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## Salutatory

**F**ROM you, first of all, dear Faculty, kindest of friends, but severest of critics, we ask a lenient judgment of this, '07's ALLERLEI. You would gladly have spared us our labor, we know, but rather than relinquish what we consider our privilege, our duty, we chose the labor. And it has not been all labor. No, indeed; for in the pleasure of others we find *our* fullest pleasure, and our hope is, that some of these pages may draw a smile—nay, even a laugh from the reader. From you, Seniors, we ask that the past year may, in memory, be ever present with you as you turn the leaves of this book. Your own experience may, we trust, blunt the edges of your criticism. We have most to fear from you, undergraduates, for as yet your ALLERLEIS are glorious publications of the future, by comparison with which our book must suffer. May all linger long over the good, and quickly forget the imperfect, in this little book.



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*To*

DR. GUY M. WINSLOW, PH.D.

Whose personality we greatly admire, and for whose scholarly  
attainments we have the deepest regard,

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK



With best wishes for Lasell '07 from  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
February 17th, 1906



CHARLES CUSHMAN BRAGDON  
Principal of Lasell





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ANDREWS, MARIE LE BARON . . . . Parkersburg, W. Va.

*“ Little at the first, but mighty at the last.”*



1. Nickname  
    . . . . . *“ Marie Le Baron ”*
2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . *“ R-e-a-l-ly ”*
3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *Ina Harber*
4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *Herself*
5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To make others happy*
6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Liking for Shakespeare*
7. In love with  
    . . . . . *Green peas*
8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Conceit*
9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Always popular*
10. Super  
    . . . . . *Fern Dixon*

S. D.

MASQUER

EDITOR IN CHIEF OF

'06'S ALLERLEI

ANTHONY, EDITH HASTINGS . . . . . South Dartmouth, Mass.

*“Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose.”*



- 1. Nickname  
    . . . . . *“Edie”*
- 2. Pet expression  
    *“O dear! I want a letter”*
- 3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *De Pachmann*
- 4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *Cereal*
- 5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To be a great musician*
- 6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Desire for knowledge*
- 7. In love with  
    . . . . . *Fan*
- 8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Self-consciousness*
- 9. Will be  
    . . . . . *A noted pianist*
- 10. Supe  
    . . . . . *Florence Lane*

LASELLIA  
 SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS  
 PRESIDENT IN '06'S JUNIOR YEAR

BLACKSTOCK, ANNA GRANT . . . . . Shahjahanpore, India

*"Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat."*



- 1. Nickname  
 . . . . . *"Blackie"*
- 2. Pet expression  
 . . . . . *"O Pet"*
- 3. Ideal  
*A girl who can get high marks without study*
- 4. Antipathy  
 . . . . . *Suobs*
- 5. Ambition  
*To have as many strikes as possible*
- 6. Peculiarity  
*Singing Rufus' Rastus Johnson Brown*
- 7. In love with  
 . . . . . *Bob*
- 8. Minus  
 . . . . . *Never a smile*
- 9. Will be  
 . . . . . *21 years old*
- 10. Supe  
 . . . . . *Mary Masters*

LASELLIA

BUEHNER, META MARIE . . . . . Portland, Ore.

*"The black-blue Irish hair, the Irish eyes."*



1. Nickname  
    . . . . . "Beany"
2. Pet expression  
    *"O dear!" (with a gentle giggle)*
3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *A D(e)ut(s)ch teacher*
4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *A study in octaves*
5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To become an impersonator*
6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *A love of brass buttons*
7. In love with  
    . . . . . *French finery*
8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Pallor*
9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Married soon*
10. Supe  
    . . . . . *Louise Kelly*

LASELLIA  
 MASQUER  
 VICE PRESIDENT OF CLASS

BUEHNER, MARGARITA CATHERINE . . . . . Portland, Ore.

*“ Oh, when I see that smile appear  
My heart again is filled with cheer !”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Rita”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“It makes me tired”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *A traveler*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *To be in a hospital*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a Nurse (?)*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Neatness*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Shoes. Herself*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Height*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *A doctor's wife*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Cora Danforth*

DELTA



BUTLER, VERA MARIE . . . . . Beaver Falls, Pa.

*“ Her neat figure, her sober, womanly step.”*



1. Nickname . . . . . *“Jigs”*
2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Billy”*
3. Ideal  
*A neat little cottage built for two*
4. Antipathy  
*A mansion with scores of servants*
5. Ambition . . . . . *To get married*
6. Peculiarity  
*Promptness on all occasions*
7. In love with . . . . . *Billy*
8. Minus . . . . . *Collar buttons*
9. Will be . . . . . *A popular Society woman*
10. Supe . . . . . *Alice J. Chase*

LASELLIA

BUTTERFIELD, RUTH ELIZABETH . . . . . Kingman, Me.

*“A good child on the whole, meek, manageable.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Rufus”*
- 2. Pet expression  
*“If I could only graduate”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *An old maid*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Squalling infant*
- 5. Ambition  
*To go in search of adventure*
- 6. Peculiarity  
*Fondness for going to church*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Somebody?*
- 8. Minus  
*Ability to get up when the gong rings in the morning*
- 9. Will be  
*Successful in any undertaking*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Marion Atwell*

GAMMA TAU

CALDWELL, SARAH CUNNINGHAM . . . Corpus Christi, Texas

*"I am a pattern for housewives."*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . "Sarah"
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . "For pity's sake"
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *The owner of a sailboat*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *The 9.45 P.M. bell*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be somebody's housekeeper*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Her laugh and sneeze*
- 7. In love with . . . . . "Those who love me"
- 8. Minus . . . . . *A temper*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *A society matron*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Anne Vickery*

DELTA

CARTER, HELEN FRANCES . . . . . Dorchester, Mass.

*“There was something very winning in her haughty manner.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Hully”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“No-o, really?”*
- 3. Ideal  
*One who has an aim in life*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Crushes*
- 5. Ambition  
*To be a literary success*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Her love of study*
- 7. In love with  
*One who is yet to come*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Flesh*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Missionary*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Helen A. Wait*

DELTA  
TREASURER OF SENIOR CLASS

COGSWELL, MARIE . . . . . Portland, Ore.

*“Talked she knew not why, nor cared not why.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Cogsie”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Say!”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *A business woman*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *A society butterfly*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To earn her own money*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Affectation*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Herself*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *A superfluity of flesh*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *A leader of Woman's Suffrage*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Etta Handy*

DEALEY, ANNIE . . . . . Dallas, Texas

*“ O, blest with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Dealey A”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Mercy me!!”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *A red-cheeked lassie*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *To get up on Sunday mornings*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a great artist*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Rapid flow of speech*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Bookkeeping (?)*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *A strike*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Celebrated linguist (?)*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Esther Levi*

LASELLIA  
MEMBER OF ART CLUB

DEALEY, FANNIE . . . . . Dallas, Texas

*“Thou art a scholar.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Fan”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Na-ow Annie”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *A comfortable matron*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *To serve salad*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a charming hostess*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Lisping*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Housekeeping*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Slenderness*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Ranchman’s wife*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Jessie Tucker*

LASELLIA

FULLER, MARGARET MAY . . . . . Pawtucket, R. I.

*“ I hold it sinful to despond.”*



1. Nickname . . . . . *“Maggy May”*
2. Pet expression . . . . . *“ ’Tis that ; you know”*
3. Ideal . . . . . *A striking man*
4. Antipathy . . . . . *To pour cocoa*
5. Ambition . . . . . *To travel*
6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Ability to squelch*
7. In love with . . . . . *Dartmouth*
8. Minus . . . . . *Bashfulness*
9. Will be . . . . . *A leader at Dartmouth*
10. Supe . . . . . *Edna Sisson*

S. D.



GRAHAM, FLORENCE GERTRUDE . . . . Toledo, Ohio

*“Thou mayest see a sunshine and a hail in me at once.”*



1. Nickname  
    . . . . . *“Gertie”*
2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . *“O, talk to me!”*
3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *Any inhabitant of Toledo*
4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *Boston*
5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To go to matinees*
6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Ways of hairdressing*
7. In love with  
    . . . . . *Cora Penniman*
8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Never the blue silk waist*
9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Good housekeeper*
10. Supe  
    . . . . . *Bess Judson*

LASELLIA

HARBER, INA MARTHA . . . . . Bloomington, Ill.

*“She had the blithest little laugh you ever heard.”*



1. Nickname  
*“Lizzie Martha To Boom”*
2. Pet expression  
*“Ok, you villain!”*
3. Ideal  
*William Gillette*
4. Antipathy  
*Things that do not harmonize*
5. Ambition  
*To have everyone love her*
6. Peculiarity  
*Her laugh*
7. In love with  
*Caramels and mint wafers*
8. Minus  
*The kissing habit*
9. Will be  
*A leader of society*
10. Super  
*Jennie Johnson*

S. D.  
MASQUER

JOHNSON, BELLE AUGUSTA . . . . . Williston, Vt.

*“She taketh most delight in music instruments and in poetry.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Belle”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“My dear”*
- 3. Ideal  
*A musician with flowing mane*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *To play hymns*
- 5. Ambition  
*To become a great musician*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Love for music*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *German grammar*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *A lost heart*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *A prim little housekeeper*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Marjorie Gunn*

LASELLIA

JOHNSTON, MILDRED . . . . . Evanston, Ill.

*“A dimple is a tiny thing, to dream of and regret;  
But how that dimple twinkled—I never can forget.”*



1. Nickname  
. . . . . *“Johnny”*
2. Pet expression  
. . . . . *“Oh, that scared me so!”*
3. Ideal  
*Maude, because she is over  
five feet tall*
4. Antipathy  
. . . . . *Dimples*
5. Ambition  
. . . . . *To go on the stage*
6. Peculiarity  
. . . . . *Extreme neatness*
7. In love with  
. . . . . *Winnie, etc.*
8. Minus  
*Height, but makes up for it  
with a diminutive  
pompadour*
9. Will be  
. . . . . *Kindergarten teacher*
10. Supe  
. . . . . *Helen E. Carter*

LASELLIA  
MASQUER

KRAG, CORNNIE MARGUERITE . . . . . Columbus, Ohio

*“A spirit fit to start an empire.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Kraggie”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Oh, you do!”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Happy married life*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Old maidenhood*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To get married*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Loves to argue*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *R. E. K.*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *A solitaire and height*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Mrs. R. E. K.*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Edna Cones*

MARSTON, RUTH ELDREDGE . . . . . Campello, Mass.

*“ They say she knew much that she never told.”*



1. Nickname  
    . . . . . *“Tuttie”*
2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . *“You piker!”*
3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *A dignified professor*
4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *An insignificant man*
5. Ambition  
    *To become a missionary to*  
        *Japan*
6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Fondness for study*
7. In love with  
    . . . . . *All “Japs”*
8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Height*
9. Will be  
    . . . . . *An Ideal wife and mother*
10. Supe  
    . . . . . *Mary J. Richardson*

GAMMA TAU

MATTLAGE, CLARA KATHRYN . . . . . New York, N. Y.

*“That same face of yours looks like the title page to a whole volume of roguery.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Prissy”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Lucy”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Marion Stahl*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Violets (?) Dancing (?)*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To have a train*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Fondness for others*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Cornell*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Hairpins*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Eighteen*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Marion Stahl*

S. D.

McCLANAHAN, KATHRYN GWENDOLYN . . . . . Omaha, Neb.

*“She tells you flatly what her mind is.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Kate”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Snappy work”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Tech junior*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Philadelphia*
- 5. Ambition  
*To design headings for college clubs*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Not caring for social life*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *The West*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Hard work*
- 9. Will be  
*Touring with Miss Mullikin*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Ethel Wilde*

LASELLIA  
 EDITOR OF LASELL LEAVES  
 MEMBER OF ART CLUB



PEIRCE, CARRIE MILDRED . . . . . Brookline, Mass.

*“ So light of foot, so light of spirit.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Milly”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“You’re a nice one!”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Frances*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Some persons at N. W.*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a child actress*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Ability to talk fast*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Teddy*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Straight hair*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Brookline society belle*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Cornelia Hitchcock Eaton*

S. D.  
MASQUER

POTTER, JULIA ELIZABETH . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.

*"I have a jest for all I meet."*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . "Jule"
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . "Cheer up"
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *A trained nurse*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Bach*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a musician*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Soberness (?)*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Miss Parkhurst*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Work (?)*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Doctor's wife*
- 10. Super . . . . . *Ida Sisson*

S. D.

SAUTER, IRENE MARGARET . . . . . Westfield, Mass.

*“ Gentle in mien, word, and tongue.”*



1. Nickname  
 . . . . . *“ Babe ”*
2. Pet expression  
 . . . . . *“ My l-a-nd ! ”*
3. Ideal  
 . . . . . *Good housekeeper*
4. Antipathy  
 . . . . . *To flirt with known men*
5. Ambition  
 . . . . . *To travel*
6. Peculiarity  
 . . . . . *Fondness for sweet pickles*
7. In love with  
 . . . . . *Rabbits*
8. Minus  
 . . . . . *Pounds*
9. Will be  
 . . . . . *Mrs. R. S.*
10. Supe  
 . . . . . *Lillian Douglass*

S. D.

SIMES, MAUDE BURBANK . . . . . Boston, Mass.

*"A pearl of great price."*



- 1. Nickname  
    . . . . . "Maudie"
- 2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . "That's elegant"
- 3. Ideal  
    *A pedagogue of the first water*
- 4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *High society*
- 5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To do something*
- 6. Peculiarity  
    *Wonderful executive ability*
- 7. In love with  
    *Sunday morning breakfast!!*
- 8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Friends (???)*
- 9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Model housewife*
- 10. Supe  
    . . . . . *Katherine L. Balch*

LASELLIA  
 MASQUER  
 PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS  
 PRESIDENT OF MISSIONARY  
 SOCIETY

STRAIGHT, MAIE BLANCHE . . . . . Kent, Conn.

*“High flights she had, and wit at will,  
And so her tongue is seldom still.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Maybe”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Nibble”*
- 3. Ideal  
*Woman with indivisible heart*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Doughnuts*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be married*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Fondness for Japs*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Paul*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Curls*
- 9. Will be  
*Calvé's successor if given time*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Katherine Swett*

STRONG, SARAH HARRIET . . . . Amsterdam, N. Y.

*“Smooth run the waters where the brook is deep.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Sally”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Hooray!”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Charles Dana Gibson*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Early hours*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a good cook*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Coiffure*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *Human kind*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Demonstrative affection*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *A college girl*
- 10. Supt . . . . . *Martha R. Laurens*

GAMMA TAU

THATCHER, FANNIE IRENE . . . . . Bennington, Vt.

*“Childish, sweet, and woman wise.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Fan”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Cu-tie”*
- 3. Ideal  
*An authority on Parliamentary Law*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Strikes*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To sing*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Getting lessons done ahead*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *“Mickie”*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Evelyn Lapowski*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *Missionary*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Bess Bacon*

LASELLIA  
 PRESIDENT OF CHRISTIAN  
 ENDEAVOR SOCIETY  
 SPEAKER OF LASELL CONGRESS

TURNER, DOROTHEA LOUISE . . . . . Rutland, Vt.

*“A manner so plain, unaffected, and sincere.”*



- 1. Nickname . . . . . *“Dodo”*
- 2. Pet expression . . . . . *“Popper says so”*
- 3. Ideal . . . . . *Any resident of Montague*
- 4. Antipathy . . . . . *Work*
- 5. Ambition . . . . . *To be a farmer’s wife*
- 6. Peculiarity . . . . . *Strength of voice*
- 7. In love with . . . . . *The moon*
- 8. Minus . . . . . *Courage*
- 9. Will be . . . . . *?*
- 10. Supe . . . . . *Helen Heath*

GAMMA TAU



WASHBURN, KATHARINE CHENEY . . . . . Melrose, Mass.

*“Clever, but not conceited” (?)*



1. Nickname  
 . . . . . *“Kathie”*
2. Pet expression  
*“I don't wish you any evil,  
 but I hope you choke”*
3. Ideal  
 . . . . . *A Philadelphian*
4. Antipathy  
*Railroad rates to Pennsylv-  
 vania*
5. Ambition  
 . . . . . *To become a great singer*
6. Peculiarity  
 . . . . . *Tendency to holt on*
7. In love with  
 . . . . . *Her class president*
8. Minus  
 . . . . . *Pain*
9. Will be  
 . . . . . *Mme. Sembrich's successor*
10. Supe  
 . . . . . *Grace Louise Vicary*

LASELLIA

WILSON, LUCY GRAY . . . . . Washington, Ia.

*“And talked with measured, emphasized reserve.”*



- 1. Nickname  
    . . . . . *“Lucy Gray”*
- 2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . *“Oh, my goodness!”*
- 3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *A slight person*
- 4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *Long-sleeved dresses*
- 5. Ambition  
    *To live half the time in  
    Washington and half in  
    Chicago*
- 6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Non-talkativeness*
- 7. In love with  
    . . . . . *A freshman (two)*
- 8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Gift of gab*
- 9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Nice, stout matron*
- 10. Super  
    . . . . . *Clara Huttenbauer*

S. D.

YOUNG, ELSIE AGNES . . . . .

*“ I thus neglected worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind.”*



- 1. Nickname  
    [*Not in accordance with Senior dignity*]
- 2. Pet expression  
    . . . . . *“Give me time”*
- 3. Ideal  
    . . . . . *Dignity personified*
- 4. Antipathy  
    . . . . . *Frivolity*
- 5. Ambition  
    . . . . . *To be a teacher*
- 6. Peculiarity  
    . . . . . *Blushing*
- 7. In love with  
    . . . . . *Edward*
- 8. Minus  
    . . . . . *Optimism*
- 9. Will be  
    . . . . . *Married sometime*
- 10. Super  
    . . . . . *Etta May Thayer*

GAMMA TAU

# Senior History

## The Gypsy Oracle and the Class of '06

SCENE: A gypsy camp in a beautiful wood.

CHARACTERS: A gypsy fortune teller.

A little golden-haired girl, Mary.

Mother of the child.

Mary and her mother wandering through a wood, find themselves within a gypsy camp surrounded by gypsies, one of whom is anxious to tell the child's fortune.

MARY: O mother, what funny people! What can they want?

MOTHER: Only to tell you what you are going to do when you are a big girl. Would you like to have them?

MARY: Oh, let's! It would be great fun to know where I am going to school, and all about it.

*(Mother signs to gypsy to proceed.)*

GYPSY (looking earnestly into child's hand): The little lady is still very young, but will soon go away to a school far from here—to Lasell. (Gazing into Mary's blue eyes) You will be the first to enter of a class which will prove the largest in the history of the school,—the Class of '06. Entering as Preparatory, you will pass successively into the Freshman,

Sophomore, and Junior grades, and, as a Junior, will battle with the Seniors, the powerful class foe, though at the proper time loyally devoted to your own especial and well-beloved Senior.

MARY: Oh, shall *I* ever be a Senior! Please tell me all about my Senior year. That will be the grandest of all!

GYPSY: On the opening of Lasell in '05 twenty-eight of your old friends, and three new girls, will join hands to form the strong and splendid Senior Class of 1906.

MARY: And what next?

GYPSY: Very soon after your return your band will gather to elect officers, and all will be done so quickly and quietly that no one will guess next day that you are already a fully organized and finally officered Senior Class.

MARY: And our caps and gowns?

GYPSY: On the twenty-fifth of October I see numerous boxes, all of one size, anxiously smuggled into Senior Hall, where they are jealously guarded, even being kept under lock and key; yet not a vestige of telltale expression is to be seen on a Senior's face, for the sharp-eyed Juniors are on watch. For a whole night and a day these treasures are not worn. At dinner the Juniors in white, all expectancy, buzz, "Here come the caps and gowns!" But no; here are the Seniors in citizen's dress, and wearing the most unconcerned looks imaginable! "When will they appear?" think the bewildered Juniors.

MARY: And when will they?

GYPSY: At the appointed time. After everyone has seated herself for lecture, your class, wearing the long-dreamed-of caps and gowns, will form in two rows, one on each side of the chapel door, to greet Dr. Vincent, your honorary member, who will lecture that evening. Your entrance may

not cause the great stir among the Juniors that you perhaps will have expected, but this will be due only to their surprise and bewilderment at your sudden and unexpected appearance.

MARY: Oh, won't that be fine!

GYPSEY: Your newly acquired treasures will remain under lock and key until the following Saturday evening, when you will christen Senior Hall. Your president, surrounded by her classmates on the porch of Senior Hall, will christen it "Karandon House," the foster child of Mrs. Katherine Ransom Bragdon. Then clear and strong on the still night air will echo your rousing cheers for Karandon House, and for each class; and in return the cheers of the other classes for the Seniors and for their class home.

MARY: Please go on! I'm *so* interested.

GYPSEY: Before you know it, January twenty-seventh, the day of your "At Home" for the Juniors, will have come. I can see just how pretty everything will look; and those refreshments—I wish I had a taste of them now! And think, *you* will be there to enjoy all these goodies!

MARY: And what else?

GYPSEY: I can see nothing more. Ah, yes I do. I see you, during the long winter term, struggling with what you had expected to be such a bug-bear,—your Senior essay. But I hear, also, a sigh of relief when it is copied and laid away, even before Easter vacation, leaving you during the last term free to make the most of your few closing weeks of school.

MARY: And is that all?

GYPSEY: Not quite. I see you again on Commencement day, diploma in hand, bravely trying to smile through your tears, for the time has come to bid farewell to your Alma Mater, and to your many loving friends. But do not falter now; there is no turning back. Be loyal to your Alma Mater,

and kind and true to your classmates and friends; endeavoring always to make stronger the bonds of friendship formed in your school home, and you will never regret the years spent at Lasell.

MARY: Won't that be lovely! Do you think all this will ever come true, mother?

MOTHER: Yes, dear, very likely; but we will wait and see.







# Class of 1907

MOTTO: Esse Quam Videri

COLORS: Purple and White

FLOWER: Violet

HELEN ABBOTT WAIT . . . . .	<i>President</i>
BESSIE McCORMICK BACON . . . . .	<i>Vice President</i>
LOUISE KELLY . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN EMILY CARTER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

HONORARY MEMBER  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MEMBERS OF CLASS

ATWELL, MARION MILLS . . . . .	Orono, Me.
BACON, BESSIE McCORMICK . . . . .	York, Pa.
BALCH, KATHERINE LOUISE . . . . .	Marshalltown, Ia.
CARTER, HELEN EMILY . . . . .	Hastings, Minn.
CHASE, ALICE JOSEPHINE . . . . .	Sebec Station, Me.
CHASE, MINNIE LOIS . . . . .	Sebec Station, Me.
CONES, EDNA LEE . . . . .	Columbus, Ohio
DANFORTH, CORA MAY . . . . .	Yonkers, N. Y.
DISMAN, FLORENCE HELENE . . . . .	Salida, Colo.
DIXON, FERN . . . . .	Bristol, R. I.
DOUGLASS, LILIAN MARION . . . . .	Buffalo, N. Y.
EATON, CORNELIA HITCHCOCK . . . . .	Lee, Mass.
GUNN, MARJORIE . . . . .	Springfield, Ohio
HANDY, ETTA HOWES . . . . .	Cataumet, Mass.
HEATH, HELEN HUNT . . . . .	Morristown, N. J.
HUTTENBAUER, CLARA . . . . .	Cincinnati, Ohio
JOHNSON, JENNIE MATILDA . . . . .	Middletown, Conn.
JUDSON, BESS GOULD . . . . .	Galesburg, Ill.
KELLY, LOUISE . . . . .	Springfield, Ohio
LANE, FLORENCE MOULTON . . . . .	Dorchester, Mass.
LAURENS, MARTHA RUTLEDGE . . . . .	Charleston, S. C.
LEVI, ESTHER LOEB . . . . .	Victoria, Texas
MASTERS, MARY LIGHTFOOT . . . . .	Jacksonville, Ill.
PEIRCE, ELIZABETH . . . . .	Brookline, Mass.
PLANT, AMY ELIZABETH . . . . .	Newton, Mass.
RICHARDSON, MARY IRENE . . . . .	Littleton, N. H.
ROSENTHAL, HELEN . . . . .	Cincinnati, Ohio
SISSON, EDNA ANNA . . . . .	Binghamton, N. Y.
SISSON, IDA CARY . . . . .	Binghamton, N. Y.
STAHL, MARION BELLE . . . . .	Bellevue, Ohio
STRICKLAND, EDNA HELEN . . . . .	Rockville, Conn.
THAYER, ETTA . . . . .	Burlington, Vt.
TILTON, EDITH MAY . . . . .	Leominster, Mass.
TUCKER, JESSIE . . . . .	Wayne, Neb.
VICARY, GRACE LOUISE . . . . .	Canton, Ohio
VICKERY, ANNE . . . . .	Fort Worth, Texas
WAIT, HELEN ABBOTT . . . . .	Glens Falls, N. Y.
WILDE, ETHEL PERRY . . . . .	New Bedford, Mass.

# Junior History

## Milestones

**T**HIS Junior Class first made its auspicious appearance on one bright September morn in 1903, and since then most of its members have climbed the Mount of Knowledge easily and with dispatch, until they now stand very near its summit, floating the colors of Dignity and Purity over the conquered territory of this Adamless Eden.

Their battles with the combined forces of their foes—Trigonometry, History and Latin—were hard fought, but gave them victory; and serene in the joy of possession, they now shine like stars in the firmament, and are quoted as models of courage, integrity and superior knowledge. Even the Seniors admit this, since to the wise the facts are sufficiently evident. So certain, indeed, from the first, were they of our wisdom, that they understood almost immediately that their assistance would not be needed in the selection of Junior Class officers; and consequently, without evincing the slightest inclination to interfere, they left this sagacious body to manage its own business. That this confidence was well placed none will doubt; for what more could be desired in evidence of it than our choice of a president, even the August One who now stands supreme in the eyes of her classmates? Demosthenes would have smiled with satisfied approval had he been present when she so eloquently proclaimed that the happy dwelling-place of the Class of '07 should henceforth be Cushman Hall.

This election was the first great milestone of the present year. Turn now and look upon our next. It is our monument of victory, standing loftily before the faces of defeated Seniors, as they pass from their quiet, reposeful home to our central seat of learning on the hill. See how its white walls bear in pride that smiling "'07," as if welcoming its possessors to its protection.

What a thrill of comfort enters the heart of our courageous class as it reviews the long march it has made since the time of its enlistment as a Freshman Class, during which year, despite sneers and significant glances, it not only fought sturdily for itself and its own rights, but graciously aided the suffering Juniors in their hour of need,—and doughty defenders and

trusty sentinels they made. With such a record to steady it onward, it went to the unknown dangers of Sophomore year, when it carefully guarded Post 6 one eventful night against the intrigues of uninvited and unwelcome Juniors. This was yet another milestone. Then, again, on the first bright day of May all extended to this noble little army enthusiastic thanks for the beautiful decoration in honor of the Queen of May. By this time various misfortunes had taken off several of the original little band, yet those left were as staunch and true as ever; and with a few new recruits the class entered upon its Junior year, the Deer House presaging at the very outset its triumphant future.

One milestone more,—a glowing rose this time. It is not alone in “crossing the Delaware” that heroism may show itself or that pride may be engendered. To make this class proud of itself it required, on one occasion, only a short, brisk walk from Cushman Hall to Karandon House, where, stately and serene, the Seniors welcomed the jolly Juniors one Saturday evening in January. How prompt we were, and with what ease we passed down the long line of receiving hostesses, never once faltering for lack of something to say! If the sparkling chat turned on art, the artists of '07 proudly took the lead; if the theme was music, it was evident that the fair goddess of that gift had not given stingily when distributing her treasure; if it was poetry, our grounding in that noble art could not be surpassed; and in discussing the painters, who so glib of tongue? Law-abiding citizens we are; and all took particular pride in returning home and going sedately to bed before the time for the compelling knock of warning that the nine-thirty bell had given its command, “Lights out.”

So, then, farewell for a time, dear Junior Class. You may well be proud of your genius and your ambitions. Continue to guard well that charge upon the hill, and remember that the extreme summit is yet to be gained.

#### YELLS

*Theo, Theum, The-od-o-re,  
Doree, Dorum, Skerim, Skeree,  
Skeree, Skerorum, Divvy, Devven,  
We yell! We yell! For Oughty-Seven!*

*Boomalacka, Boomalacka, Bow-wow-wow,  
Chickalacka, Chickalacka, Chow, Chow, Chow!  
Boomalacka, Chickalacka! Hear us roar  
Junior! Junior! Junio-o-or!*

## Class of 1908

COLOR: Dark Blue

FLOWER: White Carnation

EDNA LOIS THURSTON . . . . .	<i>President</i>
CHARLOTTE PIERCE RYDER . . . . .	<i>Vice President</i>
HELEN LELA GOODALL . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
AMY JOSEPHINE BEMIS . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
FLORENCE DEE STARK . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

### MEMBERS OF CLASS

ARGUE, PEARLE ETHEL . . . . .	Toledo, Ohio
BLAISDELL, LOIS SARAH . . . . .	York Village, Me.
BLAKESTAD, IMO DELL . . . . .	Chicago, Ill.
BLYTH, ISABELLA CARMICHAEL . . . . .	Evanston, Wyo.
BRAGDON, GERTRUDE . . . . .	Bayonne, N. J.
BULLARD, AGNES ETHEL . . . . .	Caryville, Mass.
EATON, MARY MARGARETTA . . . . .	Montowese, Conn.
GRISWOLD, GRACE THOMAS . . . . .	Providence, R. I.
HOBBS, ALICE DUNKLIN . . . . .	Aurora, Ill.
HOTCHKISS, ALCINE WEBSTER . . . . .	Ansonia, Conn.
HOUSE, ELIZABETH BURGESS . . . . .	New York, N. Y.
HOWALD, MARIE ELIZABETH . . . . .	Hamilton, Ohio
MARSHALL, CHARLOTTE JESSIE . . . . .	Worcester, Mass.
MILLEISEN, SARA BARBARA . . . . .	Bloomsburg, Pa.
MORRELL, LOUISE WILLETT . . . . .	Passaic, N. J.
NIMS, CLARA FELT . . . . .	Watertown, N. Y.
PURINGTON, HELEN . . . . .	Galesburg, Ill.
REILLY, LUCY EUGENIA . . . . .	Gleasondale, Mass.
STRATTON, HELEN INEZ . . . . .	Hudson, Mass.
TAFT, ETHEL . . . . .	Cedar Rapids, Ia.
WILMARTH, MARY DE WOLFE . . . . .	Glens Falls, N. Y.

## Sophomore Class History

**S**OPHOMORES! You start at that name, having known us for half a school year, and having borne witness repeatedly to our mighty deeds. This is the only word to use, and those who saw our first class meeting know that anything less than “mighty” would not rightly describe the way in which the intruding Juniors were on that occasion expelled. To be sure, it was a long wait before the last intruder was done away with, but our Thurst(on) for victory helped us to conquer in the end. We confess, however, that it was largely our Seniors that we had to thank, because for all our strength, we needed the encouragement of those friends in need to cheer us on and help when the pinch came.

Our second coming together was at the christening of the school buildings. We gave our cheers on each occasion, and thus again showed our might in strength of voice and in class spirit. That night, too, our president covered herself and her class with glory by delivering a speech and christening Potter Hall.

But the most exciting of our experiences, as all will agree, came on the day when the Seniors were first to appear in caps and gowns. Various Sophs took turns then in carefully guarding the sacred closet in which the precious articles were locked. How proud we were of the stately band when they marched into chapel after all the rest of us had taken our seats: and how our hearts glowed as we stood and clapped and clapped, until our hands actually ached (doing, by the way, a good share of the clapping for the Juniors, as they seemed curiously disinclined to do it themselves that evening). Then we noted how becoming this academic attire was to various girls of the class, and felt that our careful guarding had not been in vain.

As to the girls of the Class of 1908, no better could be found; they all believe in "Woman for the Home," and if you should ask, you would find very few who would say that they would rather Be-mis than be Mrs. We are also a very congenial set; there is nothing Reilly about us. Our Morrells are excellent, and our health is a marvel. We have Eaton Bacon and eggs, turkey, and ice cream devotedly, and these give strength and preserve youth in all. The oldest of us looks positively young, so that no one is able to guess Howald any one of us really is. In short, we are Good-all around.

Many of our numbers have joined us since school began; of course they know the proper thing to do, and they are very wise. We hope we may still add to our numbers as time goes on, and that when 1908 actually arrives, we may be as large and fine a class as is our Senior Class of 1906.

YELL

*S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e-s!*  
*Sophomores! Sophomores!*  
*1908!*



## Class of 1909

MOTTO : Perseverance to the End

COLORS : Green and White

FLOWER : White Rose

HELEN WHITTIER ANDRUS	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
GERTRUDE LEONARD	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice President</i>
JOSEPHINE WEARE FISH	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
YOLANDE MORRISON	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>
YOLANDE MORRISON	.	.	.	.	<i>Historian</i>

### MEMBERS OF CLASS

CONANT, ANNA LOUISE	.	.	.	.	Plainfield, N. J.
KENNEDY, MAUDE LEOCADIA	.	.	.	.	West New Brighton, N. Y.
LOVITT, MADELEINE EVELINA BEVERIDGE	.	.	.	.	Yarmouth, Nova Scotia
PAISLEY, LOUISE BALLENTINE	.	.	.	.	New York, N. Y.
ROGERS, FLORENCE MADELINE	.	.	.	.	Greenville, Me.
SPEAR, PAULINE MINETTE	.	.	.	.	New York, N. Y.
STEINMETZ, CAROLINE KRAEMER	.	.	.	.	Reading, Pa.
SWETT, KATHARINE HEALY	.	.	.	.	Southern Pines, N. C.
WHEATON, EDNA KEEN	.	.	.	.	New Bedford, Mass.
WILSON, LOUISE ANITA	.	.	.	.	Joliet, Ill.
WILSON, MARTHA EDNA	.	.	.	.	Joliet, Ill.
WOODBURY, MILDRED DOROTHY	.	.	.	.	Burlington, Vt.

## Freshman Reminiscences

Conant, Rogers, Morrison, Spear,  
Leonard, Kennedy, Steinmetz, Fish,  
Paisley, Wheaton, Woodbury, Swett,—  
Better girls you could never wish.

Distinct and clear each member stands out as we call the roll of our class, and with remarkable loyalty and pride do they bear the banner of 1909.

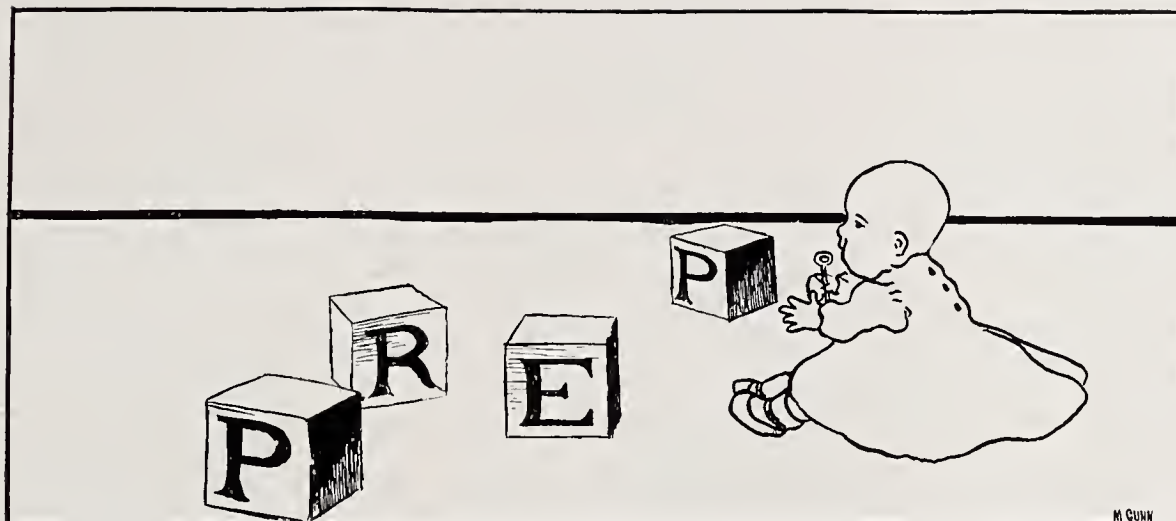
One of the most noticeable things about us from the very first birthday of the class has been our superiority. This appeared especially in our promptness in organizing. There was no delay in calling us together for a meeting. But although this had been arranged, as we thought, in all secrecy, we had not been forgotten by our enemies, the Sophomores, who so far lost sight of their maidenly dignity as to stand on chairs in order to look through the transom upon us at our election, but who, upon hearing "half-past nine" footsteps, fled ingloriously. This episode had disturbed us somewhat, and on the departure of the foe the meeting had once more to be called to order; and now began business in good earnest. It seemed very, very difficult to choose officers from such a brilliant and capable assemblage. For any other class it would have been impossible to overcome this difficulty, but in a very short time our remarkable thirteen had conquered it, and the class of 1909 was organized.

After this first class meeting, by our co-operation in all things, and particularly by our individual brightness in our classes, we excited a great deal of wonderment and admiration. The Seniors, incredible as it may seem, were accustomed to say, as they saw different members of our class pass by, "If only the Juniors and Sophomores can keep up the dignity and scholarship for the next two years, we need not worry about the third." The Juniors, always our friends, plainly showed their delight and pleasure in our society. It does seem strange, but very fortunate, too, that such girls as we, at once brainy and modest, should belong to a freshman class. But we remember that we are on our way to Seniorhood; this is but an "intermediate stage." Will Lasell be able to hold us in 1909?

### YELL

*Boom-chick-a, Boom-chick-a*  
*Boom, Boom, Boom!*  
*Hockey-pockey-sis-rah-room,*  
*Razzle-dazzle-superfine*  
*Is the Class of Oughty-nine.*





## Preparatory

BLACKSTOCK, ESTHER DUNCAN . . . . .	Shahjahanpore, India
BRANNAN, AMY FLORENCE . . . . .	Cleveland, Ohio
HARDINGE, ARLINE BERTHA . . . . .	New York, N. Y.
JACKSON, HELEN MARIE . . . . .	Brookline, Mass.
KNIGHT, JULIA ESTELLE . . . . .	Rockville Centre, L. I.
LEAVITT, HELEN ELA . . . . .	Cambridge, Mass.
MCCARTY, LOUISE ALICE . . . . .	Williamsport, Pa.
PAUTOT, LILLIAN FRANCES . . . . .	Cleveland, Ohio
PERCY, CARMEN MILLICENT WASHBURN . . . . .	Oakland, Cal.
REINHIERZ, CORA SYLVIA . . . . .	Roxbury, Mass.

## Specials

ABRAMS, JESSIE LADD . . . . .	Hartford, Conn.
ADLER, BERENICE . . . . .	New Orleans, La.
ALBRIGHT, NELLIE VIRGINIA . . . . .	Orwigsburg, Pa.
BOYCE, ELLA FLORENCE . . . . .	Keene, N. H.
BROCK, PHYLLIS AZILE . . . . .	Melrose, Mass.
CALDWELL, DOROTHY GRACE . . . . .	Newtonville, Mass.
CARLETON, MARJORIE BABBIDGE . . . . .	Oldtown, Me.
CARLOW, INA EULALIA . . . . .	Worcester, Mass.
CHILD, FLORENCE ELIZABETH . . . . .	St. Paul, Minn.
DAVENPORT, MAY EBERLE . . . . .	Cincinnati, Ohio
DYER, NELLIE BRADFORD . . . . .	Holbrook, Mass.
FASSETT, KATHERINE MARGARET . . . . .	Spokane, Wash.
FENGAR, ELSIE CLAY . . . . .	New London, Conn.
FREULER, GRACE AMELIA . . . . .	Berkeley, Cal.
HALBERSTADT, MADELENE TAWS . . . . .	Pottsville, Pa.
HALSEY, LYLLIS . . . . .	Montclair, N. J.
HARTMAN, FRANCES MIRIAM . . . . .	Hartford, Conn.
HOVEY, FLORENCE ANNA . . . . .	Detroit, Mich.
HUNTINGTON, HELEN . . . . .	Elizabeth, N. J.
INGLIS, BERTHA . . . . .	Paterson, N. J.
IRWIN, JULIA COLEMAN . . . . .	Lafayette, Ind.
JUNE, MABEL ETHELDA . . . . .	Sheridan, Wyo.
KEMPNER, FANNIE . . . . .	Galveston, Texas
LUCE, FLORA MARION . . . . .	Grand Rapids, Mich.
MCCORKINDALE, ETHEL LILLIAN . . . . .	Holyoke, Mass.
MEYER, HELEN IRENE . . . . .	Hastings, Minn.
MOORE, FELONISE . . . . .	Ironton, Ohio
MOUNTAIN, GRACE FLORENCE . . . . .	Chicago, Ill.
ORCUTT, HAZEL BEST . . . . .	Mechanicville, N. Y.
PARKER, ANNA FRANCES . . . . .	Franconia, N. H.
PARKER, ESTHER MARIA . . . . .	Franconia, N. H.
PORTER, MARY WINIFRED . . . . .	Northampton, Mass.
POTTER, LILLIE NICHOLL . . . . .	Milwaukee, Wis.
PUTERBAUGH, MABEL LAW . . . . .	South McAlester, I. T.
RADCLIFFE, ETHEL CLEMONS . . . . .	Shelton, Conn.
SAUNDERS, DOROTHEA . . . . .	New Haven, Conn.
SEBRING, HELEN LORAIN . . . . .	Sebring, Ohio
SERVISS, FLORENCE MARGARET . . . . .	Amsterdam, N. Y.
SMITH, WINIFRED LANGDALE . . . . .	New Haven, Conn.
STEFFERSON, AMY . . . . .	Memphis, Tenn.
STRONG, GENEVRA HANMER . . . . .	New Haven, Conn.
TERRY, LUCY LOOMIS . . . . .	Galesburg, Ill.
WEBB, GLENNA . . . . .	Springfield, Ohio
WEILL, JUDITH . . . . .	Kansas City, Mo.
WHITE, ANNA SOPHIE . . . . .	Woonsocket, R. I.
WILSON, ANNAH LAURA . . . . .	Hudson, N. Y.
WOOD, ADA KATHARINE . . . . .	Chestnut Hill, Mass.







*Drcha. Phila*



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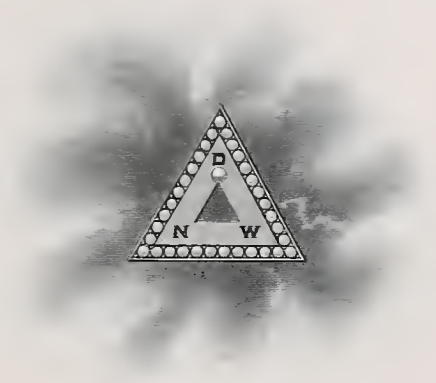
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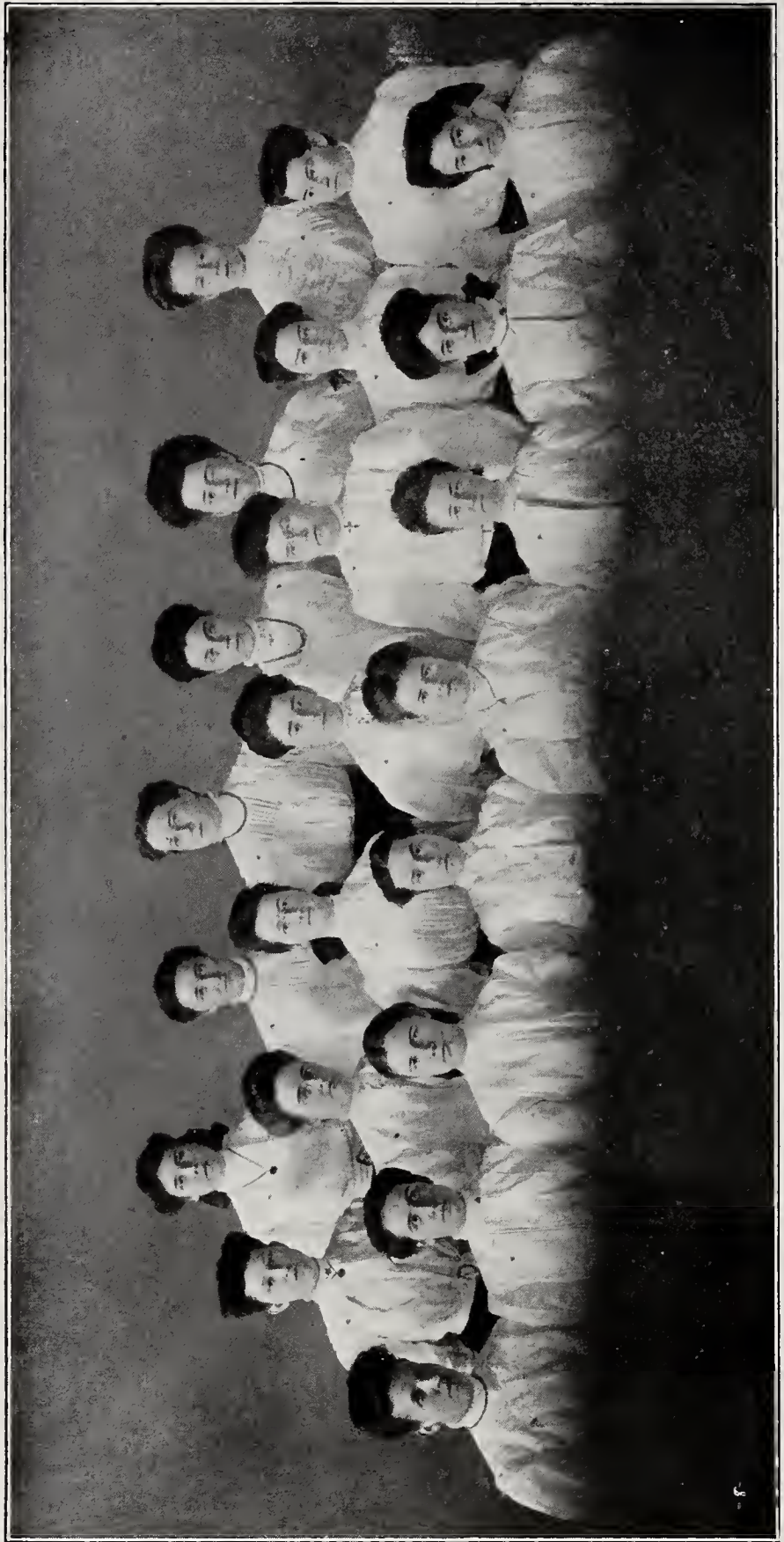
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HELEN ANDRUS  
ELIZABETH BACON  
MISS BATES

DOROTHEA SAUNDERS  
ETHEL WILDE  
LUCY WILSON

PIANO

AMY BEMIS





## Glee Club

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INA CARLOW

FLORENCE CHILD

HELEN HUNTINGTON

GLENNA WEBB

MISS BATES

### SECOND SOPRANO

BELLA BLYTH

MARY WILMARTH

MARGARITA BUEHNER

DOROTHY SAUNDERS

### FIRST ALTO

MILDRED PEIRCE

DOROTHY CALDWELL

KATHARINE FASSETT

ELIZABETH HOUSE

### SECOND ALTO

EDNA CONES

PHYLLIS BROCK

75

G 721



# Orphean

## FIRST SOPRANO

INA CARLOW

ALICE CHASE

CORA DANFORTH

HELEN HUNTINGTON

BELLE JOHNSON

SARA MILLEISEN

AMY PLANT

ETHEL RADCLIFFE

GENEVRA STRONG

EDITH TILTON

DOROTHEA TURNER

GLENNA WEBB

## SECOND SOPRANO

NELLIE ALBRIGHT

LOIS BLAISDELL

DOROTHY CALDWELL

MINNIE CHASE

FLORENCE CHILD

INA HARBOR

CLARA HUTTENBAUER

ELIZABETH HOUSE

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ANNA PARKER

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HELEN EMILY CARTER  
*Captain Co. A*

GERTRUDE LEONARD	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Lieutenant</i>
MABEL PUTERBAUGH	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>First Sergeant</i>
CARRIE STEINMETZ	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Second Sergeant</i>









- ABR-MS : Our volunteer society reformer.  
 AL-BR-GHT : Bitter-sweet.  
 AN-R-S : A hard striker.  
 ARG-- : Star elocutionist of Junior Lit.  
 ATW-LL : The maid's favorite.  
 B-C-N : The professional borrower.  
 B-LCH : Seen, but not heard.  
 B-M-S : Either stitching or studying.  
 BL--SD-LL : French is such a snap.  
 BL-CKST-CK : All noises are not singing.  
 BL-K-ST--D : The professional hairdresser.  
 BL-TH- : Spare time given to ragtime singing.  
 B-YE- : The man hater.  
 BR-GD-N : Seen, but not heard.  
 BR-NN-N : Large bows, but few beaux.  
 B-LL-RD : Comin' and goin', mornin' and evenin'.  
 C-LDW-LL : Blessed with that convenient utility—a brother.  
 C-RL-W : Short, but sweet.  
 C-RL-T-N : Of Delineatorial aspect.  
 C-RT-R : N. B.—French students.  
 CH-S-, A. } Speaks French like a native.  
 CH-S-, M. } Never needs to consult a dictionary.  
 CH-LD : Cross her palm, and she'll tell your fortune.

- C-N-NT : All sorts and conditions of coiffure.  
C-N-S : Forget it—your drawl.  
D-NF-RTH : White as a lily.  
D-SM-N : Little, but oh, my !  
D-X-N : A true disciple of Miss Call's.  
D--GL-S : Latin a specialty.  
D-V-NP-RT : The smile that won't come off.  
E-T-N, C. : Has discarded her bows but not her beaux.  
E-T-N, M. : So young and yet so tall !  
F-SS-TT : Automatic nightingale.  
F-NG-R : When I was abroad.  
F-SH : The early bird.  
FR--L-R : Denies that she is a Unionist.  
G--D-LL : Fruitarian.  
GR-SW-LD : The silent partner.  
G-NN : Very skillful in the handling of herself in drill.  
H-LB-RST-DT : Any mail from Pottsville?  
H-LS-Y : Hast thee lost thy tongue?  
H-NDY : Synonymous with her name.  
H-RD-NG- : Our globe trotter.  
H-RTM-NN : Why so enamoured of thy reflection?  
H--TH : The favorite of Faculty.  
H-BBS : Animated question mark.  
H-TCHK-SS : Grandpapa's girlie.  
H--S : What must her stationery bill be?  
H-W-LD : A rare specimen—loves to writes essays.  
H-V-Y : Her sigh is like a mighty wind.  
H-NT-NGT-N : Born to lead ! (?)  
H-TT-NB---R : Wants her money's worth.  
INGL-S : Variety in roommates is the spice of life.  
IRW-N : Has she lost her voice?  
J-CKS-N : Handsome is as handsome does.  
J-HNS-N : The florist's sole support.  
J-DS-N : She's going home to-morrow.  
J-N- : If I had the time.  
K-LLY : Wants a cracker.

- K-MPX-R : Brown-eyed beauty, the pet of the school.  
K-NN-DY : A different strike every hour.  
KN-GHT : Second best striker.  
L-N- : Dolmetch.  
L--R-NS : Talks ALLERLEI in her sleep.  
L--V-TT : The wonderful things of home.  
L-V- : Would I were in K. C. !  
L-V-TT : *She's* not an American.  
L-C- : Scared out of a year's growth.  
M-RSH-LL : Leader of No. 22 Orchestra.  
M-ST-RS : The dear doctor.  
McC-RTY : Do you like olives?  
McC-RK-ND-L- : Are not vacations long enough?  
M-LL--S-N : Good example of concentration.  
M-Y-R : If there is to be a trip, count on me.  
M--R- : What's in a name? Philistine and Felonise sound alike to me.  
M-RR-S-N : Mrs. Martin's Dimples.  
M-RR-LL : Rock-a-bye, baby.  
M--NT--N : Why so pensive?  
N-MS : Never ask why.  
ORC-TT : Why so diligent in studying bookkeeping?  
P--SL-Y : They don't do that way in New York.  
P--T-T : The surprise package.  
P-RK-R, A. : She could sing the savageness out of a bear.  
P-RK-R, E. : Why so timid?  
P-RCY : Learn to steer before you slide.  
PL-NT : Our absent member.  
P-RT-R : She wants her ma.  
P-TT-R, L. : Please note "busy" signs.  
P-R-NGT-N : Possessed of convenient friends and relatives.  
P-T-RB-GH : Sleeps with her French book under her pillow.  
R-DCL-FF : Mademoiselle's pet.  
R--LLY : Assistant Latin teacher.  
R--NH-RZ : A precocious youngster.  
R-CH-RDS-N : A large repertoire of repartee.  
R-G-RS : Appearance of hair chief concern.

- R-S-NTH-L: Why so tight with your knowledge?  
 R-D-R: An "awful handsome" girl.  
 S--ND-RS: Lasell's famous acrobat.  
 S--BR-NG: They didn't do such things at Harcourt.  
 S-RV-SS: Homesick for Julia.  
 S-SS-N, E. } They *really* are twins.  
 S-SS-N, I. }  
 SM-TH: Little things count.  
 ST-IL: Has many a time come near buying the florist out.  
 ST-RK: Never be fickle, my child.  
 SP--R: The girl who likes to laugh.  
 STR-TR-N: Monday is her only working day.  
 STR-NG: What would your mother think?  
 ST-FF-RS-N: The invalid.  
 ST--NM-TZ: Needs a tonic.  
 STR-CKL-ND: Conciseness, a strong point.  
 SW-TR: Smile, for the postmark is Norwich.  
 T-FT: Plan of life scheduled for four years.  
 T-RRY: Step aisy there!  
 TH-Y-R: Why bear the world on your shoulders?  
 TH-RST-N: In a continual state of recuperation.  
 T-LT-N: Is it Louis XIV or XVI?  
 T-CK-R: Trippingly on the toe.  
 V-C-RY: Talks so fast you can't understand her.  
 V-CK-RY: Fuzzy et Fengar.  
 W--T: Just one more helping, please.  
 W-BB: The sailor girl.  
 W--LL: She speaks soprano.  
 WH--T-N: Strangers should beware of her innocent appearance.  
 W-LD-: Has a fondness for sweeping on Monday.  
 W-LM-RTH: Singing makes her eyes gaze heavenward.  
 W-LS-N: She knows, 'cause her father is a doctor.  
 W-LS-N, ANTA: That ravenous appetite!  
 W--D: Is she ever anything but "Busy"?  
 W--DB-RY: Take a rest cure in Boston over Sunday.  
 WH-R-: Sweet simplicity.  
 ADL-R: Better late than never.

## Wouldst Know the Adventuresome Cruise

OF THE

### Good Ship, "Lasell Pupil"?

- 7.00.—Appointed hour to leave port. .
- 7.17.—Leaves port.
- 7.32 $\frac{5}{8}$ .—Makes stop at Dining Room Landing, where good supply of provisions is laid in.
- 8.00.—Bearings lost ; ship wanders aimlessly until the ringing of a bell buoy puts her on the right course.
- 8.30.—The calm that precedes a storm.
- 8.35.—Terrific tempest off coast of Gymnasium. Ship wildly tossed upon the waves. Calm and storm alternate, until finally wind and wave die down, and the sea is once more quiet.
- 8.50.—Fair sailing, broken occasionally by temporary squalls or dead calms.
- 12.00.—Provisions failing.
- 12.10.—Great excitement on board ; ship will lay in at next port and re-stock provision hold.
- 12.15.—No time to be lost ; all hands on deck.
- 12.45.—A deceptive squall arises, but ship soon finds herself in dead calm, which lasts until
- 1.00.—When second squall announces that comparatively fair weather is ahead.

- 2.20.—Captain finds it advisable to take on more provisions in case of emergency.
- 3.00.—Sea grows heavy at times, but for the most part currents are favorable.
- 5.00.—Long journey ahead, therefore extensive preparations are made for a third stocking of provision hold.
- 5.30.—Put in at next port. Great quantities of provisions taken on. Much care and time taken.
- 6.30.—Sea running very high. Ship heads for nearest port, but storm breaks upon her before this can be accomplished. She is soon entirely at the mercy of the waves, both propelling and steering apparatus useless. Anchors off the coast of Post Office till storm abates slightly, then heads for Port Room, but steering gear found to be temporarily damaged.
- 7.30.—Runs aground off Study Point. Government should erect lighthouse here, else ship liable to receive crack in upper deck. Taking on of emergency provisions a wise forethought of captain's.
- 9.00.—Once more on the open sea, steering for home, though much hindered by contrary wind and wave.
- 9.10.—Appointed time to enter harbor bar of home port.
- 9.30.—Still a few miles from harbor bar.
- 9.40.—Collision with government lightship. Signal for help is blown, but as damages are discovered to be very slight, ship puts on full speed, and by
- 9.41.—Is docked, much in need of repairs, though on the whole in fair condition.

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## Hark! the Bell!

Hear the ringing of the gong,  
    Warning gong!  
Hear the noise, the dreadful noise of its clanging song!  
How it calls, calls, calls,  
With the waking of the morn,  
While the maid goes through the halls,—  
Ah, so light her footstep falls!  
And, a “maiden all forlorn,”  
Does she strive full hard to warn;  
Still the sleepers, tucked in tight,  
Never stir to greet the light,  
At the sounds that louder throng  
From the gong, that hateful gong,—  
    Dong—ding—dong!  
Oh, the banging and the clanging of the gong!

Hear the sweet-toned breakfast bell,  
    Welcome bell!  
What a world of hunger-quelling its ringing does foretell.  
From their rooms the girls flock fast;  
But one, negligent, comes last,  
Hurrying breathlessly—sad sight!  
    All too late!  
For she sees the door close tight,  
Though she hastes with all her might,—  
    Sad, sad fate!  
Oh, that she should live to tell  
Such a crime, makes tears to swell!  
    How they swell,  
    How they well  
In her eyes, when she must tell  
That she “did not hear the bell,”  
That welcome breakfast bell!

Hear the bell for study hour,—  
    Irksome hour!  
Girls go trooping to their rooms, faces sour,  
From the fun then at its height,  
When the whole world seemed so bright,  
And begin to delve in books,  
With most dignified of looks,  
    So silently.

No one dares to stir outside  
For a classmate's help to guide.  
Oh, they all have too much pride,  
Thus their faithfulness to hide!  
With a resolute endeavor,  
Now to learn it well, or never,—  
Learn hard tasks in history,  
Or the anatomy of a flower,—  
All in one short study hour.  
Such despair!

How they hurry to gain all,  
Lest the goodly average fall.  
Thus they do the work with care;  
Thus they *never* fall below!  
Then by twanging,  
And by clanging,  
'Tis just nine o'clock they know,—  
'Tis the end of study hour!  
Then the banging,  
And the clanging,  
How the noise begins again,  
With the twanging and the banging  
At the end of study hour.

Now another bell—nine-ten;  
Then, oh, then,  
How they scamper to their rooms  
When the bell rings at nine-ten!  
All is silence at that time;  
For to break a rule is crime,—  
Such a thing is never done at Lasell!  
Never! Never!

Then the solemn "lights out" bell  
Sounds to bid us all good-night,—that sleepy bell.  
Punctual? Ever!  
All the rooms are dark again,  
For the long and peaceful night, at half-past nine.  
The bells, the bells!  
The warning bells!  
We could never do without our faithful bells.



## What 1906 Thinks of Itself

ANDREWS . . . . .	Most clever
ANTHONY . . . . .	Most aristocratic
BLACKSTOCK . . . . .	Most smiling
BUEHNER, MARG. . . . .	Most neatest
BUEHNER, META . . . . .	Most popular
BUTLER . . . . .	Most picturesque
BUTTERFIELD . . . . .	Most bashful
CALDWELL . . . . .	Most domestic
CARTER . . . . .	Most philosophical
COGSWELL . . . . .	Most kind hearted
DEALEY, A. . . . .	Most determined
DEALEY, F. . . . .	Most corpulent
FULLER . . . . .	Most happy-go-lucky
GRAHAM . . . . .	Most well-bread
HARBOR . . . . .	Most stylish
JOHNSON . . . . .	Most musical
JOHNSTON . . . . .	Most sunny
KRAG . . . . .	Most noisy
MARSTON . . . . .	Most quiet
MATTLAGE . . . . .	Most beautiful dancer
McCLANAHAN . . . . .	Most artful
PEIRCE . . . . .	Most chic
POTTER . . . . .	Most antiquated
SAUTER . . . . .	Most sedate
SIMES . . . . .	Most influential
STRAIGHT . . . . .	Most talkative
STRONG . . . . .	Most unassuming
THATCHER . . . . .	Most parliamentary
TURNER . . . . .	Most retiring
WASHBURN . . . . .	Most traveled
WILSON . . . . .	Most athletic
YOUNG . . . . .	Most soldierly

## O Happy Day

### When

We can find the book we're looking for in the library.  
 Every girl wants to go to lecture.  
 Fraulein forgets to ventilate No 3.  
 The whispering stops in chapel.  
 Every Senior has a house-key.  
 Mrs. Martin takes us walking.  
 We have ice cream and any kind of sauce.  
 There's a walk from Cushman Hall to Clark Cottage.  
 When the laboratory ceases to proclaim its existence to our olfactory nerves.  
 Chapel lasts over-time.  
 Strikes will cease.  
 The rooms sweep and dust themselves.  
 It storms on Sunday.  
 Our laundry bags are not sent back.  
 American beauties go down in price.  
 We have an orchestra every night.  
 We can get "a wave" for a nickel.



## Exclamation Points

Vigor of singing in chapel.  
 Neat appearance of bulletin board.  
 The easy passage by Post Office at 6.30 P. M.  
 The torn edges of the *Review of Reviews*, and the neat appearance of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.  
 The rush for front seats in Shakespeare.  
 The neatness of the bookrack in the hall.  
 The effect of Miss Carpenter's presence on the attention in Shakespeare.  
 Our unconcern at having a composer in our midst.

## "A" is for "Alphabet"

- L** is for Lectures by Annie P. Call;  
If you concentrate, you'll never be nervous at all.
- A** stands for Art, an absorbing studié;  
If you wish information, consult Annie D——.
- S** is for Strikes which the Seniors all own;  
Flowers are not down on the accounts sent home.
- E** is for English, the dread spectre of all;  
Your conceit may be great, but is soon very small.
- L** is for Letter which the mail box contains;  
It is not *the* one, and at this she complains.
- L** is for Learning you are supposed to acquire;  
If its on your certificate, 'tis all you require.
- S** is for Singing in chapel at noon;  
If all would take part 'twould improve very soon.
- E** is for Exams, frequent tests (!) without end;  
Explanation, just see Misses Witherbee and Rand.
- M** is for Mabel, our mail girl is she,  
But packages questioned come *via* Miss P——.
- I** is for Importance, which the Soph'mores possess;  
But all of the Juniors they mildly detest.
- N** is for Nutt, who does all the nursing;  
Is it strange that when ill we all go a'nutting?
- A** is for Auction, where you may buy  
Magazines for a fraction of a cent, if you try.
- R** is for Rush, which the Seniors do make  
To reach their seats at the table, before 'tis too late.
- Y** is for You, and we're hoping you may  
See our reason for ordering these rhymes in this way.
- A** stands for Ads, so hard to get;  
Just ask the agents what fate they met.
- L** stands for Leaves, whose number so great,  
Is the reason the ALLERLEI came out so late.
- L** stands for Line-cuts; not much, it is true,  
But with all due apologies we present them to you
- E** stands for Editors, who, although their work  
Took labor and time, ne'er their duties did shirk.
- R** stands for Rhymes; though they might have been worsc,  
We do not presume to call them good verse.
- L** stands for Labor, which we don't mind a bit,  
If only we make of our book a big hit.
- E** stands for Essays, not good, we're aware,  
Though on them we've expended both labor and care.
- I** stands for Ignorance, displayed in these lines:  
The writer her name to give firmly declines.

Modestly yours,

THEWRITER.

## The Evolution of a Strike

I WOULD wish my readers to realize that by the term strike, I mean, not the striker, nor the stricken one, but merely the relation existing between these aforesaid persons. It seems to me it would help matters greatly, certainly considerably lessen the percentage of embarrassment caused by the confusing of the two persons, if there were a different term for each. Instead of calling them both "strike," why not call one—well, I leave you to invent a term. The other day I was asked if I had any strikes, and I answered, "Oh, yes, several;" to which my interlocutor replied, "How many times a week do they give you flowers? I don't ever see you wearing any." My abashed reply was, "Why, *I* do all of the flower giving."

But I diverge. In a certain school on a certain hill, one could find on the list of students' names these two,—Eleanor Ramsdale and Dorothy Gray. It is mainly with these girls that this story is concerned, so I will not trouble the reader with any further introductions.

Eleanor, albeit a very attractive looking girl, was one whose deeper charms revealed themselves through the force of acquaintanceship; while Dorothy was one of that kind to whom men, children, and animals are irresistibly attracted at first sight. I might have included women among her admirers, but I know that you would all with one accord have exclaimed, "Impossible!" Therefore I leave them out. Perhaps you yourselves will add them on reaching the *finis* of this tale.

If possible, I wish that you would imagine Eleanor just a bit different from the majority of girls. She herself realized this, but while the difference is to be pleasing to us, it was just the reverse to Eleanor. Yes, she was different, everyone in school agreed to that, even if the only things considered were the fascinatingly unique way in which she did her back hair, or the errant tilt of her *retroussée* nose.

"Yes, I'm so different," Eleanor thought, complainingly. "I wonder why it is? Perhaps because I have always all my life lived in a country village where there were no boys."

She had just come from a roomful of girls, where the subject of conversation had been the ever-talked-of Bill and Bob, their wonderful exploits at college, and the precise way in which they began and ended their letters. Why is it that girls talk so much more about boys than boys about girls? Perhaps because a girl gains a little prestige in a certain crowd from the number of correspondents among the opposite sex that she has, as also from the frequency with which letters from a special correspondent arrive, while Bob thinks no more of Bill than he did before because the latter has recently received a letter from Mary Jane, who is a peach of a girl, and began and ended her letter thusly.

“How’s your strike coming on, Dorothy?” asked one of the occupants of the room from which Eleanor had lately gone.

“I think she’s the dearest and cleverest thing in the world,” replied this silly little minx. “Have you seen her work in the studio? Miss Delart considers her the most talented pupil she has had for a number of years.”

“Has she a brother, Dot?”

“I don’t know, and I don’t care. I’m in love with her, not with a probable brother, and I’m going to the village in a few minutes to order her some flowers for to-night.”

“Dot, do you remember once that you said that though it did not influence in any way your friendships (I should say strikeships), yet that your best friends among the girls were always immensely popular with the boys, and had hosts of friends among them. It didn’t seem to me that Miss Ramsdale joined much in our conversation of a moment ago.” This from that never-lacking member of a group, the green-eyed monster’s victim.

“Oh, probably she’s very much in love, and doesn’t care to talk about it; or maybe she has had a romance.” All of which goes to prove that Dorothy was wise enough to know that she herself was not very much in love, however much she said so.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Miss Gray, really I wish you would not send me any more flowers; I appreciate your doing so immensely, but still I would rather you did not. Good-by; I must go work in the studio now.” Eleanor had said this to Dorothy one day soon after the arrival of the third bunch of violets. She

had thought that no ears but those for whom they were intended had heard, but unfortunately, or fortunately as it ultimately proved, she was mistaken, and her request was soon known to everyone who was in the least bit interested in Dorothy and her strikes.

“That strike is off, I warrant!” they exclaimed. But no; they were mistaken. Eleanor’s unusual request had given Dorothy something to think about. Among all of her numberless strikes there had never yet been one who had asked that the extravagant supply of flowers should cease. She was beginning to realize that this girl who had first attracted her because of a certain quaintness about her dress and general appearance, and later because of her intelligence and talent, was very different from anyone she had met before. “I wonder what she thinks of me,” thought Dorothy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleanor had early recognized Dorothy’s decided preference for her, but she had almost repulsed the girl’s advances, because she had felt that they never could be friends in the true sense of the word. Dorothy was by far too thoughtless and frivolous. She cared for nothing so much as for admiration, and had scores of admirers among the girls; but, unfortunately, while many tried to copy her manners, they failed miserably, because they lacked Dorothy’s cleverness. She went with that class of girls who considered school and its adjuncts a bore, out of which one must get as much fun as possible.

As a matter of course, the news that her request to Dorothy was known all over the school came shortly to Eleanor’s ears, and also the fact that her doing so was attributed to her dislike of the girl, and disapproval of her actions. As this was not the case, and as Eleanor’s sole reason for her request to Dorothy was that she heartily disapproved of strikes, she sought in every way to strengthen her acquaintanceship with the attractive little creature.

I will pass over the first few months in which their acquaintanceship grew to friendship, for it does not take long for two girls mutually attracted toward each other, however great be the incongruity of their personal dispositions and temperaments, to become friends; and it was not long before there was no subject which they did not feel free to discuss with each other. Strange to say, however, never once did Dorothy mention the word *boy* to Eleanor. Nevertheless, she had gradually become aware of certain facts.

She saw that Eleanor had no pictures of young men in her room, that none of her letters were addressed to men, and that as far as she could discover none were received from men. Naturally she had come to the conclusion that Eleanor had no friends among the opposite sex. She had also come to a wiser conclusion; and this was, that it had been a good thing for her to become a sincere friend and admirer of a girl so different in every respect from the rest of her schoolmates, and so superior to anyone she had ever known before.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am not going to pretend that a great change for the better came over Dorothy, and that she became a premature old maid. No, indeed, because then my story would have a moral, and that is something I hate; it is always so impossible. No, the chief benefit that had come to Dorothy out of this, was that she had taken advantage of her opportunity to make a good friend. Benefit enough, too; for when a girl who has hitherto been the idolized member of a group of light-headed schoolgirls, at last finds a friend, good hearted and sympathetic for a chum, there is certainly a gain, and a blessed one.

All the gain did not come to Dorothy, either, for in the ensuing summer Eleanor spent a month at Dorothy's beautiful home on the lake. And when I say that Dorothy had a brother, and you remember that Eleanor was very beautiful, perhaps you will agree that there were possibilities in the situation. Was it evolution or revolution?



## Gigglers' Club

MOTTO: "Laugh and the World Laughs With You"

MAY DAVENPORT, *President*

### MEMBERS

BERNICE ADLER  
ELSIE FENGAR  
JULIA IRWIN  
MILDRED JOHNSTON

FLORENCE SERVISS  
WINNIFRED SMITH  
PAULINE SPEAR  
FLORENCE STARK

ANITA WILSON



## Band Box Club

MOTTO: "Neatness is Next to Godliness"

MARGARITA BUEHNER, *President*

### MEMBERS

EDITH ANTHONY  
DOROTHY CALDWELL  
INA CARLOW  
HELEN E. CARTER

INA HARBOR  
JENNIE JOHNSON  
MAUDE SIMES  
FLORENCE STARK

GLENNA WEBB

## Consumers' League

MOTTO: "Eat, Drink, and be Merry"

IMPOSSIBLE TO DECIDE, *President*

### MEMBERS

ALICE CHASE  
MINNIE CHASE  
FLORENCE CHILD  
BESS HOUSE  
FLORENCE HOVEY  
HELEN HUNTINGTON  
HAZEL ORCUTT

LOUISE PAISLEY  
LUCY REILLY  
MARY RICHARDSON  
CAROLINE STEINMETZ  
GRACE VICARY  
BAB WAIT  
EDNA WHEATON

ANITA WILSON

## Disabled Club

MOTTO: "Tho' Defeated, Their Cause was Good"

EDNA THURSTON, *President*

### MEMBERS

ESTHER BLACKSTOCK  
KATHARINE McCLANAHAN  
CORA DANFORTH  
MAY DAVENPORT

JULIA KNIGHT  
CARMEN PERCY  
LUCY REILLY  
CHARLOTTE RYDER

BAB WAIT

## Oratory Club

MOTTO: "Speak the Speech, I Pray You"

MISS RAND, *President*

### MEMBERS

JESS ABRAMS

SARAH CALDWELL

MISS CARPENTER

GRACE FREULER

HELEN HUNTINGTON

LOUISE KELLY

CORINNE KRAG

MISS POTTER

IRENE SAUTER

SARAH STRONG

DR. WINSLOW

MISS WITHERBEE

## Black-bow Club

MOTTO: "The Day is Gone"

### MEMBERS

MAY DAVENPORT

HELEN LEAVITT

LOUISE McCARTY

INEZ STRATTON

EDNA WHEATON

ETHEL WILDE





“Blest be the Tie that Binds”

1 VERA BUTLER

- |                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 2 BELLE JOHNSON   | 8 MAY DAVENPORT     |
| 3 MAIE STRAIGHT   | 9 FLORENCE STARK    |
| 4 SARAH MILLEISEN | 10 CORINNE KRAG     |
| 5 IRENE SAUTER    | 11 GRACE FREULER    |
| 6 JESS ABRAMS     | 12 ADA WOOD         |
| 7 CORA REINHERZ   | 13 HELEN HUNTINGTON |

Candidates for Membership

“Wait But a Little While in Uncomplaining Love”

1 MARIE HOWALD

- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 2 NELLIE ALBRIGHT  | 8 LOUISE KELLY      |
| 3 HELEN LEAVITT    | 9 MARY MASTERS      |
| 4 ETHEL RADCLIFFE  | 10 YOLANDE MORRISON |
| 5 MARION ATWELL    | 11 BESS BACON       |
| 6 RUTH BUTTERFIELD | 12 BESS JUDSON      |
| 7 GLENNA WEBB      | 13 ANNAH WILSON     |

## Fits and Misfits

“ His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This was a man ! ”

DR. BRAGDON

“ Wearing all that weight of learning  
Lightly like a flower. ”

MISS CARPENTER

“ His manner, which was soft. ”

DR. WINSLOW

“ The graceful tact, the Christian art. ”

MISS POTTER

“ Unto each she bowed her head, and  
Swept past with lofty tread. ”

MISS WITHERBEE

“ Here is no rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun. ”

MISS PACKARD

“ Let the world slide ; let the world go ;  
A fig for care, and a fig for woe ! ”

MADEMOISELLE LE ROYER

“ A low, melodious thunder, to the sound  
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies. ”

MISS BATES

“ Deep, subtle wits  
In truth are master spirits in the world. ”

MISS RAND

“ What care I, when I can lie and rest,  
Kill time, and take life at its very best. ”

FRAÜLEIN HEINRICH

“ And when she speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

MRS. MARTIN

“ I know him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest.”

MR. HILLS

“ Men of few words are the best men.”

MR. DUNHAM

“ To love her is a liberal education.”

MISS PARKHURST

“ They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.”

MISS WHITE

“ By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady.”

MISS GOODRICH

“ There is a gift beyond the reach of  
- Art, of being eloquently silent.”

MISS LOWELL

“ 'Tis fine to have a giant's strength.”

MISS FRANCES

“ Is she not passing fair?”

MISS DUNSFORTH

“ Yet I should so temper Justice with Mercy.”

ALLERLEI JOKE EDITORS

“ Fair maid, where didst thou get thy smile?”

MILDRED JOHNSTON

“ Her brightest conception of innocent fun  
Finds its source and its end in a side-splitting pun.”

HELEN E. CARTER

“ And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all she knew.”

MARIE ANDREWS

“ My speech is deliberate, my movements slow,  
And thus always leisurely through life I will go.”

CAROLINE STEINMETZ

“ Who thinks too little and talks too much.”

GRACE GRISWOLD

“So we grew together, like to a double cherry.”

MARION and PRISS

“If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done  
quickly.”

*Leaving class after ten minutes,  
on failure of teacher to appear*

“Fresh as a flower.”

MARGARITA BUEHNER

“Her hair was thick with many a curl that clustered 'round her  
head.”

DOROTHY CALDWELL

“I rise with the larks.”

LOUISE PAISLEY

“Her appetite for knowledge was insatiable.”

ETHEL TAFT

“Girls blush sometimes because they are alive.”

\* IDA SISSON

“There is no such flatterer as one's self.”

HELEN HUNTINGTON

“Give thy thoughts no tongue.”

LYLLIS HALSEY

“Thy aspiring and ambitious thoughts.”

MARGARET FULLER

“Bashfulness is an ornament.”

CLARA NIMS

“The over-curious are not over-wise.”

ELSIE FENGAR

“Contented just to know each other's near.”

CHARLOTTE RYDER and FANNIE KEMPNER

“Sober as a judge.”

LELA GOODALL

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.”

FRANCES HARTMAN

“I am not lean enough to be thought a good scholar.”

CARMEN PERCY

“Greatness knows itself.”

CORINNE KRAG

“To see and to be seen.”

FLORA LUCE

“Hush! don’t disturb her; she’s hunting for an idea.”

BERNICE ADLER

“Your own way, your own say; then you are happy.”

CORNELIA EATON

“So wise, so young, they say, do ne’er live long.”

CORA REINHERZ

“Thou foster child of silence and slow time.”

GRACE GRISWOLD

TO LASELL GIRLS:—

“Think rather of work than praise.”

“So vast is art.”

KATHERINE McCLANAHAN

“I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

ADA WOOD

“The choicest goods come in small packages.”

INA CARLOW

“The night is in her hair.”

CLARA MATTLAGE

“And the shadow of a monarch’s  
Crown is softened in her hair.”

GRACE VICARY

“Yet I do fear thy nature is too full of the milk of human kindness.”

ANNE VICKERY

“I broke the copious curls upon my head in braids.”

JENNIE JOHNSON

“And munched and munched and munched.”

HELEN WAIT

## French à la French Table

Voulez-vous me dire les mots  
 Pour pickles, gravy, chicken, crow?  
 Beth, s'il vous plaît, passez le sel—  
 O, j'ai une histoire, I must tell.  
 (O, oui, M'am'selle, je parle français,  
 Qu'est-ce que c'est le mot pour day?)  
 En France, on dit pour "salt," le sel,  
 This sounds exactement comme "Lasell."  
 Et, si, une fille (I can't recall  
 Her name), pour poivre dit "Dana Hall,"  
 Clever, n'est pas, I think, don't you?  
 The originator was a Ju —  
 M'am'selle, regarde! Qu'est-ce que c'est  
 The English lesson pour Friday?  
 An essay! Oh! Miss Witherbee  
 Will surely be the death of me.  
 —Mesdemoiselles, je vous ai dit  
 De ne pas parler de tout si  
 Il faut que vous parlez anglais—  
 Pardon, j'ai été excité.

Que pensez-vous of this red dress?  
 J'ai asked Marie. Hear what she says:  
 "Your dress is very pretty, dear,  
 But not the shade you ought to wear.  
 If your complexion were like mine,  
 You'd look so sweet,—oh, quite divine!"  
 —Mees Hopkins, j'ai entendu, moi,  
 Pas français, mais des mots chinois—  
 Excusez-moi, oh, s'il vous plaît,  
 Je n'ai tort parce que j'ai cité.

Parlons français, car Mademoiselle  
 Will get provoked, I can always tell  
 Quand elle est fâché, elle—ahr—um—  
 Well frowns,—I hate an idiom!  
 Mais dit, what news of Bob? Is he  
 As loving as he used to be?  
 How often does he write to you?  
 Without Bill's letters I'd be blue.  
 —Mesdemoiselles, c'est maintenant  
 La dernière fois, et pour parlant  
 Anglais, il faut que vous parlez  
 Français pendant tout le dessert—  
 I said she'd get provoked, oh dear!  
 Oh, Mademoiselle, je suis fâché,  
 Mais cette fais-ci j'ai oublié.



## When the Minister Came to Supper

THE morning sun shone brightly in at the window, and Emily Amelia sat up in bed with a start. Her little clock ticking excitedly on the bureau near by marked seven o'clock. Suddenly realizing the terrible lateness of the hour, the little girl jumped up hastily and hurried into her clothes; that is, decorous Emily Amelia hurried as much as was consistent with her close observance of Aunt Lydia's favorite maxim, "Haste makes waste." Why had not she been called before? In her well-ordered existence she always rose exactly at six-thirty to the echo of Aunt Lydia's call, "Emily Amelia!" This was to be such a busy, important day, too, for in the evening the new minister and his wife were coming to supper. When she was dressed, Emily ran in to Aunt Lydia's room, only to find that worthy lady in bed, with the shutters closed to exclude all the light.

"Land sakes, but you're slow, child!" a voice called from the darkness. "Hustle and get Uncle Jerry a bite of breakfast. I have one of my terrible dizzy headaches, and can't raise my head an inch."

Emily Amelia hurried away bewildered. Aunt Lydia sick! It was unbelievable. Impatient Uncle Jerry had already gone off to work, so she made a cup of tea for her Aunt while pondering the situation.

A new pastor had just been called to the Presbyterian Church of Waverly, and in order to give him and his wife a welcome, and an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the prominent church members, various good housewives of the congregation had invited the pair to their homes on allotted evenings; and there had been much pleasant rivalry among the women as to who should serve the most delectable repast. Everyone knew what a famous cook Mrs. Jeremiah Holcomb was, and it was conceded a matter of course that on this occasion she would outdo herself. Emily Amelia knew there was no such word as "fail" in Aunt Lydia's vocabulary, so when she went upstairs with the tea she was not surprised to hear her say in a firm voice: "You probably haven't forgotten that to-night is our turn to entertain the minister. It's just impossible for me to get up, but I wouldn't for anything send him word not to come at this late hour, and put him on to some other poor, unprepared female; so you just go ahead and have everything as I planned. Thank goodness I

trained you up in the way you should go,—something your poor, weak mother could not have done,—and you really can cook. But for mercy's sake be careful, and don't spoil my reputation."

Emily Amelia went downstairs with a full realization of the responsibility placed upon her—to have the dinner come up to Aunt Lydia's standard of the best in Washington County. However, she started in bravely, and soon there were two delicious mince pies and two of pumpkin set to cool on the table. Everything went along beautifully throughout the busy day, and Emily Amelia began to feel an honest pride in her accomplishments in the culinary line. In the afternoon she tidied up the already perfectly immaculate best parlor, and then put on her Sunday dress of red henrietta. The table had to be set with the company china, and she ventured to put her brightest flowered geranium in the center—an addition which Aunt Lydia would have frowned upon. Enveloped in a huge apron she cooked the vegetables, and by the time the guests arrived the house was filled with the delicious odor of fried chicken. Aunt Lydia, restless and tossing on the bed upstairs, kept her ears open for any sound of a mishap, and was continually calling down that she smelled the biscuits burning.

Flushed with success, Emily Amelia began to serve the food, and soon everything was on the table in most tempting array. Only the gravy was lacking, and she hurried to bring in the delicious thick mixture. Alas! pride always goes before a fall; the shining kitchen floor was slippery, and somehow, somehow, the gravy boat slid out of her hands and fell with a crash.

"For mercy's sake, child, what's happened?" Aunt Lydia's voice came in distracted tones.

But Emily Amelia, giving a little cry of pain as the hot liquid burned her hand, was oblivious to everything except the dreadful brown river flowing down her apron, and the rapidly widening lake on the immaculate floor, with its white islands of broken bits of china. Quickly tearing off her bedraggled apron, and looking to see that the precious red henrietta was not spotted, she began to clean up the remains of the catastrophe. Then Uncle Jerry, wondering at the delay, appeared on the scene to say that the minister was getting hungry. So Emily Amelia went in to greet the guests with cheeks as blazing red as the burn on her hand.

"Really," the minister's charming young wife said, as the dinner progressed, "I don't see who got up this delicious dinner, with Mrs. Holcomb ill."

“Why, I did,” Emily Amelia ventured, blushing.

“You!” the minister’s wife exclaimed in an incredulous tone. “I’m sure I could not do half as well myself, as John probably knows, to his sorrow” (with a sly glance at the minister). “Everything is just perfect.”

“Oh, no indeed,” Emily Amelia protested gravely; “there isn’t any gravy.”

Then, of course, they had to hear about the wreckage of the gravy boat, but the guests only thought it a grand joke,—all except the burn. So the evening passed delightfully away, and everyone was quite satisfied, not excepting Aunt Lydia, who was secretly very proud of her little niece’s cooking.

The next day Emily Amelia was industriously scrubbing out the grease spots on the kitchen floor, when she confided to her Aunt: “I know I shall just enjoy going to church now: the new minister is so nice. I mean,” she added hastily, in answer to a shocked look on that lady’s face, “I’ll like it even more than I used to. The minister said,” she added, slowly, “that he liked my cooking better than that of the modern domestic science teachers. Does that make me a domestic scientist? And what is one, anyway?”

“Nothing but a good cook,” Aunt Lydia answered shortly. “And don’t you go and get puffed up, Emily Amelia. You must always remember, ‘The proof of the pudding is in the eating,’ and just because you made it well once, that doesn’t help you the time you spoil it.”

But Emily Amelia was dreaming about the minister’s wife, and wondering if she were not somewhat like her own mother, so she heard never a word of Aunt Lydia’s wholesome warning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the influence of this same minister’s wife, Emily Amelia was enabled to attend Lasell some years later, and in the cooking classes Mrs. Loomis had occasion to exclaim more than once, “You must have had a great deal of experience, Miss Holcomb, because there is scarcely anything I can teach you in my line of domestic science.” The story of the disastrous wreckage of the gravy was a most lively one to tell at feasts, when the tension following ghost stories had to be relieved with a laugh. Emily Amelia (her name was shortened to “Em” at boarding school) always considered the night the minister came to supper as one of the most important events of her childhood days.

? Queries ?

Is Florence as much of a Childe as she seems?

Will Bella always be Blythe?

Do you know how well Mary Masters her French?

Why does our Butler not serve the Fish?

Is Elsie as Young as she appears?

Will a fellow sometime find in Ina a safe and pleasant Harber?

Will Wood Ada become engaged?

Does Louise give us a good Morrell?

Will not Felonise some time write something Moore after her name?

Why is Etta so Handy in the library?

Is Lela Goodall through?

When Charlotte has never taken lessons, how can she be such a good  
Ryder?

Does it not seam fitting that Miss Cutting should teach sewing?

Does Maie always keep to the Straight and narrow way?

Why will Ethel Argue so much?

Instead of patronizing Lewando's when we wish to change the color of  
clothes, why do we not apply to Nellie Dyer?

Why is our Knight so light and bright?

Ought not Pauline be able to Rowe?

Why are Genevra and Sally such Strong girls?

Is Ethel Wilde about Edna Wheaton?

Do you know that Katherine gets her lessons by the Swett of her brow?

How does Glenna always entangle the hearts of unwary young men in her  
Webb?

Do you imagine Amy would rather Bemis than Mrs.?



## Popular Plays

Babes in Toyland . . . . .	}	MILDRED JOHNSTON
		PRIS MATTLAGE
		CORA REINHERZ
		BABY ROGERS
		GLENNA WEBB
The West Point Cadet . . . . .		BELLE JOHNSON
The Music Master . . . . .		MARION STAHL
Her Own Way . . . . .		MARTHA LAURENS
The Girl from Dixie . . . . .		CORA DANFORTH
Forty-five Minutes from Broadway . . . . .		BESS BACON
The Strollers . . . . .	}	HELEN SEBRING
		DOT CALDWELL
		BESS JUDSON
		AMY PLANT
The Schoolgirl . . . . .		MAUDE SIMES
The Toast of the Town . . . . .		CLASS OF '05
Just Out of College . . . . .		CLASS OF '07
Soldiers of Fortune . . . . .		THE SIGNORITA
The Catch of the Season . . . . .		MISS POTTER
On the Quiet . . . . .		MARIE ANDREWS
The Virginian . . . . .		MARY MASTERS
M'lle Modiste . . . . .		LILLIE POTTER
Sunday . . . . .		FAN KEMPNER
Fantana . . . . .		

**THE ALLERLEI**

**POPULAR PLAYS**

Much Ado About Nothing . . . . .	MAUD KENNEDY
The Girl from the Golden West . . . . .	CARMEN PERCY
A Pair of Spectacles . . . . .	LELA GOODALL
As Ye Sow . . . . .	MISS CUTTING
The Rollicking Girl . . . . .	ANNAH WILSON
The Royal Chef . . . . .	SARAH CALDWELL
The Tempest . . . . .	FLORENCE HOVEY
Sergeant Brue . . . . .	BAB WAIT
The Power Behind the Throne . . . . .	MISS CARPENTER
The Money Makers . . . . .	ALLERLEI BOARD
The Madcap Princess . . . . .	MARIE HOWALD
Lovey Mary . . . . .	MARY WILMARTH
Second in Command . . . . .	DR. WINSLOW
The Other Girl . . . . .	LUCY TERRY
The Little Minister . . . . .	LOIS BLAISDELL
Happyland . . . . .	ANNA BLACKSTOCK
As <i>You</i> Like It . . . . .	MARION ATWELL
The Girl Who Has Everything . . . . .	INA HARBER
She Stoops to Conquer . . . . .	MAIE STRAIGHT
My Lady of the North . . . . .	MADELEINE LOVITT
Peggy from Paris . . . . .	ARLINE HARDINGE
A Comedy of Errors . . . . .	BERNICE ADLER
Way Down East . . . . .	{ ALICE CHASE
	{ MINNIE CHASE
Vanity Fair . . . . .	FRANCES HARTMANN
I. O. U. . . . .	HELEN ANDRUS
The Old Maids' Convention . . . . .	{ MARIE COGSWELL
	{ DOROTHEA TURNER
	{ FLORENCE MOUNTAIN
The Three Musketeers . . . . .	{ HELEN E. CARTER
	{ EDNA THURSTON
	{ GERTRUDE LEONARD
Under Southern Skies . . . . .	{ ESTHER LEVI
	{ ANNIE DEALEY
	{ FANNIE DEALEY
	{ ANNE VICKERY
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde . . . . .	JOSEPHINE FISH
When We Were Twenty-one . . . . .	MILLE. LE ROYER
In Sunny Tennessee . . . . .	AMY STEFFERSON
The Professor's Love Story . . . . .	MRS. WINSLOW
Dolly Dollars . . . . .	DOROTHY SAUNDERS
The Wizard of Oz . . . . .	FLORENCE CHILD
Under the Red Rose . . . . .	JENNIE JOHNSON
Mother Goose . . . . .	STEINIE
Girls Will be Girls . . . . .	MARGARET FULLER
The Tenderfoot . . . . .	SARAH MILLEISEN

## Jokes

The jokes used in this ALLERLEI  
Are all hand-picked and new ;  
And, by the way, we're pleased to add,  
So are the chestnuts, too.

If William Shakespeare, matchless bard,  
Were at Lasell to-day,  
Just lots of girls would try real hard  
To keep out of his way.  
This statement may seem fetched too far  
And out of season, till  
You think how many girls there are  
Who hate to meet a Bill.

“Is there danger of contagion in a kiss?”  
Asked a young and very charming Jackson Miss.  
Said the Baltimore M.D., “If you wish we'll Troy, N. C.  
If there's anything contagious in a kiss.”

“Round about Auburndale”  
When the snow is on the ground,  
In a cutter he'll be found,  
Sleighting all the livelong day.  
When the dust is thick as sin,  
In a motor car he'll spin,  
Slaying all the livelong day.

[Showing the attention paid by some girls in history class.]

TEACHER: “Who was the wife of Charles II?”

PUPIL: “The Rise of Russia.”

TEACHER: “Name some of Milton's works.”

SENIOR (with a sudden inspiration): “Oh! I know. He wrote Dante's *Inferno*.”

If we three were angles, why couldn't we make a triangle? I am always right, you know, and you two are obtuse.

An absent-minded Junior, probably in love, once spent much valuable time, and used up a great deal of nervous energy and vocal power, in hunting for a stamp to put on a government postal card.

Miss C. (In Lit.): “What is the difference between a witch-elm and a witch-hazel?”

The Senior Hall and Annex girls have a hard time in cold weather to keep the chaps away from their hands and lips.

From the “Strike's” Grammar: Conjugation of the word “buss,”  
“to kiss” :—

BUSS : A kiss.

REBUS : To kiss again.

PLURIBUS : To kiss many times.

SYLLABUS : To kiss a homely girl.

BLUNDERBUS : To kiss the wrong person.

OMNIBUS : To kiss everybody.

EREBUS : To kiss in the dark.

GENEVRA : "How do you get to Madame May's from the Old South Station? No, I mean the Old South Church. Oh dear! I'm all mixed up, but you know what I mean."

LITTLE GIRL : "Please, have you a sheep's head?"

FACETIOUS BUTCHER : "No, my dear, only my own."

LITTLE GIRL : "It won't do; mother wants one with the brains in it."

MISS BATES, to a Senior halting in her translation of Livy : "Why, Miss ——, don't you remember that word? We met with it *once* in Cæsar."

Heard in the Hall. Miss C. : "I'm full of prunes."

Miss F. (somewhat puzzled) : "Oh, did you have prunes at your table for luncheon?"

BRIGHT SENIOR : "The Greek women wore scandals on their feet."

SARCASTIC ENGLISH TEACHER : "Quite the proper place for scandals, Miss X."

A gentleman speaking to a Sunday school (or it might have been Lasell Bible classes) asked what was meant by the "molten calf" of the lesson. Promptly the answer came, "It was a calf that was just shedding its feathers."

There are two kinds of jokes—good jokes and the Faculty's jokes.

In Polly Con. Miss R. : "Is health ever capital?"

BRIGHT STUDENT (sub rosa) : "Not unless you have capital health."

Several preps were spiritedly casting slurs upon one another, making uncomplimentary remarks, when a teacher gently remonstrated.

"Oh, you mustn't mind this," spoke up one. "It's only a Woman's Exchange."

CASSIE (at Senior Hall) : "They have telephoned that your father is at the building, and wishes to see you, Miss G." (Much bustling about and untold excitement.)

THE SAME (a few minutes later) : "I made a mistake. It's only a box of flowers."



The clink of glasses was heard in the room. Don't be alarmed; it was only two affectionate spectacled roommates saying good-night.

ENGLISH TEACHER: "Why do you fold your paper, Miss S.?"

MISS S.: "Because it is so very small."

MISS X.: "What is that peculiar noise?"

MISS Y.: "Oh, something has struck Ina funny, that's all.

MISS M.: "I did not know George Washington had two children."

MISS N.: "He didn't; they were his wife's. She was a widower, you know."

MISS RAND: "Are there any exceptions to the law of gravitation?"

MISS A.: "A balloon."

MISS B.: "They cut Louis XVI's *neck* off."

Isn't it funny that so few chauffeurs are Turks, though every Turk is an Automan?

Also that the rascal who throws pepper at another may be held for assault?

MISS L. (with a *fruitless* endeavor to be witty): "What is the difference between forbidden unfruit and unforbidden fruit?"

MISS CARPENTER: "What is the meaning of dramatic?"

JUNIOR: "It means capable of being *played*."

MISS CARPENTER: "Golf can be played; would you call that dramatic? Perhaps you would if you saw me play, however."

MISS RAND: "When the polish *coal* came over, etc."

When Maude creates the world anew  
I wonder what she's going to do.  
I hope she'll leave some room for me,  
For her I love most heartily.  
I reckon all the men will have  
Behind their names an appendage;  
The girls will all write poetry,  
(And this I trust will admit me).  
There will be neither cone nor sphere,  
Nor pyramid nor frustum there,  
For Maude has stated very clear  
That geometry is her bugbear.  
If on this new earth you would stay,  
Just quickly learn how to "parler."

There was once a young lady named Mill,  
 Who was often most terribly ill.  
 She, when asked for the reason  
 Of her indisposition,  
 Said, "I'm awfully fond of a pill."

There once lived a girl at Lasell  
 Who seldom on Sundays was well.  
 When I asked her the cause,  
 She said, after a pause,  
 "I don't want to go to chapel."

"When I sit in the chapel  
 On Sat'day morn, I quake and trem-  
 ble, 'case I might be Sec. *pro tem*  
 Of the Congress of the Sem-  
 inary of Lasell  
 inary of Lasell."

There was once a young woman named Etta,  
 Who when she did not get a letter,  
 She cried out, "Oh my,  
 I'm sure I shall die  
 If the people don't soon treat me better."

A teacher did just then pass by,  
 Who stopped, and to her did reply,  
 "You surely must know  
 You should not talk so;  
 Such *exaggeration* I decry."

#### LASELL MAXIMS

Every cloud has a silver lining, but many a silk skirt has a cambric one,  
 (Priss's always excepted).  
 Bear and forbear—our honorary member.  
 There are moments when one wants to be alone—"Busy."  
 A stitch in time (hurriedly before Gym) saves nine holes in your stocking.  
 Into each life some rain must fall—Essays.  
 Though Mrs. Martin's Exercises be madness, yet there's method in't.  
 Fickleness, thy name is Lasell girl.  
 All that live must graduate, passing from Prep to Senior.

## Advice to Seniors

Have you left it till so late?  
    Take Junior English.  
E'er you leave our dear old gate,  
    Take Junior English.  
Though earth's terrors dire assail you,  
It's a friend that will not fail you ;  
It will cure all ills that ail you—  
    Junior English.  
Are you flunker, shark, or grind?  
    Take Junior English.  
Are you maimed or halt or blind,  
    Take Junior English.  
It is pleasure's brightest course ;  
It is wisdom's fount and source ;  
It is life's most broadening force—  
    Junior English.

(ADAPTED.)



## A Chain of Advice to the Juniors

Fill your mind with stores of knowledge,  
Knowledge that will help you on—  
On to a resplendent future ;  
Future bright as summer's morn.  
Morn that will be the beginning,—  
The beginning of your fame ;  
Fame which shall but add more fuel,—  
Fuel to your genius' flame.  
Flame that will be never dying,  
Dying tho' the mortal shrine,—  
Shrine which is but lifeless clay,  
Clay breathed into by pow'r Divine.

## "61"

A pleasant place is sixty-one  
To spend your time from day to day;  
Here you can have all kinds of fun.

In there for you all things are done.  
If you your wish but gently say,  
A pleasant place is sixty-one.

Some one will always errands run,  
Do everything to make you gay;  
Here you can have all kinds of fun.

The things you get to eat 'most stun  
You, when you see what's on the tray;  
A pleasant place is sixty-one.

You read and sew, sit in the sun,  
Or else your time is spent in play;  
Here you can have all kinds of fun.

Don't think this room you needs must shun,  
Because 'tis here sick people stay.  
A pleasant place is sixty-one—  
Here you can have all kinds of fun.

I have written some verse—  
Would you call it a poem?  
In expression 'tis terse.  
I have written some verse  
Which I hope will immerse  
Your thoughts in its foam.  
I have written some verse—  
Would you call it a poem?

## A Phenomenon

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,  
Who never to herself has said,  
When the gong thro' all the halls does sound  
At seven, on its daily round,—  
I'm weary?

If such there be, go, tell Miss Nutt,  
And call the doctor from his hut  
To view this strange unheard of case,  
And remedy bring in breathless haste.  
Oh! dearie!!

For this young girl is, so to speak,  
In her mental powers a little weak;  
So she should be made to sit up all night,  
And learn to realize the other girls' plight.  
How dreary!!

## Mail Time

Here I am waiting for mail,  
 Stepped on and elbowed and smashed ;  
 Strong tho' I am, I am pale,  
 But I see that my hopes are all dashed.

Stepped on and elbowed and smashed,  
 Trying to get to my box ;  
 But I see that my hopes are all dashed  
 Before the wee key it unlocks.

Trying to get to my box,  
 To see if that dear letter is there,  
 Before the wee key it unlocks.  
 Alas! I now see it is bare.

To see if that dear letter is there  
 In my box numbered one hundred eight.  
 Alas! I now see it is bare!  
 How cruel the workings of fate!

In my box numbered one hundred eight  
 There isn't a sign of a letter ;  
 How cruel the workings of fate!  
 He might surely have treated me better.

There isn't a sign of a letter ;  
 Here I am waiting for mail.  
 He might surely have treated me better :  
 Strong tho' I am, I am pale.

## The Song of the Strike

I love her, I love her,  
 And who would dare  
 To scold me for loving  
 A Senior fair.

To run all her errands  
 Is now my delight ;  
 But I fear my affections  
 She does not requite.

Other strikes has she,  
 A Junior "supe," too ;  
 And when I consider  
 Their charms, I'm blue.

Yet if she smiles on me,  
 All's bright as the morn ;  
 I'm dizzy with gladness,  
 All rivals I scorn.

I flowers will send her  
 (The bills to *mon père*) ;  
 All devotion I'll give her,  
 My Senior most fair.

## The Busy-Sign

One time I climbed three flights of stairs  
 To see a friend—my need was sore ;  
 But when at last her room I reached,  
 What do you think was on the door?  
A Busy-Sign.

'Twas vain to knock ; I must return,  
 And call again some other time.  
 The rude card almost seemed to say,  
 "Once more you up the stairs must climb."  
That Busy-Sign.

And oft I've been to see my strike,  
 And found a card hung on the door,  
 Which meant, "Go back ; you cannot pass."  
 Oh ! how I hate those letters four,  
The *Busy-Sign*.

And yet, like other things, this sign,  
 Tho' it has faults, has good points, too ;  
 And oft has kept *me* undisturbed  
 When *I* have had much work to do,—  
My Busy-Sign.

And so I should not be too harsh,  
 For it has proved my friend at times,  
 And turned away unwelcome ones  
 When I was busy making rhymes,—  
Dear Busy-Sign.

'Tis not its fault that it's misused,  
 To prevarication made an aid ;  
 Time has taught me I dare to knock,  
 And of it not to be afraid,  
Your Busy-Sign.

## A Prisoner

Thou poor, unhappy bit of glazed clay,  
 For faults of others here thou suffer must.  
 Thou didst no wrong, didst neither break nor rust,—  
 Didst only look thy best the livelong day.  
 Ah ! there's thy crime ; all carried thee away  
 To hide thee, for of thee they were jealous.  
 Yet they who wronged thee are, like thee, but dust,  
 And soon or late they for their sins must pay.  
 Cheer up, pale one, the worst is yet to come ;  
 Thy lot is not so sad as that of some,  
 For thou are wooed of all, all drink from thee,  
 And none excels in popularity.  
 Wait till thou'rt put within the china case,  
 And flask of shining silver takes thy place.

## The Story of Two College Girls

IT was a beautiful September day when the college opened. The cool, crisp air was tempered by the sunny warmth of the late Indian summer; the leaves of the trees on the campus were just beginning to put on their lovely autumn colors; the walks were crowded with girls, many of whom were having their first glimpse of college life.

So it was with Margaret Holmes, a tall girl, with a splendid physique, developed by the years spent in her native mountain village. Her large gray eyes, shaded by delicately arched eyebrows, looked almost black at times under the dark masses of slightly wavy hair; the expression of her mouth was sensitive, almost moody, but the chin was firm and strong—a striking girl rather than a pretty one. An orphan, she had lived with distant relatives, who, incapable of doing anything unkind, had been uniformly good to the child. But it had never occurred to them to show their affection for her in any way, though they cared for her in their simple fashion. She had grown up alone, for they could neither realize the indefinable pain in her heart, nor could they comprehend or sympathize with her desire to go to college. Her old schoolmaster became interested in her progress, and now, by the aid of his help and his books, she was entering the Sophomore year.

Margaret's roommate, an "old girl," came the next day, and was greeted with enthusiastic shouts by all her chums. Dorothy Lee was a slight girl, with thick curly hair and blue eyes, always filled with fun. The daughter of wealthy parents, she had never known an unsatisfied want, and her brightness and wit made her a general favorite. When she entered the room, accompanied by several friends, she scarcely noticed the dark figure at the window until it was fully revealed by the turning on of the electric light. Each hesitated a moment; Margaret certainly had never known anyone like Dorothy, and probably Dorothy had never come into close contact with anyone just like Margaret.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "I suppose you must be my new roommate, Margaret Holmes."

"Yes," replied the latter; "Miss Preston said this was to be my room."

“Well, I’m Dot, and this is Bess and Mab, Nell, Patty and Helen, commonly called “Toots”; they all have other names, you know, but they are never recognized here. I suppose they call you Maggie, for short?”

Margaret flushed painfully; how could she say that she had never had a pet name? But Dorothy chattered on, unnoticing, as she removed her wraps. Then giving her fluffy hair a pat, she went out with her friends to seek others of her particular chums.

Left to herself, Margaret turned out the light, and leaning her head on her hand, sat at the window watching the shadows come and go in the other brilliantly lighted dormitories. “I shall be equally misunderstood here,” she thought bitterly; “my roommate is but a butterfly.”

Gradually the room was arranged, but the two girls did not become real friends; they had but little in common. To one, college meant only the fun and pleasure to be derived from it; lessons were cribbed, and examinations crammed for, as being the simplest method of dealing with a necessary evil. For the other, an education was the chief object, and the tendency of natural inclination and talent was increased by loneliness. Unable to enter into the gayety of Dorothy and her companions, she was left much to herself, and the only way to forget was to become absorbed in study. Soon the Faculty took notice of the girl who, reciting so brilliantly, and with such a thorough knowledge of her subject, easily led her class.

The year passed on, and one evening at the close of the first semester, Dorothy had invited six of her chums to a spread. Everything was in readiness, the fudge was just at the critical point, and the fun grew “fast and furious,” when a knock was heard at the door.

“Sh-h-h, girls, be quiet,” said Dorothy; “I feel in my prophetic bones that Fräulein has smelt the fudge, and invited herself to join us. Just stand around so that she can’t see what we have, and Patty, you try the fudge while I go to the door.”

There was a second knock as she turned to open the door, but it was not Fräulein. She returned with a note, and as she read it the merriment left her face, and she grew slightly pale; the girls had never seen her so sober.

“The Dean wishes to see me at once,” she said.

She left the room quickly, and one by one the girls filed softly out, leaving Margaret alone in the midst of all the joyous preparations. She



quietly put the things away, set the room to rights, and sat down with a book, but she could not study.

It was nearly an hour before Dorothy returned, sobbing as if her heart would break, and throwing her arms around Margaret's neck, told her the whole story. She had failed in all the term examinations, and could only remain in college on probation. She could not bear the humiliation of telling her parents, who, like many others, had heard her bright stories of college life, and thought only of their daughter's enjoyment rather than of her progress in her studies. Together they discussed the matter for a long time, and Margaret, with all the tenderness of one who had all her life sighed for love and companionship, for the chance to show herself loving and lovable, comforted Dorothy, and promised her help in making up the work.

Drawn together thus by a common bond of sympathy they grew to understand each other's natures, and each received something from the other. Margaret's brilliant success was like an inspiration to Dorothy, and the former presently absorbed something of the latter's gay spirits, till at last the two girls, so unlike in disposition and character, became fast friends.



## Domestic Science (?)

The home was happy as could be.  
 Jane said to John: "At any time  
 Bring home with you a friend to tea,  
 And we will have a pleasant time."  
 Said John to Will in gleeful tone,  
 "Won't you come home with me to-night  
 To see my wife and little home,  
 Which Janie keeps so clean and bright."  
 So home with John friend Will did go.  
 Jane met her husband with a look,  
 And said, "The cook has had to go;  
 And, well you know *I* cannot cook."  
 Sardines and olives—all they had,  
 With cheese and crackers at the end.  
 Will muttered low, "Well, I am glad  
 I don't to matrimony tend."  
 Learn then to cook while there is time;  
 This is the moral of these lines.  
 There's one thing sure,—you'll always find  
 That cooking is the tie that binds.

## Girls of Yesterday and To-day

There was a time, once, long ago  
 When girls learned how to cook and sew;  
 And they could also dust and sweep  
 And all the rooms in order keep.  
 They did not fear to soil their hands,  
 But washed and scrubbed both pots and pans.  
 But then there came an age when girls  
 Cared more for fripperies and curls,  
 Than keeping house and cooking meals,  
 And with the grocer making deals.  
 It was not seemly, so they thought,  
 For them i' the kitchen to be caught.  
 At last, what joy! The bright age comes  
 When, o'er her work, each dear girl hums,  
 And dishes wipes or cooks or sweeps,—  
 For now, she her own household keeps.  
 She's proud that she's learned self-reliance;  
 It's all due to domestic science.

## The Song of the Cook

Too hard it is to cook,  
 In scientific days,  
 When one must use a book  
 To learn the proper ways;  
 Some hardly think it pays  
 To give it e'en a look.

Too hard it is to cook  
 In scientific days.  
 When all else we've forsook  
 To thread this kitchen maze,  
 We're sorry we partook  
 If we gain not due praise.  
 Too hard it is to cook  
 In scientific days.

## Domestic Science

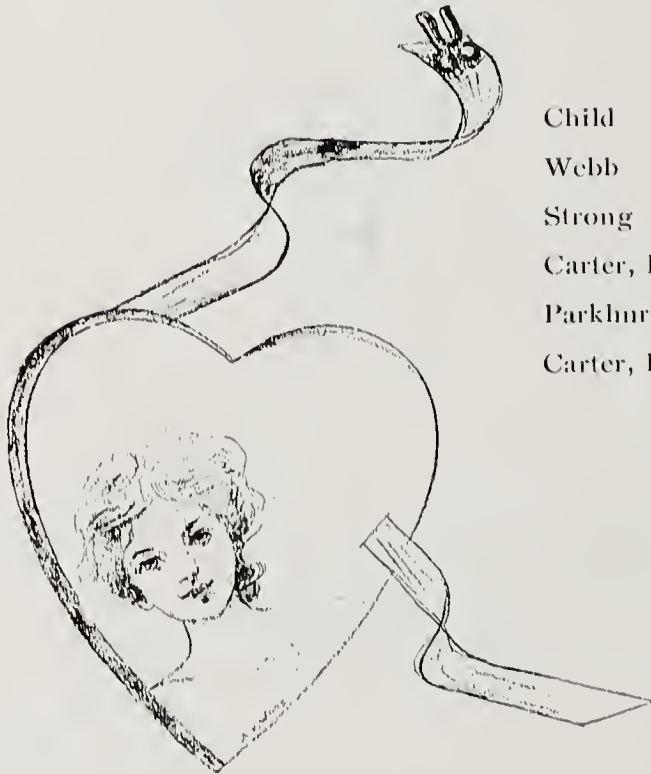
We take domestic science day by day,  
 Learn how to use the various pots and pans,  
 And very oft it seems to all mere play  
 To measure out the contents of the cans.  
 To cook by rule is hard at first to try,  
 But easier 'comes by practice, so they say.  
 To win perfection in that line is why  
 We take domestic science day by day.  
 Some things we boil, but others we must fry ;  
 Best bread is made when moulded by our hands ;  
 And when it's done we hold it up and cry,  
 "Learn how to use the various pots and pans."  
 It's not for us to stay in that one place ;  
 There's goods which we must on a pattern lay,  
 That more than once turns out a hopeless case,  
 Though very oft it seems to all mere play.  
 Not only do we sweep and cook and sew,  
 For other things we use our dainty hands ;  
 To polish well our floors by rule, we know,  
 To measure out the contents of the cans.  
 Come poverty, come wealth, it matters not,  
 We've learned economy and all its laws ;  
 We are prepared to share another's lot,  
 And comfort bring to any home, because  
 We take Domestic Science.

## Wedding Presents

How delicious is the planning  
 To be present at a wedding,  
 Where two mutual hearts abide,  
 Waiting ere the knot be tied.  
 But a present we must send,  
 Ere we venture to attend.  
 So we seek from store to store.  
 For something ne'er heard of before ;  
 For something novel, something new,  
 Of which there'll surely not be two.  
 At last the wedding day arrives,  
 And we behold to our surprise,  
 Numberless trinkets in den and hall,  
 So many alike and enough to appall.  
 China, silver, and gold galore,  
 It looked just like a jewelry store.

## Hook and Eye (I)

Blaisdell	Knight
Etc., etc.	Kennedy
Dixon	Taft
Peiree	Huntington
Saunders	Strickland
Thatcher	Saunders
Cones	Eaton



Child	Huttenbauer
Webb	Etc., etc.
Strong	Reilly
Carter, H. E.	Milleisen
Parkhurst	Potter, J.
Carter, H. F.	Taft





Simes  
 Albright  
 Reinherz  
 Terry  
 Johnston  
 Carter, H. E.  
 Wait  
 Wood  
 McClannahan  
 Milleisen  
 Stahl  
 Freuler

Huntington  
 Howald  
 Krag  
 Matlage  
 Smith  
 Ryder  
 Puterbaugh  
 Halberstadt  
 Mulliken  
 Straight  
 Johnson, J.  
 Johnson, B.

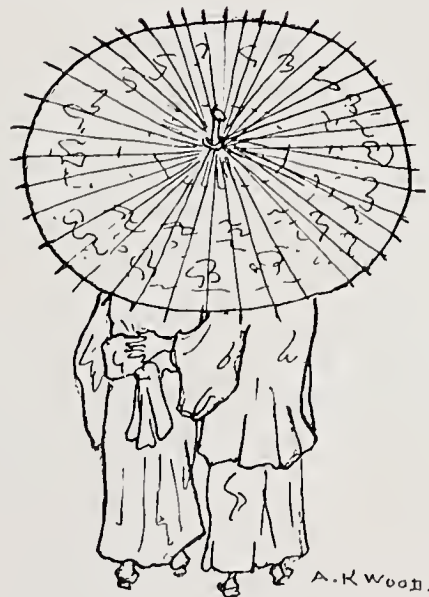


Vicary  
 Nims  
 Pautot  
 Tucker  
 Abrams  
 Wilson, L.  
 Harber  
 Sebring  
 Richardson  
 Blackstock  
 Leavitt  
 Tilton

Laurens  
 Potter, L.  
 Jackson  
 Child  
 Saunders  
 Andrus  
 Andrews  
 Bacon  
 Marston  
 House  
 Blythe  
 Stefferson

McCarty  
 Stratton  
 Douglass  
 Bemis  
 Levi  
 Serviss  
 Wilmarth  
 Rogers  
 Chase, A.  
 Lane  
 Cones  
 Peirce

Wheaton  
 Orcutt  
 Sisson's  
 Kempner  
 Disman  
 Irwin  
 Cones  
 Griswold  
 Radcliffe  
 Atwell  
 Wilmarth  
 Morrison



## Encyclopedia Lasellica

**Absences.**—Pleasant days spent in bed, with tea and toast, alternated with pills, as nourishment.

**Acquaintance.**—A convenient receptacle for all news concerning Dick and Bill.

**Attention.**—Such a degree of interest in your recitation, that you needs must ask your neighbor what the question was.

**Boy.**—A creature of peculiar habits, one of which is kicking and chasing a ball around an open field. They can be found in great numbers at a distance of about ten miles from Lasell. They are known to approach nearer occasionally, when there is a particularly tempting bait attracting them.

**Busy.**—A state of nothing-to-do-ness, accompanied by a desire for visitors.

**Concentration.**—A degree of attention given to studying, so great that you can hear the conversation between two friends in the hall. There are two kinds, open and closed. The above is an example of open.

**Conscience.**—The internal whisper that says, "Don't do it."

**Crush.**—See Strike.

**Curiosity.**—As some of the girls enjoy doing, paying a thousand dollars to see your own appendix.

**Dances.**—Measured motion about a room with a girl as partner.

**Excitement.**—A rare condition. May be caused by an unusual number of derbies on the hall rack.

**Flesh.**—Go to Lasell and you'll get it.

**Flowers.**—The wherewithal to create a bill.

**Grind.**—Obsolete in these halls.

**Hair.**—An expensive luxury, now that Marcelles are fifty cents apiece.

**Homesickness.**—A state of mind brought about by various causes. That of longing for home is merely incidental.

**Iambus.**—A kind of foot peculiar in that they seldom come in pairs, but oftener in fives. The bigger they are the better.

**Jokes.**—Misinterpreted sayings. Meant to raise a laugh; oftener draw tears.

**Judgment.**—Finding out what the teacher wants you to say and saying it.

**Junior.**—The quintessence of perfection.

**Knowledge.**—Power of saying the right thing.

**Letters.**—There are two kinds—letters sent, and letters received. The first contain pleas for more money; the second do not contain the money.

- Laughs.**—A variety of mirthful noises. The most well known, peculiar, and widely varying kinds are known as Ina's laugh, high and silvery. Jennie's laugh, low and golden.
- Money.**—A medium of exchange between the Italian and Hungry Squad.
- Matches.**—The most popular things at Lasell. Everybody wants them.
- Noise.**—An *awful* noise.
- Orchestra.**—That which decides the more or less swellness of entertainments at Lasell.
- Pills.**—The *perfect* remedy. Will cure *all* ailments, with the exception of heart-aches and homesickness.
- Questions.**—Some sorts exceedingly abundant; viz., those known as Teachers' Questions. The rarest and most highly prized are known as Pupils' Questions.
- Receptions.**—See Times—good and bad.
- Seniors.**—An animal of the genus Aves, specie Passeres, and class Orcines. They can be told from afar by their wings, beak, and caw.
- Strike.**—See Crush.
- Supes.**—The most favored of all mortals. For further information on the subject see, "Items in any Account Book."
- Sweeping.**—One way to get an appetite.
- Tests.**—An infallible means of lowering the grades of some, and of raising the grades of others.
- Time.**—Something to waste.
- Uncle.**—The probable generosity of whom is the greatest inducement to keeping our schedules in order.
- Verse.**—One of the many things Juniors can make, as is evinced by the ALLERLEI.
- Violet.**—'07's Class Flower.
- Visitor.**—Synonymous with Excitement, which see.
- Walk.**—The bane of a busy girl's life.
- Xanthous.**—See Wilde, Sisson E., Strong G., Peirce, Johnson, Kempner, Irwin, and Wood.
- Year.**—Any length of time from a day to a century.
- Z.**—Blessed letter, for it means the end.

## Just How It Was

**M**ANY years ago in the south of England there was a great forest of wild and rugged growth, but enclosing here and there in its shaggy depths lovely little glades, where were springs of clear, cold water that bubbled joyously out of dark little nooks close under projecting rocks, where green grass grew emerald bright, and the tall trees that hemmed in these open spots cast, as light breezes blew, wavering shadows on turf and water and lichened rock. In one of these glades a forester had built himself a modest cot, where he lived content and secure with his quiet wife and his small daughter; a merry, blue-eyed sylph, golden haired, and as light of foot as “the fleet-foot fawn” that slips so noiselessly through the forest ways that the hunter knows not she is near till she is far beyond range of his trusty rifle. Then he sees a-down the dim vistas of columned aisles a sudden sun gleam on a glossy coat, and realizes that he has missed his quarry. He raises his rifle to fire, smiles at himself, lowers it, and pursues his silent way through the dusky woodland,—this man who treads the forest floors intent only upon slaying the wild, furry creatures or the feathered children of those quiet, sequestered spaces, and never heeds the shrill scream of fear, the note of agony, or the dying groan of the poor thing struck in mid flight by the cruel bullet that cuts short its thread of life,—life which is so dear to all created things that nothing is to be compared with it. To save his life the trapped fox will gnaw off his own splendid brush, and return mutilated to his wild-wood kindred; that fine brush to secure which Boldness and Beauty mount wild-eyed steeds, and with pack at heels and holloa! ho! chase for exhilarating miles o’er hill and dale and verdant mead, mad with excitement, all a-flush and a-thrill with tingling life, and heeding naught but the quarry. Ah, it’s rare sport, is the chase! And such sport as this makes for both brawn and brain in the long run; which thing is often ignored by those who object that it is cruel to the fox, forgetting that in these days cruelty to animals is practically prohibited by that very excellent society, that for the Prevention of, etc., and is further discouraged by the charming work



of such men as Burroughs, Torrey, Seton-Thompson (or vice versa), Sharp, and others, to know whose books is a liberal education. What more delightful way to live out the sweet length of a warm spring day than to ensconce oneself under spreading branches in a green corner of the river-bordering field, with a volume of Burroughs in hand, field-glass near by, and senses all attuned to nature's latest overture; or, if one's taste be more catholic, say a volume of lyrics, or E. S. Martin's charming essays, or Mrs. Rorer's latest edition. That last, now,—can one really do better than to study carefully her concise, crisp, workmanlike directions how to make a sponge cake without sponge, or a charlotte russe when Charlotte has suddenly decided to marry and leave you cookless, or a blanquette of chicken where no wool is required? I have always admired Mrs. Rorer; she tells you so quietly, calmly, ladylikely, to take thus and so, and do such and such things to it in a utensil of which you never even heard the name before, while the materials to be manipulated are all “made in Germany,” like the American postal cards, or cost five good hard dollars per can. And, speaking of cans, did you ever notice how very taking are those of Campbell's, about which cluster those very chubby children whose cheeks are as red and hard as Pegotty's, whose eyes always express surprise the most exquisitely ecstatic, and whose trousers, skirts, and hosiery are chronically nipped in the bud, “pulled a year too soon,” like Pat's pantaloons, ere they had attained their full growth. A pathetic thought, this, of the untimely taking off of the young, the immature, all their splendid possibilities never to be realized, all their winsomeness, their entrancing exuberance of youth and life, checked, destroyed, vanished quite. As we consider the sad problem anew we are irresistibly drawn on and ever on in our quest of the great Wherefore, for which all at such moments must seek, though ever baffled, never able to approach a solution of the terrible question, till—happy thought—the eye is lifted, and the melancholy philosophizer, seeker for truth, would-be solver of the question of the universe, confronts at full gaze the broad, beaming, spirit-strengthening smile of the wearer of the broad-brimmed hat that guards the sacred shrine of Quaker Oats. He strides joyously across the green to see his white-robed young son bat a small ball wildly back and forth over an extended net, and by him comes a curiously double-visaged old gentleman, now blue, now rosy, bearing a package of orangeine. Begone, dull care! Richard is

himself again, and the world may wag as it will, yet shall it not find me with furrowed brow nor anxious gaze trying to play fortune-teller to myself.

But, let me see! Where was I? Oh, the beautiful child of the for-ester. Well, she grew up, went to school, married, and lived happy ever after, for had she not attended Lasell?

“Mary,” said her mother, severely, yet with some bewilderment, “What is all this you’ve been writing this morning?”

“That’s my senior essay, mamma,” replied Mary, “I’m so glad it’s done. Oh, it has worried me so! I’m so afraid of Miss Blank. She insists so much on transitions, and I’m sure I wouldn’t know a transition from a banana, if I saw one this minute.”

“But don’t you ever paragraph your essays?” her mother asked.

“Surely,” said Mary; “but this somehow seems to run on so easily. Why, don’t you know, I mean so sort of—it just laps right over, one part on another. Well, anyway, I don’t know how to paragraph it. She’ll do it for me, I guess, with side notes.”

“You must be a trial to her,” said her mother.



THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

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# EVERYBODY'S

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Edited by . . . . . LARTHA MAURENS, CELEN HARTER  
Published by . . . THE ALLERLEI PUBLISHING CO., ROOM 4, LASELL

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VOLUME 1907 NO. 1

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## The Magazine of Wit

CONTAINS

- Many important suggestions to subscribers.
  - Interesting advertisements.
  - A number of reviews of the latest books of the year,  
by a well known critic, etc.
- 
- 

## Advertising Section - - - - Books

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### The Right of Way

*The Faculty*

With a short biography of the lives of the authors.

### The Secret of Popularity

*Maude Simes*

A wonderfully interesting story, based on the life of the author.

### The Home I left Behind Me

*Helen Leavitt*

A most pathetic little tale, that will draw tears from the hardest hearted bookworm. It is the story of a young girl, who had enjoyed every pleasure and advantage that heart could desire, until cruel circumstances required her departure from the home of her birth, to struggle with the difficulties and disagreeableness of life which presented themselves to her in the forms of English, German, Mathematics.

### The Return of Sherlock Holmes

*Mary Masters*

A series of thrilling adventures, full of mystery and excitement, that will make your hair stand on end. After beginning this book you will not be able to put it down till you have finished it.

### The Pleasures of Work

*Laurens and Carter*

A true story presented in a most unique and delightful manner. A well known reviewer says, "Plenty of go and swing to 'The Pleasures of Work.'"

### Flowers I Have Received

*Clara Matlage*

Delicious, fragrant, elaborately attractive. One of the most charming books of the season.

Why My Account Is So Large

*Marion Stahl*

One strong motive dominates this story, the love of maid for maid. This is one of the most thought-about and talked-about stories of the year.

Methods of Arranging Hair

*Conant-Meyer*

An absorbing book, that promises to interest all classes of readers.

Silence—A Virtue

*Helen Huntington*

A powerful and deeply interesting story. No living author is so competent to write on this subject.

Good Nature Sorely Tried

*Lucy E. Reilly*

The material for this very successful story has been drawn from the personal experiences of the author. This book cannot fail to be interesting to all persons afflicted with busy roommates.

Up with the Sun

*Grace Vicary*

A bright, sunny little tale, teeming with glittering atmosphere, and full of the zest of life.

The Great Profits to be Derived from the Scientific Cultivation of Hens

*Florence Stark*

A most vivid description of the advantages to be gained from the training of these interesting creatures. Among other things, the author mentions the possibility of securing by means of this work many valuable trinkets and ornaments, also gloves, flowers, etc.

SEVEN WONDERS OF LASELL

- The Elevator.
- The Priestess of Ozone.
- Lasell Canoe Club.
- The *Forrest* Primeval.
- Sophomore Meetings (frequency of)
- The Red Lights after 9.30.
- Superiority of '07's ALLERLEI.

A LASELL SONG

I

When first they weighed me at Lasell,  
My weight was pounds one-twenty-five.  
If now to you my weight I'd tell,  
You might exclaim, "Land sakes  
alive!"

CHORUS

We gain in something every day,  
If it only be a pound of fat.  
Our clothes are tight, but what care we  
For such a little thing as that?  
Hurrah! We sing with mirth and joy,  
We are the girls of avoirdupois.

II

When first I came my clothes did fit,  
My belts were large, my dresses loose;  
But ere a month had passed, I called  
My seamstress every kind of goose.

CHORUS

I gained in something every day,  
If it only were a pound of fat;  
My clothes were tight, and much I cared  
For such a weighty thing as that.  
"Sad fate!" I cried, bereft of joy;  
"I am a girl of avoirdupois."

III

But now I have a new wardrobe,  
And now I think what is the dif'  
If I am larger than you are,  
I don't care half a dollar if—

CHORUS

I gain in something every day,—  
Something besides a pound of fat.  
My clothes are loose, and I don't care,  
For such a little thing as that.  
Hurrah! I sing once more with joy,  
I am a girl of avoirdupois.

SQUELCHING

The quantity of squelching knows no  
change.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from  
heaven  
Upon the girl nearby. It is twice blest;

It blesseth her that's squelched and her  
that squelches.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It be-  
comes  
The learned teacher better than her book.  
Her squelching shows the force o' schol-  
astic power,  
The attribute of awe and tyranny :  
Herein doth sit the dread and fear of  
teachers.  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of teachers.  
It is an attribute of the principal himself,  
And squelching doth show likest the  
principal's :  
Then mercy seasons justice. Therefore,  
teacher,  
Tho' chastisement be thy plea, consider  
this,  
That in our course at boarding school,  
none of us  
Should care for squelches all the time.  
We do all seek for praise, and that same  
search  
Doth teach us all the terrible discipline  
of squelching.

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE VIOLET

Since first from 'neath my leafy bower  
I peeped at sun and earth and sky,  
Have poets sung the beauties of  
My purple petals and saffron eye.  
They say, I seem a star enclosed  
Within a bit of night's sky-blue ;  
And oft they call me "flower of love,"  
For I am ever faithful, true.  
The beauty of their ladies' eyes,  
They praise for they have color mine ;  
And tho' I'm not the queen of flowers,  
Of all the rest I'm most divine.  
And yet withal I have remained  
For aye the modest floweret,  
And will forever modest be  
Naught but a dainty violet.  
Tho' modest, I yet glow with pride  
Which lifts me to the heights of  
heaven ;  
For Juniors fair have willed that I  
Should be the flower of "oughty-  
seven."

## TO THE SENIORS

Methinks our class do not as fretful  
children  
(The Junior classes of the previous years)  
Who sighing for a Senior gown too soon,  
Must needs attempt to steal it unawares.  
Our dignity (the equal of a Senior's)  
We do not in unthinking haste impair  
By ransacking their closets for possession  
Of cap and gown, altho' we know they're  
there.  
The Seniors grave may have their gowns  
and welcome ;  
Next year we shall have plenty of our  
own.  
As to the momentous advent of your  
gowns—  
We wished you to enjoy them in the  
pride  
Of your fond hearts, and yet not flatter  
you  
By giving the applause you thought your  
due.

(SUGGESTIONS FOR A TITLE WOULD COME  
IN *Handy* AND BE OF *Serviss*)

One balmy day I was in the garden  
*Potter-ing* around my *Plant-s*, and look-  
ing to see if there were any *Fern-s* or  
*Lillie-s* coming up, when one of my  
young friends passed by on her way from  
school.

"Won't you come in and stay to lunch-  
eon?" I called.

"Thank you, yes," she responded.  
"I'm so tired of *Eaton Bacon* and *Gra-  
ham* bread, and that is all we seem to  
have at home."

"Now do tell me all about your school  
happenings," I begged, and she *Straight-  
way* began.

"Our Junior class are all so angry over  
the loss of our great treasure, the class  
*Peirce*, which was of so much *Serviss* to  
us. We think some one has stolen it and  
gone abroad, and we are just *Thurston*  
for revenge; but we may *Bemis-taken*,  
and the best we can do is *Wait*."

"I have an original story to write soon  
for English, and am worrying so over a  
plot. I believe it will be about two  
lovers who have secret meetings in the  
*Lane* by the lonely little *House* on the

*Mountain.* He will be a fine, *Strong* fellow, who comes dashing up to meet his lady love on a beautiful charger. They will stroll slowly along, *Terry*-ing on the *Heath* to *Argue* whether the wedding shall be in *Maie* or *June*. Then perhaps the irate father will come *Chase*-ing them.

"That is as far as I have planned; I really must not tire you with any *Moore* of my chatter, but hurry home to do my geometry lesson, all about *Cones*, and then go to work on the ALLERLEI. Though we editors are *Albright*, we shall certainly be all *Tucker*-ed out, perhaps *Stark* crazy, before the book is edited, I am sure, though you will all be *Wilde* about it when you see it."

## WANTS

- WANTED.—To go to town without a chaperone.
- WANTED.—Some one to listen to Miss Smither's puns.
- WANTED.—Stamps.
- WANTED.—A chaperone—Helen E. Carter and Edna Thurston.
- WANTED.—To learn the mandolin. Teacher of same please apply to Cornelia Eaton.
- WANTED.—Something to run—Helen Huntington.
- WANTED.—Critical ability—Martha R. Laurens.
- WANTED.—A new strike—Maud Kennedy.
- WANTED.—Missionary dues—Treasurer Missionary Society.
- WANTED.—A letter from home—Ethel Taft.
- WANTED.—An able person to interpret the French questions. Please see Ethel McCorkendale.
- WANTED.—A box of crackers, by the starving occupants of Room 62.
- WANTED.—A dozen bottles of ink in Room 4.

- WANTED.—Time—Helen E. and Martha R.
- WANTED.—Something to do—Kathryn McClannahan and Ada Wood.
- WANTED.—Something to read—Maie Straight.
- WANTED.—Ideas for the ALLERLEI (evident enough without *any* advertising)—M. P. W.

## TO LET

- TO LET.—A Stahl for your pony. Apply to Marion.
- TO LET.—The chairmanship of the decorating committee of Lasell social functions. Apply to Helen E. Carter.
- TO LET.—My services as a palmist—Florence Child.
- TO LET.—A curling iron—Dot Caldwell.
- TO LET.—A gray feather boa—Maude Simes. Only Mildred Johnston need apply.
- TO LET.—A pink silk scarf—Lucy Reilly.
- TO LET.—Services as a Marcelle wivist—Alice Hobbs.
- TO LET.—Puns for all occasions—Cornelia Eaton.

## FOR SALE

- FOR SALE.—A ticket. Apply to Ina Harber.
- FOR SALE.—Bricks. Apply to Martha Laurens.
- FOR SALE.—Bookmarks. Apply to Katherine Washburn.
- FOR SALE.—A pair of shoes. Apply to Fan Thatcher.
- FOR SALE.—A shirt waist. Apply to Helen E. Carter.
- FOR SALE.—A pair of silk gloves. Apply to Esther Levi.

QUESTIONS

Who is going to have the editorial page of the morning newspaper?

DOLOROSA I.

Everyone who doesn't take Political Economy and isn't interested.

DOLOROSA II.

How may I learn to play the mandolin without taking lessons, and how may I persuade my father to buy me one?

C—A E—N.

Practice steadily from morn till night regardless of neighbors' annoyance. Don't bother to buy one of your own but borrow one.

SISTER HELEN.

Please tell me how I may keep a back comb in my hair for two consecutive minutes?

M—D J—N.

After all your trials I'd give it up as an impossibility.

SISTER HELEN.

Do you think I shall be repaid for my trouble if I embroider a lingerie waist.

C—TE R—R.

Yes, if you embroider a leaf or two, and then send it home for your mother to finish.

SISTER HELEN.

I TEACH SIGN-PAINTING

I teach Card Writing or Lettering by personal instruction, and guarantee success. Only field not over-crowded. My instruction is unequalled, because personal, practical, and thorough. Easy terms.

SAUNDERS	{	School of	{	TAFT
ABRAMS	{	Lettering	{	REINHIERZ

BE A SALESMAN ON THE ROAD

In six weeks we will educate you in salesmanship, and assist you to a position. Send for free booklet.

WASHBURN-LAURENS SYSTEM.

WE MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOKKEEPER

of you in six weeks, for thanks, or return same if results prove unsatisfactory. I find *Position* too! *Free!* Write!

ANNIE DEALEY, *Instructor.*

I CAN HELP YOU MAKE MONEY!

Nothing pays like success in Writing Fiction. We revise and criticise your MSS. on commission, and advise you whether to tear them up or not.

Address { DR. WINSLOW,  
MISS MARY P. WITHERBEE,  
MISS LILLIE R. POTTER.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

If so, write to me, and I can tell you what to do, so that in sixty minutes you can gain any amount you desire, even to the smallest fraction of an ounce. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. All this can be gained by a short residence at Lasell, and by taking Mrs. Martin's Psycho-Physical Culture. Fuller particulars on request.

INA HARBER.

I CAN REDUCE FLESH

I can reduce your weight almost immediately, any amount you wish, from one to one hundred pounds. Write for free booklet, "How to Get Thin." The following list of names are those of a few of my pupils: Misses Ryder, Vicary, Reilly. Send for testimonials.

CAROLINE STEINMETZ.

LEARN DRESSMAKING

By mail at your own home, during leisure hours, or come to Room 59.

STARK-BEMIS SYSTEM.



By an entirely new process never used elsewhere, we build tissue wherever it is needed. Noses such as are shown in the first two of the above illustrations were brought to their true lines in TWO treatments. Our staff of physicians is composed of the most expert in the world, and satisfaction is assured. Literature pertaining to this subject sent free. If you cannot call, write.

DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF  
LASELL.

Staff of Physicians—MESSRS. JOHNSTON,  
EATON, C. BLAKESTAD, REILLY,  
HARBER.

HOW ONE GIRL MADE MONEY

A STORY OF SUCCESS

A few days ago one of our number earned little, spent it all, and wanted more. Happening one day to read our ad. she discovered many new ways of earning money. Space forbids us to tell of all her ventures, among which are mending clothes, making them to order, trimming hats, making old clothes better than new. Within two days she had earned \$1.29. The truth of this phenomenal success may be verified by writing to F. D. Stark. Any ambitious person who wishes to better her position in life should write to our Money-Making Bureau.

YOU ARE TOO SHORT

It is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable. The Cartilage Company possesses a method whereby from one inch to two feet may be added to the stature. If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, *i. e.*, to be able to see if there is a letter in your box at mail time, write at once for our booklet, "How to Grow Tall," with testimonials from such famous people as Pauline Spear, Julia Potter, Anna White, Florence Disman.

THE CARTILAGE COMPANY.

DO YOU USE SLOAN'S LINIMENT  
FOR RHEUMATISM

It is used by all famous physicians, and gives instantaneous relief. FREE TO TRY. Our agent, Cora Danforth, has used it with remarkable success. Samples furnished on application to Room 12.

A NEW SENIOR PIN

We wish to call attention to our new Senior Pin. The design is simple and beautiful, since it is the product of our own brain.

7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS'

Hair Preparations, Scalp Treatments, Shampooing Methods, possess great merit. Their representative, Miss Sutherland, at Lasell, is a perfect artist in her profession. Remember it's the hair, not the hat (even though you do take millinery), that makes a Lasell girl attractive.



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LAST WEEK - JUNE SIXTH  
AND TWELFTH

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THE SENIOR VACATION

With Maude Simes as Leading Lady

MAIN ACTION OF THE PLAY—No Work and all Play

Manager, Belascoe's Rival, Mrs. Martin

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COMING! COMING! COMING!  
TO LASELL

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THE GREAT DRAMA

“Commencement Week”

BIGGEST PRODUCTION EVER STAGED! A Senior Class of 32,  
aided by all the previous graduating classes since founding of school.  
Undergraduates, families, and friends, for a brilliant stage-setting.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND. RESERVED SEATS. Admittance by ticket, as usual

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THE BOOK OF THE YEAR!

A book that breathes the very spirit of Lasell. Miss Laurens shows “The Behind the Scenes,” of every phase of the Seminary's life. From the insignificance of the Prep. to the splendor of the Senior; from the mild radiance of an evening meal in the dining room to the brilliant whirl of the fashionable Receptions—nothing is left untouched. It is a great book, and one valuable for its intimate knowledge of Lasell, as well as for the fascinating interest of its contents. Illustrations by the leading artists of the Class of '07. YOU will enjoy reading it.

THE ALLERLEI

## A Rime of the Classes

Each year brings with its many things  
    A story new to tell,  
Of laurels won, of great things done,  
    At our dear old school, Lasell.  
So in this book, if you chance to look  
    In this our ALLERLEI,  
All of the tricks from “ought five” to “ought six”  
    Are here for you to espy.  
The Senior Class? ’Tis sad it must pass  
    From the walls of dear Lasell;  
But the mem’ries endeared of the class we once feared  
    Will last till the judgment knell.  
Of the Sophomore Class we will not say much,  
    For their welfare we do not fear;  
But secret meetings are not quite in their line,—  
    Let’s hope they’ll do better next year.  
The Freshman Class, with its cheer so rash,  
    Will soon wear a cap and gown;  
And in about four years, their greatest of fears  
    Will be “they must leave this fair town.”  
We’re far too modest to say we’re the best  
    Of all this illustrious four;  
So we leave it to you ’uns to judge of our doin’s,  
    Hoping none of the rest will be sore.

## The Dear Deer-House

All resplendent in paint you stand,  
Brave little deer-house upon the hill,  
Adorned by the brush of a master hand,  
Which cost our class a tremendous bill.

Treble dear in your glory of paint  
Are you, deer-house, to the Junior heart,  
Standing for our ambition reached,  
Standing for the highest yet in art.

Dear in respect to the cost of a coat,  
Dear also in your size, tho' small;  
Dear was the purpose for which you were built,  
Though none have been seen of late years at all.

Last year your coat was of color right,  
For the yellow '05's plainly were seen;  
But the work was done in haste and fright,—  
The appearance untidy, not neat nor clean.

This year all must be beauty and grace,  
So with great care our plans were laid;  
No one our triumph should dare to deface,  
Nor out-witted Sophs or Seniors staid.

We did get ahead of our rival classes;  
Hearken now to the wonderful story—  
It is indeed an exciting tale,—  
How the little house attained its glory.

An agreement was made with painters skillful;  
The night came round, and interest grew;  
Two faithful Juniors, loyal and dutiful,  
Sat up half the night to see the deed through.

Anxiously watching, soon midnight drew nigh,  
Alarmed were they lest the plan fall through;  
What if the chance should pass them by?  
They certainly were in a terrible stew.

The autumn air was full sharp and cold;  
Huddled close by the window wide,  
Heard they no welcome sounds, those girls,  
Nor was aught on the hill to be espied.

Sudden there broke upon the stillness  
The distinct "toot-toot" of an auto horn,  
And a big machine rolled into the driveway;  
The expectant girls were no more forlorn.

The auto glided to the barn and stopped there ;  
Men jumped out armed with paint and brush.  
The watchman gazed with incredulous stare  
As they stormed the hill with a mighty rush.

Lanterns flashed brightly all around ;  
The men began at once to toil.  
The work progressed with scarcely a sound,  
And those big yellow '05's they soon did spoil.

Soon, to the great joy of everyone,  
A big '07 was plainly seen ;  
Hugging each other, the girls whispered gleefully,  
" Oh, won't the Seniors think we are mean ! "

And when the task was finally done,  
Silent the men in the auto departed.  
The big machine rolled swiftly away ;  
All was as still as before they started.

Glad at the thought of the wonder of all,  
When the morning light should reveal the surprise,  
The two girls soon asleep did fall,  
With never a worrying doubt or surmise.

With the first streak of morning light,  
They rushed to the window to see how 'twas done.  
What met their gaze? Ah, what a sad sight!  
Of course that wet paint had most awfully run.

But at least the house belonged to the Juniors,  
And, undaunted, next day they tried again :  
'Two more visitations, and the result was perfection,  
So great indeed was the skill of the men.

Speak not the envy of rival classes,  
When they saw the result of our glorious plan ;  
They have not dared to deface it—wise lasses !  
And surely no one ever can.

Resplendent the house now stands on the hill  
With its big purple letters on virginal white ;  
Forever and always may it abide still,  
To keep the memory of our class bright.

Now let us cheer for the dear, dear deer-house,  
And after that we'll give you then,  
The grandest class of our Alma Mater.  
The Class of Nineteen S-E-V-E-N.

## DREAMS

IMO BLAKESTAD	Latin Grammar
JESS TUCKER	French
KATHRYN McCLANNAHAN	Her singing
MARY WILMARTH	Sour pickles
MAIE STRAIGHT	Doughnuts
ETHEL TAFT	Her Senior Year
CHARLOTTE RYDER	Past good times
GRACE VICARY	Her baby sister
CORA REINHERZ	Boston University
BESS JUDSON	Home, sweet home
INEZ STRATTON	Her English
MARTHA LAURENS	Bright remarks of her young brother
HELEN E. CARTER	THE ALLERLEI
CORNELIA EATON	Mandolin music
GENEVRA STRONG	Shadow embroidery
MILDRED JOHNSTON	Her graduating dress
KATHARINE WASHBURN	Pennsylvania
ADA WOOD	A Yellow House
LELA GOODALL	Spring Hats
FAN KEMPNER	Worcester, Madison, Galveston
FLORENCE BOYCE	Pancakes
JONATHAN (MARION)	David (Prissy)
DAVID (PRISSY)	Jonathan (Marion)
FLORENCE HOVEY	Drill
LUCY REILLY	Her Dog
INA HARBOR	Her wardrobe
MAUDE SIMES	Writing a poem
MARGARET FULLER	Her Japanese Parasol
MARIE COGSWELL	Her Cap and Gown
SALLY STRONG	Washington
HELEN HUNTINGTON	The Navy
LOUISE KELLY	Minutes
MILDRED PEIRCE	Egypt
MARIE ANDREWS	Ina
HELEN F. CARTER	Brilliant Future
EDNA THURSTON	Pottsville
BAB WAIT	Millinery
MARY MASTERS	Making up lessons
CORA DANFORTH	Advertisements

## The First Day

- THE NEW GIRL : " Is this your room?  
 Oh! isn't it *dear!*  
 You just ought to see mine;  
 It's right over here.  
 It's the tiniest thing,—  
 Just about two by four;  
 And because of the bed  
 We can't open the door."
- THE OLD GIRL : " Yes, mine *is* much better,  
 But of course you must know  
 That, being an old girl,  
 I first wrote a letter  
 To tell them exactly  
 Where to put me;  
 So that is the reason  
 I'm in here, you see!"
- THE NEW GIRL : " Well, I'm sorry I came.  
 If I have to live *here*,  
 I shall go home to-morrow,—  
 You just see—*O-o-h d-e-a-r!*"

There's a good time coming, girls,  
 A good time coming;  
 We will no longer have to toil  
 Under or above the soil  
 In the good time coming;  
 But have fun from morn till night,  
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;  
 And everyone shall read and write:  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,  
 A good time coming;  
 We'll pass thro' the open door,  
 Forgetting all, forevermore  
 In the good time coming;  
 Firmly fighting, we shall win.  
 To make our patience stronger  
 Vacation now will soon begin—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls,  
 A good time coming;  
 Let us aid it all we can,  
 Unceasingly upon it plan,  
 The good time coming.  
 Smallest helps, in the right way,  
 Make the ardor stronger;  
 'Twill be strong enough one day—  
 Wait a little longer.

## The Tale of the Horse

1. As I ride, as I ride  
 With a blind trust in my guide,  
 Leaving grammar all untried,  
 Knowing words and naught beside,  
 Sense and reason all denied,  
 Gazing not on either side,  
 As I ride, as I ride.
2. As I ride, as I ride  
 Down the broad, broad path I glide,  
 Toward exams. I can't abide.  
 Then, when cramming, hollow-eyed,  
 I my fate to luck confide ;  
 But a slip is close beside  
 'Cause I ride, 'cause I ride.

(ADAPTED.)

Oh for a thought that is new,  
 A word not used oft before.  
 We search through our brain, in view  
 Of finding some secret door.

For something with wit and life,  
 That will please and delight the ear,  
 Or something of trouble and strife,  
 Which will bring a sigh or a tear.

But the ALLERLEI Board search in vain  
 For something of some real worth ;  
 And they know in their sorrow and pain  
 There is not a new thing on this earth.

## A Monologue

(Frequently repeated on Sunday mornings, 7.15 A.M.)

To go or not to go,—that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis better to feign great illness,  
 To stay all day in soft and downy bed,  
 Or to rise, and later go my way to church,  
 And to-morrow go to town? To rest, to sleep  
 Again ; and by a sleep to say I end  
 The headache and the weariness of school  
 That all are heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To rest, to sleep,—  
 But on the morrow? Aye, there's the rub ;  
 For in that rest I sleep away my chance  
 Of shopping in Boston—I needs must go.  
 Methinks I'll rise, and bear these ills I have,  
 Rather than the penalty ; my mind will ne'er  
 Be proof against the thought of Monday's bargains.

## The House of a Thousand Hues

On a little hill that's round and green,  
Stands a house, full plainly seen,  
Clothed in purple and in white,—  
The work of one October night.

Its history's not for me to tell,  
For every class now knows it well;  
But its possession's a mark of fame—  
Into the Juniors brave hands it came.

Every year must its raiment go,  
And new class colors must it show.  
There have been red, and yellow and blue,  
But those are old to all of you.

Now when it fell into our care,  
It was with pride that we placed there,  
The colors new which affirm our might—  
The royal purple and beautiful white.

Then one morn there came a change,  
One perhaps not very strange,—  
And blazoned bright as the sun in heaven  
Stood our grand symbol, '07.





## Kalendar

- SEPTEMBER 26. Arrival of new girls.
27. Address of Welcome by Mrs. Martin.
28. Lecture on Dr. Johnson and his Literary Club by Leon H. Vincent.
29. Miss Adler gives her first free show at the Annex.
30. Miss Potter lectures on "Cleanliness next to Godliness."
30. Reception to new girls.
- OCTOBER 2. Trip to Bunker Hill and Navy Yard.
5. Lecture: "Oliver Goldsmith and Laurence Sterne," Dr. Vincent.
6. Miss Nutt lectures on Health and Hygiene.
7. Seniors give French reception. Juniors and Sophs put to practice the art of listening.
8. Miss Adler puts in an early appearance at history.
9. Excursion to Lexington and Concord.
12. Dr. Vincent lectures on Jane Austen.
14. Nantasket excursion.
18. Party go to Boston to visit the steamship Arabic.
19. Lecture on Victor Hugo by Dr. Vincent. Everyone takes notes.
21. Miss Call and her nerve training. Concentration and relaxation.
23. Trip to Cambridge.
26. Same old story of caps and gowns.

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- OCTOBER 28. Miss Call's second lecture. Lessons prepared, and great enthusiasm shown.
29. Christening of Karandon House, Clark Cottage, Cushman Hall and Carter Hall. Halloween Party.
- NOVEMBER 2. Lecture: "Alexandre Dumas," Dr. Vincent.
9. Lecture on Dress, Manners and Charm by Emma Moffet Tyng.
10. Great excitement among candidates for societies.
11. Temperature not the only thing that falls.
13. Fortunate girls who visited the steamship Arabic entertain one officer.
14. Miss Adams talks on her work in China.
18. Miss Call lectures. Two kinds of attention, open and closed.
20. Trip to Old Boston.
23. Lecture on Greece by Dr. Cooley.
25. Miss Call talks. Music furnished by graphophone to reward the girls for their concentrated attention.
- DECEMBER 2. Party goes to hear Mme. Emma Eames.
3. Miss Call gives a short talk.
7. Lecture on Macbeth by Colonel Sprague.
11. Auction of papers and magazines.
14. Lecture: "International Duelling," Mrs. Edwin D. Meade.
15. Party sees Marlowe and Sothern in "As You Like It."
17. Christmas Vespers by Glee Club.
19. Pupils term Recital.
21. Vacation begins.

## 1906

- JANUARY
9. Homesickness prevails.
  13. Party go to hear Mme. Sembrich.
  15. Several parties see William Gillette in "Clarice."
  18. Dr. Morris lectures on Health.
  25. Signorita Caroline Marcial wins the hearts of Lasell girls.
  27. Seniors delightful reception for the Juniors.
- FEBRUARY
1. German reception.
  3. S. D's give dance for the other societies.
  7. Party see Willard in "The Professor's Love Story."
  10. Violent discussion of football in Parliamentary Drill.
  11. Day of Prayer. Girls go home over Sunday.
  12. Dr. Morris lectures to the Seniors.
  14. St. Valentine's Day.
  17. Juniors entertain Seniors with a Japanese garden party.
  18. Gloves and hats returned.
  21. Orphean Club gives mid-year concert.
  22. George Washington's Birthday. Tow heads in the majority.
  24. "Masquers" give finest vaudeville performance ever put on in Lasell.
  25. Dr. Winslow leads chapel. All join in the services.
  26. Excursion to New Boston.
  28. Lent begins.

- MARCH
1. Miss Mulliken lectures on "Household Decoration."
  3. Miss Huntington attempts to express her opinion in Parliamentary Law.
  9. Party see Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel."
  13. Darkness reigns supreme.
  15. Lecture on Domestic Science by Mrs. Ward.
  16. Party see Harvard German play.
  17. Party go sleighing to Wellesley Inn, and have fudge, cake and hot chocolate.
  22. The first school reception.
  23. Miss Carpenter late for dinner.
  24. Here endeth the year for the ALLERLEI Board.



## The Allerlei

What is it that through the long weeks past  
 Has given us many an anxious hour,—  
 Has worried by day, by night harassed,  
 And banished sleep with increasing power?  
 THE ALLERLEI.

What has doubled our work, and shortened our play,  
 Has dogged our footsteps, and broken our rest,  
 Till sometimes we wondered if it would pay,  
 And if, of all others, this were the best?  
 OUR ALLERLEI.

Now our work is fully completed,  
 Our original ideas have reached their limit,  
 Our brains, I fear, are sadly depleted,  
 But, oh! 'twill never do to bewail what's in't,—  
 THIS ALLERLEI.

## Farewell

Good-by, school days, I'm going home:  
 Thou wert my friends and I was thine:  
 Long through thy lessons did I toil,  
 And oft did burn the midnight oil:  
 But now to other things I turn,—  
 Good-by, school days, I'm going home.

I'm going to another life,  
 To other scenes and other strife;  
 Mayhap where life is all morning,  
 Where birds the livelong day do sing;  
 Mayhap to fields of new dismay,  
 Where battles must be fought each day.

Yet whether weal or woe should come,  
 Good-by, schooldays, I'm going home.



JESS **T**UCKER  
ETTA **H**ANDY  
HELEN **E.** CARTER

MARION **S**TAILL  
MARTHA **L**AURENS  
LILIAN **D**OUGLASS  
CORNELIA **E**ATON  
FLORENCE **D**ISMAN  
ESTHER **L**EVI  
EDNA **S**ISSON  
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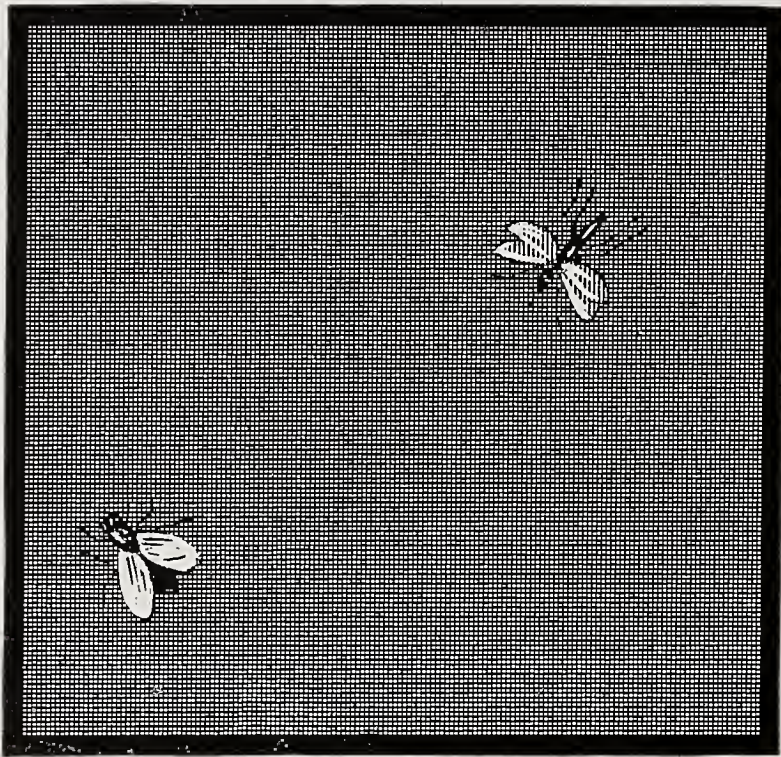
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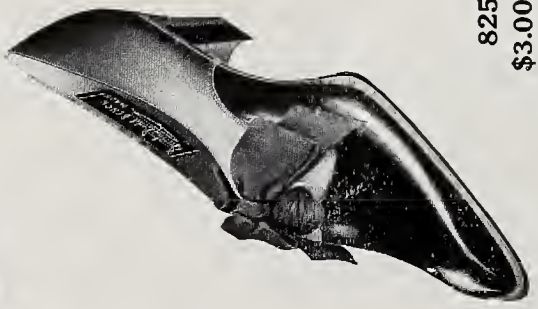
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