

# THE ALLERLEI

OR YEAR BOOK OF

## LASELL

1904



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CAROLINE A. CARPENTER  
To whom this book is respectfully dedicated

# THE ALLERLEI

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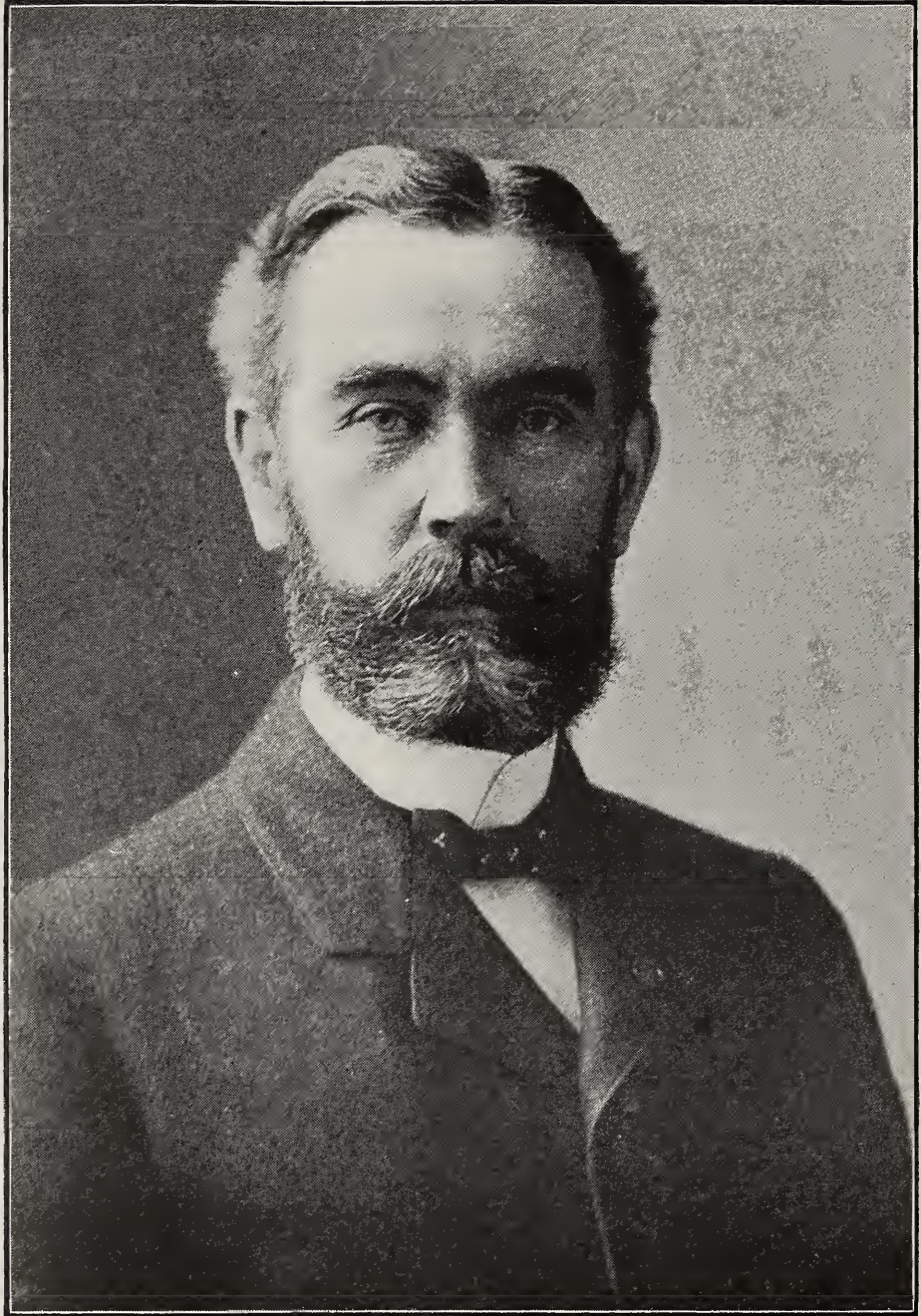
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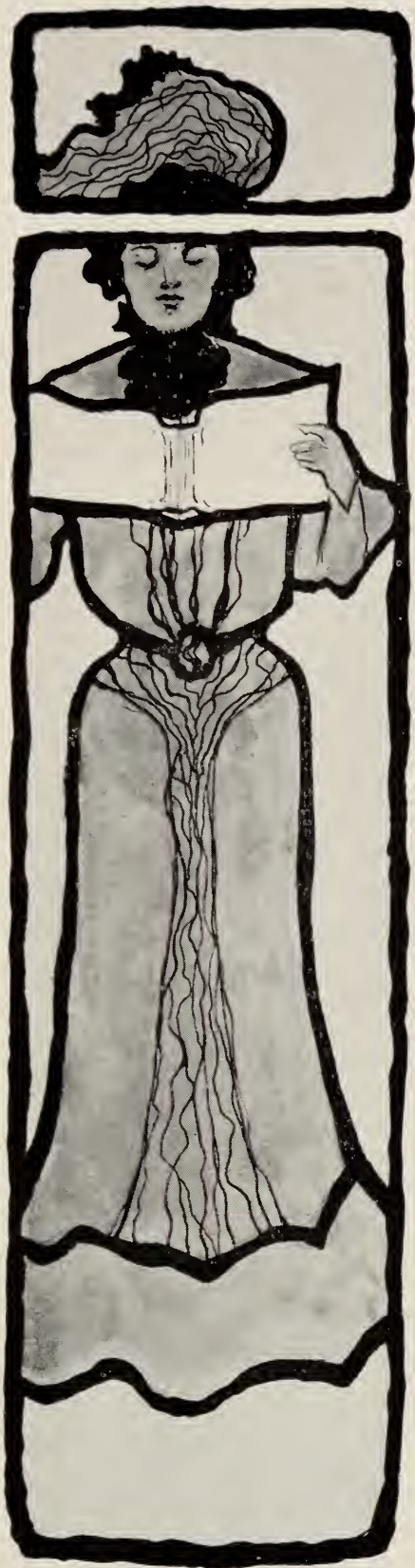




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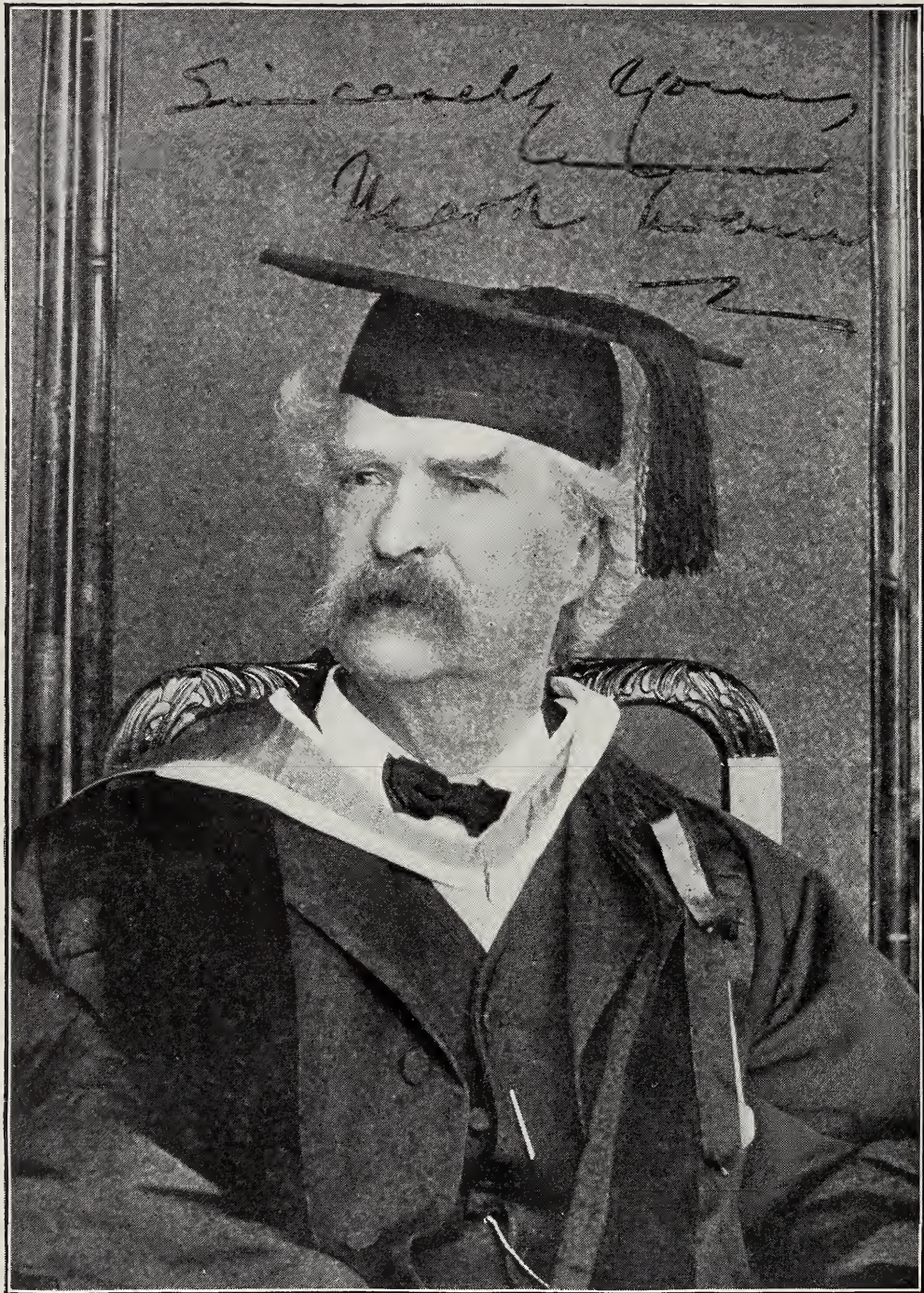


CHARLES CUSHMAN BRAGDON  
Principal of Lasell



THE . . .  
BOOK OF  
THE . . .  
CLASS  
OF '04.





SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

# Foreword.

Again the Juniors present  
to you the Allerlei.  
If it brings to our graduates  
any pleasant memories or  
furnishes instruction, pleasure  
or amusement to our  
schoolmates, its mission is  
accomplished.





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# SENIORS



# Senior Class

MOTTO: "Amor omnia vincit."

CLASS COLORS: Green and White.

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose.

CLASS YELL: Hu-rah, hu-rah, hu-rah-rec  
 We're the Class of '03.  
 Ona tona wah tah,  
 Ona tona wah tah,  
 Ona tona wah tah,  
 Wah! wah! wah!  
 Wa-a a a a ah!

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## Senior Class History

LENA ARMSTRONG . . . . . *Bozeman, Mont.*

“O bed! O bed! delicious bed,  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head!”

“Mike;” S. D.; Masquers; Captain Company C.; Vice President of Class. Sleeps well and late. Famous for her impersonations. Has a drawl that three years’ Eastern training can’t improve upon. Noted for her original ideas and style of hair-dressing.

“Ye—eus!”

AGNES MARIE BIDDLE . . . . . *Ashland, Pa.*

“Go! You may call it madness, folly;  
You shall not chase my gloom away!  
There’s such a charm in melancholy  
I would not if I could be gay.”

“Biddie;” Lasellia; Lieutenant Company C. Fond of psychological discussions. Doesn’t believe in deep affections, yet finds it pleasant to be in love. Sunny disposition (?). Doesn’t believe in her class motto.

“ — — !! — — —!!!! — — ! ”

ISABELLA THOBURN BLACKSTOCK . . . . . *Shahjahanpur, India*

“Good-bye, proud world, I’m going home.”  
“Joy rises in me like a summer’s morn.”

“Izzy,” “Sammy;” Lasellia; Canoe Club; Glee Club. Has to have slang translated. Still pouts. Can squelch while you wait. If told a joke at night, wakes up in the morning smiling. Knows the meaning of EGO. Loves to sing, too, in her own peculiar way, hymn 299. Believes it is “better to have loved and lost.” . . . .

“O Mary!—how funny!”

AGNES DRAKE . . . . . *Pittsfield, N. H.*

“In maiden meditation, fancy free.”

“Ducky,” “Mehit;” Delta; Masquers; Glee Club. Don’t ask her to spell the words she uses in class room. Supporter of Dartmouth. A sunny exterior, but often a stormy interior. She liked “61” so well she moved there.

EDITH McCALLISTER EBERSOLE . . . . . *Cincinnati, Ohio*

“Her yesterdays look backward with a smile.”

S. D. Camps out in the library. Considers hats superfluous, especially in winter. Can’t be crippled by any question. Never blue. Average walking period four hours. Sometimes shows an icy front.

CONSTANCE ERDMAN . . . . . *Allentown, Pa.*

“The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.”

Sergeant Company A. Authority on everything. Advocate of physical culture. Still lisps cunningly. One might say her appetite comes while eating. Does French in hall center.

“Oh! joy! here comes fudge with fury.”

CARRIE TAPLEY GEORGE . . . . . *Lynn, Mass.*

“I am the very soul of modesty, and grieve that you should think me bold.”

“Georgie;” S. D.; Canoe Club; Captain Company H. Will argue to the death. Why like a clock? Different strike every hour. A girl of many loves. “She is a Military Beau.”

“Her can never come to we;  
Us can never go to she.  
It cannot was.”

MARIE GIBERT . . . . . *Cincinnati, Ohio*

“Studious of ease and fond of humble things.”

Questions confuse and answers fail to come. Good cook. Psychology lectures read too fast for her grasp. Always good-natured and patient. Enormous stack of excuses and apologies.

“Ah, I don’t know.”

MARY EDWARDS GOODWIN . . . . . *Burnside, Conn.*

“But there’s nothing half so sweet in life  
As love’s young dream.”

“Worthy,” “Trusty;” Delta. Engaged, but no one guessed it.  
“Sous regisseuse” for French play. Never heard the song  
“Tact.” Takes squelches like a martyr. Is moderate in all  
things. Never dreams. “What?”

BERTHA BRIGHAM HAYDEN . . . . . *East Hartford, Conn.*

“Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!  
Men were deceivers ever.”

“Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat,  
And therefore let’s be merry.”

“Baut,” “Hid,” “Hayden B;” Lasellia; Masquers; Historian of her  
Class. Would like to work hard, but her disposition will not allow  
it. Conscientious to a fault. A good bluffer, but never (?) caught.  
Her face is a mask which hides well an interior of an unascertained  
depth. A girl of many loves—all at once.

“Oh, Mag!” “Poor Ophelia!”

SARAH ELEANOR HUGHES . . . . . *Foxcroft, Maine*

“Wit will shine.”

“She knows her man.”

“Sally,” “Chubby;” Delta. A favorite with the “Fiddler.” A  
subscriber for all food periodicals. Partial to Mozart. Reads  
Scott. Soul of ambition and perseverance. The only original  
letter writer.

(Remarks cut out by editor).

JOEL JEANIE LAPOWSKI . . . . . *Abilene, Texas*

“Pooski,” “Spook,” “Pidgy;” Lasellia; Captain Company A;  
Canoe Club. Usually at odds with headquarters. Of an inter-  
rogative nature. Carries her Texas twang with her. Quite  
touchy, but young yet, so there are hopes. Made a decided hit  
in the French play. Her expressions are rare and juicy. Has  
been known to use slang.

“Precious Pie!”

MARY FRANCES LEAVITT . . . . . *Butte, Mont.*

“Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.”

“Dimple;” S. D.; Canoe Club; Masquers; President Class of 1901–1903. Enjoys the game of ping pong. Contemplates entering the navy as a result of cruising with a friend. Bears all the blame for classmates’ misdemeanors. Swears by Montana, but somehow prefers the Eastern coast.

CAROLYN ISABELLE LE SEURE . . . . . *Detroit, Mich.*

“Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.”

“Callie;” S. D.; Masquers; Canoe Club; Lieutenant Company A. Never self-confident. “Diligent in business.” Won her laurels as the “Marquis.” Stands in awe of Cupid; hope’s she’ll never meet him. Everyone’s friend.

“Do you think that will be all right?” (in worried tones).

“Oh, hicky!”

IDA MAY MALLORY . . . . . *Franklin, Pa.*

“I only speak right on.”

“Ma-ló-ry;” Secretary of Class; Adjutant of Lasell Battalion. Been famous since Freshman year for military prowess. Winner of medals. Her business bump well developed. Susceptible to winks. Thoughts run to poetry. Will oblige anybody. Fond of punning and quoting. Famous for singing.

HELEN ORCUTT . . . . . *Hornellsville, N. Y.*

“I am the very slave of circumstance and impulse.”

“Pilly.” Has a strong fascination for historical novels, jelly and Allegretti’s. Will eat anything. At present favors Cornell.

MABEL JULIA POOLER . . . . .

“Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.”

“Little Pooler,” “Spud;” Lasellia. Has a voice like one after a football game. Her smile is well worth while. Haunts lecture halls. “The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.”

“Oh, dear!”

EDNA MERCY SAWYER . . . . . *San Jose, Cal.*

“To be great is to be misunderstood.”

“Tom;” S. D.; Glee Club; Masquers. Has an unlimited supply of schemes. A clever artist. Can get up a show in no time. Given to cynicism. The girl with many cousins of the other sex.

SARAH SOULE . . . . . *Freeport, Me.*

“Neat, not gaudy.”

“Sal;” Glee Club. Plenty of fun under a calm exterior. Cheerful and generous. Very resourceful in Literature Class.

ELIZABETH THORNE . . . . . *Gardiner, Me.*

“The foster-child of silence and slow time.”

“Lizzie.” Doesn’t believe in “jollyng.” Recites at length. Studious. Never heard to laugh out loud. Haunts the library.

“Did what Agnes did.”

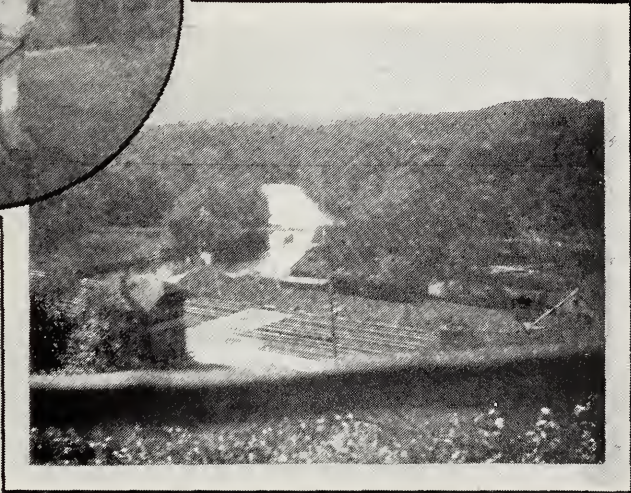
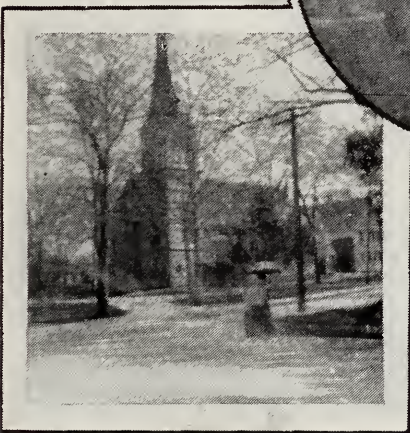
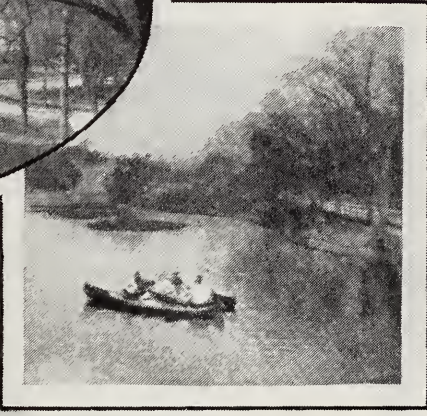
MABEL HENRIETTA WHITNEY . . . . . *Boston Highlands, Mass.*

“Thinking is but an idle waste of tho’t.”

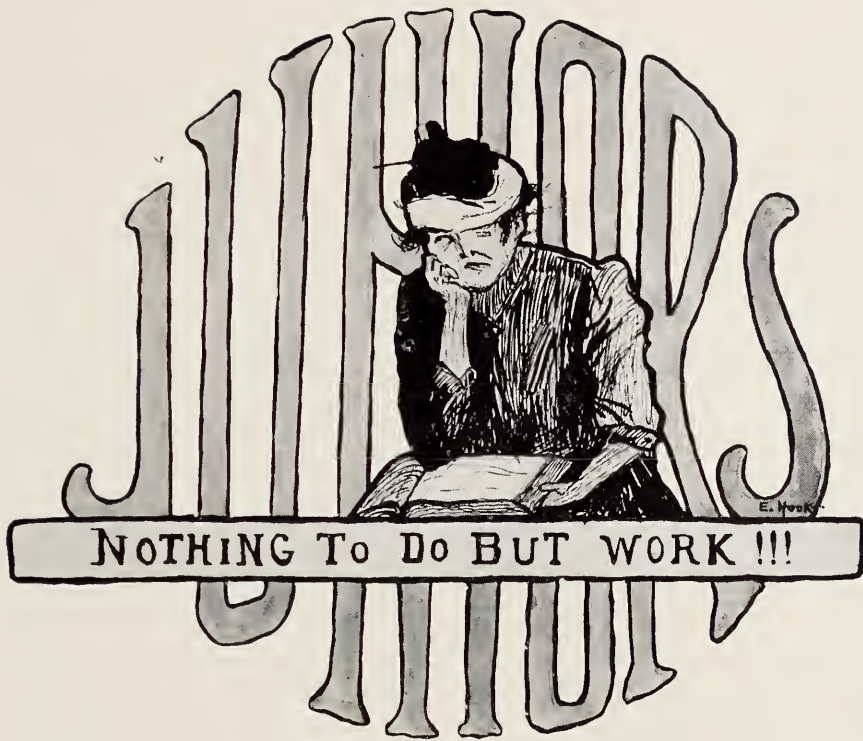
“Ma belle;” Lieutenant Company B; Treasurer of Class. Has a wholesome, cheerful laugh. Night hawk. Fond of arguing. Has ideas all her own. Adores “Ducky.”











MOTTO: Forward!

CLASS COLORS: Scarlet and White. CLASS FLOWER: Carnation.

CLASS YELL: H'ray! H'ray!  
Hear us roar!  
Lasell Juniors,  
'04!

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SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

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## Chronicle of Class of '04



AND I say unto you, behold, a mighty class is risen from a small beginning. And it came to pass in the 1901st year, the 9th month, the 27th day, there did assemble together a small band of weeping maidens,—maidens weeping for their mothers; and many did persecute them, and did say, “Lo, forget thou thine own people;” and they were sore distressed. But, behold, not many moons had waned when they did conquer their grief, and did grow in grace and in strength, and did become straight like to the tall poplars, and waxed “full of glory,” so that they did meet together in secret places, and did plot to lay low their enemies the Sophomores that did persecute them. In this place dwelt they nine months, despised and rejected of all, as Freshies; then did they return to the land of their fathers whence they had come, and there did sojourn many days.

And it came to pass that again, a second time, did they journey into the land of Auburndale by the River Charles, unto the place of their first meeting.

Mighty were they in the increase of numbers—being then numbered 12—and in arrogance, so that they did choose in defiance of those round about them the motto, *Quid tibi est*, which is by interpretation, “What’s it to you?”

And behold, “old maidens” were they, trusted and revered by Faculty, so that they did enjoy favor in the sight of all. In the learning and tongue of the heathen were they instructed, and in the knowledge of “Chinois,” so that they did speak it marvelously like to “Spanish cows.”

Of a certainty were they a class renowned in wisdom and understanding, in patience and endurance; and none there were who had ever excelled them.

Again they returned to the land of their birth and again sought the place of their choice. And one there was dreamed dreams; and lo, seven nights did she behold in her sleep visions of ice cream, and she did awake, and there was none who could shew the interpretation thereof. Verily in all things good excelled they those who had ever gone before, renowned among all the nations of earth. In voluntary humility and diligence served they their mistresses, the Seniors. And I, an historian, say this: If there be any can gainsay aught that I have said let him say it now (all kicks registered with the editor), and forever after hold his peace.



## Sophomore Class

MOTTO: "Deo invante."

CLASS COLORS: Gold and White. CLASS FLOWER: Daisy.

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EDITH SOLOMON . . . . .	<i>Pittsburgh, Pa.</i>





## History of Class of 1905



WITH high hopes and aspirations did the Class of 1905 begin its career in the classroom, which will ever be dear to the hearts of all loyal Sophomores. But, alas! although their desires to be an honor to the school were great on that night of organization, they had so little light on the subject that, although they sought inspiration even from nature, they were for a time much discouraged. However, they persevered, and started themselves boldly on a career, which led them with laurels and "Deo invante" to the threshold of a still more promising career as Sophomores.

How joyfully were all the new members received to increase the roll, and how important we felt when we found that we were seven no longer, but had grown to twenty.

Some of our members have left us; among them one "young" maid, a victim to that epidemic which was so prevalent at Lasell the first few weeks of the school year and after the Christmas holidays. It seemed for a time to threaten the very existence of the school, and to send everyone home sick.

Our invitation to an informal dance to be given by the Seniors in the gymnasium was eagerly accepted, because we had waited long and patiently for the premium we had been promised if we should enroll ourselves as Sophomores. Some had even declared they might as well be Specials; but we were recognized at last, and each one remembering her careful injunction not to appear in a white gown, and thereby be considered by some of her elders as younger than she really was, we appeared at the appointed hour, and were royally entertained. In appreciation of their hospitality we gave a carefully practiced yell for the Seniors, which by its vigor made the very rafters shake.

At the reception given to the Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps., we formally met our president, the Freshman president, our preceptress and other members of the Faculty, whose acquaintance we have since kept up and enjoyed.

Since our joyful reunion after the Christmas vacation, we have had many exciting class meetings; and the fame of our knowledge of parliamentary law and of the proper method of conducting business has become so widespread that at times we have even been forced to close the transom and pull down the curtains to keep our meetings private from those seekers after wisdom who desire instruction in the art of conducting such sessions.

Indeed, we feel perfectly confident that we shall never fail those who are looking toward us to set the right standard and to uphold the school spirit in the right way when we shall find ourselves occupying the present place of the Class of 1903, and shall be looked up to as the grave and reverend Seniors of 1905.





# MAN CLASS

MOTTO: "Sempre Avanti."

CLASS COLORS: Lavender and White.

CLASS FLOWER: Violet.

CLASS YELL:

Rickity, rackity, rah! rah! ree!  
 We're the class we ought to be!  
 Rickity, rackity, rah! rah! rix!  
 We're the Class of 'oty six.

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META BUEHNER . . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
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MILDRED JOHNSTON . . . . .	<i>Evanston, Ill.</i>
EDNA ROGERS . . . . .	<i>Watertown, N. Y.</i>

## Freshman Class History



THE great ship slowly left the moorings of 1902, and swung steadily into the strange waters of 1903, bearing with her the hopes of several timid young explorers, and followed by the loving eyes and wishes of parents and friends.

The passengers could hardly *Hyde* their elation, for were they not always sure of a good *Harbor* and a favoring breeze (*Bryce*)? But their joy was a little previous, as they afterwards admitted, for their most harassing experiences and hairbreadth escapes took place on land.

They first experienced the deadly qualms of seasickness just off the coast of France, and, strange to say, the many admirable examples they beheld of the proverbial politeness of the natives seemed unable to allay their malady.

The ship received a shock, running aground in some of the treacherous straits of the English channel, and as the damage was out of reach of the ship's carpenter, the situation of the passengers continued precarious.

The tourists were much astonished at the number of ruins they found at Rome. They were prepared for the Forum and Coliseum, but were mightily surprised at the number of pet air castles that came tumbling about their ears during their short stay.

While in that neighborhood they visited the site of Cæsar's Gallic Wars, and running inadvertently into several hornets' nests, they escaped, declaring that no tempting *Bates* could lure them there again.

Another narrow escape they had was among the shallows of Reading, where, in spite of the lack of depth, their pilot brought them safely through, damaging only a few of the passengers' nerves.

The ship fortunately set a good table, and the fried oysters and raspberry sherbet of Mr. R. S. Loom(i)s like a rock in the memory and digestion of the epicures.

Many also remember with pleasure their trip to the Holy Land and the sonorous notes of the chapel *Bell* among the ruins.

The ship has landed, and the voyagers may follow out their desires without interference; but drawn together by the tie of fellow-passengership, may we not look back with tenderness to the qualms and expectations, the calms and storms, of the voyage of 'oty 3?



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# Preparatory Class

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ELIZABETH POLHEMUS . . . . .	<i>Newton Centre, Mass.</i>
BESSIE PRICE . . . . .	<i>New York, N. Y.</i>







# History



## The History of Lasell



It was in the year 1851 that Edward Lasell, Professor of Chemistry in Williams College, founded Lasell "Female Seminary" at Auburndale, West Newton, Mass., for the purpose of the higher education of young women,—which was an unusual venture at this time.

During the first few years G. W. Briggs, A.M., and J. Lasell, A.M., were principals, and there were six assistant instructors and one lecturer on Physiology and Anatomy. Most of the one hundred and nine students were day scholars; only twenty-three of the entire number came from other states than Massachusetts, and none from beyond the Mississippi.

The building consisted of the main portion and the west wing, then two stories high. The parlor was on the left of the entrance, now used as an office, while the office was across the hall in a room now occupied by students.

The class rooms, on the first floor, formerly three in number, but later divided into four, are well known to all Lasell girls. The library is now used as a reading room, and the present library, although containing a few books, was used as a music room.

The chapel room remains about the same, with a fireplace in the back where the pipe organ stood, and the old desks replaced by opera chairs. The chapel no longer serves as a study as it once did, for the girls study in their rooms.

There was no gymnasium prior to the year 1862, when a "commodious gymnasium was fitted out at a large expense" in the basement. The apparatus consisted of dumb-bells, and the places on the floor were marked

with black painted footsteps, designed with an eye to all possible or impossible growth. The whole school met there for one half hour for calisthenics before retiring. Before the establishment of the gymnasium, however, physical culture had been introduced.

In the first catalogue, issued in 1853, the tuition is \$200 for boarding pupils and \$48 for day scholars. The year was divided into two sessions: the first from September 15th to February 1st; the second from February 23d to July 14th.

Weekly compositions were required from all students, which was the custom for many years. Later, every Monday morning some simple question was given to the students to answer in writing either at once or during the week. Among these were: "Give the difference between a day's journey and a Sabbath day's journey, as mentioned in the Bible." "What direction is the North Pole from Australia?" "Name the twelve apostles." "What were the seven wonders of the world, and how many remain to-day?"

Some rules, applicable to the present day, are found in the early catalogues. For instance: "Young ladies must come here for the purpose of *study*, and not for eating and drinking." "Young ladies will not be allowed to eat confectionery." Some were more strict, as: "Boarding pupils are not allowed to attend theaters or parties; to walk, ride, or, except by request of parent or guardian, to correspond with any gentleman other than father, brother, uncle or guardian. Correspondence is expected to be select and limited; that between parents and children, or guardians and their wards, is held sacred, and permitted without the least restriction. All other correspondence, however, is liable to inspection."

The girls were not allowed to walk without a chaperon, and on every afternoon the Seminary started forth by twos, preceded by a teacher. There were exceptions, however. For several years a system of self-government was employed. For the first term all new girls were placed on what was known, by them at least, as the Crazy List. At the end of the term those who were in perfect sympathy with the school, who used no mucilage in putting up pictures, and stuck no pins in the walls, were placed on the Roll of Honor. These girls were not required to study in chapel, under a

teacher's watchfulness. A very few were promoted, at once, from the Crazy List to the Self-governed, which was a highly privileged class. Those fortunate enough to be on this list could study in their rooms, walk when and where they chose, and could even go into Boston whenever they pleased. When anyone on the Roll of Honor or Self-governed List was found to be abusing her privileges she was put back on the Crazy List.

Among the branches taught in the early years, making wax flowers and fruit and inlaying pearl held an important position.

In 1853 Professor Lasell died, and George W. Briggs succeeded him as principal until his resignation in 1862, when Rev. Charles W. Cushing became principal. In 1873 the school was purchased by some of the leading men of Boston, who called Charles C. Bragdon to its control.

During Mr. Bragdon's principalship there have been many changes. In 1881 the building was enlarged by the addition of a wing, containing large parlors, a new dining room (the old one being cut into class rooms), music rooms, hospital and students' rooms. About this time a practice kitchen and a large gymnasium, furnished with all modern appliances, were added.

With the increased advantages and broadened course of study the tuition has gradually increased to \$600 a year.

There are many advantages which the Lasell students of late years have enjoyed. Military drill has been instituted, and an officer of the army, on two afternoons a week, transforms the girls into veritable soldiers.

One night a week is usually given over to lectures, and the students have the opportunity of hearing some of the best lecturers of the day. There is also a course of law lectures every year.

For many years it has been the custom for the girls to publish the *Lasell Leaves*. In 1867 a society known as the "Novices"—the mother society of the present "S. D.," "Lasellia" and "Delta" clubs—established a paper for amusement and profit, which was read at their fortnightly meetings. This paper bore the name *Lasell Leaves*.

When the "Novice" was succeeded by the "S. D." the little paper was forgotten; but in 1875 it appeared in a new form, with the same name, however.

Harvard was evidently well known to those students of early days, for in the first copy of the *Leaves* appeared: "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."

In one feature Lasell is unique, or rather was unique until its methods were adopted by other schools; this is in the experience given the girls in practical housekeeping. After one year of lectures on cooking, and another of practice, the girls, six at a time, are given a few weeks' experience in housekeeping at the annex. They learn to buy food in the Boston markets, and then, in turn, to prepare and serve the meals.

Students from colleges may wear their trophies in the form of oars, tennis rackets and golf sticks; but to the lot of the Lasell girl most proficient in the art of bread making falls the little gold or silver loaf.

In this course, and in dresscutting, millinery, music, oratory and the regular courses of study, Lasell fits her daughters for a life of usefulness in the home and in the world, in a manner excelled by no other school.







*Decca, Phila.*







## S. D. Society

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LOIS THOMAS ) FANNIE BROOKFIELD )	<i>Ushers</i>







*Dreka, Pinta*



# Lasellia Club

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CORINNE RICHTER		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
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GRACE WOODWORTH		.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	
GLADYS PATTERSON	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Guards</i>
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SAMUEL WARD CO. BOSTON

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## Robbie and the Girl Question



YELLOW chrysanthemums were really at the bottom of the matter, for if it had not been for those yellow chrysanthemums Robbie would, perhaps, never have become acquainted with Marjory's Cousin Alice—and then Uncle Fred,—but that will come later.

You see it all came about in this way: Robbie had come from the school for boys near Boston which he attended, to spend the Christmas holidays in his home in a Western city. Of course he was glad to see father and mother again; still he was lonesome sometimes. If Uncle Fred had been there it would have been different. But as it was, there were no boys at all in the neighborhood; indeed no person eligible for a playmate except the little girl who lived next door.

“Why don't you get acquainted with her?” Robbie's mother had said.

But Robbie had scorned the idea. Girls! He had the utmost contempt for the silly creatures. The very name girl was followed by a big interrogation point in his own mind, and the warning “Dangerous! Beware!”

But one morning, when he was skating up and down the front walk on his new roller skates, the little girl next door came out on her porch. She had on a pretty red cloak with a wide lace collar over which her flaxen curls waved and frolicked. In one hand she carried a pair of roller skates, and in the other a piece of cake with chocolate frosting.

She sat down on the steps and began putting the skates on, but her small fingers could not fasten the straps.

“Here, that ain’t the way,” exclaimed Robbie, who was watching. “Let me fix ’em.”

So he helped her fasten the skates, and she gave him half of her cake.

“I know who you are,” she said, smiling. “You’re Robbie Ainsworth. I’m Marjory Andrews. How old are you?”

“I’m almost eleven,” answered Robbie.

“I’m nine. I’ll be ten my next birthday,” said Marjory.

“I’ll beat you down to the corner,” said Robbie; and off they went.

That was how they became acquainted, and after that Robbie saw Marjory every day; and so good a playfellow was she that he at times quite forgot she was only a girl. He told her all about Uncle Fred,—Uncle Fred who was his ideal, who went to Harvard and played on the “’Varsity.” And she told him about her cousin Alice who lived in Boston, but who was visiting her mother then, and who could tell such beautiful fairy stories. So, when the time came for Robbie to go back to Redford Hall, he was very sorry indeed to leave Marjory.

“Why don’t you go over and bid Marjory good-by?” said his mother the morning of his last day at home; he was to leave late that afternoon.

Robbie went out and walked up and down in front of Marjory’s house, but somehow he didn’t have the courage to go in. Suddenly he saw a man coming down the street wheeling a cart quite filled with gorgeous yellow chrysanthemums, and he was calling out, “Two for ten!” (Oh that Robbie had never seen the flower man!)

He stood hesitating a few minutes. His father had given him a snug little sum for spending money, and he had it in his pocket then. He stepped up to the flower man and bought,—yes, a whole dozen of bright, yellow chrysanthemums with long stems. Then, quickly, before his courage should have evaporated, he ran up the steps of Marjory’s house and rang the bell.

When the maid had let him into the hall he stood holding the bouquet behind him, his heart beating violently. Through a doorway he could see into the library, where Marjory and two other little girls were sitting on the floor playing paper dolls, and beside them sat a young woman with dark hair waving from her forehead, and a sweet, pleasant face, whom he

instinctively knew was Marjory's Cousin Alice. She it was who came out into the hall.

"Marjory wanted me to ask you to come into the library," she said kindly.

"I can't," said Robbie. "I—I just wanted to see her a minute."

Then Marjory came, but how unlike herself she was. She looked at Robbie coldly, and Robbie trembled. Then she said, "Cousin Alice, this is Robbie Ainsworth."

"How do you do, Robbie," said Cousin Alice, so pleasantly that Robbie liked her at once.

Then turning to Marjory, he stammered out, "I'm—going away to-day—and—and I brought—you—these."

He held out the chrysanthemums, and Marjory took them. Just then came a suppressed giggle from the library. Two bright, red spots came into Marjory's round cheeks, and she threw the flowers on the floor.

"I don't want them," she said, walking away.

"Why, Marjory, aren't you ashamed," said Cousin Alice.

But Robbie could not utter a word. Slowly he picked the flowers up.

"You take 'em," he said desperately, holding them out to Cousin Alice, who took them gravely.

But Robbie did not wait for her thanks. Oh, the shame of it! What would the boys say; and Uncle Fred—would he laugh if he knew? But it was no laughing matter. After that, he—Robert Ainsworth—would let girls well alone.

He was so absorbed in trying to solve the question of Marjory's action that his mother concluded he did not want to go back to school, and she cried a little when she and his father went down to the station with him.

"It's so far, Robbie," she complained.

But Robbie reassured her by saying that he had traveled so much that a journey of a day and night was nothing to him. Indeed, he was very brave and manly as he bade her good-by; but then he felt quite grown up, for did he not have on the new suit with the long trousers turned up about the bottoms like Uncle Fred's, for which he had teased so long?

As the train puffed into the station, whom should he notice among the crowd at the ticket gate but Marjory with her father and mother, and there,



too, was Cousin Alice in a dark blue traveling gown, with her face just shaded a little by the blue crêpe veil that draped the rim of her hat.

Marjory saw him and nodded timidly, but Robbie looked straight ahead.

It so chanced that Cousin Alice got on the same car as Robbie, but she did not notice him, for she was in the front and Robbie in the rear. He sincerely hoped she would not notice him at all. The very sight of her brought the yellow chrysanthemums too vividly to mind; and small wonder, for she wore one of them on her coat.

She did not discover Robbie's presence, so well did he keep out of her sight, until the next morning.

Robbie had had a good breakfast in the dining car, and was gazing out the window. But the telegraph poles, bare winter fields, and deserted-looking farmhouses flew by unnoticed, for he was puzzling over a most bewildering question,—the girl question.

Just then a pleasant voice said, "Good morning, Robbie? Won't you have some candy?"

There stood Marjory's Cousin Alice holding out a box filled with tempting chocolate creams. Of course Robbie couldn't resist.

Then she sat down beside him.

"I've been looking all over for you, for Marjory said you were on this train," she began. "And wasn't it funny that all the time we were on the same car. Here, I have something for you which I must not forget," and she handed him a little note.

Robbie took it wonderingly, and opening read, written in a cramped little hand:—

"I am awful sorry bout the flowers. But Gladys Francis was in the library and she was watching. She teases me al the tim bout you and she told Nellie and Bessie you was my bow. So I did not dar take them. I am sorry. You will not be mad will you be? Pleas do not be. O, Robie you look lovly in your new suit. MARJORY LOUISE ANDREWS."

Robbie crumpled the note up and put it in his pocket.

"Aren't girls queer?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, they are," agreed Cousin Alice solemnly.

“You never can tell what they’ll do,” he went on. “I don’t care ’bout the flowers. If she didn’t want ’em she didn’t have to take ’em.”

“But she did want them; that’s just the trouble,” said Cousin Alice.

“Why didn’t she take ’em, then?”

“Well, you see that’s because she’s a girl, and girls are so queer,” replied Cousin Alice laughing.

“I should say they were,” exclaimed Robbie. “I’m glad there are no girls at school. Fellows are lots nicer. Uncle Fred said girls were queer, too, and he knows. He’s just splendid. We have such fun together. You see he’s at Harvard, and I see him often. He’s on the ’Varsity. Most likely you’ve heard of him, everybody has,—Fred Bronson?”

Perhaps it was well that Cousin Alice’s face was shaded by the crape veil, or even Robbie would have noticed its sudden paleness, and then the faint color that came in either cheek.

“I think—I have heard of him,” she answered, slowly. “And he’s your uncle?”

“Yes,” said Robbie, proudly; “we’re great friends. I’m going to Harvard, too, some day, and then when I get thru’ we’re going to travel around the world. Mama says Uncle Fred’ll be married and won’t go, but I said, ‘No siree; he’s got too much sense.’ Anyhow he thinks girls are queer, though he’s got the pictures of lots of girls in his rooms at college. There’s one girl ’specially, I guess he had a dozen pictures of her, and the fellows used to tease him ’bout her. I don’t believe, though,” Robbie added after a pause, “he ever took a girl flowers and she wouldn’t take ’em, do you?”

“Did you ever ask him?” she said.

“Well, no,” Robbie admitted. He sat a few minutes with a pucker between his brows.

“Say,” he said, “there’s something kind of queer ’bout Uncle Fred and the girl in the pictures. Once Mama told me Uncle Fred was going to marry her when he had finished college. I wouldn’t believe it, and he didn’t. You see he grad’ated last year, but he’s going there now so’s he can get some more letters after his name. What do you call ’em?”

“Degrees.”

“Yes, that’s it. But it was all kind of queer,” he went on. “I heard Mama and Aunt Hattie talkin’ one day, and ’twas ’bout Uncle Fred, so I listened. Aunt Hattie was saying that Uncle Fred really would have got married, but the girl—the one in the pictures—wouldn’t marry him, ’cause she was angry with him about something she thought he wrote in a letter ’bout her. But he didn’t write it at all. It was some one who didn’t like Uncle Fred. Aunt Hattie said the girl in the pictures was very unjust, and Mama said Uncle Fred’s whole life would be ruined. I don’t believe Uncle Fred really wanted to marry a girl. Anyway I haven’t any use for that girl in the pictures, have you?”

“No, indeed I haven’t,” said Cousin Alice, firmly.

So they talked on, and to Robbie’s delight his new friend seemed greatly interested in hearing about Uncle Fred, about whom Robbie never wearied talking.

They had lunch together, and during the afternoon Robbie told Cousin Alice about Redford Hall, and the tricks the boys played on poor old Professor Whitaker, but always the conversation reverted to Uncle Fred and “the girl in the pictures.”

As the time drew near for them to reach Boston Robbie became excited. “We’ll soon be there,” he kept saying. “Uncle Fred’ll be in the station waiting for me; then he and I’ll go and get a good dinner. He always tells me to order anything I want. You’ll see him, too, and I know you’ll like him and he’ll like you.”

“But I thought he didn’t like girls, and you see I’m a girl,” she returned, with a queer little smile on her lips.

“But you don’t seem like one,” Robbie reassured her.

Robbie had to curb his eagerness somewhat, for the train was delayed, and as a result they were several hours late in arriving in Boston.

“I didn’t write just when I was coming,” said Cousin Alice, as the train drew into the great rotunda of the depot. “So I know no one will be here to meet me. I’ll hire a carriage, for I don’t like to take a car so late.”

“Uncle Fred and I’ll take you home,” said Robbie, gallantly.

“Oh no, I can go alone, thank you,” she said, quickly.

When they had left the train and were inside the gates Robbie looked eagerly about; then, suddenly, he gave a sort of Indian war whoop.

“There he is,” he cried; “wait a minute and I’ll get him.”

“I must go now,” said Cousin Alice, hurriedly. “Good-by; I hope we’ll see each other again some time;” and she held out her hand.

“Why, don’t go now,” exclaimed Robbie, catching her arm excitedly. “I want you to get ’quainted with Uncle Fred. Wait here.” And he was off, running toward a tall, broad-shouldered young man in a long, tan-colored overcoat, who was scanning the crowd of people pouring through the gateway.

Robbie rushed up to him breathlessly, crying, “Uncle Fred!”

“Well, Bob, you at last,” exclaimed Uncle Fred, joyously, as Robbie jumped about him. “Here I’ve been waiting for the last three hours. Come on now; we’ll go and get dinner.”

“Wait a minute,” Robbie put in; “she’s back there.”

“She?” said Uncle Fred in surprise. “Why you haven’t had a flirtation on the train, Bob?”

“No, of course not!” rejoined his young nephew, indignantly. “She’s Marjory Andrews’ Cousin Alice, and she’s all right. We came on the train together. Come on;” and Robbie fairly pulled his uncle after him.

They reached the place where she had been standing, but—she had gone!

“There she goes! I see her!” cried Robbie.

In the big waiting room Cousin Alice had stopped for one moment to fasten her glove, but that was a fatal moment. Some one touched her arm, and, turning in startled surprise, she saw Robbie.

“What did you run away for?” he said, “Here’s Uncle Fred. Uncle Fred, this—gee wizz, I don’t know your name—’cept Cousin Alice.”

But it was Robbie’s turn to be surprised. Uncle Fred had stopped, a strange expression on his handsome face; then he lifted his hat. “Miss Everett,” he said, in a constrained voice.

Cousin Alice looked up a little. “Mr. Bronson,” she murmured.

“You knew him all the time,” Robbie gasped, when he had somewhat recovered his bewilderment. “And you never let ’on, and there I was telling you all about him! Well, I’ll be jiggered! But if you know him, why of course we can take you home.”

“No, no, Robbie,” she protested, hastily.

“Yes, sir, 'cause you said there wasn't anyone to meet you,” persisted Robbie.

“If you'll allow me I'll get a carriage, Miss Everett,” said Uncle Fred; and he was off, in spite of her saying, “Oh no, Mr. Bronson.”

“Come, get in, Robbie.” Uncle Fred had helped Cousin Alice into the carriage, and he was holding the door open for Robbie.

“Yes, come in here, Robbie,” urged Cousin Alice from within.

But Master Robbie had other intentions.

“No sir, you don't catch me riding cooped up in there,” he said. “I'm going to ride with the driver;” and he sprang up on the high seat.

“Do come,” called Cousin Alice again.

“Two's company, three's a crowd,” Robbie shouted back.

So there was nothing for Uncle Fred to do but get in. The driver slammed the door, and they started. The drive was a long one, for Cousin Alice lived in a distant suburb.

When at last the carriage stopped Robbie was off the box quite as soon as the driver.

“Well, good night, Robbie,” said Cousin Alice as she stepped out, and she took his sturdy little hand in hers. “You'll come to see me some time with—with your Uncle Fred,” she said gently.

“Is he coming to see you? Then you bet I'll come,” said Robbie. Then, in a whisper, “Say, isn't he splendid, though?”

“Yes, even better than you described him,” she whispered back.

“What do you mean, you young rascal, by telling the affairs of your uncles, cousins and aunts to people you meet on trains?” asked Uncle Fred, giving Robbie's ear a playful pinch as they drove to a hotel.

“She wasn't people,” said Robbie, but he looked troubled.

“Well, never mind, it's all right. You've settled the question.”

“What question?” asked Robbie, puzzled.

“Why, the Girl Question,” responded Uncle Fred, laughing.

*Robert Montgomery Bell*

# A Comedy of Terrors

## A CULINARY CONCOCTION IN TWO COURSES

[WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. SHAKESPEARE]

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Cook Lady	. . . . .	<i>A person worthy of consideration</i>
Housekeeper	. . . . .	<i>Given to squelching</i>
Dishwasher	. . . . .	<i>Uses Pair's soap</i>
Pan	. . . . .	<i>A ruling spirit of the kitchen</i>
Hostess	. . . . .	<i>Who is also a snob</i>
Host	. . . . .	<i>A small matter</i>
Mrs. L.	. . . . .	<i>Great discoverer of Ho-E-la pudding</i>
Guests, servants, supers, chorus, etc.		

### ACT I

SCENE: *Annex kitchen.* Thunder and lightning. Enter Dishwasher, trailing a mop behind her.

*Dishwasher:* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad, but, prithee, hast perchance had view of my dishcloth anywhere hereabouts?

*Cook Lady:* Yea, methinks I did see it beneath the stove; or, stay—it may have been within the lard pail yonder.

*Housekeeper* (A drawn look of pain somewhere): It was not always thus! There was a time when thought of food did give me pleasure (finding the coffee-pot and dishcloth in the coal pail). But oh, these naughty times! Beshrew me if I e'er will eat again! (Exit weeping.)

*Cook Lady* (singing, "And the dish ran away with the spoon"): Aye, marry, I ween they all did that; and sith this banquet must be made, I must needs have wherewithal to make it. But hold; if I bethink me right, this very morn I saw the sweet Dishwasher spread them on the porch to dry.

(Enter Pan, to do a little heavy work.)

*Enter Mrs. Loomis*: Hold,—listen all! Beneath our honored roof to-night some guests of great renown will grace our humble board, and for the coming banquet I have a pudding planned that will startle gastronomy withal.\*

But hold the receipt secret tight,  
As darkest mystery of night!

Exeunt all, singing,—

"Bubble, bubble, trials will double,  
Fire's out, and I smell trouble."

\*(Withal is used in three ways by Shakespeare.)

## ACT II

SCENE: *Banqueting Hall (Annex).*

*Mrs. Loomis* (soliloquizing, views festive board): If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, these rocks had been biscuits, and this boot-leather, savorous beefsteak. It is a good cook that can follow *my* instructions.

*Enter serving woman*: "Madame, dinner is served."

*Enter Host, Hostess, guests, servants, etc.*

*Host*: You know your own places. Sit you down. (Enter an apparition of soup.)

*Soup*: Alas, I feel as weak as if I had never taken "gym," and, too, methinks I lack savour. (Descends.)

Hostess graciously serves guests the tail of the beefsteak.

*First Guest* (to serving woman): Friend, Lasellian, fellow-school-mate, lend me an axe!

*Serving Woman* (most exceeding wroth): Sirrah!

*Second Guest* (to biscuit): 'Twere better me without than thee within. Avaunt! Be off!

*Third Guest* (absorbing a bullet, ostrich fashion) : Alas! 'tis but too true. They are as sick that surfeit with this fare as they that starve with nothing!

*Mrs. L.* (rising) :—

† And now, my hearers, I've a treat at hand;

You will a pudding eat that I myself have planned.

(Enter servant, bearing Ho-E-la pudding to the accompaniment of the orchestra playing loudly "Hoela.")

*First Guest* (with emotion) :—

All that glistens is not gold;

Often have you heard that told.

Many of us our lives would sell

If what's inside we could tell.

(All eat pudding.)

*Second Guest* (aside) : I will not yield, though even now I wot I see the carrion Death approach me. (Finishes pudding.)

(Hostess rings in hospital corps.)

(Exeunt all on stretchers.)

CURTAIN.

(*Amid thunderous applause.*)

† NOTE.—Rhyme is always used by Spear Shake in moments of great emotion.





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## Encyclopedia Lasellica

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**B**ESIDES being a dictionary, giving reliable instruction on all subjects and imparting general knowledge on everything, this lexicon contains many articles, tables and statistics, making it a valuable encyclopedia of universal information. In fact, we may modestly state that nothing has been omitted.

**Absentee.**—One who absents himself voluntarily or otherwise, depending on the amount of courage possessed by the absentee. A voluntary absentee receives an unexcused absence; an involuntary absentee, a pill and an “M. L. N.” The latter is much more difficult to obtain than the former, and more effectual in results. For authority of this subject consult “List of Unexcused Absences,” Bulletin Board; also, see “Windy”—and F. H. B.

**Auction.**—An event participated in with pleasure as an occasion to devote to the last magazine, writing home letters, or to finish up the week’s mending.

**Box.**—There are many species of box, the best known of which is “A box from home.” The contents of this is varied, depending on the individual by whom it is first opened. If by a preceptress it contains Huyler’s, broiled chicken, chocolate cake and preserves. If opened by a student the contents consists of clothes. In exceptional cases boxes have been found by a preceptress to contain clothes and by a student to hold other things. This is because of artistic skill and foresight in packing.

**Borrow.**—To ask and receive a gift.

**Busy Sign.**—A small scrap of paper on which one inscribes “Busy” or “Engaged,” when wishing diversion. Hung outside the door it is the signal for all who pass to rap and enter, and amuse the “busy” one with entertaining tales of their country home, the second girl, or the fierce scrape Cousin Jack got into last year at Harvard. Or the visitors may ask advice about their love affairs, or assistance in their studies.

**Caller.**—1. Formerly a visitor (obsolete). 2. A person, generally male, who, in the guise of a relative or friend of the family, enters a building—usually a boarding school—on the pretext of calling on one of the students. His real purpose, however, is to spy on the interior workings of the institution, to observe the ways and customs of the teachers, and to carry away any loose articles of decorations as souvenirs.

**Case.**—A dangerous malady, otherwise known as a strike; a contagious disease; prevalent in its most deadly form in densely populated communities, such as boarding schools. Scientific research has disclosed the following symptoms, with the hope that at their first appearance all energies will be exerted to nip the disease in the bud: first, a tendency by the victims for seeking and enjoying the exclusive company of each other; jealousy toward outsiders; a pronounced increase in the florist’s bill of each, or the receipt of anonymous pieces of floral decoration furtively left at the door of one or the other. From the latter symptom it may also be deduced that the disease first contracted by one has been transmitted to the other through the medium of flowers. The subject of cases has been thoroughly investigated by Dr. George, to whom we refer you for all further information.

**Church Fever.**—A very contagious disease, prevalent among schoolgirls. No absolute cure has been discovered to prevent it. Often diagnosed as backache, headache, sore throat or indigestion.

**Class Meeting.**—An assembly which Seniors often hold daily; to which Juniors have to be dragged; that Sophomores wish *they* had, and of which Freshmen are innocent. A name, the synonym of which is the perpetration of dark, mysterious deeds, subtle, uncanny preparations,

and a weird and awfully secrecy. Sometimes resembles a woman's rights meeting; often emulates a Yale-Harvard football match, and occasionally is a good imitation of the encounter of the Indians and Custer in his last fight.

**Crackers.**—A broad and liberal term, including all known manufactured food preparations. Used in certain localities with "fruit," as the idiom "crackers and fruit." This is a synonym for everything eatable under the sun.

**Cousin** (from cozen, to cheat). Gets its present meaning from the fact that persons passing as "cousins" in this region are generally fictitious.

**Dictionary.**—An article which meekly undergoes abuse in the elocution classes. If Daniel Webster is being quoted, will stand most anything.

**Kimono.**—A costume equally suited for a morning or house gown, afternoon affairs, evening social events, theatricals, and everyday wear. Economical and attractive.

**Lend.**—To make a present of.

**Lost Drawer.**—An article of convenience never known to have been lost yet. Any personal belonging once entering this drawer is, however, lost to sight forever.

**Love.**—(The editorial staff disagreed so strongly on this question that explanation has been omitted.)

**Nancy Hanks.**—A steed of charitable interests badly overworked from carrying the Latin class. An Arabian charger who neighs only in blank verse.

**Post-office Key.**—An artistic ornament for the hair, generally worn dangling from a hairpin.

**Photograph.**—A convenient article, a collection of which form a diverse and multiplexuous substitute for wall paper. The usual kind, much sought after, is that representing the head and shoulders of a young man, often varied by different styles of wearing apparel, or by position;

occasionally a full-length view being utilized. If the walls are to present a bizarre effect, photographs of the same, in groups, are introduced in different spots; or, a vogue in style at present, the gentlemen are pictured in football costume, in athletic or swimming suits, walking, driving, at home, on the back stoop, in disguise, etc. To be fashionable the wall covering must consist strictly of pictures of men; the correct way of obtaining which is for a young lady to offer to exchange immediately after having been introduced.

**Privileges.**—A word of indefinite origin, believed to have been first used by the Class of '02. There are Senior privileges, such as that of going to Keith's, if desired; Junior privileges, too numerous to specify; and "social privileges." Mistakes may often arise from a misunderstanding of the meaning of this word; for further explanation, see Lasell Catalogue unabridged and Guide to Life at Lasell.

**Senior.**—A word derived from Latin "senior," meaning older. This is used only in a comparative sense, and does not apply at all to the time when actions speak louder than words. A person of great authority and dignity; the pride of an awed, admiring family, and the recipient of innumerable, untiring attentions from an individual designated as "supe." The Senior reaches her zenith of glory at a time called "class night." After the short period called Commencement, she resigns herself to everlasting obscurity.

**Shoehorn.**—An article used for spreading butter, serving deviled ham, opening letters, and pounding nails.

**Silent Hour.**—Time devoted to making calls, hair laundering, letter writing, reading *Smart Set*, practicing elocution lessons, counting laundry, writing compositions for the coming week, and the hundred other little things that cannot be accomplished in study hour.

**Sofa.**—An article found in parlors; strictly for ornament. Fine imposed on couples occupying the same, the amount collected to be sent for the benefit of foreign missionaries.

**Stepladder.**—Something supposed to be stationed in every hall for purpose of hanging pictures, but which is found to be a myth. Probably existed in pre-historic times, but is not discernible at the present date.

**Supe.**—1. An indispensable attachment to a Senior, supposed to aid, advise, assist, help and wait on the same (obsolete). 2. An easy-going individual who accepts favors and presents from her Senior, and allows the same to do her errands in Boston on Mondays.

**Transom.**—If open, a conversation carried on behind one of these useful articles will successfully waken a corridor of girls. May be used to air your room and your secrets at the same time.

**Walking Period.**—The time between 2.20 and 3.00. Commonly used for cooking lessons, Leaves Association meetings, lectures, auctions, Shakespeare recitations, class meetings, play rehearsals, vocal lessons, chorus and examinations.

**Waltham.**—An obscure hamlet, noted for its variety of birthday gifts suitable for distant relatives.

**Work.**—Something we've all done for the ALLERLEI.







## The Masquers



THE Masquers Society was founded in December, 1903. Its purpose is dramatic and social, and its aim is to engender loyal school spirit, and imbue a liberal feeling of fellowship among all the girls. Requirements for membership do not consist alone in dramatic ability, but also in possessing the liberal spirit of the Society.

Applications will be received from any desiring to join, the Society reserving the right to vote upon them.

### MEMBERS

ETHEL BAIN HOOK  
 EDNA MERCY SAWYER  
 ADÈLLE HUMPHREY  
 GLADYS PATTERSON  
 EDNA MAY ROGERS  
 RAY BEULAH SPITZ  
 LENA ARMSTRONG  
 ETHEL M. CLARKE  
 EDNA HARRISON LOCKWOOD  
 AGNES DRAKE

CORINNE ELIZABETH RICHTER  
 MARY LUCILE ZELLER  
 EDITH CLARA HARBER  
 ANNIE GLENN  
 ELIZABETH BENO  
 HELEN E. WALLACE  
 BERTHA BRIGHAM HAYDEN  
 MARTHA GAY HASKELL  
 META M. BUEHNER  
 CALLIE LE SEURE

FRANCES LEAVITT

FIRST ELECTION

ETHEL HOOK . . . . . *Business Manager*  
 EDNA SAWYER . . . . . *Critic*  
 GLADYS PATTERSON . . . . . *Property Man*  
 ADELLE HUMPHREY . . . . . *Janitor*  
 RAY SPITZ  
 ADELLE HUMPHREY }  
 EDNA SAWYER } . . . . . *Executive Committee*  
 EDNA ROGERS }

SECOND ELECTION

EDNA SAWYER . . . . . *Manager*  
 RAY SPITZ . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 EDNA LOCKWOOD . . . . . *Stage Manager and Property Man*  
 LENA ARMSTRONG . . . . . *Janitor*  
 GLADYS PATTERSON }  
 LUCILE ZELLER } . . . . . *Executive Committee*  
 EDNA ROGERS }







MARY AUGUSTA MULLIKIN

*Instructor*

STUDENTS

EDITH SOLOMON

EDNA LOCKWOOD

EDNA SAWYER

JESSICA HAVILAND

BLANCHE HARBER

HELEN HASKELL

MARIE WILSON

EDITH McMULLEN

MARY CONOVER

MAUDE MARRIOTT

Laura SIMONS

ANNA ANDREWS

ETHEL CROSBY

ETHEL HOOK



## Canoe Club

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JOEL LAPOWSKI, '03 . . . . . *President*  
FRANCES LEAVITT, '03 . . . . . *Vice President*  
MIRIAM NELSON, '05 . . . . . *Secretary*  
CARRIE GEORGE, '03 . . . . . *Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

MISS RANSOM	GLADYS PATTERSON, '04
CALLIE LE SEURE, '03	RAY SPITZ, Sp.
HELEN DANFORTH, Sp.	JANET BRYCE, '06
FLORENCE SMITH, Sp.	ISABEL BLACKSTOCK, '03
IDA MALLORY, '03	ELLA EBELING, '04



# Glee Club

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ETHEL HOOK, '04 . . . *President, Accompanist*  
 EDNA SAWYER, '03 . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 JANE FORD, '04 . . . *Librarian*  
 ISABEL BLACKSTOCK, '03 . . . *Business Manager*  
 FLORENCE SMITH, Sp., *Assistant Accompanist, Critic*  
 MISS BATES . . . *Director*

## FIRST SOPRANO

AGNES DRAKE, '03  
 JANE FORD, '04  
 LUCIA PARCHER, Sp.  
 FLORENCE GROUT, Sp.

## SECOND SOPRANO

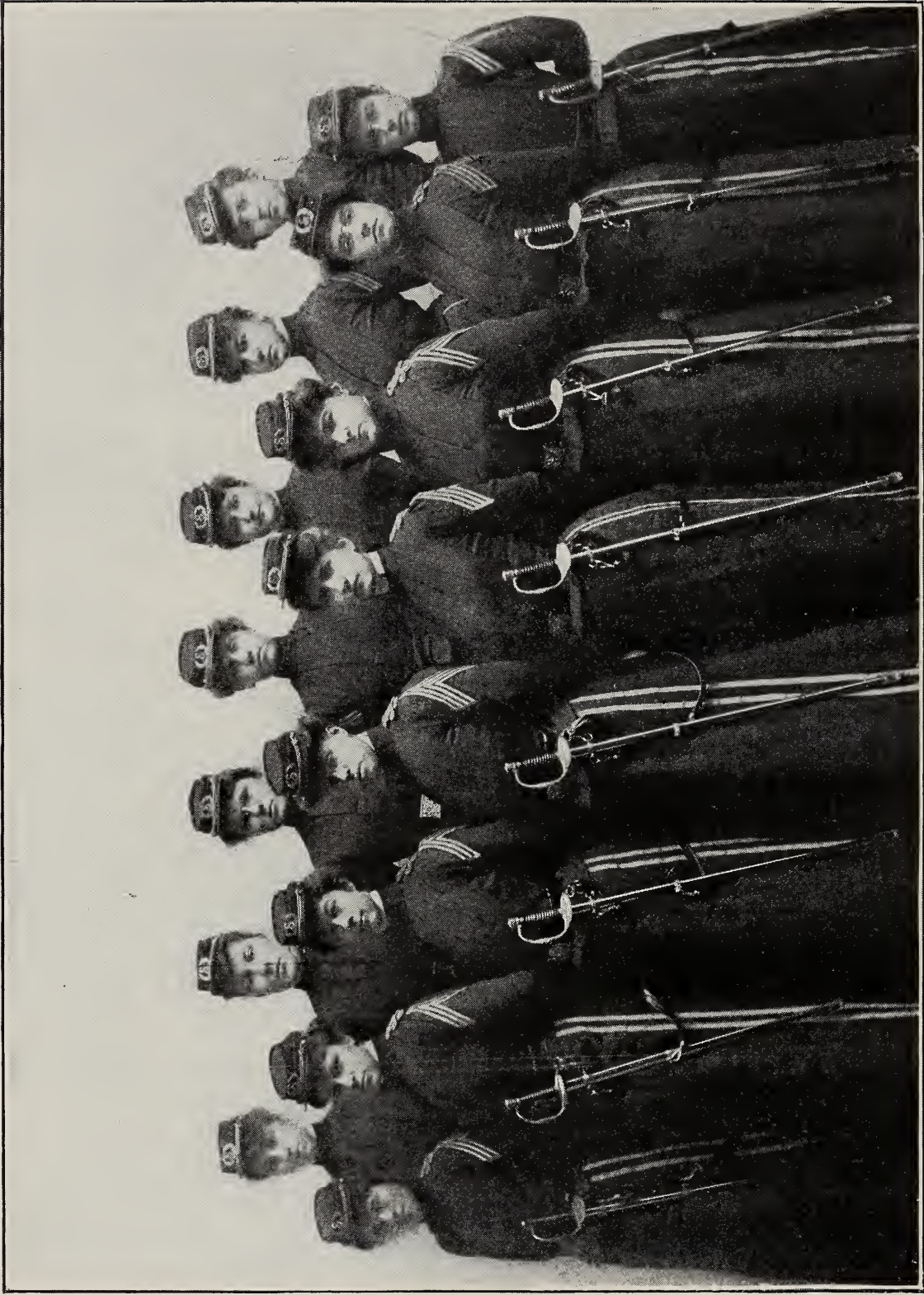
EDNA SAWYER, '03  
 ISABEL BLACKSTOCK, '03  
 FLORENCE HELLMAN, Sp.  
 ETHEL CLARKE, '04

## FIRST ALTO

BARBARA VAIL, '05  
 MABEL CARTER, '04  
 ANNE GLENN, '05  
 MARY CONOVER, Sp.

## SECOND ALTO

MISS BATES  
 ROBERTA CLARK, '05  
 JANICE GRIFFIN, '04  
 LUCILE ZELLER, '04



# Drill

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## COMPANY A

JOEL LAPOWSKI . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
MIRIAM NELSON . . . . .	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
CALLIE LE SEURE . . . . .	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>
KATHARINE JENCKES . . . . .	<i>First Sergeant</i>
ELLA EBELING . . . . .	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
CONSTANCE ERDMAN . . . . .	<i>Third Sergeant</i>

## COMPANY B

CARRIE GEORGE . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
MABELLE WHITNEY . . . . .	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
BERTHA MANCHESTER . . . . .	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>
JANE FORD . . . . .	<i>First Sergeant</i>
COURTENAY HARLAN . . . . .	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
SARAH SOULE . . . . .	<i>Third Sergeant</i>

## COMPANY C

LENA ARMSTRONG . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
MARIE BIDDLE . . . . .	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
ALICE STAHL . . . . .	<i>First Sergeant</i>
BARBARA VAIL . . . . .	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
IDA MALLORY . . . . .	<i>Adjutant</i>

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# Orphean Club

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## DIRECTOR

MR. HENRY M. DUNHAM

## PIANIST

MISS FLORENCE M. SMITH

## ORGANIST

MISS NELLIE NUTT

## FIRST SOPRANO

ELIZABETH BENO

MABEL HARRISON

EMMA BONE

MAUD MARRIOTT

MARGUERITA BUEHNER

BEATRICE POPE

BESSIE DENNIS

LUCIA PARCHER

AGNES DRAKE

CORINNE RICHTER

JANE FORD

MARGUERITA SPANG

FLORENCE GROUT

HELEN WALLACE

HELEN ORCUTT

## SECOND SOPRANO

ISABEL BLACKSTOCK

EMILY HALE

ADELLE BACH

NELLIE HART

EDITH BURKE

EDITH HARBER

MABEL CARTER

BERTHA HAYDEN

ETHEL CLARKE

IDA MALLORY

## ALTO

ROBERTA CLARK

MARJORIE HALLIDAY

ETHEL CROSBY

FLORENCE HELLMAN

ANNE GLENN

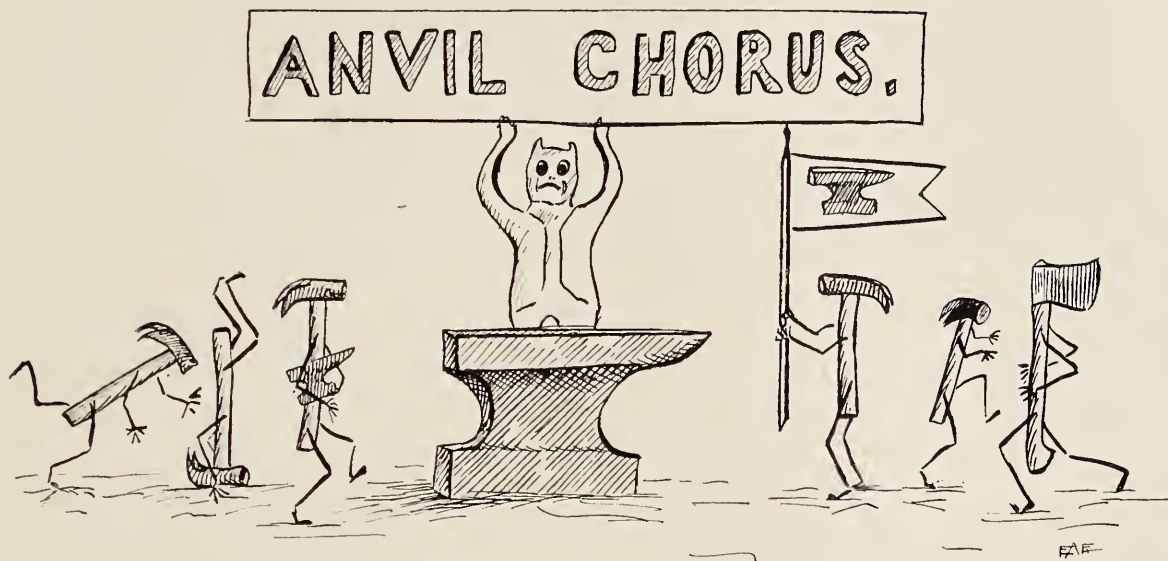
ETHEL HOOK

JANICE GRIFFIN

EDNA SAWYER

LUCILE ZELLER





FLORENCE HELLMAN,

*The Right Royal High Noble Lady Musical Director*

GRACE HARDY . . . . . *Soprano*

ELLA EBELING . . . . . *Mezzo-Baritino*

EDNA LOCKWOOD . . . . . *Squealo-Agitato*

JOEL LAPOWSKI . . . . . *Basso-Thunderoso*

CHORUS

EDNA SAWYER

JO HOLMES

FAN BROOKFIELD

MARIE BIDDLE

BERTHA HAYDEN

ETHEL HOOK

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CARPENTER

MR. BELL

EXTRA HONORARY MEMBER

EDNA ROGERS

FLORENCE SMITH,

*Keeper of the Golden Hammer and Grand Arch-slammer*

ELIZABETH BENO }

MABEL POOLER }

. *Administrators of First Aid to the Injured*

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## Christian Endeavor Society

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EDITH EBERSOLE . . . . .	<i>President</i>
LUCY MOORE . . . . .	<i>Vice President</i>
ETHEL CROSBY . . . . .	<i>Secretary - Treasurer</i>
BARBARA VAIL . . . . .	<i>Lookout Committee</i>
MARIAN ATWELL . . . . .	<i>Prayer Meeting Committee</i>
JULIA MARTIN . . . . .	<i>Music Committee</i>
CALLIE LE SEURE . . . . .	<i>Entertainment Committee</i>




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## Missionary Society

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IDA MALLORY . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ISABEL BLACKSTOCK . . . . .	<i>Vice President</i>
MABELLE WHITNEY . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
BARBARA VAIL . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
CALLIE LE SEURE . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
LILIAN PACKARD . . . . .	<i>Executive Committee</i>

## Song of Otty Four

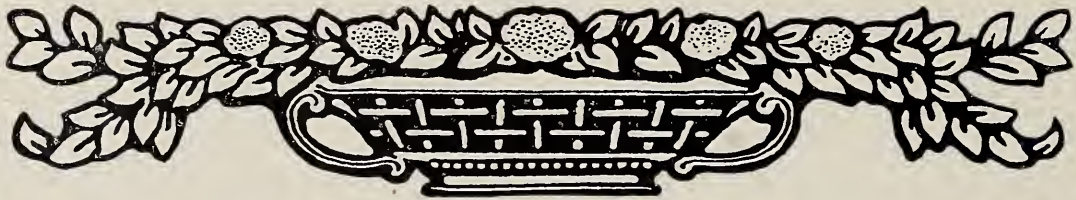
Far and wide among the building  
 Spread the famous name of Juniors.  
 No class could outdo the Juniors,  
 None could imitate the Juniors.  
 But the Faculty, mischievous,  
 They the ones who give the lessons,  
 They the ones who give permissions,  
 Plotted and conspired against them.  
 "If these mighty Juniors," said they,  
 "If these overpowering Juniors,  
 Keep on thus a little longer,  
 Showing all the world their prowess,  
 Filling all the world with wonder,  
 What becomes of us poor teachers?  
 Who will care for us poor teachers?"  
 So the Faculty so angry  
 Met together in their talk room,—  
 Held a seance in the office;  
 All conspired to down the Juniors.  
 So they summoned all their magic,  
 Summoned all the little spirits;  
 And the Manito, the big chief,  
 He who takes the list of whisp'ers,  
 Peers around for those that whisper,  
 Said, and waved his eagle feather,  
 Cried aloud, "O mighty Juniors,  
 Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
 Vain your triumphs and your prowess!  
 Well I know you, O you Juniors!"  
 "Ugh!" the teachers all responded  
 From their seats around the table.  
 Then the Juniors met together,  
 Had a meeting in their wigwam.

Very crafty, very cunning,  
 Were these overpowering Juniors;  
 And their leader warned them often,  
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
 "O, beware of all the teachers,  
 And beware of telling secrets.  
 Keep your secrets very quiet,  
 Lest the evil spirits hear you,  
 Lest the spirits come and harm you!"  
 Long they talked in peace together,  
 Spake with naked hearts together;  
 Pondering much and much contriving  
 How the Junior Class might prosper.  
 Now the watchful spirit Katchum,  
 And his brother, Kilaneetum,  
 Overheard this darksome plotting,  
 Came and listened to this plotting.  
 And that night they told a teacher,  
 In a dream appeared before her,  
 Warned her to beware the Juniors.

Many moons since then have hastened,  
 Many days to night have faded.  
 Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
 Never so well mown our campus;  
 And the black-robed braves, the Seniors,  
 Never had they walked so proudly!  
 At Wanamaker's, Queen of Hustlers,  
 Business had not prospered thusly  
 Since the Flood, the days of Noah;  
 And the very town was wakened,—  
 Auburndale the dead had wakened!  
 What means all this mirth and gayety?

Why this pleasantness, this thusness?  
Why this "life" and "joy" and "glory"?  
Why "Dear Everyone, I love you"?  
Who are these with happy faces?  
Who are these with hats expansive,  
Hats with Otty Four, expansive,—  
And with heads that amply fill them?  
Pleasant was the sunshine round them,  
Pleasant were their hearts within them.  
For behold the Juniors mighty!  
See the Junior Class triumphant!  
All that they had done had prospered;  
All their projects had succeeded.  
Recognized were they as chieftains,  
First among the classes were they!  
All the braves bowed down before them,  
Humbly bowed themselves before them,  
Bought their ALLERLEI, the year book,  
And to pay for it remembered.  
In the lovely Moon of Strawberries,  
In the Gym their foils they buried,

All their Indian clubs discarded,  
Washed the warpaint from their faces.  
And the Faculty, benignant,  
Buried all their warlike weapons,  
Lived in peace forever after.  
With a common love for music,  
All forgot their strife in music;  
Smoked the calumet, the peace pipe,  
Heard the organ play, the pieced pipe.  
Ended all were their contentions,  
Ended all their mischief-making,  
All their "cutting," and their shirking,  
All their different disagreements.  
Thus departed all the Juniors,  
All the Junior Class beloved,  
In the glory of the springtime,  
In the joy of going homeward,  
With the long months of vacation  
Stretching blissfully before them;  
And the thoughts of next year distant,  
And the triumphs which await them!



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## Answers to Correspondents; or, Snide Talks with Girls

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BY COUNTESS DE COUGH-BELLE

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CHATEAU CRAZY-CRANK, April 10, 1903.

TO MY DEAR A. C. W.:—

No; we do not consider it good form to use the title "Mister" in speaking of any very famous man, especially if the person in question possesses a title of nobility. We should, therefore, recommend saying Walter Scott or Sir Walter Scott in preference to Mr. Walter Scott. Thanking you in advance for the gratitude with which you receive my advice, I am

Sincerely yours,

COUNTESS DE COUGH-BELLE.

TO MADAME LA COUNTESS:—

I am a constant and admiring reader of your columns, by which you have helped so many with your kind advice, of which I am now in need. I am a young girl of seventeen, and am constantly receiving flattering attentions from gentlemen much my superiors in age. It is a continual source of annoyance to me that I cannot make my girl friends believe in their overwhelming affection for me, even by reading aloud their most ardent letters. Kindly instruct me as to some method I may use, and believe me,

Dejectedly yours,

AN ARDIFEROUS ADMIRER.

TO OURS DEJECTEDLY:—

We can only advise you to scorn this skeptical attitude of your friends. They may some day awake from their pin-headed skepticism to a full realization of your lovable qualities.

To — :—

Yes; you have the *élite* of Laselle to support you with regard to rules for dressing for breakfast. The most approved method is as follows: when the bell rings place your cuff-links and other small accessories of the toilet in your mouth; seize your belt and stock firmly between your teeth, pull on your shoes, and run. At the head of the first stair stop everyone behind you while you fasten your shoes. Then in your rush down the first flight, if you are very skillful you will succeed in adjusting the hairpins and combs in your hair and in fastening your stock. The rest can easily be arranged in the next two flights. If anyone comes in your way, knock her down and pass on. Push the door of the dining room open, and dash to your place while grace is being said. Perseverance is the only true way to success. Practice this faithfully every morning and you will soon attain perfection.

MY DEAR C. R. GOLDILOCKS:—

In answer to your questions I can say only this,—that elocution is very delightful in its place, but there are not many persons who are lovers of literature to such an extent that they care to be awakened with the birds by the sonorous tones of Spartacus.

To E. T. :—

You committed no desecration the night of the inaugural recital by wearing the tassel of your Senior cap in back. It is not the proper way to wear it, however, so do not do it again until you are a Ph.D. Before Commencement wear the tassel over the left side in front. No; I should not think that your attack of the mumps was caused by your mistake.

SONG BIRD :—

Singing is a beautiful accomplishment, and, as you say, a great deal of practice is necessary for attaining any degree of excellency. This practicing may be done in a practice room or in your own room; above all, be careful to choose some place where it will not disturb your friends. Do not rehearse your music in passing to and from practice, classes, etc.

## Guyed to Life

I'm a little square, white card,  
And I'll own I'm often marred,  
For the girls don't always handle me with care;  
In one corner I've a string,  
Which is tied through a small ring,  
And I'm hung upon a tack (a thing quite rare).

I'm on the back of every door,  
In every room on every floor,  
And so you see I must be known quite well;  
I've a title that should take,  
Also rules that none must break;  
I'm the Guide to Life at that good place,—Lasell.

There are days when you must work,  
There are days when work you shirk,  
But the former crowd the latter out of sight;  
There are nights when you may play,  
Though they're scarce enough, you'll say,  
But to break my rules will get you in a plight.

It is my sad work to tell  
That you get up with the bell,  
And at seven-thirty down to breakfast go;  
Take your time and stay till eight,  
Never leave food on your plate,  
And I'll advise you,—always eat your meals quite slow.

Then you march off to the gym.,  
Martial strains are played with vim,  
And young Amazons you must try to become ;  
If your appetite is poor,  
And you think you're failing sure,  
You will find that this will always help you some.

It is my glad work to tell  
That there's another little bell,  
That tinkles 'ere the morning is quite done ;  
And to lunch it summons all,—  
It's a truly gladsome call,  
And you'll willingly in that direction run.

Apropos of meals, I'll say,  
That your absence or delay  
Will mean that you must give a real good cause ;  
You must use paper and pen,  
Have a note signed " M. L. N.,"  
Or you'll find that complications make you pause.

There's still another little bell,  
Which I think you like quite well,  
For it bids you get your wraps and go to walk ;  
Do not loiter as you go,  
Not too fast or not too slow,  
Take a chum or two and have a good old talk.

At three your walk must end,  
And your weary way you'll trend  
Away up to your room to study some ;  
This is study hour, they say,  
And at this time each day  
You must put aside your rollicking and fun.

At 5.15 there is a sound,  
That makes your heart jump with a bound,  
For it says to you that dinner is most done ;



Then, in a quarter of an hour,  
Another sound of greater power,  
Seems to urge you in a voice most human, "Come!"

Ninety minutes more are spent,  
While many heavy heads are bent  
In study, and no visiting is allowed;  
But at nine,—well, I can't tell  
All the effects of that bell,  
You would appreciate it could you see the crowd.

In and out of rooms they fly,  
Every voice is lifted high,  
And 'tis always, "Good night, honey! Good night, dear!"  
Till at 9.10 there rings a bell,  
And I hardly need to tell,  
How quickly they all scatter,—is it fear?

One little box, I've heard it said,  
On Sunday mornings is well fed  
With great quantities of "sham pain." 'Tis too bad!  
Some really have to stay at home,  
And in their rooms remain alone;  
O, would that I for these a remedy had?

On Mondays things are a bit changed,  
For lots of girls have it all arranged  
To do some shopping or some business to transact,  
While others stay at home and clean,  
For they their share of play have seen,  
But on Monday eve the wanderers all come back.

And now I, the Guide to Life,  
I who have seen neither care nor strife,  
Am going to end my lengthy story here;  
Through a week I've taken you,—  
A Lasell week,—and 'tis true,  
I wish that it might be a Lasell year!

## Lasell Bullets

---

- I. B. One of the Trustees.  
 L. Z. Busy running Faculty meetings.  
 M. P. Down on her father.  
 F. S--th. Snobbish, and knows it.  
 E. S----r. Looking for trouble.  
 C. E--man. Has jugular veins, cerebellums and ventricals.  
 Go it, Jane, talk fast; life's short at best.  
 Is "Hump" back?  
 Who saw "Teddy" close?  
 What did Ethel Hook?  
 Is "Mannie" cured?  
 R. B. S. Talks of Archie in her dreams.  
 E. A. E. Thinks a cemetery is a cute place.  
 E. C-b- (in Livy). "Hannibal held his breath."  
 ALLERLEI Editors. Oh, for a joke!  
 H. H--k-ll. "Oh, I can't!"  
 A. B-ch. Doesn't like food.  
 E. S--man. Has "An Ideal Man."  
 M-b-l-e C--t-r. Unparalleled, invincible and unquenchable.

### A Tragedy in Four Acts

- Act I. Auburn Street.  
 Act II. Banana Peel—  
 Act III. Pretty Senior.  
 Act IV. Virginia Reel.

" Dear Everybody, I Love You! "

1. Mannie and Harbor, E.
2. Higley and Krause
3. Armstrong and Leavitt
4. Mrs. Loomis and Mademoiselle
5. Beno and Wallace
6. Biddle, Lapowski, J. and Jenckes
7. F. Brookfield and Night-Watchman
8. This, that and the other
9. Wadleigh and Parcher
10. Mrs. Martin and Everybody
11. Fuller, Richter and Woodworth
12. Mr. and Mrs. Bell
13. Lois and Hall Centre
14. Mallory and the Strenuous Life
15. Harlan and Leonard
16. Lockwood and Pawtucket
17. Hardy and Wellesley College
18. Eliason and Her Lessons
19. Bryce and Hamilton
20. Simons and Her Relations
21. Edna S. and Dynamite
22. Rogers and Miss Potter
23. Richter and Elocution
24. Danforth, H. and Ebeling
25. Grindle and Anything Handy
26. C. George and (changed since this went to press)
27. Juniors and Their Hats

Monday

Boston seems a-calling me.  
 Rushing off with wildest glee,  
 Out of Auburndale I flee,  
 Kind of glad to be set free.  
 End of this you can't help see.

The Faculty at Lasell are certainly enterprising. An entertainment recently given by them for the school was very interesting, and consisted of the following programme, of which the essays by different teachers were striking features:—

## PROGRAMME

1. Prelude (piano) . . . . . *Wordsworth*  
MISS CARPENTER.
2. Nocturnal Perambulations (essay).  
MISS POTTER.
3. Debate : “Resolved, that co-educational dancing be permitted at Lasell.”  
Negative, MR. WINSLOW.  
Affirmative, MISS PACKARD.
4. Selected Reading from Milton’s “Paradise Obtained.”  
MISS AUSTIN.
5. Spanish Song : “Driving Home the Cows” (Chinese as I have it heard).  
Mlle. LE ROYER.
6. Essay : “Pills I Have Met.”  
MISS NUTT.
7. Heart-to-heart Talk with Females.  
MR. BELL.
8. Recitation : “Stars I Have Known.”  
MR. WINSLOW.
9. Duet : “The Wanamaker Gavotte.”  
MISSES POTTER and BLAISDELL.

## Poor Supie.

*Miss W.* : Thank you, Supie, for making my bed this morning.

*Supie* : Oh, you’re welcome. Was it made right?

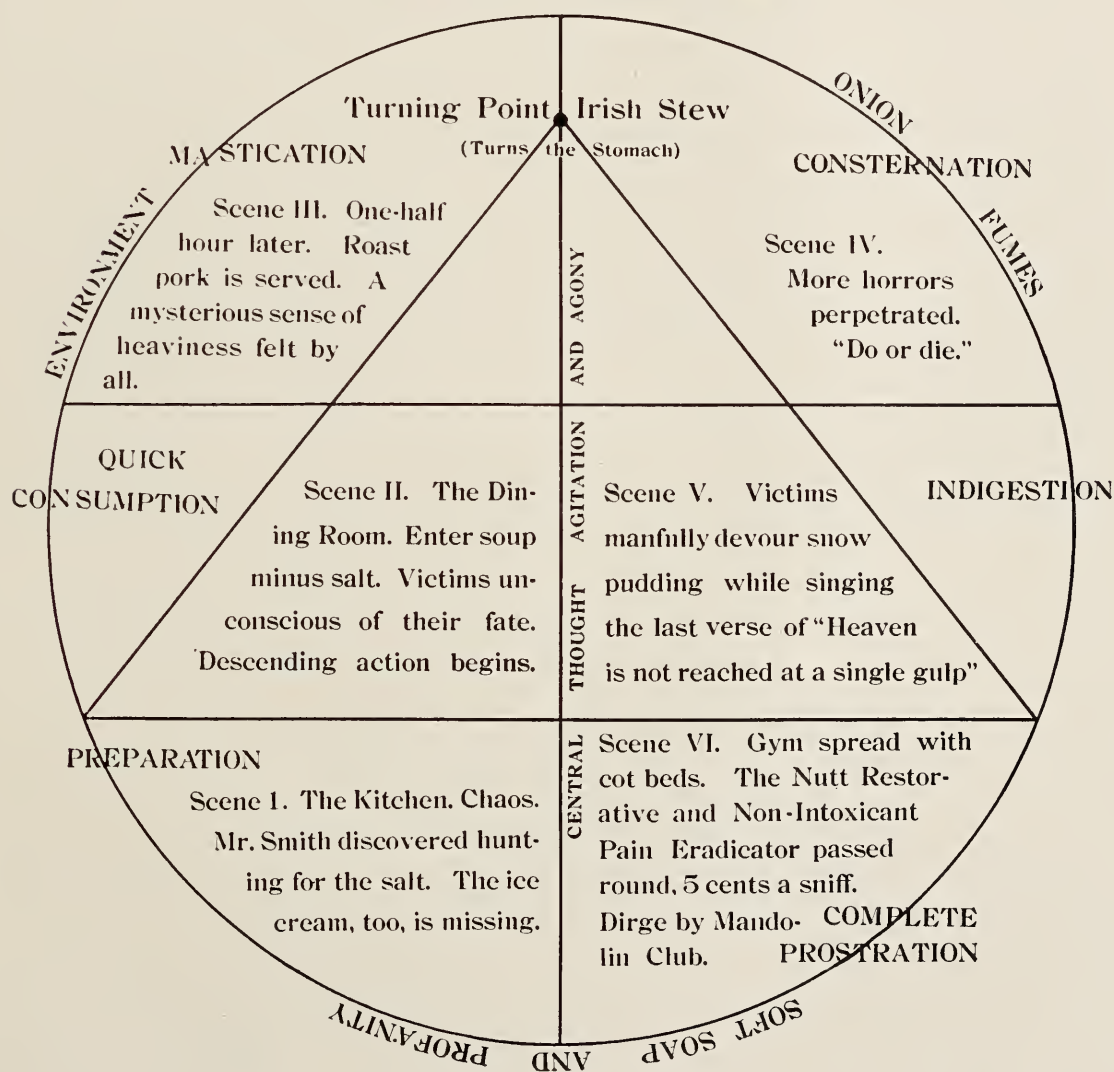
*Miss W.* : Well, yes; but you had better tuck it in at the back and pull the couch-cover up further, and turn it so that the torn place won’t show, and let it hang over more. And don’t put the blue pillow too near the light, and when the sun shines brightly put that light-striped blanket over the foot-board, so that the couch-cover won’t fade. And, oh! be sure to have all the covers smooth and tucked in firmly at the foot. Thank you!

# Three Times a Day

OR ("AS SIR HENRY WOULD SAY")

## A Gustatorial Tragedy

Diagrammed in a Manner Accepted by Shakespearean Authorities as One That  
the Youngest Child May Understand



## Of Interest to Juniors.

## SNIFFS FROM A SOUP TUREEN

Seniors	Supes
Lena Armstrong has lost her . . . .	“ (Helen Wallace)
Marie Biddle keeps tabs on her . . . .	“ (Corinne Richter)
Isabel Blackstock has a dramatic . . . .	“ (Gladys Patterson)
Agnes Drake has a literary . . . .	“ (Jo Holmes)
Edith Ebersole is well acquainted with her . . . .	“ (Edna Lockwood)
Constance Erdman is afraid of her . . . .	“ (Lucile Zeller)
Carrie George has a case on her . . . .	“ (Bertha Manchester)
Marie Gibert has an intellectual . . . .	“ (Louise Wadleigh)
Mary Goodwin has a “ dear ” . . . .	“ (Edith Govert)
Bertha Hayden and Room 5 don't know her . . . .	“ (Ethel Hook)
Sarah Hughes wants introduction to her . . . .	“ (Jennie Hamilton)
Joel Lapowski misses her . . . .	“ (Theodora Close)
Frances Leavitt has a poetical . . . .	“ (Julia Martin)
Callie Le Seure is fond of her . . . .	“ (Ethel Clark)
Ida Mallory has a conscientious . . . .	“ (Courteney Harlan)
Helen Orcutt has lemonade from her . . . .	“ (Alice Stahl)
Mabel Pooler uses her . . . .	“ (Katharine Jenckes)
Edna Sawyer has two rival . . . .	“(s) (Ella Ebeling, M. J.)
Sarah Soule is easy on her . . . .	“ (Lucy Moore)
Elizabeth Thorne caught a cold from her . . . .	“ (Inez Fries)
Mabelle Whitney works her . . . .	“ (Jane Ford)

## What Came Back?

She bought some little markers,  
 And she sewed them on her clothes.  
 She marked each garment carefully,  
 And laid them out in rows.  
 With mind at ease from this dread care,  
 She put them in the sack,  
 And Monday after luncheon

It  
 All  
 Came  
 Back.

### Our Schedule As Our Brothers Imagine It.

9.30	A. M.	Rising Gong.	
10.10	"	Breakfast in Bed.	
*10.50	"	Lessons in Manners.	
11.30	"	Lunch.	
		Quail on Toast.	Squab.
		Roast Beef.	Oysters.
		Individual Ices.	
		Demi-Tasse.	Fruit Cake.
12.00	M.	Drill in Correct Standing Position.	
12.20	P. M.	Recess.	
1.00	"	Advanced Lecture on Slang.	
1.40	"	Nap.	
2.20	"	Driving.	
4.00	"	Writing Letters.	
4.30	"	Begin to Dress for Dinner.	
5.30	"	End of Dressing for Dinner.	
5.30	"	Dinner.	
		Roast Duck.	Lobster Newburg.
		Frogs' Legs.	
		Angel Cake.	College Ice.
7.30	P. M.	Men Callers and Dancing.	
11.30	"	Bed Time.	
12.00	"	Midnight Spread.	

\*Candy distributed free of charge during recitations.

### Here's Where We Draw The Line.

#### MENU.

	"Delicious"	Corn Soup.	Black Bean Soup.
Tripe.		Boiled Onions.	Potato Salad.
	Sausage.	Egg Omelette (Special Brand).	
Creamed Beef	(?) Salad.		Purple Cabbage.
	Wiggle Pudding.	Tapioca Pudding.	
	Nervous Chill with Chastised Cream.	Custard Sauce.	
	Butter-Thins.		

### And Father Pays The Bills.

Violets, roses, pinks galore,  
 A Senior's heritage seem to be;  
 At night, for air, outside the door,  
 By day, worn proud that all may see.

Chrysanthemums, carnations red,  
 And daffodils; who sends them all?  
 Did some one mention "Cousin" Ned?—  
 The Harvard man who came last fall?

That chap from Yale? the Princeton lad . . .  
 But now to read the card I stoop;  
 This practice has become the fad—  
 "To Betty, from her loving Supe."

### Extracts From a Freshman's Cash Account.

AS SENT TO PA.		AS IT REALLY WAS.	
Rec'd, \$15.00.		Rec'd, \$15.00	
Laundry . . .	\$2.00	Laundry . . .	\$1.50
Postage . . .	1.00	Stamps . . .	.20
Symphony Tickets . . .	4.00	Luncheons . . .	3.44
Missionary Donation . . .	1.50	Huyler's . . .	1.56
Stationery . . .	.75	Keith's . . .	1.50
Carfare and Sundries . . .	.75	Flowers for Crush . . .	1.20
Crackers and Fruit . . .	2.00	Moondries . . .	1.00
Class Dues . . .	1.50	Midnight Lunches . . .	2.50
Doctor's Bill . . .	1.50	Class Dues . . .	.15
		Accounts Doctored . . .	1.95
	\$15.00		\$15.00

### In The Library.

MISS W.: Where did Wordsworth graduate?

MISS S.: At Cambridge.

MISS W.: Oh, did he go to Harvard?



## As We Know Them!

Hideous	Bunny	Mannie
Bub	Mike	Ham
This	Casey	Glory
That	Teddy	Sweet Squash
The other	Rosary	Nancy Hanks
Chubby	Danny	Heine
Trusty	Hump	The Great Unreliable
Skeptic	Precious Pie	Button

NOTICE.—Anyone guessing greatest number of these names, and sending guess with two dollars, will receive an ALLERLEI free.

## From One of Them.

I remember, I remember,  
 How in days that are gone by,  
 The Junior Board of Editors  
 Would meet and make a try,  
 With eagerness and courage,  
 To write an ALLERLEI.

I remember, I remember,  
 How in vain their thoughts did soar,—  
 The celestial spark of poesy  
 And wisdom came no more;  
 And five-fifteen approaching  
 Quite convinced them 'twas a bore,—  
 And a sorry pack of Juniors  
 Sadly filed out from the door.

## In Lit. Class.

Miss C.: Cæsar Augustus lived at the time of Christ. When was that?

Miss R.: About 406 B. C.

“I fear,” said the postage stamp on the student’s letter to her pa, “I fear I’m not sticking to facts.”

## "Nothing to do but Work"

**Q** You awake—or you ought to—at sound of the gong,  
And must hasten to dress, for your time is not long;  
You run down the stairs and rush to your place,  
Quite happy the door was not shut in your face;  
And though all through breakfast you are chatty and gay,  
Grewsome thoughts will steal in of the lessons that day.  
You've just thirty minutes and lots to achieve,  
So you finish your sausage and hasten to leave;  
You borrow a sweeper and set your room right,  
Then turn to the lessons you've left from last night.  
Now a rush in the hall—an unladylike shout—  
Announces the fact that the mail's been put out,  
And though you're expecting the chapel bell's ring,  
And are really quite certain you won't get a thing,  
You put down your books and hunt for your key,  
Then dash down the hall yelling, "Any for me?"  
Now the chapel bell sounds, and your work has begun,  
While as yet not a one of your lessons is done.  
You must go to your classes and make a big bluff,  
For of course they will say, "You've had time enough!"  
So the hours hurry by 'til twenty minutes past two,  
When according to rules some walking you do;  
But although chummy's waiting, and the sunshine is bright,  
You think of the letters you really should write.  
And when you return your work's still not complete,  
For there're periods of drilling and cooking to meet.  
Sometimes, by good chance, you've your lessons all learned,  
And think to enjoy the evening you've earned;  
But just when affairs seem going all right,  
Announcement is made of a lecture that night.  
"Now, surely," you think, as you hop into bed,  
"Our cares are all vanished, our hurry is fled;"  
Yet oftentimes the kitchen stove smokes, and you wake,  
Crying, "Fire!" with wild schemes of which hat you will take;  
And the least of your troubles is nightly to dream  
Of your German, of Archie, or perchance of ice cream.  
So you long for a time when you'll not have to shirk  
In order to do something else besides work.



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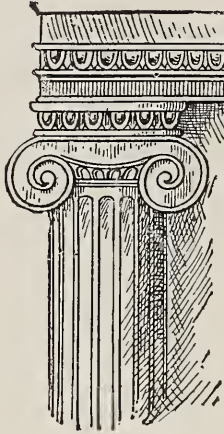
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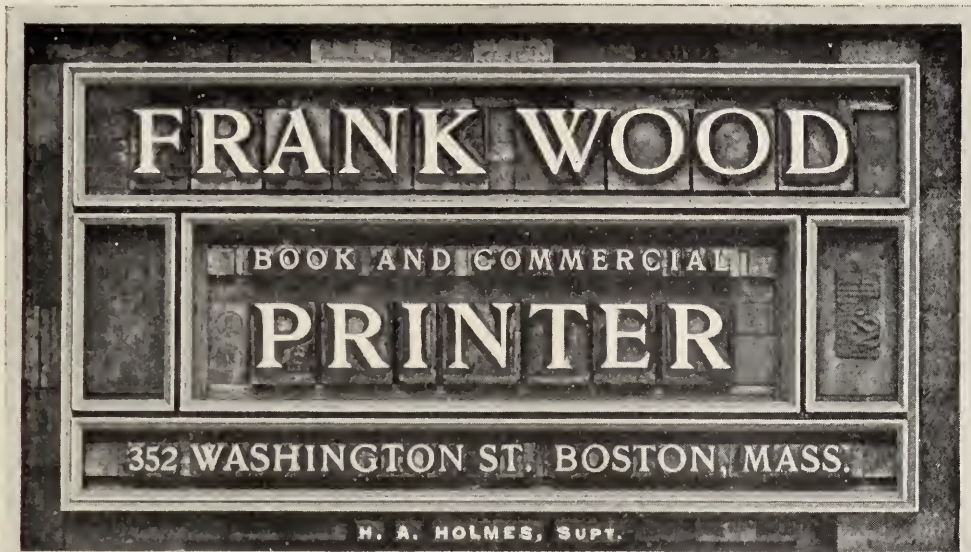
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There each one can tell a tale  
Of the dear and happy school days in that fair, sequestered vale.”—(Lasell Songs.)

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☞ "I want to tell you with what genuine pleasure I look back on my year spent at Lasell. I think anyone who goes to Lasell loves the school. I am sure I do." (A Lasell Girl.)

☞ "Her improvement has paid me a thousand times over for all costs."  
(Father of a Lasell Girl.)

☞ "We are more than pleased and satisfied with our daughter's progress during her stay at Lasell, especially in the benefit she received from the physical culture department. I can recommend your school for a high grade of education."

☞ "The year was truly, in all respects, a very happy one, and Lasell will always bring the pleasantest thoughts of happy times and true friends."  
(Another Lasell Girl.)

☞ "There are few schools that give as good advantages as Lasell."

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☞ "We love thy walls with learning gray,  
Thy trees and groves where squirrels play;  
And when we leave thee, with regret,  
Thy spirit will be with us yet.  
The sun shines brighter everywhere,  
Our hearts are lighter, for thy care.  
Three cheers, Lasell! we love thee well!  
All hail to thee! All hail, Lasell!"













