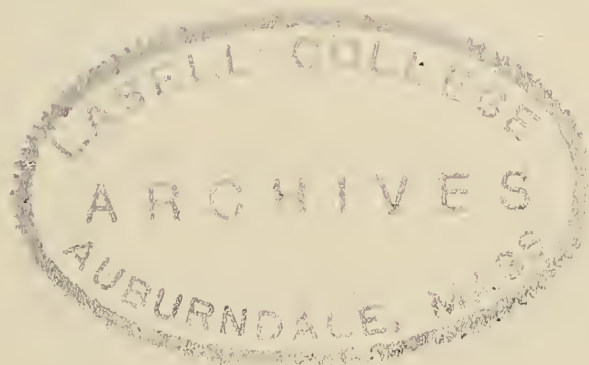
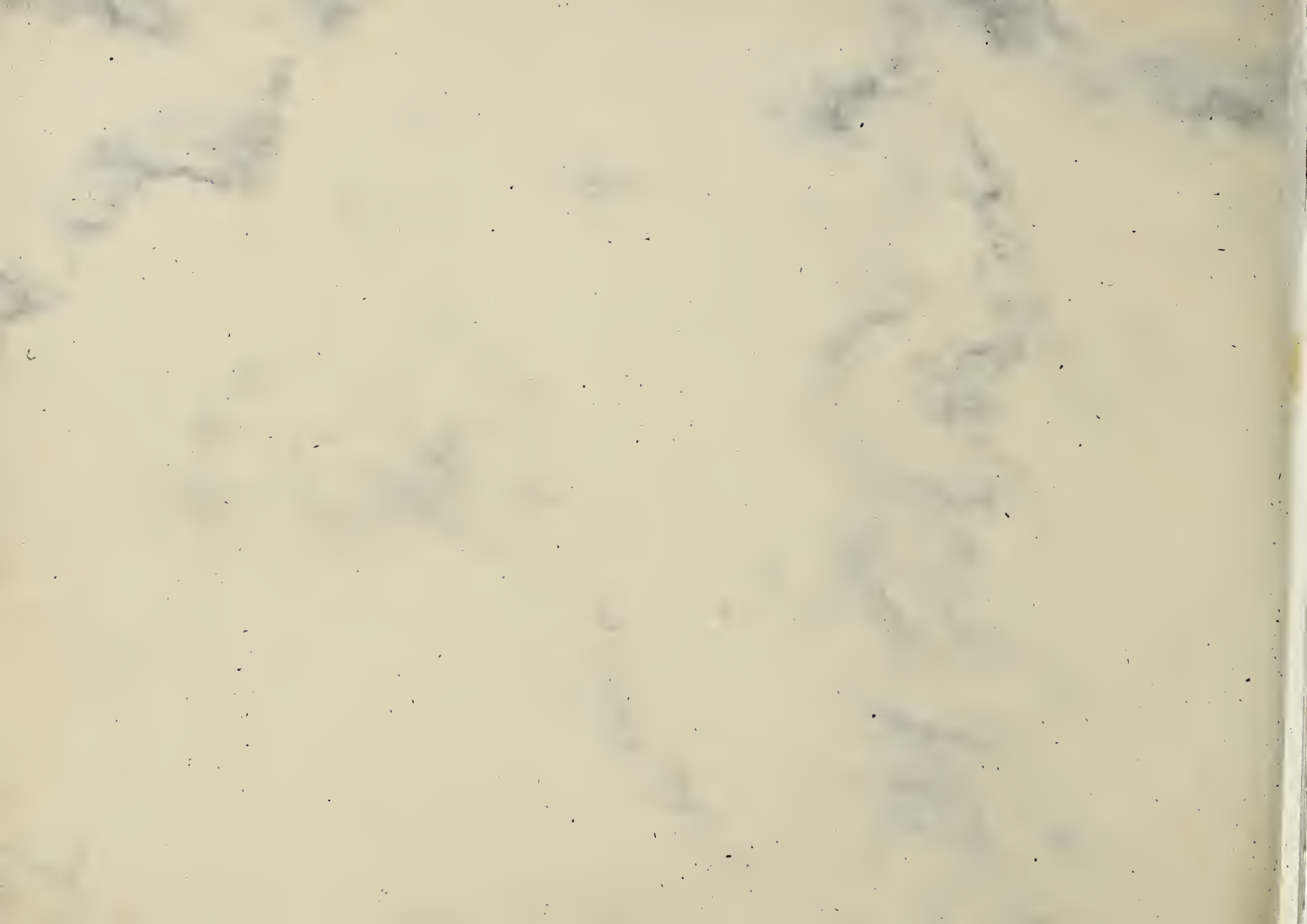



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Preface

HE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1911 herewith presents to the school at large its edition of *The Allerlei*. Our aim has been to make this volume suggestive of our school life, especially its happy side. That it may be full of interest to one and all is the sincere wish of those who have sent it forth.

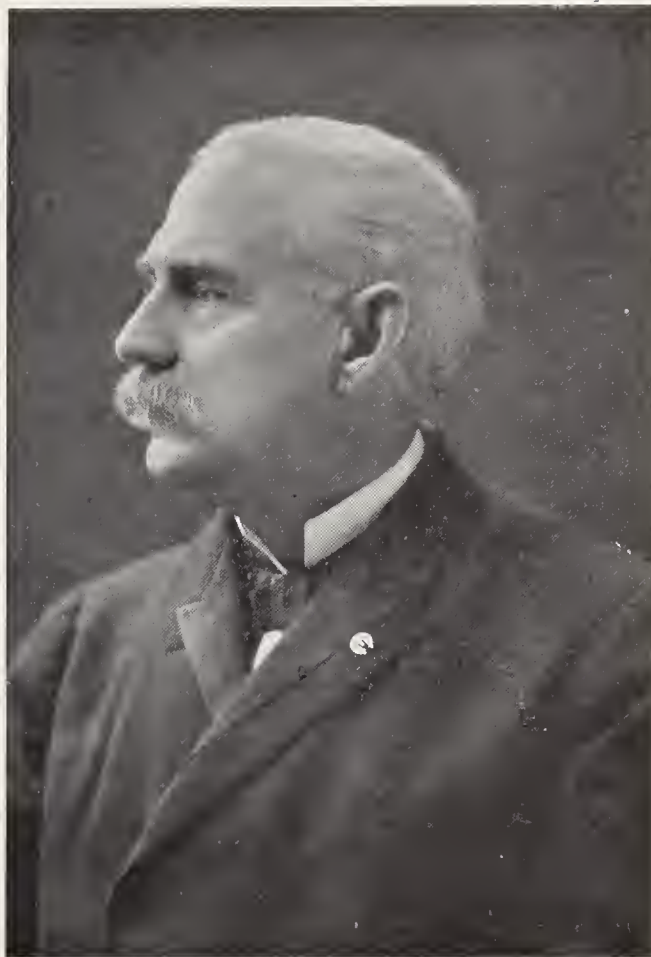
We most heartily thank each one who has aided so generously in the preparation of this book.



GUY M. WINSLOW

With glad hearts, we dedicate this book to our Principal. His ideals are high, his mind strong and alert, his manner gentle and kind, his leadership inspiring.

We pledge to him our faithful support, and through *The Allerlei* hope to make "Lasellites" everywhere his true allies.



Francis E. Clark

Honorary Member Class 1911



MARJORIE WINSLOW
The youngest Lasell girl



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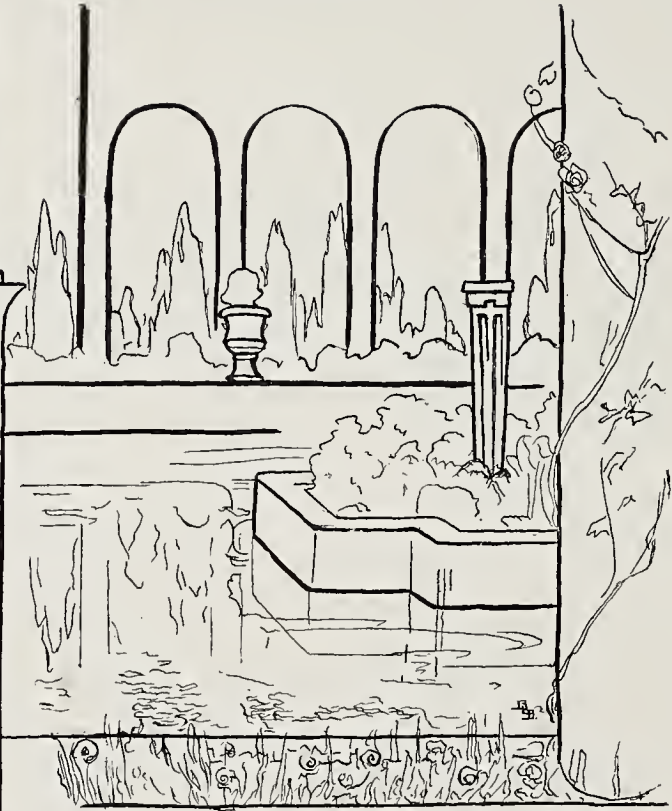
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JULIA TER KUILE	Yell Master



LUCY A. ALDRICH,
FLINT, MICH.

"Neil says." "Fawncy now!"

Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior Class, Glee Club. For some reason or other Lucy's room seems to have an over-supply of Exeter banners. She has in many ways the ability of the bee, and can squelch while you wait.

Sup: MAY MARTINCOURT.

"Oh, you funny little woman!"

"Pat." She didn't wait long to decide that Lasell is the right place. She started in her freshman year and has since kept up with the class of 1910.

Sup: KATHERINE PELLETT.



AMY F. BRANNAN,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"Ollie." She spends the day very often in the library searching the various reference books and encyclopedias in order to improve her already learned mind. She was never heard to laugh out loud but seems to prefer chuckling.

Sup: RUTH BUTTERWORTH.



OLIVE F. BATES,
HANOVER, MASS.



REVA L. BERMAN,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

"Skeeter." "Looky!"

"Reve." President Dramatic Club, Canoe Club, Captain Company D. "Reve" is a good-natured old "scout" but she surely can argue. She has a sunny exterior, but often a storm rages within when the world at large is unconscious of it. "Make a passageway, girls," often resounds through the hall and every one is aware that "Reve" is on the way.

Supc: NINA DIETZ.



MATTIE NELL CARNEAL,
RICHMOND, VA.

"Makes me so ma-ad!"

"Nell." Dramatic Club. Nell doesn't believe in coming to breakfast before grace is said. She electrifies her friends every mail time with a huge bunch of epistles from long-lost cousins.

Supc: GLADYS LAWTON.



JULIA E. CRAFTS,
GREENVILLE, ME.

Julia is one of those people, few and far between, who wisely say little about themselves. She is a girl that Lasell is proud to claim.

Supc: MARIE HIBBING.

"Something fierce."

"Jule." Dramatic Club. We advise you, "Jule," to learn to darn; Gladys will not be there to darn his socks, you know. Julia is strong for Geta Psi and for French.

Supc: KATHERINE KELLY.



JULIA DE WITT,
NEWARK, N. J.



MARGHERITA DIKE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Muggins." Canoe Club. Margherita likes to indulge in spicy expressions and is extremely fond of other people's clothes. She has enjoyed very much her two vacations spent in New York, also her friend's cousin.

Sup: ALMA DUMN.

"Oh, Cal!"

"Milg." President Senior Class, President of Leaves, Canoe Club, Adjutant. She is always needed to bring the tumultuous through to order. "Milg" we hope that your position in drill will enable you to understand your helpmate's words of command, such as "Present arms!" "Fall in!"

Sup: AMIE WESSEL.



MILDRED V. GOODALL,
SANFORD, ME.



MARY A. GALLAHER,
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

"Gee Pete!"

Stage Manager Dramatic Club, Captain Company A. Mary is entirely too dignified to acquire a nickname. It is a case with Mary that "She who knows and knows that she knows is a wise woman."

Sup: BETH BRANDON.

"Pergy." Treasurer Senior Class, Glee Club. Marion's gentle voice is heard above the multitude at various times, but that same volume of voice might come in handy behind the footlights. Why not, Marion?

Sup: GLADYS DUDLEY.



MARION L. HALE,
SO. GLASTONBURY, CONN.



MARTHA R. HAZELET,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

"Morning, Lena!"

"Murphy." Secretary Senior Class, Dramatic Club, Canoe Club. "Murph" is one of Lassell's most popular girls. Every one loves her, even Diek-a-Deen. She certainly will make a fine chaperone next year.

Supc: MARION ORDWAY.



JULIA B. HAMILTON,
GREAT FALLS, MONT.

"Fussed to tears."

"Judie." Glee Club. "Judie" is loved by all who know her, and is every one's friend. She is lots of fun, and although she appears to be a saintly creature she is up for anything.

Supc: HELEN SAYRE.



HELEN B. HOOD,
PALM BEACH, FLA.

"Gee Whizz!"

Dramatic Club. Helen surely carries out the old adage: "Appearances are often deceitful." The halo she wears in public is often laid aside. Her favorite study is English which occupies her time into the wee small hours of the morning.

Supc: DORIS POWERS.



DOROTHY A. JONES,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

"Ding it!"

"Dot." She is the proud possessor of a "perfectly good" brother in the army—also numerous cousins. "Dot" spends much time in industriously searching periodicals for anti-fat adds.

Supc: HELEN THIRKIELD.



RUTH M. KELSEY,
STERLING, COLO.

"Where's Florence?"
"In a minute."

"Kelsey." Business Manager Dramatic Club. Ruth is very original and has an unlimited supply of schemes. She also has a peculiar fondness for room 28; why?

Sup: GEORGIA BOSWELL.

"See!"

Canoe Club, Dramatic Club, Captain Company C. In this case it is an instance of good things coming in small packages. She believes in doing as "Charlie says," and when it comes to paying debts she is "Johnny on the spot." She favors University of Michigan.

Sup: GRACE HARVEY.



MARY S. LUMBARD,
OAK PARK, ILL.

"Your Granny."

"Mousse," "Fifi," "Jimmy." Canoe Club, Studio Club. This young lady with all of the nicknames loves noise, adores hubbub, idolizes uproar. We wish you would kindly question "Jimmy" as to her reason for remaining for Christmas in Auburndale when she had numerous invitations from all over the globe.

Sup: EDNA MACDONALD.

"Honest? Really?"

"Bright Eyes." Canoe Club. When Irma's soothing voice is heard every one sits up. She is lovable, charming, amiable, winning and admirable. Irma wishes she could have been a man so that she could enter the navy as a "Brother officer." "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" was written especially for Irma.

Sup: HELEN LEVARS.



ELEANOR R. LAURENS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.



IRMA LEVI,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



INA M. McLEAN,
MILES CITY, MONT.

"Don't you know?"

"Tot." Major, Canoe Club. "Tot" could not be mistaken for a New Englander. She never tires telling of her experiences with horses "out on the ranch." But somehow she seems to like Jamestown, N. Y. For further particulars apply to Helen Scott.

Supe: ELISE TAGGART.

"Eh?" "Oh Zeus!"

"Pucky." Ella surely made a hit in the French play. Her ability as an "actor" can not be overestimated. "Pucky" has a special grievance against the hair net; why? Her particular hobby is cutting out yokes and sleeves. After Commencement she'll hang out her sign of "French Modiste."

Supe: MARION SHINN.



ELLA A. PUCHTA,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.



HANNAH E. PROCTOR,
MILLBURY, MASS.

"Han." Canoe Club. Hannah is an all-around favorite and every one likes her. If you ever hear any one saying anything against Hannah, you'll know there's something wrong with the speaker. Lasell will surely be sorry to lose her.

Supe: MARION DAVIS.

"You're funny!"

"Schneider." Vice-President Senior Class, President Glee Club, Studio Club. This much-traveled lady has a newly arrived brother who greatly excited the interest of Lasell last fall. "Our dog Schneider" has a sunny southern disposition and is loved by all "right much."

Supe: MARGARET JONES.



E. MILDRED SNYDER,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.



SUSAN STRYKER,
DULUTH, MINN.

"And I was so mad!"

"Susie." This demure young lady spends most of her working hours resting. When she is not in "48" she is sure to be found at Wellesley. For information regarding sudden Princeton strikes apply to her.

Supr: MARION JOSLIN.

"Girls, please pay attention."

"Turk." Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club, Class Yell Master. And she can yell, especially at the girls in Glee Club who manage to mistake E for E flat. "Turk" has a great deal of musical ability. She never uses slang.

Supr: EDITH PALMER.



JULIA M. TER KUILE,
MONTVALE, N. J.



CORNELIA STONE,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

"Corner stone." Our head missionary worker has such a marvelous vocabulary and is such a straightforward disciple of Webster that she never tires her listeners with one "pet" expression.

Supr: ALMA BENDIXEN.

"How weird!"

"Jo." Dramatic Club, Glee Club. "Jo" has a very happy temperament which brings to her a new strike every hour. She is a typical college girl and is very influential among her fellow students.

Supr: HELEN FRICK.



JOSEPHINE L. WOODWARD,
BROOKLINE, MASS.



Senior History

IN September of the year 1906 rumors of a coming war with a foreign nation were heard, so 1910 gathered recruits from all corners of the land at Fort Lasell, furnished them with arms, and drilled them incessantly, so that when the time came they would be able to render their faithful service to the mother country. For a year nothing came out of these rumors, and peace was yet reigning. But in 1907 the great nation of '08, seeing what an enterprising nation '10 was, and foreseeing its coming greatness, sought for an alliance with this nation. In order to do this a conference was held at Karandon and a treaty of peace drawn up between these two nations. The rest of this year passed by very pleasantly and uneventfully.

At the commencement of the next year this nation, convinced of its great literary talents and abilities, decided it would revive the custom of bringing forth a book of notable events, which was always of great interest to the other nations. But now the nation of "*Faculty*," which had hitherto remained in the background, stepped forth and laid a restraining hand upon this most enthusiastic nation; but so convinced were they of their capabilities that they soon

won their point by a compromise. Many dreary conditions were imposed, but these seemingly insurmountable barriers were soon gotten rid of and towards the end of May these volumes appeared, bound in blue and gold, the colors of the nation.

In the spring of the year 1909, one balmy evening there was great excitement in and about Fort Deer House. Nations '09 and '11, armed with pails of water, were guarding the Fort, for some '11er having seen a perfectly innocent '10er strolling around in this vicinity had immediately started the rumor that the '10's were going to lay siege and burn up the Fort. In order to reassure them, the '10's paraded before the Fort unarmed and then quietly went into barracks.

In the fall of the following year this nation of '10 had greatly increased its population and also had annexed new territory, that of Pickard House, and another most important acquisition was that of Crows' Nest. On December 17 all dispersed and visited foreign nations until January 9, when all returned and now are working hard and looking forward to the time when they will be annexed to that great nation, the World.

Senior's Vodel

O-o-e-la-dan, e-la-den, e-la-den,
O-o-e-la-den, e-la-den 1910.

Senior Song

Tune—"Tulane"

Through all the different years, 1910 has stood the test,
And she needs no clarion praises to be ranked among
the best;
So instead of idly boasting of the glories she'll attain,
Let us all unite in toasting our class of 1910.
Now Seniors gathered here, unite in one great cheer,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hail! Alma Mater, to you, O glorious Lasell,
Faithful shall we be and true to you we love so well;
And when'er fleeting time drifts us all apart,
May we e'er be united, each heart to heart,
When rallied round the flag of 1910.

CHORUS

Let us all sing out pride three rousing cheers again.
Let us unfurl far and wide the flag of 1910;
Let us rally and show to the world just who
Are those who are wearing the gold and blue,
The colors of our 1910.



Officers (Junior)

MARION ORDWAY	<i>President</i>	GEORGIA BOSWELL	<i>Treasurer</i>
KATHERINE KELLY	<i>Vice-President</i>	GLADYS LAWTON	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
MARION JOSLIN	<i>Secretary</i>	EDNA MACDONALD	<i>Yell Master</i>

Junior Class

Motto—Aim for the Highest.

Colors—Black and Gold.

Flower—Pink and White Sweet Pea.

Honorary Member

FRANCIS E. CLARK

MEMBERS OF CLASS

ALMA BENDIXEN, Springfield, Minn.
 CHARLINE BILLINGTON, Pueblo, Colo.
 ELIZABETH BRANDOW, Albany, N. Y.
 GEORGIA BOSWELL, Coffeyville, Kans.
 VERA BRADLEY, Stonington, Conn.
 RUTH BUTTERWORTH, Marion, Ind.
 MARION DAVIS, Worcester, Mass.
 BARBARA DENNEN, Waltham, Mass.
 NINA DIETZ, Lincoln, Neb.
 GLADYS DUDLEY, Roxbury, Mass.
 ALMA DUMN, Reading, Penn.
 EDNA FELCH, Natick, Mass.
 HELEN FERRY, Pittsfield, Mass.
 HELEN FRICK, Milton, Penn.
 GRACE HARVEY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
 MARIE HIBBING, Duluth, Minn.
 MARGARET JONES, Evanston, Ill.
 MARION JOSLIN, St. Paul, Minn.
 EDNA KAUFFMAN, Reading, Penn.
 KATHLEEN KNIGHT, Brockton, Mass.
 KATHERINE KELLY, Springfield, Ohio.

GLADYS LAWTON, Sheffield, Ill.
 VIRGINIA LEE, Bayside, L. I., N. Y.
 HELEN LEWARS, So. Yarmouth, Mass.
 EDNA MACDONALD, Guanajuato, Mexico.
 CAROLINE MARSH, Pueblo, Colo.
 MAY MARTINCOURT, Butler, Penn.
 FRIEDA MAYER, Chicago, Ill.
 LOUISE MAYER, Chicago, Ill.
 MARION ORDWAY, Orleans, Vt.
 EDITH PALMER, Waterville, Me.
 JANE PARSONS, Troy, Penn.
 KATHERINE PELLET, Hamburg, N. J.
 DORIS POWERS, Portland, Me.
 JEANETTE RITTER, Allentown, Penn.
 MILDRED RENWICK, Ben Avon, Penn.
 MARION SHINN, Atlantic City, N. J.
 HELEN SAYRE, Flushing, Mich.
 FANNIE THOMAS, Lansford, Penn.
 HELEN THIRKIELD, Washington, D. C.
 ELISE TAGGART, Los Angeles, Cal.
 AMIE WESSEL, Chicago, Ill.



The Evolution of the Junior Class

IN the dawn of the Twentieth Century, Father Culture, since modern society was deteriorating in its tastes, decided to serve to the world, in his customary centennial banquet, a rare dessert, notable, memorable. Its preparation he entrusted to Dame Enlightenment, who at once set out to find suitable ingredients.

Not, however, until the fall of 1907, did she discover in Auburndale, Massachusetts, the requisites for the concoction of the delicacy. Selecting ten choice and well-assorted rosebuds, combining all the qualities

demanding by the appetizing dainty in question, she put them into her Concentration mixing-bowl and added to them five tablespoonfuls each of Ambition, Enterprise and Perseverance; quickly stirred these together with a Sophomore spoon, added a well-beaten Constitution, and set the whole a-simmering over a slow fire in the Lasell Range. Then began the cooking—a long, slow and exceedingly delicate process, in the course of which occurred an accident or two, which her skill kept from proving fatal to the dish; for instance, on the addition of a teaspoonful of Essence

of Metaphor and Simile, the kettle immediately and resentfully boiled over, some of the mixture unfortunately spilling into the Preparatory saucepan which bubbled joyously and vociferously thereupon.

When the mixture had simmered a year, taking it from the fire, she drained off all superfluous juice, lest the buds become over-soft, doubled the respective amounts of the condiments first added, quickened the fire with her Daring poker, put on more fuel, and set the saucepan back to cook further. Now the contents began to boil merrily, and for the first time showed promising signs. Fumes of Originality began to issue thence and mingle appetizingly with the Friendship odors which came steamingly from the Senior pudding, cooking beside it. Then there formed in the kettle a huge bubble of Dramatic talent, which presently broke, liberating, with much comfortable hissing, a savory play. But strangely enough, when the fumes from this bubble came in contact with the Junior stew, on the other side of the range, the result was remarkable—the stew, boiling no more, settled down into a heavy hum of a simmer.

The cooking progressed; the end of the second year drew nigh, and the cook must make further use of her exquisite art ere the dish would be worthy of Father

Culture's table. Other spices were added, and a generous quantity of sugar, several Senior "crushes," gave a "tang" to the whole. Then came the addition of five ounces of Ingenuity and a season of very rapid boiling. When almost done it received a generous cupful of Unity of Purpose, as a final flavoring (the purpose—nay, the achievement—of outwitting the Sophomores). Not in vain had Dame Enlightenment added to her exquisite dish Originality and Enterprise. Consternation reigned on the cook-stove one wintry night in January, and it has been rumored that one kettle actually boiled over in its efforts to discover just what happened at the Woodland Park Hotel. But far be it from the writer to divulge promiscuously such weighty secrets.

The dessert was now complete. It was exhibited—still in the mould, however—at the Woodland Park Hotel, to the admiring Seniors, this splendid dessert, the *Junior Class of Lasell*. Was there ever another class its equal? It now remains only to take it from the mould, garnish it with cap and gown and serve it hot on the Class Day platter in June of 1911—the consummation of the combined skill of Culture and Enlightenment, the finest, most toothsome dainty that old Lasell has ever known—its *Juniors!*

Junior Song

As strangers once we came together,
 To live here at old and dear Lasell.
 Now the ties can never sever,
 But will bind us firm and well.
 And if in time those ties should weaken,
 Since fate we never can foretell,
 'Twill e'er be our guide and beacon
 That we were Juniors at Lasell.

School days are flying swiftly by us,
 They are gone e'er we know they are here.
 And so while we still have them nigh us,
 We'll rejoice for each joy and each tear.
 May the actions of our daily lives be blest,
 So that every one of us can spell
 Success, as we "Aim for the highest,"
 While we are Juniors at Lasell.

Class Yell

Chihee, chihee, chiha,
 Rickety, Rackety, Rah! Rah!
 Wang bang boom yite,
 Hulla baloo balee balite,
 Razzle dazzle Wallapakee,
 Chizzle chazzle, skirum, skiree,
 Chihee, chihee, chiha, 1911, Rah!

The Junior Prophecy

IN the year 1920 there was a reunion of the Junior Class of 1910 at Lasell. Dr. Winslow had purchased a fine new airship for the school, and as it came from the Pacific coast he kindly placed it at our disposal.

As it happened, Marion Ordway was the first to be called for. Our former class president was teaching Household Economics in a large boarding school in California. Elise Taggart, who resided in the same city, had gained great fame by her clever child impersonations. From there we flew up to a ranch near Seattle. This was the summer home of Marie Hibbing, who was a partner in a big "Paving" concern out there. Then we had to hurry to meet an incoming steamer. Among the first to disembark was Helen Thirkield, who had been in Siberia trying to reform the criminals. She had become very much interested in her work there, but when asked why she left it, she said she could not possibly afford to miss the reunion of such an illustrious class. We were very much surprised to hear that Jane Parsons was the stewardess of that same liner.

We then started on our journey across the continent, stopping at various towns both large and small to

pick up the different girls. Near a little town in Colorado we looked down and saw a bright sunbonnet flapping in the wind, and were curious to know who was feeding chickens on the pretty little farm. As we dipped lower we found it to be our classmate, Charline Billington. She insisted upon finishing the feeding of her chickens before she could go on. At Denver we found Caroline Marsh, now a prominent leader in the cause of Woman Suffrage. Georgia Boswell had grown so accustomed to hoarding money that it had now become a habit and we found her a regular second Hetty Green. It was with much difficulty that we persuaded Virginia Lee to dismiss her school a week early, in order to come East with us in the airship. From her we learned where Alma Bendixen, now the president of a large woman's club, was to be found, and that the large "Kauffman Pretzel Factories" belonged to none other than our friend Edna, who insisted on overseeing all the work herself. In Omaha we were greeted by Nina Dietz, who was at the head of a large decorating establishment. She had been separated from Gladys ever since they left school, but it seemed quite natural to see them together once more. Gladys had just ended a very

successful season as a chorus girl in one of the popular musical comedies. Indeed she had been promised the leading part in the fall. Marion Shinn, still enjoying single blessedness, was very busy editing a dictionary in opposition to Webster. We were not surprised to note that more than half the dictionary consisted of a slang appendix. Amie Wessel, now a Methodist minister's wife, was loth to leave her flock of eight little ones and her sewing circle, but we finally succeeded in persuading her to do so. We stopped at one little town to lay in some provisions from Edith Palmer's fruit stand.

We were met in Chicago by Mildred Renwick, our lady journalist, who insisted upon a full account of the trip so far, for the *Chicago American*. We found several others of our girls here. Vera Bradley was a coach for all kinds of entertainments. Edna Felch was the head nurse in Dr. Katherine Pellet's large private hospital. Ruth Butterworth was the head bookkeeper in a large wholesale house. Alma Dumn never could get enough to eat while at Lasell, so she had set up a restaurant of her own where she could always satisfy her hunger. Kathleen Knight had a milliner's shop on Michigan Avenue and Gladys Lawton was a cartoonist for one of the principal newspapers. We found Marion Davis surrounded with babies of all sizes. She was the head of Chicago's

largest Day Nursery. As it was necessary to stay in Chicago over night, as many as possible stayed at a boarding house kept by Helen Lewars. The next morning as we were preparing to depart we saw a Salvation Army lassie standing on the street corner and upon looking more closely we were much surprised to recognize in her our old yell master, Edna MacDonald. She was able to help us find Frieda Mayer, who was telling fortunes in a Dime Museum, and Louise, who had gained quite a name by her splendid playing in various recitals.

Again we started eastward, stopping now and then to pick up our remaining classmates. Marion Joslin was touring the country as a lecturer, her watchword being "Laugh and Grow Fat." We came across Helen Sayre going from house to house as a book agent, and Jeanette Ritter as the president of the "Society for the Suppression of All Unnecessary Noises." Margaret Jones was very busy persuading the old maids of our party to advertise in her "Matrimonial Bulletin," for she was now the president of a big matrimonial agency.

When we arrived in Boston we met May Martin-court who had just come in from her flying trip across the continent. She was the French maid on the Twentieth Century Limited, and it did not seem to us that she had grown any since we saw her last. Beth

Brandow, we found, had become the editor of the "Pretty Girl Papers" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Before coming out to Auburndale we went down to meet a steamer which was just landing. Grace Harvey, with the party of girls whom she had been chaperoning abroad, ran up to greet us and was quickly followed by Doris Powers, who had been studying art in Paris. In a few minutes Katherine Kelly came across the gangplank with her husband, who was a missionary in India. It was in Boston that we went to Grand Opera where we all felt proud of our giggling Fan, who had won many laurels as a star opera singer.

By this time the airship was pretty well filled, so

we flew out towards Auburndale and dear old Lasell. The first one to welcome us was the preceptress, Helen Frick, and close behind her was Barbara Dennen who was living in Auburndale, although she was the organizer in one of the large churches of Boston. We were shown over the fine new buildings by Marjorie Winslow, who was now a very bright and attractive child of ten. We were especially pleased to notice that the new gym was plenty large enough for drill, and that there was a separate building for the chemistry laboratory. Several of the former teachers remained, and in spite of the many changes we still felt very-much at home.





Officers (Sophomore)

MIRIAM FLYNN	<i>President</i>
MILDRED HALL	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE MILLER	<i>Secretary</i>
RACHEL EDWARDS	<i>Treasurer</i>
MIRIAM FLYNN	<i>Yell Master</i>

List of Sophomore

AGNES ADELSDORF

RUTH BACHELDER

HAZEL BLASS

HAZEL BOWER

EMILY BUTTERWORTH

RACHEL EDWARDS

ELSIE FIES

MIRIAM FLYNN

ELSIE GULICK

LORENA GULICK

MILDRED HALL

AMELIA HARDY

MARION HARVEY

LAURA HEITMEYER

BEATRICE HIRSCHFIELD

LILLIAN LANE

ALICE LEVI

IRENE LOBENSTEIN

FLORENCE LOEBS

MARION MACARTHUR

HELEN MAYER

ANNIE MERRILL

LOUISE MILLER

CLARA PARKER

HELEN PLASS

MARJORIE RISSER

ELEANOR RYAN

PAMELIA SPARGO

MARY STAR UTTER

EDITH WALLER

WINIFRED WHITTLESEY

The History of the Sophomore Class

ALTHOUGH Sophomores from time immemorial have been laughed at and ridiculed because of their conceit, surely even the correct Juniors could not conduct themselves with more modesty or be less assuming than we, considering the many achievements of which we might well be proud. It will be remembered that when we began our career it was as the first class of Preps that had ever organized, and as Freshmen we accomplished results never before credited to that class. Was it not we, as Freshmen, who first announced our class officers; who suggested to the Sophomores the feasibility of having class banners by flaunting ours before their astonished eyes, and who outwitted the same Sophomores when they had planned to serenade, we having arrived upon the scene of action first?

And now that we are Sophomores we have not fallen below our standard. You notice that we managed to serenade before the Juniors, and thus raised our record even a notch higher. It is always best to

be "a little bit too soon than just a little bit too late!"

It was a great pleasure for us to have our sisters, the Seniors, with us on our hay-ride, that event which so astonished the Juniors, who never thought us capable of planning anything of the sort.

We cannot express in words the love and esteem that we cherish for our sisters, but in being ever ready to do the slightest service for them, we have hoped to show at least a part of it.

It would not do to dwell at length upon the past successes of the Sophomores, for we put those aside as only natural. We are formed in battle-line, facing the foe, and not until the victory is won, and as graduates of our dear Alma Mater, we lay our laurels by, will one of us desert the ranks to which we have pledged our best, or one face, dismayed at the task before, look backward.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Was this written before February twenty-second?

Advice to the Sophomores

Just follow the examples of 1911!

Use more discretion than you have in the past.

Never tell all you know but be sure to know all you tell.

I magine yourselves in our place.

Own up! That's impossible.

Remember the January night you tried to find out
where the Juniors were going.

Catch on to something, sometime.

Look up to next year's Seniors.

Act dignified for a change!

Shine up to 1911's standard!

See what kind of Juniors you can make.

Officers

CLARA PRINCE	<i>President</i>
HELENE HAMILTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET GREGSON	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH AREND	<i>Treasurer</i>
CATHERINE BROOKS	<i>Yell Master</i>

List of Freshmen



DOROTHY AIKEN
 RUTH AREND
 JULIET BEACH
 CATHARINE BROOKS
 DOROTHY DOBBINS
 DOROTHY DORR
 MAY GATES
 MARGARET GREGSON
 HELENE HAMILTON
 MABEL KNIFFIN
 MARJORIE LEES
 ELIZABETH LINN
 RUTH MAURER
 MAY MELOON
 CLARA PRINCE
 DOROTHY ROGERS
 HELEN SCOTT

Freshman History

THE Freshman Class has been invited to insert her history in the *Allerlie* but she can hardly do that for she began her being less than six months ago and as yet her greatest efforts have only enabled her to take a few faltering steps.

The class of 1913 came into existence in September, 1909, and great was the excitement on that autumn evening when we held our first real class meeting under lock and key, in Mrs. Martin's room. There was, however, no interference from our friends (?) the Sophomores, as they evidently accepted it as being in the natural order of things. As class colors, royal purple

and gold were chosen, for the best is none too good for a class which promises so brilliant a future.

Though as yet we have accomplished but little, it must be remembered that our experience at the best has been but a short one and that:

“Heaven is not reached at a single bound,

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we mount its summit round by round.”

Step by step we are climbing upward and with a “Princess” as our leader we cry,

“Long live the class of 1913.”



List of Preparatory



GENEVEIVE BETTCHER

DOROTHY BRAGDON

GRACE LINSAY

GLADYS PHELPS

CORNELIA ROBBINS

MATHILDE SCHOVERLING

MAY SUNDH

SOPHIA WENDT

List of Specials



GRACE ALEXANDER
 MYRILLA ANNIS
 HORTENSE ATWOOD
 ELIZABETH BAILEY
 DOROTHY BEACOM
 ELSIE BENSINGER
 BESS BURKE
 MARION BRIGGS
 BARBARA CLARK
 RUTH BURCKETT
 AMELIA COBB
 HELEN CORBIN
 LUCY COX
 MABEL CRESSMAN
 GRACE DOUGLASS
 ANNETTE CUNNINGHAM
 LAURA DOUGHTY
 PEGGY DE WOLF
 HAZEL DREW
 BERNICE ELDRIDGE

MARION HALSTEAD
 MARGUERITE HARRIS
 CHARLOTTE HARRIS
 ATHENA HENKEL
 EDITH HERRICK
 LUELLA KRENTLER
 GRACE HOLMAN
 MARGARET LAMADE
 ELIZABETH JAGGARD
 MARGUERITE MILLIKEN
 TESSA MAY
 MARIE MILLS
 HANNAH MORRIS
 VERONICA NAHIGIAN
 MARGUERITE MURDOCK
 FLORENCE NELSON
 DOLORES DE MURGUIONDO
 MARION PIERCE
 LOUISE PORTER
 EDNA ROSASCO
 LUCY RUSSELL
 SARAH SHUTTLEWORTH
 HELEN RICHARDS
 JOSEPHINE SIGGINS
 HELEN SHEPHERD
 PRISCILLA SCHWEPPE
 HELEN STEPHENS
 MAUDE SMITH
 ETHEL ST. CLAIR
 GLADYS STULTS
 GERTRUDE STEARNS
 MARGARET THACHER
 CLARA STRAIN
 FLORENCE THOMPSON
 MARGUERITE VICARY
 MARJORIE WATKINS
 GRACE WARNER
 ANNA WRIGHT
 EDITH EISENSTAEDT
 RUTH FARMER
 FRANCES FITZPATRICK
 ALICE FULLER

The Senior Book Shelf

- MARGHERITA DIKE—"Wanted, a Chaperone."
 ELLA PUCHTA—"The Jewel."
 JULIA CRAFTS—"The Sweet Girl Graduate."
 MARION HALE—"The Advantage of a Low Sweet Voice."
 MARY LUMBARD—"My Soldier Lady."
 JULIA TER KUILE—"The Music Lover."
 HANNAH PROCTOR—"Bad Little Hannah."
 MARTHA HAZELET—"Cook Book."
 REVA BERMAN—"The Girl of the Golden West."
 TOT MCLEAN—"Stories of the Great West."
 JOSEPHINE WOODWARD—"Sense and Sensibility."
 SUSAN STRYKER—"Dream of Fair Women."
 MILDRED GOODALL—"The Executor."
 JULIA DE WITT—"Growing Up."
 MARY GALLAHER—"Webster's Unabridged Dictionary."
 ELEANOR LAURENS—"Half a Rogue."
 OLIVE BATES—"New International Encyclopedia."
- CORNELIA STONE—"Old-Fashioned Girl."
 MILDRED SNYDER—"Almost a Genius."
 DOROTHY JONES—"How to Grow Fat in Two Weeks."
 AMY BRANNAN—"Lavender and Old Lace."
 HELEN HOOD—"Lady of the Decoration."
 IRMA LEVI—"The Black Dwarf."
 RUTH KELSEY—"Famous Woman of Florence."
 NELL CARNEAL—"Forty Minutes Late."
 JULIA HAMILTON—"The Lovely One."
 LUCY ALDRICH—"The Little Minister."
 THE FACULTY—"Lords of High Decision."
 ENGLISH ROOM—"Where Laborers are Few." (?)
 EXAMS.—"The Crisis."
 THE PREPS.—"The Younger Set."
 THE SOPHOMORES—"The Smart Set."
 THE JUNIORS } "The Real Thing."
 THE FRESHMEN }
 PICKARD—"The House Beautiful."
 70—"The Danger Mark."

The Awakening

(PRIZE STORY)

THE big red mansion seemed unusually still and lonesome to Elizabeth, and no matter how hard she tried, she could not think of what would be interesting to do,—so, cuddling up on the window-seat, and flattening her nose against the glass, she gazed out upon the passers-by, and wondered where they were going in all the rain and mud.

People did not call Elizabeth pretty; in fact her nurse had said that she was exceedingly plain and not the least bit like her beautiful mamma. But really she was far from plain, for the child's very soul shone out from the big, wistful, blue eyes, and a sweet, trustful expression about the corners of her mouth made her entirely lovable. Her hair, parted in the middle, was drawn back smoothly from her forehead, and hung down her back in two heavy bronze-gold plaits.

Elizabeth's mother had died when she was born, and her father had scarcely been seen to smile during the twelve long years that followed her death. The little daughter was brought up under the care of the housekeeper and her old nurse, and since she had never been allowed the companionship of other children, she was quaintly old-fashioned in her ways. Never having

known a mother's love, the child did not now miss it, as she otherwise might, yet she was vaguely conscious of a certain emptiness in her life, of something missing; and although she had been taught to be patient, she often felt pitifully lonesome, and longed for love. Poor child! this had been denied her, for her father saw in her only an awkward, homely little girl with red hair and sad eyes. She was unattractive, and he wasted no time with her. It was pitiful how timidly affectionate she was, doing her best to make the stern man smile or pay her a little attention. She had heard the servants say that the master did not love little Miss Elizabeth because she was so plain and did not resemble her lovely mother. She could not believe this, for in all the story-books fathers always loved their little girls and did all they could to make them happy.

This afternoon Elizabeth was particularly lonely, more so it seemed than ever before, and growing tired of watching the passers-by, she got up from her seat and wandered slowly through the empty halls. Presently she came upon a picture well known to her, and here she stopped to look at it once more. It was the life-size portrait of a beautiful young woman in white

satin. Her red-gold hair was dressed high upon her head, and the bluest of eyes smiled down into Elizabeth's. To-day they seemed to be kinder, tenderer, than they had ever been before, and they cheered the child's lonely heart, so that she smiled as she drew close to the picture and kissed the dainty white fingers painted upon the canvas. Then she whispered, "Good-bye, Mamma! good-bye!" Then she went on.

A short distance down the hall she paused before a seldom-opened door. It had been her mother's chamber, and Elizabeth had been within it only a very few times when the housekeeper had taken her there, and had stayed—oh; so short a time! Now something within her seemed to say, "Go in: Nurse is asleep, no one will know. What is the harm?" A moment of indecision, then she softly opened the door.

The dainty room was as it had been—the dressing table with all its silver, the writing desk, and the bureau, exactly as the mistress had left them. Glancing about, the child's eye fell presently upon a huge oaken chest in a small room adjoining, and wondering what it contained, she went to it, raised the lid, and peered cautiously within. In the dim light she saw a mass of shining white satin, now become somewhat yellow because of the years it had lain there untouched. With the utmost care she lifted it out, and holding it up, smoothed out the folds caressingly. "Why,"

thought she, "this was the very dress Mamma has on in the picture in the hall! What a treasure!" So enraptured was she in admiring the beautiful flowers embroidered in gold upon the bodice that she wholly forgot that she was doing wrong, and only when she heard a step behind her did she remember that she was on forbidden ground.

"Miss Elizabeth, what *are* you doing?"

The child turned with frightened eyes toward her nurse, who, looking for her charge, had discovered the open door and had thus found her just as she was unfastening her dress.

"Oh, Sarah," she said pleadingly, "won't you *please* let me put this on—just for a moment?"

A rebuke had risen to the lips of the nursemaid, but the entreating look in the child's tearful eyes softened her heart. The housekeeper was away and the master not expected home that night; so what was the harm of letting the poor baby have a little pleasure? She should try on the dress if she liked. Then smiling kindly at Elizabeth's delight at being allowed to "dress up" in her mother's gown, she took off the plain little frock, slipped the shining satin over the small head, and fastened the old-fashioned waist. Another might have smiled at the childish shoulders and bare arms—for the dress was a ball-gown, cut low and with only mere suggestions of sleeves—but Elizabeth, viewing

herself in the mirror, thought herself quite the little lady, though of a year long gone by. Sarah unbraided the thick tresses and coiled them high upon the proud little head, then stepped back to view the result of her work. As she did so, Elizabeth turned, and said smiling, "Now, how do I look?"

The nurse impulsively ran to her, clasped her tight in her arms, and cried, "You look just like the young mistress! Oh, if your father could only see you now!"

Unused to such bursts of affection, the little girl was rather startled at first, then with an unaccustomed ring of happiness in her voice said, "Do I *really, truly*, look like Mamma? Come, let's go down into the drawing-room where the big mirror is, and I will play that I am Mamma, and you may be my maid. Won't that be fun?"

Without awaiting an answer, she daintily gathered up the folds of her over-long skirt, and walked sedately down the hall and thence down the broad staircase into the brightly lighted hall below. There stood the old negro butler, whose eyes fairly popped out of his head as he gazed astonished at the little lady descending the stairs.

"Good Lawd hab mussy on a po' sinneh!" he gasped; "but if dat ain't de young Missus, den I don't be standin' heah!"

Sarah bade him open the drawing-room doors, that Miss Elizabeth might go in and see herself in the big mirror, and old Henry did so, with as much pomp and ceremony as he had ever used in announcing the arrival of the most distinguished guests of the house. Elizabeth laughed in pure delight as she stepped in childish attempt at majesty over the threshold, and standing before the huge mirror at one end of the room, bowed to the radiant image before her. Then to and fro she went before its magic surface, glancing now in the great glass, now over her shoulder to see the sweep of the long, embroidered train.

But such luxury was not to be enjoyed long; for, fearful lest the housekeeper return and find them here, Sarah very soon bade Elizabeth come upstairs and take off the gown, and reluctantly throwing a farewell kiss to the little lady in the mirror, the child followed her nurse, who preceded her up the stairs. Passing the library, however, Elizabeth stopped a moment to glance into the dimly lighted room, when what was her surprise to see there her father, seated in the big leather arm-chair before the fire, and gazing with unseeing eyes into the flames. He looked so tired and sad that, although her first impulse was to flee, his little daughter was possessed by a strong desire to comfort him, and advancing a step into the room, she said softly, "Good evening, Papa!" Her father raised his

head from his hand, and glanced carelessly toward her. When the little vision in white met his eye, he rose suddenly with a start from his chair, then paused motionless, leaning heavily upon the leather arms. On came the child, smiling, then stopped in fright as she saw his dazed look.

"Alicia!" The name of his dead wife came in a gasp from his lips, and he held out his arms. Then he clasped the trembling little form to his breast in convulsive tenderness, whispering brokenly, "My darling! my darling!"

Frightened at this unexplained action, yet pitying the trouble she could not understand, the child lifted a trembling little hand, and patted the face bending over her. "Papa! Papa! Don't feel so!" she said. "It's only Elizabeth. Papa!—*dear* papa!"

"Elizabeth—Elizabeth," he repeated hesitatingly, as he began to realize that this was only a dream, that his adored young wife had not returned to him, as he had at first believed. Then he held the child out at arms' length where the light of the fire fell full upon her face,

and said in a half whisper, "I thought you were your mother! It startled me." Why had he never noticed before, he wondered, how much the little one resembled her mother—the same hair! the very same ruddy gold!

"I'm sorry," faltered the child. "I didn't mean to startle you. I won't do it again," and she involuntarily shrank from him. The action, slight as it was, gave him keen pain. His child was afraid of him—her own father! With lightning rapidity, conscience accused him. What love had he ever shown her? What had he ever done to inspire her confidence? Alas, little! But suddenly, unaccountably, the love of his little girl now filled his heart, and taking her into his arms he kissed the quivering lips.

"It is all right, darling. Don't be frightened," he said, his eyes moist. Then he sat down before the fire still clasping her, lost in the wonder of her new happiness, in his arms. Elizabeth had found her father, and he had found his child.

MIRIAM FLYNN, '12.

Looking Backward

(PRIZE POEM)

Once upon a stormy, dreary winter's day, when I was
weary,

Accidentally I found a volume of peculiar lore;
It was a book wherein there dwell fond memories of old
Lasell!

I opened it and bade it tell the records of my school-
days, o'er:—
Those school-days long since past and o'er.

Ah, distinctly I recall that it was in the early fall;
I had bidden each and all my friends farewell, my
heart full sore.
How my brain was whirling, reeling, with a sinking
homesick feeling
Suddenly o'er heart-strings stealing as I reached
Lasell's front door!
That Fearful, Gruesome, Big Front Door!

But soon, our pleasure to enhance, there came the New
and Old girls' dance;

'Twas there, by an unlucky chance, my simple party
gown I tore.

The evening passed in fun and glee—so clearly it comes
back to me,

When on this open page I see the list of names my
program bore.

Distinguished names my program bore!

And on another page—but hush! dare I make mention
of my "Crush"?

How pulse would beat and cheek would flush when-
e'er on me her eyes she'd lower—

How if, perchance, she deigned to speak, I lived in bliss
for full a week,

And no companion cared to seek save her whom once
I did adore!

So short a time I did adore!

Then the gleeful midnight greeting, when most clandestinely meeting

For the purpose sole of eating much, and most, and even more;—

And memories of next day's ills, ye remnant of that box of pills:

The medicine that "cures or kills" which dear Miss Nutt did down us pour.

Relentlessly did down us pour!

That awful Student-Government which straightway study-hallward sent

The many misjudged maids who *meant* a prompt return sometime before

Vacation ended;—but, delayed, for reasons good or bad they stayed,

And three fat dollars duly paid, though angry to the very core—

The very heart's and bosom's core!

At last Commencement morning came, when Seniors grand, of widespread fame,

Were sent out, each to make her name—would Father Time were only slower,

For now my book comes to an end, I lay aside this faithful friend,

Who backward flying wings doth lend that bear me to those days of yore—

Those *doubly* happy days of yore!

Oh, merry, gladsome, girlhood days, warmed by the joy-sun's loving rays,

I turn to you my longing gaze as o'er these chronicles I pore.

It matters not how long I live,—emphatic and superlative

Shall be the grateful praise I'll give Lasell, forevermore!

Yes, praise forevermore!

MARION BRIGGS, *Special*.

School Spirit

(PRIZE ESSAY)

WE speak of "our school," not as of "our house," with a sense of possession; we name "our school," not as "our Church," an expression of cult or sect; we recall "our school," not as a memory of books and teachers, of work days and vacations, for it is ever "our school," "our Alma Mater," the inspiration of that which, in the citizen, is called patriotism, and, in the alumnus and scholar, school spirit. Our school is the common ground which nurtures many lasting friendships. It is the refiner's caldron into which go many elements that, freed from alloy, become the pure metal—the loyal student body.

This spirit will not be analyzed, it will not be described, but look where you will, you find it. It is the feeling of the alienist for his country, the soldier for his flag, the child for his parent, and the missionary for his Cross. None of these serve two masters, nor can the possessor of this great school spirit. He is not one who has gone from this school to that, but he is the loyal student who, beginning, has struggled to the end, and won.

How memories of school and classmates draw men

and women from far and near back to the old familiar scenes. How they stir within them a pride for the achievements of the undergraduates, for does not his success belong to his class, his school, and, hence the alumni? Who will not claim his share of it? When has a game been won that the victory did not cause every true alumnus from the Atlantic to the Pacific to raise his hat in air, and shout for joy, and, shall we say, relief?

It is not, however, in enthusiasm alone that an alumnus shows his loyalty. Look at that beautiful picture on the wall; search the shelves of the library for the rare volumes which enrich it; read the inscriptions upon the handsome and stately buildings lining the campus—all are the gifts of alumni or classes. How they testify in silence, far more eloquent than words, to a deep and abiding affection.

The results of this splendid attribute are, however, more than mere enthusiasm and lore, priceless as these may be; they are greater than any material gifts, no matter how costly. The product they are of a seed which fell on good ground, growing and flourishing till

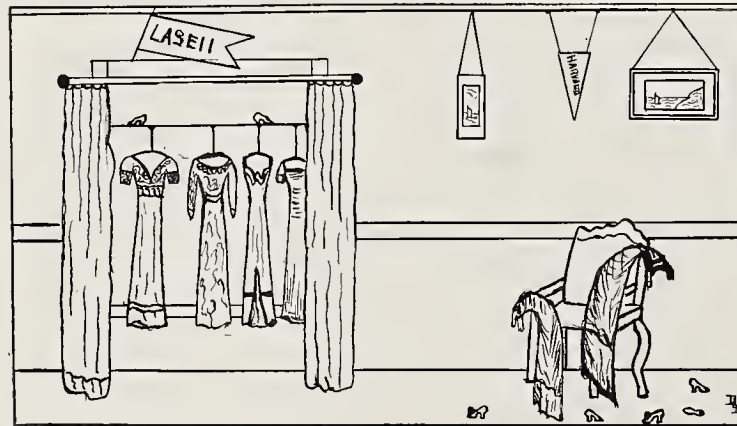
the soil from whence it sprung was transformed. And, as the grain is necessary to the community, so is the fruit of this seed indispensable to the institution wherein it was fostered. Counted among its most valuable assets, it is the very foundation of success and progress.

Year after year this is evinced as a father, a mother, brings back a son or daughter to the old school. They pass down the familiar walks, memories surging fast within, and instruction mingles with recollection: "That is the house where I lived." "By that third window stood my desk." "In this house we made candy, unknown to the Faculty, but don't you do it."

"This great elm has sprung from the little sapling my class planted."

This, then, is school spirit, in part. We know not all of it, nor yet half, but we are blind indeed who can not see it between the lines of letters from "old girls." We are dense if we do not discern it in the future of our own lives when, separated to the four corners of the earth, memory's eye will strain back to this dear old building, these elms and chestnuts, these walls and walks, these duties, failures, and achievements, these friends, and this Our School.

LUCY ALDRICH, '10.



ROOM I

Lasell Alphabet

Athletic

MACDONALD
LUMBARD

Best Looking

KELSEY
LANE

Cutest

UTTER
BENSINGER

Democratic

HAZELET
WOODWARD

Entertaining

HAZELET
PIERCE

Fascinating

KELSEY
WESSEL

Graceful

DUDLEY
MACDONALD

Happiest

MACDONALD
LAURENS

Independent

DIETZ
BERMAN

Jolliest

THOMAS
CARNEAL

Knowing

ALDRICH
GALLAHER

Lovable

SNYDER
UTTER

Mannish

KELSEY
KELLY

Neatest

HARVEY G.
SPARGO

Original

SHINN
LAWTON

Popular

HAZELET
SNYDER

Quiet

MELOON
NEHIGIAN

Respected

WOODWARD
SNYDER

Stylish

LANE
HARVEY, M.

Talented

SYNDER
FLYNN

Unassuming

BRANDOW
DE MURGUIONDO

Virtuous

ORDWAY
STRYKER

Wittiest

SHINN
DORR

Xtreme

HARRIS, M.
BENSINGER

Yankee

HARDY
PROCTOR

Zealous

SIGGINS
ORDWAY

Pickard House

- P** the initial of Pickard House dear,
The abode of the Seniors for aye from this year.
- I** is for idleness you cannot find;
There's plenty to do if you make up your mind.
- C** for our class, trusty and true,
Loyal forever to gold and to blue.
- K** for the kindness universally felt,
You'll know it the minute herein you have dwelt.
- A** for ambition, our home doth inspire,
Come visit Pickard, if this you require:
- R** for readiness with which we cheer,
Glorious Pickard House, Senior House dear.
- D** for desire all "Pickardites" cherish,
To continue her praise, may her name never perish.

E. P., '10.



Karandon House

In future wanderings round the world,
 Visiting places remote, perhaps,
 No more alluring place you'll find
 Than Karandon the Fair, on all the maps.

This is the home here at Lasell,
 Where twelve congenial comrades dwell.
 Our Principle lives also here
 With his sweet wife and winsome babies dear.

It stands upon a little hill,
 Which every day with ready will
 We climb, for porch, for walk, for wall,
 By us are loved, yes loved, by one and all.

Not one who lives in this dear place
 Ever wears a discontented face;
 For she is conscious of the fact,
 That Karandon has nothing to be lacked.

The thoughts of it will e'er be sweet,
 And the parties, and good things to eat
 We will not forget, nor the cheer
 Of our hostess, making joy appear.

Days will pass, years will pass, and yet—
 We'll never, no never, we say, forget
 The grand old times and strenuous, too,
 Which we had this year, Karandon, in you.

R. K., '10.



Cushman Hall

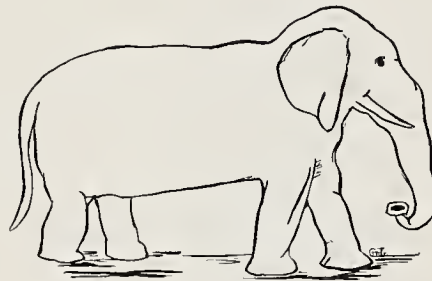
Dear Cushman, our Hall of Fame,
How pleasant the sound of your name—
It reminds us of nights filled with rarest delights;
To live here is all the girls' aim.

The larks that we have over here,
With none can compare, far or near—
For think of the girls—as lively as squirrels,
Who make the halls ring with good cheer.

Of the corridors now I must speak;
At their names, tho', I fear you will shriek.
"Angel Row" you all know,
But hark! listen! and lo!
What think you of "Devils' Retreat"?

There'll be many and many a year
That we'll think of the times we've had here.
So come one and all, be you great or small,
And give us a rousing good cheer.

A. P. A., '12.



Carter Hall

When first we came to dear Lasell
From homes so far away,
We knew not where we were to dwell
Among the buildings gay.

And when we found 'twas Carter Hall
With rooms so bright and cheery,
We carried banners, pictures—all—
Until we sank down, weary.

So Carter Hall became our home,
And often we did say:
“To this fair spot we'll e'er be true,
Forever and a day.”



Oh, there we spent some merry days
With the girls so full of fun—
The finest girls in many ways,
Here's a health to every one!

And now when scattered far and wide,
Our happy school days o'er,
Thoughts of Lasell will never fade—
We cherish them more and more.

As out into the world we go,
Each to a different call,
Our memories fly back many times
To our home in Carter Hall.

H. B. M., '12.

Clark Cottage

There's a pumpkin-colored cottage with a cheerful,
 honey air,
 Where there dwell a youthful teacher and a host of
 lasses fair,
 And a loving guardian angel with a smile upon her
 face:—
 Let me tell you just a little of these inmates of the place.

Up underneath the shingles lives a Dutch doll-baby,
 Cress;
 Also laughing, chief-rough-houses, jolly, ever-hungry
 Bess.
 While across the hall from Cheeryville we find a swarm
 of B's—,
 The Billikin, the Babe, and wee Dot Beacom, if you
 please.

There's a royal prima donna, it is certain, sure as fate,
 Is the Prince of all the Freshmen who resides in num-
 ber eight;
 And her room-mate, 'tis surprising, little Mistress
 Whittlesey,
 Ever in her dreams still murmurs "Ach, mein Her-
 mann—Germany!"

Madame President, Miss Ordway, with a tireless energy,
 When she practises piano exercises every key:
 Edith Herrick, Miss New England, is a born aristocrat,
 And as dear as she is lovely—any one will vouch for that.

Then the tiny, dimpled Party, who possesses ne'er a
 care,
 Contrasts well with tall and stately, conscientious Helen
 Sayre;
 And Emilia, the plump one, waxeth fatter every day.
 But with long and lanky Marion it's quite the other
 way.

Such the maidens of Clark Cottage, looks and manners,
 style and ways,—
 Each one loves her campus home and mentions it with
 highest praise;
 And a more united family can't be found in all the land
 Than these merry, matchless maidens who compose
 our happy band.

M. B., *Special.*



Hawthorne House

The girls who lived in Hawthorn House, beginning of
the term,
Had ample opportunity, each day, for them to learn
To live with mere necessities, and only said, "That's
queer!"
When day by day went flying by and things did not
appear.

For it was hard to get along, each day, with nothing
more
Than a hand glass, and a "Guide to Life," which hung
upon the door.
And it was not convenient, each time they needed light.
To have to hunt for matches, as they never were in
sight.

But when they had electric lights, and furniture ar-
rived,
It is expressed too mildly, to say they were surprised.
They had their own small dining-room, a cozy, cheerful
place;
And things began progressing at a very rapid pace.

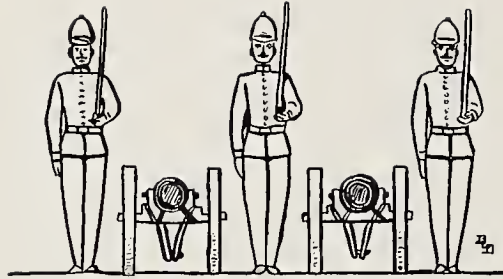
Three of the eleven girls, who made the band of "Haw-
thornites,"
At Christmas time deserted; but their rooms, and all
their rights
Were taken by three others, and their friendship and
good cheer,
We hope will still continue, all throughout the coming
year.

D. R., '13.





TOT MCLEAN
Major



DRILL



MILDRED GOODALL
Adjutant

Captains



MARY GALLAHER
Captain Co. A



EDNA MACDONALD
Captain Co. B



MARY LUMBARD
Captain Co. C



REVA BERMAN
Captain Co. D



G.L.

Athletics

AS every one at the present day believes strongly in and encourages Athletics, so here at Lasell the instructors forward the interest in it, and most all the students take part in some one of its branches. In the spring and autumn the school work is made lighter, enabling us to spend more time on outdoor sports, and from the happy, strong, healthy-looking faces of our girls, one could tell they are from Lasell, as Lasell is well known for its athletics.

The events that take place are—Canoe Race, Tennis Field Day and Drill, the canoe race being without doubt the most picturesque. We have the beautiful Charles River not six blocks from the school where we canoe, beginning as early in spring as possible until June, and again in September, when we return from our summer vacation, till the latter part of October. In the fall, the gymnasium teacher takes parties of girls who intend trying for the crew out in the big war canoes (so as to get some idea of the work each one does). Then in spring the girls wishing to make the crew, take a physical examination, and those passing it are put on, there being twenty-seven in all, with a few substitutes. There are three war canoes, each seating nine persons, with a captain, the steerer, in

each one. The girls practice afternoons, before breakfast and sometimes after dinner in the long spring evenings. The race comes off usually the week before Commencement and great excitement reigns throughout the school on that eventful day. Leaving the school early in the morning we paddle down the river to the race-course. The students wishing to watch, go in single canoes, and others in launches, each bearing the colors of the crew she wishes to win. The course is three-quarters of a mile long against current and a hard and exciting pull it is, but it is well worth it for the winning crew is rewarded with white sweaters on which is a large blue L. Each set of nine girls has its uniform sailor blouse and white skirt and to a looker-on at the finish it is a very pretty sight indeed to see these three canoes coming, quite close together usually, the members in each keeping time with their stroke. About half way down the course, the ones at the winning place can see the position of the three boats, and then as they come on, one falls behind, another gains, and so on, changing places, until the end is reached, and one boat, perhaps not the one which seemed ahead before, comes in first. Every one is shouting and calling from one to another, and from the uproar a

stranger passing by might think it some holiday celebration.

The athletic spirit at Lasell prompted at the beginning of the school year a tennis tournament. There were six sets of girls, two in a set, who played. The winners of each set then played together, and so on, until one girl came out champion. The new girls found that Lasell stood for active athletics and the way in which they entered into them promises great things for the spring. We have three very good tennis courts, and these are occupied most of the time. Many do not play tennis at all when they first come, but they soon get into the spirit and are able to play fairly well at the close of school. The fall tournament is a sort of preparatory work for the large one in spring, for it is then that the best players come forth and give us a fine, exciting game. Every year there are many splendid players.

During the winter months, besides our regular work in gymnasium, we have preparatory work for Field Day, which comes off the end week of school. This sport has more or less of class spirit in it, because after the individual winners are announced, the winnings of each class are given out, and naturally each girl wants her class to come out ahead so she does her best in everything attempted. The different things done are—the high jump, vaulting, broad jump, running hop-

step and a jump, putting the shot, and relay race. The latter is done regardless of class and the best runners in school are selected for it. Not only does this class spirit encourage girls to do their best, but also the thought of a sweater with class numerals, an L or a bar, for it is quite an honor to have one of these. Before this year we played basket-ball in the spring only and then not much was made of it, but this year we have begun the playing of indoor basket-ball and it is hoped that by spring we will have fairly good teams, if not class, then teams picked from the whole school.

Last of the Athletics, but certainly not the least, is drill. This is one which all the students have to take part in, unless excused by the doctor. It is begun in the fall and continued once a week till Drill Day in June. We are drilled by Lieutenant Ranlet of Boston, until he has a chance to select the captains for the four companies A, B, C, and D, who take command of the company to which each is assigned, with Lieutenant Ranlet acting as instructor. Ours is the regular military drill, having the same officers, major, adjutant, captains, lieutenants, sergeants and corporals. We have uniform suits, made as much as possible like the original costume, and wooden guns are carried by all privates and officers below the lieutenants, and those above carry swords. The part of the campus on which we drill is divided into company

streets and on Drill Day each of these is decorated with its colors, making the yard very attractive. A reception is held in the parlors for Lieutenant Ranlet and his military friends before drill begins. When the bell sounds each company takes its place and all is made ready. At different intervals the military band plays, and the bugler gives the commands. The companies drill separately for about twenty minutes and the judges follow closely, noting all errors. After the three have drilled, the Manual of Arms competition is held. All those wishing to try for this prize form in

a line and receive a number, to be fastened on their waists, enabling the judges to decide which ones are competent. The line marches on to the drilling ground and receives the commands from some higher officer and those failing to come up to the standard are asked to drop out, until the winner gains the point. The prizes are awarded by one of the judges to the winning company and the winner of the Manual of Arms. After all this has been seen, to the enjoyment of many people, we all retire to the dining room and partake of an appetizing dinner, followed by speeches.





Glee Club

List of Glee Club

MILDRED SNYDER *President*
 FLORENCE NELSON *Vice-President*
 JULIA TER KIULE *Secretary and Treasurer*
 MISS GOODRICH *Director*
 AMIE WESSEL *Accompanist*
 JOSEPHINE WOODWARD *Business Manager*
 JULIA TER KIULE *Leader*

First Sopranos

JULIA TER KIULE
 MIRIAM FLYNN
 SARAH SHUTTLEWORTH
 MARION HOLSTEAD
 CLARA PRINCE

Second Sopranos

FLORENCE NELSON
 HELEN MAYER
 EDITH WALLER
 MARION SHINN
 MARION PIERCE

First Altos

JOSEPHINE WOODWARD
 LOUISE PORTER
 MYRILLA ANNIS
 MARION HALE
 HELEN SHEPHERD

Second Altos

FLORENCE THOMPSON
 JULIA HAMILTON
 ELSIE BENSINGER
 LUCY ALDRICH
 MILDRED SNYDER



Lasell Glee Club

THE Lasell Glee Club occupies an important position in the musical life of the school. Since its organization in 1901 by Miss Bates, this society has been successful in possessing members who not only have excellent voices, but who are interested enough to spend their time and best efforts in rendering the finest music for the pleasure and benefit of the Seminary.

The club is now under the leadership of Miss Goodrich, one of the vocal teachers. Under her wise direction a schedule of study for the year is arranged and the course is followed with much interest during the weekly practice. The result of this systematic training is noted first during the year at the Christmas vespers, which, according to custom, is led by the club girls.

Dressed in white, they march in, singing Leighton's joyous processional, "Herald Angels," and throughout the evening render a program of such beautiful Christmas music that this of all the other services is loved best by the school. Among the numbers given this year were Handel's "Holy Art Thou" and "The Guest of the Three Kings" by Noble.

The Glee Club Spring Concert is always anticipated as being a most delightful social occasion as well as the chief concert of the year. For at that time the campus with its fresh verdure is so beautiful that

the girls take this opportunity to invite many of their friends to see Lasell at its best. The guests are received in the parlors by a reception committee and afterwards a supper is served them in the dining room.

The concert itself is given in the gymnasium and the program consists of miscellaneous music—a variety always being enjoyable for every one. As yet we do not know exactly what music will be given, but we feel certain that the selections will be excellent and will also be finely rendered.





Dramatic Club

List of Dramatic Club

REVA BERMAN	<i>President</i>
EDNA MACDONALD	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLADYS STULTS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARY GALLAHER	<i>Stage Manager</i>
HELEN SAYRE	<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>
MARY LUMBARD	<i>Costumer</i>
RUTH KELSEY	<i>Business Manager</i>

VERA BRADLEY	ELSIE FIES	LOUISE MILLER
ELIZABETH BRANDOW	ELSIE GULICK	EDITH PALMER
ELIZABETH BURKE	MARGUERITE HARRIS	LOUISE PORTER
RUTH BURKETT	MARION HARVEY	JEANETTE RITTER
NELL CARNEAL	MARTHA HAZELET	JOSEPHINE SIGGINS
JULIA DE WITT	HELEN HOOD	ETHEL ST. CLAIR
CLARA DE WOLF	GLADYS LAWTON	FAN THOMAS
NINA DIETZ	ELIZABETH LINN	JOSEPHINE WOODWARD
ALMA DUMN	HELEN MAYER	AMIE WESSEL



Lasell Dramatic Club

THE work of the Lasell Dramatic Club is designed to develop its members physically, as well as mentally and artistically, through the study and interpretation of the best dramas which it is possible for them to present. Especial attention is paid to graceful and correct carriage and movement—the purpose being to obtain a natural rather than a studied bodily

poise and manner. Since the best expression of a literary work is the direct result of having grasped and felt the thought of the writer, it can not be secured merely by imitating tones of voice and applying gestures suitable to the outward interpretation of lines. This better method the club aims to apply to the best of its ability in all of its study; and the benefit obtained

from it, if applied to everyday life, is extremely helpful in securing an ease of manner which is always desirable and not always obtained; in developing the speaking voice; and in cultivating clearness of thought and a better appreciation of good literature.

Mrs. Martin, the teacher of Expression in the school, acts as the adviser of the club in selecting the plays best suited for its presentation, and in choosing and coaching the characters for the casts.

The club usually superintends some entertainment on

the evening of Washington's Birthday, and, during the latter part of the February term it gives a play, supposed to represent its best work. Last year at that time "King René's Daughter" was presented, and in December this year, two attractive short comedies, "The Kleptomaniac" and "The Nettle" were successfully played before the school. At present certain of the members are busy preparing "The Rivals," which they expect to produce during the early part of March.

Alma Mater

(Tune—"Amiel"—Cornell Song)

Bound firm by a bond unbroken,
 Love for old Lasell,
 Take we now a pledge outspoken
 E'er to guard her well.

Bright school days are quickly past,
 Enjoy them while we may;
 Memory still shall them outlast,
 When we are far away.

CHORUS

Alma Mater, Fidelitas,
 Pledge, girls, for loyalty;
 Sing it now before we part,
 We'll ever faithful be.

E. B.



Sigma Sigma Society

Sigma Sigma Society

ELEANOR LAURENS

MARJORIE WATKINS

HANNAH PROCTOR

HELEN SHEPHERD

GLADYS LAWTON

ETHEL ST. CLAIR

ALMA DUMN

HAZEL DREW

HAZEL BOWER

CATHERINE BROOKS

PRISCILLA SCHWEPPE

MILDRED SNYDER

HELEN FERRY

DORIS POWERS

Sigma Sigma Society

ALL of the art students at Lasell are entitled to membership in the Sigma Sigma Society, which, founded by Miss Mulliken, the Art teacher, is primarily an organization to promote "jolly good fellowship" among the studio girls. As this is a secret society, very little can be found out concerning it, except that, as we all know, in the early part of the fall term mysterious notes are received by all members-to-be among the new girls, bidding them on a certain evening to come in simple attire and humble in spirit, to the studio. We only know that they have an initiation and afterwards a spread, designed to act as oil on troubled waters. But one who has noted the appearance of returning victims can not help being impressed

with the idea that a society whose membership is so much sought for that applicants will cheerfully undergo all sorts of trying circumstances to win it, must indeed be worth while.

The work of this society at least is worth while, for the members are always willing and glad to render their services to the school paper or the year book; and whenever a play or other entertainment is to be given, all interesting particulars concerning it are furnished by posters cleverly designed and painted by these same girls.

It is always interesting to examine the work of the club in the drawings, paintings, and arts-and-crafts work, which are exhibited in the studio during Commencement week.

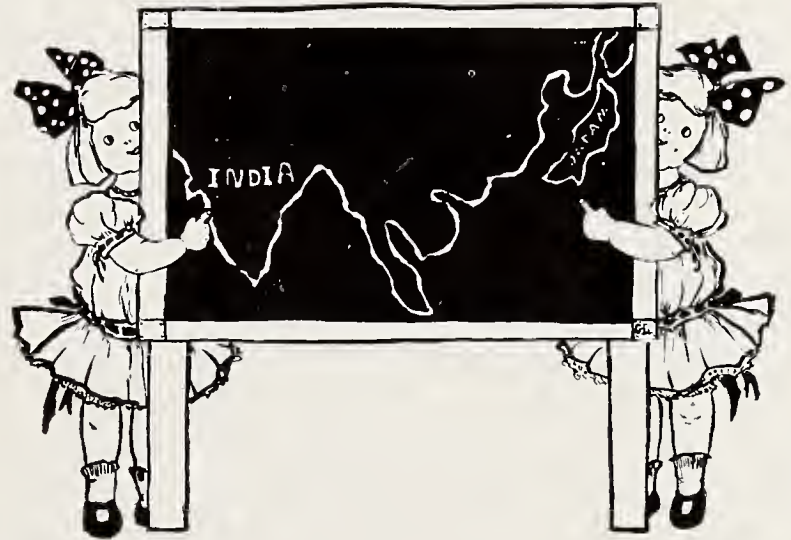


Missionary Society

THE Lasell Missionary Society has a membership of practically all of the students, each of whom pledges a weekly due of five cents or more. This sum, together with that raised at our annual lawn festival, is then divided among several domestic and foreign missionary enterprises in which Lasell is interested. Recently word was received from India, saying that Caroline Lasell, the orphan, whom we have helped to support in one of the missions there, has lately married and so no longer needs our assistance; but another bright little girl has been chosen to have our name and to be educated with our help. The society also aids in the maintenance of the Lasell Mission School in India, the work of Mrs. Emma Barnum Briggs, in Luilkey, and has an interest in the International Institute for Girls in Spain. A part of our funds assists the work of the deaconesses and the Frances E. Willard Settlement work in Boston during the holiday time. We are glad, also, to pledge some help to the Floating Hospital and other home charities.

Christian Endeavor Society

THE Lasell Christian Endeavor Society was organized in 1889 by Dr. Francis E. Clark, the father of this world-wide movement; and since then its influence for good over the school has steadily increased. The weekly meetings are well attended and especial pains are taken to make them interesting and helpful to the students.



Lasell Morning Song

(Tune—"My Wife's Gone to the Country")

Oh, "We are well and happy!"

Hooray! hooray!

For Mrs. Martin's with us—

She's here most every day.

Oh, "we are tall and handsome"—

That's what the people say.

And "something good has surely come,"

To make us bright and gay.

To be "refined and buoyant,"

And strong, alert and true—

"Awake in mind and body,"

And straight of shoulder, too.

And if we're truly all this,

And never make a fuss

"The good we give out to the world

Will e'er come back to us."

"Build thee more stately mansions,

My soul, my soul"—

"Now say it with some feeling, girls;

Don't stand there like a pole."

"Heads high! and lift your chests up,

On this bright sunny day;

And say with voices 'sweet and low,'

Away cares—away."

A. P. A. '12

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

23. School opened.
Lecture by Dr. Vincent on "Nathaniel Hawthorne."
25. Boat ride for all the girls on the Charles River.
A frolic in the gymnasium to make the old and new girls better acquainted.
29. Old girls serenaded the new.
30. Lecture by Professor Brooks on "Alaska."

OCTOBER

1. A party went to Boston to hear Dr. Cook lecture on "The North Pole."
2. Old girls dance to the new.
7. Dr. Vincent gave an excellent lecture on "Emerson the Man."
16. Juniors had a fudge party in the Practice Kitchen.
18. Concord and Lexington trip.
Seniors came to dinner capped and gowned.
21. Reading by Mr. Van Kirk on "Browning."
28. Lecture by Dr. Vincent on "Lowell."
30. Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium.

NOVEMBER

1. Party went to Salem.
4. Lecture by Jacob Riis, honorary member of Senior Class.
7. French reception.
11. Recital by Mr. Alvah Salmon.
12. German play and reception.
18. Lecture by Dr. Vincent on "Oliver W. Holmes."
19. Girls went in to the Harvard-Yale Glee Club Concert.
24. Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

8. French play and reception.
11. Two very interesting plays by the Dramatic Club: "The Nettle" and "The Kleptomaniac."
12. Glee Club Vespers.
14. Students' Recital.
15. Off for "*Home, Sweet Home.*"

JANUARY

6. School opens again.
10. First skating on the Charles River.
13. Most interesting lecture by "our" Miss Mulliken on "Whistler."
17. Juniors mysteriously disappeared after dinner.
20. Lecture by Dr. Powers on "Michael Angelo."
22. The Innes Comet was visible and all the girls were on the roof to enjoy it.
27. Mr. Bailey gave an excellent lecture.
29. The Senior Banquet to the Juniors at Woodland Park Hotel.
10. Lecture by Professor Brooks on "Comets and Meteors."
22. Washington's Birthday festivities.
24. Wilhelm Heinrich charmed the girls by his song-recital. Reception afterward.
26. Juniors went to Wellesley Inn and—well, that's enough.
27. Day of Prayer.
Inspiring messages from Dr. J. A. Richards and Miss Fletcher.

MARCH

3. Reception. The musical program was enjoyed by all.
9. Orphean Concert.
10. Another interesting lecture by Mr. Bailey.
12. Juniors' party to the Seniors.
22. A very fine Spring Concert.

Favorite Expressions of the Faculty

MISS WITHERBEE: "Miss X. Y. Z., you may Sit."
"Puzzle: find the grandfather?"

MISS IRWIN: "That is to say—as it were."

MISS NUTT: "Why—er—have you permission?"

FRÄULEIN: "Also! Natürlich."

MISS WARNER: "Girls, have you registered?"

MISS POTTER: "What is it, girlie?"

MISS RAND: "Heavens, woman! Now, for instance suppose——"

MADemoiselle: "You talk French like a Spanish cow!"

MISS PACKARD: "Please see me at your earliest convenience."

MISS DOLLY: " " (A smile, accompanied by a faint giggle.)

MRS. LOOMIS: "This is no conversation class!"

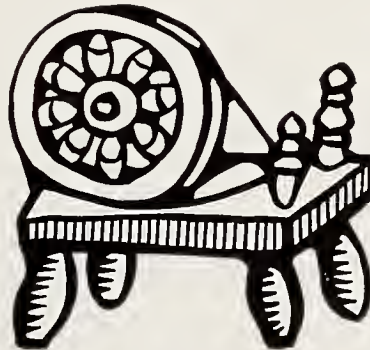
DR. WINSLOW: "It is with great pleasure that I introduce——"

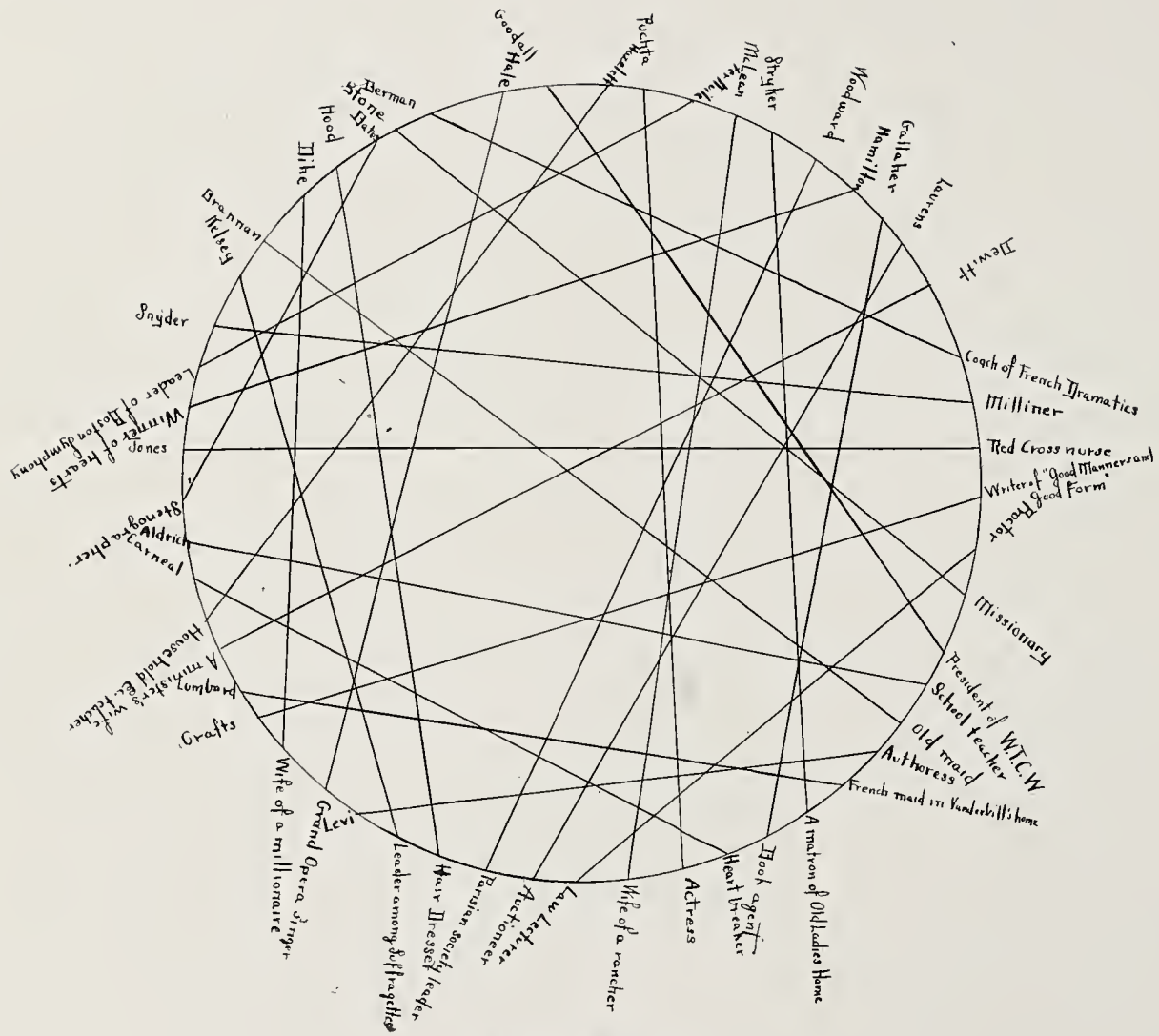
MRS. MARTIN: "You dear babies!"

LIEUTENANT RANLETT: "MY COMPANY——"

MR. WINSLOW: "It is so because" (full pause).

MISS DILLINGHAM: "Girls, I wish you would come more quietly through the gym."





Senior Destiny



Grinds

MISS MULLIKEN (in the 8.50 History of Art Class):
Have we had any other reclining figure of a woman?

PUPIL: Hermes Reposing.

MISS WITHERBEE (coming upon a group of girls who are searching for Miss Nutt): Oh! you're going nutting?

HAZEL BOWER has so profited by Miss Potter's lectures on "Manners" that she knocks at her own door before going in.

FIRST GIRL (giving summary of the French play):
And so neither of them were married after all.

SECOND GIRL: I see, it was a tragedy then.

FRÄULEIN HEINRICH (translating): He sat with his elbow on his chin.

E. LAURENS (in History of Art): Miss Mulliken, let us pose for the boy and the goose; let me be the boy and Reva the goose.

MISS MULLIKEN: Oh! I'm afraid that would be too realistic.

Jo Siggins and Jo Woodward (talking about New Mexico):

Jo SIGGINS: Say, Jo, are there any Apache Indians still in New Mexico?

Jo WOODWARD: Well, yes, on the reservoirs you know.

MISS RAND (in XIX Century History): If a man has \$500 on which he is bringing up his wife—

WINIFRED WHITTLESLEY (discussing Le Juif Polonais): Well, M. Mathis woke up in the morning all dead.

E. LAURENS (to electrician): Now when you fix the light don't put in any kind of a red cord, put in a nice green one.

ELECTRICIAN (politely): Any particular shade, ma'am?

MISS WITHERBEE: Where is your excuse, Miss McLean?

TOT McLEAN: Up in Miss Nutt's room.

MISS WITHERBEE: That's a good place for it, it will keep well there.

MISS FARMER (describing the Pantheon): The dome was sort of a circular circle.

MISS MULLIKEN: Miss Farmer, will you give an example of an old Roman bath?

MISS FARMER: Cocoa Cola. (Perhaps she meant Cara Calla(?)).

ALMA DUMN: Why, girls, I was so frightened that I was almost killed to death!

Altho they use sulphur to kill bugs on trees (as Miss Shinn says), Mr. Winslow does not know whether they use it in the dog pound or not.

MARY STARR UTTER (just returning from the water tank): My dear, there is an awful crowd out there waiting for drinks.

MARY LUMBARD (studying Bible): Why, Paul was a tent maker. I didn't know that.

MISS BLASS (overhearing): We'll know who to go to for a camping outfit, won't we?

MARGUERITE MURDOCH: My crush is so unscientific.

Said at dinner at Miss Nutt's table to Miss Nutt:
Oh! I dislike all kinds of Nutts.

Why does Grace Alexander wear black? Is she in mourning or does she think it is becoming, or——?

President Ordway sat forcibly on Vice-President Kelly in Wellesley Square.

Senior definition of versatile: The ability to write verses.

Why is a Lasell girl's laundry like a box of Huyler's?
Because every piece bears a name.

MISS RAND (decidedly): Yes, the Philadelphia strike is by far the most interesting topic of domestic news at present and engrosses most of our attention.

FRÄULEIN HEINRICH (Feb. 22): Have Fräulein Kelsey and Nelson a strike on each other?

M. H.: Julia, do you know what calomel is?

JULIA CRAFTS: It is a certain amount of heat.
(Did she mean calorie?)

Edna had a lovely switch
The color of her hair.
And every place that Edna went,
The switch was also there.

One day she wore it to the Gym.
She'll never do so more.
She shook her head, some pins slipped out,
The switch fell on the floor.

MISS PACKARD (In Bible Class): The parable of the lemon (leaven) is symbolical of womanhood.

MISS MARSH (having risen from bed, at Mlle.'s command, to come to study hall): Why am I here?

Mlle.: That's your look-out.

MARSH: But I was in bed with a cold.

Mlle.: Does Miss Nutt know about the cold?

MARSH: Yes.

Mlle.: Then it's not my look-out.

MARSH: But who sent me?

Mlle. (adding insult to injury): That's not my business. Who sent you last time?

MARSH (haughtily): This is my first experience.
Time dragged but finally the nine o'clock bell rang and Caroline departed.

It was nearly time for the "lights out" bell when a step was heard upon the stair, and in came Miss Hotchkiss. With a pitying smile, she handed the abused one a note which speaks for itself. "My Dear Miss Marsh: Will you forgive me for reading your name for the month of March, as I took the e for an s, etc."

The list for Study Hall had been dated March 1, which Mlle. took for Marsh.

And it was not even March 1, it was February 28.

Mlle. (speaking of her walking trip): At the end

of a long day's tramp I was so dirty; I was gloriously dirty.

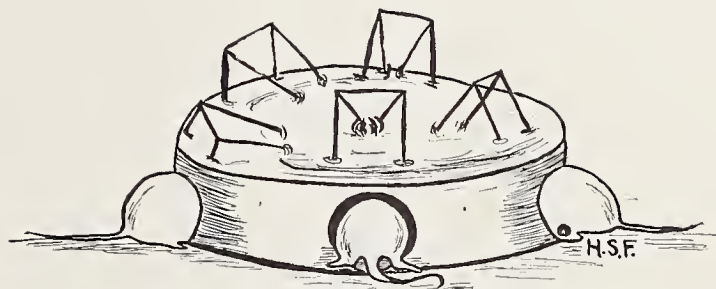
ELSIE B.: Well, how do you expect me to know how to pronounce *viki verka* (*vice versa*)? I don't take French.

MRS. MARTIN (calling roll in Expression Class): Miss Lane. (No answer.)

MRS. MARTIN: Miss Lane!

LIL LANE (wildly cramming her stanza of the Pied Piper): *Rats!*





FINIS

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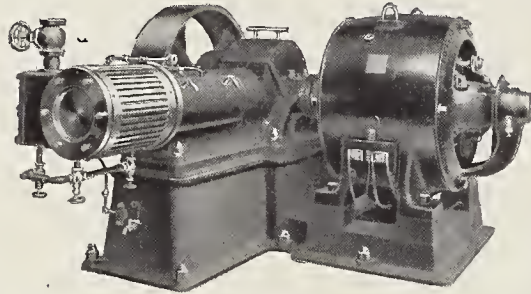


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