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The Allerlei

Class of 1913



Class of 1913

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This Allerlei

is Dedicated to Lasell by the Class of
nineteen hundred and thirteen

Crowning so nobly our broad hill crest,
Mid leafy green a heartsome sight,
To all around a beacon light,—
So stands the school we love the best.

'Tis our alma mater, our own Lasell,
The scene of fruitful happy years
Of work and playtime, joys and fears,—
So stands the school we love so well.

One has no need to brag or boast
Of what fair chances she doth give
To all who seek with her to live,—
So stands the school we love the most.

And she has grown like scattered seed.
Six cottages are clustered round,
On grassy hill, on level ground,—
So stands the school we love indeed.

Bancroft, Clark, Cushman,—Hawthorne, too,
Carter, and favored Carpenter Hall—
To happy Seniors best of all,—
So stands the school we love so true.

Our chief, a man frank, forthright, strong
In heart and brain to dare and do,
The helm hath set his hand unto,—
So stands the school we've loved so long.

Our teachers, kindly, helpful, wise,
Encourage us to seek new heights,
Broader horizons, clearer lights,—
So stands the school we love and prize.

Firm founded in the hearts of all,
Her daughters like a beacon flame,
She bears her old and honored name,—
So stands the school we love o'er all.



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Fitte the First

Wherein the school routine is recommended—
or otherwise.

I

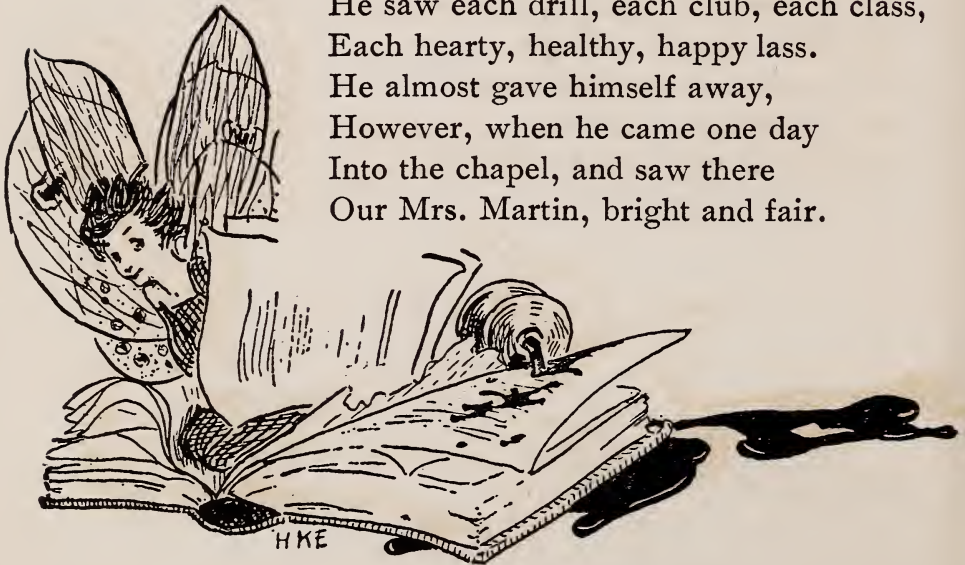
Once on a time (for so they say
A tale should always be begun)
The man from Mars came down this way
For a little work, and a little fun.
Investigation was his aim, —
He wished to know if 'twere the same
On earth as in his native home.
And far and wide he planned to roam,
See everything of fame or note,
From a boarding-school to how we vote.
Not as an honored guest to go,
But only wishing better to know
The wonders that are here below,
Himself unseen, but seeing all.
It came about one day last fall
That some queer twist or turn of fate
Directed ere it was too late
That man from Mars to Auburndale,
A little suburb in the vale



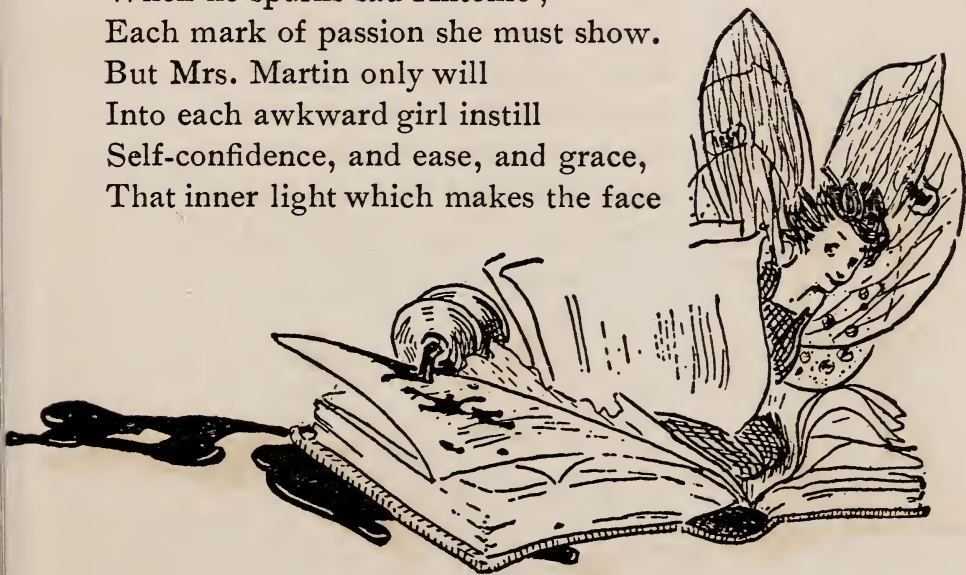
That once was named "Saint's Rest" — but now
Both saints and rest are gone, I trow ;
Since human, active lassies came
They've even had to change the name.
Well, fate decreed ; the man obeyed ;
And many months he here has stayed,
And many wonders seen and heard.
But we will give a very few
Of the endless things that came to view
Throughout those months of close inspection,
Including many a calm reflection.

II

At first, of course, he came inside,
And into every corner pryed.
He saw each drill, each club, each class,
Each hearty, healthy, happy lass.
He almost gave himself away,
However, when he came one day
Into the chapel, and saw there
Our Mrs. Martin, bright and fair.



She said, " We're well and happy too !"
And " Something good will come to you
If you will think of all the rest,
And always do your very best."
But Mrs. Martin's just begun
When " morning gym " is past and done,
And in her classes " Die or do !"—
A motto strong, though the words be few.
A girl may weep and wail and mourn,
Or look all homesick and forlorn,—
No matter, some things she must do,
Till she may wish she'd not been born.
For she must pound old Webster there,
And all of Shylock's hatred share
When he spurns sad Antonio ;
Each mark of passion she must show.
But Mrs. Martin only will
Into each awkward girl instill
Self-confidence, and ease, and grace,
That inner light which makes the face



Attractive always, even where
Have settled lines of pain and care ;
And 'tis her greatest worry lest
One be not strong to stand the test,
If she be pierced by Cupid's dart,
And in the home must do her part,
But Mrs. Martin does her best,
And with each girl she shares her heart.

III

This Martian man, it seems, could go
All round about and no one know ;
For he, you see, was wondrous wise,
Employed a baffling strange disguise,
And wandered at his own sweet will,
But did not cause a single thrill.
So one fair morn he, bravely bold,
Again into the chapel strolled,
When lo ! he almost turned and ran,—
Behind the desk there stood a man !
The Martian could not understand
The wooden hammer in his hand,



Which beat the desk in a forceful way.
The man from Mars heard someone say,
“Parliament’ry law comes once each week,
When we must rules of order seek,
Till we can lead a meeting well.”
Then came the ringing of the bell,
Which put a stop to explanation,
And all adjourned by limitation.
But in a week again they came,
And tried to enter in the game
Of politics. With speeches long,
Debaters tried to prove that wrong
Which some untutored mate had said;
But each discussion only led
The politicians deeper in,
Till Roosevelt did finally win
The nominations from Lasell.
No one could even begin to tell
What arguments, what hot debates
Were had right here before the states
Could cast their votes; for some agreed
That what this country most does need



Is the slow conservative hand of Taft.
At this the majority only laughed,
And cast their vote for Roosevelt's speed.
But both the parties—all and one—
Agreed conventions were great fun.
Another week the question came,
“Would politics be just the same
If victory came to the suffragette?”
Marj Buler might be talking yet
Had not her pride in hasty fall
Collapsed, when each girl in the hall
Laughed long and merrily at slip
Of “palls” (for “polls”) from careless lip.

IV

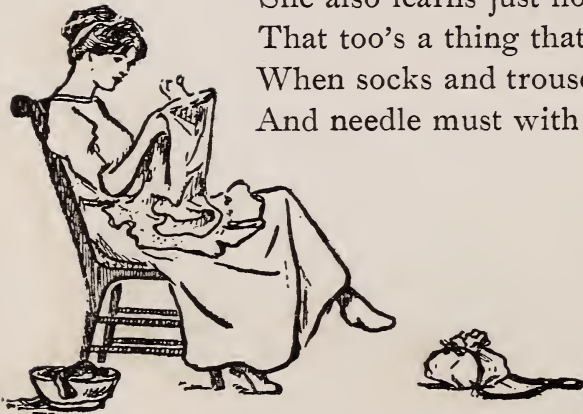
Each household feat—to learn to cook,
And sew, and bake (without a book)—
A man will always rank as first.
So experiment and do your worst!



The man from Mars has proved indeed
That he will ever be agreed
With mortal brothers here on earth
In what he deems of highest worth.
So when he saw our "Household Ec,"
His boundless appetite to check
He tried, and tried, and tried in vain.
His joy he scarcely could restrain,
His mouth would water at the sight,
And he enjoyed full many a bite
Of dainty, toothsome viands spread
Before his eyes,—or so 'tis said.
The way the practice is arranged,
So that the menus can be changed
And different people there may dine,
He also thought was very fine.
Thus: each is hostess just one week;
And then she must her cook book seek,
And stoves and ovens bravely face;
And then, again, she'll change her place,



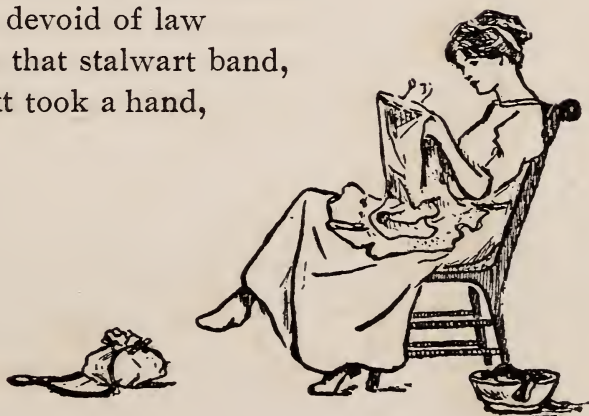
And for a time she'll waitress be
(A fairer maid you'll never see
In apron white and gown of black,—
She'll spill no coffee down your back).
And so she shifts and turns about
Through six long weeks of joy and doubt,
Until at last she's had in turn
To sweep, to dust, to bake, to burn ;
Experience was her teacher fair,
And she has gained a goodly share.
After this household decoration
Invites her keenest penetration,
To fathom heating plants and plumbing,
And many other things benumbing.
Her powers of thinking are well tested,
In physiology digested ;
And chemistry will help to show
The food values that she must know.
She also learns just how to sew,—
That too's a thing that she must know
When socks and trousers are to mend,
And needle must with rents contend.



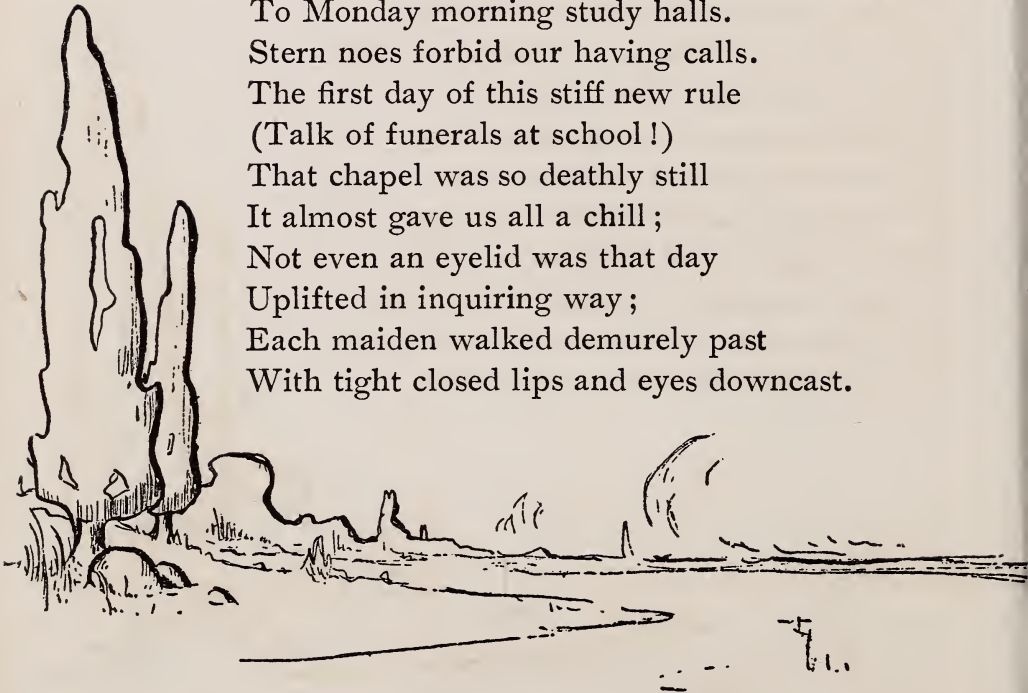
All this she does in her own sweet way,
Under the teacher's gentle sway.
The stitches marvels work indeed,
With readiness in case of need.
Things such as these will please "mere man,"
So maiden does the best she can.

V

"O, for a place of quiet and rest,
To foster what in them is best,
These many girls here at Lasell,
Who rush and race about pell-mell.
Even at chapel there's a din,
Of all the places I've been in
It is the worst. I wonder why
The Student Council only sigh?
That does not change things for the good.
Or have they done 'the best they could?'"
So spake the Martian, when he saw
E'en chapel how devoid of law
And order. But that stalwart band,
The Faculty, next took a hand,



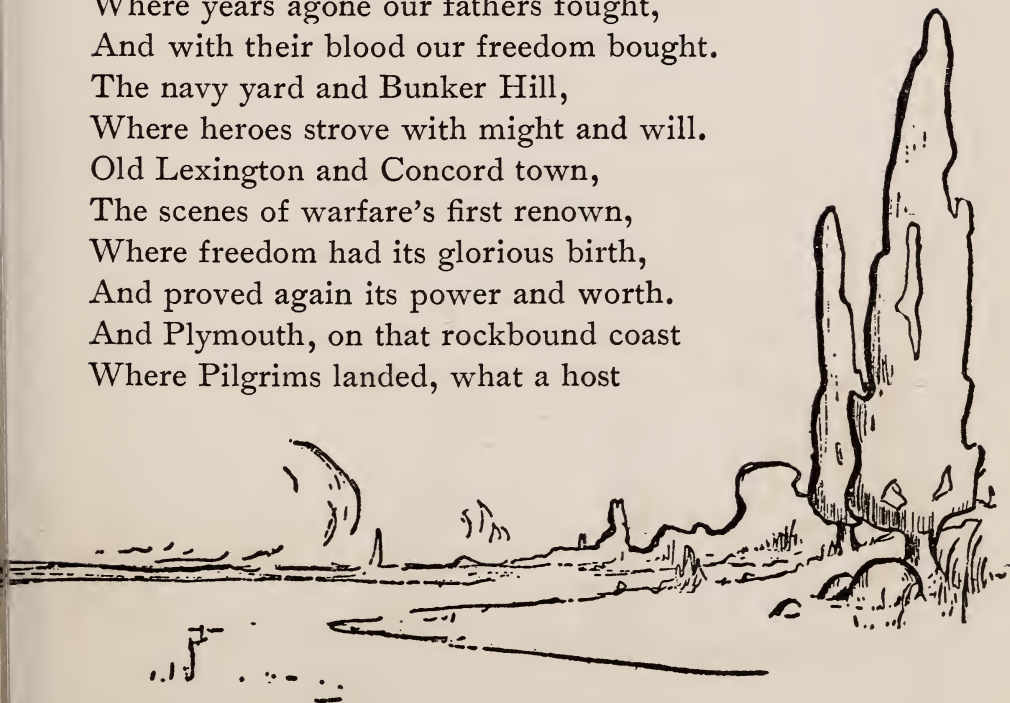
And tried to see what it could do
For noisy halls and chapel too.
So rules they made for us to keep ;
Our misdeeds' harvest now we reap.
We must not whisper when the bell
Tolls forth its doleful warning knell,
To chapel summoning at noon ;
For if we talk, it seems that soon
We shall receive a billet doux —
“ The front row is the place for you.”
And if the thing occurs again,
Sadly we go at the stroke of ten
To Monday morning study halls.
Stern noes forbid our having calls.
The first day of this stiff new rule
(Talk of funerals at school !)
That chapel was so deathly still
It almost gave us all a chill ;
Not even an eyelid was that day
Uplifted in inquiring way ;
Each maiden walked demurely past
With tight closed lips and eyes downcast.



And so it has been ever since ;
No single damsels seen to wince,
Such pleasure do we all take in
Our chapel service without din.
But we will not forget—Oh, no !
Who first sat in the foremost row—
'Twas Florence Myers had to go.

VI

Around old Boston here and there
Are places to be viewed with care,
Where years ago our fathers fought,
And with their blood our freedom bought.
The navy yard and Bunker Hill,
Where heroes strove with might and will.
Old Lexington and Concord town,
The scenes of warfare's first renown,
Where freedom had its glorious birth,
And proved again its power and worth.
And Plymouth, on that rockbound coast
Where Pilgrims landed, what a host

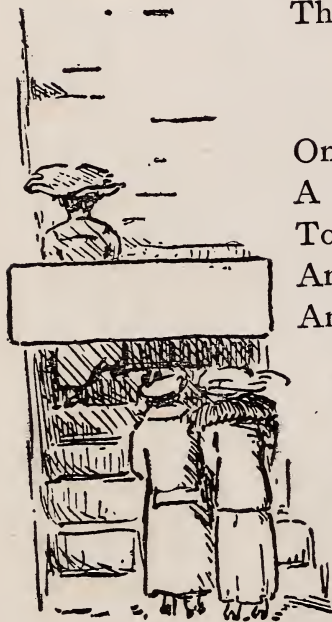


Of sturdy, staunch, determined men,
Stepped on that rock full firmly, when
Their ship arrived at port unknown,
And here they stood, exiled, alone!
And Salem, of strange witchcraft fame,
When poor old people—man and dame—
Were hounded to a cruel death.
So superstition sundereth
Those who should as brothers love,
All persecution far above.
All these, and many others too,
The happy girls were glad to view.
And the Martian was rejoiced to see
This interest in their fair countrie.



VII

On Friday night and Saturday
A number weekly wind their way
To Boston,—they who wish to see
An opera or a symphony.
And Monday morning in the hall



Are clustered many maidens, all
Prepared for shopping trip to town,
To buy a hat, or some new gown.
But each delays till go she must,
For first she has to sweep and dust
Her room, and after get her mail.
Full oft it happens, she must fail
To make her train, or else must leave
Without that letter, and must grieve
All unconsolated till she returns,
And even then perhaps she learns
That she has—but an empty box.
Oh, girlhood's path is strewn with rocks!
Her purse, alas! must lack their shine
An empty, quite exhausted mine,
When she has spent her every cent,
So that from everywhere she went
Something must follow "C. O. D."
Oh, where, oh, where, can that check be!



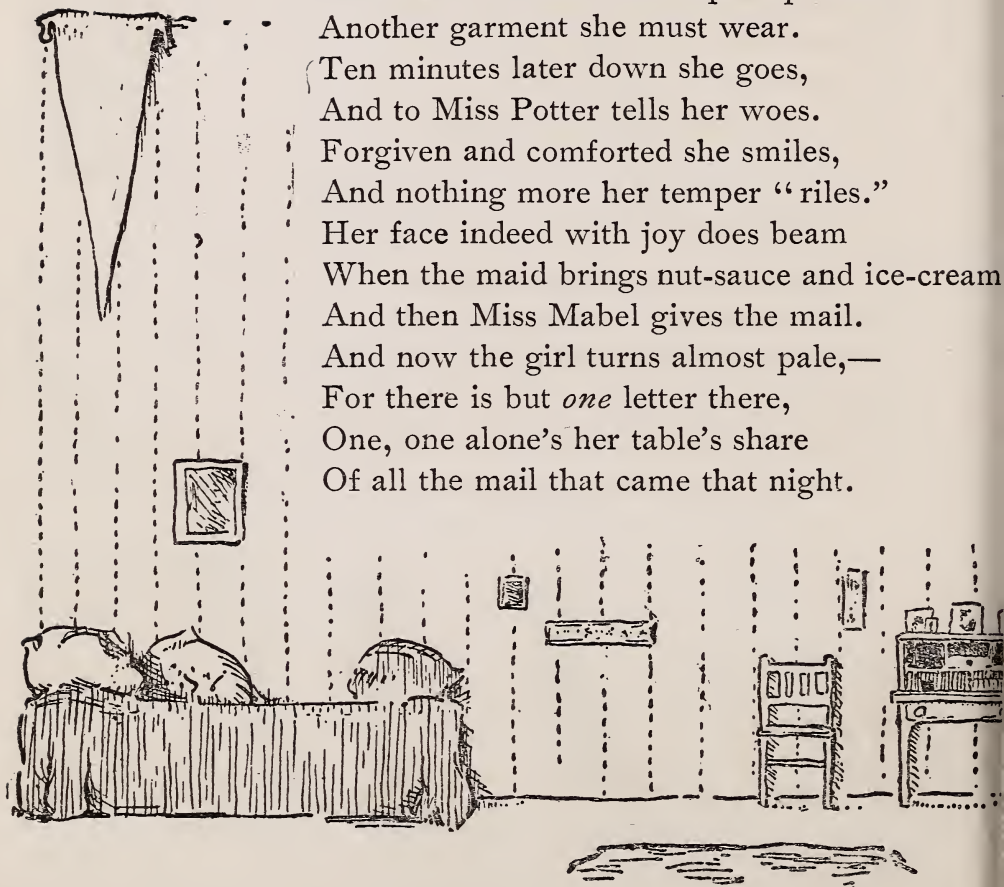
ELEVATED
STATION



H.K.E.

VIII

With heavy heart, and saddened look,
One morn she struggles with a hook.
The bell has rung, but what cares she?
More miserable she could not be,
And round her eyes the shadows lurk!
She gives the hook a sudden jerk,
When all at once comes zip—rip—tear!
Another garment she must wear.
Ten minutes later down she goes,
And to Miss Potter tells her woes.
Forgiven and comforted she smiles,
And nothing more her temper “riles.”
Her face indeed with joy does beam
When the maid brings nut-sauce and ice-cream
And then Miss Mabel gives the mail.
And now the girl turns almost pale,—
For there is but *one* letter there,
One, one alone’s her table’s share
Of all the mail that came that night.



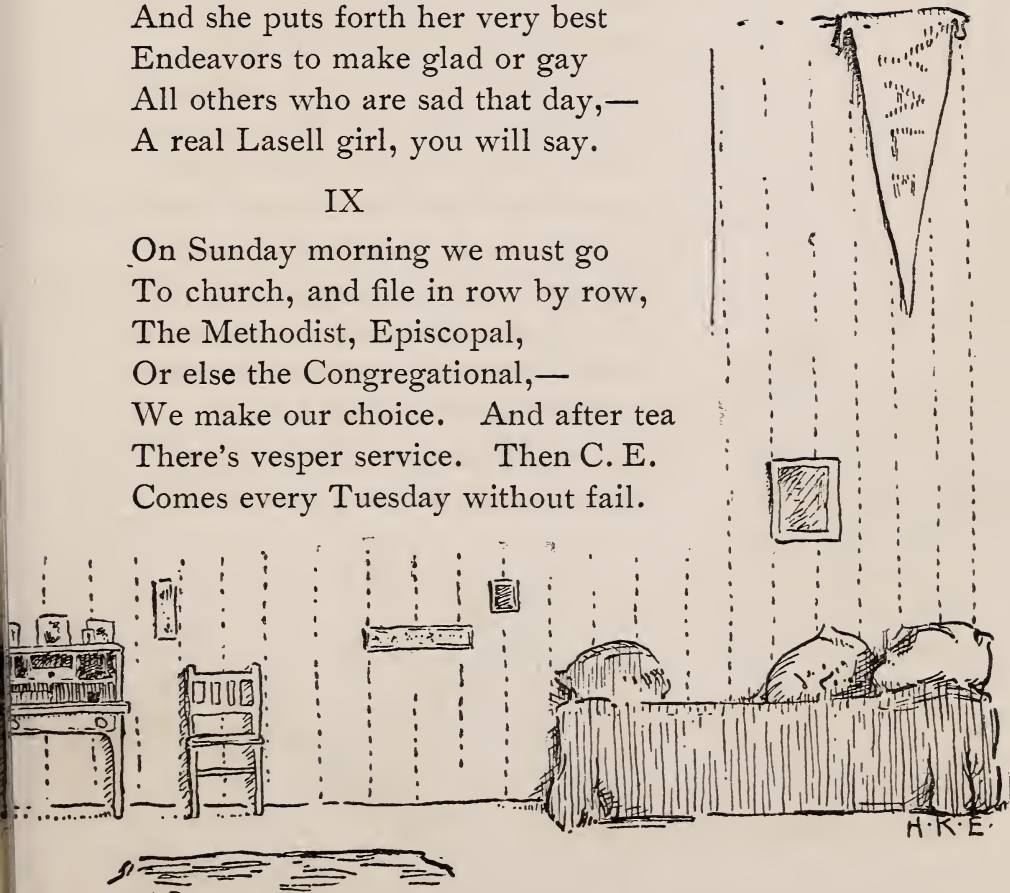
The poor girl thinks with sudden fright,
“One chance in twelve that it’s for me.

What shall I do if it should not be?”

But soon she sees that ’tis addressed
To her. She’s happy with the rest;
And when she sees the check inside,
A grin o’erspreads her face, so wide
It threatens to eclipse the rest;
And she puts forth her very best
Endeavors to make glad or gay
All others who are sad that day,—
A real Lasell girl, you will say.

IX

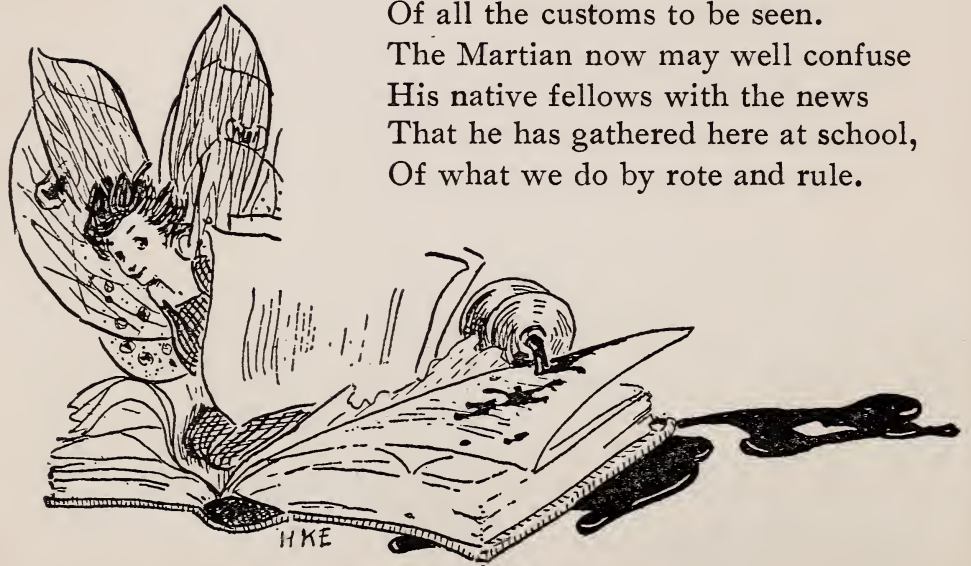
On Sunday morning we must go
To church, and file in row by row,
The Methodist, Episcopal,
Or else the Congregational,—
We make our choice. And after tea
There’s vesper service. Then C. E.
Comes every Tuesday without fail.



Remarks informal then prevail.
And cheerfully the girls all give
To help the missionaries live,—
'Tis just a little from each one,
But much is with that little done.

X

No use to even attempt to tell
Of each experience that befell
The man from Mars here at Lasell.
No book could hold the countless things,
They sped as if on eagle's wings,
Crowded apace, then lo! for they'd flown,
And, past, were Memory's alone.
Enough of classes and routine
Of all the customs to be seen.
The Martian now may well confuse
His native fellows with the news
That he has gathered here at school,
Of what we do by rote and rule.

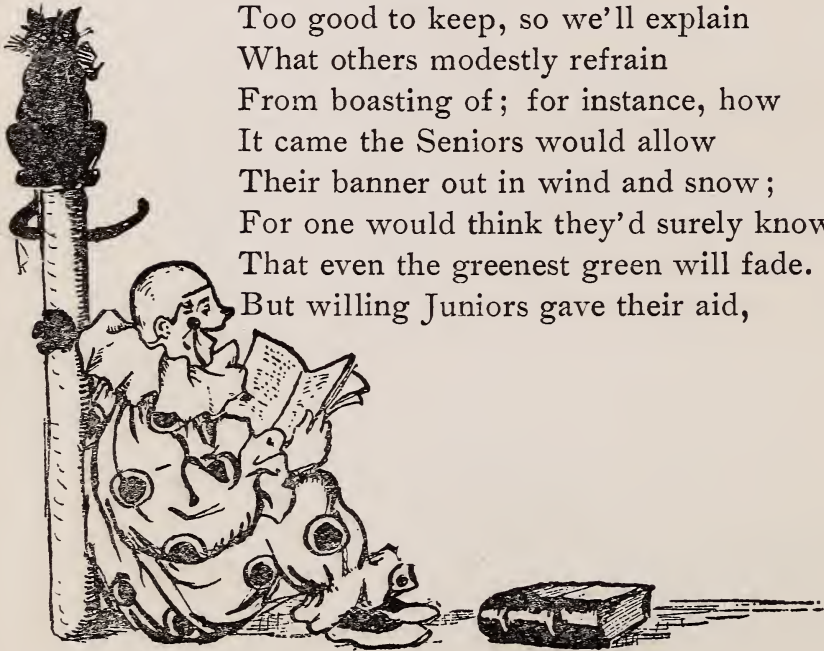


Fytte the Second

**Wherein people are recommended—or
otherwise.**

I

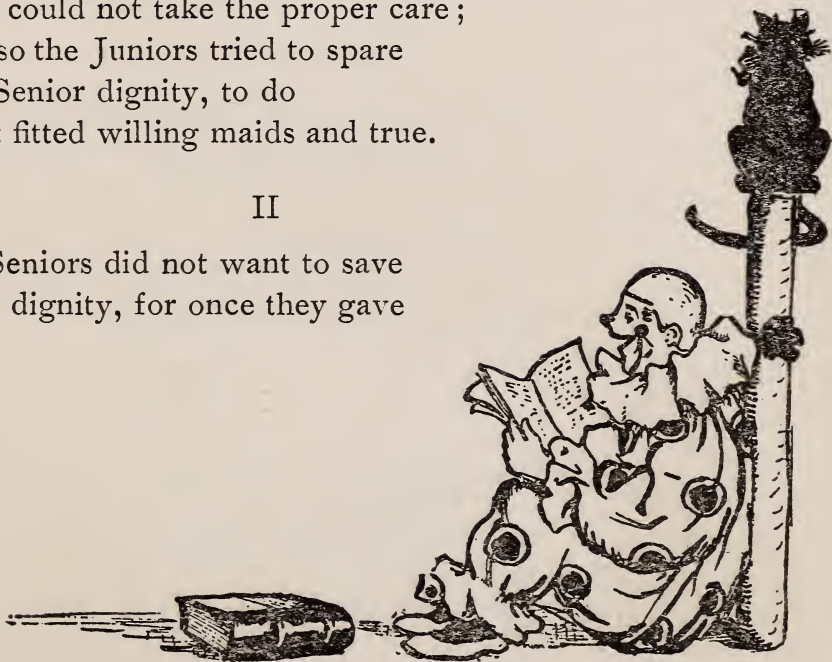
Now, without doubt, 'tis very well
To tell the routine of Lasell ;
But one thing's more important still,
Than all the learning they instill,—
The kind of girls we have at school—
Happy and healthy, calm and cool,
Ready for work, yet in for fun :
When their diploma they have won,
Their journey through life is well begun.
But that masculine guest from the distant star
Confided secrets that are far
Too good to keep, so we'll explain
What others modestly refrain
From boasting of ; for instance, how
It came the Seniors would allow
Their banner out in wind and snow ;
For one would think they'd surely know
That even the greenest green will fade.
But willing Juniors gave their aid,



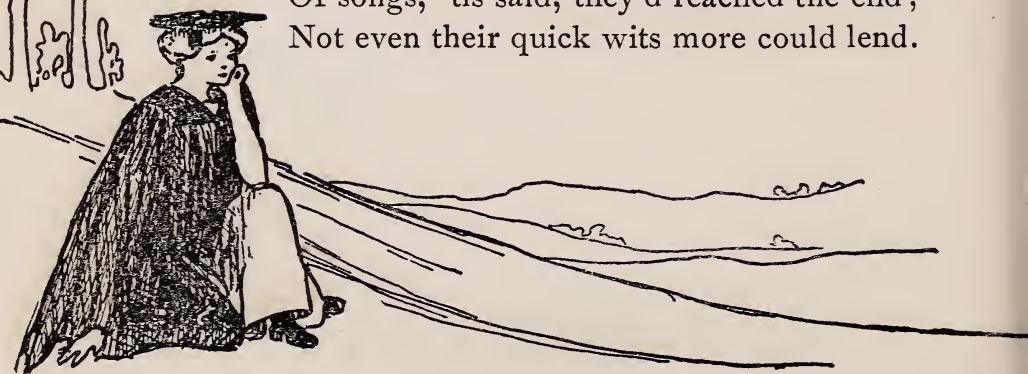
And gladly kept with watchful care
That Senior flag. No unkind air,
Or wintry snow, or driving rain,
Could injure it; though 'twas with pain
That Juniors saw the ingratitude,
The angry, almost sullen mood
That thankless class of Nineteen Twelve,
As they in every crevice delved
To try to find where it was stowed,
For days and weeks to Juniors showed
Although the Seniors proved, indeed,
Of that green flag, if it were freed,
They could not take the proper care;
And so the Juniors tried to spare
The Senior dignity, to do
What fitted willing maids and true.

II

But Seniors did not want to save
Their dignity, for once they gave



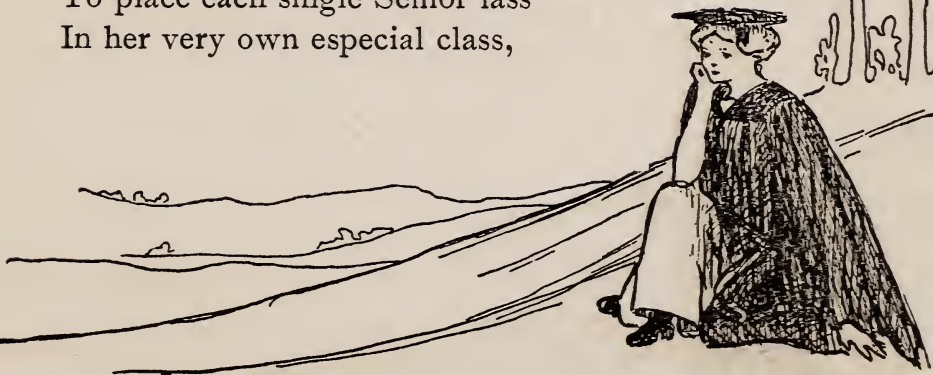
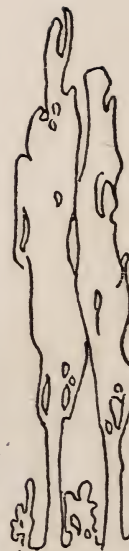
Inquiring Juniors tit for tat ;
They answered back, just think of that !
'Twas when a ball game was in swing,
The Juniors started in to sing,
Seeming at Seniors taunts to fling.
Our black-robed sisters could not hold
Their peace when such events were told.
So they gave back another song
To say such tales were very wrong ;
The banner did to them belong.
Oh, surely, without any doubt,
They must have been sadly put out,
Or they would not at any cost
Have let their dignity be lost.
Though we have heard Dame Rumor tell
That dignity did not impel
Such sudden ceasing of their burst
Of answering song. Now hear the worst :—
Of songs, 'tis said, they'd reached the end ;
Not even their quick wits more could lend.



Across the gym, and so it seems
They used their caps and gowns as screens.
But while we speak of cap and gown,
Let's not forget how they came down
One night to dinner so bedecked.
To put it mildly, we suspect
They thought they'd caught us unprepared.
But Junior colors at them flared.
And it is doubtless really true
That not a single Senior knew
When the next night our Juniors came
In hats and coats to mock the game.

III

But p'r'aps, indeed, it would be well
Of these our Seniors more to tell
In each her individual tale,
Later to come; and if we fail
To place each single Senior lass
In her very own especial class,



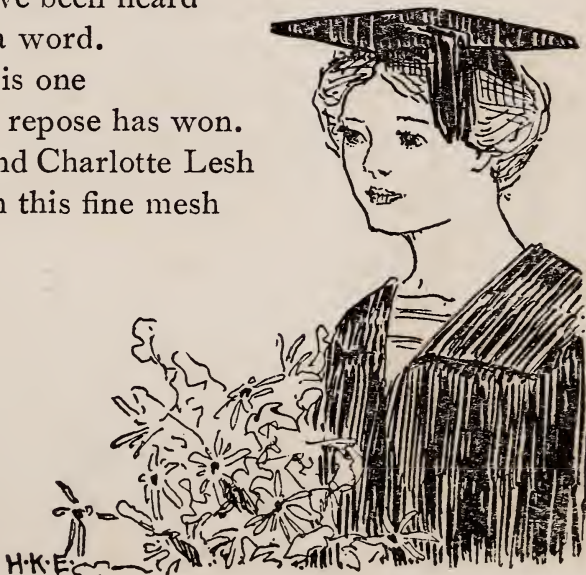
At least we've tried to do our best.
But we'll just say before the test,
That all the Seniors in that class
Have made a record hard to pass.
Congratulations, every one,
On splendid work, and splendid fun !
We're more than proud, and wish to you
Success in everything you do.

IV

One class of Seniors is the kind
Distinguished through their brilliant mind.
Elizabeth Edson's of these few,
Then Esther Morrey and Jane Parsons, too,
Who have this inner intuition.
(Jane's is a "jealous disposition,"
According to her gentle way
Of phrasing it—not we that say.)
'Tis diligent Elinor we must thank
For bringing the "Leaves" to the highest
rank ;



Indeed it has reached such a high
Degree of worth, that when we try
Such lofty excellence to attain,
We find it all has been in vain,
And hie us down to solid earth,
All too prosaic with its dearth
Of rhyming words and run-on lines,
Where not a single sound combines
To make poetic verse—but stop
Before we're wound up like a top
And "versifying tales" must spin
Of all the troubles we've been in.
For Seniors still we have in mind
There is the silent modest kind,—
Those who never have been heard
To say a single extra word.
Amalia Rosenbaum is one
Who power through repose has won.
Rosaltha Williams and Charlotte Lesh
Are well entwined in this fine mesh



Of silence sweet. But Charlotte's prone
Often to gently murmur, "Doan!"
While Clara Parker gives her line
When she admits, "It was sublime—
That Lowell prom!" Despite her name
Dorothy Africa is quite tame;
And foremost in the quiet row
The class Vice President will go.
If Marjory Risser's none knows where,
Go to Marion's room; you'll find her there.
Small Ethel Moore performs the feat
Of keeping alive on nothing to eat.
Maude dearly loves her room-mate fair,
And where her Mary is, *she's* there.
Then the barnyard clan—that sextette strong—
To third floor Pickard they belong—
Annie, "Jonsey," and Mildred Hall,
With Pam, the smallest one of all,
Who, notwithstanding seems quite able
To "Barr" all elbows from the table;



Add Mary Starr, and "Clippy," too,—
Whose closet you'll be glad to view.
She has ten dresses hanging there
All white and indexed, plain and clear.
Winifred Whittlesey, we should say,
Is the rashest scribbler here to-day.
For hours and hours and hours she'll write ;
Has a caller, too, each Saturday night.
If Ora Hammond you would tease,
Just ask her where to wash your hands,
And if her "red-tied" chest expands,
Say "George" to her. But please, oh please,
Remember "Billie" is the name
That causes Alexander's fame ;
And that Grace is not a bit too tall
To enter the door to Carter Hall,
And Queenie Nettle's quite a shark
At groping through the murky dark :
"Th' Elopement of Ellen" 's her favorite play,
At least that's what she used to say ;



So just inquire from one who knows
What was the tale of the "red, red rose."
To Miriam Flynn our verdict's firm;
Piano rental's ten dollars a term.
While if there's mail that p'r'aps may be
From Harvard, then will Rosalie
Demand to know to whom each one
Belongs before the meal is done.
If you dead worthies would seek out,
And Bunny's anywhere about,
Give her "Who's Who" and she will try
To find them in it, do or die!
'Tis also said that she is so
Afraid of mice that one can fool
Her into shying at a spool.
Agnes Adelsdorf, songbird sweet,
With famous Clément might compete.
Ruth Volrath's strong for Detroit, you know,
And has always near her Holmes or Stroh.
Marion McArthur will agree
Out doors is the best place to be.



Was Ruth Bachelder in that little play,
“The Bachelor”? Or, would you say,
In the “Man Question” she’s the question-
mark?

When she appears—“let no dog bark.”
Ruth Coulter never wears a frown,
But has a dimple that’s upside down.
And Clara Trowbridge indeed, one day
In Boston gave herself away,
When she inquired in tone so fine,
“Have you ‘An Old Sweetheart of Mine?’”
Then once she sat upon the floor—
She’ll not again—no, nevermore!

V

And now that you have heard about
Our Seniors dear, there’s not a doubt
That a word or two concerning a few
Outside shining lights would interest you.
Our own class president, you know,
Has clever ideas, and is so



Original as to make her class
The best that ever came to pass.
The Junior team is hard to beat
When Gertrude does her usual feat
Of catching the pigskin ten feet in air
Without disturbing a lock of her hair,
And Edna tall, with her "boarding-house
reach,"

Points about guarding center could teach.
But Edna has an awful illusion—
She thinks she's going into seclusion
At the charming age of twenty-nine,
Her only companion, a little canine.
Another shining light of size
We find in Marjorie Beeler wise,
Who advocates that suffragettes
Have equal right to vote, and gets
Encyclopaedias to find
Long words, confusing to the mind.
She speaks on Parliamentary Law.
Her flights on Suffrage have no flaw—
At least they bring a loud guffaw ;



But if we too much fun demand,
The gavel pounds a stern command,
From out the hand of Jean McKay,
Who rules with undisputed sway.
But when we speak of shining lights,
The Faculty have certain rights.
For who would ever hope to shine
In English or expression fine,
More than Miss Witherbee, although
We are assured indeed 'tis so
That when Miss Rand was in the hall
From the door Miss Witherbee did call
To say noise did the class disturb,
And so Miss Witherbee must curb
The talking in the hall. But oh,
To whom she spoke she did not know!
But speaking of school's outs and ins,
Let's not forget the Golddust twins,—
Surely gay Scotty and Annie May
We'll not forget until Doomsday.
At any hour of the night or day,
Ruth Martincourt will drink, they say,

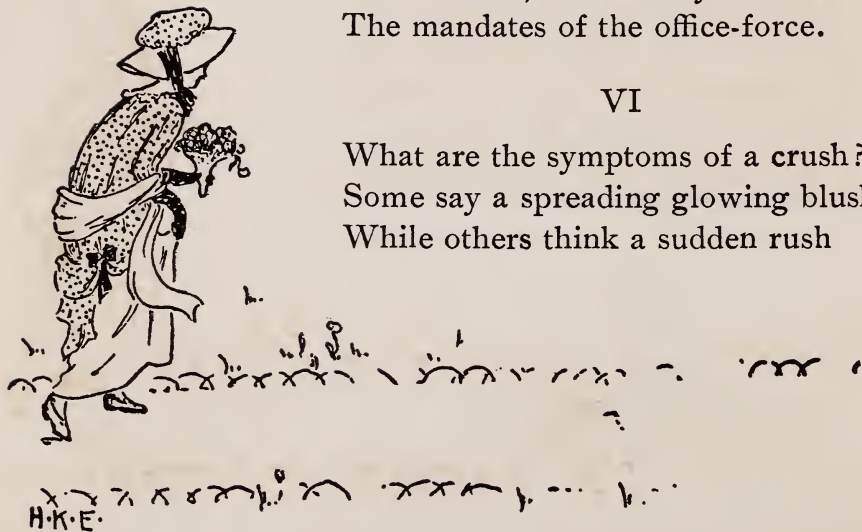


Water, of course, but after last bell
Miss Irwin saw and gave her—well
Ruth knew that something say she must,
And so she stammered “ I am just ”—
“ You’re always just ” — came sharp and
short,

But quicker still was the retort,
“ Better be just than be unjust,”
And she was not the least bit “ fussed.”
It would indeed have been most sad
In case by any chance we had
Forgotten the sub-faculty,
Invested with authority
To withhold mail, to blaze the trail
Of miscreants ; we humbly quail
Before them, and meekly endorse
The mandates of the office-force.

VI

What are the symptoms of a crush?
Some say a spreading glowing blush,
While others think a sudden rush



On florists' shops a fatal sign
Of unmistakable design.
At any rate there's come to view
Of this disease a case or two ;
For instance, mayhap Mary Dill
And Vera Wallace both are ill.
Dill has the Mania of the age
In its extremest greenhouse stage.
Warn her we're sure that someone should,
Though maybe "warning" were no good,
But we'll just hope they both get well
And rest Dill's cash supply a spell.
Another victim of the case,
Progressing with terrific pace,
Is Mabel Holmes, for soon last fall
She answered at May Beardsley's call
While Annie now is in command
Call or directs with wave of hand,
And May and Dot give demonstrations
Of friendship's possible relations.
While Ruth is seen with Mildred Hall



Till one night Ada jealous call.
Of German measles you have heard,
But mayhap we might add a word
Tall Mildred Westervelt to tease—
For she has taken this disease—
Of another German malady,
Severe in form, apparently.
If in this crushing you'd take part
And care for lessons in the art,
May Beardsley gladly will show you.
She teaches by example, too.
And many others also might
Throw upon that subject light,
Though they prefer the kindly dark
That screens them from adverse remark.
Now if from this you cannot know
What is a "crush," then you may go
To Florence Humbird, she can say
What experience teaches in that way.



VII

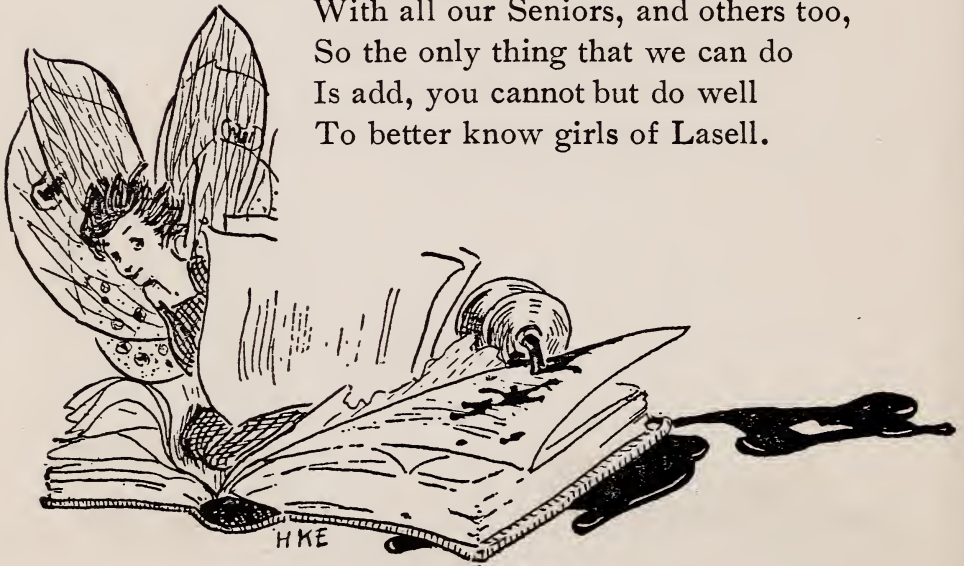
On the bulletin board all saw one day
A sign that meant—well, who can say
Just what it was, for “ Watch this space ”
Brought thoughtful puckers to each face?
And on the next morn there appeared
A notice still more wild and wierd :
“ We rejoice,” and that was all.
The rumors flying through the hall
Whispered of some dramatic stunt ;
Or else the Glee Club bore the brunt
Of secret plan for mystery :
While others still could plainly see
The Story contest now was done,
And soon we'd know which girl had won,
So just imagine the surprise
When an announcement met the eyes
Of early risers ; and 'twas seen
The members of Nineteen Thirteen



Had one more class-mate in their ranks,
Once more to share in fun and pranks ;
And yet a man who will inspire
Each Junior with a strong desire
Of school life here to make the most.
Professor Pearson gives the toast,
 “ The World is full of roses,
 The roses full of dew
 The dew is full of heavenly love
 That drips for me and you.”

VIII

And now we hope that we have painted
The people here till you're acquainted
With all our Seniors, and others too,
So the only thing that we can do
Is add, you cannot but do well
To better know girls of Lasell.



Fytte Third

Wherein exertion is recommended—or otherwise.

I

Of course, it's good to train the mind,
But, notwithstanding, you will find
That it is more important far,
To be most careful not to mar
The health, and if we this would do
Then exercise is needed too.
Our planet visitor, of course,
Needed much of physical force
To reach the steady, solid ground
Of Mother Earth, both safe and sound.
No wonder then that he admires
The sturdy spirit that inspires
Exertion of each form and kind,
And all for strength and health designed.
One indoor form—gym twice each week
Must come to all, though few it seek,
And a lively game of center ball
Brings exercise and fun to all.
Some use their arms, and some their lungs,
While others but employ their tongues ;



And each girl plays with might and will,
And does her best to play with skill.

II

Then every bright spring day you'll see
A troop of girls full merrily
Assemble each on pleasure bent
To view the tennis tournament.
Set after set is then repeated,
Till all but two have been defeated.
Then these two play with might and main,
And each the advantage hopes to gain.
At last 'tis o'er, and champion
Of all Lasell, her work well done,
The girl steps forth, for she has won
Her sweater white and letters blue,
To which she ever will be true.

III

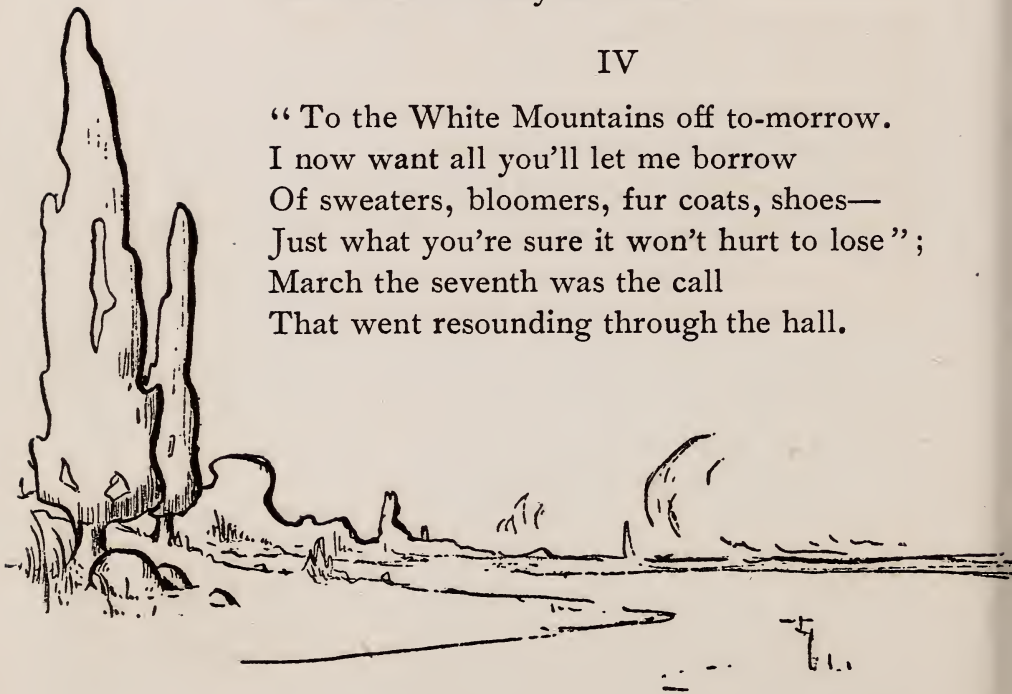
Our winter term is none too short,
But it's relieved by many a sport
That keeps us all in splendid trim,
And makes us study with new vim.



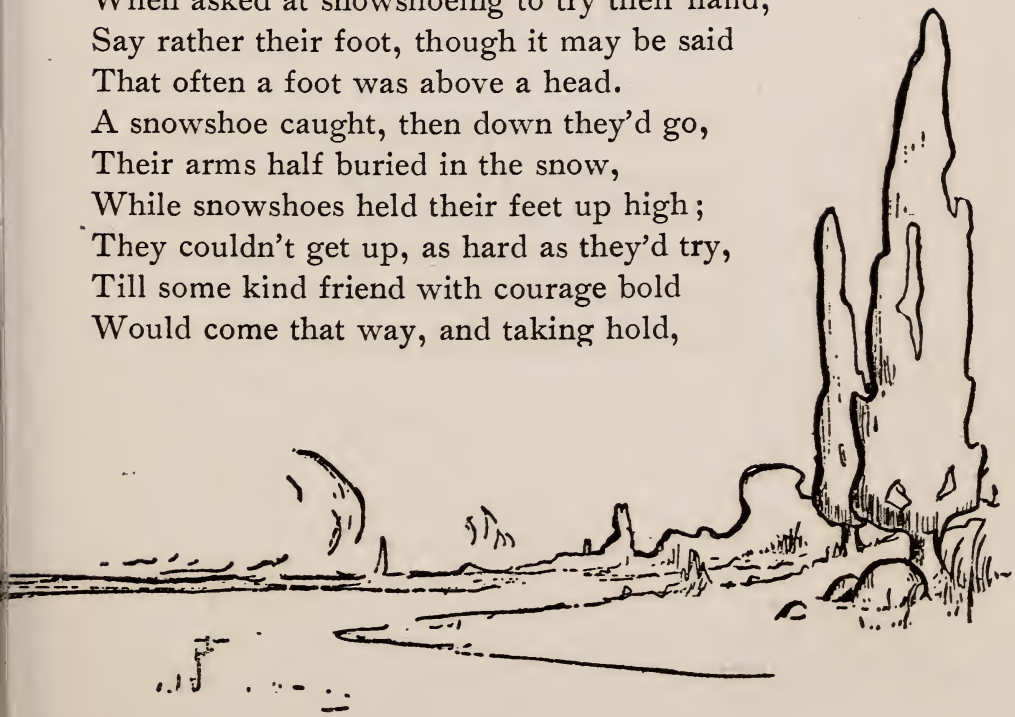
A Saturday evening in a sleigh,
With classic songs we while away ;
Or spend a wintry afternoon
At coasting, until all too soon
'Tis time for dinner hour to dress.
And every girl here will confess
That a vigorous winter horseback ride,
Or a happy hour spent trying to glide
Over the ice, it matters not
Whether she really skate or trot,
Will make a lesson, else a bore,
Seem twice as easy as before.

IV

“ To the White Mountains off to-morrow.
I now want all you'll let me borrow
Of sweaters, bloomers, fur coats, shoes—
Just what you're sure it won't hurt to lose” ;
March the seventh was the call
That went resounding through the hall.



Next morning early fled our fair
Ones, forty-one maidens, pair by pair,
With chaperone as game as the rest,
For four gay days and a snowshoe fest.
Three hours ride, then Intervale,
With time on the way just to regale
The hungry crowd with crackers and fruit.
Oh, ahead was a dinner sure to suit
Even the ravenous lassies from Lasell,
And did they do it justice? Well!—
They were so full they could hardly stand
When asked at snowshoeing to try their hand,
Say rather their foot, though it may be said
That often a foot was above a head.
A snowshoe caught, then down they'd go,
Their arms half buried in the snow,
While snowshoes held their feet up high;
They couldn't get up, as hard as they'd try,
Till some kind friend with courage bold
Would come that way, and taking hold,



Would pull with all her might and main
Till she'd raised them to their feet again.
But after each one had learned how
To manage snowshoes, she'd allow
Herself a moment's rest, until
A party climbed toboggan hill.
Then swaying, swinging from side to side,
And shouting wildly, down she'd slide,
Then up the hill another run.
Never before had she had such fun!
And then there were no hours to keep,
No one thought once of going to sleep
At the usual hour of half past nine,
A candy pull was then in line,
Or a "sugaring-off," or else no few
Rejoiced to see the sleigh in view.
But of all the stunts the very best
Was a winter picnic; all the rest
Was jolly fun, but this was new.
Sandwiches, pickles, coffee, cake,
Tasted like mother used to make.



Then came Monday when, alack !
All sports abandoned, they went back
To work. But all those girls agreed
A better place no one could need
To seek for change. And, never fear !
They're planning to go back next year.

V

By the banks of the calm Charles River,
On a sunny morning in May,
There was gathered a group of maidens
In bloomer and middy array.

Why all this warlike toggery,
I am sure one could not tell,
Were it not for the fact that 'twas field day,
When athletics reign at Lasell.

The faculty all were assembled
To witness the contest "by years";
Forgetting exams and corrections,
They joined with a zest in the cheers.

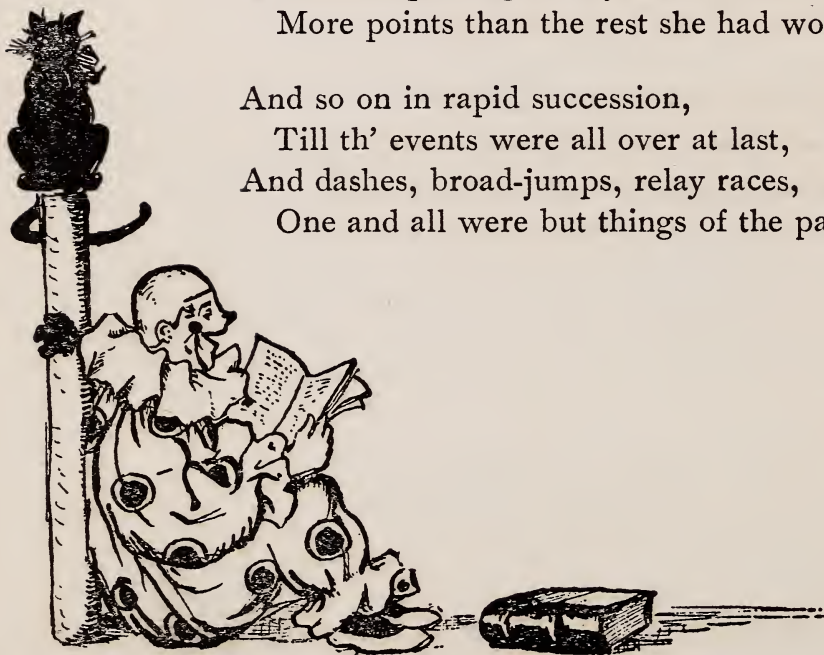


There was "Scotty," the would-be high jumper,
Florence Myers, Jo Clapp, and the rest,
Which of all these aspiring young athletes
Would prove at the last to be best?

Across the field of excitement,
A warning whistle was blown,
And toward the high-jump apparatus
The eager contestants had flown.

With anxious and breathless attention,
The crowd watched each ambitious run,
Till at last panting Scotty was victor,
More points than the rest she had won.

And so on in rapid succession,
Till th' events were all over at last,
And dashes, broad-jumps, relay races,
One and all were but things of the past.

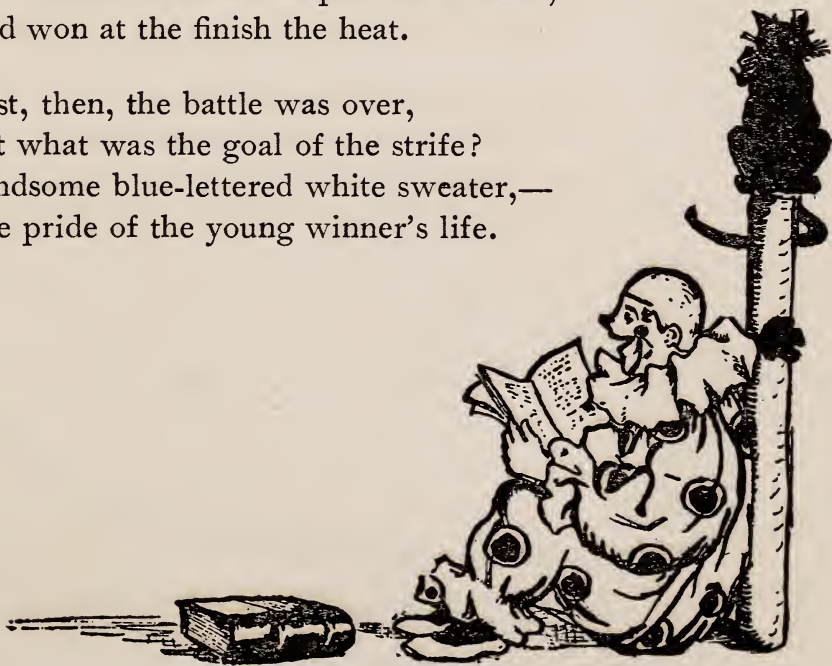


Then the closing event of the program—
The pedestrian Faculty race,
Each teacher was loudly applauded
As she quickly stepped into her place.

The signal was given, and they started;
But many gave up in despair,
Till only Miss Rand and Miss Warner
With the Winslows the honors could share.

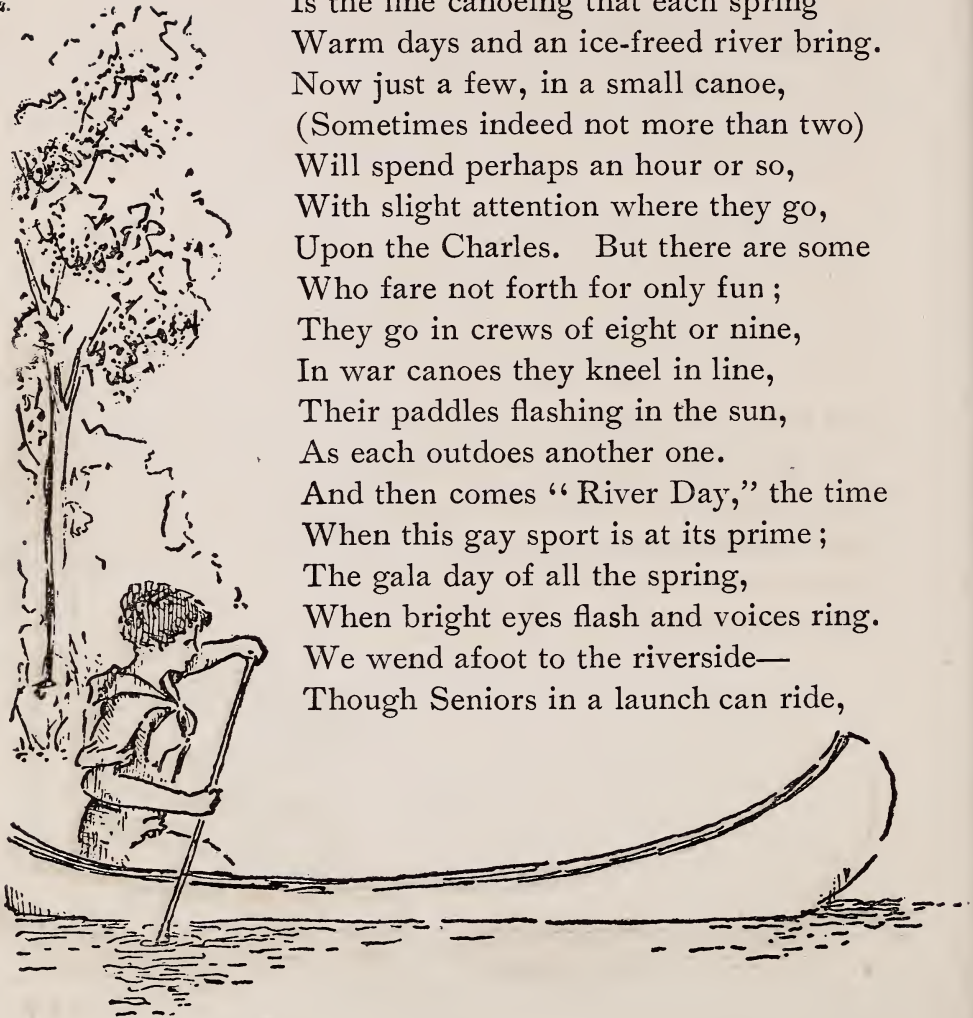
But this time the men were the winners—
The women must own their defeat,
Doctor Winslow strode on past his brother,
And won at the finish the heat.

At last, then, the battle was over,
But what was the goal of the strife?
A handsome blue-lettered white sweater,
The pride of the young winner's life.

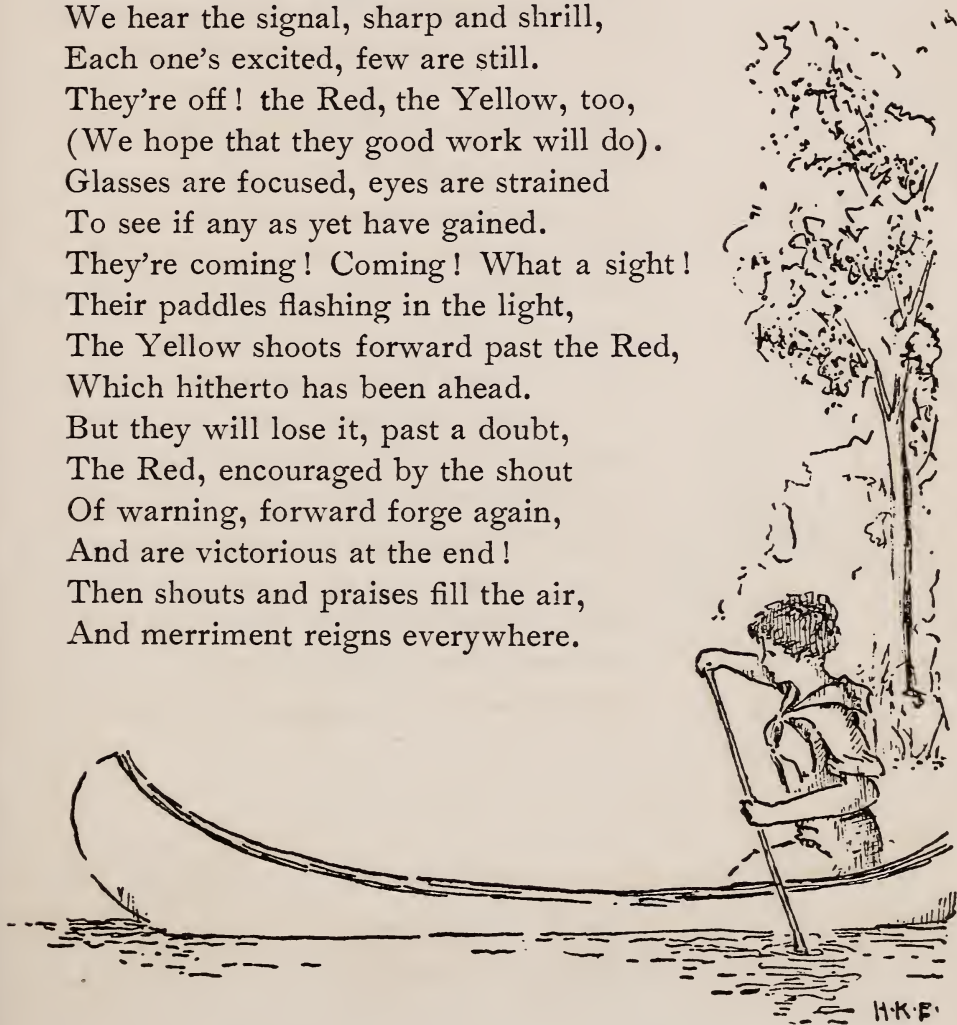


VI

Another feature of Lasell
That makes her girls so strong and well,
Is the fine canoeing that each spring
Warm days and an ice-freed river bring.
Now just a few, in a small canoe,
(Sometimes indeed not more than two)
Will spend perhaps an hour or so,
With slight attention where they go,
Upon the Charles. But there are some
Who fare not forth for only fun ;
They go in crews of eight or nine,
In war canoes they kneel in line,
Their paddles flashing in the sun,
As each outdoes another one.
And then comes "River Day," the time
When this gay sport is at its prime ;
The gala day of all the spring,
When bright eyes flash and voices ring.
We wend afoot to the riverside—
Though Seniors in a launch can ride,



And some few paddle their own canoes,
In groups of threes or even twos.
Full soon the crews go gliding by,
And shouts and praises reach the sky.
We hear the signal, sharp and shrill,
Each one's excited, few are still.
They're off! the Red, the Yellow, too,
(We hope that they good work will do).
Glasses are focused, eyes are strained
To see if any as yet have gained.
They're coming! Coming! What a sight!
Their paddles flashing in the light,
The Yellow shoots forward past the Red,
Which hitherto has been ahead.
But they will lose it, past a doubt,
The Red, encouraged by the shout
Of warning, forward forge again,
And are victorious at the end!
Then shouts and praises fill the air,
And merriment reigns everywhere.



The Seniors take the Red in tow,
And all the others slowly go.
The recollections of this day
In memory will linger aye.

VII

Some say to be a soldier boy
Is just the highest kind of joy ;
But why not be a soldier girl
And join Lasell squads in the whirl
Of Drill Day—March ! Halt ! Rightabout !—
Until it seems beyond a doubt
The squads can scarce know where they are,
Those that were near are now so far.
But no, for soon they're back again
Just where they were when drill began.
“Squads right,” the captain says, and all
In groups of four, each straight and tall,
Face, so that now a column fine
Is where there used to be a line.



And Manual of Arms is, too,
A thing they all must weekly do
Until they're fit to march and fight
For Uncle Sam or Freedom's right.
Then Exhibition Drill in spring,
When trumpets blare, and banners swing,
And officers of the army, too,
Commend cadets for what they do.
A generous applause greets Company A,
Marshalled forth in fine array.
They march, they turn. "Oh, that was
fine!"

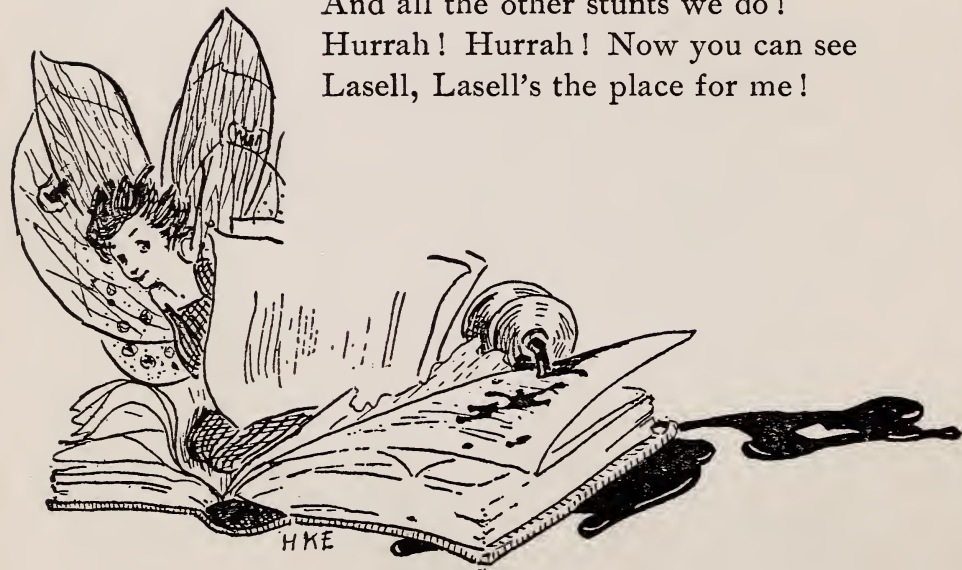
Again they turn, and form in line.
The Manual of Arms they do
Until the exercise is through,
Then Company B and Company C,
Followed by prize squads, two or three;
And last of all, battalion drill,—
And this with pride our hearts doth fill.
At last the prizes are given out.
He hesitates? Is there some doubt?



Suspense a moment, and then he
The banner gives to the company
That seems all round the best to be.
The shouts of many rend the air,
To see the victors standing there;
The officers to dinner stay,
And witty speeches close our day.

VIII

The man from Mars suggests a cheer
For all th' athletic feats of the year.
Hurrah for tennis, center-ball, drill,
And all the sports that fill the bill!
Here's to canoeing, and coasting too,
And all the other stunts we do!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Now you can see
Lasell, Lasell's the place for me!



Fytte Four

Wherein pleasures are recommended—or
otherwise

I

When in September first we came,
 Each wore a paper with her name;
 For with so many girls let loose
 We could not wait to introduce;
 And on those papers did appear
 The names of towns from far and near.
 All states were represented,—most,
 In our dear land from coast to coast,
 And even from across the sea
 Some brave girls came with us to be.



II

Now let us see what first occurred
 To please this large, unruly herd
 Of girls, who still were strange and new,
 So knew not just what best to do.
 The Mission'ry frolic in the gym,
 With games and feats, which full of vim,



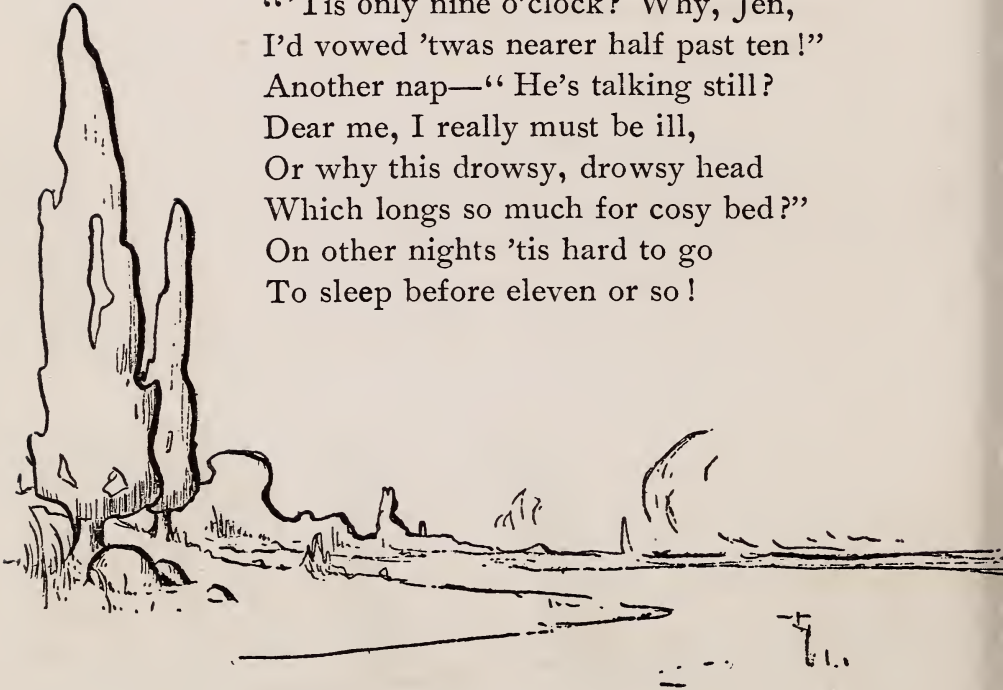
Made every girl decide 'twas well
That she had chosen dear Lasell.
And ere two weeks had passed away,
The Old Girls gave a party gay;
Just for the new girls, they did say;
But I am sure, if truth were told,
None liked it better than the old!
Oh, yes, they had men—quite a few
(I mean by that just one or two),
But they did not join in the fun—
They simply made the music hum.
Besides the men—another charm
Was punch to drink, when we were warm.
And if the people danced or not,
'Twas strange that every one was hot.
At ten o'clock Good-Nights were said,
And everyone went *right* to bed.



H.K.E.

III

On almost every Thursday night
The girls are filled with great delight,
For diff'rent speakers here do come
To deal out knowledge all, and some
Will now and then strange pictures show
Of distant places that they know.
And when the lights are all turned low,
Dear heads, they wobble to and fro,
Until a nudge from some *kind* friend
Brings them to earth and school again!
“’Tis only nine o’clock? Why, Jen,
I’d vowed ’twas nearer half past ten!”
Another nap—“ He’s talking still?
Dear me, I really must be ill,
Or why this drowsy, drowsy head
Which longs so much for cosy bed?”
On other nights ’tis hard to go
To sleep before eleven or so!

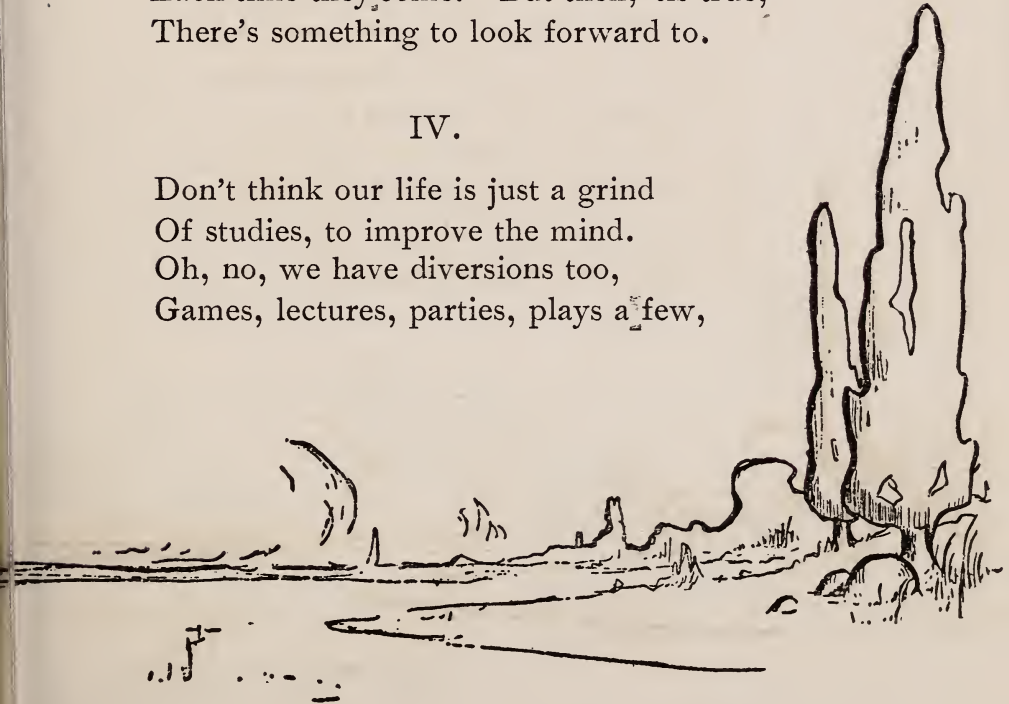


The lecturer is through at length,
The girls applaud with all their strength,
And why?—because they want him back?
The reason's far from that,—alack!
But often Thursdays, it is true,
That all too soon the lecturer's through;
We'd joyously stay'd wide awake
The whole night through when some men
spake.

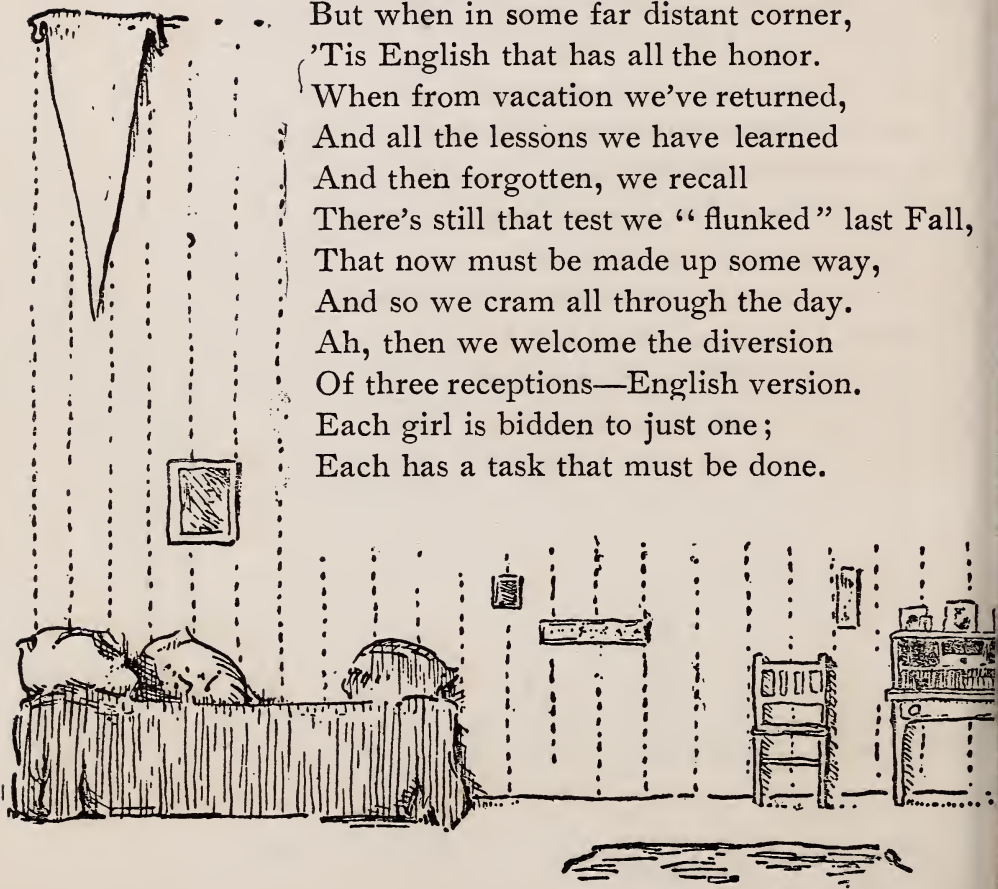
'Tis hard to wait until next year
For those who bring such joy and cheer
Each time they come. But then, 'tis true,
There's something to look forward to.

IV.

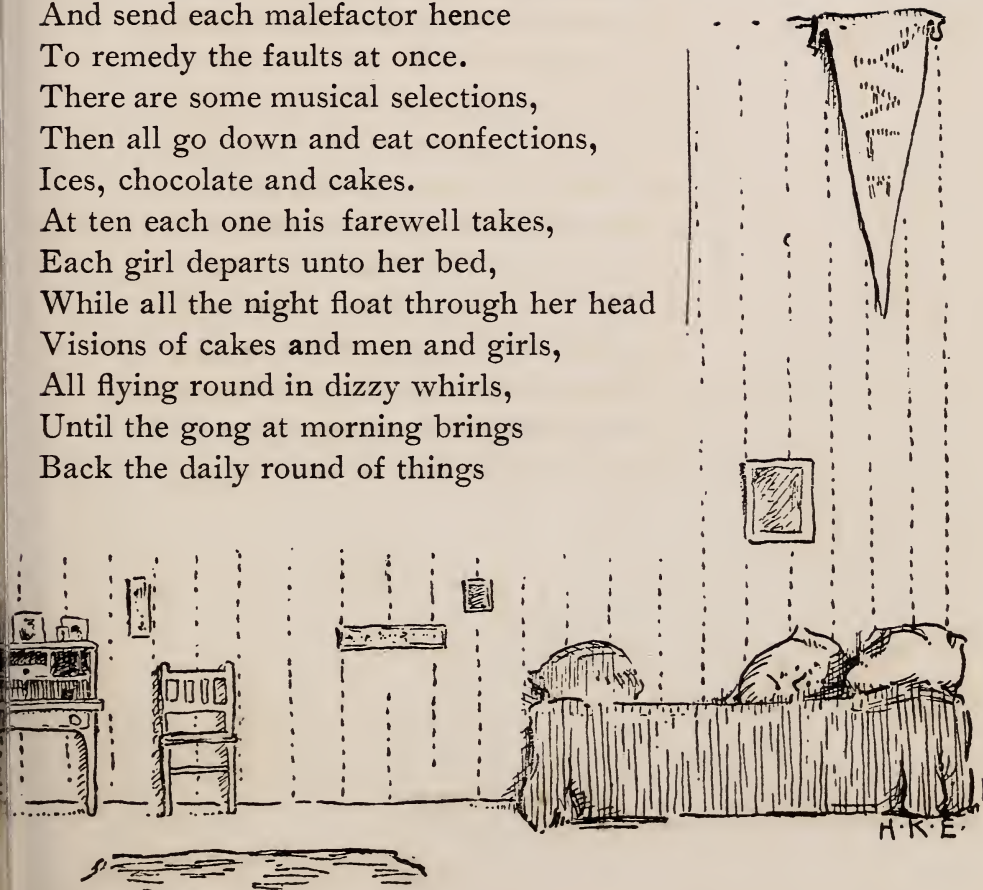
Don't think our life is just a grind
Of studies, to improve the mind.
Oh, no, we have diversions too,
Games, lectures, parties, plays a few,



And, quite important as these things,
Each term a few receptions brings.
If to "français" our troth we've plighted,
To try this art we're soon invited;
Or else in "Deutsch" to gleam and shine,
If that tongue is our chosen line.
We "Sprechen-Sie" and "parlez-vous"
As long as teacher is in view,—
But when in some far distant corner,
'Tis English that has all the honor.
When from vacation we've returned,
And all the lessons we have learned
And then forgotten, we recall
There's still that test we "flunked" last Fall,
That now must be made up some way,
And so we cram all through the day.
Ah, then we welcome the diversion
Of three receptions—English version.
Each girl is bidden to just one;
Each has a task that must be done.



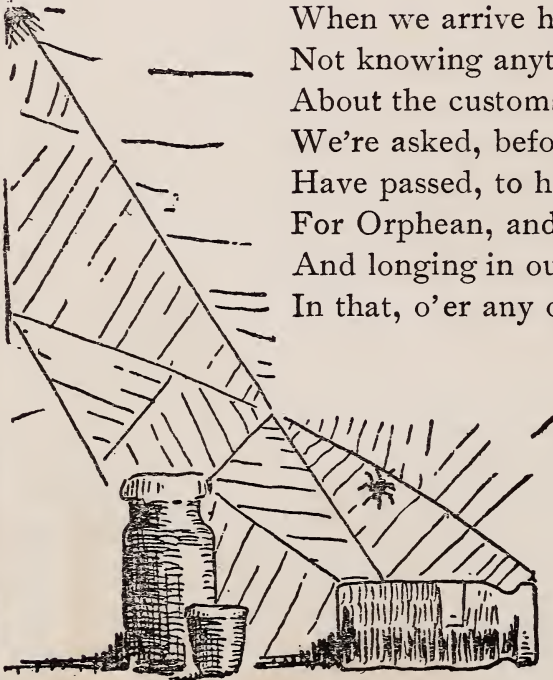
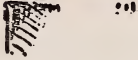
To usher, introduce, receive,
Or just to talk to and relieve
The ladies of their wraps, and when
They go, to put them on again.
One guest apiece is each one's portion,
But from Miss Porter comes a caution :
No necks too low, no heels too high,
No bands that bind the ears. She'll sigh,
And send each malefactor hence
To remedy the faults at once.
There are some musical selections,
Then all go down and eat confections,
Ices, chocolate and cakes.
At ten each one his farewell takes,
Each girl departs unto her bed,
While all the night float through her head
Visions of cakes and men and girls,
All flying round in dizzy whirls,
Until the gong at morning brings
Back the daily round of things



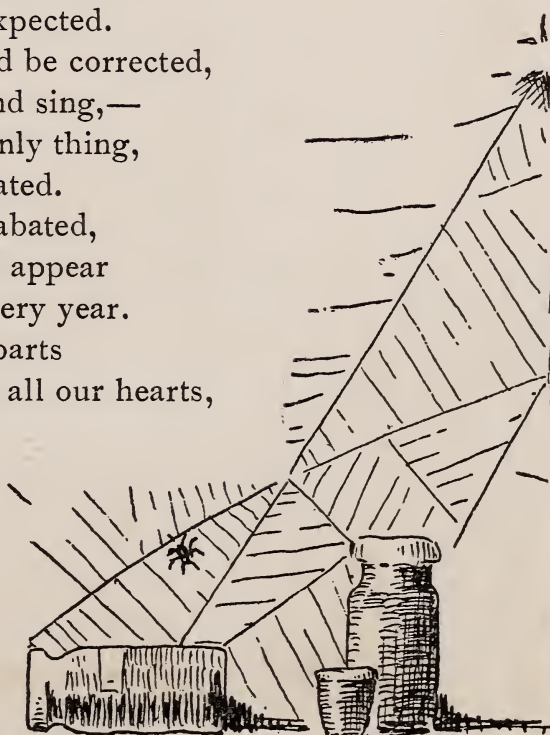
To be accomplished, and she sighs
With nodding head and drowsy eyes,
And says she's glad it's through at last.
But when it all is in the past,
It stands out as a beacon light,
And she remembers long that night
When she assisted with her might
To steer the social bark aright.

V

When we arrive here in the Fall,
Not knowing anything at all—
About the customs or the ways,
We're asked, before so many days
Have passed, to have our voices tried
For Orphean, and we go with pride
And longing in our hearts to sing
In that, o'er any other thing.



In our mind's eye we see a place
In the front row we soon will grace,
And hear a wondrous song arise
From earth, and mount up to the skies.
We have our voices tried, we're in,
And then does practicing begin.
Each Wednesday afternoon at three
Sit forty girls, expectantly
Awaiting four, till they are through,
And in the meantime what they do
Is not at all what they expected.
Each part must drill, and be corrected,
Then all together join and sing,—
In truth, 'tis not a heavenly thing,
As each one had anticipated.
But after hard work, unabated,
We reap reward, and do appear
In concerts two times every year.
The soloists from other parts
Have come, and joy fills all our hearts,



For things sound elsewise than before.
And we are glad, when it is o'er,
Of all the hard work we have done,
For, after all, it's lots of fun.

VI

One Saturday night, in the month of
December,
The Juniors gave a party which the
Seniors remember.
Buster Brown and his brothers, all ready
for fun,
Each asked Mary Jane, and they came
every one.
The qualms and the fears of all mothers
were stilled,
For capable nurses each little mouth filled



With just enough goodies to satisfy all.
So next day 'twas not needed the doctor to
call.

Good old games were all played, blind
man's buff held the floor,

When suddenly, the Soph'mores burst in
thro' the door.

With laughter and rattles each small night-
gowned lass

Did her best to help out the part played by
her class.

Now with hopes throbbing high and with
hearts beating fast,

The Sophs watching all doors, thought to
steal our repast.

Vain hopes! 'Tis a mystery e'en unto this
day

To the poor little Sophs how those eats
got away.



When the games were all played and the
feasting was o'er,
Came a ringing of bells, a sharp knock at
the door.
And before we could answer or still the
loud din
Of many young voices, old Santa bounced
in!
He was dressed all in red and covered
with snow
That glittered and danced in the fire's
bright glow.
He was chubby and short, a "right jolly
old" fellow,
And with laughter he shook like a bowl
full of Jell-O.
"Merry Christmas to all!" he cried, full
of glee
(The voice was familiar; we knew' twas
Elsie).



There were presents for all, a wee toy for
each one,

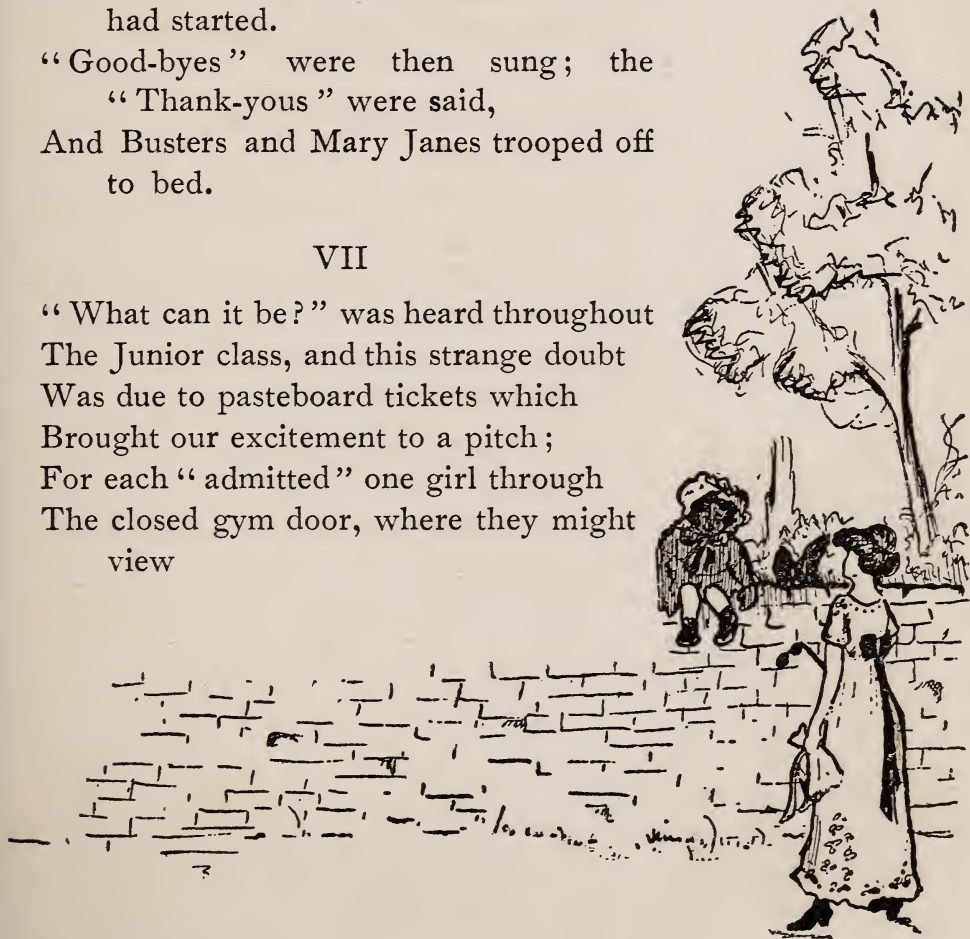
With a rhyme or a verse that some Buster
had spun.

'Twas bedtime for all, so Santa departed
In fact, he was gone ere we knew he
had started.

“Good-byes” were then sung; the
“Thank-yous” were said,
And Busters and Mary Janes trooped off
to bed.

VII

“What can it be?” was heard throughout
The Junior class, and this strange doubt
Was due to pasteboard tickets which
Brought our excitement to a pitch;
For each “admitted” one girl through
The closed gym door, where they might
view



An entertainment worth their while.
The Juniors, gowned in latest style,
Armed with lorgnettes and opera bags
(Yes, made of paper, not of rags),
Came and enjoyed each clever line—
How pickaninnies once were nine,
But from the wall just one by one
Fell backwards, till at last were none;
And in a rather shaky frame
Appeared each “crush” a girl could name
Of years gone by. Then when it all
Was past and done beyond recall,
With fine refreshments each was served,
While Juniors gave the praise deserved
By Seniors. A dance came last.
And when the programs then were passed,
An exclamation of delight
Each gave to see in leather white
A card case with a seal of gold,
While slipped into its silken fold



The filled-out card of dancers told
Just who for partner might be found.
'Twas then ensued a joyous round
Of dances till the clanging bell
Warned Juniors that 'twas time to tell
The Seniors how they very well
Had liked these stunts. With cheer and
 song
To bed trooped off the merry throng.

VIII

You've heard of Homer, Caruso, too,
And now you'll hear of just a few
More singers who hope heights of fame
To reach—Lasell Glee Club's the name
That fills us all with pride and joy
In those whose songs our cares alloy.
Their concert is the very best
Of all the year. Then, too, the rest
Of us invite our guests from near
And far to come and join us here.



At five o'clock the houses all
Receive each one who comes to call ;
And then a tea prepares us for
The further pleasures still in store.
The songs 'tis useless to describe ;
The concert's fine. No task, no bribe
Could make us miss those encores that
Seem every one to be so pat.
Then when at last the music's done
And singers each have justly won
Th' applause that greeted them, we all
Bid guests good-night and leave the hall
To talk it o'er. And we are "well
And happy," till with "lights-out" bell
The gala day ends at Lasell.

IX

The Martian talked so much about
Dramatic Club, we'll not leave out



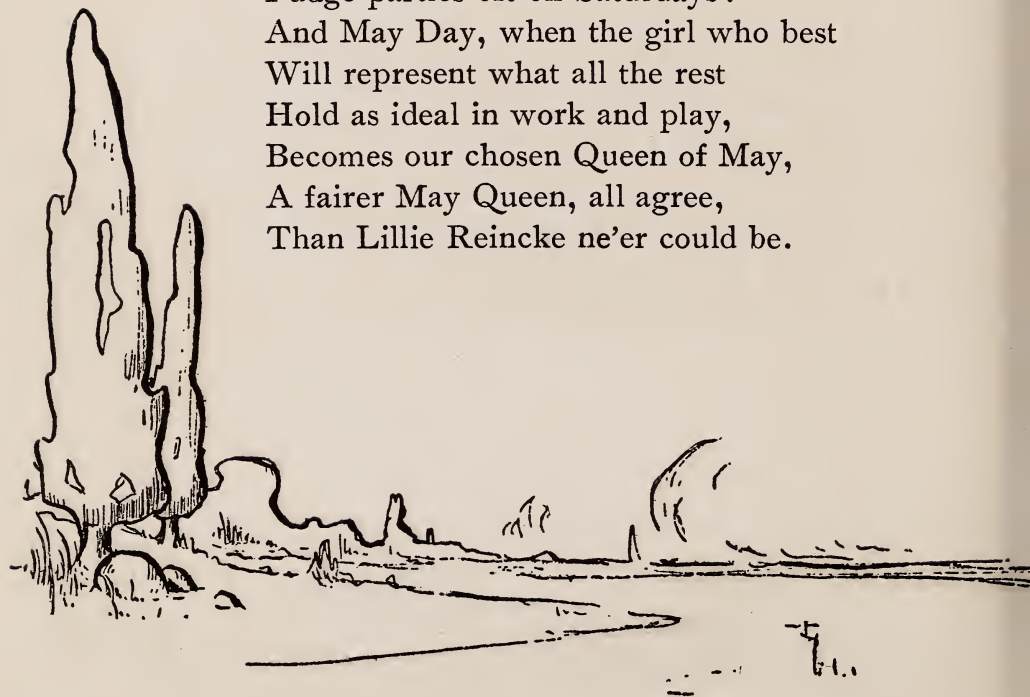
The mention of that splendid play—
“The best there ever was,” they say.
And Art Club, too, where all have seen
Such lovely portraits, landscapes, e’en
Foreign works of art so rare,
As well as that of students there.
And if you’ve never chanced to be
Invited to an Art Club tea,
You’ve missed a pleasure that may well
Rank as “attractive” at Lasell.

X

Of all the sights the Martian saw,
And pleasures without fault or flaw,
To expect to tell *all* would be bold;
This tiny book can only hold
A part,—we wish we could tell more
Of our Alma Mater’s endless store
Of social gayeties, but then
You can imagine those our pen

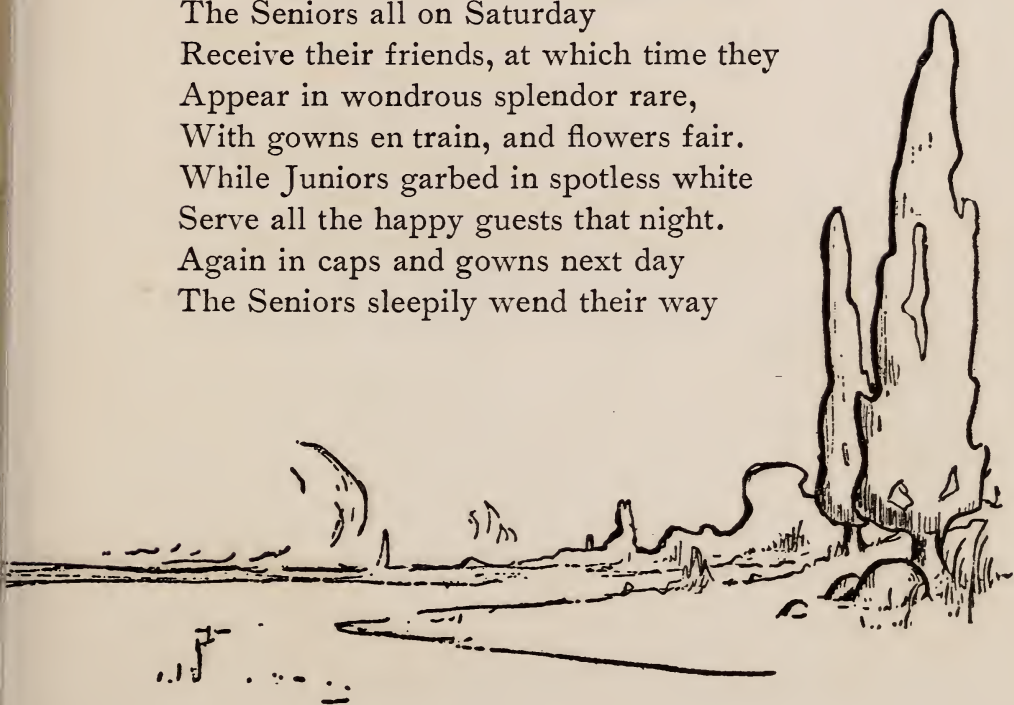


Must leave untold,—the class affairs
In which each student sometime shares.
(Add, too, the missionary fair,
A charming springtide lawn fete, where
The different classes serve ice cream,
Salad, candy, and between
The courses, Specials entertain.
Note : all the money that we gain
Goes to send children where they best
May have fresh air, and play, and rest.)
Then French receptions, German plays,
Fudge parties oft on Saturdays :
And May Day, when the girl who best
Will represent what all the rest
Hold as ideal in work and play,
Becomes our chosen Queen of May,
A fairer May Queen, all agree,
Than Lillie Reincke ne'er could be.



XI

Commencement time at last is here,
With all its fun, its joys, its cheer.
The first event is a concert, where
Those most accomplished honors share.
And Thursday of that week all come
Surprised to see the serving some
Have done, and viands hard to leave
Untasted on the board,—we grieve
That not a single bite we share,—
Just to be seen they were put there.
The Seniors all on Saturday
Receive their friends, at which time they
Appear in wondrous splendor rare,
With gowns en train, and flowers fair.
While Juniors garbed in spotless white
Serve all the happy guests that night.
Again in caps and gowns next day
The Seniors sleepily wend their way



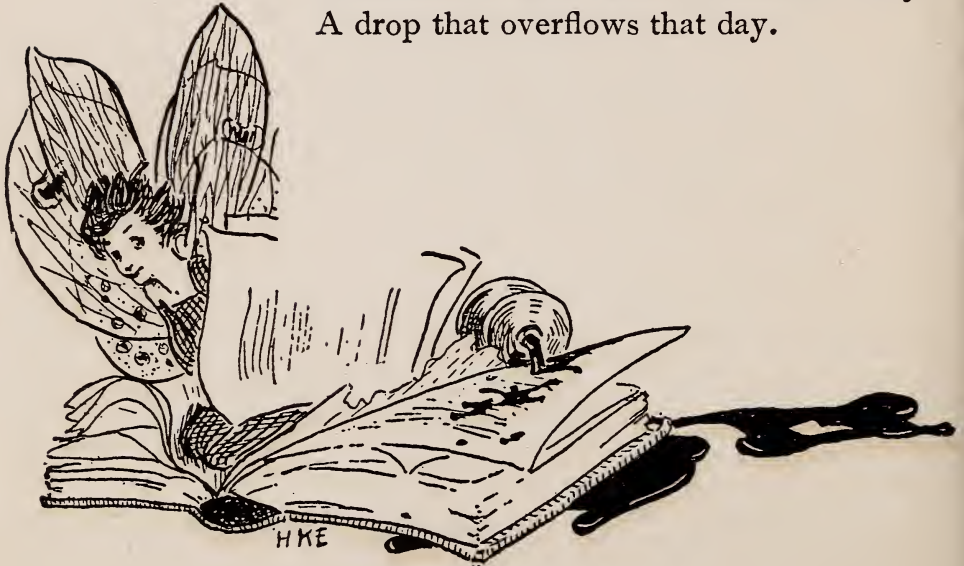
To Baccalaureate sermon, where
Once more they're wide awake, and care
Has been postponed till packing throws
A shadow over each, who knows
That though her school life's past and done,
Commencement's really just begun.
But Monday is the best of all,
When Seniors reign supreme, and call
The Junior class to task because,
Of course, they know there never was
A better chance to tell their woes,
Since every under-classman knows
That Seniors have the right of way
To slam or praise on their Class Day.
They also prophecy what each
Will do ten years from now; to teach,
To be an artist's lovely wife,
Thick in the midst of suffrage strife,
Or any one of twenty lives
That they may live and still shall give



Their best endeavors, to prove that they
Have made of life in every way
The most. Now comes a heartsome sight
You should not miss. A blazing light
Each supe holds o'er her Senior while
They cross the campus double file,
And say farewell to each dear place,
And tears are streaming down each face
As Crow's Nest they must bid adieu.
Ah, truly, school days are but few,
And over all too soon. But still
The torches flame as down the hill
The Seniors go, and round a fire
Each black robed lass, with threats most dire,
In the bon-fire throws the book she fain
Would show has been the greatest bane
That school life's brought to her to bear;
The thing that's caused most anxious care
And worry. Then each takes a sup
From out the silver loving cup;

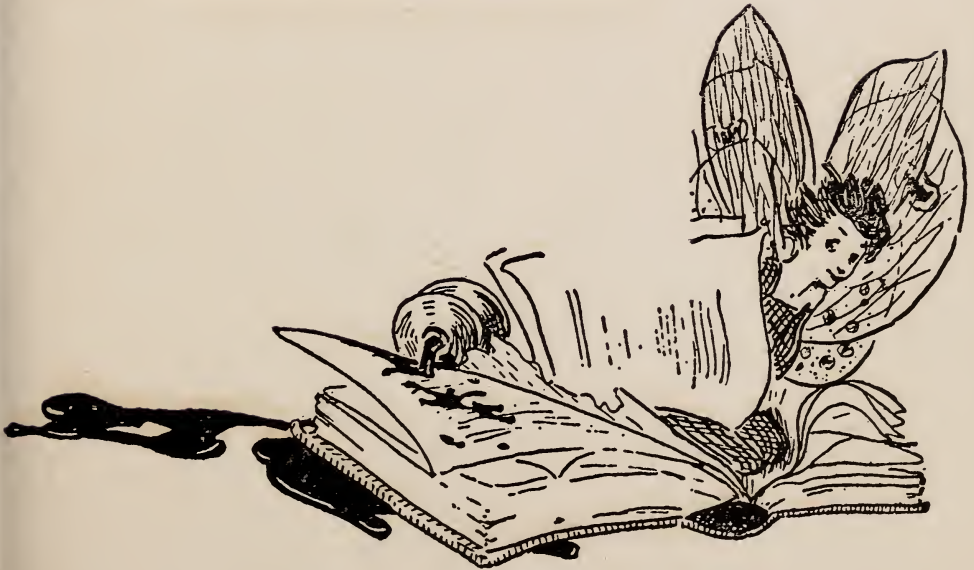


And class night's past. With heavy heart
We know 'tis soon our lot to part ;
And shadows deepen on each face
When Tuesday morn we take our place,
And see the tassel on each cap
Changed, showing that another lap
In life's long race is run. But who
Can e'er describe what will ensue
As Seniors say their last goodbye
To rustic Crow's Nest, when all cry ;
For then it is so very plain
Our student body's rent in twain ;
And every eye is filled with tears
E'en while the Juniors give their cheers,
And e'en the Mars Man must brush away
A drop that overflows that day.



XII

At last the Martian turned his face
Back to Red Mars from this fair place,
Brim-full of news up there to tell—
News of our dear old school Lasell.
And we, just here will stop our verse,
Nor of Lasell will more rehearse.



FRANK WOOD, PRINTER
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