

ALLERLEI



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The ALLERLEI

OR YEAR BOOK OF THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

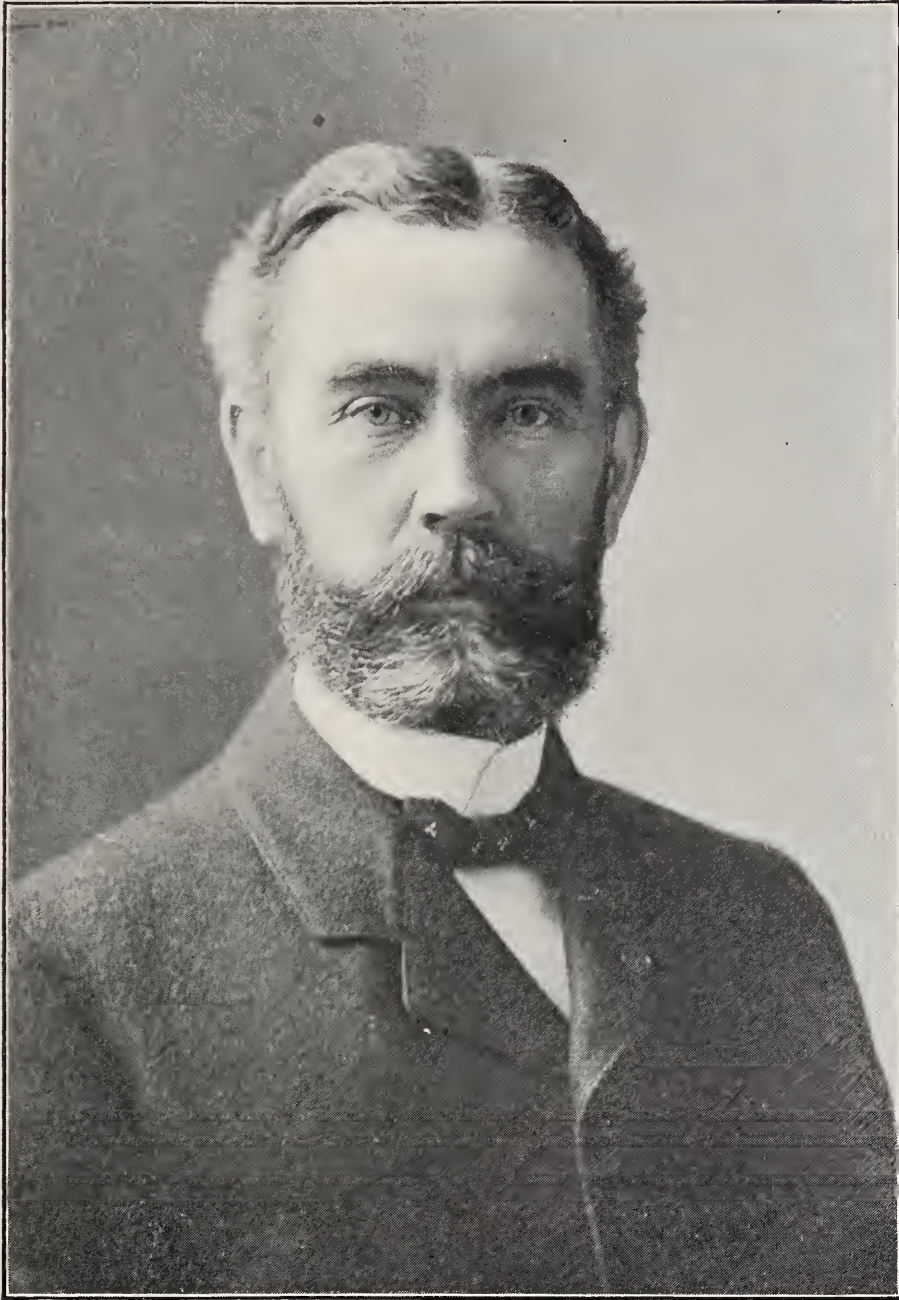


LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE
MASSACHUSETTS :: :: MDCCCCIV

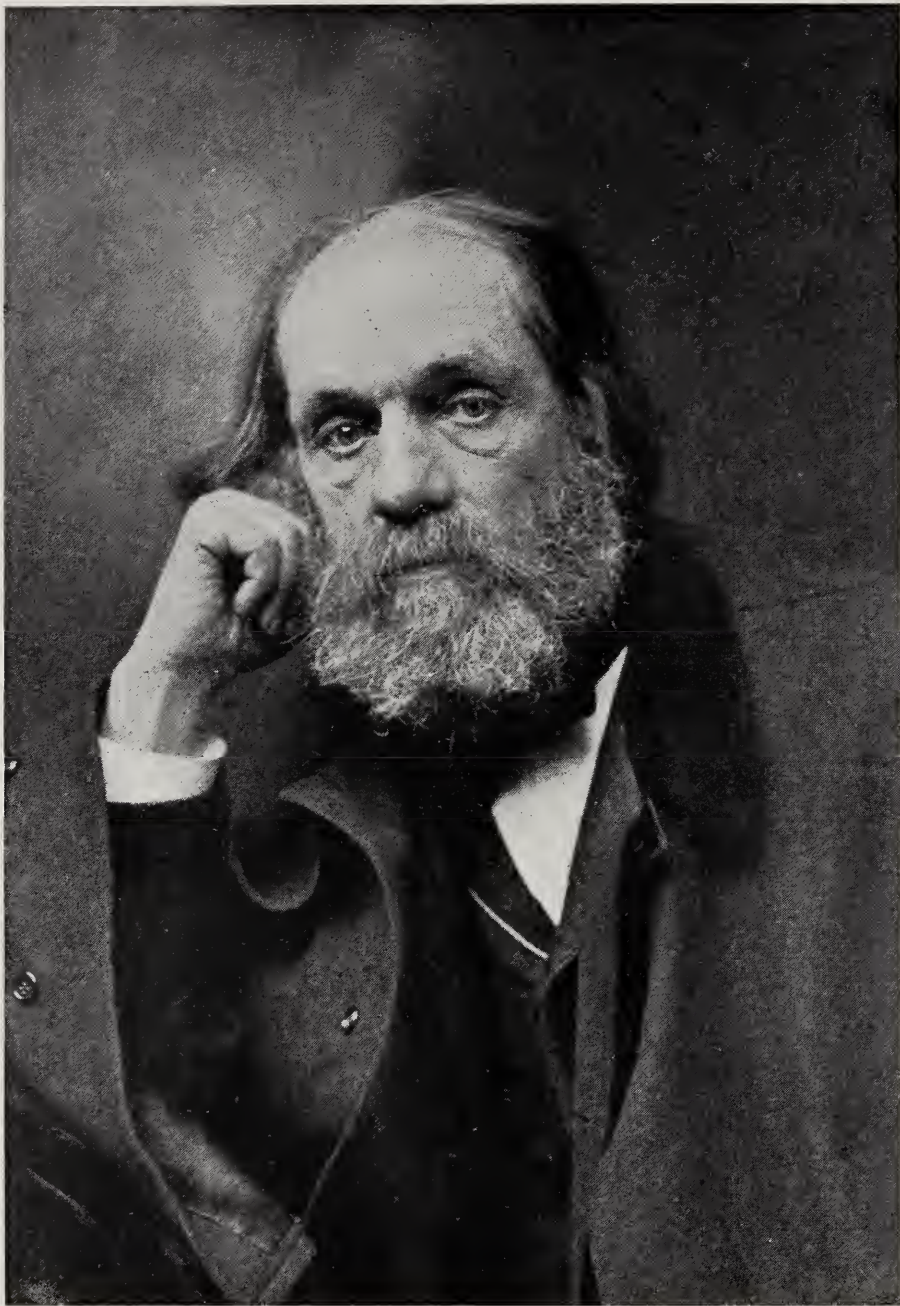


MISS LILLIE R. POTTER

To whom the Juniors affectionately dedicate this book



CHARLES CUSHMAN BRAGDON
Principal of Lasell



Edward E. Hale

Honorary Member of Class of 1905

ALLERLEI

To those who have been Juniors,
Or will be by-and-by,
The Junior Class of Nineteen Fiftie
Present their Allerlei.

LASELL

E. G. S.



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ANGELINE C. BLAISDELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Welcome



EDITH G. SOLOMON.

The ALLERLEI

Senior Class



MOTTO: "Forward!"

CLASS COLORS: Scarlet and White

CLASS FLOWER: Carnation

CLASS YELL: Ku ketcha pah zah,
Ku ketcha pah zah,
Tunca shona tah zah,
Tunca shona tah zah,
E a tona wah tor,
Cheer for the Class of
naughty-naughty-
naught-four.

Honorary Member

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS



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GLADYS PATTERSON	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
ELSIE BOLLES	57	Hartford, Connecticut
THEODORA CLOSE	4	Berlin Heights, Ohio
ELIZABETH COBB	32	Warren, Ohio

The ALLERLEI

MEMBERS — *Continued*

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
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ELLA HAZELTON . . .	7 . . .	Montague City, Massachusetts
GRACE HARDY . . .	58 . . .	Ashburnham, Massachusetts
JOSEPHINE HOLMES . . .	23 . . .	Kingston, Massachusetts
KATHARINE JENCKES . . .	5 . . .	Newport, Rhode Island
AGNES KELLARS . . .	12 . . .	Stonington, Connecticut
JULIA MARTIN . . .	59 . . .	Bozeman, Montana
GLADYS PATTERSON . . .	6 . . .	Melbourne, Australia
CORINNE RICHTER . . .	62 . . .	Columbus, Ohio
ALICE STAHL . . .	4 . . .	Bellevue, Ohio
LUCILE ZELLER . . .	63 . . .	Evanston, Illinois



Senior Class History



BEGAN TO EXIST

ELSIE BOLLES, C.V.¹ Hartford, Conn., 1883

Masquers. Very talkative. Harmony her strong point. People wonder why she is always thirty minutes late for literature.

“ Silence more musical is than any speech.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

THEODORA CLOSE, P.S.C.² Berlin Heights, Ohio, 1883

Lasellia, Masquers. Sometimes called “ Teddy.” Propensity for falling in love. Has two favorite names, “ Charlie,” “ Anthony.” Noted for her evenness of temper. Always found writing letters. Hears herself catch cold.

“ For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

ELIZABETH COBB, S.D.³ Warren, Ohio, 1885

Delta. Called “ Cobbie ” for short. Writes essays for the whole of the Senior Class. Makes a splendid alligator. Is fond of evening entertainments. Has grown six inches since donning her cap and gown. Ever faithful.

“ Tall and stately.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

EDITH GOVERT, C.W.⁴ Quincy, Ill., 1885

Masquers. Only representative in the measles line of the year 1904. Knows that sometimes “ mountains have burned.” People wonder why she talks back.

“ Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,—
An excellent thing in woman.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

JOSEPHINE HOLMES, S.C.B.⁵ Kingston, Mass., 1884

Masquers. Very sober and sedate. Called “ Joe.” Her distinguishing characteristic, needless to say, is her smile. Has common sense.

“ Love hath led her in the net.”

¹ Class Violinist.

² President Senior Class.

³ Secretary Delta.

⁴ Class Wit.

⁵ Senior Class Bride.

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ELLA HAZELTON, C.P.D.⁶ Montague City, Mass., 1883
Delta. Likes to give out long lessons. A nighthawk. Does the bear dance to perfection. Light and graceful. Remarks in literature class are brilliant. "Short and dark, but nevertheless beautiful."—E. H.

"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

GRACE HARDY, T.S.C.⁷ Moultonborough, N. H., 1882
Masquers. Always found working for the LEAVES. Fond of arguing. Given to giggling in chapel. Loves to sing bass. Ethics her favorite pastime. Is very fond of acting; Shakespearian plays her favorite.

"Neat, not gaudy."

JENNIE HAMILTON, C.C.B.⁸ Port Huron, Mich., 1883
Delta; Masquers. Always on time. Lacks—weight. Knows what a rooster is. Directs letters to Southern States. Why? Up on all subjects. Must know the "whys" and "wherefores" of everything.

"There studiously let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead."

KATHARINE JENCKES, C.C.A.⁹ Barrington, R. I., 1883
Lasellia; Masquers. Called "Kat." Keeps posted on Newport styles. Is fond of the name "Bab." Loves to pose as a peri. Writes poetry—while you wait. Has high ideals.

"Eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."

AGNES KELLARS, G.M.¹⁰ Prussia, Germany
Lasellia; Masquers. A dramatic star. Fond of nightly rambles. Very contrary. Impossible to tease her. Makes bright remarks.

"Ah, Bertha! Now stop."

RELATED TO CERTAIN STAGE CELEBRITIES.

"Character is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it."

6 Class Prima Donna.
7 Treasurer Senior Class.
8 Captain Company B.
9 Captain Company A.
10 German Member.

T h e A L L E R L E I

BEGAN TO EXIST

JULIA MARTIN, C.P.¹¹ Bozeman, Mont., 1884

S.D.; Masquers. Deep thinker. Her poetry has been compared with that of Tennyson. Wishes everything explained. Continually mourns Dr. Bell. Why did she draw the best table in the dining room?

“Who says in verse what others say in prose.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

GLADYS PATTERSON, P.L.C.¹² Woodstock, Canada, 1884

Lasellia; Masquers; Canoe Club; Orphean Club. Teachers' pet—? Busy running affairs. Anxious for foreign mail. Great aspirations. Lacks—a strike.

“I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

CORINNE ELIZABETH RICHTER, P.G.C.¹³ Covington, Ky., 1884

Lasellia; Masquers; Glee Club; Orphean Club. Has a fondness for Harvard. Her highest ambition—to be somebody. Has a great affinity for English. Rooms with “Shaw.” Always on time.

“My friend, clear your mind of cant.”

BEGAN TO EXIST

ALICE STAHL, V.P.S.C.¹⁴ Fremont, Ohio, 1884

Sometimes called Marion. Delta; Masquers. Friend of the oppressed. Always found studying French. Adores psychology and ethics. Sunday breakfast her favorite meal; why? Likes penolia sandwiches and oranges.

“Oh, give me peace!”

BEGAN TO EXIST

LUCILE ZELLER, B.M.L.¹⁵ Richmond, Ind., 1884

Delta; Masquers; Orphean Club. Stands first in physiology. Favorite name “Willard.” Disposition very jovial. Always found promptly in her place—at meal times. Fond of peanuts. Lacks—several things.

“It is not the quantity but the quality which determines the mind's dignity.”

¹¹ Class Poet.

¹² President Lasellia Club.

¹³ President Glee Club.

¹⁴ Vice President Senior Class?

¹⁵ Business Manager LEAVES?



Junior Class



MOTTO: "Deo iuvante"

CLASS COLORS: Gold and White

CLASS FLOWER: Daisy

CLASS YELL: Een dicka deen, dicka fatta, dicka fee,
E bibba bibo, E bibba bibo,
Een dicka deen, dicka fatta, dicka fee,
M D C C C C · V.

Honorary Member, EDWARD EVERETT HALE



OFFICERS

MIRIAM HALL NELSON	<i>President</i>
HELEN A. DARLING	<i>Vice President</i>
GRACE SHAW FULLER	<i>Secretary</i>
EDNA ROGERS	<i>Treasurer</i>
BARBARA VAIL	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
ZELDA BLACKBURN	53	Albany, New York
FRANCES BRAGDON	44	Evanston, Illinois
ROBERTA CLARK	11	Frankfort, Indiana

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MEMBERS — *Continued*

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
HELEN DARLING . . .	65 . . .	Pawtucket, Rhode Island
MARY DODGE . . .	75 . . .	Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts
GRACE S. FULLER . . .	62 . . .	Albany, New York
CLAIRE FUNKE . . .	Gym. Hall C . . .	Lincoln, Nebraska
EDITH HARBER . . .	38 . . .	Bloomington, Illinois
HETTIE HARBINE . . .	26 . . .	Xenia, Ohio
MARGARET HENDERSON . . .	63 . . .	Fort Madison, Iowa
IDA JONES . . .	22 . . .	Evanston, Illinois
MABEL B. JUDD . . .	73 . . .	Chicago, Illinois
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MARY POTTER . . .	73 . . .	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
EDNA ROGERS . . .	6 . . .	Watertown, New York
HELEN ROYSE . . .	11 . . .	Lafayette, Indiana
BARBARA VAIL . . .	73 . . .	Oakland, California
AMYE VICKERY . . .	13 . . .	Fort Worth, Texas
LAURA WEAVER . . .	26 . . .	Xenia, Ohio
ADA WELLS	Newton, Massachusetts
MARY K. WILLETT . . .	23 . . .	Flint, Michigan
AGNES WYLIE . . .	14 . . .	East Craftsbury, Vermont

History of the Class of 1905



RESOLVED to be obedient to a mandatory injunction issued by the Class of 1905 to produce a history of the Class in their most worthy annual, the *Allerlei*, the Historian invoked the aid of Clio and waited for an inspiration. But Clio and the Historian's literary vein were not in harmony. When Literary Vein saw that a wearisome task lay before Historian, she had pity on the maid and withdrew from activity for awhile and gave her a restful sleep. Then Clio, perceiving that Literary Vein had done this kindness to Historian, realized that Literary Vein did not always seek to look into the future, far as human eye could see, and make work for the overwrought muse, as up to this time had been supposed. Accordingly Clio made peace with this friendly spirit, and they together determined to aid Historian in her arduous labor.

While Historian slept she dreamed a strange dream. She was wandering through a dense forest where the trees had leaves like the leaves of books. There were many roads ; some were very wide, others were so narrow that only one person could pass at a time. The rocky path in which Historian was walking was so overgrown with thorny bushes and coarse grasses that she was about to turn back, when the muse Clio appeared to her, saying : "Never turn back. You need go but three rods before you to find what will help you to accomplish your task."

Encouraged by this, Historian pressed on. Surely some power had come to her aid, for as she ran the brambles fell away before her, and she presently came to the bank of a babbling brook, where birds of brilliant plumage sang with bewitching sweetness in the branches of drooping willows. One lighted on Historian's shoulder and sang :—

"Look, look, look in the brook !
Take, take, take with your hands !
Do, do what Clio commands."

T h e A L L E R L E I

Without a moment's hesitation, or even pausing to wonder at the strangeness of the incident, Historian rolled up her sleeves, plunged her hands deep into the brook, and waited. Presently a leaf from the tree called diary came floating down. Eagerly she seized it and read:—

OCTOBER 2, 1903.—To-day we had our first class meeting as Juniors. We elected some excellent officers, counted ourselves, congratulated ourselves on our increase in number, and adjourned hastily to learn the results of the other class elections.

How different it was from that first meeting of 1905, in the unlighted English room! How the hearts of those two frightened Freshmen had quaked when they heard the sound of sneering Sophomores, laughing Juniors and calm-voiced Seniors advancing to break up their meeting; but they showed that they had not entirely lost their presence of mind by quietly slipping to their own rooms by way of the side porch, leaving the invaders an empty room and a victory barren of results.

Presently another leaf drifted toward her:—

OCTOBER 31, 1903.—To-night the Masquers gave a masquerade. We Juniors were relieved from preparing costumes, for two of our number were willing to go without their soup that they might improve this opportunity to lay the Seniors' caps and gowns in the tank room until we were ready to use them. We did not ask the Seniors' permission to do this, for we knew that they were so busy preparing their own costumes that they would not take time to hold a class meeting to decide even so momentous a question as this. So our action was not so malicious as it afterwards seemed to those Seniors, who would not listen when we attempted to explain our apparent rudeness. It seemed a great pity that large-minded Seniors could not see the matter in the light in which we saw it; but since it was evidently of no use to argue the case, we decided to make the best of a bad matter and show our chagrined sisters how much better those new gowns would look on us than hanging lonely in Senior closets, and stayed out of sight until the masquerade was well begun. The effect of our appearance in those caps and gowns was all that could have been desired. As we floated into the gymnasium every Senior stood for an instant as if transfixed, and then they fell down *en masse* on their knees before us. And that was the first time that

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the Class of 1905 appeared in cap and gown. Did ever another class receive a more gratifying recognition!

Now the leaves came thick and fast. Historian laid them on the bank and read them one by one.

JANUARY 13, 1904.—The Allerlei Board began its work to-day.

JANUARY 23, 1904.—The Juniors entertained the Seniors at a salama-gundi party.

FEBRUARY 12, 1904.—All the Juniors are overjoyed. Edward Everett Hale consents to be our honorary member. What greater honor could be ours?

FEBRUARY 15, 1904.—Our class meeting was disturbed by some Seniors who were anxious for a frolic. They carried away our secretary's book to their meeting, and when we came in a body to claim it they vacated their room at our suggestion, after which we continued our business without further interruption.

FEBRUARY 17, 1904.—To-day the entire Junior class "made up" poetry. We are willing to attempt anything after this supreme effort in a heretofore unexplored realm of composition.

FEBRUARY 27, 1904.—Election of town officers for town of Lasell. Opposing candidates, members of Junior and Senior Classes. Class spirit ran high. A certain Senior evidently fearing the effect of the sign, "Juniors promise free trade at the grocery store," tore it down vindictively. We even heard of a candidate who tried to bribe unsuspecting little "Preps." But whatever the unlawful deeds committed elsewhere may have been, at the polls the civil government class (Junior) and Dr. Watkins kept perfect order. And what was the result of the election? 1905's candidates were chosen to conduct the affairs of the town of Lasell.

MARCH 14, 1904.—To-day we learned from one of our class that Cæsar met an owl on his way to the Feast of Lupercal. What a commentary on Cæsar we Juniors could write if we only had ——

Here the Historian awoke.



Sophomore Class

MOTTO: *Gradatim Fastigia Attingimus*

CLASS COLORS: Black and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

CLASS YELL: Rickity, rackity, rah! rah! ree!
We're the class we ought to be!
Rickity, rackity, rah! rah! rix!
We're the Class of 1906!

OFFICERS

MARTHA GAY HASKELL	<i>President</i>
JANET BRYCE	<i>Vice President</i>
INA MARTHA HARBER	<i>Secretary</i>
FLORENCE CORBIN	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
MARIE ANDREWS	59	Parkersburg, West Virginia
EDITH ANTHONY	41	South Dartmouth, Massachusetts
ELSA BASCH	12	Newark, New Jersey
MARJORIE BLACKMAN	Gym. Hall B	Hinsdale, Illinois
JANET BRYCE	64	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
RUTH BUTTERFIELD	27	Kingman, Maine

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M E M B E R S — *continued*

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
HAZEL CAREY	31	Joliet, Illinois
MARIE COGSWELL	66	Portland, Oregon
FLORENCE CORBIN	8	New Britain, Connecticut
BELLE COOK	27	Michigan City, Indiana
LAURA DALE	Gym. Hall C	Omaha, Nebraska
MAREE DARROUGH	54	Kansas City, Kansas
MAUDE DOUGLASS	36	Oneida, New York
SUSIE GALLUP	52	Norwich, Connecticut
GERTRUDE GRAHAM	20	Toledo, Ohio
LOUISE GRUNEWALD	Gym. Hall B	Chicago, Illinois
MARTHA HASKELL	Auburndale, Massachusetts
INA HARBER	38	Bloomington, Illinois
LUCILE HYDE	70	Omaha, Nebraska
EDNA INGLEHART	54	Watertown, New York
BELLE JOHNSON	57	Williston, Vermont
MILDRED JOHNSTON	24	Evanston, Illinois
NELLIE KRAUSE	64	Lebanon, Pennsylvania
MARGARET LAMBORN	29	Alliance, Ohio
LUCILLE LOTHROPE	Annex 5	Limerick, Maine
EDNA MATHEWS	37	Chillicothe, Illinois
CLARA MATTLAGE	34	New York City
FANNY MCKENZIE	Gym. Hall D	Southington, Connecticut
GARNETT ROMANS	25	Denison, Iowa
GRACE ROWE	30	Glens Falls, New York
MINNIE SAWYER	18	Watertown, Massachusetts
LAURA SIMONS	39	Watertown, New York
FLORENCE STRONG	42	Amsterdam, New York
SARAH STRONG	42	Amsterdam, New York
CHARLOTTE THEARLE	7	Chicago, Illinois
KATHERINE WASHBURN	22	Melrose, Massachusetts
LESLIE WHITE	33	Lowell, Massachusetts

Sophomore Class History



ALL Lasell is divided into three parts, the first of which is inhabited by a little tribe called Freshmen, and is called the "I don't know" division; the second section, rightly named "I think I know," is peopled by the Juniors and Seniors; and the third part, the most important by far, and called "I know," is the mighty province of the Sophomores, of whom M. Haskellus is consul.

Considering thoughtfully the well-known saying, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them," the Sophomores acknowledge modestly that they belong to all three classes. We were all born great, of course, but in addition to this we have recently had greatness thrust upon us by the Junior Class, which has tearfully begged us to impart to them the means by which we have achieved greatness; which thing, with the consent of the Class, I will now reveal.

On the eighteenth of October last we were organized, beginning with an enrollment of twenty-eight. After the election of officers and the decision upon colors and flower, each member of the Class was presented with a manual of parliamentary law, and was also requested to send suggestions as to valuable and original class yells to the secretary. Thirty-nine of the best were submitted at the next meeting, which was held just a week later, and a selection made. Unfortunately for the school, but still with very good reason, the Class has decided it wiser to keep both yells and color a secret for the present. We spent at that meeting a most delightful evening reciting passages from our book of parliamentary law, which everyone but the president had memorized.

Regularly on every Tuesday since then, each member has received official notice of the meeting next to follow from our worthy and conscientious secretary. Owing to these regulations and to the splendid Lasell training on conducting business meetings, ours have all been faultless in the manner in which they have been managed. We believe firmly in "dignity before

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humor," but desire to assure the Juniors that we, nevertheless, have no wish to inspire them with awe.

It is a pleasure to the chance guest at Lasell to visit the Sophomore classes; indeed, we do so well that it is difficult to say in which one we appear at our best. We are especially brilliant in Bible, as the following colloquy will testify:—

MISS NUTT—"How many sons had Joseph?"

SOPHOMORE—"Seven thousand, wasn't it?"

In history, also, we learn wonderful things, as the following shows:—

MISS CARPENTER—"What were the causes of the Hundred Years' War?"

SOPHOMORE—"The influence of Charlemagne, the crusades, and the discovery of America."

And another revelation from this same class:—

MISS CARPENTER—"What is orthodoxy?"

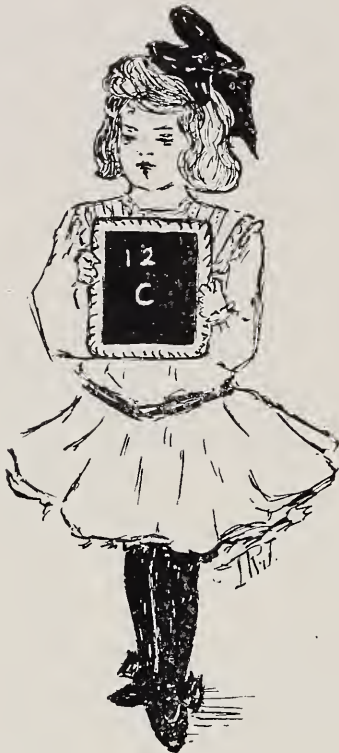
SOPHOMORE—"What you sing in the Congregational church at the beginning of the service."

Of course French grammar is mere play to us, but we do pride ourselves on our pronunciation and our rapidity in translating. One of our star members was heard to remark not long ago that she considered translating French as easy as singing, which for her is saying a great deal. In English and "Trig" we are most inspiring. Yet despite our evident intellectual ability, it is a never-ceasing wonder to us that among our members we have so many artists: gifted souls that could imperil the laurels of even Melba, Paderewski, Raphael, or—or Mrs. Martin.

Owing to our studiousness we have so far engaged very little in the Juniors' and Seniors' frivolities. We regret deeply having had to miss the enjoyable reception given by the Faculty on February eleventh, but a stupendous French lesson prevented us from attending. We went to the informal reception to the school last fall, but were obliged to leave early in order to set a good example to our elders.

Originality is a prominent and pleasing feature of our Class; therefore, though I am loath to lay down my pen without the usual closing proposal, "Three cheers for the Class of '06," it seems to me, as Historian, more fitting to close with this specimen of our rare inventive genius:—

"Why this air of 'I know it all,'
Long skirts, hair up, this growing tall;
This haughty glare and head held high?
Why, we'll be Juniors by and by."



Freshman Class

CLASS COLORS: Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER: Violet

OFFICERS

MARION ATWELL	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH BACON	.	.	.	<i>Vice President</i>
BESSIE PRICE	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
CORA DANFORTH	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
ETHEL ARGUE . . .	35 . . .	Toledo, Ohio
MARION ATWELL . . .	27 . . .	Orono, Maine
ELIZABETH BACON . . .	Annex 8 . . .	York, Pennsylvania
RUTH BINFORD . . .	Gym. Hall C . . .	Marshalltown, Iowa
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CORA DANFORTH . . .	24 . . .	Yonkers, New York
MABEL DEMING . . .	Gym. Hall C . . .	Hartford, Connecticut
CORNELIA EATON . . .	48 . . .	Lee, Massachusetts
REBECCA ELIASON . . .	34 . . .	Chestertown, Maryland

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MEMBERS — *continued*

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
HELEN FAIRBANKS . . .	14 . . .	Newport, New Hampshire
MABEL FREDRICK . . .	Annex 5 . . .	Hazleton, Pennsylvania
JULIETTE GERIN . . .	Annex 4 . . .	Auburn, New York
BLANCHE HARBER . . .	39 . . .	Bloomington, Illinois
EDITH HILL . . .	9 . . .	Somerville, Massachusetts
ETHEL LITTLEFIELD . . .	Annex 7 . . .	Troy, New York
ELSA MERZ . . .	51 . . .	New York City
LOUISE MORRELL . . .	52 . . .	Passaic, New Jersey
ADELAIDE PHILBRICK	Boston, Massachusetts
BESSIE PRICE . . .	13 . . .	Brooklyn, New York
AVA SNOW . . .	Annex 4 . . .	Austin, Illinois
MARION STAHL . . .	8 . . .	Bellevue, Ohio
MAIE STRAIGHT . . .	Gym. Hall A . . .	Kent, Connecticut
ETTA THAYER . . .	56 . . .	Burlington, Vermont
ANNA TOMPKINS . . .	65 . . .	Brooklyn, New York
DOROTHEA TURNER . . .	Annex 6 . . .	Rutland, Vermont
ETHEL WEST . . .	48 . . .	New York City



Chips from the Freshman Log



FRESHMAN! Don't for a minute consider this name an insignificant one; you would be making a grave mistake. More important it will seem to you if you glance about here in our sunny halls on the radiant and beaming faces of that noble class. Which is more desirable, power in possession or in prospect? We now do not participate in all the frivolities and gayeties of the Junior and Senior Classes, but we do what is vastly more entertaining,—look forward to the days that are to come, when they shall have passed on, and we, occupying their preserves, shall enjoy the dignity of unquestioned rights to Saturday evening callers, to occasional unchaperoned expeditions into Boston, to subservient young supes, and all the rest of it.

We shall not stop here to tell how great has been our gain during our seemingly unimportant, but really glorious, year at Lasell. We should be accused of bragging by those who do not have the privilege of knowing us well. Let us, rather, indulge in a few reminiscences of the merry past of our Class.

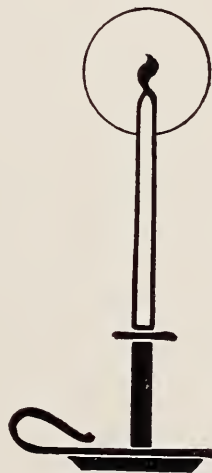
Our first president, we recall with mingled feelings of mild disapprobation and amusement, was very high-minded (every Freshman president is, you know); so much so, indeed, that, rather than sit on a chair like commoners, she selected at our meetings the teacher's desk as a seat more befitting her position. On one occasion there unfortunately happened to be an ink bottle near by, and as she was swinging a ruler around in a moment of great excitement, her hand came in violent contact with the bottle. Luckily it happened to be one of our safety ink wells, so that no harm was done. But our Freshman pride was touched. Our president must not be one to endanger the reputation of the Class for sobriety.

The ALLERLEI

Accordingly we soon after elected a new president, who sits in her chair, like a princess, in perfect dignity and serenity.

The pompadours of some of our schoolmates have been a great hindrance to us; for both in and out of class during the entire year the teachers have misjudged us and depreciated our knowledge, because they could not see how, with such towering structures to build every morning and demolish every night, we could find time to study our lessons. If, however, we breathe freely and scientifically, and follow the leading of our star, we are sure that the pompadours and all other obstacles to smooth sailing in the future will vanish into mist, and our many trials and tribulations eventually be no more.

We are resolved, then, to be persevering and patient; and as the years roll by, bringing at last that of our triumph,—1907,—when we shall essay to fill the places of these Seniors of to-day, we shall worthily exemplify the Lasell standard, and will be an honor to our Alma Mater.



The ALLERLEI

Special Students



NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
ELSIE ANSHUTZ . . .	18 . . .	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
GERTRUDE ATWELL . . .	43 . . .	Port Henry, New York
PEARL BATES . . .	31 . . .	Joliet, Illinois
ALICE BEAN . . .	30 . . .	Lowell, Massachusetts
SARAH CALDWELL . . .	56 . . .	Corpus Christi, Texas
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL . . .	58 . . .	Patton, California
EMMA MAE CHISHOLM . . .	Annex 11 . . .	South Bend, Indiana
EDNA CHEDSEY . . .	Annex 4 . . .	Yonkers, New York
MARGARET CLARK . . .	70 . . .	St. Johnsbury, Vermont
ETTA FORREST . . .	70 . . .	New York City
LOUISE GARLOCK . . .	47 . . .	Troy, New York
MARY GORDON . . .	Annex 8 . . .	Columbus, Georgia
HELEN GRAY . . .	47 . . .	Old Town, Maine
NELLIE HART . . .	10 . . .	Unionville, Connecticut
LOUISE HAYES . . .	53 . . .	Caribou, Maine
MAUD HOOPER . . .	37 . . .	Berlin, New Hampshire
HELEN JACKSON . . .	Annex 7 . . .	Des Moines, Iowa
MAUDE KENNEDY . . .	28 . . .	Utica, New York
GRACE LEVOR . . .	16 . . .	Gloversville, New York
AIMEE MACK . . .	15 . . .	Anderson, Indiana
RUTH MARSTON . . .	Gym. Hall D . . .	Campello, Massachusetts
MADÉLINE McCART . . .	37 . . .	Fort Worth, Texas

The ALLERLEI

SPECIAL STUDENTS — *continued*

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
LUCY MILLER . . .	10 . . .	Avon, Connecticut
CORA PENNIMAN . . .	20 . . .	Worcester, Massachusetts
EVA ROBERTSON . . .	19 . . .	Hinsdale, New Hampshire
DORA SALZENSTEIN . . .	60 . . .	Springfield, Illinois
EMMA SCHLAPP . . .	43 . . .	Fort Madison, Iowa
GERTRUDE H. SCHLOSS . . .	15 . . .	Cleveland, Ohio
BERTHA SLEICHER . . .	12 . . .	Troy, New York
MADGE STEARNS . . .	47 . . .	Hot Springs, Arkansas
LOIS THOMAS . . .	40 . . .	East Orange, New Jersey
MARIA WILSON . . .	35 . . .	Arecibo, Puerto Rico
ADELE WOODWORTH . . .	5 . . .	Kalamazoo, Michigan
ALICE WRIGHT . . .	29 . . .	Worcester, Massachusetts





Preparatory Class

President, EDNA LOIS THURSTON

NAME	ROOM	RESIDENCE
MARGARET STEPHENSON HODGINS	9 .	Marinette, Wisconsin
ALCINE HOTCHKISS . . .	55 .	Ansonia, Connecticut
MARTHA LAURENS . . .	Gym. Hall A,	Charleston, South Carolina
ESSIE LONGINI	60 . . .	San Antonio, Texas
EDNA THURSTON	41 .	Cambridge, Massachusetts



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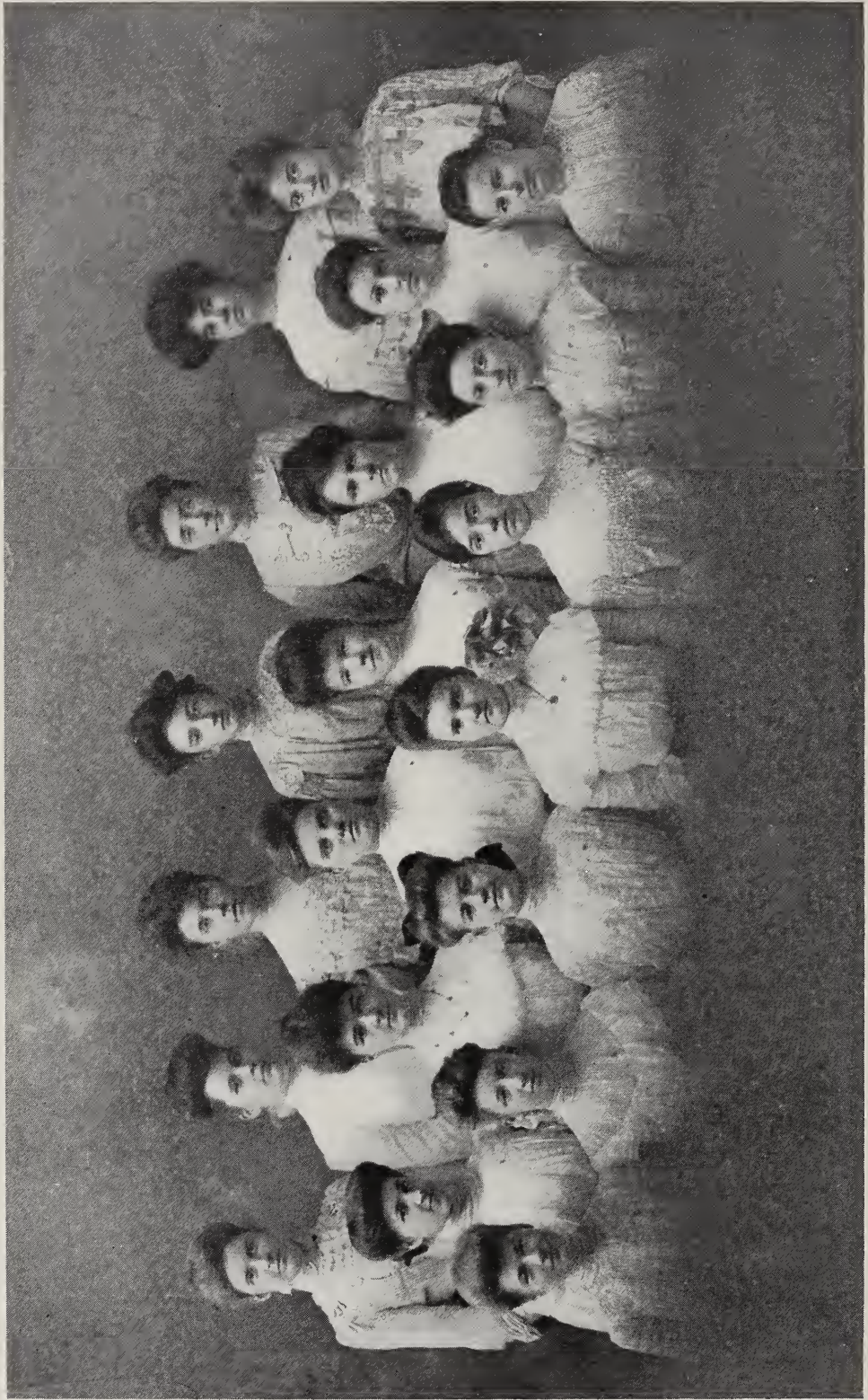
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Irish, Phila

S. A. Society



HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS POTTER

MISS PACKARD

MISS MULLIKIN

MISS RANSOM

MISS BATES

MISS GOODRICH

MRS. WINSLOW

MEMBERS

JULIA MARTIN, '04

MIRIAM H. NELSON, '05

HELEN A. DARLING, '05

BARBARA VAIL, '05

MARY POTTER, '05

MARY DODGE, '05

MABEL B. JUDD, '05

FRANCES BRAGDON, '05

CLAIRE FUNKE, '05

JANET BRYCE, '06

INA HARBER, '06

MARTHA HASKELL, '06

MARIE ANDREWS, '06

LESLIE WHITE, '06

CHARLOTTE THEARLE, '06

CLARA MATTLAGE, '06

LAURA DALE, '06

FANNIE BROOKFIELD, '07

RUTH BINFORD, '07

MARJORIE BLACKMAN, Sp.

NELLIE KRAUSE, '06

EDNA CHEDSEY, Sp.

LOIS THOMAS, Sp.

The ALLERLEI

OFFICERS

First Term

MARTHA HASKELL	<i>President</i>
BARBARA VAIL	<i>Vice President</i>
JANET BRYCE	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
LOIS THOMAS	<i>Critic</i>
MIRIAM NELSON }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
FANNIE BROOKFIELD }	

Second Term

BARBARA VAIL	<i>President</i>
JANET BRYCE	<i>Vice President</i>
MARTHA HASKELL	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES BRAGDON	<i>Treasurer</i>
LOIS THOMAS }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
MARY POTTER }	
CHARLOTTE THEARLE }	
MIRIAM NELSON }	<i>Music Committee</i>
LAURA DALE }	
MABEL JUDD	<i>Critic</i>
JULIA MARTIN }	<i>Ushers</i>
HELEN DARLING }	

Third Term

JULIA MARTIN	<i>President</i>
LOIS THOMAS	<i>Vice President</i>
MARY DODGE	<i>Secretary</i>
CHARLOTTE THEARLE	<i>Treasurer</i>
MABEL JUDD }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
MIRIAM NELSON }	
HELEN DARLING }	
MARIE ANDREWS }	<i>Music Committee</i>
MARJORIE BLACKMAN }	
LESLIE WHITE	<i>Critic</i>
CLAIRE FUNKE }	<i>Ushers</i>
RUTH BINFORD }	



Dresda, Phila.

Lazellia Club



HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS WHITE	MR. DUNHAM
MRS. MARTIN	MR. HILLS
MRS. LOOMIS	MR. WINSLOW
MISS WITHERBEE	

MEMBERS

KATHARINE JENCKES, '04	GARNETT ROMANS, '06
GLADYS PATTERSON, '04	KATHERINE WASHBURN, '06
CORINNE RICHTER, '04	EMMA SCHLAPP, Sp.
THEODORA CLOSE, '04	EDITH ANTHONY, '06
AGNES KELLARS, '04	LUCILLE LOTHROPE, '06
GRACE FULLER, '05	ELIZABETH BACON, '07
ADELE WOODWORTH, Sp.	ELSA MERZ, '07
FLORENCE CORBIN, '06	ANNA TOMPKINS, '07
MILDRED JOHNSON, '06	

OFFICERS

First Term

KATHARINE JENCKES	<i>President</i>
GRACE FULLER	<i>Vice President</i>
CORINNE RICHTER	<i>Secretary</i>
GLADYS PATTERSON	<i>Business Manager</i>
THEODORA CLOSE	<i>Critic</i>
ADELE WOODWORTH	}	<i>Guards</i>
REBECCA ELIASON		



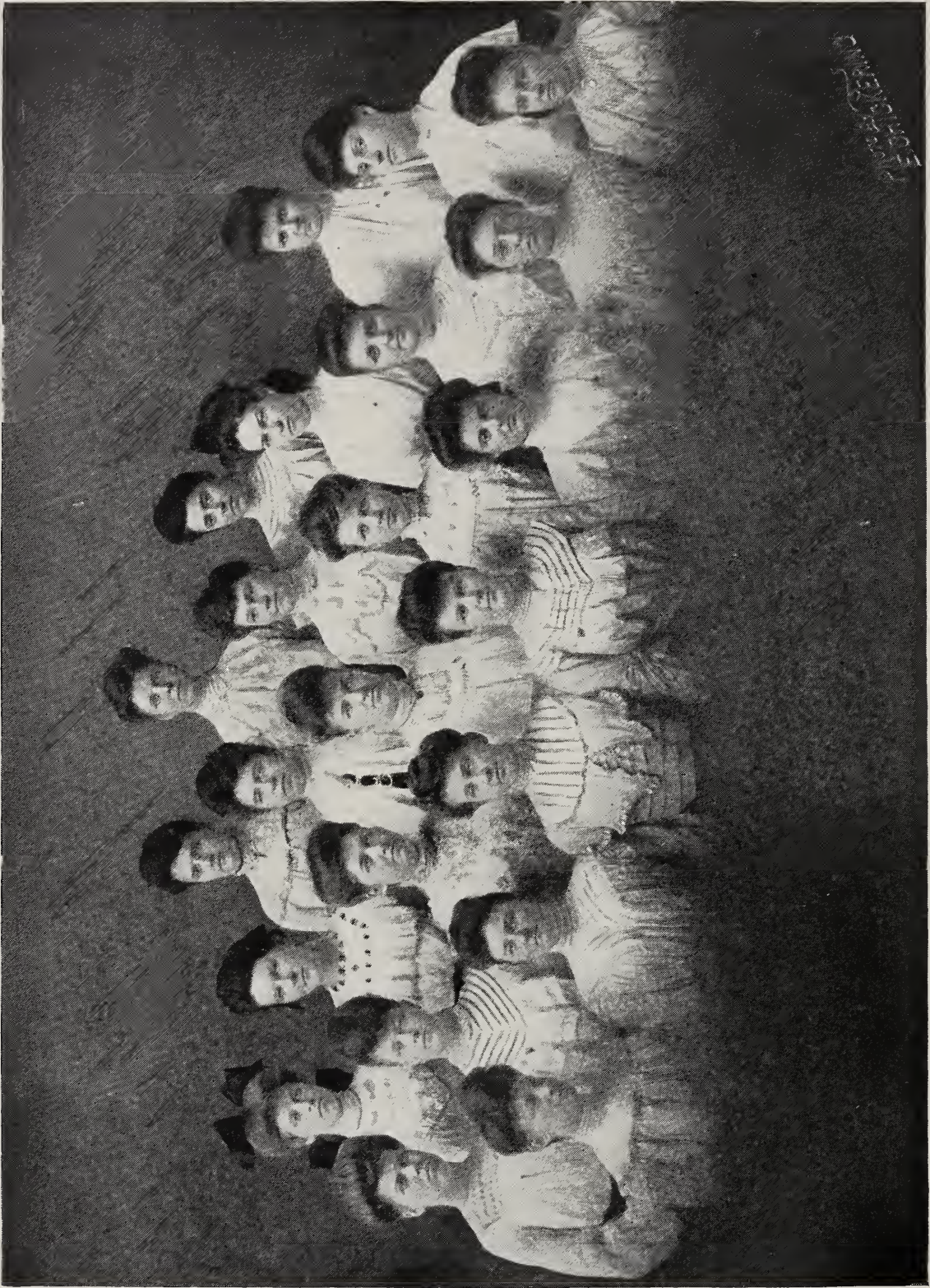
The ALLERLEI

Second Term

CORINNE RICHTER	<i>President</i>
ADELE WOODWORTH	<i>Vice President</i>
THEODORA CLOSE	<i>Secretary</i>
GRACE FULLER	<i>Critic</i>
GLADYS PATTERSON	<i>Business Manager</i>
ELIZABETH BACON }	<i>Guards</i>
EMMA SCHLAPP }	
KATHARINE JENCKES }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
EDITH ANTHONY }	
LUCILLE LOTHROPE }	

Third Term

GLADYS PATTERSON	<i>President</i>
GARNETT ROMANS	<i>Vice President</i>
LUCILLE LOTHROPE	<i>Secretary</i>
GLADYS PATTERSON	<i>Business Manager</i>
AGNES KELLARS	<i>Critic</i>
GRACE FULLER }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
EMMA SCHLAPP }	
FLORENCE CORBIN }	
KATHERINE WASHBURN }	<i>Guards</i>
ELSA MERZ }	





SAMUEL WARD CO BOSTON

Delta Society



HONORARY MEMBERS

COL. HOMER B. SPRAGUE

MISS PARKHURST

MEMBERS

LUCILE ZELLER, '04

JENNIE HAMILTON, '04

ELIZABETH COBB, '04

ELLA HAZELTON, '04

ALICE STAHL, '04

EDNA ROGERS, '05

EDITH HARBER, '05

HETTIE HARBINE, '05

ROBERTA CLARK, '05

HELEN ROYSE, '05

MARION STAHL, '07

LOUISE GRUNEWALD, '06

EDNA MATTHEWS, '05

MINNIE SAWYER, '06

ELSIE ANSHUTZ, Sp.

MAREE DARROUGH, '06

EDNA INGLEHART, '06

ALCINE HOTCHKISS, '08

CORA PENNIMAN, Sp.

HELEN F. CARTER, '07

EDNA THURSTON, '08

CORA DANFORTH, '07

MARGARET LAMBORN, '06

OFFICERS

First Term

LUCILE ZELLER	<i>President</i>
EDITH HARBER	<i>Vice President</i>
JENNIE HAMILTON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
EDNA ROGERS	<i>Business Manager</i>

The ALLERLEI

Second Term

EDNA ROGERS		<i>President</i>
ALICE STAHL		<i>Vice President</i>
ELIZABETH COBB		<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
EDITH HARBER		<i>Critic</i>
LOUISE GRUNEWALD	}	<i>Executive Committee</i>
JENNIE HAMILTON		
HELEN ROYSE		
ROBERTA CLARK	}	<i>Sentinels</i>
EDNA MATTHEWS		
MINNIE SAWYER		

Third Term

JENNIE HAMILTON		<i>President</i>
HELEN ROYSE		<i>Vice President</i>
ROBERTA CLARK		<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ELLA HAZELTON		<i>Critic</i>
ALICE STAHL	}	<i>Executive Committee</i>
EDNA INGLEHART		
MAREE DARROUGH		
ALCINE HOTCHKISS	}	<i>Sentinels</i>
CORA DANFORTH		
EDNA THURSTON		

Christian Endeavor Society



ALICE STAHL	<i>President</i>
JULIA MARTIN	<i>Vice President</i>
BARBARA VAIL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
CORA DANFORTH	<i>Prayer Meeting Committee</i>
ROBERTA CLARK	<i>Music Committee</i>



Missionary Society



MARY POTTER	<i>President</i>
EDNA ROGERS	<i>Vice President</i>
HELEN E. CARTER	<i>Secretary</i>
BARBARA C. VAIL	<i>Treasurer</i>
LILLIAN M. PACKARD }	<i>Executive Committee</i>
MARION M. ATWELL }	
MILDRED JOHNSTON }	



The Masquers

MEMBERS

GLADYS PATTERSON	HELEN DARLING
EDNA ROGERS	MINNIE SAWYER
CORINNE RICHTER	ANNA TOMPKINS
LUCILE ZELLER	MARION STAHL
EDITH HARBER	BLANCHE HARBER
MARTHA HASKELL	AGNES KELLARS
JANET BRYCE	ZELDA BLACKBURN
KATHARINE JENCKES	ELSA MERZ
ADELE WOODWORTH	MARGARET LAMBORN
LOIS THOMAS	EILA PATTERSON
EDITH SOLOMON	LUCY MILLER
NELLIE KRAUSE	MAREE DARROUGH
MIRIAM NELSON	EDITH GOVERT
GRACE FULLER	JENNIE HAMILTON
ALICE STAHL	JOSEPHINE HOLMES
THEODORA CLOSE	GARNETT ROMANS
GRACE HARDY	HELEN ROYSE
JULIA MARTIN	ELSIE BOLLES
MILDRED JOHNSTON	INA HARBER
BARBARA VAIL	MARGARET HENDERSON
AGNES WYLIE	ETHEL ARGUE
MARIA WILSON	FLORENCE CORBIN

BERTHA SLEICHER

OFFICERS

First Term

ADELE WOODWORTH	<i>Manager</i>
EDITH HARBER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Second Term

LUCILE ZELLER	<i>Manager</i>
MARGARET LAMBORN	<i>Secretary</i>
GRACE FULLER	<i>Treasurer</i>





GLEE ~ CLUB

CORINNE RICHTER, '04	<i>President</i>
BLANCHE HARBER, '07	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS BATES	<i>Director</i>
HELEN ROYSE, '05	<i>Accompanist</i>
GLADYS PATTERSON, '04	<i>Assistant Accompanist</i>
MADLINE McCART, Sp.	<i>Librarian</i>

First Sopranos

CORINNE RICHTER, '04
BELLE JOHNSON, '06
ELSA MERZ, '07
MADLINE McCART, Sp.

Second Sopranos

JULIETTE GERIN, '07
ANNA TOMPKINS, '07
GARNETT ROMANS, '06
CORA PENNIMAN, Sp.

First Altos

ROBERTA CLARK, '05
BLANCHE HARBER, '07
EDNA THURSTON, '08

Second Altos

KATHERINE WASHBURN, '06
EDNA MATTHEWS, '05
EDITH HILL, '07



Mandolin Club



MARGARET CLARK *President*
DORA SALZENSTEIN *Director*
EDNA THURSTON *Secretary and Treasurer*

M E M B E R S

First Mandolins

ELIZABETH BACON
JULIETTE GERIN
EDNA THURSTON
DORA SALZENSTEIN

Second Mandolins

MARGARET CLARK
EDITH SOLOMON
MISS BATES

Guitar

MAUDE DOUGLAS

ALICE WRIGHT

HELEN F. CARTER

Violin

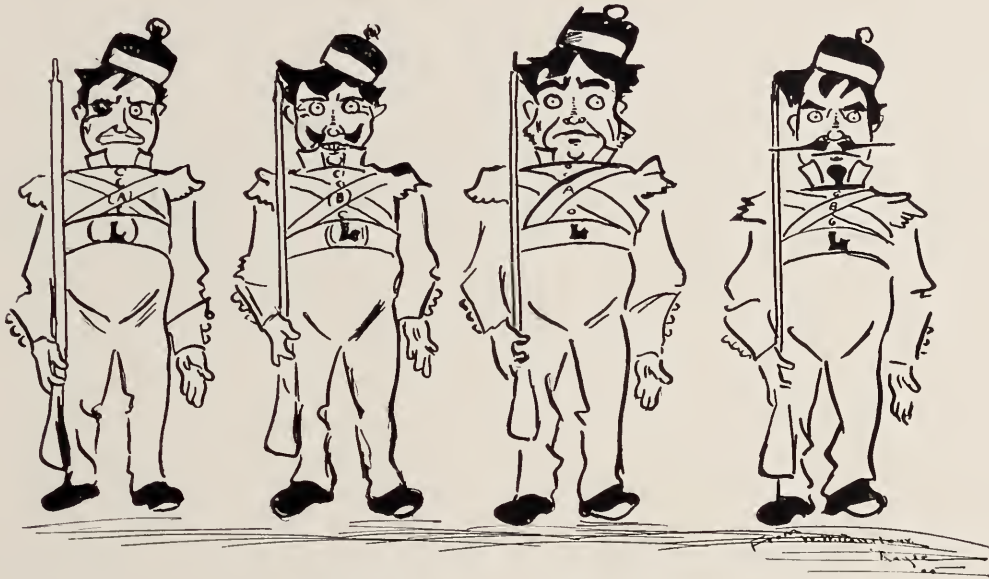
BLANCHE HARBER

Piano

MARY WILLETT



The ALLERLEI



Military Drill

COMPANY A

KATHARINE JENCKES	<i>Captain</i>
CORINNE RICHTER	<i>Lieutenant</i>
ROBERTA CLARK	<i>First Sergeant</i>
HELEN E. CARTER	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
MARIE COGSWELL	<i>Third Sergeant</i>

COMPANY B

JENNIE HAMILTON	<i>Captain</i>
BARBARA VAIL	<i>Lieutenant</i>
EDITH SOLOMON	<i>First Sergeant</i>
EDITH GOVERT	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
AGNES WYLIE	<i>Third Sergeant</i>

BATTALION

HELEN ROYSE	<i>Color Sergeant</i>
MARGARET HODGINS	}	<i>Color Guards</i>
LAURA WEAVER		

The ALLERLEI



MR. HENRY M. DUNHAM *Director*
MISS CURTIS *Accompanist*

First Sopranos

MARJORIE BLACKMAN
BELLE COOK
GERTRUDE GRAHAM
NELLIE HART
ELLA HAZLETON
MARGARET HENDERSON
MAUD HOOPER
BELLE JOHNSON
EILA PATTERSON
GLADYS PATTERSON
CORINNE RICHTER
CHARLOTTE THEARLE
DOROTHEA TURNER
LAURA WEAVER
AGNES WYLIE
BARBARA VAIL

Second Sopranos

PEARL BATES
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
HELEN F. CARTER
MABEL DEMING
HELEN FAIRBANKS
SUSIE GALLUP
MARGARET HODGINS
GRACE LEVOR
ETHEL LITTLEFIELD
LUCILLE LOTHROPE
CORAN PENNIMAN
MARY POTTER
DORA SALZENSTEIN
FLORENCE STRONG
SARAH STRONG
LUCILE ZELLER

ALTOS

ETHEL ARGUE
EMMA MAE CHISHOLM
ROBERTA CLARK
LOUISE HAYES
EDITH HILL

MAUDE KENNEDY
GERTRUDE SCHLOSS
KATHERINE WASHBURN
MARY WILLETT
LUCY MILLER

EDNA MATHEWS

The Studio



MARY AUGUSTA MULLIKIN

Instructor

STUDENTS

GERTRUDE ATWELL

ELSIE ANSHUTZ

JANET BRYCE

LOUISE GARLOCK

BLANCHE HARBER

MARGARET LAMBORN

BERTHA SLEICHER

EDITH SOLOMON

AGNES WYLIE



The Lasell Leaflet

Published Monthly during the school year by the Lasell Publishing Association



First Term

JENNIE HAMILTON	Editor-in-Chief
GRACE HARDY	}	Associate Editors
EDITH HARBER		
ELIZABETH COBB	Local Editor
JANET BRYCE	Exchange Editor
LOIS THOMAS	Subscription Agent
LUCILE ZELLER	Business Manager

Second Term

GRACE HARDY	Editor-in-Chief
MARY POTTER	}	Associate Editors
MARTHA HASKELL		
MARY WILLETT	Local Editor
FRANCES BRAGDON	Exchange Editor
HELEN E. CARTER	Subscription Agent
LUCILE ZELLER	Business Manager

Third Term

KATHARINE JENCKES	Editor-in-Chief
HETTIE HARBINE	}	Associate Editors
SARAH CALDWELL		
HAZEL CAREY		
LUCILLE LOTHROPE	Local Editor
GRACE HARDY	Exchange Editor
LESLIE WHITE	Subscription Agent
LUCILE ZELLER	Business Manager

Calendar

- SEPTEMBER 22. New girls begin to arrive.
23. Mrs. Martin talks to the girls.
Classification.
24. Old girls serenade the new.
Colonel Sprague lectures on "Shakespeare's Women."
26. White Mountain party leaves.
29. Return of White Mountain party.
- OCTOBER 3. Dance given the new girls.
17. Dartmouth-Williams game.
18. Lecture by Miss Sebati on Japan.
29. Seniors appear in caps and gowns !!!
31. Hallowe'en Party (Juniors caps and gowns).
- NOVEMBER 16. Dr. Leon H. Vincent lectures on "The French Academy."
18. Rumors of a Thanksgiving vacation.
21. Yale-Harvard game.
25. Vacation.
30. "The cold, gray dawn of the morning after."
- DECEMBER 3. Miss Mullikin lectures on "Raphael, the Decorator."
10. The Drill girls entertain the G. A. R. of Newtonville.
11. Lasellias entertain the S. D.'s and Deltas.
12. Dr. Borden P. Bowne lectures on "Logic and Life."
13. Christmas Vespers.
15. Pupils' Musical Rehearsal for the term.
16. Vacation !!

The A L L E R L E I

- JANUARY
6. School opens with chapel at 12.
 7. Mrs. Martin talks in chapel.
 14. Lecture on "Decorative Art" by Miss Flora MacDonald.
 16. Seniors in "The County Fair."
 17. Obstacles removed from the fair grounds.
 20. Fritzi Scheff as the leading feature.
 21. Lecture on "Servia and Macedonia," by Rev. Peter McQueen.
 23. Juniors give a party to the Seniors.
 26. Junior hats arrive.
 27. Serenade from unknown (?) man.
 28. Day of Prayer.
 30. Valuable time lost.
- FEBRUARY
2. Special telephone message for an absent member.
 3. Mr. Dunham's recital (Orphean Club).
 5. Military coats in vogue.
 6. Reception to Miss Chisholm.
 8. Luncheon in Melrose.
 10. Prominent member of Junior Class succumbs.
 11. Cooking examinations!!!
Senior-Junior reception.
 13. Dr. Winslow lectures on Russian-Japanese War.
Masquers give a Valentine party.
 14. Valentines from brothers (?) at home.
 15. Snow ice cream.
 17. Junior-Senior "rush."
 18. Lecture on Russia by Dr. H. C. Hovey.
 20. Nordica party.
 22. Washington's Birthday, with the usual good time for all,
except the toasters.
 23. Faculty meeting interrupted.
 25. Lecture on India by Mrs. Joseph H. Cook.
 26. Private theater parties.

T h e A L L E R L E I

- FEBRUARY 27. "Magic Art" in the Gym.
29. Exciting time over certain pictures.
- MARCH 3. Dr. Watkins "shuffles the bunch."
Whistler lecture by Miss Mullikin.
5. "Town meeting." *Who* said that the Seniors were the
most popular class in the school?
7. The "Labor Day Parade" see Ada Rehan.
9. Lecture on Consumers' League by Mrs. Kelley.
11. S. D. Symposium.
14. Allerlei pictures once again.
16. Mrs. Martin believes emphatically in self possession.
18. Lasellia Magazine.
19. "As You Like It," in the Gym.
21. Miriam cleans her desk!!!
25. Deltas give "An Evening with Howells."
26. Σ. A. E. boys perform for the benefit of all.
28. Civil Government Class visits the State House.
30. Vacation party leaves for Washington.
- APRIL 6. School reopens. Seniors lose certain articles of private
property of exaggerated importance.
7. Wonder why the Seniors didn't have their Senior table
when they expected to have it?
Articles suitable for Sophomore wear are made.
8. Juniors take their table.
9. Seniors take their table.
One of the Seniors mysteriously disappears from the table.
Query, Was she under it?
11. Sopho-Special reception.

The Rose of Life



At dawn, when looking through its rosy light
Into the still, gray garden bed,
And when the sun not yet his head
Has shown above the hills, and naught is bright,
In dim outline I have discerned
The buds of roses toward me turned.

I gaze on one. How sweet her drooping head
She hangs, as though afraid to look
At her fair image in the brook ;
Or as the whispering winds caress, instead,
She coyly nods, and seems to say,
“ I'm ready for the coming day.”

And now again toward noontide's hour I see,
Glancing out my window near,
The bud, half open, white and clear ;
And think, “ How can our God so let it be
A thing so sweet shall fade away,
The creature of a single day ? ”

In maiden sweetness stand they in their beds,
No longer bud, but rose, half blown,
Rare beauties, trembling at the moan
Of winds that whisper o'er their heads,
And say, “ The course of day's half run ;
Your life will go with setting sun.”

And looking on these roses hanging there,
I broke the stems and took them up,
And gazing deep into the cup,
Marveled they were so exquisitely fair ;
For now not half, but fully blown,
They shed a fragrance all their own.

And now the sun sinks weary to the west,
My rose, once lovely, droops and fades ;
And darkness creeps with deepening shades ;
Both bud and bloom, from base to creamy crest,
Have come and gone. May I not say,
“ 'Tis a fitting end to a perfect day ? ”

H. M. R.

The Haunted House



WHILE at a summer resort on the shores of Lake Michigan, a few years ago, I heard of the "haunted house" of the neighborhood. "A haunted house!" I exclaimed. "That sounds interesting."

"Yes; it is over there on a hill behind that high crest," said my informant, pointing toward the western horizon.

The hill pointed out seemed near, but I knew that it would take all day to reach it and to visit this uncanny place, inhabited, as the country folk had told us, only by ghosts. I was curious to see it, however, and having with me a friend with whom I was accustomed to going on long tramps, I planned a trip to this much-talked-of house, appointing a certain day for it.

On the appointed day, then, we arose early, and after a hearty breakfast started off on foot, with the prospect of a fine time before us. We had previously learned by inquiry which path to follow, and could see it ahead of us glistening with the early morning dew, here and there hidden from view by the thick foliage of the trees. The woods through which we passed were so beautiful, and the flowers so temptingly gay and bright, that we often lingered to pluck some lovely blossom, charmed by the sylvan solitude of the lonely hillside. When we reached the top of the hill, where we stopped to rest awhile, we were still more impressed with the beauties that lay around us. From that height we could see all of the surrounding country. As we looked back in the direction whence we came we saw below us the tiny village; then a level stretch of white sand; and beyond all the broad, endless blue of the lake, lazy in its early morning drowsiness, after an evening of windy frolicking and boisterous racing. Turning our backs on this we looked to the hill beyond, lonely except for a white house which crowned it,—the object of our walk,—standing out boldly against the blue dimness of the distant hills in the background, and seeming grimly to defy wind and weather. In the hollow formed by the two hills was a tiny hamlet of red-roofed cottages, through which we were to pass.

We were so anxious to reach the ill-omened house, that in our overhasty descent of the hill our skirts caught on bush and brier, so that when

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we reached the first cottage we were rather sorry-looking girls. Nevertheless, we knocked and begged a drink as frankly as if we had driven up in a coach and four. Tarrying but a moment for our draught we resumed our walk, passing on our way through a quaint street, where the people whom we met shook their heads, crossing themselves when they understood where we were going; and looked after us as if they thought us demented. An old man quite shook our self-confidence for a few minutes by saying that once, long before, he had gone up there, but never would again, and then hobbled off without giving a reason. Now for the first time we noticed that the sky was not so bright as when we first set out, and looking over our shoulders we saw heavy, black clouds, which had blown up so quickly that we hardly had time to miss the bright sunlight.

We quickened our pace, but this hill seemed much higher than the first one, and we were soon tired with our unusual exercise. Just as we reached the top there came a terrible clap of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning, and with a leap the storm was upon us in all its fury of unbridled wrath. We ran with all our might to the house, the fateful house, the only shelter in sight, and pushing open the door, which squeaked on its rusty hinges as it swung inward, we hurriedly entered what proved to be a small vestibule-like room. Hastily closing the door, to keep out the rain as much as possible, we peered around us. The room was but dimly lighted by a single tiny window near the top. Suddenly I heard a whispered "Look!" and following a pointed finger, saw in the darkest corner a rope hanging from the ceiling with a noose in the lower end. It swung with a slight motion to and fro, and, terrified, we precipitated ourselves through the next door into the room beyond.

Here, in a dark, gloomy place, bare of everything except cobwebs and old boards, we paused a moment. My friend whispered that she wanted to look around. Hand in hand, then, we tiptoed over to the other side of the gloomy place to peep into what looked like a closet. The door was locked, but with a little persuasion the bolt was made to give way, and we put our heads in. After a moment of oppressive silence, our eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness. A long bone was at our feet; it seemed momentarily to loom larger and to grow more ghastly white. We did not stop to see more, but ran frightened into another room, stealthily closing the door behind.

Safe out of that place of horror we turned to look at each other, then began to laugh hysterically. But hark! we were not alone. The frightful silence sent back to us many times over the murmur of innumerable voices. An awful blast of wind shook the house, and now shrieking and now moan-

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ing, made it seem as if all the long-dead occupants were up in arms at being so intruded upon ; doors slammed, the floors above us creaked, and we fancied we could hear sighs from the chimney corner.

We stood silent with beating hearts for some five minutes ; then once more mustering up courage, we grasped each other's hand and tiptoed over to the old staircase in the corner. Here we huddled together on the lowest step, listening to the blasts of wind and to the heavy rain beating on the roof. We spoke now and then in subdued whispers of the suicide that had been committed within those very walls, and wondered how long the unhappy man had dangled there before the people from below had come up to investigate.

All the time the determination to go upstairs was growing strong within me, and as the storm had now lost most of its fury my courage began to revive, and I started up, leaving my companion huddled on the lowest step, waiting breathlessly for my return. It grew darker and darker the higher up I went. There was a trap-door above my head, and cautiously opening this I peered around. The minute I did so I wished myself safe below. I heard quick steps toward me and groanings from all directions. I felt as if somebody were about to seize me by the neck with icy fingers and strangle me ; to leave me there—another ghost—to haunt the place forever. I could not move. The walls were closing around me. Suddenly with a scream that shook the rafters I rushed down stairs, not caring where I went or what happened, so long as I got safely away. By some happy intuition I divined where the door was, and ran out with my eyes shut and my hands over my ears to keep away the hideous sound of phantom steps following me. Once outside I threw myself down on the rain-soaked grass and covered my eyes, half dead with fear.

As soon as I dared look up I saw that the rain had stopped, and suddenly the sun shone brightly. I turned and saw my friend at my side. We hurried away down the path without a word, not stopping for even a backward glance.

We accosted the first man we met and inquired the way to a house. He led us to his own home nearby, and we soon were in the midst of a group of merry, red-cheeked children, whose mother straightway prepared us something to eat, for in our haste we had dropped our luncheon box. After resting part of the afternoon at this pleasant place we started on our homeward journey, vowing never again to visit a haunted house. M. K. W.

The Talking Elm



Once more the moss-grown steps I climb,
And sitting down to rest,
I think of all that happy time
In old Lasell "Cro' Nest."

Just over there the halls so dear
Where oft we romped or paced,
Unburdened yet by care or fear,
And our small trials faced.

For when, so many years ago,
We tarried at Lasell,
How oft to this same spot we'd go
To chatter here a spell.

And this huge elm that shades me here
I oft made confidant ;
His answering leaves sang in my ear
A sweet and murmurous chant.

Yet what he whispered in my ear
No one but I could know ;
I found his words and meaning clear,
Though very soft and low.

And now, I thought, 'twere well to see
If still he had this power,
And so I asked him questions three
Beneath this leafy bower :—

"Old elm, beneath thy shifting shade
Since days of long ago,
Tell me, has ever fairer maid
Spent hours than those I know ?"

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The elm, in gently sighing song,
Addressed these words to me :
"For those old days I often long,—
Those days of Used-to-Be ;

"The times when that pet class of mine—
The class of ' oughy five '—
Beneath my branches wide did climb,
Sparkling, alert, alive."

"Tell me, old elm, do you e'er think,
Behind that bark so seared,
Of class day bright, when o'er the brink
Of future years they peered ?"

"Oh ! I remember well," he moaned,
"That merry, sunny day,
When o'er the greensward hundreds roamed
To hear their parting lay.

"I hear the stately Seniors' song
Descending from this bower,
While all the happy Junior throng
Then hailed their rising hour."

"Oh then, old friend, I know that you
See Drill Day, passing fair,
When lasses sweet, in neat dark blue,
Rang orders through the air."

"Oh yes," he whispers, "well I see
The glad, triumphant one
Bear off the field in highest glee
The flag of those who won."

A teardrop trembled from its source
And down my cheek slow crept ;
Those days, which now came back with force,
Had moved me, and I wept.

Oh ! dear old elm, in prose and rhyme
I'll praise thee more and more,
Until thy fame, despite old Time,
Shall live forever more.

E. P.

“Nig’s Reminiscences”



STEADY, there! steady, Nig!” That’s all I hear from morning until night. They seem to think I am made of iron and never need any rest, but can haul wagons around all the time. I wish they were in my shafts awhile; I guess they would get tired of so much “Steady, Nig.” Of course, it’s pretty nice to have Dr. Bragdon say I am such a good horse, as all the girls say he does, but I don’t like the work. In summer and winter it’s just the same. In winter the girls must all be taken sleigh-riding, at least once around, and in the spring and fall they must all go driving to all the unheard-of places around.

It really is lots of fun, though, now I think of it again, to take the girls. They are always so kind to me, and are always feeding me apples when they get a chance; and then they’re so good sometimes as to get out when there’s a hard place in the road. Once last winter I remember they got out and walked almost a square because there was a bare spot in the road, and they knew it was hard pulling. And they had just as much fun out of it, too. I tell you, I’d lots rather pull the girls around all day than work two hours for John. The girls always make me feel so good-natured and happy that I can go twice as far with them without being tired. And I do hear some of the funniest tales, especially when Dr. Watkins goes with the girls. Often he tells a story or joke that will jog the girls’ memories, and after that jokes fly thick and fast for awhile, some of them side-splitting. I could laugh a horse laugh at them myself. I remember one that was told last winter—I can’t remember much farther back than that, anyway. Oh, yes, I can remember when I first came here to be Dr. Bragdon’s horse. That was a long time ago—for me. The girls all looked about the same—in the face; of course their clothes were different. They couldn’t hold a candle to this year’s girls, though. These are the finest and kindest girls I have ever seen. I had fine fun with them during Christmas vacation. It was freezing cold, and I think the girls must have been, indeed, about frozen during some of our trips. One time

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Dr. Watkins drove, and we went to Newton. He got out at one of the stores "to get some medicine for Miss Nutt," he said, but he came out with several bags in his arms. Of course the girls were inquisitive,—paper bags are always so suspicious. When he got out again at another store the girls dared to look in, and, behold! there were large chocolates very similar to those we had for dinner that night.

I'm not always so gentle as you might think from my talk. No, I am sometimes tricky, and like my own way. I often pretend that I am frightened when I'm not a bit so. Then they have to cry, "Steady there, Nig," and that makes me more fractious than ever. I don't like to be called "Nig," anyway. I don't see why they wanted to call me "Nigger." Why couldn't I have had some pleasant name, even though I was black? I used to know other horses just as black as I that had pretty names.

But I am wandering from my story again. I guess I must be getting old and feeble-minded, for I can't keep my mind on my story. I thought I would tell you more about the girls than I have. They have such good times when they go driving, especially in the spring and fall, when the weather is so pleasant and the sun is so warm, and the birds are singing in the trees, and the roads are nice and smooth. Then we stay out all the afternoon, and often the girls don't want to come in even at five o'clock.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons the girls frequently go in their drill suits, so that when we go to other towns we attract a great deal of attention. Then I step off my very best. I am always proud to carry the Lasell girls, because they are always so well behaved. Only once since I can remember did the girls do anything which I didn't think was quite right. That was one day when Dr. Winslow was with them—well, there; why should I tell anything unpleasant about our girls? I fancy everybody does at one time or another something that might just as well have been left undone. When I was a colt my mother often told me that if I couldn't say anything pleasant of the other folk in our pasture, I'd better not say anything at all. I'll try that this time. There are too many pleasant things, anyway, to make it necessary to fill up with other sorts of chatter.

Well, here comes Mike. I know what that means; I must be hitched up and go to work again. Now I'll hear the same old "Steady, Nig! steady there!"

M. R. C.

“5”



MISS FLORENCE BRONSON looked distinctly discontented as she sighed for the tenth time in a half hour, and leaned back in the luxuriously-cushioned railway carriage in which she was traveling from Baden-Baden to Paris. She was too young and too pretty to be anything less than charming, even despite her frowns ; but more and more dissatisfied every minute grew her face, darkening like a gathering thunder cloud.

She had first tried to distract her mind from the unpleasant thoughts which evidently possessed it, by studying the other occupants of the compartment. One of her fellow-passengers was a studious professor from the University of Heidelberg, who, from the moment he had entered the train, had kept his eyes riveted on the pages of an immense volume of scientific lore ; another, an elderly Frenchwoman ; and the two remaining travelers, a man and woman seated opposite Florence, wore the unmistakable signs of being experienced American tourists. Their strict and unflagging attention to newspaper and novel, with corresponding disregard of the lovely scenery, suggested that they had covered the same or similar ground often enough to lose interest in it, and they displayed no curiosity about their surroundings.

Finding nothing remarkable or interesting in her companions, Miss Bronson fished an entertaining story from her dress suit case and sought oblivion in it. But her thoughts would wander back to the starting point, and finally she slammed the book to with vexation, and turned to the window to watch the shifting landscape.

The trouble was that Florence had left Baden that morning against the wishes, against even the commands of her older brother, who was also her guardian. She had just learned that her dearest friend was in Paris, and insisted upon going there immediately to meet her, although her brother refused to consent to her traveling so far alone, and it was absolutely impossible for him to leave Baden until three days later, when they had planned to go. When arguments and entreaties alike failed to move the obdurate brother, Florence willfully determined to have her own way, and confident

of her ability to take care of herself for a day, even in France, telephoned her intentions to her angry brother from the railroad station two minutes before train time, knowing well that it was then too late for him to stop her, and coolly boarded the Paris express, with his indignant remonstrances still ringing in her ears. She had felt delightfully independent at first, but now that she had had time to reflect, she felt somewhat ashamed of herself and almost regretted her disobedience, although she still justified herself by thinking how simple a matter it would be, especially since she could speak French, for her to stay on the train until she reached Paris, and then take a cab to the hotel, where she would meet her friends. It would not be later than nine that evening when she reached her destination, and it was absurd to imagine that anything could possibly happen to her; still, she admitted to herself, it wasn't just the right thing to disobey one's brother and guardian.

While these thoughts were passing through Miss Bronson's mind the train reached Nancy. The guard passed along the line, unlocking the doors of the compartments, and Florence put her head out of the window to watch the groups gathered on the station platform. Her gaze wandered listlessly from two or three gendarmes to a happy family about to be separated, and then, glancing to her left, she saw a pretty, rosy-cheeked English girl, with a jaunty blue hat, leaning out of the window of the coach next to her own. She felt a vague satisfaction that the hat was not so pretty as her own, also blue, and idly noticed that the guard was leaning against a post a few feet away and appeared to be furtively watching her. Summoning him and learning that the train was making a ten-minute stop, she decided to take a few turns up and down the platform.

She had not taken many steps when some one gently pulled her sleeve from behind and said softly, "Mademoiselle."

Florence turned quickly, a little frightened, and found the guard standing behind her, looking cautiously over his shoulder toward the compartment she had just left. He handed her a paper, saying in French, "From Monsieur C."

"From Monsieur C," echoed Florence, much surprised. "Are you sure it's for me? You have not made a mistake?"

"No, mademoiselle; it is for you from Monsieur C," he persisted.

"It must be something from Carleton," thought Florence, as she sauntered back to the coach. "But what can it be, and how did he ever get it to that guard? And how did the guard know it was for me,—and everything?"

To render her astonishment and mystification more complete, the paper contained only these inexplicable words: —

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“On the left we have a river which has followed the railroad course. As you observe, it flows on from Freiburg, winds around past Baden-Baden, thence west. It will meet its tributaries farther on. Some one says it is loveliest at Manens, but opinions differ. The gardens are in full flower at this time, and stand throughout the country around Paris like sentinels at their station. We are sure that all will agree that whoever can should certainly manage to be present when flowers are arranged at a florist’s sometime. Be watchful, attentive and very careful, would you learn the secret of his skill.—5.”

Florence reseated herself in the train with about as puzzled a face as one would wish to see.

“It must be from Carleton,” she mused; “the man was so certain it was for me from ‘Monsieur C.’ But what is the sense or meaning of it? I don’t think I ever read anything more absurd. It’s such an utterly idiotic message. What do I care or want to know about this river and its tributaries; or about the flower gardens near Paris; or any of this nonsense. Pshaw! I suppose it is just another of Carleton’s unsuccessful attempts to be funny.”

Though not entirely satisfied with this explanation Florence refolded the note, and placing it between the leaves of her book returned to a consideration of the scenery. But as time wore on she wearied of the monotonously pleasant fields and meadows, and drawing out the slip of paper sat vacantly staring at it, wondering what mistaken sense of humor had induced her brother to send her such a peculiar communication, and deciding that she had never received a message quite so pointless. She began aimlessly to read every other word of the note, then every third and so on, not at all disturbed by the nonsense she was making. When she reached five she was somewhat startled to read: “Have followed you from Baden-Baden. Meet some one at the flower stand, Paris station. All can be arranged. Be careful, secret.”

“Well,” thought Florence, much amused and delighted at her discovery, “that is what the 5 meant. I didn’t suppose that had anything to do with the meaning. Isn’t Carleton the queerest fellow? Now, what does this mean? He says he has followed me from Baden-Baden, but I don’t see how, for he simply *couldn’t* leave there until Friday. Perhaps he has sent some one to look after me, or maybe asked some friend in Paris to come and meet me at the station and take care of me. But why this mystery? I suppose he thought he’d punish his naughty little sister by scaring her a bit. Just to tease him I shall pretend I understood the note the first minute I read it. I wonder what ‘All can be arranged,’ and the

rest of it means ; I suppose it's just put in to make things more thrilling and mysterious. I certainly feel like the heroine of a shilling shocker, receiving messages in cipher and such blood-curdling doings."

As it grew dark and darker outside, Florence did feel a momentary shiver at the thought that she was entirely alone, and might be the victim of a plot to rob her, perhaps even to take her life, and that this note was but a decoy ; but a few minutes later she laughed at her fears, assuring herself that if the note was from Monsieur C. it could only be from Carleton Bronson surely, and from no other.

When the train pulled in at the Paris station soon after nine, only a few minutes late, Florence intrusted her suit case to a porter, directing him to the flower stand, and then hurried there herself.

The rather aged dame who acted as *bouquetière* sat behind the counter nodding sleepily over her fresh, odorous pinks and beautiful roses. Before the counter, with his back to it and one foot impatiently tapping the pavement, stood a handsome young Englishman with eager, watchful eyes. At the other end was a cross-looking Frenchman ; and besides these three, none of whom paid any attention to Florence, there was no one anywhere near the stand.

"My escort seems not to have arrived," said Florence to herself. "I'll wait ten or fifteen minutes for him, her, or it, and then go right to the hotel."

The Englishman turned and bought some pink roses. People were still coming from the train Florence had left, and he carefully kept one eye on the door through which they were passing. Just as Florence, also watching the stream of passengers, saw the blue-hatted English girl come through the door with two others, evidently her parents, she heard the Englishman suppress an involuntary exclamation, and turned to find him gazing earnestly at the girl as she moved across the waiting room. When the three had almost reached the outer door the girl turned, saw the Englishman, and with a sudden look of mingled recognition, delight and surprise, she spoke a few words to her companions, and getting out her purse came toward the flower stand with the apparent intention of buying some flowers.

Florence, waiting by the counter, could scarcely help hearing what was said as soon as the girl came within speaking distance. The Englishman spoke eagerly :—

"Agnes ! You got my note ? You understood ?"

"Note ? What note ?" asked the blue-hatted one.

"The one I sent you by the guard on the train."

"The guard didn't bring me any note."

The ALLERLEI

Just as Florence was about to interpose and explain, the Englishman continued, rapidly :—

“ Well, it doesn't matter now, but I told him the pretty girl with the blue hat. I had to write it in a sort of cipher so that no one but you could understand, so if some one else got it they are probably none the wiser. Agnes, won't you come now? I have a carriage waiting, and we can be married right away at the English minister's. *Don't* keep me waiting any longer.”

“ O Charles!” gasped Agnes, but he continued:—

“ I shall soon convince your father that poverty is no disgrace, and that, anyway, a man can soon lift himself out of poverty, especially if he has an angel at his side to cheer and inspire him. The minute we've gone, we'll send a message to your father so he won't wait here for you, or think you're lost. Won't you come?”

Florence didn't hear all of this distinctly and completely lost the answer, which was given as the two hurried out of the opposite door from the one where the girl's father and mother were waiting. Unconscious of herself and her surroundings she stood for some moments quietly smiling, and then awaking from her reverie, took a cab to the hotel.

A few days later, while driving in the Bois with her brother, Florence caught a glimpse of a very handsome young Englishman in a victoria beside a bewitchingly pretty girl with a blue hat, both looking very happy, and again she smiled that quiet smile.

S. F. B.



Little Mary



Little Mary, one pleasant day,
Off to boarding school went her way.

Mary was only five feet high,
But hoped to grow some by and by.

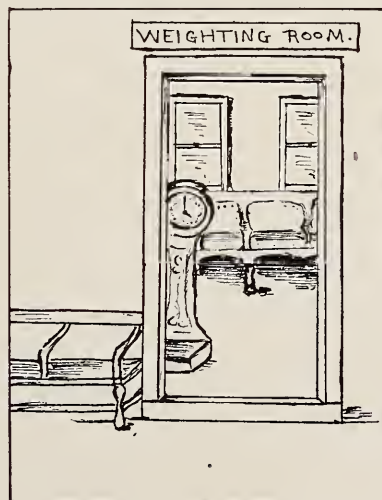
She went to gym., and she took the drill,
Hoping 'twould stretch her, as gyming will.

At the end of the year, as I'm alive,
Mary had grown to five feet five !

Homeward, then, one pleasant day,
Little Mary went her way.

“ Bless me ! ” cried mamma, when she caught sight,
“ How *have* you grown to such a height ? ”

Said Mary, “ Dear mother, with fright you'd turn pale,
If I told you such a *grewsome* tale.”



The Tables Turned



There was silence stern and deep
In the chapel at Lasell
At the usual hour of sleep ;
And the tolling of the bell,
Hanging ominous in the hall,
To a reckoning did call
Every teacher, one and all.
Came they then with curdling blood ;
At the bar they trembling stood,
Waiting till their judges should
File into that black-draped hall.

Straight from every quiet room,
Every corner, all the nooks,
Enter maids of spectral mien
Laden with those awful books
Which with dread are always seen.
Then the Seniors, sable-gowned,
Take their place the platform round,
And behind, in rank and file,
Stand the others, short and tall,—
Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen,—all
Waiting for this solemn trial.

Now the roll is slowly called,
And each trembling voice replies,
“ Present,” quavering, fear appalled—
Wait they, as for sacrifice.
First, Miss Carpenter (who *alone*
Answered without shake or moan)
Takes her stand in front of all
In that dim funereal hall.
“ Quickly, please, the difference state
’Twixt French seams of latest date
And the English walking skirt
Full two inches from the dirt,

Sticks, and stones, and mud of street.”
“ Just the difference,” says she,
“ ’Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.”
“ Right! Pass on!” exclaims the judge.
And on she passes, muttering “ Fudge!”
“ Fraulein Frohn,” rings thro’ the hall.
With rising hair she takes her stand
Before that fearsome, black-robed band.
“ Tell us,” says a judge sedate and tall,
“ Would you stew or fry a roast?”
With glance of fear and look of fright,
She groans a groan with all her might,
“ Ach, nein! I know no rule except for
toast.”

Next the chaplain’s name is heard.
Forth he steps as white as curd,
And ’mid awful silence grim
Hears this question put to him:
“ Will you explicitly recite
A rule by which a lady fair
May choose a gown that shall be right
When she to ballroom would repair?”
He, gasping, says, “ The guimpe is fine ;
But if a choice I might suggest,
A simple muslin should be mine.”
“ Flat failure!” says the judge with zest.

Rising from the chair she sat in,
Came now the teacher of Greek and Latin.
When asked how to swim
On first jumping in,
Her answer, novel and unexpected,
Had the fate to be rejected.
She sighing said, with fluttering breath,
“ Take a life preserver to hinder death!”

T h e A L L E R L E I

Came Miss Witherbee—English—next,
Called to answer this question vexed:
“ Define for us the contrary ways
Of football punts and low-tackle plays.”
To this question difficult gave she reply,
“ *You* may know the answer to this; not I.”
“ Failure; zero!” the examiner said,
And the poor examinee hung her head.

Now Dr. Winslow, who never says “ fail,”
Came forth with courage to meet his test.
One sees in his eye that he thinks this a jest,
And never a whit does his face turn pale.
The voice of the judge is deep and severe
As she states: “ Good sir, your paper is here,
Marked ‘ Not accepted ’ across the top.
You never could take sixty girls to shop.
Of words, by the way, you’ve but nine
 ninety-six,
When a round full thousand of you were
 required;
And you lack half an inch of the margin
 desired.
Have the kindness, I pray, to correct and
 rewrite.
You may see me about it to-morrow night.”
“ Mademoiselle,” the clerk now cries.
“ *Oui, Oui, présente,*” a voice replies.
These words she hears as forth she goes
To stand there quaking from crown to toes,

“ Please to give the conjugation
Without the slightest hesitation—
From side to side, and up and down,
About and across, and round and round—
Of the German verb ‘ murren.’ ”
As in scorn she makes reply,
With an air of “ Do or die,”
“ *En français, s’il vous plait, sire ;
Je ne vous comprende pas.*” Here
Rose a clamor from the throng.
“ Failure! Let her move along!”

Others questions hard and deep
Had to ponder, had to keep
Silence oft, tho’ fain to say
What was asked of them that day.

Suddenly the clock struck two;
Clangor rang the courtroom thro’;
Filed the judges from the hall,
Fat and thin, and short and tall;
Surged the throng of listeners out,
Noisily, with song and shout.
Left alone those teachers were,
Far too frightened for to stir.
“ Have we lost thro’ failures sad
All the footing that we had? ”
Murmured they with downcast looks;
Then betook them to their books.
After this, the legends say,
The girls had peace full many a day.

A. W.

The ALLERLEI

Specimens of Wisdom Recorded on Cooking Papers

NINE O'CLOCK JELLY

Take anywhere from 50 to 140 girls. A proportionate amount of pent-up
One quart of daring. noise.
One ounce desire for filling water Four pounds strike sugar.
pitchers.

Mix rapidly, stirring constantly as the various ingredients are added. It is done when it boils over at the 9.10 bell. Fill the glasses and set away till morning to cool. When congealed, if directions have been strictly followed, the jelly will look like a kaleidoscopic picture of the rainbow.

RECIPE FOR SUPE (Senior Paper)

One cup willingness. One cup forethought.
Three-eighths cup cheerfulness. Two level tablespoonfuls of desire to please.

A pinch of liking for work. Mix abstract qualities, stir well ; add rest of ingredients slowly. Keep on hand constantly, use freely.

RECIPE FOR SUPE (Junior Paper)

One cup endurance. One-half cup abnormal strength.
Two ounces staying power. One level tablespoonful grit.

Mix ingredients well together. Season frequently with dashes of flowers from Senior, and let rest for long periods between times of using. Serve sparingly, as an overdose might ruin the constitution. Handle with care.

POST-OFFICE JAM

One quart expectancy. One quart eagerness.
One-half pound wishes. One pint impatience.
One hundred and forty girls. One tablespoonful watchfulness.
A dash of hope and one of despair.

Mix the girls and other ingredients in a limited section of a long hall. Cook all together slowly for a half hour, sweeten with one pound of Mabel's-smiles and flavor with three tablespoonfuls of cheque from home. To be served hot, under cover of lamp by the bell.

Z. R. B.

As Others See Us



- M. ANDR-WS : "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."
E. ANSH-TZ : "Oh, rare the head-piece!"
E. ANTH-NY : "Neat, not gaudy."
E. ARG-- : "Kindness has resistless charms."
G. ATW-LL : "Shut up in measureless content."
W. ATW-LL : "Her smile is like the summer sunset."
B. B-C-N : "Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasy."
P. B-T-S : "A modest manner befits a maid."
A. B-N : "A life retired is well inspired."
R. B-NF-RD : "All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."
M. BL-CKM-N : "Thy smile engendereth love."
Z. BL-CKB-RN : "Her sunny locks
Hang on her temple like a golden fleece."
F. BR-GD-N : "Brave, not romantic; learned, not pedantic;
Frolic and *frantic*—this must be she."
F. BR--KF--LD : "None but herself can be her parallel."
J. BRYC- : "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
R. B-TT-RF--LD : "Free from flutterings of loud mirth that scorneth measure."
S. C-LDW-LL : "Humility is eldest born of virtue."
E. C-MPB-LL : "She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought."
H. C-R-Y : "Quick and fine witted."
H. E. C-RT-R : "'Tis thine to keep forever fresh and glad!"
H. F. C-RT-R : "Delight, enthusiasm, content!"
M. CL-RK : "All will spy in thy face
A blushing, womanly discovering grace."
R. CL-R- : "A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!"
M. C-GSW LL : "Her charity almost became excess."
F. C-RB-N : "We love the playtimes of our early days."

T b e A L L E R L E I

- E. CH-DS-Y : "Lived in the saddle."
L. D-L- : "A lute beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command."
C. D-NF-RTH : "In all the pride of blushing youth."
H. D-RL-NG : "'Tis remarkable that they talk most who have the least
to say."
M. D-RR--GH : "Her voice was deep, was low, like thunder afar off."
W. D-M-NG : "Her modest looks the cottage might adorn."
M. D-DG- : "Tho' learned, well bred; and tho' well bred, sincere."
M. D--GL-SS : "I had no fears—not one."
C. E-T-N : "One broad, substantial smile."
H. F--RB-NKS : "As silent as the pictures on the wall."
M. FR-D-R-CK : "I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions to start
into her face."
G. F-LL-R : "Small, but oh, pshaw!"
C. F-NK- : "Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry!"
S. G-LL-P : "I never saw anybody so particular in all my life!"
L. G-RL-CK : "Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed."
J. G-R-N : "Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which a merry song I'll write."
G. GR-H-M : "Look, with what courteous action."
L. GR-N-W-LD : "I would beguile the tedious day with sleep."
M. G-RD-N : "People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and
always so when a little in love."
B. H-RB-R : "Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose."
E. H-RB-R : "The gentleness of all the gods go with you."
I. H-RB-R : "We laugh but little in our days, but are we less frivolous?"
H. H-RB-N- : "Experience had made her sage."
N. H-RT : "Toil unsevered from tranquility."
M. H-SK-LL : "The pen is mightier than the sword."
L. H-Y-S : "What is the use of so much talking?"
M. H-ND-RS-N : "Still waters flow deep."
E. H-LL : "A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."
M. H-DG-NS : "A daughter of the regiment."
A. H-TCHK-SS : "So young, so fair, so good" (?).
E. INGL-H-RT : "Brevity is the soul of wit."
H. J-CKS-N : "At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me."

T h e A L L E R L E I

- B. J-HNS-N : "That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet."
- M. J-HNST-N : "O happy creature!"
- I. J-N-S : "Speaking in deeds."
- M. K-NN-DY : "A most gentle maid."
- N. KR--S- : "She spread around that silent spell
That made all people love her well."
- M. L-MB-RN : "Her pencil was striking, resistless and grand."
- M. L--R-NS : "Wise in her daily words was she."
- G. L-V-R : "Fresh as a flower."
- E. L-TTL-F--LD : "Love in that gentle heart is quickly and richly learned."
- E. L-NG-N- : "A mind not to be changed by place or time."
- L. L-THR-P- : "So unaffected, so composed of mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so refined."
- A. M-CK : "No woman's heart so big, to hold so much."
- R. M-RST-N : "Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."
- E. M-TTH-WS : "For she was timid as a wintry flower."
- C. M-TTL-GE : "The only scientific thing to do with money is to spend it."
- M. McC-R- : "For I am nothing if not critical."
- F. McK--Z-E : "A gentle, soft, engaging air."
- E. M-R- : "Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
- L. M-L-R : "Her statue tall,—I hate a dumpy woman."
- L. M-R--LL : "In simple manners all the secret lies."
- M. N-L--N. "Courage never to submit or yield."
- E. P-TT-RS-N : "Hast thou beheld the deep, glad eyes of one who has
persisted and achieved?"
- C. P-N--M-N : "Thy voice is a celestial melody."
- M. P-TT-R : "A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet."
- B. PR-C- : "Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."
- E. R-B-RTS-N : "Ne in her speech, *ne* in her behavior ;
Was lightness seen, or looser gravity,
But gracious womanhood."
- E. R-g-r- : "As good as a comedy."
- G. R-M-NS : "Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
Some sovereign comforts drawn from common sense."
- G. R-W- : "There ; my blessing with thee."
- H. R-Y-E : "She'll suit her bearing to the hour,—
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach."

T h e A L L E R L E I

- D. S-LZ-N-TE-N : "For she is wise, if I can judge of her."
M. S-WY-R : "Hail, social life ! Into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come to pay the common stock."
E. SCH--P- : "My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep."
G. S-H-O-S : "There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead."
L. S-M-NS : "Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud."
B. SL-IC-ER : "Brevity is very good."
A. S-O- : "How dear to my heart
Are the scenes of my childhood."
E. S-L-M-N : "Thy actions to thy words accord."
M. ST--L : "So fair, so fresh, so youthful, and so rosy."
M. STR-I-T : "I chatter, chatter, as I go."
F. S--O-G : "The eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks."
S. S--O-- : "A maiden modest, yet self-possessed."
E. T-A--R : "A something so shy, it would shame it to make it a show."
C. TH-A-L- : "Of gentle manner."
L. TH-M-S : "None knew her but to love her."
E. TH-R-T-N : "Little at first, but mighty at the last."
A. T-M-K-NS : "With smiles like those of summer."
D. T-R--R : "True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."
B. V-L : "If she will, she will, you may depend on it ;
If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it."
A. V-C--RY : "To know her is to love her."
K. W-S-B-RN : "If thou would'st view fair Melrose right,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."
L. W-AV-R : "We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."
E. W-ST : "Neat, but not finical ; sage, but not cynical."
L. WH-T- : "Thou art pale in mighty studies grown."
M. W-L-E-T : "Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear ;
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name."
M. W-L-ON : "She keeps her temper'd mind serene and pure."
A. W-OD-OR-H : "Her face ! O call it fair, not pale."
A. WR-G-T : "A few strong instincts and a few strong rules."
A. W-L-E : "Within her look a blessing beamed."

The ALLERLEI

And his hopes were mounting
to the sky.

He went to ask her for her hand,
Resolved to do or die ;
She smiled on him quite frequently,

I.

II.

But afterwards he felt humil-
iation mixed with pain ;
He'd been refused, his heart was bruised,

And his hopes were dashed to
earth again.

A DI-DAC-TIC DIS-COURSE, DI-RECT-ED TO OUR
YOUN-GER READ-ERS, ON THE AD-VAN-TA-
GES TO BE DE-RIV-ED FROM AN ED-U-CA-
TION AT LA-SELL.

Lit-tle girls, lis-ten, and you shall see why you must go to La-sell when you are old e-nough. If you grow old e-nough, but are not tall e-nough, per-haps you can wear huge hair rib-bons and make your-self look tall-er. You shall hear the sto-ry of Bes-sie, and learn how use-ful her train-ing at La-sell was af-ter she left school.

One night dur-ing the sum-mer, just af-ter Bes-sie's school-days, she went out row-ing with a young man whom her mam-ma thought was el-i-gi-ble. You do not know what this word means, lit-tle girls, but per-haps you will some day. This man want-ed to mar-ry Bes-sie, al-though she did not like him and did not pro-pose to let him pro-pose. But he plan-ned to up-set the row-boat, save Bes-sie with a great show of cour-age, and see if that would not help some-what. But when he tip-ped the boat o-ver Bes-sie cunning-ly cried, "Come on; let's race to the shore!" And swim-ming her ver-y best, as she had been taught at La-sell, she reach-ed land ten minutes be-fore the young man did. This made him wea-ry — in well-do-ing, and he troub-led Bes-sie no more.

One night when Bes-sie's fath-er was a-way from home and her moth-er ill, she heard burg-lars in the house. There were no re-vol-vers hand-y, but with-out a sin-gle scream, Bes-sie crept up be-hind the two men, who were both strong, stout, six-foot-ers, push-ed them in-to a corn-er and held them there while her lit-tle broth-er tel-e-phon-ed for the po-lice. They squirm-ed and wrig-

gled, but could not get a-way, for Bes-sie's gym. work had rendered her so mus-cu-lar and so dex-ter-ous that they were no match for her.

Once Bes-sie's lit-tle broth-er be-came ill when the fam-i-ly were in the coun-try, where there was no doc-tor with-in less than ten miles ; no, nor with-in quite a lit-tle more than ten miles either. Bes-sie came no-bly to the res-cue. She drop-ped a sweet smile in-to a glass of wa-ter, stir-red it un-til well mix-ed, and gave it to lit-tle bro-ther in cau-ti-ous do-ses. He be-gan to feel bet-ter at once, and a doc-tor af-ter-wards said that Bes-sie's med-i-cine was the on-ly thing that sav-ed his life. This meth-od of treat-ing ail-ments with cheer-ful-ness she learned from Miss Nutt.

Bes-sie was at a re-cep-tion one e-ven-ing, when a man was in-tro-duced to her. He put out his hand, but Bes-sie, who knew bet-ter, mere-ly look-ed out of the win-dow shade and re-mark-ed that it was a pleas-ant rain af-ter the show-er. At La-sell one learns to be-have with great de-co-rum.

Soon af-ter Bes-sie had left La-sell, her fath-er and moth-er took her a-broad. Hav-ing learn-ed French at La-sell, she was a-ble to ask for-eign-ers, "*Par-lez vous Chin-ois ?*" as nat-ur-al-ly as a na-tive. Thus her rep-u-ta-tion for wit be-came es-tab-lish-ed.

On the trip home Bes-sie thought that the ship's of-fi-cers took too much pride in their gor-ge-ous un-i-forms. So one night she wore her old drill suit to din-ner. The of-fi-cers, a-bash-ed and o-ver-come by the beau-ty and sim-ple el-e-gance of the cos-tume, were so much hu-mil-i-ated that they e-ver af-ter-wards ap-pear-ed in civ-il-ian's dress.

On this voy-age Bes-sie and her fam-i-ly were ship-wreck-ed and cast a-shore on a des-ert is-land. Here Bes-sie was ver-y use-ful as chief chef. Since she had firm-ly grasp-ed the rule for white sauce, she con-coct-ed de-li-ci-ous fish chow-ders with the fish her fath-er caught, and would have been a-ble to make ap-ples in bloom

T h e A L L E R L E I

had there been a-ny ap-ples on the is-land. Her sponge cake was not a great suc-cess be-cause she did not know the dif-fer-ence be-tween so-da and bak-ing pow-der, and al-ways for-got what it was a-bout the but-ter that was so im-por-tant. But these, my dear chil-dren, are tri-fles.

Af-ter they had lived on the is-land for near-ly a month, they saw one day a ship sail-ing past. Bes-sie's fath-er shout-ed to the peo-ple on it and her moth-er scream-ed for aid, but those on board ship only thought the can-ni-bals were a-mus-ing them-selves. Fi-nal-ly Bes-sie had a bright i-dea. Joy-ful-ly she lift-ed up her voice and sang, "Ho-e-la." Then the peo-ple on the ship de-ci-ded that some-thing real-ly must be wrong, so they made for the is-land to find out what the trou-ble was. Then Bes-sie and her fath-er and moth-er went on board the ship, which took them safe-ly home, where they all lived hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter.

Now, lit-tle girls, you see how use-ful, as well as or-na-men-tal, was Bes-sie's train-ing at La-sell. I am sure you will want to go to La-sell, too, and learn all these nice things, will you not?

S. F. B.



The ALLERLEI

Auburndale Flashlight, April 8, 1904.

SOCIETY NEWS

Brilliant Function Postponed!

An elaborate breakfast which was to have been given yesterday morning by the Senior Class of Lasell Seminary, was unfortunately prevented by an unforeseen catastrophe. During the previous evening it was discovered, much to the chagrin of the hostesses, that burglars had broken into the homes of some of the most prominent guests and had abstracted the exquisite toilettes prepared for the momentous occasion. The sumptuous banquet was indefinitely postponed, to the great regret and disappointment of the would-be participants.

Auburndale Flashlight, April 9, 1904.

SOCIETY RE-AWAKENS

Post-Lenten Activity in Social Circles

The Junior Class of Lasell Seminary were entertained at a charming dinner last evening in the dining room of the Seminary. The guests, seated at one long table, were all becomingly gowned in dainty white, with fetching white sunbonnets. The table was decorated in gold and white, the class colors, and the cakes and ices also conformed to this color scheme. Covers were laid for twenty. This dinner was undoubtedly the most brilliant and noteworthy event of the season in society.



ARRAIGNMENT OF THE RISING GONG

How far, O Rising Gong, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou raise the echoes in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy noisy clapper? Art thou nothing daunted by the night watchman, posted to secure silence in the night? Nothing by the red lights? Nothing by the dismay of all sensible girls? Nothing by the Faculty assembled in their meeting place? Nothing by the pitiful groans of all here present?

Seest thou not that thy noise is disliked? That thy wretched clanging is abhorrent to the feelings of every girl here in the school?

Oh, the time! The early morning time! The Faculty understand all this; the Principal sees it; and yet the bell rings. Rings! Aye, truly, and awakes us from our sleep; presumes to interrupt our dreams; and with its discordant clangor marks out each one of us for its victim.

Long since, O Instrument of Torture, ought the Principal to have ordered thee to banishment. But thou shalt ring on, so feared, so dreaded, so hated by the wrathful victims thou hast disturbed, that thy life will be menaced by the threats of angry enemies forever.

Do You Know

How to hold your horses ?
How to get an excuse from church ?
That creepy feeling when the red lights are on ?
Just how to wake the solar plexus ?
Why Margaret Henderson is so quiet ?
How short our French lessons are ?
Those Junior hats ?
Where the Juniors hide caps and gowns ?
How Izzy is ?
Lizzie-To-Boom ?

Have You Heard

About ruffles, frills and guimpes ?
Who have the best " supes " in school ?
Who put the Seniors out of their class meeting ?
How many girls care for writing essays ?
Where the H₂Q is kept ?
Jo Holmes mention the postage rates from Auburndale to Bermuda ?
Of a time when Julia wasn't " engaged ?"
The cow bell of Room 4 ?
Of our Teddy ?
Of Syre and Tidon ?

Can You Guess

What there is Helen Royse can't do ?

Who gives the cat-call ?

How lame a girl ought to be to need crutches ?

How Laura Simons and Blanche Harber get to town so often ?

What time Miss Potter retires ?

Why the Juniors cured their spring fever by writing poetry ?

Who has attained the accomplishment which delights young America at the age of seven ?

Where Belle Johnson goes every Saturday evening ?

Who threw violets at Jaques ?

How much money the Woolloomooloo Sisters took in at their circus ?

Who sometimes says, "Don't all speak at once, please, as it might cause confusion ?"

What caused the Seniors to postpone taking their table ?

Why "Lizzie" Harber knocks on the door before entering French class ?

Sup—Did you know Hanna was dead ?

Brilliant Senior—Hannah who ?

Junior (at the store)—Maud, have the Bible symphonies for the Junior Bible Class come yet ?

Dr. Watkins (in Civil Government Class, weary of joking)—Let's give up the side shows and get back to the main tent.

Latin Student (translating Livy)—And a cow also mounted to the third story of his own accord.

Teacher (in Bible Class)—So Herod cut off John's head, and that was the end of John the Baptist.

Mathematics Applied at Casell

AXIOMS

N. B. An axiom is a truth which is assumed without proof as being self-evident.

1. A bee line is the shortest distance between a midnight stroller and a refuge.
2. If lectures be added to lessons, the results will be failures.
3. Girls having the same strike are hostile to each other.
4. If breaking operations be performed upon rules, the results will be prolonged faculty meetings.

PROBLEMS

1. If Ivy is three feet tall, how high are Agnes Kellar's collars ?
2. If the average grip of the Juniors is 15, how many of them does it take to force the Seniors out of their class meeting ?
3. If A starts from Room 62, walking at the rate of 3 miles a minute, and B starts from Room 5 at the same moment, walking at the rate of 2 miles a minute, at what point will they meet ?
4. If a girl can stretch her arm till it is a yard long, how far can mind reach ?
5. $A + B = \text{happiness}$; $A - B = \text{misery}$.
Hyp. Let $A = \text{Alcine}$; $B = \text{Elsa}$.
6. If black ribbon is 5 inches wide, how many square feet are there in Mildred's hair ribbons ?
7. If Violets are \$1 per 100, how large are Edith Anthony's florist's bills ?

“ Siberia, that land once so desecrated, is now rapidly becoming populated.”

“ The Old Testament consists of the Pentateuch, the historical books, the poetical books, and the major and minor profits.”

The ALLERLIE

Hearing that some of the girls find it difficult to choose subjects for their essays, the Allerlie Board venture to make a few suggestions to them. They wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Meade's "Practical Composition and Rhetoric," from which most of the suggestions are taken.

How can one form a habit of study?—BLANCHE HARBER.

The value of geography in the study of history.—MISS CARPENTER.

Some excuses for using slang.—MAREE DARROUGH.

To what extent should a student read magazines?—MARIE ANDREWS.

A study of a handful of snow.—AVA.

Sunday as a day of rest.—LUCILE ZELLER.

Trials of a book agent.—EDNA AND MARY.

Coin collecting.—GRACE HARDY.

Hints on household decoration.—RUTH BINFORD.

How to prepare for an examination.—LAURA WEAVER.

Our chapel, inside and outside (descriptive).—ELSIE ANSHUTZ.

What I know about bows and beaux.—BELLE JOHNSON.

How I tried to raise bees (B's).—JENNIE HAMILTON.

Synonyms

ESSAY	Oh, horrors!
COOKING A	Flunk
EDNA ROGERS	Facetiousness
INA HARBER	Unconscious humor
OUR RECEPTIONS	Lessons in "Manners and Social Usages"
MILDRED	Sunshine
SENIOR	Egotist
CORINNE RICHTER	Elocution
ALCINE	Elsa
POSTER AUCTION	Enthusiastic bidding
GRAMMAR DAYS IN FRENCH CLASS	Grief
PRISSY MATTLAGE	"Striker"

The ALLERLEI



The H. T. Society

MEMBERS

KATHARINE JENCKES	ADELE WOODWORTH
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AIMEE MACK	GERTRUDE SCHLOSS
BERTHA SLEICHER	AVA SNOW
NELLIE KRAUSE	EDNA CHEDSEY
MARJORIE BLACKMAN	FRANCES BRAGDON

Casell Directory

Name	Can be Found
ALICE STAHL	In hall center
"SCHLAPPIE"	In the library
MARY DODGE	In No. 19
"TOMMY TOMPKINS"	Printing pictures
GRACE LEVOR	In No. 18
"JAY" BRYCE	Making faces
HELEN "DARLING"	In No. 40
GLADYS PATTERSON	Practicing in the lecture room
"IDIOT" }	Nutting
EDITH HILL }	
MARIE COGSWELL	In front of the mail boxes
MISS POTTER	Everywhere
"JULE" GERIN	Playing "Navajo"
ETTA FORREST	Entertaining callers
"PRISSY" MATTLAGE	In No. 67
PEARL BATES	Together
HAZEL CAREY }	
HELEN F. CARTER }	
MAUDE KENNEDY }	
"LIZZIE" HARBER	In No. 44
MIRIAM NELSON	Trying to get ads.

The ALLERLEI



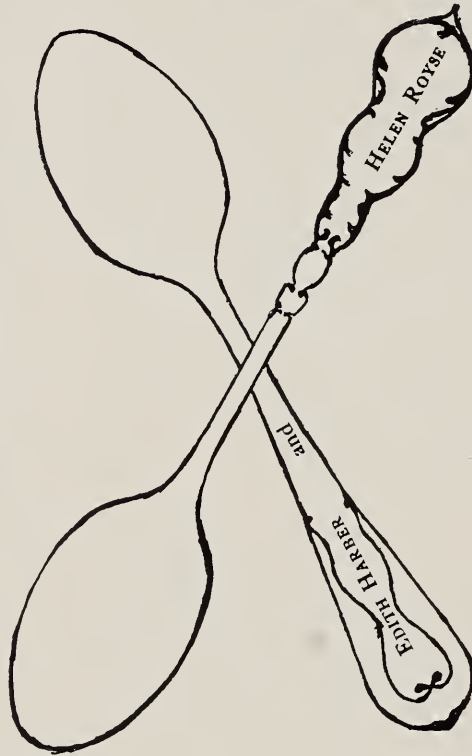
A faithful representation of the brilliant scene in the Gymnasium, on the evening of December 5, 1903, during the circus given by the Woolloomooloo Sisters.

Souvenir Spoons



KATHIE and her voice
DOUGLAS and JOHNSTON
WEST and WILLETT

CORBIN and STAHL
The trio
GRUNEWALD and COBB
SOLOMON and MATTLAGE



CLOSE and ANTHONY
HODGINS, SCHLOSS and WELLS
TOMPKINS and MATTLAGE
BLACKBURN and DANFORTH

CLOSE and CLOSE
MATTHEWS and MCCART
COGSWELL and JENCKES
CORBIN and PATTERSON

Lasell Limericks

There is a young lady named Royse,
Who is always exceedingly joyse ;
 A favorite with teachers,
 And all sorts of creatures,
And very much liked by the boyse.

We all know a girl named Adele ;
She's very well known at Lasèlle ;
 When this charming girl
 Whirls society's whirl,
She surely will be quite a bèle.

Miss Patterson G. has a voice
Which we think decidedly choice ;
 We all love to hear
 This voice sweet and clear,
And in chances to hear it rejoice.

Edna's a humorous creature ;
Joking is her leading feature.
 “ I haven't my lesson ;
 I'm only just guessin',
And leaving the rest to the teature.”

The self-satisfied girls of '04
Once grew exceedingly sore ;
 Put out of their meeting,
 After conflict quite heating,
They considered the Juniors a “ bore.”

The ALLERLEI

Worn to Shadows

You saw the Junior Board before,
In festal glad array ;
And now you see their likenesses,
As they look another way.

They've worked hard now for many a moon,
How hard they only know ;
Till now they're only shadows dim,—
Labor has made them so.

From early morn till late at night,
Contracted brows they've bent
Over those puzzling tasks of theirs,
Upon success intent.

Lists of classes (tedious task),
Was one of our first duties ;
The Juniors have their pictures, too,—
Quite a group of beauties.

Organizations, not a few,
Next claimed our attention ;
And to the happenings of the year,
We gave some little mention.

Then bits of English prose and verse,
Such as we've learned to write ;
Samples of humor and of wit,
Cuts that we hope don't bite.

All credit to the faithful
Who've pursued the slippery ad.,
And chased th' elusive object
Till well nigh driven mad.

Now from our arduous labors
We're glad to be set free ;
And of our toil unceasing,
The consummation see.

The artists nobly striving,
(Their efforts are on view),
And editors, all anxiously,
Verdict await from you.

We hope that all who read the book,
Both now and by and by,
Will interest and amusement find
In the naught-five Allerlei.



The ALLERLEI

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