

The Allerlei
1912



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The Allerlei
1912

Greeting



BEHOLD the *Allerlei!* In presenting this to you, we wish neither to dwell on its faults nor on its merits. These are for the reader to judge. You will doubtless find many of the former; we hope that you may, if you are diligent, discover the latter. If you find any grinds which strike you as particularly harsh, remember that "Every knock is a boost," and smile. It must be remembered that this volume is our first attempt. With the experience we now have, we might produce a better book, should we try again, but we kindly resign to 1913.

Our work at last is done. Although our task has at times seemed arduous we have enjoyed it. We have done our utmost to make this *Allerlei* the best ever, and we hope that it may contain something of interest to you.

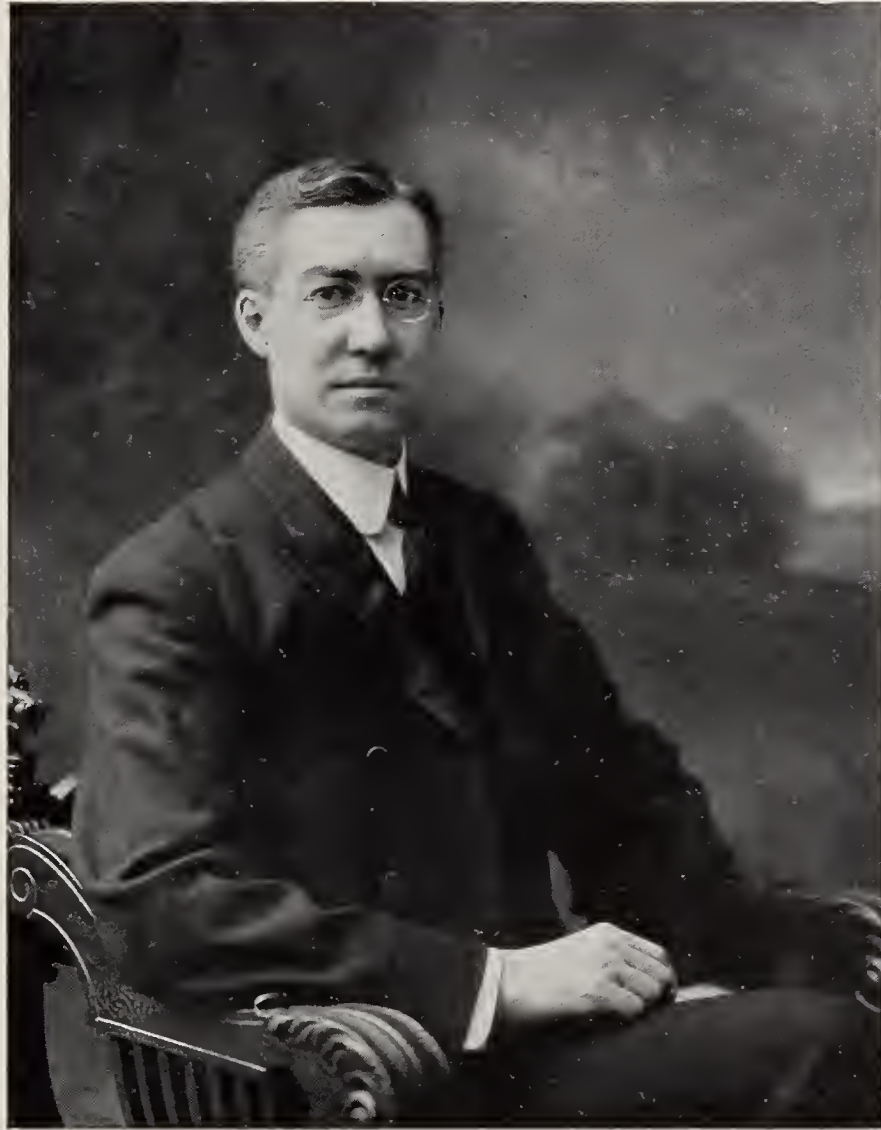
THE STAFF.



Miss Margaret Rand
To whom we dedicate our Year Book



Rev. W. C. Gordon, Ph. D.
Our Honorary Member



Dr. G. M. Winslow
Our Principal



Mrs. G. M. Winslow
And Little Lasellites

THE ALLERLEI

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See Page 89.

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Guitar, Mandolin

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MAY MARTINCOURT, *Secretary.*

HELEN SAYRE, *Treasurer.*

ELIZABETH BRANDOW, *Yell-Master.*



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Supe, Ruth Bachelder

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Butler, Penn.
Supe, Florence Poston



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Flushing, Mich.
Supe, Pamela Spargo



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Albany, N. Y.
Supe, Winifred Whittlesey

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Coffeyville, Kan.
Supe, Emily Butterworth



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Supe, Mary Starr Utter



Nina Dietz
Lincoln, Neb.
Supe, Lillian Lane

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Supe, Ruth Coulter



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Supe, Clyde Bonebrake



Grace Harvey
Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Supe, Edith Waller

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Supe, Ora Hammond



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Supe, Mary Goodwillie



Louise Mayer
Chicago, Ill.
Supe, Marjorie Risser

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Orleans, Vt.
Supe, Miriam Flynn



Doris Powers
Portland, Me.
Supe, Lillian Beuhner



Marion Shinn
Atlantic City, N. J.
Supe, Marion Joslin

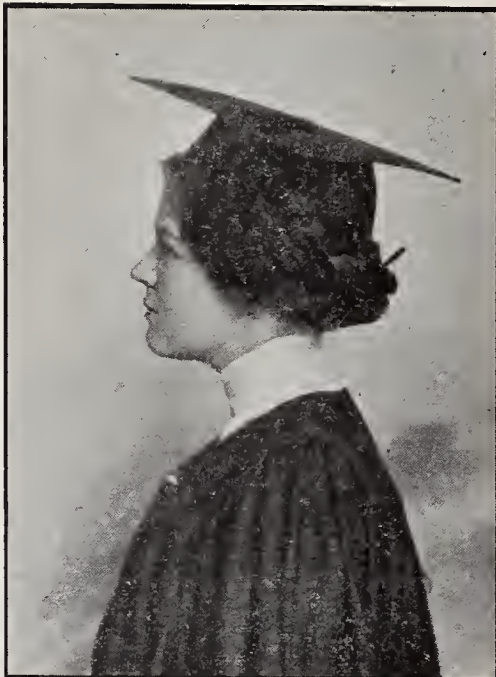
THE ALLERLEI



Eleanor Warner
Duluth, Minn.
Supe, Florence Jones



Helen Thirkield
Washington, D. C.
Supe, Vivian Cooke



Barbara Dennen
Waltham, Mass.
Supe, Marion Spelger

NAME	SONG	APPEARANCE	PET EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	NICKNAME	DESTINY
Class of 1911.	Thursday Always Was My Jonah Day	Worried	I love my Soph but oh you Supe	Concealing Caps and Gowns	Seniors	World Startlers
Georgia Boswell	Way Down South in Georgia	Sad	Gee whiz—poor me— never no more	Studying German	Georgia	Seamstress
Vera Bradley	I'm in Love with One of the "Stars" Bright Eyes	Neat	Isn't it lovely?	Smiling sweetly	Vera	Society Dame
Elizabeth Brandow	'Tis May Time Don't Take Me Home Somewhere in the World There's a Little Girl for Me The Girl with a Brogue	Queenly	Thoi! Thoi!	Talking with her hands	Beth	Conductress of Symphony
Ruth Butterworth	Looks to Me like a Big Time Tonight	Pigmy Daily	Oh, you!	Bossing well	Ruth	Country School Marm
Barbara Dennen	I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave	Dainty	Hasn't any O-oo-H	Beating it home Looking wise	Barb Dietzy	Teacher of Harmony Giant's Wife
Nina Dietz	Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More Sweet Genevieve	Like an hour-glass Worried	Go-on	Closing the closet door	Alma	P. D. Interpreter
Alma Dumn	How Would You Like to be a Dog?	Sleeveless Hobbled	Hello, Sweetheart	Chasing comets	Muggie	Astronomer
Marguerite Haley	I'd Like to be a Knight	Happy	Don't be foolish Not really	Studying English Painting miniatures	Grace Dolly	Ask George Lady of Cosmetics
Grace Harvey	"Captain" Willy Brown	Hurried	It's jus' this way	Laughing	Meg	Prospering Agent for Hupmobile
Marie Hibbing	'Tis Snowing, 'Tis Snowing	Neglected	How weird	Eating Pretzels	Kauffy	Official Supe Trainer at Lasell
Margaret Jones	When You're Pretty and the World is Fair	Studios	Believe me	Sitting in the dark	Kelly	Chaperone
Edna Kauffman	Is Matrimony a Failure?	D'gnified(?)	Gee, Pete	Skipping gym	K	Poetess
Katherine Kelly	I'm Strong for Chicago Every Little Movement Follow Me Round	Wistful	Say, Kid	Acting	Pressy	Madame President of the U. S. A.
Kathleen Knight	Only the Ghost of Your Smile	Soldierly	There's a Child on the Ice	Life saving	Ginny	Milliner
Gladys Lawton	The Pipes of Pan are Calling	Top Heavy	What do you take me for, anyway? And—a—	Keeping guard	Mickie	Leader of Mexican Insurgents
Virginia Lee	Mr. Jefferson Lord	Scared Graceful Meek	Tell me about it Oh, I'm so sore Girls!!!	Giggling	Mae	A home in Butler
Edna Macdonald	This is no Place for a Minis- ter's Son	Demure	Never again will I be so bold	Motoring Dancing	Frieda Lou	A Nurse Danseuse
Mae Martincourt	Every Day is Junior's Day With Me	Stretched	My dear	Being Good	Marion	Future Preceptress of Lasell
Frieda Mayer		Disheveled	Fierce old guy	Writing Letters	Dodo	Art Critic
Louise Mayer		Serious		Talking	Helen	Nun
Marion Ordway		Cutey		Butting in	Shinny	Missionary
Doris Powers				Cook(e)ing	Flirty	Editor of the Boston American
Helen Sayre				Supe hunting	Bunco	Manager of an Arts and Crafts store



SENIOR

“Speaking of 1911—”



THE fall of '06 ushered in the Class of 1911, and of this “prep” period of our existence, but one survives, Nina Dietz, who contrary to the general law of growth, remains the tiniest girl in the class. Nina hails from Lincoln, Nebraska and brings with her, as has been proved in class meetings, her share of Middle West independence.

The following year brought to us from sunny Mexico, Edna MacDonald, (spelled M-a-c, if you please), alias “Micky”, whose sweater now boasts every symbol of victory known to Lasell. Edna was president of the Class during its Sophomore year. The same September gave us Grace Harvey, who despite the fact that her affections are divided between us and her nearby home in Jamaica Plain, has in her quick, steadfast way stuck by 1911.

This trio welcomed in '08 six new members; Beth Brandow, from Albany, New York, known to all as the prettiest girl in the school, with a character to match; Gladys Lawton of Sheffield, Illinois, our beloved Senior president, artist, and successor to Mrs. Martin(?); Helen Thirkield, of Washington, D. C., to whom we owe a big vote of thanks for editing an *Allerlei* so successful that we were able to enter on our books a good sized sum as its proceeds; Georgia Boswell, from Coffeyville, Kansas, who will, we prophesy, some day take a prize as the ideal home-maker of the Class; Ruth Butterworth of Marion, Indiana, Class vice-president and “man of business”; and last, Marion Ordway from Vermont's green hills, who as president, piloted us safely through our strenuous Junior year.

September of 1909 gave us a wealth of material. The famous “Pretzel Twins” of Reading, Pennsylvania, Edna Kauffman and Alma Dunn, came to gladden our hearts, while from the western part of the same state, petite May Martincourt, present Class secretary, arrived wearing her best society air. The ocean breezes from Atlantic City blew in Marion Shinn, and almost at the same time we welcomed “Kelly” or “K. K.”, less familiar as Katherine Kelly, of Springfield, Ohio. Duluth, Minnesota, sent us Marie Hibbing whose “nods and becks and wreathed smiles,” bring joy to the multitude; and from nearby Waltham came demure, canoe-loving Barbara Dennen. At this time, too, “always cheerful” Margaret Jones found her way from Evanston, Illinois, back to the Alma Mater of the greater part of the Jones family.

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With this illustrious crew, Lasell 1911 opened its Junior year, and so attractive did it appear that within four or five weeks, Kathleen Knight, the poet laureate of the school, joined our ranks. Little did Brockton, Massachusetts, realize the budding genius within her gates! Influenced, no doubt, by this worthy example, "artistic" Doris Powers of Portland, Maine, transferred her allegiance to the "black and gold," and hard upon her came three college "preps", happy-go-lucky, absent-minded Virginia Lee of Bayside, New York; and "original" Helen Sayre from Flushing, Michigan, who, in the capacity of Class treasurer, has by her level-headedness brought 1911 through many a crisis, both financial and otherwise; and Vera Bradley of Stonington, Connecticut, our "baby" Senior. At mid-year, two Chicago girls, Louise Mayer, surnamed "The Graceful", and her sister, Frieda, "The Big Hearted" became members.

This brings us to the beginning of the present year. To our joy Marguerite Haley of Sioux City, Iowa, survived the strenuous Senior examinations, and was entered upon our roll. Last but far from the least, 1911 gladly welcomed after Christmas, a second Duluth girl, Eleanor Warner, who had on account of illness dropped out of 1910's ranks.

Since this is positively our last appearance in an Allerlei, we hope that we have succeeded in giving the public a favorable impression of this, the Class of 1911.

"Sufficient unto the year is the glory thereof."



The Night Before

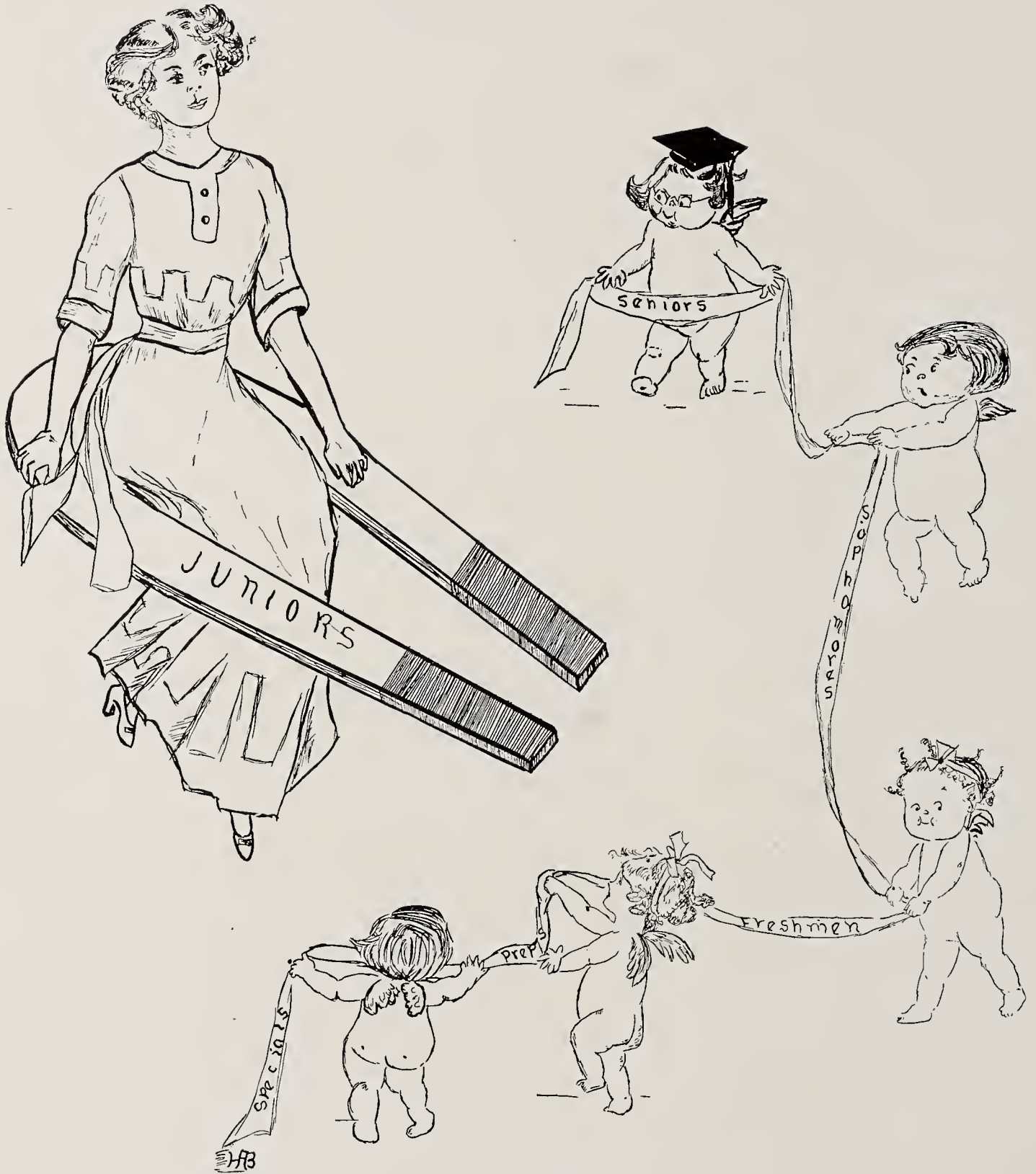
Sleeping tonight on the guest-room floor
Lie Seniors, thirteen strong.
Sleeping behind a fast-locked door,
They dream the whole night long.
Dream, then tonight, dream, then, tonight
Of your cherished cap and gown.

But oh! what *dreadful* caps and gowns
They find in dreamland there!
The sight of awful *bright green plaid*
Makes every heart despair.
Dreaming, my dears, dreaming, my dears,
Let not a dream dismay.

In dreams the Juniors wait outside
Ready to sack the Hold;
To capture every cap and gown
With steady hearts and bold.
Courage, my friends! Courage, my friends!
'Tis naught but a frightful dream.

When morning breaks, they don their gowns,
And march in stern array,
And not a Junior so unkind
As to wish to block their way.
Remember your dreams! Remember your dreams!
Dreams of the night before.

M. K. FLYNN.



THE ALLERLEI



THE JUNIOR CLASS

THE ALLERLEI

The Junior Class

MIRIAM FLYNN,	<i>President</i>
MARY STARR UTTER,	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARION JOSLIN	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE MERRILL	<i>Treasurer</i>
MILDRED HALL,	<i>Yell-Master</i>
MARY GOODWILLIE,	<i>Sentinel</i>

Where from	Room
AGNES ADELSDORF—Nashville, Tennessee.	7
GRACE ALEXANDER—Springfield, Massachusetts.	9
DOROTHEA AFRICA—Manchester, New Hampshire.	72
RUTH BACHELDER—Gardiner, Maine.	75
MAY BEARDSLEY—Stratford, Connecticut.	Clark 9
HAZEL BOWER—Poughkeepsie, New York.	8
CLYDE BONEBRAKE—Topeka, Kansas.	53
CHARLINE BILLINGTON—Pueblo, Colorado.	Clark 9
LILLIAN BEUHNER—Portland, Oregon.	62
EMILY BUTTERWORTH—Marion, Indiana.	8
RACHEL CHAMBERS—Williamsport, Pennsylvania.	45
VIVIAN COOKE—Newark, New Jersey.	Karadon
RUTH COULTER—Bridgeport, Connecticut.	Hawthorne
MAUDE DUNLAP—New Haven, Connecticut.	45
ELSIE FIES—Birmingham, Alabama.	19
MIRIAM FLYNN—Millis, Massachusetts.	75
MARY GOODWILLIE—Oak Park, Illinois.	24
RUTH GRAHAM—East Orange, New Jersey.	13
MILDRED HALL—Montgomery Center, Vermont.	Carter Hall A
ORA HAMMOND—Rockville, Connecticut.	35
ELSIE HOLTZMAN—Schenectady, New York.	40
ELSIE E. HUEBNER—Toledo, Ohio.	55
FLORENCE JONES—Evanston, Illinois.	6
MARION JOSLIN—St. Paul, Minnesota.	Carter E
LILLIAN LANE—Salt Lake City, Utah.	Karadon
CHARLOTTE LESH—Indianapolis, Indiana.	5
BERNICE LINCOLN—Taunton, Massachusetts.	Clark
ANNIE MERRILL—Enosburg Falls, Vermont.	Carter H

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Where from	Room
ETHEL MOORE—Lynn, Massachusetts.	65
ESTHER MOREY—Clinton, Indiana.	5
NINA MARSH—Pipestone, Minnesota.	37
VICTORIA NETTEL—Manchester, New Hampshire.	4
CLARA PARKER—Goffstown, New Hampshire.	27
FLORENCE POSTON—Crawfordsville, Indiana.	Carter D
MARJORIE RISSER—Kankakee, Illinois.	31
AMALIA ROSENBAUM—Easton, Pennsylvania.	60
ELEANOR RYAN—Columbus, Ohio.	48
ROSALIE SEINSHEIMER—Cincinnati, Ohio.	3
PAMELA SPARGO—Ogden, Utah.	28
MARION SPELGER—Seattle, Washington.	37
RUTH SPINDLER—Council Bluffs, Iowa.	15
GERTRUDE TINGLEY—Greenwood, Massachusetts.	Clark 8
MARY STARR UTTER—Westerly, Rhode Island.	28
EDITH WALLER—St. Joseph, Missouri.	Carter E
GENEVIEVE WHITE—Oak Park, Illinois.	Carter C
WINIFRED WHITTLESEY—Middletown, Connecticut.	Clark 8
ROSALTA WILLIAMS—Cochituate, Massachusetts.	Cushman 29

MOTTO—"Esse quem videri."

COLOR—Green and Gold.

FLOWER—Daisy.

THE ALLERLEI

**By Their Deeds So Shall We Know Them
Who?
The Juniors!!!**

AGNES ADELSDORF: Athletic Editor, Dramatic Club, Glee Club.

 Patiently waiting in Miss Nutt's room at 9:30 every night. For malted milk, did anyone say?

CHARLOTTE LESH:

 Although she burns her cake we perceive she receives 100 per cent. in her cooking exams.

EMILY BUTTERWORTH: 3rd Sergeant C.

 Studying to be a missionary's wife.

ETHEL MOORE:

 When she isn't going home she's here.

GRACE ALEXANDER: 2nd Sergeant A.

 Haunting the regions of the practice kitchen—above as well as below.

MAY BEARDSLEY:

 Finding a space on her ever increasing list to add the latest one.

ELSIE FIES: Dramatic Club, 1st Sergeant A.

 Ballet dancing. Known in class meeting by "I move we lay it on the table."

MAUDE DUNLAP:

 Ask Miss Shinn for particulars.

RUTH COULTER:

 Demonstrating the value of rubber heels to all students.

ROSALIE SEINSHEIMER:

 Talking French so that even Mademoiselle can understand her.

PAMELIA SPARGO:

 Warding off all affectionate admirers by the ever ready cry, "Be careful of my shirtwaist."

EDITH WALLER: Joke Editor, Glee Club, Staff Artist, 3rd Sergeant B.

 When Edith to Lasell did come,
 She claimed she could not draw,
 But now behold! these pictures here,
 She made without a flaw.

 But beware of hair ornaments and don't forget to wash the dishes, Edo.

THE ALLERLEI

ROSALTA WILLIAMS:

Keeping still.

GENEVIEVE WHITE: Associate Editor, Dramatic.

Talking, especially in Room 6, Wednesday p. m.

WINIFRED WHITTLESEY:

Denying herself a drink of water at each meal according to Mrs. Martin's directions for beautifying.

FLORENCE POSTON: Joke Editor, Glee Club, Dramatic, President of Missionary Society.

Giggling, giggling, giggling.

ELSIE HOLTZMAN:

Demonstrating the use of hair growers.

HAZEL BOWER: Staff Artist, Art Club, Dramatic Club.

Spending her Mondays away from Lasell.

RUTH BACHELDER:

"Busy as a bee and quiet as a mouse."

NINA MARSH:

"Saying little, doing much."

MIRIAM FLYNN: Class President, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Captain Co. A.

Stamping foot on floor, "Girls, *will* you be still!"

MARY GOODWILLIE: Glee Club, Dramatic, Class Sentinel.

Trying to make us think she is smart because she has a "soft spot" on the top of her head.

CHARLINE BILLINGTON: 2nd Sergeant B.

The star of the French play!! Although famous in center-ball no one can question Charline's probability of becoming the prima donna of Lasell.

LILLIAN LANE: Dramatic Club.

"Axcuse me goat. I do not know just what to say of this most attractive young lady."

CLYDE BONEBRAKE: Dramatic Club.

Always ready for Boston.

FLORENCE JONES: Subscription Agent.

Making journeys to the scales three times a day. We wonder if she is trying to get the position of fat lady in the circus next year.

MILDRED HALL: Editor-in-Chief, Yell Master, Adjutant, Secretary A. A. Association, Editor *Leaves*, Student Council.

Seen daily hurrying toward Miss Potter's room with huge bundles and sheets of manuscript. Did anyone say it was easy to be Editor-in-Chief of the *Allerlei*?

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MARION SPELGER: Subscription Agent.

Playing center ball is Marion's greatest accomplishment but she has many others—behold her curls!

RUTH SPINDLER:

Trying to become the rival of Mischa-Elman.

GERTRUDE TINGLEY: Associate Editor, Glee Club, Dramatic Club.

Singing often selections from Grand Opera, but once in a while a little snatch of light opera such as, "Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly?"

ELSIE HUEBNER:

Getting ahead of everyone else in sewing class. We wonder why, Elsie?

BERNICE LINCOLN: Glee Club.

Playing center ball? No! not *exactly* that.

ESTER MOREY: Assistant Business Manager.

Shining brightly, oh! so lightly; one of the history stars!

CLARA PARKER: Business Manager.

Managing affairs in such a way that, "Voila!" this *Allerlei* the best in the history of Lasell.

ELEANOR RYAN:

'Til upside down turns this old world
And topsy-turvey is the sea,
Then, oh then, but not 'til then,
Can she without her lessons be.

MARJORIE RISSER:

Assisting Miss Irwin in keeping order in that corridor.

AMALIA ROSENBAUM:

She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Advertising Agents:

LILLIAN BEUHNER.

MARY STARR UTTER: Vice-President, Student Council.

ANNIE MERRILL: Class Treasurer, President of *Leaves*, 1st Sergeant C.

(Entering the office of a large department store in Boston, each coughing and nervously clutching the other, then gasping to the stern looking advertising manager): "We are about to issue the *Allerlei*, the year book of Lasell, and we would be very pleased if you would favor us with an advertisement."

(Manager interrupting coldly): "We do no advertising here."

Hasty exit.

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DOROTHEA AFRICA:

Making an appearance in the dining room balcony at 7:40 each morning.

RACHEL CHAMBERS: Assistant Business Manager.

Known far and wide for her center-guarding. (But even if Rachel didn't have this to distinguish her, who could ever forget the fat lady in the circus?)

VIVIAN COOKE: Glee Club.

Thrilling her hearers at all times of day with tales of the wonderful adventures of "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show."

MARION JOSLIN: Class Secretary, Assistant Editor, Subscription Agent of *Leaves*.

Laughing when "Everything goes dead wrong," 'specially in Pa Hooligan's family.

RUTH GRAHAM: Glee Club, Dramatic, Social Editor.

Entertaining callers Monday afternoon. (Ruth, I thought you had a limited calling list!)

VICTORIA NETTLE:

Easily becoming by her brilliant works the authoress of 1912.

ORA HAMMOND: Subscription Agent.

Her frequent visits to the florists make us wish to advise her to marry one of such a profession in order to save her money.



SOPHOMORE



The Sophomore Class

JULIETTE BEACH,	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH LINN,	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH EDSON,	<i>Secretary</i>
MARJORIE LEES,	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARJORIE LEES,	<i>Yell-Master</i>

JULIETTE BEACH
ALMA BUNCH
CHARLOTTE BREEDON
MARGARET CLARK
MARY DILL
ELIZABETH EDSON
DOROTHY FROST
BEATRICE HIRSCHFIELD
CHARLOTTE JOSEPH

CAROLYN LAWTON
MARJORIE LEES
ELIZABETH LINN
HILDA MACDONALD
MILDRED OTTO
FLORENCE SHIELDS
PEARL TOWNSEND
CLARA TROWBRIDGE
FLORENCE WALLACE

No name
and date.

N. Ac.
See me at your
earliest convenience.

Title should always be underlined.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

To one who is unacquainted with the annals of the various classes, it may seem strange that ever since they have been written, the Sophomore class has been (aimed at by)¹ ^{to} its rival classes (as) a target for all manner of sport, but to one who knows the (stuff)² the Sophomores are made of³ the fact may occur that this (seeming derision is somewhat akin to a story⁴ about a fox and some grapes.) The youthful Freshmen hold high their heads with a secret joyful expectancy for the day when they shall bear the name of Sophomores, while their Junior sisters only attempt to ridicule them when they find that (they)⁵ are not to be outwitted as easily as was expected.

Our Sophomore class of 1913 is no exception to the rule. One of the first events of our joyous career was on the night we serenaded and (yelled)⁶ our officers to the Seniors. If you ask the Juniors who first reached the goal, their answer (may be probably,⁷) "The Juniors!", but in the bottom of their hearts, they truly know, though even now they will not admit it, that it was the (happy Sophomores who were first heard)⁸ by our dear Seniors.

In the first part of the month of October, we were one Saturday evening all entertained at a delightful chafing dish party given (the Sophomores)⁹ by the Seniors at Pickard House, and surely every Sophomore still has a happy memory of that gay evening which our hostesses made

1. Entirely unnecessary.

2. Why not use dictionary once in a while?

3. Punctuation.

4. Not clear.

5. Meaning the **Juniors** of course.

6. "Announced," more refined English.

7. Will probably be.

8. Wrong point of view.

9. Why repeat **Sophomores** so many, **many** times. Are they so extremely important?

* Superfluous adjectives in this paragraph.

10. Not needed. Do not fill up space with unnecessary words.

11. Repetition.

12. Your subjects are constantly ambiguous.

13. **Good** adjective.

14. When did you find this out?

15. A little more exaggeration and you would certainly have had a civil war.

16. "Terrified," better word here. Look up rules for endings.

17. Not necessary.

18. Written with great eclat, Miss X. Y. Z.

19. "Sometime," when referring to indefinite time.

20. "Looking towards highest step."

^ Always excellent plan to punctuate when **you have time**.

so enjoyable to us. (We have already expressed¹⁰ to our Sister Class our appreciation of their early hospitality (~~to the Sophomores~~)¹¹ and we again take this opportunity of thanking them.)

There may be left yet in the minds of some of the Juniors some slight recollection of an occurrence in which they were made more aware than formerly, of the existence of the Sophomore Class. After¹² (they) discovered that quite a number of the costumes to be worn at their party for the Seniors had mysteriously disappeared, the members of the Sophomore class began to receive unwonted attention from the Juniors. Their every movement was watched with greatest care, and the (¹³untiring) Juniors kept sentinels on guard the greater part of the night before their party. The Sophomores led them such a very merry dance that they felt themselves (obliged to guard their costumes on the room of one of the Faculty.) [¹⁴Alas! on that eventful night the expectant Juniors, then fully armed against further outbreaks from the (¹⁵terrifying) Sophomores, must have met with disappointment when they found themselves (¹⁶left) unmolested,] (¹⁷but it was thought best to have compassion on them, as well as on the Faculty, who might become weary of offering aid.)

Thus far, our career as Sophomores has been a happy and a joyful one, (and so we intend to (²keep) (¹make) it,) (as the life of all true Sophomores is.) We have mounted and left behind us two steps in the Ladder to Success; on the third we now stand with a firm tread; to the fourth we hope to (¹⁹soon) ascend: our eyes are (²⁰resting upon the top,) and until that (^{step}top) is reached, we will not cease to climb.

FRESHMEN



The Freshman Class

DOROTHY PAYNE,	<i>President</i>
GENEVIEVE BETTCHER,	<i>Secretary</i>
GENEVIEVE BETTCHER,	<i>Yell-Master</i>
RUTH TROWBRIDGE,	<i>Treasurer</i>

GENEVIEVE BETTCHER	MABEL FLAGLER
DOROTHY BRAGDON	DOROTHY PAYNE
DOROTHY CANFIELD	HELEN ROLLINS
DOROTHY DEAN	RUTH TROWBRIDGE

DORA GOODWILLIE

History of The Freshman Class



IN spite of the vain attempts of the Sophomores to break up the meeting, the Class of 1914 was duly organized on Wednesday evening, September the twenty-sixth. Although a few Freshmen were detained by no doubt well-meaning members of 1913, enough gathered, under the protection of four brave Juniors, to organize and elect officers. After some discussion, it was decided that the colors of this distinguished organization should be red and white, and the emblem, red and white roses. The Freshmen are rather few in number, but they make their presence felt in a great many ways, and, after all, that is one of the necessities in the life of a loyal and inspiring class.

THE ALLERLEI



Preparatory

ELLEN COLEMAN

MARIAN GIBBONS

LOIS HAMMOND

MARIAN KEEFER

FLORENCE ADALINE PORTER

E. I. LE BONTE

FLORENCE SUNDT

LILLIAN WESTERLUND

RUTH WHITTELY

ANNE WRIGHT

AXIE VAN DEUSEN

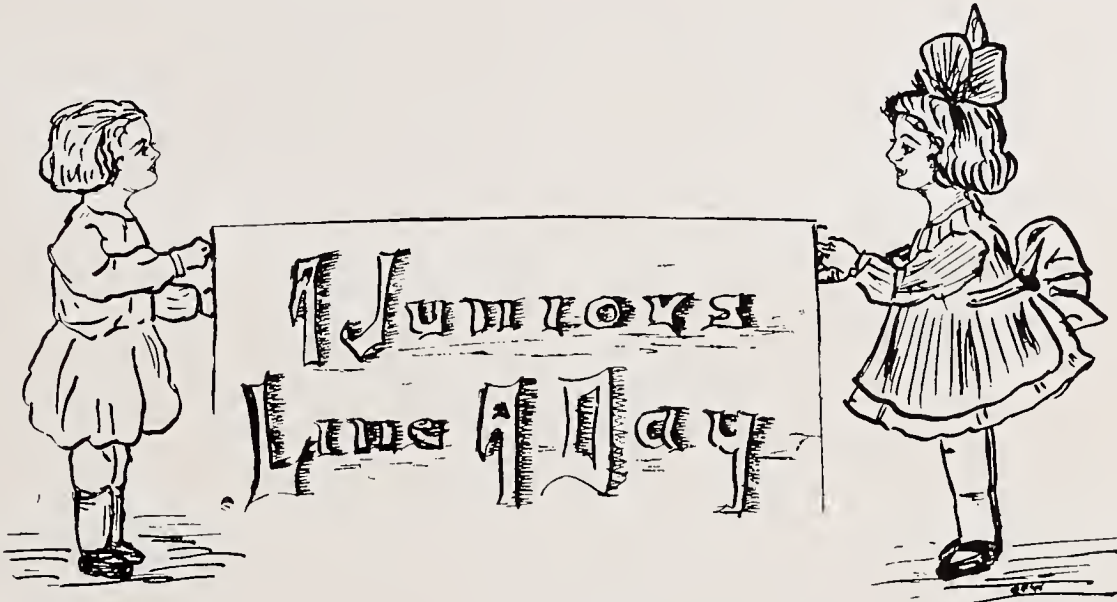


THE ALLERLEI

The Special Class

MYRILLA ANNIS,	<i>President</i>
FLORENCE MYERS,	<i>Secretary</i>
FLOY JOHNSON,	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH FARNUM,	<i>Yell-Master</i>

MYRILLA ANNIS	MINETTA GILDNER	MARJORIE NORTON
DOROTHY BEACOM	HORTENSE GOWING	DOROTHY PORTER
ELLA BEAL	MARGARET GREEN	ISABELLE READ
CORINNE BECKER	ELEANOR HAMMOND	DOROTHY ROGERS
MARJORIE BEELER	IDA HAMMOND	ETHEL ROGERS
HILDA BETTS	MARGUERITE HARRIS	MARY OREM
HELEN BLOCK	ALICE HATHAWAY	HELEN SCOTT
FLORENCE BRAND	JEAN HUMBIRD	MARGERIE SIMES
BESSIE BROWN	KATHERINE HUMBIRD	EVA SMILIE
HELEN CASE	FLOY JOHNSON	NETTIE ROULSTONE
UNICE COX	GRACE LINDSAY	HAZEL SANDERS
MARJORIE DAVIS	SARAH LORING	EDNA SMITH
REBA DENMAN	MARIAN MACARTHUR	MABEL SMITH
JEAN DENNETT	ESTHER McCRORY	HELEN SNYDER
CAROLINE DOUGHERTY	ADELE McDONALD	RUTH SNYDER
GLADYS DUDLEY	GERTRUDE MARKS	MARIAN STEVENS
JOSEPHINE EDGERTON	RUTH MAURER	MAY SUNDT
AGNES ERDMAN	MAY MELOON	MARY LOUISE THOMPSON
GENEVIEVE EVANS	TESSA MAY	IRENE VEDDER
ELIZABETH FARNUM	SYBIL MORGAN	EDESSA WARNER
LOIS FISCHER	ISABEL MULLEN	EDNA WOOLSON
RUTH FLANAGAN	FLORENCE MYERS	MILDRED WESTERVELT
ELBA FORBESS	MARIAN NEVIUS	MILDRED WRIGHT
MAY GATES	CORA NICHOLSON	SOPHIE WENDT



A Junior's Line a Day

- Sept. 20.—Arrived at Auburndale;—unchanged, except for the absence of the yellow house on the corner. Surprised not to see more old girls back—oodles of new.
- 21.—Great longing for mail. Usual orchestra for dinner and dance in gym.
- 22.—Classifications! Question, to be or not be a Junior. Launch riding on the Charles.
- 23.—Didn't hear bell, so therefore no breakfast. Class meeting and yelling of officers. Took two new girls walking.
- 24.—All busy arranging unfixable schedules. Assignment of tables. Frolic in gym.
- 25.—Went to the Congregational church. Wrote letters.
- 26.—A serenade? Yes, but only by girls—old to new.
- 27.—Memorable for a double serenade—question, who got there first, Juniors or Sophs?
- 28.—Walked over to West Newton. *Leaves* meeting at which officers were elected.
- 29.—Deaconess' Motor Fete Day. English Tea Room on campus. Great scramble for autos, disappointments and breakdowns.
- 30.—Went over to Pickard House. Walking with one of the new girls. Lecture by Dr. Vincent.

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- Oct.* 1.—The old girls dance to the new.
2.—Church as usual. After vespers twelve of us went into the Rescue Mission. Very interesting.
3.—Got up early and cleaned room. Couldn't go to town because "I was broke"—great disappointment.
5.—Up at 5.30 to study.
6.—Recital by Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich. "Rosa, Rosa" again made a hit
11.—Too busy to write in my diary. H. E. test. Glee Club trials.
12.—English test. Organ recital by Professor Dunham.
13.—Columbus Day but no holiday for us. Lecture by Dr. Leon Vincent on "Robert Louis Stevenson."
15.—The Juniors in our hall celebrated by having their Seniors stay all night. Great fun—great eats—little sleep. For information apply to Miss Warner.
16.—"Visited" Methodist Church. Slept at Pickard.
17.—Annual(?) cleaning. Tea in Brookline with an old girl.
20.—Autoing in the school car in p.m. Lecture by Dr. Vincent on "Robert Burns."
21.—Walking in p.m. Studied until 11.45. Am getting used to it now.
22.—Went to Fletcher's. Missionary talk by Miss Adams. "Fortune Hunter" in the evening. Miss Warner treated to hot chocolate when we returned, and oh so good.
23.—Same as last Sunday—church and letters.
24.—All day in town.
26.—Studied all day—made up English.
27.—Music periods at last established. Lecture by Dr. Powers.
28.—Waltham in p.m. Took dinner at the Woodland Park hotel.
29.—Autoing all p.m. Tire blew up. Hallowe'en celebration—weird assembly of brooms, pumpkins, babies, and witches.
30.—Church, vespers at 3, Congo. church in evening to hear quartette from Fiske University.
31.—Cleaned all morning. Rejoiced at sight of a birthday box which my roommate received.
- Nov.* 1.—Watched practice of basket ball teams on campus. No signs of winter as yet.
2.—Survived through the day so am good for another week.
3.—Lecture on "Colors" by Mr. H. T. Bailey. We poor mortals who have both brown eyes and hair! What shall we wear?
7.—Pouring dismal rain so I sewed all p.m.

THE ALLELEI

- 8.—H. E. until 3 p. m. Made biscuits with fairly good success.
 - 9.—Taught history class for Miss Rand as she was ill.
 - 10.—Lecture by Harold Baines on "Our Wild Neighbors." Splendid!
 - 12.—Military Drill began. Class meetings at every turn. Slept at Pickard.
 - 13.—Congo. Church. Topic at vespers, "Watch."
 - 14.—Waltham in morning with room-mate. Studied English in p. m.
 - 15.—Helped make programmes. Reception in Brookline in p. m.
 - 16.—Class meetings, rehearsals, more programmes.
 - 17.—No lecture, thank goodness! Working incessantly on party.
 - 18.—Nine costumes gone but six found in a Soph's. trunk. Five of us worked until 12.45 on the ballet costume.
 - 19.—All Juniors pop-eyed. Party a success. Seniors dressed as lassies and we Juniors as boys in overalls.
 - 20.—Usual Sunday.
 - 21.—Went to Denison House in P. M. with Mdle. Leland Powers recited "The Prince."
 - 22.—Busy writing a history paper.
 - 23.—Left for N. H. on the 11.32. Thanksgiving vacation.
 - 28.—Reached Auburndale in P. M. Hard to buckle down to work again after such a nice vacation.
- Dec.*
- 1.—H. T. Bailey lectured on "Beauty of Form in Common Things."
 - 2.—Finished my Xmas shopping. German Play by the Senior German Class.
 - 3.—Room-mate gone to Worcester for week-end. Terribly lonesome.
 - 4.—Senorita Marcella spoke at Vespers.
 - 5.—Called in Brookline. *Leaves* out once more.
 - 7.—In practice kitchen in capacity of dinner cook. Have cut my finger already. Christmas Concert.
 - 8.—Burnt my fingers. Nearly bunged up from H. E. Went to bed instead of to lecture by Dr. Powers.
 - 9.—Rehearsal of Mother Goose Play. Everyone weighed in the gym.
 - 10.—Sewed and packed. Mending up things before going home.
 - 11.—Christmas Vespers by Glee Club.
 - 12.—Xmas celebration in dining-room at dinner. Mother Goose Play in evening.
 - 13.—Bought my ticket for home and packed.
 - 14.—Left on the popular 2 o'clock Lake Shore. No place like home when it comes to Christmas vacation.
- Jan.*
- 5.—Reached Auburndale at 1 A. M. No luncheons after midnight so after registering we retired.

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- 6.—Got up at 10 o'clock. Am at Miss Rand's table this term.
 - 7.—Annual auction of those valuable magazines. Walking in the afternoon.
 - 8.—First attempt of the year at getting up for Sunday breakfast. Orange marmalade!!!
 - 9.—Nearly gave up the *Allerlei* in Class meeting. "While there's life, there's hope."
 - 10.—Practice kitchen once more — pastry cook this week.
 - 11.—Seniors came to dinner with their Class pins. Big scare among Juniors. New president led C. E. meeting.
 - 12.—Mrs. Martin gave, "If I were King." White gown and red roses. Reproduction in Carter Hall afterwards.
 - 13.—*Allerlei* voting contest in afternoon. Counted votes until 9:30.
 - 14.—Saw David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." Tears! Tears!
 - 15.—Breakfast in practice kitchen. Church. Dr. Clark preached the sermon. Room-mate ill.
 - 18.—Regular Junior Class meeting!!!!
 - 19.—Lecture on Paul L. Dunbar by Mr. Pearson. Wonderful! Mrs. Martin was lost in admiration.
 - 23.—Juniors received invitations from Seniors for Feb. 4th. Great curiosity aroused.
 - 24.—Seniors came to breakfast in caps and gowns. We wonder why they didn't do it at night.
 - 26.—We Juniors decorated a table for the Seniors. Seniors in practice kitchen, some worried.
 - 27.—Student council began. I am on the scrub team.
 - 28.—Specials went on hay-ride, Sophs had fudge party, Seniors had a spread, we Juniors do nothing but work.
 - 29.—Church. Wrote letters all P. M. Vespers, "The Fruits of the Spirit."
 - 30.—Wrote up this diary so was kept rather busy.
 - 31.—Sick with the grippe, so not much doing.
- Feb.* 4.—Dressed for Senior party. Flowers from my Senior, just dear. Dandy time at the party. Concert fine.
- 5.—Church and letters once more.
 - 6.—Went over to Waltham in the afternoon.
 - 7.—Fierce snow-storm. Prayer meeting with my Senior. Sent to study hall for not keeping practice periods.

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- 8.—Practiced overtime. More snow—good outlook for White Mt. trip.
- 9.—Worked all morning. Made up practice period. Packed in the evening.
- 10.—Up beastly early. Party of 38 with Miss Warner as chaperone left Auburndale at 7:39 for Interdale.
- 13.—Nearly dead—so stiff and lame from snow shoeing, tobogganing and skiing. I could hardly wiggle—too tired to study.
- 14.—Valentine's day. Tables looked real nice. Flowers from my roommate.
- 15.—Studied English, then flunked a test. Trigonometry began. Washed my hair.
- 16.—Studied and practiced. Riding in the school sleigh. Lecture on "Photography" by Mr. Henry T. Bailey.
- 18.—Specials beat us in a game of centre-ball. Fudge party.
- 19.—Two women spoke at church—Increase of Negroes.
- 20.—Went to Brookline for luncheon. Bought a new lavender kimono. Made up "White Mt. English."
- 21.—Made up another English lesson. Allerlei pictures taken. Why so many peter thompson's?
- 22.—Washington's birthday. Worked all morning. Dressed in grandmother's black silk dress. All the girls looked dear. Orchestra and dance.
- 23.—A party went to see Isadore Duncan. Couldn't afford so much frivolity this month.
- 25.—Juniors beat Specials in Center Ball. Great excitement.
- 26.—Day of Prayer. Camp Fire in gym.
- March 1.*—Allowance came—Oh joy! Orphean Concert.

In the Wake of the Clown



THE big lot lies dark and barren, veiled in the grey mists and silence of the early morning. The eastern sky grows gradually lighter; the sun rises slowly, large and red, betokening a long, hot day. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of horses' hoofs and creaking of wheels, and a large, bright red wagon lumbers over the top of the hill. It is followed by others, yellow, blue and white, all making a brilliant procession. Hurrah! The Circus is here once more!

Within the hour that follows the lot is transformed from a peaceful spot into a centre of chaotic hubbub. The air resounds with the hoarse shouts of men, the shrill cries of the excited and energetic youngsters, the thud of the sledge-hammers, the stamping of horses, the rumble of heavy wagons, the clatter of dishes, and the roars of the strange wild animals of the menagerie. A delightful, elusive odor, "the smell of the saw-dust," is in the air; and as if by magic, a miniature city of white tents has risen from the earth.

By now the performers are upon the scene and the dressing room tents are subjects of curiosity to the inquisitive crowds. A tall, handsome young fellow elbows his way to the door of the tent, disappears within it and hurries to the mail box. A look of disappointment crosses his face; he frowns with anxiety, for no letter awaits him. "Surely mother can't be ill," he says to himself, trying bravely to fight down the unpleasant thoughts that rush to his mind. However, he cannot linger; it is late, and he hurries away to dress for the performance.

The band strikes up a gay medley and Slivers, the famous clown, emerges from the dressing room, a ludicrous figure in his fool's costume. As he crosses to the big top, he is pointed out to a messenger boy who overtakes him and delivers a telegram. Hurriedly tearing open the ominous yellow missive he reads:

FRANK OAKLEY

Your mother died this a. m. Wire funeral expenses.

DR. HARTLESS.

Reeling as if struck by an unseen hand, the clown turns back to the dressing room, but hearing his name called in the harsh tones of the ring-master, he steadies himself and again starts for the arena. A shout of delighted laughter rises at his entrance, and with the painted face and leering red mouth concealing

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the pain-drawn face beneath, he amuses those thousands of pleasure seekers with his meaningless antics.

The performance is over, and after the early supper, the inhabitants of this restless little world enjoy a brief respite from their strenuous efforts to entertain the fickle public. As dusk falls, one by one the tents burst forth into a blaze of light. Torches gleam here and there and everywhere. Already the cook tent has been torn down and packed away in the great wagons, which have again begun their rambling journey. A breath of surprise sweeps over you as you leave the big top, for gone are the many tents. The huge ghost-like canvas is soon empty and comes crashing to the earth. In the twinkling of the eye it too is packed away, and once more Night comes into her own. The great field lies vacant, wrapped in the star-lit silence, and in the distance flickers the tiny, red lantern of the last fast-disappearing wagon.

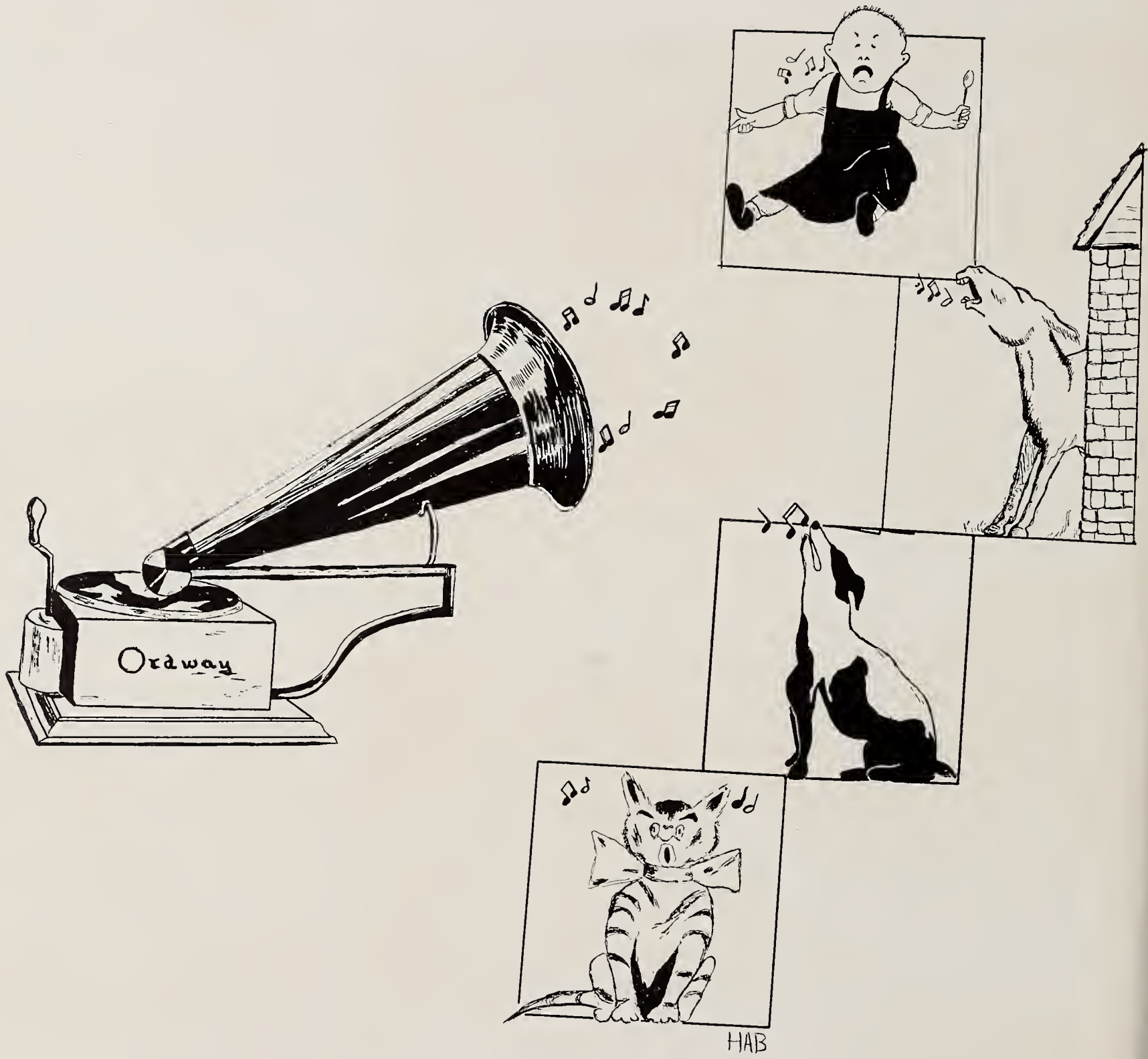
VIVIAN KITTIE COOKE.

A Sad Tale



ONCE there was a famous "Knight," "Kelly" by name, who went out to seek his fortune. He traveled long and wearily and at length came to the court of a renowned king. This court was called "Martincourt" and many battles waged here. At "Martincourt" the "Knight" was sadly defeated and met his "Dumn." He did not like the idea of fighting so many battles and decided to become a "Mayer" because he could "Bos (the job) well."

One morning he walked across the "Lee" to the grocery store, and seeing some butter he asked the groceryman, "How much is 'Butterworth,' and what is the name of the 'Brand-oh'?" The grocery man only coughed and said "Nin(a)." Hearing this, the good "Knight" cried out, "'Kauffman,' cough. 'Or(d)way' it, else I will hit your 'Shinn.' Dont 'Sayre' don't know." The groceryman only said, "Just you give me a moment's 'Grace.'" Just then the groceryman saw something terrible and cried out, "My wife! I must 'Warner'!" "Haley's" comet summoning up all its "Powers" shot down upon them, thus both perished.



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LASELL GLEE CLUB

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Glee Club

MARION SHINN,	<i>President</i>
MARY GOODWILLIE,	<i>Vice-President</i>
MIRIAM FLYNN,	<i>Secretary</i>
DORIS POWERS,	<i>Treasurer</i>
EDITH WALLER,	<i>Businesss Manager</i>
MISS HELEN GOODRICH,	<i>Directress</i>
MIRIAM FLYNN,	<i>Assistant Directress</i>
MARION ORDWAY,	<i>Accompanist</i>

1st Soprano

MIRIAM FLYNN
VIVIAN COOKE
EDITH WALLER
RUTH GRAHAM
HELEN SCOTT

2nd Soprano

MARION SHINN
IDA HAMMOND
ELEANOR HAMMOND
GENEVIEVE BETTCHER
BERNICE LINCOLN
AGNES ADELSDORF

1st Alto

DORIS POWERS
FLORENCE MYERS
FLORENCE POSTON
MARY GOODWILLIE
VIRGINIA LEE
GERTRUDE TINGLEY

2nd Alto

VERA BRADLEY
GENEVIEVE EVANS
EDESSA WARNER
ALMA BUNCH
LOIS HAMMOND

The Lasell Glee Club



THE Glee Club consists of twenty-one girls, who have been chosen from those who tried for the Club at the beginning of the year. This trial was before Miss Goodrich, the Director, and the old Glee Club girls, the candidates having to be approved by both. Work begins with an hour's practice twice a week, but when concert time draws near, rehearsals come often. Each member is entitled to a pin which is very attractive, being a small gold clef with "L. G. C." raised on one side. The first public appearance of the Club is at Christmas Vespers, when they assist in the service held in the gymnasium by giving several appropriate selections. The Spring Concert is the great social event of the school year and usually takes place the last of May. All welcome this day with great enthusiasm, and many invite friends to see and hear Lasell at its best. We are looking forward to the concert this year with much pleasure, for with the splendid work that the Glee Club is doing it cannot fail to be successful.

The Orphean Club



ONE of the most interesting and instructive societies in school is the Orphean Club, which is composed of about fifty of our singers. They have weekly rehearsals conducted by Professor Henry M. Dunham, under whose competent training two concerts are given each year. Not only is it enjoyable to meet for these musical afternoons, but the members learn much about music, and receive valuable help for future chorus-singing.

This year, the cantatas, "The Song of the Norns," and "The Fisher-Maidens", were finely rendered by the Club, and were greatly enjoyed by the school and its friends.

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DRAMATIC CLUB

D RAMATICS



ELIZABETH BRANDOW, *President*
 GLADYS LAWTON, *Vice-President*
 HELEN SAYRE, *Secretary*
 VERA BRADLEY, *Treasurer*
 NINA DIETZ, *Costumer*
 GENEVIEVE WHITE, *Stage Manager*
 MARY GOODWILLIE, *Assistant Stage Manager*

CLYDE BONEBRAKE
 HAZEL BOWER
 VERA BRADLEY
 ELIZABETH BRANDOW
 DOROTHY CANFIELD
 NINA DIETZ
 ALMA DUMN
 ELSIE FIES
 LOIS FISCHER
 MARY GOODWILLIE
 RUTH GRAHAM
 MARGUERITE HARRIS
 GLADYS LAWTON
 MARGERY LEES
 ELIZABETH LINN

MARIAN MACARTHUR
 EDNA MACDONALD
 FLORENCE MYERS
 MARIAN NEVIUS
 DOROTHY PORTER
 FLORENCE PORTER
 FLORENCE POSTON
 HELEN SAYRE
 HELEN SCOTT
 MARGERIE SIMES
 MARION SHINN
 GERTRUDE TINGLEY
 CLARA TROWBRIDGE
 FLORENCE WALLACE
 MILDRED WESTERVELT

GENEVIEVE WHITE

The Dramatic Club



ORIGINALLY the Dramatic Club was formed for the purpose of cultivating the histrionic ability among Mrs. Martin's private pupils. It soon was decided to allow any member of the school "to try for the club." Shortly after school opens in September the old Dramatic Club girls meet to hear the new aspirants recite, some candidates being accepted at once, while others are given a second trial. It is thought desirable to keep the number of members between thirty and forty, and the new members are chosen with a view to their fitness for certain plays to be given later on in the year. The badge of the Club is a gold pin the form of a masque with a pearl in the mouth.

Until this year two plays have been given, one light, short and usually modern, the other a more formal and classic presentation. To the latter, guests of the school are invited.

Missionary Society



THE Lasell Missionary Society was founded about 1887, and has become quite flourishing. It raises yearly, by means of individual pledges and a lawn festival, three hundred and fifty dollars, in round numbers, which sum is divided among a number of home and foreign missions. The students, with the help of the teachers, decide where this money shall go. It is customary to send twenty dollars each year to a little day school in Moradabad, India. This pays all expenses of the school, including the teacher's salary. We also always help from one to three girls in Harpoot, Turkey, and a little girl in India who takes our name, Lasell. We have supported two such girls, Julia Lasell and Caroline Lasell, until their marriage, and we now have another Caroline. Besides these, funds are usually sent to the Euphrates College, to the Floating Hospital in Boston, the Deaconesses' Fresh Air Fund, Claflin University, the Frances E. Willard Settlement in Boston, the International Institute for Girls in Spain, Mrs. Chappell's work in Japan, and many other institutions. Every third Sunday each month, representatives of some missionary field talk to us at vespers. These talks have aroused so much interest among us that we look forward to one of the best years for the Society.



The Suffragette Society

TWO minutes to nine"—doors are opened, and suppressed laughter and talking is audible all along *the* corridor. Heads are slipped out, and then as quickly and silently taken in again. Finally the peals of the bell, which has so many pleasant and unpleasant meanings to all, bring, in a fraction of a second, to the once quiet hall a throng of the strangest looking personages. One thought oneself to be in a civilized girls' school, but the sight that greets one's eyes at this time would rather indicate one to be enclosed between walls of a lunatic asylum! The company forms in couples and headed by a weird banner bearer, wends its way to the gymnasium, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." The Suffragettes, for such they are, sing their praises and extol their cause. Fiery speeches and hot debates entertain the onlookers, who by the way, number nearly a hundred (?), for twenty minutes. Then with uniformity unexcelled by orders of the opposite sex, the body adjourns. The influence which this small company has exerted is far-reaching, and stands as an ideal example to all Suffragettes.



Athletics

Oh, be sure we shall all think of gym,
When old age has made youthful eyes dim;
We'll remember the days
Which have filled us with grace,
And have made us good looking and slim.

The worst thing of all is the horse!
This we hit on the top with great force
When we spring, and we land
Now and then on a hand.
With a groan. So we like it, of course.

'Tis the games that we love best of all,
Tho' at times we have many a fall.
"Three deep" is such fun,
How we laugh! How we run!
And I musn't leave out basket-ball.

In the midst of the winter so gay,
When the ice has come hither to stay,
On the river we skate—
Girls, isn't it great!
How we do hate the close of the day!



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But in springtime when Nature's so bright,
When the pleasures of May are in sight,
 We know it is true
 That 'tis time to canoe,
And where there's a boat there's delight.

Of course there is this dreadful pest,
One must pass the much hated "strength test,"
 But when that is done,
 And the crew you are on,
Just consider that you are twice blest.

Remember the day of the race?
You feel that 'tis you sets the pace.
 You are bending down low
 When Miss Warner says "Go!"
And your crew comes in first by an ace.

So come one and come all, with your cry
"We'll be loyal forever, and high
 Shall our standard be raised,
 And our energy praised,
And we'll go you one better some day."

AGNES ADELSDORF, 1912.

The Lasell Athletic Association



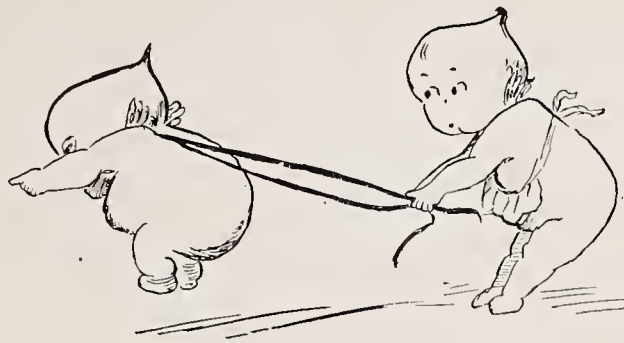
AN association of which Lasell is justly proud, is the Lasell Athletic Association. It was organized in nineteen hundred and six, and its purpose is to encourage the girls in the various sports, such as Tennis, Basket Ball, Swimming, Canoeing, and in the spring, Track Work. These different Athletics tend to make a girl more graceful of movement and what is more important, to relieve her mind of work, and give her the exercise which is necessary to good, hard study.

In order to take part in the Tennis Tournaments which occur during the year, or to be a member of the Crew, one must belong to the Association. Of all the sports, the Canoe Race is one of the most exciting of the year. Last year there were two crews, and the close race between them, lasting four minutes and forty-five seconds, was highly exciting. How hard the crews do work! And how happy are the girls who win the race, and smilingly receive their "L" sweaters.

In the spring, the track affords great enjoyment, but last year, for some reason, it was dispensed with. We hope, however, that this year we shall be allowed to have a good field, and if we are, we may look forward to some exciting high jumps and relays. The winners in events of Field Day are each presented with a beautiful white sweater with her class numerals, or horizontal bars in case this is a second victory.

The Association is very satisfactory this year, with Edna MacDonald as President, and Mildred Hall as Secretary. May Lasell always be proud of her Athletics!

AGNES P. ADELSDORF.



Lasell Leaves

President

ANNIE MERRILL, '12

Secretary

VERA BRADLEY, '11

Editor-in-Chief

HELEN SAYRE, '11

Associate Editors

GLADYS LAWTON, '11

MILDRED HALL, '12

Local Editor

RUTH BUTTERWORTH, '11

Exchange Editor

HELEN THIRKIELD, '11

Business Manager

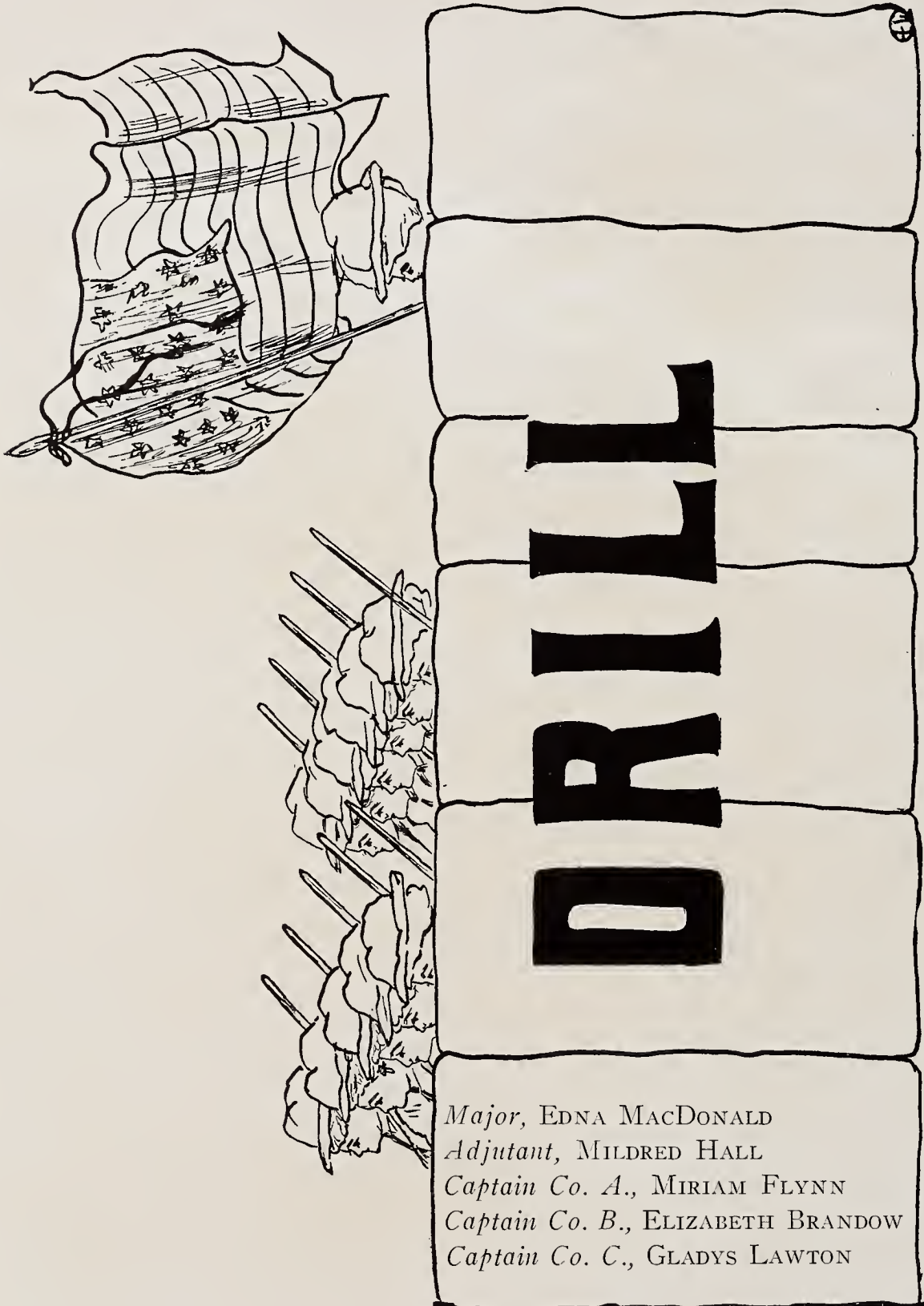
KATHLEEN KNIGHT, '11

Subscription Agent

MARION JOSLIN, '12



THE ALLERLEI

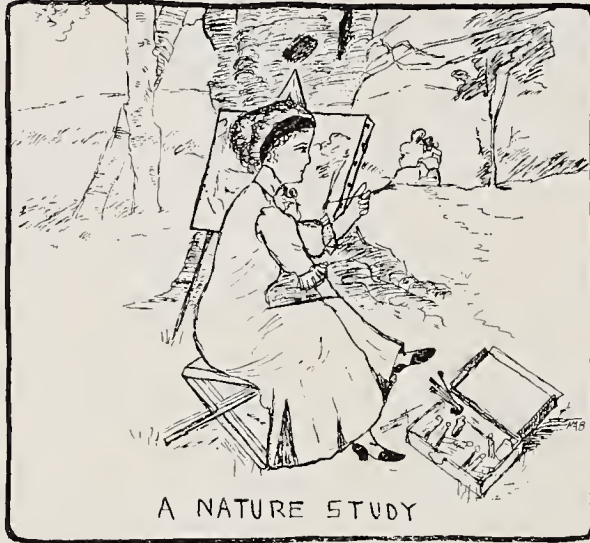


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SIGMA SIGMA SOCIETY

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HAZEL BOWER
ALMA DUMN
RUTH FLANAGAN
JEAN HUMBIRD
GLADYS LAWTON
VIRGINIA LEE
ETHEL MARKS
ESTHER McCRORY
MAY MELOON
MARIAN NEVIUS
MARJORIE READ
MARY LOUISE THOMPSON
RUTH TROWBRIDGE
ELEANOR WARNER

Sigma Sigma Society



THE Sigma Sigma Society exists for the benefit of the art students. There are at present about twelve girls belonging, most of them having joined this year under circumstances which secured their everlasting loyalty and love for the society, if it be true that we love a thing in the same proportion as we suffer for it.

The object of the society is not only to obtain the best possible work from the members, but also to promote their interest and enjoyment in it. There is a comradeship among the girls which incites them to give their best and most careful attention to the subjects in hand, and lends a pleasant rivalry to their work.

The work of the studio is broken now and then by trips into various Art Exhibits in Boston, and these exhibits, explained as they are by Miss Mulliken, the teacher, are great incentives for work. Besides these trips, in the Spring, there is usually a week-end spent in some little village or at the shore. This is anticipated for weeks beforehand and afterward looked back upon with nothing but pleasure. Taken altogether it is a Society which Lasell could not well get on without.



Christian Endeavor



THE Christian Endeavor Society of Lasell was organized in 1889 by Dr. Francis E. Clark, the father of this world-wide movement, and has always been under his loving guidance and care. We are especially favored in this way, for his home is in Auburn-dale, but a short walk from the school, thus tending to make us even the more interested in this great leader and his work. Our meetings have been exceptionally well attended this year and have always proved very helpful to the girls. They are usually led by the students, but occasionally by some well-known Christian Endeavorer from Boston or abroad.

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A, B, C's of Lasell

Accomplished

FLYNN
ANNIS

Adventuresome

MYERS
GOWING

Affectionate

LANE
UTTER

Artistic

LAWTON, G.
NEVIUS

Angelic

ORDWAY
BUTTERWORTH, E.

Aristocratic

POPTER, D.
SAYRE

Attractive

LANE
BRANDOW

Ambitious

FLYNN
BACHELDER

Beautiful

BRANDOW
MACDONALD, H.

Best liked

LAWTON, G.
BRANDOW

Best dressed

CLARK
BLOCK

Best singers

FLYNN
SHINN

Best musicians

MACDONALD, E.
ANNIS

Boastful

HATHAWAY
DEAN

Boisterous

EGERTON
BEACOM

Best students

EDSON
SAYRE

Conspicious

CLARK
WESTERVELT

Clever

MYERS
GOODWILLIE

Cutest

UTTER
DIETZ

Comical

MYERS
SHINN

Cheerful

JOSLIN
EGERTON

Careless

SCOTT
NEVIUS

Congenial

BRANDOW
LAWTON, G.

At the Sign of the Sigma Psi



THE big dining room of the Alpha Chapter of the Sigma Psi fraternity was a scene of noisy festivity. The long "T" shaped table was resplendent with snowy linen and gleaming silver and glass. A huge mound of daffodils arranged in the shape of the fraternity pin formed the centre-piece of the table. Garlands of deep green leaves and golden flowers decorated the walls of the room and behind a bank of hot-house greenery, an orchestra played the popular music of the day to the accompaniment of clicking glass and the jingle of silver upon china.

This was the annual dinner which was given to the new members, a chosen few from the Freshman Class of Wolderness College. The Sigma Psi fraternity was one of the oldest fraternities in the country, and to be invited to join it was no small honor. Its code was simple but honest, and more than one college man who had wished to join it had been found wanting. Perhaps some petty weakness or dishonesty of character had cropped out during his college course, which had not been overcome, and so he was quietly and decisively turned down.

Gathered around the table were men both young and old. Only one chair was vacant. The president of the fraternity, a white-haired man sat at the head of the table, and on either side of him were other high officers. It was easy to distinguish the older members with their cool and collected manner from the nervous boyish newcomers. As the dinner progressed, however, everyone was put at his ease. Reminiscences and stories were in order and laughter grew more and more frequent. Finally the president arose and motioned for silence. Looking in the direction of the new members he said quietly: "Boys, tonight we have with us seven newcomers; may they be welcome and prove a benefit to the fraternity. Always be upright and straightforward. Don't make friendships in the dark. Know your man and if he is to be your friend, stick to him and be his friend. There is only one of our members absent and that is Gordon. Most of you know him. For three years he was president of this chapter and proved himself to be one of the finest men in the fraternity. From several reliable sources I have heard he has recently met with adversity. Perhaps that explains his absence. Thank you for your attention, boys, and always remember the principles of the Sigma Psi." He bowed slightly and sat down.

After the applause had subsided an uncomfortable silence settled down upon the company. Most of the men did know Gordon, but he was by no means popular. Indeed a few of the Sigma Psi men wondered how he had ever become a member of the fraternity. Gordon had entered Wolderness eight years

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before and had made a record in his studies and in athletics. He was a big man with a pride which almost bordered on insolence. Something about him suggested the far South, manifest in the dark, glowing skin, the broad, soft toned voice and the lithe, sinewy body. Always impassive and indifferent, the other men often found it hard to read the thoughts hovering behind his quiet grey eyes. He was always quick to overlook a fault in others, but quicker to avenge an insult. Those fortunate few who understood him were proud to know him and tried to be like him, and the president of the Sigma Psi fraternity knew the real man. He admired Gordon's tenacity of purpose and resoluteness of will and had been glad to welcome him into the fraternity.

The toast-master arose and broke the silence, "I call upon Mr. Lorimer for a toast." Lorimer flushed and a bit confused arose. "Here's to the new members; may they always be proud to be Sigma Psi men and good American citizens." Other toasts were given and drunk, and Billy Wentworth, the new president of the Alpha Chapter, listened with delighted satisfaction. Ever since he could remember he had longed to be a Sigma Psi man as his father had been before him. Half shyly he glanced down on the tiny patch of gold shining against the black of his coat. He was aroused by the sound of his name; they were drinking a toast to him, for he was to start on a long journey West in the morning, where he was the owner of the recently purchased Crescent Star ranch. Surprised and embarrassed, he managed to make a suitable reply. Yes, he would prove worthy of this new honor, he would make good in his new enterprise in the West.

For the last toast the president of the fraternity was called upon. Slowly he glanced from each radiant face as though to read their innermost thoughts. "Here's to all the members, present and absent, and always remember, boys, we're all brothers as long as we wear the Sigma Psi pin." The toast was drunk and with flushed cheeks and shining eyes the men sang "Auld Lang Syne."

* * * * *

It was six months later and the summer ushered in a season of intense heat and drought. Each morning the great bronze disk of the sun rose from the East and made its way slowly across the cloudless path of the sky. Rain had not fallen for weeks, and more than one helpless ranchman had seen his cattle die off in numbers for want of water.

About four miles west of the Crescent Star ranch-house, a tiny cabin stood alone, away from all the big ranch houses, like a maverick which has strayed from the herd.

One evening late in the summer a man might have been seen standing in the doorway of this cabin. He was leaning carelessly against the sill, his hands

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thrust deep in his pockets and his broad-brimmed felt hat pulled low over his eyes. Something in the attitude of the man suggested dejection mingled with sullen indifference. He was aroused from his contemplation of the tiny spirals of smoke, scarcely perceptible in the distance, arising from the chimneys of Wentworth's house, by a voice, babyish and wonderfully sweet.

"Daddy."

Gordon turned and crossed the room to the bunk. On it lay a little chap, scarcely four years old, with big blue eyes and a mass of tumbled curls. So exquisite was the child's face, with its long fringed eyelids, its short straight nose and soft red lips, that it might have been a face on a rare old cameo.

"Well, son," Gordon sat down on the edge of the bed and smoothed the curls from the white forehead, "how's the pain tonight?"

The child smiled bravely, then winced. It's awful tonight, daddy, but I'll try to sing myself to sleep. I'm so dry inside, daddy, I think I'll burn up. If I could only have a drink, just a wee one, my froat is so dry."

Gordon rose, and taking a cracked cup from the table poured some water into it. It was the last they had and he was wretchedly thirsty himself, but Ted should have it. He brought it back to the bed and held it to the child's lips. With a suppressed groan of pain the little fellow raised himself on his elbow and drank greedily. As Gordon watched him, his heart sank within him. He could fool himself no longer, Ted was steadily growing worse. The hands that held the cup were daily becoming thinner and more transparent and the little body was growing frailer and frailer. The man despised himself for his utter helplessness. If Betty had only lived—but with a muttered sob he dashed the hot tears from his eyes and almost savagely snatched the cup from Ted's lips. When he returned to the bed again he was all tenderness and love.

"Teddy," he said after a while, "I think we'll have to leave this part of the country and seek our fortunes elsewhere."

"But, daddy," the blue eyes grew troubled, "where can we go?"

"Anywhere," roughly, "only I want you to get strong again. You must get well, son. Why, if daddy lost you he'd go wild."

Ted smiled happily. "Oh! I'll get well soon, daddy, cause I'm going to grow up to be a big man like you are. How can we go, daddy, you have no horse?"

For a moment Gordon hesitated. It was only too true, he had no horse. He had been obliged to sell Pinto, a superb broncho, rather than let her die of thirst. Of late, things had gone hard with Jack Gordon. A year ago, his wife, a pretty little Eastern society girl, had died, leaving him the care of their baby. For awhile Gordon had been too dazed with grief and despair to realize his

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responsibility. Soon after his wife's death, the Eastern bank in which all his money had been invested, had failed, leaving him absolutely penniless. One night his son's sobbing touched his heart strings and awakened him to his sense of duty. The next day he went to work. Up to a month ago he had been foreman of the Comet ranch. One day because he refused to do something which he had considered wrong, he had lost his position. Since then he and Ted had taken up their abode in the little cabin. Soon Ted began to complain of a pain in his side. Gordon had called in a doctor who had put the child to bed and given him a tonic. He frankly confessed he did not understand the child's case, but Gordon did. He knew the child was thirsting to death. Often in the night Ted would whimper for his mother, and Gordon, hearing, would painfully stifle that same cry in his own heart.

As he sat talking to the boy, a thought scarcely taken shape entered his brain. Through a dream he heard the baby say haltingly, "You wouldn't steal a horse, would you, daddy?"

Gordon recovered himself with a start and replied, "Of course I wouldn't, son. Now suppose you try to go to sleep."

Obediently the little fellow raised his lips for the usual kiss and then shut his eyes. The man softly made his way to the door and seated himself on the step. Not a breath of air seemed to be stirring and the moon shone down from a cloudless sky. Gordon fanned himself with his hat and pushed the short, close-cropped hair from his forehead. Oh! if he could only decide what to do. There was but one way to save Ted's life, and that was to reach the mountains, where the fresh air and plenty of water might bring back his strength. He himself was young, yet scarcely twenty-eight, and though life held nothing more than Ted for him, he would work and educate his son. Perhaps he could send him to Wolderness, and who knew but Ted might yet become a Sigma Psi man. In that instant Gordon became again the college man and lived over his school days. He shook himself and arose to his feet, replacing his hat. If he only hadn't sold Pinto, Pinto who could run like the wind. Still, he could have the horse if he wished to. Wentworth kept her with the other horses in the corral—and it would be an easy thing to take her, but no! Gordon had yet to steal anything from any man, how could he have thought of such a thing? He, Jack Gordon, a Sigma Psi man who was afraid to look no man in the eyes. Then a face came before him in the moonlight, a girl's sweet face with eyes like Ted's and he seemed to hear a voice say faintly, "I know you'll take good care of Ted, Jack." Was it good care to let him die? Gordon set his lips grimly and re-entered the house. The even breathing of Ted told him the child was asleep. Securing his gun and a stout rope, he went out into the night.

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When he reached the corral, night was almost gone and heavy grey clouds obscured the moonlight. Silently he made his way to Pinto, who stood at one side browsing on the occasional tufts of grass. At his approach, instead of running away, she neighed softly and waited. Gordon threw his arm about her neck and buried his face in her thick, glossy mane. Something within him seemed to give way. He couldn't steal his own horse. What if Betty looking down on him from among the stars should see him and be ashamed? And Ted, Ted with his worshipful eyes and utmost confidence, "You wouldn't steal a horse, would you, daddy?"

Just as Gordon was about to steal away, he felt himself jerked roughly backwards. "Come along," said a grim voice close to his ear, "We'll put you where you can't steal horses."

With a burly cow-puncher on each side of him, Gordon knew it was useless to resist. As they were nearing the house, he heard some one say, "Bring him right into the library, boys."

Unceremoniously they dragged their prisoner up to the veranda and then through the low open window. When they released him, the light blinded his eyes and he flung his arm upward to protect them. Wentworth standing by the table, mistook the gesture.

Oh! you needn't be afraid of any violence from us," he said insolently, "the law deals with horse-thieves." Gordon drew back into the shadows. He was glad his hat shadowed his face; he did not care to be recognized.

"I am not afraid," he said coldly. Wentworth laughed grimly.

"That's what they all say. I've been losing horses for the past six weeks, and now I know where to lay the blame. Jones," turning to one of his men, "Suppose you go for the sheriff; I'll hold the prisoner."

"Martin went as soon as we were sure of him," replied the man, nodding in Gordon's direction. The prisoner maintained a proud silence, and to see the cool, indifferent look on his rather handsome face, one could never guess the painful thoughts which flashed through his brain. Poor little Ted, what would become of him? There would be no one to respond to his cheerful "Morning, daddy" or to hold him and soothe him when his pain grew unbearable. It seemed incredible to Gordon that life could be so harsh. He would make one desperate plea:—

"Wentworth, I wasn't stealing—," but the words refused to come; he could not beg from any man. As for Wentworth, he remained silent, furtively scanning his captive. Who could he be? He did not look like the ordinary cow puncher. Something about the ease and grace of his bearing suggested culture and refinement. Wentworth's speculations were cut short by the arrival of the sheriff. As

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he stalked into the room, Gordon sized him up with brooding eyes. He'd make one last effort for freedom. With a bound he sprang past the sheriff and out of the door, into the arms of two of the sheriff's men. Desperately he tried to free himself but they were too much for him, and struggling and resisting, they dragged him back. In the scuffle with the sheriff that followed, Wentworth's eyes caught the glint of a diamond-shaped patch of gold on Gordon's shirt. He recognized it only too well. It was the Sigma Psi pin. Fascinated, he continued to look at it, then his eyes searched the face of the horse thief. During the struggle Gordon's hat had been knocked off and a tiny scar, triangular and livid, showed plainly just above his left temple. It was such a scar as might have been made by a spiked shoe. Wentworth's eyes saw this scar, then he glanced down again at the pin. Disconnected phrases passed through his brain. "Gordon has met with adversity" and "we're all brothers as long as we wear the Sigma Psi pin."

"Wait a minute," he said to the sheriff, who was preparing to leave, "I'd like to speak to the prisoner." Then he turned to Jack, "I saw your pin, and pardon the curiosity, but where did you get it?"

Gordon was about to reply insolently when he saw the pin on Wentworth's coat; instead he flushed darkly and turned away his head.

"I am a Sigma Psi man."

"Oh!" sarcastically, "then you've forgotten what it stands for?"

"No," Gordon swung round, "I haven't forgotten." Then, sullenly, "Why are you keeping me?"

"Because I think it may be possible for you to explain your questionable position."

"I have no explanation to make."

"Boys," Wentworth turned to the sheriff and his men, "go outside on the veranda and you will find some refreshment. If I need you, I'll call you."

"Well," he demanded as he and Gordon were alone, "perhaps now you can explain."

Gordon wiped the blood from his wrist before replying. "I suppose you can guess who I am?"

Wentworth's lips formed the question which was also visible in his eyes, "You are Gordon?"

"Yes, Jack Gordon, Wolderness '04, and once president of the Alpha Chapter of the Sigma Psi. I'm afraid I was never very popular with the boys. I guess it was due to my pride, which has cost me a lot, not only in school but out here in the West, but," with a careless shrug of his shoulders, "I can't help it, it is in my blood. My life in the West hasn't been all sunshine, the way yours has, Wentworth."

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"That's no excuse for horse-stealing."

"Go ahead, rub it in, I deserve it, but if you knew what tempted me you'd be reasonable. I've a boy, a mere baby, up in that old cabin near the Comet Ranch and he is dying by degrees from thirst. That boy's my very heart and soul, my life, and I am going mad seeing him die and not being able to save him. I was forced to sell my horse to your foreman last week, for I had no water to give her. Tonight the boy was worse and I could not stand it. Pinto could have taken us to a better place."

"I did not know you were married—and your wife?"

Gordon's lips twitched. "She died last year."

It had been many years since Wentworth had shed tears, but quick, sympathetic ones sprang to the surface now.

"Where are you working?"

"I haven't been working for a month; before that I was foreman of the Comet Ranch," Gordon was plainly growing impatient under these questions.

"Did Rowllins fire you?"

"He wanted me to spy on one of his men but I couldn't do it, so he told me he didn't need me any more. That's all there is to be said. You had better call the sheriff."

Wentworth walked to the door. There was a rustle of crisp bills, then—"You may go, boys, I don't need you."

When he returned he found Gordon standing before the fire and his Sigma Psi pin lying on the table. "You can send my pin back to President Gray in the morning and tell him I'm not fit to wear it."

"Come, come, Gordon," Wentworth tried hard to make his voice steady. "My foreman is going to leave me the first of the month. The wages are good and I have an excellent housekeeper who would take good care of your son. Come, what do you say?"

"Do you mean it?"—grey eyes looked long into brown ones.

"Mean it!" Billy's voice rang out boyishly as he thrust Jack's pin back into his hand. "You bet I do and say, Gordon, you really weren't going to steal that horse, were you?"

"On my honor, Wentworth, I wasn't. I couldn't bring myself to take her." As he was about to leave on Pinto, who had been saddled and brought round to the door, Gordon crossed the room and laid his hand on Wentworth's shoulder, "and to think Ted's life should be saved at the sign of the Sigma Psi." Silently the men clasped hands and even as they did so, raindrops beat against the window-pane and each drop seemed to say as it pattered on the roof, "We're all brothers as long as we wear the Sigma Psi pin."

VICTORIA NETTEL.

Among Our Song Birds

MARJORIE BEELER.—A rather large bird of the “presidentus suffraggettarum” species, commonly known as “Marg.” It inhabits Nebraska during the summer months and spends its winters in Auburndale. The nest is placed in Tin Can Alley and the favorite call is “Don’t be so familiar.”

ELIZABETH BRANDOW.—Commonly called “Beth.” A long, slender bird, belonging to the “angelicus” species, having abundant dark plumage. It is a frequent inhabitant of the practici roomae and is a lover of peace. It has a soft, sweet note and builds its nest with Shiny Bird in Seniorous Domus.

JOSEPHINE EGERTON.—Commonly called “Joe.” It is of the “jolly good fellowi” species; was formerly an inhabitant of Minnesota, but is now to be seen singing in the fields of Auburndale. This bird is known by its call which cannot be imitated.

LILLIAN LANE.—Commonly called “Lil.” It is of the “politus” species, an inhabitant of Utah but may be perceived in any western state in the summer. Its call is very sweet and is often punctuated by small notes as “Chet! Chet!” The nest of this bird can be seen in a Karandon Bush.

GRACE LINDSAY.—It is of the “gigglesus” species, being a small bird with fluffy auburn feathers, known by its call, “Te He! Te He!”, uttered at frequent intervals.

FLORENCE MYERS.—It is of the “able to do anythingus” species, a jolly bird and is always busy. May be perceived anywhere in Auburndale. The song is sweet and is heard frequently; always where mischief is. The nesting place during the winter is made in the “Alley.”

HILDA MacDONALD.—A pretty bird of Mexico. It is a busy bird of the “useless questionengous” species, with a very light fluffy plumage. The call is, “Why! How! When!” with a questioning inflexion of the notes. The nesting place is the Carter Tree.

MARION SHINN.—Commonly called “Shinny.” It is of the “amusingus conversation” species. A small bird but is always sure to let you know its whereabouts by its very sweet note, almost human.

HELEN SCOTT.—Commonly called “Scotty.” It is of the “never sit stillus” species. A small bird with rather light plumage and a frequent inhabitant of Texas. The most striking characteristic is the short feathers falling over the upper head to the eyes. Its call is sweet and clear.

The Awakener

(Dedicated to Mrs. Martin's Work.)

There's a teacher at Lasell
Whose mind is broad, whose courage high;
She's the one who ever starts our days so well;
Her new thought in word and action
Makes the commonplace sublime,
She's a great and cheering spirit at Lasell.

I. CHORUS.

Cheer, cheer, cheer for the glorious work that
Lifts us out of petty self,
And with steady will compels
Our latent powers to excel
In an atmosphere of truth and love and health.

In each living moment's measure
We are taught to think and feel
An eternity of power and pleasure near;
With our hearts uplifted high,
Radiant face and sparkling eye,
All harmonies of the universe are here.

II. CHORUS.

'Wake, 'wake, 'wake, in soul and body!
We are ready for the day;
Thus our thinking makes our future,
And our work as glad as play,
And with all our quickened power cheers the way.

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LASELL



DICTIONARY

EFW

AESTHETIC DANCING — An innovation for the development of grace in our Seniors; incidentally those others who are fortunate enough to have gym on Friday afternoon; productive of fear that our beloved Seniors may become so graceful that they will flit away from us too soon, as the leaves of autumn blown by the Zephyrs.

APPETITE — The first acquisition of a girl after entering Lasell.

ANGEL ROW — A corridor in Cushman Hall noted for the beauty and variety of the angels (?) inhabiting it; movable as to place. This year some suggest that Miss Woolridge's corridor might be so named.

BAND — A hair and ear decoration; when its latter function becomes too prominent the wearer is usually forced to change it.

BIRTHDAY-BOX — A wooden box which in some schools attains immense proportions. It is sent from home filled with all sorts of goodies; special application — in Lasell it refers to a box of chocolates, with the compliments of the school.

CLASS MEETING — A select assembly of sputterers in which each one knows just the thing which will make for class fame and glory; and in which there is much groaning and gnashing of teeth on the non-acceptance of each one's pet hobby; — synonym — common occurrence when applied to Seniors and Juniors.

DREAMS — These are of several varieties at Lasell; there are those which fond young damsels dream of home and mother fair; there are those which fond young supies eat, and ride the dread nightmare. (The latter are made of cheese and are found principally at Pickard.)

EASE — A state of being of which *Allerlei* officers know nothing.

EXTENSION OF LIGHTS — Those awful nights when work piles up so, and it is so hard to make one's corridor teacher believe it. Among the Seniors, it

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means signing up twice a month to study around the table all alone in the cold, dark hours of the night; they say there are even times when it means staying home from Boston next day to make up sleep.

FRUIT-CAKE — The delicious, long looked for article of diet which never comes; the one way of having it is to bring it with you from home.

GOWN — A dress which has reached that degree of hobbling or other adornment, that not only you but your friends enjoy wearing it.

HOSPITAL — The place we all fight shy of, because, perhaps we love our room-mates so. It has been said by those who have been there that it is far from being the dread place our fancy has pictured it. Syn.—“61”.

HOT-DOGS — A variety of the genus canine, having neither feet, head nor tail, used as an article of sustenance.

INDISPOSED — That indefinite, yet serious, illness with which some of us are afflicted Sunday morning.

JUNIORS — The most sought after class in school; sought after by girls classifying, by Seniors for supes, by Sophomores for overalls and by Freshmen as examples.

KIMONO — A flowing robe of many colors whose brilliant hues are oft-times dulled by much usage.

LECTURE — A bi-weekly occurrence; on Thursday evening it means salad for dinner, everyone dressed particularly well, and a chance to sit next one's “crush” from 7:45 until 9 or even 9:30, unless one chance to be in love with a Senior. On Saturday afternoon it means that one can not start for either Boston, Wellesley or Waltham until 2:30.

MOUSSE — A form of ice-cream which makes a sound when you cut it.

MONDAY — The day for catching up one's lessons (maybe); for young men callers (sometimes); for a trip to Boston (twice a term); and for cleaning one's room (always?).

NAME-TAPE — A necessity of life. (So defined by Mrs. Hilbourn.)

OPERA — A musical diversion for which we are all clamorous the first of year; this enthusiasm recedes when we are “drawn” just the evening of an exciting center-ball game.

PICKARD — The Mecca of all Lasell girls.

PRACTICE-PERIOD — A work, labor or toil. It is like bread in that it is often cut. Miss Hotchkiss is the avenging goddess who sees to the just retribution of culprits in this matter.

QUICK — The sort of motions we make when we get up at 7:25.

RADIATOR — A musical instrument placed in each room at Lasell, which has a sort of humming or buzzing sound. Some declare that this instrument

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also radiates heat, but on these cold Eastern mornings it is a fact hard to believe.

RESTRICTION LIST—The newest and worst torture of a school-girl's inquisition. The one question now asked is, "Are you on the Restriction List?" or "Am I?" all with bated breath. Then in anxious or angry tones when the answer is in the affirmative, "What have I done?"

STRONG-BOX — An article, which is supposed to be used for jewels and trunk keys, especially precious to a Senior, but of which a Junior is very fond just before time to take caps and gowns.

SUPE — Once the most necessary appendage to a Senior, with various duties such as bed-making and cleaning; now she approaches and expensive luxury. It has been said, however, that she is as beloved by the aforesaid Senior as in the old days when she was a necessity.

SWEATER — A garment worn on almost every occasion, especially to breakfast when time is limited. It is worn in almost every sort of weather, and is strenuously objected to by Mrs. Martin as failing to preserve the lines of grace.

TACKS — The tabooed article, both for diet and for wall decoration.

UNDERGRADUATE — The scum of the earth. (So defined by the Seniors.)

VOTING CONTEST — An unceremonious comparing of notes on the school superlatives.

WALKING CARD — A big placard put up in each corridor on which we would record the time we walk, if we could only remember.

WELLESLEY — A village near Auburndale, much visited by Lasell girls, possibly because it is such a center of learning.

X-Y-Z — A young female, the unknown quantity, whom Miss Witherbee so often addresses.

The Optimist:

Examination,
Anticipation,
No preparation,
Some bluffation,
Realization.

The Pessimist:

Examination,
Much perspiration,
No recreation,
Nervous prostration,
All flunkation,
Humiliation.



Slams and Bangs



IF you can't laugh at the jokes of the age,
Just laugh at the age of the jokes."

A. Merrill (discussing medicine at table), "Have you ever taken osteopathy?"

G. Bettcher: "No, what color is it?"

Miss Witherbee: "Principal parts of *think* are——?"

A. Adelsdorf (hesitatingly): "Think, . . . thank"

M. P. W.: "The participle is gethunken, I suppose!"

Winnie had a hobble skirt;
'Twas tied round with a bow.
And everywhere that Winnie went,
She simply could not go.

Miss Potter (to Florence Jones in Chapel): "Anyone absent in your line, Miss Jones?"

F. J.: "No, thank you."

Madge Simes (at table): "Why, just think, girls, there was Caruso eating a sandwich right out loud in Rector's!"

E. Heubner (much excited over going home Xmas): "Yes, when we get to Buffalo, they're going to back us right into the falls."

One Soph to another, who had been absent for the past week: "Well, how do you feel after your illness?"

Other, politely: "Quite myself again, thank you."

First Soph: "Oh, dear, how unfortunate!"

Miss Potter (Junior Bible): "Miss Graham, can you tell us something pathetic that happened to John the Baptist after he was beheaded?"

R. Graham: "Didn't he smile after he was beheaded?"

THE ALLERLEI

Overheard in Library: "How do you spell the roll you eat; is it r-o-a-l or r-o-l-e?"

Why should watermelon be a good name for the *Leaves*? Because its insides are really red.

Miss Chapman: "Meaning of *rusticity*?"

D. Dean: "Growing old and getting rusty."

Of what flour is aviation bread made? Graham and White.

Miss Potter: "Florence Myers' nickname should not be 'Flossie', but Flossie-phy." We wonder why?

Wouldn't you smile to see—

May Beardsley without a crush?

May Martincourt without a rat?

Elsie Fies working?

Grace Harvey with sleeves in her dress?

Carter Hall minus "Kauffie"?

Elizabeth Edson not studying?

Winifred Whittlesey without her beauty book?

Peggy Clark without her curling iron?

Grace Alexander without a grouch?

Dot Beacon and Jo Edgerton being quiet?

Bess Brown not at study hall?

Doris Powers not writing letters?

Helen Sayre not talking to a teacher?

"Shinny" and "Micky" acting dignified?

Marion Joslin staying away from practice kitchen?

Margaret Jones not giggling?

Gladys Lawton without a pencil in her hair?

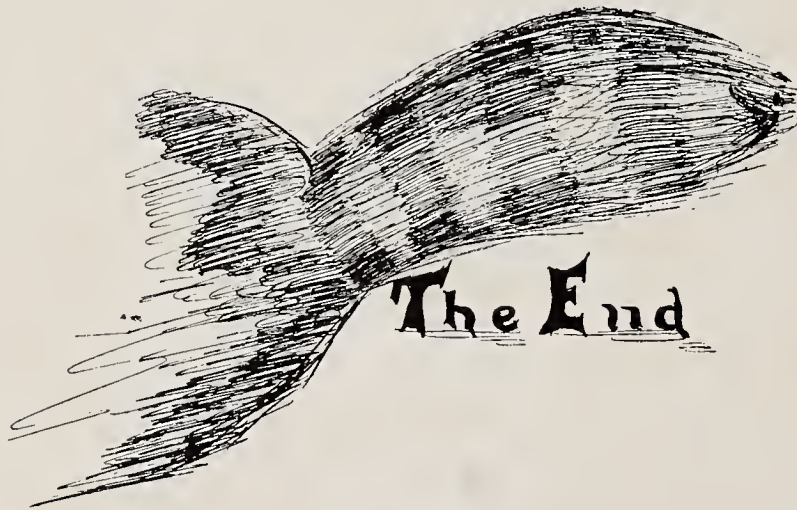
Florence Jones not eating?

WANTED—A telephone in every room.

WANTED—A chute from window in gym to dining-room, for use of Carter Hall inhabitants.

WANTED—The art of saying something, not talking.—Sophomore Class.

THE ALLERLEI





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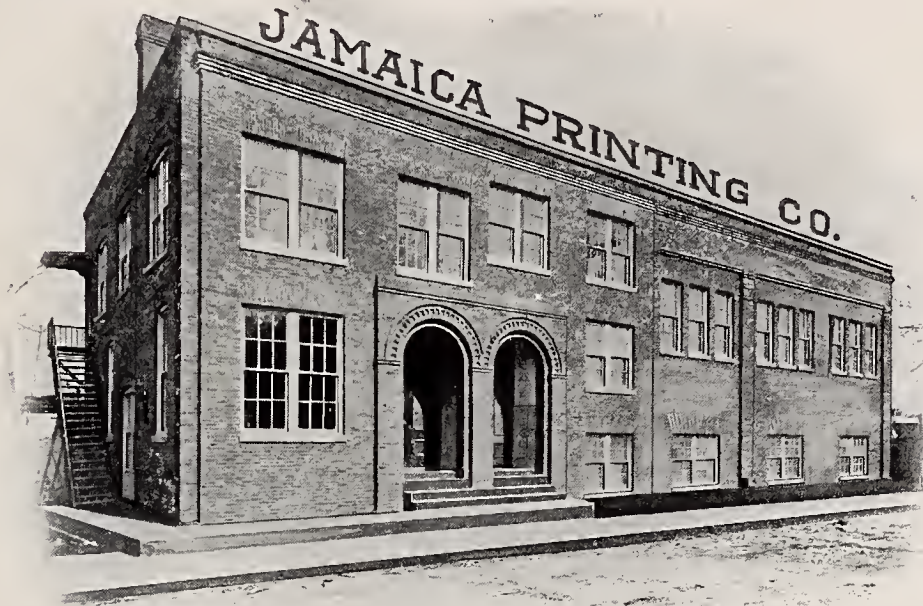
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