to misunderstanding, Dr. Hale is unable to be with us this evening, but it affords us much pleasure to introduce to you our honorary member, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston."

Dr. Gordon in his address dwelt upon the enlargement, in this the nineteenth century, of woman's sphere. He showed that wherever she goes her greatest influence must be in the ancient role of the world's conscience.

After Dr. Gordon's address the Orphean Club sang the class song, written by Etta Pearce and set to music by Wallace Goodrich. The graduates then led the way to the grounds, to solemnize the time-honored ceremony of planting the tree and burning the books.

At different points over the lawn red lights were burning, which cast a rosy glow over the whole.

The company, having assembled in the most advantageous listening positions about the spot where the slender linden was to be planted, were somewhat surprised on being told that the oration would be delivered from the piazza. But all were repaid the extra promenade through the damp grass by hearing every word of the tree oration by Miss Pearce, and the elegy by Miss Commins. It was not in a very elegy-like manner that the books were consigned to the fire, and between the lines of the apt discourse we thought we could read a little exultation at the thought that soon all the miseries (?) of school and Senior life would be past and gone.

PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION.

THE evening of the reception, Tuesday, was one of the most pleasant we have had. At eight o'clock the guests arrived, and were introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and the Seniors by the members of the Junior class.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns and presented a very bright appearance when crowded with people. The noble Seniors looked very dignified as they bowed to the right and left, making up in quality what they lacked in quantity.

At nine o'clock all adjourned to the dining rooms, where tempting little tables stood, inviting those who entered to sit and refresh themselves. Shortly after returning to the parlors the

guests departed filled with pleasant thoughts of our Lasell and having passed a delightful evening.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

THE day was beautiful, and the church filled to overflowing. The audience will not soon forget the impressive service of the morning. Rev. Dr. Cuyler gave the address, and for those that have heard him, anything we can say would be very insufficient.

ORDER OF THE EXERCISES.

MUSIC.	PRAYER.	MUSIC.
COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.	REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.	
	MUSIC.	
GOOD-BY (for the Class).	MALVINA HARPER SHERWOOD.	
	MUSIC.	
	PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.	
	BENEDICTION.	

The "good-by" for the class was delivered by Miss Sherwood in a clear, penetrating voice. It reads as follows:—

It is true, as Pope has said:—

"That education forms the common mind,
As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

However, the beauty and utility of the tree depend as much on its nature as on the training of the twig. Education cannot make, it can only improve what already exists. The person depends not so much on the education as the education on the person.

Confucius says, "Learning without thought is labor lost." Does he mean that the learning of a person is simply a reflection of that person's mind? That education is only a means by which that may be brought out which already exists in the mind? That this learning can be brought forth from its hiding-place unattended by any thought on the part of the person concerned? So it seems; for it is an acknowledged truth that we are able to answer to learning, to the accumulated wisdom of ages, in proportion only to the activity of the divine spark in us.

"The world," says Emerson, "is an echo, and returns to each one of us what we are ourselves." When a botanist looks at a tree, he marks the mode of its branching, the shape and position of its leaves, the thickness of its bark; he determines its age, its order, its genus. An artist looks

at the same tree. He observes whether it is symmetrical or otherwise, the curves and angles in its outline, the light and shadow cast upon its leaves. Another person looks at the tree. He does not see even what kind of a tree it is. He has only a vague impression of a tree in his vicinity. As Wordsworth says:—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Our world, then, is an echo of ourselves. Objects return to us just what we give to them. We live in the world we ourselves make.

The divine hand is visible in everything. If we fail to see it, the fault is in us. It was not consummate skill that made Millet. It was the fact that the world he showed us was an echo of himself. He could call out the best side in nature.

It is the same with people. If we are with those who can make the best part of us answer to them, it is well for us. At the same time, are we not responsible for the echo we cause to be returned to us from other people? If we see naught but evil in a person, it is because that person has a stronger will than we, or else because we are not disposed to see the good; for he compels the evil part of our nature to echo to his own evil. If, on the other hand, we can make people answer to the good in us, we shall not feel their evil. The triumph of the stronger will, thus directed, will lead us then to a true and all-embracing charity. This conflict of will is going on continually. Dr. Holmes speaks of it as the "Close Indian hug." Let us then be masters. Instead of being an echo to evil, let us compel all with whom we have to do to answer to the good in ourselves. We shall then feel the evil of none, but live in charity with all. "For the whole world is an echo, and returns to each of us what we are ourselves."

We must each translate our world, our echo into a language of our own. If not into a picture, a statue, a sonata, why then, into a trade, an art, a mode of living, a character, an influence.

What our world shall be has been determined to a great extent by these our teachers. Whether we shall show the fruit of their patient labor or not lies wholly with us. In saying our good-by

we turn first, gratefully to them, for all they have done to open in us the power of responding to the best in art, in science, in literature, in life. And then let us, school-mates, say a mutual farewell, which, if it come with a resolve to echo to the best so far as within us lies, is truly a "God be with you."

Just before the presentation of the diplomas, Mr. Bragdon awarded the prizes for the best loaf of bread. Miss Staley received the first prize, Miss Bond the second. We congratulate them.

After the service the friends crowded around the Seniors, who were the recipients of many beautiful flowers.

At noon a lunch was served on the lawn to the friends, and, to judge from their remarks, they heartily enjoyed the good things brought to them by the Lasell girls.

At 2.30 the Alumnæ held their business meeting, and at 3.30 the literary exercises took place.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

INVOCATION.

ELSIE WALTZES. *Haydn.*

THE EUTERPIAN CLUB.

ADDRESS. "Middle-aged Women."

MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

GROUP OF SONGS.

MISS LIZZIE MAY WHIPPLE.

REUNION SONG.

At five o'clock was held their annual banquet, and no doubt they enjoyed that as well as the rest, but, not being an alumna, we were not present, and so cannot say with certainty.

Mr. Bragdon, the teachers, the Seniors, the school, should feel very proud of the success of this commencement week. May they have many more!

ONE of the sights of Commencement Day was the quartet from the West filing into the office, each with outstretched hand and mouth,—Hattie Seiberling, Mattie Henry, Martha Prentice, and Nellie Parker. It was better than a collation! Another was Gertrude Early, from Detroit, thinned down into so graceful and bewitching a lady that no one knew her except Mr. B. His sharp eye saw Gertrude Early in her face at once. A touching sight was Anna King and Nellie Alderman roaming around in search of the ghosts of their old mates, but finding none. Their cry, "Why! where are all the girls?" was, indeed, pathetic.

Another was Etta Jackson and her — what do they call them?

ONE of the sure proofs of passing years is the earnest but innocent statement, "Why, Miss C., the girls are so much younger than they were when I was here!" Yes, my dear girls, but you were younger when you were here, and these will think just the same of the company they meet when they come back as "old girls."

A GOOD joke on Miss Carpenter: she met two of the girls in the parlor, asked after their late history, their children, and children's children, and then, seeing the same girls on the lawn, greeted them with her strongest effusion, was delighted to see them, etc. O Miss Carpenter!

THE most surprised girls were Emma Cardell and Lou Barker, who had not been back since 1876. They could not believe their eyes! The changes were beyond all the stories they had heard. They wished they — oh, — a dozen things. Fourteen years, though they have been full of history and experience, have not taken the old Emma and Lou out of their faces.

MRS. JENNIE JOHNSON MILLBANK left her two babies to be with her sister and take her home after Commencement. Misses M. Mathews, P. Parmenter, Blanche Merrill, McLaughlin, Bessie Towle, M. Packard, G. Skinner, M. Oliver, A. Lane, R. Stearns were at the early exercises of the week and many of them at all. Of others who were at Commencement, and whose names we are able to recall, were Misses Gertrude Newcome, Bessie Merriam, Lizzie Whipple, Fannie Barbour, Jessie Hayden, Anna King, Nellie Alderman, Alice Hamilton, Lizzie Burnham, Gertrude Early, Mamie Noyes, Lillie Eddy, Sue Brown, Ada Marsh, Mattie Henry, Caroline Coburn, Inez Bragg, Sallie Head, Alice Maloon, Nellie and Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley, Etta Jackson, Etta Stafford, Fanny Thomas, and Inie Sanford. Of married pupils, Mrs. Lou Barker Hardy, Emma Cardell Clerke, Mrs. Nellie Parker Lewis, Nellie Packard Draper, Hattie Seiberling Miles, Lillie Fuller Merriam and baby, Annie Kendig Pierce, Susie Gregg Wilson, Emma Cutler Baxter, Bertha Gray Richards, Anna Curtis Beaver. This imperfect list does not include all the Alumnæ present of between thirty and forty

persons, some, living near, are our yearly dependences and most honored. In the hurried, crowded day it was not possible to remember every name, though all were most welcome.

MARRIED.

AT Des Moines, Ia., June 5, Winnie Belle Ewing and Nathan Emery Coffin. At home, Wednesdays, after half-past two o'clock, 1534 Linden Avenue.

JUNE 3, at Flint, Mich., Lucy Crapo Orrill and Arthur Jerome Eddy.

AT Adams, N. Y., June 18, Kathryn H. Totman to Charles E. Brownell. At home, Wednesday evening, July 2, 13 Morgan Street, New Bedford, Mass.

CORA M. DAWES to Herbert R. Denison, Wednesday, June 25, at Harrison, Me.

AT Norristown, Penn., July 2, Augustine M. Lowe to Henry M. Brownback.

AT Newtonville, June 4, Minnie W. Page to Charles A. Soden.

MR. THOMAS J. STILWELL married Miss Lucy J. Gillette, of Chicago, Thursday evening, June 5. Invitations were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, who, with other friends at Lasell, rejoice that Mr. Stilwell has renewed the home life once so sadly broken. Mr. Stilwell was the brother-in-law of much-regretted Julia Miller.

THE marriage of Nellie Hall Packard, daughter of Dr. L. D. Packard, to Dr. Joseph R. Draper, both of South Boston, occurred May 14, at the St. John's M. E. Church, South Boston. Rev. L. A. Banks officiated, assisted by Dr. Gregg, pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. The bride was formally given away by her father; her sisters were the bridesmaids. A bright day, good music, an abundance of flowers, and many friends helped to make the event a happy one. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the ceremony.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Misses Carpenter, Cushman, Blaisdell, and Cutler. The Lasell girls present were Clementina Butler, Polly Stebbins, Lizzie Canterbury, Mary

Harmon Hellier, Anne Wallace, Jessie Macmillan, Edith Andrews, Lizzie Whipple, Harriet and Mabel Sawyer. Telegrams of congratulation and regret were received from Stella and Lillie Wadhams and Ida Sibley Webber.

Dr. and Mrs. Draper took a short trip, and are now "at home" at No. 512 Broadway, South Boston.

MRS. DWIGHT GODDARD.

ANOTHER dear pupil has gone. Mrs. Dwight Goddard was Hattie Webber, of Holyoke, Mass., whose funeral took place in that town May 19, at the Second Congregational Church, of which she was a member. She held a high position at Lasell in the esteem of all who knew her. In Holyoke, where most of her life was spent, she seems to have been universally beloved. Quiet and retiring, she was yet active and untiring in the church and in every good work. A cultured musician, she was the leading soprano of this church for years. She had served long in the Sunday school, and some two hundred of the children joined in singing the Lord's Prayer, and as they marched by the casket of their dear teacher cast upon it some quiet tears, tributes of lilies and roses, till with the many that already lay upon it, it was almost buried in flowers. The children sang also Dyke's "St. Sylvester." Barnaby's beautiful "O Paradise!" and "Jerusalem the Golden" gave a certain jubilant tone, as if to say, "O Grave where is thy Victory?" And the flowers were rich and bright in color, creating a cheerfulness even in this mourning hour.

We took our journey back to Lasell thinking of the sweet bride, married only last October, whose young life had been sapped by an insidious disease, mourning our own loss and pitying the relatives who are bereaved of her presence in their home, yet remembering how "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

THE mother of Edith, Sarah, and Laura Pew died very suddenly at her home, in Gloucester, May 17, of heart disease. Laura was in Maine with Edith. Sarah was at home. Our sympathy goes very warmly to these bereaved daughters, so suddenly deprived of an excellent mother. May

they be sustained by Christian grace and comforted with every spiritual consolation!

WE are much grieved to hear that Margaret Leavitt lost her mother suddenly by heart disease. The death was some months ago.

WE are much pained to hear of the death of Mrs. F. P. Bailey, the mother of Florence E. Bailey. She died at her home, in Erie, Penn., and was buried there, June 3. She is spoken of as one who devoted much of her life to charities. She was especially efficient in her services for the Home of the Friendless.

AN early graduate of Lasell, of the class of 1855, Georgiana Robinson, of Exeter, N. H., wife of Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, of Yale College, died in January, 1889. This is a late record, but we are glad to speak of her noble and lovable character in all its relations, and the Christian patience with which she bore years of physical suffering.

JUST as we close this record the saddest news comes to us, and our love and sympathy go freely to the dear girl.

Maude Evans, last Saturday, started for the Excelsior Springs with her sister and mother. At the very gate the horses took fright. Mrs. Evans was thrown out and died within twenty minutes. The sister was somewhat injured. Maude not at all. Just one week Maude had been home! How little we guess, and how merciful it is that we do not know, what a day will bring forth!

PERSONALS.

LAURA PLACE is at 153 Walnut Street, Montclair, N. J.

TESSIE SHIFF made us a little call, and Miss Call a bigger call early in June.

MAGGIE COUTS, in reply to a letter of inquiry, states that Leah is less hurt than was feared, and is on the road to recovery.

HELEN WHITE has joined the Episcopal Church.

MAUD SNYDER fell victim to the light fingered gentry of the Hudson River boat, losing purse and contents.

LIDA PECK had a serious accident, that might easily have been more. A gun was discharged full into her face from a few feet distance. The load — of course, powder only — was received mostly in the forehead. A grain less of elevation and Mame would have had the privilege of reading Lida's lessons to her the rest of her life, for which grain less we are all thankful.

MABEL BOYD spends the summer with army friends at Detroit. Reports Mary Wilcox as attracting much attention at Fort Keogh.

WHOM should we run across at the Eastern station, July 2, but Kitty Morrill VanHusan, with her two chicks, all the way from Detroit, on the way to Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, where she spends the summer.

WE saw Sarah Perkins, who graduated from New England Conservatory of Music last week, on her way West. She will spend the summer in Wisconsin, expecting to get to St. Joseph to see Yetta Westheimer and the rest before she comes home.

CARRIE EBERSOLE went abroad in April with her uncle's family, to return in August.

A LETTER from Paris describes Miss Elizabeth G. Gardner, who was the pupil of Miss Imogene Robinson, now Mrs. Morell, of Washington, at Lasell Seminary many years ago. She has been famous for some years, and sells many of her pictures in America. When she went to Paris there were no good opportunities for women. She wore her hair short, and, disguised as a boy, studied in the government drawing-school at the Gobelin factories. She met with no indignities. She was the first woman to enter the Julian School. She is a disciple of Bouguerreau, to whom she is engaged to be married. It is very difficult for a foreigner to win even the third medal at the Paris salon. Miss Gardner was the first woman to receive it. Miss Gardner's struggles in Paris for an art education, and her brilliant success, have opened the way for other American women, who have won more easy victories.

PROF. J. A. CASSEDY tells that his school at Norfolk is prospering wonderfully. In the boarding department, five last year, thirty-five this.

LILLIE POTTER has been a sufferer from nervous prostration, and is only slowly recovering. She had to give up a European trip in consequence. Last fall, in Paris, she sat at dinner-table with a girl who had spent a short time at Lasell. She found it *too* "religious" a school. Mr. Bragdon urged the girls too much to go to prayer-meeting. Lillie remarked to herself, "so the dear old tone of that most blessed spot, Lasell, has not changed, and Mr. Bragdon is still more anxious that the girls should get to heaven than to get their diplomas."

GRACE RICHARDS sends an invitation to the Commencement exercises of Drew College, Mt. Carmel, N. J., June 19. Presumably, she will be graduated then.

THE June wedding of Winnie B. Ewing that was, Mrs. N. E. Coffin that is, must have been a very brilliant society event. Two of our old girls were among the four bridesmaids — Laura Conger and Helen Gilbert. May the future of the happy pair be as bright as the beginning!

REV. R. WINSOR, of the Marathi Mission, Sirur, India, with his wife and son, have arrived in Auburndale, after an absence of six years from their native land. They left their daughter, Daisie, with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, and under instruction at Lasell, where she is much loved. It is a most happy reunion.

PROFS. J. A. HILLS AND J. W. DAVIS sailed by the Cunard ship "Servia," June 13, for a summer trip in Europe. They lunched at the school that day, as usual. Their pupils took this opportunity to surprise them with the gift to each of a steamer chair and rug. Miss Sargeant slipped into the club-room, and led at the piano, while all sung a dolorous ditty, representing the "two teachers spending their pay, over the ocean wave far, far away." At an appropriate moment the gifts were brought in. Mr. Bragdon made bright asides and jokes, while Mr. Hills returned thanks for himself and comrade in a lively little speech. There was much laughter, handshaking, and cheery good-bys.

MRS. JENNIE DARLING FOLSOM came from her Vermont home in Lindenville to Auburndale for a few days in May.

CARRIE BROWN was here before Commencement, but the attraction at the West was too great for her to stay long. She is not always to be Carrie Brown. Poor thing!

OF old girls, Frances Gregg, Ada Dunaway, Edith Gale, Lizzie Burnham, Bessie Merriam, Emily Little, and Annie Kirkwood are in the Lasell European party; of new, Bertha Hammond, Bessie Shepherd, Katie Hamilton, and a sister of Kitty Ellis. Mothers and friends made up a total of nearly twenty-five.

CLARA GOWING RICHARDSON brought her husband and baby to visit her old schoolhome. She was a pupil here twelve years ago. She lives at 4 Marlboro Street, Boston, but has a summer home in Weston. They drove over to the school. She has sent us since a pretty photograph of the baby.

VIRGINIA AND WILLIE STOWE received a box of beautiful Cape Jessamine from their home, in Galveston, Texas. They have been very liberal in giving them away. Mr. Bragdon had a fine vase of them on his desk. It is wonderful that they preserved such freshness through the long journey.

LOU WALSTON, late of Lasell, graduated June 18, at Smith College. She sent invitations. There are various exercises for the week, much as usual in all colleges. The oddity is the "Representation of the Book of Job," by the Senior class. June 14. That awakens our curiosity.

By favor of Mr. C. M. L. Sites, who graduated this year in the law department of the National University at Washington, Mr. Bragdon had an invitation to the commencement exercises June 4. This invitation, like another recently noticed, has in the corner the words "No Flowers" — flower giving *has* become an excess.

LIZZIE PENNELL SANBORN, who is a widow, and lives with her mother in Portland, has been in Boston lately, and intended to visit Lasell with Emma Cutter Baxter, but somehow failed to do so.

A FEW words from Ida M. Phillips, who lives at 139 Ross Street, Brooklyn. She is building up a little in health, and hopes to complete the improvement by a trip to Europe, next year, if not this.

LARA MALBY STEVENS, of Northford, Conn., tells of her four boys, and one baby daughter. Her cousin, Stella Smith, Mrs. James P. Strong, was at school here at the same time, lives in New Haven, and has two daughters.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON's address is 125 East Forty-Sixth Street, New York, and they have a summer home on Long Island at Patchogue. She sees Mamie Marshall now and then. Blanche is grieving for the loss of her baby daughters.

FANNIE L. BAKER BONNER lives at 1915 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebraska. By an absolute mistake, when the picture of her little boys was referred to in the May Leaves, it was not said that Robbie, the eldest, had recently died. His mother has passed through great sorrow, but is slowly becoming reconciled to life, since she knows it must be God's will. He must have been a beautiful boy. No wonder life seems changed to Fannie. Lizzie Frost is, Fannie writes, a happy Christian, once somewhat a doubter.

By another blunder in the May LEAVES, Mrs. I. B. Chesley, who has recently lost a lovely child, was spoken of as Bertha *Harris*, instead of *Russell*, and her home called Springfield, instead of Pittsfield. Bertha Harris is Mrs. Armington, of Providence, and it is not long since she met with a like affliction, to which reference was then made.

MISS FLORENCE MANN, of Cincinnati, comes to Lasell next year with an excellent reputation for good literary work in the Woodward High School, where she has just graduated. In token of this excellence, she was presented with a medal by the Woodward Alumna Association.

LIZZIE M. NORTON, a pupil of Lasell some years ago, writes from Forestville, Conn.

SALLIE HEAD came to Commencement. If she had known a little sooner that Lizzie Burnham would join Mr. Shepherd's party to Europe she would have done the same.

ONE of the prominent residents of Clifftondale tells us that our Minnie Nickerson is having fine success in her kindergartning. The children think there is no one like her, and she does marvel with them. We knew it!

HELEN GILBERT writes a lively letter.

MYRTIE SINSABAUGH is interested in the Garfield National Memorial Hospital, for which a garden *fête* was recently given by Mrs. John A. Logan. Myrtie was one of the committee on the art department. The affair was wholly managed by ladies, we understand. It seems to have been a brilliant social event. At the close, the ladies presented to Mrs. Logan a beautiful set of white silk table doilies and scarf hand painted, by Miss Sinsabaugh, with a variety of orchids. This exquisite set was valued at \$100, and netted the fair over \$80. It was presented by Dr. Corey, of the Metropolitan Church, and Mrs. Logan in accepting the gift spoke appreciatively of the artist who wrought this work of skill and beauty, for whose sake she should treasure it, as well as for the sake of the ladies of the sewing-circle.

LOUISE DIETRICK has spent the winter in Boston. Her mother is with her. Louise is studying with Miss Call.

RUBY BLAISDELL and Ada Marsh came in May, to spend some time in Auburndale, at Mr. Nye's. Ruby has been studying art in New York.

ROSA BEST has been out from Boston occasionally. She has been visiting her brothers. Mrs. Best was here a few hours.

Dr. WM. SPENCER brought his wife and daughter to visit Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, in May. Dr. Spencer is engaged in the Methodist Church Extension Society.

Rev. S. J. HERBEN, assistant editor of the *Epworth Herald*, Chicago, has been at Lasell. He belonged to the same literary society in college as Mr. Bragdon.

OUR pleasant lecturer, Miss Mary A. Greene, is compelled to leave Boston, because of a delicate throat. She goes back to her old home, in Providence. It is hoped that she will open the Rhode Island bar to women. No women have yet been admitted to practice in Rhode Island.

OUR old-time pupil, Josephine (familiarly called Birdie) S. Mason, of Helena, Mon., has just finished a fine head of Father Damien, the leper priest. It is done in chalk, and is pronounced by critics an excellent piece of work. Miss Mason studied in the Lasell studio, but of late in Europe, in Berlin, we believe.

