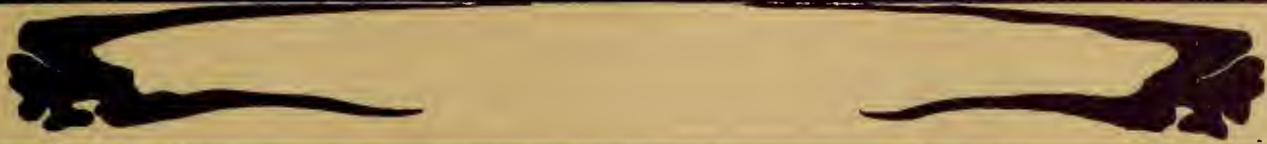


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# LASELL LEAVES



Vol. XXXXX

No. 1

OCTOBER, 1924

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# LASELL LEAVES

03

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## THE PRINCESS WHO LAUGHED

The King was a jolly King and the Queen was a happy Queen. Every one loved them both very much because they were good and kind and there was never want in their kingdom.

It was a long time before the fairies decided that they had given so much happiness to other people that they should be given a little Princess. When the Queen knew that the little Princess was coming to them, she asked the first fairy she saw to grant her a wish. But, alas, she made the terrible mistake of asking help from a Bad Fairy instead of a good one. This is what she asked the naughty Bad Fairy who she thought was a good one. (You know, you never *can* tell them apart—not even if you happen to be a Queen!)

“Fairy, make her as lovely as the sunrise and as happy as the day is long.” And—the fairy granted it.

And so the Princess came—so lovely that one nearly cried when one saw her. Her eyes were as blue as a sapphire sea; her cheeks, as softly flushed as a new day; her mouth, kissed by roses and laughing always.

As the Princess grew up each day she grew lovelier, but she was always laughing. She laughed in court, she laughed in church, she laughed at her lady-in-waiting and at her father and at her mother. She *never* stopped laughing from sunrise until dark. Her laugh wasn't pretty like yours—it sounded *just* like a thousand dishes falling into a tin dish pan at once.

The King and Queen were no longer jolly and happy. The poor Queen nearly cried every time she saw the lovely Princess and

heard her terrible laugh. But they loved her and nothing was done until the most awful thing of all happened. The Old King, the King's father, died and there was a great court funeral. Every one was very sad, for *he* had been a good King, too. Suddenly, when almost every one was crying softly, and the minister was praying, a laugh rang through the big hall.

“Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha!! HA!! HA!!!” and the Princess, instead of crying, just laughed and laughed and *laughed!!*

The next day the King sent to the north, south, east, and west his messengers, who cried: “Ahoy! Any one who can find a way to make the Princess stop laughing will receive half of my kingdom and her hand as reward and will also be the next king!”

Of course, many tried to make the Princess stop laughing. They all came, young and old, rich and poor, short and fat, tall and thin, foolish and clever. All told stories long and short, sad stories and glad, but at all of them the Princess laughed her rattley laugh and the suitors went sadly away.

One day, months after the day when the Princess had laughed in court, the Court Jester came to the King and on bended knee begged that he be allowed to try to make the Princess stop laughing. For the first time in a long time the King himself laughed, and said:

“You! You are supposed to make people *laugh*, not *stop* laughing. But you may try. It won't do any harm, and if it will make you any happier, go ahead and try.”

The Jester knew that it was his business to make people begin to laugh, to keep them laughing and then to keep right on till they were



simply roaring. But he tried to make the poor pretty Princess stop just the same.

He went down into the garden where the Princess sat laughing at the gold fish. She was as pretty as a dream, but she was—laughing! The Jester watched her for a while and saw that, though her lips were laughing, her big blue eyes were very sad and a tear glistened on her long eyelashes. He heard her say softly:

“Oh, if only I could stop laughing, *maybe* some one would love me!” But almost before she finished speaking her laugh rang out.

The Jester was so sorry for the Princess that he ran over to her and, kneeling at her feet, kissed her hands, saying, “Princess, I love you! Always have I loved you! You may laugh all day, but I’ll always love you more than anything else on earth!” Then he kissed her right on her rosy mouth. And the Princess *didn’t* laugh, instead a tear ran down her cheek and splashed on the Jester’s upturned face, then another and another. As the third tear fell the Jester rose, and behold!—he was no longer a Jester, but a handsome Prince.

He told the Princess how his Queen Mother had wished for a son and the Bad Fairy had granted it. But the son who was to have been handsome was little and homely with a hump on his back. His father hated ugly things and had sent him away. There was only one thing that could save him—three tears that meant true love. But he had always been so ugly and funny that he had waited in vain—until now.

So the Prince married the Princess and when she laughed it sounded like tiny waterfalls trickling over silver rocks. The Bad Fairy was *so* angry that she never granted any more wishes. So every one was happy!

*Kate-Louise Potter.*

---

### ANYTHING

“I baptize thee, William Henry van Schuyler Rensaeller, Junior,” pronounced the minister. And so it was that our hero started out on life, already staggering under a huge load.

“Yes,” said Mrs. William H. van Schuyler Rensaeller, Senior, while talking to a friend

shortly afterwards, “we think he shows signs of unusual music ability already. Only last night Mr. Rensaeller held him near the piano, and would you believe it, he played a piece! You know my great uncle’s wife was a composer at one time, and we think the baby will take after her.”

“And believe it or not, old chap,” Mr. Rensaeller was at that very moment telling a fellow commuter, “Mrs. Rensaeller had him in her lap the other day while she was reading, and he pointed to a word, and said, “Baa,” which is remarkable, you know, when you consider that it was the word “library.” My aunt’s brother-in-law once wrote a book, and we hope that William has inherited some of his cultured traits.”

In High School William Henry seemed like a natural boy, playing football and baseball, and hating all manner of studying—themes, especially, and music. “Well, it was a girl’s place to play the piano, and not a real boy’s,” he’d state.

“William,” his mother would firmly and formally say, “you are to practice now. I don’t understand it. Your great aunt Fannie was *so* talented.”

But at college he sent for a mail course of Jazz, and before long, “Bill” was known as the greatest jazz artist the college had ever known. And as for writing—well, his fond parents’ hopes were realized, for he was made Joke Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

“Just as we predicted,” Mr. and Mrs. William Henry van Schuyler Rensaeller, Senior, would say while talking to their numerous friends about him. “He started in at an early age to play and to have literary inclinations, and we knew he’d be famous some day.”

*D. Denney.*

---

### DEPARTED SUMMER

The summer’s gone—I loved it so,  
I wished that it would never go;  
I loved its joyous lazy days;  
I loved its fads, the latest craze;  
I was enchanted by its spell,  
But knew I must not love too well.  
And now there’s school and lots of work  
And countless lessons one can’t shirk.

There's bells that ring, and ring again,  
 There're dreary, *hecktish* days of rain.  
 And yet somehow we all get by,  
 Then wish for summer, you and I.

*Buff.*

Lonely inns that haunt the wayside,  
 Gypsy fires that flash into the night.  
 Caravans that rumble onward  
 Over roads that gleam in white moonlight  
 Call me out upon the highway,  
 On the roads that thread the purplish moor;  
 And I know that I shall be most happy  
 Following, answering to their beckoning lure.

*Buff.*

### BACK TO LASELL

I've thought of school in days gone by,  
 Of picnics, of the sunlit shores,  
 Of canoes drifting in the twilight,  
 And I wanted to go back once more.

I've thought of my many school pals,  
 Of the stunts we used to do,  
 Of the songs we used to sing,  
 Of the girls I loved and knew.

I longed for the day when I should come back,  
 Back to Lasell's dear door.  
 Today all of my dreams came true,  
 For I have returned once more.

*Buff.*

### MAIL, MALE, MAIL

Morning, no mail—  
 Then all through the day  
 You're sick at heart and pale;  
 You'd hoped and prayed  
 That this day would bring mail.

Noon,—no mail.  
 Your lunch seems bitter,  
 Sort of stale.  
 You'd kinda look happier  
 In just the hope of some mail.  
 Dinner,—no mail.

Your independent disposition  
 Has caused you to smile,  
 But the day's proposition  
 Has been wrecked without mail.

Dance,—no male—  
 But you're happy at heart.  
 You can dance, glide, and sail,  
 And be proud for your part  
 That you've lived through the day  
 Without Mail, male, mail.

*Catherine Worrall*

### AUTUMN

Hills all blue in the autumn haze,  
 Splendor and flame of leaf and tree;  
 Languid, silent, brooding days  
 With something of summer left in thee.  
 Wild grapes fling to the dusty road  
 Their fragrance, mellow as rare old wine;  
 Clusters bending their heavy load  
 Swing on the gently swaying vine.  
 Memory of summer, breath of fall,  
 Winter already waiting to reign—  
 Harvest and song and laughter and all  
 Are akin to sadness and pain.  
 Yet a few days more, O Autumn, of thee,—  
 Make them glorious, dazzling days;  
 Then falling leaf and fading tree  
 Veil with thy soft blue haze.

*Mary Roline Stewart.*

A happy, jubilant throng, we come  
 Back to our dear Lasell,  
 Back to our Alma Mater,  
 And the friends we love so well.

For we are part of its life now,  
 And it is part of ours;  
 The spirit—the girls—the happiness,  
 Make the days just sunny hours.

We want you to know, dear new girls,  
 We're glad to have you here;  
 We hope you'll help in all we do,  
 And be happy all through the year.

Of course we have our work to do,  
 But we have so much fun  
 That when the year is over,  
 You'll wish it had just begun.

And if the skies are a little cloudy,  
 Just stand right up and say,  
 "Something good is surely coming;  
 "I'll not be blue today."

Dear new girls, may we ask you  
 Each to give your share  
 Of work and play and sunshine,  
 To make the "voyage" fair?

You will not find it very hard  
 To do each duty well,  
 To be a "little white dove"  
 And a true girl of Lasell.

*Helen Black.*





## OCTOBER

October, one of the most beautiful poems of the year! All harshness is gone. It is filled with color, with glory, with beauty; yet there is a certain tenderness, a mellow stillness, a lovely sadness haunting it all. It has a spell about it that lingers long after its golden days have faded into drear November. It is a month that sets your gypsy blood a-racing, that makes you joyously glad to be alive.

Thus it is with your school year. You have a chance to make it filled with color, with glory and beauty. You, too, have a chance to leave a certain loveliness that will linger long after you have gone. You have the opportunity to be the "October" of the year. The months slip swiftly by and you may easily wander to the other side of the hill where the long, lean, shadows stretch across the valley.

Never forget that somewhere there is a high hilltop where there is no darkness, no uncertainty, where "night's candles are burned out, and Jocund Day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top." Somewhere up there is the sunshine, the golden sunshine of October, beckoning!

## THE GIRLS WHO DIDN'T COME BACK

Now that we are all back at dear Lasell and are beginning to get settled, we think of the many girls who are missing from our ranks. The seniors whom we learned to love so well during one short year are now out in the world and we wonder what they are doing. We are always glad to have them visit us. We hope they will come often during the year.

Then there are the "underclassmen" of last year, whom we lived with and grew so fond of. We think of them often and wonder where they are now. Some of them are working and some are going to other schools, but wherever they are, we love them still and hope for their success. The training which they received here at Lasell will help them meet all the hardships they may encounter. Here's luck to our schoolmates of last year!

New Girls, here is a special message for you. We are taking the LEAVES as our medium to bring it to you. At the beginning of each year we hear a great deal about school spirit. Perhaps the meaning of school spirit isn't the same to all of us. But we all do know that true school spirit means backing up the activities of our school. Simply cheering at the games, singing at the table and being quiet in chapel are forms of school spirit, but the real test is giving your time! It is sometimes a sacrifice, but the old saying that everything worth while is gained only by sacrifice and hard work still holds true.

The term "good sport" is not necessarily confined to athletics, it is applied to any one who gives freely and willingly of time and talent. So don't feel that you aren't "in things" here at Lasell if you don't shine on the athletic field. There are many other outlets for your talents in the form of our many clubs, such as, Mandolin Club, Dramatic Club, Studio Club, and Orphean. Lasell's success depends in large measure upon the support of these clubs; so Join Now! It is the best and truest way to show your school spirit.



## SHINE

'Tis shine—'taint shine! It's quite true! Nobody even dreams of worrying because of sunshine. Monkey-shines cause a certain amount of trouble, and moonshine even more, but the shine I mean is far, far worse than these! I mean nose shine! The very idea! 'Pon my word, it is simply preposterous—in this day and year—a shiny nose! Laboring under the disadvantage of the lack of the white substance applied to the unruly member anything might happen. Your hostess might cast one startled glance at you and then ask you to leave her politely powdered society; you might find yourself in an insane asylum one day because you chanced to venture out unpowdered; your partner might send you home in a taxi-cab alone. Oh, anything might happen!

A shine in a suit does not seriously impair one's social reputation, for it has long since been disproved that clothes make the man; but the state of dress or undress of a nose may make or mar a woman!

|                        |             |
|------------------------|-------------|
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| 1911                   | 50.00       |
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| 1917                   | 20.00       |
| 1918                   | 95.00       |
| 1919                   | 35.00       |
| 1920                   | 5.00        |
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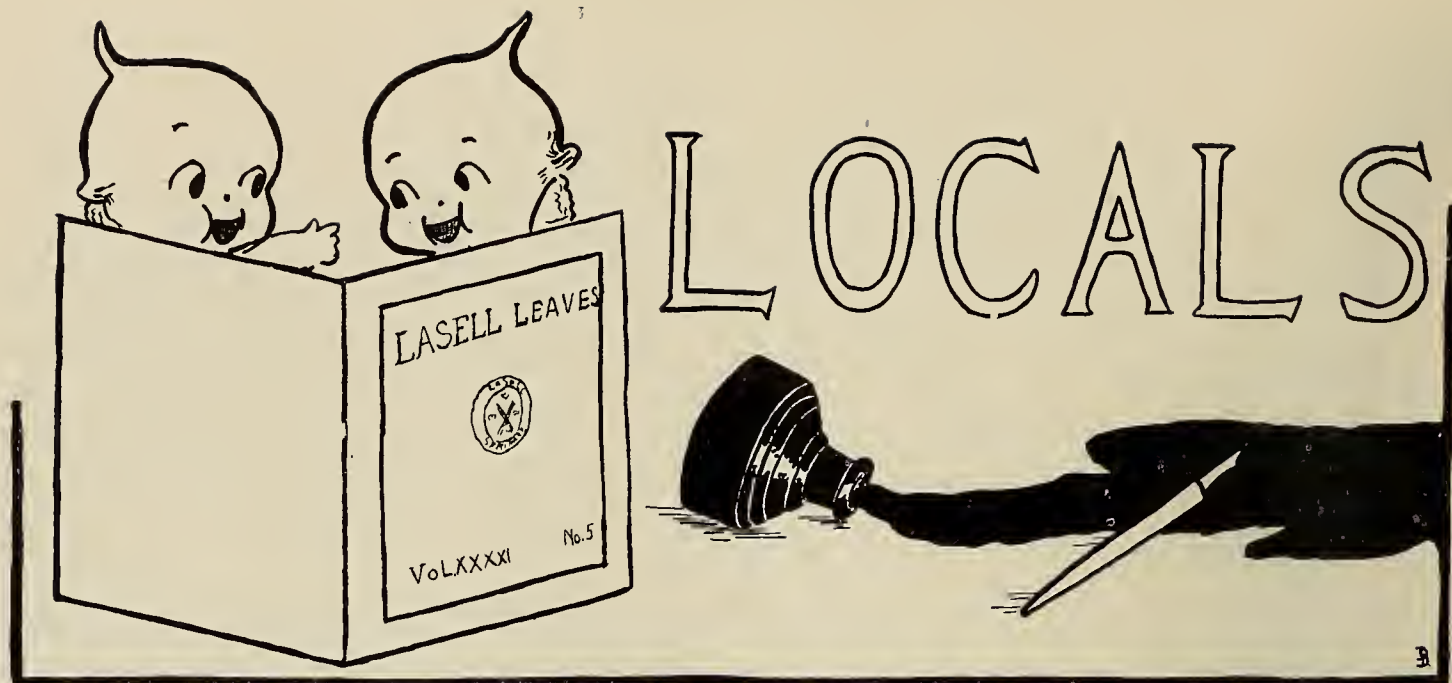
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| Bancroft      | \$5,000.00 |
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| 1908          | 210.00     |
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We are glad to make special acknowledgment of a gift of \$500 from Mrs. Ruth Talcott Britton, which is included in the General Endowment Fund recorded above. Recently a valuable collection of books, largely finely bound sets of fiction, but with many other works also not previously contained in our library, was contributed by a donor who prefers for the present to be anonymous. Our library had previously received a number of large additions by gift of friends, but this is the best to date.

Another much appreciated gift was one of pictures and articles of interest from the collection of Dr. Peloubet, for which we are indebted to his generous daughters. Greatly increased value attaches to these because of the many years of most friendly association between Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet and their family and the Seminary.

While the starting is necessarily slow, the help which is being given to our great undertaking to give permanence and security to our school through endowment is deeply appreciated and most encouraging.

*Guy M. Winslow.*



## SEPTEMBER 17 AT LASELL. AN IMPRESSION

A large yellow building—Bragdon Hall; a road winding up to the entrance; velvet green lawns, autumn leaves; line after line of autos—cars driving up, cars leaving; helpless looking fathers, anxious mothers, laughing girls; a babble of voices; good-natured worming in and out; baggage piled in the halls; pretty girls, an occasional brother; scratching of pens; excited questions; low-voiced answers from officials in charge; flustered girls, cool, collected teachers; parents saying “good-bye”; more cars; groups of girls—eager faces, tired faces, happy faces; frantic survey of bulletin boards; pretty clothes; a few tears, a last kiss; a parting whisper of advice. And everywhere girls—*Lasell Girls!*

*Rilla Silliman.*

Friday evening, September 19. A joke to begin with, historical references to continue with, and an interesting lecture throughout were the means by which the Honorable Henry W. Poor took his audience on a trip from “Hell Gate to the Golden Gate via Panama.” The collection of pictures, most of which he took himself, added a great deal of value to his talk.

At vespers Sunday evening, September 21, we listened to some worthwhile advice given

by the Rev. Edgar Park, of West Newton. If we want to get the best out of our school year at Lasell, we should have perseverance in everything we attempt and independence of thought and action.

Friday, September 26. “Morals and Manners” are subjects which we can never know enough about. To their attainment who could be a better helper than Miss Potter? Table etiquette means a lot, for who wants to spoil a brand new frock by the improper use of a soup spoon? Food is expensive; let’s take as little or as much as is wanted, but let’s not waste it! Consideration and friendliness at your table add much to the comfort of others.

Guests are in our midst continually; a pleasant conversation, or the courtesy of seating them gives a “homey” atmosphere. Keep these points in mind, for we do want them to feel our welcome.

Remember the Mother, the one who has so earnestly and painstakingly prepared for the comforts of your school year. A cheery letter, or a flower or two mean such a lot of happiness for her. It is easy to forget these things, but if we knew their value, we would overcome our forgetfulness.

September 26. The opening Christian Endeavor meeting of the year was led by the President, Katherine Kelley. How helpful she made her point, giving “a cheery word to a classmate, friend or teacher”!

**The Lasell Glee and Mandolin Clubs will broadcast a concert from WEEI, Boston, on Monday evening, December 15, from 8 to 9.30**



The poem illustrating her topic is as follows:

“Comfort one another,  
For the way is often dreary,  
And the feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There is a heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we are glad.

“Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken  
While life’s daily bread is broken.  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.”

Betty Shaw sang pleasingly.

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### INITIATION DAY

The annual circus came to Lasell on Friday, September 26, and as usual was very much enjoyed by the Old Girls. The costumes were a special feature and attracted wide attention. The acts were a very minor consideration this year, but they were performed well.

At breakfast (or some minutes after) there appeared throngs of uniquely dressed “persons.” They wore their hair in thirteen braided pig-tails. Short, stubby, “paint-brushy” effects were the results in some cases; while in others long, thread-like strands were draped gracefully over the shoulders. Middies and skirts were worn wrong side out and backwards, and shoes and stockings of different colors and kinds added unbelievable beauty to the whole. Ribbons, bags, powder puffs and beads fastened coquettishly on the front and back of the skirts made a big hit.

It being a bright, sunshiny day, overshoes and raised umbrellas were a help to those enjoying the nice fresh air.

The best side show was undoubtedly the one in which the spaghetti was eaten with the left hand. The main act took place at 1 P. M. on the porch of Bragdon Hall, in the form of a nose-to-nose matchbox race. The actors were lined up in two rows and the idea was to transfer the box as quickly as possible from one nose to another without using the hands.

Coming over to the Senior houses to do little odd jobs for the busy Seniors was the last act of the day.

At 4 o’clock the circus was over and “an enjoyable time had been had by all.” Three cheers for the *new girls*—the best sports ever!

*Helen Black, '25.*

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### THE OLD-GIRL—NEW-GIRL DANCE

A great success of the season was the dance given by the old girls to the new on September 27th. After the welcome song to the new girls, the dance proper began. Every one enjoyed it tremendously. We like the orchestra, and the cute dance-orders. The ice-cream cones, too, were delicious, if one had the ambition to fight for them. We are very sorry for those who missed this happy manifestation of school-spirit on the part of the old girls.

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When “Daddy Butters” spoke at Sunday vespers, September 28th, from the text “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,” we found it impossible not to be cheered by his genial personality. He told us to go about our own particular work in a spirit of cheerfulness and good will. Thus shall we be able to accomplish every thing more easily.

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### SOCIETY CIRCUS

True to the belief that a circus draws people from far and near, many appeared for the Society Circus at Norumbega Park, Saturday, September 27. Upon entering Norumbega we were all attracted by the amusements, designed principally to make a person dizzy. After riding on the merry-go-round, caterpillar and airplanes, we were willing to sit down and watch the main attraction of the afternoon which was an excellent exhibition of fancy horseback riding by some members of the 101st Cavalry of the State Guard.

On October 2, Jessie Matteson led Christian Endeavor. She talked about the value of making friends and urged us not to limit ourselves to the friendship of one or two girls.

"Have love, not love for one alone,  
But man to man thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy radiance on all."

The *Hotel de Rambouillet* and the *Precieuses* are names that have come to mean something to us after hearing Dr. Leon Vincent's lecture on October 3. He traced very clearly the rise of the French salon and its influence on the social and literary life of the seventeenth century.

### ATHLETIC NOTES

"Rah! Rah! Lasell!" With a cheer and the usual election of A. A. officers the athletic season of 1924-25 is heralded in.

Under the competent supervision of Miss Dale, the first and second hockey teams are being put in trim for the coming games. There is wonderful material left from last year. Indeed, any old girl can remember our two speedy wings, Mae and Bob, our lucky back-field line with Buffie and Vic, as well as Betty Saxton and Evy. Come, girls, let's support our hockey team this year; let's be out at every game to cheer for our players! This will be a great aid toward a successful season. From the schedule we are assured of some good, strong competition and very interesting games. Let's go, girls!

As the year progresses, the procession of seasoned sports moves on. With basket ball closely following up hockey, and then in turn swimming, tennis, crew and field day activities, it does not seem credible that there can be one girl in school who can not find some sport to interest her. But to carry on any of the above, support our A. A. officers. When they make their call, do not fail them. Our leaders are:

Helen McIntire, *President*.

Evadene Love, *Vice-President*.

Dorothy Denney, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Under the direction of Mr. Ordway canoeing parties have already begun to paddle up and down the old Charles. What class will produce the winning crew?

### THE LEXINGTON-CONCORD TRIP

To those who live at a distance from Massachusetts, Lasell offers the opportunities to see the historical places which make New England famous. For this purpose a trip was taken Monday, September 29, through Lexington and Concord.

At ten o'clock Monday morning the girls gathered in front of the Main building, each with her individual lunch box under her arm. At Lexington, which was our first stop, every one walked over the green where the Minute Men made their first stand against the British. Here we saw the old Belfry, and the graves of the first men to fall. Then we stopped at the Hancock House, where every one registered before studying the carefully preserved antiques which were in use at the time of the Revolution. After that we raided the store across the way, buying home-made fudge, fresh cookies, and delicious fruit punch.

The trip was resumed along the line of the British Retreat, and Paul Revere's ride. The guide reviewed the happenings of that retreat and showed us the place where Paul Revere's ride ended. Before a large farm the cars were unexpectedly stopped, and soon Mr. Ordway appeared, followed by two men laden with boxes of beautiful red, juicy apples from which four were given to each girl.

At Louisa M. Alcott's home we scattered over the lawn to eat our delicious lunch which had been prepared in the school kitchen. Then thirty girls at a time were permitted to go through the house and examine the objects with which we were so familiar after reading Miss Alcott's book, "Little Women." Many of us bought some of her books, which will recall, in days to come, our happy years at Lasell.

Our next stop was at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where we saw the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, and the Alcotts. It is a beautiful spot and much time was spent roaming about, reading the inscriptions on the stones.

From here we went to the Concord Bridge, where was fired "the shot heard round the



world." Here, also, was the statue of the Minute Man, and the grave of the Unknown British Soldier.

Lastly we visited the refuge of Thoreau, where he fled to escape taxation. Each girl carried a stone to add to the great pile already there which marks the place near which his hut stood. As we were returning to the cars along a wagon road, a small snake threatened to send all into a panic, but Mr. Ordway came to our rescue by removing it from the path.

On our way home the repertoire of every one was quite exhausted as we sang again and again. Tired but happy, we arrived at Lasell in plenty of time to dress for dinner. I think every girl shed from her face several layers of dust. Any slight discomforts, however, were soon forgotten. Only delightful memories remain.

*Luanna Eyles, '26.*

#### RECENT GIFTS TO LASELL

Lasell Seminary has always counted among her choice blessings, her friendly neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet and family.

Their early spring blossoms and the bright glow from their fireplace were but symbols of their hospitality and cheer and good-will to all.

They have shown their interest in Lasell in many ways through all the years, and now that Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet have left their earthly home, their daughters have most generously presented to the school, in memory of their father and mother, some of the prized possessions from Dr. Peloubet's study,—pictures which have hung on his wall: the Arch of Titus, views of Palestine, reproductions from Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione; facsimiles and photographs of ancient tablets, a case of birds from Palestine, ancient lamps, a winnowing fork, and a shepherd's crook from Mt. Parnassus. There is also Tissot's Illustrated Life of Christ in four volumes, containing Dr. Peloubet's autograph and his book plate.

These gifts will be greatly prized, not only for their intrinsic value, but as tangible reminders of our loyal friends.

#### THE CARPENTER MEMORIAL BOOK

There are in our hands about thirty copies of a memorial book for Miss Caroline Carpenter, who was for so many years a teacher and preceptress at Lasell. Any former students who will send us a card asking for it will be welcome to a copy so long as the supply holds out.

*Guy M. Winslow.*

#### BANGOR LASELL CLUB MEETING

The annual luncheon of the Eastern Maine Lasell Club was held in Bangor, Maine, September 10, at the Condukeag Canoe Club. There were eighteen former Lasell girls and graduates present.

We had the privilege of having Miss Potter with us, who gave a splendid talk, telling us all about the Lasell of today, the changes that are occurring, and making us a bit homesick to get back to see it all again.

We listened with interest to her account of the Lasell party she took abroad last summer, and we felt a sense of pride as she told of the many lovely things that were said of the girls and their conduct during the journey, the kind of things that make us proud to be Lasell girls, and we are so glad that the worth-while things for which Lasell has always stood are still being accentuated.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow sent us most gracious and cordial greetings, and many came from the girls who were unable to be with us. After the luncheon officers were elected for the following two years. The new President is Bernice Cole, '21; Secretary, Marguerite Murray, '24; and Treasurer, Lydia Adams, '18.

Those present were:

Lillie R. Potter, '80  
 Nellie Kidder Cutter, '84  
 Lorena Fellows Hight Sawyer, '99  
 Florence Rogers Hilton, 1905-8  
 Florence Wyman, 1891-2  
 Marguerite Murray, '24  
 Ruth Dunning, 1922-4  
 Charlotte Ryder, '08  
 Elaine Bass, '20  
 Bernice Cole, '21

Ethel Hook, 1901-3  
 Helen Gray Porter, 1902-5  
 Esther Norcross, '18  
 Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10  
 Sarah Hughes Forbes, '03  
 Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19  
 Mabel Pooler, 1901-3  
 Florence Pooler, '01

### THE PORTLAND LASELL CLUB MEETING

After Miss Potter's return from Europe to Montreal, she went directly to Portland where she was the guest of Caroline Lindsay Haney, President of the Lasell Club there, and was later entertained by this hospitable group of Lasell girls at their annual meeting. The following report was taken from one of the Portland daily papers:

"The Lasell Club held its annual luncheon yesterday at the Columbia Hotel, with twenty-nine members present. Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow of Auburndale, Mass., Mademoiselle J. LeRoyer, French instructress at Lasell, and Miss L. R. Potter, preceptress of the school, were special guests of the occasion.

The business meeting was held at twelve o'clock with Mrs. O. E. Haney presiding. The officers for the year are:

President, Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20  
 Vice-President, Mae Harrison Clifford, 1915-6  
 Treasurer, Marion Stevens, '21  
 Secretary, Elizabeth Stephens, '20

Preceding the luncheon, corsage bouquets were presented to Mrs. Winslow and to Miss Potter. Attached to Miss Potter's bouquet was a shower of handkerchiefs, gifts from the active members of the club who were present.

The decorations were in the Lasell colors, blue and white, and the flowers were in harmony with this color scheme. After dinner there were speeches by Dr. Winslow, Mlle. LeRoyer, Miss Potter, Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. Haney.

Those present were:

Elberta Burnham, 1876-8  
 Deborah Ingraham, '19  
 Marjorie Hussey, '20  
 Frances Coombs, '18  
 Ruth Davis Frost, '20  
 Frances Royce, '24

Helen Sanborn Rowe, '20  
 Marjorie Jagger, '24  
 Cassie Young, 1902-3  
 Eleanor Percy Irish, 1902-3  
 Louise Harmon, 1900-01  
 Florence Fuller Ingraham, 1887-9  
 Catharine Moses Hill, 1899-00  
 Helen Deering Love, 1899-00  
 Lela Goodall, '08  
 Joanna Deering Kirk, '02  
 Florence Fuller, 1913-4  
 Phyllis Bridger, 1922-3  
 Frances Badger, '24  
 Jessie Lewis Foster, 1914-5  
 Eleanor McCausland Fleming, '17  
 Frances Harris Spear, '16  
 Carolyn Badger, '22  
 Mildred Knight, '21  
 Doris Powers Thomas, '11  
 Brenda Copeland, '24  
 Cassie Lindsay, 1919-20  
 A. Louise Stevens, '22  
 Louise Titus, '24

### CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB MEETING

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club held its nineteenth annual reunion and luncheon at the City Club, Hartford, on Saturday, October 4, forty-two members attending.

Dr. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne were the guests of honor. Miss Cornelia M. Hemingway, President of the Club, introduced the speakers, Mrs. Towne bringing the greetings of the younger sisters at the school to the older sisters, and Mr. Towne giving a very interesting account of the ideals striven for and the work being done at Woodland.

Dr. Winslow spoke of the financial condition of the school, the changes which have taken place, and of the work which some of the "old girls" are doing.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Harriette P. Case, '22  
 Vice-President, Bertha Hayden King, '03  
 Secretary-Treasurer, Emma White Welles, 1890-3

Those present at the luncheon were:

Dr. Guy M. Winslow  
 Mr. Charles F. Towne  
 Mrs. Charles F. Towne  
 Cornelia M. Hemingway, '22  
 Harriette P. Case, '22



Bertha Hayden King, '03  
 Mary Goodwin Olmstead, '03  
 Helen Merriam Cornell, 1902-3  
 Maude J. Hayden, '16  
 Laura Hale Gorton, '16  
 Gladys Goodman Stern, 1912-14  
 Leontine Goodman Thalheimer, '18  
 Helen M. Saunders, '17  
 Elizabeth Robinson Breed, 1917-18  
 Jessie W. Hayden, 1882-5  
 Fannie L. MacKenzie, 1903-4  
 Eva C. Robertson, 1903-4  
 Elsie Reynolds, '00  
 Mabel Deming, 1903-4  
 Bessie Brainard Schmadeke, 1896-7  
 Ruth K. Merriam, '98  
 Rena C. Taylor  
 Mabel Burwell Woodhouse, 1904-5  
 Elsie Davenport Hilliard, 1904-5  
 Mabelle Hamlin Barby, 1915-6  
 Florence Skinner Anderson, 1913-4  
 Lelia Walker Saunders, '01  
 Sarah Dyer Darling, 1900-01  
 Edith Abbott Brace, '19  
 Lillian G. Grant, '20  
 Mary K. Godard, 1921-23  
 Dorothy F. Merwin, '23  
 Iverna L. Birdsall, '22  
 Virginia P. Stevens, '24  
 Helen Cooke Waters, 1892-4  
 Bessie L. Comstock, 1891-3  
 Grace Homes Stiles, 1892-3  
 Ruth Talcott Britton, 1899-01  
 Laura R. Comstock, 1891-02  
 Clara McLean Rowley, '02  
 Emma White Welles, 1890-03

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

The seventh year of Woodland Park School began on September 16. Old girls and new came to us, bringing their own welcome and cheer. Twenty of the twenty-three girls who comprised our last year's ninth grade are back, and in Lasell. Some of them had been with us only the year, several of them three and four years, and two of them are charter members of Woodland Park. We are proud to send so fine and representative a group to our Senior school.

September 19. The Junior High School girls attended an illustrated lecture at Lasell by Prof. Poor.

September 20. Our annual first Saturday

picnic to Echo Bridge in Newton Highlands! A lovely day and a good time!

September 22. Dr. Penfold of Providence, R. I., visited his daughters at Lasell and Woodland Park.

September 23. A very pleasant call from Elizabeth Borst (Woodland Park, '22), and her mother, Mrs. Sarah Cone Bryant Borst.

September 25. Lucy Benejam's birthday was celebrated. A wonderful cake from Schrafft's with 13 candles. Lucy entertained 8th and 9th grades.

September 27. All Woodland Park attended the Society Circus given by the Auburndale Men's Club at Norumbega Park. There is nothing so fascinating as a merry-go-round!

October 1. Mrs. Kittredge drove down from Milford, N. H., to visit Constance and help celebrate her birthday. Mrs. Kittredge brought beautiful roses of several varieties picked that morning from her garden.

October 4. Our first riding group. The girls pronounce Paton's Academy horses the best we have ever had.

The annual trip to Concord and Lexington—seventeen in the party—chaperoned by Miss Nichols. Mr. Ordway acted as guide and lecturer.

October 5. We welcomed Mary Caldwell Klutz, of Washington, D. C., to our family group.

A party of girls visited Old North Church in Boston.

### SCHOOL ROSTER

Abbott, Estelle, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Abbott, Louise, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Africa, M. Isabel, Manchester, N. H.  
 Albert, Helen, Jefferson, Ia.  
 Allen, Ruth, Chicago, Ill.  
 Allyn, Marjorie, Montreal West, Canada  
 Amos, Virginia, Warminster, Pa.  
 Anderson, Margaret, Kankakee, Ill.  
 Aseltine, Dorothy, Winchester  
 August, Rose, San Antonio, Texas  
 Avery, Blanche, Greenfield  
 Baird, Hazel, Orleans, Vt.  
 Barber, Priscilla, Newtonville  
 Barber, Barbara, Newtonville  
 Barclay, Elinor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

- Barrett, Clara, Butte, Montana  
 Barry, Lucille, Detroit, Mich.  
 Basley, Margaret, Waltham  
 Batchelder, A. Elizabeth, North Reading  
 Batchelder, Alice, Sanford, Me.  
 Baxter, Maria, W. Roxbury  
 Beach, Helen, Winchester  
 Bean, Hope, Presque Isle, Me.  
 Beck, Gertrude, Needham  
 Beck, Margaret, New Haven, Conn.  
 Beecher, Catherine, Lawrence  
 Bennett, Margaret, Guilford, Me.  
 Berkson, Helene, Larchmont, N. Y.  
 Billings, Marjorie, Brighton  
 Birchby, Martha, Sheridan, Wyo.  
 Bishop, Louise, Scotia, N. Y.  
 Black, Helen, Deep River, Conn.  
 Blair, Marjorie, North Troy, Vt.  
 Bliss, Helen, Malden  
 Borden, Preble, Boston  
 Bradshaw, Mary, Brookline  
 Braithwaite, Katherine, Auburndale  
 Brolin, Louise, Rockford, Ill.  
 Bronstein, Edith, Roxbury  
 Brown, Clarice, Colchester, Conn.  
 Brown, Dorothea, Grand Rapids Mich.  
 Brown, Marion, Joliet, Ill.  
 Brunner, Virginia, Mt. Carmel, Pa.  
 Bryant, Lois, Hartford, Conn.  
 Buffington, Ruth, Omaha, Nebr.  
 Bullis, Glenna, New Haven, Conn.  
 Bundy, E. Eugenie, Detroit, Mich.  
 Burrows, Catherine, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Butterworth, Eleanor, Braintree, Mass.  
 Carey, Mildred, Watertown, N. Y.  
 Carl, Martha, Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Chace, Elinor, Providence, R. I.  
 Chaffee, Florence, Hartford, Conn.  
 Chamberlin, Christine, Swampscott  
 Chambers, Elizabeth, Albany, N. Y.  
 Chambers, Helen, Roselle, N. J.  
 Clough, Charlena, Irasburg, Vt.  
 Cobb, Doris, Woodfords, Me.  
 Coggeshall, Emma, Darlington, S. C.  
 Colyer, Isabel, Newark, N. J.  
 Cook, Dorothy, East Orange, N. J.  
 Coombs, Isabel, Belfast, Me.  
 Craig, Eleanor, Freehold, N. J.  
 Crawford, Alice, Walton, N. Y.  
 Cruise, Katherine, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Cunningham, Bernice, Springfield  
 Curtis, Gertrude, Troy, N. Y.  
 Cushing, Barbara, Groveton, N. H.  
 Cushman, Alice, Newton Centre  
 Cushman, Caroline, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
 Damon, Minerva, Washington, D. C.  
 Dawson, Harriet, New Bedford  
 Day, Elizabeth, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Deane, Louise, Fall River  
 Del Pino, Lolita, Havana, Cuba  
 Denison, Louise, Elkhart, Ind.  
 Denney, Dorothy, South Orange, N. J.  
 Dewar, Elizabeth, Adams, N. Y.  
 de Zalba, Herminia, Havana, Cuba  
 Dreher, Virginia, Lansford, Pa.  
 Duncan, Dorothy, Beach Bluff  
 Duncan, Helen, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Duncan, Jean, Braintree  
 Durkee, Annette, Lynn  
 Elliott, Nettie, Charleston, W. Va.  
 Ely, Mae, Lykens, Pa.  
 Ely, Constance, Florence  
 Eyler, Elizabeth, Kitanning, Pa.  
 Fairbanks, Ella, Natick  
 Farnsworth, Zora, Winthrop  
 Finegan, Margaret, Dorchester  
 Finney, Frances, Malone, N. Y.  
 Fish, Martha, Canton  
 Fitch, Marion, Detroit, Mich.  
 Forgie, Elizabeth, Dorchester  
 Foster, Reba, Nashua, N. H.  
 Foster, Sara, Ellsworth, Me.  
 Freeman, Elsa, Detroit, Mich.  
 Frankel, Mae, New York, N. Y.  
 Freeman, Mary, New Orleans, La.  
 Furbush, Julia, Portland, Me.  
 Gallagher, Frances, Boston  
 Gordon, Margaret, Hazardville, Conn.  
 Greenough, Mauriel, Willmar, Minn.  
 Hagadorn, Dorothy, Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Hale, Dorothy, Malone, N. Y.  
 Hall, Frances, Smiths  
 Hambleton, Vera, Methuen  
 Hamlin, Mildred, Slatersville, R. I.  
 Hammond, Elizabeth, West Newton  
 Han, Violet, Shanghai, China  
 Harney, Ruth, Lynn  
 Hart, Edna, Peabody  
 Harvey, Esther, Newton Centre  
 Harvey, Harriet, Woodbury, Conn.  
 Hasanovitz, Sonia, No. Middleboro  
 Hegeman, Louise, Mittineague  
 Herrick, Maud, Shelbyville, Ill.  
 Hersey, Thelma, Watertown  
 Hight, Virginia, Bangor, Me.  
 Hodges, Catherine, Newton  
 Holabird, Ruby, North Haven, Conn.  
 Hopkins, Lucile, New Preston, Conn.  
 Horton, Mary, Salem  
 Horton, Millicent, Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Hosley, Ruth, Springfield  
 Howard, Madeleine, Melrose  
 Ingwersen, Charlotte, Chicago, Ill.  
 Irish, Elizabeth, Buckfield, Me.



- Isherwood, Edna, Fall River  
 Jackson, Audrey, East Orange, N. J.  
 Jackson, Victoria, Toronto, Canada  
 Janota, Marie, New York, N. Y.  
 Jenney, Estelle, Roxbury  
 Jensen, Edith, Watertown  
 Johnson, Elizabeth, Lowell  
 Johnson, Florence, New Haven, Conn.  
 Johnston, Marie, Brookline  
 Keeler, Dorothy, Westboro  
 Keith, Katherine, Fitchburg  
 Kelley, Katherine, Lansing, Mich.  
 Kendall, Gertrude, Dunstable  
 Ketola, Mildred, Virginia, Minn.  
 Kimball, Elizabeth, Hinsdale, N. H.  
 Kirby, Marion, Auburndale  
 Krakauer, Anita, Chihuahua, Mexico  
 Kramer, Hazel, Whitneyville, Conn.  
 Ladd, Evelyn, Enosburg Falls, Vt.  
 Lalley, Catherine, Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Larrabee, Julia, Lawrence  
 Lathrop, Charlotte, Windham, Conn.  
 Lawrence, Grace, Summit, N. J.  
 Lebo, Pauline, Lykens, Pa.  
 Libbey, Alice, West Newton  
 Loewe, Ella, Danbury, Conn.  
 Love, Evadene, Tulsa, Okla.  
 Mack, Mary, Wilmette, Ill.  
 Mackay, Sarah, Peekskill, N. Y.  
 MacLeod, Verta, Brighton  
 McAuley, Katherine, Troy, N. Y.  
 McMahan, Mary, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Martin, Ruth, Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Matteson, Jessie, Chicago, Ill.  
 Matthews, Mabel, Summit, N. J.  
 May, Hortense, Springfield  
 Mayes, Ruth, Charlotte, N. C.  
 Maxwell, Alice, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Messenger, Dorothy, Auburndale  
 Meurer, Peggy, New York, N. Y.  
 Mitchell, Mabel, Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Miles, Marian, Wolfeboro, N. H.  
 Miles, Virginia, Clarksburg, W. Va.  
 Miller, Josephine, Stamford, Conn.  
 Moeller, Gertrude, New Haven, Conn.  
 Mondelli, Gertrude, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Moore, Ethel, Palmer, N. Y.  
 Moore, Kathryn, Chicago, Ill.  
 Morrisey, Ethel, Waltham  
 Mortimer, Eva-May, Beverly Hills, Cal.  
 Moxon, Dorothy, Willimantic, Conn.  
 Mueller, Louisa, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 McIntire, Helen, Boston  
 McKnight, Mary, Baltimore, Md.  
 McMurray, Agnes, Portland, Ore.  
 McNab, Helen, Brookline  
 Newbold, C. June, Washington, D. C.  
 Nims, Priscilla, Springfield  
 Norton, Amelia, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Nowell, Elizabeth, Honolulu, Hawaii  
 Ockert, Emma, New Haven, Conn.  
 Oppel, Elizabeth, Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Page, M. Frances, Ayer  
 Parker, Helen, Faneuil  
 Pascual, Asuncion, Fjardo, P. R.  
 Pearsall, Clara, Chestnut Hill, Pa.  
 Penfold, Julia, Providence, R. I.  
 Pennell, Mildred, Brighton  
 Pino, Lolita del, Havana, Cuba  
 Potter, Frances, Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Potter, Kate, Providence, R. I.  
 Powdrell, Gertrude, Boston  
 Powell, Ruth, Cleveland Heights, O.  
 Prescott, Esther, West Somerville  
 Puckett, Mary Ann, Birmingham, Ala.  
 Purdy, Ruth, Webster  
 Renstrom, Sarah, Fayette City, Pa.  
 Rice, Ruby, Rindge, N. H.  
 Richards, Ella, Dorchester  
 Rickey, Frances, Berlin, Conn.  
 Rix, Margarete, Omaha, Nebr.  
 Robertson, Frances, Melrose  
 Rodier, Isabel, Norwich, Conn.  
 Ross, Kathryne, Middlebury, Vt.  
 Roth, Madeleine, Peoria, Ill.  
 Russell, Charlotte, Providence, R. I.  
 Rowbotham, Ruth, New Orleans, La.  
 Sanderson, Thora, Somerville  
 Saxton, Elizabeth, Richmond, Ind.  
 Schaller, Marjorie, Brighton  
 Schisler, Delores, Asbury Park, N. J.  
 Schmidt, Erna, Hartsdale, N. Y.  
 Schumaker, Doris, Malden  
 Schumaker, Dorothy, Lincoln, N. H.  
 Senior, Sarah, Sanford, Me.  
 Shaw, Elizabeth, Newport, Vt.  
 Shepard, Letitia, Parnassus, Pa.  
 Shepard, Ruth, Warren  
 Shope, Margaret, Hollidaysburg, Pa.  
 Shutts, Suzanne, Asbury Park, N. J.  
 Silliman, Churilla, Deep River, Conn.  
 Simonds, Marian, Pottsville, Pa.  
 Simonson, Kathleen, Limestone, Me.  
 Sinclair, Marion, New York, N. Y.  
 Slocum, Gladys, E. Rochester, N. H.  
 Smieding, Virginia, Racine, Wis.  
 Smith, Dorothy E., Newtonville  
 Smith, Dorothy J., Clarksburg, W. Va.  
 Smith, Elizabeth, Chatham, N. J.  
 Smith, Eloise, Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Smith, Gertrude, Rockland, Me.  
 Smith, Helen G., Hathorne  
 Solar, Cherry, Watertown, N. Y.  
 Solari, Sylvia, Dorchester

Steele, Eleanor, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Stevens, Elinor, East Orange, N. J.  
 Streeter, Evelyn, Belmont  
 Stolaroff, Mildred, El Paso, Tex.  
 Stotz, Madeline, Brighton  
 Strong, Nadine, Boston  
 Studley, Vera, Brookline  
 Stultz, Catherine, Clinton, Ind.  
 Swithin, Franceise, Wollaston  
 Thayer, Grace, New Ipswich, N. H.  
 Thompson, Isabelle, Hampton, N. H.  
 Thompson, Louise, Middleboro  
 Thompson, Marian, Allenhurst, N. J.  
 Tibetts, Elizabeth, Melrose  
 Tompkins, Ruth, East Orange, N. J.  
 Tyler, Florence, Westfield  
 Vail, Frances, So. Pasadena, Cal.  
 Van Cleve, Elizabeth, Morristown, N. J.  
 Van Page, Margaret, La Grange, Ill.  
 Wahlquist, Helen, West Hartford, Conn.  
 Walrath, Margaret, Gloversville, N. Y.  
 Waltz, Helen, Detroit, Mich.  
 Warren, Juliet, Boston  
 Wells, Elizabeth, Haverhill  
 Wesemann, Adel, La Grange, Ill.  
 Westcott, Olive, Providence, R. I.  
 Whalen, Mary, Waltham  
 Whitis, Sallie, Pleasantville, N. Y.  
 Whitney, Lucile, Benton Harbor, Mich.  
 Whittaker, Katharine, Newtonville  
 Whyte, Mildred, Lynn  
 Wiedenmayer, Emily, Glen Ridge, N. J.  
 Wight, Alberta, Berlin, N. H.  
 Wilcox, Martha, Keokuk, Ia.  
 Wilder, Grace, Ridgewood, N. J.  
 Wilding, Margaret, Malone, N. Y.  
 Williams, Mary, Orange, N. J.  
 Wilson, Aileen, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Wilson, Jane, Hammond, Ind.  
 Winslow, Marjorie, Auburndale  
 Witschief, Mary, Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Wood, Margaret, Hudson, N. Y.  
 Wood, Virginia, Tiverton, R. I.  
 Worrall, Catherine, Washington, D. C.  
 Young, Charlotte, Chicago, Ill.

#### WOODLAND PARK SCHOOL

Amesbury, Virginia E., Auburndale  
 Barber, Gertrude R., Newtonville  
 Benejam, Lucy, Havana, Cuba  
 Benson, Anna Moffitt, Auburndale  
 Best, Natalie G., Allston  
 Burns, Mabel M., Altadena, California  
 Corner, Edna, Mt. Vernon, N. H.  
 Cummings, Edith M., Newton Lower Falls  
 Cushman, Lillian, Newton Centre  
 DeLaney, Ruth C., Nantucket  
 Dickerson, Josephine, Long Island, N. Y.

Driscoll, May J., Newtonville  
 Flye, Eva F., Santa Marta, Columbia, S. A.  
 Follett, Edith W., Auburndale  
 Follett, Helena C., Auburndale  
 Gardner, Mildred, Egypt  
 Goodrich, Claudia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Goodrich, Jean Elizabeth, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Griffin, Irene M., Newton Centre  
 Halward, Adelaide M., Newtonville  
 Hanscom, Virginia F., Auburndale  
 Healey, Isabel, Brighton  
 Himelhoch, Marjean, Detroit, Mich.  
 Kerr, Alice B., Auburndale  
 Kittredge, Constance, Milford, N. H.  
 Kluttz, Mary C., Washington, D. C.  
 Lane, Margaret, Auburndale  
 Lucke, Eunice F., Lynn  
 Martin, Barbara E., West Newton  
 Martin, B. Rae, West Newton  
 McDonald, Gwendolyn, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Moore, Elsie M., Waltham  
 Penfold, Mary S., Providence, R. I.  
 Root, Bertha B., Winthrop  
 Ryder, Helen, Newtonville  
 Scharton, Patricia  
 Soule, Priscilla R., Auburndale  
 Towle, Mona C., South Sudbury  
 Walter, Marion D., New Britain, Conn.  
 Walter, Ruth A., New Britain, Conn.  
 Whitehead, Lona May, Brookline  
 Wilcox, Betty, West Newton  
 Wilcox, Gloria, West Newton  
 Wilcox, Hollis, West Newton  
 Winslow, Priscilla, Auburndale



Lasell's unique claim of training girls as efficient home-makers is constantly being tested out in this very ideal way.

Evelyn Shidler, '23, chose the twenty-fourth of June as her wedding day, when she became the bride of Mr. George A. Robertson, Junior, at South Bend, Indiana.

Marion Goodrich, '18, and Mr. Clarence Moffat Hockridge, were united in marriage at Epping, New Hampshire, on June the



twenty-fifth. Mr. and Mrs. Hockridge are at home at 115 Floral street, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

Saturday, the twenty-eighth of June, was the wedding day of Helen Chapman, '23, and Mr. Frederick Hazard Frost.

The marriage of Phyllis Maple, '22, to Mr. Donald Dean McCormick on the twenty-eighth of June, at Peoria, Illinois, has been announced. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick are at home at 201 North Underhill, Peoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beirermeister have announced the marriage of their daughter, Ruth, 1918-19, to Mr. Edward Winthrop Wilson on Saturday, the twenty-eighth of June, at Newton Centre, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are at home to receive their friends at 14 Mason Road, Newton Centre.

Matilda Foster, 1919-21, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Horton Marsh on Monday, the thirtieth of June, at Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

Esther Ross, '18, chose the thirtieth of June as her wedding day, when she became the wife of Dr. Ira Ritzer Winger at Toledo.

Helen Adams, '22, and Mr. James K. Cullen were married on Monday, July the seventh, at Washington, Pennsylvania.

The marriage of Ruth Smith, '21, and Mr. Ralph Porter Coates on July the twelfth, at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, has been announced.

Saturday, the thirtieth of August, was the wedding day of Hazel Palmer, '16, and Mr. William Lloyd Kennedy, when they were united at Saint James Church, Oneonta, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Lesh of Indianapolis have announced the marriage of their daughter, Charlotte, to Mr. Roy Kenneth Coates on the sixth of September. Charlotte quite properly and delightfully, as far as we were concerned, placed Lasell in her honeymoon itinerary. A very pleasant call from her and her husband made us very glad and our best wishes follow them.

Marion Williams, 1917-20, and Mr. Frank Lane Crowell were united in marriage at

Norwich, Connecticut, on September twentieth.

Tuesday, the thirtieth of September, Ruth Davis, '20, and Mr. Frederic Warren Frost were married at the First Baptist Church, Sanford, Maine.

Helen Webster, '19, chose the eighth of October as her wedding day, when she became the bride of Mr. Robert Francis Fitz, in the First Congregational Church at Wakefield, Mass.

Doris Nelson, 1923-24, and Mr. Gerald Tattersfield were united in marriage at the Unitarian Church in Gloucester, on Saturday evening, October eleventh.

On October sixteenth at the First Baptist Church in Dorchester, Antoinette Meritt, '23, and Mr. Everett Harold Bromley were married.

Elizabeth Neal, '23, and Mr. Parks Odenweller were married on Saturday evening, the eighteenth of October, at the First Universalist Church in Lynn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wardle have announced the marriage of their daughter, Ruth, 1918-19, to Mr. Benjamin Albert Livingston at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on Saturday, the fourth of October.

On the fourth of October, Freda Griffin, '20, became Mrs. Paul Carl Leining at Hartford, Connecticut.

Harriet Morris, '18, chose the twenty-fifth of October as her wedding day, when she became the wife of Mr. Winthrop Warren Kenney at Trinity Church in Toledo, Ohio.

We are very happy to place among our wedding announcements in the personal column the marriage, on the eleventh of October, of Miss Elizabeth Ehrhart to Mr. Frank Forest Davidson, Junior, who is very well and pleasantly known to many of our former students as the son of our former instructor. We extend our heartiest congratulations to these friends of the school.

The engagement of Marjorie Jagger, '24, and Mr. George Harland Ferguson has been announced.

Marion Stevens, '21, has announced her engagement to Dr. William Allen White, Junior, of Boston.

At a tea at the Commonwealth Country Club recently, Ruth Malley, 1916-17, announced her engagement to Mr. Clark B. Bristol of Brookline, Mass. Mr. Bristol is a graduate of Dartmouth College and a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

We have received the announcement of the engagement of Leonora Conklin, '21, and Mr. John Peter Plunkett.

Even in vacation time our dear Principal Emeritus does not forget Lasell. In a message sent before the opening of school he tells of the delightful time he and Mrs. Bragdon are having at Coronado Beach, California. He acknowledges cordially the birthday greetings which came from the old school to him in July and tells us that Belle Bragdon Kelsey, '95, is with them and as lively and good company as ever. He wishes a very happy new year for Lasell and expresses his never failing desire to be back again at work in the school which after all is in so large a part the result of his years of splendid and efficient service.

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, seems to have time for everything that is worthwhile. First of all she was responsible for sending to Lasell one of our fine new girls, Elinor Barclay. Ida has been for years an ideal mother and home-maker and now is very much interested in a missionary study class and writes to our Preceptress for some personal and interesting facts about the life of her friend, Mrs. Mary Ninde Gamewell, the author of this year's Interdenominational Study Book, "Ming-Wong."

Our new Athletic Director, Miss Margaret Dale, brings to Lasell a very pleasant bit concerning Annie Gwinnell, '88, former President of the New York Lasell Club. They were together for a short while this summer at one of the New York resorts and Miss Dale declares she received from Miss Gwinnell some very worthwhile information concerning her new school home.

Charlotte Borowski, 1921-22, sends kindest regards, and adds, "I am touring lovely Switzerland, the most beautiful place I have ever seen. Am becoming quite an expert mountain climber, whereas Bragdon Hill was my Waterloo before."

From Hardoi, India, Esther Blackstock, (1904-6), sends a message to Lasell thanking the Missionary Society for their annual contribution and tells us she is teaching in the Girls' Mission School and enjoying the work very much. She writes that she is glad her sister, Constance, is with us this year as one of the new members of our faculty, and Lasell takes this opportunity to send word back to her that we are equally delighted to have this efficient graduate in our service. Esther closes with love to the old teachers and especially to our dear Mrs. Wagner, 1874-6.

Helen Terry, '24, writes that she is doing just what *we* think is the best thing in all the world, making her own home a delightful haven for her parents and friends. Although she has not wholly given up the idea of continuing her studies at some school, whether at home or abroad Helen always has our loving good wishes.

Dear little newcomers! LASELL LEAVES is glad to start this fall's work with the announcement of your arrival.

On August 18, a little daughter, Joan Furbush, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roger F. Prout (Louise Furbush, '20).

Mr. and Mrs. A. Malcolm Brown (Julia ter Kuile, '10) have announced the birth of a little boy, Barton, on September 21.

A dear little girl, Shirley Virginia, came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth A. Wolcott (Marion Griffin, '16) on September 22.

Little Jean Starrett Mathewson came to reside permanently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen L. Mathewson (Edna Starrett, '22) a short time ago.

Two of our graduates of last year, President Frances Badger and Lucile Norris, are now on the faculty at our junior school, Woodland Park. We do not see enough of



them. It is really a case of being "so near and yet so far," but their Principal tells us that they are wholly given over to their new work and are making good in a fine way. Incidentally they are quickly winning the hearts of the little folk.

Helen Schroer, '24, alias "Pep," and Helen Hansen, 1923-24, are now regularly enrolled in the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. We rejoice that they are located nearby and have been kind enough to "run home" once or twice. At one of the early vesper services, Helen Schroer, as in the old days, was at the organ and to our great satisfaction. We have a promise from Helen Hansen that she also will assist us at one of the services.

The school had a delightful call recently from Mr. and Mrs. Trondsen who told us that Alphild, 1922-23, is now regularly enrolled at the Boston Emerson College of Oratory. We trust that Alphild, too, will soon find her way out to her old school home, where a warm welcome awaits her.

Who should happen in during these fall days to our great joy but Viola Sullivan Sullivan, '21, and her husband. They had just returned from a delightful wedding trip abroad and were full of enthusiasm over the new home which they are making in Roxbury.

Ethel Frost Taylor, '19, came in one Sabbath recently to see us, accompanied by her husband and dear little two-year-old daughter. She told us of her pleasant home and of a visit she had this summer from her parents who motored from Colorado to New England. She also spoke of her "neighborings" with our Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19.

"Mim" Smith, 1922-4, made us a real visit recently and expects to spend her winter in California.

Dear "Liz" Buettner, '23, sent a number of friendly greetings to members of the Lasell faculty from Germany where she has spent a happy vacation with her family. They expected to leave October the third for home and Elizabeth quite properly de-

clares that she will be glad to return to America.

Alice Bevin Leewitz, 1913-14, and Helen Ludeke, 1913-14, came together as usual recently and it was a joy to meet and greet them. Alice has a fine studio in Boston where she has been specializing in portrait painting. Her husband's home, however, was formerly in Paris, and they will return to the French capital early in the New Year and make it their home. We do not know whether we are at liberty to tell it or not but we will venture to announce the engagement of Helen Ludeke and the interesting particulars will be printed in the pages of the LEAVES a little later.

Just before the opening of school a fine car from Portland, Oregon, appeared at Lasell and who should step out of this much traveled machine but Marie Cogswell Gelinsky, '06. She had with her her son, a lad of fourteen, and her dear mother, whom we remember very pleasantly from her last visit, which was at the time of Marie's graduation. Marie actually looked hardly a day older than when she left Lasell and it was with difficulty that we could realize this six-foot son was hers. Marie's purpose in making the long journey was to place her boy in the Powder Hill School.

During the summer vacation occurred the marriage of our former instructor, Doris Lane, and Mr. E. Bradford Cushman of Brockton. Since the opening of school Mrs. Cushman has twice made us glad by calling at the Seminary. We would have been happier had she made a real visit. We understand that she will soon change her home from Brockton to Portland, Maine. Portland Lasell girls please take notice, for Mrs. Cushman will prove a most valuable addition to your Lasell Community!

Ruth Dinsmore, '23, was honored this summer by being chosen as "Miss Belfast" at the big historical pageant in that city on July 28 and 29.

In writing of her interest in a new student, Kathleen Knight, '11, brought to Lasell incidentally some very interesting in-

formation concerning her dear self. We take the liberty of quoting the following from her letter: "I have been busy these years since the war in carving out a career. New York, for a year studying organization, journalism, publicity and social service. Then Texas for two years, as general secretary for the Y. W. C. A. Since the spring of 1921 I have been organizing and directing finance campaigns in practically every section of this country and in Canada. In the spring of this year I stopped raising money long enough for a speaking trip to the New England and Pennsylvania associations, and had the pleasure of seeing quite a number of old Lasell friends. It is such a joy to find some of them nearly everywhere I go. Since May I have been here in Boston organizing a campaign for a million and a half for a new central Y. W. C. A. building. It is a thrilling job;—no monotony about it, one makes delightful friends everywhere, and then there is a satisfaction in seeing new buildings going up, new pieces of work started, and new understanding of social problems,—all made possible by one's own work." Kathleen closes with the promise to drive out to Lasell and see her old friends some day and asks to be remembered to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Witherbee. Remember, Kathleen, we shall hold you to your promise!

Our Principal and the old habitués of Lasell welcomed home for a brief visit Miss Emily Genn, who for so many years was the efficient business head of our office and friend of all the school. Our one regret was that we could not keep her with us. Our best wishes follow her as she goes back to her own home at Stockton Springs, Maine.

Through our Mrs. Martin's generous interest in the school we are enjoying her at the Friday morning chapels. Already the new students have adopted en masse her splendid slogan of health and happiness of which she is a living illustration.

Among our early visitors this fall were Virginia Stevens, '24, Ella Robbins, '24, Phyllis Hessin, '24, and Dorothy May, '23.

Miss Potter and her European party returned all well and happy. Among the old girls met in Europe was Catharine Howe, '22, who, with her brother, called at their hotel in Venice and they were, to use her brother's words, "having the time of their lives." At the same hotel as guests were Frances Newman, 1920-22, her father and brother. In the midst of her sight-seeing Frances found time to declare her loyalty to Lasell and extend her best wishes for our coming year. In the Pitti Palace in Florence to the great surprise and delight of the Lasell party we ran across Henry Turner Bailey and our former art instructor, Miss Margarita Ells. We later had a delightful visit with Professor Bailey, his wife and daughter, Elizabeth. In the same city the girls had a happy meeting with Miss Hedden, sister of our Margaret, 1923-24, and Marguerite Lane of Auburndale. In Paris, Miss Louise Parkhurst, a former member of our music faculty, her mother, and Ruth Hayden, '20, joined us at our hotel and together we visited the battlefields. During that day at Chateau-Thierry we chanced to happily meet unexpectedly Miss Sara Wiggin of the Student Friendship Fund, who for that day asked if she could not be a Lasell "white dove." On the return voyage Helen Gertine chanced to be on the same ship and told us that she had made quite an extensive journey through Great Britain alone. Her intelligent references to this trip convinced us that she was equal to this independent bit of travel.

Members of the European party are scattered as follows: Isabel Lummus is now a member of Boston University. Doris Lougee is taking up her music lessons in Boston and Arline is soon to be a woman of affairs, as she is starting a gift shop in her home city. Marion Brown has assumed her regular duties as a full fledged teacher near her home in Easthampton and writes that she enjoys her work immensely. Hazel Small unfortunately has been at the hospital for a short time, but we hear is fully convalescent. Natalie Albury is again busy at



her school, The Castle. Delightful messages come from Miss Warren, '94, who is again deeply interested in the church work at New Boston, New Hampshire, where her brother-in-law is the successful pastor of the Community Church. June Buchanan, Cherry's sister, who was also a member of Lasell's European party, is back at her splendid work among the mountain whites of Pippapass at Caney Creek. The report of the Lasell party would not be complete without reference to dear Mrs. Brown, mother of Marion, who is busy at her home in Easthampton.

The Lasell Community are more than gratified to learn that Miss Martha Ransom, 1877-81, and former member of the faculty is settled for the winter in Auburn-dale. Our one regret is that she is not actually in the school where she was at home for so many years.

The coming of one of our new students, Virginia Hight, also brought back to our school her mother, Lorena Fellows Hight Sawyer, '99, who came with all the enthusiasm of the old days and has really placed with us one of our choice new girls.

Dorothea Africa, '12, to our joy was a near neighbor for many days at the opening of school. Her errand here was especially to place her younger sister, Isabel, at Lasell. We are gratified to know that already she feels quite at home and seems to really "belong."

We have to send special thanks to Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87, for having sent to us a fine representative in Grace Wilder, whose sunny nature is already making glad many an otherwise homesick Lasell girl.

Mary Ann Puckett is just about a "fac-similie" of her happy sister, Louise. She seems to fit in as naturally as though she had been a member of our school for some time. Seldom has Lasell welcomed a more friendly girl from the sunny South. We are happy to say that Louise is back in Boston at the Leland Powers School and we hope to see her at the school soon.

Both Helen, '24, and Lucile, 1923-24, Robson to our pleasure were with us at the new-old girl dance and told us the good news that they and their mother and younger sister are to be near neighbors this winter, having taken a home in Newton Highlands. / Lasell welcomes to her faculty this fall Miss Constance E. Blackstock, Miss Doris Boothby, Miss Katharine Lester, Miss Ruth Nice, Miss Agnes Roop, Miss Margaret Dale, Miss Lilian Ross, Nurse, Miss Mabel Burns, and Mrs. Marion H. Watson. /

/ Lasell's alumna and trustee, Annie Crowe Collum, '09, has sustained a great loss in the passing away after a prolonged illness of her father, Mr. G. R. Crowe, one of the leading citizens of Winnipeg. The Manitoba Free Press paid a fine tribute to this distinguished Presbyterian layman whom the church had repeatedly honored and of whom it was said that he was a most generous contributor to public and private undertakings of a useful, deserving and patriotic nature. Mr. Crowe was also a leading figure in the business world, having been the President of the Board of Trade, of the Canadian Club, and prominently identified with practically all the important business movements of the city. / Lasell extends its tenderest sympathy to this former student and her bereaved family.

In midsummer came a very appreciative note from Reverend Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, pastor of the North Waldoboro M. E. Church, in which she thanks the Lasell Missionary Society for their help. During the summer she attended the Maine Conference Summer School of Theology and expects to receive her full ordination in the spring. When we read of all the work in which this young minister is engaged she certainly seems to be the busiest of all busy women. In closing her message she sends special words of greeting to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

Maurine Moore Allen (1919-20) has certainly been an active and successful promoter for Lasell's interests. She sent this

year to our school two of the nicest newcomers, her cousin, Kathryn Moore, and her cousin's friend, Charlotte Ingwersen. Among other good things which engage Maurine's time is a local missionary society which according to her testimony has done quite a bit of work for the Russian refugees in Chicago. We thank her for her successful efforts on behalf of Lasell and wish her all success in her missionary service.

Bless your dear heart, Edith Clendenin, '24, we thank you for your loyal loving words concerning Lasell. We wish you all success in your social service work. Edith speaks of having a wonderful summer with her family, and knowing her as well as we do we are quite sure it was a case of loving reciprocity. Wherever she goes and whatever she does our best wishes will follow her.

Selma Gardner Collins, 1907-8, after an absence of many years returned to Lasell on Class Night last June and to our great delight brought with her her husband. We are sorry that we had only a glimpse of her that evening, but now that she has found the way back home, we hope she will come often.

Lillian M. Pakard, '83, our graduate and former registrar, has again prepared a valuable and beautiful devotional service book for the missionary program of 1924-25 entitled, "The Good Shepherd." Lasell girls who are specially interested in this department of church service cannot afford to miss seeing this inspiring pamphlet. As we have said before Miss Packard is now head of the Boston office of the Woman's Foreign Society M. E. Church.

Marietta Chase, '24, is at this very hour, we expect, making good in the New Rochelle Hospital in the Department of Dietetics. In the midst of her busy life she took time to send one of the most appreciative and gracious messages which has come to the LEAVES Office, in which she declares that she really cannot express how much she loves Lasell. She has recently run

across Katherine Webb, '24, Miriam Smith, '24, and Phyllis Hessin, '24, so that she does not feel altogether out of the Lasell circle.

Mary O'Hare, '24, has been in and out of the school home once or twice since entering the New England Conservatory of Music. While loyal to her new school she confesses a proper feeling of homesickness for dear old Lasell. We are glad to have these neighboring girls neighborly and wish them all good luck in their new work.

That was a splendid letter Hildur Brekke Akerman, 1919-20, sent from Eriksbergsgaban F, Stockholm, Sweden. We give the full address, believing that many a Lasell student will want to again get in touch with this dear girl. While supremely happy Hildur naturally confesses that she has always a bit of homesickness for Lasell and her friends this side of the sea. Hildur speaks of a delightful winter which she passed in Paris under the chaperonage of her vocal teacher, Mme. Ellen Gulbranson, the great Wagner singer. Some of the old girls will remember Hildur's husband, for he was a student at Harvard while she was at Lasell. Among other gracious messages from this dear girl is the assurance that she and her husband would be more than glad to welcome any one from Lasell in their home. Hildur closes her message with greetings to her friends and we venture to send back to her love and best wishes from these Lasell friends.

Our Preceptress is still speaking with enthusiasm and gratitude of the splendid care taken of her by the President of the Bangor Lasell Club, Charlotte Ryder, '08, at her beautiful home.

Miss Potter gleaned some interesting bits of information about old Lasell girls at the Bangor luncheon. Julia Crafts '10 Sheridan's father has just been elected State Senator from Maine. We learned that Florence Rogers Hilton, 1905-8, is among Lasell's rich girls, being the mother of two sons and a daughter, but none of this responsibility has in the slightest degree



dampened her splendid old time enthusiasms. Lorena Fellows Hight Sawyer, '99, is even richer, being the mother of three boys and two girls, one of the girls now being a member of Lasell's family.

Miss Potter reports that at the close of the day of reunion, through the courtesy of Elaine Bass, '20, she was entertained at the beautiful Penobscot Valley Country Club, her hostess, Charlotte Ryder, and President-elect Bernice Cole, '21, being the other guests. During the evening spent at the club Daisy Gilbert Buck, 1904-5, came through the storm to "pay her respects." Certainly time lays lightly on this former Lasell girl, for she looked as bright and bonny as in the old days.

Katherine Knox, '24, writes from Connelville, Pennsylvania, that it seems almost impossible for her to keep her thoughts away from Lasell at this time so full is she with the lure of Lasell. She has spent most of her summer in Wisconsin and is later planning to visit friends in St. Louis. She is quite delighted with the news of Frances Badger's call to serve on the faculty of Woodland Park. She closes with loving good wishes to all at Lasell.

Our preceptress declares she will never cease talking or at least thinking about the days of rest and pleasure at the home of Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, President of the Portland Lasell Club, where she became intimately acquainted with the dear little precocious son of two years, who repeated no end of children's poems to her.

A recent daily paper of Peoria, Illinois, contained a fine picture of Ellen Avery Turner, 1908-9, one of the prominent women of the town. We would have been glad if the paper had given some further information regarding this former student.

Among the new members of the Music Department Faculty is Mr. Harold Schwab. Former Lasell students will remember his fine organ recital last year and will be glad to know that he is regularly installed in the school faculty.

During the summer days Lasell was glad to welcome May Fowler Carter, 1883-5, and her father, who were on for the G. A. R. encampment.

Among the recent most welcome callers at Lasell were Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, and the sister of Marion Bodwell, who graduated in 1921.

Myra Schofield Magnuson, 1908-9, dropped in one of the fair days this past summer to find Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and family in Maine, and Miss Potter in Europe. We are sorry to have missed her, but trust she will try again and find us in.

Not often do we hear from Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, but when she does write it is supremely worthwhile. With Dr. Winslow's permission we repeat a bit from her most interesting letter sent to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow during the summer. She speaks of her delight at the picture which our Principal gave her of their summer home in Maine and the busy life led by the farmers in his family. Florence in turn writes with enthusiasm of Maplewood, her pleasant home, which is a splendid place for children, with which the town is fortunately well provided. She writes, "We have plenty of beautiful trees in our yard, and wild rabbits are making their home under our garage. A Jenny wren is raising her family in an old bird house right in our back yard to the delight of the children. Charlotte has just left after a two weeks visit and we did enjoy her delightful descriptions of Commencement Days at Lasell this past June, and the reunion of her lively class. Yesterday Charlotte and I had the Bingaman sisters with us and such genuine friendly girls they are! Catherine has a fine husband and a dear little home. Louise Paisley, '10, and her mother are resting in the mountains. They have recently been saddened over the death of their niece and granddaughter, aged twelve, who almost lived at their home." Florence adds, "while attending my brother's wedding in Buffalo, in June, I looked up Elsa Rheinstrom Kopald, '09, and found both her

and her husband at home. Elsa is still interested in her music and she and her husband have given some musical entertainments together. I am delighted to hear the Seminary is doing well, and I thoroughly appreciate the truth of your prophecy when you say the endowment will grow when the girls get more money." Florence confesses to the good health of her "little rascals" who certainly have elastic imaginations and she finds sometimes that she must go quite a pace to keep up. "I fear little Henry is becoming a Modernist. Recently he asked, 'Is that all true about Noah?' 'It is in the Bible.' I replied. 'Well, did he take in two flies?' continued my son. 'I guess so,' I replied, realizing I was getting in deep water. 'Well!' again said Henry, 'did he take in two mosquitoes?' Still wondering what was coming I replied again, 'I guess so.' Then in some indignation Henry finished. 'Now, I wonder what Noah did that for?'—and living in Jersey I wonder, too!" Florence closes with greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and expresses the hope that they will return after their summer quite ready for the year's work.

One of the Boston daily papers contained a picture of Winnifrede Stackpole with an account of her wedding, which occurred in June at the home of her parents. Our congratulations are extended to this former head of our Expression Department and to her husband, Mr. Harold F. Meyer.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Hooker we have enjoyed a most interesting letter sent to her by Leota Fulton, 1919-20, in which she describes a recent get-together meeting of the Lasell girls which occurred in New Haven, September 27. Mrs. Juliette Barker, '13, gave a tea at her home on Armory Street which proved to be very delightful. Following is a list of those present:

Winnifred Smith Chambers, 1905-6  
 Frances Wood Willis, 1897-8  
 Madeline Loomis Caldwell, 1916-8  
 Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18  
 Carolyn Hoyt MacAllister  
 Leontine Goodman Thalheimer, '18

Juliette Beach Barker, '13  
 Ruth Tolman, 1918-9  
 Gertrude Westerhoff, '24  
 Cornelia Hemingway, '22  
 Eva Chandler, 1900-1  
 Leota Fulton, 1919-20

Leota writes, "We have decided to have our luncheon again in February, as last year."

We were very sorry to learn that Doris Bissett, '21, has been quite ill, and are hoping for her speedy convalescence.

Julia DeWitt Read's, '10, letter to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow is worth repeating. She opens with expressing her great pleasure at the visit she had with our Principal and his wife in their summer home in Turner, Maine, wishing that she and her family had just such a restful, beautiful spot for their own. Among the interesting news items she writes, "Florence Swartwout Thomasen, '09, and her family and Louise Paisley, '09, were spending the day with me yesterday. While they were here along came a letter from Audrey Jackson from Lasell," one of this year's girls and an old friend of Julia's. "Audrey seems delighted with everything at Lasell and I know she is going to like it just as we did. October the third we moved to our new home at 308 North Walnut Street, East Orange." Julia very properly enclosed her year's subscription to the LEAVES and to our great delight declares her intention to be present at her class reunion in June. With old time frankness she writes, "I suppose Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, will as usual, stir up some excitement for us. My best wishes for a splendid year for Lasell and love to every one whom I know there."

Mary Phipps, '21, in a letter to our Principal speaks in high terms of a possible future student of Lasell. We greatly appreciate the personal interest taken by our graduates in sending back worthy representatives to take their places. Mary writes, "I am still hard at work at the Y.W.C. A. here in Norfolk. My hours are long—8:45 A. M. to 9:15 P. M., with an hour for meals,—but I love it. My Lasell training has



helped me so and I owe much to Lasell. My work is piled high at present; am chairman of three committees during "girls week"—one being Field Day—which is quite an undertaking. Can you imagine timid Mary speaking before the Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations? Well it has to be done and I do it." Mary closes with best wishes for a successful year for Lasell.

Nell Jones Yeomans, '05. gave our Principal a delightful surprise in sending such a fine letter early in the fall, and through his courtesy the Editor of the LEAVES is allowed to share a part of it with the readers, many of whom are staunch friends of this former graduate. She expresses her appreciation of the Commencement Number of the LEAVES by sending her subscription for this year. Our Editorial Staff is particularly gratified upon reading, "I think the LEAVES is improving all the time. I remember thinking it was a pretty weak sister when I was sweating blood over it twenty years ago—Belle Clokey and I fought and bled together over it and suffered much—so did the readers. We 'old girls' turn to the back and read the personals first and it is always a good column." Nell expresses the hope that sometime her daughter, Janet, may possibly come to us. Of Dr. Bragdon she writes, "How loyal he is to Lasell and how interesting and affectionate his letters to the LEAVES always are. I just marvel at the way he remembers the girls after so many years of separation. I was sorry not to see Miss Potter at the Chicago Luncheon this spring. I did so enjoy my visit with you there the year before. Our class has its twentieth reunion next June and we hope to have a good many girls back. I am hoping to go myself. Am pleased with the memorial of Martha Haskell Clarke. How much more that means than simply a bronze tablet." During her summer vacation in Michigan Nell met Mr. Robert Sherwood and his family, who is father-in-law of our dear Anna Crane Sher-

wood. We are sorry that Nell did not meet this fair bride who is one of our most beloved graduates. Mrs. Yeomans had the unique pleasure of caring for little Barbara Ann, Barbara Jones Bates' little eight months old daughter, for a few weeks while the parents were on their vacation. Our Principal and his family, as well as the larger Lasell family, appreciated every word of this splendid message.

Forward! seems to be the motto of Dorothy Jones, '10. She has made good since leaving the school and is teaching in the public schools of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but is planning for an advanced degree from the Pittsburgh University. She very properly writes to Lasell for her credentials and also adds, "I am glad to have this opportunity to write to you, Dr. Winslow, for I have been intending to do so for some time. The memory of Lasell days is very dear to me, and Lassell always has my best wishes." She closes with kindly greetings to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter and all the teachers who remember her.

One of the delightful messages which came to our Principal and his wife this fall was from Maine and reads as follows: "Eastern Maine Lasell Club reciprocates cordial greetings. Fine meeting. Splendid to have Miss Potter with us."

Late in September Dr. Winslow received a message from Isabella Clemens, '10, containing the sad announcement of the death of Helen Ramsdell, '00, of Woburn. She had been ill for many weeks with pneumonia. Her passing proved a great shock to her friends as well as relatives. Of her Miss Clemens writes, "No one could have been a dearer or better friend than she was to me. I had intended to have her join my mother and me on a visit on the Maine coast for a rest and change. She always seemed a strong, well girl, and even once during our school life, when she was suffering from anemia, instead of going home as most girls would have done, she stayed on, completed her work, and was able to graduate. It seems now as if I could

not think of returning to Lasell without her." Miss Clemens closes with best wishes for a fine year at dear old Lasell and with kindest regards to Mrs. Winslow. Lasell extends her tenderest sympathy to this former Lasell girl and to the bereaved family.

A New Jersey daily contained recently a picture of our Nell West, '21, adding the interesting announcement of her engagement to Mr. Lewis Clarke Haigh. In a note to our Personal Editor Nell gives a hint that the marriage will be in January, although the plans are not yet made. Our heartiest congratulations to these newly engaged.

Early in the summer Kathryn Craig Rowand, '18, sent a charming letter to our Preceptress enclosing a snapshot of her dear little son, David, Jr., just eleven months old. Among other good news Kathryn told us of the coming to Lasell this fall of Martha Birchby. We were glad to welcome this gentle protegee of Kathryn's, and already we have reason to believe that her good words of recommendation are well deserved.

One of the midsummer weddings which will prove of special interest to the girls of the last few years was the marriage on August fourth of Miss Ida Rice, our former Dietitian, to Mr. William Stephen Nagle. After a delightful wedding trip abroad Mr. and Mrs. Nagle are at home in Watertown.

Lasell has heard, after so many years' silence, from Mrs. Charles Edward Booth (Annie Lee Gage), who is the mother of three sons, and is at home in Painesville, Ohio.

We have the following line from Dr. Emma Hackett (1890-1), who is at the Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, Washington: "I am doing what I always wanted to do—being resident physician and teacher of physiology in a girls' school."

One of Betty Neal's, '23, friendly acts just before her wedding was to take time to run out to the school home and bring with her Genevieve Tiernan, '22. We appreciate this courteous detour, especially when every day must have been full with preparations for the important event. Our Preceptress was un-

fortunate in missing Genevieve at this time and at the time of her previous call late in June. Genevieve, please try again!

Such a friendly note our Preceptress found on her return from Europe left for her by Nellie Albright, 1905-6. It read as follows: "Certainly sorry to have missed seeing you although I know you wouldn't remember me after all these years"—(Don't be too sure, Nellie)—"I will try it again next year. I wanted you to meet my husband."

Once in a great while our Principal and Mrs. Winslow slip quietly away for a day or two, their objective this time was to visit their former home at Orleans, Vermont.

The Misses Morgenthaler recently started on their journey south and were kind enough to make Lasell their first stopping place. We always enjoy their visits and they are kind enough to assure us that it seems each time like coming home.

In order to carry on her special art work Ruth Ordway, '21, has taken up her residence in Boston for the winter and is enjoying her new home very much. We congratulate her upon her broader outlook, but are sorry for those of us whom she has left behind at the school home.

Among the new students at Lasell proper this fall is Marjorie Winslow, our Principal's older daughter. Lasell gives her a specially cordial welcome and finds it hard to realize that the little girl of only a few years ago is "big enough" to be a real Lasell girl.

Along in June, Bernice Ullman, '22, sent a charming picture postal to our Preceptress from Havana, where she and her sister were enjoying a final stop on their way to their Texas home.

We are delighted to learn this bit of news, and isn't it just like Jocelyn Tong, '24, to enter Smith College as a Sophomore instead of a Freshman. We wish her all success in her new school home.

Hortense Areson, '1922-4, is now in regular training at the Cambridge Hospital, but had an "hour or two off" recently and looked in on us.



During the early fall days Esther Palmer, '24, ran out several times to make a friendly call at the old school. It seemed good to see her and it would seem better to be able to keep her as of old.

Mary Potter McConn, '05, is not only a faithful mother and very efficient church worker, but takes an intelligent interest in the local politics at Minneapolis and was recently honored by being appointed one of the election judges.

Word has come to us of the sudden death of the father of our dear Frances Bliss, '24. Lasell extends her deepest sympathy to this former student and her bereaved family.

Through Helen Ebersole Swartzel, 1901-2, we have learned not only of the passing away of their beloved grandmother, Mrs. Frances Glenn Ebersole, but she sends some interesting items concerning the family which have from time to time been esteemed members of Lasell. Mrs. Frances Glenn Ebersole was the mother of Carrie Ebersole Martin, '85, and Mary Ebersole Crawford, 1885-6, grandmother of Helen Ebersole Swartzel, 1901-2, Florence Ebersole Bartlett, '02, and Edith Ebersole Doud, '03, Frances Ebersole Hall, '09, and great-grandmother of Mary Helen Swartzel, 1923-24.

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### '18 CLASS LETTER

Dorothy Barnes, '18, has set an example which would be well for the permanent secretaries of other classes to follow. She sends a personal letter back to her school home and encloses the round-robin letter from her class. We feel greatly indebted to her for the letter and for this splendid example which we trust will be followed by other classes. Dorothy declares it was quite an undertaking, but she did it willingly.

Pratt, Kansas.  
October, 1924.

Dear Classmate:

It has been quite some time since I was presented the position of class secretary and planned to compile another class letter, but the writing has been delayed for the

letters have drifted in at various intervals all during the spring and summer. I am glad to have heard from so many of the girls, although I had hoped to hear from even more, but some seem to have forgotten our good Lasell class of 1918.

The very first letter came from Helene Davenport Bowman, who married a mining engineer and has been living in a mining camp at Marvel, Alabama, for the past two years. She proudly states that this camp produces not only the best coal, but is the model mining camp of the State.

With one letter to start with I felt hopeful and after several weeks' waiting received a second. This one from Lydia Adams, who keeps busy at their summer camp in Camden, Maine, during the summer and at home in the winter. Her latest musical attempt is with the 'cello, and of course, she still keeps up the violin work.

Marion Goodrich spent last winter in Florida. Previous to that time she held a secretarial position in Boston. The very latest news, however, is of her marriage, on the 25th of June, to Mr. Clarence Moffat Hockridge and they are now at home in Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

Jo Forster Eakin lives in Laconia, New Hampshire, and is a busy housekeeper. She has her share of Lasell girls around her most of the time, for there are three living in Laconia whom you will remember—Olive Chase Mayo, Elizabeth Stiles Tilton and Mildred Keasor Pittman.

Elsie Flight taught in the New Haven schools until her marriage to Mr. Carl Wuestefeld in October, 1923. Now she does some substitute teaching as a side line with her housekeeping.

Another letter from New Haven—this one from Tene Goodman, who is now Mrs. Henry Thalheimer. She has an apartment and is trying out some of the P. K. methods of housekeeping and cooking. Also she has taken a course of lectures at Yale. Always the same energetic Tene, especially where study is concerned!

Elsie Kimball Meakin lives in Danvers, Mass., and aside from a trip abroad declares there are no important details in her life.

Emily Ehrhart Hamm is living in Kingsport, Tennessee, where her husband is superintendent of a pulp mill which belongs to a large paper corporation in Ohio. Her sister graduated from Lasell this spring, so no doubt Emily enjoyed the Commencement festivities in Auburndale. She is just as enthusiastic in her letter about home and husband as she used to be about everything.

Cornelia Gaty has been in New York acting as secretary to the editor of the *Vogue Pattern Book*. She enjoys her work very much, as well as the advantages of living in New York City.

Helen Hart Lind is living in Cleveland and tells of a very interesting Lasell club there. Miss Dolley teaches in Cleveland and Miss Rand nearby at Hiram College, so they often have them as their guests. On May 17th Lou-Ellen arrived at the Lind home, so now Helen has something to keep her busy.

Elise Beaudry is a bookkeeper in her home town of Westfield, Mass., and from the description of the attractive gift shop where she is I imagine she is intensely interested in it all. Last year she also had a half interest in a gift shop in Springfield and her partner managed it. The same busy Elise of Lasell days.

Helen Selkirk Wilbur is living on a farm just outside of Rochester, New York. Her husband is a seedsman connected with the Joseph Harris Co. She has a most attractive new colonial home according to her description, and a lovely little son who keeps her very busy.

And next a letter from Adele Chaffee Higgins, who is in San Francisco. She has two lovely daughters (I can vouch for it because I have seen their pictures), Barbara, the older, and Patricia, the younger. "Chaffee" is just as peppy and busy as ever, and, I am sure, has one lively time

keeping tabs on the two young ladies who seem equally as ambitious to be doing things.

From Germantown, Penn., Anita Hotchkiss Scott sent her message. She has been living in Baltimore and Philadelphia since her marriage until recently, when they moved to Germantown. She is keeping house and seems so happy in her home. Anita's husband is a Dartmouth graduate and a classmate of Gail Wilson's husband.

Although Helen Warner Gaukler failed to write her bit of news, she did send me the announcement of the birth of Robert-John Gaukler on April 21.

Our most ambitious classmate, Ruth Newcomb, has completed her nurse's training course at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston since graduating from Lasell and is now in Falmouth, Mass., doing Public Health work. She has been there for the past year and a half and likes it better right along. She and one other nurse live as well as work at the Health Center. Their latest possession is a German Police pup, which doubtless furnishes plenty of amusement. Ruth's work includes nursing, school work, tuberculosis clinics, child welfare and Board of Health work. Besides all this she finds time to teach Home Hygiene to a group of Portuguese girls.

From Toledo comes a good newsy letter from Clara Spinney Colby. She moved to Pittsburg soon after her marriage and thence to Toledo. She has two daughters Gertrude Hester and Florence Mary. There is a Lasell Club in Toledo which boasts of some twenty-five old Lasell girls who enjoy its meetings greatly.

The LEAVES contributed another bit about one of our "eighteeners" from Toledo and that is the announcement of the engagement of Harriet Morris to Mr. Charles Kenney of Weston, Massachusetts.

Helen Smith's letter contained news of her coming marriage. The wedding took place on the 21st of June, when she became Mrs. John Francis Stone. Helen told of



Edith Vance and her two daughters, who no doubt keep her busy, and of Dot Redmond, who has been married for three years and has been living in Chicago and Ames, Iowa.

Esther Norcross is at home and still teaching music to a large class, some of whom I have seen on my good visits with her. She has been successful in her work and each year gives a splendid recital.

Elaine Eaton Underhill has been married for quite some time and is the proud mother of a little boy and girl, the latter named for Lois Nichols.

Lois is living in Bedford, Ohio. It is now Lois Nichols Arnold and her daughter Lois Lee occupies a great deal of her time. In her letter she told of having attended the spring Lasell Club luncheon in Cleveland and of her activities as president of the American Legion Auxiliary.

Marion Oram sent her contribution along which contained the news chiefly that she was cook and housekeeper for her family. She attended the Lasell bridge and tea given in New York this spring.

From Roxanna Stark Burns came the news of a second son, born in January. The oldest is now over three years old and quite a boy.

Esther Landis was Dental Hygienist in the Harrisburg, Penn., schools last winter, having completed the course at Forsyth the previous year. She was just starting the work in their schools, and as she was the only hygienist and they had twenty-four schools, her time was more than full.

Marjorie Kunkel became Mrs. Harry Keith Brown on the 24th of June, 1923, and is living in Bluffton, Indiana.

Mildred Cary is now Mrs. Carl Leslie Eaton and Kathryn Craig is Mrs. David K. Rowand.

Amy Phillips has certainly been successful. As head of an Art Works she had the contracts for decorating some of the largest buildings in Los Angeles and surrounding territory. She and her partner, a very attractive Southern girl, took rather an ex-

tensive trip this summer, motoring as far as Seattle and then sailing for Alaska. Amy told of Juliette Rideout, who has recently moved to Los Angeles. Juliette is married and has two children.

In a note from Esther Ross she told of her teaching in Ardmore, Penn. She has graduated from the University of Michigan since Lasell days, but now has changed her occupation from teacher to that of housekeeper. On the 30th of June she became the bride of Dr. Ira Ritzer Winger.

Gail Wilson Boynton still lives in Rutland since her marriage, and from the tone of her letter spends a great deal of time entertaining her numerous friends.

The marriage of Annie Dimond to Mr. Earle Sumner Day occurred on September 15, 1923 at Bristol, R. I.

Our faithful class treasurer never forgets us. Now she is Mrs. Richard W. Smith, Jr., and her husband is connected with Amherst College. Amy is as busy and as happy as can be keeping house and doing outside things.

My old roommate, Maggie McIntyre, I thought had forgotten me, but last of all her letter appeared. She has been married for some time and is living on a farm just outside of Sharon, Penn. From all reports I think she has canned and preserved many good things this summer which sound most inviting. Helen Saunders, '17, has been visiting her.

The LEAVES this spring announced the birth of Walter William, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter William Van der Wolk (Edith Powell).

And this completes the list of "eighteeners" heard from. How I wish that there might have been more, but I am very grateful to the ones that did answer my letter and plea for money.

As for my own whereabouts and doings there isn't much to be said. I have been at home most of the time trying to be somewhat of a cripple in my pedal extremities, and frequent stays at the hospital have



been my vacations. This summer my two sisters and I have been keeping up the home interests as well as some business while mother and father spent six months abroad. They had a splendid time, leaving Kansas in March and returning just a few weeks ago. Before sailing they sent me from New York a little Boston Bull puppy eight weeks old, and needless to say since he is such a peppy, playful little fellow a good deal of time has been occupied looking after the wanderings of "Knickerbocker." With ten days spent on a motor trip to Colorado we survived the hot summer beautifully, but are welcoming the pleasant fall days.

I wish that I might write on and on but think of the typing! So with all good wishes to each and every one and trusting that I may hear from you all again sometime, I am,

Sincerely your old president,  
*Dorothy Barnes.*

---

### TRIOLET

I hate her little Persian cat,  
It's always in the way.  
For though it steps upon my hat  
It is not satisfied with that.  
I hate that little Persian cat!  
It needs must drag my hat away.  
My tender thoughts "gang aft agley."  
I hatè her little Persian cat!  
It's always in the way.

*(With author's apologies)*  
*Julia Penfold.*

---

### JOKES

Dot: "S'pose you were in my shoes, what would you do?"

Stel.: "I'd shine 'em!"

---

"What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"  
"Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle."

---

Ha-Ha: "Came near selling my shoes today."

Tee-hee: "How come?"

Ha-ha: "Had them half-soled."

### ONE WHO INDULGES IN HOCKEY

All pep and life gone,  
Just a-feelin' dead,  
Blister on my toe,  
Achin' in my head,  
That's me!

Shoulder hurts me so,  
Game in one ol' leg,  
Too tired to undress,  
"Oh, hang me on a peg"—  
That's me!

Hate to move an inch,  
Hurts me just like sin;  
Never mind, thinks I,  
Just be a sport and grin—  
's that you?

*Buff.*

---

Senior: "My last year's roomie asked me over to her room, but I was afraid I'd see so much of my stuff, I'd get homesick."

---

New Girl: "Two milk shakes, please."  
New Girl: (later) "Change mine to a lime-ade."

Clerk: "What do you think this is? A sleight-of-hand show?"

---

H. McN.: "Are you commuting this year?"  
G. P.: "No, I'm a day pupil."

---

Miss T.: "Madeleine, spell 'professor'."  
Jackie: "P-r-o-f-f-e-s-s-o-r."  
Miss T.: "Leave out one of the F's."  
Jackie: "Which one, please?"

---

Mac: "That girl has had too much education."

Evy: "How come?"

Mac: "Why, she calls Child's Restaurant *La Cafe des Enfants!*"

---

The main difference between a girl chewing her gum and a cow chewing her cud, is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

---

Old Girl: "Come out to my country place. You can go horseback riding and play golf."  
New Girl: "That's polo, isn't it?"

It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a guidepost with a sign at the top. Climbing the post with difficulty, he read the sign. It said, "Wet paint!"

Oh! how we love that benign creature who with a rotary motion of her jaws calmly indulges in the profound exercise of chewing gum. On and on she chews as if the sole ambition of her extremely busy life were to champ that wee bit of defenseless gum into nothing. Indeed she deserves admiration, for here is a girl that, you may rest assured, will always do things thoroughly; her theory is, "If you're going to chew gum, chew it right."

#### OUR SENIOR OFFICERS

There is a fine Senior named Jess  
Who is liked by every one best.  
When elections came through  
Every one surely knew  
That the President of Seniors was Jess.

There is also a girl named Kay  
Who receives loads of mail every day;  
For she's full of fun  
With a smile for each one—  
This jolly Vice-President Kay.

And then there is one called Bob  
Who has never been known to sob.  
Her heart is so gay  
She keeps smiling all day.  
All hail the new Treasurer—Bob!

And also there is one named Jin  
She, too, is on hand with a grin.  
She dresses with style  
Studies most of the while—  
This new Secretary, called Jin.

And now we come next to Patty,  
A girl who is witty and happy;  
And because of her pep  
She's the best song-leader yet;  
'Tis true of our sweet little Patty.

Last but not least is our Mac  
Who deserves loads of pats on the back;  
For she's there with school spirit,  
And we're sure we will hear it  
When cheering is lead by good Mac.

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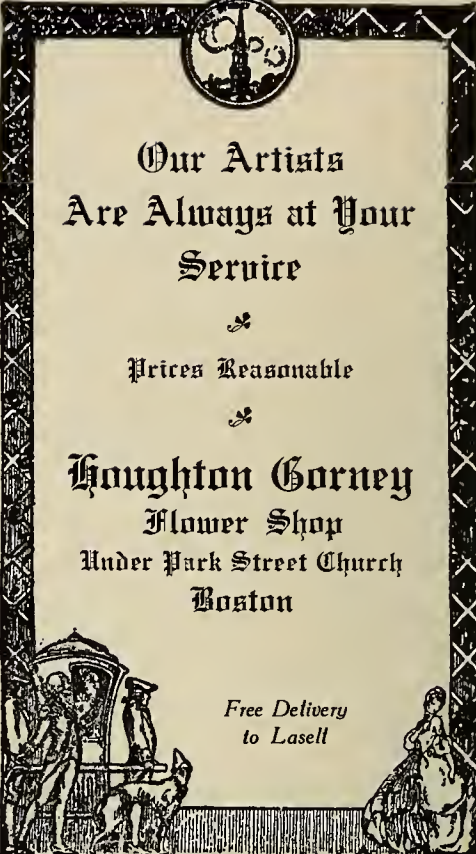
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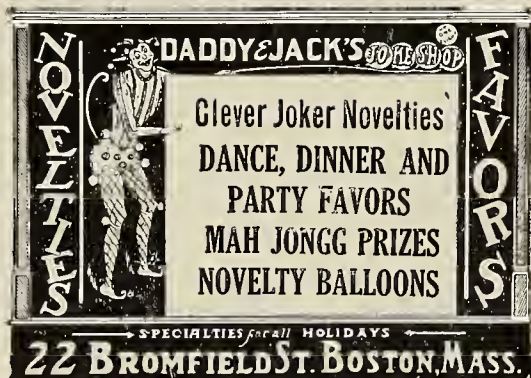
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No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1924



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Two by two they slowly came out of a tall building and stamped down the stone steps,—twelve little figures in blue overalls and stubby worn shoes. As many types of mind and as many personalities were represented in this group as in a small state.

“Say, Red, do yer know he’s gone again?”

“What do yer know? I’ve known it for a hull half an hour.”

“But where could he have gone?”

“Don’t know. Shut up ’er Miss Yates ’ill know and hear ya’.”

This speaker was a rather small, red-headed person with almost as many freckles as there are stars in the heavens. But in the midst of those freckles shone the keenest pair of eyes imaginable. They seemed to challenge the world to come and make him do what he didn’t want to do. They shaped entire destinies of the twelve little men of the “Home.”

“But, Red,” came a dismal wail, “we can’t look for him, and we can’t let ’em know he’s gone, cause they’ll know he’s gone.”

“Sall right. Leave it to your Uncle Red. Here comes Miss Yates. Rustle, kids, and don’t let on anything’s happened!”

So away trudged the twelve with weary hearts, sad in the loss of a trusted friend and playmate. But you can’t keep joy down long, especially in childhood. So, soon the loss was forgotten in the merry games. But there was one who didn’t play. He walked slowly away from the playground and sat down on an old hen-house.

“By golly, I’ll get him if I have to run away myself!”

This firm conclusion had been reached after a few seconds of deep thought in which his eyes were sober; yet could not stay so—long.

“Gee, I’ll be eleven next week, and I’m awful sick of this old Home. I’m goin’ out into the world and find Jack and make a livin’. Any way they’re gonna have cornmeal tonight and I hate it.”

So the new little man started bravely out into the wide, wide world. He slyly sneaked behind the chicken house, scrambled through the bushes, and crawled under the barbed-wire fence which surrounded the Orphan’s Home. Then he trudged surely along the asphalt road, his little legs bravely carrying him at a merry pace. After an hour’s walking and gazing in wonder at the many sights which were new to him, he stopped to rest. He wasn’t tired, you know, but just a little cautious. He told himself he’d better save his strength for his walk into the village. He leaned his head against an inviting bank and shut his eyes, just to keep out the light for a second. Then his little head began to droop and soon he set sail slowly into the sea of dreams.

When Red awoke he jumped up with a start. The sun was down and just the dying glow was visible between the hills before it was to give away entirely to the rule of night. Red jumped up and started to run. He kept on in blind fear and wild desire to get away from “something.” He plunged into the woods at the right of the road and raced on. Then he stopped from sheer loss of breath. He lay panting on the ground. Looking up he saw a tall waving shadow which seemed to move slowly toward him and slowly



recede. Red gave one terrified sob and realized it was the long branch of a birch tree. Then he saw a tiny star, twinkling and laughing at him. Again he started. On and on he stumbled and plodded. Finally in utter exhaustion he fell on the ground and lay there sobbing. Gone now was his spirit, and his sudden growth to manhood; he was just a little eleven year old boy lost in a tiny wood at eight o'clock at night.

Suddenly he felt a cold something touch his cheek. Paralyzed beyond movement, Red just lay still. He seemed alive all over and alert to the slightest sound, yet unable to move or stir a muscle. The cold touch came again. This time Red bounced up and looked wildly around. Seeing nothing, his terror increased. Then his glance fell on an object which was running around and around him, almost delirious with joy. With a whoop of delight Red fell on the object of his devotion which was trying just as hard to return delight.

"Why'd ya' run away, Jack? Ya' oughtened to. Gee, but I was scared. Come on, old sport, come on home, ya' bad boy. Won't the fellers be glad to see ya'?"

So they started on, this time their departure being exact contrast to his entrance to the woods. Red's heart was full of joy and thanksgiving. Somehow they scrambled on, Red following Jack, and before he knew it, he was on familiar ground. After a hard run he gained the old barbed-wire fence and scrambled under, closely followed by Jack. Red familiarly climbed the fire-escape by the side of the house and pulled himself through the window, glancing around the room with its twelve white beds in a row and twelve little heads all lying in different positions. Red hastily undressed, joyfully casting glances at Jack who lay on his bed lazily winking one eye at him every now and then.

"Say, Red! Is that you? How'd yer git in?"

"Through the window and up the fire-escape like we always do."

"Where you've been? Miss Yates asked for ya' at supper and I told her yer was sick

and she said she'd be up to see yer, but the trustees came."

"Well, I've been hunting for Jack."

"Jack, is he here?"

"Keep still! Want to wake the 'hull place?"

Twelve lads were up by this time and all climbing on Red's bed or cuddling Jack, who was speechless with joy.

"How'd you find him? Where'd ya' go? When did you see him? Where was he?"

All these questions were hurled at him. Red, who was a born actor, calmly waited, basking in the open admiration and when all was quiet, continued:

"Well, I knew Jack wouldn't go fur; so I set out in search of him. Didn't I, old boy? And it got dark and I was in the woods, and what—was I scared? Well, I guess not! I just tramped on whistling, calling for Jack and pushing the bushes away so's I could find him and then I saw him and I come home, climbed up the fire-escape and here we are."

After this recital Red lay back waiting for the homage which he thought was naturally due him, and which he got in full measure. Then followed many whispers.

"Oh, keep quiet! Can't ya? See we're tired. I had some walk and had to fight two robbers and all; so we're goin' to sleep. Keep still."

So the little figures obeyed in silence the command of their true hero and Red curled himself into a little ball and with one arm under Jack and Jack's cold nose on his cheek they tried to sleep. Once in a while, however, Jack would give a joyful wag of his tail and lick Red's freckled face in pure joy and worship.

*Grace Wilder*

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### "THE LIGHT"

The night was stormy, yet in the little house by the sea there was the glow of a light. Just a lamp placed in the window, but, oh, how much it meant! It meant that behind the doors of that cottage was a heart, yearning for another, away, far, far away. Who knows



but what THAT heart, too, was yearning for the loved ones at home?

It was such a cheerful light, and it seemed to give out a warmth and glow which must have carried far over the sea. Its rays seemed to beckon, and when it flickered it seemed to say, "Come, come to me, and I will give you joy, take away your sorrow, and make the world seem brighter."

Such beacons of love bring the wanderer home, unite loved ones, and make the whole world happier and more cheerful for their beams.

*Peg. Basley.*

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### TROUBLES

Several years ago, while I was spending my vacation at Magarian, Lake Michigan, a most exciting incident happened. There were seven in our party and we were enjoying ourselves by swimming, rowing, fishing, and visiting different Indian reservations and camps. Miss Smith, one of the ladies, was scared to death of water; it was all we could do to get her to wade out up to her knees in the shallow places. We tried our best to persuade her to learn to swim, but it was all to no avail.

During the evening of our ninth day at the lake Miss Smith had gone with her small niece to a small boat house several hundred yards from the lodge at which we were staying. I was out rowing at the time and decided to go over and ask them if I could not row them back. After much persuasion on my part, and also after much teasing on the part of the little girl, the aunt gave in and said she would get into the boat; but first I was thoroughly instructed to keep close to the shore. We finally were on our way to our own pier, and in the meantime it was getting quite dark. Upon reaching the pier I pulled the boat against it and hung on to a post while they got out. I was young and really had not had any experience in landing a boat. As the lady tried to lift her niece on to the pier, the boat began to drift out and the first thing I knew they had both fallen into the water. It was a great surprise to hear them yell and to see them

struggle in the water. The water was only two feet deep at this point but nevertheless two feet of water proved to be quite a handicap. As soon as Miss Smith got on her feet she tripped and under they went again. By this time a number of people from the lodge had come down upon hearing the large splash and yells and screams. I was greatly embarrassed, but however, I managed to get a good laugh out of it. The accident would not have been half so bad if only it had been some one else, but as it was this lady was frightened to tears, and poor me, I shall not forget her terrorized expression.

*J. Wilson.*

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### TRADITION

"Shirley, I'm petrified." Josephine Prescott, president of the Senior class of Oakley College, dropped on the bed and slammed her books on the floor. "Absolutely I'm so worried I can't see straight."

"Why?" Shirley, the perfect roommate, quietly retrieved the abused books and placed them on the table. "What is there left to worry about? For once the Seniors acted less childish than the new girls all through Initiation Week; the Senior Reception went perfectly; and fully half the Juniors have ceased offering to take the Seniors 'for a look around,' thinking they are new girls. I don't think there's anything to bother about."

"But, Shirley, you haven't heard. It just leaked out by mistake. The Juniors are planning a sort of reform movement, and when they are ready and organized they're going to make a big sweep of all the customs and traditions of the school, and throw them in an ash-barrel."

"Woman, you're crazy. What would they have left if they did?"

"Oh, they're planning some sort of highly organized student-body government. As far as I can see they want as little class distinction as possible."

"But, Jo, you can't mean that—or they can't." Shirley, the irrepressible, the school's best excuse for having such a thing as

restrictions, was getting serious now. "You know they can't do it. In a big co-ed college they might, but a little college like this,—why, its traditions are the only things that keep it alive."

"Well, of course—that's what I've been worrying about. I wish you'd try to get a line on the matter yourself."

"Sure—anything for my country's honor. And now may I venture to remind you that it's time to dress for dinner? Ouch!—be careful what you hit, as she dodged a well aimed pillow.

Shirley kept her ears open after that, but she could see no sign that all was not as it should be until a week later, when she burst into the room of one of the Juniors.

"Please, may I borrow a pen? I left mine in my room and it's too far to go back to the Senior dorm before my next class." All this in one breath, and then Shirley realized that there were at least fifteen Juniors in the room, and that they had all become suddenly and strangely quiet, when she entered. Jo's words flashed into her mind.

"Oh, Lord, send me an excuse to stay in the room," she prayed hastily. Her eyes lighted on her reflection in the mirror, and as she viewed the wind strewn locks, inspiration came.

"Can any of you girls cut hair? I want mine bobbed. I'm sick of being mistaken for a second Medusa."

"Oh, let me do it!" Half a dozen adoring Juniors pleaded for the honors.

"All right, go to it. Any one of you." She sat down before the mirror and waited.

"I would have done it sometime, anyway," she assured herself philosophically.

Most of the Juniors crowded around Shirley, offering advice to the chosen bobber, but she could see in the mirror two of them in a corner, talking in an undertone. Finally one of them took a long slip of paper from the other, and put it on the desk.

Two minutes later Shirley stood up, shorn and trim. One moment she took to admire

with gratified surprise her good looking bob, and there—

"Oh, may Professor Benton have mercy on my soul! I've forgotten my chem class entirely!" she wailed. "Where's that pen? On the desk?" She made a quick grab at the desk, managing to pick up and hide in her hand the slip of paper, with the pen.

Once outside the door she raced back to the Senior dormitories and up to her room, "Jo, Jo! Where art thou? I've got something for you."

"Shirley, in the name of Virgil, what is the matter?"

"Here! Read this!" Shirley commanded as she handed her the paper.

"Dear Patty—Couldn't you manage to come in town with me Wednesday? Peg and Mil are coming, too. I'd love to have you—Jean.' Well, what about it? Jean Williams told me she was going to take Patty in town. Everybody knows she likes her. Shirley!"

For Shirley had fallen on the bed in a convulsive heap.

"Hold me, Jo, hold me!" She sat up and pointed a dramatic finger at the paper Jo still held. "And it was for that—That! that I sacrificed my crowning glory. Look, Jo! My sacrifice has been in vain. It is a far better thing I do now, than I have ever."

"Shirley, be still! You're getting hysterical. And don't mind about your hair. It looks adorable bobbed. But why did you do it?"

"I thought it had something to do with that Junior eruption. And it didn't. I'm crazy with the shock. I'm a jelly-bean." And she crouched on the floor on all fours, barking.

"Don't be silly. Even if you did get gyped, I didn't. The ring-leader of all this reform is Patty Farrington herself."

"I know—I thought it would be, because she's the ring-leader in everything, and when I saw her name on that paper—o—Oh!" Shirley relapsed into a fit of moaning.

"Will you be still! Patty came to me and told me that after due consideration, etc., the Juniors had decided it was the wisest plan to



abolish the old-fashioned—imagine it!—customs of the school.”

“Ah! the presumptuous upstarts! Hand me my trusty Excalibur, good Hor—” Checked by six inches of pillow being forced into her mouth, Shirley calmed down.

“Listen! She said that she’d been to the Dean, and he said it all depended on the vote of the student body. You know the Juniors outnumber us almost two to one, and if a vote is ever taken, they’ll carry it away with them. So I’ve decided to call a general assembly tomorrow, and get at the thing all together.”

“Right you are, roommate dear. Couldn’t be a better idea.”

“And, Shirley, I want you to speak to them. They all like you awfully, and they’ll listen to you, and well.”

“Jo, you know very well that the Senior President is simply adored by every underclassman. But I’ll speak to them if you want me to.”

“It’s war to the knife!” Shirley hissed dramatically into Jo’s ear, next day. The whole school was gathered in the huge assembly room, and at intervals a buzz of indignation or remonstrance swept the length of the room.

Jo put the matter before them briefly, and then one or two other Seniors spoke. Last of all Shirley got up.

“Girls,” she said, “I don’t think most of you realize what the traditions of a little college like this mean. Why, they’re—they’re just all there is to it. They’re what we come here for, what makes our life here interesting, and what we remember when we’ve gone. Don’t you know how much memories mean when you leave school?”

Most of them were quiet then, rather astonished to see Shirley serious, and so evidently in earnest.

Then Patty Farrington got up to speak. When she had finished bedlam broke forth. She had placed the facts before them in such a clear, concise way, so absolutely reasonably,

that every Junior was immediately reconverted to her ranks. Angry voices rose above the murmur of talk, and had not Jo dismissed the meeting with an injunction to think it over, a war of words might have been started right then.

After that school life was just one riot after another. Classes were a mere mockery, a place in which to meet and argue with another group. Underclassmen began going over to the Senior dormitories late at night on the chance of hearing something new; Seniors hid under the beds and in the closets of Juniors, with the result that every one had a hunted look and carried their keys along with them. Friends became enemies, roommates insulted each other and ceased to speak, and between the two classes was a wide, bitter gulf of misunderstanding.

Four days later, Jo was called to the Dean’s office.

“Miss Prescott,” he said, “I am putting it up to you, as president of the Senior class, to stop this disturbance in the school. If in three days the students have not calmed down and dropped the discussion, a vote will be taken and the matter ended once and for all.”

Jo was very much dejected. She didn’t tell Shirley what the Dean had said until that night.

“And, Shirley,” she concluded, “you know as well as I that if a vote is taken, the Juniors will get it. That Farrington woman has such clever arguments, and what’s worse, she’s perfectly right as far as she goes. Only she doesn’t go far enough.”

“Oh, dear, I’m ready to give up the ghost, I’m so discouraged about it,” Shirley answered. “What about it?”

“What’s your hurry? We have two days’ grace yet, remember,” Jo reminded her grimly.

It was the afternoon of the third day when Jo caught Shirley by the arm, dragged her into a corner, and whispered something in her ear.

“Jo, do you mean it?” Shirley was really surprised. “Do you think it will work?”



"It's our last card, as the dramas say. We can try it. And if we get away with it that will be one thing they can't abolish. Now keep it quiet. I've got to arrange things." And Jo hurried away.

Lights were out in the Junior dormitories. All the Juniors were curled up in bed, talking in drowsy low murmurs with their room-mates. Suddenly one of them sat up in bed.

"Do you hear it?" she asked her roommate.

A slow, faint murmur of music floated over the campus, growing clearer and louder every moment. Some one shouted "Seniors! Seniors taking caps and gowns!"

Then all the Juniors, stumbling over pillows and chairs in the dark, half excited, half awed, made their way to the windows. A long slow procession of black-gowned figures, humming softly, came over the campus towards them.

Awed and silent, those in the windows watched the Seniors group themselves in a huge semi-circle, standing so silent, so motionless; watched one figure detach itself from the others, move out in front—lift a hand—and the Seniors sang their cap and gown song.

As the last notes, slow and sad, died away, and the dim, winding black procession returned, the Juniors tumbled back into bed, thrilled by what, they couldn't have said, but undeniably thrilled.

The next morning, Patty Farrington caught Jo as she came from class, and drew her aside.

"Jo," she began, rather awkwardly. "We've been talking about last night, and we never can forget it, and we decided maybe you were right about some things, so, although there are still quite a few Juniors that want to go on with it, we've decided to drop it."

"Shirley, it worked!" Jo shrieked over the heads of the hurrying girls, and only smiled dazedly when a stern teacher reproved her for disturbing the peace.

*Dorothy Schumaker.*

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### "CUTS"

She goes to Mr. Towne  
And says he'll let her know.  
He then looks up her record,  
And asks if she may go,

The days go flying by,  
Yet she hears no more,  
So back she goes, in fear,  
And peeks in at his door.

He gives her two small cards.  
One for him—one for her,  
And sends her to Miss Potter  
To get her absence "per."

Then she must run the gauntlet.  
Of the teachers some are hard,  
And agree not very readily  
To sign the little card.

But finally after losing  
Much sleep and many pounds,  
She bravely goes to meet  
The last few parting frowns.

There's always one more question  
Before the "per" is signed;  
And you're never sure you're going  
Till the door has closed behind!

*Helen Black, 25.*

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### EXAMINATIONS

Before examinations, I studied hard and long;  
Debated on their usefulness, whether they were right  
or wrong;  
Construction I pored over with eager, anxious eye;  
But thought, "We'll not have this problem; I think  
I'll pass it by."

The night before the dreaded day, I studied, "cram-  
med" and read;  
And in my dreams, plots, triangles, and verbs danced  
thru my head.  
But on the fateful morrow when I scanned the  
papers through,  
I saw (perhaps the same thing has sometimes come  
to you)  
That all the things I'd studied most had not been  
written there,  
While all the things I'd let slip by, were visible  
everywhere.

*M. D. Hamlin, '26.*

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### FROTH

Once upon a time, in a far away island in  
the sea, there was a girl whose name was Vita.  
She lived with her father in a castle of spun  
sea-foam, which was a lovely shade of sea-  
green. The weather on this island was only  
the very mildest imaginable, and the breezes

were too gentle to blow down even a sea-foam castle, which, to be sure, looked like millions of tiny soap bubbles.

Vita herself was as light as a piece of thistle-down, and her clothes were made of sea-foam and sea-jewels. You have seen sea-jewels, I am sure. Just go out to the seashore on a bright morning, and you can see the jewels in little clusters on top of each wave. They sparkle with every color of the rainbow, and are almost as bright as the sun itself, each one reflecting a part of the sun's glory.

Vita was a very vain girl, and used to spend whole days admiring the way in which each of her dresses enhanced her beauty. The effect was really lovely, for Vita's hair was a delicate shade of lavender, and matched all of her gossamer sea-foam dresses. To satisfy her vanity further she had a room which was lined entirely with fish-scales. It had no roof, so the bright sunlight shone on the scales, making them look like mirrors, each one reflecting a tiny part of her loveliness.

Now, Vita's father was as unlike his daughter as he could be. He was unselfish, and not at all conceited. He loved Vita tenderly, but it saddened him to see her so vain. His warning was that something dreadful would happen to her if she did not mend her ways. But Vita would laugh, a sound like the swish of playful waves, and admire herself only the more.

One day Vita's father became very ill and finally died. His last words had been an entreaty to Vita to conquer her fault, and he had added, as usual, that some dread punishment would surely overtake her if she did not stop.

Several months later, during which time Vita had become only beautiful and more conscious of her beauty, her father's prediction came true. A man, with dark hair and threatening eyes, came to Vita's castle. He rode on a sea-steed, and the reins and bridle were made of sea-jewels intertwined with bright ribbons made of spun waves.

At first Vita was frightened, but then her curiosity overcame her, and she watched the

approaching intruder with interest. She was naturally bewildered, for she had never seen a living person besides her father. The fish were her playmates, but human beings were almost unknown to her.

The stranger dismounted and came to the door. It was opened by a timid Vita, who lifted frightened eyes to the swarthy, unpleasant-looking visitor. He was an awful creature, she thought, his voice was so gruff.

"I heard about you and your beautiful castle," he explained, "and so I came. Kindly show me where I may stay until I wish to leave." Vita, afraid to disobey him, showed him to her father's room, and told him he might remain there. The stranger told her his name was Ferus, and commanded her to show him the castle. Not knowing what else to do Vita obeyed him. At all the beautiful sights of the castle Ferus' expression did not change nor did he speak one word.

During the time Ferus was there Vita was obliged to do his bidding. He was a magician, and by a wish could change anything or any one from one shape into any other. He had told Vita that if she dared to disobey him or try to escape he would change her into a jelly-fish, the most contemptible of all water inhabitants.

Poor Vita! Even her beloved fish failed to comfort her. When she told them about Ferus and his cruelty to her, they would weep, poor things, but they were powerless to help her.

Then, one joyful day, Ferus left the castle, telling Vita before he departed, "I am leaving, but beware; I am coming back, and if I find you are gone, I have the power to change you into a jelly-fish wherever you are!"

Even this threat did not dampen Vita's spirits. When she told her friends, the fish, they jumped into and out of the water for pure joy. Vita resumed her former life and was happy once more.

One day, however, she saw with terror that some one was approaching, but as the person came closer, Vita saw that it was a handsome young man, slight, with blue eyes, and yellow



hair which gleamed brightly in the sun, and her fear vanished.

He told Vita his name was Amor, and asked to be shown through her castle. Vita complied with his wishes, because Amor was so kind and merry. She was soon at her ease, and told him about Ferus. At the mention of Ferus's name, Amor's face became grave, and he said, "Yes, I know of Ferus, the wicked magician, but I know of only one way to destroy his power, and, as yet, no one has been able to do it. That is to take his horse's reins, and wind them about the villain. You can see how difficult this would be, because he could wish you to be changed before you could wind the reins about him."

Then, after a minute, "Rather than risk his coming back and finding you alone, I will remain here until he returns, and try to break his power."

They had not long to wait, for a few days later Ferus could be seen approaching. Amor took his steed and swam under water to meet Ferus, coming to the surface behind him. By getting off his horse and swimming to Ferus's side, Amor was able, by a difficult turn of his hand, to catch the reins and wrap them securely about the magician, this breaking his power.

Then a strange thing happened. Ferus and his horse grew smaller, and smaller, and smaller, till at last they were only a speck, and were washed away. Amor then went back to the castle, on his horse, to tell Vita the glad tidings.

From that time on Vita's vanity was a thing of the past. If she made herself beautiful, it was for her lover, whom she loved unselfishly. Amor soon grew to know and love the fish, as Vita did, for, strange as it may seem, fish make good friends.

Amor never found it necessary to return to the place from which he had come. As far as I know, if you go there today you will find Vita and her rescuer living in their beautiful sea-foam castle on a far-away island in the sea.

*Mary Freeman.*

### A SHIP O' FANCY

A ship o' fancy I once did sail  
O'er a beautiful amethyst sea;  
But a wind did blow  
That wrecks such ships,  
And my ship o' fancy  
It wrecked for me.

Faith was my captain,  
Hope his mate;  
But Illusion stood guard  
O'er the wheel with Fate.  
And one dark night  
When Faith was not there  
The storm did come  
That wrecked my ship fair.

Though my ship is wrecked,  
My captain's left for me,  
And he still in my dreams  
Sails that amethyst sea.

### A WEEK END

There's a light in her eye and a smile on her lips,  
There's a look on her face—just happiness;  
And you may wonder the reason for this—  
She's going away for a week-end!

Her classes are over—her lessons are done;  
She's earned her reward—a week-end of fun,  
For the 12:37 she starts on a run  
She's going away for a week-end!

Some of you frown and some of you smile,  
You think this week-ending must be the style,  
But we ail need a change just once in a while;  
So go away for a week-end!

When you come back you'll find you are more  
Ready to work than you e'er were before;  
And a thing is great fun that once was a bore  
After you've had a nice week-end!

You owe others and others owe you  
A change from the regular work you do;  
To yourself and Lasell  
You'll be more true,  
If you go away for a week-end!

*Helen Black, '25.*





# Editorial

With the approach of the holidays comes the thought of vacation—parties, theatres, rides and turkey! But we ask that this year the holiday bring with it just a little thought of thankfulness. Perhaps that sounds “preachy,” but we should never be so busy with our fun that we forget to be thankful for it.

Your year here at Lasell is an investment made by your parents. Show them it is paying dividends! They are doing a lot for you by sending you here; so show them you appreciate it by telling them so. A single, sweet, sincere word is never lost on those who love you.

It is a privilege to be a Lasell girl, so let's all be in season by being thankful!

## BEING NEIGHBORLY

While we are here at Lasell we can not get away from the fact that we have a neighbor. Her only claim upon us—but it is a real one—is that she lives near to us. Some of our neighbors we do not know, and they in turn do not know us. It may be their fault; it may be ours; it is probably mutual.

Perhaps you and your neighbor have very little common ground, but sometimes don't you both feel a bit lonely? Every one is searching for the true neighbor, yourself.

The true neighbor knows how to tactfully give. She borrows and returns! She understands the art of minding her own business; we don't care how she may choose her friends, and she cares not whom we choose. She never inquires into personal affairs, she neither criticizes, nor comments, nor wonders; she only delicately, unobtrusively offers her services in time of need.

Often I go in and talk to my neighbor, and she respects my little idiosyncrasies, my egotisms, obstinacies, my hobbies and conceits.

She does not feel personal concern for me, nor responsibility; she merely listens as an interested bystander might. “She can not be chosen as a friend, but is a gift of God.”

*R. Buffington*

## BELLS

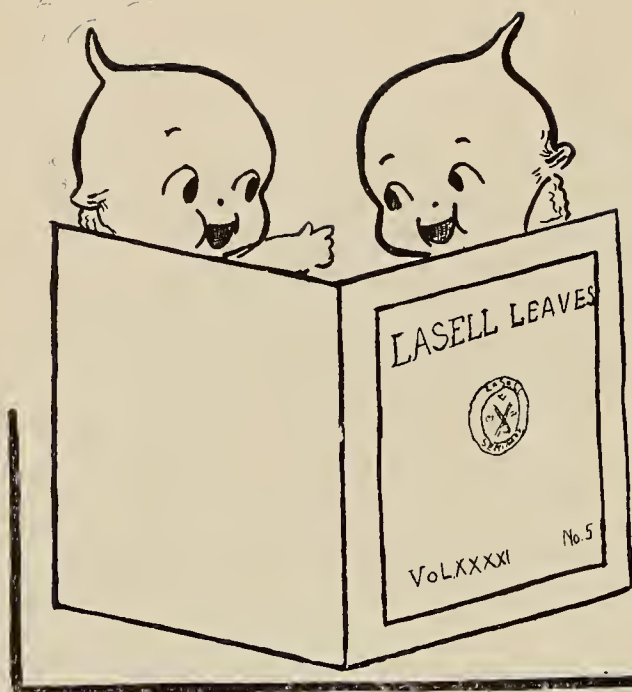
Bells, bells, and more bells! It seems as though my whole life is run by clanging, jingling bells. I open one angry eye at the break of day, yea, even before the break of day, at the request of a bell. I rise from my bed with the proverbial lark. Even on days when the lark absolutely refuses to rise I climb forth from my warm blankets, murder in my heart, in answer to a domineering iron monster, the bell. One of the evils the world has yet to overcome is the bell system. Being, at times, an optimist, however, I see one good point among the others. There is a tide in the affairs of men (which also means women) when a vacant space in the abdomen causes an uncomfortable feeling, a time when the sight of food would be more than welcome, a time when a taste of it produces mad desire for more. It is then that the sound of a bell is eagerly awaited.

One hears a bell; and a wild rush of feet down the stairs. The feet, of course, carry the people who own them down the stairs, too. One sees an impatient mob, slowly, at almost funeral pace, creeping into the dining room to sing a long drawn out grace. Then there is a hurried pushing back of chairs, and the spell is broken! We breathe again, and all because of a bell!

## MORAL

Friends and classmates, it is well  
To respect the rising bell.  
For if you should speak agin her,  
She might refuse to ring for dinner!

*J. H. P.*



# LOCALS



At Vespers October 5 we had the privilege of listening to Dr. Henry A. Arnold. He spoke on the topic of a useful life. In this connection he said that by helping others we get the best for ourselves. If we do things with a purely selfish motive our enjoyment of them is short lived, but the enjoyment of the things we have done for others will be always a happy memory.

On the 10th of October Leon Vincent favored us with a lecture on Victor Hugo, the great French writer.

Victor Hugo was born in 1852. His mother wanted a girl so that she could name her Victoria. When a boy arrived there was nothing to do but shorten the name to Victor.

The child was rather a sickly lad, but was unusually brilliant for his years. At the age of fourteen years he wrote an epic poem and a drama. At sixteen he wrote his first stories. Among his most famous works is "Les Miserables" a story known to everybody. Many of his writings were satirical.

He underwent nineteen years of exile, then he returned to Paris. There he was the leader of a new school of literary art. He had plenty of money, lived well, and was a hero in the eyes of the public.

October 10. Frances Badger, president of the Senior Class '24 led Christian Endeavor. She reminded us that to get the most out of Lasell life we must study, and that we can

make our life count for more in usefulness by working while at school. Miss Esther Nichols sang, accompanied by Gwendolyn MacDonald.

October 12. Dr. Henry Crane gave a very interesting talk at Vespers. His text was: "Broad way, narrow life—narrow way, broad life." If you always take the easy way you may for a time think that you are getting the best of life; but afterwards you will find you have missed many of the best things, simply because you were not willing to work for them.

Thursday evening, October 16. In Christian Endeavor Lucile Hopkins brought us this message: "Do a good turn daily." That is the motto of the Girl Scouts, and it is also a good one for us. There are two classes of girls, those who carry it out because they want to and those who do it because they have to. When you ask to do a thing, whether for the Mother or for whomever it may be, say it in a pleasant way as though you really desired to do it rather than asking because you feel it your duty.

Victoria Jackson played the Fantasie Impromptu by Chopin.

At Vespers, October 19, Dr. Raymond Calkins presented this question: What is Religion? The Bible tells us that religion is friendship with God. Our everyday life tells us that religion is friendship with our fellowmen. Each of these points is impossible



without friendship with one's self, therefore, religion is friendship,—friendship with your mates, with yourself and with God.

October 31. Virginia Brunner, in her Christian Endeavor meeting, brought us a message based on a certain maxim of Benjamin Franklin's "Waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of."

There is nothing more beautiful than a life which is filled with love and service. The smallest effort is not lost.

We often hear older people admit that if they had their lives to live over again they would put them to better advantage. Youth is beautiful. "Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity—to work, to help and to be helped; to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder—this is what it is to prosper—this is what it is to live."

Jesus' life was one of service. When he was not healing the sick he was teaching parables to his disciples. He taught them to go out and do good in the world.

Milton once wrote: "Thy desire tends to know the works of God, thereby to glorify the great work-master." We see evidences of the work of God everywhere. He created Heaven and Earth and all that is therein.

In conclusion we were urged to make this year at Lasell count for something worth while, to make our lives those of love and service, and to keep in mind that we live in deeds—not years.

#### THE PIANOFORTE RECITAL

by

*Miss Wilhelmina Wagner at Lasell Seminary*

Friday afternoon, October twenty-four  
at 4:30 was as follows:

I

Schumann

Romance Op. 28

Debussy

Arabesque in G Major

Arabesque in E Major

Leschetizky

Arabesque en forme d'Etude

II

Chopin

Etude in E Major

Dohnany

Rhapsody No. 2 F Sharp Minor

Encores:

Sun Down

Rhapsody in B Minor

Brown

Friday evening, October 24. Christian Endeavor.

Barbara Cushing's topic of "Right Thoughts" made one stop to think that every act of kindness and every bad deed was first conceived in the mind of some individual. One cannot do anything without first thinking it. From that we can easily see how important it is to govern our thoughts carefully. If we are in the habit of entertaining selfish, or envious, or unkind ideas, we ourselves will reflect these thoughts in our daily lives. No one can get all she ought to out of her work, and people would tire of having her around if, from these ugly, morose thoughts, she became an ugly morose person. Guard the doors of your minds and do not let unpleasant thoughts be made manifest in you. Remember this.

"Sow a thought, reap an act,  
Sow an act, reap a habit  
Sow a habit, reap a character  
Sow a character, reap a destiny."

After the talk Beth Nowell sang, "Abide With Me."

At Vespers. October 26. Dr. Seeley Tompkins took for his text, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He did not mean to have this interpreted in the scripture way, but in our own lives. We are a mass of intellect and power moving toward an ultimate end, and each gives his own particular "push." He said that the new generation was always blaming the old, while its duty was not to blame, but to take the good out of what had gone before and put it to use for further good. As an illustration he told a story of some stalks of wheat which were grown in a young orchard and when they had reached maturity, instead of being harvested, were plowed into the ground so that the young trees would grow



better. We should, in this way, take the lives that have gone before us and have them help to make our lives better.

---

### OPEN HOUSE

On Friday afternoon, October 17, an observer could have seen great preparations going on in the Junior houses and inquiries would have revealed to him the fact that the excitement was due to the Senior Open House. Every girl was bound to look her best for this great event.

The underclassmen were welcomed at Gardner by the hostesses, who looked very sweet in their lovely gowns. The Senior banner had been hung over the mantel, and after viewing it with surprise and admiration the guests passed through the different rooms. Each one seemed more alluring than the last and after many "oh's" and "ah's" of admiration the visitors went into one of the large rooms, where hot chocolate was served.

Carpenter was equally inviting. The rooms were attractively decorated with Autumn leaves. The hostesses certainly made the girls feel welcome and every one hated to leave Carpenter Hall.

Clark, with its cozy rooms, I'm sure appealed to all who visited there. It seemed like a bit of home life to the girls from Woodland or Bragdon. After having seen each room and partaken of the dainties offered, the guests were served with cakes and tea in the little parlor of the cottage.

All the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen agree that they had a wonderful time, and that when they are given their choice, it will be hard to choose their Senior rooms.

---

### THE SALEM-MARBLEHEAD TRIP

Early Monday morning on the 27th of October every one was hurrying around getting sweaters, coats and robes. It is remarkable how fast a Lasell girl can move when she is going somewhere. Where were they going? On the Salem-Marblehead trip, of course!

At nine o'clock two large busses drove up to Main building and the girls with much noise

and laughter climbed into their places. Mr. Ordway went in the first bus, acting both as chaperon and guide. Mrs. Cardwell chaperoned the girls in the second bus. This bus was provided with a guide from the Copley-Plaza.

All along the way the guides pointed out the interesting places. Passing through Cambridge, we saw all the buildings of Harvard College. We passed along Revere Beach, seeing the various sorts of amusements. At Marblehead we saw the old underground fort built to fortify the town in the early Colonial days. It was never used as the Indians did not attack. Luncheon was served on the rocks, and after resting we continued our trip.

In Salem we saw Hawthorne's house and the most interesting of all places in Salem, The House of Seven Gables. A guide took the party through the house. The kitchen was just as it was in the olden days; the huge fireplace was filled with kettles and pans. Passing from the kitchen we entered the dining room which now has only two of the original pieces of furniture in it, but from this room leads the secret staircase. This staircase winds up to the second floor through the back of the chimney; the entrance on the second floor is concealed by panelling on the wall. The spring which opens the panel is in the corner of the fireplace. Afterwards the other rooms were visited, and many interesting things were seen, including the chair where Hawthorne used to sit. The gardens around the house are also very interesting.

The museums, where collections of articles from the early days are kept, were very interesting. There we saw many interesting articles from other countries.

Let me urge that every girl who did not go this year make an earnest effort to go next year.

---

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

October 8. Gertrude Barber became a member of our family, and has proved herself a veritable sun-beam.

October 9. Call from Mildred Goodall Campbell (Lasell 1910) and her small

daughter, Constance, who is destined for Woodland Park.

October 10. Mabel Bavier (Lasell '24) was our guest at dinner.

October 11. Annual Salem-Marblehead trip. The Grey bus from Boston took a jolly crowd on an instructive and happy trip.

October 12. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow joined us at tea. Miss Esther Nichols of the Woodland Park Faculty sang for us.

October 14. Call from Mrs. Muriel James Morrison (Lasell 1920) and Varner James, who was a house pupil at Woodland Park 1919-20.

October 20. Dr. Penfold of Providence spent the morning with his daughter Mary at Woodland Park.

Miss Gladys Elderkin of Springfield was the guest of her sister, who is a member of the Woodland Park Faculty.

October 24. Mrs. Himelhoch of Detroit spent the day with her daughter Marjean.

October 27. Norma Prentiss (Lasell '23) began teacher training work in our primary grades.

October 28. Miss Potter dined with the teachers and pupils of Woodland Park. The Junior School pupils had the honor of meeting Miss Potter in their living room after dinner.

October 31. An annual Hallowe'en frolic. The day pupils joined us in an out-of-door party with a big bonfire, over which we roasted bacon and "hot dogs." Rolls and doughnuts, ginger ale and red apples, all disappeared like magic. When all were satisfied the girls were invited to the living room, where orange candles and an open fire made the room cozy and showed to advantage the gay orange decorations. Toasting marshmallows and dancing completed the jolliest party of the year.

November 2. The girls of the Junior High School attended the Old South Church in Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Morse and daughter Marjorie from West China were our guests at dinner.

November 5. We were very glad to wel-

come Mlle. LeRoy, who honored us at the tea-hour.

November 9. Helen Schroer and Mary O'Hare, both Lasell '24, were our guests of honor at tea. Miss Schroer played a Beethoven Sonata, and also accompanied Miss O'Hare who sang for us. Mrs. Goodrich of our own Music Staff played a Chopin Waltz.

November 8. Mrs. Drew entertained the resident girls of our seventh grade at the Manse.

#### New Girls

October 8, Gertrude Barber

October 13, Patricia Scharton

October 15, Varner James

October 18, Mildred Gardner

October 20, Helen Rider

October 20, Margaret Lane

November 10, Evelyn Harrington

*M. D. HAMLIN, '26.*



Again with November's harvest song and shout comes the sound of wedding bells. Joining the joyous procession were the following Lasell girls:

Marion Oram, '18, was married on Monday, the thirteenth of October, to Mr. Merritt Van Valkenburgh.

Mary Eleanor Chalmers, 1920-1922, became the wife of Mr. William Dennison Rowe on Saturday, November the twenty-ninth.

Bernice Cole, '21, announces her engagement to Mr. Arnold Wesley Tyler.

We are also in receipt of the engagement announcement of Ruth Malley, 1916-1917, to Mr. Clark Bill Bristol.

Our Principal, Dr. Winslow, is really off for Porto Rico, expecting to return early in December. We know *he* enjoys this journey at



the time and later *we* enjoy it through his splendid illustrated talks on the island and its attractions. This time he will bring back even more valuable information, as through the courtesy of our Secretary of War, Hon. John W. Weeks, Congressman Luce and other officials, he will come in touch with the Governor of the Island and several educational leaders.

Annie Crow Collum, '09, one of our Trustees, was recently the guest of Mrs. McDonald at Woodland Park, and also kindly divided her time between our Principal's family and the friends at Bragdon Hall. We greatly regretted the briefness of her visit and learned that she was on her way to Atlantic City, but intended to be back in her home at Winnipeg for the Christmas season.

Our National Secretary, Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, is again southward bound, but takes time and pleasure in sending back to Lasell from the historic city of Charleston an attractive postal and kind greetings.

Maude Hayden, '16, quite properly renewed her subscription for the LEAVES and at the same time sent a very kind message to the friends at the Seminary, making reference to the delightful luncheon the Alumnae had this fall in Hartford, and, to our delight, spoke of a visit which she hoped soon to make in Boston as the guest of her sister Ruth, '20, closing her message with kind greetings to Mlle. LeRoyer and Miss Witherbee.

Speaking of Hartford, reminds us of another bit of news from that locality: A recent line from Cornelia Hemingway, '22, referred to a successful gathering of the New Haven Lasell girls, at which time some fifteen were present.

Sarah, '19, and Ruth Hopkins, '24, spent the best part of a Sunday recently at Lasell. Ruth is a busy Sophomore at Bates College and enjoying it more and more. Sarah is pathological technician at the Thorndike Memorial Laboratories for research at the Boston City Hospital, which are directed by Dr. Francis W. Peabody of Harvard University. Not long since they were the guests of Priscilla Alden Wolf, '19, and told us the amazing bit of

news that Priscilla, although the busy mother of three children, entertained during the time of their visit six guests at dinner, did all her own work, and this unusual feat was performed with efficiency and apparent ease. I guess it is still true as the girls used to say of this former class president, "Priscilla is equal to anything."

Doris Lougee, '24, her younger sister and a friend recently spent a few hours at the school home. Doris is still indirectly in touch with Lasell. Although in residence in Boston, she is taking voice lessons from Miss Goodrich, French from Mlle. LeRoyer and also keeping up her violin work.

Norma MacMillan Sisson (1914-1918) was good enough to repeat her call recently, this time bringing with her Jessie Shepherd, '17. The Personal Editor of the LEAVES was sorry to miss these two former students, and hopes they will not "grow weary in well doing," but come again soon.

Girls of her time will be interested to learn through Norma MacMillan that one of her neighbors is "Kitten" Moss Shriener (1914-1918). Norma declares she is an ideal little wife and home-maker, and has two beautiful boys.

Marjorie Hitchins (1922-1923) came home long enough to hear from us, "We love you when you're with us and when you're out of sight" and also to tell us she is now attending school in New York, specializing in Costume Designing. When we recall her "original creations" of last year we feel sure she is following her natural bent, and success awaits her.

That was a dear letter of Alta Lucas (1922-1923) to our Preceptress, a part of which she is kind enough to share with the LEAVES readers. Alta is now a successful secretary in one of Springfield's business offices. She pays special tribute to Mrs. Hooker, declaring "her training did so much for me, and were it not for her I would not have this position." She wished specially to be remembered to Miss Witherbee and other members of the Faculty and sent love to all the old girls.



Dorothy Burnham, '20, was recently the guest of our new Assistant Dietitian, Betty Stephens, '20. Through the courtesy of Betty we saw some of Dorothy's artistic Christmas work. Another member of the Class of '20 recently favored us with a call,—Katherine Forgie Holman. She was the guest of her sister Elizabeth.

President Nellie Woodward Collins, '15, was the guest of our Principal and Mrs. Winslow recently. Mrs. Collins is more and more indentifying herself with Lasell, having recently been honored in being elected a Member of the Corporation. The other member chosen at the same time was the President of the Portland, Me., Lasell Club, Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20.

Lasell's loving congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. John Heron (Katherine Bingaman, '15), who are rejoicing over the advent of their dear little son, John Heron, Jr., born November 20.

---

## JOKES

The wife and daughter of Lieut. Berry of the Great Lakes Naval training station, approaching a gate to the station were halted by a sentry on duty there who had orders to allow no one to enter by that gate.

"Sorry, but you'll have to go around to the main gate."

"Ah! but we're the Berry's."

"Lady, I don't care if you're the cat's meow, you can't go through this gate."—*Chicago Tribune.*

---

Miss Lawrence in History of Civilization: "The primitive man used to stone the animals and kill them to death. Also they went around on two legs instead of eight, the way we do now."

---

The story says that the following letter was recently received by the Staley Company:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your Corn Syrup my feet are no better now than when I started."

## ATTENTION TO BUSINESS

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm as the driver continually put his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became exasperated, "Young man," she said, "you look after that car of yours and watch where you're driving. I'll tell you when it starts raining."

---

Miss Lester: "Seal the jars and stand upside down."

Betty: "What do you mean, the jars?"

---

Charlotte—"Jane is too clever."

Ruth—"Say on."

Charlotte—"I thought I'd stop her from using my stationery as I had some made up with my full name on each sheet."

Ruth—"Well?"

Charlotte—"Now her mail comes addressed to me, and she opens all our letters!"

---

"How did you get that wonderful hair, Jessie?"

"Sleeping in a waffle iron when I was a kid."

---

"What do you think of Beth as a singer?"

"She's pretty good."

"And Evy?"

"She is better still."

---

It was a sleepy sort of a day, the class was about half the usual size, and the prof. was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered "Here," until the name Smith was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the prof's voice:

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"

---

## UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

*Sure Cure Hair Tonic Co.,  
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Gentlemen: I have tried your tonic as a remedy for falling hair and am pleased to

inform you that I now have all my hair. I keep it in my Jewelry box.

Respfly.

MUGGS BARRETT.

Miss True, commenting on the story:

"Don't you like the way Aileen told Michael that she loved him instead of all this sentimental mush."

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Patty.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Pat, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

"Mary says she uses lemon juice on her face for her complexion."

"I wondered what gave her that sour look."

Miss Roop: "And what is your name, dear?"

Evy. Love: "Evadine—Love."

K. Beecher: "Isn't there an institution in Waverley for the feeble-minded, Mr. Towne?"

Mr. Towne: "Oh, yes. I had intended taking you all over there soon."

K. Lalley: "Where's the Parthenon?"

D. Hagadorn: "Oh, somewhere in Jerusalem."

As the man had nearly finished taking the school picture, Patty B. was heard to say, "Well, there's enough to fill the funny paper for Sunday, let's go now!"

"Dad," said Tommy, asking his 51st question that evening, "is a vessel a boat?"

"Well, yes," said his father, trying to read his paper, "you can call a vessel a boat certainly."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"A life boat, of course. Now run off to bed."

"Phwat was the last 'and Oi delt ye, Mike."

"A Spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi is saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

A civil war veteran had spent a week at a New York hotel. When he went to pay his bill the clerk asked: "What was your rank?"

"Oh, just a private," the old soldier replied.

"Well, I won't charge you anything. You are the first private I have ever met."

Passenger: "What makes this train so slow?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I'm not expected till train time."

Casey—"Ye're a har'rd worruker."

Dooley, "How many hods o'morther have yez carried up the ladder th' day?"

Casey—"Whist, man—I'm fooling the boss; I've carried this same hodful up and down all day, and he thinks I'm worrukin!"

Teacher: "Abie, spell avoid."

Abie: "Tell me foist the void."

He: "Please marry me?"

She: "Why?"

He: "I want to take you home. My mother hasn't laughed in years."

B. Saxton: "Yes, hockey practice was good today. We chased the ball all over "Fenno and Dale."

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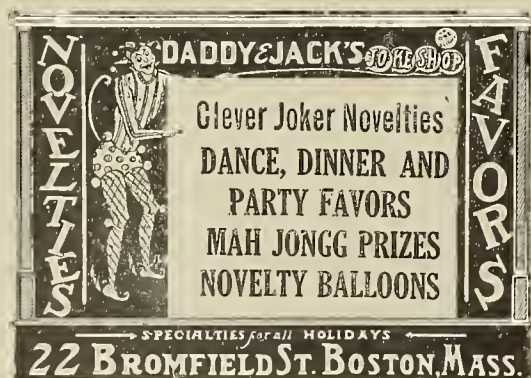
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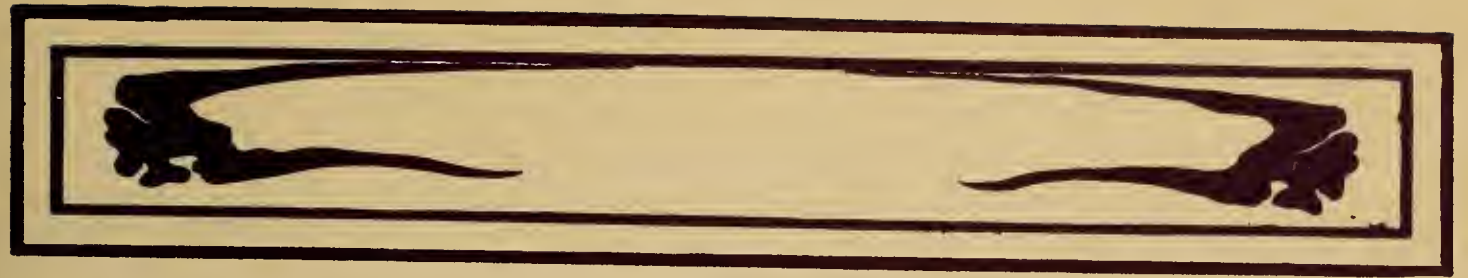
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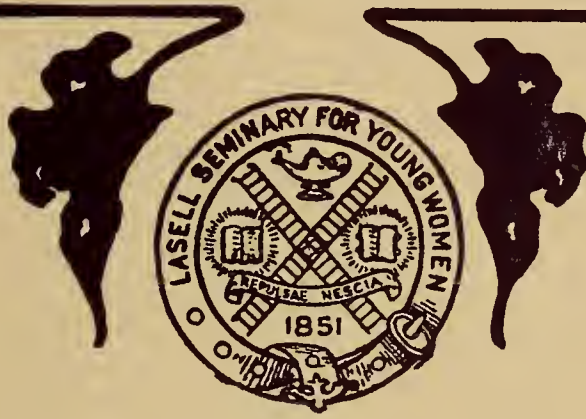
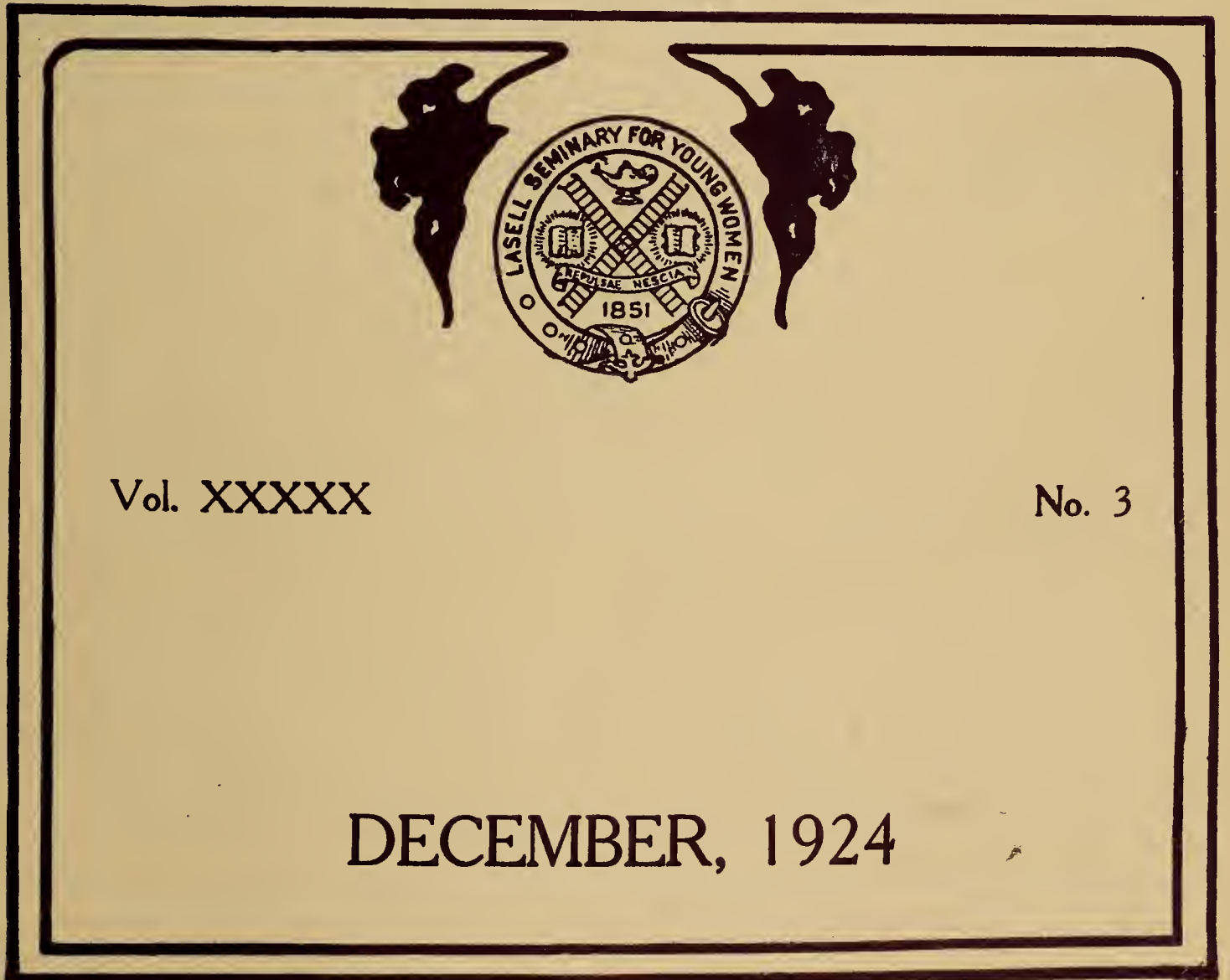
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Vol. XXXXX

No. 3

DECEMBER, 1924

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# LASELL LEAVES

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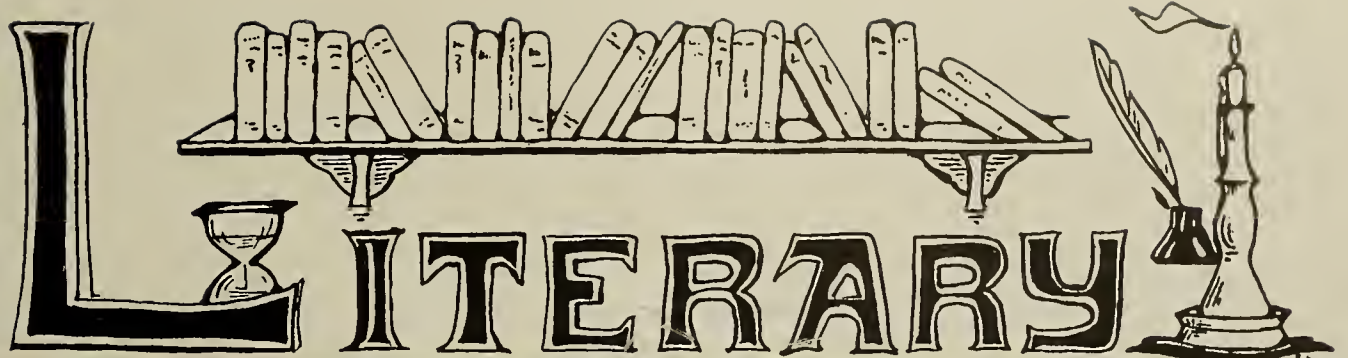
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## THE MYSTERIOUS BOX

"Granny!"

"Ah, dear Janie, is that you? Come in, dear, but do leave that blustering blizzard outside. Bring the little stool up to the fire, and sit here by my side. Uncle George has provided much warmth for us to-night. Even though I am not able to see this crackling fire with my eyes, I do see it in my mind; and, Janie, it is bright with hopes and fears. But tell me, my dear, what brings you out this terrible night?"

"I just really don't know, Granny. I was very cross with the way things were going at home and scolded every one; so Daddy told me to come over here and have you tell me the story of the 'Mysterious Box.' Granny, I don't want to hear any foolish story; but I just had to get away from the house."

"'The Mysterious Box!' Are you sure, Janie? Even this frightful storm has brought me a blessed memory!"

This remark seemed to lift the curtain on the past; the elderly woman drifted into a deep reverie. How sweet she looked in the big armchair, her white head leaning against the back of the chair. Her sightless eyes, from which tears drifted slowly down on the withered cheeks, were closed; her lips curved up slightly as though thinking some happy thought. Reluctantly she came back from the dim past, as though loath to return to the present. Then leaning forward, she gently caressed Janie's hair, and said "When your father and Uncle George were small boys they were full of fun, always up to something; yet all through their

lives I tried to impress on them the contents of this 'Mysterious Box.' It seemed almost fruitless; they would listen for awhile and then become restless, squirm around and ask for a Western story. As time went on I gave up telling the story, until one day when your father was about eighteen, he came to me and asked me in a casual way to tell the story again. The words had never grown old to me; the story went on weaving its web until it was finished. Slowly he arose, kissed me, and quickly went out of the door. And so, Janie, you see that now I realize what an effect my story had on him. It has remained with him all the years, always helping him, and now when he sees you at the same discontented age, he sends you to me that you, too, may realize the contents of the box."

"But, Granny, what is in this box? I surely never knew any four-sided lifeless thing that had any influence on me. Does it contain some of your old jewels, or is it just an old bothersome heirloom?"

"Now, dear, you wish me to give you the ending before I have even started. The fire is burning very brightly; it will be a good time to draw out our fancies."

"There was one time a city called Haven, which could be compared to the Mecca of today; for day in and day out, month after month, and year to year pilgrimages were made to this wonder city. This town was surrounded by a high wall which could be compared to those of the Roman times. The gate-keeper of this city was as venerable as the city itself; countless ages had seen him standing there,



centuries had passed, yet he was the same stern figure passing judgment as to who should pass between the portals. Every hour, and even every minute, brought throngs of people; some, like the Wise Men of old, bringing precious jewels; others bringing their fortunes, their savings and all that life meant to them, to lay at the feet of the door-keeper, as their gifts for admittance.

"Far on the other side of this city there was another gate, very wide and always open, which had no gate-keeper. Yet how different were the people who came from this gate; the young were old, the old were broken in spirit and mind; no joyous sound entered their voices; on they walked with heads bent low and with hesitating steps back to their homes.

"One day among this great throng came a boy of about twelve. His head was held high with the gleam of Youth shining in his eyes. He had brought his all to lay at the door-keeper's feet; he, too, was going to make his Mecca, not to wait until he had grown older. So bravely and proudly he walked up to this old man and laid down his small, but bounteous offering. The door-keeper looked down upon Youth, put his hands on his shoulders and raised him up. With a sad smile on his lips, he spoke, 'Oh, Youth, what brings you here, have even the Old thrust their influence upon you? But come with me, I shall show you the city, and this "Mysterious Box" which brings to it countless people!'

"But what a curious city! There were no houses, no signs of dwellings of any sort. Nothing was to be seen but people, some plodding heavily along, others walking briskly. Yet as they trod on they saw in the distance a great flame, which seemed as it were to be licking the air with its tongue. And as they approached they saw that this flame came from a large, high altar. As they watched closer they could see in the flame a small box, gleaming and glittering as a magnet, drawing people to it.

"The door-keeper with the same sad smile spoke to Youth, saying, 'Many are the years that people have spent in reaching here, and

as you see I have laid all their earthly possessions before the altar, as a price for opening the "Mysterious Box." Watch closely, I shall open it now, slowly—slowly. See how eager they are; see how they grasp each other as almost in fear!'

"So leisurely did the guide uncover its contents that minutes seemed hours; yet when it at last was fully open out leaped great clouds of black smoke and wrote in the flames one word, 'Disappointment!'

"Slowly the crowd turned, every one suddenly became old, and as reluctantly as the box had opened, so did they pass out of the gates into the world again.

"As you see, the people who made this journey were the ones who were dissatisfied with life; they had given everything to attain an object, no matter how small, and then only to find at the end of these years, 'Disappointment!' The stern gate-keeper is Experience trying to show Youth the way, lest he, too, may feel the penetrating flames."

The fire in the grate was by this time only smouldering ashes; yet before it had gone out Jane had determined to burn her box before its contents should be revealed to her. Slowly she arose, kissed the sightless eyes good-night, and left the "Mysterious Box" to burn on eternally for the Youth who do not know.

*Marion Simonds.*

---

## RIVALS

"Three letters in our box!" "One from Jack!" "And, my dear, not a thing for me!" "Six, oh, no, two are for Jean."

Bunny Farland extricated herself with difficulty from the mob of girls who were crowding around the mail boxes and tried to find a quiet corner where she might read her mail in peace. One was from home, such were always welcome. The other two she studied for a minute. One was from Bill, a sophisticated Senior at Dartmouth, and the other from Hal, who had barely managed to squeeze into the Junior class at Harvard. She decided to read Hal's

first,—good-natured Hal, with his keen sense of humor and his loathing for work.

“Oh, Betty,” she screamed, after perusing the letter in silence for a minute. “Hal’s asked me to the tea dance after the Harvard-Dartmouth game. Isn’t that divine?” Betty allowed it was as Bunny turned to Bill’s.

Half way through she gasped, “Betty, Bill has asked me to the tea dance, too. What’ll I do?” But Betty was too busy reading the scandal sheet from home to offer any valuable advice. That afternoon Bunny mailed two letters. Each one said that she would go to the dance.

Hal Eastman re-read the letter for the fifth time. He was reasoning, “Bill must stand some chance or she’d have said right away she’d go with me; if only—”

Of course, this was just what Bunny wanted, but poor Hal would never understand that. He groaned a few times and turned painfully to his trig.

“Bob, lend a hand with this stuff, will you?”

“Say, shut up for a while!” Bob offered violently.

“Well, listen here, if I don’t catch up in my work I can’t be on the team, and if I’m not on the team I can’t play next Saturday, and if I don’t play Sat—”

“If you don’t keep still you won’t be alive to accomplish any of those mighty feats.”

Hal subsided with a sigh. It had been a hard week for him with his extra studying and his hard football practice every night added to his worrying over Bunny and her “crazy plan,” as he called it.

Another hard week followed. He finally squeezed through his extra exams and went out on the field the Friday before the game with a clear conscience. There was only a slight scrimmage, but Hal managed to get himself completely worn out. He went home dead tired and kept his eyes open only long enough to eat. Then he threw himself on his bed completely fagged out.

The day of the game had arrived. The crowds were packed in the huge stadium. There

was a confusion of talking and yelling, broken only by cheers from one side or the other. The stadium was a motley of colors and of flying banners. Bunny sat among a crowd of girls from the Seminary. The crisp October air had brought color to her cheeks and the excitement had added an unusual sparkle to her eyes. She had never looked prettier. The teams came on the field amid the cheers of the crowd. The cheer-leaders could not make themselves heard. A few minutes of practice and then the whistle.

Oh, the thrill of that first kick-off! Every one held his breath while Dartmouth sent the pig-skin sailing into the air. Down the field they went. The next play! Hal saw Bill coming towards him carrying the ball. Here was his rival in two senses. He tackled and missed by a foot. He heard the loud cheers on Dartmouth’s side and the groans from Harvard. Straight down the field they marched, and the score was 7-0. But Harvard soon retaliated and Hal dropped back to kick goal. The ball sailed over, but not between the goal posts. More cheers, more groans.

The last quarter came with the score still 7-6 in Dartmouth’s favor. Only two minutes of play and the ball on Harvard’s twenty-five yard line. In some way Hal got the ball and started down the field. There was no one in his path. He thought of Bunny, Bill, the ball, and then a tiny stone in the ground. How could he get around that stone? He couldn’t, he didn’t. He fell and lay there. Somehow he couldn’t get up. He heard millions of voices yelling and realized that among them was Bunny’s. He struggled to his feet. The whistle blew! No, it was the bell. He sat up quickly, grabbed for the ball, and looked around wildly. The sun was pouring in through the window. A broad grin spread over Hal’s face. He looked at the dresser where Bunny’s picture stood. The day of the greatest game of the year had arrived.

✦ *Ruth Allen.*





### COMMENCEMENT DATES

The date for Commencement Day has been changed to June 16 from June 9 as stated in the catalog. The other dependent dates will be changed accordingly.

The question of Student Council in its present state and its possibilities of further improvement is a most interesting subject for every one—whether they are in school or in authority in a school or college.

Nearly every one will admit that by the time a girl has reached her late teens she feels that no one has a right to tell her exactly what she may and may not do. She thinks then that Student Council is a wonderful idea, as her friends won't tell on her and she will be able to get away with almost anything. She leaves out the question of honor entirely.

Student Council in authority means that a girl may go as far as her sense of honor will let her, but if she transgresses she must take her punishment from her own classmates.

If Lasell is a Junior College shouldn't its Student Council have more nearly the degree of authority that Student Councils in colleges have?

Perhaps it will some day, but as yet the girls have not shown that they will support it and otherwise it will fail, because the students are the only ones who can make a go of it.

At present the Student Council has not much power except in the matter of quiet during the evening. It has a long way to go and a great deal of power to gain before it can reach its

highest degree in fixing the punishment of all transgressors. Its initiation and successful working depend on the spirit of Lasell.

Why can't some of you girls write something inspiring for our LEAVES? We just know that behind your noble brows and your seeming air of indifference there is any amount of ability to contribute to the LEAVES.

Surely you have packs of funny jokes which you could easily share with the rest of us, and a host of funny stories and experiences which would wring from one and all a most hearty laugh.

What about some ideas on subjects which would interest all of us—or ought to? You can't fool us, you know, because we can see that with just a little coaxing you all can work wonders?

### CO-OPERATION

Co-operation has always been the basis of success. Without it the LEAVES will never be truly representative of Lasell. You can help us if you will.

Please send in your contributions before our next issue goes to press. Thank you.

### ALL ABOARD FOR THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

What wonderful memories mention of the White Mountains brings to those who have been there. Merry tinkling of sleigh bells, glowing red cheeks, unsuccessful attempts to



ski, which bring one into very close contact with the soft white snow, trailing parties, and then at the close of the day, around a cheerful blazing log fire, a recounting of the day's adventures. Can all this ever be forgotten?

Is there any comradeship like that of school friends who are eager to share with one new experiences?

I think it is really incomparable with any other trip which one may have had, even though it may have been to Sunny California, balmy Florida or sailing of the Seven Seas. The cold, the tang, the snap of the crisp, bracing air put vigor and life into everything one tries to do.

Just a little distance from the Bellevue Hotel, at Intervale, N. H., is a little hill which seemed to be made for the express purpose of skiing. The beginner looks at it with apprehension, and usually before she has proceeded very far on her descent, presents a curious jumble of skis, legs and flying snow. But after a few attempts comes that exhilarating sense of triumph, when she finds herself safely at the bottom of the hill and on her feet.

The sleighing party to Jackson consists of thirty-two miles of Happiness. At first the sleighs are filled with girls singing school songs, relating amusing experiences, or just talking,—not saying much of anything, but just happy. Soon some one conceives the brilliant idea of jumping from the sleigh into the deep snow drifts in the ditches along the roadside. After that the girls who at first were sitting so orderly, side by side, spend most of their time climbing out of snow nearly up to their waists, or running to catch up to the sleigh.

Another feature, perhaps not quite so thrilling but fully as enjoyable, is the Saturday night sleigh ride to the Movies. Besides all this there is tobogganing, hiking, a delicious breakfast cooked out in the woods, and that happy, weary return to the hotel, to sit and talk, or to write letters, around the open fire.

It is an experience that every one should try to have. The splendor and beauty of the

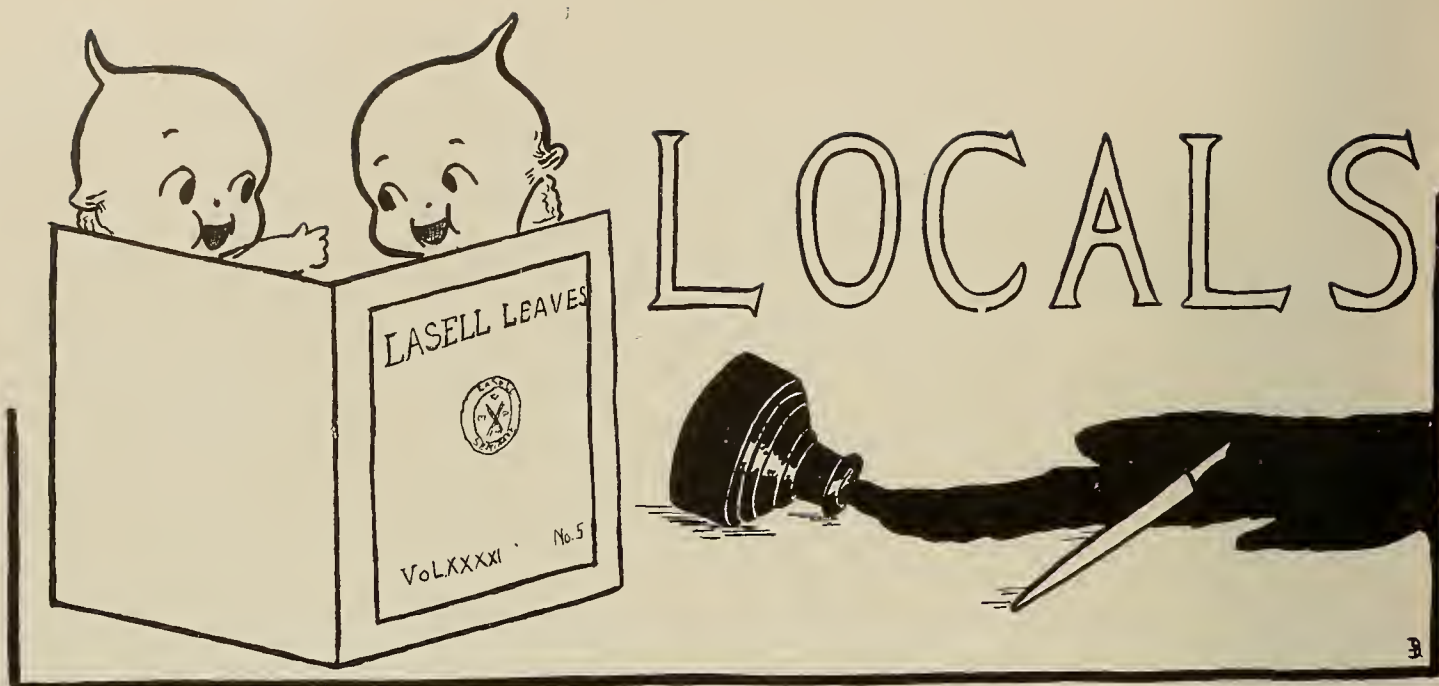
sunrise on the snow-covered slopes of Mount Washington as the party returns to school is a sight which makes each one wish she could return every year.

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### EXTREMISTS TO THE FORE!

How the younger generation does love to startle the old folks! We, as a group of young people, have made our reputation as a rather independent, wholly self-sufficient and decidedly attractive younger set, and we do glory in that reputation. Therefore we must strive and be forever striving to uphold it, let the casualty be whatever it may. We stop at nothing to gain the desired end,—be it hair snipped and shingled 'til we look sufficiently mannish, or be it words used in ordinary conversation that would make our poor, hard-working ancestors raise their hands in holy horror. Such are the tolls of our great urge to be different.

Yet may we not stop for a moment of our mad rush to consider. We are certainly getting what we go after,—witness the articles found in every current magazine. "What is happening to our younger generation," "The Responsibilities of Modern Parents"—all of them bewailing the fact that they can't explain what we are doing. Decidedly, we are getting there—we may even say we have arrived. All of which shows that we know what we want, and we can get it. In other words, we have some merit. So perhaps a word of warning here would not come amiss. Remember! In everything there are extremes and extremists. They are the ones who bring the difficulties and the notoriety. By your manners, by your words, by your dress let not you, oh, loyal member, bring disgrace upon our Great Younger Generation. You know when you are carrying things a bit too far. Then is the time to stop, for then you must realize that the reputation of all of us rests with us. Therefore, beware! Extremists, we will not let our honor grow besmirched unavenged!



November 2. Vespers this Sunday night was held in the Methodist Church. The service was "a congregationalized" cantata based on "The Holy City" by Alfred R. Gaul. The cantata was arranged and directed by Rev. Earl Enyeart Harper.

November 14. Dr. Leon Vincent gave a third interesting talk on famous authors. This lecture was on Balzac,—his eccentricities and writings.

November 4. For lecture, the student body was privileged to go to the Auburndale Club House to hear Stoyair Vatralsky speak on "The Art of Peace Making." He spoke concerning the Presidential election and gave his opinion of the results. Because of his experiences in the Balkan States the talk was most valuable at such a time, for it gave us a view of the interior of these States.

November 7. Christian Endeavor was led by Helen Albert. She brought out the fact that so often it is very hard to know just which "Ideal" to choose. This helpful quotation was suggested, "We may let go all things we cannot carry with us into eternal life." Avoid such things as selfishness and pretence, and strive for courage, truth and happiness. It is well worth remembering that we get out of life just what we put into it.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;  
Two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in our own.

November 14. Ruth Thompkins led Christian Endeavor. She told us that we were not to take what people said about us too seriously, but we should think more of the good things we know them to have said. Sometime when you know you are not doing your job as well as you might just keep up your courage and work a little harder. Mary Freeman and Suzanne Shutts sang a duet.

November 16. Mrs. Gamewell told us about her experiences in China. It was indeed interesting to hear of her different ideas and understand the faith she has in her fellow-men and God.

November 21. Christian Endeavor was led by Helen McNab. Her topic was Happiness, and she took as an example the four-leaf clover. Hope—for the highest and best in life, faith—for the faith some one has in you, love—which gives you strength to carry on in spite of everything, and good luck—which usually brings happiness. Barbara Cushing sang "The Four-leaf Clover."

November 23. Thanksgiving Vespers were led by Dr. Drew. He told us to be kind and



appreciative of our parents when we were at home.

December 5. Christian Endeavor was led by Beth Nowell. She brought us a message which stated what she considered to be the three best things in life. Self-control, justice and imagination form the best. Then if we find that we have not attained them already, what better place is there to obtain them than here at school where we are forming our permanent characters? Another touch of color was added to our Friday evening meeting by a violin solo, "At Dawning," which was played by Martha Fish.

December 9. On Wednesday all of Lasell heard Mr. Carveth Wells' lecture at the Congregational Church, on "My Six Years in the Jungle of Malay." For over two hours we sat enthralled by his clever and amusing recital of facts about the Malay Jungle. The pictures we saw, the stories we heard, and the jokes we laughed at, will stay in our memories for many days. There was a feeling of real regret when Mr. Wells finished, and told us to be sure and not forget the climbing fish, lizards and bugs of Malay!

The Pupils' Musical Rehearsal was held Wednesday evening, December 10. The program was as follows:

|       |                                 |              |
|-------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| PIANO | Romance in D-flat               | Sibelius     |
|       | Ruth Shepard                    |              |
| PIANO | Wedding Day at Tralldhaugen     | Grieg        |
|       | Barbara Cushing                 |              |
| VOICE | The Little Damosel              | Novello      |
|       | Elizabeth Irish                 |              |
| PIANO | Novelette                       | Schumann     |
|       | Victoria Jackson                |              |
| PIANO | Witches' Dance                  | MacDowell    |
|       | Helen Waltz                     |              |
| PIANO | Prelude in C-sharp minor        | Rachmaninoff |
|       | Charlotte Russell               |              |
| VOICE | When through the Piazzetta      | Jensen       |
|       | My Heart's in the Highlands     | Jensen       |
|       | Barbara Cushing                 |              |
| PIANO | Juba Dance                      | Dett         |
|       | Bernice Cunningham              |              |
| VOICE | A Brown Bird Singing            | Haydn Wood   |
|       | Suzanne Shutts                  |              |
| PIANO | Prelude, D-flat. Op. 28, No. 15 | Chopin       |
|       | Margaret Anderson               |              |

|          |  |             |
|----------|--|-------------|
| VOICE    | Come and Trip It                             | Handel      |
|          | Hark! Hark! the Lark                         | Schubert    |
|          | Elizabeth Shaw                               |             |
| PIANO    | Scherzo. Op. 16, No. 2                       | Mendelssohn |
|          | Martha Birchby                               |             |
| ENSEMBLE | Hungarian Dance                              | Brahms      |
|          | Misses Hall, Ruth Shepard, Loewe, Cunningham |             |

December 12. Christian Endeavor was led by Katherine Kelley. With the spirit of Christmas invading the air she brought us this message: "Christ gave his life for us; is it not right for us to carry on his teaching? What are we here for? It seems that we should do all in our power to make this world a better and brighter place in which to live." A Christmas song, sung by Beth Nowell and Barbara Cushing, added much to the meeting.

December 19. Christmas vespers, with Dr. Edgar Park as a speaker, was exceptionally good. Dr. Park told us that Christmas was symbolized by three stars. The first star was religious and had for its patron saint Jesus. The second star was benevolence and its patron saint was Ebenezer Scrooge after his conversion. Santa Claus was the patron saint of the third star—fun. The Glee Club sang several Christmas carols.

### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

On Saturday evening, December 13, the Dramatic Club presented its first group of interesting plays.

The first play, "Rose O'Plymouth Town," was very well enacted, and we think that the characters entered well into the spirit of the scene. May we mention Ruth Martin, who, as the spirited little old aunt, was adorable and tremendously funny.

"Never-the-less," was the interlude. Betty Saxton as the petulant boy, Betty Op-pel, as the little girl who believed in fairies, and Charlotte Russell as the young burglar just starting his criminal career, were well chosen, and we were very glad to see them finally walk "the narrow path."

The last play, "Beau of Bath," was strikingly effective. Patty Berkson gave to us a very real portrayal of the well-worn Beau,



and Frances Page, as Jeplison, was all a faithful old servant could be. Louisa Mueller, the Lady of the portrait, was lovely. We commend Miss Francois' work on these plays, and we also commend her pupils for their clever acting.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES

Lasell-Radcliffe: Score 13 to 6 in favor of Radcliffe.

Every one just thrown together—anything just to get started. Of course we were going to win. That was the spirit that sent us forth. From train to street car, street car to field,—at last we were there. Just a few minutes to dress, and then we were ready for anything. The game started, first to one end, then to the other, but both teams held strongly. But gradually the game shifted to our opponents, and although our girls fought bravely at the final whistle the score stood at 13 to 6 in favor of Radcliffe. We were treated most generously and were shown great hospitality at Cambridge. We were glad to lose to such fine opponents.

Lasell-Maine: Score 3 to 0 in favor of Lasell.

The last game with an outside team was played between Lasell and Maine on the Woodland Park field. It was the happiest game of the year, though it had several interruptions, the Maine girls suffering minor injuries. The last quarter was played in the dusk, which made it practically impossible to see the plays. The score finally rolled up to 3 to 0 in our favor. Fine spirit was shown throughout by both the teams and cheering sections. We enjoyed playing with such a fine team, and hope that they will put us down on their regular calendar.

Senior-Junior: Score 3 to 1 in favor of Juniors.

Hurrah for the Juniors! They certainly played a wonderful game. Many husky supporters helped the cause along. The Seniors put up a good fight—their whole team pulled

together with their renowned Senior spirit. Of course "Evy" took her usual place in the limelight. "Nita" received a great deal of praise from the side lines for her untiring efforts. "Stell" and "Lou" put all their energy forth, and with the marvellous co-operation of their team made the score go up to 3 to 1 in favor of the Juniors.

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### ELECTIONS

My, how popular the Seniors are getting! All day long the Juniors avoided them dashing from room to room. Nevertheless Monday, November 10, 1924, at 8:45 the doors in the main building opened and girls dressed in coats tiptoed suspiciously out and down the hall. A loud stage whisper was heard. "Go down the fire escape, quick!" Oh, yes, there were Seniors around. They met us on the fire escape and in the halls and on the stairs and we crowded gayly along together. Soon we were all tearing along the street toward Woodland Park. After collecting the girls there we made a single line grasping hands and marched to Gardner.

We formed a semi-circle and Kay Lalley shrieked out "President, Betty Saxton" a minute before we Juniors announced. Also Dot Denny was announced for us.

The full results of elections were:

President—Betty Saxton  
 Vice-President—Molly Witschief  
 Secretary—Grace Wilder  
 Treasurer—Marion Fitch  
 Song Leader—Dot Denny  
 Cheer Leader—Sara Senior

#### *Sophomore*

President—Ella Richards  
 Vice-President—Etta Williams  
 Secretary and Treasurer—Juliet Warren  
 Song and Cheers—Virginia Hight

#### *Freshman*

President—Helen Bliss  
 Vice-President—June Newbold  
 Song Leader—Aileen Wilson  
 Cheer Leader—Julia Larabee



Christmas bells and wedding bells are uniting their joyous strains at this time.

Marjorie Jagger '24, was united in marriage to Mr. George Harland Ferguson, on Wednesday, December 10, at Sanford, Maine.

On Thursday, November 27, Edith Muriel Geeson '19, was married to Mr. Charles Paul Seewald, and will be at home after December 15, at 41 Webster Street, Malden, Mass.

Friends of Lasell have also received a very elegant announcement in Spanish of the marriage of Rosenda Cabrera's '19, sister, Amalia Cabrera, to Jacobs Frey on the fifteenth day of October, Mexico City.

On the desk of our Personal Editor is a unique card received recently from Lucile Pfeifer '22. The seal at the top represents a heart and enclosed in the outline are the names of our Lucile and Mr. Albert Rosenfield. Lucile in this original way has announced her engagement.

Down from the Maine coast comes the glad announcement of the engagement of Lucy Andrews Fuller '23, to Mr. Ralph Wyman Foster.

Merry little Cupid certainly has Christmas courage, for he marched straight into our school home. As a result of his work we have the pleasure of announcing the engagement of Nettie Augusta Elliott '25, to Mr. Louis Veach, a senior at Dartmouth.

Our congratulations to these happy young people.

Miss Edith Clendenin '24, we gather from her letter to Dr. Winslow, is starting out in dead earnest and is enjoying her work immensely. In her letter to our Principal, she

writes: "You will be interested to learn that I am now working with the Y. W. C. A. organization, coaching basketball. I am associated with another girl and expect to have several hundred girls under our care. You may remember how fond I am of athletics and can appreciate how glad I am to get into the swing of things again. I am looking forward to returning to Lasell in May. Was so pleased to hear that you have a full school. Like many graduates I have a great love for Lasell and am glad when I know that everything is going well."

We have a note on our desk announcing a call from Miss Helen Conger '21. Wish we had been at home to receive her and find out some definite word about her work and whereabouts.

We always knew that "Forward" was Helen Stern's '22, motto and a very splendid proof of this has come to us recently in the shape of a dainty card published by the Thurber Art Galleries of Chicago, announcing an exhibition of "Wisconsin Sketches," the artist being none other than Helen Stern. We have not seen the pictures, but the titles help us to visualize the very charming array: "After the Rain," "Fishing Shacks," "The Old Boat," "By the Apple Tree," "The Swamp," "Grey Day," are among some of the fascinating titles. We hope all of Lasell girls will have the privilege of enjoying, many of them owning, these paintings by one of our own artists.

One of the most fascinating folders of Summer Camps is that of "Camp Lynnholm" in the heart of the White Mountains. Our special interest arises from the fact that one of our own girls, Christine Chamberlin, was last year a counsellor, and, we are proud to say, captured the "camp spirit" prize.

Our preceptress had a delightful meeting this month with the High School Girls and Women's Clubs of North Conway. One of the active and able members of the North Conway Women's Club is Mrs. Josephine Fish Pendergast 1905-7. Josephine is still enthusiastic over that model farm of theirs, situated three miles from Conway. Among the definite



reports of her doings was the making recently in one week of some sixty-six pounds of butter. She reports her sister Isabel '20, has entered her second year at the Children's Hospital in Boston and is enjoying her work immensely. Each time Miss Potter returns from New Hampshire she has no end of praise for the courtesies and hospitality of this particular Lasell girl and her friends.

Miss Witherbee recently spent Thanksgiving vacation as a guest of Caroline Haney '20, and brought back splendid reports concerning her hostess and family.

Connie Colton '21, favors us occasionally. She certainly is a live example of a Lasell girl who has learned the secret of working well and looking well at the same time. She recently entertained our Miss Wright, who came back with enthusiastic reports of this model school—The Boston School of Physical Education.

Through the generous courtesy of Professor George Dunham we recently enjoyed a musical chapel service.

Nellie Feagles Kattelle '97, dropped in on her way to the train just long enough to register her best wishes for the school and to tell us that Nora Burroughs Dillingham '97, is fully recovered from her recent accident.

Lasell was honored recently in entertaining as a guest of the school Mrs. Mary Ninde Gamewell, author of this year's Missionary Study Book "Ming-Kwong" (City of the Morning Light). A recent writer has spoken of Mrs. Gamewell as the "Lady of the Morning Light." She certainly made that impression on our school through her inspiring Vesper message and her own personal and friendly touch with those of us who had the privilege of meeting her.

A charming letter found its way to the LEAVES editor recently from Dorothy Pearson '24, and we are tempted to quote a part of it verbatim. She writes to our preceptress: "While I have just finished luncheon you are beginning your weekly task of writing in that little book—'Smith—½ week-end,' etc. This afternoon mother and I went to the Louvre Gallery. There seems to be no end to the wonderful things that are to be seen here. My chief

study this fall is to be Decorative Art and Furniture. We spent two beautiful days at Fontainebleau and Versailles. The autumn foliage was lovely. Took a two-hour drive through the forest and I am now looking forward to the same trip in the spring. We plan to go to Normandy in apple-blossom time. After the holidays we are going to Switzerland, Italy, across to Tunis and Biskra. Mother wants to go back to Holland in tulip time and then return to England before sailing for home, which I hope will be the end of May, as I plan to be at Lasell for Commencement and am looking forward to visiting with you about our trips abroad. Kindly remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne and Miss Wright, Senora and other members of the faculty. Best wishes for a successful and happy year,—One of your 'lil' white doves'."—Dorothy Pearson '24.

Dear Florence Skinner Anderson '13-14, there are few Lasell girls more loyal than you. Florence writes, "I think of you all at this time—it is just ten years since I was at Lasell getting ready for the Christmas vacation. My sister, Mrs. Raymond, has written of a pleasant call recently at Lasell," and we join with Florence in the hope that her niece Bessie will decide to become a Lasell girl next year. Florence also adds that her daughter Sylvia is over two years now, so interested in Christmas and just lots of fun. "I am again taking up my music and enjoying it very much. Had an unusually fine time at the Lasell Luncheon at Hartford in October." Florence closes with love to the school and sends her subscription to the LEAVES.

Mrs. James V. Avery (Florence Homer Hauslein '14-15) writes from Auburn, N. Y., to Lasell that she has three children, two sons and a daughter, and that she has had on several occasions a chance to speak *well* to future Lasell girls of the school. She hopes that it may be possible for her to return to the school for a visit. We certainly join Florence in this hope.

In a recent letter to our principal Mrs. Alfred M. Wright (Edith Clara Harber '05) of



Oakland, California, writes: "I am enclosing check for \$2.00 subscription for the LASELL LEAVES—I could not get along without our school paper. Received a nice letter from Miriam Flanders '05, from Derby Line, Vermont; she is spending the winter there. She spoke of some fine visits with Helen Darling Tillinghast '05, Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, and Leslie White Alling '05. Not long ago I also received the Class letter. It is the most interesting bit of reading you can imagine and so well illustrated with the wonderful pictures of the families. We are all hoping to have a fine reunion next year, but Boston and Oakland, Cal., are far apart, and whether I can be at Lasell or not I do not know, but I am going to try the very hardest. I think Ida Jones '05, is living in Monterey, at least her wedding announcement had her address there and I sent the Class letter there. My sister, Ina M. Harber '06, wrote me that she had a visit from Marie Le Baron Andrews '06, on Marie's way West, Peking, China, being her goal and where she expects to spend a year. I hope she will stop here on her way back to America. My best regards to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee, Mademoiselle Le Royer and any one you should happen to see. Oh, yes, Miss Potter, of course. Sometimes Miss Packard visits there, does she not? I surely love them all, and just hope I can be with you next June. Very sincerely, Edith Harber Wright '05."

In addition to his regular duties, our associate principal, Mr. Towne, is giving a course of lectures on Psychology and Personality at the Young Women's Christian Association, in Boston.

Harriet Morris Kenney '18, is in New England. Now that we have actually seen her we have settled down in the full belief that our dear Harriet Morris is not only a neighbor but intends to be neighborly. She brought with her Mrs. Gertrude Farley, a niece of Mrs. Arthur Farley, of Auburndale. We were sorry that Dorothy Stewart Allen '17, could not come with Harriet, but Christmas duties prevented. We are hoping that before she returns to her home in Toledo this dear graduate will

favor us with a personal call and trust she will bring her sister Gertrude '87, with her.

Word comes to us that Josephine Florence '20, is one of the secretaries of the Lake Placid Club and those of us who have seen this wonderland among the Adirondacks congratulate Florence on her whereabouts.

Katherine Kelley '25, was made thrice glad and Lasell was honored recently in entertaining Honorable Patrick Kelley of Michigan. Wish we could have kept Mr. Kelly for a real visit. He brought delightful reports of his older daughter, Lena Kelley Stone '14, and her little family.

Phyllis Hessin '24, was here as a guest at Christmas time. She is a busy student at one of the Art Schools in New York and we wish her success in this advanced work.

Gertrude Schumaker '22, was also at our Christmas party as a guest of her sister, Dorothy '25. She seems still to belong to us in a dear and friendly way.

Miss Doris Shapleigh had a pleasant visit with her mother during the Christmas vacation.

Dr. Allen D. Albert's message at our chapel service recently has been declared by many to be the most inspirational address listened to at Lasell this year. In addition to Dr. Albert's valuable talk, we were especially interested because of his relationship to two of our most esteemed graduates, being the brother-in-law of Nell Jones Yoemans '05, and Barbara Jones Bates '14.

Mrs. Edna Christenson Beckwith 1913-15 announces the arrival of a baby girl, Gloria Emmylou, on November 21, 1924. We are also in receipt of a card telling us of the birth of a little daughter Rosamond on December 9, 1924, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harriette Newcomb McCorkindale '14. Dear little Lasell babies, your foster mother has a warm corner in her heart for you.

That was a dear message which came to us at the holiday season from Doris M. Sanborn '21; so good, in fact, that we must just give you a word or two from it. She writes, "This Holiday season makes me thankful for a great

many things. It may be that spirit which prompts me to write and wish all my Lasell friends a pleasant vacation.

"Last December I left the State Hospital in Tewksbury and started teaching school in Lowell. I am managing a cafeteria on an educational basis, a cooking class from the Girls' Vocational School, doing all of the cooking and accompanying work to serve three hundred Normal School girls. It is interesting and not too difficult. I teach two nights a week. This class is a group of student nurses from St. John's Hospital, and they are fine girls to work with. It seems so good to be at home after being away more or less for four years, but I still miss Lasell!

"One summer I attended Hyannis Normal School. This year, however, I think I will go back to Teachers' College.

"Please give my love to all of my Lasell associates and especially to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee, Miss Wright and Miss True."

Miss Mildred C. Warren '94, not only presides with grace and efficiency in her brother's home, but seems to find time for some delightful outside work. She recently gave several Travel talks describing her European experiences of last summer. Our Preceptress declared Miss Warren one of the most intelligent and delightful members of her European party. In her last note to Miss Potter she writes: "Do you remember Mrs. Charles Reade from Vancouver, one of our table mates on the return voyage? She told me that her husband was a nephew of Charles Reade the novelist, and a week ago I received from her a copy of Reade's 'Cloister and the Hearth,' with a pleasant inscription. Wasn't that nice of her?"

Rev. Mabelle H. Whitney '03, writes from North Waldoboro, Maine, that she heard our radio concert as distinctly, or at least, our Preceptress's message, as if they were in the same room.

Among other interesting items in her letter was this: "I was in Bath the first of the month taking an examination, and while there took dinner with Eleanor Percy Irish and had a

delightful time. Her husband is Mayor of Bath this year."

Mabelle closes with "Thank the Glee Club for me for their fine program tonight."

In Isabel Lummus's '24 kind note, reporting her successful hearing of the Glee Club concert and Miss Potter's message, she writes some very interesting facts about herself. First of all she has a good "trade last" for the Glee Club, for she writes: "It made me terribly homesick to hear the Glee Club singing 'In Moonlight Reposing,' but they did sing it beautifully." Isabel promises to come to Lasell soon with her former room-mate, Alice Dick. At present Alice is kept at home on account of her work, for Alice now, if you please, is a private secretary in one of the business offices of her home town. She adds, "I have seen Doris Lougee several times this fall; she spent the last week-end with me. During Saturday and Sunday we were happily engaged in recalling everything that happened during our last summer's travel abroad. Words simply cannot express how much that trip has meant and will mean to us. Both Natalie Albury and Miss Warren have kindly sent some of their snap-shots which I think mean much more than postal cards." Isabel is enjoying Boston University, especially since she has become a member of one of the fine college sororities. All of her good wishes for Lasell are warmly reciprocated.

Seraphine Mason Duma's '83, note from Lowell to Miss Potter the very night of the radio concert reports: "After listening to this evening's delightful musical program given by the Lasell girls, I felt I must sit right down and tell you how much we all enjoyed it. What fresh sweet singing voices the girls have, and they are so well trained. Dr. Dumas called up Lila, and found that she, too, was listening in. Thank you all so much for the pleasure you gave so many listeners."

Margaret K. Lonval '24, is another "Little Dove" who returned thanks in a most gracious message sent to our Preceptress, and closes that message with, "I shall always remember Lasell with the very dearest memories."



From Arlington, Massachusetts, Edith Hadley '24, writes: "I thought I would just have to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the radio program of last night. It seemed so much like 'old times,' and made me long to be back at Lasell again."

Olive Bates Dumas '10 sent word back at once to the school. "I was one of the lucky ones to be able to listen in on the good concert program that the Lasell Glee Club gave us over the air. All the voices came clear and sweet just as Lasell girls would be taught to sing. The 'Moonlight Reposing' certainly made one's heart homesick for Lasell, and I feel mine wasn't the only one so affected." /

Olive adds some very kind words concerning that "Little White Dove" Christmas card, and our Preceptress says that "she intends to share that Christmas greeting with this dear graduate."

Olive Lunny Gosse '23 also wrote: "You can't imagine how delighted I was to hear them announce that the Lasell girls were giving their concert Monday night. So Monday night I was all 'tuned in' early, as I know lots of other 'old girls' were, to hear the concert. It seemed just like old times, when in 1922, we went in to the Shepard Store to give our concert.

"How natural it seemed to be sitting there hearing you tell your 'little white doves' you were thinking of them. There are so many now scattered in all parts of the world. It is such a pleasure to be even one little piece of the great whole, and Lasell meant so much to me the one year I spent there.

"Please tell Beth Nowell I enjoyed her song very much. She was the only one I knew of the soloists.

"I am just starting a new home of my own, and if it hadn't been for my cooking with Miss Mattoon I don't believe I should be able to boil water without burning it."

She closes with sending her best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, and to Miss Potter whom she thanks for the "Christmas message which came on the air."

Miss Potter declares that she had hardly finished her talk when a telephone message came from Marjorie Lovering '22, thanking the girls for their splendid concert and the Preceptress for her Christmas Greeting. Marjorie also told of a delightful visit she recently had with Margaret Reid Perry in Margaret's home.

While still at the Edison Radio Station a telegram was received from Harriette Case congratulating the Glee Club.

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### THE TENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

Dear Editor:

In a letter which you kindly printed in 1922, I cited as the eighth "Wonder of the World" the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and as the ninth the Mission Inn at Riverside, California. Now to help your readers who may give themselves a winter vacation in Southern California (really no other trip from Chicago is comparable to that over the Santa Fe R. R. through Illinois with its corn, Kansas with its wheat, Colorado with its hills, New Mexico with its petrified forests, Cliff Dwellings and Indians, Arizona with its charming deserts and cactus, to Southern California with its flowers and palms)—That parenthesis is rather long isn't it?—to help such readers to find the best spots with the least trouble, I am taking the trouble to tell them of the tenth Wonder which is the Hotel del Coronado, which is across the bay from San Diego.

I do not retract what I wrote about the Mission Inn, but I must modify it. The Mission Inn gives the best in the world inside. It is in a class by itself, a great museum of rare curios. The Coronado the best, counting inside and outside. It is in a park of fifteen acres, crowded, yet not unduly, with rare trees, many not often found elsewhere, and beautiful flowers. The building covers acres and every bit of it is luxurious. It surrounds a patio two hundred fifty feet long and one hundred fifty feet wide, a fairy garden crowded with palms of rare sorts, bougainvillias and birds. I have visited many hotels from the North Cape to the First Cataract of the Nile,



from St. Petersburg to Peking, and there is none so fine as this. The exterior is almost grotesque. I can't imagine how its designer could have conjured it, so odd, so unlike any conventional hotel; but its variety attracts and its warm red roofs invite you as to a home. Within, extra soft carpets are a treat to the feet and wonderful woodwork (instead of plaster) is a perpetual treat to the eyes. It is a mosaic without flaw. To have stayed so perfect it must have been very costly in the building of it. It is to my mind the finest feature of the hotel. The more one looks at it the greater his admiration of it.

There is a two-story beamed and paneled lobby, a domed circular ball room eighty feet in diameter, and, I am told, a fine floor for dancing, a dining room one hundred fifty-six feet long and sixty-two feet wide, with a lofty vaulted ceiling all of the same beautiful hardwood, in panels of various designs. It is really a grand hall. The building is of wood, but has complete protection from fire by its \$100,000 installation of automatic sprinklers. Every foot from basement to roof is covered. I think it is safer than the ordinary class A of iron and cement. The fire insurance before this installation was \$3.75 per hundred. It is now 75 cents.

On one side one looks upon the Pacific Ocean, in front to the border of Mexico.

The hotel has 500 rooms. At present there are 300 guests and 300 helpers. In the "Seasons" more. To the smallest detail everything is perfect for the convenience and comfort of guests.

As one suggestion of its spaciousness, approximately five thousand electric lamps are in use, five hundred of them constantly, mostly for decoration.

The hotel owns a comely steam yacht on which every Tuesday a ride is given to its guests around the beautiful Bay of San Diego as far as Point Loma.

I could add many other interesting details if space permitted. Come and see. You will be charmed as I am!

C. C. BRAGDON.

## JOKES

Sayings heard around the halls:

"Say, Dot, do you know a word with three letters that begins with Z, and ends with X?"

"My kingdom for the right word to finish this puzzle."

"What's another word for American Ostrich with three letters?"

"If I don't finish this I'll go crazy."

"Don't ask me. I hate 'em!"

Mary: "Ted certainly is a fine fellow. He has a heart of gold."

Jane: "Yes, and I think it's so original of him to have teeth to match."

Yes, Betty, freckles are made from sitting in the shade of a screen door.

"How did you get jaundice?"

"Riding in yellow taxi cabs."

She loves she  
You are a dear  
I love a dear  
I'd love you too  
If I had a chance  
You are pretty  
And adorable, too;  
You little darling,  
I'm glad I'm you!

If it weren't for lectures school life would be great if it weren't for classes.

The superintendent of a certain zoo was on his vacation. He received the following note from his assistant: "The chimpanzee is sick. He appears to pine for a companion. We don't know what to do pending your return!"

—Brussels Tapis.

"You there, in the overalls!" shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," returned the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."—Boys' Life.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- Patty Berkson: To be quiet.  
 Helen Black: To talk less.  
 Kay Lalley: To give some one else a chance at the phone.  
 Teddy Harvey: To stay at Lasell one week-end before graduation.  
 Frances Finney: To remain calm under all exciting circumstances.  
 Jessie Matteson: To go to gym.  
 Kitty Worrall: To come down to the level with the Seniors.  
 Louise Hegeman: To keep from gaining weight.  
 Muggs Barrett: To let my hair grow.  
 Dorothy Duncan: To try a week-end at Lasell.  
 Estelle Abbott: To put down the window in the morning.

“Can you serve company?” asked the mistress.

“Yes, both ways,” replied the new maid.

“Both ways?”

“Yes, ma'am. So they'll come again or so they'll stay away.”—London Tit-Bits.

On an auto tour, Jenkins pulled up at a very old inn and ordered something to eat. While he had his meal the proprietor of the inn talked incessantly to him about the legends of the village. “Everything in the place has a story,” said he.

“Well,” said Jenkins, unkindly, “do tell me the story of this quaint old ham sandwich.”

—Turin Lattecaldo.

Little Harry: “I wish I were you, uncle.”

Uncle (who had been invited to dinner): “Why do you wish that, sonny?”

Little Harry: “Because they don't punish you when you eat with your knife.”

—Brisbane Mail.

Mrs. Albertson noticed that the colored nurse in giving the baby her morning bath would plunge the child into the tub without first testing the temperature of the water.

Fearing the baby might be scalded or badly chilled, she suggested to the nurse that she ought to use a thermometer.

“No, ma'am,” replied the nurse, “I can't read one of dem things, and anyhow I got a better way dan dat. When de little baby turns red I know de water is too hot, and when de child turns blue I knows dat it's too cold.”

—Country Gentleman.

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But she can not, oh! she can not fry an egg.

—Eleanor Lawson.

Publisher: “But what makes you think you can write popular songs?”

Embryo Lyrist: “Oh, you don't know what silly ideas I have!”—Legion Weekly.

“I liked that young fellow you were with the other night, so I asked him to dinner this evening. Told him just to drop round in his business clothes.”

“Oh, father! He's a swimming instructor.”

—Brussels Tapis.



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D. B. Knox tells some funny legal stories in his "Quotable Anecdotes." Here is one with an Irish flavor:

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New Policeman: "Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in this vicinity later on.' At that I sez—'I wish ye success, sor!'"

Magistrate (disgusted): "Yes, and he did open a jeweler's store in this vicinity and stole seventeen watches."

New Policeman (after a pause): "Begorra, yer honor, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no loiar."

Mother: "Get up, Elsie. Remember it's the early bird that catches the worm."

Elsie (drowsily): "Let him have 'em, mother. I'm not hungry."—Wiener Schnitzel.

Mother had mislaid her purse, and was searching for it high and low. She was assisted by her little daughter. Eventually the missing article was found behind a table.

"At last, here it is!" exclaimed the mother. "I wonder why it is that one always finds a thing in the last place in which one hunts?"

"I guess it's because when we find a thing we stop hunting for it," replied the child.

—Templeton Sun.

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Man (in barber-chair): "Be careful not to cut my hair too short—people will take me for my wife!"—Paris Le Quotidien.

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When the president asks for suggestions do not give any.

When appointed to a committee leave all of the work to your fellow-workers.

Put off paying your dues as long as possible, or better still, do not pay them at all.

When the thing which you have not boosted fails, go around wearing an "I-told-you-so" expression.

Oppose all measures except one; then when that is passed proceed to knock it.

Never speak in class meetings, but make it a point to talk all the time to those around you.

Criticize the efforts of your classmates to accomplish things, but never help by giving them any suggestions.

Never make or second any motion other than the motion that the meeting be adjourned; then howl because the meetings are so short.

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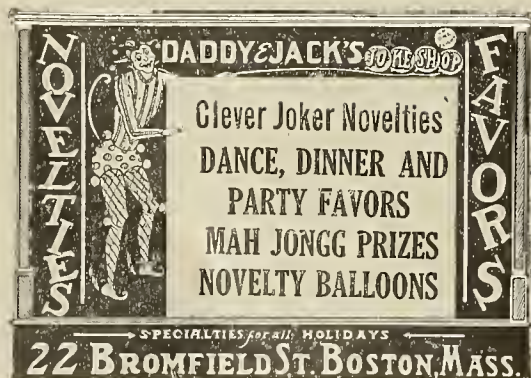
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Vol. XXXXX

No. 4

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Vol. XXXXX LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1925 No. 4

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## THE TOP BUREAU DRAWER

Snugly situated on the banks of the Potomac was great-grandmother's old manse, which was said to have been built many years before the Civil War. Every summer for generations all the younger grandchildren had spent their vacations on the farm. They fished, went swimming, played in and about the ancient barns and had what Dot called a "perfect time."

While the boys were enjoying the more boisterous forms of amusement, the little girls were content to rummage to their hearts' content among the old trunks and boxes hidden under the eaves in the attic. Untold treasures were brought to light and "Cinderella," "Red Riding Hood," "The Sleeping Beauty" and many other fairy stories were acted in their own manner of "make believe." Occasionally on rainy days the boys condescended to join their sisters and then indeed the rafters would ring with battle cries of the Civil War, the imaginary battles being fought with as much vigor and enthusiasm as great-grandfather had shown in that memorable struggle for freedom.

It was on one of these occasions that Dick, the eldest, suddenly brought his rusty sword to the floor with a crash, a signal for the siege to cease, and cried, "Say, Dot, what's in that old bureau hidden in the dark corner? We've never opened it."

"Ugh," replied Dot, "it looks awfully spooky. You can open it. I'll be ready to run when the mice pop out. There's always rats and mice in those old things."

Unabashed, Dick advanced under the admiring glances of his younger sisters, spurs

clattering and the blue army coat dragging far behind him. After an unsuccessful tug at the reluctant drawer, Bill came to his assistance and with their combined efforts the drawer was slowly being jerked open when grandma appeared with a plate of gingersnaps in her hand. Smiling, she began to speak, but at the sight of the partially opened drawer, dropped cookies, plate and all, and rushed forward, slamming it shut. With face very pale and with hands and voice trembling, she begged the children to ask no questions, but never, never to reopen the drawer. Aghast and frightened, the children still in their "make believe clothes" silently filed downstairs.

That evening grandma to all appearances was her old jolly self again, but so great an impression had been made on the children that no desire came to them even to play in the old attic.

The children are men and women now. Grandmother died with the mystery locked in her heart and in later years when Dick returned with the purpose of hunting up the bureau, he found it had been sold to an antique shop. "So," said auntie, looking into the eager little faces about her, "we still are in ignorance of your great-great-grandmother's secret."

—Barbara Cushing.

## THE TYPHOON

At last my heart's desire was to be granted. My aunt and uncle had asked me to go with them on their trip to Europe.

Just before setting out on my journey to far lands a very dear friend of mine gave me



a charm, and with an expression of sweet earnestness on her face she said, "Take this, dear, and keep it with you always. It is a charm to guard your life on ocean voyages."

I took it and laughed at her for being so superstitious, but nevertheless to please her I wore it around my neck. I never thought of it again until my trip across the Indian Ocean.

I had crossed the Atlantic and gone through the Mediterranean Sea, and stopped at Cairo, Egypt. From there I was to go down through the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. We engaged passage on the "Rolling Rosetta." It was called "Rolling Rosetta" on account of the broad rolling bottom—the kind of ship built especially to weather typhoons, which were very common in the Indian Ocean.

The second day out was a little cloudy, but not alarmingly so. While we were eating lunch one of the sudden storms of the Indian Ocean came up and the sea was lashed into fury. All at once I had a feeling of sinking, sinking, and with one accord every one left the dining room and went to strap themselves in their bunks.

Well, I knew the meaning of that sinking feeling. I was in a typhoon. Oh, how sick, alone and small I felt. I remembered the Captain boasting of how his "Rolling Rosetta" had weathered many typhoons, and I prayed that it would weather this one.

It was then that I remembered my charm, and taking it into my hands, I recalled how I had laughed when it was given to me. All the rest of that day and far into the night the typhoon lasted. Every minute I expected would be my last on earth, but at last the storm was over.

When we at last landed in Bombay I certainly was glad to set my feet on terra firma.

Long afterwards I heard that the "Rosetta" went down in the very next trip with hundreds of people on board.

Charms may be superstitious, but I have treasured mine ever since.

*Kathrine Whittaker.*

## SUNDAES AT LASELL

"Who wants a sundae?"

"I do." . . . "I do." . . . "I do, too!"

"So do I . . . won't some one listen to me?"

"How many is that?"

"Seven—no nine—three more? Then that makes twelve."

"Do any of you out there want sundaes?"

"I should say so! Don't forget me, for heaven's sake. I'm pining for something to eat!"

"Oh, this is awful. I never can count you all."

"All the fudges get over on this side and the butterscotches by the piano."

"I'm supposed to be two butterscotches."

"I'm three fudges and one chocolate ice cream."

"Will you fudges stop walking around so I can count you? Quick, there go two butterscotches out the door!"

"All right, you're all counted—wait—don't forget to bring your money down at 8:30."

Telephone Operator—"Twelve marshmallow and fudge sundaes, four with pecans and eight with almonds, one pint of chocolate ice cream, and three marshmallow sundaes with nuts. No, twelve fudges—not butterscotches, only three butterscotches with almonds."

Later—Voice from above.

"Hey, have those sundaes come yet?"

"No," I said, "not until 8:30."

"Take my money down, will you?"

"Here's for two more."

"Here he comes, hurry everybody."

"First come, first served."

"Which is fudge and almonds?" "Ah, I've got a marshmallow—here, change with me."

"Girls, will you please give me your money; the boy is waiting."

"But how much are they?" "What's the price on the fudge-pecan?"

"We only have \$5.37 here and we should have \$7.50." "I'm paying for eighteen."

"Now we have it, sorry I can only give you nickels and quarters, boy, is that all right?"

And the boy staggered out.

## AN "IF" FOR LASELL.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

*IF* as the dawn breaks o'er the hilltop,  
 You start each bright, new, sunny day with trust,  
 And feel each hour is spent toward winning  
 The great goal for which you feel "I must";  
*IF* you can bear to see your friends before you  
 Fall down as on a battle line,  
 And stoop to earth to help them in their troubles  
 With words so gentle, ever soft and kind.

*IF* you can work and spend your days in worry,  
 And try to gain a step two inches high  
 And see your classmate seize your honored triumph,  
 And give it her without a single sigh;  
*IF* you can love, yes, truly love in friendship,  
 And cast aside the unreal, false word "CRUSH"  
 And make your friendships mean more than the  
 surface,  
 Discard the average boarding-school girl's mush.

*IF* you can study daily with your teachers,  
 And make them feel down deeply in their hearts  
 That in your hard life's occupations  
 They hold a sacred, honored part;  
*IF* you can do each day, straight, honest, fighting,  
 In books, in sports, in idle hours of play,  
 And say as twilight draws upon you,  
 I've made the utmost of my day.

*IF* you can pray in thoughtful, silent reverence  
 To that great Master over us who keeps  
 A watch so faultless, ever all endearing,  
 And in whose home immortals shall not sleep;  
*IF* you hold faith in HIM in face of danger,  
 No matter who may laugh your name to scorn,  
 In Bethlehem a star is shining o'er you,  
 In a tiny Inn, a new LASELL is born.  
 —Virginia D. Amos.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A  
VALENTINE

My life began when a man took a pen and wrote a little verse. His wife, who had been sitting on the arm of his chair, laughed and went out of the room. When she came back again she had a box of paints with her. She drew a picture of many red hearts and a little girl and boy, then the verse was put in the middle, and I was sent away to be printed.

After the agony of printing, and the rush and roar of the shop was over, I was sent to a very "exclusive" shop, where I stayed under the counter until about two weeks before Val-

entine's day, when I was put out for every one to look at me.

For a long time I lay there, wishing, oh, so hard, for some one to like me enough to buy me. When a girl came in and exclaimed upon seeing me, "Just the thing for Eve Langley! It would never do for Marion, but for Eve, perfect!" I was thrilled with delight, for I was so young then that I didn't know that it was not complimentary to use that tone of voice.

When I reached Eve's home, a pretty, sad-faced girl, with a drooping mouth that tried so hard to smile, opened my envelope and smiled queerly. "Alicia Woutfort is only giving the knife another turn in reminding me of a life that is gone. Nevertheless it is a pretty card and valentines cost money." A long time later I learned that her adored father had gone to France to fight for the right; he had come back, but only his body, for all that had been red and vital lay dead in Flanders. Since his return the doctors had tried to mend him, and Eve had spent all of her money hunting for her real father.

Sighing softly, Eve looked at the envelope and directed it to Mr. Robert Dudley. He proved to be a nice young man whose frank blue eyes laughed and twinkled all the time. He liked me a lot and a bit of sadness came into his face at the thought of the sender. He started to put me away, but stopped, thinking out loud, "It is far prettier than anything I can find and the verse will please her." So I was looked at again, directed in a scrawly hand to Miss Enid Alexander. On my back he wrote, "From one who loves you dearly." (It makes you feel queer to carry a message like that on your back, but it gave me a nice prickly feeling in all of my hearts.)

It was late in the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day when I reached a pretty town. As the mail man took me out of his bag I saw that the snow lay white while the setting sun flooded it with rubies. In the doorway of the cottage stood a tiny girl in whose golden hair the sunbeams stayed. Her lips curved in a happy smile when she saw the writing on my



latest envelope, and when she opened, and looked at my back, she blushed and a strange, new light shone in her eyes.

Late that night when Enid came in, radiant from her Valentine dance, she saw me where I had been left on her dressing table, and smiled happily.

When she had turned out the light and stood by the window in the moonlight with her hair tumbling about her shoulders in short curls, she kissed me,—I had never been kissed before,—and blew a fairy kiss to Bob Dudley. Now we are in bed and I am under her cheek; it's getting rather warm and I can feel myself wrinkle; tomorrow I won't be as pretty as I was today. Oh, dear, I'm suffocating! Anyway, I hope Eve will find the happiness that Enid and Bob have found.

*Kate Louise Potter.*

### LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Little Jimmie sat on the porch steps, his head in his hands, gazing straight before him with sad, unseeing eyes at the beautiful scene which gay autumn had painted for his delight. The lovely picture held nothing for poor Jimmie; he was in the depths of black despair. And it is true that he had just cause for his misery. That morning after he had gone with the fellows to practise football, his favorite uncle had come for him, bearing glad news; his grandfather had sent word that Jimmie was to return with his uncle to the farm for the week-end. Oh, the joys that the country held for Jimmie! And here he sat, bemoaning his cruel fate. By and by his eyes became dreamy; he was mentally experiencing each separate pleasure that the glorious vacation would have held for him. First of all he pictured the delightful ride to the farm with his uncle, who, after they had escaped the watchful eyes of Jimmie's mother, could be easily persuaded to let his young charge manage the car. Then next he pictured his arrival, his indulgent grandparents, eager that he should enjoy his holiday. Grandmother always placed a jar of his favorite cookies on

the pantry shelf, near the door; and grandfather, although Jimmie came quite often, never failed to show him again all the interesting things about the farm. He was happy just watching his excited grandson. But best of all was his very own pony, which his grandfather had given him. He was picturing himself riding joyously down the country path upon Nixon's back, pretending he was a knight of old setting out for battle. Oh, the worlds he conquered, and his glorious returns! Still fearless and brave, he'd come back only to his king for blessings, for, as yet, no lady fair had entered into any of young Jimmie's dreams.

Suddenly coming out of his day dream, he groaned again and finally gave vent to his suppressed longing in a violent mutter: "Why'd I ever go with the fellows this morning, anyway? All this good time's been lost and just for an old game." Poor Jimmie! His thoughts turned to the grim old saying, "Opportunity knocks but once," and his gloom became blacker than ever as he sullenly settled down to the comfortless belief that Fate had it in for him.

He had been sitting in this state of abject misery for some time when finally he heard the tinkle of the telephone. Now, as he was the only person at home, he was well aware that he should run and answer it. But still Jimmie sat listening to the insistent ringing. "Let the old thing ring," he muttered, for by this time he had reached that state of mind where he rather enjoyed his misery and disliked the idea of anything interfering with it.

Had he only known what you and I know! It was his uncle, trying a last time to find him and take him back to the farm! Little did he imagine the great joy he would have had, had he only answered the bell. But he didn't answer it. On the contrary, there he sat, miserable and alone, bemoaning this great, golden opportunity which he had lost. Sighing frequently, he said to himself again and again, "If I'd only had another chance! If I only had returned a little sooner!"

Little did Jimmie realize that on that fateful day "Dame Fortune" had once more called



at his door and had again found him not at home.

*Betty Thomas.*

---

### THE SNOW

Hurrah for the snow, the whirling snow!  
As it eddies and tosses high and low.  
Falling listless in quiet ways  
Where the crumbling, roughstone pavement  
lays.

Then in the open, dashing on  
To the fierce shriek of the East wind's song;  
The Spirit of Winter plays to and fro,  
Within that tossing, whirling snow.

Hurrah for the snow, the drifting snow!  
See how the white clouds come and go,  
Sweeping across yon open space,  
Rioting in the market place;  
Then over against the old stone wall  
It piles its spectral arches tall,  
Glistening white the figures grow,  
'Neath the magic touch of the drifting snow.

Hurrah for the snow, the blinding snow!  
Tingling our cheeks to a ruddy glow,  
Meeting us boldly, face to face,  
Covering our garments with melting lace.  
Yonder it blows, sweeping far out to sea,  
And it ne'er will return to you, or to me;  
The wild winds carry it whither they go  
A thickening veil of blinding snow.

Farewell to the snow, the passing snow;  
The wind breathes soft, the flakes fall slow,  
Across the hills the moonbeams gleam,  
In silence over the ghostly scene.  
The snow is King; its mantle white  
Enfolds the earth on the winter night;  
The whispering pines sing faint and low  
A requiem for the passing snow.

*Tommie Thompson.*

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### THE LURE OF THE LAMPS

It is evening. As we pass down the street before the rows of silent houses on either side we glance in at the windows. What is it that first draws our attention? Is it the curtains or draperies? Is it even the Christmas

wreaths that hang cheerfully from the sill? No, it is the lamp, the bright, glowing, cozy lamp, that sends out to us its smile of light and hospitality.

There are lamps and lamps; but from the higher order, with gorgeously painted and colorful shades, down to the humblest of common oil lamps, there is a charm that attracts us, a lure that cannot be denied. Even as we pass on our way homeward, how welcome are the lighted domes of the street lamps, ever ready to cheer and guide any wayfarer to safety, a foe to all prowling mischief-makers and evil-doers. Have you ever stood before a store window wherein are displayed a whole array of really beautiful lamps? It is one of the most fascinating sights imaginable. But we find time to pause here only a few minutes before continuing toward home. How comforting is the welcome which shines from its windows. As we enter we see the family seated about the lamp, the evening center of the home. This light, too, is cozy and gentle and soft, how good it makes us feel to snuggle safely around its warm cheeriness, and enjoy a book. What an atmosphere of contentment here encircles the comfortable group. After all, what is a home without a lamp, and what is a lamp without a shade? A quiet corner wherein shines an artistically shaded lamp, with warm colors and softened light,—there is a lure that is unfailing; whereas a room devoid of this charm is desolate and cheerless.

Perhaps one reason for this fairy spell of light and color is the element of symbolism behind and in these things. Street lamps, reading lamps, lamps for general illumination merely, and our beloved old student-lamps, made doubly dear by long association,—one and all stand not alone for light and guidance, but for beauty in form and color, and sometimes for treasured memories.

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### MY TRIP TO AMERICA

April was the date set for my leaving China, and of course everybody was teasing me as being a fool, or likely to become one. But on

account of its being late in starting from this country, the boat did not leave Shanghai, China, until on the third of April. As the steamer was rather too big to come in the port, we had to be transferred by a smaller boat. At exactly half past three on April 3, 1924, I set out with about a hundred or more people, mostly Americans and foreigners. All my classmates, friends and relatives came to see me off. I tried to be brave and smile, while we were waiting for the boat to move. Friends and relatives gave lots of advice and greetings, but all the time I felt as if I were in a dream; I never realized what I was doing until I was actually in America; because all was so sudden; the decision had been made within two months.

Now the deck was filled with people, and I was busily engaged in bidding my farewell to everybody, when the whistle blew. I could not describe how I felt then; I only knew that I was going to a far and strange land, alone to struggle and to seek. I tried hard to avoid my mother, because if I saw her I would never have the heart to leave her. My father, aunt, brother and sister came to help me get settled on the large boat. The rooms and parlors on the "Pres. McKinley" are all comfortable and beautifully decorated. My room was sort of a "Hot House" when I just got in, but it stayed like that for only a few days, for the room was too hot for the dainty flower.

Just for the fun of it I went to a fortune teller a week or so before I left home, and asked him whether it was favorable or not for me to go on the voyage. He said the journey would not be very peaceful. Of course it was all nonsense, but I was sort of worried. In fact, several of my more superstitious friends urged me to postpone the journey. I would not do so, for everything was settled for me to come. Nothing serious did happen, except that one night the water pipes in the bathroom next to our stateroom were out of order. My friend forgot to turn the faucet, so in the middle of the night the water came pouring in our room and drenched everything in our

trunks. We were so sound asleep that we did not hear it until it almost reached our beddings. Luckily only a few things were spoiled, but then, it sure was some bad luck.

Whether it was Mothersill's Seasick remedy that I took before I got on the boat and after that made me a good sailor I do not know. I was sick for only one day, but then, of course, the sea was sort of calm. The first two days on the boat were rather lonesome and quiet; if it were not for Dr. Yui's family and another friend, I should have felt real lost to the world. On the third day out we reached Kobe. Dr. Yui, who is the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of China, has many friends in Japan. So several Japanese Y. M. C. A. officers came and took us through the nearby places, as our stay was short. The next day we reached Yokohama, and there we saw nothing but ruins. All the beautiful buildings that used to greet tourists are only broken stones now. Of course, the first thing we did was to go to a real Chinese restaurant. I never before had enjoyed my native dishes so much, for I had not tasted Chinese food for three whole days.

After we left Japan we were on the boat for entirely eleven days without stopping at any place. Life on the boat was quite pleasant, for we had several kinds of games in the daytime and dancing and movies every night. (Except Sunday, when a sort of concert was given.)

On the sixteenth of April we reached Victoria and went sightseeing for two hours or so. The next morning we reached Seattle. Before we landed we had to pass the doctor's examinations; it sounds serious, but it was not so bad. We merely stood in line while the doctor just passed along and looked at us.

My other friend, Mrs. Mei, was one of the delegates from China to attend the World's Y. W. C. A. Conference at New York. So the Y. W. C. A. friends looked after us, too.

My father belongs to the same Rotary Club as the General Agent of the Great Northern Railroad, so he took great care in putting me



on the train, and did everything to make my trip pleasant. On the twentieth morning we arrived in Chicago, where I called up one of my old schoolmates who was studying in the Chicago University. I stayed in Chicago for two days, seeing quite a bit of the city.

All my friends left me now. Dr. Yui's family settled in Seattle; Mrs. Mei went to New York. If it had not been for my friend I made on the boat I would again have been alone. As she was coming to Springfield I had company so far. After Springfield, however, I was really alone on the train. Although I telegraphed my guardian to meet me at the station, I was not sure whether he would get the telegram or not. Where in the world could I go? Of course, I have other friends in Boston, but then, they were not expecting me and I did not know anything about the routes and streets. So I worried myself until I reached Boston, and was met by my guardian and his second daughter. Thus ended my trip to America.

Many were my impressions and admirations of the country. Although China now is much like this country, especially Shanghai, where I came from, we have most everything this country has, so it is not so strange to see all the things. But then often once in a while I see some things that I have never seen before.

My friends in this country have all treated me so nice and, as a whole, Americans have been very friendly to me, so that I am sure my short stay here would prove to be very cheerful and worth while. I wish to do my best. If any of my friends should go to my country, I am sure my country would extend her most cordial welcome.

*Violet Baytsung Han.*

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### THE "RIPS"

The sky was steely gray. A penetrating mist filled the salt air. From the east came a breeze that promised a storm at nightfall. The sea was gray green and sinister. Waves tossed in restless anxiety.

We were a party of twenty in a small fishing smack, seven miles off the coast of Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod. That morning, little guessing what the weather might be, we made up our fishing party and commandeered a trustworthy sea cap'n and his small craft. We had started off in the best of spirits and not too warmly clad. The misty weather had come on us gradually, and interested in "our catch," we had not realized how chilled we were. Suddenly our captain turned his weather-beaten face toward the east.

"Look thar," he said.

A huge fog bank loomed high overhead, and a quick wind shook our craft. We needed little persuasion, for we realized that a storm was near, so we turned toward home. We all huddled closer, and drew our wraps about us, for it was a twelve-mile trip home in a storm!

Ten miles across the Sound from Martha's Vineyard lay home—Falmouth Heights. Home! The thought warmed us. But—between home and us lay the "Rips"—a narrow strip, a half mile wide by ten miles long, where the two currents of the tides cross and form a dangerous passage, where small boats are often wrecked. No man has been known to swim through it. It is a series of whirlpools and mixed currents. The air above it is cold and damp.

As we entered the "Rips," the fog closed down around us and we heard a loud roar of thunder. We all shivered and cried out to hurry faster. Suddenly a shout from the captain made us start. In the noise and crash of the wind we could not hear him, but we followed his gaze. Hard by to starb'd, about forty feet away, lay a crippled fishing smack, dipping and twisting helplessly in the "Rips." Her mast was split and dragged to port in the water. As we drew closer we noticed that the sail was badly torn; two whiskey bottles were tossing on the floor; a book and crackers; two pairs of black stockings were thrown beside two coats; blood was spattered all over the port side of the craft. At sight of the blood



we all cried out in horror! Could there have been a drunken brawl? A murder? Crippled mast, empty bottles, blood—what could have happened? Headed for sea in the rushing, out-going tide, against storm and wind, she would not have endured it long.

We were hushed at this scene of tragedy, but our captain was not long in acting. He fastened the broken schooner to our stern and we had soon picked up speed when a flash of lightning announced a rain that lasted for forty-eight hours, that wrecked two coal barges in the very sound where we were and that flooded several inland rivers. A cloudburst swept over us, borne on an enraged wind. We were swerved badly from our path, for the "Rips" was angry and eager to engulf us. More than one of us grew anxious. Some one tried to sing, but all in vain. One of the girls started to cry. We were tired, hungry, chilled to the marrow; home lay ahead of us seven miles; our motor was practically powerless against the "Rips"; and we towed a boat in which had occurred—a murder? Horrible!

Lightning again? No, this time it was not lightning, but a steady glow from a huge hulk off port. The searchlight poured over us, and a large yacht bore down on us. We were overjoyed, for here was aid when we were actually in need of it. The "Rips" was crashing over us and we were soaked to the skin. We drew alongside. The yacht's skipper came aboard and told us the story. His master's two sons, aged twelve and fourteen, for a lark had taken their father's fishing smack, loaded her with old bottles of water and crackers and were going out for a sail without their parent's knowledge of it. The mast broke in the wind, for they could not manage it, and finding themselves helplessly drifting to sea with a storm coming on they attempted to swim across the "Rips" two miles to Martha's Vineyard. The younger boy wrote a message on the side of the boat with his blood. They stripped themselves and attempted what no one has ever accomplished. It so happened that a fisherman was coming in and found the

two struggling. One boy was overcome, and the other barely able to identify himself. Their folks were soon notified and came in search of them.

"There they are," the skipper chuckled, "too tired to talk. Their father sure gave 'em a lickin. Well, they'll never do that agin. Much obliged for pickin' up the smack. Hang to and we'll tow you ashore."

Were we relieved? With our engine wheezing and coughing, we were only too grateful for the offer. We cried, some of us, for sheer joy. And we were glad, so glad, that there had been no murder. And those two poor little boys—how their mother must have worried!

And yet, what a story we'd have had to tell, had our crippled schooner been the scene of a true murder. Can you just imagine how our imaginations ran loose? And yet, how wonderful that the fisherman arrived just in time to save two lives! Well, after all, the day had been kind.

And ahead of us—home! Barely discernible through the downpour we could see the lights of the shore, gleaming like stars. Needless to say, we arrived safely and were soon warm by a fireside and partaking of food.

When we profusely poured forth our thanks to the yacht's skipper he laughed and shouted against the wind to us—"Don't forget, friends, you helped us, and doesn't one good turn deserve another?"

*Dorothy Messenger.*

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## AN EARLY EXPERIENCE

As I look back upon my life, I feel that I have led rather a peaceful existence by way of adventure, and yet there are a few occasions that stand out clearly in my mind, and which, I believe, I shall never quite forget. There is one experience which is as vivid to me today as it was on the morning on which it occurred. To my listener it will, no doubt, sound rather unexciting, but to me, when telling it, even now, it brings the same thrill that I felt that other day so long ago.

When I was only a small girl our family began to go to a lake in Michigan for the summer months every year. It was with great delight that my brother—only a few years older than I—and my cousin—my elder by some ten years—all looked forward to this pleasant vacation. My father could only come down for the week-ends, so mother started out with the three of us. We arrived at Traverse Lake one beautiful morning in June, and everything was just as we expected it to be—the cozy little cottage, and the beautiful blue lake, and oh! how anxious we all were to get into our bathing suits, and to get into the water. We had looked forward to this time ever since school closed. But—our trunks had not come, and we had to go to the little station, and give the expressman directions as to where to bring them. We all happily started out to do it right away.

We did not know where the station was located, as we had driven from the nearest city to the Lake, so we asked a man, and we found that the station was in a most peculiar place, and that we “must follow a little by-road, cross a trestle, descend a hill,” and then we could not possibly miss our destination. With these directions, we four started our hunt.

We were all very happy at just being alive, and we took great delight in following the old man’s directions, which, though rather vague, proved to be quite simple to follow out. As we came out of the woods we found that we must follow the railroad tracks for a distance, and so—in single file we walked until at last we came to the long trestle of which the man had spoken. It was rather a dangerous place, in that it was only as wide as the tracks allowed, with huge boards running cross-wise, and large spaces in between, through which we could see the water as it passed over the rocks. As we reached this place we all stopped; none of us wanted to be the first to cross. But after looking carefully in both directions, though a curve prevented us from seeing very far in one direction, we decided that there was no train coming, and we all started out, one behind the other. We dared

not look down for fear of getting dizzy, and so we went on, holding on to the hand of the one in front of us, and carefully watching our steps. We had reached the middle of the trestle, and all was well, when suddenly a loud noise made us stop. Could it be the shrill whistle of a train from beyond the curve—no—not possibly, but there was the smoke. What should we do? Mother, in her terror for all of us, stood still and said that she could not move, while my brother and I stopped, too—not realizing our danger and not quite knowing what to do. And all the time the train was drawing nearer and nearer—and if we did not get off the trestle, we would either be crushed by the engine or be thrown down onto the rocks below, for there was not space for a single person at the side of the tracks.

And there we stood, all of us, seemingly frozen with terror. Mother kept repeating that she dared not move lest she catch her foot, but begged my cousin to get Bobby and me safely over. This Ruth could not do, leaving mother behind, and for a moment she, too, was silent, but only for a moment, for as we looked the engine of the fast train came tearing around the curve. In a moment it would be upon us—for we were only as tiny specks to the engineer—and here we stood as if glued to the spot. But this was not to be our fate, for at this moment Ruth grabbed mother by the hand and fairly pulled her over space, called to Bobby and myself to hurry and follow, and before we knew what had happened we were flying over those boards and were hurrying down the hill at the side of the tracks, just as the train went flying by over our heads.

Safe! oh, how wonderful is life! We all gathered together and soon we were all weeping, not through sorrow, but through our great thankfulness at being safe and together!

And so ended this experience, but not in memory, for it will always be with me as vividly as that day, and I will never forget what the presence of mind of one girl did for us.

*Betty Saxton.*



## ON CHESAPEAKE BAY

June week at the Academy was over and the summer now stood ahead of us. Minerva (my darling buddy) and I were in Washington, D. C., and rather expected to stay there the whole season. But we came very nearly spending the rest of our summer in a rather unlively place and condition, namely at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay.

A part of the Academy's crew stayed home from the cruise to try out for the Olympics. We were invited to go on a sailing party with two members of the crew. Mother consented, provided I took an early train for home, and stopped with the Farrell's while I was there. We arrived in Annapolis about noon, and took a nice lunch, and with the sun beaming down on us set out for an afternoon sail.

There is a lighthouse just two miles out from the mainland, in the neck of an inlet, and for that we aimed and to it we steered our course. Well, we were talking and gazing at the sea when we found that an hour or two had passed, and we were about a stone's throw from the lighthouse which marked a dangerous sand-bar, when—suddenly—a crash of thunder; a summer thunder storm was coming. A gale blew up and we were rocked from side to side. The four of us were ready for the worst, when we looked at the blackness of the clouds, as well as the situation. The first thing we did was to try to get a steady course with the wind for shore. When crash! the rudder broke; what could be worse? The means for steering was gone; we were being blown from side to side. We lowered the sails in order to stop the constant dipping of water on board. This was work. The ship dipped about a foot of water in the process. Then finally we succeeded in getting the sails down and reefed. But our difficulties were only beginning, for the wind was now forcing the waves about ten feet over the bow of the ship. The spray was cold and we girls began to get blue and numb. We were both swimmers, and we thought that we had better try to swim ashore, as a last resort to safety. But when we looked at the size of the waves, considered the fact that we

were now almost in ocean waters and were fully clothed, it was puzzling to know what to do.

A calm came, we got down in the ship and there we were, cold, wet and panic stricken. The boys had worked so hard to keep the ship in its course that they were hardly able to speak. None of us said a word, then everything went black before me. I was in a faint. I do not know what happened, but later I came to and found that I was being rubbed, hand and foot, by the mate of a small steamship, which had been sent out from shore by the "Rene—Mercides," the prison ship. I was blue and rather weak and there I was in the bottom of this very dirty steamer on my way to shore. I was carried to Carvel Hall Hotel and tucked in bed, as was Minerva also. There we stayed, and it seemed an hour before I could coax up strength enough to ask her how she felt. We were both well over that terrible day when we reached home. There we found that the storm had uprooted trees, blown down houses and that the Potomac had overflowed in places. These were some of the echoes of the Ohio tornado which rent the city of Lorraine on the fourth of July.

*Catherine Worrall.*

## INDOOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Just to show you that we Woodland Park Lasell girls are athletic, let me tell you this story.

We had just come up from dinner one night, all feeling exceptionally fine. Above the landing on the second floor on the staircase is the ordinary railing. About four feet above this is the third floor corridor with its three-foot railing. Several of the exceedingly nimble girls, with nice full skirts, conceived the bright idea of making all the girls who came up the stairs climb this "cliff." It was quite a difficult feat, and I can assure you I became one of the ever-increasing gallery. Indeed Helen Smith, in spite of her tight skirt, showed her ability as a steeple-jack. Erna Schmidt also

*(Continued on page 17)*





### THE EDITOR

The Editor, she sits around  
And wonders what to write;  
She's got to think up something good,  
That will not start a fight.

The Editor, she wants the dope,  
She wants the news and stuff;  
Most any little joke will do,  
Just so it's not too rough.

Promotions, transfers, and the like,  
And what's become of "Jimmie,"  
For anything original  
Why say his name is "Gimmie."

The Editor, she sits around  
And wonders what to write,  
She looks for news the whole day long  
And prays for it at night.

So won't you help the Editor  
With contribution stuff?  
Give all the newsy news  
Until she cries, "Enough!"

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### EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

Does a half an hour make a lot of difference? We answer, Yes, when it is a positive half hour. But listen, in the case of light cuts does it make much difference? At least ten minutes is spent in settling down after "lights out" bell rings. Then you sit down to do the extra studying and before you know it fifteen minutes has slipped around, and it is time to put the lights out, open your window, and hop into bed.

Suppose that we change the "light cut" hour to eleven o'clock. Is this sensible? We then shall have ten minutes to settle down after "lights out" bell, and five minutes to jump into bed, besides an hour for studying, which a girl really needs if she needs a "light cut" at all.

### TO MY ROOM-MATE

Room-mate, you wonder,  
I've looked the world over,  
To find me a girl that rings true.  
There are none near or far  
Who could come up to par,  
So I wonder!

Room-mate, you wonder  
How could life go under?  
With some one to live for  
Like you.  
I'm just here to dare  
Tho' life be a fair,  
So I wonder!

Room-mate, you wonder  
If, in life you ponder  
O'er trials that come in the way;  
Just say  
There is some one who loves me,  
Who will always come to me,  
So don't wonder!

—Catherine M. Worrall.

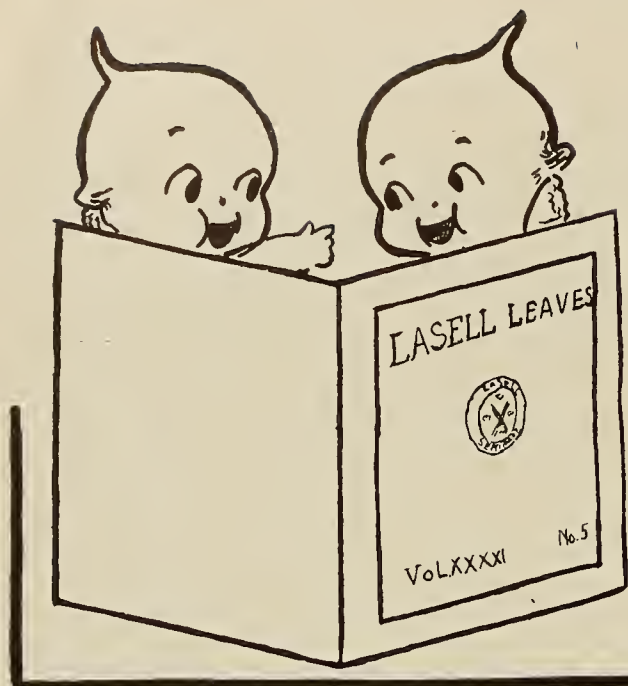
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### INDOOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

(Continued from page 16)

joined the "climber's club." After every climber succeeded she was greeted by a loud applause from the gallery. Very fitting, was it not, for such "human flies"? I think a great deal of credit should be given to "Tex." Handicapped by a very tight skirt and confused by the shouts of the gallery, she gallantly assailed the "cliff." Repulsed several times, she finally succeeded in gaining the top rail. In the meanwhile Mary Horton had also reached the rail. As she climbed over she was greeted by Miss Roop, very indignant, and the shrieks of the gallery. I can't imagine why Miss Roop was indignant, but perhaps she didn't appreciate the heroic efforts of the "rail birds."

A Woodland Parker.



# LOCALS



January 11—Dr. George S. Butters was the speaker at our Vesper service and has kindly allowed our Lasell girls the privilege which he has granted his students at Boston University Theological School, of calling him “Daddy” Butters. His talks are always fine and helpful. As one of the younger girls exclaimed, “He makes us feel each time gooder and gooder.”

Lasell girls will not soon forget Dr. Henry W. Poor’s lecture on “British Isles” January sixteenth. As usual, his lecture was beautifully illustrated and expressed in such unique terms that we all made up our minds then and there to visit Great Britain.

On the evening of the sixteenth our opening Christian Endeavor Meeting was led by Martha Fish, president of the Student Council, who urged us not to be stagnant pools, but life-giving fountains, constantly refreshing those about us. Beth Nowell contributed to this interesting meeting with a song.

Our girls are always delighted when they hear that our Vesper speaker is to be Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt of Brookline. He chose for his subject a lesson from the Old Testament, the friendship between Jonathan and David, especially emphasizing the unselfishness of David, which was based, as all unselfishness is, upon the great love for his friend.

On January 22, Grace Wilder, secretary of the junior class, had for her subject at the Christian Endeavor meeting “Face Life Squarely.” Our girls understood that she knew what she was talking about, that it describes her own life. Music was furnished by Beth Nowell, who sang an appropriate hymn.

Dr. Elmer Leslie of Boston University was our speaker at Vespers on January 25, giving us a fine, helpful message on “Making the Most of Life.” Helen Black’s subject at Christian Endeavor, January 30, was “Faith and Trustworthiness.” Her own life illustrates her message. Margaret Anderson played a beautiful selection on the piano.

Dr. Henry F. Keever, our school physician, gave us a very practical and much-needed talk at the lecture hour on January 30, urging us to obey the laws which good health demands—eat regularly and temperately and be as much as possible in the open and not forget that “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”

February 1—The Missionary Society held its first Campfire in the Gymnasium, Helen Albert, president, in charge. It was a kind of homey and informal service, the girls being grouped around the open fire and listened with sincere interest to Mrs. William B. Oliver, secretary of the Interdenominational Committee on Migrant Work. Mrs. Oliver not only understands how to interest girls, but evidently



loves her subject and spoke most touchingly of the needs of little children who are underfed and working over hours in the canning factories and berry and beet fields of the Southern States. Her pictures helped to make the needs of these little children very real.

### THE ECLIPSE

To get up at three o'clock in the morning is an unusual thing for any girl, but for a Lasell girl it is almost unheard of. However, on January 24 it was rumored that a very unusual event was to happen, and about 150 girls rose admirably to the occasion. It did not take long to dress that morning—some of the girls were still dreaming of a bathing party in Iceland when they arrived at Main Building for breakfast at 3:30. There were no street lights and it was a test of memory to be able to follow the accustomed path to the station. At 4:10 we were glad to hear the whistle of the train, and soon we were on our way to see a phenomenon which will not be viewed by New Englanders again for three hundred years—the eclipse of the sun.

The trip to New London was one which only a group of girls who know each other very well could make it. At the station we were met by special trolleys, which carried us to the Connecticut Woman's College, an excellent point of observation because of its location on the summit of a high hill. All of us were provided with smoked glasses, without which it was impossible to look at the sun.

We arrived at the College at about 8:30, and looking through the glasses, could see the moon already beginning its journey across the sun. As the totality of the eclipse drew nearer, the shadow became longer, and a strange light was cast over everything. Just as suddenly as if some one had switched off an electric light the sun was totally eclipsed, and it could be viewed by the naked eye. At this moment a sound, as if a thousand persons had with one accord caught their breath in awe at some beautiful sight, could be heard, and for the next several minutes not a sound. The spectacle presented

the appearance of a huge black ball, surrounded by a glorious halo, in a blue sky. The splendor of the phenomenon was heightened by the appearance of three unusually large and bright stars. The mountains in the distance were purple, and the sky just above them was a deep orange. As suddenly as before a small crescent of brilliant sunlight appeared, and the spell of awe and wonder was broken. As it grew larger the spectators began to disappear, and soon there were left just a few who wished to see the moon's shadow pass entirely from the sun.

The same trolleys which had met us at the station took us back to the train, and by 12 o'clock we were on our way back to Auburn-dale, after having viewed the most awe-inspiring spectacle that probably any of us had ever seen.

*Jessie Matteson.*

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

December 14—Dr. Edward Payson Drew was our speaker at our Christmas Vesper Service. Thirty of our "old girls" returned for this service and, carrying lighted candles, formed an aisle through which the present-day students passed singing "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen" as a processional. The following program was given, Dr. Drew leading the service:

Christmas lesson—Dr. Drew

Carol—"Christmas Day is here," Woodland Park Chorus

Prayer—Dr. Drew

Carols—"Joseph and the Shepherds," "Sleep, Little Dove," "Ye Burghers all of Chartres"

Woodland Park Chorus

Benediction—Dr. Drew

Carol—"Silent Night," Woodland Park Chorus

December 14—We attended Christmas Vesper service at Lasell.

December 16—Such fun at the "Slam dinner"! And almost as much in the afternoon, when Miss Badger gave the girls of both day and boarding school very delicious ice cream and cakes!



December 17—Our Christmas party! First the pageant, representing the manger scene, the visit of the wise men, the vision of the Shepherds. After that the party, little boxes of candy all shaped like sleds, the big crisp corn balls from Mrs. Towne, and the stunning Christmas tree!

"Merry Christmas to all!" And quiet descends for the long holiday.

January 12—Our winter term started sadly. On Monday morning, January 12, Miss Elderkin, one of our teachers, was called home by the sudden death of her father. After a week at home, we received word from Miss Elderkin that she would be unable to return. Miss Esther Nichols, teacher in our Grades 4, 5 and 6, was advanced to Miss Elderkin's Junior High School subjects. Miss Nichols' work was taken by Miss Frances Badger, President of the Class of '24, Lasell.

January 14—Our Folk and Aesthetic dancing classes began on January 14. The courses are under the direction of Miss Mary Slater of the Denishawn Dancing School.

January 24—The sun's eclipse gave us an exciting morning.

Grades 8 and 9 saw Mrs. Fiske in "The Rivals" at the Hollis Theatre, Boston.

January 29—Katherine Webb and Esther Adams, Lasell '24, were guests of Miss Badger and Miss Norris.

January 31—We were very happy to have calls from Muriel James Morrison, Lasell '20, and Naomi Davis, Lasell '22. Miss Davis is a senior at the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

February 1—At our Sunday afternoon tea hour, Mr. Towne told his famous "Lost in the Maine Woods" story. Our guests at tea were Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Prof. and Mrs. Whitehead of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington of Winthrop, Mrs. Lincoln Greene of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Amesbury.

February 3—Our former dietitian, Mrs. Ida Rice Nagle, just home from her wedding journey in Europe, called during the afternoon.

February 6—Dorothy Pearson and "Billy" Chase, Lasell '24, were guests of our Lasell '24 teachers at dinner.

February 7—Miss Hemmeon chaperoned six of our older girls in Boston, where they attended the Symphony concert.



#### *A Word of Appreciation:*

Truly our Alumnae, the old girls and new and many teachers of the past and present were "on the giving hand" this Christmas. It was indeed delightful to come again in touch with them through the hundreds of beautiful cards, as well as a number of gracious gifts which we received and which were all the more appreciated because of the friendly personal word accompanying them. To each of these remembering and affectionate friends our sincerest and heartiest thanks.

Dr. and Mrs. WINSLOW,  
Mr. and Mrs. TOWNE,  
LILLIE R. POTTER.

One of the recent issues of a Boston paper contained a very interesting article by Miss Mary Augusta Mulliken, former head of our Art Department at Lasell. As the editor expresses it, "Miss Mulliken's 'Letters from the Front' were written not for publication, but for the pleasure of relatives in America. The spontaneity and bubbling wit that characterize them lose none of their effectiveness when the letters are shared with a wide circle of readers outside."

Strangely enough, one of Dr. Winslow's holiday greetings was from Miss Anna Conant, '09, who among other things asked for Miss Mulliken's address, stating that greetings

had come to her from her former Art teacher earlier in the season.

It was a good word which came from Miss Alice Fuller Dunbar, 1906-10. She begins with "Here's wishing a Happy New Year and all that goes with it." In her note Alice promises to join us at our mid-winter reunion and also tells us that she hears often from Lila Carhart, 1906-8, who is living in Los Angeles; that she sees Mariott Dagon, 1906-8, frequently and they have fine times talking over Lasell. We cannot refrain from putting in this frank word of enlightenment from this "old girl"—"Students of today, I fancy, cannot begin to come up in pranks to the girls of our times, when either Mlle. or Fraulein was after us most of the time for disturbing the peace. Those were the happy days, only we didn't realize it in the way we do now. Ellen Cudworth, 1908-9, is still living in Chelmsford and we exchange visits for over the week-end often." Alice closes with cordial greetings to our principal and to any of the teachers who were at Lasell way back in 1908-12.

Dear Janet Edgerly Fellows, 1917-18, you are richer than we knew—for your Christmas card brings the delightful news that you are the mother of two little girls who "keep you so busy." Janet also adds that Mr. Fellows and she have been visiting Katherine Tufts, 1916-19, at Montclair. Janet hopes to be with us at the February reunion and we are anticipating her coming.

Mrs. Elizabeth Manville Curtiss, '20, writes from Norfolk, Connecticut, "I do not see where time goes, for I intended to write you long ago. One evening my husband and I sat down and tuned in on the radio and we got some lovely organ music. Some one spoke of what good music it was and lo, and behold! they announced that 'it was broadcasted from Lasell Seminary.' It certainly was good and just as plain as if right in the same room. Also, last Monday evening, while listening to the radio some one brought in the mail and among the mail was the Lasell LEAVES, which announced that the Glee and Mandolin Club Con-

cert was to be given that very night. We tuned in immediately and it was indeed very good and it seemed so good to hear something from the school we all love so well. Miss Potter, when I heard your voice it sounded so natural I felt I were back at Lasell again. Those school day memories are happy ones. When you first began I said something about 'Miss Potter speaking to her little white doves' and sure enough your message closed with that looked-for greeting. I was much surprised when Betty Stephens wrote me that she was at Lasell. I am also glad to have my cousin, Harriet Harvey, at the school that I love so well. Our pastor's wife was also a Lasell girl at one time and now two of my nieces, the Walters children, are at the Woodland Park School." For every word of Betty's message we are grateful.

Edith Clendenin, '24, writes to our principal that she is still working among the girls in the Y. W. C. A. organization and enjoying it very much. She is now assistant secretary in the Industrial Department. She adds, "We have over one thousand girls in our social clubs alone." She confesses that she may later take a special course in New York which will better fit her for this splendid work. We wish her all success.

Mrs. Joseph C. Burke, 1882-5 (Ida F. Weeks), expresses her appreciation of Dr. Winslow's courtesy in sending the LEAVES and declares that she does not see many familiar names. She was glad to find Miss Ransom, 1877-81, and Miss Packard, '83, mentioned in the personal column. She tells us that Miss Packard has visited Haverhill every Friday for a number of weeks, giving missionary talks to the women. In speaking of the old days, Ida pays a beautiful and deserved tribute to our beloved Miss Carpenter, whom she describes as "a truly wonderful and noble woman." She further adds since meeting Dr. Winslow and his wife, she had the pleasure of meeting Professor Bragdon and his wife in their own beautiful home in California. "Both were so cordial and hospitable to our Elizabeth (Wells)



and me," and adds that they are the same good people they were in the years past.

Elsa Rheinstrom Kopald, '09, sends a message from Colorado Springs thanking Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for their Christmas card and declaring it was so nice to have this New Year and Christmas Greeting and see once again the old familiar gate post so often passed in just such heavy snow. Elsa's sojourn in Colorado will, she trusts, be brief, as they still intend to make Buffalo their home.

From the Pacific Coast comes also a friendly greeting to our principal. This time from Helen Campbell Rousseau, 1898-9. She congratulates our principal on his remembrance of the girls of so many years ago. She sends the interesting news that she has a daughter sixteen and a son thirteen, and that one of her daughter's friends is none other than Aileen Wilson, one of the Lasell girls of today. She closes by adding this interesting information, "Florence Wilber Heckler, 1898-00, comes to California quite often and stays at La Jolla, where we have a summer home, so I can run down and see her."

How pleased and happy we were to receive at Christmastide a greeting from Miss Martha DuBois, one of our former teachers. Miss DuBois is at present in the Carl Schurz High School in Chicago, Illinois, and it goes without saying, is doing splendid work.

Dorothy Barnard, '24, came down to Boston with her mother on an important errand, but excused herself long enough to run out to Lasell and delight the friends who had the privilege of greeting her. Next time she declares she will stay longer.

Marietta Chase, '24, has finished her dietitian work in New York City and is back home. We hear that she is to receive a fine position in one of the local high schools. Her recent intensive training will be a good background for satisfactory work.

One dear surprise which has come to Lasell lately was a call from Elizabeth Baer Tracy, 1907-9, who tells us that she is now a resident of Auburndale and has been here for several months. She promises to be a little more

neighborly when her wee Eleanor is old enough. Eleanor was almost a Christmas gift to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, her birthday being December 14, 1924. Elizabeth also tells us that her sister Rose—Mrs. Louise Peters, 1913-15—is soon to be here, and both girls have promised to come to the mid-winter reunion.

Mrs. Ida Rice Nagle visited the school lately and it was hard for us to realize that she came as a formal visitor, so accustomed have we been to counting her as one of the most efficient members of our school.

By some reason, and we are glad it is not the fault of Lasell, we have just learned of the joy which has come to Gail Wilson Boynton, '18, a little son, John Wilson Boynton, having come to gladden their home on October 19, 1924.

The New Year, 1925, brought in with him a little escort, Robert McKinney, born January third, Mr. and Mrs. (Lavinia Fera, '16) McKinney being the happy parents.

Lasell's "very latest word" in weddings and engagements is as follows:

On the twenty-first of January, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, Nell B. West, '21, was united in marriage to Mr. Lewis Clarke Haigh. Mr. and Mrs. Haigh will be at home after the fifteenth of February at seventy South Arlington Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey.

At the First Presbyterian Church of Independence, Kansas, on January first, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, Doris Bovaird, 1920, became the wife of Mr. Alvin Clarence Hod-dick. They will make their home at 112 Fordham Drive, Buffalo, New York, after February first.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron S. Belber of Philadelphia have just announced the engagement of their daughter Lenore, '24, to Mr. Leon Jacobs.

Congratulations are in order to Julia Alice Rankin, '20, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Ives Cook Welles.

Florence Frances Harding, 1918, will be united in marriage to Mr. Leaman Fuller Hallett on Saturday evening, the fourteenth of



February, nineteen hundred and twenty-five at the Orthodox Congregational Church, Mansfield, Massachusetts.

Dear Louise Titus, '24, acknowledges in friendly terms the receipt of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's Christmas card. She also shows her loyalty to her Alma Mater by sending a generous check to the Endowment Fund of the Class of 1924. Louise is just off, we believe to California, where she expects to spend a year. She closes by expressing the wish which we feel is in the hearts of the majority of the old girls, that Lasell Endowment will soon make it possible for the old school to have a new auditorium and a new gymnasium. Speaking of her recent visit to Lasell, she adds, "I was more than pleased to see the lovely lot of new girls," and closes with greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and all the Lasell family in residence.

Jessie Shepherd, '17, expressed her appreciation of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's courtesy in cordial terms. We regret missing her at the time of her recent call and hope, as she prophesies, that she will soon be back in New England and find her way out to Lasell again. Her good wishes for the school are appreciated and reciprocated.

Mrs. Alice Wry Anthony, '24, has evidently not moved from her home town, Evanston, Illinois. In her recent note to our Preceptress she speaks of her marriage July twenty-eighth, and gives us a peep into what she calls "her darling little kitchenette apartment," and adds, "I am just as happy as I can be, but I do miss Lasell a lot." Alice was looking forward to a visit from Ruth Stoneman, '24, and closes with most affectionate greetings to all at Lasell.

Mr. Harold Schwab, one of the new members of our Faculty, received recently a message from Ellen Chase Wood, '02, whose present address is 825 Brent Ave., So. Pasadena, California. We were glad to see this greeting and hear from Ellen once more.

Dorothy Barnard's fine letter recently received will bear repeating. She writes, "Not a day goes by that I do not think of Lasell and

all the good people connected with it. Words can never express the place that it has in my heart. I hope some day my little niece, now five years old, may also be a Lasell girl. I was most generously remembered at Christmas and the majority of my greetings were from Lasell girls. Bernice Parker, '24, is working as a teller in the Springfield (Mass.) National Bank and likes her work very much. Helen Staples, '24, is attending Burdett's Business College, taking a normal course. Mercedes Rendell, '23, is having her second year at Columbia University and writes that she meets 'Peg' Robinson, '24, each day at classes." Dorothy adds, "In a letter which I had from Mercedes yesterday she told of attending a Piano Festival in Metropolitan Opera House the evening of December 26. There were eighteen concert grand pianos on the stage with a prominent pianist seated at each. The program consisted of three ensembles with Walter Damrosch as conductor. Each artist played a short composition alone; there were three trios, and each artist took part in a duet. Between the first and second parts of the program a Knabe-Ampico piano was auctioned off for the benefit of Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York City. The bidding started at \$10.00 and ended at \$22,000. This last price was bid by Mr. Thomas Cochran of the J. P. Morgan Company as nonchalantly as most of us would offer 'ten dollars.' And then as he did not have any use for the piano, he donated it to a Settlement House in the poorer section of New York. The description which Mercedes wrote me of the whole affair was so vivid that it quite thrilled me to even read about it. Certainly the concert must have been a rare musical as well as being quite unique. I am teaching this year and have over two hundred little girls in sewing besides one class of eighteen girls in cooking. The children range from eight to fifteen years in age and really do remarkably well. At our Parents Day Exhibition we had some well done work. It is really lots of fun to work with the *little* girls. Concord has a new Practice House for those girls

who take the Domestic Science work in the High School. The house is complete with bedroom, bath, living room, dining room and kitchen. It is all newly furnished this year, and we feel that it offers quite an opportunity to girls who cannot go further with their education. They give a tea once a month to their parents and faculty, and learn to cook and serve meals, to make beds and take full charge of a house. Then, too, I have a Sunday School class of eleven girls, twelve years old. They have been having a course of 'Hero Worship.' David Livingstone, Savonarola, the famous Italian Monks; Florence Nightingale, Samuel Chapman Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, and other heroes. The class which I have is rather hard to deal with because they are of such varied capabilities. But, if I can help in some way to make them finer, I am happy in doing so. I have been very contented this year, although I do miss Lasell more than I can say." Dorothy closes with loving greetings to all. We send best wishes for a Happy New Year to this graduate, who is certainly making good.

---

## JOKES

### TO WOODLAND

We would not leave dear Woodland Park  
 For all the joys of Main,  
 For the pretty rooms of Bancroft,  
 Or for Hawthorne's worthy name;  
 For if you live at Woodland  
 And walk the miles we do,  
 You would not need to diet  
 To divide your weight by two.  
 We walk and walk, and still we walk,  
 But back we'll always roam,  
 To Mrs. Towne and Woodland Park,  
 The place we all call "home."

—B. V. S.

---

Mr. T. (in Sociology)—"Now we will consider the family tree."

Buffie—"The Sap?"

---

Jessie wants to know if the "Eastern Stars" are a football team. Would some one please offer explanation?

Student—"Well, I can't learn to—"

Kitty—"Don't say you can't learn to do any thing."

Minerva—"Yes, always start from the bottom and work up."

Student—"Well, I'm trying to learn to swim."

---

Hortense—"I'm going into Boston to get 'All Alone'."

Friend—"How do you dare to?"

---

She—"What is the difference between a dozen eggs and an elephant?"

He—"I don't know."

She—"Well, I wouldn't send you to the store for any eggs, then."

---

Rusk—"I want something for a Maybasket."

Clerk—"Here are some nuts."

Rusk—"Oh no, there are plenty of those at home."

---

Miss Blackstock—"They were jealous of the man who took Shakespeare's roles."

Louisa M. (aside)—"Poor Shakespeare—how hungry he must have been."

---

Jane W.—"I got a letter from my mother and she said she missed my laugh."

Babs I.—"I haven't heard from my mother yet, but I bet she's missed lots of things."

---

Love is the itching of the heart that can't be scratched.

---

Eliz. K.—"Oh, Ruth! Are you going to the eclipse, Saturday?"

Ruth A.—"No, if I did there would be a total eclipse of my pocket book."

---

"When does a cat sleep better, in summer or in winter?"

"I don't know."

"In summer."

"Why?"

"Because in winter the cat sleeps on the floor and summer brings the caterpillar."



## A NIGHT WITH THE KNIGHTS

"I can't sleep, Knights," remarked Arthur to Launcelot, Galahad and Gawain as they sat in Art's library playing poker in their knight-gowns.

"Have you tried Nuxated Iron?" piped Galahad, who was trying to tune out WBZ on Art's new radio.

"Yes," answered Arthur sadly. "But I always feel so rusty afterwards. It isn't the cure."

"How about Wood's Sarsaparilla for your liver?" Gawain asked, nervously draining his root beer.

"Nope! My liver's running as smooth as Merlin's 'Chevvie'!" (Arthur always was fond of puzzles.) "I just feel lazy. Even when I turn a corner in my car, I don't feel like extending my arm. I just can't stick it out."

"Get more exercise by playing pool once in a while. That is the way the majority of the college boys keep fit," advised Gawain.

"I know," Arthur answered. "But it makes me too nervous."

By this time the knights had all lost interest in their poker game. Galahad passed Launcelot's Fatimas around, and soon the room was so full of smoke that the knights couldn't hear the street cars go by.

Suddenly Arthur threw down his cigarette and rushed up to the calendar which hung on the wall. "I've got it, kids," he cried as he jerked a page from the calendar. "I'll take a few days off and run up to Forest Lake. It's the last resort."

Our idea of harmony—a freckle-faced girl in a polka-dot dress leading a leopard.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he stubbed his toe on the foot of the bed  
" ? ? ? \* ! ! ! \*\*\*\* \_\_\_\_\_ : : ; ? ! ! !"

Boarding School—An institution of yearning.

Miss Austin—"You must not whistle while you work in the library."

Mary—"Oh, I wasn't working, I was only whistling."

Question in Bible exam—"Tell all you know about the age of Solomon."

Fair Dumbell—"I do not know how old Solomon was."

## LOVE IN MATHEMATICS

"O 1derful dream girl,  
At last I've 1 you,  
Come little dream girl,  
Be 10der and true.  
2 love and be loved,  
Are gifts from above,  
4 life is most empty,  
When — of love.  
And love and faith,  
Will open the g8,  
Of heaven itself,  
2 a man and a maid."

## FAMILIARITIES

"Come back this afternoon for an hour."  
"What are the dates of his reign?"  
Hamburg and macaroni.  
Dues! Dues! Dues!

Nadine—"Does John die in the end?"  
Erna—"Well, not exactly."  
Nadine—"What happens to him, then?"  
Erna—"He gets killed."  
(Loud laughter.)

Fop—"Why are you tapping your nose with your fore finger? You do it all the time."  
Judy—"I'm having a little fun on my own hook."

(Much wild hilarity.)

"What are you crying for, my lad?"  
"'Cause farver's invented a new soap substitoot, an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement."—*Boston Transcript*.



## A SIMPLE TALE FOR SIMPLE FOLK

"Now, children," said Aunt Aggie, "I am going to tell you a story." And so she did.

"Once upon a time there was a horse. But he was not a flesh and blood horse like our uncle's, the ash man; he was a plush horse. What! Don't you know what a plush horse is? Don't you ever read your Bibles? Well, a horse is a plush horse if he is made entirely of plush. This particular animal was very proud of his glossy coat, and as he was double jointed, he could see his face in his shiny back. One fine day, however, he looked back over his shoulder so long that his head stuck and the poor plush horse had to spend the rest of his life with his head facing back and his brain base facing front. Now, children," went on Aunt Aggie, "the moral to this story is that no matter how glossy your backs are, never look at your reflections in them."

"Oh," cried little Jenney, "I should say not!" And she never did. *Judy.*

It had been a trying day, and Raymond's father was rather irritable. He stood for a few questions from the youngster, but when the latter asked what caused the desert of Sahara, he laid down his paper and answered: "I guess it formed when the Israelites lost their sand. And if you don't quit asking me so many questions I'll see your mother puts you to bed before I get home hereafter."

"But, pa," came the question, "how can you see her put me to bed if she puts me to bed before you get home?" And that question was Raymond's last—for that evening.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Scotchman consulted a doctor about his health, complaining of loss of appetite. The doctor recommended more exercise, and advised him to take his horse out of the stable and go for a fifteen-mile ride every day. "You will soon regain your appetite if you do that," said the doctor.

"Ah," said the patient, "but what about the horse's appetite?"—*Rotterdam Dambad.*

Patron—"Waiter, there is sand in this bread."

Waiter—"Yes, sir. That's to keep the butter from sliding off."—*London Tit-Bits.*

—  
 "You are a dear,  
 I love each glance,  
 I'd love you, too,  
 If I had a chance.  
 You are pretty  
 And adorable, too,  
 You little darling,  
 I'm glad I'm you."

## SIGNS OF INSANITY IN SCHOOL

"Oh, dear, I have to go up stairs and get my key to the mail box."

"Now let's practice our gym exercises so we can do them good when we get to gym."

Oh yes, we're interested in everything—  
 You have signed up for Football and "Il Trovatore" on the same day,—please make a choice and report to Mrs. Hooker.

Hope—"Did you ever take aesthetic dancing?"

Mac—"No, they don't have classes for cows."

## POME

I think summer's  
 Kinda sweet.  
 With the flowers  
 Round yer feet.

I like Autumn  
 'Cause, y' know  
 Them there trees  
 Are all aglow.

Spring is knockout.  
 But oh, gee!  
 Good ol' winter  
 Time fer me.

—*Judy.*

Diner—"But this menu is in French."

Waiter—"Quite so, sir, but the prices are in English, and that's all most of our customers read."—*Pearson's Weekly.*



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"Any abnormal children in your classes?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," replied the school marm sadly, "two of them have good manners."—*New York Telegraph*.

"What made the teacher so angry?" asked Johnnie's father.

"Oh!" said Johnnie, "he was talking about trees, and I asked him if he had ever seen a pink palm. He said 'No,' and I showed him my hand!"—*Dalton Breeze*.

"Do you like going to school, sonny?" the stranger inquired of seven-year-old Johnny.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply. "I like going well enough, and I like coming back, too. What I hate is staying cooped up there between times."

"Ever have any trouble with dyspepsia?"

"Only when I try to spell it."—*Boston Transcript*.

## TEN COMMANDMENTS

Thou shalt not chew gum in school.  
 Thou shalt not throw notes.  
 Thou shalt not whisper.  
 Thou shalt not loiter in the corridor.  
 Thou shalt have thy themes in on time.  
 Thou shalt not giggle.  
 Thou shalt not sing at the top of thy voice.  
 Thou shalt not break up the furniture.  
 Thou shalt show respect to thy teachers.  
 Above all things, thou shalt study.

"When a man scalds his hand, what three authors does he mention?"

"Dickens, Howitt, Burns."

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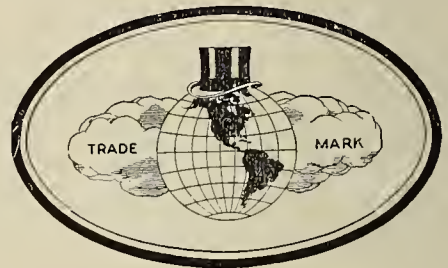


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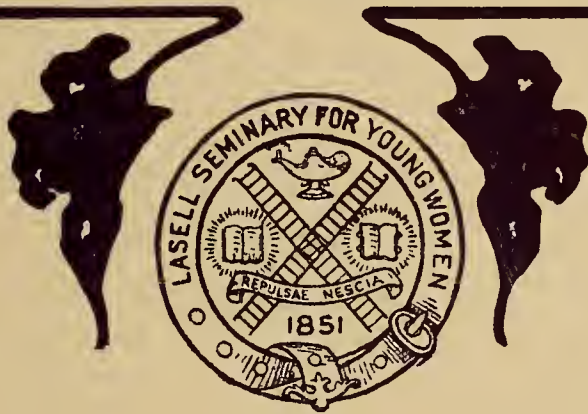
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Vol. XXXXX

No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1925



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# LASELL LEAVES

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## GREEN HOUSE JOHN

When John Shafty left the dull lights of the big city for a college town he had just forty-four dollars in his pocket. That money represented a hard summer's work on a truck farm where rising was early, where all day long the workers went over long rows of vegetables, and where at nightfall they were glad to eat in the large kitchen of a none too comfortable farm house and retire soon after to the stuffy rooms above.

There were eight other weed-pullers on that farm, who, like John, had come from the city to earn wages by hard labor, but none were so young, none were so gay, and none ever dreamed of going to college. They were foreign pluggers, but even among stupid people who toil in the open a sincere regard soon developed, and here indeed a bond of affection was very evident long before the shortening days and colored boughs warned them that the season was almost at an end.

So it was with almost tears in his eyes that John bade them all good-bye on the last Saturday night, and for some of them the last pay day for many weeks to come. And they, although not exactly approving of his wasting time at school, responded with vigor and warmth of heart, wishing him good luck and expressing their desire of seeing him again the following year.

There was another farewell for John, too, before embarking for college town. He wondered as he clung to a strap in the crowded street car homeward bound, just how Auntie Ann would take the news, for he had kept it a secret. Each day he had meant to speak,

but each day it grew harder so that this time, his last day at home for many months to come, was for him crowded with strange emotion, remorse.

Thus deep in thought as only a lonely lad of twenty can be on a miserable city street car, there was a sudden awakening. A grinding of brakes, a crash, a strange piercing voice of some one as if hurt, brought John out of his reverie, and threw the other passengers into a panic. Almost instantly there was a great lurch, then the car stopped so quickly that everyone standing was thrown to the floor. John being at the extreme end hopped off the car and rushed forward. The car had struck a big, black, closed automobile which turned sidewise, slid into a telephone pole, and then bounced back only to be caught by the oncoming street car. John was the first one on the spot. A quick glance told him that as it was overturned some one might be inside. Accordingly he climbed up, opened the door and crawled in. A cloud of smoke poured out, but groping about he felt the form of some one huddled at the bottom as if unconscious. With great effort he raised the body to the opening above, where eager hands were ready to help. Then there was a great explosion. A few minutes later he was gazing into the eyes of a policeman who laughed and said: "You're not even hurt—lucky guy, but you saved the girl's life. Yes, sir, you got her out just in time!"

John sneezed, shook himself, staggered a little, and smiled without an effort. "I'm all right." Then he elbowed his way into a group where he could see only two blue eyes



staring widely and could hear only a voice saying: "Tell father, tell father, tell father!" And just as John was about to leave, she pointed a finger at him saying, "There he is, there he is!"

John Shafty said nothing and turned away. He felt a delicious, happy feeling—a strange flutter in his heart. He also felt tired and knew he was hungry. So he shrugged his shoulders, shoved his hands into his pockets, and kicking tin cans and stones along the vacant lot path that led home soon found himself in the steaming kitchen of Aunty Ann.

That was Saturday, and Sunday found him in the Y. M. C. A. at the College town of his dreams. Three dollars a week for an attic room, five dollars for meals, matriculation fees twenty-two dollars, and a green freshman cap didn't leave him much out of forty-four dollars! Already he longed for the green fields, the weed-pullers, Aunty Ann, and those blue eyes—how they haunted him. Why didn't he get her name? Who was she? And such a sad sweet voice. Oh, such feelings were nonsense: he was here to realize an ambition: he resolved to find work.

He found work in the experiment station greenhouse. Every afternoon and on Sundays, he worked while others enjoyed football games, played golf, or cantered by the grounds on some spirited horse. He pushed a wheelbarrow about, built mushroom beds, transplanted infant tomato plants, regulated temperatures, sifted soil, took visitors through, and printed for the classes vast sheets of statistics on vegetable growing. So they called him "Green House John." After class, at the experiment station or the rooming house, it was always "Green House John." His pleasant ways made him many friends, but little money. He was always amiable, attentive, and a hard worker. Soon he joined the literary society, and promptly was voted on a committee—more work. His pleasures were few, but there was always plenty of work for patient, willing "Green House John."

But a growing mind and body must have food as well as recreation. John had little

of one and none of the other. At twenty-cents an hour for only spare hours how much can one spend? So his sleeping hours were cut down and he took on two furnaces and the janitor's work of the library building. All through the cold winter when most students were in the seventh heaven of dreamland, John piled out of bed, shivered into his clothes, tiptoed down the stairs, and having no overcoat, to keep warm ran across the campus to the library. How cold the brass handle of that door was! How long it took to open it with a trembling hand and shaking arm!

Once inside he felt better. Switching on the vast lights and scooting back and forth on the smooth silent floor was not so bad. At this John worked from five to seven-thirty. He often whistled and sang to himself to make the time go faster. One day when thus engaged he experienced a great thrill. He discovered that he could memorize better when moving about than when sitting still. He did much of his studying in the mornings with a sweeper in one hand and a book in the other. Then he made another discovery. Cash prizes were offered by the literary societies for the best poems, essays and orations. John applied his method of rhythmic memorizing and it worked like a charm sent from fairyland. He created verse after verse which the college magazine printed; and he sent all his platform competitors back to their chairs without prizes.

It was a lovely evening in June. The whole college was flocking to the library auditorium to hear the interstate oratorical contest. "Green House John" was their champion. Never before in the history of the college had a Freshman been thus honored to represent them against the best in seven other states. The prize was \$100.

Now John simply had to have that \$100. His shabby suit of gray, torn and faded, had been replaced by a blue for which he had paid only five dollars on account. It was his last cent. He put the new suit on and rehearsed his speech once more before the mirror. Then



he opened his jack knife and lifting the lid of a cardboard box prepared to get "supper." This generally consisted of stale bread bought at the corner grocery store, two loaves for a nickel and an apple. Alas it was empty! He was hungry, he was "broke" and the great interstate contest was only fifteen minutes away!

John closed the box, put the knife in his pocket and flinging himself into a chair buried his head in his hands and sobbed. Through his tears he saw the fall sky over green fields, his crude friends the weed pullers, Auntie Ann, and very vividly those blue eyes. Very softly a voice seemed to say "Courage." Then the chapel bell sounded the hour—his hour of failure or success!

From his seat on the platform John saw the people file in through the open doors, and gradually fill up the auditorium. There were students, professors, and families from the town. One by one the speakers spoke, were applauded and sat down. John was the last and when he arose there was a hush. The audience looked at their programs and read, "The Impossible, by John Shafty," glanced up at him, and settled themselves in their seats. John knew his speech, but he was very tired and hungry. He got half way through it, then grew shaky and faint. He looked hard at his audience, his head swam, his vision became hazy, his gestures were broken abruptly and his eyes dropped to his feet.

At that instant he saw in the front row a pair of blue eyes. Those eyes—where had he seen them before? Oh! yes! "Courage!" "Courage!" He made a supreme effort, finished the speech, bowed to the audience now eagerly clapping, and walked to his seat—then fainted.

But "Green House John" had not only won the \$100. The next day a note written in a neat feminine hand summoned him to the president's home. There in glowing terms another great speech was made, but this time not by John. This time the prize, so fairly

won, was five thousand dollars, for those blue eyes belonged to the president's daughter.

Auntie Ann for the next three years kept house for John in the College town—and when he graduates, well—then those blue eyes will belong to him.

B. KRAKAUER.

### OUR POLICY IN ATHLETICS

For a long time people have been discussing whether Athletics interferes with studies or not. Many times it does and many times it doesn't. If a person willingly lets her mind fill up with nothing but Athletics, no other thing can get in. But, on the other hand, there is the person who doesn't go out for anything in the Athletic line, and after a time, if she is not already so, she will get soft and weak, and unable to withstand the strain of studying. It is best to try and make it break even.

When a group of girls go out for basketball or hockey, their minds must be centered on that subject at that time.

The main points of any game are, Skill, Loyalty and Fair-play. Do the best you can and the Saints can do no more. If one of your team-mates fumbles, or makes a mistake, no matter how grave it may be, give her a good word, and a smile. If any criticising has to be done, let the coach do it, it's her job.

Everyone likes a good loser and a good winner, but no one likes a winner who won by foul play. Play fair, and no matter how badly one is beaten she will be respected for her fairness.

Stick by the team! Don't try for too much individual play. If your nearest team-mate has a better chance to score let her take it, and even if you are the better player, give her a chance. Many times team-work has saved a game when one man would ruin it. When one goes to a big game one hears, "Ah, good team-work!" or "All right, but they would have scored more if they had had more team-work." Hang together or you'll hang sepa-

rately. How many times have companies and corporations gone on the rocks when the partners dissolve? Great trainers always say, "Co-operation and team-work is one of the things that do the most for the game."

Those who can't play should go out and cheer. Cheering helps a lot, for it makes the team feel that some one is behind them, whether they win or lose.

Of course only the best can play in the games, and after choosing these they should be trained. "But the rest," you say. Let them mosey along at their own pace and let those who can go ahead go!

School spirit helps a lot in Athletics because if the school turns out and supports the players, it not only gives confidence to the team, but it also makes a good impression on the minds of the opponents. And a first impression always lasts.

A certain woman was caught on her knees washing the kitchen floor when the minister first called! After that whenever he called she nearly always seemed to be scrubbing. Let us, when a team visits us and plays against us, come out with vim and come out with the same vim whenever they call again. It would be a good investment and is bound to pay one hundred per cent more joy and happiness than one made with a sour face. Try it!

MARGARET BASLEY

### A DOG'S UTOPIA

Poor Tabs! This little Airedale did not find life very rosy and happy. Everything seemed so dark and unbearable to him since his father and mother had been killed by an automobile in the fall. Of course there was the old home, but it seemed too bare and lonesome—unbearable to little Tabs! The days and weeks passed by as usual, and yet very slowly and sadly to Tabs. October, then November, and now December was here in all its glory. What a month!—if circumstance allow full of happiness and good cheer—but if one is sad Christmas is such a dark and unhappy time of year.

It was in the middle of the afternoon on one of those fatal shopping days—I believe—yes, I am sure it was the last shopping day before Christmas! It seemed as though the merry spirit was in the air everywhere, and everyone was busy preparing for Christmas. In the "big" houses on the hill elaborate plans were being made—while down on Cherry Lane, the little houses, although their Christmas would not be so glittering and pretentious, really seemed to be glowing with sincere happiness and good cheer.

On this certain afternoon Tabs happened to be wandering about the section of "the big" houses on the hill. He heard merry little voices laughing and ringing gaily in one very beautiful house, so he walked up toward the front porch. Just as he reached the porch a very gorgeously dressed lady opened the door and stepped out, and upon seeing Tabs stamped her foot and scolded "Get away from this porch, such a tramp!" Then she walked back into the house. Of course Tabs got off the porch as quickly as he could and went on his way. This poor little dog certainly was leading "a dog's life." As he went on wondering why it all was that way, he brought his thoughts back to his surroundings and found himself in a side yard of a small unattractive house. There seemed to be a large number of children playing about in the snow. One by one the children were called into their supper, until just one little girl was left, and she was putting the black pieces of coal in the front of a snowman's coat for buttons. Tabs went up to this little girl, wagging his tail in all friendliness. It seemed as though the child understood, and the two became friends immediately. Tabs was very happy—just to think he had found some one who really cared—and patted his head and talked kindly to him.

"Patricia, my dear, your supper is ready" called the little girl's mother. "All right, mummy, I'll come in just a minute." And Patricia continued her conversation with Tabs. "Such a nice doggy—yes, yes—such a pitty doggy."



After a few minutes the mother called again. "Patricia, you must come in right away." "Yes, Mother, I'm coming—and just see what a nice dog—please, Mother, let him come in by the fire—he is so cold. Come doggy—come in the house with me and get warm."

After thinking it all over quite seriously, Tabs decided that he would go in. So after a long line of persuasion, Patricia had Tabs inside her house, showing him proudly to everyone. Nobody objected seriously, and my! how relieved Tabs was when the different members of the family came up to him and patted him, saying "good doggie."

"Come to your supper, everything is getting cold, and I have planned an unusually good one for tonight," said the Mother, placing a heaping, steaming dish upon the table.

As everyone filed out to the dining room, Tabs looked about for a comfortable spot to curl up in. In the small, neat but unattractive living room a cosy, cheery fire was crackling in the fireplace. Tabs curled up in front of the fire, watching the flames dance about, all the time wondering why it always seems to be that those that have everything do not care to share it with others, and those that have but little are always so willing to help others. While thinking these things over and over, Tabs fell fast asleep. As Tabs slept on the whole world seemed to change for him, and he was living in the most perfect of lands.

As Tabs walked along the streets strange things happened and remarkable changes came about. Men—the cross, ugly men, who often treat dogs meanly, were in cages—and many dogs were standing in front of the cages barking fiercely; this really did Tabs good to see his brothers reigning supreme for just once. As he passed on he saw great piles of bones—just lying on the ground for anybody who might become hungry. Of course Tabs was very hungry and so he went to one of the piles of bones and ate and ate until he could

eat no more. After eating such a huge meal he became sleepy, and before he had really thought of a cozy resting place he saw this snug looking club house—of course for dogs—rather like a Y. M. C. A. today. When he reached the inside of this house he found a blazing fire and a soft warm rug before it, so he lay down by the fire and rested.

Then—"Well, doggy have you had a nice sleep?" And—"Would the nice doggy like to have some supper?"

Rousing himself and stretching lazily, Tabs realized that after all this perfect land he had been in was just a dream!

JUNE NEWBOLD

### VALENTINE

Willingly I'd wish for you  
 All the world's wealth,  
 Willingly I'd bring to you  
 All its rosy health.  
 If I could but pilot you  
 Over Romance's seas;  
 Happy I to find for you  
 One small thing to please.  
 But the world is never mine,  
 All my hopes are vain;  
 I have only love to give  
 And you but love to gain.  
 So my heart I offer you,  
 Wherever you may go.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Of course you know I'm cheating,  
 You had it long ago!

—DOROTHY SCHUMAKER.

### DREAMS

I would pilot you over silver seas,  
 And show you the mist of a star;  
 I would bring you shadows of moonlit trees  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But that would be going too far.  
 I would roam low plains under burning skies,  
 And send you the gold of their wheat;  
 The flame of their poppies, the scent of their sighs.  
 But that's an impossible feat.  
 I would give you a ship of fire to steer,  
 With a cargo of dreams in her bow;  
 I would give you the gift of worlds, my dear,  
 But the Lord alone knows how!

—DOROTHY SCHUMAKER.





We, who lack experience in editing the LEAVES, hope to make up for it in enthusiasm and industry. The LEAVES is not, cannot be a production of the staff; but a production of the students, by the students, and for the students. It will be unable to reach its greatest success unless everyone will co-operate and provide something for its pages. If you are dissatisfied with the brevity of any department just ask yourself "What would the LEAVES be if no one contributed any more than I did?"

Happily there are a few who willingly do their part, and incidentally yours. It is through these few that our LEAVES have been possible. We have a box for contributions, and are even willing to furnish pencil and paper, if you will only bring in ideas, and write for us. The nine numbers we promised the student body will be pretty poor if we don't get some support soon. If you contribute to the LEAVES you have a right to make any complaint to the staff; if not, try running the Russian government for a change and give your roommate's ears a rest about the LEAVES.

BUFF.

### THE "GINNY" BOATS

Through all the eerie scarves of mist  
That veil the dark'ning waves,  
A group of "ginny" boats loom up,  
O'erflowing to the bows,  
With fish and fish and fish again,  
And men a-mending nets,  
Such dark-skinned men with laughing eyes,  
And bright rings in their ears,  
Such songs they sing of l'Italie,  
"Et Venice et ses gondoliers,"  
They sing of seas and far-off skies,

Where lemon blossoms scent the air.  
Their voices loud and laughter-filled  
Smite merrily the mist,  
Their fires all orange, green and blue,  
Light up the barques around.  
"O here," we cry, "the Ginny-boats!"  
The "Ginny-boats" are in.  
They scud along, all running o'er,  
With fish and fish and fish again!

—MARIESTA DODGE HOWLAND.

During the coming months a reminder will go to those who have made annual pledges and who have not yet made the payment for this year, that the \$5 payments are due on or before April 1st. Also it is our intention to send out another invitation for recruits to our list of annual contributors to the fund.

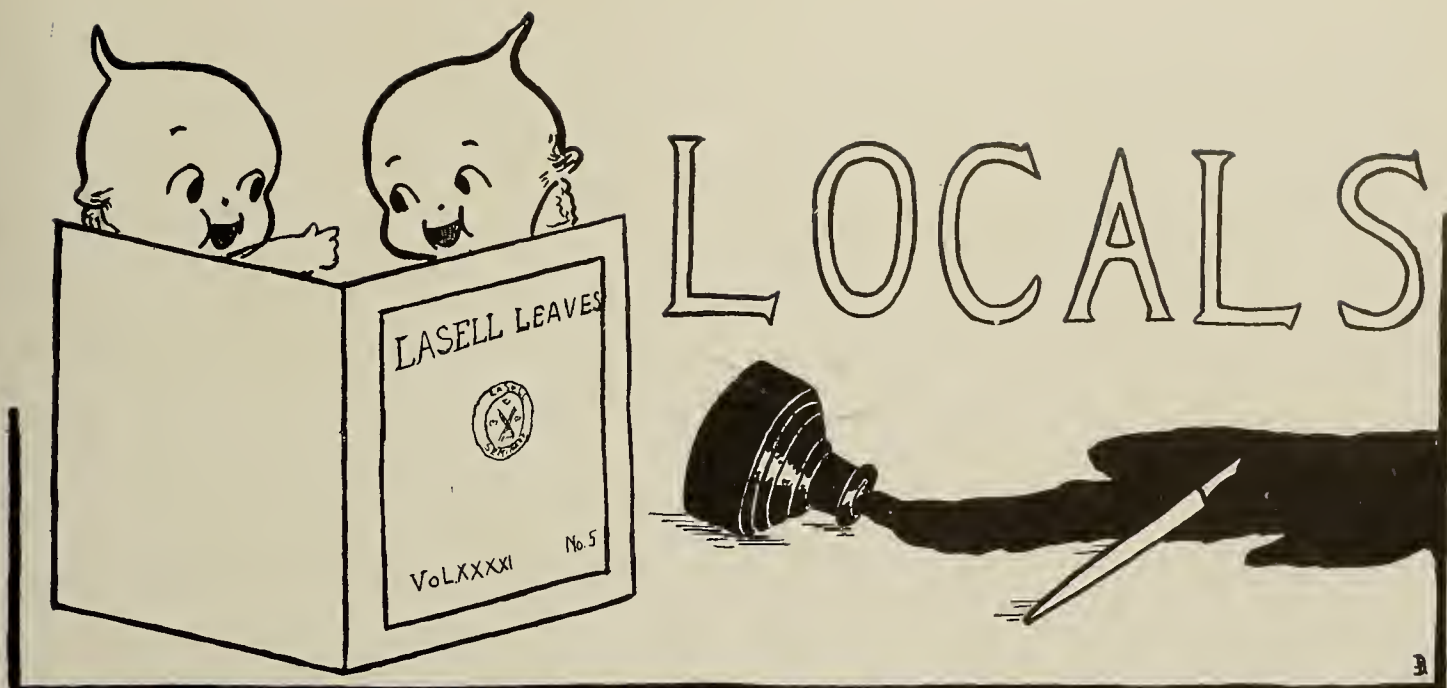
In this connection we are glad to record in addition to gifts and pledges announced, a gift from Mrs. Charles S. Davis of the Class of '57 of \$205, instead of merely the \$5 which had been pledged for this year.

Mrs. Blanche Martin is steadily building on her fund both by service and by cash payments. You who have been under her instruction will know well how much she is giving by continuing to bring a message which only she can give to our girls.

There has also been received a check of \$100 from one of our graduates who asks that her name be not announced.

The encouragement which these substantial indorsements of our undertaking give cannot adequately be expressed, but it is a wonderful help, especially now while we are in the early stages of such a large undertaking.

G. M. WINSLOW.



## NOTICE

The date of Commencement has been changed to Tuesday, June 16.

Members of the five year classes are reminded that it is time to make plans for the reunions.

Feb. 1. Mrs. William B. Oliver of the Committee on Interdenominational Migrant Work conducted the Vesper service.

Feb. 6. Friday and we saw the familiar "tall and beautiful" Mrs. Martin on our lecture platform. She was overflowing with her usual vigor and "well and happy" spirit. Some of us sleepy heads were quickly brought to our senses by her "pep" meeting. When we were awake and the right atmosphere had been created, she read, as only she knows how to do. Among her readings were "The Fisherman's Daughter" and Kipling's "Explorer."

Christian Endeavor meeting at 7 in the Parlors, led by Helen Black.

Feb. 4. On Wednesday evening, as one came in the front door of Bragdon Hall, one was quickly escorted by a charming usher, and passed along down the points of vantage, until finally one reached the receiving line of Lasell's first winter reception—Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Towne received very graciously the many guests who

came. Later, we were delighted with a little musical programme which Miss Eichhorn and Mr. Schwab gave us. We were quite charmed with the violin, cello and organ music, and were loath to leave the concert hall. Refreshments were served in the dining room. And thus ended the first of Lasell's charming winter entertainments.

Feb. 8. Vespers led by Rev. Donald Aldrich of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, who spoke to us about travelling on the high paths instead of drifting around as much as we do. Mr. Aldrich spoke with much vigor and we profited greatly by his message.

Feb. 9. Mid-winter Reunion at Lasell. A full account of the meeting is found elsewhere in our columns.

Feb. 13-16. White Mountain trip to Intervale, N. H. A full account of this will also be found.

Christian Endeavor led by Molly Witschief.

Feb. 15. One of the most interesting Vesper Services was held this year at Woodland Park, when Rev. Chester A. Drummond of Newton read the Bishop's Candlesticks from "Les Miserables." So well did he read it that one could imagine that a real conversation between the four characters was taking place. We are all familiar with the scene, but it has made some of us want to read that wonderful book of Victor Hugo's again.



### THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,  
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open shay."

And so very merrily we proceeded on our way to Intervale, New Hampshire, both to enjoy the winter sports, and the glory of God in the majesty of the mountains and the beauty of the woods.

In the early morning of Friday, the 13th, we left Auburndale "heart whole and fancy free," for, due to the kindness of Mr. Ordway and Clarence, our bags, with special mountain boots strapped on, had gone as an advance guard to the North Station. Never did we feel more luxurious than when we were ushered into a special car attached to the nine o'clock train, our bags all neatly piled in.

At Haverhill, "Daddy" and Mrs. Bassett joined the party and glad we were to see them for more reasons than one—for, "whisper it not in Gath," they had our lunch! And such a lunch as it was! And so graciously dispensed, as only the Bassetts can do it. "Daddy" had a merry greeting for each of us, and we felt right away as though we had always known him.

About noon exclamations were heard from all parts of the car, and we scarcely knew where to look, for it was all so beautiful. Woods of pine and silver birch, rolling hills, and quiet peaceful farms all the way along. And as we drew nearer to the mountains, we could not help but say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence cometh my help, my help cometh from Jehovah who hath made heaven and earth."

At quarter of two no merrier crowd ever tumbled out of a train, nor tumbled into a huge pung, drawn by four stalwart steeds, than the forty-four from Lasell and nine from the Chamberlayne School in Boston. We were greeted most cordially at the Hotel Bellevue by its gracious hosts, the "Barnes Bros. & Company," for everyone was hospitality itself to us. We flew to our rooms, changed into knickers, sweaters and special boots, and in fifteen minutes were out on skiis, snow-

shoes, and the toboggan slide, trying to attain skill in the various forms of sports which made the greatest appeal to each of us.

At six o'clock promptly, at the ringing of the bell, a great howl of joy went up. We knew that the dinner hour had approached. How nice to sit with your own crowd at a small table, to be able to choose what you should consume, and how delicious everything tasted! Between courses, true to our custom, we made the rafters ring with Lasell songs, and called on Chamberlayne for a show of school spirit, to which they valiantly responded the next day.

And then followed a crowded two days with sleighing parties to Jackson, movies in Conway, which ran true to form and produced the desired tears which all scenario writers strive to obtain, the gay times in front of the huge fireplace toasting marshmallows, and the walk on snow-shoes through the beautiful Cathedral woods to Mount Surprise. Surely those woods are well named, for we could think of nothing but "All thy works do praise thee, O God," and as we reached the summit, and could see across over the valleys and hills Mount Washington gleaming snow-white in the brilliant sunlight, and the blue sky overhead, it made us feel anew "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Nothing here but the hand of God in all its beauty.

Last, but certainly far from being the least, were the trailing parties—the most popular of all the sports; if any of you have been on them no more need be said. And you have to go on one to really know why they are so popular. You start out on a low sled attached to a pung, drawn by the selfsame four horses, but you don't stay long in one position. You mostly are off in the snow. It's a fine time to work off grudges and old scores, but what a happy jolly time it is! Ask the girl who trailed!

But all good things must have an end. Early Monday morning the 16th,—very, very early, you know—we went downstairs to eat one last meal in our lovely mountain home—for it was not in any sense a hotel to us, but



just plain home. Mr. Barnes turned over the house to us and we romped and we played where we pleased. Everyone was "a votre service."

Sadly did we ply back in the four-horsed sleigh, and reluctantly did we pile into our special car, attached to the train with the puffy little mountain engine, and longingly did we look at Mount Washington, its snow-capped peak clothed in all the beauty reflected by the early morning sunlight from the East. Again our hearts sang with the Psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains," and with the great poet when he spoke of the mountains as being

"The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being."

Memories! What a store-house of them. Impressions—they are numberless! Desires—simply that everyone at Lasell might have a chance during the winter time to "Come here, awhile, apart," and join "Daddy Bassett's" party to the White Mountains.

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### '24 COMES TO LIFE

Sixteen hands were "on deck" for the dinner party at which Woodland Park "Schoolmarms" '24 were the hostesses, on Thursday, January 29, 1925. Seriously speaking Fran Badger and Jumpy Norris had the pleasure of receiving: subtle Kay Webb, our Queen of the May; idolized Pep Schroer; screaming "Gert" Wraggs (she's teaching Domestic Science—feature it!); Edith Hadley, who is now counting shekels in the county hall; Esther Adams, Quincy's deb; "Honey" Perry (she's running for Miss Malden); Esther Palmer, who is doing the honors at home; Doris Lougee, making good her prophecy; Mary O'Hare, studying (?) at the Conservatory (?); Brenda Copeland, who says, "Buy at Jordan Marsh's," for B. is in business training there; Anna Hendee, who burns the typewriter; Helen Robson, now a Newton resident; and Isabelle Lummus, who is studying "Life" at Boston University.

Our table was placed in the center of the Woodland Park dining room, decorated with black and white novelties, individual red roses (our class flower) and '24 place cards.

The Woodland girls rose and greeted '24 with a welcome song. During the courses all kinds of school songs were sung. Afterwards we retired to the green room where the old '24 banner hung. Here we had coffee, and the pleasure of receiving Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Miss Potter, and Mrs. MacDonald.

Last, but not least, we tried to show our love for '25 by wading through a storm to serenade them. Here we reminisced again, and for the last time sang our "Farewell Song" as a class song. It now becomes a Lasell song by way of '25. We thoroughly appreciated '25's reply and hospitality and to say the least "We'll live right on forever always in the heart of our Lasell."

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### WASHINGTON TRIP!

The special attraction this year will be our Easter Sunday at Washington. The party leaves Friday, April tenth and returns Friday April seventeenth. A limited number of hotel reservations have been secured. If any old girl or her friends wish to join the party, her application should be in early. If interested send for circular to Miss Lillie R. Potter, Lasell Seminary.

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### LASELL CLUB NOTES.

#### MID-WINTER REUNION

The Annual Mid-Winter Reunion of the Lasell Alumnae Association was held at the Seminary on February ninth. As it was a beautiful spring-like day, many were able to attend and we were gratified to have Dr. Winslow tell us that this was the largest mid-winter reunion ever held, one hundred and thirty-five being present.

In the absence of the President, Nell Woodward Collins '15, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, presided. In the receiving line with Mrs.

Sanford were Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter. Mrs. Winslow was charming in black brocaded chiffon, and Miss Potter wore a very becoming dark blue gown; each wore a beautiful corsage of purple pansies and yellow roses, a gift from the Alumnae Committee.

After enjoying a delightful hour of renewing friendships in the drawing rooms, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow led the way to the dining room, where they were hosts at a delectable luncheon, during which the Glee Club entertained us with several enjoyable selections.

As the coffee was being served Mrs. Sanford called the meeting to order and graciously welcomed the old girls in the name of the Association, especially expressing the gratitude of the guests to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow because of the generous hospitality which they have extended year by year. Following her, Dr. Winslow gave the greetings of Lasell and spoke briefly of the large enrollment this year and the splendid condition of the school. He also announced that the date for the Commencement has been changed from that given in the catalogue. The new date is June sixteenth. It is hoped that all Alumnae will remember this date and come back, especially those whose classes are having reunions.

Mrs. Winslow then gave us an intimate talk, which all thoroughly enjoyed, ending with "a six letter word meaning not only to work, but also play; to have high ideals along with practical accomplishments; to keep strong hold of Faith, Courage and Vision—'L A S E L L.'"

Mr. Towne spoke briefly of Woodland Park School and Mlle. Le Royer gave us a characteristic talk which included an account of her recent visit to the Philadelphia Club Luncheon.

Miss Packard reported that the committee chosen to formulate a plan for choosing Alumnae members of the Lasell Corporation, will be ready to make their announcement in June.

After a short greeting from Miss Potter, it was voted to send messages to Dr. Bragdon and to Mrs. Collins. With the echos of "Alma Mater" ringing through the dining room, the meeting adjourned.

MARION HALE BOTTOMLEY '10.

Mrs. Bottomley also sent the following telegram to our principal emeritus, Dr. C. C. Bragdon:

"One hundred thirty-five present complete all but the missing of you two dear ones and certain elect members of the Old Guard."

Those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow  
 Mr. and Mrs. Towne  
 Miss Potter '80  
 Irene Sauter Sanford '06  
 Frances Angel '22  
 Esther R. Adams 1922-'24  
 Dorothea Africa '12  
 Esther Africa '12  
 Gertrude Allen '17  
 Mrs. Walter Amesbury 1901-'03  
 Hortense Areson 1922-'24  
 Luella Bassett 1916-'20  
 Elizabeth Bittenbender 1904-'06  
 Barbara Vail Bosworth 1900-'05  
 Marion Hale Bottomley '10  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Breed 1917-'18  
 Beulah Cavard Bresee 1915-'18  
 Antoinette Meritt Bromley '23  
 Dorothy I. Burnham '20  
 Mary Packard Cass '89  
 Marietta Chase '24  
 Dorothy Chase '23  
 Edith Ward Carver 1885-'88  
 Elizabeth Chandler '23  
 Marguerite Hardy Chandler '20  
 Nellie B. Chandler 1893-'95  
 Ruth Smith Coates '21  
 Ruth Arline Cody 1916-'18  
 Ethel J. Cole '23  
 Violet C. Comley '22  
 Adaline Davidson 1893-'95  
 Myra L. Davis 1895-'97  
 Nora Burroughs Dillingham '97  
 Elsie L. Doleman '14  
 Mrs. Lucia P. Dow 1902-'03  
 Alice Fuller Dunbar 1906-'10  
 Bessie Eaton 1891-'92  
 Edna Thurston Follett 1903-'07  
 Katherine Farrar  
 Helen Foster '16  
 Helen Webster Fitz '19  
 Lucy Fuller '23  
 Miriam D. Giles '17  
 Lydia Greely 1917-'20  
 Elizabeth H. Greene 1918-'19  
 Marietta Rose Green '86  
 Mildred Freeman 1917-'20



Madeline Farmer 1914-'15  
 Genevra Strong Harlow 1905-'06  
 Ruth Hayden '20  
 Helen Hinshaw '23  
 Harriet Morris Kenney '18  
 Mary I. King '21  
 Mrs. Wm. E. Littlefield 1879-'80  
 Louise Luscomb 1923  
 Jessie Macmillan 1879-'82  
 Florence Bell Merrill '17  
 Edna Bevin Meehan 1912-'16  
 Jessie Melanson '20  
 Lillie Fuller Miriam '85  
 Barbara McLellan '18  
 Muriel James Morrison '20  
 Grace Douglass Murray 1908-'10  
 Dorothea Turner Moulton '06  
 Mildred Strain Nutter '17  
 Elizabeth Neal Odenwellwer  
 Lillian Packard '83  
 Claire Parker '23  
 Ruth Winslow Payne '16  
 Adelyn B. Pearce 1917-'18  
 Evelina Perkins '15  
 Helen Perry '24  
 Josephine Chandler Pierce 1891-'96  
 Alice Taylor Potter 1898-'00  
 Norma Prentis '23  
 Louise Furbush Prout '20  
 Josephine Woodward Rand '10  
 Julia Alice Rankin '20  
 Doris Brown Ranlett '21  
 Martha E. Ransom 1877-'81  
 Lucy Reilly 1905-'07  
 Ida Beane Rice 1910-'15  
 Nellie M. Richards '93  
 Mabel Rutledge 1917-'18  
 Helen Saunders '17  
 Adrienne E. Smith '23  
 Barbara H. Smith '22  
 Mary Wales Smith 1874-'76  
 Sibyl H. Spaulding 1890-'93  
 Esther H. Story '21  
 Cora B. Stone 1900-'02  
 Harriet G. Scott '94  
 Eugenia Swift 1920-'22  
 Viola Sullivan '21  
 Elizabeth Stevens '20  
 Bernice Ullman '22  
 Isabelle Varney '24  
 Mary Ransom Wagner 1874-'76  
 Edith Burke Wells 1902-'05  
 Alice Phillips Weeks '19  
 Mary Dodge Whittemore 1903-'04  
 Katherine Wingate '16  
 Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19  
 Louise A. Woolley '23  
 Helen Lesh Zerfas '17

Miss Grace Austin  
 Miss Constance Blackstock  
 Mrs. Marion Benson  
 Miss Mabel Burns  
 Mrs. Maida Cardwell  
 Miss Barbara Fenno  
 Mrs. Jean Goodrich  
 Miss Ellen Hemmeon  
 Mrs. Bertha L. Hooker  
 Miss Susie Johnson  
 Miss Grace Lawrence  
 Miss Katherine Lester  
 Miss Ruth Nice  
 Miss Lucile Norris  
 Mrs. Annie B. Palmateer  
 Miss Jean McTaggart  
 Mademoiselle Le Royer  
 Mrs. Caroline Saunders  
 Senora Orozco  
 Miss Mary Stewart  
 Mr. H. F. Schwab  
 Miss Nan Strang  
 Miss Carrie True  
 Miss Mary Witherbee  
 Miss Nellie Wright

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### REUNION REGRETS

Alice White Allen '05 had a good reason for not attending our Mid-winter Reunion, as she and her dear sister were just starting out for a vacation in Costa Rica. Etta Handy '07 had a good excuse for not skipping over to Auburndale, as her residence is at present at Palo Alto, California.

Lucy Cox (1909-10) was also far removed from our Mid-winter festivities. She and her family are spending the winter in Florida. Mrs. Bertha Sleicher Davis (1903-4) sent her regrets from Riverside, California, where she and her mother are enjoying that wonderful "Mission" Inn. It seemed good to get a line from our dear Mrs. Hilbourn, who was sorry she could not come in person to the Reunion. Clara Parker Colby '12 was detained at home by a very small boy, but she promises later to return to Lasell with that same dear little son. Dorothy Hartshorn Underwood '14 declares that she would have loved to have attended and that she is still remembering her wonderful visit at Lasell in June. We were sorry to receive the regrets of Mrs. Frederick H. Briggs (1884-6), but Dr. and



Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter appreciate her cordial greetings. Roma Weymouth '20 was too busy with her Gordon College work to attend the Reunion. Since then some of our girls met her on the hockey field as one of the Gordon team. Am sorry to say that Lasell bore off the laurels; perhaps next time Gordon will have its innings. Alma Sweet '16 could not join us but took time to send a courteous message of regrets. Gertrude Ellsworth '94 sent her regrets asking some interesting questions concerning Lasell and its forward movement. Sylvia Parker (1922) was sorry not to come and we sent word back to Wheaton College that "we were sorry, too." Grace Tirrell Poole (1899-1900) wrote that a broken arm prevented her from attending our reunion. As we glance at her beautiful handwriting we feel sure that it must have been her left arm. Mary M. DeWolf '24 was too busy with her Brown University work to join us, but we shall surely look for her in June. Penelope Rockwood (1921-22) excuses herself on the ground that she was busy teaching, but we feel sure that her thoughts were with us on that occasion. Edith F. Moulton '99 was just starting on a journey and didn't have time to make a detour to Lasell on February 9th.

### NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

"The largest Reunion ever" is the gratifying report which we sent from our New York Club Reunion, January thirty-first, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The guests of honor from Lasell were: Dr. Guy M. Winslow, Mademoiselle Le Royer and Mr. Charles F. Towne.

We were all delighted with Dr. Winslow's report of the fine condition of Lasell, with its exceptionally large enrollment and forward movement. Mr. Towne drew a gratifying picture of the Junior School at Woodland Park, and tells us that on its Faculty and "making

good" are two Lasell graduates, Frances Badger and Lucile Norris, of the class of '24.

Mademoiselle Le Royer's speech was characteristic. With her usual enthusiasm she reported her recent visit in Philadelphia, where she was the guest of the Philadelphia Lasell Club and enjoyed the hospitality of Annie Merrill David's '12 home. Her vivid and merry description of Annie's children was much appreciated, especially one very small boy's comment on his mother's guest, the head of our French Department, to say the least, it was "queer." (Girls of the New York Club can laughingly explain this cross word puzzle).

Dr. Winslow enjoyed meeting all the girls, but spoke several times of his gratification over the large delegations present from the older classes. We of the club hope another year to welcome a larger delegation of teachers, especially among those living nearby.

With best wishes to dear old Lasell.

MARY HANNAH BINGAMAN, '14,  
*Secretary.*

### Officers of New York Lasell Club:

- President, Mrs. Maude Case Dennison '99  
43 Prospect Ave., Montclair, N. J.  
Vice-President, Mrs. Evelyn Ebert Allen '99  
53 W. 85th St., New York City  
Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Hannah Bingaman,  
218 E. 9th St., Plainfield, N. J.  
Executive Committee—Vice-President and Mrs. Florence Boehmcke Simes '23, Margaret Bunnell '24  
Dr. Guy M. Winslow  
Mr. Charles F. Towne  
Mademoiselle Le Royer  
Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington 1878-'80  
Mrs. Anna Jones Bourne 1884-'88  
Mrs. Helen Westheimer Cahn 1884-'85  
Miss Annie Gwinnell '88  
Miss Maude Stone '88  
Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch 1886-'88  
Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones '89  
Miss Grace Huntington 1887-'89  
Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton 1884-87  
Mrs. Laura Chapman Anderson 1893-'95  
Mrs. Mabel Case Viot '94  
Miss Alice Fuller 1895-'96  
Mrs. Eva Ferris Foote 1895-'98  
Mrs. Bess Phelps Yocum 1890-'92  
Mrs. Ethel Best  
Mrs. Georgiana Lord Cushman 1898-1900

Mrs. Carol Case Dennison '99  
 Mrs. Ethel Ebert Allen '99  
 Mrs. Nellie Feagles Kattelle '97  
 Mrs. Maud Mayo Bentz '98  
 Mrs. Agnes Flaherty Middleton 1898-'00  
 Mrs. Frances Tabler Boomhower 1900-'02  
 Mrs. Harriet Ward Walker '01  
 Mrs. Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04  
 Mrs. Arlene H. Kiliani 1905-'06  
 Miss Emmeline Guernsey 1906-'07  
 Mrs. Ada Wood Peterson 1905-'06  
 Mrs. Anna White Drake 1906-'07  
 Mrs. Louise Morrill Nestler '08  
 Mrs. Florence Swartwout Thomasson '09  
 Miss Anna Conant '09  
 Miss Gladys Stultz 1909-'10  
 Mrs. Julia DeWitt Reade '10  
 Mrs. Ruth Graham Underwood 1910-'11  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson Breed 1917-'18  
 Mrs. Lucy Russell Webb 1908-'10  
 Miss Virginia See '11  
 Mrs. Annie Merrill David '12  
 Mrs. Mary Fenno Stirn '13  
 Mrs. Mildred Hall Leber '12  
 Mrs. Adele MacDonald Downing  
 Esther Underwood '14  
 Charlotte Swartwout '14  
 M. Hannah Bingaman '14  
 Mrs. Frances Johnson Edwards '15  
 Mrs. Marian Beach Barlow '16  
 Mrs. Eleanor McCarty Williams '16  
 Mrs. Helen Merrill Strohecker '16  
 Mrs. Fannie Gates Frey '17  
 Jessie Shepherd '17  
 Mrs. Edith Hobson Fricke '17  
 Mrs. Helen Smith Stone '18  
 Katherine Tufts 1916-'19  
 Cornelia Gaty '18  
 Mrs. Anita Hotchkiss Scott '18  
 Mrs. Ruth Magoun Boyd '18  
 Mrs. Jeanette Brooks  
 Gladys Watts '20  
 Leonora Conklin '21  
 Virginia Walter '22  
 Mrs. Theresa Thompson Osborne '22  
 Emma Smith '22  
 Miriam Smith '24  
 Leilya Barkman '22  
 Dorothy Millspaugh '23  
 Mrs. Florence Boehmcke Simes '23  
 Marjorie Hitchins '23  
 Jean Merrick '23  
 Josephine Curry '23  
 Margaret Bunnell '24  
 Dorothy Redman '24  
 Phyllis Hessin '24  
 Marjory Aitken '24

## PHILADELPHIA LASELL CLUB

The Philadelphia Lasell Club held its Third Annual Luncheon Friday, January thirtieth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, at one o'clock. There were only sixteen Lasell girls present, but we had a very jolly time and everyone was glad to welcome Mademoiselle Le Royer, who represented Lasell. Mademoiselle gave us a very inspiring message and also told us many interesting things about Lasell and its growth.

Officers of the Philadelphia Lasell Club:

President—Annie Merrill David, '12  
 Vice President—Jessie Caulk Shepherd, '17  
 Secretary and Treasurer—Edithe Hobson Fricke '17.

The girls who attended the luncheon are—

Helen Leavitt Aiken 1905-'06  
 Lenore Belber '24  
 Martha Hazelitt Crooks '10  
 Annie Merrill David '12  
 Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04  
 Edith Hobson Fricke '17  
 Catherine Sober Glass '21  
 Madeline Sheldon Herfurth '16  
 Rosamond Kent 1918-'20  
 Irma Levi Levy '10  
 Mabel Cressman Loewen 1908-'10  
 Marion Mann Miles '02  
 Ruth Throm Rogers '23  
 Jessie Shepherd '17  
 Grace Rome Vail '05  
 Dot Payne Whiteway '14

ANNIE MERRILL DAVID '12.

## PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK LASELL CLUBS

(As Mademoiselle saw them)

It was with a great deal of happiness mixed with curiosity that I took the train en route for the Philadelphia Lasell Club; I was to see many "old girls," some of whom I had known years ago, and would recognize each other through the veil of years? Would they be the girls, the same girls who used to run through the corridors at night, the same girls who under most extraordinary reasons told me in a most innocent manner with a plausible air when caught under a bed in No. 42, when they lived in 25, and would extricate themselves from this seemingly uncomfortable position



with a smile and would tell the irate teacher that they had happened to be there on a very important matter and had to tell her friend before morning, etc., excuses which of course were perfectly understood by the teacher!

All these memories would run through my mind. I arrived at Mt. Airy, where I was received with open arms by Annie Merrill David '12, but the real reception was on the steps of her house, full of ice and snow, three delightful children ran to us and it was a pleasure to hear them address me as "My mother's teacher," and what a reception! All wanted to do something for me at once. I felt most important, much more important with my Lasell grand-children than their mothers made me feel when I got them under some beds or hidden in a closet in the small hours of the morning!

It was a strange sensation to find these "old girls," though time had passed, yet there they were with the old Lasell spirit bettered by far for having lived, and now how cordially and kindly they received me because I came from Lasell. How the old spirit was all there and what remembrances they evoked. The time passed too quickly; we could not say all we wanted.

The officers of the Club had arranged a special luncheon and did bring with them that lovely "Je ne sais quoi" which belongs to Lasell alone. The pleasing thing about it was that all the "girls" seem to remember us all (the teachers) with kindness, which leads me to think that I must not relax my discipline! I know the new girls will read this phrase with pleasure, but an anticipated pleasure, of course, and no one likes discipline only in the past.

In New York, where I was invited by the kindness of Dr. Winslow, I met many old girls who all received me as an old friend. The lovely thing in these reunions is that we have so much more in common than one would think when the girls are with us, that it is with a great feeling of kindness one is received, it would seem that the experiences of life that the girls have after their happy and irresponsible life they had at school makes them look

back on these happy days with tenderness. How many girls I would like to have spent a day with to talk over our lovely time when we used to go riding or picknicking together, these seemed to be much more fun than on reading "Le Cid" or learning the rules of the French grammar which are now forgotten. It was another pleasure that some of my old pupils had in store for me; they actually spoke French!

Now for all those whom I have not had the pleasure to thank personally for the lovely time they gave me, I want to say here to all

Merci,

JEANNE LE ROYER.

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#### WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS LASELL CLUB

Up to this date, February seventh, as Mrs. Sanford said, "The Western Massachusetts Lasell Club claims the place of Club baby, but from news of a soon-to-be New Haven gathering our reign is a fleeting one. The day chosen for the Club's first Luncheon in Springfield was beautifully bright overhead and the twenty-three girls in attendance radiated good cheer and enthusiasm. A bountiful and delicious luncheon was served by the Hotel "Worthy." The tables made a "Hearty" appearance in honor of St. Valentine, baskets of pink tulips and pussy willows lent a party air to the proceedings.

Irene Sauter Sanford '06 welcomed the girls very graciously, giving a brief account of the good time at the Mid-winter Reunion held at Lasell a few days before and expressing the hope that our club would grow to be one of the largest and strongest in supporting our Alma Mater. At her suggestion the girls voted to meet at a later date in the season of 1926, when travel and temperature would encourage attendance. After voting to send greeting to Dr. Winslow and Dr. Bragdon the club officers were elected:

Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, President.

Susan E. Tiffany, '15, Secretary and Treasurer.

Amy Tuthill Smith, '18, Visiting Representative.

Amy expects to spend a year in the Middle West where her husband, now an instructor at Amherst, will be studying for his Master's Degree and so can bring us first hand information as to the interests and ways of Lasell girls elsewhere.

Our beloved Miss Potter brought the message from Lasell, love from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, bits of Lasell news and exposition of Lasell's stand upon the question of girls smoking or using too great freedom of manner and in closing, her hope that her "White Doves" would remain faithful to their highest and best.

A few of the girls spoke briefly, Miss Nellie Thrall, Valedictorian of the class of 1872, rose to be exclaimed over modestly declining speech. She displayed her charming class ring and our climax was when she declared that while at Auburndale she went to the Peace Jubilee in Boston and rode to the Hub in a buggy. Mrs. Eugenia Matthews who attended Lasell from 1876-1882 told us that she wished our Miss Potter had come to the reunion with her big braids down her back as in the old Lasell days. Ruth Butterworth '11, now secretary to President Olds of Amherst College, reported herself well and happy. She favored the idea of adopting a promising student and sending her to Lasell as the Club's contribution to Lasell Life and a common tie to bind us closer together. The Secretary asked the girls to please keep her informed of the names and residences of any Old Girls.

Bernice Parker '24, the dear infant of her class and now of our club, expressed the pleasure of the younger girls in the club and her loyalty to Lasell.

The meeting closed with the singing of Alma Mater. The Western Massachusetts Lasell Club was duly launched a happy reality. The names of those present follow:

Lillie R. Potter '80  
 Irene Sauter Sanford '06  
 Nellie E. Thrall '72  
 Cornelia Eaton Prindle '07  
 Axie Van Deusen Logie 1911-12  
 Clarissa Gibbs Smith 1904-05  
 Florence Hudson Lake '09

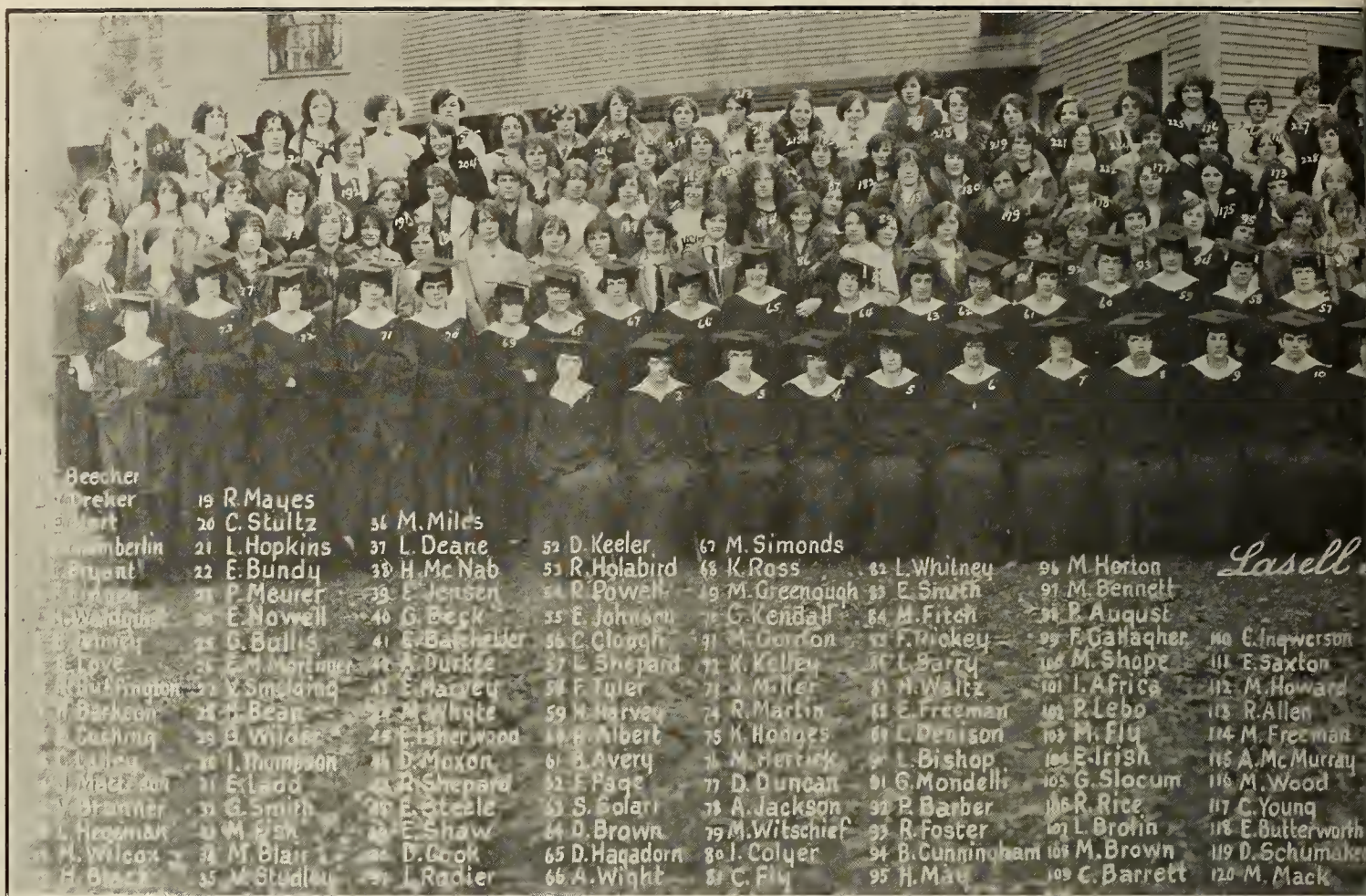
Dorothy Wells Seller, '09  
 Orissa M. Atwill '16  
 Dorice L. Wyman 1921-22  
 Harriet S. Hawks '21  
 Eugenia C. Matthews 1876-1882  
 Bernice C. Parker '24  
 Evelyn Speed 1924  
 Alta Lucas 1924  
 Edith Powell Van de Wolk '18  
 Amy Tuthill Smith '18  
 Marian A. Brown 1922  
 Alice Dwinell Knox 1900  
 Alice C. Ballard 1908-09  
 Ruth C. Butterworth '11  
 Susan Tiffany '15  
 Grace Alexander Van Deusen '12

Our preceptress is still enthusiastically talking over her week-end among the Lasell girls of Western Massachusetts. Saturday she was the guest of their new President, Irene Sanford '06, in her attractive Westfield home, where she had a dear visit with Irene, her fine husband and her precious little daughter Mary-Ruth. Sunday Susan Tiffany '15, secretary and Amy Tuthill Smith '18, newly elected visiting representative, came from Springfield and took Miss Potter over to Amherst to Amy's home, where they tarried long enough to enjoy a delicious supper, a part of which was prepared by Amy's efficient husband, who not only successfully instructs in Amherst Agricultural College, but evidently has been well trained in Domestic Science by Amy. A ride of some eighteen miles from Amherst brought our preceptress back to Springfield to Susan's home, where she spent a restful night getting acquainted with Susan's household and quite fell in love with her beautiful Scotch collie who bears the unique name of "Consider." It seems that this name had been in the family since Puritan-Pilgrim times. Altogether it was a delightful and never to be forgotten experience. Miss Potter has come home more than ever convinced that Lasell girls, old and new, are the "best."

The LEAVES editor is grateful to the Preceptress, for among other good things she succeeded in getting the girls present, most of them, to write a word as to their whereabouts and whatabout.



LASELL LEAVES



Dorothy Wells Seller '09 looked about as young as in her school days and is the mother of four beautiful children.

Florence Hudson Lake '09 wrote after her name "Schoolmarm." Others tell us that she not only teaches in the day but in the night school, and is a very successful teacher. Strangely enough she is in the same school, and we understand, one of the aide-de-camps of Orissa Marie Atwill '16. The girls were teaching in this school for two years before they found out that they both had had their training at Lasell.

Doris Wyman (1921-22) wrote after her name "One wonderful year at Lasell."

Our efficient president's testimony was brief but telling; here it is—"have one daughter, a dear hubby and am perfectly happy."

Cornelia E. Prindle '07 was five years at Lasell and reports two high school daughters, and one big eleven-year-old son.

Axie Van Deusen Logie (1910-12) confessed to having two nice years at Lasell and loved it.

Clarissa Gibbs Smith (1904-05) was the same live wire as of yore; we all had a merry laugh over her testimony, which was "fair, fat and nearly forty."

Dear Harriet Hawks '21 frankly confided that she wished the meetings of once a year could instead come each month.

Eugenia Converse Mathews (1875-80) confessed that her years at Lasell were the happiest, jolliest part of her life.

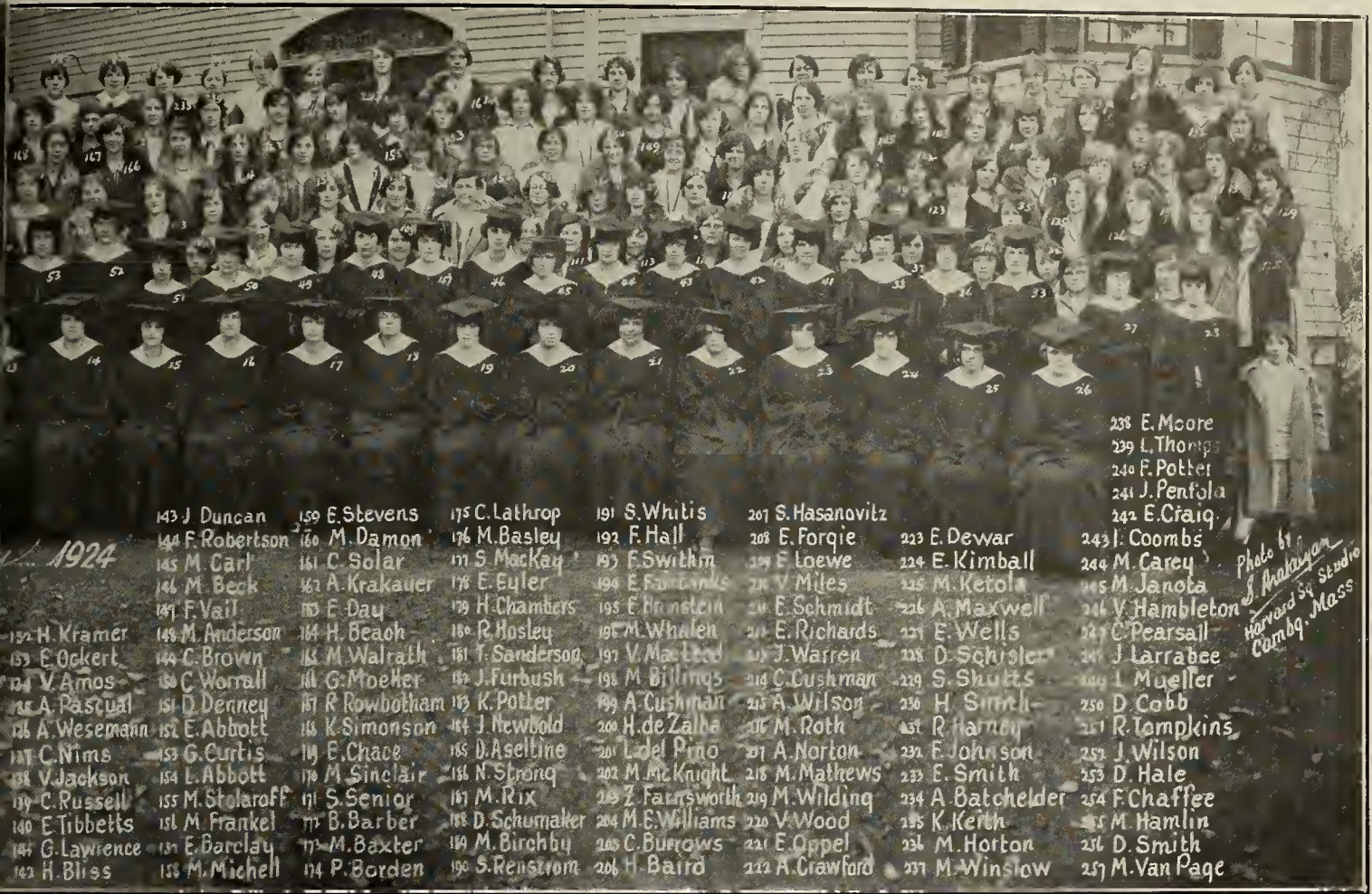
Evelyn Speed 1921 and 1923 writes, "I did not finish my year, but am a true lover of the school." Alta Lucas (1923) says, "One wonderful year at Lasell; now miss being called L. W. D."

Edith Powell Van der Wolk '18 declares that her one small son keeps her busy, but she is loyal to Lasell always.

We wonder if Amy Tuthill Smith knows she fell into rhyme, for she wrote "Happy, hale and hearty and enjoying this gay party."

Alice Dwinnell Knox (1900-01) writes, "Chases antiques, have two children Easter and Barron, living in Holyoke and happily





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|------------------|------------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 143 J. Duncan    | 159 E. Stevens   | 175 C. Lathrop   | 191 S. Whitis      | 207 S. Hasanovitz | 223 E. Dewar      | 238 E. Moore     |
| 144 F. Robertson | 160 M. Damon     | 176 M. Basley    | 192 F. Hall        | 208 E. Forgie     | 224 E. Kimball    | 239 L. Thompson  |
| 145 M. Carl      | 161 C. Solar     | 177 S. Mackay    | 193 F. Swithin     | 209 F. Loewe      | 225 M. Ketola     | 240 F. Potter    |
| 146 M. Beck      | 162 A. Krakauer  | 178 E. Euler     | 194 E. Fairbanks   | 210 V. Miles      | 226 A. Maxwell    | 241 J. Penfold   |
| 147 F. Vail      | 163 E. Day       | 179 H. Chambers  | 195 E. Hirstein    | 211 E. Schmidt    | 227 E. Wells      | 242 E. Craig     |
| 148 H. Kramer    | 164 H. Beach     | 180 R. Hosley    | 196 M. Whalen      | 212 E. Richards   | 228 D. Schisler   | 243 J. Coombs    |
| 149 E. Ockert    | 165 M. Walrath   | 181 T. Sandersen | 197 V. MacLeod     | 213 J. Warren     | 229 S. Shultz     | 244 M. Carey     |
| 150 V. Amos      | 166 G. Moether   | 182 J. Furbush   | 198 M. Billings    | 214 C. Cushman    | 230 H. Smith      | 245 M. Janota    |
| 151 A. Pascual   | 167 R. Rowbotham | 183 K. Potter    | 199 A. Cushman     | 215 A. Wilson     | 231 R. Harnoy     | 246 V. Hambleton |
| 152 A. Wesemann  | 168 E. Abbott    | 184 J. Newbold   | 200 H. de Zalba    | 216 M. Roth       | 232 E. Johnson    | 247 C. Pearsall  |
| 153 C. Nims      | 169 E. Curtis    | 185 D. Aseltine  | 201 L. del Pino    | 217 A. Norton     | 233 E. Smith      | 248 J. Larrabee  |
| 154 V. Jackson   | 170 L. Abbott    | 186 N. Strong    | 202 M. McKnight    | 218 M. Matthews   | 234 A. Batchelder | 249 I. Mueller   |
| 155 C. Russell   | 171 M. Stolaroff | 187 M. Rix       | 203 Z. Farnsworth  | 219 M. Wilding    | 235 K. Keith      | 250 D. Cobb      |
| 156 E. Tibbetts  | 172 M. Frankel   | 188 D. Schumaker | 204 M. E. Williams | 220 V. Wood       | 236 M. Horton     | 251 R. Tompkins  |
| 157 G. Lawrence  | 173 E. Barclay   | 189 M. Birchby   | 205 C. Burrows     | 221 E. Oppel      | 237 M. Winslow    | 252 J. Wilson    |
| 158 H. Bliss     | 174 P. Borden    | 190 S. Renstrom  | 206 H. Baird       | 222 A. Crawford   |                   | 253 D. Hale      |
|                  |                  |                  |                    |                   |                   | 254 F. Chaffee   |
|                  |                  |                  |                    |                   |                   | 255 M. Hamlin    |
|                  |                  |                  |                    |                   |                   | 256 D. Smith     |
|                  |                  |                  |                    |                   |                   | 257 M. Van Page  |

Photo by  
J. Phelan at  
Harvard Sq. Studio  
Cambq. Mass.

married to Frank R. Knox of Hartford, Conn.”

How grateful Lasell is for Marion A. Brown’s ’22 testimony: “I passed three short years at Lasell, something very dear to think about.”

Alice Coburn Ballard (1907-9) declared that her two years at Lasell were never to be forgotten.

Ethel McCorkindale Harwood (1905-07) and Grace Alexander Van Deusen ’12 were also among the enthusiastic reunionists.

### THE NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB LUNCHEON

On Saturday, February twenty-eight, twelve girls of the New Haven Lasell Club met at the Racebrook Country Club for their reunion and luncheon. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were their guests.

Following informal greetings in the attractive reception room of the club house, a delicious luncheon was served in the dining room

across the hall. The party being small enough to be accommodated at one table, everyone could talk with everyone else, and the opportunity was well used. Some of the interesting news there told will be found in the Personals of this issue of the LEAVES.

After the luncheon there was time for a leisurely visit in the reception room. Chairs were drawn into a friendly circle and Dr. Winslow told items of interest and answered questions in regard to Lasell. The time for breaking up came all too soon, but mingled with the good-byes was the hope of another reunion in the near future.

The officers of this new Lasell Club are:

- President—Leota Fulton (1919-20)
- Vice President—Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, ’18
- Secretary—Ruth Tolman (1918-19)
- Treasurer—Cornelia Hemingway, ’22

The following were present at the luncheon:

- Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow
- Iverna Birdsall, ’22
- Caroline Bovey, ’22
- Madeline Loomis Caldwell (1916-18)



Eva Chandler (1900-01)  
 Leota Fulton (1919-20)  
 Cornelia Hemingway, '22  
 Mary Hopkins, '19  
 Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell, '14  
 Anita Hotchkiss Scott, '18  
 Lillian Terhune (1920)  
 Ruth Tolman (1918-19)  
 Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow report a most delightful time at the New Haven Lasell Club Luncheon on February twenty-eight. After the meeting they were entertained in the home of Cornelia Hemingway '22, where they had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Cornelia's father and mother and sister, all of whom are valued friends of Lasell. Some of the interesting personnels gleaned from the New Haven Meeting are as follows:

Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell '14 is the wife of Dr. Ralph E. McDonnell, skin specialist. Genevieve is the happy mother of two small boys, Bobby, five years, and Billy, seven months.

Mary Hopkins '19 was there and her friends will be interested to know that she holds an important position at Yale University, being the office secretary, and also has charge of the newspaper publicity for Yale University.

Cornelia M. Hemingway's ('22) executive ability is still in running order. She has a Sunday school class of wide awake boys, is treasurer of the New Haven Lasell Club and is on the Executive Committee of the Women's Congregational Home Missionary Union of Connecticut.

Iverna Birdsall '22 is a dear home keeping heart, but finds time to be an efficient teacher in the Sabbath School.

Caroline Bovey '22 of Newton Centre, Mass., is temporarily in New Haven and a dietitian at the New Haven Hospital. We are proud of you, Caroline.

Lillian E. Terhune (1920) is still a woman of affairs, holding a responsible position as secretary.

The New Haven schools are to be congratulated in having secured Eva Chandler (1900-01), our former instructress, on their teaching

staff. We are especially glad that she had the opportunity to join our girls at the reunion.

Leota Fulton 1919-20, the newly elected president of the New Haven Lasell Club, is still in the insurance business and is anticipating a delightful trip in March, for she is to visit Mary Phipps '21 in Norfolk, Virginia.

Madeline Loomis Caldwell (1916-18) is happily settled in Woodmont, a little out of New Haven, her husband being factory manager at the Seamless Rubber Company. She has two little daughters, Barbara, four and a half, and Jean, two and a half years old.

Ruth Tolman, 1918-19, secretary of the New Haven Lasell Club, is a successful teacher of Domestic Science, but will find time to act as secretary of our Lasell Club.

Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18, is the new vice-president. Her husband is interested in the automobile business and they are both expecting to sail for Bermuda sometime in March.

Anita Hotchkiss Scott, '18, is still a resident of New Haven, her husband being in the wholesale grocery business in that city.

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#### BITS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Clara Cameron Read (1894-5) was here; Daisy Aull Duncan (1895-8) is here; Nell Smith (1889-90) is here again; Gertrude Bucknum Acors '95 was here; Sophie Locke (1880-2) was also here; Helen Cleaveland Coleman (1892-3) and Ruth Cleaveland Bates (1895-5) are living here. We wish we could say this of all these fine women, once Lasell "girls." But they keep coming. This is the land that woos people. Notice how these few represent many sections, Boston, St. Louis, Denver, Kenosha, Seattle.

On March 10 the Southern California Lasell Club has its Annual Reunion and I warrant that among the fifty present there will be twenty-five States besides California represented. So come all you who want the real thing in the way of scenery, climate and fine living conditions. You will not be lonesome!

Annie Kendig Peirce '80 called yesterday. She sails for Honolulu tomorrow A. M.

We shall see her again on her return when she will stay with Dr. Dillon Bronson, the nationally renowned preacher whose real home is Boston. Annie does not look a day older than when she was a Lasell "Girl" and she reports Mildred and Beth and their children well. Alice Mayo Hicks (1876-6) is here for the winter. Ida Jones Hayden '05 lives now in Monterey and Edith Harber Wright '05 in Oakland. She says she is only sorry she didn't come sooner.

You see they are all coming, the sensible ones to whom it is possible! Better get into the procession!

C. C. BRAGDON.

Feb. 26, 1925.



Lasell feels quite content that the majority of the newcomers on the Lasell Baby Roster, are in line for L. W. D.'s. Mr. and Mrs. Thalheimer announce the arrival of a little daughter Rosalie, born on February 12, 1925. Mr. and Mrs. George Leewitz are also the happy parents of little Miss Elizabeth Bevin Leewitz, who arrived on February 2, 1925. Lasell's welcome to Margaret Henderson Soule's little son Richard, born December 2nd, though late, is none the less sincere and loving.

Olive Westcott 1925 has been enjoying a visit from her younger sister Geneva. Churilla Silliman 1925 has also had the pleasure of a visit from her younger sister Martha.

St. Valentine's month is the timely season for weddings and wedding announcements. LASELL LEAVES has never failed to hand in some report. This month we are happy to make the glad announcement of the marriage of Margaret Vance Loomis '21 to Mr. Charles Gilbert Collingwood, which announcement

keeps the chain unbroken. Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood will be at home after March first at 2311 East 70th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

How it ever happened our Personal Editor is at a loss to know, but for some reason our dear Helen Smith Stone's '18 marriage was not recorded in the October LEAVES. Our Preceptress and other Lasell folks who are friends of our Helen remember that they rejoiced with her at the time and a record of the glad event was due her then. We apologize to this dear graduate for an inexplicable oversight.

A very elegant card came recently to announce the engagement of Vivian Sadler (1921-22) to Mr. William H. Gardner.

Just as we go to press comes a card which announces the engagement of Doris Frances Bissett '21 to Mr. Richard Keaker Bryant. Loving congratulations to these happy young people.

Someone is always enjoying summer weather somewhere. This time it happens to be Mayno Seltzer '22, who sends her greetings to Dr. Winslow from Palm Beach. Her message came on one of the most beautiful cards the Personal Editor has ever seen—flowers, flowers everywhere, a very appropriate environment for sunny Mayno.

Miss Witherbee was surprised and pleased recently to receive a charming message from Margaret Horne Elliott '22, whose address is now 22 Livingston Ave., Lowell, Mass. Among other Lasell news Margaret reports that Olive Eastman 1919-22 is living near her, and that Virginia Emmott Orr '22 is also a near neighbor and neighborly. In thanking Miss Witherbee for her Christmas Greeting, Margaret writes, "My husband took up your message and exclaimed, 'This card certainly shows individuality'—I had to smile because it was true, and he had no idea who sent it."

We have Barbara Vail Bosworth '05 to thank for the interesting news that dear Margaret Henderson Soule '05 has a new little boy, this making her fourth son, and do not forget that she is even richer than this, for Margaret is also the mother of two daughters.





SEVEN STUDENTS AT LASELL, DAUGHTERS OF FORMER LASELL GIRLS

Left to right (seated), Virginia Hight, daughter of Lorena Fellows '99, Elizabeth Saxton, daughter of Lestra Hibbard '96; Madeleine Roth, daughter of Josephine Milliken '99. Left to right (standing), Juliet Warren, daughter of Lucy Sargeant '91, Caroline Cushman, daughter of Georgiana Lord 1898-1900; Elizabeth Wells, daughter of Edith Burke 1902-1903, and granddaughter of Joseph C. Burke, teacher at Lasell, 1882-85; Marjorie Allyn, daughter of Annie Mae Pinkham '02.

Katherine Knox '24: "I wish every Lasell girl would write as legible and fine a hand as you do." This applies to certain members of the LEAVES staff also. Katherine writes from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, early in this month, that she and her family are planning to spend the rest of the winter in Florida. She wishes especially to be remembered to Miss Goodrich, and tells us that she is studying voice this winter. Katherine sends the good news that she hopes to be in Boston the last of May and remain through Commencement-time.

Edna Mathias Dinet '13, still of Joliet, Illinois, dropped in to her old school home the other day. Twelve years have slipped by since Edna graduated, but she came back with the same enthusiasm which characterized in the old school days. She is the proud mother of two dear children.

Through the courtesy of our Mrs. Helen Ordway we had the privilege of reading a delightful message from Roxie Kent 1918-20 who wrote very pleasantly of the recent Lasell Reunion in Philadelphia. In her own words she declared that the reunion was fine, "everything went smoothly, Mademoiselle Le Royer was fascinating. I felt as though I was back in my French class when I heard her talking." She adds, "Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04, Jessie Shepherd '17, and a friend had an interesting preliminary meeting. We missed Dr. and Mrs. Winslow very much." There were some nineteen present and Roxie writes, "One girl came late whom I did not know," but the Personal Editor happens to have learned that Martha Hazelett Crooks '10 of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, was visiting in Philadelphia with her husband and in the reunion hotel chanced to see a notice of the Lasell Luncheon in the Pink

Room. Martha with no further preliminaries very properly marched straight into the reunion and received a cordial welcome. She found that five of the company were old Lasell friends, and had a delightful time.

Dear Frances Bliss '24 in her holiday greeting to our preceptress writes, "I think of you and all the girls so often and am looking forward to June and our reunion." This is a good word from dear Frances.

Ruth Magoun Boyd '18—I wonder if the old Lasell girls of Ruth Magoun's time know that she was recently married to Mr. John Scudder Boyd and is living at Forest Arms, Apt. 56, Forest Hills, L. I.

Through the courtesy of some unknown informer we have learned that Helen Louis 1919 has been visiting in New York with Julia Rankin 1918-20, and Helen Prindle 1919-20. Julia recently announced her engagement to Mr. Ives Welles, and Helen Prindle is married. Madeleine Roth 1925, of Peoria, Ill., attended the wedding of Catherine Alexander in Jacksonville, Illinois.

Anna Kendig Peirce '80 is far afield this winter, having gone to Honolulu for a visit, and writes that she "took in" the quaint city of New Orleans and the regions between that city and the California Coast. We hope later to report in full some of Annie's fascinating descriptions of this unusual journey.

Marjorie Gifford Grimm '22 leads an unusually busy and happy life. She has time to keep up her music teaching, filling four of her afternoons with that worthwhile work. She writes of a very pretty holiday pageant given in the church, in which her husband played an important part, memorizing page after page of somewhat difficult manuscript, but, do we dare to add, Marjorie made the comment that her lawyer husband and *our* lawyer-friend does, even in the face and eyes of that gift, forget sometimes to mail a letter and the exact location of the automobile key. "How history repeats itself," but the Personal Editor dares not add another word.

Marjorie's young women's Bible class have been doing some practical work in supporting

two elderly people who were formerly in affluence but are at present in great need. So sure are these aged couple that all things work together for good, recently when they were in an automobile accident and were able to collect insurance, they felt that God had given them that means to reimburse themselves. This seems to be the last word in a trust in the goodness of God. They have arranged that after they pass away, their furniture is to be disposed of and the money used for people who might be found in the same circumstances as their own. Their way of trust is certainly an inspiration and example for us to follow. Dear Marjorie closes her story with—"We wish that everyone might be helped as we have been by our association with these brave Christians." She also adds that she has recently enjoyed a visit from Mary Godard 1921. She inquires for Elinor Stevens, whose brother is an intimate friend of Mr. Grimm's, and we can answer Marjorie that Elinor is one of our very best girls.

We are indebted to Dorothy Barnard '24 for these interesting items about "old girls." Marjorie Lowell '23 is now a teacher of English in the Marlboro, Massachusetts, schools. Barbara Pinkham, '24, is also a pedagogue in the Portland schools, her subject being History. Dear Florence Boehmcke Simes '23 has a dear little son Robert, otherwise known as "Bobby Lasell."

Hazel Geneva Small '24 has arrived at last. She is actually in residence in Auburndale and has been Lasell's guest for one short evening. We hope she will visit us often.

Mrs. Harry Lea Doud '03 (Edith Ebersole) has written the most charming letter from her home in Columbus, Ohio, to our Preceptress. She speaks of her happy meeting with our friend Mary Ninde Gamewell, author of "Ming Kwong," whose lectures on "Missions" she attended during the past summer at Lakeside, Ohio Summer School, and found while there that Mrs. Gamewell's father was the pastor of the Ebersole family in Cincinnati and also a schoolmate of Edith's aunt. Like many a young woman, she has evidently fallen under



the spell of Mrs. Gamewell's friendliness, for they have apparently adopted each other. Edith pays a fine tribute to our Miss Packard '83. She writes, "I have been so interested to find Miss Packard's very splendid books along the devotional line for use in our programs. If you see her please tell her how fine I think they are and how I enjoy them because of their character, and because *she* has compiled them. I was recently with Bessie Draper Ruffin '02 and Mary Upham Clark '02, and had a wonderful few days with them last February. Last Fall my daughter and I had the finest sort of a visit in the home of Annie May Pinkham Allyn 1898-02, whom I found the same as ever in her youthful spirit and has developed into a wonderful mother. I believe you have her daughter Marjorie at Lasell now. I hear from Mabel Pooler '03 occasionally, and see Charlotte Strongman Chapple and her husband when I visit my brother in Middletown, and enjoy them very much. Edna Cones Prior 1905-6 is a close neighbor of mine and I occasionally see her sister Lela. Edna has two very nice boys about my Harriet's age. Once in a while I see Grace Tredway Davies '18. I am sorry we have no Lasell Club here. Corinne Richter used to live here and I see her occasionally when she comes back to visit her family." Edith speaks of her daughter Harriet's "going away to school." We are selfish enough to hope that she may make her way to college via Lasell. She is kind enough to add "When the LASELL LEAVES comes in I enjoy it very much." She refers to the fact that Helen Ebersole Swartzel's (1901-02) daughter has been recently at Lasell. We are still regretting that Helen did not finish her course here, but the urge from Wellesley was too great and she is now a regular Wellesley College girl. Edith also expresses the hope that she and Mabel Pooler '03 will come back together to visit the old school. We certainly hope these intentions will materialize. In closing she adds, "My sister's Xmas gift to me was Martha Haskell Clark's ('05) 'Home Road.' Isn't it beautiful." We certainly are very grateful to Edith for this message.

Our principal has recently received a pleasant, newsy letter from Thelma Schweitzer White '22, who was married two years ago. Her husband is a graduate of the Ohio State Pharmacy College and now owns a drugstore in Leipsic, Ohio, which is Thelma's home city. She adds further that she spent last week in Toledo with Herma '21, and they attended a luncheon given by a former Lasell girl, Katherine Van Fleet 1919-20. Yes, Thelma, we have had a charming greeting from Mayno Seltzer '22 and know that she and her family are enjoying Florida. The Ohio girls are anticipating a visit from Louise Jackson '22. The past summer Thelma spent part of her vacation in Cleveland with Jeanette Geist '21, and very naturally Lasell was the main topic of their conversation. She closes with, "If the opportunity ever presents itself I will not be very long getting back to the school home." She also wishes to send remembrances to Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Hooker.

Wilda Berkey Cortland 1914 writes from her home in Biddeford, Maine: "It is a great pleasure to look back on my days at dear Lasell and I long to come back to see you all. I plan to be there this June, Florence Bell Merrill '17 and I will come together. Plenty of snow has made everything pretty and white. Biddeford has been our home now for nearly three years. I was sorry to miss the Annual luncheon at Portland last Fall. Marcia Fogg Moore '14 and I planned to go, but she was called to Boston and I was prevented from carrying out my plans." Wilda very properly promises to add her name to the list of LEAVES subscribers, and is enough interested to express a wish to join one of the local Lasell Clubs. She closes with this dear modest declaration. "We know you are busy looking after your school family and I hope they are better than we were in our day."

Jean Mackay 1911, very frequently gives us a near and dear view of her Montana. We are grateful for every word from her gifted pen. Through Dr. Winslow's courtesy we can share a part of her message. She writes, "Had you received all the letters I had planned,

your desk would be piled high with what I might call 'promissory notes.'" She adds, "Your Christmas Greeting was very lovely and warmed the heart of an old 'Lasellite.' It was surely meant to be Christmas, all that snow. I could hear the snow plough going by, towed by placid old Duke, and piloted by Mr. Harper. New England can surely put on lovely snow storms. Did you by chance read of our Montana December weather. The mercury on a certain Sunday registered at fifty-eight above and in the morning it was four degrees below and it never stopped until it was forty-two. The thermometer, you see, dropped eighty-two degrees in twelve hours and once twenty-two degrees in one hour. Our Christmas was very pleasant this year. My father, who had been quite ill, recovered in time for Christmas, which made me very happy. My friend Ruth, who has been with us for five years, returned for her vacation and that added to my happiness. The festiveness was somewhat lessened by name tapes, buttons, mending, new this, and renovating that. My friend is attending the Montana State Normal School which does not have the Lasell fame in the way of "eats." Our State Normal provides an education very inexpensively and their table feels the pinch. It is wonderful that the time has come that truly anyone who wants an education, can have it. Some of them go to this school with only a few dollars and every possible aid is given them in the way of cheap living conditions. One may have other obligations, but money need hardly be an excuse. I have received no Lasell news this year. I have tried to make a gossip of our Miss Witherbee, but it cannot be done. If you have any secrets tell them to her, they are safe as they would be with yourself." She adds, "Christmas brought so many letters and cards. I was so pleased this year to have a card from Miss Genn with her address, I had not heard from her in years." "Nan Stronach '18 was here during August, it was so much fun to have her with me. I did not do as many things as I would have liked, but we got into the mountains, saw a rattlesnake, a coyote and some bucking

horses. When I have finished these things my entertainment is over for the season. A new entrance to Yellowstone is to be made and the main highway will pass within six miles of us, so when you come, 'Here we are' and do not ever let it be known that you slipped by. The sheep business is elegant; how long it will last, no one can say, but it is fine while it does. Our wool is contracted for next year at fifty cents a pound, and we have been offered eleven cents for our lambs. We have about two hundred and fifty lambs, and I do enjoy them so much. We will begin lambing the fifteenth of March this year, which is earlier than usual." In closing, Jean writes, "I hope you are all well and happy and as busy as only happy folks are. Your family are young men and women and if they are as delightful now as when they trudged slowly up the hill with wee Donald on his sled, you have much to give you pleasure. May the coming year give each one of you the best it has in store. Your kindness and friendliness is one of the very nicest things I have to remember."

Dear Miss Irwin, what an unfailing friend she is to Lasell and some of the favored faculty who were her associates here. She expresses a regret at not being able to attend the Alumnae Reunion and in the vernacular of our girls, sends "heaps of love to those who may inquire."

We are holding our schoolmate Ruby Holabird 1925 in very tender remembrance at this time because of her recent great sorrow in the loss of her mother.

Among the new students who joined us at mid-year are Mariesta D. Howland, Mass., Elizabeth Coe of Rochester, N. H., Gertrude Bicknell of Madison, N. Y., Phyllis Allen of Lynn, Mass., and Marjorie Colyer of Newark, N. Y.

We are delighted to welcome back to Lasell Marguerite Virkler.

Lasell has lost a true and esteemed friend in the passing away of Dr. George T. Bates of Auburndale. All through the years he has been coming in and out of our school home, at times lecturing on Egyptology or some



phases of medical work. Again and again he has been our Principal's guest of honor during the holiday festivities. His sincere and gracious sympathy with youth has endeared him to his students at Tufts, Sargent's and Lasell. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to his bereaved family.

Helen T. Foster '16 is also among the mid-winter arrivals. We are delighted to have her again at home in our midst and because of her own natural friendliness she has already won a firm place in the hearts of the new girls.

We have just recently learned of the death of Mr. L. H. Beaver, father of our former student, Edna Beaver Meehan (1912-16). The press notice which brought the sad tidings, pays a very fine tribute to the life of this esteemed citizen and Lasell's sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate in this hour of her sorrow.

---

## JOKES

"There are some dogs, old man, that are very intelligent. For example, mine begins to howl as soon as he sees my wife approach the piano."

---

I'm a tomato. Can me.

---

Prof.—"Why are you taking this course, Mr. Brown?"

Stude—"Er-well, because I am very fond of the subject. It gives me a new insight into the problems which-er-I'm called upon to meet in everyday life. It has been an inspiration to me."

Prof.—"Very good. Now, Mr. Smith, you tell one."—*The Columns*.

---

Department Store Santa—"And what do you want for Christmas, little boy?"

Youngster—"Nothin' but a three-step poly-phase hetrodine regenerative unit, and a reflex inductive oscillatory tube for my radio."  
—*Juggler*.

Clergyman (to four-year-old Nellie)—"And what do you go to Sunday-school for, my dear?"

Nellie—"To see Tommy Jones."—*Merton Item*.

---

"Fools ask questions no wise man can answer."

"Sure, that's why we all flunk."

---

Conjugation of the verb to smile.

Que je me smile.

Que tu te giggle.

Qu' il se grin.

Que nous nous laughions.

Que vous nous chakiez.

Qu' ils se bust.

---

A woman climbing on one of our local street cars handed a conductor a transfer. "This is two days old," he growled.

"I have been waiting patiently," she murmured.

---

"Betty's rich uncle cut her off with practically nothing."

"Bobbed heiress, eh?"—*London Humorist*.

---

Anxious Wife—"Abie, have you done anything about that horrible Black Hand letter?"

Abie—"Oh, ain't I, though. I turned it over to my insurance company. They got \$20,000 tied up in me; let them worry."—*Moorestown Star*.

---

The two learned doctors were talking. After examining an x-ray photograph of a man's lungs, one said, "Good photograph, isn't it?"

"Flatters the left lung a little," said the second.—*London Tit-Bits*.

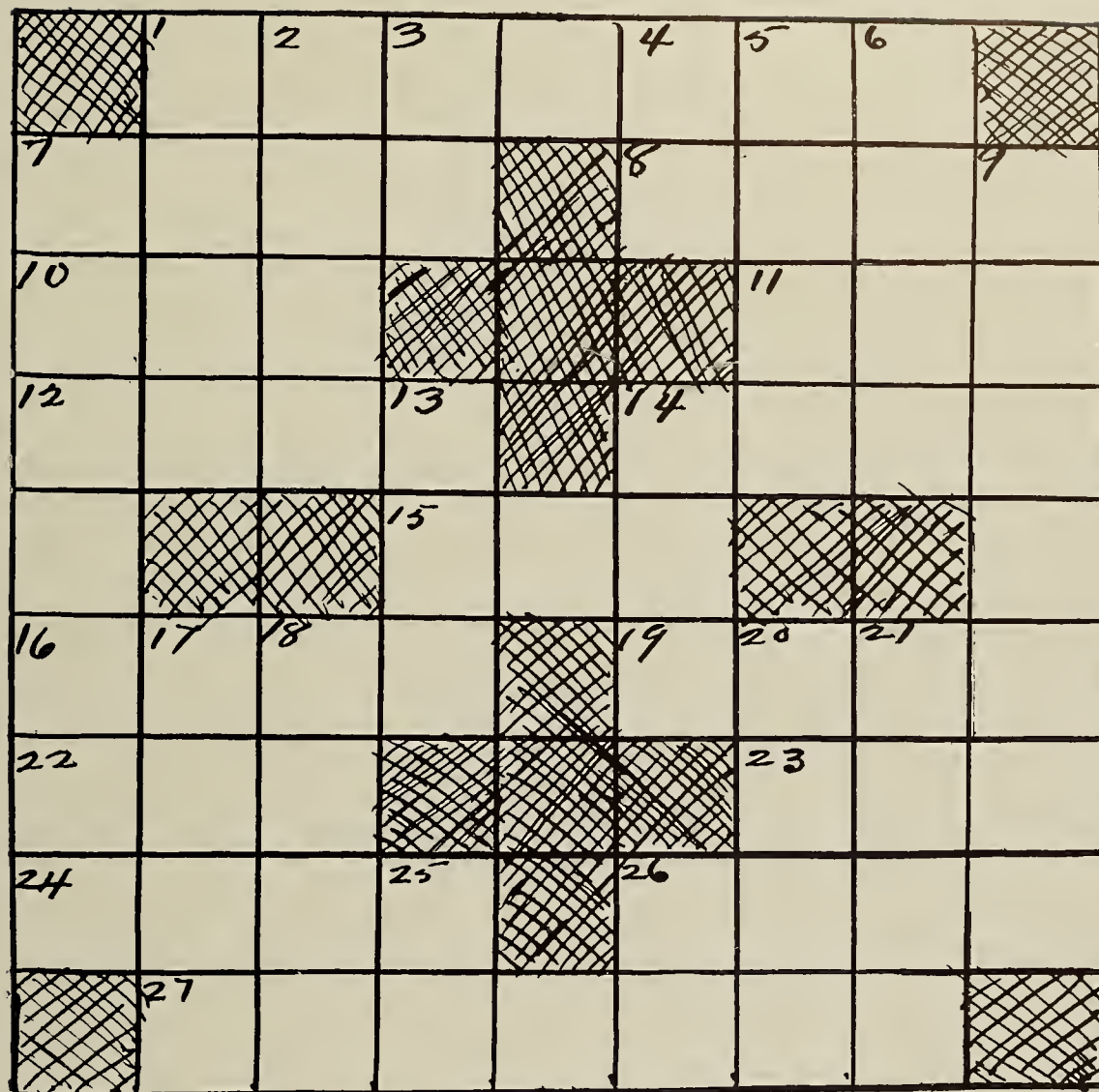
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Teacher—"Who signed the Magna Charta?"

Youngster—"Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me."

Teacher (disgusted)—"Oh, take your seat."

Skeptical Member of School Board—"Here, call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."—*New York Sun*.



CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- |                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1. A means of fastening   | 19. Executive office in a college           |
| 7. A tramp                | 22. A color                                 |
| 8. Not any                | 23. Girl's nickname                         |
| 10. Everything            | 24. Achievement                             |
| 11. Boy                   | 26. Rising of sea                           |
| 12. A large, coarse grass | 27. The young aquatic larva of an amphibian |
| 14. Man's name            |   |
| 15. Conjunction           |   |
| 16. Among                 |   |

VERTICAL

- |                       |  |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. A mast             | 14. Singular; peculiar                   |
| 2. Capable            | 17. Come in contact with                 |
| 3. Accomplish         | 18. Thought                              |
| 4. Preposition        | 20. Sinful                               |
| 5. Price              | 21. Variation of word meaning assistance |
| 6. Entanglement       | 25. Degree                               |
| 7. An Eastern college | 26. Toward                               |
| 9. To pronounce       |  |
| 13. Father            |  |

“Mother,” cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, “Johnny wants the Listerine. He’s just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it’s got halitosis.”

Here a little, there a little,  
 Story, class note, song or jest.  
 If you want a good school paper,  
 Each must do her best.

Jim: “Do you know how rats get in here?”  
 Joe: “Naw.”  
 Jim: “Uh-huh.”

Flip—“John’s a nice chap, but he’s too terribly tight.”

Flap—“He isn’t tight. He’s simply saving for a rainy day.”

Flip—“Rainy day, me eye. He’s saving for a flood.”—Lyre.



The son of the house had made a name for himself at football at his college, and his experiences were discussed one evening at dinner when the minister was a guest.

"You know, Jack," put in the pastor, "athletics are all very good in their way, but your studies are more important."

"That's what father says, too," replied Jack. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin the way he does when he sees me score a goal."

---

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you?"

"Yes, but I noticed that you had put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five-cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh, my! what a blunder."

"But I fixed it. I just changed the address."

---

Mary Ann, a buxom, rosy-cheeked girl from the country, visiting some friends in the city, volunteered to look after a neighbor's boys and girls while the woman attended a meeting.

She bathed, brushed, combed and put to bed her charges. When the neighbor returned she asked:

"Well, my dear, how did you get along with the kids?"

"Not so badly," replied Mary Ann, "but I had an awful time with the oldest boy—the red-headed one. He—"

"The red-headed one!" shrieked the woman. "Why, that is my husband!"—*Country Gentleman*.

---

He: "Do you remember when we met in the revolving door?"

Bright Young Thing: "Yes, that's when we started going around together, wasn't it?"

—Mugwump.

---

"They must be unspeakably happy."

"Who?"

"That newlywed deaf and dumb couple."

---

Don't get conceited if a pretty Senior smiles at you—maybe she's trying not to laugh.

Peggy—"Say, the jokes in that last issue were terrible."

Betty—"I don't know. I just threw a lot of the rejected ones in the stove and the fire just roared."

---

A student brought his mother to the university and was showing her about. The dear old lady was anxious to make her boy think that she understood everything.

"Over there, mother," said the son, "are our wonderful polo fields."

"Ah," sighed the old lady, "what is there that is nicer than fields of waving polo?"

---

Farmer Giles, canvassing for members for a raffle, asked one of his neighbors to enter.

"George," he said, "be you agoin' in for my raffle?"

"How much?" asked George.

"Five shillings," was the reply.

"Put me down," answered George, "I'll pay ye tomorrow."

Next day the two met again.

"Well," said George, "who won the prize?"

"I won the first prize," said the farmer. "Wasn't I lucky?"

"Who won the second?"

"My wife won the second; wasn't she lucky?"

"And who won the third?" queried George patiently.

"My darter; wasn't she lucky? By the way you haven't paid your five shillings yet."

"No," said George, "Wasn't I lucky?"

---

One day as I sat thinking

Of the pleasant days of yore,

I heard a swishing, swashing

Just outside my chamber door.

Up the hall a funny clicking

And some shuffling on the floor.

'Twas my roomie in galoshes

Only that, and nothing more.

---

"Hi, Alice, fill me out a check, will you?"

"Sure, to whom?"

"Cash, of course."

"Yeh, but what's his first name?"

Prison Governor (to released convict): "I'm sorry! I find we have kept you here a week too long!"

Convict: "That's all right. Knock it off next time!"

"Say, are you going down by the post office?"

"Uh-huh."

"Will you mail my letter?"

"You bet."

"Wait just a minute 'til I finish it."

"All right."

"Got a stamp?"

"Yeh."

"Put it on here?"

"Uh-huh."

"Say, what's your man's address."

#### IN A JUNIOR'S EYES

A Senior stood on a railroad track,  
The train was coming fast,  
The train got off the railroad track  
And let the Senior pass.

Customer—"You're sure one bottle will cure a cold?"

Assistant—"It must do it, sir—nobody's ever come back for a second."—*London Tit-Bits.*

"My son is certainly getting on in college."

"What now?"

"He's to be chairman of the Committee on Cowbells and Fish Horns the night of the class rush."—*Chicago News.*

Biology Professor, to lazy student: "Name a parasite."

Student: "Me?"

Biology Professor: "Yes, but name another one."—*Science and Invention.*

Lawyer—"I must know the whole truth if I am to defend you. Have you told me everything?"

Embezzler—"Except where I hid the money."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

First Loafer—"I hear all the men have gone on a strike."

Second Loafer—"What have they struck for?"

"Shorter hours."

"Luck to 'em. I allus did say that 60 minutes was too long for an hour."—*Pitt Panther.*

Dot—"Whadya mean he died like a barber?"

Lou—"Oh, he cut off all his heirs."

To the Average Girl of To-day a thing is either "Collegiate" or "Crude."

Let us thank Mr. Wrigley. If it were not for chewing gum, lots of people we know would never get any exercise at all.

Mary—"What's 'destitution' in two letters?"

Peg—"One from Dad cutting off your allowance, and the other announcing your man's engagement to the girl you never suspected."

Lit. Prof.—"Who was John Bunyan?"

Student—"He was - er - ah - oh he was an eminent English Specialist on foot trouble."

"We will be glad," says the editor of a graduate publication, "to hear of the death of any alumni."

Stranger: "How large is Auburndale, anyway?"

Lasell Girl: "Oh, about as large as New York, but it isn't built up yet."

Fair one: How long would I live without brains?

E. J. Time will decide that.

Prof. (in Latin) "Did Caesar win that battle?"

Student: "Of course, Caesar wrote the book."

A: How is that teacher like an angel?

B: She is always up in the air harping on something.





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"That's all very well," answered the lady of the house, "but have you ever thought of working for it?"

"Oh, no. Not yet, mum. You see, I'm goin' through the alphabet, and I 'aven't got to 'w' yet."

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?"

"Johnny Smith hit me."

"I hope you remember what your Sunday-school teacher said about heaping coals on the heads of your enemies."

"Well, ma, I didn't have any coal, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."

Farmer, to Druggist—"Now, meester, write plain on those medicine bottles which is for my old woman and which is for the cow, 'cause I wouldn't want anything to happen to the cow."—*Stockholm Strix*.

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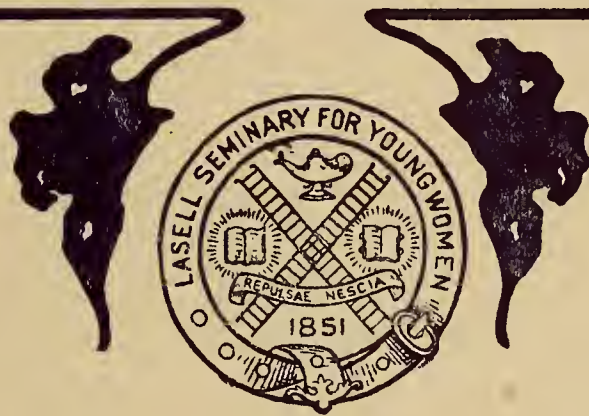
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# LASELL LEAVES



Vol. XXXXX

No. 6

MARCH, 1925



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# LASELL LEAVES

Vol. XXXXX

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## A PAIR OF EYES

Alone at night in a suburban home when everything which moves starts your heart pounding—have you ever been in such a predicament? A friend of mine was, and Mary herself told me the story.

The sounds of the motor died away in the distance and a dead silence settled over the house. Mary curled herself up, in a huge chair, with a book, and settled down to enjoy her evening alone. After she had read for half an hour or so, she was suddenly aroused by a muffled thump in the dark room across the hall. She looked up, listening intently, hearing a hundred or more sounds audible to a straining ear. Above all these sounds she could hear the racing of her own heart. Was it her imagination? No. What was that? She was not mistaken; she had heard a stealthy tread in that dark room. She rose cautiously from her chair and tiptoed to the door. Tap, tap, tap, a light footfall crossed the floor followed by the swishing of a curtain as some unseen thing brushed against it. Thoroughly alarmed now, Mary tried to pierce the gloom of that silent chamber. The noise had now stopped and she began again to think that she had been imagining things, and so started back to her book and chair, closing the door behind her. But no sooner had she taken a step than crash, crash! A jar, and a tinkle of breaking glass! Then silence, followed by those incessant footsteps. Mary turned quickly, again pulled open the door, determined to find out who the intruder was.

There, staring at her from the inky blackness were circles of light, which moved as Mary stared at them. The girl was frozen with fear. She knew she could get no help. The family would not be home for nearly an hour yet. Every time she moved, she could see those awful eyes follow her, and could hear a sort of mutter or chuckle.

Mary and the eyes stared at each other for what seemed hours. The poor girl was nearly paralyzed with fear, when the grating of a key told her that the family had returned. The creature startled by the noise turned its eyes, and immediately Mary turned also, as if released from a trance and stumbled towards the surprised family. They finally managed to understand from her incoherent sentences enough to make them dash into the room.

When they returned to the trembling Mary, they brought with them a beautiful, big, brown owl. It had evidently flown in at the open window and had been unable to find its way out again. Its claws and beak had done considerable damage to the furniture and curtains; but it was worth the damage, because it was so perfect a specimen of its kind.

It proved easy to tame, and Mary made a delightful pet of the mysterious visitor that had frightened her so badly. Even now, though, she never goes at night into that room across the hall, if it be dark, without a queer feeling of expectancy and a vision of a pair of gleaming, ghostly eyes glaring from the darkness.

*S. Whitis.*



### SHALL WE DREAM DREAMS OR SEE VISIONS?

I often wonder how many of us live from day to day thinking of those things which have passed, of the surviving sparks which flicker from the lamps of those who have gone, and at last those of us who are content to live in the light of the waning honor of tradition!

We are told Joseph was a dreamer, a poor shepherd lad who idled his days among the flocks, and dreamed golden dreams under pale blue skies in soft shaded meadows where brooks tinkled idly as they passed. We may say dreams if we wish, that is, if we consider dreams as things of the long ago, but if of the future, we are wrong, for certainly Joseph's dreams were visions, clear wonderful pictures, presented to him through the grace of God and accepted as a privilege.

We today may see these same visions if we so desire, and God and man are ready, waiting for the one who is not afraid of his IDEALS, for the one who, holding to himself self-right, respect, and trust, can see far into the future the burning torch of HONOR, and who says to himself, not I would like to see my IDEALS realized but rather says, *I will*.

If we are to show ourselves and others what we really are, it is time we began to look a little on the serious and responsible side of life. Every day of our life we live in vain when we do not look to help those who need us, in sorrow, in joy, in trouble, and in worry. We see one of our classmates in trouble, we have lost our chance to help her when we fail to grasp this privilege laid open before us. In our work when we stop before completing an assignment, we have failed to do our best. When we lie or deceive we have weakened our own self confidence and our faith in God. We might go on forever enumerating daily problems that present themselves to us, of which we might profit and build around us walls that would never crumble.

Shall we in our selfish worlds forget others and allow the very grounds of our IDEALS

to be undermined? Or shall we see the light before it is too late? For we who in folly scoff at those whose visions are led by the light of heaven, whose souls are touched by the hand of God, let us remember what our master, Marcus Aurelius, has said:

"Reverence that which is best in thee, and this is that which is in thyself, directed by the higher, the nobler sense of life; and in the manner reverence that which is true in thee for in thyself also is the whole of life, and the whole of life and creation is God. . . ."

*V. D. Amos.*

---

### CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS

There was a timid knock at the door. Sarah strode to it and, opening it just a crack, snapped out, "Well?"

A stooped, dusty, weary-looking old man stood there. A tired face was topped by a shock of almost snow-white hair, but his eyes, a pale, washed-out blue, held a warm, glowing, expectant light. He stood timidly, his hat in his hand.

"I beg your pardon. I've come quite a distance since sun-up, and I'm pretty hungry. I thought maybe if it wasn't too much bother you'd give me a bite to eat. I'll gladly pay for it with work, Ma'am. Have you any wood to chop, or water to fetch?"

All this time Sarah had been planning what to say in order to send this tramp on his way. "Why, indeed, should she bother with him, she had too much else to do. There was the bread to bake, the mending to finish, the supper to prepare, and, goodness, a hundred and one tasks which would keep her busy until late into the evening. Let this old man go on his way! Let somebody else take the time to feed him, she was too busy."

But even as she opened her mouth to dismiss him bluntly, the pathetic appeal and the hopeful, shining light in his faded blue eyes affected her strangely, and she was amazed to hear herself saying:

"Why, yes, set right down and rest a spell. It's real cool and shady here, and ye can ease up a bit whilst I fetch up some victuals."

She hurried indoors and soon had a tasty meal prepared. "'Tisn't much to offer ye, just a snack o' cold meat, a piece o' pie, some bread and jam, and some fresh milk. However, if ye haven't had much to eat, I guess it'll taste kind o' good to ye."

The old man couldn't thank her enough, and the eagerness with which he ate the food made her realize that he was hungrier than she had imagined. When he finished eating, he asked her to show him where the woodshed was that he might pay for his meal by bringing in a fresh supply of kindling wood.

"Never you mind the payin' part now," said Sarah, "Just ye rest a while longer; I guess ye're pretty fagged." When her husband and boys returned from the market, he awakened from his nap, and realizing that it was now time for him to leave, he started toward Sarah to thank her for her kindness. But he had taken no more than three steps when suddenly he tottered and fell in a heap at her feet.

She instructed the boys and their father to carry him to the spare-room. Once there they quickly got him into bed, and brought him back to consciousness. For several days and nights he lay sick and exhausted. Evidently he was not like the usual run of tramps, not being used to much walking; his manners and habit of speech were far above those of the ordinary tramp, and there was an appealing something about him.

His illness lasted a week or two, and during that time and the days of his convalescence everybody grew very fond of him. He entertained the boys with instructive stories, and his sweet and gentle spirit permeated the whole house.

Finally the time came when "Gramp," as they called him, could be up and about the house. At once he began doing as much as his strength would allow, chopping wood, bringing in fresh water, working in the garden when the sun was not too hot, or helping Sarah by paring potatoes, shelling peas, and stringing beans. In fact, not a chance of doing something helpful slipped him unimproved.

Strange though it may seem, all this time the family had given little thought as to who "Gramp" was, where he came from, or what was to become of him. Everybody seemed happy and contented doing what they could for the kindly old fellow.

This serene condition was disturbed rudely one afternoon when little Joe came home from school with a high temperature. His mother put him to bed and sent for the village doctor, for she instinctively felt that this was no ordinary sickness. The doctor came, and after examining the child, shook his head sadly, at the same time naming a disease which caused their hearts to miss a beat.

"I should feel much better," the doctor was saying, "if you would telephone to the city for a specialist. This is a very serious case, and I don't wish to be entirely responsible. I feel that more expert advice is needed."

Jim silently left the room. For years he and Sarah had been scrimping and saving for the time when the boys would be ready for college. Specialists were terribly expensive, he knew, and if Joe was as sick as the doctor intimated, in all probability more than one visit would be necessary. It wouldn't be long before what little they had saved would be used up. Well, the boy was sick, and his life depended on the advice and knowledge of a specialist. Jim straightened his shoulders and went to the telephone.

It was as he had feared. The child's illness necessitated many visits from more than one city doctor, and the little bank account became a thing of the past. Even so, there were still some bills to be paid, and there was no money. One bright thought among so many depressing ones was that Joe had passed the crisis, and would soon be well and happy again.

Jim was pretty downcast at the thought of all the bills, for he was a man of honor and had always tried to meet his just debts. To add to his already overpowering burdens came a note from a law firm stating that the mortgage on his farm had changed hands, and the new owner desired to have him settle up within a month, at which date his time expired, or



else the mortgage would be foreclosed. The black despair which now settled on Jim and Sarah was indescribable.

"Gramp" knew of their worry over Joe's illness and the unpaid bills, and was heart-broken when this new calamity descended upon them. Then one day he disappeared. They missed him terribly, from oldest to youngest, and couldn't imagine why he had left them. Surely they had tried to make him feel welcome, and they had come to regard him so much as a permanent member of the family that his absence was felt almost as a death might have been. And then why should he have slipped away so secretly. It hurt them.

Soon Jim began receiving mail which he could not understand. Mail which consisted of receipts for the bills which he owed to the specialists. Why, there must have been a mistake somewhere! He had never paid those bills, yet there were the receipts! Was he dreaming? Nor was this all. The strangest thing of all now happened, and the happiest.

One afternoon came another notice from the law firm. This time it announced that the mortgage had again changed hands, and the present owner had instructed them to destroy it, inasmuch as he had no further interest in it.

Would wonders never cease! Every cloud that their sky had known showed its silver lining to the brave-hearted couple. But how to account for their wonderful surprises they didn't know. Possibly if they had been interested in the Society news which came in the Sunday paper once a week, they would have found one day a clue, for tucked in one corner was the following:

"Mr. Herrick Van Husen, the wealthy oil king, has returned to his city home after an absence of several months. He has spent most of this time in the country, where he has walked a great deal for his health. According to reports, he has had many interesting experiences, and has met certain people to whom he has become greatly attached. In Mr. Van Husen's own words, "It is in the country where you are unknown that you meet real folks."

That night after giving heartfelt thanks to God, Sarah opened her Bible to read a bit in it before going to bed, when her eyes fell upon the words: "Therefore I say unto you, I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me. Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

*Esther Palmer.*

### THE WINDOW OF WONDERS

"Oh-O-O, Ralph! Look at that big doll that shuts its eyes!"

"Huh! That giraffe over there with the long neck is much better, but, added the lad condescendingly, "that doll sure is a peach of a doll."

The first speaker was a little golden-haired girl of about five years, with a sweet, sensitive face and big brown eyes, eagerly looking through the window pane of a large toyshop. Her small mouth quivered as she gazed longingly on the pretty objects displayed so attractively. It was Christmas. Ralph, her brother, was a few years older than she, a bright-eyed little chap with clothes that gave scant enough protection from the December weather. There was a protecting air about him now, as he spoke to his sister:

"Even if we can't have any of those bully toys, still we can look at them, and that's something more than they can do away off in the country. Look at that sled. Isn't it a dandy! When I am older and rich, I will buy you a hundred sleds and dolls, Tily."

The little tot looked in admiration at her brother, and then her eyes caught a glimpse of a still more lovely thing, a fairy doll! She was dressed in shimmering white, and had long hair flowing to her feet, and topped by a wee gold crown set high on her fair brow. In her hand she held a delicate wand with a little gold star on the end. Tily nudged her brother in excited wonder. It was an ideal fairy, the kind she had dreamed of seeing. Meanwhile it was getting later, and the happy boisterous crowds

jostled by the window as every one hurried on to do last errands. Suddenly a hat brushed Ralph's shoulder, a hat just at that time blown off, then carried some distance away by the wind, as its owner, an elderly gentleman, had stumbled in the crowd. Ralph hastened to capture the hat, and to present it to the good-natured gentleman, who stepped aside out of the crowd to speak to the lad.

"Pretty good assortment of toys in that window," the gentleman remarked, as he looked at the eager eyes of the thin children, and at their shabby clothes.

The little girl hid shyly behind her brother, but the boy pointed out all the especial wonders to the listening man.

"How would you both like to go into the store with me? I have an errand to do," he said.

The children were delighted past words. Tily danced with glee and clapped her hands as she saw all the beautiful dolls, and doll houses. The kindly man wandered inquisitively up and down each aisle with them. He gradually learned where they lived, and all about them. The boy had a faint remembrance of a sweet tired face that he called Mother. The little girl did not remember her parents. It seemed that they lived with an aunt who took little interest in them. It was hard for her to eke out a living from the washing that she did. The children had known only coarse food, and little of that. What was worse still, the aunt was shiftless. Only occasionally were the children allowed to go to school. As the man looked into their pinched little faces, a feeling of pity for the poor neglected children came over him. Meanwhile it was growing dark and lights were being flashed on all over the big city. The children were so interested in the toys about them that they had not realized how late it was getting, but suddenly the boy became aware of it. It was fearful to think how late they would be, and the thought that a cross, tired aunt awaited them was not pleasant.

"Oh, Ralphie, we must hurry," the child said, clinging to his hand.

But the gentleman stopped them, saying that it was altogether too late for them to go home alone through the crowded streets, and that he would walk home with them. So with one child on each side of him, for the little girl had now overcome her shyness, he started down the winding streets for the poorer end of the city.

This kindly gentleman was a Mr. Hill, the Mr. Hill of Mount Clarington Road, who lived in the large brick house, made so many improvements in the city, and gave so heavily to charitable organizations. People always came first to him in a big drive, being sure of finding in him a ready giver. Still Mr. Hill had the reputation of caring more for books and science than for people. Rarely did others ever go to his house for social reasons. Since he was reputed to be cold and unsocial, few cared to try about the happiness of Mr. Hill. It was the money they sought, not to make his acquaintance. Now truth was that Mr. Hill was a very lonely bachelor. This Christmas time he had felt so especially lonely that in order to infuse into his afternoon a touch of gaiety, he had mixed with the crowds. Now, as he walked along with the two children, he thought of the lonely house to which he would have to return. If only there were bright-eyed children in it like these at his side! He had always loved children for their quick imagination and laughing, careless ways. The boy's remark that they had reached his home awakened the man from his thoughts. He looked up at an unsightly house, whose ugly face jutted over the gutter in the dark narrow street, and felt a sudden desire to take the little ones who had so delighted him away from the forbidding house. If only it were possible. Well, why not? The aunt did not love them, and would probably be glad to be rid of the burden of taking care of them. At least it would do no harm to make inquiries about them. They went up several flights of stairs, and at the door were greeted by a formidable, red-faced woman with very coarse, hard hands. He explained why he was with



the children, and why they were so late. The room he stepped into was very untidy. A wash tub stood near the stove, soapsuds were slopped about, and dirty clothes strewn around the floor. She pointed out to him a chair which had rather uncertain legs. Finally, though rather haltingly, Mr. Hill talked to her about the children.

"You say that you will educate them?" she said unbelievably. "Now, if this isn't the best stroke of luck! Take them! What do I want of them? Here I scrub all day long with my poor back aching and what do they do in return? Ask to go to school, that's what. Take them away forever. And heaven be praised," she said.

Mr. Hill now became as excited as she. "Do you mean that I may really have full charge of them, may adopt them as my own?"

That was precisely what she meant, so it was agreed upon.

A few days later an auto drew up before the house of the lonely bachelor, and two very excited children clambered out, then Mr. Hill.

"Are we really and truly going to live with you?" they asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, with me. Are you glad?" asked the smiling old gentleman.

A warm hearted middle-aged governess had been procured for them. The next day was Christmas. What a surprise awaited Tily and Ralph! After breakfast doors of the library were thrown open, and a wonderful Christmas tree stood revealed in all its glory of twinkling lights and many colored balls. With joyous cries the children opened their presents, finding among them the fairy doll, and the sled of the toyshop.

If any one had chanced to peep in at this scene, it would have been difficult to tell who were the most contented, the children playing near the elderly man whom they already loved, or the man himself watching them with a warm light in his eyes. It is safe to say that no other man on that Christmas morning was any happier!

*Sylvia Parker.*

## ENTRE NOUS

"Dear me," said the pen to the ink-well, "I've been so busy lately, writing stories and letters, that I have had scarcely a moment to myself, so that I can just "think" or have a nice little visit. However, it's Saturday, and because my lady has gone out for the day, I can have a little respite and enjoy myself. Not that I don't enjoy helping her in her work, but then, it's nice to have a vacation once-in-a-while. You know how it is.

"My lady is just as sweet and patient as can be. I am very fond and proud of her. We've just finished writing a delightful story that has already brought her a little money. The dear soul is so unselfish that instead of using the money for herself alone, she is planning to buy a carpet for the parlor, a new hat for her sister, and, with what is left, she is going to get herself some new shoes and stockings. You have no idea how uncomplaining she is. Those that she is wearing now are a perfect disgrace, but she doesn't worry or fret. Oh, I know what condition her shoes are in, for during the night, I can see them with my one bright eye, standing forlornly beneath the chair. When they are not too tired, they wag their tongues for a little while and tell me of the sights they see on their trips down town.

"The other day my lady and I were writing a letter (she does know how to write the nicest ones) and do you know, I almost laughed right out loud, she wrote such an amusing one. In fact, I did chuckle once or twice. Of course, she thought that I was scratching so she had to stop and clean me with the pen-wiper. After that I had to control myself because I didn't want to cause her any more trouble. But truly, she is so humorous sometimes that it seems as though I'd just split laughing.

"Poor dear, I felt so sorry for her the other day. You know she had been invited to go to the theatre, and had been looking forward to it for a good many days. At the last moment her hostess notified her that she would be unable to go. Naturally my lady was terribly disappointed, any human being would be, but she didn't say much, oh, no, she just felt. Just

when she was feeling pretty badly, she received twenty dollars by the post. This, of course, cheered her somewhat, and I think she would have liked to take some of that money and go to the theatre by herself. But there are too many other needs for worthier ends, and she is too noble a woman to yield to temptation, so she locked the money away and resigned herself to sewing. She tried to be as optimistic as possible, and I believe that it was because of the splendid attitude that she took that she was rewarded so very soon. For a good friend came and carried her off to the Museum, where she had a most happy and enjoyable time.

"She's the most appreciative person I've ever known. The least little thing one does for her means more than if she had been presented with a large sum of money. I try to do my work as quickly, smoothly, and as neatly as possible because I know it helps her and makes her happy.

"I consider myself a most fortunate and privileged pen, to have her for my lady and friend. I've half a mind to tell you her name; you would know her at once, she is famous in the world of letters." *Esther Palmer.*

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### AGE

Lo, I am age! I have felt sunlight and dawn,  
 And seen the coming of a hundred Mays,  
 Seen starlight fall and mist the trembling grass,  
 Seen threads of silver touch the sky,  
 And kiss the rosy lips of morn.  
 I have had pain, and sorrow, too;  
 Had poetry in a youthful breast,  
 And watched it droop and die, unmourned;  
 I've sought the darkness of the humbler roads;  
 Sought, too, the glory of the lightened peaks,  
 And mocked the dreaming of the lonely ones.  
 Lo, I was Youth, oft let my javelin drive,  
 And pierce the hearts of those I counted most;  
 Unwitting, laughed at someone's grieving  
 Or flung a light glance at the soul of pain,  
 To tear my heart, like those sad others,  
 To tempt me with a soft beguiling,  
 And stab me with a spear of ice  
 And in the end, the blossoming of life,  
 Leaving behind the careless ways of youth  
 For manhood's work and play.

Lo! I am Age! I have felt sunlight and dawn,  
 And now I see the coming of eternal May!

*Marieta Dodge Howland.*

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### "HUMORESQUE"

The moon peeped over the trees as a high powered machine neared the forest. Out of the stillness came the strains of a violin.

"What wonderful music," said Senor Ricardo to his wife. "Let us follow it."

Suiting the action to the word he brought the car to a stop, and he and Senora Ricardo went into the woods. They had only gone a short distance when Senora motioned to her husband to stop; for there, only a few yards away, was a gypsy boy playing the violin, while seated near him on a couch of pine needles was a girl. When the music came to an end the girl said to her companion:

"Play again for me, Conrado—play the 'Humoresque'."

Conrado played, and when he had finished Senora made her presence known to the two gypsies and asked Conrado where he had learned to play.

"My father was a well known musician, but he could not resist the call of the care-free, roving life. My mother is a gypsy and I am, too," he answered.

And the girl, is she your sister?" the Senora inquired.

"No, Dolores is not my sister. She is alone in the world and mother and I are her only friends."

Dolores had moved nearer the campfire during Senora Ricardo's conversation with Conrado. She was bewitchingly beautiful. Tall and slender, with her vivid coloring she seemed to be a part of the flame near which she stood. Her shining black hair, and her pearly teeth between parted lips helped to carry out this illusion.

A woman joined the group.

"My mother," said Conrado. "She can tell you about Dolores. May I call her?"

Senora nodded her consent and after a few words with Conrado the woman came over to Senora.



"Dolores," began the gypsy, "is seventeen years old. She has been with us since the death of her mother, which occurred several years ago. We were setting up camp one evening when Conrado discovered two little girls, Dolores and her step-sister, Carlotta. They have lived here ever since, and we have noticed that Carlotta and Dolores do not care for each other. I am afraid that some day one of them will harm the other. Dolores is very unhappy here and likes to be alone; the only one she loves is Conrado."

Senora thanked the gypsy woman and returned to the car and told her husband of her adventure. During the drive home, Senor Ricardo asked his wife if she would like to adopt the gypsy girl. Since the death of their own daughter three years ago, the couple had been very lonely.

A few nights later, Senor and Senora Ricardo returned to the gypsy camp and asked permission to adopt Dolores. Conrado's mother said that she was willing, but that they would first have to gain Dolores' consent. She called the girl and told her of the Ricardo's plans.

"Take me away from here, buy me pretty clothes?" questioned Dolores. "Of course I'll go—but Carlotta mustn't come. I am ready, but first I must say good-bye to Conrado."

"Conrado, Conrado," she called. "I am going away. The lady that liked your music is going to take me and have me for her own daughter."

"Going away?" exclaimed Conrado. "I wish that I were you. Think, you will be able to travel, to visit foreign lands—perhaps even go to America. Oh, Dolores, you are very fortunate."

"I'll come back for you in five years, Conrado, and then we can study together. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dolores. Take this and keep it with you at all times, for it may come in handy."

Conrado handed Dolores a tiny dagger. After giving it to her he picked up his violin and played the "Humoresque," and Dolores could hear the strains of it as she sped away with her new foster-parents.

The next three years passed quickly and happily for Dolores; she was sent to a well-known finishing school in Madrid, where she received an excellent education and met many charming girls. Among them was an American girl named Eleanor Rale, who became Dolores' best friend. The year that the two girls graduated Eleanor invited Dolores to spend the summer with her in America. Dolores was allowed to accept this invitation and started in eagerly to prepare for her trip abroad.

"I'm so thrilled, think of going to America. I wish that Conrado was going, too," Dolores confided to Eleanor.

"You'll forget all about Conrado when you meet some of our college men," answered her friend, "just wait until you see Bob Gilmore and Howard Chandler. They are so good-looking and dance divinely. Maybe you will fall in love with my brother Billy,—he is awfully nice and all that—but being my brother perhaps I underestimate some of his charms."

"Oh, I am sure that I will like all of your friends a great deal—but I doubt if I will fall in love with them. You see, El, I promised Conrado that I would return to the gypsy camp for him in five years and I mean to do so, for I love him dearly."

"Time will tell," was the only answer Eleanor gave her chum.

The trip on the ocean was a very enjoyable one and the girls had a wonderful time. While on board W. Napoleon Nylo, the great-grand-nephew of Napoleon, fell in love with Dolores and asked her to become his wife. She refused him, however, for she still loved Conrado, whom she hadn't seen for three years. Nylo was desperately in love with her and again and again asked this vivacious girl to marry him. Certainly a woman who possessed such a rare, charming beauty and personality would make an ideal wife for him; he could easily imagine her in his beautiful home, surrounded by wealth, love and honor; all of his friends would envy him if Dolores was his bride. However, he was not to have her for his own, none of the pleadings of her friends

nor of his could persuade her to give up the hope of marrying her first love.

Eleanor and Dolores arrived in New York on a bright morning during the first part of July and were driven to the Rale's summer home on Long Island. Dolores was made to feel very much at home and the Rales liked her at once. All through the summer Eleanor and Dolores spent their days swimming, dancing, playing bridge and golfing.

The night before Dolores was to sail for her home in Spain Eleanor gave a dance for her. All of the younger set was present and ready for a good time. The terrace was decorated with lanterns and colored lights; there were chairs and benches hidden among the trees; ten canoes were lighted and fixed up to represent gondolas for the weary ones to paddle in between or during dances. It was during one of the dances that Billy Rale asked Dolores to go paddling with him. She consented and they went out on the moonlit lake.

"Dolores, I love you, won't you marry me? I know about Conrado, for you yourself have told me of him. Don't you realize that it is nearly four years since you have seen him? How do you know that he loves you? Please, Dolores, let me make you my wife. I can give you anything you desire—love, home, everything. Please, Dolores," pleaded Billy.

"No, Billy, I can't. I am sorry. I like you very much, but Conrado is the man I must marry. If I can't marry him I have no desire to marry any man. I hope that you understand and know that I do like you, but I don't love you. I appreciate very much the honor you have bestowed upon me, and feel that many of my good times this summer depended upon you. I do hope, Billy, that if you ever come to Spain I will be able to return some of your kindnesses to me."

"I am sorry, Dol, for I thought that you cared for me. However, you will always consider me as one of your best friends and will call upon me if you ever need aid, won't you?"

"Yes, I will, Billy. Come, now, I think we had better return to the terrace and dance some more."

Billy and Dolores returned to the dancers again, and just as they stepped upon the floor the orchestra played "Humoresque."

"That is strange," remarked Dolores, "for the last time I saw Conrado he was playing the 'Humoresque.' I always associate that piece with him."

The next morning Dolores sailed for Spain; just before she went on board the ship, Billy gave her a tiny American flag, the stripes were of rubies and diamonds, the blue field sapphire and the stars of diamonds.

"Just a keepsake, Dolores," said Billy.

After returning to Spain Dolores spent her time studying music and enjoying the social season at Madrid.

Finally the five years had come to an end, and Dolores planned to return to the gypsy camp and to Conrado.

It was evening when she arrived and as the car stopped Dolores heard music. It was Conrado playing.

She got out of the machine with a bound and ran for several yards, when suddenly she stopped—for she could see that Conrado was not alone; standing near him she saw Carlotta and two gypsy children.

Her heart was broken and life had lost all of its joy for her. Dolores did not care to live any longer. She wrote two notes, one to Billy and the other to Conrado. To the latter she said that though she had returned to him, she saw it was too late and that he loved another—to Billy she wrote that all desire to marry had been driven from her by Conrado's unfaithfulness and begged him to forgive her for what she had done, so she drew from her purse the tiny dagger that Conrado had given her five years before and with it killed herself.

Later that evening Conrado found her body and was heartbroken.

"Oh," he sobbed, "why did she kill herself? She must have seen Carlotta and her children and thought I had married her. Dolores, why didn't you come and find out? I have been waiting for you for five years and then to lose you. Dolores, my own."

Conrado picked up his violin and very softly played the "Humoresque." *E. Oppel.*



## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

SATURDAY, MAY THIRTIETH

8.00 P. M.—Glee Club Concert (Tickets necessary).

THURSDAY, JUNE FOURTH

2.30 P. M.—River Day.

SATURDAY, JUNE SIXTH

4.30 P. M.—June Fete.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE TENTH

8.00 P. M.—Commencement Concert.

THURSDAY, JUNE ELEVENTH

2.30 P. M.—Woodland Park School Recital and Closing Exercises.

FRIDAY, JUNE TWELFTH

2.30 to 3.00 P. M.—Swimming Exhibition.

3.00 to 5.00 P. M.—Art Exhibit, Studio.

3.00 to 5.00 P. M.—Home Economics Exhibit, Carter Hall.

SATURDAY, JUNE THIRTEENTH

8.00 P. M.—Principal's Reception to the Seniors, Former Students, and Guests.

SUNDAY, JUNE FOURTEENTH

10.45 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon.

George A. Gordon, LL.D.

6.15 P. M.—Commencement Vespers.

Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.

MONDAY, JUNE FIFTEENTH

8.00 P. M.—Class Night Exercises (Cards necessary).

TUESDAY, JUNE SIXTEENTH

10.45 A. M.—Commencement Exercises. Address by Rev. James Gordon Gilkey.

2.00 P. M.—Reunion of the Alumnae and Former Students.



February 20. In the evening the Christian Endeavor was led by Catherine Lalley, who paid an unusual tribute to Lasell and especially Lasell spirit. Helene Berkson sang with a great deal of feeling sacred words to "O, Promise Me," the words having been written by one of the local Lasell folk for this special meeting.

February 22. Dr. Brewer Eddy as usual brought to us an unusual message from Hawaii, where he and his family have been spending the last few months. It would surprise us, he declared, to know of the emphasis

the people of Hawaii lay on the fact that they are now an integral part of the United States and most loyal American citizens.

February 27. Henry W. Poor gave another of his interesting lectures, this time on Italy, showing reproductions of some of the Art treasures for which this country is so famous.

The Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Emily Wiedenmayer, her topic being "The Forming of Good Habits."

March 1. Dr. Edgar Brightman brought to us a fine message at the Vesper service on March 1st. His topic was the "Threshold of

Self-Respect." Seldom have we listened to a more convincing and uplifting message than this one, which seemed to be especially adapted to young people.

March 6. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead spoke on International Relations. The importance of the subject lies that only in a mutual understanding may we hope to have world peace—a much longed for event.

The Christian Endeavor Meeting was led by Eva-May Mortimer; her topic was "Creeds." She quoted the appropriate poem—"I would be good for there are those who trust me"—and it interested the girls to know that the children of the author of the poem, Mr. H. S. Walters, are now members of our Junior School. Two of our girls, Suzanne Shutts and Mary Freeman, sang the beautiful hymn, "Dare to do right."

March 8. Mrs. George B. Cowles was the speaker at our Missionary Campfire on March 8th. Mrs. Cowles captivated every one of the girls who had the privilege of gathering with her around the open fire in a sort of homey, informal way. The speaker is a daughter of famous missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman, of South Africa. She brought many pictures and curios from Zululand which helped to illustrate her message. The hour seemed entirely too short we were so interested in her inspiring words concerning her mission field and its needs.

March 13. Mr. Poor continued his illustrated lectures on Europe, this time giving us a glimpse of that fine little country—Switzerland, with its intelligent, stalwart people and wonderful scenery. He also entranced us with his charming tales of the castles on the Rhine.

The Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Dorothy Denney, who chose for her topic "Procrastination is the thief of time." She was just the one to bring the message, for this dear live-wire is seldom caught by this particular thief. Very appropriate music was furnished by Margaret Anderson.

March 15—Our neighbor friend, Mr. Frank Davidson, spoke to us on his recent pilgrimage to Palestine. His talk was finely illustrated by

our students, who wore the native costumes brought by Mrs. Davidson from the Holy Land.

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### WESTWARD HO!

Never has Lasell listened to a more vivid or thrilling portrayal of our Great Northwest than the message brought to us recently by Mr. Frank B. Riley, of Portland, Ore., who for two hours held us spellbound with his descriptions of the beauty of that wonderful country and the magnitude and sublimity of its lofty mountain ranges. His unusually fine and impressive pictures helped us to visualize the surpassing loveliness of this region beyond the Great Divide. Mr. Riley's constant play of sparkling wit kept pace with the shifting lights on the high peaks of his scenes. Nor was it only his portrayal of the natural beauty of this, his own section, that delighted us; his surprising story of the growth and development of its cities was a revelation, situated as they are in a region of untold mineral wealth, just beyond which lie great stretches of rich agricultural land.

Deservedly high tribute was paid to the citizens of Portland and other leading cities who have attained such marvelous commercial success, men not only of great business ability, but of broad vision as well.

Lasell is sincerely grateful to Mrs. McMurry, through whose courtesy we enjoyed this eloquent and stirring call—Westward Ho!

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### PORTO RICO

Senor Martin Travieso, former Secretary of State for the Island of Porto Rico, was recently the guest of Dr. Winslow and brought to Lasell a most enlightening message concerning his Island home. Mr. Travieso has held important official relations in Porto Rico, having at times served as Acting Governor of the Island and as Senator at large and Mayor of San Juan. One of his most valuable services was as a member of the Commission of Claims in Santo Domingo. Their successful





work in adjusting numerous claims between the citizens of Santo Domingo and those of the United States by decisions of the Commission which were always unanimous, was a great satisfaction to all parties involved. Mr. Travieso is a graduate of the University of Porto Rico and also of Cornell University, and is at present practising law in New York City. Even more than with the delightful descriptions of his home were we impressed with his sincere loyalty to the United States. Our government would need have little fear of misunderstandings or lack of loyalty on the part of our recently acquired citizens had they all the splendid spirit of this just jurist.

#### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

February 11—February 11 was our gala day of the year—the only half holiday because of the Alumnae luncheon at Lasell!

February 13—We were almost swamped in valentines. After chapel the upper school had their valentine distribution. Later the Elementary School had a delightful party on the sun porch. Mrs. MacDonald was the guest of honor and was very generously remembered.

February 14—Our older grades had a basketball game in the Lasell chapel in the evening. After the game Miss Badger served heart-shaped sandwiches and candies in honor of St. Valentine.

February 15—The Junior School held Vespers in the main hall of Woodland Park. Lasell Faculty and students were the guests. Rev. C. A. Drummond of Newton, the speaker, read a play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," an adaptation from "Les Miserables."

Patricia Scharton and Ruth DeLaney sang as a duet "I love to tell the Story." After the address, Gwendolyn McDonald and Mona Lamb also sang a duet.

February 16—A number of our girls attended the Harvard Glee Club Young People's concert at Symphony Hall in Boston.

February 17—Mrs. Himelhoch arrived from Detroit to visit her daughter Marjean.

February 20—Mr. Amesbury was the speaker at chapel, which was a special service in honor of George Washington's birthday. The Elementary School gave a play representing the higher ideals of patriotism.

Mrs. Dickerson from New York visited her daughter Josephine.

February 21—The Martha Washington dinner and party. The Junior School guests were Mr. Best, Mrs. Himelhoch, Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Dickerson and Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. "Georges" and "Marthas" were almost evenly divided among the younger children. A photograph of the costumed group was taken.

February 26—Grades 4, 5 and 6 went with Miss Prentiss to the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain. The girls found the Museum exceedingly interesting and also heard a lecture on South America, which they are now studying.

February 27—Mrs. Palmateer and Miss Strang entertained Grades 1-6 at a Black and White Party on the sun porch. Very cleverly designed invitations warned the guests to appear wearing something black or be turned back by the little black pages who received the guests. A feature of the party was the

drawing of a silhouette of each guest by Mrs. Palmateer.

February 28—A long-looked-for day, for big and little went to Boston to see the play Peter Pan. We knew we would love it and we did.

March 3—Mrs. Gardner of Boston visited her daughter Mildred.

March 4—We were among President Coolidge's great listening-in audience, being privileged to hear the inaugural address over the radio at Lasell.

March 5—Our Thursday mornings are made unusually interesting, as Mr. Towne brings us a message at chapel. The 9th Grade French Class also entertains us with a one-act French play every Thursday morning.

March 6—Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade gave us a very inspiring and instructive address on "The Greatest Thing in the World—Making Peace."

March 7—We enjoyed the movie "Robin Hood" at the Auburndale Club House.

March 9—Mr. Rivers of the Rivers Country Day School in Chestnut Hill spent the morning with us studying our adaptation of the Dalton Plan. Mr. Rivers was accompanied by his secretary, Miss Reade, and Mr. Chase of the Ayer Advertising Co.

March 13—We enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Vail of Pasadena, who visited the different classes and lunched with the Junior School. Mrs. Vail brought us greetings from Mrs. Burns of Pasadena, mother of our Mabel Burns.

March 15—Miss Laura M. Sawyer, librarian of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, spent the afternoon with us. Miss Savage showed us some of the work of the younger blind children and also their books, and told us many things of interest regarding the life and interests of the blind girls and boys.

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### MIAMI LASELL CLUB

Our very loyal and efficient L. A. A. treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing '73, is always up to some unexpected move for her Alma Mater. The last word from her reports a

Lasell getting-together at Miami, Florida. She writes: "Alice Van Harlinger '78 of Atlanta, Georgia, is here and we have had several visits together. Her husband is a fine man and very much interested in assisting young men. He praised the work done by the Alumnae Association along this line and was especially pleased when he learned that the students helped were beginning to pay back the loan so that other worthy students in turn might benefit. Mrs. Cushing adds, "On March 4th six Lasell girls had such a happy little party on the 'Burdine Roof Garden' at Miami. There we were shaded by a big gay umbrella, a real Lasell group, our Miami Lasell Club in 'Embryo.' Alice Van Harlinger very generously insisted upon being our hostess. And now a word about the girls present. Marguerite Houser Hamlin '19 of Miami and now of Milo, Maine, is here with her husband spending the winter as guests of her parents and they may remain permanently in the South. Dear Jessie Kemp Caler (1898-9) of Troy, N. Y., is treasurer of our local D. A. R., and is a resident of Miami. She has become an associate member of our Lasell Club. Mabelle Martin Parker (1904-5) of Montpelier, Vt., but now of Miami, is also an associate member, and dear Ruth Hall George (1913-14) of Keene, New Hampshire, who is here for a few weeks only, has become an associate member. Ella R. Cushing '76 of Cambridge and now of Framingham and Miami at present, make up the six, three members and three associate members of our beloved Lasell Alumnae Association. Annah Wilson (1904-6) of New York was at Palm Beach, but will be here for our next meeting and become an associate member. I had my register of graduates with me and the girls have all promised to assist me in locating addresses of the old girls who have neglected to send in their change of address. Mabelle Parker, Jessie Caler and Marguerite Hamlin have offered us the privilege of meeting at their homes. Oh, it is beautiful here now, for Spring is at hand and we have our first orange blossoms. The oaks have put on their new live green garments and the cardinals and mocking birds are singing."





Among our most recent brides is Mabel Elizabeth Gleason '23, who became Mrs. Matthew Fletcher on the thirteenth day of February, nineteen twenty-five, at Carthage, New York.

On Thursday, the fifth of March, Rosalie Gruhn '23 was united in marriage to Mr. Albert L. Hydeman of New York.

Florence Goodhue Archibald '22 became the wife of Mr. John J. Balfe, Jr., on Wednesday, March the eleventh, at Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear happy brides, we are in imagination showering you with rice and confetti and all the good wishes due you at this time.

Frances Angel '22 is not only studying law and making a wonderful record as president of the student body of her class, but is also doing some interesting and valuable side work, for she has just recently announced her engagement to Mr. Milton Levenson. Our congratulations to these happy young people.

That was a truly homey picture which Bessie Comstock (1891-93) sent to our principal recently. We cannot improve on her pen picture. She writes: "On one of the coldest days of the winter Laura Comstock (1891-92) and Bessie Comstock (1891-93) called on Helen Cooke Waters (1892-94), who lives in Farmington, Connecticut. Before an open fire as we drank hot chocolate, we talked over old school days at Lasell. We fear that we may lose Helen from our Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, as Mr. Waters has bought a house in Stamford, Connecticut, and will probably live there in the near future." Bessie closes with her very best wishes for Lasell.

Lavinia Fera McKinney '16 has changed her place of residence; she is no longer in Chicago, but in delightful Evanston. To our

principal and Mrs. Winslow she writes, "What a pleasant surprise to receive the attractive Lasell Baby Book. It is greatly appreciated and will be so nice for baby to have in later years. I am sorry 'he' can never be a Lasell girl; perhaps he will marry one; that would help some. 'Dicky' Buettner Janusch's '17 baby is just a little older than mine, so we get together quite often and compare notes. Also see Josephine Burt Wright '17 with her youngster now and then. Surely wish I were near enough to Lasell to run in once in a while. My sisters and I enjoy receiving the lovely Christmas cards you are always so thoughtful to send." Do not forget, Lavinia, that it is a great comfort to us to know that you and your dear sisters and other loyal Lasell girls hold us in such friendly remembrance.

A very beautiful picture of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem came to our preceptress recently from Eleanor Rinebold '25, who seems to be making a very extended tour through the Orient. The card was mailed with cordial greetings from Jerusalem with assurances from Eleanor that she is having a delightful journey.

After nineteen years' absence, back came Babb Wait Fowler (1904-6) and Edna Thurston Follett (1903-7) and Edna's little son. Babb tells us that she has a son fifteen years of age, but really those who are here now and knew Babb in the old days, declare that they see no change in her, she looked so girlish and young. Lasell was rejoiced to welcome these dear girls home again.

Our thoughts are turning with sympathy these days to Marietta Rose Green '86, whose husband passed away March 11.

Also to the family and friends of Bessie Hayward '96, whose death occurred recently at Temple. It was only a few weeks ago that she wrote a dear note of acknowledgment to Dr. Winslow, who had sent her a copy of the Caroline Carpenter Memorial. In her note she writes, "The beautiful memorial to Miss Carpenter came to my sick room in this afternoon's mail. I have just read it through, every word, so eagerly. It takes me back to those wonderful days when for three delightful

years I was her pupil. Never has any teacher had over me such an influence as she, nor ever did any teacher help and lead me as she, to the sense of what is highest and noblest in life. I loved her so much and after my graduation I kept in touch with her and saw her many times. I have several beautiful things that she sent me at Christmas. When I was a student I would look forward every Sunday to a quiet half hour with her in her room and she was so helpful." And now, they are together again. Our tenderest sympathy to Bessie's bereaved friends.

On March 10 word came to our principal reporting the sad tidings of the passing away of Louise Burridge McLeod (1886-9). The notice came through Susan Hallock Couch (1886-8). She writes, "Louise was one of the 'old girls' of our little group, who have hung together all the years since we walked about the grounds or studied and lived in the dear old school. I shall miss her, for the last few years we have been many times together. And when Louise and George were married they went from our home to the church."

Aileen Wilson '28 visited with her mother recently, who came all the way from Florida to be with this only daughter. We are sorry that she was a victim of influenza during part of her visit. Due to this fact we did not have the privilege of really getting acquainted with Mrs. Wilson. We hope she will "try us again."

Catherine Beecher's ('25) parents were kind enough to look in on us the other day and we only wish their stay could have been prolonged into a real visit.

Our principal, Dr. Winslow, has recently given a lecture on Porto Rico, before the Friday Evening Club of Boston and later before the Men's Club of our local Methodist Church in Auburndale. The audiences reported a most enjoyable evening. On a more recent date Dr. Winslow gave a twenty-five minute talk on his twenty-seven years' experience at Lasell before the Rotary Club at Newtonville. This rapid review must have especially appealed to the prompt business efficiency of the Rotarians.

Dorothy Sprague '20 writes to Miss Wright, "Am on a wonderful trip through California with mother. It's perfect out here and I've seen and done so much—saw Florence Gifford '23 in Pasadena and Helene Westervelt Thielens '20 in New Orleans."

Elizabeth Richards '16 was fortunate enough to escape this cold winter, which was especially cold in her native state—Maine. She sends to our principal a wonderful picture of an orange grove which she declares has a thousand acres of fruit-bearing trees and that the owner has refused a million dollars for. Elizabeth is spending the winter, as you have already guessed, in sunny Florida and declares it was her good fortune to be going South on the same train with Peg Bradley '16.

Elizabeth Stephens '20, our dietitian, says she was entertained recently in Portland, Maine, at the home of the president of the Portland Lasell Club, Caroline Lindsay Haney '20. Roses and daffodils with pussy willows were used throughout the rooms and a delightful tea was served by the hostess, assisted by her sister, Cassie Lindsay (1919-20), and Lois Perry Bowles '20. Among the Lasell Club girls present were Barbara Pinkham '24, who gave several delightful readings, and Flora Harrison Clifford (1915-16), who added to the program with some charming piano solos. Among the other Lasell girls present were Frances Coombs '19, Lois Perry Bowles '20, Louise Stevens '22, Marion Stevens '21, Mildred Knight '21, Doris Powers Thomas '11, Cassie Lindsay (1919-20), Lizzie Pennell Robinson (1877-79), Mabelle Wells Miller (1916-18).

A cordial personal note to Mrs. Winslow from Cornelia Hemingway '22 gives us these interesting bits of news concerning her school home: "Josephine Holbrook '22 has been visiting us and has just announced her engagement to Mr. Frederic Metzger of Riverton, New Jersey. Do you know that Minnie Brockett Slayton '21 has a dear little son, Eric R. Slayton, Jr., born last December?"

That was a model message from Madge Hollenbeck Pinney (1900-01), written from



Council Bluffs to Dr. Winslow on March eight. She very naturally sent her love to Mrs. Winslow and declares that it is only with the best of memories that she thinks of our principal and his wife. In her message she writes as treasurer, "I am sending you a gift of twenty-five dollars, as is the custom of the Missouri Valley Lasell Club. We meet at the homes each month and the average attendance is sixteen. Alice Anderson Kountze '95 is president this year, Shirley Castetter Donaldson, vice-president, Jean Field '22, secretary, and I am treasurer."

In a letter recently received from Dr. Bragdon he encourages us in the hope that Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon will be with us in June.

Frances Vail '28 has been made happy recently by a real visit from her mother and sister Marjorie. So pleased was her sister with Boston and its advantages that she is taking a post graduate course in one of the local schools. The delightful way in which Mrs. Vail entered into the spirit of our school home, we shall not soon forget. She really seemed like "one of us."

Mrs. Charles F. Towne, wife of our associate principal, is enjoying her annual visit in Florida at the Arcade Hotel, Bradentown, as a guest of her son, Carroll Towne. She writes enthusiastically of the charming climate and has a word of encouragement about the new development of the activities in which her son is vitally interested.

We are sorry for the illness of the daughter which brought Mrs. Michell to Lasell, but we were glad of the opportunity to get better acquainted with this dear mother and rejoice with her over the convalescence of her daughter, Mabel Michell '26.

Dear Anita Krakauer '26 served her time in the Newton Hospital, but we are rejoiced to report that she is back with us again well and happy and fast forgetting her days of quarantine.

We had an unexpected but most welcome visit recently from Miss Ells, the former Head of our Art Department, who is still serving in the Newton schools.

## JOKES

Mary—I went to hear a memory expert lecture last night.

Ruth—Was he good?

Mary—No, he forgot to show up.

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Are you troo?"

"Yess."

"You ain't got nuffin more t'say?"

"No."

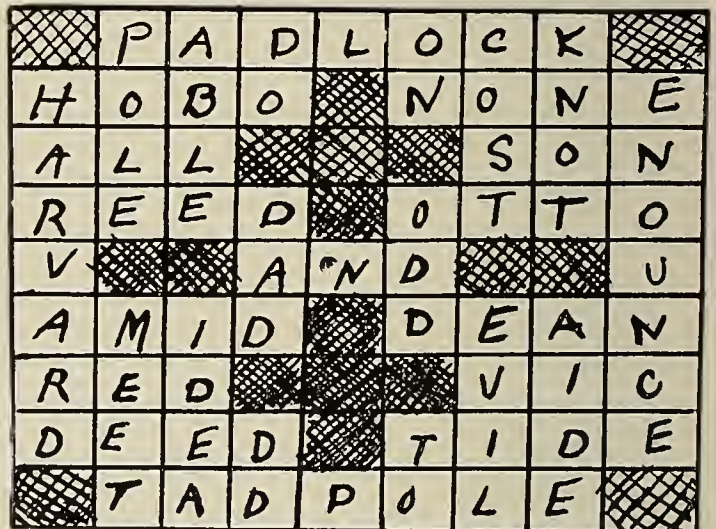
"Well, all dem things what you called me, you is."

E. J. What becomes of the bugs in winter?

Woodlandite: Search me.

Phil—Why do you wear those riding clothes when I never see you on a horse?

Lou—Oh, it's just a habit.



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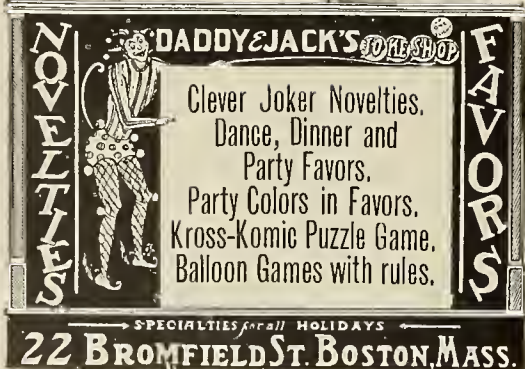
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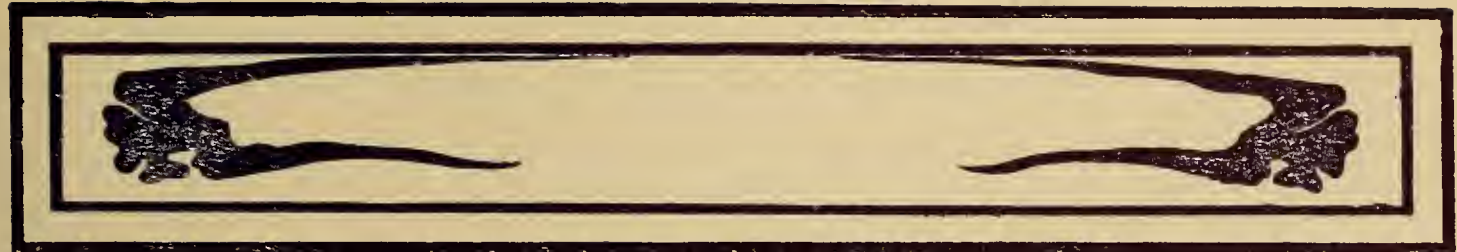
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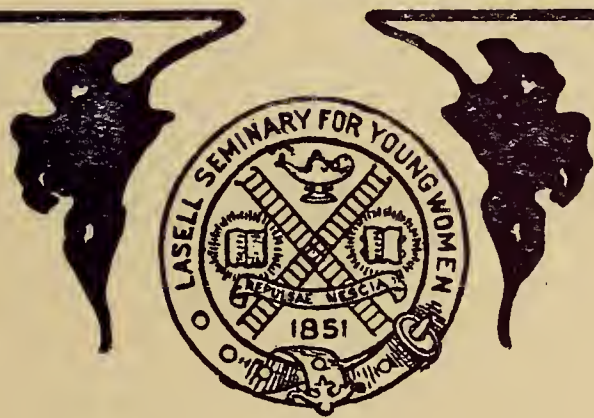
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Vol. XXXXX

No. 7

APRIL, 1925



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# LASELL LEAVES

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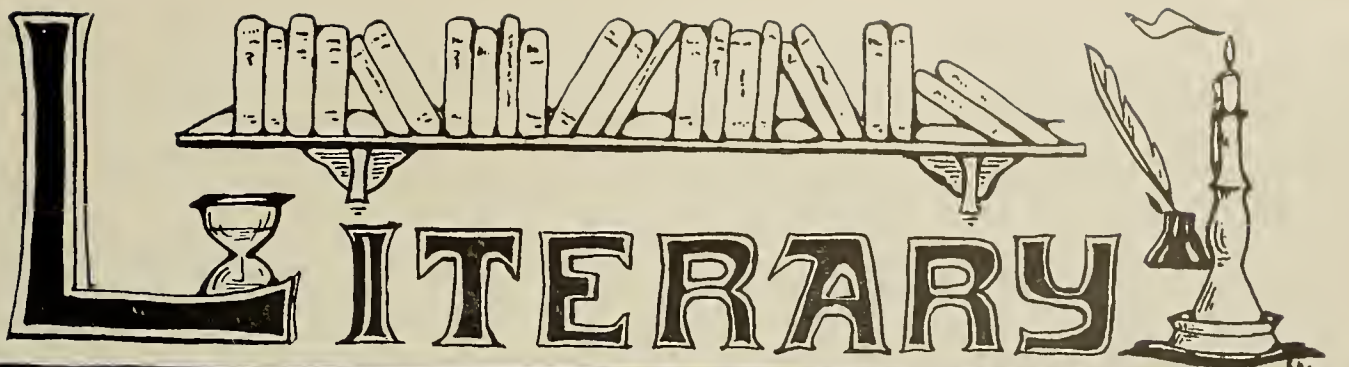
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# LITERARY



## NATURE IMPRESSIONS

1.

I walked in the still of the evening along the side of a hill. I was in a pasture and a lone swallow swooped by my head. I watched his darting form out of sight in the falling dusk. From up the valley and out of the woods came the whistling notes of the whip-poor-will and the melodious song of the thrush. The dusk faded slowly into purple twilight, and twilight into the soft folds of darkness and black shadows.

2.

The air was sharp but I was warm from exercise. I paused to rest my back which was rather uncomfortable as I was not used to the labor, but I found a keen sense of pleasure in feeling the saw cut into the logs and make the yellow sawdust fall in small heaps upon the ground beneath. As I rested, I noticed for the first

time how very quiet it had become. There was a dead stillness when I ceased the noise of the saw. The lake lay in perfect calm like a mirror, not a ripple marred the surface. Not a tree stirred nor was there a

sign of any wood folk. The sky was gray and cold. Then came the first flake drifting slowly downward, and then another and another, until the air was filled with them. Faster they came and I watched them cover the ground and trees. I had to put aside my saw and after some time reluctantly went into camp. By nightfall the pines were laden with a mantle of blue in the closing dusk as was all the surrounding landscape. A wind had arisen and all that night I slept warm in my bed on the porch with the cold flakes blowing on my face.

3.

It is so very nice to sometimes travel far away in dreams to one's favorite haunts of summer. I go very often to a hill from which I can see the mountains unfold one behind the other against the clear crisp sky. One learns many things from such a spot. Oftentimes a blue jay goes screaming on his way to some mischief in the woods, and, if one is lucky, a finch might land as a dart of gold on a near-by milkweed stalk. But I like best the great exhilaration of spirit down to the very depths of feeling that comes with the attempt to realize the vast space of azure sky and billowy, floating clouds, the stretches of green-brown pasture, the woods and pretty little ponds on whose surfaces, even though quite far away, is visible the sparkling of the sun.

*Frances Robertson.*





### BLIND DATES

Joe discharged! The news went through the school like a wave. Faithful Joe, who had driven the school supply truck and had given the girls at school rides to classes from the dormitories, was discharged. When the truth was known Joe had stolen some of the supplies and upon being found guilty had been discharged.

Hazel Crawford and Shirley Mason, two most devoted roommates, were good friends of Joe's as he had been their constant chauffeur. Thus, on their way home from classes they wished he were there. At the office they eagerly inquired for mail. Shirley, a dark girl from Connecticut, was eagerly waiting for a special letter. This was her second year at school under the supervision of her Aunt, who was house mother in the main dormitory. Thus Shirley's letter proved to be "divine" and from her friend at "Tech."

She read it aloud to Hazel, and in the excitement Joe was forgotten. "Listen to this," cried Shirley, "Listen." She was excited and her cheeks were flushed as she read, "Expect to come out to see you Saturday afternoon and will bring my roommate along as you suggested. He is a Westerner and he doesn't know many people in this vicinity, so he will enjoy meeting your roommate, who, you say, is from Nebraska. Will probably call you on the 'phone Friday night and see if you agree.' Imagine, just imagine," shrieked Shirley. "Aren't you thrilled?" Just one look at Hazel's face would have told you how happy she was; a young slight girl from the West and her first year away at school. She was full of fun and the thought of meeting a "fellow westerner" filled her full of "pep" as the darker girl termed it. "What shall

I wear?" moaned Hazel. "You know I've got to put my best foot forward. What shall I wear?"

For the rest of the week clothes were discussed. Then Friday night. "Telephone call for Miss Mason," called out one of the teachers. Shirley, all thrills running up her spine, as she said afterward, ran to the 'phone. Hazel, listening to the conversation on her end, heard this, "Hello," "Who?" "Oh, Yes," "What!" "Why, yes." "Mumps?" "The poor boy has the mumps," said Shirley, and he's sending his roommate and another friend out." "I guess it's what the girls call 'blind dates,'" said Hazel, "but we'll have some fun anyway."

Early Saturday afternoon the girls, down by the office door, saw two young men approaching and each ran out of sight to give her nose one last dab of powder. "Miss Mason, two young men to see you," called the office girl.

Into the reception room the two went gaily, but what they saw was enough to make any one gasp. Stretched out on the reception room davenport was a short young man in a flashy black and white suit obviously not made for the wearer, and on the other side of the room a fellow, with a cap on and pulled down over his eyes, was smoking a vile looking five-cent cigar. Neither rose as the girls entered, but the fellow on the davenport sat up and the girls noticed that his nose resembled that of a retired prize-fighter. "There must be some mistake" gasped Shirley. "No, ma'am, there ain't no mistake" said the man with the cigar. "You're Miss Mason, ain't you, the lady we called up the other night?" put in the other. "Why, y-yes, I guess so," again gasped Shirley. "Well, here we are," said the prize fighter calmly.

Shirley was at a loss for words. Recovering her speech at last, she very hastily excused herself and pulled the wide-eyed Hazel out the door after her. Meanwhile two or three curious friends lined up on the stairway caught a glimpse of the men and

nearly went into hysterics. Shirley ran to her Aunt's office and asked her to settle the fellows, and still pulling the numb Hazel after her, ran to her room and locked the door.

"Just wait until I see that Robert Haynes," she finally blurted out. "His life won't be worth living, after I get through with him." "Just imagine! Two—two—thugs!" And with these words she flung herself down on her couch. Some one knocked at the door and it was the girl from the office. "Two young men to see you, Miss Mason." "Tell them to go home," said Shirley, "and for grief's sake shut the door, Hazel." The office girl walked dazedly down the stairs.

A little later that evening Shirley sat at her desk trying to compose a letter to the friend, Robert Edward Haynes. While she was thus occupied her aunt came in. Her eyes were twinkling with laughter. She explained that the two said "thugs" were men who had been hired to do the trucking. "What do you know about that?" gasped Shirley. "When the office girl came up the second time it was the real two, and I sent them home." The two girls laughed until they were positively weak.

That night Shirley wrote Robert Edward a letter explaining the whole situation. Then when the "lights out" bell rang she looked at the said Robert's picture and sighed. "Won't it be nice when I see him after he gets over the mumps?" Her roommate sighed also and she said she hoped some day she'd meet the roommate from the West.

*Julia Larrabee.*

### SPRINGTIME

The Springtime of the year and the springtime of life hand in hand are irresistible!

"Ah," sighs the Pretty Maid from behind her prison walls of boarding school, "that I were free to roam at will—oh, to fly!"

"Ah," sighs the young man for whom the heart of the Pretty Maid misses a beat, "that

I were a knight of yore to dash and rescue my fair lady from her prison drear!"

And they both stay right where they are. The Young Man becomes hard and strong from running many miles, so that during the summer the Pretty Maid may wear a "first prize" around her neck. The Pretty Maid, though she never mentions such unromantic things to him, becomes stiff and lame from hockey and studies very hard.

At home poor Mother hears: "Where are my sneakers? Oh, here they are! Mom, I know I left my tennis racket under the couch last fall." "Mother, Bud has spilt red paint from the canoe all over the dress I wanted to wear tonight. What shall I do?"

And Mother settles everything, and then goes back to dream of when her Springtime had been like that of her dear youngsters—gay and irresponsible. Wisely she decides that this Springtime of hers is just as happy as theirs, and sets to work to mend the big hole in the heel of Bud's stocking.

There are happy renewals of last summer's friendships and many plans for the fast approaching one. If every plan were to materialize summer would have to take a new lease that would extend into winter.

But there is the other side too.

"Surely," Julia Gout is sure to growl when the Pretty Maid calls upon her one day, "Surely Spring has come! Have I not seen the worms crawl out on the pavement this very morning? Have not nearly all my chickens died? Has not my nephew gone to baseball games every day for a week instead of beating my rugs? And have you yourself not a disgraceful cold in your head? Surely, Spring has come!"

Poor Julia. The Springtime of the year is here, but the Springtime of Life has long since passed her by, and she has quite forgotten its joyousness. Yes, poor Julia!

Springtime brings to some the bitter memories of youth that has sped against their will; it brings the thought "what might have been"—worst of all. But out in the street is the rhythmic slap of the jump-rope, the squeak of



the hurdy-gurdy, the clatter of the baseball bat, and the rattle of jackstones and marbles. Springtime can not come without its happy companion, youth, skipping gaily hand in hand!

*Kitty Potter.*

### THE EARTHQUAKE

What forces shake the underpinning of the Eastern seaboard and particularly New England, constitute a problem for geologist and geographer. As late as last September we, who inhabit the Atlantic coast, were told that we lived in no danger from earthquakes. That this judgment twice has been proved fallible since then necessarily reflects no discredit upon the scientist who made it. The very fact that the scientific knowledge is largely based upon trial and error experimentation renders the scientist immune from blame when his predictions turn out to be partially fallacious.

We are naturally somewhat dismayed that our security is not so certain as we would like to think it. We have maintained with a degree of pardonable pride the legend that our granite base was firmly unshakable. We have even traced to this theory of our hills' immobility the formation of many of our provincial characteristics. From the stability of our foundation, we like to say, we have acquired a stability of temper that is one of our peculiar traits.

The tremors of Saturday night, a few weeks ago, however, do not disprove the theory that New England granite is an extraordinarily stable foundation. Geological research has told us that this belief is justified, and probably it is. The rocks of New England have proved themselves pretty secure, and the manner of their foundation indicates that they will remain so.

No man, of course, can say that the quake will not be repeated. It may, indeed, be a movement preliminary to a vast rearrangement of the deep foundations of this corner of the world. Yet, although a healthy skepticism is a guard against surprise, it seems likely that all the studies of geologists will not be completely overthrown by one shake of the earth.

It seems highly improbable that New England will change all at once from a land of steady habits to a place of volatile caprice.

*Hortense May.*

### "PETE"

One hot, sultry day, as I was returning from swimming, I noticed that the sky was very yellow and the air seemed quite stuffy. But, as the weather had been very hot for the last two weeks, I paid little or no attention to this.

That night, when all my family including myself were gathered around the piazza for the usual after-dinner talk, a neighbor of ours came over. It was Pete, quite a well-known character in our neighborhood. What his last name was, where he had come from, or how old he was, nobody knew. He lived in a little brown house up the road. I liked him very much because he could tell the most interesting yarns. He would always begin by saying, "Well, when I was a boy," and so continue.

This special night the story was about a forest fire that had burned the whole of Rattlesnake Mountain, and that on such a night as to-night three hundred men had fought the worst blaze known throughout the range, as he termed the White Mountains. He went on describing the affair very vividly and ended by showing us children the scars on his right arm. The story impressed my sister and me very much, and getting into bed, I remarked how terrible it would be if such a thing should happen here.

The next morning when I awoke, I was sure I smelt smoke. At first I thought my imagination had gotten the better of me. I went to the window and looked out. The earth and the sky had the same yellowish tinge as on the day before, but the air was heavier and smelt smoky. I quickly got up and dressed, with Old Pete's story still fresh in my mind.

After I had eaten my breakfast, I decided to go to the post-office which was only a short distance, to find out if there really was a fire. Arriving at the post-office, I found it crowded

with men of all descriptions, mostly lumberjacks. Every one was greatly excited. I gathered from their exclamations that there was a forest fire over on Humphries Ledge. With the aid of the wind it was headed our way. Emergency calls had been sent to all the surrounding towns and villages. All the lumber camps had sent all the men they could spare.

Now Humphries Ledge was directly across the meadow from our house. I rushed home, hoping to break the news, but somebody had beaten me.

All that morning there was great confusion, men hurrying in all directions. My sister and I had been forbidden to leave the yard. But our curiosity was too insistent, so we stole off.

Straight down the meadow we went. I was never so excited in all my life. Men were coming back completely exhausted and covered with black dust. They would shout to my sister and me to go back, but we were really too scared by this time to know what we were doing. I could feel the terrific heat of the fire by now and hear the sizzling and crackling of the flames. My sister suddenly grabbed me and pointed. Almost in front of us was a livid wall of flame. Then I felt a suffocating, scorching wind. I felt some one grab me and all went blank.

Later that afternoon when I came to, my sister and I were both swathed in bandages and mother told us that it was thanks to Pete that we were both alive. The poor man himself was in father's room completely exhausted from carrying the two of us. But the fire had been conquered.

That night as I watched from my window the high flames curl up towards the sky, I uttered my first real prayer of gratitude.

*R. E. Harney.*

---

### MY TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS

What a happy thought! Three whole weeks of lovely southern weather. I had been invited by my friend to spend the Christmas holidays with her at her home. The second day on the train, while passing through North

and South Carolina, the weather was beautiful, so after lunch we sat out on the observation car. This part of the country was all so new to me that I took a special interest in it. In passing through South Carolina we saw a great many cotton fields, but the cotton season being over we saw very little of it being grown. However, much to my delight, I just happened to see some negroes in one place picking the last of the cotton and this reminded me of the pictures one sees in geography books of the pickaninnies in the cotton fields. The negroes live in small wooden shacks, a very miserable and unhealthy way of living compared to our modern ideas of health and sanitation. The next morning we woke early and on looking out of our berth windows, found ourselves in the low flat country around New Orleans. Most of the land is very swampy and the railroad tracks have to be raised considerably. From the time we left Atlanta the night before to the time we arrived there on our return, we saw but one small hill and this near the levee of the Mississippi. It was probably an artificial one.

Finally we arrived in New Orleans and my friend's parents met us at the train. To my dismay when we got off the train I found it cold and damp out, with a stiff wind blowing. Of course, my friend was so happy to be home, and I was so delighted with every new thing that met my eye, that the weather was of little consequence. That very night started our good times. So many lovely party invitations had been accepted for us that we had to fit in the spare moments with sightseeing as best we could. I think Southern hospitality is unexcelled. They certainly know how to entertain and they seem to do it unceasingly and untiringly. We went to two or three luncheons at the Patio Royal. This is an old French house in Frenchtown which has been fixed over to serve as a luncheon and tea room. In one of the rooms an old green door opens into a passage or tunnel where certain prisoners were held during the Civil War. The doorways between rooms are arched and separating



one room from another is a large courtyard with a fountain in the center and palm trees and flowering shrubs all around. Here they serve luncheon and tea when the weather is fine. After one of these luncheons, some of us walked around Frenchtown. It is really one of the quaintest places I have ever seen. Most of the houses are of the old Spanish type; little iron balconies, beautiful old courtyards, and winding stairs leading to the upper floor. Many of these houses are going to rack and ruin, but others have been transformed into tea-rooms, studios or gift-shops. We went though the Old Cabildo or prison that was used for the slaves during the Civil War. It is now a museum.

I was taken on several lovely rides out of the city along the levees on both sides of the river. On one of these excursions we passed close to the town of Braithwaite, La.,—a coincidence, which I for one personally appreciated. One of the most pleasant days was spent in driving out to a sugar mill and going all through it. The day we were there they were making syrup, but as that goes through almost the same process, I got a fine idea of how sugar is made. Before we got there we passed miles of sugar plantations. One morning we visited an old French cemetery. In the center of the cemetery was a little chapel where people had come to be cured and who afterwards left their crutches behind. My friend's father bought us there a little St. Joseph which people keep for "good luck."

I cannot begin to relate all the wonderful things we did and saw. Of course, there were many comical little incidents that happened—one can never travel and not meet with things of this nature. Certainly everything came up to my expectations except the weather. Most of the time it was cool, damp and rainy, not at all what a Northerner expects when he goes South. However our two days spent in Atlanta were sunny and fairly warm and that partly made up for the bad weather we had been having. One afternoon we took a ride out to Stone Mountain and there we saw the wonder-

ful work they are doing on this massive mountain. I could hardly believe that it was all of stone. Then we started on our journey to Boston via Washington and New York.

*Katharine Braithwaite.*

### GOLD—WHITE MAN'S CURSE

Out where the North begins, where man and the elements ever struggle for the survival of the fittest, where the Yukon slumbers 'mid heavy snows, the little mining town of Dalstan Creek had been hurled into confusion. The previous night, some one had broken into the crude warehouse where the summer's spoils, gold from the bed of the Yukon, had been stored.

The snow continued to fall heavily all day. Night came on. In a hillside, not more than four miles from Dalstan Creek, was a large cave. Twelve men, rough and fur-clad, were lying around a fire. They had been waiting for days for snow fall so that they might rob the Creek of its wealth. Tonight they would steal away from their hiding. Their dogs were fleet and strong. Tomorrow they and the gold would be safe.

One man arose uneasily from the fire and went to the leather flap which served as a door to the mouth of the cave. When he returned his face was tense.

"God! What a blizzard! It'll be pretty tough goin' tonight! The Cap'n's down there gettin' the teams t'gether. Hadn't we better mosey —"

There came a roar, a crash, a boom! A huge mound of earth was torn from the hillside and hurled hundreds of feet in the air. Snow flew in swirling eddies. Flashes of red illumined the sky. There followed an avalanche of snow and ice. What of the dog teams? They were buried beneath the snow. What of the men? No trace of them was ever found. What of the gold?

On a neighboring hill a man crouched beside his laden dog sled. He felt the earth tremble. He heard the crash of sudden erup-

tion. He saw only a faint gleam of red, for the driving snow impaired his vision. He heard the slow rumble of falling earth. He smiled to himself—a malicious smile of greedy satisfaction.

“Wonder what the gang would say now if they was alive. Me, their Captain! Ha-Ha! Well, all ready there, King,—Mush!

The seven dogs strained at the harness. The burden was heavy but precious—worth fifty thousand dollars! The wind bore the snow in drifts so that only a few seconds after the team had passed all the tracks were filled in. The team pressed forward slowly but steadily. The driver kept turning at regular intervals to see if he were being followed.

For long hours the little team plowed through the ever deepening snow. The dogs grew weary, but the merciless whip of their master bade them keep on. The snow that had beat against them in sheets of cutting steel gradually became more gentle and kind. At length, after four hours of the most strenuous labor, the team reached the outskirts of a great spruce forest. In a few minutes master and dogs would be sheltered from wind and snow, from any possibility of man’s discovering them.

What a contrast between the loyal dogs and the faithless Captain! The dogs, ever looking forward, knowing no life but one of obedience and truth, always took the straightest path. They feared no one. The man, having deceived his comrades into believing in him, at the very moment of their success, had cheated them of their lives. Forever after he must keep looking back to see if justice was pursuing.

In a short time he had pitched camp, unharnessed and fed his dogs, made a great fire and was roasting his own meal of bacon. He would not sleep for the fire might burn out and then the wolves, howling far away, would come down upon him. The weary dogs settled down, burying themselves in the snow. The man, seated by his fire, ate in silence, leaning against his laden sled. Twelve great bags

of rough gold were piled high. He smiled as he caressed them fondly. Some day he would be rich!

A long howl, starting low and ending in a high falsetto startled him. The dogs stirred. He must have dozed off for the fire had burned down to mere glowing embers. He arose to find more wood.

Another howl—this time nearer! An answer—a low whine came from behind him. Wolves! The dogs arose and shook themselves. They pattered over to their master’s side. He dared not go forth for wood and yet he knew a fire was his greatest safety. A long, high wail shrilled into the night! Another to the left of him—nearer—nearer they came every time! They were closing in around him. What death could be more horrible? He would not let them get him—he would not!

They were in front of him, behind him, beside him. The circle of sixty eyes advanced a foot. The man seemed paralyzed. He stared at the greedy eyes around him. They fascinated him! A snarl—a yap—more snarls behind him made him turn suddenly to a horrible sight. His dogs, his comrades who had tried to fight for him, were being torn limb from limb by these great grey-black masters of the north. The starving fiends were snarling and fighting among themselves for the prize. It was a gory sight—a horrible one!

The man, too horror stricken to move, stood there. The wolves formed a circle again. They were only thirty feet from him. He shrieked with rage. He thought of his revolver. Firing a volley of bullets, he saw eight drop. But he had shot thirteen times! His aim had failed him! A number of wolves flung their heavy bodies on their comrades and devoured them. The man shook with horror. He fired again! There was no answer from the weapon. Empty!

He tried to approach his sled for more bullets. Even there wolves had come between him and safety. He started to run—but he could only run between the circle of green-grey eyes. The wolves paced with him. They



stopped, they could pounce on him. He was stumbling. His breath came in gasps. His face was purple with fear, his eyes crazed with hate. The wolves kept closing in.

He was sobbing. "Why don't some one come to help me? O my God! Gold! Gold! what good is gold?"

He was mad with terror. "You're my gold! he shrieked. "They shan't have you! He saw the bags on the sled, untouched. It was ever said that "gold is white man's curse." He pitched forward, within the circle of eyes. And the wolves —

Days later two miners, searching for their stolen gold, came upon the black embers of a fire and the bones of man and huskies. They saw the untouched bags of gold and recognized them. It was destiny.

*Dorothy Messenger.*

### THE USE OF PERFUME

Perfume! the word takes the fancy back through the centuries when kings held marvelous court and the air was heavy with burning incense; or brings to memory half forgotten scenes which recall the delicate odour of flowers and sweet herbs. There is one place at home of which I never think but that the rare heavy scent of sweet hay seems to come floating to me through the sunshine. At other times the recollection is less pleasant as when a gaudy, overdressed woman comes sailing by, leaving the atmosphere charged with the scent of cheap toilet water and strong talcum powder; or when Swaggering Seventeen in the person of an arrogant youth with vaselined hair and much bay-rum offends the nose.

Toilet perfume is woefully misused. So many employ it without any thought of the effect on others and having themselves, so it would appear, no fastidious taste in odours. Many seem to think of perfume, the stronger, the better. As for myself I do not care for perfume, but I am willing to allow that its use is a matter of personal taste. When used with discretion, it has a charming effect as I know from certain instances that I have ob-

served. The Five-and-Ten Cent Store boasts of many different kinds of cheap perfume, and the shop girl and the heartbreaking youth, attracted by it, have made it so common that vulgarity and ignorance are often associated with even the choicest perfume, that is, if it is markedly noticeable. If scent be used at all for one's handkerchief or other belongings, it should be of the best, perhaps no more than a little lavender laid among the clothing. It should never be strong enough to make your neighbours dearly conscious of it at the time; let it rather be perceived afterwards as a haunting odour.

In olden times in the Orient, perfume was highly prized and in great demand. Beautiful maiden, slaves of kings and nobles, used it to bathe with, while their lords and masters used to have their feet rubbed with precious ointment made of the honey of the flowers and healing juices. The use of perfumes then seemed to the great to be a part of their very life, and why not? It is but keeping alive the memory of sweet flowers, now dead and gone, and certainly memories of the bright things of life should be kept alive as long as possible. The scent bottles one sees now so abundantly arranged on the toilet counter of the various stores do not smell much of flowers I am afraid. What a contrast to the blossoms we find growing in field or garden sweet with refreshing odour. When I was home I found in an old blue vase some pot pourri, which brought back to me the memory of the drawing-room of an old aunt of mine. Cheery, comfortable, and homelike it was, and had in one corner two large jars, filled with pot pourri. When the covers were taken off the sweet scent would float out into the room giving exquisite pleasure.

If each could have her own individual perfume and use it with good taste, cheap toilet waters would no longer offend the senses. But until then a little lavender pot pourri, or sweet grass put among the clothing will agreeably scent them, yet not offend the most fastidious nose.

*E. Ladd.*



Spring is here, girls, and with it is your big chance. Do you like paddling? If so come on out for crew. Get the thrill of helping pull those long war canoes over the sparkling waters of our faithful old Charles River. Crew is not the only thing though. There is Track. This ought to inspire all the reducers. Picture yourself dropping two or three pounds every week on the old Track. It has been rumored that there is to be baseball. Come, girls, let's see some second Babe Ruths. There must be some among us. Perhaps it's you. Come and find out by trying. Last and best is Field Day. Try to excel in something, even if you can't excel in everything. You owe your best sportsmanship to Lasell, to yourself, and to good old Spring time. *A. W. M.*

### EXTRA CURRICULA COURSES

Some of us travel all the time, all of us travel some of the time, but all of us never travel all the time. This might in short, "put it across," as the boys would say. My first thought on my subject is this—We have come here to be educated; at least that was the ultimate aim when we left home, and what better way is there to learn than by others' experiences, others' travels, and others' beliefs?

We may start by assuming that at our school we are not forced to attend church, vespers, chapel and lectures. We might go home on vacation, or even go visiting over the week-end. Our conversation wherever we are, is closely

watched by others, who are just waiting an opportunity to see if our school leaves a girl where it finds her. We have had all these wonderful chances of hearing so many good speakers—but, instead, we have taken to reading some foolish book or it may be writing a letter and now we are surrounded by people who seem to speak in another tongue—their subjects seem almost foreign. No, they are only speaking of things that we might enter into had we but taken the opportunity when it presented itself. Is it not a conversation most interesting when you can add your bit—your ideas and views? When you can make it personal and not an oral quizz by simply occasionally answering a question that was probably hurled at you to remind you that you were not giving the proper attention.

But, oh, what a joy it is, to me, at least to sit quietly in church or chapel or where 'er I be, and embark with my speaker and the audience on a long trip to some far off place. Not necessarily do I say that I am most interested in geographic lectures. But, to me every lecturer and speaker prepares his listeners in his first few words for a long trip, through beautiful descriptions and narrations—we embark held together by undivided interest and attention and we finally reach the promised land, so to speak, the conclusion and the end.

There are some of us who have been a great many places but there is always that great opportunity to learn just a little bit more—perhaps it may be a little bit more about our



own surroundings. That may seem alarming—but few of us could speak intelligently on our own home town—any more than recall the best looking man, the best dressed girl, the cleverest club, the nicest place to dine and a few more things that would not in the least interest a sight-seer, or one who wished to know something of the city, its history, political condition, educational advantages and industries.

Open your eyes and ears, now and then set an eager pace to be at lecture or church on time and not simply because there is no other way out, but because your own anxiety to better yourself is telling you there is a good chance awaiting you. Thanks to our faculty there is no other way out and we all do have to go.

We surely would miss a lot were it differently arranged.

*Catherine Worrall.*

### THE LASELL ATMOSPHERE

Did you ever wonder what impression we, as Lasell girls, make upon strangers? I think if you were to ask them, the majority would say, "Your happy, smiling faces." That may seem very strange, if not a bit funny to you—but it is true! That we are, as a whole, a group of happy, laughing girls, is a fact which new-comers notice at once.

Happiness is the atmosphere dominant at Lasell! Every one seems to radiate sunshine. Everything is harmonious and peaceful (we wouldn't say quiet!)

Did you ever stop to think what that "happy" influence means to you? It lifts you above the trifling material troubles; and is a blessing, not only to you, but to every one with whom you come in contact. Sooner or later every one catches it. You just can't be grumpy at Lasell—it doesn't fit.

And now with the approach of spring—the happiest season of the year, it will be so easy to smile, to laugh and to be happy. Let's every one of us carry on that spirit, and continue to radiate that Lasell happiness which makes us just a wee bit different from other girls!

*Helen Black '25.*

### THANK YOU, DR. WINSLOW!

Realizing the need of a news sheet in which we might more adequately discuss current school topics, than the LEAVES, Dr. Winslow very kindly gave his approval of such a paper. The *Leafy Line*, published fortnightly, is the result, and the LEAVES staff on behalf of the student body wishes to extend its very hearty thanks to our principal, not merely for the financial offer, but much more for his kindly interest in student affairs. The school is large and this new enterprise will enable all who wish to do so, to discuss openly and freely and with good will things of current interest to us all. Again, thank you, Dr. Winslow.

### TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL

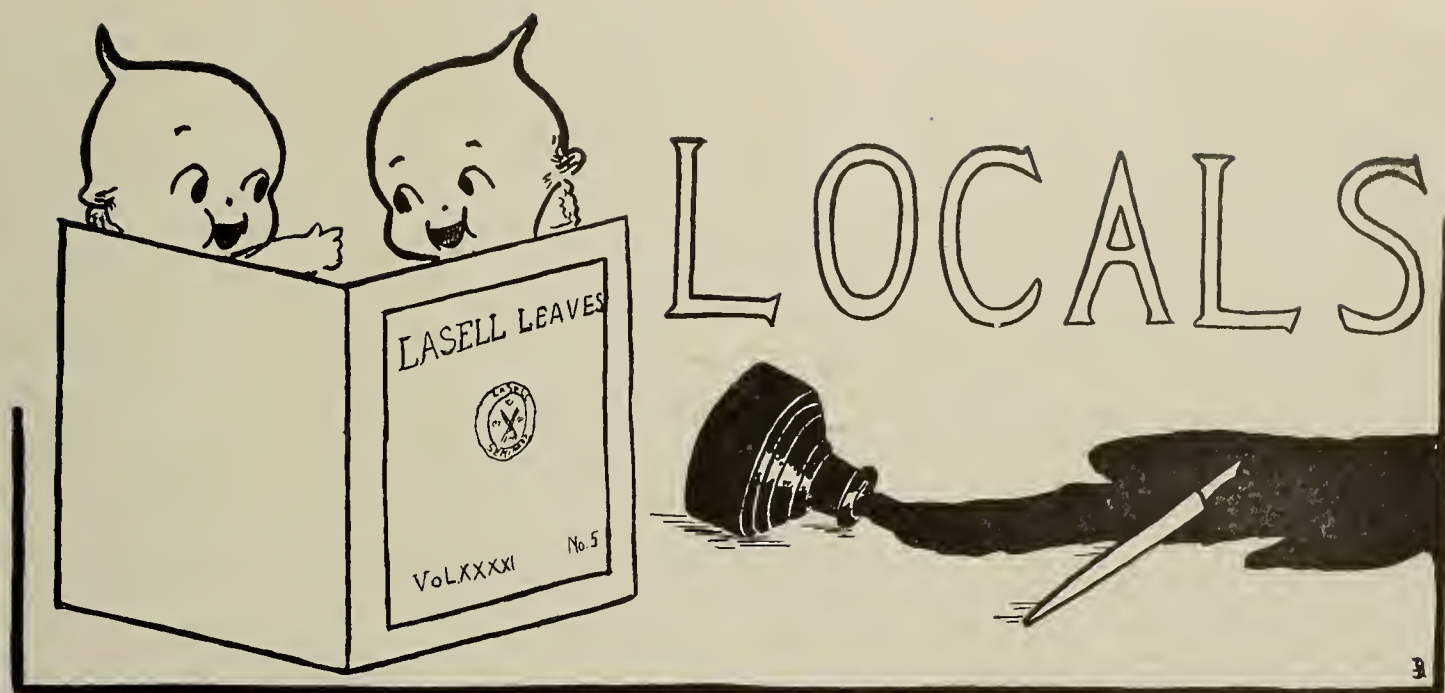
We chose some plucky girls last fall,  
We'll ever proudly tell,  
To plant on high our honor  
And our standards at Lasell.  
These Student Council girls have proved  
Their worth to everyone;  
Through their foresight not a thing is left undone.  
It takes a sturdy character,  
A back-bone good and strong,  
To take a stand against your crowd  
When you know that they are wrong.  
With a high and fearless courage  
Alike in joy and stress,  
In great, big, capital letters  
They have written high S-U-C-C-E-S-S.  
Then midst our daily doings  
Our school-life's dizzy whirls,  
We'll pause, and give a thousand cheers  
For Martha and her girls! *Betty Smith.*

### THE COUNTRY ROAD

I love to walk the country road,  
And know not where I go;  
For oft small brooks in shady nooks  
I hear as on they flow.

And watch the birds that sing alone  
And see the flowers that grow,  
The orchards old, the corn of gold,  
As in the wind they blow.

And then at dusk when home I go  
I think of all I've seen;  
And I rejoice with heart and voice  
At everything they mean. *M. Hamlin.*



March 20—The lecture by Henry W. Poor on "Paris the Magnificent and Rural France," rivaled the one on Switzerland of the previous week. Pictures of "Napoleon," "Marie Antoinette," the "Mona Lisa," the "Angelus," "Jeanne d'Arc," the "Soldier's Dream," "Spring," "The Grandmother's Kiss," "Madonna and the Child," "Whistler's Mother," and the "Girl with the Auburn Hair," only added to our conviction of how wonderful it would be to visit Paris in reality.

Christian Endeavor was led by Blanche Avery. Her theme was "Patience—try and cultivate." It takes perseverance to gain anything, especially it is needed to gain patience. Helen Albert's interpretation of "Romance" was both pleasing and refreshing.

March 22—Professor Daniel Evans of Harvard Theological School brought to us a most helpful message at our Vesper service.

March 26—Christian Endeavor was led by Helen Foster, Lasell '16. Her message was "Others." She read to us the story of Jesus' stilling the sea. Here she showed us that when Jesus' companions beseeched him to calm the waves, they thought only of themselves, not of the other little boats in their fleet. If we

wish to get the best out of life and live in a worthwhile way we must think of, pray for, do for, and live for others. Helen Albert played a delightful piano solo for us.

March 27—We had long looked forward to the second school reception of the year, because we were to have with us, as a guest of honor, Dr. Denis McCarthy. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Dr. McCarthy. About nine o'clock we went out to the Assembly Hall and for an hour which passed all too soon, our charming Irish guest delighted us with reading from his poems, interspersed with witty anecdotes which served as a background for each. We went with him in spirit to the "Green Isle," which he made more real to us, but perhaps best of all, we felt with him our responsibility in accomplishing his ideals expressed in "This is the land where hate should die." We trust that we may all truly desire to help in this cause.

March 29—Dr. Ellis of the First Congregational Church, Newtonville, was the speaker at Vespers. His inspiring message, in which he gave us some high ideals to look forward to in our school life, made us glad that he is to be a neighbor of ours and can come again.



The Pupils' Musical Rehearsal was held Wednesday evening, April 1, 1925, at 7.45 o'clock. The program was as follows:

|   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| Piano—Prelude G-minor                   | Rachmaninoff     |
| Martha Birchby                          |                  |
| Voice—Four Bird Songs                   | Lehmann          |
| Elizabeth Irish                         |                  |
| Piano—Consolation                       | Liszt            |
| Mae Frankel                             |                  |
| Organ—Adoratio et Vox Angelica          | Dubois           |
| Barbara Cushing                         |                  |
| Piano—Valcik                            | Makreja          |
| Hazel Baird                             |                  |
| Voice—My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair    | Haydn            |
| Clarice Brown                           |                  |
| Piano—Minuet E-flat                     | Beethoven        |
| Mary McKnight                           |                  |
| Piano—Valse Terromque                   | Lack             |
| Thora Sanderson                         |                  |
| Voice—Joyous Easter Hymn                | 17th Century     |
| Louise Bishop                           |                  |
| Piano—Etude Melodique                   | Raff             |
| Helen Black                             |                  |
| Piano—Andante                           | Chaminade        |
| Misses Anderson and Birchby             |                  |
| Violin—Liebeslied                       | Sammartini       |
| Andantino                               | Martini-Kreisler |
| Martha Fish                             |                  |
| Piano—Polonaise Militaire               | Chopin           |
| Charlotte Russell                       |                  |
| Voice—Scotch Pastoral                   | Saenger          |
| Open Thy Blue Eyes                      | Massenet         |
| Luanna Eyler                            |                  |
| Piano—Hark, Hark, the Lark              | Schubert-Liszt   |
| Frances Hall                            |                  |
| Voice—Irish Love Song                   | Lang             |
| Gay Little Dandelion                    | Chadwick         |
| Dorothy Hale                            |                  |
| Ensemble—Overture—"Ruy Blas"            | Mendelssohn      |
| Misses Cunningham, Hale, Cushing, Baird |                  |

April 2—The last of the illustrated lectures by Henry W. Poor was on Whistler, Sargent and Abbey. Among some of the pictures shown were: "A Corsican," the "Boatman," "Madame X," and "Lady Day." Whistler's genius was apparent in Whistler's "Mother," the "Study in White," and the "Study in White," "The Violinist," the "Lady in Gray," and "At the Piano."

The first thing on the evening's programme augured well for the rest of it. We all enjoyed our cafeteria dinner served by the Seniors for their Endowment Fund, and if it were not for the extra trouble to those who serve us, would wish it might happen oftener. At eight o'clock things began in the Gym. The exercises opened with two dances—The Duck and The Skipper—by the Junior School which were applauded so heartily that we were sorry that time did not permit us an encore. Then followed the excellent demonstration of a hard year's gym work, and so well done was it that it made the observers unconsciously sit up straighter and feel alert. Our most hearty congratulations to both instructors and students for their splendid exhibition. Many of us made secret resolutions to indulge ourselves another year, if it were possible. The work on the horse, too, made us long to be agile and for this we extend our thanks to our new athletic supervisor, Mr. Seikel.

Last but not least followed the very exciting basketball game between the Seniors and Juniors, the score resulting in 24 to 4 in favor of the Juniors. Fine team work was displayed and had the Juniors not towered so, results might have been different. However, our heartiest congratulations to the class of '26 for its excellent team-work and quick play.

April 3—Christian Endeavor was led by Catherine Worrall, which indeed was unusually interesting and beneficial. Catherine presented to us her philosophy of life as revealed to her by the Hall of Mirrors, from a recent lecture on Paris by Dr. Poor. Patty Berkson, in her usual sweet and charming manner, sang for us "I Would Be True," accompanied by Bobbie Cushing.

April 4—Mrs. Rice with her pleasing personality and smile, read the play "Friend Hannah," to an attentive group on Saturday evening. With her power and ability to portray characters and to wind the necessary atmosphere around them, we were enabled to see beautiful scenes and many people before

us, instead of the reader alone on the stage with the organ as a background. Our thanks go to Miss Francois for introducing Mrs. Rice to us. May she present another play to us some time in the near future.

April 5—Our Vesper Service was held at the Congregational Church and we had as leader Professor Warmingham of the Boston University School of Theology. His message was Jesus as the Son of God, and we felt throughout that our speaker himself felt the power of the Master in his own life, as he brought this message to us on Palm Sunday.

March 28—The Junior-Senior Party. As we were ushered into the main entrance of Woodland by a salaaming pirate, we at once came to the realization that instead of walking into one of the dormitories we were entering a pirate's den of merriment. Ever helpful pirates assisted us in taking off our wraps and then we found ourselves in the main den. There, we saw tables set for a gala feast, which were along the walls affording room to dance in the center. On the walls were paintings of pirate scenes and streamers of varied colors shaded the lights. An orchestra of tantalizing rhythm furnished music for us to dance by, and programs in keeping with the pirates were given us in which to keep the order of our dances. Along with these we received bandanas that found their way either around our heads or our waists.

Suddenly the den became dark except for a light that broke its way through from the cave. Slowly and gravely a prophetic pirate with the light at his back, kneeled, and looking upon the blade of his knife was able to read the fortunes of the evening. He ended by welcoming the Senior Class to the festivity.

After a while we noticed pirates going to and fro from the kitchen with trays laden with delicacies of many kinds. That assured us that soon we were to have the feast which was an appetizing one.

And that wasn't all! The pirates gave us a program of unusual quality which all of us enjoyed immensely. There was the "March of the Wooden Soldiers" with Wee in the

lead; a new song composed by one of their members, which has been the "song hit" ever since; a Spanish scene; and a music review had various old well-known songs, also new, sung by some artists and acted out by fitting characters.

There was the "treasure hunt," which began by matching numbers on daggers of the class colors, in order to find partners. Then an elimination dance followed and those who were asked to leave the floor were allowed to find a treasure in the cave. All of us, except the last couple found little bags of gold sweetmeats while they were given the opportunity to find a beautiful ornamental parrot.

What is a pirate's life without a chest for treasures? We were asked to go to one end of the den and presently two girls representing freshmen came skipping in, then two representing sophomores fell in. Finally, three pirates with a suspicious looking chest entered. Quietly and solemnly, except for the "Oh's and Ahs" of their mates, they brought forth the treasure, the 1926 banner! Congratulations, Juniors! It is beautiful! May it bring all the success available!

Soon, it was Sunday morning and we were marching off to church. Most of us wondered if the fun of yesternight was a dream or true reality. Yes, dear Juniors, your party was beautiful and all of us enjoyed ourselves every moment.

March 19—Lasell-Newton Game. Our team came on the floor as follows: Forwards—Chamberlain, Witschief; guards—Frankel, Baird; centers—Bliss, Wiedenmayer. Newton lined up with a fine team as did Lasell. The game started off with cheers. Newton made the first basket. Then Chris followed quickly with three fine shots, one almost after another. The team-work on both sides was excellent. Mention should be given to Bliss and Chamberlain. They played like fleas on a hot griddle. Em also was a fine jumper and stopped the ball many a time. The quarter closed with a record jump and throw by Molly, and as Newton made four baskets the whistle blew.



The second quarter was almost entirely rapid-fire work. The ball flew so swiftly from one end of the floor to another it was hard to keep track of it. Newton made five fine baskets and one point on a foul.

The third quarter began with a slight slack and the ball was barely discernible until the teams warmed up and then—well, why try to keep track of it. Witschief had been changed for Van Cleve, who made three baskets very prettily. Chris was right there all the time making a point on a foul. Newton only made three baskets due to the fine work of Frankel and Cobb. Doris had taken Baird's place during the second quarter.

The fourth quarter was a corker. The baskets were slow, Newton making one and Chris two. The game was so tense the whistle cut like a knife, closing the game with a score of 31-21 in Newton's favor. They certainly can play! Judging from the cheers and good show of sportsmanship you'd say it was a record game—and it was!

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

March 17th—St. Patrick's Day meant a literal "Wearing of the Green" at Woodland Park. Our sports uniform was very popular. In the afternoon we had a pleasant surprise, a call from Elizabeth Borst and Elizabeth Rhoades.

March 18th—Miss Tibbetts, a teacher of English in the Boston High School, spent the day observing the carrying out of the Dalton Plan.

March 20th—Miss Strang and our 7th Grade attended Burton Holmes' lecture on "Rome" at Symphony Hall in Boston.

March 25th—Miss Gertrude Perkins, a teacher at Lasell 1919-21, dined at Woodland Park and received a hearty welcome.

March 26th—Our annual Musical recital in the evening in order that the fathers of our family might be our guests. The "Blue Room" was pretty, decorated with pink roses. A large and appreciative audience listened to the following program:

| PROGRAM |  |                         |
|---------|--|-------------------------|
| 1       | Songs: The Violet<br>Daffy-down-dilly<br>Song of the Kitchen Clock<br>Primary Grades | Gaynor                  |
| 2       | Singing and Swinging<br>Betty Wilcox, Bertha Root                                    | Bilbro                  |
| 3       | The Song Sparrow<br>Gertrude Barber  |                         |
| 4       | Grandfather's Clock<br>Patricia Scharton   | Maxim                   |
| 5       | Waltz<br>Criss-cross<br>Evelyn Harrington  | Porter<br>Smith         |
| 6       | At Break of Day<br>Priscilla Winslow   | Rogers                  |
| 7       | Cricket and the Bumble Bee<br>Edith Follett  | Chadwick                |
| 8       | Duet Melody<br>Margaret Lane, Mrs. Goodrich  |                         |
| 9       | Song: The North Wind<br>Patricia Scharton  | Bennett                 |
| 10      | Alla Tarantella<br>Bertha Root   | McDowell                |
| 11      | Serenata<br>Marjean Himelhoech   | Turner                  |
| 12      | Witches' Revels<br>Gloria Wilcox   | Schytte                 |
| 13      | Quartet: The Tides<br>Mary Penfold, Mona Towle, Gwendolyn<br>McDonald, Ruth DeLaney  | Avery                   |
| 14      | Skating<br>Flying Leaf<br>Elizabeth Barber   | Crawford<br>Spindler    |
| 15      | Curious Story<br>Helen Follett   | Heller                  |
| 16      | The Lark<br>Arpeggio Waltz<br>Betty Wilcox   | Tchaikowsky<br>Crawford |
| 17      | Minuet<br>Eunice Lueke   | Mozart                  |
| 18      | Little Dance<br>Elizabeth Barber, Gloria Wilcox                                      | Bilbro                  |
| 19      | Prelude<br>Priscilla Soule   | Porter                  |
| 20      | Happy Farmer<br>Eva Flye   | Schumann                |
| 21      | Minuet in G<br>Mary Penfold  | Beethoven               |
| 22      | Harmonies Angelic<br>Luey Benezam  | Burgmuller              |
| 23      | Venetian Serenade<br>Mona Towle  | Brown                   |

- |    |   |                     |
|----|---|---------------------|
| 24 | Murmuring Brook<br>Ruth DeLaney                   | Bohm                |
| 25 | Romance<br>Valcik<br>Gwendolyn McDonald           | Sibelius<br>Mokrejs |
| 26 | Turkish March<br>Ruth DeLaney, Gwendolyn McDonald | Beethoven           |
| 27 | Song: At Twilight<br>Woodland Park Chorus         | Thome               |

March 27th—Miss Ida Marie Bunting, teacher of pianoforte at Woodland Park and Lasell 1919-23, was Mrs. McDonald's guest at dinner and at Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's Reception.

March 29th—Rev. and Mrs. Cowles spent an hour with us after tea. Mrs. Cowles told us many stories of their life in Zululand, East Africa. At Mr. Cowles request the Woodland Park Chorus sang and Ruth DeLaney and Gwendolyn McDonald played. Mrs. Cowles' stories assure us that truth is more romantic than fiction.

March 30th—Mr. Wagner, Miss Hemmeon and Evelyn Harrington celebrated their birthdays. Twins are not infrequent at Woodland Park, but triplets are unusual. Many happy returns together!

April 1st—Every one went down stairs in the morning determined to be on guard, but every one was many times an April Fool before night.

April 1st—Mrs. Winslow and Miss Inez Winslow of Orleans, Vermont, were visitors at Chapel. Miss Winslow remained during the morning to visit classes.

April 1st—Miss Hemmeon started a French table for luncheon time for each school day.

April 1st—The resident Junior High School girls attended a Pupils' Recital at Lasell.

April 3rd—Woodland Park Folk dancing classes held their exhibition, the dances coming between events of the Lasell Gym meet. The younger group danced a Dutch Dance and the Skip Rope Dance. The Junior High girls danced Sailors' Horn Pipe and Highland Fling.

April 5th—At our monthly Tea party Mr. Dean Winslow Hanscom sang for us. We are very grateful to Mr. Hanscom for this musical

treat, and very appreciative of his interest in Woodland Park.

Prof. Harold Whitehead entertained us with rhymed description of each resident pupil. We wonder how Prof. Whitehead knows us all so well!

Mrs. Norris of Chicago has been the guest for some days of her daughter Miss Lucile Norris, Lasell '24, who is on the Woodland Park Faculty.

Mrs. McDonald has been much honored by our autographed copy of "Don'ts for Girls" from Dr. Denis McCarthy. This has been framed and hung in the Junior School, and we expect "perfect" girls, as the result of a daily perusal of these sensible "don'ts."

April 9th—School closed for the Easter holiday. Mabel Burns, Mona Towle, Ruth DeLaney and Gwendolyn McDonald spent the recess at Woodland Park—Miss Hemmeon in charge.



A bit of good news can never arrive too late for the LEAVES. It is from the fair bride herself we have just learned the interesting fact that Marjorie Davis 1910-11, was married in Dover, N. H., on September third, to Mr. Harold Locke Lothrop and is residing in that city at present, at 3 Elm Street. Marjorie tells us that through the courtesy of her sister Gladys 1907-9, (who shares the LEAVES with her) she keeps in touch with the school and extends best wishes. We are grateful for this most interesting announcement and tender our heartiest congratulations.

On Wednesday, the eighteenth day of March, our Edith Helen Moss, 1919-20, was



married to Mr. Philip Bliss at the Moss residence, Richmond Hill, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Lasell sends loving bon voyage.

Our principal delighted the student body recently by kindly sharing with our girls portions of a personal letter received from Edith Burke Wells 1902-3, who took time in the midst of her exciting visit in Washington to send this cordial message. "Your letter announcing the interesting fact that Mrs. Coolidge had accepted an honorary membership to the Junior class reached me today—the grand and glorious fourth of March, and after the most thrilling day ever, we were received at the White House this afternoon. Mrs. Coolidge was lovely and gracious, holding up the line while we had a chat about Lasell. She was delighted with the school's greeting which I brought to her. We have had lots of sunshine and the day has been a glorious one, never to be forgotten. We saw Chief Justice Taft preside over the Supreme Court, met various senators and Governor Ross from Wyoming. Last evening we attended a banquet with Washburn, Gifford and Underhill as speakers. As you may guess, I am with the Republican Massachusetts delegation and we go later to Atlantic City where we will need a rest after this full program. We met a Mrs. Clara Matthews 1885-7, who tells me she attended Lasell when my father was on the faculty and was in his classes. The new old girls might be interested to know that Mrs. Wells was a real 'Lasell' baby, born in Bragdon Hall, when her father was instructor in the department of Physics."

On March 19, Ethel Johnson Viles '99, was elected regent of the Maine Daughters of the American Revolution and in a very graceful way accepted the high honor. Lasell joins with her many friends in extending congratulations. That was such a charming bit of news which Susan Stryker '10, sent to our principal from her sister's home in Duluth. She gives us a pen and ink sketch of the little children in her sister's home. She writes further, "I want to tell you, Dr. Winslow, how thoroughly I

enjoy the numbers of the LEAVES dealing with Alumnae news especially. It gives me an intense thrill each time the magazine arrives and I enclose my subscription in this letter. I wish I might join my classmates in their fifteenth anniversary this spring but fear it is out of the question. Louise Paisley '09, writes that she was able to drop in at the Mid-Winter Reunion for just a second but had to hasten back to the bedside of her mother who is quite ill." Susan closes with cordial greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee and Miss Potter, also good wishes to our principal and all the school for the coming year.

In a recent letter from Sarah Cunningham Caldwell '06, to our principal she had some very pleasant things to say concerning Hazel Schaeffer of Corpus Christi, Texas, who is among our new students registered for next year. With fine enthusiasm Sarah harks back to the wonderful journey she had through Europe last year and tells us with justifiable pride that the United States Government has just given a million and a half dollars and the state and county another million and a half for the improvement of their port. The work has already begun and the channel which will connect this port with the sea is well on its way, some ten miles being already completed. Sarah speaks of a beautiful drive which she and her cousin had recently to San Antonio and writes that the cotton and corn were already four inches from the ground, and further adds that they enjoyed going through the old Alamo and recalling its interesting history. She is still actively interested in Domestic Science, doing club and library work, teaching Sunday School class and conducting a Home Mission Study Class. Sarah closes with most affectionate greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Mademoiselle Le Royer, Miss Potter and Miss Witherbee.

Miss Inez Winslow, our principal's sister, spent part of her Easter vacation at the school and was especially interested in our junior department as she has been for years a most successful teacher of little children.

The mother of our Doris Rogers '20, recently visited the school in company with a friend who intends to place her daughter here Alumnæ news especially. It gives me an in-next year. It was a pleasure to welcome Mrs. Rogers again, and we found an opportunity to engage in a few moments conversation about daughter Dorothy.

We had an unexpected call during the last few days of March from Mary Dodge Whittemore 1903-4, who was just returning to her home in Newton Centre from Hinsdale, New Hampshire, where she had gone on a visit of sympathy to our Eva Robertson 1903-04, who has just lost her mother. We appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mary in bringing a message direct from her sorrowing friend. Lasell extends deepest sympathy to her bereaved former schoolmate.

The last of March our associate principal, Mr. Charles F. Towne left Lasell and journeyed southward to join his wife and son at Bradentown, Florida.

Miss Phyllis Crooke 1924, a student here at Lasell last year, began February first in training to be a nurse at the Hartford City Hospital. She is enjoying her work very much and we extend our best wishes to her. In a recent letter she sends friendly greetings to Dr. Winslow and her teachers, also to Miss Wright and Miss Potter.

Lucy E. Curtis '80, was recently the guest of Mrs. Mary Ransom Wagner 1874-6. Mrs. Wagner invited several of the old Lasell girls of Miss Curtis's time to join her in a pleasant afternoon with her guest.

Miss Helen Gallagher 1922-23, spent a few days with us recently, during her Easter vacation. Since leaving Lasell Helen has taken up the study of Kindergarten in the schools of Germantown, Pa., in which she is intensely interested.

A very friendly message came to us recently from Mary DeWolf '24, by way of Alfhild Trondsen 1922, who has recently been her guest in New Haven. She reports Mary well, happy and interested in her college work. We appreciate her words of greeting.

Ruth Ordway '21, has finished her art work in Boston and has transferred her field of labor for the present to the Orthopedic Hospital, White Plains, N. Y., where she is engaged in decorating the Children's rooms. Because Ruth is fond of this particular subject and especially gifted in portraying children, we feel sure her efforts will be most successful.

Louise Jackson '22, we have just learned indirectly, has been in an automobile accident, but is now recovering in one of the local hospitals. We are thankful to hear that Louise is convalescing.

We received a letter a short time ago from Rev. Mabelle Whitney '03, who seems to be busier than ever, serving not only one but two churches in the Methodist Conference in Maine. Her Alma Mater is always holding her in loving reverence.

One of the Chicago papers recently contained a picture of Bertice Carter 1920-22, and under the picture, the interesting announcement of her engagement to Mr. Harry R. Kay of Evanston, Ill. Her old schoolmates will remember that Mr. Kay was Bertice's Cornell University friend. She sends cordial greetings to her Lasell friends who were here in her day and the Lasell girls of her day return the very heartiest congratulations to Bertice and her friend.

The Personal Editor took pen in hand to welcome four L. W. D.'s, but finds she must change her text and extends just as hearty a welcome to the four dear little boys who have come to gladden the homes of our former Lasell girls. The happy mothers are as follows: Mrs. Caroline Hoitt McAllister, former teacher of cooking at Lasell, whose little son Donald Hoitt McAllister was born March 21, 1925. Mrs. Richard M. Kimball '16, announces the arrival of a son William Straker Kimball on March 23, and Helen Johnson Olow '21, sends a card announcing the fact that she has a little son, John Olow, 3rd, born March 10th. A later mail brings tidings of Dudley Noyes Lathrop's arrival at the home of Freda Noyes Lathrop 1900-01.



There's only room for joy to-day—  
 A song came liting by my way  
 Flung to me from a throat of gray—  
 A flood of springs!

Each tender pointed greening thrust  
 Of pushing grass through softening crust  
 But serves to strengthen now my trust  
 In larger things.

My heart has heard you prophesy  
 Of growing grass and smiling sky—  
 And songs of birds and you pass by—  
 And now my own heart sings!

M. R. S.

### EASTER VACATION

Trunks and boxes line the hall,  
 Everyone's packing and working,  
 Laughter and fun reign supreme  
 And studies get a good shirking.

Try and find a place for all  
 The clothes and "junk" you own,  
 "Come and sit on my suit case,  
 Oh, dear, I'll never get home!"

But somehow a place is found  
 For each and every thing.  
 Then one more class to sit thro'—  
 Will that bell *never* ring?

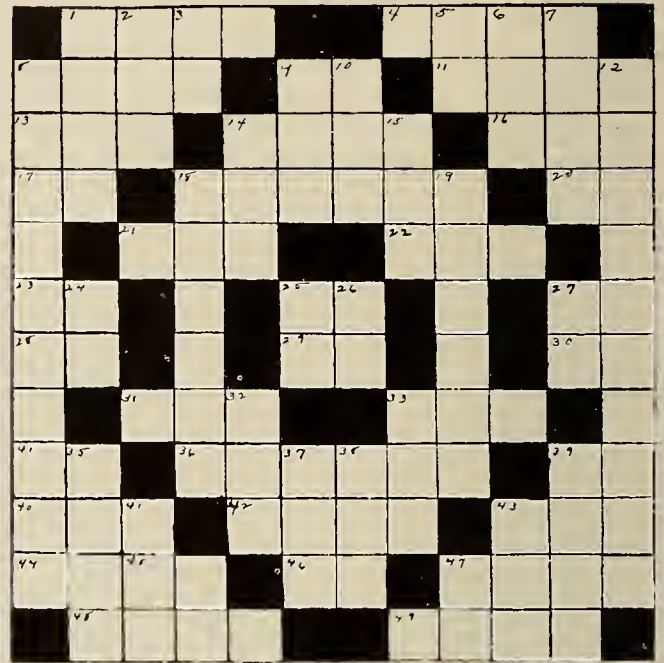
In spite of every pleading  
 To be quiet when you go,  
 Farewells grow loud and louder  
 And you want to holler so!

For there goes your dear room-mate,  
 You just must yell goodbye—  
 And you open your mouth—all set—  
 And you catch the teacher's eye.

So you sit and sit and sit,  
 There—at last the welcome bell,  
 You dash for the waiting taxi  
 And wave goodbye to Lasell.

Helen Black.

### CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



#### HORIZONTAL

1. Not well.
4. The thing that both-ers you in Latin prose.
8. Female relative.
9. Abbreviation for a street.
11. What I am to Miss Potter.
13. A vase.
14. Part of the foot (pl.)
16. A unit.
17. To exist.
18. Our School.
20. Abbreviation for the opposite of wrong.
21. A cotton material.
22. "—, we have no ba-nanas."
23. Rural delivery.
25. Abbreviation of a Middle Atlantic State.
27. Initials of a famous president.
28. None.
30. "And" in Latin.
31. Personal pronoun.
33. Anger.
34. Indefinite article.
36. Everybody at Lasell tries to do it.
39. 3.1416.
40. A field or meadow.
42. Anything disagree-able prescribed.
43. A shade of brown.
44. Every.
46. Abbreviation of that which makes Sche-nectady famous.
47. Brand of chocolates.

48. A single horse and vehicle.
49. Interdicts.

#### VERTICAL

1. Positive; certain.
2. Tavern.
3. Abbreviation of a N. E. state.
5. Prefix meaning "to."
6. Habitual drunkard.
7. Perpetually; always.
8. Where Lasell is lo-cated.
9. Signal of distress.
10. Golf term.
12. What the Jr. class does for the Seniors on March 28.
14. To touch gently.
15. Crafty; cunning.
18. Commander; chief.
19. French word for what we all like to receive after meals.
24. To perform an act.
25. Abbreviation for this part of the country.
26. Class of 1926.
27. Note in musical scale.
32. One of the primary colors.
33. Frozen water.
35. Prim; orderly.
37. A domesticated ani-mal.
38. Accustom.
39. What we all hope to do in June.
43. A measure of weight.
45. An exclamation of joy.
47. Note in the musical scale.

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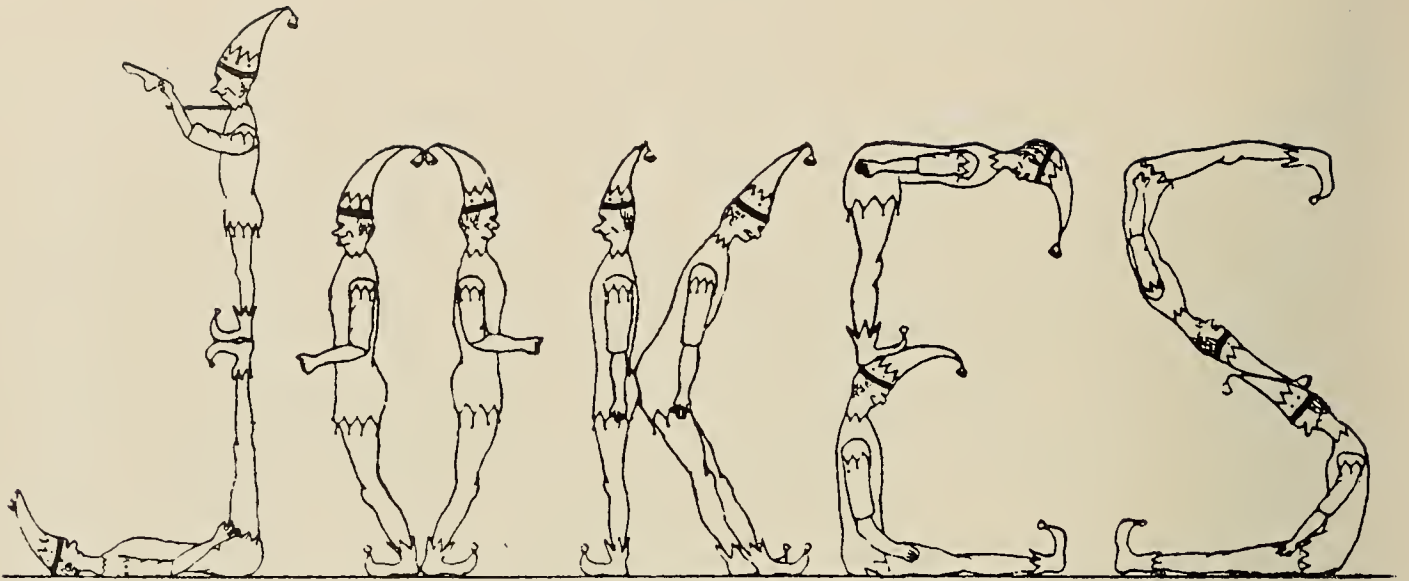


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Brother—And here is our billiard room.  
The man behind you is our champion.

Visitor—Willie Hoppe?

Brother—Oh no, he isn't a bit nervous.

—

Mother: "Johnnie, your face is very clean,  
but how did you get such dirty hands?"

Johnnie: "Washin' me face."

—Boston Transcript.

—

Dot: Is Miss Witherbee particular in  
English?

Sal: I'll say so! She raves if she finds a  
period upside down.

—

Ah! Wearing eyeglasses, "Bean."

Forcibly, Glenna. You see, I'm getting  
awfully near-sighted, and have to wear them  
when I go to sleep. Otherwise I can't recog-  
nize the people I dream about.

—

A Hingham, Massachusetts, woman is said  
to have hit upon a happy idea when she was

puzzled what to do in order to tell her mince  
and apple pies apart. She was advised to  
mark them, and did so, then complacently an-  
nounced:

"This I've marked 'T. M.'—'Tis mince—  
and that I've marked 'T. M.'—'Tain't mince!"

—

Uncle Jack—It is very good lemonade, I  
am sure, but tell me, Bonnie, why do you  
sell yours for three cents a glass when Charley  
gets five cents for his?

Miss Bonnie—Well, you musn't tell any-  
one, Uncle Jack, but the puppy fell in mine  
and I thought it ought to be cheaper.

—

Chris Chamberlain wonders if we all under-  
stand that the "Lone Wolf" has escaped from  
the Norumbega zoo. Please report to her any  
captures made by special parties.

—

"Professor Hoo Hoo sayeth education is a  
fast express toward civilization."

"So be it, but all the students traveleth in  
sleepers."

A stitch in time saves a lot of embarrassment.

---

This sweater is camel hair.

How d'ya know?

It's got camels on the buttons.

---

Heard on third floor Bragdon:

"Has warning rung yet?"

"Janie, is there any steam?"

"Ella Richards Telllephooooone!"

"Betty, what dress are you going to wear?"

"Jackie Howard!"

"Hey, Rix."

"Answer the phone, somebody!"

"What time is it?"

"Shut off the Vic, will ya?"

"Who's got the tub after you?"

Peg B.: Who is that Chinese girl with Violet Han?

Fran G.: Justa Friend.

Peg B.: Where's she from?

Fran. G.: China.

---

Mr. E. J. Winslow in Chemistry class trying to explain how wool burns different than cotton. "Well, when you curl your hair it is an instance of wool burning if the iron's too hot."

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# LASELL LEAVES

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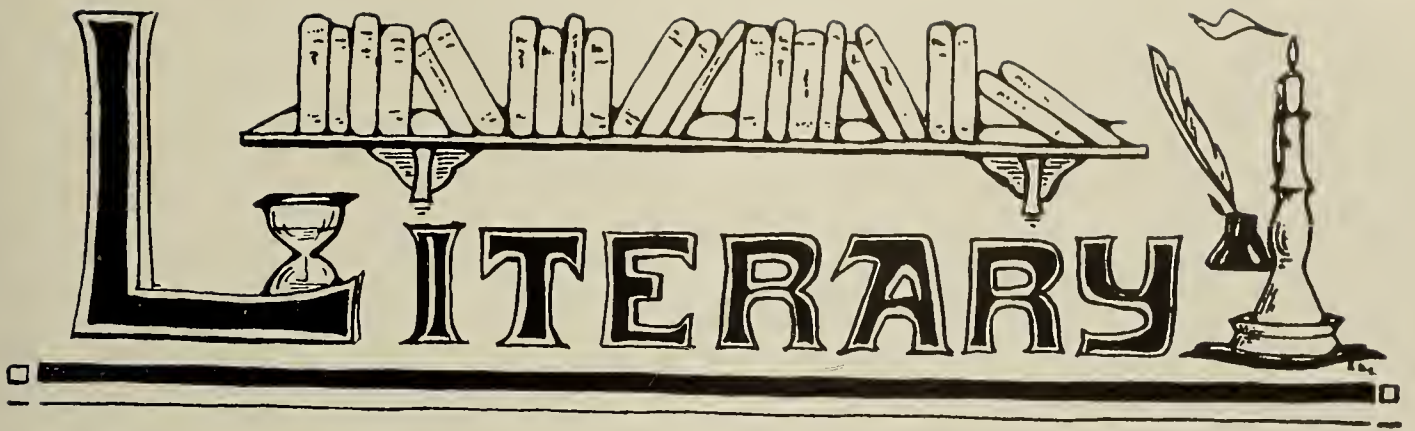
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## THE DUET

"Hello, honey—nervous?"

A flushed, dirt-streaked face peered in at room 13.

"Hope you're not superstitious," went on the gay, bantering voice, "'cause if you are—" and she sidled into the room, slamming the door behind her as she came—"then may the saints preserve you. It's Friday—you're first and third on the program which makes thirteen when arranged correctly and behold—" and she pointed dramatically to the door of the room which showed very plainly the number 13.

"You hop right out of here," exclaimed the tall, fair haired girl who was struggling with the invisible snaps and hooks on her dress, "and don't you dare come near me," she added in alarm as she noticed the dirty hands of her chum. "For goodness' sake, Dutch, *what* have you been doing—digging worms?"

Dutch, so called because she usually was "in dutch" because of some prank—regarded her grimy hands with mock seriousness.

"We-ll, no, not exactly," she finally remarked drawlingly. "Y'see, Betty Ann, it's like this. I'm learning to really play baseball and I seem to play a sort of ground game—if you know what I mean."

"Dutch Hull, you tomboy, will you never grow up? Playing baseball at such a time. And do you see that clock? Well, that means that you have just fifteen minutes to get ready for the recital."

"Fifteen minutes—that's much too long. I only need two. But p'rhaps I had better

take a bath." She started to go, but just as she reached the door, she turned, her impudent face aglow. "But to return to the original question—are you nervous?"

Betty Ann picked up a sofa pillow and hurled it after the quickly retreating Dutch, but she couldn't help laughing as she did so. Darling Dutch. How she loved her. In the whole school there were no two people so absolutely dissimilar and yet such wonderful friends as Betty Ann and Ninita. Betty Ann was from New England. She was grave, cautious and reserved. Ninita was from Texas and her Spanish ancestry often showed itself—she was impulsive, reckless, warm-hearted. Their one mutual interest was a love of music. Betty Ann was a splendid pianist and hoped to become a concert player. Fiery little Ninita played the violin—played it as if her soul were being drawn across the strings. She could make it laugh or sob as she wished. It became a throbbing heart under her skilful hands.

Tonight the two friends were to take part in the concert—the biggest event of the school year. Betty Ann was the first on the program with a piano solo. Then for the third number, she and Ninita played a violin and piano duet.

A few minutes later Dutch rushed into Betty Ann's room. "Betty Ann, oh, Betty Ann, I've—I've—" Here she lost her breath completely and sank limply onto the bed, automatically pushing away the pile of books and pads that were carelessly thrown there.



"Calm down, scatter-brain," advised Betty Ann, coolly, "I suppose you've lost something as usual. What is it this time—your new beads or your violin or—"

Ninita looked up tragically. "That's just it," she interrupted. "I've lost my violin and music. I can't find them anywhere. I could borrow a violin, but the music—" and her voice trailed off. "I remember practicing our duet in one of the practice rooms and then I dashed out to play baseball—and I can't remember what I did with it."

Betty Ann looked a bit startled. This was more serious than ever. "But that's ridiculous," she protested sharply. "It must be somewhere. Now think hard and do it quickly. There's only five minutes before the recital."

Dutch puckered her forehead worriedly.

"Oh, dear, now let's see. I played the piece over once and then Kit called to me to hurry and I jammed the thing into the case and—oh, I remember, Kit took it. Kit, O Kit," and she dashed down the hall, shouting as she went. "Kit—what did you do with my violin?"

In a second she was back. "Kit says she left the field early and she called that I was to look after the violin but I didn't hear her. O Betty Ann, what shall I do? It must be on the ball field and my music is there and we're third on the program and—"

Betty Ann for once was shaken out of her usual calm.

"You run down to the field as fast as you can. We'll have to start the concert on time. You can make it, Dutch, if you hurry."

Dutch sprinted down the hall, flew down the stairs and ran down the street that led to the ball field.

Betty Ann was trembling as she entered the stage. Could Dutch make it? Perhaps the violin had been stolen. Perhaps—but she resolutely pushed such thoughts aside and concentrated on her task. The audience had grown silent as she entered the stage. Betty Ann, now completely at ease, bowed briefly and took her place at the piano.

When she had finished she was greeted with a roar of applause. Bowing and smiling, she left the stage.

"Where's Dutch?" asked one of the performers.

"Coming," answered Betty succinctly.

During the second number Betty Ann sat tense. The piece was nearing completion. Where was Dutch? Then, just as the second performer finished her selection, Dutch appeared, her violin case clutched triumphantly under one arm.

"Here I am," she announced breathlessly.

"Why mention the obvious?" Betty Ann wanted to know. Now that Dutch was there everything was all right again. She drew Dutch to her, smoothed her disheveled hair and straightened her dress.

Together they went out onto the stage. Dutch tuned up—thus giving herself an opportunity to regain her breath. Betty Ann softly struck the opening chords. Dutch tucked her violin under her chin and the audience sat entranced as the two girls played in perfect time and sympathy. The applause was deafening. The duet was a success. As the two girls, hand in hand, bowed again and again Dutch whispered, "By the way, Betty Ann, you haven't answered my question yet,—Are you nervous?" And the audience wondered why the two girls smiled at each other so, as if enjoying a secret joke.

*Rilla.*

## ACHING ARMS

Cynthia danced, danced like a fairy; fleeting, graceful gestures that entranced, dainty feet that scarcely touched the ground, the sweetest kisses wafted from pink finger-tips—there she would sink into my waiting arms and nestle close; a living, throbbing presence that I never ceased to love.

But there came a day when Cynthia danced no more. They brought her in, her vividness gone and snowy pale. Her golden hair accentuated her marble paleness, and when her eyes wearily fluttered open, their

very blueness made one shudder—the only bit of life in unrelieved white.

It had all happened in a second. The spirited horse, which had always been her slave, had thrown her, and stumbling, hurled his great weight upon her slim body. Cynthia danced no more!

A year passed and once again I held her in my arms, as tenderly, as lovingly, as ever, but she never walked—she was always in my arms. A faint rose flush was in her cheeks and her lilting laugh more frequent—but I *knew*. Day by day I could feel her growing lighter and lighter. How my arms longed to hold her tight, ah, tighter that she might never slip away, that I might always feel the soft caress of her slim fingers upon my arms.

One night the fairies who had given her to mortals blew their sweet silver trumpets and she did not resist their call. And my arms are empty now—ah, aching arms!

Hear them! Only five brief years since the fairy-child went away!

“That! *That* old thing! Give it away, put it in the attic—anything, only put it out of sight!” . . . You—you see, I’m only just an old, dusty, rickety chair; but I held Cynthia in my arms!

Now, only Cynthia’s mother gently pats me, and sometimes a silver, shining tear drops upon my widespread, lonely, aching arms.

*Anonymous.*

---

## FANCIES

As the car sped along recklessly over the slippery concrete road, I found myself wondering if it were really I, John Storm, bachelor, who had left my favorite easy chair and pipe to come out alone on such a fool’s errand and on such a night. I smiled ruefully to myself as I watched the rain slash down on the windshield and trickle through to the inside of the car. What was it, I mused, that had brought me, drowsing before my comfortable fire, to my feet? I

had been alone—quite entirely alone—I knew, but something—some inner thing—had called to me as plainly as if it had been a reality. “John, oh, I say, old John, you’re going to help me, aren’t you?” It rang ceaselessly in my brain until sleep was impossible, for the voice was unmistakably Carey’s. Carey was down in that dirty little Mexican town painting his everlasting pictures, as he had been doing all the years since we’d graduated from Yale. All this I knew, but yet here I was, the powerful car purring on and on through the electric darkness of a New England thunder storm, making my way to Carey’s old home.

What would his Aunt Jude, respectable old Puritan that she was, think when I drove in there at three or four o’clock in the morning? Nevertheless, with those words still singing in my head, try as I might, I could not shake off this feeling of depression which was stealing over me, and the black swishing trees along the road seemed to add to all my sense of unreality. “This was madness,” I said to myself,—it couldn’t be anything else but madness that could make a highly respectable old gentleman feel fear at the sight of dripping, black trees and the dark grim-looking farmhouses. It was my sense of utter aloneness, probably—not quite that either, because Carey seemed so real, so near. No matter, of course, I was almost there—three miles more, perhaps.

On and on—just around the corner it would be. Then I saw the old house with its one gleaming window, standing on the hill, and suddenly there sprang to my mind the thought of the old Trojan horse—treachery within. The car grated on the gravel road and swung up the drive. I sprang out at the door and grasped the knocker. Almost immediately the door opened. I was stunned—the uncanniness was telling on me, surely—this could not be real. Choking down my fear, I passed in through the great doorway. The old house was just as I had always remembered it;



no changes here, I was thinking when gradually I became aware of some one behind me. I turned and came face to face with Carey's Aunt Jude. The change in her shocked me and at the same time gave a premonition of something to come. For her gray hair streamed untidily from her temples and her dress showed soiled and spotted even in the frail light of the dimly lit room.

"Carey has been expecting you," she said, and her voice sounded hollow and cold. As I mounted the stairs, following her, I found myself shaking as with palsy. Right to Carey's old room we went and suddenly out of the darkness I saw Carey—not the same one I had seen going to Mexico twenty years before, but a stricken thing crouching among the covers of his bed. His eyes staring from his pale, thin face gleamed strangely in the half light of the candle by his bedside. His whole frame was wasted and he gasped convulsively, catching at his throat all the while.

"John," he cried, "thank God, you've come. You'll help me, John," he pleaded. "Three months ago I happened to strike silver on my ranch. I didn't care anything about it, but I wrote Aunt Jude, naturally, telling her. The next week I received a telegram saying she was ill—dying. You know I haven't been out here in years, but she was my only relative, so I came North. I found her like this—but John, something's happening to me—I can't explain it. I grow weaker and weaker and from a perfectly healthy man, I've gotten to—this." I began to feel pity, mingled with my horror, for old Carey. I soothed him as best I could, and was feeling somewhat better myself, when I suddenly raised my eyes. There stood Aunt Jude, calm and cold. But right beside her stood another Aunt Jude, a phantom, surely, with a cruel and mocking yet triumphant look on her face as she slowly went through the motions of mesmerizing Carey. I found myself blinking. Was it real? Did I honestly see two Aunt Judes? Even as I watched, the shadowy figure

seemed to float away, and Aunt Jude stood by Carey's bed, smoothing the pillow. Cold fear clutched me as Carey seemed to drop slowly off to sleep. More than that, my own mind seemed to be growing foggy.

With an almost superhuman effort, I broke loose from it and dashed out of the room down the stairs, my shoes clattering wildly in the utter stillness of the house. I jumped into my car, found the accelerator mechanically and drove with the speed of a madman down the quiet country street towards the doctor's house. My mind was clearing now, and I saw it all. Aunt Jude using her powers of hypnotism, I knew not how, to get out of her way anything which stood between her and the object of her horrible greed.

The doctor dressed quickly and came with me. The door was ajar, even as I had left it. I ran upstairs, the doctor following. Carey was lying still on the bed—it took the doctor only a few minutes—"Dead, I'm afraid."

And Aunt Jude, laughing the insane wild screams of the idiot, was playing with imaginary heaps of silver in the shadowy corner of the room.

*Audrey Jackson.*

---

### A SILVER SHOE BUCKLE

Through two rows of stately locust trees the pillars of an old colonial mansion gleamed white. From a near-by cotton field a Southern melody, crooned in a husky negro voice, was wafted on the gentle, scent-laden summer breeze. To a passer-by the whole plantation had an air of peacefulness and calm.

Inside of the mansion, however, was war. The irate old colonel stamped and raged through the hall. His temper was aroused.

"You black rascal! You limb of Satan!" he roared. "You shall be severely punished for this!" The object of his threats was a little pickaninny, who stood, quaking, near the stairway.

"Oh, please, sah," she wailed. "Oh, please, cu'nel, Ah didn't mean to do no

harm. Ah won't do it agin, honest, Ah won't. But Billy he did look so hungry. He had such a sorrowful, lonesome look. All de grass neah him was all gone. Ah jest couldn't help let him loose. Please, sah, don't punish me hard!"

Sukey's eyes, as big as saucers, and her pigtails of kinky black wool, sticking out all over her head, seemed to enhance her aspect of agitation. Sukey was just the biggest bunch of mischief that could be packed into one small, coal-black pickaninny. There was mischief in her rolling black eyes; mischief in the dimples around her mouth; mischief in nearly every movement that she made. In fact, as Cindy said, "Dat chile kin git in an' out of more mischief in one hour den Ah kin tink ob in one day."

Now Sukey's mischief had led her into serious trouble about an hour before; some imp of mischief had prompted her to let the old goat, Billy, who was calmly grazing near the kitchen garden, loose. Billy was quite delighted, for the grass in his vicinity was closely cropped. In the course of his wanderings he ambled near the hothouses. One of them had been a long time in disuse, and the colonel had been thinking of having it torn down. The goat was calmly grazing in the shade of the gnarled and knotted apple tree, when through the garden came a roar like that of a March wind.

"Get out of there, you rascal! Get out of my onions!" bellowed the colonel angrily. "Whoever let you loose? Get out of here," and Colonel Cuthbert strode toward Billy, shaking his cane, and uttering threats. Billy, however, was old and wise, and quite as quick tempered as the colonel. Instead of leaving, he turned, gave him one angry look and charged. The colonel's back was toward the hot-bed. When Billy charged, there was a tremendous crash, and Colonel Cuthbert, whose dignity was seldom lowered, found himself sprawling on the ground beneath the ruin, with broken frames and glass all about. There was dirt on his white trousers, dirt on his white coat;

one hand was slightly cut. His glasses flew in one direction, his cane in another, while the remains of his self-control were scattered to the winds. He bellowed and roared, bringing all of the servants hurrying to see what had happened. After some inquiry, it was discovered that Sukey had untied Billy. Hence all the disturbance.

The colonel paused in his rampage up and down the hall,—paused and glared at Sukey. How could he punish that no-count nigger! How could he teach her to keep out of mischief! This wasn't her first offence.

"Gong! Bong!" sounded the summons to luncheon. The tirade was interrupted.

"I'll attend to you later, Miss!" threatened the colonel as he stamped away.

Sukey slunk away to the kitchen, where she received another sound berating from Cindy, her grandmother.

"You no-count nigger you!" she cried. "Wha' fo' you untie dat goat? You knowd he hab a debil in him. Wha' fo' you let him loose? You'll ketch it, jest you wait! Dere! eat dat dinner an' see dat you behaves you'se'f."

After lunch, other affairs occupied the colonel's attention, and Sukey's punishment was postponed.

The next day the colonel had the hot-bed entirely taken up. He had long been thinking of having it done. As the day was warm, he sat beneath the apple tree, watching the men at work. All at once as Sam was turning over some sod, something went "clink" against the prongs of his fork. He picked it up and rubbed it against his fork to remove the dirt. It appeared to be an old silver shoe buckle, tarnished and dirty.

"Here, sah," he said to the colonel, "Ah jest found dis here ting as Ah's turnin' ober de groun'! Hit was away back in de part dat ain't been used fo' yeahs. Maybe it's wuth somethin'?"

The colonel carefully wiped the dirt away.

"Why, yes!" he exclaimed. "I have often wondered what had become of that buckle. Well! Well! Probably Rex carried the shoe



off when he was a puppy. I used to wear that buckle. How well I remember those days."

How well, indeed! As he sat there, with the breeze ruffling his silvery hair, slightly moving the empty sleeve that told of his sacrifice in the Civil War, the memories of other days came crowding to his mind. How clearly he could picture the first time that he had worn those buckles. He had been a young man then. It was just after the Civil War. The Carruthers, people who owned the nearby plantation, had given a party to celebrate the home-coming of some of the men of the neighborhood. It was at this party that he had met Lucy—Lucy who became his wife, and who had died a few years before. Tears filled the colonel's eyes at her memory. Her death had been a great shock to him. How beautiful she was that first night he had seen her. Her rose brocade gown had set off to perfection her vivid southern beauty. He could still seem to see the lights, the moving throng of gaily clad men and women; to hear the music, and to smell the heavy perfume-laden air of that enchanted dance. For surely it had been enchanted! Hadn't "she"—Lucy—looked upon him with favor and smiled!

Other memories came flocking to his mind, memories of his childhood. Well he remembered the time he had hidden in this very apple tree, and pelted the shiny black bald pat of Unk Rufus, the old gardener, with small green apples. Another time he had shaved the cat's tail. The colonel chuckled as he recalled these escapades of his boyhood days.

"After all," thought he, "why should I blame Sukey? She is only mischievous, and I was rather an imp myself, I guess."

So Sukey was not punished, thanks to the silver shoe buckle.

The pillars of an old colonial mansion gleam white through two rows of stately locust trees. From a near-by cotton field comes an old negro melody. But all is now as tranquil *within* the house as *without*.

*Gladys Slocum.*

### "IT ISN'T YOUR SCHOOL, IT'S YOU!!"

If you want to live in the kind of a school  
That's the kind of a school you like;  
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip  
And start on a long, long hike.  
You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,  
For there's nothing that's really new;  
It's a knock at yourself when you knock the school;  
It isn't the school—it's you!

Real schools are not made by girls afraid  
Lest somebody else gets ahead.  
When every one works and no one shirks  
You can raise a school from the dead.  
And if you can make your personal stake  
Your neighbor can make one, too;  
Your school will be what you want to see—  
It isn't the school—it's YOU!

### MY AIRDALE PUP

My aged Aunt did die last night.  
The old Manse walls seem dull and drear.  
The servants whisper as in fright,  
And the hand of death seems cold and near.  
Silence falls with a soundless sigh,  
And echoes back from wall to wall.  
Around my feet gray shadows ply,  
And yet there is no light at all!  
'Cept one small candle flickering low,  
A baby Cyclop's blinking eye,  
A yellowish light, with a feeble throw  
It hurls itself—only—to die!  
I walk and walk and walk again,  
Back and fro in the empty room.  
Must I in solitude remain  
In this dreary house—this haunting tomb?  
In despair I turn to pacc once more  
When an idea comes as I fill my cup!  
With a joyous yell, I ope' the door  
To find or steal—an Airdale Pup!

E'en tho my Aunt did die last night  
The old Manse walls seem home to me.  
I sit before a warm fire bright  
And hold my sides with mirth and glee.  
I hear a yap, a startled bark—  
My pup—cavorting far and near  
Fights with a rug—(a merry lark!)  
Then slips and falls on his right ear.  
He' up and hurls the challenge round  
To everything that's in his sight.  
He dares to throw them to the ground,  
He barks and growls to show his might.  
To an answering crackle of a log  
He wildly rushes down the floor.  
His own feet trip him, as in a bog,  
And my pup has dignity—no more.

He snarls and growls and warns his bite  
 And slips and falls with a yap of glee,  
 It matters not Aunt died last night;  
 My pup has cheered me—heartedly. *“Wce.”*

### THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Far, far away in a land of dreams,  
 Where the sky is crimson and gold,  
 Where silvery clouds are flung to the breeze,  
 And into mystic shadows they fold.

There across the sky is a ribbon of hues—  
 Violet and rose and blue,  
 It's just the promise of long ago,  
 God left for me, for you.

When twilight overtakes us  
 And the sunset of life is past,  
 And we feel alone in this dark old world  
 And the shadows of life are cast.

'Tis then that the rainbow will guide us  
 To the land of the long ago,  
 And under the care of God's own hand  
 We will end our strife and woe.

The colors will never fade there,  
 But will be brighter and clearer by far,  
 As a guide in the lives of those who as we  
 Have yet to “cross the bar.”

*Gin Amos.*

### PICKING STRAWBERRIES

Picking strawberries in the rain,  
 Stooping over and over again  
 Down where the dewdrops shine like pearl—  
 Don't you think I'm a jolly girl?

Such scarlet berries, so round and sweet,  
 Pressing close to the eager feet,  
 While the warm dark shifting grains of sand  
 Cling to the eager small brown hand.

Picking strawberries one by one,  
 Don't you think it's splendid fun?  
 All in the soft, mild, June-time showers,  
 'Mid the grasses and the saucy flowers?

Well you see it rained so light,  
 Only making the berries bright—  
 And the birds sang all day long  
 Where the sumach bushes throng.

Glad and merry I picked the berries,  
 Round and ripe and red as cherries;  
 All the green vines were rosy laden,  
 Sweet as the lips of a Jersey maiden.

For in the bushes and the fern  
 The quail's lithe form I can discern,  
 And where the woodbine creepeth low  
 The laurel blossoms gleam like snow.

Over the low fields fresh and bright  
 I hear the keen shrill cry. “Bob White!”  
 And when the night shade darkens still  
 I rest at the voice of the “Whip-poor-will!”

Picking strawberries! Oh, summer skies  
 That beam in many glad brown eyes,  
 Saw ye a glance more bright than mine  
 In the rain mid the strawberry vine?

*Tommie Thompson.*

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is but a tiny link  
 In the lives of every one;  
 Sometimes 'tis mother and daughter,  
 Oftimes 'tis father and son;

But no matter who in this life of ours  
 Our friends turn out to be,  
 A true friendship with one real friend  
 Is the thing that touches me.

Now friendship isn't found cast on the ground,  
 Nor is it strewn under the sea,  
 But where you've a pal, a real true pal,  
 There friendship is sure to be.

So if you've never owned a link  
 In this wonderful, beautiful chain,  
 Just start right now to look for it,  
 For I know on your path 'tis lain.

And all along life's pathway  
 There is said to be something new—  
 Don't be discouraged if you don't find it now,  
 For I know God's left it for you. *Gin Amos.*

### SUNSET

Have you ever watched a sunset,  
 Just at the close of day,  
 From a great high rock, where far below  
 The shadows idly play?

Have you ever noticed the colors,  
 Just as the sun sinks low,  
 As one cloud after another  
 Floats quietly to and fro?

The rose and orchid and crimson  
 In a silvery web are spun,  
 And the pale, pale greens of the twilight's gleam  
 Over the pebbles run.

Away in a distant tree top  
 A nightingale sweetly sings,  
 As down to rest in her dreamy nest  
 The branches softly swing.

And after the colors have faded  
 And the day has died in the west,  
 There's a silence of deep understanding  
 And at last the day is at rest. *Gin Amos.*



## PAGE ANANIAS

"Hey, Dot! Talk about news! Here's something to last us the next week. What do you suppose? Betty's just about engaged! Bobby just told me down in the hall."

And with a pounce Ginnie landed upon the bed, and incidentally upon most of Dot. Jumping up again, she cried, "Gosh, I've got to go to gym, see you later!" Class bell rang and soon the room was filled with girls. "Say, don't tell a soul—" and Dot proceeded to tell Gin's startling news. Engaged! After debating "yes" and "no," each girl departed to her room to dress. Each room-mate was told of Betty's engagement, with the added fact that she was to be married some time next month.

Faster than fire, gossip spread until at the Senior house Martha yelled upstairs, "Hey, Kay, what do you suppose? Betty just got married!" "What, married?" Within two weeks some girls had enlarged upon the story until graduates of the year before learned that Betty was married and had a young son. Many surprises and "I thought sos" were spread around. Within a month Betty began to receive congratulations; and was just about to ask what it was all about when in blew Jessie. "I want to be the first to congratulate you upon becoming a grandmother!" A slap (not of congratulations) brought me back to room fifteen. That was too much for me. I woke up and heard, "Hey, Tom, it's 7:25."

*Tommie Thompson.*



## WHICH WAY WILL BE YOUR WAY?

We must remember we are not always to be Juniors; some day we, too, must don our Senior dignity and with all earnestness draw our tassels reverently aside, and all too soon we will find our Lasell days are over.

With this sad but true thought in mind let us ask ourselves this question: where and how will our way be? There are some of us who are satisfied to live in the Middle Way, who are contented to thrive on the efforts and sacrifices of others. These people, and sad to say there are many, merely exist in our school; they do not

really live for a purpose, but rather in their selfish, sluggish way go on and are contented.

Too, there are those who take the Low Way, who get through in just the easiest way possible, escaping all they can and somehow find themselves seniors much to their surprise, having had no goal in view; but, lastly, there are, I am glad to say, many who live for a goal, a finer, nobler instinct seems to guide them; they do the little things others will not do, and gather up the ragged edges of failure, thus becoming weavers of success. These are they who take the high way. There is a God in their

life, high mountains, but none too steep to climb, sunsets, twilights, nights and dawns; but all are appreciated and loved.

I often wonder how many of us stop to realize the value of finding our way before it is too late, so that when we are gone and needs must find our way alone we will not grope and stumble, but rather with sure tread and understanding go forward unafraid. The High Way is not the easiest way, but after all, the hardest things accomplished are the most worth while.

The High Way is God's way,  
The Middle Way, any way.  
The Low Way the selfish way,—  
Which will be your way?

*Virginia Amos.*

### ORIGINALITY

Into the life of every girl at school there sometimes comes the desire to be great either at school or in the world of fame. This desire sometimes is nourished from seed to blossom, but more often is blighted by contentment and inertia. What is it that some girls have that lifts them to the planes of success? Originality!

Originality is a gift, provided one does not carry it to extremes whereby one may develop into a crank or a "nut." It then becomes affectation, and as a rule the person so afflicted becomes disagreeable to associate with. They intrude, do not fit in, and with the label of "queer," are forced into the background of the picture. Originality in painting and writing is the difference between success and failure. In the arts and sciences it finds its real place and should be developed as fully as possible. We all have many original ideas, some of which are alarming, some pleasing. It is a question of good judgment and good taste in your choice of the uses to which you put originality.

Do not think that by the term originality I mean new. "There is nothing new under the sun." I do mean, however, that there

are original ways of expressing the same idea. The wave lengths in the air are not new, but they have found expression in the radio. Transportation is not new, but we have a new method in the auto. Flying is not new, but for man the flying machine made it possible; and so through the list of arts and sciences, nothing basic is new, but only originality in developing old ideas. And so with the idea of a poodle dog as a costume.

Perhaps ages ago amid scenes of Babylonian splendor, the court jester may have been so attired and led in by one of the court beauties for the amusement of kings and nobles. Perhaps he held his poodle head slantwise and while wagging his tail propounded the question, "Does the dog wag the tail, or the tail wag the dog," and the king being somewhat of a wag himself may have said, "What ho! throw him to the lions, and let me see where this wag is concealed!"

Thousands of years ago, so we are told, "God created Heaven and Earth, and all that in them is," and if in so doing He created something new He forever stamped Himself as omnipotent, and at the same time the interrogation point was created. I do not doubt but that when the first man was created and opened his eyes to gaze into the blue vault of heaven, he saw there outlined against the floating clouds a very large interrogation point. With this reflected in his eyes he turned to Eve, who shook her head, and thus was originated the first argument. Ever since that first epochal time, the question as to whether God created or only developed has persisted and will persist until God himself destroys.

In this argument you and I are not vitally concerned. We can, if we wish, reason that the creation of the world is proof of God's omnipotence, because no one but God ever created anything new. Which brings me back to my starting point, Originality.

Now I suppose you have been questioning my idea in writing all this. In school we



have our lives in our hands to succeed or to fail. If we are original, we are interesting; without originality we become bores. But whether a genius or a bore, every one succeeds in some way, somehow, sometime. Ignorance makes no difference, as is evidenced by some of the things we read. Time is essential; given time and originality we succeed.

Some readers will think this is crazy, but somehow I think some will understand and will catch the meaning between the lines, not the literal interpretation, but the hidden spirit beneath the surface. And now to the accomplishment of the purpose; with nothing but the desire, materials, and time, we have this little written thought. Upon your manner of receiving it will depend the interest it has for you. The words are nothing, but there is all of life to the eyes that can see and the soul then can comprehend.

*Tommy Thompson.*

#### WOODLAND PARK LOCALS

Leap-frog proved a delightful diversion Sunday afternoon when a number of Seniors joined the Woodlandites for tea followed by a refreshing gambol on the green.

Woodland was worried over the loss of a house man just at trunk moving time. This contingency was aptly met, however, by one of our talented Junior School teachers, who is a former Lasell girl. She stepped promptly into the responsible position and saved the day.

Passers by Woodland are complaining of failing eyesight due to the brilliant hue of several fire-escapes. We wonder if this is due to some one's misguided sense of humor, or are orange fire-escapes a new fashion?

Carpenter girls have been enjoying several very fine concerts in the warm Spring evenings. The girls affirm that the musicians may be young but they surely can play.

Alice Maxwell seemed to have a rather inflated condition of the neck. However, upon learning from the doctor that it was not mumps the swelling promptly went down.

"In the Springtime a young girl's fancy turns to sports."

You, no doubt, have heard about the very old proverb concerning the early bird? Some one of these fine mornings when the fresh flower-scented air wakes you up and bids you gaze at nature in its glory, you will see some early bird playing tunes and taking long, refreshing walks. I can not guarantee the "worm catching" part of this proverb, but those worms I warn you now, would have to be mighty clever to scoot out of sight, when one of our Lasell lassies skips gaily on her day. I defy any one to say Lasell girls haven't pep. Why, they will soon be giving out tickets in order to get a tennis court, for the girls stand in lines (somewhat exaggerated) waiting to play. Then there is Crew. I have heard it said that it takes a lot of backbone and work to make it. Well, sir, there are plenty of girls here who are not jelly fishes and who aren't afraid of work so far. I say, girls, stick to it and put every last drop of your energy in your work. That kind of spirit most always ends in success.

*E. Wiedenmayer.*

#### TO MY ROOM MATE

Bright and cheery,  
Gay and merry,  
Fair lips, sweet as red strawberry;  
Small and slender,  
Brown eyes tender,  
Form like any woodland fairy.

Heart so willing,  
Blithe voice filling,  
Hall and cottage, vale and lea;  
White teeth gleaming,  
Fond smile beaming,  
Ever full of mirth and glee.

Gowned so neatly,  
Trim feet fleetly  
Pattering over hall and stair;  
Music lingers  
While her fingers  
Fill with melody the air.

Tresses flowing,  
Pink cheeks glowing,  
Rich in nature's bloom and health;  
Sorrowful never,  
Joyful ever,  
Happier than the queens of wealth.

*Tommy Thompson.*



We hear that Lolita got mixed up in the labyrinthine garden at Mount Vernon, on the Washington trip. It seems that Lolita fell down and lost her bearings. She “bobbed up serenely,” however, and managed to look quite as self-possessed as ever.

Dotty Schumaker surely was startled that warm April Sunday when a strange young man drove up in a most fascinating roadster and introduced himself as her long-lost cousin. We can still hear Dotty’s dulcet accents, “But I don’t know you! Are—are you Al?” It was all right, Dear Reader, for it was Al!

Gertrude Smith has for some time been yearning for a pet. The other day she satisfied this craving with two of ’em—no, not goldfish! Turtles, little sporty green-jacketed ones, with red dotted cravats and sweet dispositions. In fact, they’re so sweet, she’s christened them Paige and Shaw. Paige is more bewitching than Shaw. They live in a green bowl, full of pebbles and muddy water.

Miss Kitty Worrall has been entertaining her grandmother and her father, Capt. Worrall. Kitty must have felt like a story-book lady, for she hadn’t seen her father, who is an army officer, for eight years.

Miss Grace Wilder and Miss Ginny Hight are now giving lessons in Felix-walking. Much newer than the goose step. Felix is the very latest rage!

Nadine Strong and Ginny Hight will represent Lasell at the Prom at Williams College. A most exciting prom date, say we!

Mildred Ketola and Margaret Van Page had a thrilling week-end at Annapolis, April 25th. We were all much interested in the program, for who does not love uniforms?

Sally Foster plans to spend a few week-ends at Lasell in the near future. It has been lovely having her mother in Boston, but we’d love seeing more of Sally.

Aileen Wilson is sailing in June, for Iceland, Sweden and Norway, winding up with six weeks in Paris. Now we understand all the new clothes!

Off to trip the light fantastic again! Mary Mack is on her way to the spring house party at Hamilton College.

Princeton boys are going to get a thrill the week-end of May 2nd, when Peg Matthews goes down to the Key and Seal house party.

#### VESPERS—SACRED DRAMA, APRIL 26TH

Extremely well presented was the religious drama, “Amos,” given in the Methodist Church, Sunday evening, April 26th, by a group of church members. The Lasell girls attended in a body, as at their regular Vesper service. The drama gave us an insight into the life and teachings of the prophet, Amos.



Although only one setting was used, it was most effective, the lighting being very cleverly managed to show the blue night sky, the sacred rock and the brush fire. The costumes were historically correct and the chanting very well done. All the actors portrayed the various Biblical characters unusually well, but Amos' was a truly wonderful interpretation, as was the young shepherd's and the woman who invited him to drink and be merry. The girls all realized the excellence of the performance.

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CHAPEL—ON NORTHFIELD CONVENTION,  
APRIL 29TH

One of the most appealing speakers we have heard this year was young Mrs. Converse, who addressed the students in chapel, April 29th. She gave us a most attractive picture of the life at the Young Women's Religious Convention held each year at Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass. This year it begins June 24th, and Mrs. Converse extended a cordial invitation to us to attend. She described the fine spiritual and intellectual opportunities, such as listening to men like Dr. Brewer Eddy, and the wholesome sports as well, with songs, tennis, and other amusements.

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FRENCH PLAY

Most of us admit we speak French like "Spanish Cows," but a few of our number are certainly more gifted—or should we say ambitious? At any rate, the whole school turned out to see the French play which, under Made-moiselle's able coaching proved not only instructive but extremely amusing. Frances Finney made fascinating love and we can't blame Betty Smith, who looked sweet and acted well, for running away with her. Mary Freeman as the irate father and Audrey Jackson as the all-important police commissioner, played their parts admirably. We loved Charlotte Ingwersen, but wondered how she ever learned her part. Nadine Strong was funny (which seems odd) and Ruth Powell kept us laughing continuously. Katherine Burroughs was too good to be true and her antics were

certainly funny. Every one agrees that the play was successful in every way. Introductions by Eva-Mae Mortimer, several selections by the orchestra and an excellent violin solo by Martha Fish completed a very enjoyable evening.

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PROGRESSIVE DINNER

Monday, April 27th, took place what we personally consider one of the "better progressive dinners." Having a talent for arriving at the food counter just in time for some well-meaning person to call out: "All out, no food," we decided to eat as much as possible at the first house, so that no scarcity of food in the succeeding ones could faze us. This proved unnecessary, however, and after consuming four cocktails and three glasses of punch along with our rightful share, we felt better. The food was good, attractively served and—oh, well, we surely got our money's worth, as well as having a wonderful time.

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VESPERS

Lasell is always very fortunate in obtaining splendid Sunday evening speakers. Mr. Marlatt, who spoke to us May 3rd, seemed to transport us all to Europe, where we saw with our own eyes the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The vivid description of costumes and the excellent presentation of parts of the play held us spellbound. Mr. Marlatt also read us a bit of his own poetry and we only wished we could have more. He surely lived up to our ideal of a successful young poet.

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WOODLAND PARK PLAYS

We looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the Woodland Park entertainment given April 24th and our interest was rewarded by a very fine program. The several scenes from Miles Standish were realistically portrayed with Peggy Soule the soldierly Miles Standish, Marjean Himelhoch a stately John Alden and Mary Caldwell Kluty, the sweet Priscilla. Ruth Delaney and Helen Follett as Indians were fine, as were also Gloria and

Betty Wilcox, who were respectively the Elder and the messenger. "Barbe Bleue," the play-let which followed, made a great many of us ashamed of our own French. The parts were skillfully taken by Mary Penfold as Barbe Bleue, Gwendolyn McDonald as Marie, Elsie Moore as Soeur Anne, and Eunice Lucke as Louis. The two plays and the songs which followed were so much enjoyed by us all that we hope to have Woodland Park with us again very soon.

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#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Friday, May 1st, Christian Endeavor was held at Woodland with Marion Fitch the leader. Her topic was "Sincerity," and the clear and forceful manner in which she presented the subject impressed us all very much. We also enjoyed a song by DeLores Schisler.

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#### THE JUNIOR-SENIOR GAME

The line-up was as follows: Senior Captain, Chamberlin; Junior Captain, Witschief; Bufington and Wiedenmayer, Centers; Cushing and Aseltine, Side Centers; Chamberlin, Witschief, Shepard and Van Cleve, Forwards; Finney, Cobb, Hart and Baird, Guards; Substitutes, Cruise and Berkson.

The whistle blew, the shouting and cheering on the sidelines ceased, a cold shiver went down my back as I watched with an eagle eye the ball as it was tossed up by Referee Fran Badger. For a while everything went off in a whirl and quite a bit of real hard fighting was staged. The ball stayed down at the Juniors' end for the first half. Those were the valuable moments when Molly and Betty showed us what they really could do. Betty was a wild specimen, grabbing, snatching and falling on the ball, struggling first with Finney and then with Edna, who both for some unknown reason stuck mighty close to their friends. In the meanwhile Molly was racing in and out, around and between the girls (looked as if she was trying to find her way about Boston). They shot many neat baskets from various posts, the floor. The first half ended much

too soon for some of us, for I know I never had such a wonderful exciting time in all my life (except at taking tables). The score was 13—4 in the Juniors' favor. Much screaming, yelling, cheering and hollering. Whistle, muttering silence not so much suspense as at first, some anxiety and very much interest was the general atmosphere in the room.

The same peppiness was present in the second quarter as in the first, quite noticeably on the Senior side. To make the long story short, the Juniors kept the lead and ended with a score of 20—4. To the onlookers it was a fast-moving game with a lot of plucky fighting on both sides. To the players it was one glorious, playful, somewhat tiring but good game.

The Seniors were rather handicapped by having so many on the sick list, but they put up a good front just the same. Finney played a very good game, save for few overguards called on her, and that happens to the best of players. Bobby was a regular jumping jack as side center. She was here, there and everywhere. Chris, the varsity star player, did not have much of a chance at showing her ability, for Doris Cobb's long arms saved many a ball that was merrily on its way to a Senior basket. Aseltine and Wiedenmayer had good team work and stopped many a ball from going the wrong way (the Juniors' idea on the subject). Altogether it was one ripping good game, worth while seeing. What say you, girls?

*Emily Wiedenmayer.*

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#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, APRIL 24, 1925

Margaret Gordon led us in Christian Endeavor last Friday evening and we all left feeling spiritually much better. She told us of life as different people led it, some as driftwood shifting from place to place with no ultimate aim in view, but ever wandering on and on. Then, too, there are those who, like an ocean liner, have the will to push ahead.

Peg, I'm sure your life is an example of the latter and all Lasell will not soon forget your advice.



## SENIOR-SOPHOMORE GAME

On Tuesday, March 31, the Seniors played the Sophomores, and what a game it was! The Seniors had lost many of their better players through sickness and the Sophomores had found it a trifle hard to scare up five girls, so on the whole it was quite even. Fish and Floppy played very well and Buffy was up to her usual form. Babby was a delightful surprise and we wonder why all these people never came out before? Stell played, too, the first time this year, and helped the Sophomores pull up their score. For a while it looked as though the Seniors would win with a powerful score, but the game ended with 11-9 in 25's favor.

## WOODLAND PARK NOTES

The girls who remained at Woodland Park for the Easter Recess had a very jolly time—tennis, picnics, canoe parties, a movie and one theatre party in Boston.

April 24—We are grateful for the very appreciative audience which greeted our efforts on Friday, April 24, when our seventh grade English Class and ninth grade French Class gave a series of short plays at Bragdon Hall. Nine scenes from Miles Standish were given by the 7th Grade. The principal characters were:

Miles Standish .....Priscilla Soule  
 John Alden .....Marjorie Himelhoch  
 Priscilla .....Mary Caldwell Kluttz  
 Indian Scout .....Ruth De Laney  
 Many Indians, Councillors, etc.

The members of the class wrote these scenes and elected their members to the different parts.

An adaptation of "Barbe Bleue" was given in French by the 9th Grade.

Barbe Bleue .....Mary Penfold  
 The Princess Gwendolyn MacDonald  
 Soeur Anne .....Elsie Moore  
 Charles .....Eunice Lucke

April 27—Mrs. James Ryan of Westfield, Mass., visited her sister, Ena Flye.

April 29—The 9th Grade met and completed their formal organization. The following officers were elected:

President, Gwendolyn MacDonald  
 Secretary, Mildred Gardner  
 Treasurer, Natalie Best

April 30—Miss Gambrill, director of the French department of the Brookline High School, visited our French Class and inquired into the working out of our Dalton plan.

May 1st means May Baskets and they were many and varied. In the afternoon Miss Badger and Miss Norris had a May Party in the living room. Bertha Root and Patricia Schar-ton played for the entertainment of the party. Edythe Cummings and Rae Martin gave an exhibition of fancy dancing and gymnastics.

May 3—A group of our girls attended Trinity Church in Boston for the morning service. In the afternoon, at our tea hour, Miss Bunting of the Editorial Staff of the Musical department of Ginn & Co. played several selections.

We were happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Badger and Miss Carolyn Badger of Portsmouth, N. H., who called to see Miss Frances Badger of our staff.

Miss S. Gertrude Bull of White Plains, N.Y., spent the week-end as the guest of Mrs. MacDonald.

May 5—The 8th and 9th Grades were privileged to attend the Tufts-Lasell Glee Club Concert at Bragdon Hall.

May 6—A large group of our girls enjoyed the Pupils' Recital at Bragdon Hall. We are very proud when former Woodland Park pupils are on the Lasell program, and especially when they acquit themselves as well as they did at this Recital.

May 7—We were very much interested in a lecture and 3 reels of movie pictures given by Dr. Louise Ball. Dr. Ball represents the Federation for Preventive Dentistry for Children and spoke with much admiration of Miss Evelyn Schmidt, formerly Lasell Alumnae President, who is connected with the dental health department of Massachusetts.



A very charming and decidedly unique wedding invitation came recently to Lasell. The announcement reads as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Elmer Smith announce the marriage of their daughters Esther Searles to Mr. John Harrington Simons and Dorothy Evelyn to Mr. Albert Wright Richards on Friday, April twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, Newtonville, Massachusetts. Upon this occasion Lasell's heartiest congratulations are showered on these two happy brides and their husbands.

Among other joyous news have come the announcements of the engagement of three of our very best graduates: Hazel Geneva Small '24 to Mr. Theron Ramsdell Kelley, Ruth Folger Hight '23 to Mr. Stuart Ashley Guild, and Ethelle Mae Cleale '22 to Mr. Ray Eugene Collett. If our good wishes are prophetic the future happiness of these young people is assured.

Ex-president Charlotte Ryder '08 of Bangor, Maine, and Mary Quick Dean '14, her hostess, made us twice glad by a recent visit which was a bit more than the usual formal call made by too many old girls. The unfailing loyalty of these dear former students is a source of joy to those of us who are still serving at the school.

How natural it seemed to have Florence Day Wentworth '22 and Helen Crawford '22 come together. Helen had been the guest of Florence and had some very nice things to say about Florence's little nine months old son, Crawford, Helen's namesake. Helen brought us a good report of her sister, Doris Craw-

ford '20, who is at present serving on the Music Faculty of one of the New York schools.

Among the recent and most welcome callers at the Seminary was Bertha Haydn King '03 of South Windsor, Connecticut. Louise Puckett '23 also dropped in for a short call recently, and we have learned that she has been summoned South recently on account of the death of a favorite uncle, and that our little Mary Puckett 1924-5 is just recovering from a serious illness.

Elsie Terhune '24 and Betty Barden '24 favored us with a very formal visit. We will forgive them, for they have promised to do better by staying longer next time. Our preceptress speaks with appreciation of the beautiful Easter Greeting which came from Elsie reminding her of their happy last year's journey to Washington.

Perhaps the most unique and certainly one of the dearest announcements of a Lasell baby, was sent by Doris Rogers '20 (Mrs. Harold E. Grover). It came in the form of a "Babygram" from the Baby Telegram and Cable Company, Father Stork, President,—“A baby boy born April 23, 1925, name not decided upon.”

There was good news that came to us from Maxine Perry Hall '22. She writes that she received the *Leaves* a few days ago and was so glad to hear of all the girls and dear old Lasell and is planning to be back for Commencement. She continues, “I recall those happiest Lasell days and hope to send a dear girl to Lasell next year.”

Cora Benedix 1919-20 writes from Ipswich, Mass., that she keeps Lasell in constant thought and would like to secure one of our school pins. Her secretarial course at Lasell has proved of practical benefit to her for she is now a successful official in the John Hancock Insurance Company's office. Glad to hear from you, Cora, and would be happy to welcome you sometime at your school home.

Anna Kendig Peirce '80 is evidently drinking from the fountain of perpetual and youth-



full enthusiasm, for her splendid letter from Honolulu, to use the modern girls' vernacular, is "thrilling." Here's a bit of it: "I am driving through this most beautiful part of the earth and yet one cannot describe it in words, —climate, atmosphere, color, rainbows by day and lunar ones by night, mountain seas, surf riders, trees, shrubs, flowers and fruits, many of them new and strange. I am fairly bewitched and eager to drink my fill. Not only the islands themselves but the people who live here are so charming and hospitable—it must simply be breathed in like the atmosphere."

Mrs. Winslow has kindly shared a very delightful letter recently received from Caroline Hoitt McAllister, in which she announces the arrival of her little son, Donald, not only to the delight of father and mother, but of the older brother—who evidently at once appropriated little Donald as his special gift. Big brother is now enjoying his first year in kindergarten, but as mother writes, is already talking of "playing football for Dartmouth and winning from Yale!" This is not strange when we remember that his father was the graduate athletic manager at Dartmouth for two years. Mrs. McAllister speaks very pleasantly of her meeting with our former instructor, Miss Eva Chandler, and other Lasell friends and closes her message with renewed thanks for the Lasell Baby Book which was the gift of Mrs. Winslow.

We are taking the liberty of printing without permission, this catching song composed by our Rosalind Winslow 1920, daughter of our assistant principal Mr. E. J. Winslow. It is a song used during the recent drive for the Auburndale public library and is sung to the air of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

#### OUR LIBRARY

What's the use of dreaming,  
 Nothing gained by scheming,  
 We will give our Library  
 A glorious birth!  
 Land is never lacking,  
 All we need is backing,  
 Stop our building dreams on air  
 Let us build on Earth.

What have we for showing  
 Auburndale is growing?  
 Could there be a fairer way  
 To show our pride?  
 Knowledge wed to beauty!  
 'Tis our public duty  
 Make those funds run o'er the mark  
 In a roaring tide!

Florence Gifford '23 writes to our principal from Pasadena, California, acknowledging a kind note from him and telling us that her visit to Pasadena, although expected to be a brief one, has lengthened and now she has evidently settled permanently in that charming region, her father having gone into business on the Pacific Coast. Florence hopes to be in Boston some time this summer and has promised to come to Lasell. She has not as yet carried out her kindergarten plans, but writes that she has been using her knowledge received at P. K. to good advantage there. She expresses much surprise to know that Marjorie Winslow is sufficiently grown up to be a regular Lasell girl. We are grateful to our principal for sharing this interesting letter which closes with well wishes from Florence to her Alma Mater.

A splendid letter from a splendid graduate. This letter is from Dorothy Stewart Allen '17 and was sent to our principal. We were indeed sorry to have missed Dorothy at the time of her recent visit in Boston. She writes that her little daughter Jean is in the first grade in school and feels she is quite grown up, while the baby boy is just two years old. Dorothy speaks of the possibility of revisiting New England in the early Fall and we certainly hope to welcome her at that time.

That was a fine line from Jeanne Hyde '21 now in Honolulu, to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. She writes, "Your Christmas card was sent to me from home and brought with it memories of old Lasell and all it meant to me."

Real old girls will be delighted to receive through our principal this message from Anna Lovering Christopher '81. She writes from 780 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida, "I wish to send good wishes to my Alma Mater and am also asking you to please change my

name, formerly Mrs. C. W. Barrett, now Mrs. John G. Christopher. I would also greatly appreciate a list of Lasell graduates living in Jacksonville or vicinity in order that I may arrange a reunion some time. I am hoping some year to reach the North in season for the Alumnae Reunion." For us who knew Anna in her school days venture to suggest that any Lasell girls, old or new, living in that neighborhood, would do themselves a favor by getting in touch with this fine graduate.

Dorothy Barnes '18 writes from the home of Helen Saunders '17 in Hartford telling of her delightful visit with her classmate and pens a promise to visit Lasell in the near future and also a check for her annual pledge to the Endowment Fund. Dorothy, Lasell's latch-string is out for you and that dear hostess of yours, if you can persuade her to come.

Caroline Steel Ewing '95 (Mrs. James F.) writes of her changed address from Portland, Oregon, to 1516 South Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. She tells our principal of her enjoyment over the pictures of the daughters of former students, also of her delight over the photograph of those "adorable twins."

In a note to Dr. Winslow from Dorothy Payne Whiteway '14 recently received she speaks of the delight of the Philadelphia Club over having a visit from Mademoiselle. She adds, "Mademoiselle told us a great deal about Lasell, which of course we fairly drank in." She also tells of the prolonged illness of some three months of her dear little daughter and how thankful they are that she is now convalescing. With the note came her contribution to the Endowment Fund, also a post-script which reads: "I remember Helen Case very well and her twins are adorable."

Clara Davis Lounsbury '98 has kindly furnished our register with the new address of Avila Grubbs Lafon '99, which is 1315 Monterey Ave., Victoria, B. C. "I see Avila occasionally, also Alma Widstrand Rogers 1897-8 and just recently we three had a good visit going over days at Lasell. Virginia and Madeleine are daughters of our classmates.

The older I grow the more I appreciate my two years at Lasell." Clara expresses herself in a practical way by adding her contribution to the Endowment Fund.

That was a worthwhile letter from Sarah Hopkins '19, received by our principal recently in which she writes: "I was surprised at meeting Mrs. Blanche Martin on Boylston Street today. She does not look a day older than she did six years ago." Sarah also speaks of Mrs. Martin's splendid business venture as the owner of one of Boston's large apartment houses. She adds: "I ran across Mabel Rutledge 1917-18 in Slattery's; she is in the millinery business with Miss Wilson at Copley Square and is looking remarkably well. I am beginning to appreciate what a fine school Lasell is, more so since I heard Miss Potter speak recently at the Franklin Square House where I am in residence." Sarah expresses her pleasure at being able to pay her bit towards the Endowment Fund. She is at present with Nathaniel D. Hirsch, Ph.D., an instructor in psychology at Harvard and a National Research student. It will be interesting for Mary and Sarah's old friends to know that she is specializing in the study of twins and is having a most interesting time taking mental tests, etc. She also speaks of Dr. Leon Zerfas, the husband of Helen Lesh '17, who is working as resident physician in the same hospital and later may occupy the chair of medicine at the University of Indiana. Sarah also takes time to send in names of possible future students at Lasell. Her practical interest in Lasell's present and future welfare is greatly appreciated.

Florence Longcope 1921-22 writes from her home in Forest Hills, Long Island, of her good intention to return to Lasell for Commencement. That is a wise resolve on your part, dear Florence, we certainly hope to give you a loving welcome this coming June.

Jennie M. Rich '94 writes from Burlington, New Jersey, to our principal expressing her appreciation of the pictures sent to her recently of the daughters of old girls and especially pleased with the "adorable twins." She



also declares that among her little patients she had the care of twin baby girls until they were three years old, and that they, too, were a sure "cure for melancholy." Jenny did not forget in her note to Dr. Winslow to enclose her annual pledge which she declares was sent with pleasure and hopes sometime to make it larger.

Grace Emerson Cole's '08 new address is 1010 N. Elizabeth Street, Peoria, Illinois. In her note to Dr. Winslow Grace expresses her great joy at being again near her father and that her two boys are growing like weeds. She refers to a letter received from Lela Goodall '08 in which Lela reminded her that she must not forget their reunion in '28. By the way, Grace did not forget her annual contribution to the school and closes with kind remembrances to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mademoiselle and Miss Witherbee.

Dr. Winslow was kind enough to share with us a dear note from Betty Mitchell 1921. It came with her annual dues and in it she writes: "My days are full, as I am working in an office as well as looking after a garden and playing golf. Have played little tennis but hope to enter the state tournament which takes place here the latter part of June. We have had a mild winter. I have played golf right straight through it and tennis as well. Had hoped to be at Lasell this Spring but fear I cannot 'make it.'" She closes with sincere greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Miss Wright. "Tell them all that I am well and working hard, also please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Towne." She is glad that Lasell has had such a good year and hopes next year will be even better. We thank you, Betty, for your dear remembrances and hope that your fine hopes for Lasell will be carried out.

Word has come to us recently of the very successful debut made by Katherine Dearborn Wingate '16 who took a prominent part in the play "Torchlight," given by the Women's Club of Nashua, N. H., at the City Hall. Congratulations, Katherine, we never expect anything but the best from you.

Dear Marguerite Murray '24 has a delightful plan in mind, for she purposes to be at Lasell in time for Commencement. She is one of the old girls with a paid up pledge and all sorts of good wishes in her heart for her Alma Mater. Our preceptress takes this opportunity to acknowledge a beautiful Easter Greeting from Marguerite.

Helen Davenport Bowman '18 has also changed her address, having moved from Alabama to 335 Park Street, Pittston, Pennsylvania. Along with her annual contribution she sends gracious messages and greetings to Mrs. Winslow and our principal.

From Yale University comes this interesting information for which we are indebted to Mary Hopkins '19, office secretary and head of newspaper publicity for Yale. She writes that Cornelia Hemingway '22 and her family have gone on a trip to the Canal Zone, Jamaica, and will return late in May. She also encloses a splendid notice from Mt. Holyoke College:

"Lennette Rogers, South Carver, Mass., Lasell Seminary '17, B.A. 1921, M.A. University of Wisconsin, 1922. Note:

Assistant in Botany, University of Wisconsin, has been awarded a graduate fellowship for study in Belgium during the college year 1925-26 under the auspices of the Commission for Relief of Belgium Educational Foundation of the United States. She will study botany at one of the following universities: Brussels, Ghent, Liege or Louvain.

Lasell takes constant pride in the forward movement of these graduates.

Gertrude Bardwell '21 in a gracious note to our principal assures us of her intention to return at Commencement time and of her pride in being a Lasell graduate, also pledges to do all in her power for the success of the school. She begins in a very practical way by contributing to the Endowment Fund and closes with best wishes to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter.

Helen Robson '24 is a near neighbor, also in business in a nearby city, being with Lockwood, Greene & Company of Boston. She adds that this firm are managers of a number of mills throughout New England and the

South. Her particular work is to make out requests for quotations and send out orders for supplies needed in the mills. She also gets a good bit of dictation and you can imagine that her work must be well done as an error might cost the firm hundreds of dollars. She adds: "I consider it a privilege to add my small bit to the School Fund." Dear Helen, we trust success awaits you at every turn of the road.

We are indebted to our principal emeritus for this charming note from Edith Howe Kip '97. She writes: "My dear Dr. Bragdon, we are leaving for the East and I regret not seeing you again. I called last Thursday with my children, but no one was at home. Last week we visited Annie Young '97, and found her better. She is still at Paradise Valley Sanatorium and will be for some time I think. I cannot tell you how much it has meant to me to see you after a lapse of twenty-eight years. My memories of you and Lasell are so dear to me, I can only hope my girls may be able to look back upon their school homes with the same feeling of love and thankfulness that I do."

Katherine McCoy '01 writes from Kane, Pa., that she had a beautiful winter in Florida but did not chance to meet any of her old Lasell friends as she did when in California. She adds, "I would love to come on to Commencement, but my father is eighty-two years old and I feel that I should not leave him. Enclosed please find my check for Endowment Fund."

Lasell is grieved indeed to hear of the sorrow which has visited several of the homes of former students—Dr. Frederic Aldin Hall, Chancellor Emeritus of Washington University at Springfield, Missouri, and husband of Alice Linscott Hall '78, passed away recently in his home city. A very beautiful notice appeared in one of the local papers paying high tribute to Dr. Hall's life of unusual activity and success. He began his work at the age of twelve and was one of the fine type,—throughout his life as professor and educator he was passionately fond of teaching and

equally anxious to assist any students who faced the same privations that had met him in his own youth.

Dear Jane Parsons '12 in a personal note to our preceptress tells us the sad tidings of the passing away of her beloved father, Mr. John A. Parsons of Troy, Penn. The Troy Gazette-Register declares the memory of John A. Parsons will long continue a blessed heritage to the people of Troy. Mr. Parsons was a most distinguished and successful citizen.

Helen Stern '22 of Chicago in a recent note to our principal writes that she, too, has lost her father. His passing was very sudden and a great shock to the family and friends. Helen refers to a kind letter received from Dr. Winslow shortly before her father's death in which our principal paid deserved tribute to Helen's ability as an artist. Helen has promised some time during the next year to have an exhibition of her paintings at the school. Helen's new address is Commonwealth Hotel, Chicago, Illinois. Lasell extends heartfelt sympathy to these bereaved former students and families.

Dear little babies, a hearty welcome to each of you, even though you be predestined for Harvard, Technology, Dartmouth or some other "mere man" college. Our record reads as follows: David Morton Hamlin arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Hamlin on April 27, and Mr. and Mrs. Caradoc Rees announce the glad news of a baby boy, Thomas Malcolm Rees, born on March 26, 1925.

Little Patricia Connolly! We must certainly class you among our "Lasell group," for through your daddy's old-time interest in Lasell and Lasell girls, we have a live claim on you. This little girl was an Easter gift to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connolly. Our preceptress expresses regret that she was not able to have the pleasure of meeting mother and daughter during her recent visit to Washington.

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Miss Lawrence—"When was the revival of learning?"

Rose Cruise—"Just before the final exams."



## THE EASTER PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON

We who journeyed to the Capital during the spring recess, can never forget the poignant beauty of Washington at Easter! Nor can we ever forget the delightful journey down, with Miss Potter less our chaperon than our beloved companion.

When we boarded the Fall River boat to New York, there came the sudden patter of rain on our umbrellas, and the lights gleamed moistly through the dark. But it takes more than a sou'wester to dampen the spirits of Lasell girls. We were at home in no time, ready with slickers and blown hair, to brave the upper decks where sounded the entrancing tattoo of the rain. The boat moved slowly away from the docks, and the orchestra struck up the strains of "O Katerina." What a night of it we had—watching the broad path of white foam on the black water, the rain sloshing the decks! And as we rounded Point Judith, how we rolled and tossed! Two or three had a touch of mal de mer, but those of us who possessed steady sea-legs raced up and down as merry as grigs.

The next picture which will long abide in our mental memory books, and for which many of us chose to miss breakfast is the vista that greeted us, as we sailed up East River, in the gray mists of early morning, under the bridges of Hell-Gate, Queensboro and Williamsburg, past Blackwell's Island like a toy city, until we saw before us the wonderful skyline of New York, with Brooklyn Bridge spinning its fairy web in mid-air, and the Statute of Liberty looming at our left.

As we rode to Philadelphia, we were amused at its quaint, old-world environs—Germantown, with its blocks of funny, squat, red brick houses, and funnier pocket-handkerchief lawns. In historic Philly there were more enchanting things to look at,—Independence Hall, where the great Liberty Bell is set; the great Museum, situated in lovely Fairmount Park; the William Penn house; and

that of Betsey Ross, the Birthplace of Old Glory.

After the luncheon at the Rittenhouse, we continued our journey, this time past Delaware fields, with their orange-hued loam, past tumble-down "darky" shanties, over the broad smiling bosom of the Susquehanna, to Maryland, and finally to—Washington!

Here was a city of wide spaces, clean streets, sweet air, beautiful buildings and few crowds, a city breathing forth the magic allure of leisure. So different from our bustling Boston and energetic New York! Imagine after our hours of racing hither and thither, how restful it was to enter the home-like "Raleigh," so flower-filled with masses of roses and bougainvillea that it looked a veritable bower! After dinner some of us took a starlit drive around the Speedway along the Potomac, and can we ever forget how magic is Washington on a spring night: the heavenly mild air, the pure, tall spire of the Washington monument, shining in the path of the searchlight, like a celestial finger pointing skyward, the Lincoln Memorial, bathed in white light—a fairy temple, and in the distance the luminous dome of the Capitol—sheer beauty everywhere!

Sunday we all attended the early service at the President's church and were caught, as we came out, by a motion-picture camera ("Wee" and I intend to haunt every Pathe news-reel from now on, to see if our hats were straight). The Easter crowds were surging up the steps, in their best array; it is our decision that Washington men are ever so much better-looking than Washington women!

In the afternoon we drove out to the Arlington cemetery, and to the new Amphitheatre, built as a memorial to the Unknown Soldier. No normal American girl could drive past those pathetic acres of little white crosses, row on row, without a sudden tug at her heart, the sting of hot tears against her lids, and a silent, anguished prayer that there be no more war. Equally impressive were the tributes to the Unknown Soldier, from all the nations of the world. We shall always remember our

quiet half-hour in that great, white amphitheatre, under the blue, Southern sky, where the simple tomb of the stranger-dead stands, facing the fair city of Washington.

One of the loveliest views of the trip was that from the veranda of General Robert E. Lee's stately home, there in Virginia.

Of course the Capitol is always the center of interest. We saw it by day, conducted by the secretary to Congressman Luce; we rode on the underground railway of the Senators, saw the famous paintings and statues, saw Chief Justice Taft in his black robes, and lunched at the U. S. Senate restaurant; we also saw it by night, in its garment of golden radiance, and set in a flaring border of the crimson tulips of a Washington spring.

The trip to Mount Vernon will always, for us, be marked with a white stone, for it was full of lazy charm—the coughing steamboat with its shower of cinders; the cherry-trees blooming along the blue water, the forts lining the river; aeroplanes sailing like great birds overhead. What a picture Mount Vernon presented that hot April morning, its green lawns lovely with myrtle and magnolia, the house breathing forth an aura of old-world chivalry and gentility; it was like some stately, ancient lady who, having made her farewell curtsy, has laid her down, in frills and lavender on her best four-poster—to sleep. At Washington's tomb a great crowd gathered, which, despite the arrant gaiety of the morning, was, for the most part, a silent and respectful one.

We wandered awhile through the green labyrinth of the garden, then bade farewell to Mount Vernon, all save Lolita who, falling on the steps and losing her way, had an adventure, so that she had to be hunted up by three of the others. With this amusing fillip to the trip, we took the trolley to funny old Alexandria, with its streets and streets of "negro" hovels, to see Christ Church where Washington worshipped, to sit in his pew, and finally to take luncheon at a truly Southern tearoom where the waitress spilled the coffee and then prettily begged "you-all's" pardon.

That evening we "did" the Congressional Library, with its 110 miles of books, its priceless mosaics, paintings and frescoes. Through Miss Potter's kind provision, we were taken through the book-stacks and shown the mechanics of the book-carrier.

Washington is full of beautiful buildings, and we were duly shown through the Pan-American Building; the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where money seems only so many millions of strips of paper; the Smithsonian Institute, which is so "full of a number of things" that it were an endless task to describe them, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, where we were all spellbound by that wonderful picture, "The Lost Dogs," and by the statue of Napoleon in his invalid's chair.

I must touch upon the wonderful drive which we took to Rock Creek Park and the National Zoo, splashing merrily through the shallow waters of the fords, and winding up the heights of that curving road. On that same day we saw the Washington Cathedral which is taking thirty-eight years in building, a miracle of beauty and chasteness of design. We entered the beautiful chapel and there visited the tomb of Wilson, so wreathed in Easter lilies that his death seemed freshly poignant.

Of course you will want to hear about our visit to Mrs. Coolidge. We were received by the negro butler at half past twelve, and ushered into the great reception-hall, with its fine portraits of Lincoln, Taft and Wilson. The White House was banked with flowers, and the great parlors were fragrant with the scent of roses and pinks. Mrs. Coolidge received us, each one by name, in the Blue Room, with its blue draperies silvered with stars, and though I had not seen her for three years, she looked very different; very young, and slender and modish, her fine, dark eyes shadowed by a wide picture hat, her gown a frilly French one, of bisque and rose. Mrs. Coolidge has a naturally sweet and lovely voice and her manner was delightfully gracious; she managed even to give a personal touch to each



name as she uttered it. Betty presented her with a corsage of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, and then Mrs. Coolidge told us, girlishly, what a wonderful time she had had at the Easter egg-rolling on the White House lawn.

After she had withdrawn, we were taken to the dining-room to see it dressed for luncheon, then to the East Parlor with its famous crystal chandeliers, to the portrait gallery where we saw Christy's splendid picture of Mrs. Coolidge, with her white collie, and finally to see the President, who I regret to say, looked very wan and tired. It seems a burdensome duty to lay upon our President, this eternal shaking of the hands of all and sundry, be they curiosity-seekers or inquisitive high school students! Something should be done to make him harder to see! But of course we're glad we saw him!

I have purposely refrained from dwelling upon, till now, the most beautiful thing in all Washington—the Lincoln Memorial. To walk up those white steps, into that temple, upheld by the pillars of the States, into the presence of that mammoth figure of the great Lincoln, seated in lonely state, looking out upon his people—this is to worship at a shrine, to feel for a little the ennobling touch of that Christ-like manhood, to whisper low, "Ah, Lincoln, Lincoln!"

*Mariesta Dodge Howland.*

## JOKES

What's the smell in the Library?  
It's the dead silence they keep there.

Onions make you strong physically, and weak socially.

Teacher—"Patty, what is the Japanese national hymn?"

Patty—"California, Here I Come."

Molly—"Let's play some tennis."

Marion—"Can't. The net's broken."

Molly—"Fine! The net's always in the way when I play, anyhow."

### MAGAZINES APPLIED TO LIFE

*Woman's Home Companion*—Betty Batchelder.

*Modern Priscilla*—Chris Chamberlain.

*Youth's Companion*—Betty Saxton.

*Vogue*—Teddy Harvey.

*Life*—Patty Berkson.

*Vanity Fair*—Nadine Strong.

!!! DON'T READ THIS !!!

Aren't Lasell Girls Curious?

Mary Freeman—"How did you like Venice?"

Aileen Wilson—"Oh, I hated swimming home."

Babs—"If H<sub>2</sub>O is water, what is H<sub>2</sub>O for?"

Betty—"There is no such formula."

Babs—"Why, you dub, it's for washing purposes."

### ADVICE TO SENIORS

A zero a day keeps the Diplomas away.

When you're in love it's Hearts.

When you're engaged it's Diamonds.

When you're married it's Clubs.

When you're dead it's Spades.

Babs—"Have you read 'Freckles?'"

Betty Saxton—"No, that's just my veil!"

What makes you think Moses was a fraternity man?

Well, wasn't he in the thick of the rushes?

Sue Shutts—"Miss Witherbee, am I on the right track?"

Miss Witherbee—"No, you're on a branch line."

Milliner—"Try this hat, Miss."

Miss—"I don't like this shape—it hides too much of my face."

Milliner—"But that kind looks best on you, Miss."

Betty Saxton (cutting across a vacant corner)—“We cut off a lot that time!”

Nearly every man is a firm believer of heredity until his son flunks out of college.

“I am on the track,” said the detective, as he watched the train approach.

#### THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

Where's this school a goin'  
And what's it goin' to do,  
And how's it goin' to do it,  
When the Seniors all get through.

She—“There is something dove-like about me.”

He—“Sure, you are pigeon-toed.”

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and it never happened.

Babs (to the Dentist)—“You certainly are getting on my nerves!”

“But you are losing your nerve,” cried the Dentist, as he pulled it out.

Peg McMurray—“There are so many rings in the bath-tub that they resound.”

Teacher—“German marks are very low.”

Helen McNab—“They aren't any lower than mine.”

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

“Upper or lower?” asked the agent.

“What's the difference?” asked the man.

“A difference of fifty cents in this case,” replied the agent. “The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher; we sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of it being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to

go to bed, and down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher it will be lower.”

But the poor man had fainted!!!

#### THE DIFFERENCE

A hundred years ago today,  
A wilderness was here,  
A man with powder in his gun  
Went forth to hunt a deer.

But now the times have changed  
Along a different plan;  
A dear with powder on her nose  
Goes forth to hunt a man.

A timid little Freshie  
To the Suggestions Box did come  
Dropped in his little penny  
And waited for his gum.

Seniors were born for great things,  
Juniors were born for small;  
But no one has yet found the reason  
Why the Sophomores were born at all.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,  
Laugh and you laugh alone;  
First when the joke is your teacher's  
Second, when it is your own.

*Bison.*

*Appearances are not as deceiving as they appear.*

Once there was a girl who didn't fight with her room-mate. She lived alone.

Candidate—“Did old Money Bags give anything toward my campaign?”

Campaign Manager—“Yes, three cheers.”

When a woman gets too fat to get into a telephone booth, it's no use talking.

Now I lay me down to sleep  
In my little bed  
If I should die before I wake,  
How will I know I'm dead?

Ruth T.—“Have you credit in gym?”

M. Mack—“No, but I have an account at Dangle's.”



Miss Dale—"Even been in an accident?"

Miss Fenno—"No, but I've refereed Basket Ball games."

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### THREE TELEGRAMS

Have run extremely short of cash due to various reasons. Kindly send check.—Lou.

Will send check upon receipt of marks from you.—Dad.

Never mind check.—Lou.

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First Burglar—"Sh! Speak lower."

Second Burglar—"I can't, I'm tenor."

---

I call my car Mayflower, because it hit a Plymouth Rock.

---

Fair, thin, graceful as a flower, she dived into the swimming pool. She never came up. "But," said the optimist, "it was a good dive."

---

Slow—"I used to think—"

Fast—"What made you stop?"

---

Love's old sweet song: "Buy me some Candy."

---

"It's my turn now," said the man as he darted into the revolving doors.

---

Heebe—"What makes you think you're so good?"

Jeebe—"I can run a mile and only move two feet."

---

Waiter, please bring me eight things I like best.

What are they?

Hash.

---

"Is this a jungle scene?" asked the slightly intoxicated individual at a movie.

"No," replied his friend, "you are looking at the picture through the foliage on a woman's hat."

---

"Will you be good enough to come up here, little girl?" asked St. Peter.

### THE PERFECT LASELL LASS

Figure—Helen McIntyre

Hair—Jackie Howard

Eyes—Mill White

Nose—Kitty Worrall

Mouth—Louise Dennison

Teeth—Dottie Schumaker

Hands—Nadine Strong

Legs—Arleen Wilson

Feet—Jane Wilson

Dimples—Peg McMurray.

Complexion—Charlotte Lathrop.

Smile—Dot Denny.

---

### HOW THEY'LL GET THEIR DIPLOMAS

Rose Cruise—Giggling.

Bean Martin—Looking Wise.

Katy Kelley—Getting to school on time? ?

Evy Love—Hard Study? ?

Bobbie Cushing—Being Chic.

Patty Berkson—Thesis on Dancing.

Teddy Harvey—Wrecking so many hearts.

Gene Bundy—Her terrific line! ! OH-H-H

YES!

Jessie Matteson—Selling Stacomb.

Kay Lally—Sporting a Frat Pin.

Jinnie Brunner—Operatic powers.

Eva-May Mortimer—Being a French Shark.

Glenna Bullis—Tickling the Type.

Betty Shaw—With her Classical Music.

Gertrude Kendall—Being Studious.

Helen McIntyre—Being Athletic.

---

"Paris is falling." said the young girl bashfully, as she saw her escort's garter over his shoe top.

---

Coy Young Thing—"I hate to think of my 25th birthday."

The Brute—"Why, what happened?"

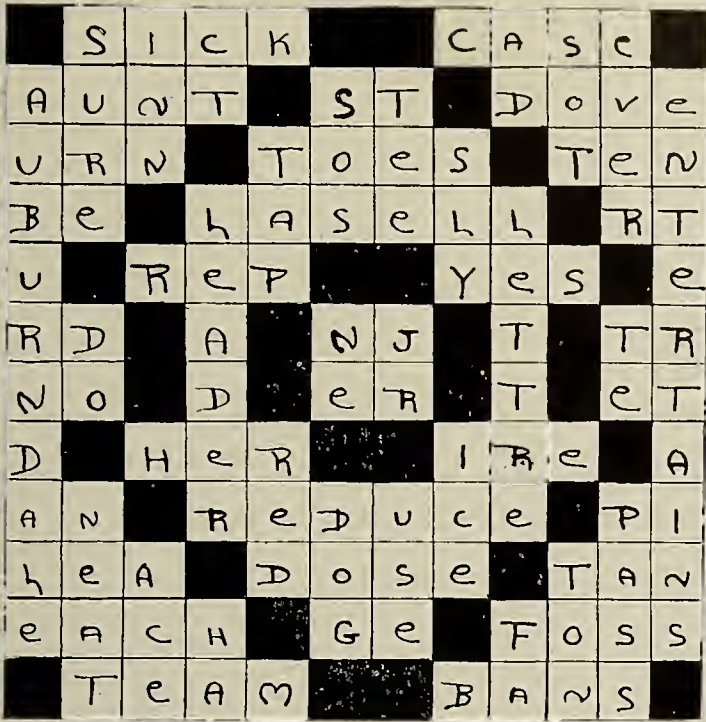
---

Mac—"How many leaves has a clover?"

Eva—"Four, if it's lucky."

---

All births, marriages, and deaths have been postponed until next month owing to the Vicar's absence from home.



SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

WOULDN'T WE DIE IF

1. Jess was ever on time.
2. Fish was ever asleep at the switch.

3. Patty couldn't sing.
4. Heva couldn't be artistic.
5. "Wee" lost her pep.
6. Nabbie was sent to Study Hall.
7. Miss Wright "Rolled her own."
8. Tommy couldn't laugh.
9. "Foster" spent a week-end in our midst.
10. Miss Witherbee gave a ninety.
11. Jane kept on tune.
12. Kay didn't have a date.
13. "Amos" couldn't talk.
14. "Hight" didn't have a dentist appointment.
15. "Dangles" went out of business.
16. Marty B. wasn't hungry.
17. Dot A. missed a day writing.
18. Nobody cut gym.
19. Ella Richards didn't get a phone call.
20. Miss Goddard was ever off duty.
21. Glenna had straight hair.
22. Teddy Harvey wore middies and skirts.
23. Buff wore a ruffled organdie.

*Tom and Ginnie.*

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“No!”

(V. O. P.)—“You dirty thing.”

Stell—“Have you had your iron today?”

Mae—“Yes, I ate all my nails.”

Rastus, did you ever have your tonsils out?

Only when ah laffs, suh.

What did you say?

Nothing.

Of course, but how did you express it this time?

Clothier—“Anything I can do for you?”

Father—“Have you any nice clean white shirts?”

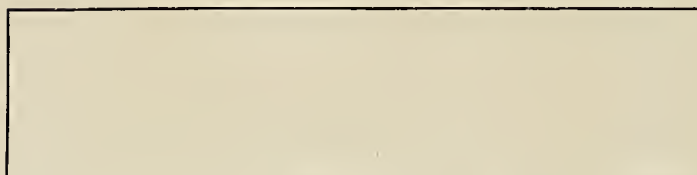
Clothier—“A whole store full.”

Father—“Well, go ahead and put one on.”

“See that large hill over there?”

“Sure.”

“It's nothing but a big bluff.”



The above is a list of girls who are on the Honor Roll for not having been late to a meal at Lasell all years.

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*Popular Education*—Pony

*Atlantic Monthly*—Reports

*Literary Review*—Before exams

*Smart Set*—Juniors

*Everybodys*—Lasell's Spirit

*Tattler*—Unexpected tests

*Saturday Evening Post*—Senior visiting night

*Popular Science*—Using cosmetics

*Physical Culture*—Gym walks

*True Stories*—Lasell good times

*The Outlook*—Commencement

*Good Housekeeping*—Every Monday morning

*Current Opinion*—School Gossip

*Century*—The week before vacation

*Harper's*—Mandolin Club

*Geographic*—The Towne's

*Science and Invention*—Class room bluffing

*National Output*—Mail

*Review of Reviews*—The Lamp

*Wee and Tom.*

Willie: “Dad, why is an after-dinner speech called a toast?”

Dad: “Because it is usually so dry, my son.”

“I spent last evening with the one I love best.”

“Don't you ever get tired of being alone?”

“Now tell me about it; why did you steal the purse?”

“Your honor, I won't deceive you. I was ill and I thought the change might do me good.”

#### ONE WEEK

The year had gloomily begun—

For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

Sun!

He was beset with bill and dun—

And he had very little

Mon!

“This cash,” said he, “won't pay my dues;

I've nothing here but ones and

Tues!”

A bright thought struck him, and he said,

“The rich Miss Goldrocks I will

Wed!”

But when he paid his court to her—

She hoped, but firmly said, “No,

Thur!”

“Alas!” said he, “then I must die—”

His soul went where they say souls

Fri!

They found his gloves and coat and hat,

And the coroners upon them

Sat!



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## THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE

Why did all the knights usta always run  
around in their knight clothes?

They stood on the bridge at midnight,  
He tickled her nose with his toes,  
For he was only a mosquito,  
And the bridge was the bridge of her nose.

It's easy enough to look pleasant  
When you're feeling flip,  
But the girl worth while  
Is the girl who can smile  
With a cold sore on her lip.

"Do you care for horses?"  
"No, I wait on table."

"My kingdom for a pony," said the student  
in a final exam.

The sunfish plays in water,  
The starfish rests in the sand,  
The flying fish uses the atmospheres,  
But the poorfish walks on land.

A cat has nine lives, but a frog croaks every  
day.

"I lead a swell life," said the sponge in the  
bath-tub.

"I hear you are sick."  
"Yes, the doctor says I have kleptomania."  
"What do you do for it?"  
"Oh, I take things for it."

Mary had a little lamp,  
She filled it with benezene;  
She went to light her little lamp,  
And she hasn't since benezene.

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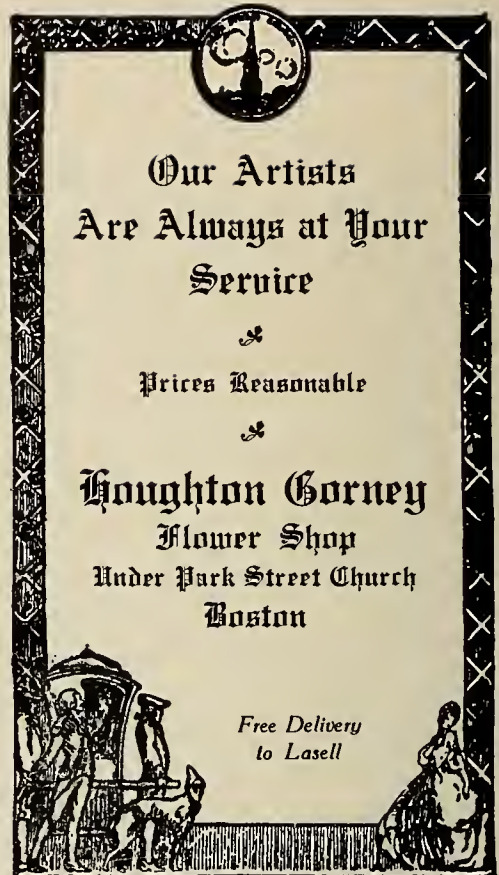
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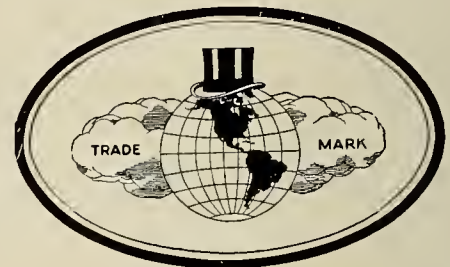


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# COMMENCEMENT

## COMMENCEMENT LAURELS

We give thee an ivy leaf  
Tender and green,  
The freshness of hope  
In its color is seen;  
The dewdrops have kissed it,  
The suns of the morn  
Have fashioned its beauty  
Thy brow to adorn.

We give thee this ivy leaf  
Symbol of truth,  
A type to thy hearts  
Of the friendships of youth,  
Whose earnest affections  
Abounding with cheer  
Shall brighten thy lives  
When the evening is near.

We give thee an ivy leaf,  
Long has it clung  
To the cool shaded vine  
Where the breezes have sung,  
To the tiny rose petals  
That drift through the air  
From the rich floral beds  
Of the gardens so fair.

Oh, cherish this ivy leaf  
Destined to hide  
The ruins of time  
On the structures of tide;  
The faithful protection  
Adds grace to the scene,  
So we give thee this ivy leaf  
Tender and green.

*Tommie Thompson.*

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

*Dr. George A. Gordon*

The words from which I shall speak to you are found in Paul's letter to the Philippians, third chapter, half of verse twelve: "Not as though I had already attained." We dwell much, naturally and rightly, upon the vast attainments of mankind made along the whole long course of time. The contrast between the condition of primitive man and civilized man today is an immeasurable contrast, and an achievement of glory that cannot well be over-

estimated. But there is another side. In all spheres of human interests the unattained is a tremendous fact.

A few weeks ago a Japanese steamer cleared the port of Boston with a cargo for Europe, and when off Sable Island began to founder. The ship sent forth calls for help and two mighty ocean steamers rushed to render her assistance. When they arrived, owing to the wild and turbulent seas, they could render no help. Under such conditions the transferring of life from imminent peril of death to safety is among the things unattained. All that those two great steamers could do was to stand by, tragically wait, and witness the foundering ship go down with all on board. This is an impressive instance of the unattained.

The origin and cure of that worst of all scourges, cancer, may stand for the unattained in medical science and in all sciences, and in philosophy and theology it has never yet been accepted to the entire satisfaction of all thinkers, how the purpose of the Infinite and the freedom of man, both real, can come into complete harmony,—that is something for you to do as scholars and thinkers of the future. The unattained has been before the eyes of great souls all through time, and in a few words I am going to try to answer the meaning of this unattained. In the first place, the sure and sovereign sense of God, His utter friendliness toward man, and eternal compassion, is not a completed and assured experience with most human beings. It is more of an ideal than an experience. The mountain is set into the limitless space and awaiting, the light of the morning is breaking over it, all the fires of heaven playing upon its crest, or the solemn host of stars looking down upon it through an untroubled atmosphere in cloud, in storm, tempest, light and darkness. The mountain might be sure of one thing in the impress of infinite space. Not so great, not so sure, not so sovereign is our experience of the loving compassion of our God. It is among the unattained things,



an experience, but incomplete. A precious experience, but still incomplete. In the second place, there is the wise mind into which all education should come, for wisdom is the highest form of intellectual power. The wise mind—the mind that will not allow itself to be deceived and will not allow others to deceive it. It sees all things and all values in just perspective. The mind that sees through all appearances, all sham, and humbug, as easily and certainly as you and I look upon a landscape through a window. That wise mind is more of an ideal than an experience.

All the facts in the world will not make a great scientist unless insight be added. All the learning in the world will not make a great scholar without judgment, judgment that appreciates the value to humanity of the learning. Such learning with judgment is just an experience in the path of human progress. All the economic information in the world would not make a great business man. Penetrating intellect must be added. It is so everywhere, and here we touch upon one of the great qualities in the character of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln did not have the acuteness of Alexander Hamilton nor his administrative and organizing ability, and he had nothing of his genius for finance. Lincoln did not possess the philosophical talent of Thomas Jefferson nor the comprehensive, easy-moving, majestic intellect of Daniel Webster, but he possessed something that they did not have of the highest value. More than any other public man this country has ever had, he understood the heart of the American people, and one thing more, in administrative affairs his judgment was nearly infallible. He was the wisest American of his time and one of the wisest of all men, and his wisdom was the unattained flower of his intellectual life. Learning and discipline and power must be gathered up into the wise mind if the mind is to be at its best, and my contention is that for most of us, even for all the graduating classes in the country today, the wise mind is more of an ideal than it is of an experience. This is not disrespectful, but simply confidential. In the third place, the

elimination from experiences of sources of friction, disturbance, unhappiness, unrest,—that elimination is incomplete. There are groundless fears, for example. Groundless fears stand for a mass of irrationality in our experience. An irrationality has no place in the mind of an educated person. The best scholar in the graduating class is just as much afraid that she may not creditably pass her examinations as the poorest. Maybe more so. I am told by physicians that groundless apprehensions are the cause of the great number of cases of insomnia.

Another source of friction is excessive ambition. Now a great many people have no ambition at all. You have to dig them up, and dig them up, like clams and oysters, that you may know where they are. The great mass of work today is carried on by energetic men and women. There is a vast amount of unhappiness on the part of these energetic men and women standing in the presence of a program hardly at all carried into effect. And the source of their despondency and despair sometimes is excessive, unreasonable, irrational ambition. Then another source of friction is your wish that the order of the world were different. This goes like a hurricane through the finest intellects of the country and goes to the finest sensitive spirits of the country. You recall what some one said to Carlyle, "I accept your world," and Carlyle said, "Gad, you had better." But that does not settle the matter. The irrationality of not accepting the matter keeps on grinding.

Could you and I with him conspire to grasp the solid scheme of things, would not we shatter it to bits and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire. That is a source of woe, that wish, in the best minds of the world, in the highest spirits of the world, and we have not been able yet to get rid of it. I haven't. I don't think you have. Another source that you know little about is the wish that your classmates might not die. I have lost fourteen classmates this year,—all good friends. There is another wish that does not trouble you a bit today, the wish that you would never grow old.

These are a few of the sources of friction, of fret, and worry and unhappiness and misery in our experience that we have not yet been able to eliminate completely.

One more form of the unattained that I will mention is victorious moral power. There is no happiness without it. Any man or woman who is a slave to any form of evil is not happy. There is no happiness without moral triumph. Jesus said among his last words, "In the world ye shall have troubles, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He was rejected by his people, deserted by all, and yet the world was underneath his feet. He died a complete conqueror and he means his disciples to be royally victorious in life, not creep through the world humiliated human beings, and crawl presumably into bliss in that way, but to stand victors of the wash and beat of the world and all the desires that represent an unworthy order in the world. We haven't yet got a large enough share of that.

No doubt you remember Mrs. Stowe's beautiful lines: "When winds are raging, all the upper wash and the billows wild contend with angry roar to send far down beneath the wild commotion that peaceful stillness evermore." So is the heart that knows that love all pure, there is a remembrance sacred evermore and all the babble of life's angry voices die in hushed stillness.

There is an idea, or at least an uncompleted experience. Now what does this whole range of the unattained mean? This may be a pessimist's answer. It means incapacity, ineffectuality. Man is trying to do what he is unable to do. It means confusion, perplexity, and I admit that if the unattained were the unattainable that would be the proper attitude. But here is the great distinction that I would like to draw, that the unattained does not mean the unattainable. It means the revelation of the scope and grandeur of this nature, the magnificence of your high power. Our ideals of knowledge and of experience and of character are the blazing prophets. The stars of the first magnitude set in the first zenith declare the divine capacity of every human being, and in

their silent preaching the divine call for endless effort—a system of education that knows no graduation day. Jesus, for example, uttered words that would be incredible if we were to take them in any other light than this: "Ye shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." How absolutely impossible that is taken in the immediate day and hour, but when we take our origin and our nature and our calling and our destiny in the light of those words, then they become a glorious program of education, for a pilgrim of eternity,—for a child of the infinite love.

You remember those fine words of Wordsworth when he speaks about the presence that disturbed him, made him unhappy through his whole worldly career: "There is a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts." It was this sense of incompleteness that made Browning write that great poem.—A little man with a little task, but a great man with a great task—life is done before he can achieve it. Give now to dogs and apes, man lives forever and the unattained preaches endless time for an endless task. Past requires condition and you will know yourself only in the presence of such a task.

You recall Wordsworth walking down the valley of life, walking down with a sense of death in his trail and singing words that are among his best, "We are greater than we know and some day through the added achievements of the generations of educated men and women, the unattained will become the attained and that paradise of the future is something that gladdens the heart as we forecast it and adds vigor and passion to the spirit." Watchman, what of the night, of the unattained? I hear not the red lines fall. Hear not the tempest at all nor thunder in heaven any more. All the distance is white with the soundless feet of the throng. Night and the woe that it was. Night is over and done. Think of the assemblage in that morning. Of all the generations of educated men and women, educated in mind and character, who have together converted the unattained in the accomplished time.



My last word is one that I am sure your parents and your teachers, who love you, and all your friends would wish me to make. I would like to remind you that a vast and precious investment has been made in your life,—first of all by your home. Many of you have been given an entrance into life much better than was given to your fathers and your mothers, and your homes have followed you with a prayer as pure as anything in heaven. They have made an investment, these homes, these teachers and friends, of the utmost beauty and worth. An investment of that kind carries with it two obligations. Take care of the principal. The principal in this case is love. The way to take care of it is to be of its spirit. Love never falters because God is love. And the next is be sure that that investment pays regular dividends. Do not skip your dividends. Send back regularly to those who love you better than they do their own lives, who have made this investment in you. Send back a reverent wave of gratitude, of honor, and of everlasting tender memory. Thus think of your home, thus think of your teachers, thus think ever more and more brightly and deeply and tenderly of Lasell Seminary.

---

### COMMENCEMENT VESPERS

*Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.*

As we sit here tonight thinking with so much gratitude of the past which has been of so much benefit to us in our school and of the future to which we go, perhaps to the university, perhaps to the larger school of life, may be some word or thought of an hour like this might mean something like what it meant to little Pippa.

One thing I am sure that we all acknowledge is the fact that we must live with ourselves. The one thing that we cannot escape in this world is ourselves, and because we must live with ourselves it is of the very highest importance that we should be worth living with.

There is a fine old New England phrase which seems to be passing to which I would like to give a little longer life. It is fraught

with suggestions for any one who will lay it in the depth of his heart. My sainted mother used to say, "I must have a little time to collect myself." We think we are living in a busy world and those dear people of that day thought they were living in a busy world, and if in the other day it were necessary for earnest and serious souls to find time once in a while to collect themselves, to ask those deeper questions of personal living, to ask themselves whether they were really worth living with, how much more should we.

You do not forget about the drudging student who really exemplifies one who is hardly worth living with himself. He wasn't worth living even with himself because everything seemed to end with him in the old solid nothingness and not with the something that characterizes every individual life. It is true in some relationships beside that of student life. You remember in "Tom Brown's School Days" that the schoolmaster said, "Whatever happens or doesn't happen you must live with yourself." And he told those boys that many of them had travelled and been in the art galleries in the famous cities of old, that they knew about Dresden pictures and about sauer kraut, but that there was one thing they did not seem to know, and that was about the woods and flowers in the midst of which they were spending their academic school days. Make no mistake.

The first characteristic of thinking, of living, is to remember that we must live with ourselves and if we choose the lower plane we must live with ourselves upon the lower plane. If we choose the high and lofty altruistic plane we must live with ourselves on the high and lofty altruistic plane. If we choose the heroic plane we must live with ourselves on the heroic plane. In any case, we cannot get away from his majesty, myself, and I am sure that there is another thing that we will remember while we sit in this prophetic hour, while we live with ourselves we must live with our world and make a contribution to our world. That contribution could be negative. God forbid that it be so in the lives of any one of us.

That contribution may be positive. God grant that that may be the experience of all of us. Who wants to have a minus mark after his name! The world loses something from a minus mark rather than a plus mark, which indicates that the world gains something from his life.

Now I am not unaware that there are many timorous folks who seem inclined to have the minus after their names. What terrible titles these people are putting on books they are issuing. "What Ails Our Youth" is a volume by one of our distinguished professors. He ought to write another volume and say "What Ails Our Professors." Take the other books which are being written upon the same thing. Take a book like a novel "His Children's Children," which shows how some young ladies without balance and who were unwilling to receive parental guidance went wide of the mark. Now I am not inclined at all to dispute the proposition that the young people of our age are different from the people of a former age. People are forgetting that our world has been turned upside down in the last fifty years and it would not be at all strange if people were walking upon their heads instead of their heels. The physical changes which have come to our world, our intimacy has taken the place of distance and our neighborliness has absolutely banished strangership from the world, which is one of the arguments which has brought new attitude and new outlook so that it is not at all strange if young people find themselves in many instances living lives that are not quite comparable to the lives of their parents. And there is a reason, that just exactly as the children are trying to find their footing in this new and uncharted age, so their fathers and mothers are trying to find their footing in the same new age; but after one has said that, after one has confessed that in our day and in our generation among some of our youth, there are things that awaken apprehension and regret, still on the other hand why don't we take account of the young lives that are finding themselves in this generation. Why don't we speak the words of faith and

hope to those great quantities of young women and men who are searching ideals of the modern situation.

The month of June is always for me the most hilarious and optimistic month in all the year because there are coming up out of our colleges and schools hundreds and thousands of young men and women who have caught the light of the new day and who are adjusting themselves in the splendor of service and of sacrifice and thus call forth the admiration of all those who are intelligent enough to see it.

I was interested in an old gentleman from the Civil War, evidently over eighty years of age, mounted upon a very spirited charger and keeping his seat in the saddle in the most admirable fashion, and it seemed to me a fine illustration of the dignity of age. And then another thing I saw was a young fellow who wore the tin hat. It was the same tin hat which he had worn in the hour of battle and now he was wearing it in the hour of memory. The thing that impressed me more than anything else was the nurses in that parade. Those fine, splendid young women who fitted themselves, many in a few weeks, for their arduous toil and then were not content until it was their privilege to be the first aid relief in those battles. You could read in their countenances that they had abjured the life of the flapper and had adopted high ideals and were ready to serve their country in any way they could, whenever their country called for them. They represent the type of woman as the young boy represents the type of manhood.

In Peking there was a world convention in the interest of Christian studentship. And what happened during that convention,—just the things happened that would happen if that convention had been held in America. The first thing they did was to have a reception. They began just as we would begin with a social function or gathering and then they had the games and sports just as our students would have them.

If you should look along the walks you would see the boys and girls walking together. You would see, for example, an English boy



walking with a Chinese girl or you would see a German boy walking with a Japanese girl, absolutely common in their idea of manhood and womanhood and rendering to each other the usual courtesies. You ought to have been at some of their meetings and heard what those six hundred young people were talking about. They were talking about Christianity and the manner in which Christianity must adjust itself to the world. They were talking about war and the influence which the people of our generation should have in reducing war to its very smallest terms and sweeping it from the face of the world.

I think that the world is more full of hope today for her young people seeking the noblest ideals and offering themselves to those ideals than there ever was before in the history of the world. Let the people prattle, have chilblains and nervousness who desire, concerning the young people of our generation. The ideals of high, noble, intelligent living were never more firmly lodged in the hearts and souls of boys and girls than they are in the hearts of the boys and girls who are receiving the benefit of education in our institutions today throughout the world. You who have opportunities must make your contribution to the weal of the world. What is left for your contribution to the world? Well, you yourself are left and the greatest contribution that anybody ever makes to the world is not his product but his personality.

An elderly minister of Concord went off on a lecture tour and came home all weary. His folks came down and greeted him and the old man as he kissed his wife said, "I have been away for a month trying to provide for my family and I have come back with one dollar." The wife was equal to the occasion and said, "My dear, I think you have done pretty well." He had had the chance to put his personality at the disposal of many an audience and even if his pockets did not jingle when he returned home, was this to be compared with the large influence that his words had on hundreds and thousands of his hearers? The trouble with older people in our generation is that they think

that success is money. If you have a lot of money you have a lot of success. They have got to get over that idea before they get over worrying about their children.

One's personality is the greatest contribution that he can make to his world however large his other contributions may be in the way of product.

The interpretation of success of a human life is like trying to weigh in gold and in silver the value of love and of truth and of honor and of the other indispensabilities. You must live with yourself—be worth living with yourself. You must live with your world and make your contribution to it, and greater than any contribution that you can make is the contribution of your personality which is growing broader and finer and deeper with the passing days. You can all do that and be "A-1" successes in life no matter what may happen. Your fortune is in your own keeping and it is your personality raised to the nth power as you give yourself in the whole-heartedness of life's noble meaning to the things that are beautiful and true. You must live with yourself—you must live with the world and contribute to it. You must live with your God. Religion is the finest flower that blooms upon the tree of life and it blooms all over the tree, thereby making the whole tree of life one radiant and glorious white.

But the person who undertakes to live with himself and his world and contribute to it apart from the sanction and divine faith of what we call religion, is attempting the impossible. When the question comes to you,—“Where shall I find God?” the answer comes, “He is just at hand, find Him everywhere.” Find Him in the wonder of a world like our own where it is possible to find a world in the green of a field and even in a common flower. Take eternity in the palm of your hand and hold infinity for an hour, for God is not pent up in some one small corner of His universe.

Those two sayings of Christ which have been discovered since the New Testament was written are pertinent—“Raise the stone and thousands shall find me.” “Spread your table

and I am there." It is only saying with choice and suggestive words what you and I know to be true, that we will find God when we look for Him with upturned face and eager eyes in all the beauty and glory and wonder of the world which He has made.

But you must live with God not only in the world but in your own life, in your own heart, and you must hear Him when He whispers to you about what is good, what is beautiful, and what is true. You must become conscious increasingly of a divine comradeship of Him who has shown Himself through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thus you must live with your God in whose divine fellowship the world that now is, is transformed and you are not afraid of the days that are to be, but look forward to them with the expectancy of those who know in whom they believe. Thus shall your life be radiant and beautiful and satisfactory and inspiring.

Young ladies of the graduating class, there is a story in the Old Testament about a person who had put for safe keeping in his charge a prisoner and he was so busy with lesser things than the supreme task that he had been given, that the prisoner got away. The judge said, "So shall thy judgment be. Thyself hast decided." And there is a story in the New Testament about a woman whose anxious care for her daughter was such that she came to the Master for help. To test her the Master said, "It is not right to take the children's meat and give it to the dogs." With faith that would not be denied she looked at the Master and said, "Yea, but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fell from the Master's table." And the Master said, "Oh, woman, so great is thy faith, be it unto thee as thou wilt."

The care of the prosperity of our country and very largely of our world today is in the hands of modern womanhood—of women who aspire, believe and dare, and a part of that care is in your own possession. Believe me, it's true. Womanhood never had such responsibility for the weal of the world as today

because she never had such opportunity as she has today. Men of tomorrow will be what the women of today are making them, for woman's power is stronger and mightier with men than any other passion or power that they possess. So as you come to your world to make your contribution and to live in it, remember that your obligation is measured by the proportion of your opportunity. To whom much has been given of such will much be required, and may it be that if from this quiet hour you go to face the waiting world that you go in such loyalty that it may be said of you, as Longfellow said of Evangeline, and which seems to me to be his most beautiful line, "When she passed it seemed as if exquisite music ceased."

The Lord be with you all as you go to realize yourself in the world in which He has placed you.

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## CLASS NIGHT

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### ADDRESS OF WELCOME

*By Katherine Lalley*

Nineteen-Twenty-Five gives you a most cordial and hearty welcome, dear parents and friends, on this Class Night, our own peculiar night of mirth and merriment, of joy and jubilation.

First and very especially do we welcome you, dear fathers and mothers, you who are ever foremost in our thoughts at all times, and who rightfully deserve the fondest of welcomes. High for our guiding have you held the torch of your loving ambition for us; and we have perseveringly followed its beckoning glow, until finally we have attained the goal. To your loving sacrifices we owe the opportunity of entering Lasell, here to live and study for a while in pleasant comradeship. The book of our happy school-days closes tonight. Once more, we give you welcome.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, our hearts respond in deepest appreciation of all that you have done to make our school days happy. Your many kindnesses to us have played no small



part in making glad our Lasell days, and in all sincerity do we give you a glad and hearty welcome. Be sure that we shall ever cherish friendliest memories of you both.

Words can but poorly express our love for the dear lady in whose heart is a warm corner for every Lasell girl. How many a saddened heart and troubled mind have been soothed by a kind and loving word from our dear preceptress? Ever ready, as you have been, to lend a helping hand, we should sorely miss you, Miss Potter, were you not with us tonight. You have been during our days here constantly our wise and sustaining friend, you have become a part of us, and glad indeed are we to have you with us now.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne and others of our Faculty, long have you guided and befriended us here in our student activities, striving diligently to fit us for the larger life that tonight lies just ahead. We shall be the stronger to "carry on" because you have so faithfully trained us. Accept now our grateful appreciation, and a most sincere welcome to our festivities.

In this delightful gathering of parents and friends we see our ever faithful sisters of 1927. How loyal has been our friendship! How firm the bond between us, dear little sisters! We, your senior sisters, who dearly love you, and who wish for you the good fortune of being able to tread the same road of happiness that has been ours, especially greet and welcome you.

Juniors, you are tonight on the threshold of dignified seniorhood. May you, too, enjoy great happiness and success. You have, indeed, been our rivals, yet have always been real sports and true friends, none the less. Our evening is the gayer and gladder for your presence here.

Schoolmates, you have figured so largely in our senior days, always comradely, always willing to help us at need, we give you loving greeting from hearts warm with memories of happy days together.

Friends, one and all, we, the class of 1925, are slowly closing the door upon our Lasell

days with their myriad memories of past pleasures, and we stand here glad for what has been ours, and very glad indeed to see your pleasant faces here at our Class Night revels.

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#### ROLL CALL

JESSIE EDITH MATTESON, Chicago, Ill.

Jessie's unfailing poise, and proud carriage have powerfully stimulated in the rest of us the grit and confidence necessary to the accomplishment of the difficult tasks set before us, and has stimulated also our pride in being members of '25, and thus under her leadership.

CATHERINE FRANCES LALLEY: "K." Bridgeport, Conn.

Kay, our clever Vice-President, has been here long enough to be thoroughly acclimated, and her accurate knowledge of the ropes ranks her one of our wisest class leaders.

VIRGINIA RHOADES BRUNNER: "Ginny."  
Mount Carmel, Pa.

There are endless fine things to say about dear Ginny; but she is so predominantly sweet that we should love her for that alone, even had she not done so much for the class.

BARBABA CUSHING: "Bobbie." Groveton,  
N. H.

Our versatile Bob. Music and sports are but two of the various fields in which she excels. Her beautiful personality has gained for her the popularity she merits.

HELÉNE PATRICIA BERKSON: "Patty." Pelham  
Manor, N. Y.

The merits of our class I have rehearsed.

Each girl a model is—it stirs our pride.

Together then, you will admit, they make

A model class. Truth cannot be denied.

HELEN HARDING MCINTIRE: "Mac." Marion,  
Penn.

Mac, President of our Athletic Association, and Class Cheer Leader, has, with her constancy, steadiness, and pep, infused an unusual amount of vigor into both our athletics and our cheers; and by her abundant charm has made friends of all who come in contact with her.

HELEN MARGARET ALBERT: "Honey." Jefferson, Iowa.

Since we could have Helen for one year only, we are glad it has been this one; for her first-rate management of Prom made it a very especial credit both to her and to the class.

BLANCHE DEAN AVERY, Greenfield, Mass.

Blanche studies conscientiously, is well-read, and has unfathomed depths of information.

ALICE ELIZABETH BATCHELDER: "Betty." Reading, Mass.

Betty's proficiency in cooking and sewing, together with certain lovable qualities of disposition, argue well for her success as mistress of a home.

HOPE BURPEE BEAN: "Hopie." Presque Isle, Me.

How often have we found Hope doing in her quiet, earnest way kind, thoughtful, and helpful things for others.

CATHERINE LOUISE BEECHER: "Kay." Lawrence, Mass.

With her ability and ambition, Kay will easily climb to the summit.

HELEN MARY BURWELL BLACK: "Joe." Deep River, Conn.

The combination of good brain, vivacity, and humor make our jolly Joe a valuable class member.

DOROTHEA LAVERNE BROWN: "Brownie." Grand Rapids, Mich.

As for entertainments of a unique and rare kind, Dorothea can furnish you with a wide range and choice assortment.

LOIS ELIZABETH BRYANT: "Lo." Hartford, Conn.

When we see Lois trip the light fantastic toe, we know that her desire to dance before the foot-lights is no impossible dream.

RUTH BUFFINGTON: "Buff." Omaha, Neb.

Even disregarding Buff's artistic talents and splendid achievements in the literary realm, she has rare qualities which make her a fine, all-round girl, commanding much admiration.

GLENNA ELOISE BULLIS, New Haven, Conn.

The steadfastness and pluck our little Glenna

has displayed in sundry ordeals proves her to possess the courage needed to attain whatever goal she may aim at.

EVELYN EUGENIE BUNDY: "Gene." Detroit, Mich.

Talented Gene! We couldn't possibly have managed without her enlivening jazz, her good-looking sketches in "*The Lamp*," and her ability to transform with her artistic touch an ordinary hall into a sumptuous setting for a school party.

CHRISTINE ELIZABETH CHAMBERLIN:

"Chris." Swampscott, Mass.

Chris, our fascinating blonde, possessed of many engaging qualities besides her outstanding sweetness and modesty.

CHARLENA EVA CLOUGH: "Charlie." Irasburg, Vt.

Charlena's achievements prove that one can so systematize her time as to use to advantage almost every golden minute.

ISABEL COLYER, Newark, N. J.

Isabel's advancement into Senior realms gave us a valued new member, but was a serious loss to the class from which she came.

DOROTHY COOK: "Dot." East Orange, N. J.

Dot's last name implies practicality, and by putting before it the adjective "good" we should make it fit her even better.

KATHERINE ROSE CRUISE: "Cruise." Pawtucket, R. I.

How animated! How full of fun and pep! She is indeed a rosie Rose, entering into all sorts of activities with enthusiastic interest and energy.

VIRGINIA DREHER: "Ginny." Landsford, Pa.

Ginny is one of the few of us good both as listener and as speaker. When she does discourse, there is plenty of genuine humor to enliven the matter.

ANNETTE ESTELLE DURKEE: "Net." Lynn, Mass.

From what we have heard of Net's outside affairs, we know there's a reason for her enthusiastic interest in the domestic course.



FRANCES DOROTHY FINNEY: "Finn." Malone, N. Y.

Facetious Finney, whose impulsive nature suggests a lively spark on the point of breaking into a shower of scintillations.

MARTHA ELIZABETH FISH, Canton, Mass.

Martha's loyal and noble spirit have long been our inspiration. So far reaching has been its fine influence that it has not only helped us; it has won our devotion. Her capableness has had an ample field of exercise in her work as leader both of the Student Council and also of the Glee Club.

MARGARET GORDON: "Peg." Hazardville, Conn.

Peg's melodious voice and demure manner recall the maiden of years past, but her innate love of mischief quickly corrects any opinion that she is other than genuinely modern.

MAURIEL WINNEY GREENOUGH: "Noockie." Willmar, Minn.

Nimble Mauriel, who in spite of her diminutive size is one of our most skilful athletes.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH HAGADORN: "Judy." Bridgeport, Conn.

It is no wonder that Dot has so many friends, such sterling worth, such faithfulness are hers.

ELIZABETH HAMMOND: "Betty." West Newton, Mass.

We only wish that Betty had not been so persistently a commuter, since in her all too short period of inclusion in our Lasell family we have learned how well worth knowing she is.

MARY EDNA HART: "Ed." Peabody, Mass.

Though Edna is one of the drollest of our class babies, she has, nevertheless, a keen mind, and, with this, other characteristics which spell success in business.

ESTHER MAY HARVEY: "Teddy." Newton Center, Mass.

Teddy, with her flashing eyes and snappy style, is one of our most attractive members.

HARRIET WALKER HARVEY: "Hat." Woodbury, Conn.

Hat is such a model of dignity that we feel certain that nothing can ever cause her to lose it.

LOUISE HEGEMAN, Mittineague, Mass.

Louise has a treasure in her tranquil disposition, which keeps her unruffled even in the most trying circumstances.

RUBY RUSSEL HOLABIRD: "Rubyaticus." North Haven, Conn.

Ruby is an exponent of law and order. We are grateful to her for helping to keep us in line.

LUCILE HOPKINS: "Hops." New Preston, Conn.

Dark, vivacious Hoppy, as sincere as she is merry, and unswervingly loyal to her friends and her school!

EDNA MAY ISHERWOOD: "Eddie." Fall River Mass.

"Still waters run deep," you know; the old proverb applies excellently to this mysterious Edna.

ESTELLE LOLA JENNEY, Roxbury, Mass.

Though Estelle appears placid, we long ago recognized her buoyancy and quietly happy spirit.

DOROTHY IOLA KEELER: "Dot." Westboro, Mass.

One of our superior seamstresses and cooks, whose domestic training has already shown and will continue to show most commendable results.

KATHERINE FRANCIS KELLY: "Katie." Lansing, Mich.

The twinkle in her eye, the ripple of her laughter, and her ready smile make those who are fortunate enough to be associated with her feel that all's right with the world. An understanding friend is she, and a perennial joy.

GERTRUDE KENDALL, Dunstable, Mass.

Gertrude deserves great credit for so steadily maintaining an unusually high standard in the business course.

ALICE LIBBEY, West Newton, Mass.

We only wish that Alice had not been so persistently a commuter since in her all too short period of inclusion in our Lasell family we have learned how well worth knowing she is.

EVADENE LOVE: "Evy." Tulsa, Okla.

The greater part of the success of our hockey and basket-ball teams is due to Evie, the uncompromising captain. Evie is individual, and somehow we can't help loving her, were it for nothing but her own dear self.

RUTH H. MARTIN: "Bean." Schenectady, N. Y.

Now we know that there's truth in the saying, "Good things come in small packages." Bean is so swift, both in action and thought, that we have had a hard time keeping pace with her.

RUTH MAYES: "Rufus." Charlotte, N. C.

Our Carolina peach has all the delightful traits of the Southern maid. There is a mystery connected with her: whence comes the prodigious quantity of mail that daily fills her mail-box?

HELEN PRESTON MCNAB: "Nabbie." Brookline, Mass.

Calm and collected, Nabbie has a sense of duty that has kept herself and some of us from coming to harm.

PEGGY MEURER: "Peg." New York City.

In Peggy we have a typical little New Yorker. A strong rooter she is for "the greatest city in the world."

MARIAN ELLA MILES, Wolfeboro, N. H.

Marian always has a smile and a cheery greeting for every one,—natural outcome these, of the sweet disposition prompting them.

JOSEPHINE DEAN MILLER: "Joe." Stamford, Conn.

Thoughtful and gentle, Joe is always ready to help any who asks her aid, doing it, too, with as merry an air as if it were no effort at all.

EVA-MAY MORTIMER: "Heva." Beverly Hills, Calif.

Heva's sound advice has helped in the solving of many a difficult class problem. Her artistic work has gained the praise of all. Look for some of her attractive poster work and clever drawings in "*The Lamp*."

DOROTHY CONSTANCE MOXON: "Dot." Wilimantic, Conn.

We only wish Dot had treated us to as much

gaiety and jollity as she has lavished upon her room-mates.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS NOWELL: "Beth." Honolulu, T. H.

A great debt do we owe Beth for so efficiently handling our edition of "*The Lamp*," and so skilfully captaining our crew. With her at the helm, success can be prophesied of almost any undertaking.

MARY FRANCES PAGE: "Pagie." Ayer, Mass.

We often wonder how it is that Frances has always and unfailingly some kind and generous thing to say about any one you may mention.

RUTH ELEANOR POWELL: "Ruthie." Cleveland, Ohio.

Always bouncing and beaming, Ruth has a witty come-back for every sally aimed at her.

ISABEL HAMILTON RODIER: "Izzy." Norwich, Conn.

Izzy is so small that her ever present smile nearly equals herself in size.

ELIZABETH THELMA SHAW: "Betty." Newport, Vt.

Always does Betty create about herself an atmosphere of cheer and confidence; but when she sings—oh, then we taste true joy.

LETITIA BEARD SHEPARD: "Tish." New Kensington, Pa.

Well enough do we know that we can go to Tish for good-natured and willing help.

RUTH GLADYS SHEPARD: "Shep." Warren, Mass.

We like to hear Shep play the piano. Then the beauty of her performances does justice to her persistent practicing.

MARIAN BEATRICE SIMONDS: "Si." Pottsville, Penn.

Si is a good sport and a good student. Keen she is; when every one else is stumped, she can be relied upon to solve the problem.

MARY VIRGINIA SMIEDING: "Ginny." Racine, Wis.

Ginnie makes us think of some early spring flower—all freshness, sweetness, and simplicity.



SYLVIA HELENA SOLARI: "Syl." Dorchester, Mass.

Smiling Sylvia, complacent and congenial, is one of the happy band of those who have no enemies.

ELEANOR LINCOLN STEELE: "Tommy." St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Eleanor is a conscientious worker and consequently reaps a goodly harvest of satisfaction therefrom.

GRACE DEBORAH THAYER: "Thay." New Ipswich, N. H.

Grace has been a day student this year, so that we have missed the more abundant and pleasant associations we had with her last year. She has a trained hand at the piano.

FLORENCE MURIEL TYLER: "Flo." Westfield, Mass.

Flo has an entertaining drollery, equalled by few, and knows both when and how to use it to good effect.

HELEN MARIA WAHLQUIST, Hartford, Conn.

Helen, always on deck at time of need, has been one of the "Old Reliables" to help in piloting our class ship to the port of Success.

MILDRED ESTA WHYTE: "Mil." Lynn, Mass.

Mil's attractiveness and charm are admired not by her class-mates only, but by all who know her.

ALBERTA HOWARD WIGHT: "Berta." Berlin, N. H.

Berta has the eyes of a deer; but that is to be expected,—indeed, she is a dear.

MARTHA FRANCES WILCOX: "Martie." Keokuk, Iowa.

Perhaps it is because of Martha's restraint that we like her so much when we do learn to know her.

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#### PROPHECY

*By Ruth Martin and Helen Black*

SCENE—A Living Room, Schenectady, N. Y., 1935.

BEAN: I'm so glad you have come,—and so unexpectedly, too!

JOE: Yes, it is not often that I have the opportunity to travel, now that I've become the mayor of Deep River.

BEAN: Really, Joe? How wonderful! Can you realize that ten years have passed since we were at Lasell together? How scattered the girls all are! Just before you came a Buffington Bed-Time story was coming in over the radio.

JOE: They are delightful! Which reminds me of Pat. She has become quite a successful journalist. When she isn't scouting about like Sherlock Holmes, she dwells in solitude, writing inspiring articles—on any desired topic—for the best magazines.

BEAN: You know Evie and Mac have a ranch in the West, where they tame wild horses. Glenna told me recently that as soon as her contract for "Fuzzy-Top" was over, she would leave the stage forever, and join these horse breakers.

JOE: What's that! (Looks in direction of radio.) Is something coming in?

BEAN: Just a minute. (Picks up 'phones.) It's LULU. That is Honolulu, you know.

JOE: Hold it! We may hear Beth sing.

BEAN: No, Beth doesn't have time for that now. She is too busy teaching her native pupils how to retain energy in a warm climate. (Puts down the 'phones.) Fish is out there, too, directing some comic pictures.

JOE: Dot Brown also inhabits a sultry clime. She does welfare work in some of the East Indian islands.

BEAN: Truly! But Dot Hagadorn, more strangely still, has become famous in the mad rush of Wall Street. That is actually unique.

JOE: Marty Wilcox and Edna Hart are also in New York. Both are married, but I do hear that they endeavor to run the businesses of their husbands.

BEAN: But, Joe, what about Ruth Mayes? She is married, isn't she?

JOE: Yes, indeed, and has a family of five, but then Eva-May has seven, and (emphatically) every one of them that is of school age attends the public school.

BEAN: What else would you expect of Eva-May? Hope Bean is selling ready-made clothes. She was here not long ago and reported a very gratifying lot of orders for infants' wardrobes that she had received from

Annette Durkee, Ruth Shepard, Jinnie Smieding, Dot Moxon, and—let me see—oh, yes, Dot Keeler. They all have thriving youngsters, for whom the best is hardly good enough, so Hope says.

JOE: Wonderful! (Listens to radio.) Oh, it's a play in New York—with Jinnie Brunner, too! Wait! I've lost it! Now this is a lecture. They are signing off. 'Twas on psychology, and was by Marian Simonds. She and Isabel Colyer are teaching at New York University.

BEAN (Listens in also): "Music! Yes, sir, it's Miles's "Bumble Tooters." They are famous! Marian was in Italy a short time ago and was entertained by Betty Shaw at her new villa. Betty's voice is enchanting all the Italians; nevertheless she is returning to us soon.

JOE (Still listening): What's this? Reports of the animal show? First prize, a pussy owned by Miss Teddy Harvey; second prize, a purple parrot, belonging to Miss Betty Bachelder.

BEAN: My goodness! How queer! Mil Whyte is married, and managing a stock farm. What a combination of interests for one like her!

JOE: Well, Kay Lalley is manager for a telephone company. She owns most of the stock too. (Attention again drawn to radio.) An announcement of one of the chain of Miller and Gordon grocery stores to open this week in this city. Bean, you would be amazed at the growth of Hazardville since Peg has become so prominent in business.

BEAN: Well, what do you think! Jessie Matteson has taken to wearing tailored suits and spectacles. Jessie is the accountant for the new firm of Page and Johnson. Frances and Betty, you know, always were cranks on toothbrushes, and now they have on the market a reversible one—toothbrush in the morning, fountain pen the rest of the day.

JOE: Listen! Items of the week: the Kelley-Hegeman Corporation reports 5,000 converts to their new way of reducing. Oh, Louise is all enthusiasm about this new work. Finney and Peg Meurer continue to fight cold in Labrador, while their rescue work still goes on. Oh, what static! I give this up. (Lays down 'phones.)

BEAN: Have you seen the new D. Cook production? The scene is laid in the African jungle. Christine Chamberlin appears as the fascinating heroine, who charms wild beasts, and even pesky mosquitoes; while Lois Bryant as the treacherous villain interferes with her cunning schemes.

JOE: Really, I have no time for movies. Are you hearing anything now?

BEAN: Yes, something about a circus which is coming.

JOE: Florence Tyler, I hear, is with a circus. She leads the band.

BEAN: Lucile Hopkins travels with the same company. She is both nurse and doctor to the performers, and most of her time is devoted to Isabel Rodier, who insists upon making friendly advances to the animals, regardless alike of their hostility or tameness.

JOE: My goodness! I'm glad I didn't decide on so dangerous a career.

BEAN: Steele and Isherwood are in the boot business at Auburndale. They have a new shoe on the market which guarantees to get the Seniors to breakfast on time. It's a mystery!

JOE: Oh, there are many mysteries. Mauriel Greenough is a Methodist deaconess, and Jinny Dreher married an aviator. Jinny flies with her husband and does her mending at the same time.

BEAN: Helen Albert is married, too. She is now traveling in the Orient, with her two children. (Listens in again.)

JOE: Lovely! Did you know Ruth Powell is in China at the head of a Ford agency?

BEAN: Yes, I'd heard so. Here is the police report. Listen! Estelle Jenney and Ruby Holabird arrested for speeding. My word!

JOE: Gertrude Kendall has the racing spirit, too; even after taking a Phi Beta Kappa. She's the fastest driver in the South, and Helen Wahlquist is her mechanic.

BEAN: Joe, have you been up to Lasell lately?

JOE: No, I haven't.

BEAN: Then you don't know about the new trolley line running between the station and the school? Elizabeth Hammond and Alice Libbey comprise the corporation, and Kay Beecher



sees that the fares are collected when she isn't reassuring the timid ones.

JOE (Picking up radio): What's this speech about Ku Klux? Yes, it is! And Rose Cruise delivering the oration!

BEAN: Good! Grace Thayer belongs to the Klan also, but they say her husband is severely opposed.

JOE: Blanche Avery was about to show interest in these night hawks when she was elected chief censor of the movies in her state. But, Bean, I must hurry. The midnight train will leave soon, and I must be in New York in the morning.

BEAN: That's so. I'll see you off. By the way, why don't you look up Sylvia Solari and Harriet Harvey? They are training for the International Gym Meet, and will leave for England soon.

JOE: I'll do that. Haven't Cushing and Bundy a studio in New York also?

BEAN: Why, they have a school for music, art, and dramatics. It's very good.

JOE: Oh, yes, I remember now. Where is my hat?

BEAN: Here (holding up hat). What's this label—"Wight"?

JOE: Yes, it came from Alberta Wight's charming little new shop on Fifth Avenue. I got it the last time I was down that way.

BEAN: It's very pretty.

JOE: I met Tish Shepard there that day. She was about to leave for the Everglades in search of a new kind of bug.

BEAN: That's right. I've heard how interested she's become in entomology. Imagine Tish running about wildly with a piece of mosquito netting in search of horrid little insects!

JOE: I suppose it is like that. Charlena Clough and Helen McNab are in Florida now, working out a system to lighten the congested traffic through that state. (Joe is ready to leave.)

BEAN: Oh, Joe, hurry, or we shan't make the train.

*Both Exeunt.*

## MEMENTOS

*By Katherine Kelley*

Throughout our years at Lasell, born of common life, there have sprung up among us a comradeship and affection unlikely to be exceeded in any which later years may bring us.

If we feel thus towards the school as a whole, our Sophomore sisters, how much greater would be our attachment to you, dear sister class. You have been to us more than friends merely, and it is with profound regret that the Class of 1925 looks forward to our day of parting. Always our loyal aids, always at hand, ready and willing you have been whenever fresh troops were needed, quick to come to our assistance. Certainly the members of the Class of 1927 can be trusted implicitly to bear forward the flag of our splendid school so steadily that it shall never touch ground. In loving appreciation of your faithful devotion and earnest loyalty, we, the Class of 1925, present to you on this happy occasion this token of our affection. May your future success be as marked as are your merits.

And now a word to our Junior friends. Though we have been rivals in games and sports, in the classroom, and in various other ways, still it has always been in a spirit of friendliness, for we have appreciated your sterling qualities, and we feel that the friendships we have formed among you are such as will be cherished throughout life. However, notwithstanding the high regard in which the Senior Class holds you, it is incumbent upon us at this last meeting to point out, as faithful friends may, some of your shortcomings. To accomplish this purpose we have thought best to present to a few of your members certain gifts which will, we trust, suggest in each case the improvement it is meant to further. Will *Ruth Tompkins* please come forward?

To you, Ruth, we do, of course, owe a great debt of gratitude, though it was wholly by chance that we learned of your forethought and helpfulness. In your room was held that meeting for the discussion of the prevention of the Seniors from putting in its place of honor their beloved banner. But was it not a blunder,

Ruth, to leave your window up so high, and to cause so great a commotion as to attract the attention of several Seniors who chanced to be passing by? Very naturally they were impelled to stop, and so could not but overhear what you were saying. But you caused them no worry, for after a long discussion you adjourned the meeting after the verdict was rendered that you would let us install the Orange and Blue in triumph at Gardner, with no interference from the mighty Juniors. Yet, though we appreciate this thoughtfulness, we do at the same time realize the many great and serious problems that you and your class-mates will have to face next year, for which you will need to be on the alert. Tonight we take pleasure in presenting to you this alarm clock, to wake you up betimes for your future tasks.

*Jane Wilson!*

Here is our ever impetuous and enthusiastic little Jane, who very nearly lost her otherwise stainless reputation the night when we Seniors tied to a finality the true bonds of Seniorhood—when we took caps and gowns! You were so anxious, Jane, weren't you, to prevent us from being successful in this? But did you really think that, after we had gone through the necessary formality of giving our Senior cheer, you, a mere Junior, could, by running wildly from Main to our place of practice and snatching the Cap from a reverend Senior's head, prevent us from taking Cap and Gown? Oh, Jane, dear! You have so much to learn, but you will succeed eventually in training your unobservant little mind if you try hard and perseveringly. We wish you all success; and hoping thus to prevent any other such wayward Junior from making next year so wild and foolish an attack upon you, as you planned to make upon one of us, refraining only because of your friend's earnest protests, we present to you now this elastic jaw-strap, by the aid of which you may always keep *your* cap in its proper place.

*Betty Saxton and Emily Wiedenmayer*

(Dialogue between Betty and Emily, as given by speaker.)

Emily:—We have to do something to prevent the Seniors from taking tables.

Betty:—Yes; it will be a disgrace if we don't do something. This is the truly big thing of the year, and we must all start thinking of a good way to prevent them.

(The two girls ponder thoughtfully. Then Emily seems to have an inspiration.)

Emily:—Oh, Betty, I have a wonderful plan!

Betty (excitedly):—What is it? Do tell me!

Emily (confidentially):—I tell you what we could do. During that period when we are keeping watch in the dining-room, let an announcement be suddenly made to the effect that there will be a very important meeting of the Junior Class that night, every Junior's presence being absolutely required. Then, quietly, instruct four or five Juniors to remain in the dining-room. The Seniors will, without a doubt, take the opportunity to descend in a body to take tables—only to be met to their great surprise by a number of entirely wide-awake Juniors.

Betty:—Emily, that is wonderful! How did you ever think of it?

Oh, how could you two extraordinarily bright girls think of such an extraordinarily stupid plan? But here we must ask you one question, one which has proved a great puzzle to us. Were those marvelously reliable Juniors who were to remain in the dining-room, to be invisible? We are really quite anxious to know if you have been initiated into the mysteries practiced by Houdini, or into Thurston's marvelous tricks of invisibility, that you hoped those members of your class would escape our eyes?

That was indeed a clever, clever plan; but lest in your Senior year you should think of another such trick, we feel that you should be warned now, and if it is not too late guided by a knowing and wise hand. Our advice to you is, then, "Keep to the more material things" in this game. I am pleased to present to you these little books on "Strategy," which may prove a help to you in your future class activities.

*Betty Smith!*

With a smile of amusement we turn to Betty, wide-awake Betty, who never wanted to miss



anything, yet somehow seemed always to arrive from Woodland just after the "fireworks." Do you remember that memorable night when you reached Main only to find that the Seniors had taken tables, and saw, to your immense surprise, one table, its cloth dragging upon the floor, its mighty frame collapsed beneath the onslaught that it had only just endured? It was then that you had your happy thought, was it not? If you could not be present at the taking of tables, you thought you might at least take away with you some memento of the event. This it was that influenced you to tear off carefully a bit of that disordered cloth for your memory-book, the cherished treasury of every school girl. Will you not, then, since you so dote on keepsakes, accept from the Senior Class as a memorial of Tables, this whole table cloth for your very own. You may then have a huge piece for your pet book, and yet have sufficient left to distribute among your various little Junior friends.

*Wee Wilder!*

Wee, tonight we call you forth, not to chide you, but to express to you our deep appreciation of all that you have meant to us. To you we give this rose, which holds within its heart the suggestion of the good, the true, and the beautiful. You, happy, cheerful, ever willing friend, are worthy of this symbol which means so much to us. May your future years unfold as sweetly as these petals, each being as perfect and full of delight as the one before.

And now that my pleasant task is finished, let me conclude by expressing the hope that the comradely feeling of this hour will never grow less.

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#### FAREWELL

*By Jessie Matteson*

For Lasell Class Night is an old and familiar scene, but for us, as we pause tonight to bid farewell to all those associations so close, so dear, which have come to mean so unspeakably much to us as students of Lasell, it holds a new joy, a new realization, which impresses itself vividly upon us. We have eagerly awaited this our night, but it has nevertheless found

us unready—reluctant to face the fact that we must bid farewell to our Alma Mater. But it shall be farewell as her students only. Tomorrow, as her graduates, we shall begin to turn back to her through tear-dimmed memories which we shall cherish as long as life itself. Many classes, now but shadowy visions down the long vista of the years, have gone forth before us, bearing in their hearts, as we in ours, this strange mingling of sadness and joy. By a thousand firesides Lasell womanhood is sitting tonight, thinking of us, living over again each her own class night of a by-gone year, as we shall, when others have taken our places.

As the fullness of the meaning of Commencement comes over us, we think first of those who have tenderly guarded us from babyhood, of those who have quietly and generously sacrificed for us, often when we have been selfishly unaware of it, that we might have more advantages or more happiness in our lives. It is these whom we are most especially happy to have with us in this hour, that we may, though but imperfectly, express to them our deep love and sincere appreciation for all their gifts whereby we are here tonight. Mothers and Fathers, know that as we leave this platform it is with a deep, a genuine desire to make a noble reality of those castles you have builded of your hopes for us, those dreams you have been dreaming of the gracious womanhood that should be ours.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Lasell is known for its democratic spirit; it is you, we believe, who have largely made it so. In you we have found constant inspiration and incentive to worthy living. Your patience, kindness, and personal friendliness towards each of us have given us a pattern of life which in years to come will aid us so to square ourselves towards our duties as to make our Alma Mater proud to claim us as her graduates.

In future years when our thoughts wander, yearningly perhaps, back to Lasell, one figure will stand out clearly in all our visions of happy school days. Miss Potter, we shall remember and we shall miss you. We have felt that to you, as to a mother, we could take those schoolgirl troubles which to us seemed so big,

and always have you with your sympathetic advice and cheery encouragement, sent us away with the rainbow really shining.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne, and our teachers, not only have you guided us in our studies by paths leading to better development of mind and body and spirit; you have also been friendly, generously helpful, and genuinely interested in our progress. Having now completed these lighter tasks intended to fit us for the undertaking of bigger ones, we do with sincere appreciation bid farewell to you.

Our hearts are sad, little Sophomore sisters, as we meet you tonight for the last time as a class. Perhaps it is because we are about to leave you that we now realize more fully than ever before how truly you have been sisters to us this past year—ever ready to rally to the cause of '25, and constantly doing the many thoughtful things which have contributed so much to the happiness of our Senior year.

Twenty-Six, tomorrow as we hear the words, "You bear her name, you must protect her honor," we shall no longer be Seniors of Lasell—you will have taken our places. Through the year we have had many hopes and ambitions—some we have realized, others we have not. We have known the joy, not only of attainment, but also of striving for goals a little high for our reach as yet. Because of your splendid spirit and your fine sense of fair play, it is with confidence that we commend to you these ideals. Through our mutual contests and enthusiasms you have come close to the hearts of us, and in deep sincerity we do wish you all success and happiness in your own Senior year. Juniors, we are leaving you, both with a pledge of our love for you, and with a challenge to "Carry on" for the honor of Lasell.

Schoolmates, we have enjoyed knowing you. Often in future years we shall think of you, and there will come surging back into our minds many little incidents we have known together, many shared experiences whose sum total shall keep Lasell dear as the land of our happy school days, the beautiful land that it is. Tonight a fond farewell to you.

And now, Classmates, the hardest task of all—to say good-bye to you. Our Class Night, this vivid reality, which is so soon to be but a sweet and guarded memory, has brought us to the place where the old trail ends—it marks for us the end of our pleasant journey together as a class. Tomorrow each of us will begin a new, a separate journey, which will lead from these realities we have known to those that are ahead. We cannot go down the coming years hand in hand, as we have this past year, Twenty-Five; but wherever those many trails may lead, they cannot lead us so far apart but that we shall still be firmly bound into one sisterhood by silvery strands of memory stretching behind us back to everything we have learned to know and love as a class here. As we part I can wish for nothing better for you than that you maintain throughout life the splendid spirit you have shown as members of a class which has been, because you have made it so, so friendly, so sincere, so true, so loyal. Tonight words seem but shallow things, incapable of sounding the real depths of the spirit. Each of us knows that deep down in her heart there is a feeling of mingled sadness, joy and hope which cannot be adequately expressed. So let us say good-bye very simply, Twenty-Five, knowing how often we shall meet again in spirit here at old Lasell.

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#### FAREWELL TO BRAGDON

*By Marian Miles*

As tonight the class of '25 gathers here to bid farewell to you, dear Bragdon Hall, our hearts are sad at leaving our Lasell, where we have spent such happy and memorable days. And when in years to come we recall the hours spent here there will arise in each musing mind visions of you, "our student home, shining on the hill," within whose walls such dear and lasting friendships have been made among both our schoolmates and our teachers. In your classrooms we have met to strengthen ourselves that we may better face the future; in your chapel at daily morning worship and on Sunday evening vespers a hopeful solution of life's puzzling problems



has been shown us; and with the memories of the chapel come, too, heart-warming thoughts of the merry parties and pleasant entertainments enjoyed there. Here it was that we Seniors enjoyed our last few weeks together as one family reveling in the distinction of having our own separate tables. What happy carefree hours those were, dear Bragdon! Within your walls is one of the Seniors' most precious possessions, Senior Room, our very own place, where if we chose we could be alone for study or discussion. Nor is it least among the things which bind us so closely to you in schoolgirl affection that here Miss Potter is the presiding genius, friend, and sympathetic counselor of every girl, and loved of all.

Now at this hour of parting our eyes fill with tears and our hearts grow heavy with sadness as we, the Class of '25, bid our last farewell to you, dear Bragdon Hall.

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#### FAREWELL TO GARDNER

*By Eva-May Mortimer*

Dear old Gardner Hall! At last we must bid you adieu! And sad it is,—especially for those of us who have been privileged to call you "home" during our final year at Lasell. Only yesterday it was, so it seems, that thirty-four of us trooped gaily up your hill and took tumultuous possession of you. Tomorrow will dispossess us; tomorrow, no longer gay and enthusiastically eager, but alas! sad and regretful, shall we walk reluctantly down the old familiar hill. Tears will flow, and heads droop, for our merry group must at last break up, each going her own separate way. But will it imply that the friendships formed under your roof are to be shattered by the separation? Will it mean that never afterward shall we see each other again? Rather, is it not true that the treasured friendships here born and nourished will prove to be lifelong, strengthening as the years increase? This is our hope!

Happy indeed have been our days here, and many and merry will their memories be! Oh, the birthday parties! the Christmas party! the

joyous hours spent together around your hearth! Those memorable class elections last fall, which decided that our president was to be a Gardner girl, and that over the mighty mantelpiece in Gardner should hang the class banner. "Open House" was a joyful dream, then for once at least our usually prosaic rooms were gay and gladsome in their gala trim. And, ah, the night when the Class assembled here to don caps and gowns! That was your climax, Gardner!

Miss Wright, not one Gardner girl could leave Lasell without first expressing to you her sincerest appreciation for all you have been to her this year. Truly have you the motherly spirit, and this each and every one of us has felt. Both you and Miss Shapleigh have been martyrs to many a capricious prank, but have taken them all in good part and with real understanding. As the years go on may you never forget us, who love you!

Finally, Gardner Hall, with our surrender of you to the Class of 1926, goes our hearty blessing. May the new Senior Class love and honor you as we have done, and always shall. Dear old home on the hill, your girls of '25 bid you farewell!

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#### FAREWELL TO CARPENTER

*By Helen Albert*

Deeply sorrowful are we as we meet to bid farewell to Carpenter. Time puts a period finally to all, even the pleasantest associations; and Time has touched the bell for our departure. But though in one sense, dear old school home, we must, indeed, leave you, still in another and more intimate sense, we can never be separated from you; for we shall carry you ever henceforth in our hearts a most blessed and precious memory. In our school days here, gathered together beneath your roof, we have gained inspiration, have enjoyed good fellowship, and the priceless treasure of our class friendships; and in return we pledge you faithfulness to the ideals for which you as a part of Lasell steadfastly stand. Here within your walls many dreams have taken shape in heart and brain, and our life as comrades here

at Carpenter has helped in no small degree to make those dreams come true.

Mrs. Saunders and Miss Boothby, through their personal interest and friendly guidance, and Mrs. Joy, by her many kindnesses, have all helped to further among us here a true family feeling of comradeship and willing cooperation; and to all of them we give grateful acknowledgment and heartfelt thanks.

And now, old Carpenter, it is—goodbye; yet the hour is not without its touch of brightness: memories of you will always be of the happiest and dearest kind. Never wholly can we lose you, though saying farewell.

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#### FAREWELL TO CLARK COTTAGE

*By Gene Bundy*

Now, at the end of this our Senior year, we gather to say formal farewell to Clark Cottage. For most of us these weeks just past have more or less prepared us for the parting, still we find it hard to face because it is so closely linked with the severing of close connection with our Alma Mater, as well as the inevitable parting of dear friends and comrades—the break-up of the class, as a student body. Here we have worked, played, formed friendships, above all, lived. With deep regret we leave these scenes of our various joys, but with very especial sorrow do we part from Clark Cottage, treasured memories of which we shall retain for many a day—Clark, our haven of rest, and of contentment, most elusive of life's gifts.

To Miss Blackstock, our house-mother, guide, and confidante, we bid farewell. Our association with her has been only too brief, but her influence has forged a link additional, holding us to herself and to Lasell. To Miss Lester, of unfailing good humor, sympathy, and friendliness, we bid farewell. She signifies the spirit of good fun prevailing in Clark.

Of all our past homes Clark has been one of the happiest, permeated throughout as it has been, with that spirit of happy comradeship and democracy found in Lasell. Your memory, pleasant and everlasting, is deep within us. Clark Cottage, we love you. Farewell.

#### FLAME SPEECH

*By Martha Fish*

The altar is a symbol of man's impulse to sacrifice to Higher Powers, to come thus into more intimate relationship with them. So we tonight are gathered before this altar of our Alma Mater, not indeed by any divine command, but certainly in all seriousness and solemnity, to engage in this ancient ceremonial. And our several contributions to this altar flame shall be, not our precious things, but rather our stumbling blocks; we are to cast aside those things which have hindered us from becoming, each in her own measure, the perfect Lasell girl. Those things which if we now discard, we shall thereby help to make broader and brighter the future way not alone of ourselves, but also of those who are to follow us here.

This divesting ourselves of these imperfections even though but symbolically, we view them in the radiancy of their wondrous change as comparable to the brightest stars in the heavens, for, as the stars reflect God's purity, brightness and beauty, so to us do these our offerings, purified in this flame, and changed by its potency into something higher and finer, become prophetic of the ennobling of our lives.

When dishonor shall thus have been transformed to honor, selfishness to unselfishness and envy to generosity our further career cannot but be the fairer and the more worthy. Then, after we have cast into the symbolic fire upon this blazing altar these all unworthy things, may they come forth from their ashes glorified, transformed into things noble and exalted, henceforth to perpetuate themselves in our hearts and in our lives, impelling us to more faithful endeavor to truer service.

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#### GARDNER FLAME SPEECH

*By Margaret Gordon*

Oh, Fire, as we gather around you tonight, watching your bright flames and jewel-like sparks rise skyward, it is with the purpose of committing to your keeping something unworthy; but something that in



your ardent embrace shall be transformed into a thing of beauty and of power such as will make our lives thenceforth the richer and finer. Then shall we the better represent our Lasell. How repellent, how debasing is envy,—a blight upon the soul, a quenching of glowing ideals! Into the flames with it! And so may you purge it, so exalt and transfigure it that, as generosity, it may reappear to shed a divine radiance upon our onward path. And even as your flames rise higher and shine the brighter, so may we become likewise finer and stronger, every trace of jealousy vanishing from our hearts, and in its place may they bear the imprint and royal seal of a generous love for our fellow creatures. If thus the springs and motives of our lives be changed, may we not hope that future Lasell girls will also be freed from this baleful thing, envy? In future years, then, as by the light of memory's fairy lantern we look back upon this night, we shall be thankful thus to have cast away a hindering evil, and to have received in its place the scorn of all petty jealousies and the love of a pure and exalted generosity for others.

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#### CLARK FLAME SPEECH

*By Rose Cruise*

Into these flames do I now cast dishonor, that the secret power of their sacredness may turn it into the precious jewel of honor. Whatever through this past year we may have done that had about it the least taint of the dishonorable, whatever has prevented us from becoming Lasell girls in the truest, finest sense, such daughters of our Alma Mater as we all wish to be, those things we do tonight cast upon this altar-fire, that from them may rise higher and purer ideals. Now that we are about to leave this dear school-home we feel more keenly than ever before that we must strive always to honor her name, to perpetuate her good repute by preserving inviolate our own high sense of honor. In the past we have, it may be, allowed petty jealousies, small envies, to tempt us away from the right road; but now that we are entering more broadly

into life, we must conquer such ignoble feelings, lest they hinder us from attaining worthy success and true happiness. Man is judged by his deeds, and it is our purpose that ours be henceforth irreproachable. As a famous advocate of right living once said, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward to those which are before," we hasten towards a higher goal in achievement and character.

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#### COMMENCEMENT CHAPEL

Tuesday, June 16, our principal's last chapel of the year is always a service of unusual significance. Promptly at 8.30 on Commencement Day, the chapel was crowded with its expectant company of students and parents as well.

Following the formal opening exercises, Dr. Winslow gave a timely message congratulating not only the prize winners on the fine work done, but also the faithful students who certainly deserved honorable mention. Dr. Winslow and Mr. Towne then presented the following prizes and certificates:

#### PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

##### NUMERALS FOR TRACK

Awarded to the girls winning eight or more points for their respective classes:

Senior—Helen McIntire

Junior—Emily Wiedenmayer

Sophomore—Evelyn Streeter

##### FIELD DAY CUP

Juniors—Cup remains at Lasell.

##### WINNING CREW

Each member of the crew received an L.

Vera Hambleton, Captain

Barbara Barber

Helen Beach

Helen Bliss

Julia Larrabee

Victoria Jackson

Delores Schisler

Evelyn Streeter

Helen G. Smith

Mary E. Williams

Each member of the different crews received L. C. C.'s, the letters being presented to each of the captains of the respective crews:

*Senior First Crew*

Elizabeth Nowell, Captain  
 Barbara Cushing  
 Dorothy Hagadorn  
 Edna Hart  
 Esther Harvey  
 Edna Isherwood  
 Evadene Love

BARS

Helene Berkson  
 Ruby Holabird  
 Ruth Martin

*Senior Second Crew*

Marian Simonds, Captain  
 Helen Black  
 Lois Bryant  
 Christine Chamberlin  
 Lucile Hopkins  
 Dorothy Moxon

BARS

Josephine Miller  
 Eva-May Mortimer

*Junior First Crew*

Marian Thompson, Captain  
 Marion Fitch  
 Millicent Horton  
 Grace Lawrence  
 Sarah Renstrom  
 Emily Wiedenmayer  
 Margaret Wilding

*Junior Second Crew*

Dorothy Denney, Captain  
 Doris Cobb  
 Elizabeth Day  
 Louise Deane  
 Marie Janota  
 Margarete Rix  
 Madeleine Roth  
 Mollie Witschief  
 Adel Wesemann

*Sub-Freshmen*

Zora Farnsworth, Captain  
 Catherine Burrows  
 Marjorie Colyer  
 Alice Maxwell  
 Ruth Rowbotham  
 Frances Robertson  
 Dorothy J. Smith

Aileen Wilson  
 Marjorie Winslow

BARS

Anita Krakauer  
 Charlotte Russell

TENNIS

Each member of the Tennis team received T's, the letters being presented to the Captain. The following received T's:

Helen McIntire, Captain  
 Dorothy Denney Mollie Witschief  
 Louisa Mueller Marjorie Winslow  
 Frances Robertson

CUP

Marjorie Winslow, and name engraved on cup remaining at Lasell.

BASKETBALL

Each member who played an outside team for an entire game received an L.

Hazel Baird Mae Frankel  
 Helen Bliss Gertrude Mondelli  
 Doris Cobb Emily Wiedenmayer  
 Elizabeth Van Cleve Mollie Witschief  
 Christine Chamberlin — Mauriel Greenough

BARS

Evadene Love

HOCKEY

Each member of the team received an L.

Louise Abbott Edna Hart  
 Estelle Abbott Anita Krakauer  
 Elizabeth Day Evadene Love  
 Dorothy Denney Frances Robertson  
 Dorothy Hagadorn Elizabeth Saxton  
 Mae Frankel

BARS

Eva-May Mortimer  
 Ruth Buffington  
 Barbara Cushing

EXTRA CREDITS

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| Audrey Jackson   | 3 |
| Gertrude Moeller | 3 |
| Marjorie Winslow | 3 |
| Barbara Barber   | 2 |
| Marion Fitch     | 2 |
| Mariesta Howland | 2 |
| Estelle Jenney   | 2 |
| Victoria Jackson | 2 |



|                   |   |
|-------------------|---|
| Gertrude Kendall  | 2 |
| Helen McNab       | 2 |
| Frances Robertson | 2 |
| Virginia Smieding | 2 |
| Evelyn Streeter   | 2 |
| Marion Simonds    | 2 |

## CERTIFICATES

## TYPEWRITING

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Glenna Bullis  | Peggy Meurer      |
| Alice Davis    | Elizabeth Nowell  |
| Ruby Holabird  | Gertrude Powdrell |
| Helen McIntire | Catherine Worrall |

## TYPEWRITING AND ACCOUNTING

Josephine Miller

## STENOGRAPHY AND ACCOUNTING

Virginia Dreher

## STENOGRAPHY, TYPEWRITING AND ACCOUNTING

Dorothea LaVerne Brown

## ALL SUBJECTS OF SECRETARIAL TRAINING COURSE

|                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Helene Berkson   | Helen McNab     |
| Helen Black      | Martha Wilcox   |
| Edna Hart        | Eleanor Steele  |
| Gertrude Kendall | Helen Wahlquist |

## ACADEMIC MUSIC COURSE

## MAJOR SUBJECT, PIANO

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Charlena Clough | Ruth Mayes   |
| Ella Loewe      | Ruth Shepard |

Grace Thayer

## MUSIC

## POST GRADUATE SEAL

Helen Foster

## VOICE

Elizabeth Shaw

## ART

Dorothy Hagadorn

Eva-May Mortimer

## HOME ECONOMICS

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Blanche Avery     | Edna Isherwood      |
| Alice Batchelder  | Dorothy Keeler      |
| Catherine Beecher | Alice Libbey        |
| Hope Bean         | Agnes McMurray      |
| Dorothy Cook      | Peggy Meurer        |
| Annette Durkee    | Dorothy Moxon       |
| Frances Finney    | Frances Page        |
| Martha Fish       | Letitia Shepard     |
| Elizabeth Hammond | Sylvia Solari       |
| Louise Hegeman    | Katherine Whittaker |
|                   | Alberta Wight       |

## BREAD PRIZES

First—Katherine Whittaker

Second—Dorothy Keeler

Honorable Mention—Alberta Wight

## SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

First Prize for Scholarship (two years)

Blanche Deane Avery 92.3%

Second Prize for Scholarship (two years)

Gertrude Kendall 92.2%

Honorable Mention

Dorothy Keeler 89.5%

Helen Black 89.4%

## SWEATERS

(Seniors)

Martha Fish

Eva-May Mortimer

Honorable Mention—Elizabeth Nowell

(Juniors)

Elizabeth Van Cleve

Honorable Mention—Grace Lawrence

## HYMN BOOK

Barbara Cushing

(In appreciation of her services at the organ for chapel during her three years at Lasell.)

## COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

June 16, 1925.

REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY

I count myself very highly honored and very favored indeed to have the opportunity to give the address at this time, and I want to talk just as frankly as I can on what America expects of you—*What America Expects of You*.

I wonder how many of the young people who will graduate from our schools and colleges this June have any idea of the large investment America has already made in their present and in their future. The other day I talked with the Superintendent of Schools in Springfield and asked him if he could give me any idea how much Springfield spent on each child in the public schools, and he replied that the city of Springfield at the present time spent \$93.00 per year on each child in the public school system. That represented the actual money spent on instruction alone and did not include the amount spent on the erection and upkeep of buildings, etc. Now when

you send a boy or a girl to school for eight or nine years, and then on into high school for four years more, that means that at the end of his preliminary education America has already made in that child a cash investment of not far from \$1500. Now suppose that boy or that girl goes on to some higher school of education, have you any idea of the additional investment of the community in that young life?

The average student at Yale pays \$270 a year tuition fee, but each fellow costs Yale \$511; each student in the academic school, \$655; each student in the theological school \$1200; and each man in the Yale medical school \$2235 per year. It is a noteworthy fact that the students in our higher institutions of learning are paying back to the college or the school merely one-half and in some cases only about 10% of the amount that they cost the institution. Now when you can grasp the significance of these figures you can better understand a very interesting statement made the other day by the Dean of the Business School at Boston University. He estimated that the cash value of a high school education is not far from \$32,000, and the cash value of a college education is not far from \$72,000. That represents the investment of the community in these young lives; that is the gift of the older generation to the new generation.

Now, of course, when a boy or a girl instead of going through a city high school goes through a private school the investment that their parents make in them becomes even greater. Some of us know from sad experience the rising cost of tuition in our better private schools today. This was brought home to me quite forcefully the other day by a rather humorous story I heard of a man who was reputed to be very wealthy and who had a very extravagant wife and two very expensive daughters, both studying at a high class and highly expensive finishing school. They were home for the Christmas holidays and as usual ran short of cash, so they decided to make a visit to their father before starting shopping. Coming into his office they said:

“Good morning, father, we have just dropped in to say hello.”

“I am sorry, girls, I haven't a cent left. Your mother was just in to say how-do-you-do!”

This investment which America has made in you young people is of course the investment of work and effort and sacrifice. Would that these young people of today could catch a glimpse of that vast army of men and women by whose hard, physical labor we are enabled to enjoy the opportunities and the countless advantages that you and I have today, and certainly a man of my generation may be pardoned if he reminds these young people of the enormous sacrifice in human life made by the young men that I knew and loved in order to give you a new world of peace and freedom. Have you any idea of how many poor young fellows of my generation gave their lives in that last war? Suppose we could gather them all together again for a short time from the battle fields of Europe. Suppose they were to march down that street while you and I stood there in the doorway of this beautiful church to review that parade of soldier dead. Suppose they began to come tomorrow, the 17th of June—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—the British dead pass by in review; twenty at a time, dawn to sunset, not a break in the line; all day long, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—ten days for the British dead to pass that door! And then the dead of France—twenty at a time, dawn to sunset, not a break in the line—eleven days for the French dead to pass! And then the dead of Russia, once great strapping fellows from the plains of Siberia and Eastern Europe, many of them only thin wavering ghosts; twenty at a time, dawn to sunset, not a break in the line—thirty-five days for the Russian dead to pass! And then the dead of Germany, for they, too, were only young fellows loving life as much as you and I do. They were trying to hurry and wind up the war and get back home again—twenty at a time, dawn to sunset, not a break in the line—forty-two days for the German dead to pass.



Why, if that parade began tomorrow, the 17th of June, it would take more than four months for those ghosts to pass by. These trees glorious now with the green of summer and happy with the singing of birds, these trees would be brown with the sere and gold of autumn as the last ghosts went by! We are encompassed about by a whole crowd of witnesses. We are not our own, we are bought with a price. Now when some of these young people go out into life saying "The world owes me a living," some of us have the right to protest. The world owes you nothing. The world has already given you its best in money, in effort, in sacrifice, and again in the deeds of ten million soldier dead. The world owes you nothing; you owe the world a lot. The obligation is on your side, not ours, to add more honor to those men.

I would like to discuss three very concrete obligations that you owe America. The first is this: All these young people certainly owe America a life of hard work and significant achievement. The other day one of the poultry farms down in Connecticut found itself in an alarming financial condition and the owner of the poultry farm sent to the state agricultural college for the poultry raising expert to come down and tell him what the matter was with the farm. The poultry expert came and the very first thing he did was to make a very careful record of all the eggs that were laid in each one of the houses, and then he went to the owner of the farm and said, "I have something very surprising to report to you and something which you will probably not believe. The explanation why your farm is not making money is that 60% of your hens are slackers. They are taking up space, demanding attention, and eating your food, but they are not laying eggs. 60% of your hens are producing 5% of your eggs. The other 40% are the workers and are producing 95% of the eggs. The reason why you are not making money is that 60% of your hens are non-productive, and if you want to make money the only thing to do is to kill the slackers, or sell them, or by some miraculous performance put them to work."

It certainly is an interesting thing how many people there are who can justly claim to be productive workers in the community of today. Now when you count up the workers as in Springfield or Boston or any other city, what do you find? You find people who are working physically, then you find people who are working mentally, then people who are adding day by day to the beauty of human life, making their contribution to art or music or science. Then you find a few people of inherited wealth who regard their wealth as a sacred trust and who use the income for purposes of charity or for the good of the community. So we have four types of workers in the modern community: those who work with their hands, those who work with their heads, those who produce beauty, and those who use their money for the common good. But around that group, the real workers, what do you find? You find a group of high class hoboes who are literally adding nothing to the life of the community. They regard life as a splendid opportunity to take a vacation and spend their years in pursuits no more useful or significant than chasing a golf ball over a golf course, or travelling year after year in Europe. The whole trouble is that a lot of young people are now beginning to catch this idea and are beginning to think of life in terms of perennial vacations and continuous entertainments. Day after day I meet up with young fellows, and some older men, who say to me, "We want to make a lot of money and we want to make it quick, and then—and then we are going to retire." It is no wonder to me that some of the people who have to do the hard physical work of the world are beginning to advocate for something shorter than an eight hour day. I doubt if there are very many people in our group who would like to check themselves up to a time clock and see if they are putting in eight hours of constructive labor a day.

Now, if these young people take from America wealth, effort and sacrifice our first demand on them and the demand we have a right to make is that they give us in return a life of work and a career of achievement. High

class idlers and high class loafers are no credit to your Alma Mater or mine and have no place in the America that I prize and that I am working for. If a man is not serving his country in some way or other, increasing its comforts, its wealth, or its beauty he cannot claim to be a Christian. Men who live a life of leisure alone, whatever they may claim their religion to be, are not Christians, they are plain pagans. If a man or a woman is so situated that daily toil is not necessary to keep the wolf from the door, let him voluntarily assume some form of productive labor. In a Christian social order there will be no leisure class. "If a man will not work neither let him eat."

Now the next thing these young folks owe America is this. They owe America a life of generosity. Up in Springfield we have been experimenting for the last few years with what we call a Community Chest. I do not know whether you have ever had one down in this part of the country or not. We have had some very interesting experiences and learned a great many interesting things. We began in 1918 and succeeded in getting a contribution of \$25,000. We have finally increased the number of our contributors to the Community Chest to something over 18,000. Now that seems on first thought like a large number, but let me call your attention to the very interesting fact that 12,000 of the 18,000 contributions are for amounts of less than \$25.00, and that the great majority of them are for amounts of less than \$5.00. Now if you have ever had any experience in work of this kind you know that you cannot carry on charitable or philanthropic activities on any such amounts as these. It is the large gifts that carry the work along. It is a fact that we discovered in Springfield after eight years of experience that there are six thousand people in the city who year after year carry and must carry the lion's share of the burden. Six thousand in a city of one hundred and fifty thousand—four per cent! Now you begin to see a situation that looks rather serious. Four per cent of your community carry the bulk of the philanthropic work of the town. I do not need to tell you that this four

per cent is the group that also carries the religious work of the town. It all comes down to the simple fact that about four people out of every hundred are paying the bills, or the majority of the bills, for the church and social service work of the community. That does not mean that the other 96% are slackers. Some are, of course; but certainly any one who looks below the surface of the modern industrial organization knows that we have thousands of people who simply cannot give money. Did you realize that one half the families in the United States have no taxable property whatever, and that of the people who do pay taxes 95% are men with incomes of less than \$2,000 a year?

I cannot but think of the young man who came to me the other day. He is a fine young fellow with a family of five, and earns \$21.00 a week washing automobiles. He said to me: "When we go to your Community House we all try to put 10 cents apiece in the box, but there are five of us in the family and when you are earning \$21.00 a week 50 cents looks pretty big on some occasions, so I hope you will excuse us if we nig on it a little bit once in a while." On \$21 a week you cannot give very much to community service. What does it all mean? It means this, that year after year we are sending out from our schools and colleges a group of people who must carry the burden of the church work, social service work, Y.M.C.A.'s, Y.W.C.A.'s in Auburndale and all over the world.

Now let us be frank and face the facts. One of the alarming situations in the American community today is that we find in the various churches a great many people who will give not only generously but with superb self-sacrifice to the cause of the church, to the cause of philanthropy, and to the cause of human progress, but what about their children? One of the most serious problems in the churches today is the problem of recruiting the next generation of givers. We find the older people are giving, but when it comes down twenty-five years to the younger generation you begin to see a different attitude.



Unless we can recruit from the ranks of these young people those who will be generous and sacrificial givers for the coming age I cannot imagine just what will happen to our churches. There are two attitudes which these young people can assume. They can stand up and say, "This money is mine. Nobody has a right to tell me the way to spend a penny of it." If they adopt this attitude we face a very difficult situation. Or they can take the other attitude: "This money, after all, has been created for me by the community as a whole. It is given to me as a trust. I must administer it wisely and people have a right to expect that I will give in proportion to my needs." If you take this attitude your life will be happy, for remember a certain young man said many, many years ago, "He that saveth his life shall lose it. He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

There is one thing more I would like to speak of as I close—the third obligation that these folks face as they go out into life. They owe us most of all a life of hard work. They owe us that combination of intelligence and courage that will enable us to rebuild a shattered civilization. Not far from Springfield there is a certain community known locally as Westwood. It was at Westwood that the greater majority of whips manufactured in the United States were made, and fifty years ago the thing to do was to go into the whip industry. How could you ever imagine the time when you would not see hundreds of carriages, each one with a nice whip at the corner of the dashboard, and fifty years ago money just poured into the whip industry and every one was making good financially. Then—then about 1900 the first automobile came chugging along the road. Some of the men did not see the signs of the times, some of them failed to read the handwriting on the wall. Eight years, ten years, and you know what happened to the whip industry, and to-day there is only one of the old companies still in business in Westwood, but it is not manufacturing whips, it is manufacturing automobile accessories. The

combination of intelligence and courage that will enable people to do new things in new ways,—that is what we have got to have in the world to-day. Every man in his senses knows that the old methods in church work will not do any longer. Old schemes of business are not carried on to-day. We have got to have new ones. The world that we are living in to-day is a world utterly and completely different from the world of yesterday. What we need in the world to-day is that combination of intelligence and courage that will enable us to rebuild civilization so that it can function in the new environment, and what we want and what we hope for is that we shall find in you the builders, the wise master builders of a new social order.

Members of the graduation class, may I close this very poor and much interrupted address by a little poem that a young man from my Alma Mater wrote several years ago. To me it is the most challenging thing I know.

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landsmen build upon;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and steadies to her keel  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,  
The sun is her masthead light,  
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail  
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.  
Now hid, now looming clear,  
On the face of the dangerous blue  
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,  
But on, but on does the old earth steer  
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,  
Though she goes so far about?  
Or blind astray, does she make her sport  
To brazen or chance it out?  
I watched when her captains passed;  
She were better captainless.  
Men in the cabin, before the mast,  
But some were reckless and some aghast,  
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught  
 Sounds from the noisome hold,—  
 Cursing and sighing of souls distraught  
 And cries too sad to be told.  
 Then I strove to go down and see;  
 But they said, "Thou art not of us!"  
 I turned to those on the deck with me  
 And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:  
 Our ship sails faster thus."

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,  
 What harbor town for thee?  
 What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,  
 Shall crowd the banks to see?  
 Shall all the happy shipmates then  
 Stand singing brotherly?  
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few  
 Warp her over and bring her to,  
 While the many broken souls of men  
 Fester down in the slaver's pen,  
 And nothing to say or do?

This is the issue you and the young people  
 like you are facing. God help you to decide  
 that issue and decide it right.

After the address Dr. Winslow, with a few  
 well-chosen words, presented diplomas to the  
 following girls:

- |                                 |                      |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Albert, Helen Margaret          | Jefferson, Ia.       |
| Avery, Blanche Deane            | Greenfield, Mass.    |
| Batchelder, Alice Elizabeth     | North Reading, Mass. |
| Bean, Hope Burpee               | Presque Isle, Me.    |
| Beecher, Catherine Louise       | Lawrence, Mass.      |
| Berkson, Helene Miriam          | Larchmont, N. Y.     |
| Black, Helen Mary Burwell       | Deep River, Conn.    |
| Brown, Dorothea LaVerne         | Grand Rapids, Mich.  |
| Brunner, Virginia Rhoades       | Mt. Carmel, Pa.      |
| Bryant, Lois Elizabeth          | Hartford, Conn.      |
| Buffington, Ruth Anzey          | Omaha, Nebr.         |
| Bullis, Glenna Eloise           | New Haven, Conn.     |
| Bundy, Evelyn Eugenie           | Detroit, Mich.       |
| Chamberlin, Christine Elizabeth | Swampscott, Mass.    |
| Clough, Charlena Eva            | Irasburg, Vt.        |
| Colyer, Isabel                  | Newark, N. J.        |
| Cook, Dorothy                   | East Orange, N. J.   |
| Cruise, Katherine Rose          | Pawtucket, R. I.     |
| Cushing, Barbara Burton         | Groveton, N. H.      |

- |                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Dreher, Virginia            | Lansford, Pa.        |
| Durkee, Annette Estelle     | Lynn, Mass.          |
| Finney, Frances Dorothea    | Malone, N. Y.        |
| Fish, Martha Elizabeth      | Canton, Mass.        |
| Gordon, Margaret            | Hazardville, Conn.   |
| Greenough, Mauriel Winney   | Willmar, Minn.       |
| Hagadorn, Dorothy Elizabeth | Bridgeport, Conn.    |
| Hammond, Elizabeth Gerry    | West Newton, Mass.   |
| Hart, Mary Edna             | Peabody, Mass.       |
| Harvey, Esther May          | Newton Centre, Mass. |
| Harvey, Harriet Walker      | Woodbury, Conn.      |
| Hegeman, Louise May         | Mittineague, Mass.   |
| Holabird, Ruby Russell      | North Haven, Conn.   |
| Hopkins, Lucile             | New Preston, Conn.   |
| Isherwood, Edna May         | Fall River, Mass.    |
| Jenney, Estelle Lola        | Roxbury, Mass.       |
| Keeler, Dorothy Iola        | Westboro, Mass.      |
| Kelley, Katherine Frances   | Lansing, Mich.       |
| Kendall, Gertrude           | Dunstable, Mass.     |
| Lalley, Catherine Frances   | Bridgeport, Conn.    |
| Libbey, Alice Russell       | West Newton, Mass.   |
| Love, Evadene Harriet       | Tulsa, Okla.         |
| Martin, Ruth Hulda          | Schenectady, N. Y.   |





|                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Matteson, Jessie Edith     | Chicago, Ill.           |
| Mayes, Ruth                | Charlotte, N. C.        |
| Meurer, Peggy Louise       | New York, N. Y.         |
| Miles, Marian Ella         | Wolfeboro, N. H.        |
| Miller, Josephine Dean     | Stamford, Conn.         |
| Mortimer, Eva-May          | Beverly Hills, Cal.     |
| Moxon, Dorothy Constance   | Willimantic, Conn.      |
| McIntire, Helen Harding    | Boston, Mass.           |
| McNab, Helen Preston       | Brookline, Mass.        |
| Nowell, Elizabeth Hastings | Honolulu, Hawaii        |
| Page, Mary Frances         | Ayer, Mass.             |
| Powell, Ruth Eleanor       | Cleveland Heights, Ohio |
| Rodier, Isabel Hamilton    | Norwich, Conn.          |
| Shaw, Elizabeth Thelma     | Newport, Vt.            |
| Shepard, Letitia Beard     | Parnassus, Pa.          |
| Shepard, Ruth Gladys       | Warren, Mass.           |
| Simonds, Marian Beatrice   | Pottsville, Pa.         |
| Smieding, Mary Virginia    | Racine, Wis.            |
| Solari, Sylvia Helena      | Dorchester, Mass.       |
| Steele, Eleanor Lincoln    | St. Johnsbury, Vt.      |
| Thayer, Grace Deborah      | New Ipswich, N. H.      |
| Tyler, Florence Muriel     | Westfield, Mass.        |
| Wahlquist, Helen Maria     | West Hartford, Conn.    |
| Whyte, Mildred Esta        | Lynn, Mass.             |
| Wight, Alberta Howard      | Berlin, N. H.           |
| Wilcox, Martha Frances     | Keokuk, Ia.             |

#### FAREWELL TO THE CROW'S NEST

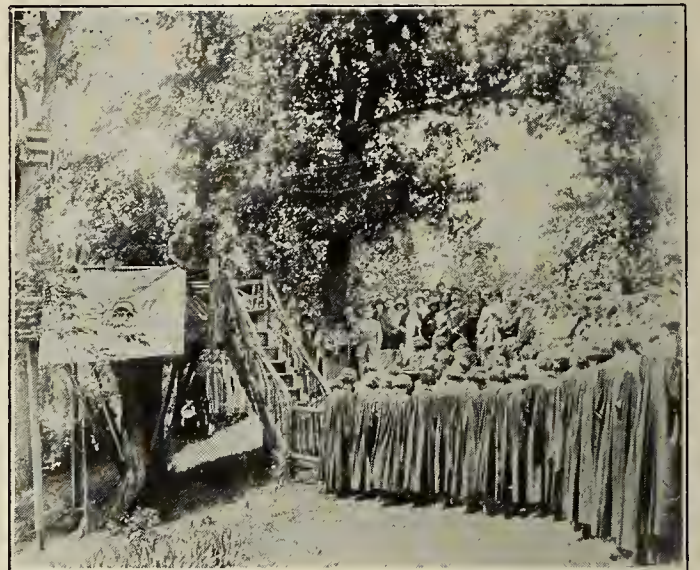
*By Virginia Brunner.*

Time passes very quickly; our Lasell days are over; and with their closing comes the necessity that we say, however reluctantly, farewell to these scenes and these friends that we hold so dear, yet must now leave.

Every Senior of us has known at one time or another the delight of turning for rest and comfort to our Crow's Nest—a spot of peace and quiet, perfect haven for the storm-tossed, quiet refuge for frayed and weary nerves seeking the healing of solitude. Many are the joys and sorrows that have been shared in the seclusion of this nest and many hearts knit closer through confidences given and sympathy bestowed in this uplifted place of peace.

Of the solace, the renewal of strength and courage received from this friendly out-door nook, we are gratefully mindful. Here it has stood for years, a symbol of affectionate class spirit and happy school life. Class after class preserves the tradition of the Senior ownership of the Crow's Nest, and successively hands it down at Commencement to the Juniors, although this parting with it is a parting in only an outward and material sense. In her spirit each member of the class thus passing it on knows that its ownership is an intransmissible thing, that it remains forever a possession of those who have once possessed it.

Forever will every alumna of Lasell cherish in her heart the memory of the Crow's Nest.



Girls of '25, we shall do no less, for though we now give into the keeping of the Seniors-to-be, the Class of '26, this, our beloved Crow's Nest, it will be but a sharing;—it will still be ours as well as theirs.

Dear Seniors of to-morrow, may you cherish this tradition as we have, and derive much joy and happiness from this New Estate of yours in Spain.

#### ALUMNAE REUNION

On Commencement Day, June 16, 1925, The Lasell Alumnae Association very fittingly met in the old Chapel at Bragdon Hall. The meeting was called to order at two P. M. by the acting president, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, who

in her warm welcome acquainted the members with the news of the birth of a little son, to our former president, Nellie Woodward Collins '15, whose resignation from office he had unwittingly caused. About one hundred smiles of greeting were extended to the young gentleman. The class of 1925 was welcomed by the president and the class president of '25, Jessie Matteson cordially responded. This new class promptly made its way into the heart of our national treasurer of the L. A. A. with a check for \$68.00 covering the membership dues for the entire class, which was presented by Barbara Cushing, treasurer of class of '25.

Reports of the secretary for meetings of June 10, 1924, and the February Reunion were read and approved. The report of the treasurer, Mrs. E. R. Cushing '73 was read and approved, the treasury showing a balance of \$4,563.25 with further interest on the money due.

Miss Packard '83 reported for the Committee appointed in June, 1924, to present, after consultation with Dr. Winslow, the names of fifteen Alumnae for the Corporation. The committee presented a report, but asked that action upon it be delayed until after action is had upon the constitution which is under consideration by the association. The committee also recommended and the association voted:

That the Chair appoint a Committee empowered to suggest the names of six graduates as nominees for membership in the Corporation, these names to be presented to the Trustees to be voted upon at their next meeting. In the absence of Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Potter '80 submitted her report. Mrs. Vaughan has drawn up and sent in a new Constitution for the use of the L. A. A. Upon hearing the report the following motion was presented and adopted:

That a meeting of the Alumnae Association be called in the fall before mid-winter Reunion, to consider the Constitution point by point as presented by the framer of the Constitution, Mrs. Moseetta Stafford Vaughan '86. Due notice of this meeting to be given through the LEAVES and also through the permanent secretaries of the classes and Lasell Clubs.

At this time Geraldine Wilder '24 and Norma MacMillan 1918- sang delightfully for our entertainment.

Dr. Winslow, after a word of welcome to the Association, expressed his keen appreciation of the goodly sum of fifteen hundred dollars which the class of 1925 was leaving for the Lasell Endowment Fund. He acknowledged also a gift of two hundred dollars from the class of 1910, a sheaf of checks from 1915, thirty dollars from the graduating class of Woodland Park to start the fund of the "Class of 1930," and other personal gifts. The Principal and Alumnae Association expressed gratitude to the treasurer, Mrs. Cushing, for her gift of an American Flag made with her own hands and presented to the seniors, assuring the girls that she wished the flag used every day and not just at Commencement. Dr. Winslow brought a reassuring message of the past year at Lasell, and reported one of the largest enrollments. In part he said, "The School" still held to the same ideals, although changing conditions might mean a change of method in the approach to them. We are moving slowly but steadily, building on the old foundations of truth and service. "We need the co-operation of every one. When you criticize, do so to us. Come and see us whenever you can." He also told of the slow but steady march of the new Corporation to permanent security and progress through the Endowment. Slowly but surely the Corporation is moving and eventually it is their wish that the Lasell Alumnae shall hold the controlling interest in Lasell Seminary. Dr. Winslow also reminded the Alumnae of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Founding of the School in 1851. He suggested that a new Auditorium and Gymnasium would be a fitting birthday gift.

Miss Potter read this characteristic message from our beloved Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon:

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DR. BRAGDON'S GREETING

June 1, 1925.

My dear "Old Girls":

I am sorry I am not looking into your faces today, but I am sure you are not sorry, for you know that,



if I were there, I'd be using time which will be better spent by Principal Winslow and your preceptress.

They will tell you how much better Lasell is now than it was when you were here, while I believe in progress and am glad our dear old school is going ahead, I am selfish enough not to want it to be *better*.

I close my eyes and think of how Bragdon Hall was when I came in 1874 and how in 1880 the East Wing was built, the West Wing and center raised one story: then later the Gymnasium and Carter Hall built; then the Gymnasium raised and the Swimming Pool put under it; then Sawyer House (now the Principal's home) built and Clark cottage bought, etc., etc., etc.

But if I don't look out, I'll be taking your time and their time which is just what I vowed I would not do, so I'll only say "Salve atque Vale."

Also, take the LEAVES.

Also write to me, you who care to gladden the heart of your exiled *Old Principal*.

Also don't fail to call on Mrs. Bragdon and me when you come (as all of you will some day) to this glorious Southern California and the Crown of the Valley, which is Pasadena.

P.S. to my note to Alumnae—

Also, I send special regards to:

1—Elizabeth Wells, daughter of Edith Burke, formerly called "The Lasell Baby," because she was born in Bragdon Hall while her father was teacher of Natural Sciences at Lasell.

2—Virginia Hight, daughter of Lorena Fellows.

3—Elizabeth Saxton, daughter of Lestra Hibbard.

4—Madeleine Roth, daughter of Josephine Milliken.

5—Juliet Warren, daughter of Lucy Sargeant.

6—Marjorie Allyn, daughter of Annie Mae Pinkham.

Only I wish they hadn't bobbed their hairs!

You look better the other way, girls!

Also I send special remembrances to Maria and Pat, valuable promoters of Lasell economics.

The secretary was instructed to send to Dr. Bragdon and also to Nellie Woodward Collins '15 the greetings of the L. A. A.

1910 cheered us on with an original song and poem:

"We're not so very beautiful  
No doubt a bit shop worn  
Or a trifle faded,  
But we're not a bit forlorn.  
For we feel within our hearts  
Of all the classes at Lasell,  
We were the smartest of the smarts,  
The peppiest as well.  
In case you think this toppy,  
We apologize, of course,

Knowing manners very sloppy  
These facts could ne'er endorse.

We know we cannot sing,  
We dare not make a speech,  
And we'd have a frightful stage fright  
If we ever tried to preach.

For 1910 she ain't what she used to be fifteen years ago."

Two members of the class of 1915 rose in tribute to their absent ones.

The class of 1920, whose class spirit and faithful return was a source of much pleasure, sang another selection for us:

"O'd 1920, we still sing to you,  
Nothing has taken your place in our hearts,  
Your memory guides us, when we're far apart,  
In classmates you gave us  
We always put our trust.  
We'll be faithful and sincere,  
And will hold you so dear,  
Old 1920—we're true."

We were happy to see the majority of the class of 1905 present Commencement Day, but sorry they could not stay to regale our spirits with their "reunion stunts," also the class of 1924.

It was voted that the Chair instruct the secretary to cast a vote for the following officers:

President—Susan Tiffany '15  
Vice-President—Irene Sauter Sanford '06  
Secretary—Marion Hale Bottomley '10  
Treasurer—Ella Richardson Cushing '73  
Chairman Mid-Winter Reunion Committee—  
Jane Ford Amesbury, 1901-03  
Chairman June Committee—  
Mildred Pierce Fuller '06

It was also voted that the Chair appoint a Committee to choose a successor to Mrs. Merriam '85 as trustee for the Caroline Carpenter Fund, the income of which has been accumulating for a number of years, the principal sum being about \$1700 raised for the purpose of erecting a building to be named for her.

Voted: To empower the treasurer, Mrs. Cushing, to reinvest the sum of \$1000, this sum being a Liberty Loan Bond presently maturing.

The meeting then adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

SUSAN TIFFANY,  
*Secretary pro tem.*

The list of life members of the Alumnae Association is as follows:

- Class of 1854 Rose Hayward Brown  
 1857 Fanny Sykes Davis  
 1861 Caroline Hills Leeds  
 1863 Ida Capron Cook  
 1869 Catherine Ames Ide  
 1873 Ella Richardson Cushing  
 1880 Lillie R. Potter  
 1882 Carrie Wallace Hussey  
 1883 Lillian Mansfield Packard  
 Annie Wallace  
 1884 Ida Sibley Webber  
 1894 Laura Case Viot  
 Jennie May Rich  
 Harriet Grace Scott  
 1895 Alice Andresen Kountze  
 1896 Annie Jean Hackett  
 1898 Helen Abbott Bucknam  
 1899 Alice Rosamond Kendall  
 1900 Blanche Gardner Keeler  
 1904 Katherine Jenckes Knox  
 Jennie Hamilton Eliason  
 1905 Ida Jones Hayden  
 Edna Rogers Carlisle  
 1906 Edith Anthony Carlow  
 Helen Carter Marcy  
 Mildred Pierce Fuller  
 Irene Sauter Sanford  
 Elsie Young Hayden  
 1908 Lela Helen Goodall  
 Grace Thomas Griswold  
 Louise Morrell Nestler  
 Anna Smith Floyd  
 1910 Julia Crafts Sheridan  
 Mildred Goodall Campbell  
 Susan Stryker  
 1911 Margaret Jones Clemen  
 Gladys Margaret Lawton  
 1912 Florence Jones Allen  
 1913 Mildred Westervelt Warner  
 1914 Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine  
 Ruth Davis Giller  
 1915 Susan Emeline Tiffany  
 1916 Naomi Sarah Bradley  
 Ruth Griffin McDonald  
 Helen Merrill Strohecker  
 1917 Jessie Caulk Shepherd

- 1918 Lydia Adeline Adams  
 Dorothy Casoline Barnes  
 1919 Mary Hopkins  
 Sarah Hopkins  
 Mercie Vinal Nichols  
 1920 Anna Crane Sherwood  
 Doris Margaret Crawford  
 Isabel Maud Fish  
 Marjorie Vivian Hussey  
 1921 Gladys Victoria Lucas  
 Julia Russell Robertson  
 Ruth Smith Coates  
 1922 Iverna Louise Birdsall  
 Harriett Phelps Case  
 Cornelia Mallory Hemingway  
 1923 Adrienne Estelle Smith  
 1924 Avis Dorothy Ballou.

The following girls were back for the reunions of their classes:

- 1905  
 Miriam Nelson Flanders  
 Mary Potter McConn  
 Barbara Vail Bosworth  
 Helen Darling Tillinghast  
 Grace Rowe Vail  
 Agnes Wylie West  
 Leslie White Alling  
 Ada Wells Burnham  
 Frances Bragdon West  
 Edna Rogers Carlisle  
 1910  
 Marion Hale Bottomley  
 Olive Bates Dumas  
 Julia DeWitt Read  
 Mildred Goodall Campbell  
 Josephine Woodward Rand  
 Cornelia Stone  
 1920  
 Julia Rankin  
 Helen Sanborn Reeve  
 Marguerite Hardy Chandler  
 Freda Griffin Leining  
 Doris Whitney  
 Mildred Patten  
 Jessie Melanson  
 Helen Balcom  
 Elizabeth Stephens  
 Caroline Haney Lindsay



Dorothy Burnham  
 Beulah McFarland  
 Dorothy Sprague  
 Muriel James Morrison  
 Louise Furbush  
 Sue Davidson  
 Frances Heath Thompson  
 Katherine Forgie Holman  
 1924  
 Esther Refern Adams  
 Marjorie Loomis Aitken  
 Alice Elizabeth Anderson  
 Frances Whidden Badger  
 Elizabeth Barden  
 Gertrude Rebecca Bardwell  
 Dorothy Barnard  
 Mabel Cleaveland Bavier  
 Marietta Louise Chase  
 Edith Campbell Clendenin  
 Brenda Martin Copeland  
 Miriam Louise Ellsworth  
 Edith Wilson Hadley  
 Anna Cornelia Hendee  
 Phyllis Hessin  
 Mary Katherine Knox  
 Margaret Killeen Lonval  
 Alice Elizabeth McCaghey  
 Maude Marguerite Murray  
 Lucile Maria Norris  
 Esther Ashcroft Palmer  
 Bernice Crowninshield Parker  
 Lydia Parry  
 Eleanor Parsons  
 Helen Bodwell Perry  
 Barbara Louise Pinkham  
 Ella Hazel Robbins  
 Helen Wightman Robson  
 Frances Mary Royce  
 Helen Christine Schroer  
 Helen Louise Staples  
 Virginia Prudence Stevens  
 Helen Gildersleeve Terry  
 Katherine Carroll Webb  
 Gertrude Alice Westerhoff  
 Geraldine Wilder  
 Gertrude Mildred Wragg  
 Alice Wry Anthony

#### RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ENDOWMENT FUND

The gift of the Class of 1925 to the school was a contribution of \$1500 to the Endowment Fund. At the Commencement Day Chapel Exercise, Miss Matteson, the President of the class, announced that the class had \$980 with which to start its class fund. Immediately after she was seated, Mrs. Mortimer, the mother of Eva-May Mortimer, of the graduating class, arose and stated that she would like to raise the amount to the even \$1,000 toward which the class had been aiming. An hour later as the procession was entering the church for the graduating exercises an envelope containing a check for \$500 was handed to me as a further addition to the fund of the class with a request that the donor be allowed to bear the title of "Fairy God-Mother of the Class" without further designation. So, by the help of this generous friend, the Fund of the Class of 1925 starts off at \$1,500—a very fine beginning.

A new feature of the additions to the Endowment Fund was presented when the six graduating members of Woodland Park presented a gift of \$30 with which they asked to start the Fund of the Class of 1930, which is their class in the Seminary. It should be added that Mrs. Mary Ransom Wagner (1874-1876) is the Honorary Member of that class, and we suspect had an active part in this very pleasing plan. It is indeed a cheering thing to have the help of these younger girls in this enterprise.

Of the classes celebrating their reunions, 1915 added \$69 to its Class Fund; 1910 added \$200; 1905 added \$15 and the suggestion that more might be coming another year; 1900 added \$125. The Class of 1905 made a large contribution to the pleasure of the occasion by the presence of twelve of the eighteen surviving members of their class—a remarkably good showing.

Mrs. Cushing, in giving her report as Treasurer of the Alumnae Association, recorded that through the accumulation of the annual dues and the payment of life memberships—\$25—by sixty-five graduates, her balance on

hand has now climbed to something over \$4,600. While this is not strictly endowment fund, the purpose of the fund is to help worthy students, which is the same as that of the endowment fund.

The number of those who are contributing to the endowment fund and who are hoping to do more later is slowly but steadily increasing and the fund is growing. Our thanks to all who are helping and a cordial invitation to others to join the band.

Very cordially yours,  
GUY M. WINSLOW.

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#### ATTENTION ALUMNAE

On October first at three o'clock P. M. there will be held at Lasell Seminary, Bragdon Hall, a call meeting of the Alumnae to consider the adoption of the new constitution which has been prepared by the committee at the request of the Association. Will each Alumna consider this as a personal and urgent invitation to be present and without further notice accept the call and report at this important meeting.

SUSAN B. TIFFANY, *President.*

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#### THE UP-TRAIL

There's a spirit gained by camping  
That you pick up in the rills,  
There's a mighty fine religion  
That is found among the hills;  
Each morning cloud is laden  
With efforts to be gained,  
But how oft have we at even  
Found them turned again to rain.  
It's a thrilling inspiration  
When you find a worthy goal,  
And it's found upon the up-trail  
Among the heights for which we strove;  
So here's to the up-trail  
Though easier be the low trail,  
For it's only by the effort  
That we gain a worthy goal.

*Helen Bliss.*

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1st Student: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame wasn't at all like the book."

2nd Student: "That's nothing! Humoresque wasn't a bit like the music!"

#### EDITORIAL

Have you ever read Dorothy Speare's "Dancers in the Dark"? Of course you have. Then if you remember it at all, you will remember the little phrase—"honour and truth and a sure intent"—a small phrase that played a very large part in the novel. Perhaps it would not be amiss to consider it ourselves. Honour, first—we realize, I think, that honor is perhaps the most necessary quality in an assembly of three hundred girls living so intimately—and so intensely—as we at Lasell are. We are a very delicately put-together piece of machinery, and defective honor in one of us throws back on the machinery as a whole and puts us all into discord. I'm not an engineer, so maybe my phrasing isn't just right, but I think you will see my meaning.

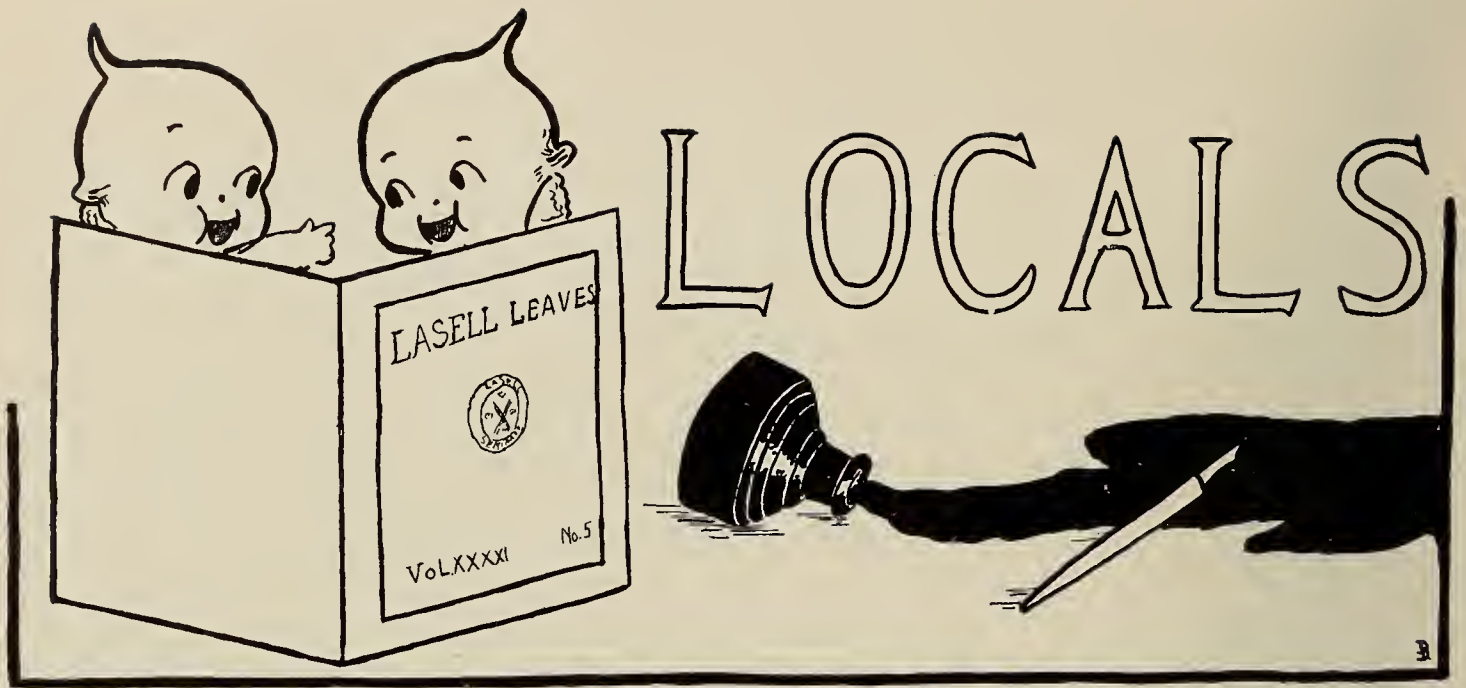
Truth, next. You will notice that it follows honor in this phrase, and so it most always does. Truth is honor's perfect complement. I hardly need to say more, since truth is such a fundamental thing in itself.

"A sure intent"—yes, that is vital. And most of us have one, I suppose. A sure intent—that makes the world go on, as surely as love makes it go around. Columbus' sure intent, Washington's sure intent, Lincoln's sure intent—these mean much to us now. With such an incentive we may serve more closely "honour and truth." With exams, in class rivalry, in our daily crises, let us hold to this. Let our sure intent be not to pass the exam., but to pass it honorably and truthfully; not to lead a successful life, but to lead a successful life honorably and truthfully.

Twenty-Five has left us now. And they have left us a standard. We of Twenty-Six, who are about to take their place, do so humbly. Honour and truth—we know they have it. A sure intent they had, and they attained it. A wonderful class—a wonderful spirit.

Twenty-Five, we salute you! Seniors of Twenty-Six—remember Twenty-Five—and go thou and do likewise.





May 3rd. We had the great pleasure of hearing Professor Earl Marlatt of Boston University, relate his experiences, not only as a witness of the great religious drama enacted every ten years by the peasants at Oberammergau, but also to bring us into more intimate contact by telling anecdotes about the individual players, whom some of us had the great privilege of seeing last year in Boston.

May 5th. The annual Tufts-Lasell Glee Club concert was held at the Auburndale Club House, and much enjoyed by all.

May 6th. The following is the programme of the excellent Pupils' Recital given:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Piano—Valse Interrompue                   | Lack         |
| Thora Sanderson                           |              |
| Piano—Country Gardens                     | Grainger     |
| Grace Thayer                              |              |
| Voice—Out of My Soul's Great Sadness      |              |
| The Rose Complained                       | Franz        |
| His Coming                                |              |
| Frances Rickey                            |              |
| Piano—Fremder Mann                        | Schumann     |
| Dorothy Denney                            |              |
| Piano—Polichinelle                        | Rachmaninoff |
| Margaret Anderson                         |              |
| Organ—In Paradisum                        | Dubois       |
| Virginia Wood                             |              |
| Ensemble—Choral and Minuet from the Suite |              |
| Gothique                                  | Boëllman     |
| Misses Eyler, Wood, Schisler and Birchby  |              |

|                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Voice—Serenade                    | Schubert    |
| Aileen Wilson                     |             |
| Piano—Nocturne in E-flat          | Chopin      |
| Misses Loewe and Birchby          |             |
| Organ—Toccata                     | Dunham      |
| Helen Foster                      |             |
| Voice—Lullaby                     | Cyril Scott |
| Elizabeth Coe                     |             |
| Piano—Liebesträume                | Lizst       |
| Margaret Van Page                 |             |
| Voice—Pirate Dreams               | Huerter     |
| My Heart's in the Highlands       | Hopekirk    |
| Delores Schisler                  |             |
| Piano—Scarf Dance                 | Chaminade   |
| Alice Crawford                    |             |
| Voice—Her Rose                    | Coombs      |
| Nightingale's Song                | Nevin       |
| Vera Studley                      |             |
| Piano—Gipsy Rondo                 | Haydn       |
| Misses Cushing, Black and Hegeman |             |

May 8th. Peg Gordon led Christian Endeavor.

May 9th. The Gym was turned into a veritable bower by the Senior Class who gave a Garden party to the Juniors. An old-fashioned bouquet was presented to each guest and by the chatter and laughter every one seemed to be having a very gay time indeed.

May 10th. Vespers led by the Rev. H. W. Hook.

May 11th. Once again Lasell Dramatic Stars responded most excellently to the call made by a Spanish play-wright. For an

hour or so, even if we failed to understand the language spoken, we were transported to that magical country—Spain—and delighted in the duennas and mantillas which we always associate with that gay and languorous land, where all is sunshine and laughter. The following was the cast:

LA INVITACION DE LAS GONZALEZ

*Personajes*

|            |                   |
|------------|-------------------|
| Doña Paula | Mariesta Howland  |
| Carmen     | Marion Sinclair   |
| Luisa      | Dorothea Brown    |
| Juan       | Charlotte Russell |
| Felipe     | Dorothy Hagadorn  |
| Pepa       | Ruth Martin       |

*Música Española*

May 14th. In the afternoon Lasell met Newton High in tennis. We won the doubles and they the singles—a very amicable arrangement.

In the evening Lasell Varsity team defeated the faculty by a score which we shall refrain from mentioning.

May 15th. Marian Miles led Christian Endeavor.

May 17th. Perhaps one of the outstanding Vesper services of the year was that led by Professor B. T. Hivale, a cultured Christian gentleman from Bombay, India, who brought a message from that far-away mysterious land, thus once again bringing us a little closer to it. We shall long remember his charming personality and stop anew before we speak of this ancient civilization as heathen.

May 19th. At last the day had arrived. Many of us had read with keen interest "The Challenge of Youth" by Dr. Alfred Stearns, Head Master at Phillips Andover Academy; now he was to bring directly to us his great message from the youth of this land. Because of the vigor and frankness with which he wrote his book, we knew we could expect nothing else, or less, from his address. He stated some of the very serious problems which are today confronting our generation. He did not mince words. He dared to attack the conduct of

youth. But he also dared to give the whole picture, and show how youth today, as never before, is struck with a spirit of high idealism, fine courage, and a sceptical intellect searching after truth, and therefore in a position to be led to making this the most glorious day in our Western civilization, if the older generation will but approach it in the same way and bring to it a spirit of sympathy and wise guidance.

We, as Lasell girls felt that we indeed wanted to do our share and make our contribution to this great work before our own generation. We are grateful to Dr. Stearns for pointing out to us in a simple way some of the things we may do.

May 20th. The Spring Orphean Concert was held at the Auburndale Club House under the splendid leadership of Mr. Henry Dunham, who for so many years has so ably filled the post of director.

PROGRAM

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| June Rhapsody                | Mebel W. Daniels |
| To a Wild Rose               | MacDowell        |
| Maiden and Nightingale       | Renard           |
| Indian Mountain Song         | Cadman           |
|                              | Orphean Club     |
| Bois Epais                   | Lully            |
| Le Muletier                  | Henrion          |
| May, the Maiden              | Carpenter        |
| King Charles                 | White            |
|                              | Mr. Bennett      |
| Salve Regina                 | Dunham           |
| Spinning Song                | Wagner           |
| From "The Flying Dutchman"   |                  |
|                              | Orphean Club     |
| Kipling Songs                |                  |
| Seal Mother's Lullaby        |                  |
| Mother Seal's Song           | Bright           |
| Road Song of the Monkey Folk |                  |
| Rolling Down to Rio          | German           |
|                              | Mr. Bennett      |
| The Call of Home             | Londonderry Air  |
| Viking Song                  | Coleridge-Taylor |
|                              | Orphean Club     |

May 21st. Rose Cruise led Christian Endeavor.

May 23rd. The Annual Field Day was held back of Carpenter. The Juniors were the winners of the Cup this year.

May 24th. We would hate to close the year without having with us our friend, Dr.



Edgar Park of West Newton. As usual he had a stirring message given in his own inimitable charming way.

May 26th. The Seniors under the able direction of Miss Francois, are to be congratulated not only on their splendid execution and interpretation of their play, "Prunella" by Laurance Housman and Granville Barker, but on their choice of play. It represented the desires of youth, the conflict and misunderstanding between youth and the older generation, the mistaken idea of youth in trying to gain freedom by breaking laws, and the ultimate triumph of youth, brought about because of its high idealism in recognizing that happiness does not lie in the satisfying of every desire, but in being true to some universal and unchanging ideals of life. It seemed a happy coincidence that Lasell girls should have chosen a play, one of whose collaborators was Mr. Housman, who is intimately associated with the Guild of Youth in England, and who is helping the youth of that land to interpret current life through the drama. The cast was as follows:

|                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| Pierrot                         | Virginia Brunner |
| Scaramel, his servant           | Katherine Kelley |
| Mummers:                        |                  |
| Hawk                            | Josephine Miller |
| Kennel                          | Frances Page     |
| Callow                          | Frances Finney   |
| Mouth                           | Esther Harvey    |
| Doll                            | Ruth Powell      |
| Romp                            | Blanche Avery    |
| Tawdry                          | Katherine Lalley |
| Coquette                        | Helen Black      |
| Prunella                        | Ruth Martin      |
| Her Aunts:                      |                  |
| Prim                            | Helen Black      |
| Prude                           | Esther Harvey    |
| Privacy                         | Eva-May Mortimer |
| Their Servants:                 |                  |
| Queer                           | Frances Finney   |
| Quaint                          | Frances Page     |
| Boy                             | Hope Bean        |
| 1st Gardener                    | Helene Berkson   |
| 2nd Gardener                    | Marion Miles     |
| 3rd Gardener                    | Evadene Love     |
| Love, a statue                  | Martha Fish      |
| Place—Garden of Prunella's Home |                  |

May 29th. Those who went were both agreeably surprised and delighted with the Recital given by Miss Eichhorn's pupils. The programme was as follows:

|   |                     |                    |
|---|---------------------|--------------------|
| A Winter Day  |                     |                    |
| "Bleak and gray                                     |                     |                    |
| Unfold the wings of day                             |                     |                    |
| Over all the snow is falling                        |                     |                    |
| Squirrels hide and crows are calling,               |                     |                    |
| Bleak and gray                                      |                     |                    |
| Unfold the wings of day."                           |                     |                    |
|   | Walter Amesbury     |                    |
| Reverie   |                     | Arthur             |
|   | Donald Winslow      |                    |
| Perpetual Mobile                                    |                     | Bohm               |
|   | Gwendolyn McDonald  |                    |
| A Song of India (From the Legend of Sadko)          |                     | Rimsky-Korsakow    |
|   | Sara Renstrom       |                    |
| One Fleeting Hour                                   |                     | Lee                |
|   | Evelyn Ladd         |                    |
| Slumber Moon  |                     | Stewart            |
|   | Marjorie Winslow    |                    |
| Negro Spiritual (Nobody knows de trouble I've seen) |                     | White              |
|   | Phyllis Allen       |                    |
| Serenade  |                     | Powell             |
| Violins   |                     |                    |
| Martha Fish   |                     | Dorothy Smith      |
| Phyllis Allen                                       |                     | Sara Renstrom      |
| Evelyn Ladd   |                     | Gwendolyn McDonald |
| Marjorie Winslow                                    |                     | Donald Winslow     |
|   | Piano, Ruth Shepard |                    |
|   | Organ, Helen Foster |                    |

May 30th. One of the most important features of a school are its traditions. Any one who had graduated years ago would have been struck with the familiarity of the scene both in dining room and campus—with but one change—and that was, that owing to the growth of the school the Glee Club concert is now held at the Auburn-dale Club House instead of the Gym. Otherwise, the chicken patties, lobster salad, strawberry shortcake tasted the same, for is not the chef the same? The same familiar sight of gay-colored frocks escorted by black coated men walking around the campus would greet the graduate, whose daughter instead of herself, is indulging in the self-same delights. Under the leadership of Mr. Earl E. Harper, the Concert given

this year by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was pronounced as being especially fine.

Glee Club Leader  
 Martha Fish '25  
 Accompanist  
 Bernice Cunningham '26  
 Mandolin Club Leader  
 Elizabeth Van Cleve '26  
 Accompanist  
 Ruth Shepard '25  
 Director  
 Mr. Earl E. Harper

PROGRAM

|   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| The Smiling Dawn                        | Handel                  |
| To Flora                                | de Mondonville          |
| Nymphs and Shepherds                    | Purcell                 |
|   | Glee Club               |
| Love's Dream After the Ball             | Czibulka                |
| The Lost Chord                          | Sir Arthur Sullivan     |
|   | Mandolin Club           |
| The Loreley                             | Liszt                   |
|   | Glee Club               |
| Down Dixie Way, Medley of Southern Airs | Odell                   |
|   | Mandolin Club           |
| Song at Sunrise                         | Manney                  |
| The Rose and the Gardener               | Scott                   |
| Goin' Home                              | Dvorák                  |
|   | Glee Club               |
| Lasell Songs                            |                         |
|   | Glee and Mandolin Clubs |

May 31st. We were glad to welcome again Rev. Henry Crane of Malden as our Vespers speaker. Once again he brought to us the message of the challenge that the world is making to the youth of today. His admonition to us to walk straight, to keep cool, to have courage to stand by our convictions in all the maelstrom of present-day economic greed, racial prejudice and militarism will long stay by us.

June 4th. Did any one say excitement is in the air? Did any one say it is not? About two o'clock trucks bearing those lucky enough "to make crew" rambled by, followed by cheering enthusiasts.

The first race between the Sub-Freshmen and Sophomores was won by the latter. The second between Senior 2 and Junior 1 was won by the Seniors. The third between Senior 1 and Junior 2 was won by the Seniors.

The final race was the one that all spectators were breathlessly waiting for—the one between the Senior crews, both 1 and 2, and the Sophomores. And the unexpected happened—one of those things that come once in a decade or two, for it was very soon apparent that the red-banded crew of Sophomores, captained by Vera Hambleton, was going to cross the line first. But running true to Lasell spirit and to Mrs. Winslow's previous admonition in her chapel talk of the week before, the other crews showed themselves good losers. It takes courage to be one, especially when you have won the year before and have worked hard to keep your place. So, all honour to Senior Crew 1, captained by Beth Nowell, who were the first to cheer and sing the praises of their sister class.

June 6th. The heat of the week seemed to concentrate into its greatest intensity for our June fete, but with undaunted spirit the Seniors in black-robed dignity proceeded to the Crow's Nest quadrangle. The May-pole with its gay streamers was standing ready to be entwined, and then unentwined by the dancers whilst all awaited with great excitement the Queen of our Fete. To our great joy the honour fell to our beloved Mac—Helen McIntire, in other words—and no less were we glad that the maid-of-honour was Peg McMurray.

June 7th. It is not often that a school may boast such talented members as Lasell has on her Board of Trustees in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, who for eighteen years sang in the Auburndale Methodist Church and who so delighted us with a musical Vesper service. We certainly hope they will repeat the affair.

June 10. Believing in evolution, Lasell carries it out in her final Pupils' Commencement Concert, evolving from rehearsals all year into a concert in June. The accompanying programme will speak for itself and we expect some day to be able to congratulate the performers on the world concert stage.



## PROGRAM

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Piano—Polichinelle                       | Rachmaninoff           |
| Ruth Shepard                             |                        |
| Voice—Boat Song                          | Harriet Ware           |
| Will O' the Wisp                         | Spross                 |
| Luanna Eyler                             |                        |
| Piano—Valse de Salon                     | Tschaikowsky           |
| Frances Hall                             |                        |
| Voice—Cradle Song                        | Gounod                 |
| Dorothy Hale                             |                        |
| Phyllis Allen, Violin                    |                        |
| Piano—Prelude in E-minor                 | MacDowell              |
| Helen Black                              |                        |
| Voice—Lotus Bloom                        | Schumann               |
| Hedge Roses                              | Schubert               |
| Barbara Cushing                          |                        |
| Violin—Regrets                           | Vieuxtemps             |
| Mazurka                                  | Volpe                  |
| Martha Fish                              |                        |
| Piano—Waltz in E-minor                   | Chopin                 |
| The Witches' Dance                       | MacDowell              |
| Helen Waltz                              |                        |
| Piano and Organ—Andante from String      |                        |
| Quartette Op. 5                          | Sinding                |
| Misses Clough and Cushing                |                        |
| Voice—Why                                | Tschaikowsky           |
| Spring Night                             | Schumann               |
| Suzanne Shutts                           |                        |
| Piano—A Jazz Study                       | Edward Burlingame Hill |
| Misses Anderson and Cunningham           |                        |
| Voice—Si mi chiamano Mimi.               | Puccini                |
| From "La Boheme"                         |                        |
| Elizabeth Shaw                           |                        |
| Piano—Fantaisie Impromptu                | Chopin                 |
| Margaret Anderson                        |                        |
| Voice—Cradle Song                        | Kreisler               |
| Obligato—composed by Anne Eichhorn       |                        |
| By the Waters of Minnetonka              | Lieurance              |
| Elizabeth Nowell                         |                        |
| Martha Fish, Violin                      |                        |
| Piano—Hungarian Rhapsody                 | Liszt                  |
| Victoria Jackson                         |                        |
| Ensemble—Hungarian March                 | Liszt                  |
| Misses Hall, Shepard, Loewe and Anderson |                        |

## AN APPRECIATION

The LEAVES Staff wishes to express its sincere appreciation and thanks to Miss Mulloy, Miss McMullin and Mrs. Watson for the excellent stenographic reports they prepared of the Commencement addresses for the June number of our paper. We are sure our readers will be glad to join us in appreciation of this very splendid work.

## ELECTIONS

The following elections for 1925-26 took place on Friday, June 12th:

President of the Glee Club—Suzanne Shutts.

President of the Student Council—Elizabeth Day.

LEAVES Staff:

Editor-in-chief—Dorothy Schumaker.

Asst. Editor—Dorothy Messenger.

Literary Editors—Mariesta Howland, Etta Williams, Catherine Worrall.

Local—Lucile Whitney, Charlotte Russell.

Athletic—Mollie Witschief, Aileen Wilson.

Poetry—Virginia Amos.

Business Manager—Elizabeth Saxton.

Asst. Business Manager—Mildred Stolaroff.

June 11th. Promptly at 2:30 in the La-sell Assembly Hall the parents and friends of the Woodland Park School gathered for the closing exercises, which were much enjoyed. Especially pleased were we to hear from Mr. Towne, the Principal, that all of the dramatization was done as part of the regular class work through the year, the dialogue being largely composed by the pupils themselves. A more detailed account will be found in Woodland Park notes.

June 12th. We had heard rumblings of an Exhibit in the Home Economics Department, but never did we expect to be so tempted to break the eighth commandment. As one entered the Sewing room, one thought that by accident one had strayed into Whitney's, so splendid a linen display was there on the tables. To add to it were dresses of all descriptions hung around, and we wondered if some fashionable shop was making a sample display. This department is under the efficient management of Mrs. Saunders, Miss Wright, Miss McTaggart and Miss Godard.

But to enter the "cooking lab" was almost too much to bear; unfortunately we

had to merely gaze longingly at steak Chateaubriand, crown roast, cakes, fudge and all the other most delectable blandishments of the culinary art. This department is under the able leadership of the Misses Lester and Nice.

When we further wandered into "P. K." dining room we thought we had at last reached a place where we might refresh ourselves, for was not the prettily lavender and yellow decorated table all set for dinner? On the side tables roast chicken, peas en Croustades, fruit juices and all the rest. But Miss Boothby, who has directed so well this end of the Home Economics department, very kindly explained the fine points but gave us no hope of indulgence.

Ices and cake were served in the tower-room, various members of the faculty assisting.

June 13th. The Senior Reception was held at Woodland Park Hall, which lends itself admirably to such an occasion. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Miss Potter, and Miss Jessie Matteson, president of the Senior Class, received the Seniors and their guests. Members of all the Reunion classes were there as well as numerous other old girls and friends of the school.

June 14th. In a stately procession the entire school, led by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow marched to the Congregational Church where a wonderful address was delivered by Dr. George Gordon, pastor of the New Old South Congregational Church, Boston. His address which will long be an inspiration to those who heard it, is printed in full elsewhere.

In the evening at 6:15 Commencement Vespers were led by Dr. Nehemiah Boynton. This is also printed in fuller form.

June 15th. The night of all nights of every Lasell Senior at last arrived! The Seniors in caps and gowns, led by Ella Richards, president of the Sophomore Class marched in singing "We march, we march into the world, with our banner high be-

fore us." The excellent speeches are printed in full elsewhere.

Before the exercises were over in the tent the elements poured down their blessings in the shape of thunder, lightning, and rain, so that the completion of the exercises was in the chapel rather than out doors.

June 16th. Commencement Day. Once again the whole school marched to the Congregational Church where the address was made by the Rev. James Gordon Gilkey of Springfield, Mass., which is printed in full elsewhere in our columns.

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### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

May 7. Dr. Louise Ball of New York City, the founder of the movement for preventive dentistry for children, lectured at Woodland Park. The lecture was illustrated by movie pictures very interesting and instructive. Dr. Ball was introduced to us by Mrs. Miner, wife of Dr. LeRoy Miner, Dean of Harvard Dental College.

May 11. We enjoyed the Spanish Play at Lasell.

May 18. Mr. Southworth, Principal of Thayer Academy, visited the school, and expressed himself as much interested in our carrying out of the Dalton Plan.

May 11th. A card announcing the birth of Jack Eliot Lambert in Rochester, N. Y., interested us all.

May 19. For the only time this year, Woodland Park attended Chapel at Lasell Seminary. The special attraction was an address by Dr. Stearns of Andover Academy.

May 20. The 9th Grade, accompanied by Mrs. McDonald, visited Beacon Hill, Boston, where "Old Boston on Beacon Hill" was being celebrated. All over the Hill charming ladies in the costumes of 1860 walked about.

We saw an old time wedding procession, fire engine, fife and drum band, etc., and visited several old homes. Perhaps the most charming was one where characters



from "Pickwick Papers" received and entertained the guests.

May 20. The girls of the 8th and 9th Grades attended the Orphean Concert at the Club House.

May 21. Our missionary zeal is keen when a very special May Breakfast is the tangible reward!

May 22. We all enjoyed Miss Badger's guest, Miss Edith Clendenin, who arrived on May 22nd and was with us much of the time till the closing of Lasell.

May 23rd. Our annual trip by the Gray Line Bus through Cambridge and Old Boston.

May 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Wickliffe J. Spaulding were our guests at tea.

May 26th. The Older girls attended Lasell Senior Play "Prunella" at the Club House.

May 27. We were very happy to receive a call from Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Flye, and Mr. and Mrs. Hatch from Columbia, South America. They were accompanied by Mr. James Ryan of Westfield, Mass.

May 28th. Miss Badger took Grades 4, 5 and 6 for a day at Franklin Park. We had a very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Walter of New Britain, Conn. Their daughter, Mrs. Alida Walter Johnson, an old Lasell girl, accompanied them.

May 29th. Grades 1, 2 and 3 had a wonderful time at Mary-Elizabeth Wright's birthday party. Mary-Elizabeth is now five years old!

May 29th. We all attended the Violin Recital at Lasell. Woodland Park was represented, not only by one of this year's group, Gwendolyn McDonald, but by several of our "Old Pupils" among whom we proudly count Donald Winslow, Marjorie Winslow and Dorothy Smith.

May 30. A very delightful day spent at Wayside Inn, So. Sudbury. Glee Club Concert at the Club House in the evening.

June 4. Lasell River Day was of special interest to Woodland Park School. Six out of the nine members of the Sub-Freshmen

Crew were "Old Girls" of Woodland Park School. The winning crew, Freshman-Sophomores, was captained by Vera Hambleton, one of our old girls, and in her crew were two other graduates of Woodland Park. We are also reminded that three of the four Lasell girls who represented Lasell in Inter-Scholastic Tennis this year, are Woodland Park graduates.

June 5th. Sometimes birthday parties come to us. On the morning of June 5th, Mrs. Martin arrived with ice cream and delicious cakes which she served to Grades 1 to 6, and to all the teachers at Woodland Park. This party was in honor of Ray Martin's 10th birthday.

June 6th. Field Day. The intense heat failed to discourage the spirits of the Greens and Whites, for each team and individual showed the spirit of victory. After a very exciting day and many contests, the final score was announced in favor of the greens by Miss Badger, Director of the A's. At the Sports dinner Miss Badger presented 12 W. P.'s to the A's, and Miss McIntire, director of the B's, presented 2 W. P.'s. Natalie Best scored 28 full points for her team and 8½ full points for herself. Gwendolyn McDonald came second in scoring points. Mr. Towne presented the cup to Gwendolyn McDonald, Captain of the Greens.

Our dinner guests were the day pupils, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, Miss Strang, Miss Clendenin, Mr. Best, and Miss Caroline Chase.

June 7th. Miss Edith Woodman of Boston was our guest at tea and delighted us with a song recital.

June 10th. The 9th Grade attended the last Pupils' Recital at Lasell.

Woodland Park School closed its seventh year with the following program presented at Bragdon Hall:

#### MUSICALE

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Trio—Hunting Song                        | Lynes   |
| Bertha Root, Betty Wilcox, Gloria Wilcox |         |
| Valcik                                   | Mokrejs |
| Prelude                                  | Chopin  |
| Arabesque                                | Debussy |

Music Box Liebich  
 Impromptu Rheinhold  
 Selections by Gwendolyn McDonald, Class of 1925  
 Trio—Military March Schubert  
 Helen Follett, Lucy Benejam, Ruth Delaney  
 Chorus—Birdland Symphony Kieserling  
 Woodland Park Chorus

CLOSING EXERCISES

1. Song—Bed in Summer Stevenson  
 Grades 1-2-3
2. Scenes from Myles Standish  
 Arranged and Produced by Members of Grade 7
3. Songs—All the Birds Have Come Again Mozart  
 Daisies Riley & Gaynor  
 The Bumble Bee Riley & Gaynor  
 Grades 1-2-3
4. Sleeping Beauty  
 Dramatized and Played by Grades 5 and 6
5. M. Perrichon à la Gare Labiche  
 Pauvre Sylvie Duprès  
 Elementary French Class
6. Songs—The Lady Bug Riley & Gaynor  
 The Frog Riley & Gaynor  
 Grades 1-2-3
7. Trial Scene from Merchant of Venice  
 9th Grade Project
8. Chorus—A Serenade Wm. Lester  
 Woodland Park Chorus

At the close of the program, the 9th Grade remained on the platform. The President of the Class, Gwendolyn McDonald, announced a gift to Dr. Winslow from the W. P. School class of 1925 of \$30.00 for the Lasell Endowment Fund. It was decided later, with Dr. Winslow's approval, to place this amount to the credit of the class of 1930 Lasell Seminary as a nucleus for their class Endowment Fund.



BIRTHS

Four little Lasell girls and four sons of Lasell girls have come to gladden the homes of our former students.

Janet Emmot Orr arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Orr (Virginia Emmott '22) on May tenth.

On May twelfth Priscilla Jean Stone was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone (Lena Vee Kelley '14).

Andrew Lawrence Bowman was born to Mr. and Mrs. Law. W. Bowman (Dorothy Davenport '18) on May seventeenth.

James K. Cullen, 3rd, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Cullen (Helen Adams '22) at 11.30 P. M. on May twentieth.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donaldson Scott (Anita Hotchkiss '18) announce the birth of a daughter, Anita Day Scott, on May twenty-fourth.

Wagner Perrin Thielens, Jr., arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thielens (Helene Westervelt '20) on May twenty-ninth, his daddy's twenty-fifth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Collins (Nellie Woodward Collins '15) announce the arrival of a little son, Howard Tuckerman Collins, on the fourth of June, 1925.

On June tenth Mary Woodbury Stearns was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stearns (Lila Woodbury 1900-02) of Newtonville, Mass.

WEDDINGS

A June wedding of special interest to the faculty as well as students occurred June thirtieth, when Miss Barbara May Fenno was united in marriage to Mr. Irving Frederick Sherwood at Westminster, Mass. Miss Fenno was an instructor in our physical training department. Our congratulations to the happy couple.

Brides roses, orange blossoms and a rare day in June are happy hints of the fulfillment of prophecies made by us concerning certain "old girls."

On the tenth day of June Gladys Gilmore Williams 1919 was united in marriage to Mr. Warren Maurice Swift and will be at home after the fifteenth of September at 140 Somerset Avenue, Taunton, Mass.



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morton Cleale of 37 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass., announce the marriage of their daughter Ethelle Mae Cleale '22 to Mr. Ray Eugene Collett on June twenty-third at eight o'clock.

Mary Elizabeth Parker, 1921-1923 became Mrs. William Vincent Bridgeman on June sixteenth. The marriage took place at the First Baptist Church of Malden, Massachusetts, at eight o'clock.

From Evanston, Illinois, comes the announcement of the marriage of Florence Kathryn Jones '12 to Mr. Draper Allen, the twenty-first of May. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will be at home after the fifteenth of June at Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Birmingham, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Hauck announce the marriage of their daughter, Lena Marie Hauck '16, to Mr. Kenyon Johnson on May twenty-first at Portsmouth, Ohio.

On Saturday, June twentieth, Marion Allison Stevens '21 and Dr. William Allen White, Jr., were united in marriage at Portland, Maine.

Josephine Adelaide Holbrook '22 and Mr. Frederick William Metzger also chose Saturday, June twentieth, as their wedding day. Mr. and Mrs. Metzger will be at home after the first of August at 811½ Garfield Avenue, Palmyra, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. David Case announce the marriage of their daughter Emily 1924 to Mr. James Seeley Guernsey on Thursday afternoon, the eleventh of June, at West Hartford, Connecticut.

At half after eight on Friday, June nineteenth, Ruth Folger Hight '23 and Mr. Stuart Ashley Guild were united in marriage at sixteen Radford Lane, Ashmont, Massachusetts.

The marriage of Barbara Bertice Carter 1920-22 to Mr. Harry Rayburn Kay will take place on Saturday, July twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, at half after five o'clock, Lady Chapel, Saint Luke's

Church, Evanston, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Kay will be at home after the fifteenth of August at 2236 Sherman Avenue, Evanston.

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A clipping from the *New Haven Register* tells us that Madge L. Shepard 1916-18 has announced her engagement to Mr. Vladimirs Ivor G. Petersen of New York. Mr. Petersen is a graduate of St. Catherine's College, St. Petersburg, Russia. As yet no date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Furbush of Clinton Street, Portland, Maine, announce the engagement of their daughter, Julia Furbush '27, to Mr. Linwood S. Cross, of 1023 Washington Avenue.

Barbara Pinkham '24 and Marcia Pinkham, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pinkham of Glenwood Avenue, will be at "Camp Paysock" at Brooks, Maine, during the Summer months, leaving next Thursday. Barbara Pinkham will be counsellor and dramatic coach; Marcia Pinkham is enrolled at Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., and will enter next Fall for a course of study.

"The dance given by the Lasell Club of Portland at the New Casco Hall last evening was voted very successful by those in attendance. Special decorations were used and the school colors and flowers were in prominence. Barbara Pinkham '24 and Caroline Lindsay Haney '20, both of Portland, were in charge."

Eleanor Knight '22 came out to Lasell recently by appointment to see Professor Dunham, who is urging her to accept a position in the Music Department of the Northfield Seminary. Eleanor has recently been the organist at the beautiful Congregational Church in Wellesley and is now playing every day at the Edison Morning Watch service and has probably been heard by hundreds of former students. She enjoys her work, particularly the messages given each day by some prominent Boston pastor, among the number being our Dr. Ashley Leavitt of Brookline.

What a joy it was to us, the home-coming of Edith Campbell Clendenin '24, full of her usual enthusiasm over her work and delightfully loyal always to her Alma Mater.

Katherine Knox '24 was back with Miriam Ellsworth '24 for River day. Our school can never welcome too cordially these dear girls; this reminds me of the happy and impromptu reunion which occurred in our dining room on the evening of River Day, when

Edith Clendenin '24  
Gertrude Wragg '24  
Margaret Lonval '24  
Miriam Ellsworth '24  
Katherine Knox '24  
Edith Hadley '24  
Helen Perry '24  
Lucile Norris '24  
Frances Badger '24  
Maria Parry '24

took their tables for the second time, and sang beautifully their class songs and created no end of happy excitement in our midst.

Louise Titus '24 sends a message to our preceptress from the Grand Canyon indicating that she is having "the time of her life" and declares that she has had a grand trip through California and regrets that she cannot be with us at Commencement time. Louise, the disappointment is mutual and we rejoice over your good time.

Our treasurer, Professor W. R. Amesbury, and his wife, Jane Ford Amesbury 1901-03, are having a splendid trip through California and the great West. Although as busy as they can be, they have very graciously found time to send greetings to many of our number, which courtesy has been greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

Our principal received a charming note recently from Lenette May Rogers '17, confirming the good news which came out in the May number of the LEAVES concerning her year's study abroad. She writes to Dr. Winslow how fortunate she is in being able to work with Professor Gregoire at Lou-

vain, the cytologist. Her problem will be in fertilization—either ferns, following out what she is now doing, or with mosses, a field little touched as yet. She expects to be back in 1927—for the tenth reunion, as Dr. Winslow suggested to her. We certainly have a right to be proud of Lenette Rogers.

By this time doubtless, Cornelia Hemingway '22 and her dear family, whom we always like to claim as Lasell-folk, are safely home from their trip to the Canal Zone. On their return voyage Cornelia writes to Dr. Winslow that they had a happy meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Flye, the parents of Eva Flye, one of our Woodland Park girls. Cornelia tells us that Mr. Flye is the owner of a large coffee plantation up in the mountains at Santa Marta.

Dear Lucy A. Berston '10 writes that she cannot leave her little two months' old son to join her class in their reunion this June. We are not surprised that she declares this small boy is not at all interested in coming. She speaks of the delightful round robin letters she has been receiving from her class. Lucy expects to go to their cottage for the summer and into a new home which they are building, in the Fall.

✓ Again our principal-emeritus has rendered the Seminary signal service in sending the following letter written by Rev. Milton S. Vail, the father of Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, which letter contains the interesting brief history of the Lasell Japanese Temple Bell:

"This ancient Temple Bell, made of Bronze, served for many years in a large Village Temple in the near Suburbs of the city of Tokyo, Japan. With the introduction of Western civilization and Christian thought, the Temple was allowed to go into decay and finally the village people and authorities voted to wreck the building and use the grounds for other purposes. For weeks I quietly sought to find a Bell for Lasell Seminary and through the help



of Rev. Mr. Ike, who worked in a very diplomatic way, success crowned our efforts, and we secured permission to send it out of the country to America. I wrote out something of the history of the Bell the year it was sent to America, viz.: in 1894, but I have kept no copy and Mr. Ike has passed on to his reward." /

Many an old Lasell girl has read that notice which for so many years hung close to the Bell.

Marion Bodwell Leshner '21 accompanies her yearly contribution to the Endowment Fund with pleasant greetings to our principal and writes that she had just moved from North Carolina to "The Cedars," Rye, New York. She adds, "I hope to get out to Lasell next Fall for we plan now to live in Boston. Please remember me to Mrs. Winslow and all the teachers and friends at Lasell."

This makes me think our preceptress met Ruth Hight '23 in Boston recently and declares that she was not at all surprised to find her looking handsomer than ever. She reports that this summer she will spend in Boston, but expects next winter that she and Mr. Guild will be at home in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Nellie M. Richards '93 was not with us at Commencement time, but sent a note of regret to our principal and a delightful word concerning her former schoolmate, Carrie Manning Dexter '94. Of her Nellie writes, "I was quite proud of Lasell recently when I heard Carrie Manning Dexter '94 of Fitchburg, address a woman's missionary gathering in the interest of missionary effort. Though a very busy woman with a family and outside interests, she spoke so clearly and earnestly, her talk was so well outlined and the expression of her thought so clear and language well chosen, that her hearers could not fail to be impressed with her own enthusiasm and incited to further effort. I wanted you to know that one more Lasell girl is using her time and influence in a noble cause,

though quietly and in a small corner of the earth."

Dr. Winslow received at Commencement time an invitation to the Dedication of the John D. Archbold Memorial Hospital at Thomasville, Georgia. In looking over the names of those on the staff, he finds that the director is Colonel James L. Bevans, husband of Desdemona Milliken '92.

Miss Dorothy Shank, our former dietitian and instructor, has been taking what we would call an intensive course in Domestic Science in Paris, France, and will return to occupy her new position on the faculty of Columbia University, New York City.

One of the unexpected pleasures of this Commencement time was a glimpse of a former head of our Mathematics Department, Miss Edith Collins, now of Columbia University, and her sister, Miss Nancy Collins. These friends were the guests of Mrs. Alice H. Smith, of Auburndale.

Frances Bragdon West '05 was with her classmates for a day or two, but could not remain for Commencement. She had recently returned from a travel tour with her husband in Europe.

Mabel Jones Carlton '14 and Edwina Hannigan Pulver 1912-13 just missed Commencement Day, but we are thankful did not miss Lasell altogether, for we had a delightful call from these former schoolmates.

It was certainly a most cordial and charming note which Mollie Taylor Rathbun 1890-94 sent back to her Alma Mater. She speaks of her great regret in not being able to visit the school when she was in Boston visiting her daughter, who is taking up the study of Art. "My love of my life at Lasell is one of my happiest memories." She closes her letter with this certainly cordial invitation, "Now that we are at the beginning of a long vacation, will see that any of my old friends still at Lasell would enjoy stopping over with me in this beautiful Pennsylvania. I can prom-

ise wonderful auto drives and a real welcome in this boat house which hangs out over the Delaware River—Mademoiselle sort of promised to come, kindly remind her.”

Helene Grashorn Dickson '22 acknowledges receipt of a Commencement program, declaring that it came during some of Chicago's charming Spring weather, making her homesick for Lasell and Auburndale. She regrets not being able to return this year, but says she will be thinking of us through every event from the Glee Club Concert to the Alumnae Luncheon. She adds, “Two Lasell girls who were my bridesmaids a year ago are being married this summer, Jane Adair Draper 1920 has set June 29 for her wedding and Bertice Carter 1920-22 will be married in the early Fall. Helene sends the names of two charming future candidates for Lasell and closes with cordial greetings to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter with very best regards to our principal to whom her letter was sent.

Eureka! in a word expresses our congratulations to dear Esther Story '21 who has just sent to our principal and Mrs. Winslow an invitation to attend the graduating exercises of her class at the Newton Hospital Training School.

Miriam Kent Flynn '12 could not come for the Commencement exercises, but took time to send a most courteous message to our preceptress. Among other interesting class items Miriam says a dear word about the little son of Clara Spinney Colby '18, who she declares is one of the most precious babies she has ever seen.

On Commencement Day Deborah Ingraham '19 sent this message from Portland, Oregon: “Greetings to Alumnae and 1925; am attending the Portland Rose Festival.”

One of the attractive cards received recently from Louise Parkhurst, formerly of our music department, announces that her studio will be open this summer for pupils

with whom she hopes to share the inspiration she received last summer while in London as a pupil of Myra Hess.

Eleanor Abbott 1920-21 remembered Lasell with a most charming invitation to the Commencement exercises at Wheaton College. Lasell congratulates this dear former student.

Among Miss Potter's chance meetings at Commencement time she ran across Doris Whitney '20 who was on her way to Ruth Hight's wedding. Doris also referred to her own marriage, which will occur early in the fall.

Our Lasell family are constantly the recipients of beautiful foreign postals sent by Alfild Trondsen 1922 and her family who are enjoying their delightful journey through Europe. Some of the other Lasell girls who will journey over seas this summer are Jessie Matteson, president of '25, also Aileen Wilson '28. Helene Berkson '25 and Mae Frankel '26 are among the travellers.

Lela Goodall '08 to our regret did not make Lasell at Commencement time, but in a friendly note to Miss Witherbee she expresses the hope of seeing us before long and gave the most interesting bit of news to the effect that she and Lilian Douglass '07 are planning a trip to the Orient in the near future.

Those of us who stood close in friendly relations with Marietta Chase '24 are not surprised to receive an announcement of her engagement to Mr. Stanley Stedfast, but Carolyn Badger's '22 engagement to Mr. John Seybolt we had not anticipated; but we rejoice equally with Carolyn and Marietta over the good news. Our congratulations are extended to each graduate.

Edith Harber Wright '05 was not able to join her classmates to her regret but was kind enough to send a most interesting message to our principal. She writes from her California home, “It is just a little too far away this reunion at Lasell and I am almost envying the girls who live near. I



am anticipating a visit soon from Marie Andrews '06. She has had enough of China and is enjoying her California visit—she is now in the Yosemite." Edith closes with best wishes to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Withersbee, Mademoiselle and Miss Potter.

Among the most welcome Commencement guests was Josephine Milliken Roth '99. In addition to her own interest in Lasell, she was here at the call of her daughter Madeleine whom we are glad to announce has been a credit to her mother's Lasell the past year.

Of special interest to the class of 1920 are the following telegrams received at Commencement time:

"Very best wishes 1920 am with you all in thought please sing one song for me and think of an absent member, love to each." *K. Rice.*

"Best wishes to all of you who are fortunate enough to be at Lasell again Fran Adams who is in California at present joins me in being envious of you our special regards to the Carpenter girls happy reunion to you all." *Peggy Perley.*

"My best wishes to the class of 1920 There never was one like it." *Lillian Grant.*

One of the most interesting and touching incidents of the Reunion of the class of 1905 was the sending to the class by Professor Eugene Clark of Dartmouth College, his wife's (Martha Haskell Clark '05) memory book—it was filled with snapshots of faculty as well as school and schoolmates and in between beautiful and amusing comments by Martha. Here and there bright, clever rhymes written by the gifted young author. Those who had the privilege of seeing the book greatly appreciated the courtesy of Professor Clark.

Classmates and other school friends of Emeline Carlisle Hill 1894-7 will be glad to hear that she appeared at the Seminary on Baccalaureate Sunday, well and hearty, "charming" than ever, good to look at. Life is treating Emeline very well. Her three girls whom we should much have delighted to see, were not with her at Lasell.

Her class mates as well as Lasell sincerely regretted that Ida Jones Hayden '05

could not come from far away California to her class reunion. She very thoughtfully sent a most friendly note of regret to Dr. Winslow, enclosing her endowment dues for two years and two years' subscription to the LEAVES. Referring to her disappointment as well as ours, Ida writes, "I realize at times that California is far away from New England, but it is beautiful here especially in the Spring; the country is literally carpeted with wild flowers. The expressed hope of this loyal Alumna that San Francisco may soon have its own Lasell Club, finds an echo in our hearts." Ida enclosed a most fascinating program of a musical drama, "The Enchanted Cottage," given last Winter by several of the Women's Clubs of Chicago. Lasell was pleased to note that the music for the "Enchanted Cottage" had been especially composed by Mrs. Henry D. Seelcer of Chicago, our own Charlotte Thearle 1903-04.

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#### OUR DR. BUTTERS

Dear "Daddy" Butters has "gone Home." What a time of triumph for him, but to the host of loving friends among his Lasell girls and teachers there comes a feeling of deepest personal bereavement. The joy of the Lord was his strength, and if we remember his loving admonitions to do them, we must brush away the tears, and turn to our daily round with brave hearts, for in the life of this apostle of love and light there was brief time for sadness and never an occasion to question the Providences of God. We are thankful for his years of beautiful ministry in our midst. Let us not dare disappoint him or his great Leader.

"This is not evening twilight, 'tis the dawning—

Fairer and plainer grow the hills afar—

He is not folding up his hands from labor;

Freshly he lifts them, while the paling star

Melts into light.

Oh, vaster, grander, grows the world before him!

The shadows vanish in the rising ray!

No longer suffering, he is just beginning

Through God's great universe to make his way.

With soul alert, he's passed into the day,

Unhemmed by night."

In the message recently received from Dr. Bragdon, he sends the sad tidings of the passing away of Maggie Coutts Moseley '86 and her husband, which occurred early in the year. Dr. Bragdon, however, did not receive the message from Mrs. Coutts' daughter until early in June. The death of this dear Lasell girl and her husband came as a great shock to her family. Her daughter writes, "My mother and father were on their way to their ranch in Palo Pinto County and their car was struck by the Texas Pacific train, killing both of them instantly. The shock was so great that only now after months have I been able to write letters and attend to necessary business. In speaking of their death, one who stood very close to them wrote, "They left seven strong, fine children, who felt as their parents had spent their lives in making, moulding and educating them, that they were in a sense their memorial." Her daughter adds, "Mother lived over many times her two years spent with you

at Lasell and generously shared these with us. She was always with you in spirit at Commencement time." She closes her letter to Dr. Bragdon by writing, "All of us have wanted you to know of our loss because you and Lasell seemed so much a part of our mother's life."

We are grieved also to report the passing away of Mr. F. R. Huntington, beloved brother of our Grace Huntington 1887-89 which occurred at the Brooklyn home June 3rd. Mr. Huntington had been in poor health for several years but the end came very suddenly. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to this former schoolmate and her bereaved family.

In a personal note from Helen Selkirk Wilbur '18 to our preceptress comes a notice of the arrival of a little daughter, Nancy Mead, April 20, at Rochester. We will share with our readers a part of this letter: "How I wish I could be with you all at this Commencement time—I think of you dear people every day and wonder if

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my Lasell is as beautiful this year as it was way back in 1918. My chief consolation is that I will be at my school home for my tenth reunion and that's not so very far away. I am enclosing a little item that perhaps will interest the Personal Editor—we surely hope that some day when Nancy is a big girl she will be able to know the joys of life at Lasell. Did you know that my old 'Roomie,' Marion Oram '18 was married last October to Mr. Merrit Van Valkenburgh and is living at a lovely old place at Nyack on the Hudson? To wish you all a beautiful Commencement time." Blessings on you, dear Helen and little Nancy—we will be watching for her in about fourteen years.

Miss Ruby Smith, our former instructor in the secretarial department, came away from her olive ranch in Monterey, California, long enough to come East and drop in at Lasell to our great delight and then to her New Hampshire home. She looks well,

is well, is in love with the great West, but none the less devoted to her New England friends and hills.

He: "You surely are a good dancer."

She: "Thank you, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

He: "You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

Minister: "My boy, do not curse or the Angels will hear you."

Small Boy: "Aw go on, even Saint Peter tells lots of people to go to Hell."

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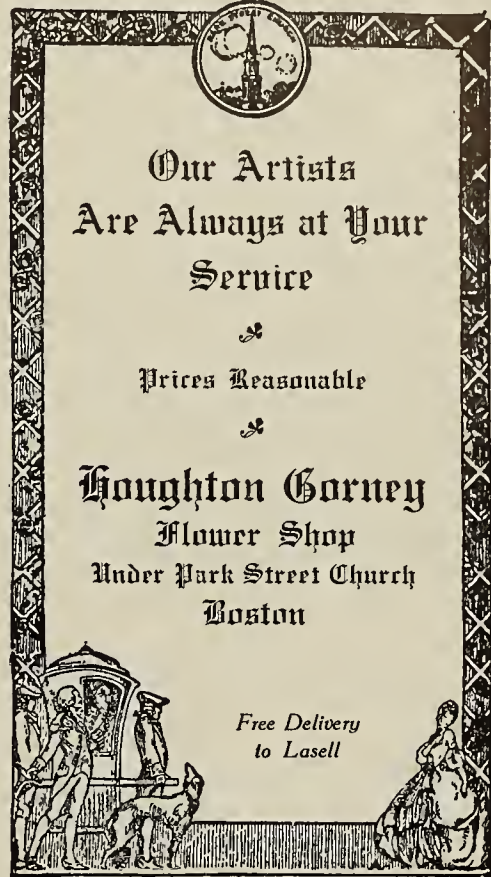
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No. 1

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## NOVEMBER

The sombre shadows of life were cast  
 The twilight glow on the earth was past  
 And he dreamed in silence  
 The quaint old home of long ago  
 Brought back those songs so soft and low  
 Still he dreamed in silence.  
 The leaves had fallen gold and red  
 The earth to him seemed cold and dead  
 But he lived in silence.  
 Night fell and towards the starry hosts  
 His feeble voice thus prayed  
 "Oh God, hast thou taken them all away  
 And left me alone in silence?"

*Virginia Amos.*

## BOOK FRIENDS

Books for friends? Yes, indeed, the finest that we know, and all kinds of friends too, just as the real persons of our acquaintance. There are, for instance, the jolly-book friends. They come walking into our sick room grinning broadly, and slap us on the back to show that they are not to be daunted by the subdued atmosphere of the place. They intend to be just as funny and hilarious as though we were up and about, which is really just what we want them to be.

"This hospital smell," says Irwin Cobb, sniffing the air, "is disgusting. All hospitals have it. I understand that in time you get used to it, but never really care for it. By the way, speaking of operations"—and then he speaks—but not in a manner that necessitates little nods of sympathy from us, but in a rambling, sparkling manner, peppered with such phrases and remarks as this—"Germs are a recent discovery, you know. I don't suppose that it ever occurred to the old-fash-

ioned mother to sterilize the slipper before she spanked her off-spring."

Then just as we are recovering from the last fit of laughter along comes P. G. Wodehouse, and we go off again over his last story of "Bill the Conqueror" and his invasion of England. There is the point in the story when Bill's friend arrives home in the wee sma' hours of a London dawn, having imbibed freely of a certain pleasure available in the city but forbidden in his own native United States. Bill found him in the hall, struggling with a hatrack. "'Lo Bill," he said; "I'm trying to shet thish thing up, and ever' time I try to shet it up it fallsh down, and every time it fallsh down it makes the mos' awful noish, and every time it makes the mos' awful noish I try to shet it up, and every time I try to shet it up—where wash I?"

No one stays long with friends like these.

Through the convalescent days when we still dread the coming of darkness our most beloved poet soothes us with—

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents like Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away."

That is Longfellow's contribution to us from "The Day is Done."

For our serious, purposeful days there is Edna Ferba's "So Big," and we see the money-mad son of Selina De Jong throw aside all of life's finer things, the things that his mother loved and slaved for, in his chase for gold.

Do we crave action and adventure? Rafael Sabatini, with a flourish of lace-cuffed wrists



and a low bow presents "Captain Blood," the gentleman pirate aboard the "Arabella." Do we want history disguised in story form? From Scott we have "Ivanhoe."

Then there is the happy time of the year when everything begins to waken from winter sleep. Tree branches open into a mass of glorious green foliage; how to express that feeling that comes at the sight of all this beauty—

"I think," says Joyce Kilmer," that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree,  
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."

Spring brings other things too. We watch our Kid brother as he leaves the house, minus his frat pin, and goes whistling down the street in a direction that he has taken quite often of late. We wonder how a boy feels when he is in love? Booth Tarkington overhears us asking this question and offers us "Gentle Julia." So real and true to life is this story that we can scarcely keep from thinking as we read the book that Mr. Tarkington has been peeping around the corner at our brother. Another sort of a book friend.

Then comes midsummer and glorious soft, dreamy nights. We send the talkative boy-next-door, who insists on whistling "Liza" and who hasn't an eye for moonlight, home. Then we slip across the porch and sit down on the side steps where we can get the prettiest view of the lawn. The trees are swaying, and from the corner of the porch comes a sleepy scent of roses. We lean back contentedly and gaze around with half closed eyes. On the front of the porch, heretofore quite smooth, appears a balcony—emerging onto it a slender figure, white robed and with an abundance of dark hair hanging loosely from around her shoulders. We nod approval, just what we were wishing for. The slender figure begins to speak. We know the words by heart—

"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Deny thy father and refuse thy name,

Or if thou wilt not, be but my sworn love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

Hidden behind us in the shadow a youth listens worshipfully.

"Shall I hear more or shall I speak?" he asks.

"Oh no, wait," we counsel hastily. "The next part is even nicer."

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy," the white robed figure continues.

"Thou art thyself though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? 'Tis neither arm nor  
foot nor face.

Oh, be some other name belonging to a  
man. What's in a name;

That which we call a rose by any other  
name would smell as sweet.

So Romeo, were he not Romeo called,  
would still retain

That dear perfection which he owes with-  
out that title,

Romeo, doff thy name, and for thy name,  
which is no part of thee—"

An alien footstep sounds on the porch. Romeo, about to emerge from the shadows leaps back again. Juliet looks wildly about her, and then leaps with sudden agility from the balcony. It, too, disappears into thin air. The footsteps draw nearer. "If it is that talkative-boy again," we moan. No, it is not the talkative boy, far worse, it is his sister.

"Hullo," we attempt cheerfully, rising and slowly endeavoring to keep Romeo behind us.

"Oh, here you are," exclaimed the talkative-boy's sister, "I've come over to try this new record on your vic—Our's is broken."

"Surely," we agree in lemonlike tones, "go right in, we'll see you in a minute." "Now," we prompt as the unwelcome visitor enters the house, "now is your chance," and we watch Romeo as he prepares to disappear in the direction taken by Juliet. We turn in martyred silence and prepare to enter the house, from which issue the strains of "Flea Hop Blues."

"We'll come again whenever you want us, you know," Romeo calls back to us.

“Surely you will,” we answer, turning back again and brightening at the prospect, “that is the nice part of having book friends.” We enter the house hugging our delicious secret.

*Elizabeth Oppel.*

### THE BLUE DIAMONDS

People were crowding through the great carved doors of the courthouse. The clock was booming the hour of ten, and the courtroom was all in a hub-hub; the jurors were entering their stand. This was the day of the final decision concerning the settlement of Senor Cervantes' estate. Senor Cervantes was a famous aristocrat of a long line of bold and adventurous nobles. He had spent all his life in the huge ancestral castle that was the countryside's only boast for miles around. The Senor was the last of his great line, and now everybody wondered where and on whom his millions and the mysterious old castle would be bestowed. Above all, they wondered what was going to happen to the famous Cervantes' blue diamonds. And so the murmurous outbursts of the crowd hushed expectantly as the judge entered.

A taxi whisked up in front of the courthouse and a young woman jumped lightly out. She was dressed in a dark blue suit, and a small felt hat almost concealed her thick auburn hair. After dropping the necessary satisfaction into the outstretched palm of the driver, she raised her big violet eyes up towards the heavens till at last they found the face of the ancient time piece on top of the building. She hastened up the steps and through the door. Entering the courtroom, the girl hesitated a little, and finally sat down not far from the front. No one took any notice of her graceful walk or wistful face, so intent were they on listening to the ponderous words of the judge, as he read from a document—a huge red-sealed, really legal document.

And as they listened, so listen you to me, as I tell you the tale of the blue diamonds—the famous jewels of the Cervantes.

Long, long ago—all stories begin that way, I know, but this was in the year 1527, which really *was* long ago—Paulos de Cervantes with his true friend and comrade, Don Salvador, sailed from Spain to join Pizarro's company to invade Peru. They underwent many hardships and fought fierce battles, but both Don Cervantes and Don Salvador were young knights and gallant, and they gloried in the rashness of it all.

One day they heard from some captured natives tales of a city far-famed for its legendary riches. By this time the two young nobles were awearied of hard living, and hard fighting, and they decided to leave Pizarro, and go in search of this newly-known city of treasure. So in the dead of night they stole away, with their own followers.

Day and night they travelled, and night and day they travelled, until at last they came to the foot of a great mountain over which there was no passing and under which there was no going. So they halted their small company and camped in the shadow of the great mountain for the night.

But Paulos de Cervantes was restless, and could not be still, and so it was that he wandered, bye and bye, away from the camp fire, and aimlessly up and along the side of the mountain, and so it was that he came upon a huge slab of rock fitted into the mountain side like a door, and hinged with rude hinges.

With an awakened interest now, Cervantes tugged at the rock, and tugged until his foot slipped and he almost was struck by the door as it swung heavily backwards,—the secret spring, you see, working true to form.

The man peered into the opening. In the dim light his unaccustomed eyes made out a low-roofed, rough-hewn corridor leading straight ahead to a vast hall in the distance. A strange blue atmosphere, rather than light, seemed to permeate it and gave to it all a ghostly unreality. Thoroughly roused by this time, the adventurous young noble scrambled into the opening and stumbled down the dim corridor. It was not until he entered the hall that he became aware for the first time of the



idol, huge, ugly, carven, that was throned in that great antechamber. And he saw, too, that the eyes of the idol were two huge diamonds—that they were blue, and that a ray of outside light, coming from far up in the roof, struck the diamonds, and so intensified their color that the whole cavern became blue.

Cervantes was indeed awe-stricken, but only for a moment—he was too utterly Spanish to be easily intimidated, and he started to climb the idol to get nearer to those glittering eyes. As he sought a precarious footing on “the knees of the god” he saw that within the folded, carven hands rested a small casket bordered with brilliant stones. He fumbled at the lock for a while, and when he finally succeeded in throwing back the cover, he gasped with delight. Inside lay innumerable sparkling jewels, but among them glittered and shone five blue diamonds as big as a thimble—and so blue! Paulos wrenched the box from the passive hands that held it, and jumped to the floor. He let the jewels run through his fingers, and then snatched up the blue diamonds, cradling them in his hands. Greed gathered slowly in his eyes, and that terrible triumph of a man who has gained too much of wealth.

As he stooped there, growing miserly, a low-breathed “ah-h!” of admiration and wonder sounded in his ear. Turning lightning-swift, he saw Don Salvador over him, his eyes on the blue diamonds, and his gleaming dagger held aloft. Quicker than thought, Paulos de Cervantes snatched at his own short knife and plunged it into the body of the man behind him. Don Salvador went down without a sound, only a puzzled, hurt look in his mute, pleading eyes.

Poor Don Salvador! He had only followed his friend, fearful that some mischance might befall him on a lonely mountain side, and being of a more cautious nature than the rash Don Cervantes, had held his dagger in readiness for an unseen foe. He had been lost in amazement at the beauty of the blue diamonds and had never thought that his attitude might not seem friendly. His eyes cried out for him against this injustice as he died.

And poor Don Cervantes! He too, was horrified at what he had done. To strike down the friend of his heart, without a word—that was unbelievable! To his tortured eyes, the blueness of the hall seemed to become more and more intense, as he stood there unmoveable, with the little red drops turning to blue as they dripped from his knife to the cold stone floor.

Suddenly he became aware of his situation. Frantically he stumbled over himself in his awful hurry to get away. One of the diamonds dropped from his hands and rolled to the open out-stretched hand of the corpse. It lay there, blinking blue, evilly, and Cervantes could not touch it, but a frenzy seized him, and he rushed out to the open air of the night. And so it was that there are only four blue diamonds in the heritage of the Cervantes instead of five.

For Paulos de Cervantes had ordered his small band of followers to march directly, and no sooner had he gotten home than he threw himself out of the castle window onto the sharp rocks below, for he was very unhappy. And so it was that the Cervantes' blue diamonds were said to be accursed.

And now that we know about these wonderful stones, let us hear what became of them.

Loud buzzing, and muffled exclamations were heard again and again as the judge's voice boomed out sentence after sentence in which many of the surrounding institutions were linked with great sums. But all were quiet when he came to the words—“and the Cervantes' Blue Diamonds I bequeath to”—a sharp, hissing intake of breath, as everyone leaned forward—the senorita Anna Hajosa, the daughter of my deceased brother who was banished from his home when but a young lad. The said beneficiary now resides in London, England”—but the rest of his words were lost in the babble of voices. There was a slight commotion down towards the front because a young lady with large violet eyes had quietly fainted.

When she came to,—thanks to the kindly assistance of many young men—she was saying, calmly, insistently, and incessantly—“But

I will not have them! There's a curse on them, I know, and that's why Uncle has given them to me. He always hated my father. I tell you, I will not—I will *not* touch them."

The city of Capiora, Spain, believed the young lady with violet eyes to be a very foolish young lady, but she had kindly relatives who prevailed upon her to keep the famous diamonds in the family line, at least. But she still refused, literally, to touch them, and when she married the young man who had waved a bottle of cough drops at her, under the delusion that it was smelling-salts, when she had fainted in the court, she told him to do with them as he wished,—the diamonds, *not* the cough drops.

And this very wise husband of hers put them in a safe deposit vault in the Bank of England. And there they lie now, and there they may stay forever—those wicked, beautiful blue diamonds of the idol!

*Betty Wells,  
Dorothy Schumaker.*

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#### YEARS' END

Red leaves die to dust; mist-shrouded,  
The long, bare branches stretch to starkness,  
In the dim, wet light.  
In the mellow gold of distance  
Pungent threads of smoke curl into the sky.  
Beauty stands out—  
An elm-tree, etched in sunset-tone;  
A gabled window, shooting ruby gleams;  
A little, arched, stone bridge, with poplars  
Standing straight into infinity;  
Autumn sky over roof-tops—  
But beauty is doomed in its beauty,  
And dusk steals over it like the hand of death.  
Blueness descends  
Violet-blue in the shadows,  
Green-blue under arc-lights,  
Blue of softness overhead,  
Hard blue underfoot.  
The world whispers sadness.

*Dorothy Schumaker.*

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#### NEIGHBORS

Neighbors? Ah, yes, neighbors. There are various kinds of neighbors; neighbors rich, neighbors poor; neighbors snobbish, neighbors humble; neighbors gossipy, neighbors discreet;

neighbors gay, neighbors morose; neighbors with a past, neighbors with possibilities, but I think the worst neighbors to contend with are those about whom you're not so sure. What's meant is neighbors who are, have come and will be, but who, where from, or how long you don't know.

Startling news was broadcasted one fine day this summer. The estate next door was sold! Immediately the first question was: "How much did they get f'rit?" But that is neither here nor there. We are concerned with our new neighbors.

It was not two weeks later when we received news still more startling. Mr. Whoo-sits was going to put up a four-car garage with rooms overhead for four servants! How we wept! How we stormed! A young house put up under our own noses. Alas! Alack! Who could our neighbors be with such need of service? A royal family from Bulgaria? No, of course not. At least, not in this quiet town. A great merchant? Gracious, no, not so far from the city!

Well, days came, were lived, disappeared. News was gleaned—strange how little things do get about!—that there were eleven daughters and one boy. I can't help but feel sorry for the latter! It was heard that the Woodland Golf Course would all be bought up to provide servant's quarters. This, however, flew over. It was a statement made by Young Brother. Young Brothers never know things—unless you don't want them to! The question arose, "Who is the owner?"

Here I must hand my Young Brother some credit. The neighbor of a cousin to his little chum told her sister-in-law that Mr. Whatsis was a dealer in tobacco. The story spread around—you can figure it out, I can't—back to the little chum who told brother. Funny? Well, at least we knew Mr. Whatchamacalum's occupation.

The next bit of news obtained about our neighbors was on the night Father was driving the car and it ran out of gas. When he finally located a fixer man, the age old discussion arose once more. Queer how every



one but those most concerned get to know things! Anyhow, it seemed that Mr. Whatsis-name was the leader of the "P.S.E.A.I.F.I.S."—or in other words "Prevention for Study of Evolution Among Illiterate Fiji Islanders Society." This immediately stamped Mr. Thingumabob as a man of letters and great social prominence, a man who would be invaluable to such an upright community as this, for surely Auburndale needs such a leader—and society!

Days went by (it always helps to put in a sentence like that. It makes people think you're quite a big person—ah yes), and we had not yet learned Mr. Soojah's name. But one day—oh yes—one day Young Brother Sherlock Holmes discovered the whole truth—in fact the great truth. Social prominence, past, future, religion, morals, ideals, salary, dogs, cats, children—anything you would wish to insert here, would be told by that.

Brother came home late from school and pounced in on Mother.

"Guess!" he yelled.

Mother nearly collapsed.

"I couldn't," she whispered.

"I know everything—yup, you bet I do," said brother and his little freckly face was wreathed with the smiles of a victorious Scotland Yarder. Now we would know everything.

"Smith!"

We buried the dog next day and Mother's still in a sanatorium for the Feeble Minded. But anyhow, our quest for the Grail has ceased—such are neighbors!

*Dorothy Messenger.*

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#### MY MOTHER

If all the world were but a garden,  
 And every garden a golden dream,  
 And you were there, my dearest Mother,  
 A paradise 'twould seem.  
 If I could spend with you, my Mother,  
 One silvery hour of each golden day,  
 And talk with you, who, face to face,  
 Have shared my sorrows and my play.  
 The flowers there would never die,  
 The earth would seem so gay,  
 That we'd forget all else save God,

In those our happy hours of play.  
 The years would come,  
 The years would go,  
 And I'd grow older, too.  
 But still, my dearest Mother,  
 I'd always dream of you.

*Virginia Amos.*

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#### SONNET

##### "SUNSET HOUR"

What glories every Sunset Hour reveals,  
 In breaking clouds of marvels in pure gold,  
 While round about sweet hovering spirits steal  
 And whisper words of love to their own fold;  
 It is the holy hour of all the day  
 And nature all seems hushed in solemn prayer  
 We soar enraptured in its golden rays,  
 And left is earth, with all its toil and care.  
 'Tis just a breath—(a glimpse of the divine)  
 Transfigured by a miracle,—to blend,  
 The world stands spellbound at the edge of time,  
 What beauty and what joy comes with the end!  
 How often with its overwhelming power,  
 Has swept the magic of the Sunset Hour.

*Gertrude Powdrell.*

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#### CATS

There are cats and cats! Miss Prim has a lovely Maltese cat—a very lovely cat. Every day for a week, Percival (for that was the cat's cognomen, named probably in memory of a last lover), knocked down the milk bottles from the back steps. Mrs. Van Dyke has a pedigreed Angora—after being told by Mrs. Van Dyke twice a day for a month I am thoroughly convinced that her cat has a pedigree, nay, more than that, a long pedigree. Susie, the wash woman's daughter, has a cat, or rather a Tittie, as Susie calls it. Tittie is just a cat, she has no pedigree, and no tail. Sad to relate, Tittie lost her tail in an argument over the right of way with an automobile, losing both the argument and her tail. Tittie, however, is none the less lively for the loss of the tail,—after all, what's one tail more or less?

Tittie is an ugly, gray cat, but most affectionate. She would cause Mrs. Van Dyke to hold up her skirt (and her nose) and say, "Celeste, remove that repulsive creature immediately." Buster has a tom cat—its name

is Dead Eye. It *would* be named Dead Eye. The poor cat lost one of its eyes through Buster's carelessness. Buster was shooting at Tittie, and Dead Eye got in the way of the shot. Dead Eye is a most perturbing element in our household. I have a Pekinese dog, one Ming Toi by name, for whom Dead Eye has conceived a deadly antipathy; so deadly, in fact, that several times Ming Toi's life was endangered. Mrs. Hi Tone has a prize Persian cat, who parades on the front porch with a huge red bow on its neck. This cat never leaves the porch without the escort of one of the Hi Tone family—no matter what the inducement, Pris, never leaves the porch. Mrs. Hi Tone allows no one but herself to feed Pris. He feeds on cream, and sleeps on a pillow of silk. 'Tis a very hard life Pris does lead. Old Gretchen, who lives in that mysterious house under the corner store, has a black cat. No one knows anything about Gretchen, except that she and the cat resemble each other. She is old, and wrinkled, and wears a black scarf, whenever she is seen (which is very seldom).

No one knows Gretchen's last name, or the name of the cat. Everyone avoids it, however, because as is generally known, black cats are bad luck, and especially Gretchen's cat, is sure to bring ill to all whose path it crosses. I am not superstitious, merely careful, so I, with the others, avoid the black cats,

*Ye Spectator.*

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### IMPRESSIONS

MOLLY

A Russian wolf-hound  
Emerald velvet  
A Rolls-Royce of Royal Blue  
A pine tree outlined against the Sunset—  
The Morning Mood from Peer Gynt—  
The Unattainable!

DOTTIE

An orange roadster at full speed!  
A black whippet!  
Salome learning to shimmy  
Aqua-planing at midnight—  
A Nor'easter!  
Flame-colored poppies—black and gold pajamas—  
New Year's Eve on Broadway!

JACKIE

Romance in the "Age of Innocence"  
An ivory satin lamp doll—  
Candle glow—The Song of Love—  
A Rendezvous with an adorable princess—  
The Tin Soldier's Fairy Dancer  
The Rose Jacqueminot!  
Molly, Dottie, Jackie,  
Chicken Salad

or

Why Juniors Leave Home.

NADINE

Andalusia, castanets, a stiletto  
A red rose held between white teeth  
Black braids interwoven with pearls  
The voice from the Minaret—  
Russian Ermine—  
Allure!

TOMMY

A humming-bird hovering over a bed of bachelor  
buttons.  
Coral beads  
"The Danse Chinoise" from the Nutcracker Suite  
Lollipops and balloons  
A Golliwog!

*Sally Cox.*

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### AUTUMN AT LASELL

A leap, a bound, a swirl and autumn is here—red leaves, withered leaves—gay leaves and sad—a tingle in the air—a lacey film of frost—a flurry of rainbow leaves—a shiver—a race to Bragdon—fall coats, warm dresses—an azure sky like Mother's eyes—a clear scene, a bright scene, a laughing scene—a clear note of laughter on the frosty air—brown grass, browner leaves—birds headed for the South—and over it all, the joyous, season-loving spirit of Lasell, our Lasell.

*Rilla Silliman.*

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### THE TALE OF A TREE

It was a lovely tree as trees go—ancient, towering and majestic—but a mere tree for all that. I was tired so I sat down on the appealing grass and leaned against this tree. I slept—I dreamed. The tree spoke to me, saying,—“A mere tree indeed! You are unaware of the fact that you should reverence me—I who have withstood the elements all these years, who have been a mother to many generations of the bird family, who have wit-



nessed life itself—life inimitable beneath these very boughs—and I have lived too, oh how I have lived! I have rejoiced and I have grieved with my children—if I only could tell you all I know! Every tree has its supreme happiness—and its secret sorrow. I divulge my great sorrow to you. Innumerable little boys have shinnied up my trunk and innumerable little girls have played at my base—and then these same little boys and girls have grown up and courted each other. And my story is about two of these—my protegés. Of their generation, they were my favorites—she was of exquisite daintiness—and so sweet and gay—while he was a splendid youth. She had received seven proffers of love 'neath my shelter—but she had always been indifferent until she came with him. The first time that they came together—it was evident to me that they both cared—they were so conically embarrassed and it was too sweet for words, yet I nearly burst my bark laughing at them. Then they came often and I who had witnessed the culminations of so many many romances would marvel at their love and say to myself—“there never was a romance such as this—never a greater happiness” and I thrilled and vibrated to my very roots. Oh it was wonderful! But one night they had a quarrel, a tiny, camouflaged quarrel—they did not realize their danger—and I—what could I, a poor tree, do but rustle my leaves in despair—for I knew. Jealousy had taken root in their hearts and pride made an impenetrable barrier between them. They went away angry. I was nearly frantic. After that she came alone—broken hearted—and she would cry and say “I do love him—I do love him”—and her sobs rent me in a way many times more terrible than any storms could. Then he too would come alone—and he was so quiet and resigned, and he would sit for a long time with his head on his arms and he would suddenly throw his head back and say fiercely through his teeth—“I’ll never have anyone else.” What anguish I endured! How I yearned to talk to him—to tell him of her love—and to give him advice—and I could not speak—it was

agonizing! Do you wonder that my bark is gray? I appealed to the wind as she brushed past me—I beseeched—I entreated her—I tried to hold her back with my twigs, but she only moaned and went on her way. I was desolate—it all was of no avail.

For years these love rendezvous continued—so eloquent—so torturing! Several times she came with other admirers—and I heard many offer their hearts to this sweet girl, while as for him, I’m sure that many a maiden cast longing eyes at him—but he and she remained steadfast in their love for each other to life’s end. Could you but comprehend my suffering! Beware lest jealousy enter your hearts. Beware of this pride—and above all beware of tiny, camouflaged quarrels!

I awakened—full of a desire to tell this dear old tree how I finally realized to the full extent her wisdom—the reverence due her—and how deeply I regretted my long neglect. I rubbed my finger tenderly across her rugged bark—but the tree registered not the slightest emotion—so—shamefacedly, I walked away. And I am still wondering about trees—and things!

*Sara Belle Cox.*

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#### LASELL AGAIN

Hello, Lasell, we’re glad to see you  
 Gladder than you’ll ever know.  
 All through vacation time we missed you  
 Summer never seemed so slow.  
 Vacation days are always fun;  
 We had the *best* time, too.  
 But just the same, we must admit  
 We’re mighty fond of you.  
 We missed the jaunts down to the “vil.”  
 We missed the midnight spreads.  
 We missed the groups of merry girls  
 Who gathered on our beds.  
 We had no classes, it is true  
 No bells to make us hustle  
 But oh—we missed the call to meals  
 The hurry and the bustle.  
 We missed the parties and the fun  
 We can’t begin to tell you  
 How much we’ve missed you, dear Lasell  
 And oh—we’re glad to see you.

*Rilla Silliman.*



## ATHLETICS

It's rather early in the season to write very much about our athletic doings as they've been more or less conspicuous by their absence, but we have had a most promising turn-out for a good hockey team.

The practice twice a week has shown improvement and a most enthusiastic group of participants runs gaily and tirelessly up and down the field. Many of us are new at it but continue to learn with amazing rapidity. Several, no doubt, will make the all-American team some day!

Athletics is one of the biggest things in school, girls, and you'll get more real enjoyment in this line than in any other. Come out for everything, and remember we can't all make every team but most everyone can make one.

Be sure and come to all the games here at school and bring all your pep with you. We can never get too much of that and the team, knowing we're all with them, can never fail.

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We are an institution. Now that may sound too insane asylumatic, or too prisonified for you to agree with me. But there it stands. We are an institution.

We are not, however, an institution patterned after the aforesaid insane asylum. Not at all. Nor do we bear any resemblance whatever to a prison. We are, instead, the kind of an institution that home is, or religion, or things like that. Nice comfortable things with a great deal of quiet enjoyment to them.

But what I wanted to tell you was not that we are an institution—you know that by now

—but how we are the best kind of an institution! And that is by co-operation.

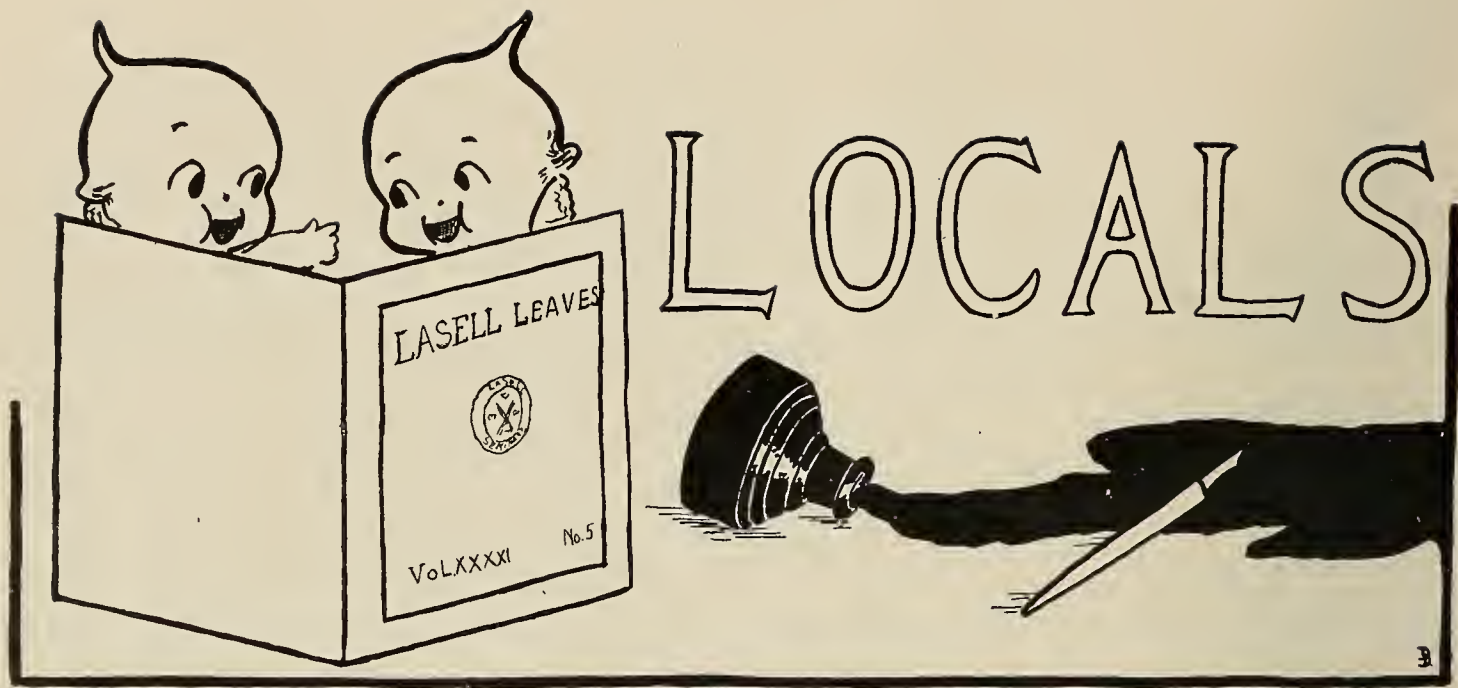
Girls, I don't know just why, but co-operation is always associated with steel factories, and trade unions, instead of with US. When it really concerns us much more than it does the steel factory. I don't intend to preach a sermon on co-operation—I'm not good at sermons—but I do wish you could realize what the "togetherness" of a place like Lasell means. Why, it means everything. Not particularly in the things we think are biggest now, perhaps, but in the things which we will remember the best when we look back one year, two years—or ten years. In the little things, that "togetherness" is. And when it's in the little things, it has to be in the big things, which makes us win games and have championships and all that sort of thing, which is very good. It gives one such a pleasing sense of superiority over his fellow men.

I think, if you will look closely—and I am talking now to you new girls, especially—you will notice among those of us who have been here already a year, something—I can't say what it is—that keeps us together. Please, new girls, co-operate with us. Make yourselves one with us. We'll help.

And everybody—every day—keep on co-operating! In athletics—make a team or cheer it. In your class—support it. In your studies—keep the standard up. For the *Leaves*—subscribe for it and write for it. In your daily contacts—say hello to everybody.

Just think—how wonderful we could be if we tried.





September 16. The timbers of our Lasell buildings echoed and re-echoed with our ceaseless chatter, that of long separated friends. For wasn't this the celebrated day when all girls old and new should be back? "Molly!" "Dot!" "Mary!" "Betty!" Oh what excitement! And a thrill there was too. "My dear, did you know that Nadine and Jackie are engaged? Indeed yes. Oh, and have you seen Anita with her hair bobbed?" etc. There was so much to say, the words wouldn't come fast enough.

September 20. Our first vesper service was led by Dr. Levitt, who was gladly welcomed back by the old girls, and the new girls, too, welcomed him. His talk to us was on "Thrills" and how to get them. We can't get everything at the beginning of life, the new things would lose their thrill and life would be quite the empty place without something to work for. Dr. Levitt certainly has the right idea.

September 24. Scene—Gardner, upstairs hall, at night. Everybody is seated on the floor, tables and chairs. Suspense is in the air, all hold our breath in excitement.

*Molly*—"Where is Violet Han, Margaret Bennett and those girls? Sh-h-h. What was that?"

*Betty Day* cheerfully from downstairs. "It's I, only Betty. I see somebody coming." A

general stir in the crowd. "It's the girls from Bancroft." Sigh of relief.

*Dot Denney*—"Let's sing class songs while we wait for the others to come on the 7.07 train." General assent from the multitude. "All right. 'Come all ye girls in our dear J—Senior class'" etc. Bang! goes the shade to the top just as we stop, and everybody jumps at least a foot. Girls bravely rescue it.

*Rilla*—"Good honk, there's the telephone. Shall I answer it?"

*Betty* in hoarse whisper from downstairs—"Here come the others." And the meeting commences.

"What is that meant to be?" an outsider would ask curiously. Senior elections and thrilling ones they were too. One of the poor maids missed it because she was locked in the cellar, having been taken for a junior listening in. Andy led us in our first cheer, and Dot in the serenade which followed the meeting. That was all for the 24th.

September 25. The Seniors announced their officers in chapel, and the cheer was given.

September 26. The Juniors are certainly right up to date for pep. In chapel they sang a very original song to the Seniors which was welcomed heartily, and it was a real surprise too!

The old girls gave the new girls a dance in the chapel that same evening. The orchestra was made up of our own girls and it certainly had the required effect on our feet. A good time was had by all.

September 27. Dr. Elmer Leslie spoke to us for our vespers on "Development." He said that only by living our best do we develop. Also he remarked that here at Lasell is a good chance to learn to think for ourselves. Why, it was so interesting that a little collie pup came right in and wanted to be introduced to Dr. Leslie!

September 30. What happened to the Seniors? It was quite a sight for sore eyes to see them so affectionately (?) chase after the Juniors! As evening advanced and wore on, *all* the Seniors had been smitten and were out looking for their dear Juniors. What was this magnetic force working among them? Elections again! The clever little Sophomores put it over on all the others and had theirs in Gardner during all the excitement and only two Seniors in Gardner to look after them!

October 1. The morning air is so very exhilarating you know, around half past five or six o'clock. Seniors and Juniors loved it this morning without a doubt! Everywhere you'd turn there would be some jolly juniors accompanying them. However in spite of all this, the big event of Junior elections was held at noon in Hawthorne. Dot Denney found them and managed to let Main Building know before she was captured. But woe unto the Seniors and glory unto the Juniors it had gone too far and they were triumphant at last! It's a great life if you don't weaken.

October 2. All the classes announced their officers in chapel and this year they all have fine and competent leaders to carry them through. The officers of the Senior Class are as follows:

#### SENIORS

Molly Witschief—*President*  
 Virginia Amos—*Vice President*  
 Peggy Matthews—*Secretary*  
 Mary Freeman—*Treasurer*  
 Dorothy Denney—*Song Leader*  
 Margaret Anderson—*Cheer Leader*

#### JUNIORS

June Newbold—*President*  
 Etta Williams—*Vice President*  
 Helen Waltz—*Secretary*  
 Alice Crawford—*Treasurer*  
 Sally Cox—*Song Leader*  
 Louise Hawkins—*Cheer Leader*

#### SOPHOMORES

Helen Bliss—*President*  
 Helen Morrell—*Vice President*  
 Adeline Trafton—*Secretary & Treasurer*  
 Julia Larrabee—*Cheer & Song Leader*

#### FRESHMEN

Gertrude Mondelli—*President*  
 Betty Wells—*Vice President*  
 Charlotte Orma—*Secretary & Treasurer*  
 Peg Basley—*Cheer Leader*  
 Dorothy Smith—*Song Leader*

#### SPECIALS

Louisa Mueller—*President*  
 Jane Judson—*Vice President*  
 Helen Kottcamp—*Secretary & Treasurer*  
 Mildred Stolaroff—*Cheer Leader*  
 Virginia Hight—*Song Leader*

October 4. Dr. Seeley Thompkins spoke to us at Vespers this week on "He that hath ears, let him hear, he that hath eyes, let him see." He was very impressive and by that quality he made us see his idea.

October 6. A tiny crystal bubble—it grows—still it grows—bigger and bigger—bang! This is one of the many clever surprises that Mr. Venetian Glass Blowers gave to us Tuesday night at the Auburndale Clubhouse. It was so very interesting to watch the beautiful models formed from a mere tube of glass. Four of our Lasell girls had a chance to "blow bubbles," and it was great fun for the audience as well as for them. It was an education in itself to watch them and it was over all too soon.

October 11. Dr. Samuel McComb of Harvard came out for this special Sunday eve, and his talk was on "The Power of Prayer." He emphasized the fact that prayer seems to release the energy and strength of our ambitions. It takes us away from the hurry and bustle of the world to a realm of higher and more inspiring thoughts. If we put our hearts and souls into a prayer, it means much more, and by our own earnestness will make it come true.



### CONCORD-LEXINGTON TRIP

On a Tuesday late in September two long, gray busses glided down from Bragdon headed for Lexington and thence to Concord.

For one, like myself, who had never seen these two keenly historical places, it was immensely thrilling to stand on the green where my forefathers had struggled to hold fast their ideals, where Capt. Parker spoke those challenging words, "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war let it begin here."

Having walked through old New England streets with their great elms, we were all in the proper mood when we reached the Hancock-Clark house.

I cannot in so brief a space impart to you the atmosphere or describe in detail this house. We entered by the side door, the same door used by the Hancock family for so long, where as children they ran in, the old walls echoing their shouts, where as men they moved about with greater dignity.

In the front room is a large fireplace tiled with tiles brought from Holland in 1800. The banner used to greet Lafayette, when he visited the town, is above the fireplace. These, the pictures and many relics all take their part in making it a place of sentiment.

From here we visited the Louisa M. Alcott home. If you had never read her charming books, that feature of the trip at least made one curious.

As I wandered through the house, I felt their personalities and loved each room for what it had held for them.

On our way to the Concord bridge we visited the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where are the graves of New England's literary men.

From this hour spent in the New England literary world we returned to its historical background, when we reached the Concord bridge.

Across the bridge is French's impressive, symbolic statue of a young farmer, one hand on his plow and in the other a musket.

It is here that three English soldiers are buried. On their grave is inscribed:

They came three thousand miles and died  
To keep the past upon its throne  
Unheard beyond the ocean tide  
Their English mother made her moan.

Homeward bound everyone thought the trip not only educational but inspiring as well.

*D. E. Ball '27.*

### THE PLYMOUTH TRIP

Five busses—and three cheers!

I never saw such envy as that on the faces of "the girls we left behind us." You can imagine the ecstasy of being warm, fur-bundled and squeezed into a seat with other warm fur-bundled creatures, starting on an all-day absence from our sacred pursuit of learning.

It was a wonderful day, in the first place—sunny, and crisp, but not cold. We rolled—lumbered is a better word, perhaps—down the broad highways, with occasional toots of a horn that sounded like the Fall River boat coming in to dock. And, inevitably and incessantly, we sang.

We passed through Mattapan first, then through Quincy, where we saw the home of Dorothy Q. and the birth place of Samuel Adams and John Quincy Adams. From there we went on to Plymouth. At the foot of Burial Hill the busses stopped, and we climbed the hill for a look at our long-gone but un-forgotten ancestors. One of our guides explained to us the significances of various tombstones, and then we hopped into the busses again, and went down to the Plymouth Rock. This was good, because we could take wonderful pictures of it. Across the road, upon a hill was a statue of the Indian Massasoit, and a little farther on, a statue of the Pilgrim Maiden—all white.

From there we went to Pilgrim Hall and were allowed a few minutes to wander through and see such things as Miles Standish's sword, the hull of an old ship, the clothes and dishes used by the Pilgrims, Miles Standish's baby shirt, and the great paintings of various episodes in the Pilgrim history.

After bestowing upon these works of art the admiration they deserved, we again

crowded into the busses for our final short journey, which brought us to the Amesbury's perfectly darling little camp down by the water. It was low tide when we came, but we had the fun of watching the tide come in during the afternoon. The first thing we did, of course, was eat! Clams!—and everything else you can imagine. Our digestive organs must have been granted a special dispensation by a kind Providence, or we never could have gotten away with what we did.

After our feasting, we endangered our lives for about an hour and a half by playing games with balls, and especially baseball. (I'm proud. My side won the game.) Then everybody seemed to feel a common interest in football, for in no time at all Miss Ross was knocking down all the girls she came in contact with, Miss Colton with the ball was running wildly in every direction, and Mr. Towne and Mr. Amesbury were throwing themselves all over the field, while the rest of us ran joyously back and forth, wondering what it was all about.

Far too soon, in spite of the minor casualties suffered, the call to the busses came, and we started home. On the way we stopped and filled every available pocket and lap with apples—good apples!

As the sun went lower behind the trees, and dusk came on, we drifted into songs—snatches of old songs, silly songs, sweet songs—a low duet sometimes, sometimes a clear solo, more often a blending of the voices of us all. And we came up the hill to Main Building—it was dark, and lights were shining—to the tune of "The End of a Perfect Day."

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### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

Lasell welcomes as new members of its Faculty, Miss Laird, who comes to the Biology department; Miss Dimitroff, an addition in the Secretarial Science department; Miss Stearns, for Expression; Miss Colton, Physical Training; Miss Rickard, for Swimming, and Mrs. Swett, for History of Music. We are also glad to have the Misses Hemmeon and

Elderkin from the Woodland Park School as full time teachers at the Seminary this year.

*September 15*—Woodland Park opened for our eighth year. Fifteen of our twenty-one boarding pupils are "old girls." We miss the girls who have gone on to Lasell or other schools and we welcome the new girls to our school family.

We have enrolled fourteen day pupils.

Woodland Park has only the eight grades of grammar school work this year. It seemed best to Lasell to take over the 9th grade (or 1st year high school grade) so we send on two classes to Lasell this year. The upper school also took Miss Hemmeon from us to serve in the French and English departments.

We miss also Miss Frances W. Badger, Lasell '24, who is spending the year in Portsmouth, N. H., and Miss Lucile M. Norris, Lasell '24, who is attending Northwestern University in Chicago.

Two new teachers have come to us. Miss Hope Thornton (A. B. Brown University 1925) has charge of our Grades 4, 5 and 6.

Miss Amy Peterson, graduated from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in 1925, is teaching Grades 1, 2 and 3.

*September 19*—Our annual first Saturday picnic. Our whole family went to Echo Bridge and had picnic luncheon there, and a very jolly time.

Miss Ida Bunting and Miss S. Gertrude Bull, former Woodland Park teachers, made us a pleasant surprise visit.

*September 27*—Miss Frances Badger dined with us and received a royal welcome from her pupils of last year.

*October 2*—Mrs. Harrington visited her daughter Evelyn and remained for luncheon with us.

*October 1*—We were glad to welcome Mrs. Cushing, Lasell 874, who brought her daughter and friends to visit Woodland Park. Mrs. Cushing has promised us her granddaughter, Frances Anne, in a very few years.

*October 3*—Ten of our older girls, accompanied by Miss Peterson, joined the Gray Line Bus at the Copley Plaza in Boston and took



the Concord-Lexington trip. Such a good time!

*October 4*—Miss Edith Woodman of the N. E. Conservatory Staff was our guest for Sunday Tea. Miss Woodman entertained us both in the afternoon and evening with many beautiful songs. We are grateful to Miss Woodman for coming to us again. She is most generous with her wonderful voice. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, as well as the parents and friends of the girls, were our guests.

*October 6*—Grades 6, 7 and 8 had a delightful evening at the Auburndale Club when they attended an exhibition and lecture on Glass by the Venetian Glass workers.

*October 7*—Mrs. Towne and the resident Lasell teachers at Woodland Park Hall, entertained Mrs. McDonald and the resident teachers at Junior House.

*October*—Willa Van Petten, Dorothy Trask and Eunice Lucke joined the Lasell party on their trip to Plymouth and the delightful picnic and clam bake at Mr. and Mrs. Amesbury's home in Duxbury.

### SCHOOL ROSTER 1925-26

Abell, Ellen Janette, Warren, O.  
 Africa, Maud Isabel, Manchester, N. H.  
 Allyn, Marjorie E., Montreal West, P. Q.  
 Almy, Elizabeth Barker, Tiverton, R. I.  
 Amos, Virginia Dinsmore, Warminster, Pa.  
 Anderson, Margaret Ellen, Kankakee, Ill.  
 Applin, Phyllis, Winchester, Mass.  
 Aseltine, Dorothy Marie, Winchester, Mass.  
 Aspegren, Martha, Norfolk, Va.  
 Aspegren, Birgit, Dälsingborg, Sweden.  
 Atkinson, Ellen, Big Bear Lake, Cal.  
 Baird, Hazel Erma, Orleans, Vt.  
 Ball, Dorothy Elizabeth, Ridgewood, N. J.  
 Barclay, Elinor C., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Barry, Lucille Helen, Detroit, Mich.  
 Barry, Myrtle A., Watertown, Mass.  
 Basley, Margaret Ann, Waltham, Mass.  
 Baxter, Maria, West Roxbury, Mass.  
 Beach, Virginia Dickinson, Boston, Mass.  
 Beck, Gertrude M., Needham, Mass.  
 Beck, Margaret E., New Haven, Ct.  
 Benham, Lorraine, Naugatuck, Ct.  
 Bennett, Margaret B., Guilford, Me.  
 Best, Katherine, Newton Centre, Mass.

Best, Natalie G., Allston, Mass.  
 Bicknell, Gertrude L., Madison, N. Y.  
 Bills, Eleanor Frances, Blackstone, Mass.  
 Billings, Marjorie, Brighton, Mass.  
 Black, Ellice R., Springfield, Mass.  
 Blair, Marjorie Louise, North Troy, Vt.  
 Bliss, Helen Gilman, Malden, Mass.  
 Boardman, Gladys Jean, Chittenango, N. Y.  
 Boone, Elizabeth, Hazleton, Pa.  
 Booth, Clarine, Washington, Ct.  
 Borden, Preble, Boston, Mass.  
 Bowden, Elizabeth F., Swathmore, Pa.  
 Bowler, Dorothy, Millinocket, Me.  
 Braithwaite, Katherine, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Bridger, Phyllis, Biddeford, Me.  
 Brightman, Rosalie, Canton, Mass.  
 Brolin, Louise, Rockford, Ill.  
 Bronstein, Edith, Roxbury, Mass.  
 Butterworth, Eleanor, Braintree, Mass.  
 Butters, Lily, Watertown, Mass.  
 Brown, Marion, Joliet, Ill.  
 Carey, Mildred, Watertown, N. Y.  
 Carl, Martha G., Schenectady, N. Y.  
 Chaffee, Miss Florence, Hartford, Ct.  
 Chandler, Sylvia Howard, Whitman, Mass.  
 Childs, Marion C., Basking Ridge, N. J.  
 Cobb, Doris Elizabeth, Woodfords, Me.  
 Colley, Sarah Grace, Kingston, Pa.  
 Cooke, Hazel Olive, Providence, R. I.  
 Coombs, Isabel F., Belfast, Me.  
 Coons, Mary Virginia, Evanston, Ill.  
 Colyer, Marjory, Newark, N. J.  
 Cox, Sara Belle, Parkersburg, W. Va.  
 Crawford, Alice L., Walton, N. Y.  
 Cushman, Lillian, Newton Centre, Mass.  
 Cushman, Alice, Newton Centre, Mass.  
 Cuesta, Cristina Maria, Guadalajara, Mexico  
 del Valle, Lupe F., Guadalajara, Mexico  
 David, Alice Bingham, Waltham, Mass.  
 Davis, Helen Stratton, East Lynn, Mass.  
 Day, Elinor Elizabeth, Melrose, Mass.  
 Day, Elizabeth Kingston, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Decker, Bernice Eva, Denver, Colo.  
 Denison, Louise Beatrice, Elkhart, Ind.  
 Denney, Dorothy Gertrude, So. Orange, N. J.  
 DeOrsay, Grace L., Waterville, Me.  
 Dibell, Marie, Joliet, Ill.  
 Dickerson, Josephine D., Long Island, N. Y.  
 Dittrich, Dorothy L., Endicott, N. Y.  
 Dorrance, Alice L., Camden, N. Y.  
 Dougherty, Linsley, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Drabble, Ardelle Chase, Providence, R. I.  
 Draper, Dorothy K., Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Duncan, Carolyn B., Lowell, Mass.  
 Duncan, Helen Louise, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Duncan, Jean Margaret, Braintree, Mass.  
 Dunning, Ruth Shaw, Bangor, Me.

- Duvall, Glorian, Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.  
 Eitapence, Doris M., Rutland, Vt.  
 Elliott, Ruth C., Charleston, W. Va.  
 Ellison, Eleanor, Portsmouth, O.  
 Elms, Margaret, Auburn, Me.  
 Ely, Constance Mildred, Florence, Mass.  
 Ely, Mae A., Lykens, Penna.  
 Field, Lucy Frances, Charleston, W. Va.  
 Fitch, Marión Cecelia, Detroit, Mich.  
 Flynn, E. Frances, West Somerville, Mass.  
 Follett, Dorothy Frances, New Haven, Conn.  
 Foster, Barbara, Portland, Me.  
 Foster, Reba Eunice, Nashua, N. H.  
 Foster, Sara, Ellsworth, Me.  
 Freeman, Mary Ella, New Orleans, La.  
 Froeschle, Alice Ward, Wilmette, Ill.  
 Gallagher, Frances, Boston, Mass.  
 Gardner, Mildred, Egypt, Mass.  
 Garrabrant, Lois Leslie, So. Orange, N. J.  
 Gesell, Mae E., New Milford, Conn.  
 Goeltz, Henrietta M., Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Graham, Alice Catherine, Newtonville, Mass.  
 Griswold, Ruth, Sherburne, N. Y.  
 Haines, Clarice Adeline, Fort Fairfield, Me.  
 Hale, Dorothy, Malone, N. Y.  
 Hall, Frances Edythe, Smiths, Mass.  
 Hambleton, Vera Elizabeth, Methuen, Mass.  
 Hamlin, Mildred Doris, Slatersville, R. I.  
 Han, Violet Bay Tsung, Shanghai, China  
 Hardy, Josephine, Chicago, Ill.  
 Harris, Mary Warner, Canton, O.  
 Hawkins, Louise Florence, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Haynes, Virginia Porter, Brookline, Mass.  
 Hennick, Leonida Elizabeth, Wellesley, Mass.  
 Herrick, Maud Alice, Shelbyville, Ill.  
 Hight, Virginia Drummond, Bangor, Me.  
 Hilliard, Faith Elizabeth, Bradford, Mass.  
 Hisgen, Henrietta G., Tampa, Fla.  
 Hodges, Catherine Cousens, Newton, Mass.  
 Hodgkins, Virginia, Worcester, Mass.  
 Holby, Marion Catherine, New Rochelle, N. Y.  
 Horton, Millicent Caroline, Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Howard, Madeleine Emma, Melrose, Mass.  
 Howell, Edith Randolph, Youngstown, O.  
 Howland, Mariesta D., Rockland, Mass.  
 Hutton, Ruth, Corning, N. Y.  
 Jackson, Victoria, Center Island, Toronto, Can.  
 Janota, Maria, Bronx, N. Y.  
 Jensen, Edith Clara, Watertown, Mass.  
 Johnson, Elizabeth, Lowell, Mass.  
 Josselyn, Esther T., West Hanover, Mass.  
 Judson, Jane W., Lake Placid, N. Y.  
 Kennedy, Gladys, Auburn, Me.  
 Kimball, Elizabeth S., Hinsdale, N. H.  
 Kimball, Natalie Mills, Mount Vernon, N. Y.  
 Kittredge, Elizabeth, Milford, N. H.  
 Kottcamp, Helen Glenn, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Krakauer, Anita, Chihuahua, Mexico  
 Kramer, Hazel, Whitneyville, Ct.  
 Krause, Loretta, (Allentown), Lonark, Penna.  
 Keim, Mary Evelyn, Newark, N. J.  
 Kennedy, Eleanor, Portland, Me.  
 King, Marion, Newport, R. I.  
 Ladd, Evelyn M., Enosburg Falls, Vt.  
 Larrabee, Julia Lucretia, Lawrence, Mass.  
 Lawrence, Grace Olive, Summit, N. J.  
 Leach, Margaret Louise, Joliet, Ill.  
 LeClaire, Pauline, Nashua, N. H.  
 Loewe, Ella Christina, Danbury, Conn.  
 Lowry, Ruby, Boston, Mass.  
 Lloyd, Elizabeth, Atlantic City, N. J.  
 Mackay, Sarah Harriet, Peekskill, N. Y.  
 MacLeod, Lucy, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 MacLeod, Verta Irene, Brighton, Mass.  
 Mann, Evelyn, Brattleboro, Vt.  
 Mann, Mary O., Lombard, Ill.  
 Matthews, Mabel Niner, East Orange, N. J.  
 Maxfield, Marjorie Bradford, Woodfords, Me.  
 McAuley, Katherine, Troy, N. Y.  
 McConnell, Rosanna H., Harrisburg, Pa.  
 McDonald, Gwendolyn, Auburndale, Mass.  
 McEdwards, Eugenie Murray, Chicago, Ill.  
 McIlroy, Dorothy S., Lewiston, Me.  
 McKnight, Mary Margaret, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.  
 McQuade, Jane, Ansonia, Conn.  
 Messenger, Dorothy Emma, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Moeller, Gertrude Laura, New Haven, Conn.  
 Mondelli, Gertrude, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Moore, Elsie, Waltham, Mass.  
 Moore, Ethel Margaret, Palmer, N. Y.  
 Moore, Kathryn, Chicago, Ill.  
 Morrell, Helen Keith, Montclair, N. J.  
 Morrison, Jacqueline Avent, Madison, N. J.  
 Mueller, Eva Louise, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Murray, Ruth A., Three Rivers, Quebec, Can.  
 Newbold, Cynthia June, Washington, D. C.  
 Nims, Priscilla Marion, Springfield, Mass.  
 Noyes, Ethel, Millbrook, Mass.  
 Nydegger, Alice Marie, Summit, N. J.  
 O'Brien, Ruth Elizabeth, Little Falls, N. Y.  
 Oby, Christine V., Canton, O.  
 Ockert, Emma Helen, New Haven, Conn.  
 Oppel, Elizabeth, Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Oram, Charlotte, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.  
 Owen, Helen, Chicago, Ill.  
 Owings, Mary Elizabeth, Hyattsville, Md.  
 Pagin, Nan-Louise, La Grange, Ill.  
 Pascual, Asuncion, Fjardo, Porto Rico  
 Parker, Helen C., Faneuil, Mass.  
 Parker, Marjorie E., Wellesley, Mass.  
 Parrish, Georgia Fay, Peoria, Ill.



- Patten, Madalyn C., Topsham, Me.  
 Penfold, Mary Stanton, Providence, R. I.  
 Pennell, Mildred, Brighton, Mass.  
 Perrin, Althea A., Attleboro, Mass.  
 Pettit, M. Virginia, Huntington, N. Y.  
 Pinkham, Marcia Winter, Portland, Me.  
 Pollay, Bertha C., Waltham, Mass.  
 Potter, Frances O., Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Powdrell, Gertrude L., Boston, Mass.  
 Price, Florence, Cambridge, Mass.  
 Pulsifer, Pauline Rebecca, Auburn, Me.  
 Putnam, Dorothy L., Keene, N. H.  
 Quimby, Dorothy, Englewood, N. J.  
 Quinn, Dorothy Lillian, Spencer, Mass.  
 Remick, Minnie Joy, Lexington, Mass.  
 Renstrom, Sarah, Fayette City, Pa.  
 Rice, Ruby Rowena, Rindge, N. H.  
 Rickey, Frances W., Berlin, Conn.  
 Rix, Margarete, Omaha, Neb.  
 Robertson, Frances Carleton, Melrose, Mass.  
 Robinhold, Frederica Madeleine, Schuylkill  
 County, Penna.  
 Rosenblum, Florence, South Deerfield, Mass.  
 Ross, Kathryn C., Middlebury, Vt.  
 Roth, Madeleine, Peoria, Ill.  
 Rowbotham, Ruth, New Orleans, La.  
 Royce, A. Kathryn, Somersworth, N. H.  
 Russell, Charlotte Abbie, Providence, R. I.  
 Sage, Winifred, Williamstown, N. Y.  
 Sanderson, Thora A., Somerville, Mass.  
 Schaeffer, Hazel W., Corpus Christi, Texas  
 Schaller, Marjorie F. B., Brighton, Mass.  
 Schmidt, Erna Helen, Hartsdale, N. Y.  
 Schumaker, Doris S., Malden, Mass.  
 Schumaker, Dorothy Gary, Lincoln, N. H.  
 Selkirk, Betty W., No. Belle, Vernon, N. Y.  
 Senter, Beatrice, Brunswick, Me.  
 Shepard, Janet, Hartsdale, N. Y.  
 Shidler, Betty, South Bend, Ind.  
 Shutts, Suzanne, Asbury Park, N. J.  
 Silliman, Martha, Deep River, Conn.  
 Silliman, Churilla, Deep River, Conn.  
 Simonson, Kathleen A., Limestone, Me.  
 Slocum, Gladys Copeland, E. Rochester, N. H.  
 Smith, Dorothy Jane, Clarksburg, W. Va.  
 Smith, Elizabeth V., Chatham, N. J.  
 Smith, Mary Elizabeth, Savanna, Ga.  
 Smith, Eloise Hall, Glens Falls, N. Y.  
 Smith, Janet, Montclair, N. J.  
 Smock, Janette H., Red Bank, N. J.  
 Solar, Cherry Candace, Watertown, N. Y.  
 Spooner, Dorothy, Gloucester, Mass.  
 Stanton, Mary Louise, N. S. Pittsburgh, Penn.  
 Star, Elsa, Dallas, Tex.  
 Staye, Dorothy Eleanor, So. Manchester, Ct.  
 Stevens, Elinor Colby, East Orange, N. J.  
 Stolaroff, Mildred, El Paso, Tex.  
 Stone, Edith Palmer, Lexington, Mass.  
 Strong, Nadine, Boston, Mass.  
 Suor, Evelyn, Snyder, N. Y.  
 Tait, Barbara, Springfield, Mass.  
 Thorpe, Edith Lindsley, New Haven, Conn.  
 Thompson, Louise Mayo, Middleboro, Mass.  
 Thompson, Marian Elizabeth, Allenhurst, N. J.  
 Tokito, Haru, Hakodate, Japan  
 Tower, Alice M., Spencer, Mass.  
 Towle, Mona, So. Sudbury, Mass.  
 Trafton, Adeline, So. Hanover, Mass.  
 Trout, Helen Leavitt, Chelsea, Mass.  
 Tufts, Katherine G., Winnetka, Ill.  
 Turkington, Alice Patten, East Morris, Conn.  
 Van Cleve, Elizabeth P., Morristown, N. J.  
 Vandever, Vesta Ethelwyn, Detroit, Mich.  
 Vickers, Jean, Evanston, Ill.  
 Waltz, Helen Bada, Detroit, Mich.  
 Wellington, Carolyn Virginia, Canton, O.  
 Wells, Elizabeth Whiting, Haverhill, Mass.  
 Wemple, M. Louise, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Wesemann, Adel Louise, La Grange, Ill.  
 Westcott, Barbara C., Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Whalen, Mary, Waltham, Mass.  
 White, Helen Emilie, Westfield, Mass.  
 Whitley, Lorraine Elizabeth, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Wiggin, Winona Wentworth, Somerville,  
 Mass.  
 Wiedenmayer, Emily Caroline, Glen Ridge,  
 N. J.  
 Wilding, Margaret, Malone, N. Y.  
 Wilbur, Helen Louise, Waltham, Mass.  
 Williams, Mary Etta, Orange, N. J.  
 Willson, Helena, Wollaston, Mass.  
 Wilson, Doris Kathryn, Brookline, Mass.  
 Winkler, Virginia, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Winslow, Barbara N., Hyde Park, Mass.  
 Winslow, Marjorie, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Witschief, Mary Farnum, Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Wood, Marjorie E., Washingtonville, N. Y.  
 Wood, Virginia, Tiverton, R. I.  
 Woodman, Ruth L., Amesbury, Mass.  
 Yamane, Mitsuko, Tokio, Japan

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#### WOODLAND PARK ROSTER 1925-26

- Adams, Miriam, Derry, N. H.  
 Amesbury, Virginia, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Barber, Gertrude Requa, Boston, Mass.  
 Benson, Emma Moffatt, Woodland Park  
 Burns, Mabel, Allston, Mass.  
 Carlo, Ruth, Medford, Mass.  
 DeLaney, Ruth, Medford, Mass.  
 Denning, Sylvia, Springfield, Mass.  
 Driscoll, May J., West Newton, Mass.  
 Follett, Edith Wade, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Follett, Helen Converse, Auburndale, Mass.

Goodrich, Claudia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Goodrich, Jean Elizabeth, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Greene, Adelaide Lincoln, Boston, Mass.  
 Halward, Adelaide Lincoln, Newtonville,  
 Mass.

Harrington, Evelyn, Winthrop, Mass.  
 Healey, Isabel, Brighton, Mass.  
 Himelhoch, Marjean Jane, Detroit, Mich.  
 Hoover, Karolyn Virginia, Chestnut Hill,  
 Newton

Kittredge, Constance, Milford, N. H.  
 Lane, Margaret, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Lucke, Eunice Florence, Lynn, Mass.  
 Martin, Barbara E., West Newton, Mass.  
 Martin, Bernice Ray, West Newton, Mass.  
 Powers, Bernadette, Swampscott, Mass.  
 Root, Bertha Buckley, Winthrop, Mass.  
 Ryder, Helen, Newtonville, Mass.  
 Soule, Priscilla Ross, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Trask, Dorothy, Bar Mills, Me.  
 Van Petten, Willa Margaret, Mercedes, Cuba  
 Walter, Marion Darlington, New Britain, Ct.  
 Walter, Ruth Arnold, New Britain, Ct.  
 Whitehead, Lona May, Worcester, Mass.  
 Winslow, Priscilla, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Wright, Mary Elizabeth, West Newton, Mass.



Evidently Cupid must have watched with satisfaction the consummation of his *loving* plans for the following "old girls":

From Salt Lake City, Utah, comes the announcement of the marriage of Afton Leone Evans, 1918-19, to Mr. Royal B. Hogan on Saturday, the second day of May, 1925.

Mr. B. Irving Rouse announces the marriage of his sister, Anna Masten Rouse, '02, to Mr. Edward Contine Lewis, Saturday, June twenty-seventh. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will reside at 3764 Somerville Boulevard, Rochester, N. Y.

The wedding of Catherine Howe, '22, to Mr. James Richard Thomas took place on

Wednesday, the twenty-second of July, at Helena, Arkansas. Catherine's announcement tells us that she and her husband will make their home in Miami, Florida.

Florence Olivia Harper, '17, and Mr. Frank Elliott were married on July twenty-sixth and will reside in Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone.

On August first at Sagamore, Mass., Hazel Geneva Small, '24, and Mr. Theron Ramsdell Kelley were united in marriage.

Dr. and Mrs. Earl Strain announce the marriage of their daughter May Dorothea, 1917-18, to Mr. Samuel Pearce Browning, Jr., on Wednesday the twelfth of August at Great Falls, Montana. After the fifteenth of October, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Jr., will be at home at sixteen East Ninety-eighth Street, City of New York.

Gladys Hazel Wright, '18, and Mr. Frederick A. Webb chose the twenty-second day of August as their wedding day and will reside at one hundred and thirteen Franklin Street, Auburn, New York, after September first, 1925.

From Claremont, California, comes the glad news of the wedding of Helen Overholser, '16, to Mr. Alfred Allan Towle, on Sunday, the twenty-third of August.

The marriage of Isabelle Whitcomb, '23, to Mr. Bradley S. Jackson has been announced and took place on Wednesday, the second of September, at Essex Junction, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Marks Angel announce the marriage of their daughter Frances Angel, '22, to Mr. Milton Levenson, on Tuesday, the eighth of September, at Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Walter Theodore Peirce and Miss Violet Comley, '22, have sent us the announcement of their marriage on the fifteenth day of September, at Harvard, Massachusetts.

At the First Unitarian Church, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Carolyn Nye Chandler, 1919-20, and Mr. Roger Seabury Fitch were united in marriage at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, September nineteenth.

September nineteenth was also the wedding day of Dorothy Irene Burnham, '20, and Mr.



Rodney C. Eaton at St. John's Episcopal Church in Newtonville, Mass.

On the evening of September nineteenth Ruth Esther Malley, 1916-17, and Mr. Clark Bill Bristol were united in wedlock at Trinity Church, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Chase announce the marriage of their daughter, Marietta Louise Chase, '24, to Mr. Stanley Wilton Stedfast at Winthrop, Massachusetts, on Saturday, September the twenty-sixth.

From Brewer, Maine, comes the announcement of the marriage of Bernice Harriette Cole, '21, to Mr. Arnold Wesley Tyler on Saturday afternoon, September twenty-sixth, at five o'clock.

Katherine Katz, 1917-18, and Mr. Frederick William Thomas were united in marriage on Wednesday, September thirtieth, 1925, at Schenectady, New York, and will be at home after October fifteenth at Forest Avenue, North Plymouth, Massachusetts.

The wedding of Elizabeth Frick, '24, to Mr. Hugh Raleigh McKean took place in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Schenectady, New York, on Thursday, the first day of October, nineteen twenty-five. Mr. and Mrs. McKean will be at home after the first of November at Myron Road, Schenectady, New York.

The marriage of Dorothy Beaumont Moore, '22, and Mr. Theodore Risline Olive is announced from East Hartford, Connecticut, as taking place on the third of October, nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

At Saint Augustine's Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut, the wedding of Christine Lalley, '23, to Mr. Vincent J. Sullivan will take place on Monday, October 26, 1925. After the fifteenth of November, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Sullivan will be at home at 253 Beechwood Ave., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Priscilla Williams Osborn, 1920, announces her engagement to Mr. George Rhodes Hennig. We are also in receipt of a card telling us of the engagement of Herma Lenore Schweitzer, '21, to Mr. Waldo Avery Rogers.

Marjorie L. Needham's engagement to Mr. Judson M. Goodnow has recently been announced, as has the engagement of Thelma Mary Bills, 1922-23, to Mr. Frederic Spencer Brown of New York City.

Announcement has just been received of the wedding of Charlotte B. Borowski, 1921-22, to Frederick Schilling Steinbauer, Lieutenant Junior Grade, United States Navy, on Saturday, October 10, 1925. Lieutenant and Mrs. Steinbauer will be at home at 57 Mott Ave., New London, Conn., after the first of November.

The Personal Editor is just in receipt of the news of the engagement of Elizabeth Webber Tarr, '22, to Mr. Albion Moulton Benton.

The Personal Editor is always delighted to get word direct from Dr. Bragdon. Believe me, that is the term, "direct word"; no uncertain sound ever from our principal emeritus, and who would dare to add to or take from any one of his inimitable messages. Here is his latest:

"Flora Gardner, '93, and her sister, Jennie Gardner, 1887-88, and Lucy Pinney Calmer, 1890-92, and her husband called but wouldn't leave the wagon. It was good to see them looking well and happy. They live in Evanston still and are part of the solid foundation which makes Evanston the strong place it is. Marie Wilson Ulman, 1902-04, and Edith Blair, '97, "the heavenly twins," as Lasell used to call them, though the adjective was a trifle overdrawn, called and gave us just a look-over! Marie had her grown (think of that!!!) daughter Betty and her son Henry with her. They couldn't stop, for their friends were giving them a glimpse of Pasadena. They haven't grown a bit older, though perhaps a little better looking? The old Principal (I) greatly enjoys seeing his "old girls." Lucy Mirth Kinney, 1898-99, rolled up to the door bringing their attractive daughter Virginia and gave me a very delightful half-hour. They have a big chicken ranch near Baldwin Park (which is between here and Riverside) with 3000 or 4000 fowl (all white) from peepers to two-year-olds. They came for Mr. Kinney's

health, which, to judge by his looks, has been more than restored. He is a Harvard and (Yale for his professional courses) man. Lucy is the same jolly lass as ever and a joy to look at. Grace Huntington, '89, writes a brave letter. She is going to "carry on," though she is lonely since the death of her brother, for whom she has cared for many years. She would like to know where Leah Coutts Moseley, '86, is. I couldn't tell her."

From Luella, '98, Mary, '00, and Edith, '09, comes word of the recent passing of their father, H. C. Houghton, in Red Oak, Iowa, where he was for almost a half a century leader in the business life of that city and vicinity. Mr. Houghton was a sterling man of great abilities, one "whose word was as good as his bond," honored and beloved by all who knew him.

The Houghton girls were of like stuff and among our most desirable pupils at Lasell, who made many friends who will sympathize with them in their loss of a great and good father.

C. C. B.

While our thoughts are still in California we wish to record a personal call from Mary A. Robarts, 1885-86, now Mrs. Marcus Ogden, formerly of Carbondale, Illinois, now of 3250 Second Street, San Diego, California. Mrs. Ogden brought with her her daughter, who is in the East training as a nurse.

We had heard about *them* again and again from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and also a lively account now and then from Mademoiselle Le Royer of these dear children of Annie Merrill Davids ('12), two boys and a girl, and we were pleased to welcome them to Lasell. We were also very happy to meet Annie's husband, Mr. Edward W. David, who brought with him Mr. Colby, the husband of Clara L. Parker, '12. It was a joy to see this dear Lasell girl and her entire family for even a short call. Annie brought good reports from her parents and sister, Helen Merrill Strohecker, '16, whom she had just visited.

Miss Potter expresses an especial appreciation of the brief but delightful call from Mrs. Lewis, mother of Sabra Lewis, 1921-22,

Dorothy Lewis, 1920-22, and Marjorie N. Lewis, '22. Mrs. Lewis had been at Wellesley with her sister, who was placing her daughter in this neighboring college. It was certainly friendly of Mrs. Lewis to take the time to make a rather difficult journey to Lasell, for she took the train to and from Riverside, which meant she had to ascend and descend "Jacobs" ladder. She was full of enthusiasm in her report of the dear daughters, who are all well and happy in Indianapolis, and spoke with special tenderness of Dorothy's little daughter.

Mrs. Florence Jepperson Mattson gave those who were in residence at Lasell this summer, one of the gladdest surprises possible when she drove up in her car, in which she had come all the way from Salt Lake City, Utah, bringing with her her husband and three little adopted daughters. During her brief stay, she and her musical family gave us a delightful impromptu concert in her old music room. It seemed to those of us who had the privilege of listening, that each in turn was a genius. Professor Mattson goes to Chicago University this winter to receive his Ph.D.

Among our most acceptable students this year is Glorian Duvall, '30, the niece of Mary Curtis Degen, 1903-05, a former pupil and teacher of organ at the Seminary.

Helen Swartzel, 1923-24, now of Wellesley College, has made us a friendly call or two and tells us that she is again taking lessons of her former violin teacher, Miss Eichhorn, at Lasell, so that we shall see her frequently.

Harriette Case, '22, former President of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, and her dear running mate, Dorothy Merwin, 1921, spent the week-end with us during the opening days of school. Both are "women of affairs" and so full of enthusiasm that our personal editor says she is constantly reminded of their suggestive self-name, "Gee-Whizz."

Eleanor Rhinebold, '24, and Olive Lunny Goss, 1922-23, came back together. Both looked prosperous and assured us that they were as happy as they looked. Eleanor has just finished a trip through the Orient in



company with her mother. Olive is keeping house for her devoted husband and evidently enjoys her new work.

Charlotte Lathrop, 1924-25, has surely not wasted a moment during the fair summer days. She, with other young girls, had charge of a vacation Bible School in her home town. She is also interested in no end of good works, having served at the Annual Library Tea, at which she and her young mates raised \$148.00 and in addition had \$132.00 given to them as a gift.

Jane Parsons, '12, and her mother left the beautiful home where they were visiting on the South Shore and made a long journey to Lasell in order to pay their respects to Jane's Alma Mater. We greatly appreciated the call of this dear librarian and her mother.

Martha Fish, '25! How thankful we all are that you live in *our* neighborhood and can occasionally favor us with your home-coming to Lasell. Martha helped us through the opening days, as did Helen McNab, '25. We do not feel that our Lasell ship would have been well launched without the help of these dear post-graduates. Martha goes into training in the Children's Hospital in Boston early in January.

Speaking of opening days, how fortunate for us that Mary Freeman, '26, came early with her mother and little brother, giving us an opportunity to make their acquaintance and Mary a chance to get settled so that her services were invaluable during these opening days. We can certainly recommend her as the champion heart warmer for homesick girls.

Dr. Winslow is starting soon on a visit to some eight or nine Western Lasell Clubs. This will certainly prove a privilege for "old girls" and we know how much our principal will appreciate renewing his acquaintance with these Lasell graduates. Those of the old girls who had the opportunity of seeing Dr. Winslow and his wife in their summer home during the vacation days, speak with enthusiasm of a new and unique feature at "Hilltop" Farm. Not many know that our principal and his family have formed themselves into a family orchestra

and used some of the hours of the long summer days in worthwhile practice.

Cherry Buchanan, '22, and her sister June dropped in recently to report a splendid summer and we learned that Cherry was a member of the Cayuga Women's Committee and that she had been appointed census taker by the New York Secretary of State, but with all of this public office work she is still very much interested in her home church missionary society. Dorothy Chandler, 1920-21, is at present the guest of June Buchanan at the Caney Creek Community Center, Pippapass, Kentucky.

From Hortense May, 1923-25, we have learned that Phyllis Crooke, 1923-24, of Meriden, Connecticut, is a member of the Hartford Training School for Nurses. She wanted to be remembered to Dr. Winslow and sends love to Miss Wright and her teachers.

Helen Hinshaw, '23, sent us word at mid-summer that she was having an entirely new experience working in a bank in Kansas City and was enjoying her work very much. She also enclosed a check for the Lasell Endowment Fund and closed the letter with most loving greetings to all the Lasell family.

Hortense Areson, 1923-24, is also a busy woman this summer, being a member of the sales department of Jordan, Marsh Company. She assured us that in the early Fall she was going back to her training as a nurse.

Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, called and, as the personal editor says, on the "wrong day" this summer, for so many of us missed her. Priscilla and her family have moved to Watertown, Connecticut. Wherever she goes, our loving godspeed will follow her.

Stella Booth Vail, 1904-05, dropped in at Lasell and not finding us at home, wrote this kind note: "So sorry not to have seen you; hope you have not forgotten me and that sometime when you are in New York City, you will look me up. My home address is Colonial Hall, Kew Gardens, L. I." Stella, if you please, is Associate Director of the Museum of Hygiene in New York City.

Marion Ordway Corley, '11, came with her husband, who was on a business trip to Boston, and took time to call on her relatives and old Lasell friends. We have never seen her looking as well and certainly her enthusiasm over music has not lessened, although she has two strenuous boys to claim most of her time. Come again, Marion, when you can stay longer.

Octovia Hickox Smith, '18, of Watertown, Connecticut, writes to thank Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for the Lasell Baby Book which was a gift to her little daughter Patricia. Octavia is rejoicing over the coming of Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, to her town. There is no doubt these two splendid Lasell girls will have many a good visit together.

Nothing surely could bring to us greater joy than did the coming back of Beth Nowell, '25. She, as of yore, was accompanied by Martha Fish. Both girls declared that they were "sort of homesick to settle right down here." Be assured, dear girls, Lasell would feel happy beyond the wording to have you do just that thing. Beth leaves soon for Honolulu and our love and good wishes follow her.

Eva Robertson, 1903-04, and Mary Dodge Whittemore, 1903-04, have had a most delightful summer touring Europe. Eva was kind enough to send us some fascinating cards illustrating her fine trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Murray (Maura McCarthy, 1922-23) are receiving congratulations on the birth of twin sons, John Francis and James Joseph.

Elsie Terhune, '24, has completed a course in dietetics in a Fifth Avenue hospital, New York City. Our congratulations, Elsie!

One of the most unusual and attractive wedding cards was received this year by our preceptress from Dr. and Mrs. Henry Turner Bailey, announcing the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Dr. Max Duffield Miles, on Thursday, the third of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-five. The wedding occurred at "Trustworth," the Bailey's beautiful summer home at North Scituate, Mass. The announcement closed with this unique in-

itation: "Dr. and Mrs. Miles will be at home after Thanksgiving Day at Kengtung, Federated Shan States, Burma."

Miss Potter met Emily Blanchard, 1919-20, recently on a Coast steamer and learned that she is now doing graduate work at Columbia. It was many a day since our preceptress had heard from Emily, but was not at all surprised to hear of her successful work, for she was one of our best students.

Phyllis Rowe, '19, and Norma McMillan Sisson, 1914-15 and 18, came together to Lasell. Norma is still a very happy, efficient homemaker in Brookline and rumor has it that Phyllis is planning to do dietitian work in one of the great universities of China.

In her letter thanking the Lasell Missionary Society for their generous contribution, Mae Chisholm Brown, 1903-04, sends most cordial greetings to Lasell and declares that a recent picture in the Zion's Herald of Lasell reminded her of the delightful days spend in our school. She writes that she always recalls the happy inspiration gained while in our midst. Of her children she adds: "Miriam is seven next Autumn, not perfect but wonderfully sweet." Her son Chisholm, aged twelve, enters the eighth grade this Fall and has completed four years of violin. Mae still dreams some of going back to her beloved China, where she served and was one of our most efficient and consecrated missionaries. She closes with: "Dr. Bragdon will never know how much he helped my life and as I recall my obligation I am longing to give a good account in the final analysis." She sends special greetings to Miss Packard, Miss Witherbee and Miss Potter.

Dear Frances Bliss sent a fine representative to Lasell this year and I wish that all of our graduates could do just that same sound and sane thing—it is a contribution well worth while. She writes further, "Perhaps it would interest you to know that I have been putting my secretarial course into very practical use since finishing school. I am starting my second year in our office. Father left a well-trained staff and mother has been carrying on the business since he died shortly after my



graduation. Besides trade journal advertising we handle the national accounts of Boutwell, Milne & Varnum Corporation and Harrison Granite Company in the National Geographic, American and Good Housekeeping Magazines. These firms are two of the largest in this particular industry. Last year I did secretarial work, taking the opportunity to get acquainted with the customers as well as the regular routine of the work. This year I am taking up the work of Director of the Sales Promotion Department and find the work fascinating. I shall always have such pleasant and lasting memories of my two years at Lasell and I hope some time very soon to be able to come back for a visit. I know you will enjoy having Louise Hawkins, '27, as a Lasell family." Frances closes with kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

Our Christine Chamberlin, '25, came out for a week-end and brought us a lot of good news about our old girls and her dear self.

Following the wake of her sisters, Mary and Sarah Hopkins, 19, Ruth Hopkins, '23, is now a junior at Mt. Holyoke, where she hopes to be able to complete her work next year. She rejoices as we do in the fact that Caroline Colton, '23, is again at Lasell, this time as a member of the faculty. Ruth is still a good Lasell promoter, sending us the address of a charming girl in whom she is interested and whom she hopes will attend Lasell next year. She encloses in her letter a contribution to the Endowment fund and closes with well wishes for Lasell this year and "then some."

Edith Abbott Brace, '19, writes to our principal that she is trying to interest Mrs. Edwin Gordon, who has a little daughter, in Lasell and declares that she knows the newcomer would be in love with the school. Edith also adds, "My little girl is quite grown up, fourteen months old and very active; you may guess from that, that I am kept pretty busy." Edith closes with good wishes for the principal, his family and the school.

In a letter from Mrs. C. N. Vicary, mother of Caroline Vicary, '24, she speaks very highly of one of our new girls, Mary Harris. We

have found to our satisfaction that Mrs. Vicary is quite right in her estimate of Mary. She tells us that Marguerite, 1908-10, and Carolyn accompanied her on a three months' tour this summer, and adds that she also took Grace's little girl, four and a half years, and her nurse, but left them in Devonshire, England, while they were on the Continent. "We had a fine cool summer and escaped the terrific heat which we heard visited America. On the return trip we met a Mrs. Byram, 1891-93, who tell us she was a Lasell girl in Dr. Bragdon's time and now lives in Chicago."

Helen Selkirk Wilbur, '18, in thanking Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for the baby book, writes that the book was one of Mary's most happy gifts, and that she is keeping her record in it most carefully, because she feels that some day Mary will value it very highly. Helen adds, "I am earnestly hoping that she will be able to be a Lasell girl in the future. I can think of nothing finer for her than that." In turn, dear Helen, we can think of no kinder message coming back to our school than this one sent by your own dear self.

How the years slip by! Here comes the wedding announcement of Elizabeth Bernice Spear, daughter of our Ray Spitz Spear, 1901-02 and 03, to Mr. Charles J. Rosenbloom. We are just wondering if Elizabeth has inherited her mother's fine gift as a singer and we are wondering again if Ray's old friends know that her voice is of such marked character that she has been invited to sing repeatedly over the radio.

Seldom has Lasell been more shocked than when we learned of the death of Lieut. Governor Patrick H. Kelley, father of Lena Kelley Stone, '14, and Katherine F. Kelley, '25. We chance to know that all summer long our Katherine was in faithful attendance at her father's bedside and if love could have proven a panacea, her beloved father would have been spared. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to dear Mrs. Kelley and her bereaved family.

And again Lasell is grieved to learn of the passing away of Gladys Lawton Bulloch, '11,

who was suffering from malarial fever for a number of weeks and went to Dallas, Texas, in the hope of recovering her health, but her journey was in vain. Her home paper pays a most beautiful tribute to our Lasell girl, declaring that "while she never wrote for publication, she was a literary genius, her lovely pen pictures of her travels in America and abroad to her friends, being works of Art. Her faithful work as program chairman for the Sheffield Woman's Club gave that organization some of its best years and her splendid reports while press chairman can never be surpassed, but it was in her church work and with her class of young girls in the Congregational Sunday School that her lovely character and personality were most appreciated." Lasell sends most sincere sympathy to this bereaved family.

Lasell feels very tenderly these days for our schoolmate, Ruth Dunning, '27, and her family because of the sudden and unexpected passing away of her father recently during a return voyage from Cuba.

Barbara Fenno Sherwood called and tells us that she is now living in Lexington, Massachusetts, where her husband is sub-master in the Lexington High School. We only had a glimpse of Mrs. Sherwood, but fully agree with some of her devoted students who declared she looked as "pretty as a peach."

Eleanor Parsons, '24, we have just learned, graduated this last Spring from the Old Colony School of Boston and reports that she had a delightful course in this institution. We are not surprised when we remember what a fine scholar Eleanor was. She adds that Professor Armstrong of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was her instructor in Economics, also Miss Sawyer, the head of the Library Bureau School of Filing. We congratulate you, Eleanor.

What a splendid thing for Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, to do—the gathering of this round robin letter from her classmates. We think the information too valuable to follow Marion's suggestion of a possible abridgment. We give her message in full:

"Note of 1910."

The Class letter which started from New England the Fall of 1921 came home again just four years later, containing letters from all twenty-four girls—these were full of interesting news of the husband, children and doings of every girl, of her loyalty to Lasell and of tender tribute to the memory of Amy Brannan, Ella Puchta and Hannah Proctor, who have been taken from our ranks.

Also we have heard more recently from our members, as we held a reunion in June and have been balloting for our life secretary.

Sue Stryker travels a great deal, but when located is in Duluth, usually with her sister Harriet (who was at Wellesley when Sue was at Lasell) and Harriette's three little girls. Mary Gallagher has traveled extremely and is now in New York, secretary of the Visiting Nurses' Association. Last year she was with the English Speaking Union in New York. Her home in Santa Barbara was shaken by the earthquake, but not badly damaged. Ruth Kelsey, also a great tourist, is active in sports and hiking. Her picture in knickers showed she was enjoying life. Cornelia Stone is at home in Kankakee doing club work and has taken up hand weaving—some of her fine work we saw at the Reunion last June. Helen Hood, another traveller, writes of many trips, also of aspirations as a writer. Nell Carneal first tells us that she's not married but has been self-supporting for several years as a secretary and writer. She has worked with David Belasco's secretary quite a bit and together they have written many magazine stories under the name of "Walter Clark." Nell also sings and when she wrote was planning to do work in Opera in Italy! Dorothy Jones spends her summers at home but teaches in Pittsburg winters. Julia Hamilton Peters has the honor of having the largest family—she has four evenly divided and they look like lively youngsters. May Lumbard Doonan, Lucy Aldrich Berston and Jo Woodward Rand come next, three children each. All report that they are busy and happy. Mary has lately moved into her new home, which sounds *very* attractive.



She was too busy with plans and decorations to come on for Commencement. Lucy was here in 1924 and wrote of her good times at Lasell, showing her nine-year-old daughter all around. Jo and her fine boys are well and great pals. Julia DeWitt Read was on for Commencement, looking very young, and was full of pep; says her two big boys are pretty strenuous. They certainly "look the part" in their pictures.

Mildred Goodall Campbell lives here in Brookline a few months each year and has two lovely daughters and is a very industrious mother, knits sweaters of all kinds and lives for her girls—goes to California in the winter and to Maine in the summer.

Tot McLean Hunt and her two boys spend much time on their ranch, where they have twelve hundred horses and live an outdoor life.

Reva Berman Batt enclosed a picture of herself and two daughters, who certainly do credit to her. Reva did war work before her marriage.

Martha Hazelet Crooks writes of her two boys, but tells us that she has not been at all well. That doesn't seem like Martha, who was one of the gayest of the class and the "Life of Pickard House."

Julia ter Kuile Brown writes of her Long Island house being burned and of their new home, also put in a picture of her goodlooking husband—says he's Scotch—and he surely looks to be A No. 1.

Julia Crafts Sheridan is getting to be a regular hotel proprietor—she and Phil run the Squaw Net Inn in the summer and trot all over the Globe in winter learning new points in the game.

Eleanor Laurens McCrady lives in Montreal and has a tall daughter and a splendid looking husband. She tells us that Martha is still in Charlestown and keeps up with her music.

Margherita Dike Hallberg in Chicago has just moved to their new house, writes of her clever young three-year-old son, who certainly looks like a live one.

Mildred Snyder Grant lives in New Orleans, has a daughter and writes enthusiastically about her "nice Irish husband."

Irma Levi Levy has recently moved to Chicago, where her husband, a dentist and a dental inventor, is in business. She has two fine sons, ten and six, and also tells us her sister Alice married a Levy, though not related to Irma's husband.

Olive Bates Dumas is getting quite neighborly. She was on hand for our reunion in June and also at the Special Alumnae Meeting this month. She keeps busy with her home and George.

Marion Hale Bottomley—Well, I'm busy. Have two fine daughters and have recently been elected Secretary of the Alumnae Association, also Life Secretary of the class, and I beg of each and all to please help me out, keep me posted on any changes in address, also send on news when there is any.

Above all—subscribe for the LEAVES and you will learn about our Alumnae activities, while I'm sure will do much toward bringing about a real meaning to our school song and we will be "Bound Firm by a Bond Unbroken."

Mrs. Helen Ordway, mother of Ruth Ordway, '21, is severing her connection with Lasell and is now taking up a very interesting work in the Country Branch of the New York Orthopedic Hospital, White Plains, N. Y. Lasell is losing one of its most efficient and interested members of her clerical force, but we rejoice that this new call will take Mrs. Ordway where her daughter is busy along the lines of her chosen profession, art. Just before leaving Lasell, Mrs. Ordway presented our library with a much appreciated gift of Longfellow's Biography. Our students will be pleased and proud to know of this entry in the poet's journal, dated June 1st, 1877. "In the afternoon a beautiful basket of flowers from pupils of Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, in return for an autograph copy of a Sonnet." This seems to be a happy moment for the LEAVES to repeat the poem, which at present

we consider to be one of Lasell's most valued possessions.

"HOLIDAYS"

The holiest of holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows.  
The happy days unclouded to their close,  
The sudden joys, that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart  
Like singing swallows down each wind that blows!  
White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on a stream,  
These tender memories are a Fairy Tale  
Of some enchanted land we know not where  
But lovely as a dream within a dream.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

With the poem came this autographed letter from Mr. Longfellow:

Cambridge,  
June 1, 1877.

Dear Young Ladies:

I have just received the basket of flowers you were kind enough to send me and this charming little note that came with it.

Your gift so far surpasses the poem that suggested it. I hardly know how to thank you enough, or in what way.

Perhaps there is no better way than making this first day of June one of the white holidays spoken of in the poem. So it shall be, and on this day I will always remember the young ladies of Lasell and the lovely June roses.

With all good wishes,

Yours very truly,

Henry W. Longfellow.

Miss Eva L. Bragdon

Miss Carrie Kendig

Miss Ida M. Phillips.

We are sure it would be of interest to many to know that Ida Phillips, '77, was the first editor of the LASELL LEAVES and so correct and beautiful was her hand-written copy presented to the publishers that they declared it to be the most perfect bit of manuscript they had ever received. /

Maude Sims Harding, '06, found time in the midst of her busy life as a pedagogue, to come out to the Annual Meeting of the Lasell Board of Directors.

The personal editor found a courteous note on her desk from Abbie Viener Moss, '14, ex-

pressing her regret at not seeing all her friends at Lasell. Dear Abbie, the disappointment is mutual; we would liked to have seen both Mr. Moss and yourself. Come again, please.

We are surely glad to meet again Maude I. Tait, '20, and especially pleased over the errand which brought her to Lasell, for she placed in our school her youngest sister, Barbara, whom she openly declared is "the bright and shining light" of the Tait family. Certainly Barbara's smiling face prejudiced us at once in her favor. Maude is a regular busy school teacher, declaring that she enjoys her country school very much.

Barbara Pinkham, '24, is studying in nearby Boston and can come occasionally to see her sister, Marcia Pinkham, '27. By the way, Miss Potter is still enthusing over Barbara's part in the Portland Alumnae Reunion and to her great surprise learned that "the biggest hit of the day" was Barbara's original poem, which she recited with special unction. We wish all the old girls might hear it.

Our associate principal and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, are receiving congratulations this Fall over the marriage of their son, Carroll Alden Towne, to Miss Emily Shirey on September the tenth, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Asheville, North Carolina. The couple will be at home after October first at Bradentown, Florida. Lasell wishes to join the many friends of the bride and groom, in heartiest congratulations.

A dear message came recently to our preceptress from Mrs. Howe, mother of Catherine Howe Thomas, '22. She again refers to Catherine's two happy years at Lasell and mother and daughter both speak of the influence of our school and what Lasell did for Catherine. This is an opportune moment to bear testimony to Catherine's splendid influence at Lasell during her two law-abiding years in our midst. Mrs. Howe writes: "Catherine and Marion Crawford, '22, are still the very best of friends, and have you read that Marion has gone to Japan to teach music?" She also writes that no one could be more contented than Catherine and tells us that her letters are bubbling over



with happiness. We all rejoice in this good word from the mother about the daughter.

Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05, is taking a splendid journey to the Far West and will be the guest of her father, mother and married sister. Dr. Vail, her father, is one of the heads of the Japanese work on the Pacific Coast, a most fitting appointment, inasmuch as Dr. Vail was for many years president of one of our colleges in Japan.

One happy notice that we must not omit is the announcement of the marriage of Katherine Henderson Lester, a teacher in our Domestic Science Department, to Mr. Joseph Charles Bruce, an assistant district attorney in Washington, D. C.

/ The friends of Barbara Hillard Smith, '22, will be interested to know that she, after graduating from the Boston Conservatory of Music last June, is now under the concert management of Anita Chase Davis of Boston for the coming season. Barbara Hillard, as she will be known professionally, is to leave presently for an extended concert tour throughout the Eastern and Southern States and Middle West as assisting artist to Senor Mario Capelli, the well known operatic tenor. / We extend hearty congratulations to this successful graduate.

Miss Desdemona Henrich, a former member of our Lasell faculty, is filling a very important position in the Organizing Nutrition Department in connection with the Deaner Institute of Kansas City.

It is with pleasure that we call the attention of our graduates to an article on Bread-making in McCall's October magazine written by May B. Van Arsdale and Dorothy E. Shank, formerly of our Lasell faculty and now of Columbia University.

Miss Rose and Dr. Sophie Morgenthaler were recently the guests of the Seminary and are stopping for a few weeks in the New England Sanatorium in Melrose before their higura to Florida. It is always a pleasure to welcome home these former members of our school family.

One of the most welcome guests at the senior open house was Mrs. Kelley, mother of our

dear Catherine, '25, accompanied by her daughter. We are glad to learn that they have taken an apartment for the winter in Boston and trust that they will be neighborly.

Among other welcome guests who returned to pay their respects to the new seniors were Virginia Smieding, '25, and Martha Wilcox, '25.

We were delightfully surprised to welcome Miss Florence Dudley, who after nine months of invalidism, has fully recovered and looks better than ever. Certainly her school appreciates her services, for she was called directly back to her position with an increased salary—a very substantial way of showing their appreciation of her services.

Hope Bean, '25, made a real visit as the guest of Miss Boothby. She is at present attending Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

By the way, we had a very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Trondsen on their way back to Schuylersville after having left Alphild for another year at the Emerson College of Oratory. They report a glorious trip through Scandinavia this last summer and through the northern and central part of Europe, much of the journey having been made in their own private car.

/ Referring to Scandinavia reminds us that Babs Aspegren, '27, one of our new pupils from Dälsingborg, Sweden, is proving to be one of the most delightful newcomers. It is rather interesting to know that her application came in by radio, and that her father is Consul Ivar Aspegren of Hälsinborg, Sweden. We are really indebted to her cousin, Martha Aspegren, '27, of Norfolk, Virginia, for influencing her to join us. / Martha is also a new pupil and we have some suspicion that our dear Betty Mitchell's friendly words may have influenced her to turn our way. We are doubly grateful to Betty for sending to us her fine young cousin, Evelyn Keim.

It seems lonesome like this, keeping school without Mr. and Mrs. Wagner. We are thankful, however, that they have bought a charm-

ing colonial home in Auburndale, and that our Miss Ransom, 1877-81, is with them.

Barbara Cushing, '25, did give us a big surprise when she appeared at Vespers recently and prolonged her stay until Monday morning. She is at present a student in Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

What was the cause of all the hilarious rejoicing recently? Why, just this: Wee Wilder, 1924-25, had come back to us and we wish she could have stayed, but no, she has decided to enter a Dramatic School in New York and will have some work at Columbia University.

An unusual post card came to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow this Fall in the form of a photograph of Mary Thielen Peeples, 1904-05, her husband and five dear children. It will find a choice place in Mrs. Winslow's album of Lasell grandchildren. The note also contained a



photograph of the new Pioneer Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, of which Mr. Peeples is president. Our congratulations are equally divided between Mary and her husband.

On her journey "Out West" this summer Miss Potter stopped off in Evanston, Illinois, for a day as the guest of Julia Potter Schmidt, '06. Our preceptress was accompanied on her visit by Julia's sister, Mary Potter McConn, 1905. While in Evanston, she had a very pleasant meeting with Rebecca Shepherd, '94, and her father. If anyone in this world has "drank of the fountain of youth" it is Mr. Shepherd, for he seemed just as full of spirit as in the old Lasell days. We were sorry to find Dr. M. C. Bragdon, the father of Frances Bragdon West '05, not very well and for the first time, he told us, in forty years on the sick list, but was convalescing and seemed to have diagnosed his own case hopefully.

Congratulations to you, Florence Longcope, 1921-22. At the close of a business letter which came to us from the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York City, Florence tells us of her fine position and assures Dr. Winslow that she feels that her Lasell training helped her a great deal in getting this position. We are always glad when these girls show practical evidence of their "grace of gratitude."

It was a distinct joy for Lasell and those of us who chanced to be in residence to have a little visit from Dean Margaret Rand of Hiram College and her mother. As usual, Miss Rand had spent part of the summer taking advanced work at Harvard College and was just about to again take up her duties at Hiram College full of enthusiasm over the coming year. Our very best wishes follow this dear former teacher.

Dear Betty Shaw, '25, came out at one of our earliest Vesper services and kindly contributed the solo number. That was considered a great treat in one evening to have Dr. Edgar Park speaker and Betty as a soloist.

Rosalind Winslow, 1920, daughter of our assistant principal, Mr. E. J. Winslow, and Mrs. Winslow, is forging ahead in her chosen



profession. She is now happily located in the Metropolitan Lithograph and Publishing Company of Everett in the designing department.

Our Miss Wright was the recipient recently of a dear message from Eva May Mortimer, '25. We wish we might share it all with the readers of the LEAVES. We are sorry to learn that this graduate has been obliged through temporary illness, to defer her college course. We can but hope that she will soon be able to take up her work, for she made junior in the University of California, for which we are very very proud of her. Beth Nowell, '25, telephoned Eva recently and expects to visit her later. We appreciate very much Eva May's cordial greetings to Lasell, who reciprocates and sincerely hopes that she will soon be herself again.

We are informed by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Arneson (Alleda Burnett, '14) that they, too, have a new baby son, Austin Jerome, born on July 21, 1925.

Florence Gifford, '23, came to us not all the way from Evanston, Illinois, but California, if you please, and our personal editor had the unfortunate luck to be away and miss not only Florence but also Esther Palmer, '24, her hostess. Lasell appreciates more than we can express in a word, the loyalty of these old girls, whose steps turn steadfastly this way when they reach our "bleak New England shore."

Lasell receives with open arms, figuratively, and wishes she might literally, these wee "new girls" and baby boys.

Over the wire comes the following telegram to our preceptress:

"Robert Brock Haney arrived eleven thirty on September 8th. Caroline and baby O. K. Signed, Dr. Haney."

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Harwood (Nina Dietz, '11) send news of the arrival of a son, Benjamin Porter Harwood, Jr., on July thirtieth.

Royer Kenneth Coats, Jr., has come to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Royer Coats (Charlotte Lesh, '18).

Irene Bezner Dewey, 1911-13, called recently at the Seminary. To the great regret of her former teachers, she happened to find most of the faculty out. Those who did see her gave a fine report.

A welcome guest, William Blanchard Shriner, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard Shriner (Katherine Moss, 1914-18) on August twentieth.

Joan Robertson was born to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Robertson, Jr. (Evelyn Shidler, '23) on the fifth of July, nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hain (Esther Morey, '12) announce the arrival of daughter, Sarah Ann Hain, on the sixth of July.

Beverley Nettie Berow is a permanent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gerow (Ethlyn Wilson, '19), having arrived on the ninth of July.

A little daughter, Elizabeth Ann Girvin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey F. Girvin (Mildred Hotchkiss, '14) on the twelfth of July at Ansonia, Connecticut.

The arrival of Patricia Hickox Smith is announced by Mr. and Mrs. Justin L. Smith (Octavia Hickox, '18) July nineteenth.

From New York City comes the glad news of a little daughter, Martha Hazelton Russell, born July 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Russell (Martha Hazelton, '04).

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keith Brown (Marjorie Kunkel, '18) are happy in the coming of a little daughter, Harriet Kunkel, born August 7, 1925.

Donna May Pollard's arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pollard (Marian Owen) was a glad event on the fourteenth of September, 1925.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dyer Dean (Mary Quick, '14) tells us that there has been a new arrival at their home, the guest being Nancy Dyer Dean, born September 17, 1925.

In the recent mail word was received of a little son, William Edward Delatusk, born to Mr. and Mrs. Delatusk (Dorothy Higginson, 1921-22).

Among the callers at the Seminary during the summer and early Fall were Mrs. B. T. Hume, Jr., of Kentucky (Maria Louise Riker, '09) and Mrs. Edgar Nickerson (Alice Jenks, '17) of Cranston, R. I., Julia Wolfe Harkness, '92, who brought with her her sister and daughter from St. Louis, Missouri. Several days ago we received a call from Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, and her mother from Winnetka, Ill., and Helen Louis Griffin, 1919-20, and her husband, Dr. Charles Griffin, of New Bedford, Mass.

Ex-president Jean Woodward, '22, has twice favored us recently. She is on with her dear mother from Denver, Colorado, as guests of her two sisters, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, and Nellie Woodward Collins, '15. Jean is as winsome as ever and full of splendid optimism. She tells us confidentially that sister Josephine declares that Nell's boy is the prettiest baby that she has ever seen. "This is some praise" inasmuch as Josephine is herself the mother of three fine little sons.

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### FACULTY TEA

Through the gracious hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow the members of the Lasell Faculty and office have an opportunity of getting better acquainted. This is at the Monday afternoon informal teas from 3.30 to 5 P. M. in the living room in Carter Hall. It's wonderful what a cup of tea—"the cup that cheers but doesn't inebriate," as it has been advertised by those whose business it is to see that we drink more of it. Already I am sure we shall all admit that we have had a friendly chat with those who come and go but whom we seldom otherwise see. Three cheers for the Monday Faculty Tea!

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### CALLED MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

On the afternoon of October 1st, 1925, at Bragdon Hall, a meeting was held with eleven Alumnae members present, the President, Susan Tiffany, presiding.

In proceeding to the business of nominating fifteen Alumnae Members for the Lasell Corporation, the President read a letter from Mr. Russell, the Corporation Secretary, giving the main points of the Corporation Charter and the duties of a Corporation member were informally discussed. The following list of sixteen names was submitted for Corporation membership:

Annie Kendig Peirce '80  
 Ruth Rishell Frick '99  
 Barbara Vail Bosworth '05  
 Mildred Peirce Fuller '06  
 Helen Carter Marcy 1903-06  
 Lela Goodall '08  
 Dorothy Wells Sellers '09  
 Marion Hale Bottomley '10  
 Josephine Woodward Rand '10  
 Olive Bates Dumas '10  
 Mary Goodwillie Townsend '12  
 Ora Hammond Pomeroy '12  
 Mary Quick Dean '14  
 Charlotte Swartwout '14  
 Harriette Case '22  
 Martha Fish '25

It was suggested that the term of office of Alumnae Associate Members in the Corporation be five years only.

At the request of the President, Mosesta Stafford Vaughan, '86, then presented the Constitution which she had previously drawn up, first reading it through as a whole, and then, article by article for informal discussion, comment and alteration. The By-Laws were presented in the same way. A vote was taken to approve each article as originally put, or as amended and after all articles had been approved separately it was

Voted: That the Lasell Alumnae Association adopt the Constitution and By-Laws as thus approved, subject to the further approval of the Mid-Winter Re-union meeting of the Association.

It was moved that the President appoint a Committee to bring in nominations for the three new directors necessary to complete the Board of Management under the new Constitution. These nominations to be presented at the business meeting in February, for election at that time.



Those appointed were

Lillie R. Potter '80  
Josephine Woodward Rand '10  
Marion Hale Bottomley '10

It was the unanimous opinion of those present at the meeting, that a course in Parliamentary Law should be given at Lasell in order to familiarize the girls with correct procedure at business meetings, particularly to prepare them to accept their responsibilities in the meetings of our Association.

It was moved: That a copy of the proposed Constitution and By-Laws be sent to every Lasell Club Secretary in the United States, that it be printed in the LEAVES and also sent to the secretaries of the classes.

/ The attention of all Lasell Clubs is called to the fact that Lasell Seminary celebrates its 75th birthday in June. The gymnasium-auditorium is a cherished wish of Dr. Winslow, although the sentiment of this meeting was strongly for a new hall where Bragdon now stands. / If any Club or individual cares to help make these good dreams come true, there could be no more fitting time than at the birthday party at our School-Home, next Commencement.

It was voted: That Ellen Clark Gill, '70, be invited to give a historical account of the life of the Seminary at the June meeting of the Association.

It was voted: That the Secretary notify each club secretary of these facts.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,  
MARION HALE BOTTOMLEY, '10,  
*Secretary.*

## CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club held its nineteenth annual reunion and luncheon at the New City Club, Hartford, on Saturday, October third, this privilege having been given through a member of the club, a friend of Lasell, forty members being present. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were guests of honor, Dr. Winslow telling us of present-day conditions at

Lasell, which were very encouraging, and Mrs. Winslow, as usual, brought a happy and delightful message. A letter from Dr. Bragdon was very much enjoyed. Among other guests were Frances B. Dillingham, 1882-87, a former member of the Lasell Faculty and the author of the song which was sung at our Golden Jubilee. The following officers were elected:

President, Laura Hale Gorton '16  
Vice President, Mabel Case Viot '94  
Secretary & Treasurer, Emma White Welles 1890-93

Those who partook were enthusiastic over the delicious luncheon and mention was made of the beautiful table decorations of pink roses.

The following is a list of those attending the luncheon:

Dr. Guy A Winslow  
Clara Austin Winslow  
Marion B. Austin 1920-22  
Edith Abbott Brace '19  
Jennie Johnson Brewster 1905-06  
Harriette Case '22  
Winifred Chambers 1905-06  
Bessie L. Camstock 1891-92  
Laura R. Comstock 1891-92  
Susan Hallock Couch 1886-88  
Sarah Dyer Darling 1900-01  
Mabel Deming 1893-94  
Frances B. Dillingham 1882-87  
Mary Godard 1921-23  
Laura Hale Gorton '18  
Lillian Grant '20  
Jessie Hayden 1882-86  
Maude Hayden '16  
Cornelia Hemingway '22  
Madeline S. Herfurth '16  
Bertha Hayden King '03  
Freda Griffin Leining '20  
Fannie McKenzie 1903-04  
Ruth K. Merriam '98  
Dorothy Merwin 1921-  
Helen Saunders '17  
Virginia Stevens '24  
Grace Holmes Stiles 1892-93  
Mary Goodwin Olmstead 1901-03  
Ella H. Robbins '24  
Clara McLean Rowley '02  
Lucy Miller Rowbotham 1903-04  
Eva C. Robertson 1903-04  
Gladys Cone Russell 1913-14  
Helen Wahlquist '24

Emma White Welles 1890-93  
 Maude Wilcox '24  
 Helen Davis Worthington 1921-22  
 Marion Griffin Wolcott '16

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PORTLAND LASELL CLUB

The Annual Luncheon of the Portland Lasell Club was held at the Columbia Hotel, August 28, 1925.

Twenty-six former students were present and three guests of honor—Dr. Guy M. Winslow, principal of Lasell, Mrs. Guy M. Winslow and Miss L. R. Potter, dean at the school.

The following officers were elected for the coming year :

President, Mae Harrison Clifford, 1915-16  
 Vice President, Doris Powers Thomas, '11  
 Secretary, Frances Coombs, '19  
 Treasurer, Louise Stevens, '22

A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented by the members of the club to Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, the retiring president.

The new President sent a telegram of greeting to the Bangor Lasell Club, which convened at the same time. After the business meeting a most delicious luncheon was enjoyed by all. During the afternoon an informal program was given. Each member was asked to introduce herself and give a brief outline of her activities since she left school. This proved very interesting and all felt better acquainted after this informal recital.

Barbara Pinkham, '24, gave a group of readings and Mildred Corey, 1920, played several piano selections. Mrs. Guy M. Winslow and Miss L. R. Potter spoke in turn in a very happy and helpful manner. Dr. Guy M. Winslow gave a brief but interesting account of the work at the school and future plans for Lasell.

On closing, a circle was formed by the clasping of hands and all singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds," which was very impressive.

Those present were :

Alice Batchelder '21  
 Phyllis Bridger '22  
 Lois Perry Bowles '20  
 Marguerite Milliken Brooks 1909-10  
 Mildred Chandler '20  
 Margaret Chandler 1918-19

Evelyn Chandler 1923-24  
 Frances Coombs '19  
 Mildred Corey '21  
 Mae Harrison Clifford 1915-16  
 Margaret Elms '27  
 Marjorie Jagger Ferguson '24  
 Laurestine Foster 1921-22  
 Ruth Godley '20  
 Louise Harmon 1900-01  
 Marjorie Hussey '20  
 Cassie Lindsay 1919-20  
 Eleanor Kennedy '27  
 Mildred Knight '21  
 Lillian Morong 1922-23  
 Barbara Pinkham '24  
 Marcia Pinkham '27  
 Marguerite Robinson '24  
 Lizzie Pennell Robinson 1877-79  
 Louise Stevens '22  
 Doris P. Thomas '11  
 Elizabeth Tarr '22  
 Ethel Viles '99

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THE MEETING OF THE BANGOR  
 LASELL CLUB

On Friday, September 4th, the Bangor Lasell Club met in the Canoe and Country Club House in Bangor. The day was cold and stormy, but the big open fire in the living room of the Club House cheered and warmed the spirits of the old girls of Lasell, who had gathered together.

After an informal reception, luncheon was served and presided over by the President, Bernice Cole, '21.

Lasell was represented by Mrs. McDonald, who took greeting to the Bangor Club from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Miss Potter and the Faculty of Lasell. Mrs. McDonald presented many topics of interest regarding the government and conduct of the school and the talk was followed by many questions showing the keen interest of the old girls in their Alma Mater. A very encouraging feature was the many questions asked regarding the Endowment fund, the establishing of scholarships and the development of Junior College work.

The Club's honored guest was Lucy Woodhull Hazelet, 1858-59, who was a pupil at



Lasell in 1859. Mrs. Hazelet has celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on the preceding day and the Club made their annual Luncheon an additional birthday party for their oldest member. Mrs. Hazelet showed none of the infirmities of age and spoke brilliantly and encouragingly to her friends.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected:

President, Lorena Fellows Sawyer '99  
Secretary & Treasurer, Lydia Adams '18

Those present were:

Lydia Adams '18  
Bernice Cole '21  
Ethel Cleale Collett '22  
Faustina Curtis '88  
Nellie Kidder Cutter '84  
Ruth Dunning 1922-25  
Lucy Woodhull Hazelet 1858-59  
Laura Wood Farnham 1873-4  
Marion Harvey Higgins 1915-16  
Florence Rogers Hilton 1905-08  
Ethel B. Hook 1901-03  
Edna Starett Mathewson '22  
Statira Preble McDonald  
Marguerite Murray '24  
Marion Gray Rollins 1911  
Charlotte Ryder '13  
Lorena Fellows Sawyer '99  
Gladys Thorpe Thorndike

"So, you're a salesman. What do you sell?"  
"Salt. I'm a salt-seller."  
"Shake!"

## JOKES

### COMMON PROFANITY

"I'll be deviled!" said the crab.  
"I'll be switched!" said the train.  
"I'll be stumped!" said the tree.  
"I'll be blowed!" said the horn.  
"I'll be hanged!" said the picture.  
"I'll be dammed!" said the stream.

Charlotte: Do you want to stay for dinner?  
I can go get Per if you want me to.

Lynd: Per who?

Roomie (at 4 A. M.): See the dawn breaking!

Other roomie (sleepily): Aw, I heard it crack!

Dear Little Junior: Now that we've had elections, can we go in Senior room?

Mariesta: Sure—we'll lend you our caps and gowns every Thursday night, too!

We hear that Gloria is tired of having a bob. So are we, Gloria, but we don't get such publicity for it!

Algy met a bear.  
The bear was bulgy,  
The bulge was—Algy!

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## APOLOGIES TO KIPLING'S L'ENVOY

When the last farewells are taken, and the handkerchiefs twisted and dried,  
 When the flowers of class night have faded, and the lights of the bonfire died,  
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it, lie down for an eon or two  
 With never the shrill chapel bell to set us to work anew.

And those who have worked shall be happy, they shall sit in a lounging chair  
 Each worried and separate student who hitherto lived in despair.  
 They shall have more money to draw from, and never a treasurer's call,  
 Their minds shall be free from thinking and never be weary at all.

With never a teacher to find out, and never a roommate to blame  
 Where no one shall work for money, nor care for athletic fame;  
 But each, for ever and ever, in a star all hers alone  
 May be free as she has longed to in a world that is all her own.

*Louisa Mueller.*

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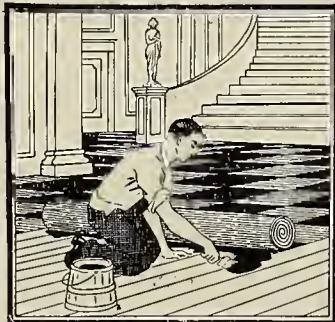
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Vol. XXXXXI

No. 2

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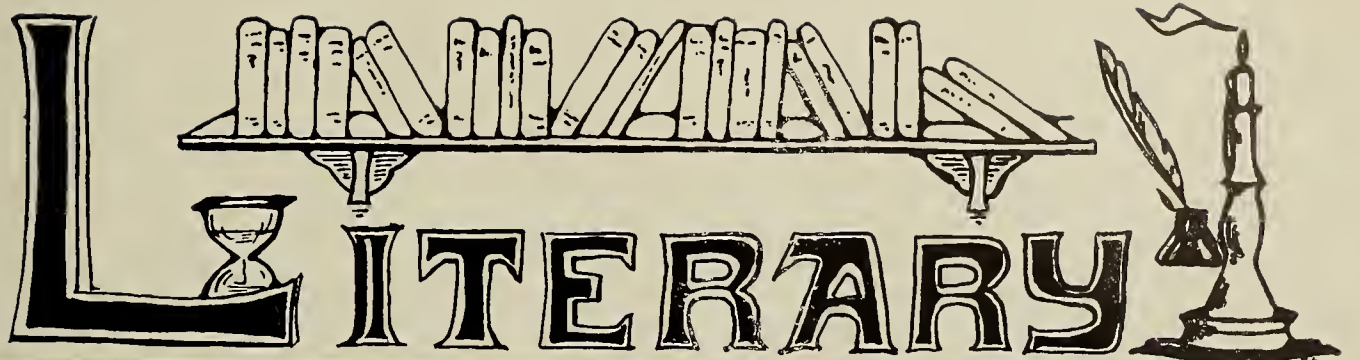
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### RENUNCIATION

Thou'rt not mine own. And yet I feel that I shall ever  
Taste the splendor of thy soul.  
Nevermore shall I be one, but shall partake  
Of many thoughts—for thy dear sake.  
Nor choose mine own road as before,  
But leave the garden by another door,  
Thy footsteps in my ear.  
I may not sever that fate within my breast,  
And when I weep, the tears shall taste of thee;  
So shall my smiles recall thine own,  
As does a tube of scent conjure the rose's sleep.  
In dreams to bless thee!—  
Yet renounce thee in this life—  
Thus am I forced to do,  
But know,—my very heart beats out the pulse of two!  
*Mariesta Dodge Howland.*

### WHAT A FAMILY CAN DO

My first necking party! Please don't get shocked, it wasn't as bad as that. Just let me explain. I wish people wouldn't jump to conclusions so quickly. I had a wonderful time, even if I did get—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

When Mabel invited me to her dance, the other half of our phone was, as usual, occupied. But what can one do with a family whose ideas date back to the P. F. (Pre-Flapper) period? Anyhow, Johnnie listened in. I bribed him with a quarter, but when some one offered thirty cents the secret was a secret no longer. How any child can get so mean in nine years is more than I can figure out.

The name "necking party" was enough—in fact too much for my parents. They saw me go to my room that night, but they forgot about the ivy which runs from my window to the ground. Hal was waiting for me under the

window. I got down without much damage, and we were gone!

We got to the dance just in time to join in the march, the orchestra playing "A Kiss in the Dark." Such darling decorations I had never seen. Mannequins suspended from the walls and ceilings by ropes. Others were coupled and placed about the room with their arms lovingly entwined. The refreshments were nectar and nectarines. On the trays which were passed, were candy hearts, kisses, ice cream and heart shaped cakes. Neckties for the boys and necklaces for the girls were the favors. The dancing continued until one o'clock. We started home. I was very happy. But my happiness was short lived. I had forgotten to bring my house key! I balked at going up the ivy. All the windows were locked. My last hope—the coal chute. It was open, and up I went. I took off my shoes and immediately stepped on the dog, who was peacefully sleeping on the floor. After knocking over a chair I got to my room. I sank on the bed thinking how clever I was. I had put something over on the family.

I came down to breakfast next morning with a cheerful grin. I was greeted by Mother. "Well, dear, did you have a good time? I'm sure you did, as you had so much fun getting there. I'm so sorry about the coal chute, but I forgot to leave the front window open. How did you like the favors? I was almost afraid to select them when Mabel's mother asked me, as my taste is so different from that of the younger generation."

I ask you again—what can one do with a mother like that?  
*Elsa Star.*



## BABE

A diminutive Sphinx of white ivory.  
 A Ziegfeld Follies girl with the soul of a Siamese  
 Temple Dancer.  
 Pink chrysanthemums—a silent Chinese Lute,  
 The flight of wild ducks at dawn.  
 A fleeting vision of pink heels in blue and silver  
 mules.  
 The haunting seductiveness of inscrutable eyes.

## BETTY

When Betty wears a comb and pearl choker,  
 she is—  
 Catharine de Medici—  
 A Florentine intrigue—  
 Easter lilies—sunbeams on a glass stained window,  
 The low chanting of nuns in a cloister,  
 Faint incense from a swinging bronze censor,  
 Cracked ice in tall amber tea glasses,  
 Longchamps—an orchid picture hat.  
 But—  
 When Betty says "Shush" in chapel,  
 she is—  
 Other things!

## MISS DALE

A Royal Festival in Pre-War Russia,  
 Reckless music—the stamp of red boots,  
 The shrieking of sirens—a trodden yellow scarf,  
 A frantic escape at Twilight in a Troika;  
 Paper white narcissus,  
 A cuddly puppy—Spitz model—  
 A skating outfit of white brushed wool—  
 Hot chocolate after school,  
 Snow flurries.

## MISS STEWART

The Land of the Sky-blue Water,  
 The mystic Twirl of wigwam smoke at dusk,  
 Red water lilies—  
 A vase with a past—  
 Gold fish in a cylindrical Venetian glass of green hue,  
 A batik scarf. *Sally Cox.*

## A TRIP IN 1975

I had been away from that once dear earth for a long time and was beginning to have a strange longing to return and see for myself if all the strange tales that the most recent comers to this land of clouds which I now inhabit, told us of a land transformed in every imaginable aspect were true.

It is very seldom that any of us are able to secure permission from Saint Peter to make this journey to the earth, and even when that

permission is obtained a most vital question still remains; that is, the question of transportation. However, I was most fortunate, for after obtaining the desired consent of that most worthy man, Saint Peter by name, I was able to secure a passage on the shooting star "Lightning," which was scheduled to leave on Monday, April first, nineteen hundred and seventy-five, at midnight.

At one minute and thirty seconds after I left, shrouded in my magic veil which rendered me invisible, I landed with a thud (the shock-absorbers being out of commission) on the top of—was it the Woolworth building? Yes, but not that little old one in New York—it was the Woolworth building the second, which made Woolworth the first look quite "petite" beside it, and still more strange was the fact that it was not in New York or even Washington, but right on Westminster Street in Providence.

Dear little "Rhody," how it had changed! The only familiar thing about it was College Hill, but one did not even have to drag oneself up that any more, for an ever-rolling sidewalk which carried people up in a minute had taken the place of the old concrete one. Market Square resembled Le Pont Alexander Trois, and Westminster Street was almost as wide as the avenue of the Champs Elysees, but it seemed even wider because there was not the congestion of traffic (automobiles, electric cars and buses) that there had once been. What few machines there were, were used primarily for afternoon drives around the city, very much as the oldtime carriages with their coachmen and slick black horses with their tails cut short, used to be. All other means of transportation passed either under ground or overhead. Nearly every one has his own aeroplane and traffic conditions in the air were regulated to a certain extent, but not as fully as they were to be a year hence.

Many changes had been made in the style of homes and their equipment, but the most notable fact was that they were heated by heat extracted from the sun's rays and preserved.

Before returning I took a short trip up to Boston and Auburndale, for the sake of once

more visiting dear old Lasell, where so many happy school days had been spent. There, too, things were changed. Bragdon had been entirely transformed by means of a fresh coat of paint, as well as a terrace in the front bordered by bright colored flowers, which was principally for the benefit of the students and teachers at Clark. The grounds of that senior house were extended and a new and more modern building had taken the place of the old one. A new chapel and gymnasium had been built and the old chapel was now used for a library. The former library was redecorated and made into a delightful lounging room. One of the most marked improvements was in the way in which one got from Hawthorne and other outside buildings to the main building. Instead of bundling in furs and running all the way over to breakfast and then getting there late, one simply steps into a little car heated and run by electricity through underground passages. For as "all roads lead to Rome" all passages lead to Bragdon.

As for the people, I recognized only a few of them, for most of them had grown old and gray, but I learned that Texas had been made Dean and was loved by all the girls for her humanness.

Alas, everything was changed and everything moved with such celerity that my mind was in a whirl and I was growing weary. I longed to return to that land of clouds and dreams—my heavenly home.

*Ardelle Chase Drabble.*

---

## THE GRAY PAGAN

But—is this a church? This gathering of mad colors—those glaring dashes of red, blue, orange and yellow? No—it cannot be; it is a revel of blazing tints and hues—or is it a masquerade festival? Hush! It is either one—just as you choose. The floor grates as we tip-toe over its surface and slide between the pews; there is a faint creaking noise as we fall to our knees—but I cannot pray; this brilliant light and those blazing colors are terrible! Is it blatant reality or transfixing unreality?

Chaos. The rest are headless people—they are worshipping—silent. I am alone.

A faint rustle and awareness of a figure gliding noiselessly down the stone aisle—I am cold and yet my clenched hands are feverish. I am beside myself with fear. It is a gray nun who moves without motion—her hooded head is low with humility. But—why am I afraid? Yes—I knew it was to happen; she has stopped, and with a wild gesture she has flung her gray garments from her, disclosing a lithe body clad in crimson. How she dances! With what abandon she whirls and leaps! Her head is thrown back and her arms lash the air with a furious grace. And only I behold her and I am suddenly of stony substance—I cannot arouse these abstracted worshippers. The scintillating figure suddenly halts and droops; the nun dons her gray mantle and once again begins her melancholy advance to the altar—but her head bends lower than before and her steps falter. She kneels and raises beseeching grave eyes! Ah, me! She has forgotten to cover her red sandals and the praying people will see them. What is to be done? Nothing. One by one the silent folk rise from their knees and depart, but they do not see the red sandals. And then comes understanding. I remember the first of the trio of monkeys at home on the mantel-shelf. His name is Mr. See-No-Evil. And now that I realize these things I find that the lights no longer dazzle me and the colors are subdued through a mist of tears. Of course I can pray.

*Sara Belle Cox.*

---

## WONDER

You are a slim white candle—  
 Your hair is faint smoke—  
 How aloof is your whiteness—and yet  
 What yielding softness!  
 Your soul is the flame that sheds a warming glow.  
 Sometimes the flame scorches me with disdainful  
 scorn—  
 Candles wane away—  
 Bye and bye there will be only drippings—  
 And a tiny black coil will say "Burned."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And what will become of the flame?

*Sara Belle Cox.*



### THE LITTLE RED GERANIUM

They asked me to tell a story. It's not much of a story. There is but little plot, the characters are mediocre, but it is a true incident, a mere drop of a happening in the cup of life, a huge heart-throb in the life of one person, and it concerns a little girl of Paris.

It was on the twenty-fourth of December, 1856. The chimes of Notre Dame Cathedral pealed the hour of nine. In the streets below pedestrians were jostling their ways homeward and cabs were rolling to and fro delivering merry-makers at theatres and houses gaily lighted. Shops were closing and weary clerks were sighing for the after-Christmas calm. Overhead the skies were black with night with never a star to brighten them. A heavy wind was blowing from the north to bring snow to welcome Christmas day.

In another quarter of the gay city the clouds were just as black, but there were no rolling cabs, no arc lights to brighten these streets, no shops, no gay bustle. Some of the squalid buildings showed signs of activity. Compared with the celebrations of the rich these were poor attempts, but we may add that they probably brought more happiness to those who had little than the glittering artificiality brought to those who had much. But we will concern ourselves with the story.

In the attic of a musty tenement sat little Rosalie de Saronne with her nose pressed flat against the window pane. Her poor little body, thinly clad and shivering and trembling from the cold, was wrapped in an old gray shawl of her mother's. She was kneeling by the window, in which there was a long crack stuffed with cloth to keep out the cold blast of winter. She was thinking of the days which had promised comfort and luxury, when Father was living and they had a wee house with a little garden plot of flowers where Mother used to spend many happy days. And when it came winter how there used to be a great fire on the hearth, with a little dog close by, curled up asleep, and Mother used to play the loveliest airs on the melodeon and Father would tell stories of his boyhood days. And how

there used to be suppers of warm milk, toast, chicken—oh, all the goodies! And Mother was so artistic about having flowers about—cheap flowers, but, oh, so pretty, pansies, forget-me-nots, geraniums!

A sigh made her turn quickly. Her invalid mother, ill with pneumonia for several weeks, turned in the old bed. Rosalie jumped to her side. The mother smiled, although there were tears in her eyes as she patted her little daughter's hand.

"How I wish I were well to give you a Christmas," she sighed, her breath too weak to be more than a whisper. "Out of work—oh, Rosalie mine, I fear me I shall never work again. What will become of my darling? No fuel for the fire—no food. Run and see if there isn't something. No? Nothing? And nothing to stop this old cough of mine—just getting weaker? Are you warm, dear? Here, wrap yourself in this blanket."

At Rosalie's protestations, and as she tried to comfort her mother, the poor woman began again, almost delirious.

"What will become of us? If there were only something—something to keep us alive, I would soon be strong again and be able to get back my old job at the couturière's. My poor little lamb—only twelve years old, Rosie? Ah me, and three years ago when your sainted Father was here, what a jolly time—what a jolly time!"

"Oh, mother, mother of mine, please be not so sad, but here—I cover you so and you will sleep? You sleep and I will sit me on this box by the window and watch for the little Christ Child's Star. Surely, Mamman, there must, must be something, some one to help us."

Tending her mother and kissing the fever wracked cheeks, Rosalie sat once more by the window. Across the alley in a dirty window, silhouetted against a dirty lamp, blossomed a sturdy little red geranium. Beautiful little plant, clean against the filth around it, bright against the block above it, brave against the cold without. How Rosalie had wished for a red geranium! All her life—a red geranium! While she was in this mood, a determination took possession of her. She would steal! She

would steal bread and milk for her sick mother, tonic, wood for the fire, a coat for her mother and for herself. A geranium! It could not be so wrong—not even if Mother said so; surely life came above all else. Being assured that her mother was asleep, she softly tiptoed to the door and, wrapping her shawl closer, turned the knob. She drew in her breath quickly. Could it be true? A dream? A mere illusion of a mind distraught?

There in the hall were three huge bundles with a tag in an unknown hand—"for Rosalie and her Mother." Hardly daring to breathe, the little girl dragged them in and more—for there was firewood enough to last them for a fortnight. With tears pouring down her cheeks, Rosalie knelt by the window to thank the little Christ Child for his mercy. She thanked him that she did not have to steal now to keep her mother alive. Although there was no star to see her kneeling there, the little flower in the neighboring window watched.

And when the day dawned it was a happy one! A blanket of snow covered the ground, neighbors called in lusty voices "Noël! Noël!" Sleighbells jingled merrily, children squealed, parents sang. In the attic room the sick mother woke to find a fire and a dreamy-eyed child surrounded with bundles.

"Why—what has happened?" whispered the good woman.

"Mother mine," cried the child, jumping to her. "You will get well, for here is your medicine, and logs for our hearth, and lots of milk and bread—cereal, Mother; a jar of jelly, cookies, Mother; nice sweet cookies, and a coat for you," dangling a long brown wrap before her; "a hat, shoes and a sweater for me," showing her a bright affair in green, "and, guess! a luscious, fat goose!"

The mother sat up, a spot of color in each hollow cheek. She clasped her daughter to her. Her breath came rapidly.

"Some one has been kind—so kind!"

The child drew away—her eyes were pools of wonder.

"Why, Mother, don't you know? It was the little Christ Child brought them, for I

prayed so hard. And He even remembered your tonic and the milk you'd need. And, Mother, He sent us a little kitten and—that!"

The mother followed the steady gaze of the little girl. There on the window sill stood a little red geranium. It was not as luxurious in its bloom as their neighbor's, but it was sturdy and cheerful.

"Beautiful, oh beautiful!" sighed the overjoyed mother as she sank back to enjoy the warmth of a long needed fire. Presently she arose again. "I feel better already. Soon, Rosalie, I shall be able to earn a bit of money again and we shall be happy once more. Oh, Rosalie, mine, it is a happy Christmas and some one has been kind!"

That evening, as dusk began to fall, a multitude of people slowly pushed into the doors of the Cathedral. The chimes pealed merrily. Cabs drew up and drove away again.

A little girl was the last to arrive and she slid inconspicuously into the back of the Cathedral. The throng moved forward, each person laying his gift on the altar to the Christ Child. There was gold, there was silver, there were vases and lamps; some one left some orchids. As the little girl made her way forward with the rest of them, some one snickered at the bundle beneath her green sweater. But she was unabashed. As she reached the altar, she looked up. The great organ was murmuring soft music. It seemed as though angel wings fluttered close and voices sang. She knelt and placed her poor little gift among those of the mighty. The few who remained to watch her, chuckled, but there was one old man who was unashamed of his tears.

A child's voice was murmuring a soft prayer. And as she moved away they could see her humble sacrifice and little did they understand what it meant to her. There, in an inconspicuous corner, stood a little red geranium!

That's all! There is no more to the story—it was all very simple—unless I may add that perhaps why there were tears in the old priest's eyes, was because he had been the "some one



who was so kind" and he knew that Rosalie's little heart was in her gift.

*Dorothy Messenger.*

### CHRISTMAS CANDLES

Candles that flicker on Christmas Eve tell stories so old and dear  
Of Wise Men gathered at mangers low, and strangers from far and near;  
Of incense sweet, of gold and myrrh, and stars that shine so bright,  
And "peace on earth, good-will to men," a symbol of that night.

Its flicker fills the traveler's heart as he wends his weary way,  
He feels as though its very light had turned his night to day.  
Across a lonely family's home it casts a ray of cheer,  
Spreading warmth, and light, and joy, and banishing all fear.

The candle's shaft is Christ's own life, a perfect molded form,  
As straight, and hallowed, smooth and clear, as winter's brightest dawn.  
His soul is as a burning wick, a symbol of his love,  
Which brighter burns at Christmas time because it leads above.

So, candles, burn your soft, warm lights  
And gleam from dusk till morn,  
For every year in your soft glow  
A Bethlehem is born. *Virginia Amos.*

### SILHOUETTE

Far in the land that is neither on the earth nor in the sky, Pan started up with eager eyes. Usually the wild strains of his mystic reed pipes sufficed to amuse him, but lately there had been something in the air. He had been disconsolate, but now he knew what he wanted. Companionship. The companionship of men. Men loved him, he knew, for his weird music, and he, their god, would go to them.

Space and space he traveled through—days of gold and wine, with the sun a yellow wine goblet; nights of orchid haze and the silver lace of the moon; but to Pan it mattered not, he went onwards.

Late one afternoon he came to the top of a hill. Far below, in the plains, he saw a small walled town; its gray roofs and sides catching

the rose-red glint of the sunset and gleaming back a thousand fold.

Exultant, Pan gazed upon it. Here at last was the thing he had been seeking. Lovingly he fingered his little pipes—he would play them as he approached the walls of the little town, and the people would come—slowly, diffidently, touched by the music—and Pan would laugh and be kindly towards them. That was his dream.

Evening found him lingering in the dusky violet shadows of the city wall. Now that he was here—so near—a faint trembling of fear passed over him. If they should not know him for their god! But they would.

With buoyant courage he slipped through the tall, dim portals of the city gate and went swiftly by the narrow old byways towards the heart of the city.

Overcoming his last and least qualm of fear, he put his pipes to his mouth and shyly blew a few sweet notes. Emboldened by the music he began to play in earnest, losing his soul in the lilt of the song.

As he grew more and more immersed in his music his pace became slower, and he wandered at will, coming at last to stop before the low hidden doorway of a court yard. From within sounded mirth and low voices and gay talk, but none harkened to his wild, weird piping, or came to listen. Pan blew louder, sweeter; the heavens were rending, when a gate-keeper opened the small door and thrust him roughly into the street, with a muttered imprecation.

Abashed Pan strayed further. As he went he piped, but nobody gave him a passing glance save one, curious, who gazed at him half-perplexed, half-contemptuously.

A ragged cur ran into the street and barked furiously at him. Most of the streets were deserted by this time. The stars above glimmered faintly; a cold wind pierced the poor little wanderer.

It was dark now. Pan, huddled against the cold comfort of a looming stone wall, let the pipes fall from his lips and blew on his fingers for warmth.

A man walked slowly by in the darkness. Another. With new eagerness Pan seized the pipes with his cold hands and forced the dearest melody he knew from it. But only a dog ran yapping down the street, and a passer-by, an old woman, threw a half-veiled glance, curious, into the gloomy corner. In sad bewilderment Pan dropped the pipes and wrung his hands.

A long time he had been huddled there, hugging his knees, when a sudden star flamed in the sky. And his pointed ears caught the swell of far-distant chorused music, sweeter than his own. He struggled to his feet and looked about. He could see the star, but not those who sang—only a soft brightness in the east.

But the song drifted, and the star flamed brighter, and Pan began to run towards it. Slipping in and out among the old deserted streets, swiftly he sped in the night.

He came soon to an old barn on which the star shone with a blue light, and as he approached he saw the dim figures of men hurrying in where a crazily unhinged little door left ajar, made an opening.

Silently he crept up to the doorway. On the threshold he waited a moment—a quick, sharp dread, like a knife, touched his heart and was gone. Pan stepped through the doorway.

Before him a little gathering of uncouth men, dressed in the rough smocks of shepherds and holding the tall shepherd's crooks, bent reverent heads before the small straw-piled manger. Over the manger bent a tall woman, beautiful, her face softly radiant, and a big bearded man stood behind her. Pan gazed in wonderment at these people. Obviously the cause for this strange behavior was in the manger, and Pan drew nearer and peeped in. A just-born baby, strangely glowing, nestled among the rags that made a bed for him. He was sleeping, but on his face was such a vision of love and pity and kingliness that Pan knew why these shepherds had gathered here, why the star had shone, and the music had drifted across the city to him.

Long Pan gazed at the child, his great wistful eyes filled first with wonder and then with

tears. At last with one arrow-sharp, silver-sweet glance of reproach, he turned and went back through the city that was his no longer—out through the tall gates that looked so grim and hostile now, back across the night-stilled plain.

In the grayness of coming dawn the little town woke to a whisper of new life, but in the depths of the forest, his pipes forgotten by his side, Pan wept—broken-hearted.

*Dorothy Schumaker.*

### LUCKY THIRTEEN

It was Christmas Eve; the snow had already been piling up in deep drifts along shop fronts and sidewalks were white except for a narrow trail where shoppers had hurried to get home out of the storm. In front of a certain small, rather exclusive shop the snow had been cleared away, and access to the window was easy for the smallest boy. Bright lights and sparkling glisten, and rows upon rows of fascinating toys sat motionless, speechless, along the shelf. A kind, contented-looking old man wandered aimlessly through the aisles of toy-laden tables, with a kindly pat, now and then, on a lonely-looking French doll or a battered tin soldier.

"O-hum! The day is almost over and I'm still here. It seems just a moment ago that there were thirteen of us, but I knew that big rich man in the limousine would only buy twelve—rich people are always superstitious. And I am all alone. (He shivered.) Why do little boys play with tin soldiers, anyway! If he had only started counting twelve from the other end, I might at this very moment be stationed in military order under some fine and stately Christmas tree! Oh, dear, I do wish that French doll would come over and talk to me, but then, she is so sophisticated she'd never listen to my wild tales of conquest and battle. There's Raggedy Ann and Andy over there—just as happy! but why shouldn't they be—one won't go without the other. I just heard Mr. Wrinkle say this morning that they would either be sold together or not at



all, so of course they're happy. Oh, it's so cold and I'm all alone!!"

At this moment the soldier's attention was drawn to a tiny, thin, chapped face strained against the glass. In his endeavor to see more closely who this odd young visitor was, he tripped over his musket and crash! bang!!—down he went on the hard floor. Mr. Wrinkle, hearing the crash, ran to see what it was all about, and there before his eyes lay what was once one of his prized tin soldiers now with a broken arm. He picked up the fragments and was just starting for the trash barrel, when he felt a tugging at his pants-leg. Looking down he saw the strange young visitor, for whom the soldier had fallen in his curiosity and eagerness.

"Please, Mr. Wrinkle, could I have the broken soldier?"

Mr. Wrinkle's grip on the soldier's body lessened, and with a sympathetic smile he said:

"Why, yes, my lad, I think a little glue will leave him as good as ever."

So with the scientific knowledge of repair from Mr. Wrinkle, and the usual helpful suggestions from the small boy, "it was not ten minutes by the cuckoo clock," said the French doll, "before that thirteenth tin soldier found himself hurrying up Brick Lane in the tightly-closed fist of a small urchin."

And brighter than all the stars that twinkled that night and all the tinsel that sparkled, was the smile on that tiny face. Unlucky thirteen? I wonder?

*Virginia Amos.*

#### IN BETHLEHEM

The stable was cold; and narrow and hard  
The manger bed where He lay.  
But the silver song of a young street-bard  
Drifted in, tender and gay.  
And in the light of the breaking day  
The young Lord smiled.

The day was dreary, gray with rain,  
Beneath a leaden sky,  
When from a little gray-walled lane  
Came the bleat of a wee lamb's cry.  
And turning his face to the lightening sky  
The young Lord laughed.

The Magi came, each with kingly gift,  
Each bowing his stately head.

But infant wails through the silence lift  
And were hushed by a martial tread.

And with eyes that were filled with a nameless dread  
The young Lord wept.

*Dorothy Schumaker.*

#### SOUNDS

Dusk on the lake so quiet and still,

All but the note of the lone whip-poor-will;

Calm as a mirror is the water below,

Reflecting the light of the sunset's glow.

Feeling uplifted by its wondrous hue—

Gliding along in my little canoe—

Drifting—drifting along.

Oh, how I *love* it, this time of day out on the bosom of the lake, just to listen, to wonder, to think. Nature herself seems to hold her breath as the sun slips down behind the hills and twilight comes creeping in.

Away off on the shore I can hear voices and laughter. Further on there are some who are having a refreshing "dip" and occasionally there is a splash of some venturesome diver. I take my paddle and guide the canoe silently around the island to a great open space of lake bordered by trees and wild growing things. All is so still, so quiet, no whisper stirs the trees in the distance—just—thoughts.

The clear call of a whip-poor-will so wildly sweet, so sudden and so true, breaks the silence as he sings his last goodnight to all.

One by one the night watchers come out as the faint glow in the west fades and the star lanterns are hung in their places. The peep-frog choir assembles in the swamp over in the cave and they merrily lend their voices like so many bells. A loon sends his wavering call across the water again and again. A high shrill tone from the dark woods—the screech owl waking up for the night.

Mother Nature's family—all. Oh, how I love them, these creatures of the woods and lakes!

Such were the sounds as the night stole on,

Whilst in the calm I drifted along,

In my little green canoe.

*Charlotte A. Russell.*



## THE KEY-STONE IN THE LASELL ARCH

Ex-President Hadley of Yale once said that courtesy was the key of life, whether in personal, community, national or international relationships. What, then, is courtesy? Nothing more than a consideration of each other, or an attempt to follow the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you." This always involves a concession or compromise, but that is what we must expect all through life. Thus as children, at home and at school, we are taught this most essential factor in our development. Yet how few of us realize that courtesy is something which has deep roots, not the mere superficial observances set out for us by our society. In essence it is the practice of kindness, consideration and love. When we grow up we feel that we are quite ready to observe it.

Our student body believes that it is grown up, and yet in chapel, at Vespers, or lectures, one is always aware of the scraping of chairs, unconcealed yawns, whispers and numerous other disturbances. We wonder sometimes if we are really grown up, or if we do not rather behave as though we were still infants, to have pointed out to us what are the laws of courtesy, to be punished so as to cultivate the habit, and all the other things that Mother did to us, to have us say "Please" and "Thank you" at the right time. We are so tired at an eight o'clock lecture that we must needs find it necessary to lean on our neighbor's shoulder, and yet we can spend three weeks in jazzing

during Christmas vacation without suffering the least discomfort. Is this fair? Is it courteous?

We say that we are a Junior College. We clamor for more freedom; we think that the faculty ought to treat us as though we had common sense and judgment. We elect a Student Council. But we end there. We do not seem to think that in order to get something we must show ourselves worthy of our demands. Do we? What responsibility do we feel in having outsiders think of us as a Junior College, not a Primary School? If we wish to become recognized as a Junior College, then do you not think that it is about time we began to observe some of the unwritten laws laid down for mature students? Is not one of the first ones that of courtesy?

We resent it bitterly when our elders assail us for being thoughtless and frivolous. We boast that our generation has high ideals, that it is strong and true. May we remember that Courtesy is the key-stone in the arch of any civilization? It is the rock foundation on which we build our structure and without it we cannot grow. It is the refining influence through all ages, and if we are not going to practise it here at Lasell, when are we going to learn?

Let us no longer leave it only to the Student Council to do what is right and proper. Let us remember that the Lasell chain is only as strong as its weakest link and if we are weak links in this matter of courtesy, let us try to mend our ways and help strengthen the chain.

*Etta Williams.*



### ATHLETICS IN SCHOOL LIFE

Athletics should play an important part in school life, for after all do we not come to school to learn to live and be better sports? By "sports" I do not mean just in athletics, but a good loser and a better winner in Life, the biggest, finest game of all.

School is not only "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—it is life; it is teaching us to be winners and losers, to get the best out of every experience, to appreciate value, quality, to train our minds to think quickly, clearly, to be able to make decisions logically. All of this does not come out of books. We study histories so that we can profit by the follies and experiences of those who have gone before us. The same applies to biographies. We read literature and the classics so that our minds will be filled with beautiful phrases and expressions and we will learn to love all that is big and fine. Mathematics play an important role, for they sharpen the wits and make the mind keener.

Where studies deal with the action of the mind and the emotions, athletics builds a body to be fit to face a hard world. Athletics builds muscles and forms young bodies into machines of iron. The game of Life is a strenuous one. The boy captain of a badly defeated baseball team who can be the first to offer the winner congratulations, saying "The best team won!" will go through life with his head up and a smile on his face. Athletics teaches one to be true blue sports, ready to congratulate the winner, sorry for the loser.

However, athletics should not monopolize the student's mind, for he cannot be an athlete and a fool, too. Both are essential to the human mechanism. Athletics needs the mind, and a brain cannot thrive on a useless body. Perhaps the greatest lesson that sports teach, is to be a smiling loser and a serious winner. When a man fails in business he is a sport if he can smile and say, "The better man won. I'll start again." And the man who attains the top of the ladder is a sport who can turn back and offer his hand to the fellow lower down.

Athletics makes the mind capable to make rapid, judicial decisions.

Athletics is an important factor in school life and should be emphasized, but not at the price of studies!

*Dorothy Messenger.*

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### TABLE CONVERSATION— A LOST ART

An expectant stillness reigned in the pleasant, mellow, living-room. On the mantel the mahogany clock murmured to itself, saying, "Tick! tock! right, left, tick! tock! right, left!" Suddenly its musical chime sounded in the quiet of the room: "Ding! ding! ding! ding! ding! ding!"

The vibration had not died away when a small boy came rushing in, followed by a yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl of five, clad in a crisply laundered gingham dress. They had scarcely spread the comic strip of the newspaper on the floor before them when their mother entered. She was a nice-looking woman of about forty-five.

And now the rest of the family gathered. There was Donald, the fifteen-year-old boy, and Lucy, a very grown-up young lady of eighteen, and last, but not least, was Father.

When they were all assembled, they proceeded to the dining-room. It was not especially striking or artistic, but it possessed a cheeriness and hominess which is indescribable, it was the dining-room of an average American home.

They were no sooner seated than Bobby and Jane, the two smaller children, commenced quarreling violently.

"Bobby! Jane! Be quiet! You know that is not the way to behave at the table. Now eat your soup quietly or you shan't have any dessert," said Mother, severely.

Silence reigned. Finally Mother turned to Lucy, "What are you going to wear tonight, dear?"

"My blue satin, I guess. I haven't another decent thing to wear."

"But you should save that blue satin, for you can't possibly have another one in time for the Lowell party."

"Oh, but, Mother, I've just got to have a new one for that! Every one will have new dresses."

"Well, ask your father."

"Dad, can't I, please, have enough money to buy a new dress? Please, Dad."

All eyes centered on Father. He paused a moment and then said, "I guess so," and immediately resumed eating.

He had no sooner finished speaking than Donald burst forth hotly, "But, Dad, you wouldn't let me have fifteen dollars for those amplifiers for my radio set and here you let Lucy have money for a darned old party dress! I don't see why—"

"Shut up, Donald!" said Lucy, peremptorily, "you don't need those amplifiers anyway, and I've simply got to have that dress—"

"Aw, you make me sick with your darned dresses. You could make one for half the money you spend on it, and here I have to go without—"

"For Heaven's sake, Donald, think of some one besides yourself. I've never seen any one as selfish as you are."

"Well, just take a look in the mirror some day, then—"

"Here, here, children," Mother interposed, "we will have no more of this. Can't you even come to the table without quarreling?"

The table lapsed into stillness again. Dessert was served and immediately Bobby set up a great cry because Jane had a larger dish of pudding than he. Poor Mother was again forced to reprimand the children. Nothing was heard but the clink of silver on china until finally Donald mumbled a surly "Scuse me," and rushed from the table.

Then Lucy rose, saying, "Please excuse me, I have to hurry and dress. I'm late as it is."

At length both Mother and Father quitted the room and once more quietness filled the place, but it was a peaceful quiet.

Such is the table conversation of the average American family. I do not say that there are

not exceptions, but as a rule talk of this sort, or of business, predominates over the tables of homes all over our land. It is true, I believe, that conversation is becoming a lost art, especially table conversation. It is more difficult as time goes on to find a person to whom it is a pleasure to listen. Every one is in such a hurry nowadays that there is no time for words and we express ourselves in action. But at meal times we have a chance to sit down, to rest, to see our friends and families and to enjoy ourselves. These hours, of all hours of the day, should be given over to happy, interesting talk.

There are hostesses who are so skilled that they can direct the discussions of a whole table. They toss conversation lightly, as they would a ball, back and forth, never letting it become boresome and making it sparkle with the brilliants of jest and wit.

Every meal is not a dinner-party, however, and we cannot expect this at all times, but even here at Lasell we have a chance to make the dining hour one of the most interesting, as well as the most joyous hours of the day.

*Ellen Janette Abell.*

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#### A LESSON IN ENGLISH

##### *Split Sentence Construction and Dangling Participles*

1. After banging and clanging on the door for a while a head appeared at the window.
2. A milking stool was beside the cow on which he was accustomed to sit.
3. The bus holds fifteen people, and when full the bus man shuts the door.
4. She dropped the money on the sidewalk which she was carrying home.
5. I turned triumphantly to Will, who was still gazing at the place where the muskrat sank, with a beaming face.
6. The walk had been long and sunny and Mr. Davis stood wiping his brow on the back of the piazza.

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Locarno may not accomplish any more than Versailles did, but anyway it's easier to pronounce.





October 15, Thursday. Every year it is the custom of the Seniors to hold open house some time during October, for two reasons, both equally important. First: the banner, which until now has remained hidden, is hung in Gardner. Second: every one is invited to go through and see the rooms of the girls. Therefore this special afternoon was dedicated to Open House. Refreshments were served in each dormitory and candy and nuts in the rooms.

This same evening: What is this that comes to our ears? Can it be a bit of the old romanticism of Spain returning? Faint strains of singing and the strum of ukes can be heard soft and sweet in the darkness outside. No, it is not that, but an old custom of Lasell of class serenading.

The Sophomores sang of their fidelity and love to their sister class, the seniors, who in turn answered them, and a spell was woven in the clear, cool night. Baskets of fruit were left at each house as a token.

October 16, Friday. A meeting of the French Club was held in the parlors at three-thirty o'clock. The subject for discussion was Racialism.

Later: Who ever heard of a stereopticon lecture and a concert being given together? We did! and Colonel E. A. Havers was the responsible person for this unusual but attrac-

tive program. As the entrancing scenes of Venice, Genoa, Monte Carlo and Greece appeared before us, simple but typical melodies were played by a Duo-Art piano. They seemed to carry us across the seas to those southern lands. We could almost say we had been there!

Same Evening: A very interesting debate between Oxford and Harvard was held in Symphony Hall, so a group of our girls went in to hear it. Oxford presented the topic, Resolved,—That the growth and activities of the Socialist movement are detrimental to social progress. Much could be learned from the arguments given. Incidentally we had a chance to see some real Oxford "Bags" and real Englishmen.

Betty Smith's inspiring message in Christian Endeavor helped us so very much. She made us feel the spirit of her message.

October 18, Sunday. Vespers. "The Days of Real Sport" was Dr. Park's subject, and truly it was "real sport" to sit there and listen to him talk. He told us how much fun could be gotten from little things, and illustrated his point by one of his happiest moments as a boy. His brother gave him all of the match boxes he had been collecting and that Dr. Park had been envying. It all leads back to imagination, that one factor in our lives we don't always appreciate.

October 19, Monday night. Still more of the romantic! The Juniors serenaded the Seniors to the melody of "Remember," to which tune the Seniors answered the Juniors. Then as a symbol of their friendship they left gifts of delicately marked silver bracelets at each house. Just watch for the Seniors and see if they aren't lovely!

October 23, Friday. French Club was held right after the hockey game. This week each person prepared a paper on "Racialism" to be discussed.

October 23, Friday. Peg Matthews. Poems were the basis of the talk that Peggy gave in our Christian Endeavor, truly worth-while poems.

October 25, Sunday. Rev. E. B. Speight of King's Chapel spoke to us in Vespers. His address was so very good and true, too. We sincerely hope he comes to Lasell again.

October 26, Monday. This was quite an eventful day, as we shall soon see. First on the program was the Salem trip, which proved to be very interesting. There were many places to see on the way through. At Marblehead there was a stop for lunch. On arriving in Salem the girls were allowed to walk around to see what they could see until three-thirty o'clock. On the return trip there were also many places of interest. However, in the meanwhile—

#### THE MOST THRILLING MOMENT

*Dorothy Schumaker.*

I had had a hard day and was terribly tired. I was resting on the bed, waiting for my tub, when bump! plump! the door opened and in came Gin dragging a huge box. No rest for me, then! We squealed like silly kids, until Molly sternly told us to be quiet, whereupon we spent our pent-up joy and energy in hugging each other to suffocation.

"You musn't open it," Gin said.

Bye and bye I went out to take my bath and a quarter of an hour later, when I came back to my room, I found a veritable mob of Seniors from the other houses occupying the room, distributing themselves over the beds, the chairs, the table, the bureaus and the floor.

Just in time to save us from losing our minds entirely, Molly came in and said we might put THEM on. We did!

If you can imagine four big rooms filled to overflowing with Seniors, newly cap-and-gowned, and vainly trying to keep quiet under the excitement of the atmosphere, with last minute instructions hastily whispered, and everybody wearing a new, unconscious dignity—you can imagine Gardner that night.

Finally every one was dressed. It was ten minutes of six. The signal was given. A long, long line of black-robed figures glided swiftly down the winding stairs to the cellar and then out into the open air. Everything was absolutely silent.

A whisper, "Where's Andy?"

Andy was in front of us in a moment.

"S-e- S-e- S-e-n-i- N-i- n-i- n-i-o-r  
S-e-n-i-o-r-s- *Seniors!*"

We had done it. We had taken caps and gowns.

Swiftly we marched, a double line of black figures, over to Main Building. As we came up the drive the bell rang for dinner. The hall, as we entered, was deserted. Every one had gone down to dinner. They were singing the grace. The last note had scarcely ceased when that famous Senior yell broke forth again.

We marched two by two down into the dining-room. The line broke and we formed a triple aisle. Denney raised her hand, nodded, and we sang our cap and gown song for the first time!

October 27, Tuesday. And the caps and gowns were worn all day Tuesday. Also the Special Class serenaded the Seniors that evening.

October 28, Wednesday. The Spanish Club met and chose their officers, who are as follows:

Mariesta Howland, President  
Anita Krakauer, Vice President  
Asuncion Pascual, Secretary  
Mary Freeman, Treasurer

October 30, Friday. Talent was the outstanding feature in the French Club meeting.



Mam'selle was the audience while the members performed. Singing, reciting, music and readings were included in the program.

October 30, Friday. Mary Freeman gave us a message on "Friendship," which after all is one of the most important factors in our lives just now.

October 31, Saturday Night. Ghosts! Spirits! Strange noises!—Brrrr!!! this is Hallowe'en. In our assembly hall there was plenty of fun and some to spare at the costume dance given there. "Tommy" Thompson was the one who "put it over"—m-m—there were cookies, great, big, round ones with icing. There was cider, too!

And oh, the costumes! Marta Aspegren, the White Cavalier, won the prize for originality. Dot Quimby and sister won the prize in the Flashlight dance. To crown it all there was a big round Harvest Moon shining in all his glory outside, and peeking in the windows.

November 1, Sunday. Mr. George Phillips spoke in our vesper service on "One Increasing Purpose," a book by Hutchinson. The quest of that purpose was his own thought all the way through as he reviewed the story. It was a very helpful talk.

November 2, Monday. This morning we had a very unusual chapel service. Mr. Weng, a Chinaman, spoke to us on the "Standing Conditions in China," especially on the improvements along the lines of business and education. He also explained to us the limitations that China has still to suffer. In the next thirty or fifty years he prophesies a greater predominance of the yellow race.

The Freshmen serenaded their sister class, the Juniors, in the evening.

November 6, Friday. Mariesta Howland led us in Christian Endeavor. She talked on "Pride," also she read a young girl's prayer on "Pride," which talk was a great help.

November 7, Saturday Night. A Dramatic frolic was given in the chapel by the members of the Club. "Russ" Russell was chairman, and the stunts were as follows:

Italian Songs, Mariesta Howland, in costume.  
Poky-hunt-is, put on by "Russ."

"At the Beach," monologue, Ginny Amos.

"Wreck of the Hesperus," put on by June Newbold.

"Shadow Play," managed by Betty Van Cleve.

It was very informal, as these frolics are.

November 8, Vespers. Dr. Frank Palmer Speare, the President of Northwestern University, gave us a most practical and unusual talk. "Building a Career" was his topic. He told us that it was all up to us as to our habits and our character, our success or our failure. We are living in a "speedy" nation, so it is hard to keep one's feet upon the ground. Oh, he had logic, and he knew how to get it across to us.

November 10, Tuesday Night. The Dramatic Club met and chose the officers. They are as follows: President, Virginia Amos; Vice-President, Katharine Tufts; Secretary, Mary Mann; Treasurer, Jackie Howard. They certainly are four good officers.

Also the Board for the review of try-outs was chosen. They are: Virginia Amos, Betty Smith, Mariesta Howland and Charlotte Russell.

November 13, Friday. The Missionary Society officers spoke to us, telling us about their work. They are: President, Betty Van Cleve; Vice President, Betty Smith; Tommy Thompson.

November 14, Saturday. An appeal for the Red Cross was made by Miss Jamerson, a daughter of one of the trustees of Lasell.

Same evening. Another frolic was held in the chapel and *what* fun! Such attractively displayed ads, too! They might have walked right out of a magazine. A song by V. Jackson, Wana et- 'er, was between the acts for variety. Then to our amazement the teachers began coming on and performing—oh, no, at second glance we see they are being impersonated. Gracious!—how cute! "Our women in time of war" was in direct contrast to the former acts. Surely a very enjoyable evening.

November 15, Sunday. Mrs. Floyd Black, Zarafiuka Kirova, spoke to us concerning the Near East college of Constantinople. She is a native Bulgarian and President of the Alumnae Association of the College. It was so very in-

teresting to hear about the girls over the seas and their work. Although they are of many nationalities, many of whose countries are at war with each other, there is perfect harmony; the college is as an "Oasis of Harmony in a Desert of Discord." A talk like that helps us to realize how lucky we are over here—how fortunate!

November 16, Monday. Mrs. Mabel Shippie Smith also showed us what opportunities we have here in the United States in her discussion of the Near East. There are still wars there, the condition of the kiddies is frightful. She also told about the orphanages and how those children work! They put such faith in America; she is their guardian angel.

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### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

October 15. Mrs. Dunham of New York City spent some hours with her niece, Ruth Carlo.

October 17. Our friends of the Grey Line took us to Marblehead and Salem—a glorious afternoon trip.

October 20. Our Folk and Aesthetic dancing classes started their course. Miss Barbara Foster (Lasell student) from Portland, Maine, is our instructor.

October 23. Mrs. G. M. Winslow, the Honorary Member of Woodland Park since it was founded in 1918, spoke to us at chapel. Mrs. Winslow spoke on "Trees," and gave us many new and beautiful thoughts, quoting largely from the inspirations that trees have given to many poets.

October 24. A very unusual event for Woodland Park! We went to the movies at the Auburndale Men's Club House!

October 26. We were all delighted to have a call from Miss Frances Badger (President of Class of '24 and one of our former teachers). We regret only the brevity of Miss Badger's visits.

October 28. Mrs. McDonald and the resident teachers of Woodland Park School entertained Mrs. Towne and the Lasell teachers resident at Woodland Park Hall.

October 30. Our Hallowe'en party and such a jolly time. Our day pupils and old teachers and girls resident at Lasell were our guests. We had the usual out-of-doors supper, roasting bacon and "dogs" over the big bonfire. After the enormous feast, dancing and marshmallow toast in the living-room. And to crown it all, a wonderful birthday cake, because it happened to be a birthday, as well as our Hallowe'en Eve!

October 31. Helen Ryden had a lovely birthday party at her home in West Newton. Thither went our younger group who reported it "the very best party."

November 1. Our monthly tea party! The guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Wickliffe Spaulding. After tea Mrs. Spaulding sang a varied repertoire of songs, each one seeming lovelier. Several guests enjoyed the music with us.

November 7. Miss Bull, White Plains, N. Y., was Mrs. McDonald's guest over the week-end.

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### ATHLETICS

#### VARSITY-FACULTY GAME

Any one who failed to attend the Faculty-Varsity game on October 30, surely missed the best game of the year. The Faculty turned out in full array with many red blankets and several snappy songs. The Varsity team is excelled only by that of the Lasell Faculty, we feel sure. The Faculty held the Varsity until the last quarter and the Varsity's two points were made during the final ten minutes.

The latter at dinner were decorated with Hallowe'en favors and the meal was a riot of songs which tested the wit and humor of both Faculty and Students. We missed Mr. Seikel!

The Faculty team: Misses Peterson, Stearns, Austin, Colton, Dale, Rickard, Lawrence, Stuart, Senora, Elderkin and Mr. Seikel.

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#### JUNIOR-SENIOR GAME

On Friday, November 6, the Juniors and Seniors fought it out on the hockey field. The



spirit on both sides was remarkable and no doubt accounted for the final score! At the end of the first quarter the Juniors had one goal and were yelling for more, but the Seniors, becoming desperate, made *four* during the second half and the game ended 4-1 for the Seniors.

Junior line-up: Harris, Howell, Williams, Hambleton, Elliott, White, Hutton, Aspegren, Almy, Patton.

Senior line-up: Denney, Cobb, Horton, Moore, Russell, Lawrence, Krakauer, Day, Renstrom, Potter, Witschief.

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#### LASELL-WALTHAM GAME

The first hockey game of the season was played with Waltham on October 23. It was a great game and both sides played well, especially Lasell, though the final score was 2-1.

The girls put up a splendid fight and showed good team work for their first play together, all of which promises victories for Lasell in our future games. Stell and Lou Abbott are surely missed, but it looks as though their places might be filled soon. Dot Denney (captain), Betty Day (manager) and Fran Robertson, the only members of last year's team, were all we expected and hoped for.

The line-up: Day, center; left inside, Quimby; left wing, Potter; right inside, Denney; right wing, Trafton; center half, Aspegren; left half, Kottcamp; right half, Krakauer; left full back, Almy; right full back, Hambleton; goal, Fran Robertson; subs., Horton, Winslow, Elliott, Gallagher, Moore.

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#### LASELL-NEWTON GAME

The Lasell-Newton game was played at Newton on November 18 and ended our hockey season. The final score was 1-1. The field seemed twice as large as ours, but the girls managed to cover it rather well, and kept Newton from their goal most of the time. Denney and Trafton in the last half did some fine work, but the whistle blew too soon and there were no more goals for either side.



Lasell is rejoiced to have our Principal at home again. We made mention in the October number of the LEAVES of his proposed visit to eight or more Lasell Clubs in the Western and Middle States. That delightful tour has been accomplished, and the readers of the LEAVES will doubtless hear of it in detail later.

What genuine joy was ours when Professor Hills suddenly appeared in our midst. What is the secret of his perpetual youth; he looked not a day older and full of his usual fine spirits! He and Mrs. Hills are wintering in Newport, Rhode Island, and the Professor was up this way as the guest of his daughter, whose home is in Newtonville.

Lasell is constantly filled with pride over the news of the successes marking the career of her former teachers. One of the most pleasant features is that these instructors are keeping in close touch and in such friendly relations with us. We are thinking just now of the recent visit in our midst of Miss Dorothy Shank, former dietitian of Lasell Seminary, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Wagner and Miss Ransom, but they very generously shared her with friends at Lasell. One delightful feature of her visit was the afternoon tea given in her honor at the Wagner home, which gave many of her former friends and associates the opportunity of meeting her.

Good news has just been received from Miss Witherbee, who states definitely that she expects to be back at Lasell the very last of December ready to resume her work for the New Year.

One of the unexpected joys of this new year was the coming to Lasell of the husband of one of our dear old girls, Helen Coon

Zoller, '21. He came primarily to call upon Helen's sister, Virginia Coons, one of our sunny new girls. Mr. Zoller had with him a charming picture of Helen and her little son, Miles, Jr., and referred with pride to his family.

Barbara Jones Bates, '14, that was a charming letter which came to us this month from you containing snap shots of your two adorable youngsters, "Babbie" Annie, twenty-one months, and Frederick, just four years old. Now for one fine word about her husband (without permission). Mr. Bates is one of Chicago's busiest business men. He is not only well occupied in his own bank, but was recently honored by being recommended to the Mayor of Chicago as an expert auditor to look over the books of the city and establish a new system along banking lines.

Girls of some years back will be interested to know that the Auburndale Congregational Church recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. Among the guests of honor and speakers was Dr. William G. Gordon. Only a few of the girls at the school had the privilege of hearing him and we were sorry he could not have given one of those inspiring "chapel talks" so well remembered by the girls of his time.

During November Miss Eichhorn and Mr. Schwab took part in the Musical Vesper service in All Soul's Church in Lowell. After the concert Miss Eichhorn had the pleasure of meeting Seraphine Mason Dumas, '83, and Bertha Adaline Simpson, '88. When we remember their musical ability, we can understand how much they would enjoy these gifted members of our faculty.

The Lasell Matrimonial Roster again presents the names of a goodly number of brides and grooms as well as several engagement announcements.

The engagements are as follows: Deborah Ingraham, '19, to Mr. Lowell Albert Griffith; Elizabeth Webber Tarr, '22, to Mr. Albion Moulton Benton; and Alyce Clara Dick to Dr. Walter Wainwright Crites.

Mrs. Austin Buell Rankin announces the marriage of her daughter, Julia Alice Rankin, '20, to Mr. Ives Cook Welles on Saturday, the twelfth of December, Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

On the twenty-first of November, Dorothy Mae Cook, 1917-20, and Mr. Alfred Gordon Ross were united in marriage at North Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Schweitzer announce the marriage of their daughter, Herma Lenore, '21, to Mr. Waldo Avery Rogers, at the First Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, on the fifth day of December.

The marriage of Janet MacDonald Hannah, '21, to Mr. William W. Gibbs took place on Saturday, the fourteenth of November. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs will reside at 157 Harrison Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.

Lilian E. Doane, '21, and Mr. Arthur G. Maddigan were united in wedlock on Tuesday, October the twentieth, at Buffalo, New York.

On Saturday, October the seventeenth, Claire Parker, '23, was united in marriage to Mr. Ralph E. Battison in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Battison will reside at 7645 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. William MacCutcheon announces the marriage of her daughter, Mildred MacCutcheon, '24, to Mr. Frederick K. Truslow on Saturday, the fifth of December, at Summit, N. J.

Well, our dear Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin, '14, is now in West Somerville, and we think her last move is the best. After having been in Spain, then back to Connecticut, she has finally located in our neighborhood, for which we are truly thankful. Mr. Girvin is teaching in the mechanical engineering department of Tufts College. Mildred gives good reports of her dear baby girl, Elizabeth Ann, and gratefully appreciates Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's thoughtfulness in sending the Lasell Baby Book.

Marion Owen Pollard, '19, from Milo, Maine, begins her letter to Dr. and Mrs. Wins-



low with an acknowledgment of a Lasell Baby Book for her little daughter, Donna May. She speaks of our Principal's unfailing kindness to the old girls and writes that her three baby girls keep her very busy, but that each one has brought her share of love and happiness; and that little Donna has already won her place in the home, and the family happiness would not be complete without wee Donna May.

Our school has been saddened recently over the bereavement which visited two of our girls, old and new. The sudden passing away of Mr. Walter G. Africa, father of Dorothy, '12, and Maud Isabel, '26, brought to us all a feeling of genuine sympathy for these dear sisters and their sorrowing family.

This beautiful tribute appeared in the Manchester Church Calendar:

"Franklin Street Church mourns today the loss of Walter G. Africa.

A Leader of Men—A Follower of the Lord Jesus.

A Lover of Home and Church, of God and His Kingdom.

Invincible in his Faith, Unswerving in His Friendship.

His Soul always Courteous, Courageous and Serene is Now with God."

Through Barbara Bates, '14, we learned the sad news of the death of Ernestine Lederer Elbinger, who had moved from Indiana to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Previous to her marriage and during the World War she accepted a government position in Washington, D. C. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives of this family.

Helen Jacobs, 1919-21, is a near neighbor of Lasell's this winter, being in an official position at the Priscilla Proving Plant, Newton Centre, and "on the side" is specializing in fine candy—we can bear witness that it is equal to all its claims. Helen has orders from many parts of the country and is mailing it to States even as far away as Virginia. We wish her all success.

Vera Studley, 1924-25, dropped in one evening after dinner—she slipped in and out with

somewhat the rapidity of an airship, just giving us a passing glimpse of her, but expressing a hope that she might return next year as a student.

Our dietitian, Elizabeth Stephens, '20, introduced her mother again to Lasell. We believe it is her first visit since Betty's school days. We only wish that Mrs. Stephens might have tarried a little longer.

Mrs. Clarence Moore, mother of Kathryn Moore, '26, made a real visit and we would have been happy to have had her prolong it. Her unusual friendliness and interest in Lasell makes it easy for us to adopt her into our school family.

Among the mothers whom we have welcomed to Lasell recently are Mrs. Clarence P. Stevens, mother of Elinor Stevens, '26; Mrs. Frederick G. Beck, mother of Margaret Beck, '26, and Nadine Strong, '26, also had the pleasure of a visit from her mother. Mrs. Strong entertained some of us with delightful reminiscences of her last summer abroad. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Horton, parents of Millicent Horton, '26, and Millicent's dear aunt, Mrs. Martha C. Allen, who also took us on a delightful reminiscing trip into the Old World. Virginia Hight, too, was rejoicing over the coming of her aunt, Mrs. Merrill. We wish she could have stayed long enough to have accepted the hospitality of Lasell.

The Monday afternoon Faculty Tea is growing and reached a delightful climax at Thanksgiving time in the social hour spent at our Principal's home with Mrs. Winslow as our hostess. Those serving were the Misses Stephens and Blackstock.

Catherine Beecher, '25, declares that she is enjoying her "pedagogic" efforts, and her splendid spirits certainly bear witness to the fact. We were glad to welcome her and wish her Godspeed.

The mother of Natalie Kimball, '30, spent Thanksgiving with her, and Lasell regrets that they could not have spent it with us, but can well understand how glad they were to have a little family party all to themselves.

One of the unique happenings recently was the preparation of a Swedish dinner by our Babs Aspegren, '27, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Drew. Dr. Drew and Elizabeth Boone, '30, were the invited guests. We listened with a bit of envy to Elizabeth's description of this tempting foreign feast.

Very suddenly appeared in our midst Hortense Areson, 1922-24; Elizabeth Irish, 1922-25, and Isabelle Thompson, 1924-25. Hortense is now in the Perry Kindergarten Normal School of Boston and is living at home. We were indeed saddened to learn of her great bereavement in the passing away last summer of her dear father. Elizabeth Irish is at home, and without telling us we are quite sure that she keeps busy with her music. Isabelle Thompson is studying Dramatic Art in the Leland Powers School of Expression and we have her promise that she will come out some time and give us the benefit of her unique training. During the dinner hour these three Bancroft girls gathered about them all the "Bancrofters" of last year and had a jolly reunion.

Dorothy Keeler, '25, never looked better or seemed better than during her recent call at the Seminary.

Our Dean declares that one of her most pleasant surprises of the Thanksgiving season was a delightful greeting from Rose Cruise, '25, who evidently is now, as she was in her school days, a veritable Lady Thoughtful.

The latest addition to our school roster is Elinore Edwards Lewis, daughter of Lady and Alfred Homes Lewis. Elinore has easily fallen into our ways and seems now to be quite at home.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Stone (Helen W. Smith, '18) announce the happy arrival of a little son, Richard Frederick, born the second day of November.

Alice Anne Anthony, daughter of Alice Wry Anthony, '24, has the honor of being the class baby of 1924. What a euphonious name—we already find ourselves looking forward to the time when she will be *A* No. 1 on our Lasell roster. The dainty announcement came

in true Lasell colors, a white card with a blue border. Lasell bids welcome to you, little "Alice Ann."

The students of some years back will remember pleasantly and distinctly Hazel Hutchins, now Mrs. H. J. Moore, a former instructor. Mrs. Moore has sent the good news recently to Mr. Winslow that her family has been rendered happy by the coming of a dear little daughter, Ruth Adaline, born November 18.

## JOKES

In History Civ. class. Charlotte Russell is reading. The class snickers, then bursts into laughter. Charlotte looks up, disturbed.

Miss Laurence: "It's all right, Charlotte; they're laughing at me, not you."

Charlotte: "Oh, I know it!"

Stranger: "Can I get a room for three?"

Clerk: "Have you a reservation?"

Stranger: "What do you think I am?—an Indian?"

Miss Laurence (reading in class)—"In 1456, the first large Bible was printed at Mayence, and a year later the famous Mayence Psalter was completed."

"What is the Psalter, Peg?"

Peg Mathews—"The back part of the Methodist Hymnal."

"Oh, Peg!"

The skipper saw a bull dog with a large, protruding lip.

Alack! Too late! Poor skipper! 'Twas an English battle-ship.

In psychology class:

K. McAuley (in discussion on hearing): Miss Lawrence, why is it I can hear the organ



playing out there and hear you talking at the same time?

Peg Wilding: Why, that's easy; because the organ's playing all the time, and Miss Lawrence is talking all the time!

We do know a dandy one about a girl sitting on a bear trap. But we refuse to spring it.

"Do you know Amos?"

"Amos who?"

"A mos quito!"

"Oh, that's Amos take."

"When Frederick Barbarossa died, Frederick II was left heir."

"Was that all he was left?"

A Flapper's prayer: "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, only give my mother a son-in-law."

Are you a college man?

No, but I know where you can get some!

—"Octopus," University of Wisconsin.

Dumb: What's your business?

Dumber: I sell salt.

Dumb: I'm a salt seller, too. Shake!

We have just heard that the ten commandments (do you know what we mean?) are now being broken in 358 different languages.

The first day of high collars for Seniors (on Sunday):

Helen—"What is the matter with Hazel?"

Marge—"I don't know. Why?"

Helen—"She has her neck all done up in plaster."

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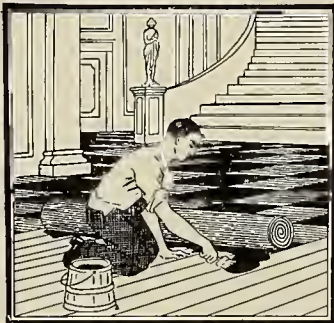
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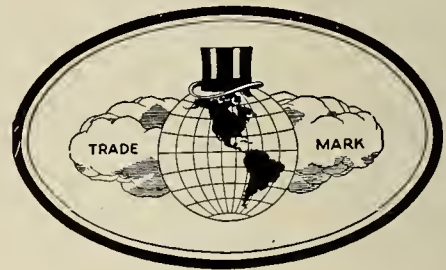
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### "ONLY ONE OTHER"

"Is that the only one you have?" asked Mrs. Draper, looking with a critical, but not displeased expression at the little soft satin dress of green, draped gracefully over the clerk's arm as she held it forward that she might better inspect it.

Mrs. Draper stepped backward to better view the dress. "It certainly is a pretty one," she admitted, more to herself than to the clerk.

"Would you care to try it on, Madame?" questioned the clerk.

"Yes, I believe I will."

So into the fitting room they went, the clerk talking volubly all the time. If she hesitated for a breath it was not apparent, as there was no pause in her jargon which could rightly be called the end of a sentence. The dress was quickly slipped on, and Mrs. Draper turned to see her reflection in the mirror; that decided the question. Green had always been a becoming color for her, as her hair was golden, while her eyes were hazel. She had worn green extensively ever since she could recall; even now her hair remained the same golden color, making the shade still appropriate. Her daughter used that shade a great deal, but she was just seventeen. Mrs. Draper's eyes grew dreamy as she recalled certain days when she was seventeen. However, she was quickly called to the present by the clerk interrupting her own colloquy long enough to ask if she cared for the dress.

"Yes," said Mrs. Draper, then as the clerk started off with the dress thrown lightly over her arm she inquired, "You say that is the only

one you have? Did you ever have another like it?"

"Yes," the clerk grudgingly admitted, for she had been in the business long enough to know to whom she could make professional evasion, but Mrs. Draper was not one of them, for all her charming personality. "However," the clerk added, "that one being in a small size was sold this morning, and it was bought by a young girl. It certainly would never be any of your friends. You see if the Hudson store does order a duplicate dress it orders a woman's size and a girl's size; therefore, you'll certainly make no mistake in buying it," the clerk added, with a wise nod to emphasize the truth of her last remark.

Mrs. Draper lingered. She decidedly disliked investing in a dress that was a duplicate. She was now fairly well off, although years of saving of the pennies had trained her to be a conservative buyer. Yet conservative as she was, her daughter and she had never exchanged the slightest article of apparel, each using her own. She had been raised that way by her mother, and in turn she brought up her daughter likewise. Still, she thought to herself, what if she did get this dress; as the clerk had said, she would probably never see the other person. Also it was difficult to resist that adorable flimsy green satin dress with loose lace sleeves. However, it was that green shade which had formed her decision to look at it in the first place, and it was this again that entered into final conclusions.

"What if the young girl should change her mind and bring back that dress; supposing a friend of mine should take it, because the style



is so unmistakable that it would be recognized no matter how one tried to camouflage it?"

"Ah," the clerk answered, "that will not happen; these dresses cannot be exchanged, therefore, Madame, you need not worry."

"All right, I shall take it," said Mrs. Draper, well pleased that her fears should have proved groundless. "Also, kindly wrap it up, as I am going home, and I will take it with me."

This procedure was speedily accomplished, and Mrs. Draper started home in her Hupmobile sedan, for she lived in that city "where everybody rides, and nobody walks." At last she drew up at Virginia Park, a street not known as much for its wealth as its aristocratic families. She stepped from her car to the sidewalk, and tripped briskly along to the house, taking her box with her. Opening the door, she was about to start up the stairs when she saw her daughter in the living room.

"Oh, Catherine," said she, "hadn't you better go up, and dress for the card party? I really think that is a good idea of yours in having a bridge party together on the same afternoon, but in different rooms. It is going to save us the trouble of getting up separate parties. Oh, yes, I got a new dress for the occasion."

"So did I," replied the daughter, "you know you suggested that we both were in need of new ones, and when I was down town this morning, I picked up something I liked. It really is sweet; I am crazy about it, and I am sure you will be. What does yours look like?"

"Well, it is hard to explain," responded her mother. "Let's go upstairs, and put them on. I am glad we both got dresses, because neither of us had anything suitable to wear. Come along."

"Sure," was Catherine's reply, "a dress never looks the way an explanation pictures it. You have to see it."

Both women went up stairs. In the hall they stopped at their own doors, their rooms being opposite each other.

"Well," said Catherine, laughing softly, apparently in high spirits, "let's both go in, change our dresses, and then come out at the same time."

"All right," replied her mother. So into their respective rooms they went.

"Are you ready, Daughter?" Mrs. Draper called from her room.

"Yes, Mother dear, one, two, three, appear," Catherine said, as she opened her door, while Mrs. Draper hastened to accord with the spirit by doing likewise.

A moment of painful silence ensued, so painful that it seemed it would never end, as the two stood looking at each other wearing "the only other dress."

"Mother, where did you get the dress? At Hudson?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"Didn't you ask if there was a duplicate?" inquired Catherine.

"I did," replied her mother, "but they said that they had only one duplicate, and it had been sold this morning to a young girl; it would never have occurred to me that it could be you, because I knew you practically never go there."

"I know," she assented, "I just took a notion to go in. Isn't it terrible, Mother, and you so hate to even buy a duplicate! What shall we do? Well, we will have to take them back."

"I am sorry, my dear, but they said no exchanges or returns, and I am positive that they will make no exceptions."

For a minute the two looked disconsolately at each other; then the humor of the situation revealed itself to them, and both of them laughed so hard that really it came near to endangering those precious duplicate dresses.

"Well, anyway, Mother," said Catherine, after they had laughed until they could laugh no more, "careful as you have been in my training, this saved you from failing to teach me something very valuable; but now I shall never forget. That is the importance of *"only one other."*

*Ethelwyn Vandever.*

#### A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

The Christmas spirit was in the air; the bells were jingling everywhere. The new-fallen snowflakes made a warm white blan-

ket for the earth and the moon sparkled on the glistening snow.

"'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there."

This jolly Saint Nicholas was dressed in fur from his head to his feet, so there was no chance for the wind and snow to get in. His cheeks were as red as roses, his nose like a big, red cherry, and his beard was as white as snow.

"He had a little round belly,  
Which, when he laughed, shook like a bowl full of jelly."

He had eight tiny reindeer, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Dunder, and Blitzen by name, who swiftly drew him on his tiny sleigh over the house tops, which were all covered with snow.

It was this old fellow who was so sly that children could never catch a glimpse of him when they tried. It was also he who, with a pack of toys and trinkets on his back, went down through the chimneys without making a noise.

The children had all hung their stockings in a row in front of the fireplace and had early crept into bed. Now they were in Dreamland, where they had visions of sugar plums and toys. They knew old Santa would not forget them. Also that he would bring them their hearts' desires, for they had written him a letter.

Soon down the chimney came old Saint Nicholas with a bound. His clothes were all covered with ashes and soot. Out of his pocket he pulled a letter, for he had Billy, Johnny, and Betty in mind. It was Billy who wanted a teddy bear, Johnny who wanted a tin soldier, and Betty who wanted a doll.

All three stockings hung in a row. It did not take old Santa long to discover that the smallest stocking was Billy's, for he was the youngest. Into the toe of this stocking old Santa stuffed nuts, and candy. He filled out the leg of this stocking with oranges and apples

and stuck a white teddy bear in the top. Next on his list was Johnny—aged seven. As Betty was nine, the middle sized stocking must belong to Johnny. His stocking was filled with Christmas goodies and a blue tin soldier put in the top. In the last stocking old Santa put the usual Christmas dainties and in the top he put a pretty dolly with golden hair and blue eyes. Old Santa gave one glance. Yes, there were the heads of a teddy, a soldier, and a doll. So as quick as a flash, he darted up the chimney and hastened on.

There was not a noise in the house but the tick tock of the old grandfather clock. When the clock struck twelve out of the stockings jumped the teddy, the soldier, and the doll, followed by the fruits and candies. This was the midnight parade. Right from the fireside to the parlor they marched. Here they danced around the Christmas tree until the bells on the tree began to ring, the birds began to sing, and the stars winked at each other. The soldier picked up a drum, the doll seated herself at a toy piano, and the teddy bear picked up a toy violin. The soldier counted one, two, three, and they started to play "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and the angels from the Christmas tree floated in the air and joined in the chorus. Then they sang such carols as "It came upon the Midnight Clear" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." The clock struck one and they all said, "Merry Christmas to all and to all good night" and back into their places each one hopped, just as Saint Nicholas had left them all ready for the eager children's eyes in the early morn.

*Gertrude Bicknell.*

---

#### MOONLIGHT MAGIC

A mellow light casts, by a yellow moon,  
Its pale reflection on a blue lagoon,  
Which glimmers there, a wav'ring, dim festoon,  
Upon a mystic night in lovely June;  
And all the while the rippling waters croon  
A dreamy, fairy-like, enchanting tune  
As waves do meet and kiss beneath the moon,  
Upon a mystic night in lovely June;  
And gliding softly in a dream canoe  
Are slowly drifting magic lovers two—



Sweet lovers from the fairy realms of blue,  
 Who seem themselves to blend into that hue.  
 Oh, lovely fairies, only myths are you,  
 But in the dreams of youth you seem most true.

*Jean Vickers.*

---

### A DREAM

Yonder in the western sky,  
 I watched the sunset glow  
 Fade away reluctantly,  
 As though 'twere loath to go.

The tiny ripples on the lake  
 Were red and gold no more,  
 But deeper, darker, softer shades  
 Danced from shore to shore.

Then quietly all disappeared,  
 The twilight glow was gone;  
 And o'er the world the mystic veil  
 Of night came stealing on.

The wooded hills like sentinels stood,  
 Against the velvet sky;  
 And myriads of twinkling stars  
 Gazed brightly from on high.

The world grew still, no wavelet stirred,  
 A hush fell over all,  
 Broken only by the note  
 Of a night bird's sleepy call.

Then from the distance breezes hove  
 The murmur of voices sweet  
 As the great round moon rose above the hill.  
 Ah,—'twas a dream complete!

*Dorothy Bowler.*

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### A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

Christmas—the most happy and joyful season of the year. 'Tis then all is peaceful and good will toward men is shown by all of God's family.

Trudging through the snow toward a little hut snuggled beneath the pine trees bowing to the ground from their weight of snow, Jerry, Tom and Bud kept watching the distance between them and Uncle Jim diminish. They were on their way to take a little gift to Uncle Jim, as he was affectionately nicknamed by the boys. His real name was James Theophilus James, but of course that was too long for the boys to say, so they all decided on "Uncle Jim."

Each year Uncle Jim was the recipient of many little gifts from his youthful admirers who lived in a village about a mile distant. Each lad spent several months saving every penny that chanced to come his way to buy the best to be obtained in the nearest five and ten cent store. And now it was Christmas! The savings of two months had been spent and now the purchases were being proudly taken to their dear Uncle Jim.

But what had Uncle Jim done to deserve such lavish presents on the part of the youngsters? He had done that which was nearest to every boy's heart—played marbles, flown kites, made sailboats, and whittled animals and birds from wood. He had joined with them in all their games, and despite his sixty-five years he was spry and able to run almost as fast as his playmates. Is it any wonder that the boys all looked on him as the most wonderful person on earth?

As the boys plowed through the last snow drift, which was as large as themselves, they began looking around for their host, but he was nowhere in sight. Surely, then, he must be inside the hut, sitting in front of the crackling fire, as was his custom of wintry nights.

They reached the house at last and Tom rapped on the door with his already numb knuckles. Immediately the door opened and Uncle Jim stood there, his jolly face personifying happiness itself. The boys were cordially invited inside, and as they stepped in a festive Christmas tree peeked from behind the door at them. It was trimmed from top to bottom with little quaint trimmings, and the tree lighted the room with a soft glowing light.

This was Uncle Jim's Christmas surprise for his youthful friends. They were not long in making themselves at home, for hospitality radiated from every nook and corner, inviting the boys to enter and enjoy themselves. And, being boys, they did not hesitate a minute and the little hut was transformed into a castle of joy.

There in Uncle Jim's little hut happiness reigned supreme.

*Ruth Hutton.*

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

"I don't care! Why couldn't I have a doll with light hair and blue eyes instead of this one with dark hair? I wanted one that was different from Mary Lou's. Why wasn't Santa good to me?" And two big round tears rolled down Dorothy's cheeks and glistened in her little pink hands.

"But, darling," her mother replied, "why did you change your mind? In your letter to Santa, you told him that you wanted a doll just like Mary Lou's." "I know, but can't I change my mind?" retorted her little daughter. "But see what you already have," said her mother. "You should be satisfied with all your nice presents and Uncle Tom is sure to bring you a wonderful surprise tomorrow. Come, now, and go to sleep, for I must go and see your Daddy. Good-night, dear." There was no response from the bed, so Mrs. Gray proceeded to tuck in the covers and turn off the lights.

All was quiet save for the howling of the wind outside and the sobs of little Dorothy, which soon ceased as she dropped asleep. But what was that? Dorothy sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. Were they deceiving her? Surely not, for there perched on the footboard of her bed was a little person that seemed like a fairy; but why did her face look so strangely familiar? Now, she knew. The little person was her doll, but she was alive, for she was winking her big brown eyes.

"Who are you and what is your name?" she asked. "My name is Silverbell," replied her little visitor. "Are you a fairy?" Dorothy asked again. "Some people call me that and others call me a doll. But did you know that all dolls are fairies and have something to teach their little mistresses? Father Time sent me here and told me to take you to the place where I was made. Would you like to visit my home?" "Oh, could I really?" cried Dorothy. "But what would Mother and Daddy say? They might wake up and miss me." "Oh, we can manage to get back soon, so they will not even know you are gone," said Silverbell. "But, to be sure, we'll just sprinkle some of

this silver dust into their eyes. Come, we must hurry."

Before Dorothy knew it she was flying over the tree tops. "Why," she exclaimed, "I never knew that I could fly."

"You couldn't until I tacked the magic wings to your shoulders," laughed Silverbell. "Now we must fly into that window. But first, let me give you this invisible cloak, because you mustn't be seen, you know." In what seemed like two seconds to Dorothy they were in a small, shabby toyshop and were seated on the floor by the fireplace. As she glanced around her, she saw that this was a very poor workshop, but in cupboards and on all the shelves were wonderful dolls, all kinds of mechanical toys, etc., and there was Sylvia's father making the wheels for a tiny toy engine for his own little boy. But who was that coming in the door? It looked like John, the cobbler. "What can I get for my little son for Christmas?" said John. "The only thing he wants is an electric toy engine and I can't afford that. But what is the price of your cheapest one?" "The cheapest one I have is three fifty and this is the last one," replied the toy-maker. "But I can't possibly pay that for one. What shall I do?" "Well, this is the last one I have and I was making it for my little boy. I'll sell it to you, though, for just three dollars. Is that all right?" "Yes, I have just that amount. Oh, how grateful I am to you for it and I want you to know that you are helping some one to have a Merry Christmas." "It's perfectly all right," replied the toymaker. "I'm glad to help when I can. Good-night!"

As the door slammed behind him he reflected that his little boy wanted that engine just as bad as the other one. There wasn't time to make another, but wait! if he stayed at the shop after hours 'till ten-thirty he could get one finished. He immediately decided, and going without supper he finally got it completed. How weary he was! Was the pleasure of the little boy worth it? Of course. With that thought he locked up the shop and went homeward, with the toy tucked under his arm.

*(Continued on page 15)*





## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

So universal has our Christmas festival become that rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, believer or non-believer, we each of us observe it in our own way. But to all of us the one dominant note is that of love and cheer; we feel it in the air, and sooner or later it "gets" us all. It is a time when, no matter how heavy and burdened the heart, we perforce must do something for somebody. And even if this feeling only reaches some once a year we are glad for it. As we hear the tinkle of the Salvation Army bell on the streets our hearts are made warm within us, and as we dip into our purses to let a nickel or a dime transfer itself into the red box, we have a joyous feeling.

So prevalent has this joyous feeling become that one finds Christmas shopping a friendly experience, crowded though the shops be, and pushed and jostled though one gets. Every one is good-natured, and if one has ever stopped at a children's book counter one gets plenty of advice and friendly suggestions as to what to purchase. The clerks in the shops are ever ready to assist, and even though one realizes that it is to their advantage to sell all they can, yet so many go out of their way to do thoughtful things. Have you ever had your arms full of bundles and had a clerk offer to tie them together for you? That takes up her time; she may even lose a customer, but she has bestowed upon the shopper a Christmas gift. She has walked the second mile. You

may never see her again, she may be an "extra," but she has given one something inestimable just in that small act of kindness. It may lead you to do something for somebody else.

But what is this Christmas spirit? Is it a mere matter of buying gifts for the family, for friends? Yes, even for those one does not know but into whose hearts and lives one wants to bring a little Christmas cheer. Or is it something finer and deeper and more permanent? Those who announced the birth of Jesus said that it was to bring "Peace on earth, good-will to men." Do we believe it? Do we who are followers of His try to fulfill the promise of the angels? Nay; we forget. We go on our foolish way and think that we are doing much when we give material gifts to others. We little realize that Jesus meant us to get under the burden—to give of our hearts and our minds so that true peace and good-will might come.

Let us be merry, let us be gay. But may we try to keep the Christmas spirit through the year, so that its real message may be proclaimed, so that its great promises may be fulfilled. In the words of Joyce Kilmer,

"Unbar your heart this evening  
And keep no stranger out,  
Take from your soul's great portal  
The barrier of doubt.  
To humble folk and weary  
Give hearty welcoming,  
Your breast shall be tomorrow  
The cradle of a King."



Nov. 18—A game! Newton vs. Lasell. Score 1-1, no favor this time.

Nov. 20—The first reception of the year was held. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, and Miss Potter received. Miss Stearns read some very entertaining pieces, and our harp instructor, Mrs. Watson, also entertained us with some very lovely music.

Nov. 21—The seniors provided a real good time for all at the "Pop" concert this Saturday night. There was dancing—music by a special orchestra. Sandwiches, ice cream and drinks were served. What jolly fun!

Nov. 22—With a snapping, crackling, bright fire to cheer, a Missionary Camp Fire meeting was held for the vesper service. Miss Martha Hartman of Lima, Peru, gave us an informal address about the school in Lima. Again and again are we brought to realize the untold wealth of the golden opportunities that we young people enjoy here. The young folks are not so different from us—even on another part of the globe—enjoying, in fact, very up-to-date styles.

Nov. 23—On this morning was held Christian Endeavor—led by Marion Fitch, who gave us a message of help for inspiration.

Nov. 29—Reverend John T. Dallas, the vicar of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, talked on the "Picture of God which we have in our hearts."

So impressive, and yet so soothing, was he we listened enthralled. "Your picture of God will be shown in your actions, and it is an ever-changing picture," he said. Wouldn't we all be good people if we took seriously all these wonderful ideas given us?

Nov. 30—A surprise—"to come upon unexpectedly—to take unawares"—that is what '25 thought they would do Monday night, but the truth will out and '26 discovered the plot and welcomed them joyously. Cherished mem'ries of the past were brought back by the old songs.

Dec. 2—Immediately after dinner in the chapel was given a familiar, old but still loved legend. It was the first touch of the Christmas spirit this year. The entire French Club gave this little play—and much do we owe to Mademoiselle for its merits.

Dec. 6—Vespers. Professor John Patten Marshall of B. U. gave as his subject the appreciation of music. "Instruction is necessary for appreciation of music, for it has a meaning, but the meaning begins where words leave off. Music has its effect on people, physically and intellectually, because of the melody, harmony and rhythm." We all like music, it is true, but it is good to know why.

Dec. 9—After hearing a man talk on music, we heard our own friends make music, as it were, and fine work they did, too. The program is as follows:



## PROGRAM

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Piano—Solfeggietto                     | <i>Ph. E. Bach</i>     |
| Ruth O'Brien                           |                        |
| Voice—The Virgin at the Manger         | <i>Perillou</i>        |
| Janette Smock                          |                        |
| Piano—To a Water Lily                  | <i>MacDowell</i>       |
| In Autumn                              |                        |
| Katherine Braithwaite                  |                        |
| Violin—Capriccio                       | <i>Rissland</i>        |
| Evelyn Ladd                            |                        |
| Piano—Autumn                           | <i>Chaminade</i>       |
| Frances Hall                           |                        |
| Voice—The Infant Jesus                 | <i>Pietro Yon</i>      |
| Evelyn Mann, Marjorie Wood             |                        |
| Violin—5th Air with Variations         | <i>Dancla</i>          |
| Marjorie Winslow                       |                        |
| Piano—To the Rising Sun                | <i>Torjussen</i>       |
| Barbara Tait                           |                        |
| Voice—Come to the Lord Jesus           | <i>Ambrose</i>         |
| Dorothy Hale                           |                        |
| Piano—Robinson Crusoe Suite            | <i>Richard Stevens</i> |
| Robinson Crusoe                        |                        |
| Friday                                 |                        |
| The Parrot                             |                        |
| The Cannibal Dance                     |                        |
| Victoria Jackson                       |                        |
| Voice—Old Christmas Carol              | <i>Old English</i>     |
| Dorothy Messenger                      |                        |
| Piano—Sparks                           | <i>Moszkowski</i>      |
| Helen Waltz                            |                        |
| Voice—Adore and Be Still               | <i>Gounod</i>          |
| Suzanne Shutts                         |                        |
| Harp, Georgia Parrish                  |                        |
| Piano—Consolation                      | <i>Liszt</i>           |
| Gwendolyn McDonald                     |                        |
| While all things were in quiet silence | <i>Dunham</i>          |
| ORPHEAN CLUB                           |                        |
| Solo by Miss Shutts                    |                        |

Dec. 11—Madeleine Roth led Christian Endeavor. Also the French Club held its last meeting before vacation, having for its program a few musical numbers.

Dec. 12—Hilarity in its truest sense is the word to describe "slam" dinner. The friendly "digs" were received amid much laughter—one out of many—"Art for Art's sake." Then there were a few performances. Charleston—dancing—what a rollicking good time! At eight o'clock a very well arranged and entertaining frolic was given by the Dramatic Club—rather a special program. There was dancing between the acts.

A most inspiring missionary chapel was held in place of our ordinary one, so we could see the many and wondrous gifts for the poor unfortunate kiddies in celebration of Christmas Day.

Dec. 13—Nearer and nearer comes the Christmas spirit. Its atmosphere pervades all parts. The Wise Men's Star grows larger and larger, brighter and brighter, if you have noticed. In his most delightful address Rev. Raymond Calkins illustrated that if the true feeling of giving dies out, there is left no enthusiasm, no warmth of pleasure. The Glee Club and part of the orchestra helped more than ever to make beautiful the service.

Dec. 14—The last meeting of the Spanish Club was held in the parlors, having a delightful Christmas program. Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Miss Austin were guests.

Dec. 15—Indeed we will be well acquainted with all these fine missions very soon! Isabella Nugent of India gave us a most interesting account of the life of the people, of their cruel caste systems, of their feelings. Isn't it too bad we all can't be missionaries? The Glee Club serenaded with Christmas carols in the good old-fashioned way in the evening.

Dec. 16—Gracious! What excitement! The day was started by more carols sung by the Glee Club, and then, oh, my! goodbyes were said on every hand, and Lasell's children wended their way homeward to the various corners of the country for the mid-year holidays at last.

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## WHITE MOUNTAIN PARTY

Birch trees glistening against a background of white snow; the vast solitudes of snow-clad mountains and the glorious blue sky above—a mere bird's-eye view of the White Mountains.

For any one who loves God's great open spaces in the winter time this party is the best time of the year. There are hundreds of inducements, but just let me mention a few. We leave on Friday and go by train to Intervale. There a large sleigh drawn by many prancing steeds drives us to a hotel, where

the food is something we all dream about. But we're never in the hotel—except to eat. There are all-day sleigh rides, skating, skiing, tobogganing and snow-shoeing. If you've never done all these things before you soon learn, and if you have—you revel in miles and miles of nothing but snow and opportunity.

There is even a movie on Saturday night and a gorgeous moonlight ride. Have you ever seen a real winter sunrise? Get up the next morning in the White Mountains about six o'clock and see one that is one.

And last, but not least, it's the most perfect place in which to get acquainted. Lasting friendships are made on these White Mountain trips. Don't any one dare to miss it this year, or it will prove a lasting regret.

### A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Dear Lasell Girls, old and new, once again we gratefully acknowledge your beautiful Christmas greetings to us. The personal word and occasional photograph of home or family is enthusiastically appreciated. More and more we marvel as the years go by that so many of your dear company are still holding the school and us in such loving and generous remembrance. To each one we send our hearty thanks and best wishes for the coming year and years.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Towne.

Miss Lillie R. Potter.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

*(Continued from page 11)*

Now let us return to Dorothy and Silverbell. Dorothy was very silent all the way home, but she was thinking of how much the toymaker did to make others happy and how little she did; even at times, she reflected, she made people very unhappy instead. When she came home she bade goodbye to Silverbell and after she had unfastened her wings crawled back to bed.

The next thing she knew was her Mother calling "Uncle Tom is here! See what he has brought you, dear." "Oh!" cried Dorothy, "a

doll just like I wanted, with light hair and blue eyes."

During the Christmas dinner and the auto drive she was unusually silent. But when she got home she whispered to her mother to come upstairs for a minute. "Mumsie," said she, "will you do something 'specially for me?" "What is it, darling?" her mother asked. "Let me invite the little poor children next door over to supper. And may I light the Christmas tree again and may I give them some of my very own toys?" "Of course, if you really want to," her mother said. So that evening, Christmas night, the little children all came and Dorothy gave them some of her many toys and gifts, and even surprised them all by giving away her new dollie with the flaxen hair and blue eyes. "But," she explained to her Uncle Tom, "it's not because I don't like her. It's because I like her so well that I want some one else to like her also."

When all was quiet again and it was bedtime she told her mother about the visit of the night before. "But, my dear, it must have been a dream," she said. Dorothy replied, "Don't you think it was a pretty nice dream? And what I liked best about it was a motto that I want to make mine. I found it written over the door of the toy shop. And this was it, 'Not what we give but what we share, for the Gift without the Giver is bare.'"

*Marjorie Louise Blair.*



The list of marriages recorded in this number is small but very select. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Balcom Clark announce the marriage of their daughter, Ana Balcom Clark, '22, to Mr. Henry Meiggs Keith, 3rd, on Friday, the



eleventh of December, at nine o'clock, American Legation, San Jose, Costa Rica.

Louise King Titus, '24, and Mr. Robert Roscoe Calef were united in marriage on the fourteenth of December at Saint John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Dover, New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calef will be at home after January 1st, in Orlando, Florida.

Miss Potter was recently the guest of two old girls, Anna Kendig Peirce, '80, and her daughter, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, 1904-06, and while enjoying a dainty luncheon at Elizabeth's home then and there our Preceptress learned some pleasant news concerning old girls. Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, has been recently in Boston and reports all well at home. Her parents are soon to cruise the Mediterranean. We wish these loyal patrons of Lasell a happy voyage. Frances Bragdon West, '05, has recently been elected to one of Cleveland's leading literary clubs. It is in just such company that Lasell always looks for gifted Frances to be!

Miss Frances K. Dolley and her mother spent the Christmas holidays together at their old home in Albion, New York. Recently a letter from Brown University to our registrar, Mr. Charles F. Towne, paid deserved tribute to two of our old girls, Anna Bullock, '23, and Mary DeWolf, '24, both of whom are making a fine record in their chosen college.

Isabel Fish, '20, was kind enough to call us up recently and then we learned that she will soon complete her course in nursing at the Boston Children's Hospital. She reports that her sister, Josephine Fish Pendergast, 1905-07, is busy and happy in her home in the mountains.

Clementina Butler, 1880-81, now well known as a writer on missions, is planning a trip to Mexico in February. Several others will join her. This would certainly be an exceptionally fine opportunity for old girls to visit Mexico under the guidance of the enthusiastic and world-wide traveler.

Several of us were delighted to receive a personal word of greeting and remembrance from Miss Emily Genn at Christmastide, but

were indeed grieved to learn that in September her only sister, with whom she lived, passed away. How like our Miss Genn it seemed, as we read in her dear message that her Christmas, which otherwise might have been very lonely, was to be filled with Christmas joy, for Emily was planning a fine Christmas dinner for the neighboring little folk, to be given in her own home.

During the holidays Constance Blackstock, '09, was unusually busy preparing her post-graduate thesis for Boston University, but took time to run out to Melrose and call upon Mrs. Hilbourn, our former matron and friend, who, though confined to her home, had only brave reports to give of herself.

The last Friday of the Christmas vacation Mrs. Winslow entertained Miss Eva Chandler, Lasell's former instructor in the Department of Physics. Those of us who had the privilege of meeting her rejoice when Miss Chandler comes to Lasell, even though it be for a short visit.

The holidays were saddened for Miss Dimittroff, a member of our faculty, by the sudden passing away of her beloved father. Our sincere sympathy is extended to this bereaved teacher and her family.

Together with her Christmas greetings Jean Mackay, 1911, sent a charming snap-shot of herself and father taken on their Montana ranch. The flowers blooming in the background and Jean in her dainty costume suggest a private garden in New England rather than a sweep of Western prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Towne entertained Mr. Towne's family during the Christmas vacation; amongst the group were some precious little children, who made the holidays seem very homelike for the friends at Woodland Park.

Mrs. McDonald and Gwendolyn are spending part of the December holidays with friends in New Hampshire.

Just as sure as Christmas comes so sure are Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to "make merry" at the school for the benefit of the many little

children whose parents serve Lasell officially or otherwise.

This year these dear little ones, who at least for one day become members of our school family, celebrated as usual in the gymnasium. The entertainment followed a delicious Christmas dinner served in Bragdon Hall dining-room. The decorations were artistically arranged by Mrs. West; the bright fire on the hearth and holly and Christmas green added to the home-like attractiveness of the room. Distributing of the gifts followed a charming impromptu program furnished by the children of the Seminary. The girls of late years who have come to know Virginia Amesbury would have been delighted with her solo work! Her three brothers in turn furnished musical numbers on the program. Dear little Priscilla Winslow sang a Christmas song, her sister Marjorie Winslow, '29, accompanying her on the piano and Donald Winslow on the violin. George Tyler's "little Jo" as usual sang successfully his Christmas song, while every little member of Mr. McElaney's family did something for our entertainment. Little David and Barbara Ordway, accompanied by their mother, sang sweetly their Christmas carols. Mrs. Winslow as hostess presided over the program. The grand finale was the appearing of Santa Claus giving gifts to the good children, which meant, of course, that every last and least child had his share. Santa certainly looked very real and had a kindly word for each child and grown-up, but, what do you think? Virginia declared that he was none other than her father, and some of us believe her to be a good guesser.

A card from Dorothy Chandler, 1920-21, tells us she is spending the winter at the Caney Creek Settlement with Cherry Buchanan, '22.

Marie Cogswell Gelinsky, '06, and her stalwart son called at the Seminary while the Personal Editor was away, much to her disappointment. A card has been received from Marie mailed in New Bedford. Last year she was on this way to place her boy in the Powder Point School, but as this school is now closed, she was on looking up a new training ground

for the son. We hope she has succeeded in finding just the right place.

Helen Robson, '24, ran in this month for a short call. She was here spending part of her vacation with her cousin, but intended soon to join the family, who are now living in Philadelphia. She assures us that her sister is very happily placed in a well-known Art School in the Quaker City. Helen was hastening back to be in Philadelphia during the visit of her father, who was coming up from their Southern home for the holidays.

Senora Orozco and her daughter Maria spent the Christmas holidays at their second home in Andover. Maria is enthusiastic over her work at Rogers Hall, Lowell, Mass., where she is in charge of the Spanish department. /

Mrs. Bertha Hooker and her niece, Helen Beede, '21, spent their Christmas vacation at Orleans, Vermont. Helen on her return expects to complete her business course at Bryant & Stratton School in Boston. Our Principal also spent a part of the holidays with his mother and sister at Orleans.

During the Christmas vacation Mr. and Mrs. Wagner (Mary C. Ransom, 1874-76), not now under our roof, but whom we will ever lovingly claim as Lasell folk, entertained their son, Mr. Charles Wagner, and family.

Among our distinguished visitors at the holiday season were Mr. and Mrs. William Arms Fisher. Mr. Fisher is editor of the Musicians' Library and the Music Students' Library, and it is to Professor Fisher that we are indebted for the popular arrangement of the familiar song, "Goin' Home." Mrs. Fisher is also well known in musical circles.

Lasell is always pleased to register the advent of her grandchildren—the girls are promptly and properly placed on the school's waiting list, while the boys are quickly and fittingly registered on our calling list. From Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Frost (Helen Chapman, '23) of Berkeley, California, comes the news of a daughter, Holly Chapman Frost, born December third. On the same day and year little Joy Berkey arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cortland (Wilda Berkey, 1914-16).



## SENIORS

O—stands for the Oil of truth with  
Which our lamps are filled.  
May their flames glowing brightly  
Lead well the lives we build.

U—points out the Usefulness  
That we would give to all.  
We would be helpful comrades  
And answer friendship's call.

R—stands for our Ring of gold  
With glowing amethyst.  
May it be as a beacon  
To lead us to our best.

C—marks Cooperation.  
No Senior works alone;  
But striving in unison  
Her class pride is her own.

A—declares our Allegiance  
To Seniors gone before;  
How we would love to see you  
Back at Lasell once more.

P—brings forward our Purpose  
To give our very best  
To everything we strive for  
With eagerness and zest.

A—stands for our Ability,  
Which we are training here;  
We'll not forget our teachers  
Whose help has made things clear.

N—stands for the Name, Lasell,  
So dear to every heart;  
May our ties be even deeper  
The June when we depart.

D—declares the Dignity  
Inherited year by year,  
But by no class of Seniors  
Could it be held more dear.

G—glows brightly for Glory  
Of all the Seniors true,  
And fairly won we bring it  
Dear Twenty-Six to you.

O—tells the Opportunity, that has been  
Ours—we pray  
That we have made the very most  
Of every single day.

W—tells the Way we work,  
And we are proud to say  
The final score doesn't count  
As much, as *how* we play.

N—stands for the Night of nights  
We robed—and may it be  
Cherished and remembered,  
A golden memory.

B. V. S.

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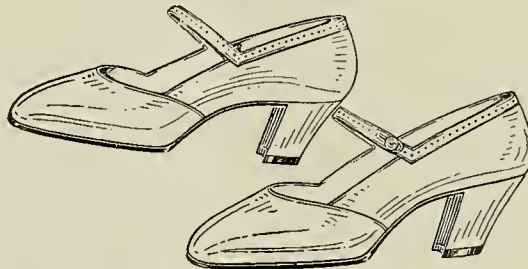
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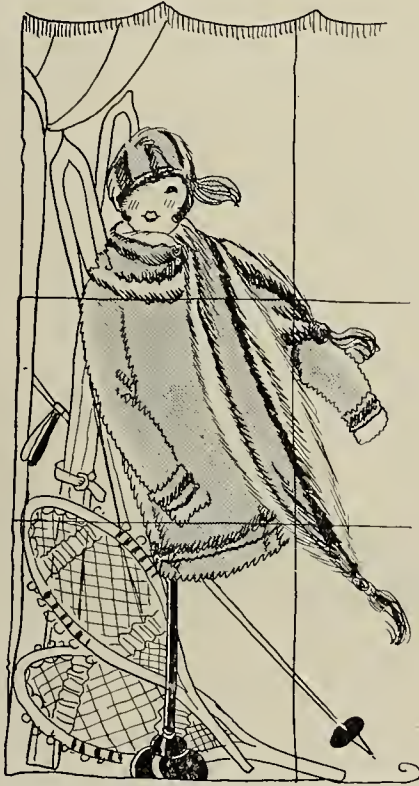
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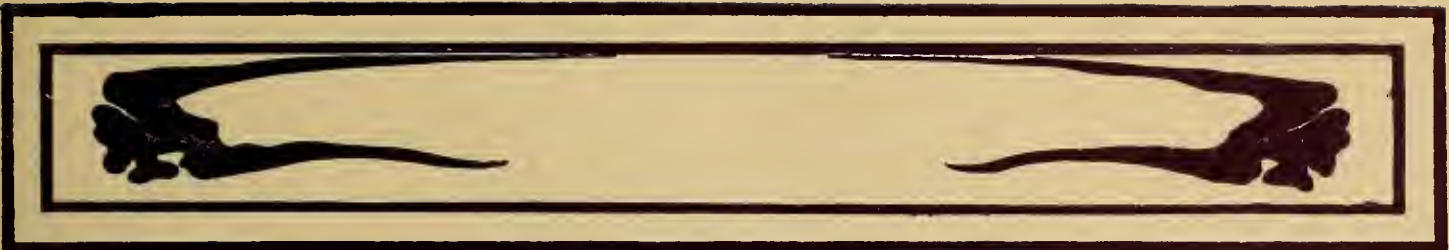
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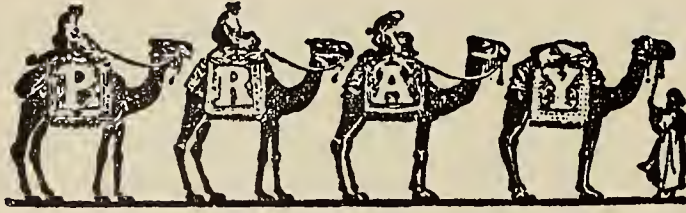
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## HOW JOHN FOUND HIS GOD

John was weary from his long day's work. As he busied himself getting his simple meal his mind began to wander to thoughts he had never dared to think before. What is the use of all this labor, he mused. It does not bring me happiness. Can it be that God has forgotten me here in this solitude? God? What is God? Certainly He does not seem to be here, with all this work and loneliness. Is it possible that God is in the city where everybody is happy and prosperous? John laughed. "What an absurd idea," he said aloud. "Everybody knows the city is a place of evil." He tried to put away the idea but it seemed to persist. "God is in the city, God is in the city. Go to the city and you will find happiness," a voice told him over and over again. As the days went by he grew more restless and discontented. He could not put aside the idea that God was happiness and since he had not found happiness on his tiny farm he must search for it somewhere else.

It was a beautiful day when John started out on his pilgrimage but he did not seem to notice it. All he could realize was that he was leaving the drab little cottage with its climbing roses, and the hot fields. He was going out to find his God and happiness. Where he could find them he did not know but he was going straight to the big city with its gay cafés and happy people.

He tramped along the dusty road until he came to a city of shining spires and golden towers. Painted women, dazzling in their jeweled gowns, flirted and danced. Boisterous men drank and sang, and everybody seemed

to be happy. Surely, John thought, God is here,—everybody is contented,—and so he joined the merry throng.

The lights were low. The haunting strains of music reached his ear. He looked at the girl beside him, her face was expressionless, a cigarette trailed out of the corner of her mouth. She raised a glass of wine to her lips, took a sip and set it down again. For one instant her mask of indifference dropped from her face. Her eyes looked sad and wistful as if they were longing for something that they had lost and then they turned blank again as if a shade had been pulled down, shutting out her soul. John jumped up, looked wildly around through the haze of blue smoke at the mock gayety that had seemed so real to him before. He rushed out of the room into the fresh air. Surely God was not to be found there among the débris of the human race.

He walked through the dark streets. The cool night air soothed his hot head and tumbled his hair. Perhaps after all God was to be found in these lovely streets with only the stars to guard them. An old woman darted out of a dark hallway and dashed across the street. There was the harsh bellow of a horn, the shrill cry of squeaking brakes, and a scream from the woman as she was thrown headlong from the street to the curb. John rushed to the woman's side. She gave a horrible gasp of pain and passed away. No! God cannot be found in these streets of tragedy, John thought as he continued his way.

He stopped at a big cathedral. Inside a candle burned at the altar. The high dome, the beautiful carvings, and the dusky coolness



of the church seemed to inspire awe and wonder. At last, thought John, this is the "House of God." He went down the aisle and knelt at the altar, but he seemed to feel an uneasiness that he could not still. He looked up and saw, in a monk's garb, a man with the face of a saint. He was watching people put contributions into the mission box. Rich people came by and dropped in handfuls of gold coins and he smiled at them like a saint bestowing a blessing and they went away contented. Soon a small boy hobbled in upon crutches. He made a pitiful figure among all the wealth and grandeur. He took a single coin out of his ragged pocket, dropped it in the box, and looked up at the monk for a blessing; but behold, the face of the monk had changed from that of a saint to a devil and he gave the crippled child an evil, sneering glance and sent him away shivering and cringing. John hurried out of the church that had seemed so awe-inspiring before but that seemed so cold and artificial now. God could not possibly live in the same place with that demon who had a face like a saint.

John came to the ocean. The waters looked cool and inviting. He got into a boat and sailed out into the dark horizon. Inky, black clouds piled up in the eastern sky. There was a flash of lightning and then a roar like the sound of a million horses galloping over a bridge. The little boat rocked and swayed in the storm and the rain beat hard against the sail, tearing it into a million dancing ribbons. John stood up to face the elements and perhaps to face God. A huge ship hove into view, tossing and turning in the wildly thrashing sea. A great wave drew it upon a forgotten rock, half submerged, like some demon lying in wait for the unsuspecting. The water surged over the doomed ship heedless of the frantic screams and prayers of the passengers. One mighty wave and once again John was alone in his little craft with the raging elements, but now he knew that God was not there.

John trudged back along the dusty road. He was sad indeed for he had not found his God. Was there no God, no hope, no peace

in the whole wide world? He came upon his little cottage all fresh and unstained from the world's dirty hands. His golden fields of grain beckoned a greeting. The sky above his little farm seemed unusually blue and the birds had never sung so sweetly before. A strange peace stole over him and he realized that here in his little home his God was waiting for him, had been waiting patiently while he was on his long wanderings, waiting to take him in and give him rest.

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### "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

He was a mongrel cur. Didn't remember where he came from—except that one day, two thin hands picked him out of a garbage can and snuggled him inside his—what might have once been a shirt, and called him Buddy. That was Mickey.

Mickey was—well he was Mickey McDougal, he was thirteen and looked ten; he was thin; he was ragged; he was dirty. Most of the time he sold newspapers on the corner of Main Street and 3rd Avenue. Part of the time he went to school, when he had to. The rest of the time he did what he wanted to. That is, walking down Main Street "jest to see how t'ings were goin'," "playin' robbers" and baseball "wid our gang"—or sleeping in a dingy, dirty room in an attic.

"Miz Lizzie, gee, ain't she swell to let us have dis room, Buddy?" he said one night as he was going to bed—that is, what was once a bed. "Gee, oney two bits a week fer it an' grub extry!" Then he went over to the window—a tousled black head, big eyes, now wistful, usually hard, and a thin, sallow face that could have been so round and healthy, looking out of cracked, be-spidered pane.

"Buddy," the dog licked the hand around his neck, "Bud, I wonder what de moon sees ev'ry nite. An' all de stars—gee, don' 'ey sparkle pretty?" Silence, then an understanding whine.

"Say, you feelin'—feelin' bum, too, to-nite, pal? Doncha kinda wish we had a home and a pa and ma like de rest o' de kids? Gee,

Sandy has seven brudders, all yellin' at the same time, too—but I guess we're jus' outa luck. We got each other, anyway—Buddy." And the dog wriggled up to his face and licked it. "Come on, cut out de soft stuff—yuh make me t'ink I ain't got me face washed." But there were several streaks lighter than the rest. He playfully threw him down—sighed, then slowly walked over to the bed, and climbed under the ragged covers, and laid his head on a hard, gray pillow. It had once been white.

Next evening was one of those sultry, close nights when every door-step was covered with hot people, who had taken off the maximum of clothing, whose hair hung in desultory wisps, uncombed. Buddy and Mickey sat on a curbstone. They didn't do anything—just sat there.

Then Sandy came over, twelve, freckled, grimy, overalls and shirt, and sat down.

"'Lo, Mick."—" 'Lo, Sandy," and a half-bark. Then, "Say, Sandy, where'd yuh like to be—maybe dis ain't hot?"

"Where'd I like t' be? Ask me somp'n will yuh? If I had a million hundred dollars, I'd go some place where dey live in ice-houses—y' know in 'Laska, like the teacher told us. Where'd you like tuh be?"

"Well, if I had all de chink I wanted, me and Buddy 'ud go where dere's lotsa grass, and a lake tuh swim in—not a doity river, neither—and we'd have all de pop an' ice cream cones we wanted, wouldn't we, Bud?" In answer he wagged his tail, and if possible, stuck his panting tongue out a little more. "Yep," he continued, "when I grow up, and boss o' de 'Journal'—we'll take a trip to India and see all de elephants, like dey had in de show d'udder day, and oh! Ireland—and all over, won't we Bud?" As usual Buddy thumped his approval.

"Gee, Mickey," Sandy added, "yuh couldn't take the dog along—dey wouldn't let him on de trains. My brudder's brakeman an' he knows."

"Huh, well, where Buddy don't go, I don't go—an' I guess when I have all de mon' I

want—dey'll let Buddy come along. Dey'd better anyhow, if dey know w'at's healthy," and he glowered at Sandy, who said no more. It was too hot to fight.

Monday evening, after supper, which consisted of tough left-over meat and stale bread, Mickey and Buddy went over to O'Grady's side lot. There was a big game on between the "Dodgers" and the "Doity Dozen." Mickey played "foist base fer de Doity Dozen," and Buddy was the mascot, also the bat-boy, that is he chased all the foul balls.

The score was 12—12 and in the last of the ninth. Mickey was up to bat—and the whole "Doity Dozen" plus Sandy's brothers were yelling in full force, "Crack out de ol' apple!" "Show Jesse James how to take bases!" "Come on, Mickey, de ol' stuff." But it was getting dark and the ball was hard to see. Crack! A foul—and Buddy ran out to the road to get it. As Mickey turned, he saw a big car coming around the corner—and there was Buddy! He rushed out to the road, made a grab for him. . . .

He was sailing in the air, on a cloud, and as he came down to earth, voices and a bark, excited barks.

"Buddy," he murmured, "Bud—where is he—all right?" How caressing those soft licks on his face and that cold nose. "Buddy"—then.

"Mickey," it was Sandy. "Mickey, Buddy's fine—but you! Mickey, yuh ain't goin' to—Mickey—yuh can't leave me and Buddy"—

But, Mickey had gone.

*Victoria Jackson.*

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" 'TIS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN  
RECEIVE"

This proverb is believed a lot,  
By folks who know and folks who've tho't.  
The fun of being the one to give  
Seems to give 'em a reason to live.

But the way this proverb's used by Ma  
Is different than when it comes from Pa.  
Ma gives sweetness to all of her friends,  
But Pa gives me sticks with whittled ends.



Yet, here I really must agree,  
 Pa's mostly taken after me;  
 For when I'm fightin' I believe  
 To give's more blessed than receive.

*Louisa Mueller.*

## THE HOUSE WITH THE STARTLING GREEN BLINDS

Far away in the land of the Shamrock there was a tiny white house, with startling green blinds, surrounded by gay, nodding, laughing flowers. This tiny house sheltered the prettiest little maid in all Ireland. Caleene was just budding into womanhood, her deep, blue eyes never lacked sunshine, her little mouth never refused to curve into smiles causing many a weary heart about her to be brightened by her vision.

One day when Caleene was digging in the garden, her little face seeming part of the very flowers themselves, a young man, apparently a stranger to the town, passed by the little green gate. Some queer fancy, or was it fate, made Donald turn back, and spy Caleene? As was her wont she called a cheery "good morning, sir," and he, being a little lonesome, as an Englishman always is away from home, asked permission to enter the little green gate. That was how it started.

Donald and Caleene were so happy in their young love, so lovely were the summer days, so cheerily did the little birds sing, that their happiness was supreme. Caleene grew more beautiful each day, a new glorious light shining in her eyes. Caleene knew him only as Donald, he knew her only as Caleene.

But Donald was a lord, and sole heir to his uncle's vast estate, and millions. Donald was in the eyes of the public engaged to Lady Diane, a woman of great wealth. It was thought a splendid match by all save Donald. He had been led into it blindfolded, and for this reason he had left home to feel as if he could breathe free air.

Donald's uncle who had been at the bottom of the engagement was infuriated by Donald's attitude, and changed his will in which he de-

clared that to own his title and wealth Donald must marry Lady Diane.

Donald in his newly found happiness had crowded out of his mind all thoughts pertaining to the past. Then one day he asked Caleene to be his wife. Caleene so innocent in her love for Donald was filled with joy and her cup of happiness overflowed.

That night the tiny white house, with startling green blinds sheltered all the townsfolk. Caleene was happy, therefore all were happy, even the tiny white house seemed bursting with joy, and the flowers nodded more gayly. But the moon was covered by thick clouds, and the moon should be shining brightly. What was this? Such a splendid carriage had never before been seen in this village, and, yes, the steeds pranced right up to the tiny white house with startling green blinds. A man stepped out, a man who did not look as if he belonged in such a gay little house. But he entered, very boldly, and on his way up to the little green gate he stepped on one of the brightest flowers, crushing it deep into the damp earth. Was Caleene's heart to be crushed as deeply? An awe fell over the gay gathering when this stranger burst in on them, and Donald's face turned white as death, his eyes held a glassy, frozen stare, and Caleene with one little hand grasping her throat stood and looked at Donald. Why should this stranger have read that cruel message so loudly? "Your Honor, Lord Donald Crane, your uncle has died and by his will you are to marry Lady Diane before Wednesday next." No sound was heard, no word was spoken, there was no need to speak, there was nothing to say. People were leaving, each heart heavy, trying to carry away a little of Caleene's grief. Donald and Caleene were left alone, still standing in the same spot. The last little spark in the fireplace went out, the room grew colder. At last Caleene uttered a little sigh; it broke the spell. Donald threw back his shoulders, and taking one of Caleene's little hands, kissed it and went out. Donald had gone, Caleene was alone—alone in the tiny white house with the startling green blinds, with flowers drooping all about.

The flowers slowly withered away, the little sharp pointed blades of grass curled up in their little brown coats, and the leaves fell off the trees to cover them up, for winter was coming. Caleene sang no more, neither did she cry; it was more than pitiful for those who loved her. She never complained, never uttered a sigh, but the deep, blue eyes held a queer haunted look, her little mouth drooped, she grew slighter, and slighter till it seemed the wind would blow her away. But Caleene was proud, and she still went about her tasks with her head held high.

Donald, Donald who would have given his life rather than to have hurt Caleene, Donald who through his happiness had forgotten, suffered even more than Caleene. Donald had done a brave thing, praying in his heart that Caleene would not forget that he had refused to marry Lady Diane. He had given over his title and money to his cousin, and, with nothing left, he went out into the world to earn his own living. It was hard, but the thoughts of the tiny white house with the startling green blinds made him work harder. He rose higher, and higher, until at the end of the year he was known throughout London as one of the leading young lawyers. He had won success, but he was not happy, his mouth was stern and grim. Queer little wrinkles had found their way to the corners of his eyes. He had earned happiness, it was his to own now.

One day when all the world was in bloom and the sun shone, there stood in the garden of the little white house with startling green blinds and gay flowers nodding all about, a girl, a maid that had blossomed into the rich beauty of womanhood, a girl with deep, blue eyes and a lovely mouth that looked as if it ought to smile. The little choirs of birds sang for her to join them, but she could not, because her heart was broken. A man appeared, but he did not pass by, he opened the little green gate and with a sob went down on his knees before Caleene.

That night the tiny white house with the startling green blinds shone brightly, the little

flowers laughed and nodded their heads in glee because they understood. This night the moon was out and shone on a man and woman who had at last found their star of happiness.

*Barbara Winslow.*

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## HOW THE WYF OF BATHE SECURED HER FIVE HUSBANDS

At seventeen, Matilda Ryan, who later became known as the Wyf of Bathe, had been as comely and as buxom as any of the young girls of Bathe. In these days she had not yet added any unnecessary avoirdupois nor had she been deaf. Therefore it was not strange that young Geoffrey Ross, the eligible son of the village miller, sought Mattie's society at village festivities and eventually asked her to be his wife.

Mattie accepted with alacrity for it was not the custom for maidens to wait for a second invitation in those days. Marriage was their ultimate ambition, for spinsters and bachelor girls were not fashionable.

The marriage was solemnized and the bridal couple went to live at the cottage which Geoffrey had built, not happily as newlyweds are supposed to live, but scrappily, as most newlyweds do live. Five years later, however, a horrible epidemic bereft Mattie of Geoffrey, but in return gave to her that fatal fascination that young widows have possessed since the most ancient times.

As an attractive and bereaved young widow, Mattie had no difficulty in annexing a second husband. In fact, she incurred the jealousy and suspicion of embittered spinsters of Bathe who had not yet been successful in securing one husband, when the young men and those who were not so young, hovered around Matilda as a bee hovers around a pot of honey.

One day Matilda Ross made the villagers open their eyes and mouths in astonishment when she led Inas Stratton, an attractive blond lad of nineteen, to the altar. Perhaps the fact that she was now twenty-eight gave her a protective, maternal feeling toward the boy, and



perhaps for Inas Mattie held all the fascination of a sophisticated woman of the world.

At any rate the care of her youthful husband developed Mattie's latent domestic ability to an amazing degree. For once in her life she aimed to please, and to satisfy Inas's masculine craving for delicious food, she became an artist in culinary matters. But this tranquil domestic existence was terminated by the untimely death of Inas and Matilda again found herself without a husband.

This time, after she had recovered somewhat from grief at her unexpected loss, Mattie, or the Wyf of Bathe, as she had come to be known, bethought herself of ways and means to lasso husband number three. In reviewing the most satisfactory ways of winning the male heart, Mattie did not forget the old adage that "the surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Oscar Spitt, who had been a village swain at the same time that Matilda had been a village belle, had never selected one of the maidens of Bathe, as his wife. He had been content to ply his trade of weaving in his ancestral home, to darn his own socks, to sew buttons on his trousers, or wear them without, and to cook his own unpalatable meals.

One day Oscar received an invitation to dine at Mattie's cottage. The Wyf of Bathe had truly surpassed herself in cooking this meal and Oscar reveled in the kinds of food that he had not tasted since the days of his mother's cooking. Oscar did not have many meals at the Wyf of Bathe's cottage before his heart was completely won and he asked her to be his cook forever.

But Mattie with her uncouth mannerisms was not companionable with quiet retiring Oscar, who had spent the major part of his life alone. Mattie began to consider Oscar, with his strange ways, less desirable as a husband, and Oscar came to consider solitude a much more desirable requisite of life than food. In fact, in these days, the products of the Wyf of Bathe's culinary art were as likely to be hurled at her mate's head in their original

pans, as they were to be served as food to him. So it was not strange that one spring morning she discovered that her spouse had departed with his beloved loom, for parts unknown.

Mattie did not particularly mourn the unexpected disappearance of her mate, but she was naturally chagrined in being thus deserted. Besides it was not so simple to find a husband as it had been twenty-five years ago. She was positive that Oscar had departed permanently and would never return, but the years had given her pounds of additional avoirdupois, the rose bloom of her complexion had deepened to a violent red, her voice had become rancorous, several chins had come into evidence and Mattie no longer walked—she waddled. She regarded these evidences of increasing age philosophically, but there was one infirmity which was a source of real sorrow to her. The Wyf of Bathe had grown deaf with the passing years, and she could no longer enjoy choice bits of gossip as wholeheartedly as formerly. The fact that she could not always understand every bit of gossip worried her not a little, but the fact that her interpretations of the gossip shouted at her were often unrecognizable did not disturb her in the least.

"There is no fool like an old fool," however, and finally an elderly gentleman whose wife had been dead for many years habitually called upon Mattie, although he had no intention of marring his thoroughly satisfactory single state by proposing marriage.

One night the old gentleman made a most unfortunate remark. "How would you like to go for a ride in my carriage?" he inquired of Mattie. "How would I like to marry you?" interpreted the Wyf of Bathe. "Carriage," shouted the old man in desperation. "Well, if you really want me to, dear. What date shall we set for the wedding?" Mattie had responded.

The poor man was soul sick at this misunderstanding, but he did not have the courage to refuse to carry out this program into which he had so unwittingly brought himself and again the nuptial bond was securely tied.

Heart disease soon took the old gentleman from these earthly realms, and for the fourth time the Wyf of Bathe was left husbandless.

This time Mattie was seized with a desire to travel, and taking the money with which her latest husband had left her, she visited Jerusalem, Rome, and the other famous spots.

Soon the Wyf of Bathe became lonesome and longed for a fifth marital victory. Among her travelling companions was a poor, helpless, little man, about half her own size, whom she literally dragged to the altar with woman-like tactics, before the bewildered man had time to recover from the shock of being thus sought as a mate.

At the time when the Wyf of Bathe was again seized with the wanderlust and joined the pilgrims who sought to visit the shrine at Canterbury, husband number five was mercifully left in Bathe, where he enjoyed a brief vacation from the tirades of Mattie's ever wagging tongue. But unless he continues to live for a considerable length, she will no doubt add innumerable other victims to her collection.

*Virginia Petit.*

#### AN IMPRESSION OF THE RUSSIAN QUARTER

I wondered what to do as I stood there.  
I wondered, for my thoughts were in a whirl.  
There was a sudden struggle in the lamp.  
It went black out and I was in the dark.  
Across the way a clock ticked noisily.  
I saw gray smoke like snakes go towards the sky.  
Again I went and peered down towards the stair.  
Nobody was about, no voices heard.  
I sped the length of the five flights in haste.  
The slobbered vestibule was tenantless.  
I heard the sluck of waters from afar.  
The wharves and tugs were near this frightful place.

*M. Matthews.*

#### AN IMPRESSION UPON VIEWING "THE MIRACLE"

The tense white faces of the silent crowd,  
The incense and the mystic candle light,  
The chiming bells and pealing organ notes,  
The silent treading of the holy feet,  
The chanting of the priests and of the nuns,  
The wondrous shouts of those who had been cured,

The saintly Mother and the lovely child,  
The half-mad jester and his cruel tricks,  
The Miracle. In truth a lovely thing.

*M. Matthews.*

Twin Acres,  
August 3.

*Dear Buzz:*

How are you? I am fine and I hope you are, too. Mama told me to ask you that 'cause she says it's being polite, but you and me don't care, do we? Don't you wish you was here, too, 'cause my uncle Billy has got lots of horses and cows and ducks and everythin'. I have a awful nice time in the barn, too. Gee, and Aunty Bell is awful nice even if she is just my new auntie and don't know me well. You know she says to me yesterday, "Charlie, if ever you get hungry you just go to that big jar and find the cookies." I bet they have aunties like that in Heaven, don't you? Say, Buzz, every morning my uncle Billy lets me help him feed the horses and everythin' and I wade in the brook and chase the sheep. I bet you never seen sheep like these. They run if you even look at them. The other day my Auntie and me went down to the funny, big field and stayed by the gate and all at once the sheep ran and they ran awful far away down into the swamp. Gee.

Well, Buzz, I got to go to the store with my uncle Billy. He is going to let me drive Dixie. When I get home I'm going to be able to ride horseback and everything. Mama says to say

Goodbye,  
CHARLIE.

P. S. Gee, but I wish you was here, Buzz.

August 16.  
Twin Acres,

*Dear Buzz:*

I'm not going to be polite this time, I don't care what Mama says. Anyhow, Mama isn't here. She's gone away and left me with auntie and uncle all alone. They are awful nice. My uncle was fixing the potatoes the other day and he let me ride on the back of the horse all alone all the time. I guess tho' next time I'll take a pillow along cause you get kind of tired if you sit there too long. Anyhow, I did. Gee, and oh Buzz, you should have been here the other day—you would of laughed and laughed. It was so funny. You know my uncle was going to take auntie and mama and me all out to ride and they couldn't find the little seat to put in the carriage so they turned a pail upside down and I sat on that and helped uncle Billy drive. Anyhow, we was driving Dixie and you know the roads are funny down here. There are great big ditches in the sides of the road that you could almost get drowned in and sometimes when it rains they are swell to go wading in. Gee, the hired man just told me that word, swell,



don't you like it? I do. Well, anyways, we was all driving along, me and ma and auntie and uncle Billy when an automobile came along and I guess Dixie must of been scared 'cause she kind of danced around and then went down into the ditch and one side of the carriage was down, too. Then she ran along oh so fast and then there was a funny board across the ditch and the wagon went bumpity bumpity bump up over the board and down and gee I was scared. I began to cry 'cause I felled right through the bucket. I bet they would of been scared, too; don't you?

My auntie says to say goodbye and come to bed like a good, little boy. I'm going to be big some day and have horses and everythin'.

Goodbye,

CHARLIE.

P. S. Gee, but I wish you was here, Buzz.

Twin Acres,  
August 29.

*Dear Buzz:*

Gee, I'm mad 'cause I've got to go home and go to school, aren't you? I don't want to go to school at all any more. But anyhow, you and me will both be in the fifth grade and we can sit by each other and draw pictures of the teacher 'cause we have Miss Janey this year and I don't like her, do you, Buzz?

Gee, we're coming home soon and we're going a long ways on the train, too. Have you ever slept in a train? Aw, but I don't want to leave all the nice cows and everythin'. Anyhow my uncle just got a new little black sheep and he says I can have it but I can't take it home, but next year it will still be there and I can have it then. And oh gee, Buzz, Ma says next year you can come here with me, too. Won't that be just swell and we can have an awful good time playing in the yard. I been helping uncle Billy fix the hay. It's awful hard work but if you come next year it won't be so hard. And besides, my uncle is giving me five cents every time I pick a hundred bugs off the potatoes. Gee, I've picked 37 already and next year we can do it and we will have lots of money—almost a dollar.

Well, Buzz, I'm going to pick some more bugs.

Goodbye,

CHARLIE.

P. S. Gee, won't we have swell fun next year?

*G. Beck.*

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### ON A SUMMER DAY

The rolling hills are green—beneath a pale blue sky, over which are scattered cotton-like puffs of clouds. The fields are green and the long lines of field corn are staunch and sturdy. The distant road is a thin, blue macadam line over which pass countless cars.

The river is low and the cove waters are dotted with rushes and river weeds. In the yard, Joe, cutting sod near the flower beds, is singing a French song in a funny, high voice.

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### ON A WINTER DAY

The hills and sky are a symphony in turquoise blue and gleaming white. A blanket of unbroken snow lies over the still fields. The road has been scraped and the snow piled at the sides is a dull grey. Cove and river are covered with pale grey ice—save where the current has broken through in places and swift, blue-black waters flow. Joe is shoveling paths through the drifts and stops occasionally to beat his hands and rub the frost from his moustache.

*E. F. B.*

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### A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW WHEN I FEEL HAPPY

I am happy today. The fairies are having a ball on my roof and I can hear the patter of their tiny feet. The trees stand out against the dull, gray sky, black and glassy. The little raindrops hit the sidewalk with a hissing spat and break into a million tiny particles. A small boy with big hip boots and a slick black raincoat splashes in the muddiest of mud puddles. He throws water on an Airedale puppy who is prancing around talking excitedly to anybody who will listen. An automobile passes sending up a beautiful spray of water and the little boy laughs delightedly. I hate to move away from my window back to the commonplace things of life.

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### A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW WHEN I FEEL BORED

Of course it would rain today. The monotony of the pat, pat, pat of the rain on my roof is driving me crazy. The sky, dull, ugly, gray, and the trees holding up their great bare arms seem to be beseeching it to hold its rain. A small child is playing around in a dirty puddle splashing an ungainly Airedale dog that barks noisily. Probably the child's mother thinks that he is safe in some warm house of one of his little friends. An automobile passes

sending up a sheet of water soaking everybody within reaching distance. I guess automobilists always pick out the wet places in the road to drive their great horseless buggies through. I am glad to turn to my warm room away from the dull, cold world.

*Helen Morell.*

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## BIRDS.

“Ye call them thieves and pillagers, but know  
They are the winged wardens of our farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms.”

*—Longfellow.*

The coming and going of the birds is more or less a mystery and a surprise. We step outside our door early in the morning, and no little one is to be heard; we go out again, and their music fills every tree and grove; yet again, and all is silent. No one saw them come, and no one saw them depart.

The distribution of plants in a certain locality is not different from that of birds. A botanist will tell you where to look for lady slippers or the columbine. In the same way the ornithologist will direct you where to find the thrush, bobolink or oriole. In adjoining States, in the same latitude, and equally inland, but possessing a different geological formation and different forest timber, one will find quite a different class of birds. The distribution of birds depends greatly on the climate. The same temperature, though under different parallels, usually attracts the same birds.

What is a bird without a song? It should seem to us with birds as it does with strangers, we do not know them till we have heard their voice. A bird's song contains a clew to its life, and establishes a sympathy and understanding, between itself and the listeners. “The songs of most birds have some human significance, which, I think, is the source of the delight we take in them. The song of the bobolink to me expresses hilarity; the song sparrow's faith; the bluebird's love; that of the hermit thrush, spiritual serenity; while there is something military in the call of the robin.” These are the words of John Burroughs, the great naturalist.

The presence of man has made a very marked and friendly influence upon birds. The birds of California, it is said, were mostly silent 'till after its settlement.

The development of the wings seems to be the first energies of Nature, making the safety of the bird an important matter. Before there are any visible signs of feathers, the wing-quills sprout and unfold.

Among the majority of song birds the male is most conspicuous, both by his color and manners and by his song and to that extent is a shield to the female. The dull tints of the female are a provision for her greater safety at all times as her life is more precious to the species. In regard to qualities among the sexes, the male is hilarious and demonstrative, the female serious and anxious about her charge.

The males, owing to their song and plumage, seem to be slightly in excess lest the supply fall short, and so it often happens that a few are bachelors. But when the male of any species is killed during the breeding season, the female soon finds another mate. There seems to be a system of Women's Rights prevailing among the birds, which is most admirable from the male's standpoint of view. In all cases the female bird is most active. There is also a great instinct of cleanliness.

Though birds are generally regular in habits—nesting is an exception. The song sparrow, which is a ground builder has been known to build in the knothole of a fence rail, and a chimney swallow once fastened its nest on a rafter in a hay-barn.

The nest for the second brood is usually poorly built as the female is in haste to deposit her eggs as the season advances.

The nests are located with a view to safety, and are so carefully concealed many times it is difficult to find them, as birds are the greatest enemies of birds. The ground builders have some art or device to draw one away from the nest, affecting lameness or a crippled wing. The tree-builders depend upon concealing the nest or placing it beyond reach.

In migrating northward, the males precede the females by eight or ten days; returning in



the fall, the females and young precede the males by about the same time. They travel by night and feed by day.

Each species has its feeding range more or less marked as we have. A line drawn three feet from the ground marks the usual limit of the Kentucky warbler's quest for food.

The greatest question in the life of a bird is that of food. Perhaps the most serious troubles the feathered folk encounter are early in the spring, after their supply of fat has been exhausted, and the severe changes in the weather demand their vitality. Many of the earlier birds die from starvation and exposure at this season.

The chief food of some birds is insects and in this they are beneficial to man for they kill the insect pests that destroy the crops, especially in the South and West. Other birds that eat the food needed by man, or that destroy the small and more useful birds, may be termed harmful.

*Helen Parker.*

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#### THE FOG

The dense silence, a shroud of white  
Did cover the earth with shades of night  
Kept its peace till after dawn,  
Then spread its sails to carry on.

It left the earth in robes anew,  
Trimmed with pearls of virgin dew.  
Turquoise sky, a monarch's crown,  
An ermine cape of fleecy down.

A glorious kingdom, society owned,  
Unprecept by tyrant throned,  
God's gift to his each child  
A world of beauty growing wild.

*Barbara Tait.*

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#### EDITH

Mount Vernon—rose colored taffeta—  
A chest of old linen—lavender scented—  
Mignonette and moss roses—  
Tender green shoots pushing upward in spring—  
A hat with a plume—  
Wifehood—and a thing more splendid—  
Afternoons in a garden—  
Evenings in the garden by a little white garden.

*E. F. B.*

## IMPRESSIONS

### JUNE

Sunlight on a snow-capped mountain  
A Bride's prayer-book of white velvet  
Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata  
A French boudoir—crystal bottles—tall mirrors of  
gold  
Anne of Austria—opals  
White Chrysanthemums—

### "BABS"

The Land of the Midnight Sun  
Ski-joning—Fjords—quaint mittens  
The daughter of Leif the Lucky  
Melodies of Grieg  
Heidi—1926 model  
The sweetest girl you know!

### "MARY LIB"

Memories of all that is sweet and lovely  
An old Southern manse—magnolias in bloom  
"Mighty Lak a Rose"  
Water Hyacinths floating on tranquil waters  
Dainty hoopskirts—tall white wigs—a bow of black  
velvet  
The Legend of "The Mistletoe Bride"  
Sweet Lavender.

### "GINNIE HIGHT"

Head over Heels  
Sleepy golden-haired babies—"This Little pig—"  
Peter Pan—Jack-o'-Lanterns—Strawberry tarts  
The diary of the most popular sub-deb  
Chocolates in a red satin heart—  
Silver Skates.

### "BETTY ALMY"

April morning—violets—raindrops  
"That Schoolgirl Complexion"  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm  
White organdy ruffles—daisies—The Diploma  
Jingle Bells!

### GWENDOLYN MACDONALD

A little Lady of Quality  
Buster Brown collars—black velvet and patent leather  
boots  
Matinees—Valentines—Silver Bucklès  
A bouffant frock of green taffeta—a sweet nose-  
gay  
Prunella—

*Sally Belle Cox.*

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## AN HOUR IN SOUTH STATION

People who wander aimlessly here and there; people who sit in bored indifference to all that goes on about them, save a casual glance now and then at the clock; vacationing school girls chattering in groups or sitting on

smart, shining luggage—much belabeled; college boys, unmistakably college boys who stalk about in search of small, gayly dressed girls who greet them ecstatically; business men who stride before opulently-laden porters; little, old women with mysterious bundles; large, old women who waddle rather than walk and move with amazing rapidity over the baggage-strewn floor; men and women who are early for appointments and who stand about curiously resigned and curiously expectant; men and women who are late for appointments and who dash up flushed and breathless; a girl who gives her attention to the angora cat cuddled in her arms rather than to the gentleman who carries her cases, her magazines, her flowers and her candy; porters; restless young boys who ask ceaseless questions; little wide-eyed girls who smile charmingly at big men; the intermittent wail of a small baby thoroughly disgusted with travelling; old men who are quite deaf and quite sure you are speaking to them; and students with their small, brown bags.

*E. F. B.*

### AN EXPENSIVE "YARN"

A group of cowboys were gathered around a campfire, cooking supper and joshing a tenderfoot. Dressed in his riding suit, to us he would have looked perfectly natural, but in his present surroundings he looked the height of ridiculousness. The westerners could not forego laughing at him. The shaped pants, in particular, caught their eye as well as the small spike spurs. They wore chaps of shaggy hair and on their boots were heavy rowels. But for all their joshing they admired him because for all the tricks they played on him and all the names they gave him he always enjoyed the joke along with them. Their latest name was "Oswald."

After supper they sprawled around the fire to indulge in their favorite pastime of telling "yarns."

Said one cowboy, "Say, boys, do you remember that bear cub I caught and tamed? Well, he became so intelligent that he'd take my clothes off and put me to bed when I'd

come in dead tired from riding range. I finally had to turn him out into the woods because he started to do the same for one of the bosses' guests."

"'Oswald' must tell us a story," some one then suggested.

"And be sure it's true as we allow nothing else," said another, with a huge wink at the rest.

"Since you request it so politely," replied "Oswald," "I will tell you of a very queer thing that happened to me."

"Bravo!" "A good beginning!" and other cries came from the irrepressible men.

"One day as I was leaving the stable yard with a couple of other fellows I stopped to speak to the groom for a minute and the others went ahead. I trotted my horse in order to catch up with them, forgetting for a minute a bad curve in the main road just outside the gate. As I came onto the road a car whizzed around the corner and struck my horse. I shut my eyes involuntarily, but quickly opened them to see if the horse had been killed, but he was picking himself up a little distance off and apparently had no injuries. Then I looked at myself in bewilderment for I was not on the ground but astride the radiator of the car that hit me. My friends seeing that no one was hurt were laughing heartily."

"You win, Oswald," said one of the men with new admiration in his eyes. "We thought you were believing everything we said."

"Oswald" looked rather lost. "If you had paid the bill for damages to the car that I paid you'd think my story was quite true," said he with a deep sigh.

*Dorothy Spooner.*

### IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS

Have you ever been rushed 'round exam time,  
Wondering where you would ever find peace?  
Then walk meekly into your class rooms  
And have all your assignments increased.

Then remember, though at first it's just raining  
And you thought you had oodles to do,  
That in each of your class rooms, the downpour,  
Is waiting to greet you anew.

*Louisa Mueller.*





## FRIENDSHIP

"Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend. Beware!"

If this maxim were familiar to more people there would be fewer tears shed over friendship. To be a friend one must prove herself worthy to be so called and the test does not come in daily contact alone, but unexpectedly.

I doubt if there is to be found today anyone who wishes to carry the burden of someone else's troubles. Do not go to a friend as you would to a diary and repeat all the things which lie closest to your heart. Use caution in such an act. Opinions change easily, and while you may have yesterday cried on the shoulder of your "best friend," you may today hear what you "confided" repeated on all sides, and not always so kindly!

If you do not have a good opinion of someone about you, use a little judgment in the choice of one in whom you confide, and beware that you do not get the friend who has a friend whose friend is your enemy!

Gossip is a human weakness, but it can be kept to a point that is not harmful or malicious, if one only keeps his wits about him and picks the confidant carefully. A word about friendship might be added here. One should always remember that to be deserving of another's faith you must prove yourself, and what easier way has one of proving himself unworthy of friendship than by talking about others?

There is nothing more beautiful for an individual to possess than the knowledge that others respect and have faith in that soul. Therefore, with this object in view, utter only

such things as may not disturb your conscience when you realize that your friend has a friend, and that the friend's friend has a friend, need you then "Beware!"?

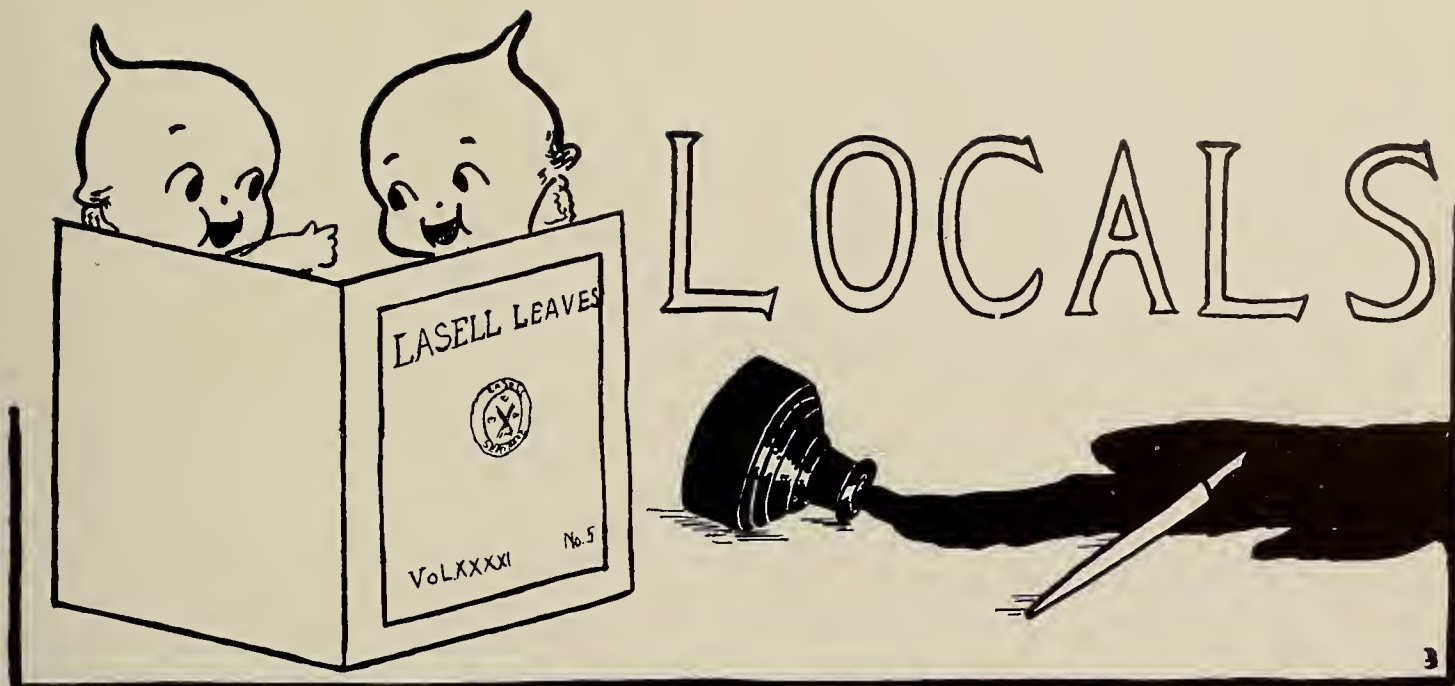
Perhaps in illustration of this subject it would be well to add a description. Take for instance two girls who have been together and the closest of friends since babyhood. Could anyone doubt but that they would always remain friends, and faithful to each other? Perhaps not, but one cannot always tell.

These two girls, since their graduation from high school, had seen little of each other, although they had corresponded regularly. Thora had recently graduated from College and was at present engaged in business. M— had married during T—'s sophomore year and was comfortably settled in the home town as Mrs. W—. One evening the two had a regular "get together" party and discussed everything, the popular topic as always, "Well who have you fallen for lately?" But never a word from T—.

Not many days later, a young gentleman called to see M— and asked if she were well and enjoying married life. At the close of the visit, the young man spoke of coming again. Quite a few evenings later the fellow dropped in, and made himself perfectly at home talking with M— and her husband. The latter feeling not at all concerned, knowing M— would much rather that he stay away.

About a week following these numerous visits M— went shopping; next to her at one

*(Continued on page 23)*



January 6—Greetings! and back to dear Lasell we all are once again. Merry voices call back and forth in the corridors and hallways, everyone is breathless with tales of the perfectly divine time had in the holidays, everybody beams, and indeed it is a jolly crowd that returns this day.

January 8—Friday afternoon a first meeting of the French club was held in which all were given a chance to recall the language and decide on the topic of the next meeting which was the "Youth Movement." Friday evening Dr. Vincent gave us one of his talks on Zangwill, a most interesting author. There was a sparkle of humour all the way through which brought more than one laugh from the audience.

January 10—"For every ball of hate thrown at you throw back a ball of love. It works nine times out of ten. Try it," Dr. John Edgar Parks remarked in his vesper service—one of his usual characteristic talks to us. If anyone is able to give inspiration, I'm sure we'd all agree that Dr. Parks is the man.

January 11—"Buenas Noches 'o Como estan Vds?" was the general greeting in the Spanish club meeting. An entertainment committee was chosen and shortly after the meeting adjourned.

January 15—The French Club had the discussion on the "Youth Movement" which dis-

cussion it was decided to continue in the next meeting.

Christian Endeavor was led by Dot Denney who chose a very fine subject.

January 16—Many were the footsteps on the crisp white snow in back of Gardner this night. Sparks flew as the sleds and toboggans sped down the hill, the sound of the laughing voices was carried back. The clink of skates on the smooth ice added another phase of the many sounds of jollity at the Carnival. "Judy" Larrabee gave us an example of speed in her eight seconds trip once around the square rink. Indeed, a glorious time was had by all.

January 17—Dr. Gilkey told us "How to make the Best of an Ordinary Personality" in vespers. Optimism shone through his words. His own personality carried his points to us, of always striving onward and upward.

January 18—There was a short meeting of the Spanish Club and then it was adjourned for study of exams.

January 20—There was music in the air in the Congregational Church and much interest exhibited on all sides in Mr. O'Hara's presentation of it and his explanations accompanying it. We were entranced by the melodies one moment and engaged in uncontrolled merriment the next—the man was so entertaining. He is the author of the tune of "We'll



live right on forever." Mr. O'Hara gave us a *real* evening of it and we want him again!

January 22—The French Club continued the discussion of the "Youth Movement." Papers were read and it was held in Forum form.

The president of the Missionary Society, Betty Van Cleve, had for her topic "Personality" in the Christian Endeavor gathering. Such messages always help.

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

January 3—Nearly all our family returned from the Christmas holidays in time for "Tea." A happy reunion—the air full of cordial wishes for a "Happy New Year."

We are grateful for the snow and ice. Such sport—coasting, skiing, snow shoeing and skating on the new rinks at "Gardner Hall."

We have some winter sport casualties. Marjean Himelhoch sprained her ankle while tobogganing on Gardner Hill. Marian Walter injured her knee while skating.

We are glad to welcome Hope Dunning of Bangor, Maine, into our family. Hope's sister, Ruth, was graduated from Woodland Park and is now a Junior at Lasell.

January 17—We are glad to have Constance Kittredge here after an uncomfortable illness at her home.

The Junior School extends to Mrs. Carroll A. Towne of Bradenton, Florida, a cordial welcome. Please come again.

### LASELL CLUB NOTES

#### VISITING THE CLUBS

Between Friday, November 6, and Wednesday, November 18, it was my pleasure to attend eight meetings of Lasell Clubs in the middle West. Brief reports of those meetings follow.

I want here to record my great pleasure in meeting the members of these clubs and my sincere appreciation of the courtesies extended to me and the hospitality shown and offered, much beyond my ability to accept.

It was a special satisfaction to have a part in the organization of the new club at Pitts-

burgh, which has every prospect of being a decided success. There are other centers about which live considerable numbers of former Lasell girls, where a Lasell Club would contribute to their pleasure, and be a help and satisfaction to the Seminary.

May I remind the secretaries of all the clubs that the Seminary office should be kept informed of the names and addresses of officers of the clubs, and any changes of address in the membership.

Also, I want to say a word of sincere thanks to all those who are constantly helping us in this line.

GUY M. WINSLOW.

### CHICAGO LASELL CLUB

Helen Buettner '23, gives us the following report of the Chicago Lasell Club Meeting:

The Chicago Lasell Luncheon in honor of Dr. Winslow, was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. There were forty Alumnae who attended:

|                             |         |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| Bertha Hax Auld             | 1879-81 |
| Helen Harris Aldrich        | 1899-00 |
| Margaret Gregson Barker     | 1909-10 |
| Elizabeth Buettner          | '23     |
| Helen Buettner              | '23     |
| Alma Bunch                  | '13     |
| Catherine Clark             | 1921-22 |
| Louise Funkhouser Colegrove | '09     |
| Mary Lombard Doonan         | '10     |
| Lucille Zeller Ericson      | '04     |
| Dora Goodwillie             | '14     |
| Flora Gardner               | '93     |
| Emily Brookfield Hardy      | 1901-03 |
| Frances Hunter              | 1915-16 |
| Mona Ryan Inman             | 1906-07 |
| Gertrude Buettner Janusch   | '17     |
| Bertice Carter Kay          | 1920-22 |
| Cecile Loomis               | '22     |
| Irma Levi Levy              | '10     |
| Julia Funkhouser Mellin     | 1906-07 |
| Lucile Norris               | '24     |
| Lavinia Fera McKenney       | '17     |
| Mary Thielens Peeples       | 1904-05 |
| Edna Burdick Prost          | 1890-93 |
| Dorothy Pearson             | '24     |
| Gertrude Gleason Shepard    | 1899-92 |
| Evelyn G. Schmidt           | '14     |
| Cornelia Stone              | '10     |
| Ethel Taft                  | '08     |

|                          |         |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Barbara Jones Bates      | '14     |
| Jessie Matteson          | '25     |
| Sue French Vaughan       | 1882-83 |
| Mabel Jones Wilker       | 1901-02 |
| Margherita Dike Hallberg | '10     |
| Julia Potter Schmidt     | '06     |
| Lucile Whitney           | 1924-25 |

|                       |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Florence Evans Valpey | '15     |
| Katherine Rice Broock | '20     |
| Eloise Cary           | '20     |
| Marie Roberts Parent  | 1923-24 |
| Norma Erdman          | 1917-17 |
| Agnes Erdman Guilder  | 1911-11 |

After the luncheon Mary Thielens Peeples, 1904-05, sang a few songs followed by a talk by Dr. Winslow. We were all very pleased with what Dr. Winslow told us and hope he will come every year.

DETROIT LASELL CLUB

To Helen Bauman Routier '17 we are indebted for the following report of the Detroit Lasell Club Meeting:

Dr. Winslow was a guest at the meeting of the Lasell Club of Detroit held at the Women's City Club on November the tenth. The Detroit Club has held no meetings in the past five years, but at this meeting, it was voted to meet twice a year, in the spring and in the fall, the exact dates to be decided upon later.

Irene Stroh, 1911-12, who was in charge of the meeting, read a letter from Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04 of Philadelphia, formerly president of the Detroit Club.

The following officers were elected:

- President—Katherine Rice Broock '20
- Vice-President—Florence Evans Valpey '15
- Secretary and Treasurer—Helen Bauman Routier

When the business of the meeting was over Dr. Winslow was eagerly listened to as he gave news of Lasell of the present and plans for her future. The list of those present follows:

|                           |         |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Gladys Dudley Linden      | 1906-11 |
| Marion Cole Mackenzie     | '01     |
| Florence Jones Allen      | '12     |
| Marion Hanna Bartlett     | 1908-09 |
| Florence Nelson Aplington | 1907-10 |
| Dorothy Bragdon Duffield  | 1908-11 |
| Lurella Krentler          | 1908-10 |
| Irene Stroh               | 1911-12 |
| Eleanor Stroh Cole        | 1908-09 |
| Irene Bezner Dewey        | 1911-13 |
| Edessa Warner Slocum      | 1910-11 |
| Helen Warner Gankler      | '18     |
| Cora Nicholson Gray       | 1910-11 |
| Alva Thomas Hain          | 1912-13 |

TOLEDO LASELL CLUB

The following report of the Toledo Lasell Club Meeting was sent in by Herma Schweitzer Rogers '21:

The Toledo Lasell Club met at The Woman's Building, November 9, 1925, for a luncheon, having as their guest Dr. Winslow. Those who attended were:

|                         |         |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Mildred Harvey          | 1920-21 |
| Katherine Van Fleet     | 1919-20 |
| Miriam Cholette         | '22     |
| Myra Magnuson           | 1908-09 |
| Elsie Huebner Haas      | 1910-11 |
| Marion Skinner Lattin   | 1918-19 |
| Clara Spinney Colby     | '18     |
| Jane Draper Dausard     | 1920-21 |
| Nellie Burge Ober       | 1914-14 |
| Dorothy Stewart Allen   | '17     |
| Bess Emerine            | '15     |
| Thelma Schweitzer White | '22     |
| Herma Schweitzer Rogers | '21     |

THE OMAHA AND COUNCIL BLUFFS LASELL CLUB

From Jean Field '22, secretary, comes the following report of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club Meeting:

On Saturday, November 14, the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club very enthusiastically welcomed Dr. Winslow. A luncheon was given in his honor at the Fontenelle Hotel, after which he spoke to us on the well-beloved subject of Lasell, showing us many photographs of the school, the girls and also of the Winslow family. It was all so enjoyed by the club, and the girls had many questions to ask, which Dr. Winslow very kindly answered.

The twenty girls present were:

|                         |         |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Nora Gison Perley       | 1887-89 |
| Laura Dale Wood         | 1903-04 |
| Alice Andresen Kountze  | '95     |
| Martha Stone Adams      | 1891-93 |
| Eva Kennard Wallace     | 1897-98 |
| Grace Allen Clarke, Jr. | '95     |



|                             |         |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| Shirley Castetter Donaldson | 1906-07 |
| Catherine McClanahan Henske | '06     |
| Elizabeth Allen Paxton      | '98     |
| Nellie Hugus Caldwell       | 1881-83 |
| Aura Beebe Hoagland         | 1893-94 |
| Elinor Ryan Hixenbaugh      | '12     |
| Martha Dale Loomis          | 1906-07 |
| Jean Field                  | '22     |
| Ruth Buffington             | '25     |
| Madge Hollenbeck Pinney     | 1900-01 |
| Zoe Hill Mayne              | '01     |
| Mary Tulleys                | '94     |
| Marguerite Haley Weir       | '11     |

The officers of the club until October, 1926, are as follows:

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| President—Alice Andresen Kountze           | '95     |
| Vice-President—Shirley Castetter Donaldson | 1906-07 |
| Secretary—Jean Field                       | '22     |
| Treasurer—Madge Hollenbeck Pinney          | 1900-01 |

#### CLEVELAND LASELL CLUB

Elizabeth Bailey 1910-11 sends us a report of their meeting at Cleveland and it is as follows:

On Saturday, November 7, the Cleveland Lasell Club held its annual luncheon meeting at Hotel Cleveland.

Eighteen girls, three former teachers and Dr. Winslow were present. Helen Hart Lind '18 arranged the luncheon and the table was decorated in Lasell colors.

Our president, Ella Ampt Hamann '96 was unable to preside, although she came in for a visit after luncheon. Miss Margaret Rand took her place and after hearing and accepting reports of the secretary and treasurer, a new list of officers was presented by the nominating committee.

|                                      |                              |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| President—Helen Hart Lind            | '18                          |
| Vice-Presidents—Miss Margaret Rand   |                              |
|                                      | Florence Miller Henn 1904-05 |
| Secretary—Marguerite Vicary          | 1909-10                      |
| Treasurer—Elizabeth Brandow Trumbull | '11                          |

These officers were elected, the secretary casting one ballot. Each girl then introduced herself, telling something about her present work or her family.

Dr. Winslow showed us many pictures of Lasell and told us about the changes which have already been made, and others which they

hope to make very soon. He answered our many questions about the members of the faculty and the number of girls now in the school.

It is always good to see the "Old Girls" and we were glad to welcome three former teachers, as well as Dr. Winslow. These former teachers were Frances King Dolley, now Professor Dolley, and Miss Merserve, both of Western Reserve University, and Dean Margaret Rand of Hiram College.

The following girls were present:

|                            |         |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Ruth Stoneman              | '24     |
| Carolyn Vicary             | '24     |
| Mayno Seltzer              | '22     |
| Nancy Boyce Van Gorder     | 1887-89 |
| Sarah Van Dorn Blong       | 1908-09 |
| Ella Ampt Hamann           | '96     |
| Florence Miller Henn       | 1904-05 |
| Helen Hart Lind            | '18     |
| Louise Horton Brockway     | 1894-95 |
| Frances Bragdon West       | '05     |
| Marguerite Vicary          | 1908-10 |
| Elizabeth Bailey           | 1909-10 |
| Margaret Lamborn Zang      | 1903-05 |
| Elizabeth Brandow Trumbull | '11     |
| Helen Rollins Fisher       | '14     |
| Bertine Libby Heber        | '13     |
| Ada M. Prasse              | 1921-22 |
| Helen Ferry Babcock        | 1908-10 |

#### INDIANAPOLIS LASELL CLUB

Gertrude Taggart '97 writes from Indianapolis, "I wish to recite a little of the real pleasure we all had in renewing our acquaintance with Dr. Winslow of whom Lasell may well be proud. The luncheon, through the courtesy of Mrs. Hoke, mother of Mary Hoke Lesh '21, was held at the Propylaeum, the women's club house. There were but ten old girls present as you can see by the list below. Some of us elderly ones wish some of the younger ones, not quite so deep in babies and charity, would revive the Lasell Club of Indiana.

To return to Dr. Winslow, he certainly told us a pleasant tale of the progress the old school is at last making toward a more permanent form. The need for such a school no one doubts, but only a school belonging to

itself, and not to any private corporation, can it continue to serve.

Miss Edith Williams, former head of the Department of Dietetics at Lasell, came all the way from Bloomington through the rain and mud to renew her friendship with Lasell. Charlotte Lesh Coats '12 left a very engrossing small son threatening to come down with something. I rejoice to tell you he didn't succeed. The very latest graduates hung on every word Dr. Winslow said. Alas, some of us felt a bit lost.

Ethel Knight '99, who was Mary Ethel Prentice once upon a time, and I are the old ladies, but we are not very feeble yet. We consort together mostly over the Orphan Asylum. Yes, we call it just that because that's our legal name, but we're really a very up-to-date placing home, and do a thriving business.

The list of those present is as follows:

|                       |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Charlotte Lesh Coats  | '12     |
| Mary Hoke Lesh        | '21     |
| Matilda Daugherty     | '24     |
| Anne Daugherty        | '23     |
| Dorothy Lewis Pantzer | 1919-20 |
| Elizabeth Anderson    | '24     |
| Ruth Johnson          | '24     |
| Mary Prentice Knight  | '99     |
| Gertrude Taggart      | '97     |
| Miss Edith Williams   |         |

#### PITTSBURGH LASELL CLUB

On November sixth, former students of Lasell living in and near Pittsburgh, met at a luncheon.

Dr. Winslow was the guest of honor and in a clear and comprehensive speech brought to us of other years a picture of Lasell as it is today. He also spoke of the plans for future improvements.

Those at the luncheon, happy to be again in the company of Lasell loyalists, voted that a club be formed and meetings be held twice a year. Officers for the year were elected as follows:

|                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| President—               | Jessie Godfrey White 1881-82 |
| Vice President—          | Corinne Richter Devol '04    |
| Secretary and Treasurer— | Ida Mallory Lyon '03         |

Those present were:

|                          |          |
|--------------------------|----------|
| He'len Ebersole Swartzel | 1901-02  |
| Doris Brien              | 1912-14  |
| Corinne Richter Devol    | '04      |
| Ray Spitz Speer          | 1901-2-3 |
| Caroline Steel Ewing     | '95      |
| Helen Walker Marshall    | 1916-17  |
| Ida Mallory Lyon         | '03      |
| Miriam Bell Bell         | '19      |
| May Martincourt          | '11      |
| Dorothy Hopper           | '19      |
| Margery Diffenbaugh Hoop | '18      |
| Luanna Eycler            | 1924-25  |

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#### FRIENDSHIP

(Continued from page 18)

counter stood an acquaintance from the town; M— spoke but received a very cold reply. On her way home the girl met many of her friends and they all seemed to greet her in the same manner. That evening a friend of T—'s called on M—, "for a purpose," at least so she said. By the time the friend left, M— knew very well why all her friends had snubbed her.

The next afternoon T— was invited over and came only after much urging. Upon her arrival she was questioned closely and finally confessed her actions freely.

The young fellow calling upon M— was also a friend of T—'s and the only man she had invited to any College Prom. She admired him greatly and desired his friendship. Pure jealousy had made her attack a life-long friend and lie about her in order to gain revenge. M— simply said "I had a hard enough time as it was to entertain Mr. H—; had I but known your feelings I would have gladly invited you over and had a real party. I am terribly surprised at your actions, and deeply hurt to think you could have dragged a friendship so lovely as ours through the mud, and I should never have known had it not been for your friend, and one whom you consider your best friend, next to me. I cannot as yet believe it of you. You have learned a lesson, you have been betrayed by a friend, when you were betraying a friend. Do you recall a saying, something like this? "Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend. Beware!?"



Needless to say peace and good feeling were finally restored and to this day Mrs. W— and Mrs. T— H—, married one year following the quarrel, are still strong friends.

However, the memory of the happening has never left T's mind, for upon my coming away to boarding school she presented me with a present, a little slip of paper bearing these words, "Thy friend has a friend, thy friend's friend has a friend. Beware!"

As a valuable lesson to bear in mind always in regard to friendship and gossip, I heard the above story. One can never tell when a remark will be carried and by whom. Beware!!

*Elizabeth Bowden.*



Our principal emeritus sent us this splendid communication as a "starter" for our personals.

"FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA"

I am getting a good deal of pleasure lately from the calls of former (I don't say "old" any more because those I see are not old. They seem just as they did at school only better looking) pupils of Lasell, who are kind enough to come to see their old (no not "old"—former) Principal.

One day Nellie Chase '02 (Mrs. Ira C. Wood), Cleora Brooks '01 (Mrs. Ira W. Clokey), and Isabelle Bowers 1900-01 (Mrs. Clyde M. Church) called and I was unhappy because I was out and did not see these fine prosperous women. Later Bertie Berlin 1882-87 and Jo Steele 1908-09 and Edith Harber Wright '05 and Marion Stahl King 1901-2-6—think of these from the ends of the earth!

Later Lela Goodall '08, as fresh as ever. Lela is a Sanford, Maine-Pasadena girl, for her people keep their home in Maine and live

there four months but have bought a slightly place in Hollywood and live in it eight months. Lela tells me she and Lilian Douglas '07 of Covina are starting December first with Mr. Goodall on a tour of the world—expect to meet Edith Simonds Bennett 1904-05 in London next June! What big things girls do now-a-days! When we first went around the world it seemed a great undertaking! Now it is merely a jaunt! Mrs. Bragdon and I are still in our home six fifteen Prospect Boulevard, Pasadena, where we gladly submit (?) to these delightful calls from our dear "old girls" and welcome any Lasellians, new or old. Belle Bragdon Kelsey '95 stays with us while her husband's business takes him to the Pacific coast cities from Seattle to San Diego.

Come to see us!

*C. C. Bragdon.*

In an interesting personal note to our principal, Dr. Winslow, Helen Zerfas '18, lately of Boston, tells us that her husband Dr. Zerfas, has recently accepted a position as director of clinical research at the Eli Lilly Company of Indiana, so they will return to her native city, Indianapolis. She was not sure of her new address but says she may always be reached at 3650 Central Ave., Indianapolis. Helen sincerely regrets that she was not home when Dr. Winslow recently visited Indianapolis. She asks for Lenette Rogers' '17 whereabouts, and adds: "I would like to get in touch with her. She is a girl to be greatly admired and I am glad we can say that she was a member of the class of 1917." Thinking someone else might be glad to have this truly distinguished graduate's address, here it is, through the courtesy of Miss Witherbee—41 Boulevard Bischoffsheim, Bruxelles, Belgium. This seems an opportune moment in which to declare our joy over the return of dear Miss Witherbee who is back at her old post after three months' leave of absence.

Mrs. Winslow recently shared a letter which she had received from Edith McClure Patterson '02 in which she outlined her itinerary. As usual she is intensely interested in her chosen

profession and is making a tour of the Women's Colleges and private schools of the East, giving talks on Economics and just now is specializing in the study of Women's buying habits, getting her experience in the most practical way by entering into the life of some of the best known shops of New York and elsewhere. Mrs. Patterson promises some day to again give the benefit of her wide experience to our Lasell girls.

There was a fine newsy message which Charlotte Swartwout '14 sent to our Principal. She courteously accepts the honor of serving on the Lasell Seminary Corporation Board, and speaks of a delightful visit from Dora Goodwillie '14 this past summer and refers to Dora's active interest in Girl Scout work. While visiting her sister Florence in Maplewood, New Jersey, she met a former Lasell girl, Mildred Ash Banta 1913-14, who is a neighbor of Florence's. She also had a delightful meeting with the Bingaman sisters. Hannah '14 is teaching in the same school again, and Katherine Bingaman Heron '15 is busy with her six months' old son. Katherine expresses a hope of seeing Dr. and Mrs. Winslow at the New York Luncheon, and closes with kindly greetings to Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter.

Mildred Peirce Fuller '06 in accepting her election to the Lasell Seminary Corporation Board, assures Dr. Winslow that she will try to be a member of regular standing and do her part. She adds further, "It was twenty years ago this June since I was graduated, but it seems like yesterday truly,—two of the happiest years of a very happy life. My good wishes to you and yours." One of the most unique Christmas cards which came to Lasell folk was the silhouette of that same dear Mildred Fuller and her family.

Dear Mary Goodwillie Townsend '12, we are indeed glad that you are pleased to serve as a member of the Lasell Seminary Corporation Board. Mary regrets that Dr. Winslow's Fall trip to Vermont ended with an accident to his auto occasioned by an unseasonable snowstorm. She further regrets that Dr. and

Mrs. Winslow did not "make" for the Townsend home, where she would have been delighted to have entertained them.

Isn't it just like Cornelia Hemingway '22 to begin her message with, "I am enclosing check for my subscription to the LEAVES for this year." Cornelia always had some very practical and admirable ways of expressing her loyalty to the school. As usual she and her united family are traveling. This time she speaks of a splendid ten days in Washington, and writes, "It was my first visit there. Washington is indeed an ideal city and I believe every American should be very proud of its Capitol. As we were in Washington on Navy Day we had an opportunity to go aboard the 'Mayflower' and through the U. S. largest gun factory. We also heard some most interesting lectures and addresses by different noted Congregationalists." Cornelia was evidently there at the time of the great Conference. She declares that the New Haven Lasell Club has opened its Fall campaign with more interest than ever.

Lenore Belber Jacobs '24 opens her message to Miss Potter with "I have not heard anything about Lasell recently, but strangely enough," as she expresses it, "I bumped into Lucile Robson 1923-24. I was quite surprised when I raised my head and discovered I knew the girl I had so rudely collided with. She is going to school here and so is Helen Robson '24. She adds further, "I have been thinking about Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Towne and all the teachers so much that I have decided to write and tell you how much I miss you all. It hardly seems possible that I have been married four months. I did not receive a reminder about my 1925 endowment so I am sending five dollars for 1925 and five dollars for 1926." She sends love to everybody. Blessings on you Lenore, we miss your friendly self quite as much as you miss us, and cordially reciprocate your invitation—"Come and see us when you can."

One of the special joys of the Christmas vacation, Miss Potter declares, was a friendly visit from Marion Bliven '21. Marion is still



working as private secretary and chief utility clerk at the Gas and Electrical Dept. in Norwich, Connecticut. Prosperity evidently agrees with Marion for she was never more charming.

Through one of the "old girls" we have learned that Gladys Rathbone Moran '21 is the proud mother of a son, John A. Moran, 3rd, a veritable Christmas gift to his fond parents. Gladys also has an adorable daughter, Barbara Jane, a year and a half old. Minnie Brockett Slayton '21 according to friendly reports is extremely busy with "Peggy," the class baby, and Eric Randolph Slayton, Jr., who is a year old. One of her classmates writes, "Both the babies are so cunning and I just know that the girls of '21 are going to love our little light-haired, pink-cheeked, brown-eyed baby most to death." The marriage of Josephine Holbrook Metzger '22 was the occasion of quite a reunion of Lasell girls. The night before the wedding she had a dinner party at her home and later the entire company repaired to the home of Marion Bliven for a further visit. The names of those present were Naomi Davis '22, Phyllis Rafferty '22, Dorothy Moore Olive '22, Harriet Hawks '21, Connie Colton '23, Cornelia Hemingway '22, and Josephine Holbrook '22. They had a wonderful time talking things over. "Connie" was Joe's maid of honor, and Naomi played her wedding march, and she played it beautifully.

By the way, when Marion Bliven called she assured Miss Potter that she often met Sue Gallup 1903-04 who is an ardent worker in their own home Episcopal church, and declares that Sue and her father are just as loyal to Lasell as they were during Sue's school days.

Rose August 1924-25 was also a holiday caller at the Seminary. She is busy taking special lessons in Sociology and attending some classes at Columbia University. She is thinking seriously of coming back to us next year.

Leota Fulton 1919-20 is certainly a child of good fortune for she writes that she is now secretary to the President of the Rotary International. She declares that her work brings her in contact with many of the most distinguished men not only of this country, but

of the world, and that the experience is invaluable as well as enjoyable. Leota speaks of her interest in the LEAVES and wishes to subscribe for it. Also tells of her recent visit to Providence for the Brown-Yale game, and while there she had a pleasant talk with Julia Rankin Welles '20. She rejoices in the activities of New Haven Lasell Club and advises us that the girls are raising money regularly for worthy causes.

Mildred Harvey 1920-21 sends us the interesting information that Jane Adair Draper 1920-21 was married on the 29th of June last and is now Mrs. Benjamin Dansard, and is living at 116 East Lorain Street, Monroe, Mich. Mildred closes her note to Mrs. Hooker with good wishes for the New Year.

Readers of the "Zion's Herald" were pleased to notice an announcement of the celebration of a century of continuous work in the dear little Methodist Church in Bremen, Maine, and were proud to discover that the pastor, Rev. Mabelle H. Whitney, is none other than our graduate of 1903. This article entitled "Red-Letter Day in Bremen," declares that this year marks the one hundred and first anniversary of the church over which Mabelle serves as pastor. Deserved praise is given to the Rev. Mabelle H. Whitney who alone is responsible for the fine program which fittingly commemorated the occasion. Pastors of the neighboring Protestant churches took part in the services, and the report closes with the announcement that Rev. Mabelle Whitney, the present pastor at Bremen, was the first woman preacher to be ordained by the Maine Annual Conference, and further adds that she brings to her work a well-trained mind and sympathetic personality. "With two other preaching points on the circuit several miles apart, not only are the Sabbath days full of toil, but the week-days call for an equal expenditure of energy in pastoral and social duties. The pastor with her Ford laughs at impossibilities and goes ahead and does it." May Lasell's blessings follow this graduate in her chosen field.

Bereavement has recently visited some of our dear teachers and "old girls." Early in the New Year Miss Grace Irwin, a former member of our faculty lost her dear mother, who had been a confirmed invalid for many years. A few days previously we received the news of the death of Mrs. Roswald Douglass, mother of Grace Douglass Murray, 1908-11, who with her husband were near neighbors and friends of Lasell. Mary Hopkins '19, Sarah Hopkins '19 and Ruth Hopkins '23 and their dear mother are mourning the loss of Mr. Hopkins who passed away in December. Our Elizabeth Van Cleve '26, one of our senior class, has sustained a great bereavement in the death of her mother closely following Christmas Day. To these sorrowing friends, classmates, teachers and former students Lasell wishes to extend her sympathy.

Miss Potter is still looking and thinking over her beautiful Christmas greetings from the "old girls" and especially appreciates the personal messages which came with so many of the cards. Helen Grashorn Dickson '22 writes, "I have not forgotten you, even though I haven't written you as often as I have thought of you." Margaret Loomis Collingwood '21 notes the arrival of a dear little son on the sixteenth of November and says, "Of course we are two of the happiest and proudest parents alive."

Dear Frances Bliss '24 writes from Buffalo, "Dear Miss Potter, I think of you and the girls so often. My Lasell days are indeed happy memories and how I wish I could be back with you all again."

That was a choice picture of Nellie Jones Yeomans '05 which came to our Dean at Christmastide and which will prove a constant joy to her.

Word has come to us recently of the passing away of Dr. Benjamin Chappell, father of our Mary Chappell 1907-08, and Constance Chappell 1907-08. He was for nine years Dean of the Anglo-Japanese College in Tokio. His death occurred at Hagi, Japan. Dr. Chappell translated several important works into Japanese. We remember with gratitude Dr.

and Mrs. Chappell's personal interest in our school during their residence in Auburndale. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The beautiful bridal procession seems never ending. Lasell is happy to have such fine and fair representatives in line.

Priscilla Williams Osborn '20 was united in marriage to Mr. George Rhodes Hennig on Monday the twenty-eighth of December, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Quarles announce the marriage of their daughter Warrenne Quarles '20 to Mr. Oliver C. Hanger of Kansas City, Missouri, on the thirtieth of December, nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

On the thirty-first of December the marriage of Maude Josephine Hayden '16 to Mr. C. Edward Keeney took place in Ventnor, New Jersey.

The new year ushers in some delightful announcements concerning "old girls." From Elaine Bass '20 comes the glad tidings in a personal note to our preceptress, telling of her engagement to Harold Marshall Pierce whose home is also in Bangor, Maine. Also our dear little 'cellist, Marguerite Murray '24 announces her engagement to Mr. Crosby Carleton Bean. Adrienne L. Fontaine '23 is the next on this special honor roll for with the New Year comes a dainty card announcing her engagement to Dr. Armand Laurier Caron. Lasell rejoices with these "old girls" who are rejoicing at this time and in this way.

Rather an unusual honor has come recently to one of our graduates, Nellie Richards '93, an efficient member of our Alumnae Association. The Groton School for Landscape Gardening recently offered a prize for the best small garden planted, planned and maintained by residents of that charming little town. The first prize was won by our Nellie Richards. We are not surprised for we have a feeling that everything that Nellie puts her hand to is bound to be a success. Lasell's congratulations.

The morning mail has brought us a tiny card announcing the arrival of Mildred Joan War-



ner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warner (Mildred Westervelt '13).

Mention was made in one of the earlier issues of the LEAVES of little Louise Vicary Pottorf and her visit in England last summer, while grandma and Marguerite toured the Continent. With Christmas greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, came a charming picture of little Louise taken in a garden in Westward Ho, England, as Aunt Marguerite describes it, "In the cottage near the sea where she stayed and played "Mistress Mary." Marguerite 1908-10 closes her greetings to our Principal and his wife with the assurance that the "Canton" girls are delighted with Lasell for which she is glad and Lasell is perhaps a little bit gladder.

Our Principal and his wife were delighted to receive at Christmastide not only greetings from Irvina Pomeroy Cooper '18 but a charming picture of mother and daughter. Irvina is holding in her arms wee Elizabeth, twenty-two months old.

A jade charm greeting from China to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow came at Christmas time from Nellie Wong 1916-17 of Peking, who has the honor of being the first registered woman chemist in China. /

Our first glance at the card from Evelyn Schmidt '14 suggested just a Christmas Tree illuminated, but a closer look revealed the following greeting: December 25—Evelyn Schmidt wishes for you "Merry Christmas,"—Good Fortune for the New Year and All that is good always!

It was certainly a very original and most generous thought on the part of our Principal to offer not only to the students of Lasell but the schools of Newton an opportunity to hear the very best musicians offering fine programs at a nominal price. Many of the residents of Auburndale availed themselves of this opportunity. These concerts have been on occasional Tuesday afternoons during the Fall and will continue through to April. The members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and assisting artists are under the direction of Mr. Paul Shirley. One of the most interesting

features of the concerts is his interpretation of the music and story of the lives of the composers.

A unique Christmas card which came to our Principal was from the gifted director of this group of musicians—The Paul Shirley Symphony Group. The card represents a band of Troubadours pausing near an old-world castle—at the top of the card is a music staff upon which is the beautiful engraving—"Joyous greetings."

Nora Burroughs Dillingham '97 and her husband sent a very individual Christmas card for it represented the "doorway of the Old Dillingham House" on Cape Cod. Friends who have visited this historic home, declared it to be one of the most charming antiques on the Cape.

Dear Alice Stahl Seltzer '04, it is hard to realize that these four splendid children in your Christmas group are yours! It seems but yesterday since you left us and yet when we stop to think we do remember that you were later graduated from Smith and that some years have passed since you were a Lasell girl "in residence." Robert, Charlotte, Lydia and Pauline, a beautiful group and we promptly claim three of them for Lasell later on. It was certainly a happy idea of yours and Mr. Seltzer's to send this splendid card as a Christmas greeting to our principal and his wife.

Those of us who were favored and honored to receive a charming Christmas card from Mr. Shepherd and Rebecca Shepherd '94 are still exclaiming over its attractiveness. It is a sketch made by Mr. Shepherd while he and Rebecca were spending their vacation last summer as guests at "Idlewilde" in picturesque Wisconsin—Rebecca describes it as "Our Block House Cottage."

Gladys Burnett Watts '20 sends holiday greetings on a card reading like this—"Just ran in a moment to wish you Merrie Christmas—Harry and Glad Watts."

Truly as we look at the Christmas greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Jack Connolly, we declare our National Capitol is safe in the hands of

President Coolidge and Patricia Connolly. Seldom have we seen such a wise and knowing picture as that of this little baby who sends the message, "My mother and Daddy join me in wishing you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year."

One of the Connecticut Valley dailies reported late in the old year the passing away of Josephine Adelaide Plumstead '85. The notice of her passing contained mention of her graduation from Lasell, where she was one of the honor students. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the sorrowing friends and relatives of Mrs. Plumstead.

The latest news is good news from Lucille Joscelyn '15. She writes, "I am now working for the State of Minnesota in the Children's Bureau. I travel a great deal and have supervision of thirteen counties. I like the work very much. I often wish I might find time to go back to Lasell for a visit."

It is some twenty-two years since Elizabeth Whitley Pechin 1900-02 was a school girl at Lasell. She returned to visit her niece, Lorraine Whitley '30, during this month with apparently the same vivacity and youthful spirit which characterized her in the old school days. She certainly was thrice welcome, and told us some very interesting news about Isabelle Blackstock Beardsley '03 and her family who are near neighbors in Plainfield, N. J. Lorraine declares that Isabelle is a wonderful home-maker and mother.

Could better news than this come from our graduate Alice McCaghey '24. From the local papers we read, "Miss Alice McCaghey of Little Falls, N. Y., assumed her duties at Ossining Hospital yesterday (Friday) as dietitian. Miss McCaghey, an exceptionally competent young woman, is a graduate of the Lasell Seminary of Boston and will have full charge of the dietary management at the Hospital."

We learn from her friends that Mrs. Helen Ordway is enjoying her work at the Orthopedic Hospital more and more, and is near enough to New York to take advantage of its musical and literary treats and sometimes New

York sends its very best right to the hospital, for Mrs. Ordway writes that Mischa Elman came to the hospital and played for the children. It goes without saying that it is a constant source of joy and satisfaction that Mrs. Ordway and Ruth can be together.

Louise Stobo Cave 1920-22 is one of the Braggiotti group chosen to accompany Mellie Dunham to New York where the Old Fashioned dances recently displayed at Keith's will be given at the Hippodrome.

With her subscription to the LEAVES Ruth Shepard '25 sends this kindly tribute, "The LEAVES came to me a few days ago and certainly every word was devoured. It was more than interesting to read all the news, so much of it that one would hear of in no other way. It was appreciated more than I can write and makes me feel that I am still a member of Lasell, although not within her loving portals." Ruth is continuing her music at Springfield Conservatory.

A splendid letter from Marion Brown '22 came to our personal editor which she confesses she would like to give to the LEAVES "in toto." Marion reported some wonderful automobile trips which she and her mother and friend have taken in Marion's "Essex Coach" bought if you please by that same little capitalist from her self earned income. That was "some record" which reports two hundred and thirty miles in one day and all the driving done by our Marion. She is teaching now in one of the largest schools in East Hampton having a roster of 580 pupils, thirty-seven of whom are under Marion's special charge. She declares she enjoys her teaching more and more and especially this year, to use her own words "as many of the youngsters are foreign and not spoiled." Marion has joined the "Helping Hand" Society of thirty active members and writes, "we help the poor and needy of the town sometimes in cases of sickness and other times in furnishing clothing and feeding families. We also keep a district nurse who is paid by the society. Have also joined the Eastern Star and have just been given an office. Am working in a church club and last Sep-



tember was elected first Vice-President of the East Hampton 'Woman's Club.' So you see she is an unusually busy young woman.

An announcement has just been received of the wedding of Phyllis Rafferty '22 to Dr. A. Bedell Shoemaker of Boston, on Tuesday, December twenty-ninth.

In a personal communication to our principal from Lenette Rogers '17 she writes, "After wandering around Southern Europe for three months, I have at last come to rest in Brussels. There are many things to be sure which we may say about Belgium—but Oh, how I do hate the rain and how good the Charles River would look to me just now when I ache to skate." Belgium looks after the welfare of her little folk, for the pools are drained in the winter so that the children will not fall into them. Lenette has become acquainted with some of the habitues and has formed an especial friendship for a young Belgian woman who has just taken her doctor's degree in Botany. She adds, "I am finding my work here very interesting. I live in Brussels in a private family. I am working in the new Carney Institute at Louvain under Professor Gregoire and even if things do not move with the lightning rapidity one would wish for, they move, which is too much to be expected in some parts of the country. I have everything which I could want in the way of material and at the

same time have the benefit of many talks with Professor Gregoire. That is where the value comes in. I'd rather try to trap Will-O-the-Wisps than attempt to corner some of these professors who are always somewhere." She closes with kindly greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Witherbee and Miss Potter.

## JOKES

Priscilla (trying to get her line positions in shorthand right): "Miss Dimitroff, in Washington do you put the wash on the line?"

Russ: What do you think of my house as a whole?

Em: As a hole it's all right. As a house, not so good.

Andy (just before English exam): I'm afraid I'll flunk out.

Tommy (ditto): I know I'll pass out.

Photographer: Do you wish me to take your picture?

Steve: No, I want to get one.

Peg (after argument): There's a town in Massachusetts named for you.

Peggy (somewhat mollified): Which one?

Peg: Marblehead.

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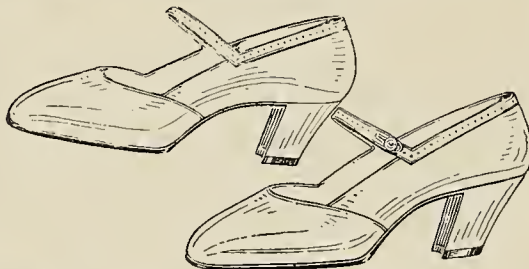
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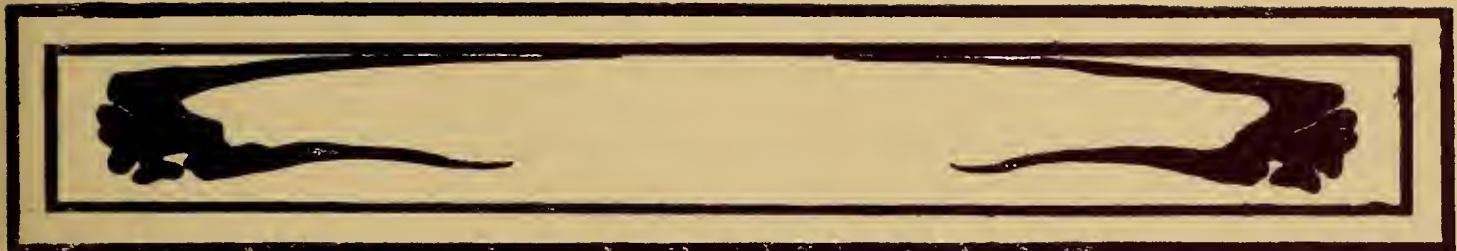
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## THE BLUE BIRD

What joy the song of Nature can bring!  
What comfort the clear call of Spring!  
What hope the throaty song of a happy bird!  
And when it ceases, what emptiness there is!

I bear in mind the happy tragic story of a blue bird, a small mite of feathers, but a symphony in itself. Well do I recall his throbbing, happy presence! All that he had he gave to the world with every ounce of vim his little lungs could muster. He made the trees, the flowers and the clouds sing with him, and at daybreak how he laughed and thrilled at the sun! The air was full of him and our hearts overflowed with his song.

For three years he made his home with us. What a pretty little fellow he was! And vain! In the spring he used to sit for minutes and minutes on the tippety-top of our spruce tree and preen his coat till it glistened. When he had finished his toilette, he used to call to his sweetheart. My! how his voice soared! Thrilled with the joy of life, he poured forth his song! A-quiver with excitement at sound of his voice, he would dart off, a streak of blue, in quest of her. After the short, ecstatic courtship, there used to come a lull in his song. Such a bustle and scurrying around! Days of endless activities! The air would be filled with staccato twitterings. A streak of blue here, a flash of blue there! He would be every place in the garden in search of thread. And oh, the song, the glorious, mellow song he would send to his God in thanksgiving for his beautiful family! I can see him now, perched on the spruce, his pretty little body trembling with emotion! These, too,

were busy days and there were hungry mouths to feed. Dipping down, darting back, mother and father had not much time for song.

When responsibilities grew light once more, he found time to perform. The garden nodded its head in approval; trees sighed in admiration; breezes hushed to hear him, and all the world became his servant. Dawn found him riotous, with voice to drown out all his fellows. Midday found him hushed and chattering only to his pretty mate. Late afternoon came upon him as he let out all the energy and emotion of his soul. He was a temperamental little fellow, joyous with the day of gladness, moody with the clouds. And he had the soul and song to make man bow to him.

For two years he came, a-thrill and vivacious with life, steadfast to his one sweetheart. The third year there was no courtship, no bustle to build a home, no babies. His song, mellowed and beautiful with maturity, lacked vitality. His voice, though bursting forth to greet us at our approach, grew listless. We noticed this but dared not think.

One sunset near the end of August, we were startled by the old familiar cry, the call of mate to mate. He quivered and sang, trembled and soared. For ten minutes his voice filled the air, the sky, our hearts, and then it broke into a sound not unlike a sob. He fell, our little friend, from his perch on the spruce.

Need I tell the rest? We concluded that the poor little fellow died of loneliness for his mate. But at his death, he gave his most triumphant song—a song of youth, love and thanksgiving.



What joy the song of Nature can bring!  
 What comfort the clear call of Spring! What  
 hope the throaty song of a happy bird! And  
 when it ceases, what emptiness there is!

*Dorothy Messinger.*

### SYSTEMATICALLY IN LOVE

Jane and Barbara boarded the train—or rather, were thrown aboard the train by a laughing mob of girls and boys and three grinning red-caps. They sat on their bags out on the platform between two cars until they had gotten their breath, then, each carrying one bag, started out to find their car. The journey was long and hazardous. They stumbled over shoes and bags and feet. They lurched against swaying curtains and fell through doors. At the end of the fifth car Jane said “I swear, Babs, this is the longest train I’ve ever seen! We’ve gone through at least fifty cars and we’re not in 360 yet! Well cheer up! the first hundred cars are the hardest!” At length, however, they reached their destination—car 360, lowers 7 and 8, sent a sleepy porter off for the rest of their bags—and settled down to giggle over their late experiences. A chorus of grunts, annoyed groans, “sh-es” and muffled curses now made them think better of this plan, however.

“Come on—let’s go get ready for bed, then we can come back and whisper. There’s no use trying to go to sleep till we get through Buffalo anyhow. And besides, what’s sleep to us? We get plenty of that at school.” This from Babs.

Half an hour later they were both comfortably installed in Jane’s berth. “Nine is still empty—wonder who’ll have it? Probably some awful fat man who snores!” said Jane. They both laughed, then launched forth upon an hour’s conversation of rapturous “Will you ever forgets” and “He saids” and sorrowing “To think we’re going back to schools!”

At length the train pulled into Buffalo. The girls snapped out the light and peered out through a crack under the shade. “Look,

Babs,” whispered Jane excitedly, “Look! Did you ever see any one so cute? The Student Prince himself! Just look at that coon coat—and his hat! Even his bags are perfect! And look! There’s another one almost as sweet! Oh, do you suppose they’re getting on?”

They were getting on. And what’s more the “Student Prince” had Number 9. Jane made certain of this by cautiously peering out between the curtains with one ravishing eye. Then she hugged Babs and they bounced ecstatically, though silently, for they “didn’t want to miss a thing” of what these two engrossing creatures, who were now sitting on the edge of Number 9 might say.

And they heard: “Well, back to the old grind, and no more girls till June!”

“What? Why, Jim, you’re crazy, bug-house, insane, you’re — Why, great guns, do you mean to tell me you’re not having a girl for Spring Week? Not one out of those thousand fair females who pen you sweet missives and all that truck—?”

“There aren’t a thousand; they’re only about eight and their letters aren’t sweet missives! And if they were, how could I help it? But about Spring Week—I don’t want to have any of the girls I know down, because, damn it all, Stew, you ought to be in love with your Spring Week girl, and you know darned well I’m not in love with any one!”

“Well, have it your own way, but I know darn well *I’m* having a girl for it! Don’t know who yet, but she’ll be there.”

“Oh, of course *you’ll* have some one; you always do. But I’d like to know, Stew—I’d like you to answer a question for me. Have you ever been—well, systematically in love?”

“Systematically in love? Well, my boy, I’ve heard it said that I have *some* system! I —”

“Oh, don’t be an ass! I’m serious. I mean—well, I just mean what I said—systematically in love. You know—no appetite, and all the rest of the symptoms.”

Stew’s reply was lost to the eager listeners, but Jane didn’t appear to mind. Her eyes were shining and her mouth grinned adorably,

though wickedly. Babs looked at her. "Now, what are you up to?" she asked. "You always do something awful when you look like that! Remember the time you almost got caught writing those passionate letters to old Miss Harrigan, and beware!"

However, no pleadings, warnings or threats could make Jane disclose her plan and so Babs finally crept across the aisle to her own berth.

Next morning Jane was infuriatingly slow, and kept popping her head out of the dressing-room door. Finally she grinned, grabbed Babs and said: "Come on, now; I'm ready—and for heaven's sake, do hurry!" and dashed out towards the diner. They entered the diner sedately, and to Jane's apparent shy confusion, the only vacant places were at a table for four—and the other two places were occupied by Jim and Stew. The girls sat down quietly, ordered grapefruit, toast and coffee and seemed not to notice the boys. They remarked about the scenery, how fast the snow was going, wished the waiter would hurry, and then, Jane, with a warning glance at Babs said: "I say, Babs, have you ever been systematically in love? You know what I mean—all the symptoms and everything?"

Barbara gasped, but attempted no reply. Jim choked on his coffee, made a move as if to rise, blushed and sat down. Stew laughed aloud. Jane looked at both of them in apparent surprise, and started to eat her grapefruit which had been put before her during the various outbursts. Under Jane's clever guidance, Babs managed to keep a straight face and they kept up a highly impersonal conversation until the boys left. Then they looked at each other and away again, for they dared not laugh as long nor as loudly as they wanted to there in the diner. As soon as they had gotten safely out to the vestibule, however, Babs grabbed Jane.

"Jane," she cried, "Oh, how could you? Oh, I've never wanted to laugh so hard in my life! And I've never seen any one so embarrassed or so furious!"

They both shrieked with laughter till some one came through, then they pulled themselves

together and proceeded to their own car. But their berths were in the process of being made up, and all the others in the car were either torn up or occupied, so the friendly porter said, "Sorry, young ladies. I'll be done in a minute, but you kin set up in that there drawing-room till I gets through."

Nothing daunted, they started for the drawing-room, but stopped, abashed, on the threshold. For there sat Jim and Stew. Jim appeared not to notice them, but Stew stood up and said, "Come right in, and don't mind us. I'm Stew Potter, and this gloomy gentleman is my friend and erstwhile roommate, Jim Lewis."

Jane forgot her embarrassment. "Oh, not the Alpha Delt from Dartmouth!" she cried. "Why, my brother roomed with you last year! I'm Jane Carter—Johnny's sister! Oh, yes! and this is my roommate, Babs Morgan."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Jim forgot his anger, and the four started the old game of "Do you know?" The owner of the stateroom appeared only too soon.

"I move we adjourn to our seats—they're made up now—and have some bridge," suggested Stew.

"Fine."

And so they bridged and talked and laughed, and later danced in the baggage car with a lot of other young people who were returning to school. They were to reach Boston at four o'clock. At three-thirty Jane and Jim were again standing on one of the platforms. Jane looked up at Jim.

"It's almost time to say goodbye," she said, "and before I do, I want to say I'm sorry about the—well, you know, about this morning."

Jim grinned, "Oh, that's all right—now," he said; "because you see I think I *am* er—systematically in love—at last."

Jane glanced up and decided it might be wiser to go back with the crowd. She started to move forward.

"No, you don't! You don't go one step till you promise me you'll come up to Spring Week with me!"

Jane smiled adorably.



"Well," she temporized, "I'll come if you'll promise to come down to see me week-end after next."

"I'll come!" said Jim.

But for some reason or other they forgot to go back to the others until the train was about to stop, and the porters appeared with the bags.

*Edith Howell.*

---

### YOUTH

We are young—we dream,  
Like clusters of fragrant lilacs our dreams burst into  
flowers,  
We hold the balance of life in our hands,  
We laugh joyfully and bright-eyed go out to meet  
life,  
Our days are full of sunshine,  
The pure, the true, the beautiful, all stir our hearts  
to ecstasies,  
Love set our souls to swinging.

We are young—we dream  
Darkness is lifted before us and we see the light,  
We hear the music of the spheres,  
Enchanted visions flame high—hurrying us ever on-  
ward.  
Youth is ours,  
Behind our hearts lies the heart of God as  
We come down through the ages.

*Charlotte Russell.*

---

### AN EMBRYO DETECTIVE

The night was cloudy and unpleasant. The hour was half past two. On one of the dimly-lighted corners of a questionable neighborhood, Norma Lee awaited the arrival of her trolley car. Norma's brother "Bob" had promised to meet her in his Spider, a low, yellow roadster of a too well-known make, but—well he had sent word that he couldn't make it, the Spider wouldn't budge. So here she was, tired from a long day of Red Cross canvassing in a poor section of the city; that wasn't all; she had heard two dirty little children standing in a dusky corner talking in low frightened tones and as she passed by them she heard:

"Ma says she didn't think Jim would go so far as to steal a kid, and the Mayor's at that. He aint got no sense anyhow and—"

Somehow as darkness came on, she became more thankful that the end of that section was

in sight, but what she had heard earlier in day took on a more ominous aspect. Suppose there really was something to what they had said, and simply because she hadn't reported it a child might even now be dying. If only "Bob" had come she could have told him; he would have known what to do. She couldn't go running to a police station with a tale like that. While these thoughts were racing through her mind she saw her car approaching, and even after she had boarded it she was still bothered.

Glancing at the people seated across from her she found the usual assortment of working, shopping and theatre-returning people that one usually finds at that time, but suddenly her eyes were attracted by a rather tired woman of perhaps thirty-five sitting directly opposite her. There was nothing extraordinary about a tired woman dressed in a rather shabby black coat, but the box she carried seemed to require more than ordinary care in handling, and as Norma regarded it further, it struck her rather unpleasantly as resembling a coffin—a baby's coffin, perhaps; then above the rumble of the car wheels and the low whispers of the people Norma heard a baby's cry of "Mamma! Mamma!"

It came from the box the woman across from her held! Yes, the woman did look confused and rather disturbed. What could it mean? Well, anyway the baby was still alive and that was one consolation.

Nothing more happened for about five minutes until the woman got up and then she again heard the cries, "Mamma!" "Mamma!"

What could she do? Well she did something; she got off the car with the woman even though she was still several blocks from her own home, and followed her, still carrying the bundle with utmost care, to a tenement a short distance up the street, where she entered Number ninety-seven by a key which she took from her bag.

Of a sudden Norma spun around, the number of the house and the name of the street indelibly stamped in her mind, with but one idea to run home and tell her brother. As

she neared her home a thought passed through her head, that surely after all this time there would be something in the paper and people would know about it.

Dashing up the stairs she rushed breathlessly into the den where she grabbed the evening paper and fruitlessly scanned the front page. Just as the possibility that she had made mud out of nothing struck her, "Bob" entered the room saying, "Say, movies give me a pain—the wild notions they put into people's heads. While I was fixing my car this afternoon two kids came up to me frightened out of their wits because a man walking down the street resembled a bad man they had just seen in the movies, and well—even I was a bit frightened when you didn't appear at ten-thirty."

Movies, thought Norma, as she walked rather sheepishly away, can even make a mamma doll seem like a real live baby.

*Dorothy Draper.*

#### FAIRIES

Three clouds like mystic fairy ships  
Were floating in the sky,  
I stood upon a sandy shore  
And saw them sailing by.

And as I gazed it seemed to me  
That fairies on them danced,  
And dreamily they drifted by  
While I looked on entranced.

I waited till they disappeared  
And faded out of sight,  
And even then I sat and dreamed  
And watched the falling night.

Do you believe in fairies? No?  
Then watch the clouds drift by;  
You'll see some fairies dancing there  
In the beautiful azure sky.

*Jean Vickers.*

#### FLEETING INSPIRATIONS

Snugly warm amid the covers,  
Just before one goes to sleep,  
Fleeting inspirations, visions,  
All across one's mind do creep.

Lazily one wishes maybe  
One might rise and write them down;  
No—'tis cold and one is sleepy,  
The very thought brings forth a frown.

And so one slowly drifts to dreamland,  
Thus forgets the things one thought,  
On the morrow tries to write them,  
But the visions can't be caught.

*Jean Vickers.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

All through my life I have taken every thing seriously, but now I have come to the conclusion that I had better be less sympathetic, because as it is I spend all my time pitying somebody for something.

For example, if any one desires "the personal charm that is within the reach of every woman," by reading the advertisements, one would be baffled and completely at a loss to know just how to attain it. Of course, soap may help, but how does one know if she wants to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" or have "a skin you love to touch."

If some conclusion could only be reached it might be less difficult, but on the next page of the magazine we find that beauty is found by applying face creams. If directions were followed one's whole life would be spent feeling like a grease pot.

There is something else to worry about now, "4 out of every 5 have it," so we must "use the world's best tooth paste, 10,000 dentists recommend it." But the difficulty is, which one of the 100,000 world's best should we use.

It is useless; it was destined that I should spend my life having compassion for these poor people who rush madly from one advertisement to the other, trying to make the right decision.

Think of the poor girl who was a bridesmaid so many times, but never got to be a bride simply because her best friend wouldn't tell her.

I have often pitied the other girl who always ordered chicken salad and all for the simple reason that she didn't know about the little book that would tell her not only how to order, but would also be able to teach her how to recognize "what is wrong in this picture," and not commit similar mistakes.

Think of the suffering of the young matron who became a social outcast. She had a nice



home, an excellent cook, but the silver didn't match, so the guests simply couldn't digest their food.

Then there are the girls who would as soon appear at an evening party in pajamas as use poorly selected writing paper.

There is an article called "The Unconscious Humor of the Movies," and I think there is as much unconscious humor in advertisements, if one but looks for it. I have been made to see things in a new light; in place of pitying people who believe in all the advertisements, I have learned to see the humor in them.

*C. Madalyn Patten.*

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#### THE COUNTRY ROAD

Streets are very nice  
 And avenues sound grand,  
 But I like the country road  
 With ruts and curves of sand.  
 A road that goes a-winding  
 Through colossal rows of pine,  
 With never a thought of minding  
 The right and wrong of line.

On through the valley  
 And out across the lands,  
 With the blue sky the limit  
 And fences for its bands,  
 An earth-brown ribbon climbing  
 The hillsides of delight,—  
 A pleasant place to wander  
 With the friendly sun in sight.

*Frances Robertson.*

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#### JUST SMILE

It's easy to say, "Just smile when you're blue,  
 It will chase all your troubles away."  
 It's easy to say and it's not hard to do,  
 Just try it and soon you'll feel gay.

So try it just once, please try it and see  
 For the first time's the hardest, 'tis true;  
 I know when you realize how happy you'll be  
 You'll smile the next time you feel blue.

*Jean Vickers.*

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#### WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

The clock had just struck six, and fifteen minutes later Lil and I had started on our morning walk. We loved to get up early and wander for an hour or more along some un-frequented path. Sometimes we walked in silence, then again we would pour out all our

feelings to each other. Oh! it was wonderful.

The sun had been up only a half hour, so it had not had time to warm the world as yet, and there was still a cool dampness about the day that made one want to breathe deeply of the pure air delicately scented with green pines. The dew still glistened everywhere about us, and when we walked through the weeds and stubble the drops wet our feet.

On the left of the road as we neared "Oak Bend," we saw the remains of a beautiful old hotel that had been burned. It was built way out here in this secluded spot, for nature all about was rather queer and fascinating. On the right were fields of green stubble and beyond that was a most beautiful forest. Twice in one morning we saw a wild rabbit in the woods, and all around us there seemed to be Bob Whites and mocking birds. Everything was so still and gentle that one could not help but feel happy.

As we came to the end of the path we turned to the right and went down the road that led to Aunt Fannie's. There was that same little hut that she had built so many years ago. There were only two rooms in it, one a bedroom, and the other she used as a kitchen. They were very small and filled to capacity with old things that negroes seem to like. There were no windows at all in the kitchen and only a small one in the other room, but of course it was not a window as we know it, for Aunt Fannie had to make it herself and so it was a swinging, door-like thing, made of all kinds of crazy-looking boards and planks. She had a small yard around her house enclosed by a rickety fence made of boards, chicken wire, and barbed wire, which had been patched up by wedging in pieces of tin. In the yard there were three straight chairs. One was half broken and the other two were so gray with age that one felt as if he would rather stand than sit. A big box with a dish-pan of dirty water was standing by the fence and everywhere else there were smaller boxes, tin cans, old, broken plates, pieces of wood, brown jugs, dirty bottles, pieces of tin, an old stove that had rusted perhaps ten years before, and an old shoe. To all this collection of an-

tiques could be added a cow, which she kept under a shed behind the house, a water spaniel dog, and some ten or twelve chickens. We went up to the gate and found it tightly locked by a long rusty chain and padlock. We tugged away at the chain for a while but soon saw our efforts were useless, so I decided to call Aunt Fannie.

"Say, Aunt Fannie, are you awake yet?" No answer. "Aunt Fannie! Where are you? Are you awake yet? I've come to see you."

I waited a minute then heard a fine, shrill voice. "M'am? Yep'em, here I is. I'se comin' in a minit." Then in a moment I saw the door of her room open and out came Aunt Fannie looking just as she always did.

She was still wearing that black taffeta bonnet that was much too small for her, but her old wrinkled face was just smiling with happiness. She had on a dirty, ragged, red sweater over a dingy old waist of some sort, and she apparently wore three or four skirts which still had many holes in them, although they were already badly patched. Her shoes were only half way laced, and they were so old that one wondered how she wore them at all.

"Oh!—my blessed chillun," she cried as she shuffled across the yard to the gate. She still stooped badly, for she had been run over by an automobile ten years before and since then she never could stand erect.

"Oh—you blessed chillun. Lord, have mercy on my pore ole soul. Come rite in, honey, an' set down. Lordy, jest look at my blessed babies." So saying she gave a low chuckle to herself and offered us the two chairs in the yard.

Lil looked at me and I looked at Lil. We thanked her and sat down very slowly and carefully. Lil was larger than I and I noticed her chair gave a mournful creak, but mine behaved nicely. Aunt Fannie sat down on the only step and began talking slowly.

"Oh—my babies. I'se so glad you come. Lordy, bless my chillun. I wuz so scaird last nite case one er them niggers wuz out in dat road drunk, an' he wuz cussin' so. My lord Jesus, I prayed so. Oh, my blessed chillun, I asked Jesus to sind him away. Jesus wuz

here in dat room wid me an' I seed his face jest as plain, an' I knowed dat nigger wuzn't comin' in my house. My blessed chillun, Jesus don't never leave me. Sometimes I pray mos all nite, and he don't never leave me. Didn't dat air chain gang man cum up one nite an try ter git in my yard? He must be in a hurry case the gate hit was latched and he left. Den I pray to my Jesus. Oh, Lordy. An next mornin' dat air cop he cum an want ter know have I seen 'em. No, I aint seen 'em, but I hear 'em runnin' up der road goin' to de woods." She scratched her head and pushed back her bonnet.

"Why Aunt Fannie, you darlin' thing, aren't you afraid to stay alone? Something might happen."

"No'm," she said thoughtfully as she smiled. "I git moughty scaird sometimes, but Jesus is wid me, and nothin' aint gwine hurt me. Yes'm, Jesus is wid me. My blessed chillun—Oh—Lord help my pore ole soul."

She heaved a pitiful sigh and somehow I felt awfully queer as I listened to that old negro talk. We sat there at least a half hour then we left.

"Wait a minit," she said as we opened the gate.

I could not imagine what she wanted. She looked at us both and patted us on the shoulder, then shuffled off. In a few minutes she came back and in her hand she had an egg.

"Dis here is the only fresh one I had. Hit wuz jest laid. You take hit, babies. Here—take hit, babies."

"Aunt Fannie!" we said, in perhaps a somewhat startled way. "You are so sweet, but really we don't need it, for we have so many at home. Please you keep it."

She looked at us and smiled. "Well, don't cher want a bit o' coffee then before you go?" she said.

Of course we had to refuse that, too, but we went again the next day and carried her some clothes and food.

When she saw what we had for her, big tears came into her eyes. "Oh, the Lord Jesus is with me. Look whut my blessed chillun done bring me. Oh, my blessed babies.



De Lord be good ter you fer bringin' me dis.  
Lordy, bless my chillun."

So she talked on and on. When at last we left her she was still radiantly happy and one could see how thankful she really was.

Lil and I didn't say much as we walked home that day, for somehow we weren't in that mood. We wanted to think our own thoughts. What a beautiful, queer world this is. A tall piece of grass swished against my skirt as I walked slowly along. It hit my hand and left some cool dew on my fingers. I was *happy*, and I *wanted to kiss the world*."

*Mary Elizabeth Smith.*

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#### A FEW THINGS

The blue of a baby's eyes.

Singing echoes of unknown voices over water.

White hyacinths drenched in dew.

The hiss and rumble of a train—the drops of moisture on the window sill—tears of Mother Nature

The smell of burning leaves—blue mists. Autumn foliage.

Footsteps that pass in the night.

Chime of Convent bells across the snows of twilight.

The pungence of tangerines—and the

Silhouette of a caravan against the sunset.

*Sally Cox.*

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#### A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear God, help me each day to bear

"The strain of toil, the fret of care"

And in my home to always feel

I live for one strong fine ideal, my children.

Their life depends on me to give

All things that help to make them live,

Their joys, sorrows, loves and fears,

Their faith in Thee throughout the years to come.

That's why at twilight now I pray,

To ask Thy help throughout each day,

To never let those Visions fade,

Nor break ideals that I have made,

Oh, hear me, God, and give my all, for them.

Amen.

*V. Amos.*

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#### INK

Ink should always be bought in those tall blue glass quart bottles with the non-drip spout. When seeking inspiration hold it against the brightness of a window, and gaze at that sacred fluid holding in solution so many thoughts, joys and sorrows, waiting to run themselves

over the smooth white page—dip your pen deep and lose yourself in your soul, shutting out even that called personality. Then, perhaps, the racing pen will keep pace with those elusive figures as they reach the bend of the road. If a personality other than their own is forced upon them, even at birth, they will become mere, delicate silhouettes against the last flush of sunset as night lowers her curtain and hangs her lanterns.

*Vera Hambleton.*

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#### AD ASTRA PER ARDUA

BY SIONILLI.

A tense silence spread over the five men who were confined in their sound-proof laboratory at Flagstaff, Arizona. There had been much anxiety concerning the receiving of a certain expected message. The radio was in perfect condition and tuned to a region hitherto in a state of non-communication.

It was ten o'clock and the men had already waited fifteen hours without daring to leave the room. The signal was to be of code type. Both broadcasting and receiving sets were to be kept in oscillation to obtain the maximum sound which was to occur at second intervals.

The first faint sound was heard, and the men jumped from a state of restlessness to one of undivided attention. The dials were turned and the sound was brought forward until it was quite distinct. The nine tubes of the super-hetrodyne were turned on full force. Sure enough, it came in plainly, the code at second intervals.

"This is Professor Pickering speaking from Mars."

The statement came to the listening men like a shot. Before the experiment they had hoped, but now they believed.

The voice continued, "For the benefit of other radio listeners, I will relate the beginning of our experiment in trying to reach Mars.

"Many people had thought that there was life on Mars and many people considered the idea absurd. From the earth it is very difficult to say either thing, but by close study of the planet I had become familiar with a good

many plausible facts that seemed to point to the existence of life. I know the professors at Flagstaff are waiting for my special report, so for their benefit I am going to disclose to the waiting world my great discovery. There IS life on Mars. Different from life as we know it on our own globe, but life that is suitable to the conditions up in this section of the great space in which I am now situated.

"To go back to the beginning of my journey, I will relate the incidents which led us to start this perilous trip in which we might have been enveloped in the phantasmagoria that was ready to grasp us any moment.

"I might at this time state that my companion on this journey is Miss Blank, a student of Lasell Seminary, who is helping in my research experiments.

"Carefully obtained figures were compiled by the combined efforts of a number of prominent scientists and mathematicians concerning the rate of speed possible for the journey of a shell shot from the earth to Mars. It was discovered that a shell leaving the earth July 21, 1923, at 2:00 A.M., would reach Mars August 22, 1924, at 6:00 P.M. The rate of speed proposed was one mile a second. On August 22, 1924, Mars was 7,700,000 miles nearer the earth than it had been for 120 years. Toward evening of the above date, this planet was 34,500,000 miles away from our globe.

"When the project was given careful consideration, it was decided that some one who was willing to risk his life for the sake of future generations should go up in the shell. I offered my services and Miss Blank begged to be taken with me.

"There were many preparations to be made. Enough oxygen had to be provided for us to last the 399 days and 16 hours. Food in the tablet form had to be obtained and a liquid to be used in place of water. This new fluid had a certain quality that permitted one drop to satisfy the thirst to the extent that a glass of water had done hitherto.

"To go back to our mode of travel, I will describe our living quarters for the journey. The inside of the shell was to be composed of three compartments. One for Miss Blank,

one for myself, and one for our broadcasting set. This set consisted of a box three feet long, two feet high, and one foot deep. There is a microphone, antenna, and counterpoise for the ground. The battery provisions are for a 10 watt out-put. Our wave length is 9000 meters. We were to use the Hartly circuit.

"I thought that it would be wise to carry some morphine and also bichloride of mercury in case worse might come to worst.

"The evening of July 20th arrived and everything was in readiness. The cannon was placed at such an angle as to assure us of a start in the right direction. At 1:50 A.M. we climbed into our respective places and took our last breath of fresh air before the doors were closed, not to be opened for 399 days and 16 hours. Hearing the snap of the lock, we immediately turned on our supply of oxygen.

"A machine had been invented for our special benefit to transform the carbon dioxide into oxygen again. In this way we were assured of a constant supply of air during our trip. Each little compartment was lined with a soft padding and a couple of pillows were an addition to our comfort. There was a small telephone supplied for us in order that we might be able to converse when we saw or heard something unusual. There was a strong magnifying glass that took the place of a window, and we were able to look out and see, by a series of mirrors, the disappearance of our earth as we travelled upward.

"The shell itself was 25 feet high with a diameter of 6 feet. The compartments were 8 feet in length and the rest of the space was left for the explosives that were to be our sole means of propellent energy. One explosion was to occur every 24 hours. This gave sufficient force to keep the shell going in an upward motion for one day. The shell was placed in the cannon. The mammoth machine was set into action and at the very instant that it was 2:00 A.M., we were shot with such force that both Miss Blank and I were thrown to the bottom of our compartments.

"The ascension feeling may be appreciated only by those who have ridden in an aeroplane.



"I was too spell bound to speak for a long while. In a half an hour's time I was able to see the earth as a round ball. The mountains and valleys were very distinct and the oceans and seas still discernible. We were then up 1800 miles.

"At 7:00 A.M. the earth appeared as the full moon does at night. It illuminated the sky and looked beautiful. I could imagine figures on its face as one sometimes imagines them on the moon.

"About 6:00 P.M. I was pleasantly surprised when my comrade knocked on the little door connecting our compartments, and thrust a steaming plate of stew that she had prepared. She then told me that she had a supply of freshly canned meat on hand. We could have this treat once a week. I was puzzled concerning the way in which the food had been heated and asked her how she had done it. To my great astonishment I was told that we had a store of canned heat with us and a small stove.

"We anxiously awaited the coming of intense darkness to ascertain what the mysteries of night would bring forth. Our first excitement was soon to come.

*(Continued in next issue)*

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#### AT NIGHT

When lights out bell has rung,  
 And the house is dark and still,  
 I gather up my courage  
 And I pull up all my will,  
 And I sit with light all covered up  
 Upon the cold, cold floor,  
 And I dip my pen into the ink  
 To write to you once more.

*Elinore E. Lewis.*

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#### BOOK REVIEWS

##### TWELVE TESTS OF CHARACTER

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*

It is a book that everyone should read, and if read once, one will read it again. It is so true that it is realism in its actual meaning, so interestingly written, by no means sermonizing, that it is fascinating. Dealing with the average make-up of human nature Fosdick

shows its strong and weak points, and makes suggestions as to improvement and perfection. In criticism he not only tears down but builds up; and with his unflinching faith in human nature we see the true relationship of youth to the world, its responsibilities and development.

A wonderful book—worth more in final influence than can be penned. *V. A. J.*

#### CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

*Alfred E. Stearns.*

We are the "modern youth." Our life is a challenge—to accept or avoid. We all face the same question—how to live!

Mr. Stearns takes for example what he knows best, boys of Andover Academy. He draws from them true incidents which make the reader vividly realize the stuff of which modern youth is made—something true and fine, but with primitive instincts uncontrolled, that are easily called up. Every girl should read this—and every boy. It makes a clearer understanding of the problems facing youth to-day.

Try reading it.

*V. A. J.*

#### "THUNDER ON THE LEFT"

Is Christopher Morley's latest and best. It is remarkable—as all Morley's books are—and it is also very enjoyable. There is the same ominous mysticism we found in "Where the Blue Begins," there is the story written in the manner of psychological reflection of our youngest and most promising authors, and there is a very charming little story. In other words, if you are scientifically minded, you have in "Thunder on the Left" a book that will enthrall you with the story of Martin's subconsciousness; if you have a frivolous mind, you will find your time pleasurable spent in following the story of Martin's life. By all means read this book. It is very good.

*D. G. S.*

#### THE MISTY FLATS

This story of a girl enslaved by her mother's love is decidedly interesting. All through her life, this girl is smothered by the affection and care her mother insists on surrounding her

with. This furnishes many uncomfortable situations, in which she is forced to yield, but finally this habit of self-sacrifice to her mother leads to a crisis. Whether or not the girl or her mother triumphed at the last you will know when you read the book. The characterization is clear and sympathetic, and the book is written in a style that holds the interest.

*D. G. S.*

#### WILD GEESE

*Martha Ostenso*

Wild Geese is the story of the Gare family who lived in Oeland, a small Scandinavian settlement on the great northwestern prairies. Caleb Gare, the greedy, hypocritical factor, ruled his family with an iron hand. Amelia, his drudge of a wife, is forever cowed by the fear that Caleb will reveal to Mark Jordan, her illegitimate son, his mother's identity. Judith is her fiery-tempered rebel of a daughter who finally escapes her father's rule by running away to marry Sven Sandbos. Other characters are Ellen, the spineless daughter, Charley and Martin, two equally spineless sons. Lind Archer, a school teacher, who has come to live with the Gares, and who is Judith's first friend, and Mark Jordan, Amelia's son, who has been managing a neighboring farm, play important roles in the story, and naturally fall in love with each other.

Wild Geese is a book which is attracting an unusual amount of attention, and is well worth reading.

*E. H.*

#### THE CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY

*Barry Benefield.*

This novel is written in a very interesting style, and though it is likely to soon be forgotten, it amuses and holds your interest during the reading.

The plot is developed around a young man just out of college who joins the chicken-wagon family on the way to New York. Their experiences in that big city are of a most unique character. The young man falls in love with the daughter of the chicken-wagon family and we wonder up to the very last page whether

or not he will win her. Read this different and enjoyable book and find out what happens.

*J. S.*

#### POSSESSION

*Louis Bromfield.*

Possession is the story of the rise to success of a girl who had nothing but musical talent as a beginning. Brought up in a small Middle Western town, she possessed the ardent desire to break loose and make herself famous and of importance. She overcame every stumbling block and attained success naturally. She became famous the world over for her great talent, but still, within, she was as lonely as she had ever been. Even after her marriage with her lover she was shut off and in a world of her own. Lonely and possessed by no one, she moves through American and European society, until at last she stands magnificent but tragic upon a lofty pinnacle.

Louis Bromfield stands forth as a young author of great promise. His descriptions are alive with life, and his characters, especially that of Gramp Tollover, an old and worldly man, so truly drawn that they soon become loved by the reader.

*L. C. M.*

#### THE GLASS WINDOW

*Lucy Furman.*

The story is laid in the Kentucky of twenty-five years ago and relates the struggle involved in bringing education to the mountaineers. The filth and general ignorance existent at "The Forks" is almost incredible.

Giles Kent is a simple splendid young man with a truly wonderful faith. Christine, a young teacher from New England, appropriately falls in love with him when he has been appropriately brought to death's door. Susanna is very, very human. Robert Helen is a bit too modern—but is likable when he unbends somewhat. His heroic deeds prove him suddenly worthy of Susanna, at least in Susanna's opinion. Little Harwizy adds a spiritual touch to the whole—but seems unreal. One expects her death momentarily and when it comes finds it rather a repetition of something

*(Continued on page 20)*





## COLLEGE PRIVILEGES FOR JUNIORS AND SENIORS

There is a great deal of agitation going on here at Lasell in regard to college privileges for the Juniors and Seniors. Taking it for granted that many of the school restrictions might easily be lifted, we realize that the school has also its side to the question. Lasell is just starting out a Junior College after more than seven decades as a Finishing School. As yet it has had no chance to prove by its graduates that it is worthy the title of Junior College. Necessarily the work must pass through a more or less gradual transition from its former level to that of college standing. Consequently it is up to the students to prove their ability to meet these requirements of individual responsibility, for as long as the school must urge students on toward the realization of interest in themselves beyond the superficial "get by" attitude, so long will the school be justified in feeling that the girls under her care are not qualified to depend upon themselves outside of the school's walls. In that case one would say divide the girls into two classes. Those who have shown through application to their work that they are old enough to be responsible for themselves in that line are very likely capable of mature judgment in regard to the matter of their conduct without the school premises. We say give them a chance to prove themselves; and the others—hold them under restrictions until they come up to the first standard.

The school's strongest argument perhaps is

her responsibility to the parents. Mothers and fathers send their daughters away to school from homes sheltered to a greater or lesser degree. They must be assured to a reasonable extent of the reliability of the persons into whose hands they are placing their daughters. Very well and good. The school then must not encourage the development of the questionable instincts of girls—one form of human beings. But then such inclinations are not expected to be included in the broader list of privileges. The aforementioned list has a vast area into which to grow before it even encounters such questions.

The issue then comes up that many parents send their girls away to boarding school when they realize that their daughters are fast climbing away from their authority. This is undoubtedly true of many girls in a typical boarding school—grades through the senior class in high school, but we think this untrue of girls who are in college. What is more often the case is that parents want their daughters to become acquainted with the life of those who live in different parts of the country. The girls are sent for this reason and also that they may become acquainted with life's problems under guidance, not under strict observation. So long as a girl is at home she will always depend upon her mother for advice, but when she is away at school she must needs make many decisions for herself at very short notice. In a Junior College a girl is under competent supervision, but she must also decide for herself. However, she is not without an advisor when one is needed.

The Juniors and Seniors at Lasell are all high school graduates and are certainly not admitted to upper class standing if not judged capable of the work. Then, if they are capable of doing college work they are capable of and old enough, except in rare cases, to assume responsibility. Records show that a large percentage of the graduates of Lasell go no further in school education; they must depend upon experience for whatever more they accumulate. Therefore, is not Lasell a good place wherein to begin this education by experience? True, if the girls here would receive general experience, they should be permitted to fare for themselves, and thus be given a chance to prove their character. It is a well known fact that character must be tempered by experience, just as steel is tempered with fire.

If these same girls had gone, as they are qualified to do, to a regular college, their lives and actions would be entirely in their own hands. Many come here under the impression that they are entering a Junior College—which means the first two years of college—and are rudely awakened to the realization that they are under the same restrictions that are imposed upon their younger sisters—not even graduated from high school—restrictions that are very often more exacting than those to which they have been used. Therefore if the school is not convinced or willing to be convinced, that we are worthy of college privileges permanently, she might at least give us a chance to demonstrate our ability to assume responsibility.

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### WHAT AILS THE MODERN YOUTH?

What ails the youth of today? Everyone is ready with an answer. "They have grown perverse because we have ceased to administer the old-fashioned discipline," say the older folks. Most of them idealize their own pasts, and as they grow older grow more sensitive to the perpetual contrasts between youth and age. They shall discover that the younger generation is reacting in natural ways to conditions for which their elders are responsible.

The youth of today can see things, hear things, and do things that never before were in the range of either young or old. He is stimulated to get new experience, and to do many new things.

The attitude and conduct of girls and young women of today do not and cannot follow the old grooves. The older folks are disconcerted and painfully surprised by much that, if they would but investigate the conditions would cause no surprise at all. They should and must recognize the fact that the young woman of today has acquired a new freedom and equality of sex. If they would only reflect upon the false modesty of their own generation, they would find much to admire in the young girl of today. We must admit that her outlook on life has been changed as a result of her entering into industrial and business occupations. She has the satisfaction and power of an individual income; she has more alternatives and more kinds of success to attract her.

If the older folks were to take into consideration the atmosphere that surrounds us today they would not find that youth is ailing. The young, because of their vim and vigor, dare to carry their principles farther than cautious old age.

Many things may or may not ail the modern youth; but one overwhelming fact about them is that they are trying to think for themselves. "Tradition says, 'age for thought—youth for action,'" but the majority of young people today think youth is "practice-thinking." There are two kinds of "practice-thinking"—"mental gymnastics," which is supposed to develop one's intellectual mind, and "mental absorption" of the thoughts of others, which is supposed to lay the foundation of wisdom. But what we find now is youth stepping beyond practice-thinking into real thinking. They are trying to estimate values from a broad, human standpoint, rather than values prejudiced by individual interest.

The youth movement aims at sincerity of speech, free intelligence, and the development of a creative capacity. Why should not the old learn from the young, as well as the young



from the old? When are the matured going to realize that they are not the only guardians of wisdom? Youth is conceited, and there is a conceit of age. Youth over-values its power, while age over-values its habits. The only correction for this, in my mind, is co-operation. The older generation makes blunders, is hasty and has bad habits. Why, then, can they not recognize the fact that life is experimental, that it is exploration?

Once more I ask, "What ails the modern youth?" Being a member of this generation myself perhaps I am a bit prejudiced; but let me say in all sincerity that the youth of today, in my eyes, is beyond reproach, and will in time attain ends of which all may be proud.

### A REMINDER

The Commencement Program—subject to change:

- SATURDAY, MAY TWENTY-SECOND  
8.00 P.M. GLEE CLUB CONCERT (Tickets necessary)
- THURSDAY, MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH  
2.30 P.M. RIVER DAY
- WEDNESDAY, JUNE SECOND  
8.00 P.M. COMMENCEMENT CONCERT
- THURSDAY, JUNE THIRD  
2.30 P.M. WOODLAND PARK SCHOOL RECITAL AND CLOSING EXERCISES
- FRIDAY, JUNE FOURTH  
2.30 TO 3.00 P.M. SWIMMING EXHIBITION  
3.00 TO 5.00 P.M. ART EXHIBIT, STUDIO  
3.00 TO 5.00 P.M. HOME ECONOMICS EXHIBIT, CARTER HALL  
8.00 P.M. PAGEANT
- SATURDAY, JUNE FIFTH  
8.00 P.M. PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION TO THE SENIORS, FORMER STUDENTS, AND GUESTS
- SUNDAY, JUNE SIXTH  
10.45 A.M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON  
J. EDGAR PARK, D.D.  
6.15 P.M. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
- MONDAY, JUNE SEVENTH  
8.00 P.M. CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES (Cards necessary)
- TUESDAY, JUNE EIGHTH  
10.45 A.M. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.  
FRANK PIERREPONT GRAVES, LL.D.  
2.00 P.M. REUNION OF THE ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

Classes which should be holding reunions this year: 1901, 1906, 1911, 1921, 1925, and of course the earlier classes. Already plans are being made for 1916, 1911, and the Class of 1901 (?).

An early application for accommodation should be made to Mrs. B. L. Hooker, my secretary. Thus far we have been able to find places in Auburndale for all who have applied. Should we reach our Auburndale limit, the late comers would be obliged to go elsewhere. We are glad to do anything we can to help.

Cordially yours,

G. M. WINSLOW.

### BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

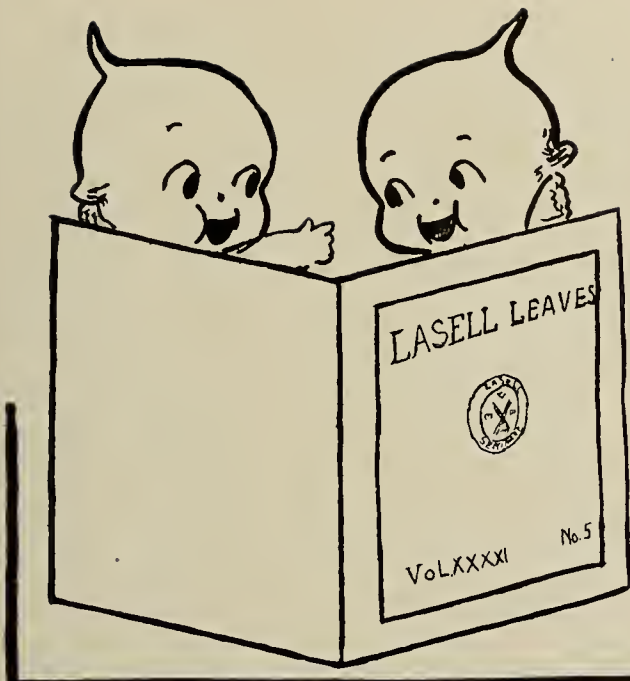
one has read somewhere before. The various aunts and uncles contribute amusing hits. The book holds the interest to a certain extent and provokes sympathy for the people.

Of style I would say that the author does not seem to acquaint the reader very deeply with the real thoughts of the characters. It always seems to be a story told rather than something moving and vital. *E. F. B.*

### FOUNTAIN SEALED

*Ann Sedgewick.*

Fountain Sealed is the story of a woman's great unselfishness. Valerie Upton, a charming but irresponsible woman of middle age, finds herself faced with a difficult situation. Her husband, whom she left years ago, recently died and left a young daughter alone. Forgetful of her own pleasures, Valerie leaves England and her friends and comes back to help her daughter. She meets cold aloofness in Imogen, but in her sweet, unselfish way continues in her attempt to make Imogen happy and even gives up to her her elderly lover; but still Imogen remains ungrateful and cold. It is by the artful sketching of these two characters and the resulting sharp contrast that we love Valerie and hate Imogen. Ann Sedgewick's descriptions are very realistic and although the story is a bit drawn out it is well worth reading. *L. C. M.*



# LOCALS

January 23. Woodland Park dining room was all dressed up and decorated; busily did the people work in the afternoon; what was it all about? Ah! the Sophomores and Specials were getting ready to give the Seniors a big time the same evening. And was it a success? Ask the Seniors and note the enthusiasm! The gifts were adorable—small powder flasks of Coty—cute—m-m!

January 24. Dr. D. Brewer Eddy, a good friend of Lasell, presented for his topic a Bible Study. Everyone is looking for something better—there are plenty of examples of that right in the Bible. How we neglect that book these days!

Very helpful was the talk given in Christian Endeavor by Kay McCauley. Sue Shutts sang for us.

January 29. Mademoiselle Silliman led the weighty discussion of the youth movement in the Cercle Francaise this afternoon; over which Cercle Mademoiselle Hemmeon presided due to the absence of Mademoiselle Le Royer.

Later in the evening, the third and last lecture by Dr. Vincent was heard. We found Barrie to be an interesting author and enjoyed the humorous bits read to us from his works.

January 30. Some more humor was presented this night by some of our own aspiring actors and actresses. Miss Stearns and her patience played a large role behind the scenes—

“cheerio”—and congratulations Miss Stearns! The program was as follows:

## THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

given by

LASELL DRAMATIC CLUB

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1926

8 o'clock

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS.

Under the direction of Miss Elinor Stearns

### WRONG NUMBERS

By *Essex Dane*

Place—Screened off corner of a department store

Time—Lunch hour on a sales day

#### CAST

|            |                   |
|------------|-------------------|
| Waitress   | Rosalie Brightman |
| Number One | Virginia Amos     |
| Number Two | Mariesta Howland  |

### SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL

By *Stuart Walker*

Place—Kitchen of the boy

Time—Mid-day

#### CAST

|               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| Prologue      | Mary Mann          |
| Boy           | Elizabeth V. Smith |
| Queen         | Marta Aspegren     |
| Mime          | Elizabeth Oppel    |
| Milkmaid      | Victoria Jackson   |
| Blindman      | Edith Thorpe       |
| Ballad-Singer | Sara Belle Cox     |
| Headsman      | Lucy MacLeod       |

### THE TRYSTING PLACE

By *Booth Tarkington*

Place—A quiet nook of a hotel in the country

Time—Afternoon



## CAST

|   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| Mrs. Curtis, a young widow                  | Sara Renstrom     |
| Lancelot Briggs, a boy very much in love    | Dorothy Denney    |
| Mrs. Briggs, his mother                     | Churilla Silliman |
| Jessie, his sister                          | Hazel Schaeffer   |
| Rupert Smith, a young man                   | Charlotte Russell |
| Mr. Ingoldsby, an old friend of Mrs. Briggs | Loretta Krause    |

January 31. Back to the missions again—but this time we found ourselves going Northward into the regions of Labrador. Miss Hester Parks illustrated her talk by slides. It is so much more real to actually see the conditions—such horrible conditions, too—but there they are, waiting to be remedied!

February 1. Again the aspiring dramatists came forth upon the stage and helped the Club over the top, giving much in the line of entertainment to the spectators below.

February 2. Monsieur “the ground hog saw his shadow!”

February 4. Positively buried in glorious snow!

February 5. Mrs. Winslow entertained a few seniors at a delightful tea at her home.

French Club members discussed the League of Nations, another weighty topic.

Rilla Silliman led Christian Endeavor by a fine talk on “Writing Home to Mother.” “Roomie” played for her.

An eventful day to say the least! Mrs. Mead gave us some facts concerning the League of Nations. She helped to post us on the latest existing conditions of the outstanding nations.

February 6. Merry laughter, joyful shouts and all the sounds of glee were in the air at the mid-winter carnival in back of Gardner. From two p. m. until nine-thirty p. m. the fun continued. Competition in the various sports was carried on all through the afternoon—and in the evening our Queen of the Snows, Virginia Wood, was crowned amidst the cheers of all. Bright electric lights were strung across the scene and flaming colored torches were braced in the snow,—such was the beauty of a most successful celebration.

February 7. Right here in the same State, we learned at Vespers, is a most merciful work being carried on. The Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children as depicted by Miss Frances Mayer brought to us some of the bare facts concerning present existing conditions. This fine talk was illustrated by most realistic slides—Oh, such an appeal!

The first basket-ball games were the Senior-Freshman and the Junior-Sophomore. Both games were played on January 29. The first Senior-Freshman game was a fight from start to finish. The first half ended with the Freshmen in the lead but the second closed with the Seniors leading by only three points. Score, 18-15. The Senior line-up: Centre, Wiedemayer, S. C. Amos and Potter; Guards, Cobb and Allen; Forwards, Van Cleve, Simsonson, Witschief. The Junior-Sophomore game ended with a score of 26 to 16 in favor of Juniors. The line-up: Juniors, Westcott and Herrick, guards; Williams, center, and Globby, side-center; Goeltz and Hutton, forwards. Sophomores: Trafton, Drabble, Blair, Bliss, and Barber.

On February 9 the Seniors played the Juniors. The final score was 22-19. The line-up for Seniors: Center, Wiedemayer; Amos and Potter, side centers; forwards, Aseltine, Van Cleve, Simonson and guards, Allen and Cobb. Junior line-up: E. Williams, center; side center, Hobby; Hutton and Goeltz, forwards; guards, Westcott and Herrick.

S. C. M.

The Junior-Freshman Swimming meet was held February 16th. The Freshmen won by a score of 29-21.

The point division was:

|               | <i>Freshmen</i> | <i>Juniors</i> |
|---------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1 length      | 8               | 1              |
| 4 lengths     | 1               | 8              |
| Plunge        | 1               | 8              |
| Breast Stroke | 8               | 1              |
| Diving        | 6               | 3              |
| Relay         | 5               | 0              |
|               | —               | —              |
|               | 29              | 21             |

## WOODLAND PARK NOTES

January 19. How we enjoyed Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara! Our Junior High School group attended his lecture, and we have been singing his songs ever since!

January 25. We welcomed Ruth Reynolds to our primary department as a day pupil. Ruth is the daughter of Alice Bigelow Reynolds, Lasell 1897-99, and so is doubly welcome.

January 29. Accompanied by Miss Strang, the 7th and 8th grades motored to Jamaica Plain, and there heard an interesting lecture on "Cotton." These lectures are given by appointment at the Children's Museum to any school grades on any chosen subject.

January 30. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton White of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., were our guests at luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. White are looking for a school for their young daughter and expressed themselves as much impressed by the homey atmosphere of Woodland Park.

February 1. A very interesting young Japanese lady, Supervisor of three Kindergartens of two hundred children each, in Kobe, Japan, visited our primary class. She is making a study of the American and English systems of Kindergarten work.

February 6. Woodland Park girls were very happy to be included in the sports events of Lasell's winter carnival. Eunice Lucke won the skiing contest for form.

February 7. Miss Frances Mayer, representing the Mass. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was our guest at tea, and told us many stories of the assistance that Society has been able to give to unfortunate children.

February 8. Woodland Park school entertained the Lasell teachers at afternoon tea.

February 13. It was a great treat for three of our older girls who were able to attend a symphony concert. This is one of the many privileges which come to us as a part of Lasell.

Willa Van Petten and Constance Kittredge gave a very pretty Valentine party to the others of our family group.

February 14. Rev. Paul Phalen was our speaker at Vesper service held at Woodland Park and conducted by the Junior School. The music consisted of Vesper hymns sung by the Junior School girls.

We have all enjoyed the winter sports, learned to coast, skate, ski and snow-shoe. May it last! We all love it!

## LASELL CLUB NOTES

MIDWINTER REUNION OF THE LASELL  
ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

The midwinter reunion and Luncheon of the Alumnae Association was held in Boston at the Twentieth Century Club this year, in order to give many old girls who live outside of Boston and vicinity, an opportunity to attend.

There were seventy-two present, including the honor guests—Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Towne, and the buzz of conversation was sufficient evidence that all were enjoying the opportunity to visit again with old friends.

Preceding the reception there was a business meeting in which the Alumnae Association voted to adopt the new Constitution drawn up by Moseetta Stafford Vaughan '86 and, beginning in May, the business of the L. A. A. will be guided by a Board of Managers, consisting of the four officers, and the three Directors elected at the February meeting.

Any old girl may become a member of the Association by paying the annual fee of \$1.00 and all members have the privilege of voting, also any old girl may become a life member by paying at one time, the sum of \$25.00 (twenty-five dollars) to Mrs. Ella R. Cushing '73, the treasurer.

Most of us remember Mildred Cloake '16 as an accomplished pianist, so were delightfully surprised when we were privileged to hear her sing. She is a student at the Conservatory and has an unusually beautiful voice and sang in a most finished manner.

The reception and luncheon were very informal and the beautiful baskets of spring



flowers which were on each table; gave a bright and festive air to the occasion.

When the luncheon was over Susan Tiffany, '15, President, graciously extended a cordial welcome to all, recalling the fine message of Dr. Robert E. Spear, honorary member of her class, in which he urged high ideals in life and fine thinking, advice suited to Lasell girls of any time and all times.

Later each one present was asked to stand and tell who she was, where she came from and a bit of news about herself and family, and every one entered into the spirit of the hour and there were many bits of humor which brought applause and laughter.

It was of great interest to meet each one and we were especially happy to greet our friends from distant points. Julia Wolfe Harkness 1887-92 from St. Louis, was indeed welcome, also Susan Stryker '10 from Duluth, and Laura Hale Gorton '16, the President of the Connecticut Valley Club, who brought greetings from the Connecticut girls and a check for \$200.00 from the Club for the Endowment Fund.

Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter and Mr. Towne each gave us a short talk and brought messages which were both interesting and enlightening.

Mr. Towne, the Associate Principal, gave us an idea of the meaning of Junior College as applied to Lasell and spoke of several of the girls who had recently made splendid records at Brown and other colleges.

He was followed by Dr. Winslow, who assured us that the ideals and underlying principles of the Seminary had not changed, but Lasell was moving forward in every way. Dr. Winslow spoke of his recent trip through the West when he visited eight Lasell Clubs, and of the interest which the girls are taking in the Endowment Fund and the future of Lasell. Of much interest was his announcement that one of the graduates and a trustee as well, Ruth Talcott Britton 1899-01, had just sent in an additional check for \$500.00 for the Endowment. This glad news was enthusiastically received. He also told us of a gift from Ruth Hopkins '23, now a student at Mt. Holyoke, which was

to start a Lasell Library Fund and she expressed a hope that this gift would be added to and that some day Lasell would have a fine library. Our principal reminded us that next June will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of the school and every true blue Lasell girl is invited to come back and help celebrate in a fitting manner.

Miss Potter in a happy vein brought greetings to the guests of honor and old girls, and her very own L. W. D.'s. She spoke of the international personnel of the present student body, referring to one of our students, the daughter of a Swedish Consul, whose application came to Lasell by radio. Miss Potter also read Dr. Bragdon's fine letter to his "old girls" and new and a word of hearty greetings and regrets from Professor Hills. Each group in turn sent greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and closed the program by singing to their Alma Mater. *Marion Hale Bottomley, '10*

#### DR. BRAGDON'S LETTER

Dear Girls you bid me write!

"How can I sing the Songs of My People in a Strange Land? I think I could sing if I were where you are today, could look into your faces that are dearer than when you were Kids in that Chapel that isn't a Chapel any more; could grasp your hands which would take a firmer and finer hold now than in those days when they were softer. They had not felt of life then. Since those days they have gripped, most of them, surely, some hard things, and to me they are worthier and more beautiful. Ah, "Those beautiful hands that have done things." Well consider them gripped.

It is getting to be a long time since I have seen most of you. Some of you I have never seen, but because you are Lasell "girls" you have a place in my heart. If Lasell has helped you to high ideals and has helped you to follow them through "thick and thin," to keep the best things best in spite of discouragements,—every life that is worth while meets discouragements, they are what we have to fight to make us strong,—if Lasell has helped you to do these things then Lasell will be in

your hearts always and all life will be better for your living.

So climb on, my girls, always climb.

If Etta Stafford Vaughan '86 is to serve you with a Constitution, it will be a good one.

Come and see us.

Now sing The Lasell Cheer

"HO — I — LA" — How often is it sung at Lasell?

Try to be good girls for another six months and *Subscribe for the LEAVES.* C. C. B.

LIST OF GUESTS PRESENT AT MIDWINTER REUNION

Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Towne  
 Miss L. R. Potter, '80  
 Jane Ford Amesbury, 1901-03  
 Dorothy Edwards Austin, '21  
 Luella Bassett, 1916-20  
 Ruth Cody Ball, 1916-18  
 Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, 1904-06  
 Marion Hale Bottomley, '10  
 Antoinette Meritt Bromley, '23  
 Mary Packard Cass, '89  
 Nell Woodward Collins, '15  
 Carolyn Colton, '23  
 Jennie Dunn Cary, 1882-83  
 Katherine Rose Cruise, '25  
 Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10  
 Anna Cornwall, 1914-15  
 Myra L. Davis, 1895-97  
 Gladys Davis, 1907-09  
 Elsie Doleman, '14  
 Lucia Parcher Dow, 1902-03  
 Louise Barnes Douglass, 1894-96  
 Janet Edgerly Fellows, 1917-18  
 Frances Thomas Fiske, 1887-88  
 Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin, '14  
 Helen Goodrich  
 Mary A. Green, '86  
 Julia Wolfe Harkness, 1887-92  
 Helen Hinshaw, '23  
 Bertha L. Hooker  
 Katherine Kelley, '25  
 Marjorie Davis Lothrop, 1910-11  
 Helen Lightbody, '23  
 Jessie Macmillan, '82  
 Eloise Bordages Masterson, 1915-16  
 Statira P. McDonald  
 Grace Douglass Murray, 1908-10  
 Lucy Dudley Merrill, 1886-89  
 Mildred Strain Nutter, '17  
 Refugio C. Orozco  
 Lillian M. Packard, '83  
 Louisa F. Parkhurst

Adelyn Pearce, 1917-18  
 Helen B. Perry, '24  
 Josephine Woodward Rand, '10  
 Jeanne LeRoyer  
 Martha Ransom, 1877-81  
 Ruth Rawlings, '21  
 Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99  
 Hattie Greenleaf Smith, 1887  
 Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22  
 Georgia Duncan Seavey, '02  
 Beatrice B. Stockwell, 1914-15  
 Charlotte Parker Simpson, '20  
 Susan Stryker, '10  
 Elizabeth Stephens, '20  
 Susan Tiffany, '15  
 Elsie Terhune, '24  
 Mary Colby Walworth, 1868  
 Alice Philips Weeks, '19  
 Edith Burke Wells, 1902-03  
 Lillian Wetherell, 1894-95  
 Nellie Wright  
 Mabelle Whitney, '03

PHILADELPHIA LASELL CLUB

The Philadelphia Lasell Club held its fourth annual Luncheon on Friday, January 29, 1926, at one o'clock at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel.

Those present were:

Helen Leavitt Aiken, 1905-06  
 Edna Kauffman Binder, '11  
 Mabel Cressman Lowen, 1908-10  
 Annie Merrill David, '12  
 Jennie Hamilton Eliason, '04  
 Catherine Mason Fernald, '99  
 Edith Hobson Fricke, '17  
 Catherine Sober Glass, 1922-23  
 Rosamond Kent, 1918-20  
 Jennie Rich, '94  
 Helen Robson, '24  
 Lucile Robson, 1923-24  
 Ruth Throm Rogers, '23  
 Jessie Shepherd, '17  
 Anna Wood, 1914-15  
 Dorothy Payne Whiteway, '14

We were all very glad to welcome Miss Potter, who represented Lasell. We were keenly reminded of our school days by the singing of Lasell songs between courses in which we all joined with old-time spirit. After the luncheon a business meeting was held. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted, also the treasurer's report. Our president, Annie Merrill David '12, then appointed a nominating committee (1927) Lucille Rob-



son 1923-24, chairman and Ruth Throm Rogers '23.

Miss Potter then told us a great many things we wanted to hear about Lasell, assuring us that it was the same "school we love so well."

Helen Leavitt Aiken, 1905-06 then entertained us with a reading, "The Highwayman," after which we adjourned.

#### NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

What a splendid, enthusiastic company met on this occasion in the banquet halls of the Hotel Pennsylvania on January 30, 1926. Through the courtesy of their efficient secretary, Hannah Bingaman '14, we are able to publish the list of the guests present, also the newly elected board of officers and social committee.

Lists of guests present:

Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow  
 Miss L. R. Potter, '80  
 Miss Dorothy Shank  
 Louise Thatcher Ayres, 1897-99  
 Ethel Ebert Allen, '99  
 Arline Allsopp, '23  
 Maude Mayo Bentz, '98  
 Hazel Brady, '17  
 Hannah Bingaman, '14  
 Dorothy Chase, '23  
 Dorothy Cook, '25  
 Anna Conant, '09  
 Josephine Curry, '23  
 Ruth Warren Curtis, 1915-16  
 Eleanor Thompson Cline, '20  
 Carol Case Dennison, '99  
 Nina Burr Day, 1888-90  
 Ethel Lasell Decker, 1895-97  
 Edith Dresser, '97  
 Grace Garland Etherington, 1878-80  
 Elizabeth Edson, '12  
 Mary Ehrhart, '24  
 Leota Fulton, 1919-20  
 Phyllis Hessin, '24  
 Katherine Bingaman Heron, '15  
 Marjorie Hitchins, 1923-24  
 Nellie Feagles Katelle, '99  
 Edith Howe Kip, '97  
 Mildred Hall Leber, '12  
 Florence Longcope, 1921-22  
 Ada Cadmus McCoy, '98  
 Jean Merrick, '23  
 Dorothy Millsbaugh, '23  
 Peggy Meurer, '25

Adelle Wilson Moffett, '13  
 Louise Morrell Nestler, '08  
 Ethel Clarke Osborn, 1902-03  
 Mildred Patten, '20  
 Helen Moss Post, '19  
 Emily Butterworth Pritchard '12  
 Julia DeWitt Reade, '10  
 Mercedes Rendell, '23  
 Eleanor Waite Robinson, 1898-00  
 Ella Hazelton Russell, '04  
 Susan Stryker, '10  
 Mary Fenno Stirn, '13  
 Charlotte Swartwout, '14  
 Jessie Shepherd, '17  
 Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23  
 Laura Simons, 1902-04  
 Helen Terry, '24  
 Katherine Tufts, 1916-19  
 Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09  
 Edith Powell Van der Wolk, '18  
 Sophie Hall Wheeler, '98  
 Dorothy Payne Whiteway, '14

#### OFFICERS

President—Ethel Ebert Allen, '99  
 Vice-President—Josephine Curry, '23  
 Secretary and Treasurer—Mercedes Rendell, '23

#### SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Josephine Curray, '23  
 Phyllis Hessin, '24  
 Jean Merrick, '23

After the sumptuous repast the president, Carol Case Dennison '99, gave a courteous word of welcome and introduced the principal speaker of the day, Dr. Guy M. Winslow. He gave a very encouraging account of the forward movement at Lasell along the lines of improvements, endowment and scholarship, answering many questions which were in the minds of the interested Alumnae. Mrs. Winslow followed with a most inspirational message concerning ideals for which Lasell stands. As usual her message scintillated with both wit and wisdom and it was received with great enthusiasm by her loyal old girls.

Miss Potter declares it was a coveted opportunity to meet face to face with those "dear doves of other days," and was glad to tell many homey things about Lasell, being especially enthusiastic in regard to the generous giving on the part of the students of today to missions and philanthropy.

The retiring president, Carol Case Dennison '99, and Evelyn Ebert Allen '99, president elect

of the club, each in turn impressed the guests of the New York Club by their graciousness and ability. Miss Potter feels it would be a privilege to sit down with the readers of the LEAVES and lovingly talk over each member of this splendid company, but in imagination she hears the editor-in-chief of the LEAVES calling "Time's Up."



Word has come to us recently from Beth Nowell's aunt, Mrs. James Nowell, that Beth '25 was never in better health and she is at present touring Europe with a friend and her friend's mother. We are not geographically sure of the lay of the land and sea, but we trust that the shortest and certainly the best way back to Honolulu for this dear graduate will be by way of Lasell.

Anna Kendig Peirce '80 sends greetings from her winter quarters, Bermuda, and declares, "These are certainly islands of enchantment, pictures everywhere." Mrs. Peirce expects to spend the spring in Washington, D. C.

Margaret Reid Perry '22 gives us one of the pleasantest surprises of these later days by sending a cordial message introducing to us Madeline Bauer, who is our latest addition to Lasell, and telling us all the glad news that she and her dear little daughter, Lee Margaret, of six months are now quite well. This fond mother very beautifully declares, "Life now centres around my baby." She closes with greetings to all and especially to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Wright.

Claire Parker Battison '23 came as near to Lasell as West Barnstable, Massachusetts, but did not quite "make it." She and her husband have left Chicago and are now in San Fran-

cisco, where Mr. Battison has a fine new position. She regrets leaving Chicago where she has a pleasant acquaintance with Marion Norton 1921-22, the Buettner sisters and Dorothy Pearson '24. While in Boston she writes that she saw Edith Hadley '24 and Betty Neal Odenweller '23.

The personal editor announces the engagement of a former pupil and instructor, Mary K. Godard 1921-23, to Mr. Karl Harmon Dresser; also the engagement of Margaret C. Perley '20 to Mr. John Joseph Downey. We are just in receipt of an announcement from Esther Harvey '25 of her engagement to Mr. James Guiler, Jr. In a later mail comes a card telling us of the engagement of Charlotte Lathrop 1923-24 to Mr. Edon C. Cook.

Dorothy Moxon '24 is now thoroughly established as assistant dietitian at the Lawrence Memorial Hospital in New London, Connecticut. In a note to Mr. Towne she writes, "I enjoy the work very much. It is only an hour and a half from home and I am able to spend every other weekend with the family." Dorothy sends greetings to all at Lasell and Lasell sends hearty congratulations back to Dorothy.

Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn '02 writes a cordial letter to our personal editor and speaks of her anticipation of this year's Commencement season at Lasell, for Annie Mae's daughter Marjorie '26 will be one of our graduates at this time. Mrs. Allyn is planning to try and persuade her classmates to return to Lasell at this Commencement time, so that she will have a double drawing this way. She speaks of a pleasant surprise which came to her during the summer and writes, "A Lasell graduate of 1898 called me up and we had such a nice talk. We tried to meet but missed each other. However, I had a nice letter from her after she returned home thanking me for our friendly chat. She is Daisy Aull, now Mrs. Duncan. Mrs. Duncan did not know me but used her Alma Mater as an introduction. If more of the girls would use the Lasell register when visiting in strange cities, what a wonderful bond it would be and how it would strengthen the Lasell spirit."



Lasell has recently turned with tenderest sympathy to one of her most beloved former graduates, Laura Case Viot '94, who is mourning the loss of her father, Albert Willard Case, who passed away several weeks ago. Few men have lived such a long and noble career as Mr. Case, who distributed his money in such a way as to benefit and strengthen every good work with which he came in contact, like the good steward that he was. Last October the new Methodist Episcopal Church at South Manchester, Connecticut, was dedicated and an attractive and elegant booklet describing this beautiful stone edifice, was dedicated to Mr. Albert Willard Case with these significant words: "This book is gratefully dedicated to Albert Willard Case, whose vision, courage and generosity have made this church possible." Old Lasell girls will be interested to know that the musical program at this dedication was largely under the direction of our own Professor Henry Dunham. The "In Memoriam" played by Mr. Dunham in honor of Marietta Stanley Case, in whose memory the organ was given, was one of Mr. Dunham's own compositions.

Sad news has also reached us of the passing away of dear Evelyn O'Brien Pettigrew, 1916-18, the word coming to us through her sister Catherine 1920-21. With Catherine's message she enclosed a beautiful tribute to Evelyn's memory written by a friend. "Evelyn O'Brien Pettigrew has gone to live in another world and our world is a lonely place without her. She was unusually beautiful as a child and grew to womanhood with marked dignity and poise. In her presence life was interesting and vivid. In the care of her baby, her home and her social relations she was indeed an artist." Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to this bereaved former schoolmate and her family.

Helen Terry '24 sets an example which might well be emulated by other old girls, for she followed up her brief Reunion visit with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow by writing a most satisfactory letter. Among other things she speaks with appreciation of our principal's message

to the New York Lasell Club; she referred pleasantly to Miss Potter's message to her "little white doves," declaring that that in itself is enough to make any Lasell graduate happy. She also spoke with keen appreciation of Mrs. Winslow's message, declaring, "To me, she explained the real Lasell spirit more clearly than I have ever heard it before." Our principal has allowed us to share her letter with the readers of the LEAVES and we are both pleased and interested to say that in her letter Helen announces her engagement to Mr. Arthur Francisco, a sophomore at Yale. She adds that Senora would probably be interested to know that his ancestors away back came from sunny Spain. "Ever since I left school I have been with my family, feeling that in that I was filling the best position possible. What good times I have had with my dear parents! It is wonderful when one has a mother and father who can be real chums—mine have always been that to me. I spend many hours reminiscing and wishing that I could be at Lasell again." Dear Helen closes with a courteous standing invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to visit at their Long Island home. The personal editor joins with the principal and his wife in sending congratulations to you, Helen.

Dorothy Balch '20 in a letter to Dr. Winslow declares that she has not yet started in to be a California booster, but she is certainly always serving in a loyal capacity for Lasell and the practical result is at the beginning of her message, she sends the name of a prospective new girl for next year, one of her fine Marshalltown friends. She further writes, "I was very sorry not to be able to attend 1920's reunion last spring but I did not return from Europe until the middle of June. I spent four months travelling with my uncle and aunt. We took the Mediterranean cruise as far as Palestine and then came home by the Continent, missing only Russia and the Scandinavian peninsula. Two years ago I took a trip to South America with them, so I have 'done' quite a bit of the world since I left school. I am out in sunny California for three months with my

uncle, aunt and mother. I lost my father a year ago, which, of course, was a great sorrow. I had lunch with Florence Gifford yesterday and it seemed mighty fine to see an old school-mate out here especially since I know so few people here. It is a very lovely State and it was quite a relief to see sunshine, flowers and green foliage after the snow and zero weather I left at home; but I love the East. Kindly remember me to Mrs. Winslow and any of the faculty whom I know."

This is the latest word from Elsie Flight Wuestefeld '18 to Dr. Winslow: "When you were with us at our Lasell Luncheon last year, you spoke of your plantation in Porto Rico and said if any of your girls were ever going to Porto Rico you would like to know about it. Mr. Wuestefeld and I have made reservation for February fourth on the new S. S. 'Coamo.' Fannie Gates Frey '17 and her husband are our travelling companions. Our itinerary is already mapped out for us, but Wednesday is a free day and I thought we might drive out to the plantation if it is not too far from San Juan. The New Haven Lasell Club held a meeting at my home last Saturday with twelve members present. It was voted at the meeting to hold the luncheon either the last Saturday in March or the tenth of April. I do hope you and Mrs. Winslow will be able to be with us. Please give my regards to Miss Potter and any of the others that I may know. My best wishes to your family and the school."

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Brien announce the marriage of their daughter Helen '20 to Mr. Rockwell H. Newman on Friday, February 12, at six o'clock, East Orange, New Jersey.

Dear Mildred Warren '94 keeps *en rapporte* with every forward movement and does a lot in her own quiet, efficient way to make this world a finer and better place to live in. We have recently seen this notice in one of the New Hampshire daily papers—"Miss Mildred Warren gave a very inspiring and educational talk on art Friday afternoon before the High School Association. She exhibited a fine collection of pictures which were discussed and explained in a very pleasing manner. Miss

Warren recently spent a summer abroad and saw many of the original paintings. This gave the talk a personal touch. The student body showed great interest in her talk and certainly appreciated it."

In a letter received by the personal editor from Miss Warren, she writes of her pleasant experience in Shirley, New Hampshire, when after one of her travel talks two young women made themselves known to her declaring that they were two old girls, one Ruth Batchelder '12, now Mrs. Luscombe, and Dorothy Deering '17, now Mrs. Ewart,—a very pleasant and interesting meeting. Sixty-six members of the Appalachian Club of Massachusetts spent a week-end near Miss Warren's home in New Boston. During their visit one of their members called and proved to be the daughter of Gertrude Sherman Ellsworth '94. A recent copy of the Herald contained an interesting account of the work done by Miss Warren's brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Swanson, pastor of the Community Church of New Boston. This community church must be congratulated for having such a consecrated and gifted leader. Lasell is hoping some day he will come to us for Vesper service.

During a recent chapel service our principal shared with us portions of a letter which he recently received from Hilda Brekke Akerman 1919-20. With his permission and we hope Hilda's approval, we quote some interesting excerpts. Hilda writes from Chamonix, France, of having received recently a copy of the LEAVES. It had wandered after them through Stockholm, Florence, Italy and then back to France, finding them at last in Chamonix. She writes: "I enjoyed so much reading about the doings of the Seminary, it brings so near again those happy days." She envies the Swedish students now at the seminary and wonders if Alphild Trondsen 1922-23 really tried to find her in far-away Sweden. Later she adds, "My husband has taken his examinations as Doctor of Philosophy and is now working writing most of the time. We find we can do this much better in a strange land, where he will be uninterrupted." Hilda speaks of visiting the



cathedral in Milan and says, Napoleon did one good thing when he gave orders to have the cathedral finished. Spires from every point, there seems to be a whole forest of them reaching upward as though it were in thanksgiving. In Florence we were lost to the world in the Art Galleries, constantly reading books on history and art until we felt at times as though we were living not now, but six hundred years ago. Titian and Leonardo da Vinci were friends of mine from long ago and now we have discovered Giotto and Cimabue and the angelic Fra Angelico. They had beautiful souls, those masters of long ago, but Michael Angelo was to us a superhuman man. A wonderful experience was the little town of Assisi with its tiny houses on top of the hills and old blue Etruscan walls, through which trees grew out, and it lay so peacefully dreaming in the sunshine you could easily believe that you heard the footsteps of San Francesco and seem to see him turn the corner. In the basilica Giotto had painted frescoes from San Francesco's life. Once seen one cannot forget them. So much goodness and heartiness and lovely naivete,—I will be grateful all my life for having seen them. What a personality San Francesco must have been to inspire the lives of his townsmen now eight hundred years after his death. They seem to live as the lilies of the blue fields from day to day and all of a sudden you envy them their happiness and their ability to remain the simple souls they are. But the mountains drew us to southern France, and happily we wandered forth here every morning to climb mountains and rejoice that winter and snow are here. My Norwegian "self feeling" had of course decided not to be impressed by these concurrents to my own mountains, but I am impressed. We catch our breath when we gaze at these peaks—they seem to be hanging down from the sky instead of standing upon the earth. My husband's work has progressed so rapidly that he is allowing himself one whole day's holiday, which is the first since last summer." Dear Hilda closes with a most practical and helpful suggestion. She asks, "Why don't you advertise in the Scandinavian papers?

I should be more than willing to answer questions and recommend Lasell to everybody in Sweden and you can always count upon the recommendation of my parents in Norway. It is a long way, but if people knew what they were missing, they would come streaming to Auburndale. The motive is selfish—I want to feel that I have paid back a tiny little bit of what I owe Lasell and you all. Yours very sincerely, Hilda Brekke Akerman."

In a personal note from Esther Morey Hain '12, received recently by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, she writes, "Thank you for the Baby Book you sent. It is lovely and I hope will be a start forward for our Sally. I should like her to have at least one year at Lasell, no matter what other line of education she might elect, for my two Lasell years have provided the biggest and best friendships of my life. I am enclosing my check for my pledge to the 1912 Endowment Fund, as I believe it will soon be due. I saw Charlotte Lesh Coats '12 and her fine baby at Christmas time, also Mary Hoke Lesh '21 and her son. Mary, by the way, now has a second son." Dear Esther Morey, we are delighted to get this good news of you and also of your Lasell friends. We promise right now to take the very best care of Sally, but if we are to get in personal touch with that little lady she will have to hurry up so as to arrive in *our* time.—*Personal Editor.*

The latest message from Augusta, Maine, came to our principal and his wife in the form of a very attractive folder bearing on the outside "Maine Society Daughters of the American Revolution, Twenty-eighth Annual Conference." The invitation reads, "The State Regent, Mrs. Blaine S. Viles (Ethel Johnson '99), and Koussinoc Chapter, Augusta, Maine, request the honor of your presence at the Twenty-eighth Annual Conference, Hall of Representatives, State House, Augusta, Maine, March seventeen and eighteen 1926." We certainly are proud of this old Lasell girl who is taking such an active part in the making of present day history in her State.

Of all the delightful Valentines received at Lasell this year was the one announcing the birth of Nancy Gifford Grimm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grimm, Jr. (Marjorie Gifford '22), 31 Freeman Ave., East Orange, N. J. We hope some day to welcome this precious little Lasell girl to our school. In the meanwhile we extend to her and her parents most loving congratulations.

Helen Hinshaw '23 is getting to be quite neighborly. On her second recent visit she brought with her Celina Belle Isle '21. Celina declared that she was overjoyed to return again to her Alma Mater. We certainly were glad and happy for her to be at home with us again.

That was a proud night for Lasell when Louise Woolley '23 took such an important part in the program at one of our recent receptions. Old girls will remember she specialized in reading. Louise expects to graduate this year from the Emerson College of Oratory. Judging from her splendid efforts here she will receive high honors. With her came her two classmates, Helen Hinshaw '23 and Helen Lightbody '23. We rejoice to welcome this dear trio.

Down to our reunion from Bangor came Lorena Fellows Sawyer '99, who was kind enough to stay over and visit her daughter, Virginia Hight, and her Alma Mater at the same time. Lasell is always glad to welcome this Alumna.

Susan Stryker '10 has been to Lasell recently. She attended the New York Reunion and the Boston Midwinter Luncheon and best of all, came directly home under the good guidance of Marion Hale Bottomley '10 and her charming little daughter Ann.

This reminds us that Dorothy Payne White-way '14 and Jessie Shepherd '17 were present at the Philadelphia Reunion, and their loyalty took them the very next day down to New York where they rejoiced their New York schoolmates by their presence at the New York Reunion.

The Reverend Mabelle Whitney '03 was one of the guests at the Boston Reunion and later, while visiting Jane Ford Amesbury 1901-03,

very kindly led one of our chapel services, paying loyal tribute to her Alma Mater and closing with the always inspiring admonition—"Lasell sends you forth to represent her; you bear her name, you must protect her honor."

Henrietta Goeltz '27 of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been especially favored recently and Lasell has shared with her the joy of her mother's visit and we have unanimously voted Mrs. Goeltz an honorary member of our school, so enthusiastic and in full sympathy was she with her daughter's school. On the last day of her visit her son, Francis B. Goeltz, and a friend, Mr. Roger Reynolds, also joined us. Mr. Goeltz is a senior at Princeton and is thinking seriously of taking a post graduate course at Harvard next year.

Miss Potter is constantly adding some interesting news item concerning her recent meeting with the Philadelphia and New York Lasell Clubs.

In New York the gathering was much larger but the New York and New Jersey girls "have nothing on" the Philadelphia girls when it comes to school spirit. One dear girl, Grace Garland Etherington 1878-80, of our preceptress's time, was among the group. Miss Potter declared that Ella Hazelton Russell '04 looked fairly radiant as she proudly showed the picture of her little six months' old daughter Martha.

In Philadelphia Miss Potter was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Holt Eliason (Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04). Mr. Eliason is the brother of our dear Rebecca Eliason Vickers, Jr., 1902-03. One evening Jessie Shepherd '17 was a guest at this home and spoke enthusiastically of her new work in one of the art schools of Philadelphia where she is specializing in interior decoration. Truly fine fellowship and material bounties describe the reunion luncheon which was held in the ball room of the Bellevue Stratford Hotel. The president, Annie Merrill David '12, did well her part and later she and her husband were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Holt Eliason in their charming home in Merion, Pennsylvania. Here our Miss Potter had an opportunity of hearing many



interesting items concerning Annie and her dear children four.

Edith Hobson Fricke, '17, secretary, is just as popular and pretty as in her school days at Lasell (how long ago was that, Edith?). Lasell songs, a charming recitation by Helen Leavitt Aiken 1905-06, place cards decorated with Lasell seal, personal testimony from each girl present, will not soon be forgotten.

Miss Potter spoke with appreciation of the courteous act of the committee who presented her with choice flowers from the table decorations after which Katherine Sober Glass 1921-22 gathered up the remaining blossoms and carried them off to the Children's Hospital at Bryn Mawr.

#### A SONG OF LIFE

If life was always faithful  
And dreams came always true,  
Days would be smirched with sunshine  
And skies be gentle blue.

Evening shadows flickering  
Would find us sad no more,  
And the noondays of our sorrow  
Would vanish as of yore.

Life would be scent of roses  
Everywhere we went,  
No dreams of dying love,  
No sudden discontent.

But, oh, how it would bore us,  
And make us weary blue,  
If life was always faithful  
And dreams came always true.

*D. Staye.*

#### THE WOULD-BE POET

He thought of writing of far-off lands,  
Or a beautiful poem of love;  
He thought of writing of gypsy bands,  
Or the tragedy of a dove.

He thought of writing of terrible strife,  
Or the nightingale's lovely song;  
He thought of writing about his life,  
With a moral of "Don't do wrong."

He thought of writing of mountains high,  
Or of children's carefree play;  
He thought of writing of azure sky  
In the wonderful month of May.

He thought of writing of drops of rain,  
Or an ode to a china cup;

He thought and thought, but he thought in vain,  
So at last he gave it up.

*Jean Vickers.*

## JOKES

Miss True—(in class) "Miss Aspegren what can you substitute for this clause?"

Babs Aspegren—"Santa Clause."

Miss Cardwell—"I want some one who doesn't know the answer to the question I am going to ask."

Victoria Jackson—"Speaking of evolution, the monkey and I are cousins. That is, he and I have the same ancestors."

Alice—"Well, I wouldn't admit it if I were you."

Chris—Did you ever hear the story of the three wise men?

Mary—No—what is it?

Chris—He. He. He.

Miss Potter—"Did you sing, "On the Way Home?"

Georgia Parrish—"Yes. All the way from Boston to Lasell."

#### CLASS DISTINCTIONS

Freshman—"He wants to know it all."

Sophomore—"He thinks he knows it all."

Junior—"He begins to wonder what it's all about."

Senior—"What's the use anyway?"

*Juggler.*

Andy—"Does Molly sleep in the barn?"

Dot D.—"Of course not. What a silly question."

Andy—"Well, I heard her say she kept her mules under the bed."

*Stanford Chaparral.*

Alice Froeschle—(speaking to Miss Dimi-troff) “It’s funny to think of how little you know.”

Jackie—“This is the worst school for gos-sip that I ever heard of.”

Madelaine—“H’m, what have you been doing now?”

Gin Amos—“Have you ever used Ether Al-cohol?”

Mariesta (absent-mindedly)—“Who is she?”

#### HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever,  
Two weeks before vacation  
Decided to lose ten or twenty pounds  
And written to your brother or sister  
Or some member of your fond family  
And said, “When I come home  
You won’t know me, I’ll be so thin.”  
And that member laughed and said,  
“Betcha ten you won’t”  
And you chuckle and say,  
“Wait and see.”  
And so the second day breakfast  
Consists of a cup of black coffee  
And luncheon of some grapefruit salad.  
(Before you’d always detested it)  
Then dinner comes and with it  
Chicken and ice-cream  
(It being Wednesday).  
And you say “Just to-night I’ll indulge.”  
Then luncheon the next day  
You’re just starved!  
And Friday brings a trip to the “Vil”  
And of course with that comes Dangelmayers  
And Saturday the shopping party  
Which includes an hour or so at Schrafft’s  
And Sunday comes and with it more ice-cream  
(Which of course you just couldn’t give up)  
And the second week continues as the first  
Until at last vacation starts  
And home you go to be greeted at the station  
By your brother or sister  
(Or some member of your fond family)  
Who says, “How fat you’ve grown!”  
And you know the scales register

Fifteen more pounds than when you left  
And your brother says,  
“I told you so. How about the ten.”  
And you say, “Well I didn’t want to lose  
anyway  
But first to prove I can  
When I go back to school  
I’ll begin again.”  
Well—have you? So have I. *D. K. D.*

#### PRE-PROM PRATTLE

But what’ll I do?  
I’ve already asked two  
And I really want Dan  
He’s divine, a Sigma Chi man  
Yes, he’s tall and can he dance?  
Suppose I’ll stand a chance  
But I’m afraid my roomie will get the date  
Oh! such a fuss, don’t believe I’ll go  
What’ll I do! Let’s ask Jackie—she’ll know.  
*Madelaine Robinhold.*

Mr. Winslow in Chemistry: How do you spell wrought iron?

Dan Boone: R-O-T, i-r-o-n.

1st Senior: You shouldn’t smile so much my dear, it’s dangerous.

2nd Senior: Dangerous, why?

1st Senior: To light your face up that way might set the powder off.

Miss Stewart to Margaret Beck (who is very fond of burned meat). I hope that your husband likes burned meat.

Margaret Beck (hastily): He doesn’t.

Mr. Towne—I have great pleasure in giving you a 91 in Sociology, Miss Witshief.

Molly—Oh, make it 100 and enjoy your-self.

Dottie Q. (after French class)—Gosh! It certainly is an awful job to make Mademoiselle understand her own language!

Miss Stewart—He called me Juno, and later I found out that Juno was the ox-eyed goddess.  
Betty VanC.—Oh, My Cow.



Miss Johnson—Edith, you can't sleep in class.

Edie—I know it. I've been trying to all period.

Nita—What did you do last period?

Sarah—took part in a guessing contest.

Nita—But I thought you had a Math exam?

Sarah—I did.

Sally Foster—What have you been doing?

Ginny Amos—Making up jokes.

Sally—Working for the LEAVES?

Ginny—No—working in our beauty parlor.

Babs—(to her neighbor who is taking a third serving of peas) You must feel very peaceful now.

Connie: Do you sleep with your window open?

Dot: Naw—just my mouth.

Room: If you told everything you know, it wouldn't take but about a minute.

Mate: If I told everything we both know, it wouldn't take any longer.

Kitty: I've just come from the beauty parlor.

Catty: You didn't get waited on, did you?

## THE TRAGEDY

We were at a dance and it was intermission. Maybeline was gone! I searched high and low, but in vain. I strolled into the garden and smelled the pleasant fragrance of "Quelques Fleurs" but was alarmed by sound of sobbing. I knew it was Maybeline because she always uses Quelques Fleurs. I followed the sweet scent and the Pitiful Sight I beheld:

Little ten-year-old Jane was looking at a broken bottle of perfume and crying.

A misused car is usually a Miss-used one.

Shu: Are all these jokes original?

Rilla: No, I made them up myself.

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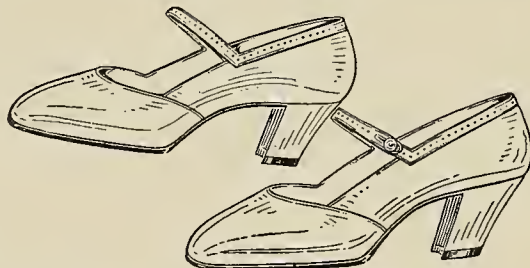
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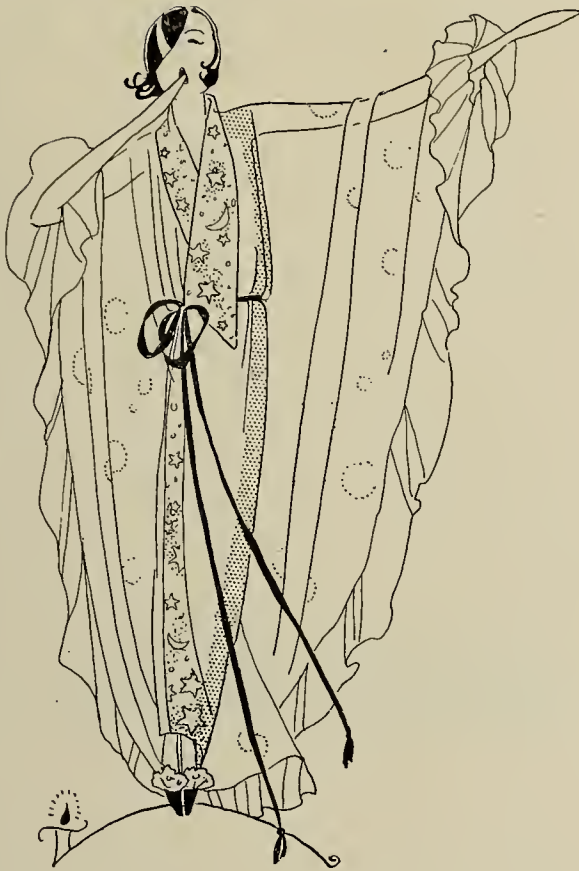


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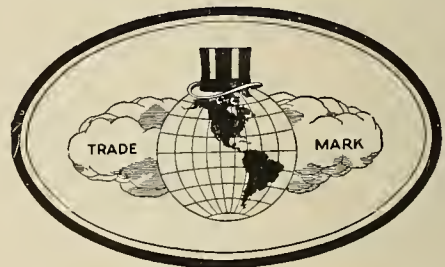
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## FROM THE DIARY OF ROB ROY

November 20, 1917.—Wonder what that big box is for? It would make a good bed if they'd put some pillows in it. But that can't be what it's for 'cause we have a lovely bed in our own house. I s'pose I'll have to wait and see, Mother always did tell me I'd find out everything if I wait long enough.

November 21, 1917.—Well I wasn't so dirty, at least not any blacker than Peggy or Gin, and here they've given me a bath! My! but don't I look pretty? I certainly have lovely wavy hair. And just look at my long floppy ears! I'm quite proud of them though they do get into my dinner terribly. I never did understand why that man cut off my tail when I was so very young, too young to defend myself. How much more handsome it would have been if they had left it long. However, baths have their compensation—my four white paws do make a good appearance and my white chest and tie look nice, too, when they're clean. It's mighty hard for an active fellow like me to keep clean and how I detest baths.

November 28, 1917.—Oh, I do wish that they would get me out of this thing. I'm nearly crazy. Here I've been in this box for over a week with little food and thrown about by strange people. Some of them were very kind to me. When I was in one room I met an Airedale in the same predicament as I, fine fellow. He seems to be used to such treatment—he calls it traveling. Well, maybe it is, but I don't like it.

November 29, 1917.—Still another strange man, many men. He and they seem quite friendly. I heard him say, "My, won't Jean

be proud of him!" Does he mean me, and who is Jean? Then a woman came in and patted me. I was dreadfully frightened and nervous, but she soothed me considerably.

Another man, a black one, carried me out of the building and put me into a car and then drove it for a long time. I didn't like the ride at all and was glad when we stopped.

At noon three very excited children came home, I guess from school. I didn't like them, so I hid behind the stove. They were quite bent on being friendly so I had to growl and snap at them to make them keep their distance. After a while they went away again.

When they came back I was feeling better so I ventured forth to try them out. They wanted to play so I chased a ball for them. This evening the nice man came home.

December 5, 1917.—I am no longer to answer to the name of Rusty. Really I think that a very distinctive name—so out of the ordinary, but I heard Jean say that I am a Scotch dog so I must have a Scotch name. She seems to have decided upon Rob Roy but she never calls me by that name—I guess it must be for strangers. I always hear "Rob."

February 11, 1918.—Ah! another victory for me. They had me chained up in the yard today and I chewed through the strap. I guess they won't try that again.

March 28, 1918.—When Jean comes home from school she always takes me out to play. We played a new game today. Jean held me in a corner with my back to the wall. I was sitting down. She took my forepaws and held me up. She calls it "sitting up pretty."



I'm held that way for a few seconds and then I get a piece of sugar or meat. I can't seem to do it alone yet.

April 15, 1918.—What do you think! To-day there was a wonderfully savory roast on the table. I was at a loss as to how to obtain a piece. When Daddy—that's what Jean calls him—came in I tried desperately and sure enough I sat up by myself! And do you know, without a bit of hesitation he carved off a big slice and gave it all to me! Jean kissed me. I really believe that I love Jean the best now and Daddy next best. Mother is very kind to me, but she seems to have her own ideas—very different from mine—about "bringing up dogs." Why, she doesn't even believe in giving me little snacks at the table, even when I beg my best.

October 3, 1919.—Oh, goodness! There, I've lost a perfectly good bed. I had just begun to compliment myself on a good find when bingo! it's gone. The davenport and overstuffed chairs afforded me a splendid bed, even better than my old one in our little house, but night before last Mother discovered my tracks—I had been out in the slush and Jean had failed to wash my feet. Worse luck. I didn't know about her discovery until last night, when, as was my custom, I jumped up onto my favorite chair. Prickly things jabbed me on all sides. What could they be! I leaped down faster than I had gone up. Then I stood on my hind legs and smoothed down the offenders—in the morning I discovered that they were pins! Then I slept peacefully. I guess I won't lose a perfectly fine bed without a fight.

October 5, 1919.—They certainly have done their best to teach me to keep off the furniture, but that's one thing this bright little doggie didn't want to learn. I heard Mother say to-day, "That dog either hasn't any brains at all or else he has more than I have." Night before last they put a chair upside down on my favorite bed so I changed my resting place. Then last night there were chairs on all of them, so I had to find another resting place. I scratched up a lovely, thick, soft, smooth rug

into a heap and slept on that. It really made a very good substitute.

April 28, 1920.—For the last week the house has smelt terrible and there have been several strange men dressed in white around all day long. I am sure I don't know what they are doing. But to cap the climax they put some awful sticky, smelly stuff on the floors. I know they had chairs across the head and foot of the stairs and most of the doors closed, but I wanted to investigate and find out for myself. So I did. I pushed a chair aside and walked or rather started to walk down the stairs. My foot stuck! Finally I extricated myself and thought it a good joke until Mother saw my foot prints! Oh, woe was me.

July 16, 1920.—I do hate that monster they call the car, and Jean seems to delight in taking me into it and then going for a ride. I don't mind it so much when they go along in the open, but when we go under some long thing and it's dark all around I'm just scared to death. I usually crawl in back of Jean and hide my head. I wonder what the thing is.

Sometimes we go for a very long ride and then they stop and let me out. I run around and have great fun. There are hills and many trees, and in some places the grass is taller than I am. After a while the people sit down on the ground and eat things with their hands. When they eat this way I can get bites from every one. There must be a difference, but the food tastes just the same to me as at home. We don't go on these long rides often.

I'm too sore to run around and play because I had a rather unpleasant experience this morning, so I'm just thinking and going over some of my past experiences. We were coming home from down town and rapidly the ride was getting on my nerves. Should I do it? Yes I would! So I jumped and the jump wasn't exactly successful 'cause I landed on my head—thank goodness, the ground was fairly soft.

August 2, 1920.—Every day Jean goes down to the lake and insists upon pulling me into the water. At first I didn't understand her reason for she knew that I detested it. Her excuse

was that I'm a spaniel and ought to swim like an expert.

But now I enjoy swimming. The other day the family had a picnic in the park. After lunch I went down to the lagoon with the children. They went out into the lagoon on a tiny narrow pier, and I, I fell off—though some one certainly must have pushed me off—I struck out struggling and first thing I knew I was swimming.

January 23, 1921.—Well I certainly never expected to come out of that alive! I felt so miserable, so weak, and I did try so hard to follow Mother in her rounds of the house but I just couldn't drag myself along. She gave me some horrid stuff on a spoon and I didn't really care whether I ate it or not. But I did and very soon I was feeling much better. When I was so sick Mother certainly was very kind and gentle with me. Jean cried a great deal, so I must have been very ill. But I'm better now. They said I had bronchial pneumonia.

June 29, 1921.—Of all ungodly places I never hope to see that one again. I was out playing this morning after breakfast when a strange man came up to me. I wagged my tail and wanted to be friends, but I'm afraid he doesn't like dogs, for he threw a wire thing around my neck and the next thing I knew I was hurled through space and dumped into a little coop with a bunch of dirty, smelly, yappy dogs. They frightened me, for they were all much larger than I. Then an interminably long ride and finally I was dumped in with more dogs in a room. This time there were only nice dogs like me, but we were all too frightened to be friendly. I went off into a corner by myself.

After about four hours of such self-imposed solitude Mother and Hugh came in. I didn't recognize them at first but when I did I tell you I was greatly relieved. They took me home.

November 28, 1923.—Well, I seem to be getting more than my share of trouble, and as for being thankful today—yes, even at that I ought to be. Last evening I pestered Jean

until she let me out. I should have stayed in the yard, but I didn't. I was bent on a little adventure in the dark.

As I was crossing the street an automobile (I always did hate the things) ran over me. I don't know what happened except that my head hurt dreadfully and crying as I went I hurried home. Jean let me in and immediately proceeded to bathe my head which was very bloody. Then Mrs. Hall came over and said that the doctor would come as soon as he could. He finally arrived, examined me, bandaged my head, and said that I'd be all right. I don't like bandages, they make one feel so self-conscious out in public.

November 29, 1925.—Now I've lived here eight years, very short years they have been. My life has been a happy one with the regulation amount of sorrow. I've seen dogs come and go, but my peaceful existence goes on. Forever? No, I think that hardly likely.

Human beings are wiser than us dogs, but at that they are peculiar creatures. Recently I heard Jean say that she wishes she hadn't changed my name from Rusty because that name was so apt, so unique. Perhaps it is because they live so many years that when they are ten years old they do not know anything compared to what I'll know when I'm that age.

*Eugenie McEdwards.*

---

#### A MOOD

I want to go to the kingdom beyond the setting sun—  
 To crimson palaces all flagged with gold—  
 To silver streets and pearly domes and seas of  
 tourmaline—  
 To dreamy gardens filled with iris and heliotrope—  
 To a trysting place beneath a honeysuckle vine,  
 Where a lovely lady in old rose brocade  
 Awaits a knight, bearing his silver shield  
 With its blood red cross;  
 With the soft music of a stream rippling over rounded  
 stones,  
 And the balminess of a summer night.  
 But alas! I must sit here by my window  
 And watch you in the distance, kingdom of my  
 dreams,  
 Through the bare outlines of naked trees.

*Eleanor Bills.*



## A WINTER SCENE

Like soldiers black the tall elm trees  
 Go marching down the street,  
 The sighing wind runs through the boughs  
 Like pattering fairy feet.  
 The snow is as white as the cowl of a nun  
 Of medieval days gone by,  
 And the moon like a bell's great clapper  
 Swings to and fro in the sky.

*Jeannette Abell.*

## FIRE REVERIE

The fire burns low with a clear blue flame,  
 'Tis night and the world is weary.  
 Like a great white cloud a silence broods  
 Over all eternity.

From the clear blue flames flickering phantoms rise  
 strong  
 Of hope, fear and death,  
 Of mirth, joy and song,  
 A hymn of peace and a battle cry,  
 Tears, and a mocking refrain.  
 And then as the fire dies low once more  
 Our dreams are lost again. *Jeannette Abell.*

## THE SUN

## THE SUN

Crouches on slumbering heels of mist  
 And, with a spring, leaped into the heavens  
 Spinning threads of cobweb light about the earth.

## THE SUN

Spreads his great web in a ring  
 And, with magnet arms, draws all things living  
 To his greedy heart and drowns them in his light.

## THE SUN

Slips down the arch on silver threads  
 And, with one last effort, sucks the west into a web of  
 flame  
 And swings, the Victor, behind purple trees to be  
 Unknown. *Dorothy Messenger.*

## THE SPHINX

A mysterious night, and shadows ghostly in their  
 movements cross the silver sand.  
 A hushed silence, and dewy stars break the stillness  
 with their twinkling.  
 A changeless image haunted with a forgotten past; an  
 unsolvable puzzle, the Sphinx.  
 Long dim ages, where only fragments like shadows,  
 pass over pages of today.  
 A universal quiet, but eruptions of generations shatter  
 it with the passage of time.  
 An elusive creature epitomizing all the world, the  
 eternal mystery—woman. *Victoria Jackson.*

## SOUTHERN SILHOUETTES

I dream of soft southern skies—sun-kissed sands and  
 languorous breezes,  
 Of slim palm trees with graceful, waving fronds and  
 the tiny white sails of boats far out at sea—  
 Blue of sky and sea, white of clouds, gulls, and foam.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Dream nights drenched in jasmine fragrance  
 Star-studded skies above the quiet lapping of sleepy  
 waves,  
 Dark shadows of tall cypress trees bathed in mys-  
 terious moonlight,  
 And the ghostly memories of unforgettable lovers.

*Sally Belle Cox.*

## BOOK REVIEW

## TO LHASA IN DISGUISE

BY DR. WILLIAM MCGOVERN

Tibet has for many years been a mysterious unknown country, and Lhasa, its capital, the Forbidden City of the Buddhas. A huge table-land, whose area of over one million square miles, and average altitude, fifteen thousand feet above sea-level, surrounded and intersected by even greater mountains, many over twenty thousand feet high and shrouded in perpetual ice and snow, has co-operated with the inhabitants to make entry into the country almost impossible. Scattered over this territory, a desert nearly devoid of trees and plants, there are groups of natives fiercely jealous of every intruder, many of them nomads, and more who are priests, in fact one man out of every four is a monk. And it is the monks who are fiercest in hatred of outsiders. Their monasteries, instead of being havens of peace, are centres of turmoil, and they outnumber the castles of a so-called nobility, having hundreds and in some cases thousands of inhabitants themselves. The supreme power of the country is vested in the Dalai-Lama, who is both the emperor and high priest of the people, who regard him as an incarnate god; surrounded with all the pomp that befits a living deity he dwells in his magnificent palace, the Potala, at Lhasa, the City of the Gods.

Into such a country Dr. McGovern undertook his perilous journey. After one unsuccessful attempt with his American companions,

he decided to go in disguise and in secret. No one but his four friends knew of his determination to get to Lhasa and they tried to persuade him from the foolhardy expedition, especially since the Tibetan government, who were suspicious, expressly stipulated that he must not attempt entrance.

Accordingly he hired four natives of inferior rank and several pack mules. They started from Darjeeling, the famous Indian meeting place for people of every race and caste, on January 10, 1921. Once across the Tibetan frontier, after the arduous climb over the mountain, it became necessary to disguise himself as a coolie. He stained his body completely and put lemon juice in his eyes to make them darker. His clothes were those the poorest class wore, which necessitated someone to be master of the expedition—at least in appearance, so the once-upon-a-time priest, Satan by name, was placed in nominal charge. He took every advantage of the situation, at times making it very uncomfortable for Dr. McGovern. In his rôle as coolie he was forced to adopt their ways of primitive living, even to their diet of barley-flour, tea and putrid meat which was eaten raw. Since it is an ancient superstition that to take a bath brings the wrath of the gods, he was forced to forego even that last remnant of European civilization. Because of the suspicion of the Tibetan government, every traveller was open to examination; there were several narrow escapes, so it was out of the question to do or have anything bearing a trace of his true identity.

This strenuous life together with the dangerous journey almost undermined his health. Circumstances caused him to cross an eighteen thousand foot pass in midwinter. The hardship was terrible. The intense cold, coupled with a fierce snow-storm, threatened to put an end to the party. There was no means of warmth except from the heat of each other's bodies. Wood for fuel is almost unknown since there are but very few trees; yak-dung is being used even in the houses of the richer classes. During the journey they were forced to go over wide deserts surrounded by moun-

tains and practically lifeless. There was one plain on which the sun shone so incessantly that to touch an exposed object meant burning the fingers, while in the shade of the mountain the biting winds together with the natural temperature made one fear being frostbitten. The temperatures varied from 110°-115° above, to 30° or 40° below.

In crossing the one large river, the Brahmaputra, which flows through Tibet, the boats used were similar to the primitive coracles,—a small wicker framework with the skin of animals stretched across. In all of Tibet there is only one ferry, a small wooden construction. The chief method is to cross the river on ice, which means that transportation from island to mainland is usually in winter, which lasts most of the time.

At last Dr. McGovern arrived in Lhasa, February 15. He voluntarily revealed himself to the authorities who treated him very hospitably. He had an excellent opportunity to get first hand the ideas and customs of the people. Smoking is very strictly prohibited, and is regarded in the same light as opium is in Europe. However, even the Delai-Lama indulged once in a while. There is an intense belief in reincarnation, so much so that upon one's death-bed, especially the Delai-Lama's, he may choose into what family his spirit will return, and the next male child is the Delai-Lama. They are not a moral people; polygamy is practiced extensively, and divorce is an easy matter to settle. The average age of a girl's eligibility to marriage is between fifteen and twenty-five, the man usually younger than the girl.

Their religion, Buddhism, is chiefly confined to monasteries and temples, which are very beautiful and sacred. The chief images bear likeness to the historical Buddha, Gautama, but there is also another at the "Du-Kang," that of the Maitreya; he is the next Buddha destined to be born to enlighten the world, and peculiarly, is portrayed as a European.

Although the life of the outside world is almost a closed book to the Tibetans, as is



their life to us, we may look forward to the time when the Orient and Occident will be united, and those strange yellow races no longer a mystery to us.

*Victoria Jackson.*

## PARTICLES OF DREAMS

"Four seasons fill the measure of the year;  
There are four seasons in the life of man."

### SPRING

Of course he knew that there were things not to be done; one must not tear one's stockings or suit while playing. One must not ask for, or eat, jam and become suddenly possessed of a beard and moustache. One must be very quiet in the early morning when mamma was still in bed, and even more quiet in the afternoon when mamma was taking a nap. In fact there were so many things a little boy must not do that at times life seemed quite dreary. Then Ravender found a book. Fairy tales. Tales of lovely ladies and black witches, tales of dragons and water babies, chivalrous knights and giants, all blended together to make a place to stay, a place where no one said "Sh," and where he could be happy. And the child learned to make his own tales, to weave his own magic worlds and to slip away from life.

And the spring days, calm and cool, slipped by without any conscious effort.

### SUMMER

Ravender was a dreamer. Not a practical dreamer who saw the form of a wonderful invention and then set about to create it. He was not even a progressive dreamer who visualized the future and consciously worked for the betterment of the world. Ravender's dreams were the thready, misty kind that are so beautiful—the kind that keep reality at a distance; shining, drifting, fragrant things that catch only the bright rays to reflect back into the mind. His dreams came out in music. Music which was never published, music which caused no comment and which the public ignored.

Dreams may make for personal happiness. Dreams may create a world of rest. Dreams may heal unhealing wounds; but one must not expect too much. Happiness at best is fleeting; if dreams keep it only a little longer they are desirable.

Ravender's life was without anxiety, for he did not come into contact with life sufficiently to realize the trouble and care around him. His inner world was complete. He lived in it, loved in it; he saw the outer world through rose-colored spectacles. The earth was a joyous place in which to live, though Ravender could not make a cynical public see and understand dream music.

And the pulsating, sultry summer sped on its gay unheeding way with no thought of tomorrow's need for food.

### AUTUMN

Other people might not think that Ravender worked hard—dreaming all day was certainly not work! But Ravender knew that it was; there were so many dreams! He was constantly busy trying to separate the tangled threads, one from the other. Then too, Ravender now took his dreams seriously. And dreams should never be taken seriously, they are too soft, fleeting and unstable and the mist around them should not be disturbed.

One might dream, to be sure, but if so, it would be a secret one kept closely hidden, even as one kept the dreams themselves hidden, covering them with a smile of every-dayness before "other people."

That was Ravender's great error. He let the curious, mocking, half-envious other people know his dreams. Those bright, iridescent bubbles that he loved so much must surely be loved by others, too. But they weren't. "Other people" pricked them and reality was no longer tinted in rainbow hues, but emerged sharp and clear, and quite unnecessarily brutal. Other people took it upon themselves to condition him to the knowledge that precious, gleaming things were childish. But the conditioning was harsh, and slowly into the man's

eyes grew that anguish that comes only from pain given by a fellow-being; the grief of a child reprimanded for an unknown fault.

And the brilliant autumn tones faded to a dead brown and the world came into view without color under a glittering sapphire sky.

#### WINTER

How often Ravender had been told that he was of no use in the world, is hard to say. And now, the vigor and courage of youth gone and with them his belief in himself, Ravender believed that what he had been told was true. What had he accomplished? He was an idler, a dreamer, a spender of life's coin with no return of value. No more webs tangled his mind, but he was not clear either; rather there was a confused groping for the thread ends of those tangled webs—for he missed their bright gleaming, his only happiness. Under the dull grey winter sky it is doubtful whether or not the most prismatic cords could have returned to him in their previous glory.

It was quiet now. The pale rose sunset had entirely faded and stars vied with each other to pierce the gloom. On the strip of bridge that spanned the river stood a man. A man with the weariness of the broken-willed showed in his drooping shoulders and dead eyes. The stars in the heavens went out one by one, as dense leaden clouds covered their brightness. Still the man stood quietly on the bridge. The snow came softly, mournfully, and the blackest landmarks were covered with its glistening whiteness.

And as the man watched the lights play on the river and falling snow, he caught again the gleam of drifting, fragrant dreams that sparkled for a moment and were gone. He stood fascinated, the entire river and air became young and gay and soft with his lost dreams. They were his. He had created them, their life was as his very own— So he joined them.

And Ravender entered into the fifth season in the life of man.

#### LYDIA

In one corner the log fire was crackling and sputtering, as though it were doing its best to cheer up the occupants of the room. From the expression on their faces it would seem a hopeless task, and their conversation was even more gloomy.

"He says he's gotta have it by Monday or out we go," Pa muttered over again for the hundredth time.

"He wouldn't be that mean, would he? Ain't we always been good tenants? We haven't never been behind in our rent before, except only that one time when Granny died, and there ain't no one as would have expected promptness at a time like that," this from seventeen-year-old Lydia. These sentiments had also been voiced before, but they were favorite ones, as they seemed the only ray of hope left to the Parkins family.

"Well," interposed Ma, "he said it, and I sort of think he looks like a man who means what he says. I guess we have to get the money."

But how? This was the question that had been puzzling them all since their landlord's visit a few hours before. Pa was out of a job. Lydia had a place in a boarding house, but as she earned only a dollar a week, she could not help much. As she had said, they had always been prompt with their rent because pa had been a man to whom the thought of owing money was a horror. For this reason he would not have borrowed the necessary twenty-five dollars from his neighbors even had they been willing to lend him what seemed to these simple country people so huge a sum.

On the morrow Lydia left her family still pondering over their difficulty, and went to work, for while her earnings were too small to be of any great assistance, still they were not to be overlooked entirely. Her work consisted of sweeping and dusting the house. It was not very interesting work, but she had a sunny disposition; and was glad to do anything to help her family. She tried to be brave about the trouble they were having, and not let her mind dwell too much on her



problem, for as she had told herself many times, that would do no good. So it happened that she started on her half-hour walk to the boarding-house singing a merry tune and thinking what a lovely bright morning it was, but try as she might she could not keep her mind from occasionally going back to the rent.

The days dragged slowly by and still no solution offered itself to the unhappy family. On Saturday morning Lydia set out to work again. She did not even try to sing this time, nor did she notice the beauty of the morning. She thought only of her misfortune and tried vainly to think of a way to remedy it. They had only two days before the rent was due.

There had been great excitement in the town. An almost unheard-of thing had happened. Mr. Elwood, a wealthy man from the city, had come to the village. It was a mistake, to be sure. But he was here nevertheless, had arrived the night before. He had taken the wrong train from the city, and the conductor had told him to wait here until Saturday night, when he could get a train that would carry him to his destination. He was staying at Mrs. Higgins' boarding-house, the place where Lydia worked. The Parkinses had heard of it, but they had been too preoccupied to give it much thought. As Lydia was walking along, she remembered it. She remembered also that she would probably see him when she arrived at the Higgins's. The more she thought of Mr. Elwood, the more she grew to hate him, for what right had he to have everything while she and her family had nothing? He probably didn't need even half of what he had, while they needed twenty-five dollars so dreadfully. This sum, she reasoned on, would probably seem a mere pittance to him, while to her it meant her home. Oh! it was too unfair! unjust! It was unlike Lydia to feel this way. But lately she had not been happy. Her family had been very sad. Their task had grown more difficult rather than less, and it is not to be wondered at that her attitude toward life had changed. She seemed to have grown years older in these few days.

When she finally reached the Higgins's, she found every one out except Mary, the cook, who told her that they were showing Mr. Elwood the town and that Mrs. Higgins had left word for her to clean things up as usual and to go home at twelve, if they had not returned. So Lydia set to work still brooding.

As she was sweeping in the largest bedroom, which she decided had been used by Mr. Elwood, she heard something rattle under her broom. Stooping down, she picked up a twenty dollar bill. Evidently Mr. Elwood had dropped it. Lydia counted! She had four dollars and sixty-five cents at home in an old-fashioned jardiniere in which she had always tried to save a little money. She would get one dollar from Mrs. Higgins today. Twenty dollars plus five dollars and sixty-five cents—ah, if it were only *her* twenty dollars. But it wasn't. Well she would put it in her pocket and give it to Mr. Elwood when he came back.

Still as she went on with her work she could not help counting—Twenty dollars plus four dollars and sixty-five cents plus one dollar. That meant her home, her family's home, and *that* meant happiness. Why wasn't it her money? She had found it. If Mr. Elwood was that careless he didn't deserve it. Had it been hers she would not have left it lying on the floor. He would probably never miss it if she didn't hand it to him. He probably didn't know he had lost it. Of course he didn't know he had lost it. Anyone with all the money he had wouldn't miss twenty dollars. He didn't know he'd lost it. Therefore he didn't know he had ever had it; he might just as well have never had it. Why, certainly it was the same thing as if she had found twenty dollars he had never had, twenty dollars no one had ever had, and since no one had ever had it and she had found it, it was hers—hers—her twenty dollars!

As she finished her work, there was only one thought in her mind. It was her money, her very own money to do with as she pleased. She stopped for only a moment in the kitchen to tell Mary she had finished her work then off she hurried. As she went, she kept turning

over in her mind the fact that she had the money at last. How happy her family would be. They could go on living in their home now, no one could turn them out; she had the money. Everything was fine—fine.

It was strange how her head should ache so, just when everything was wonderful. It seemed to go round and round. Her mind became a blur, an indistinct blur. It was a blur *now*, but soon it would be all right. Everything would be all right—she had the money.

She stumbled toward her house, her home that she was going to pay for with the money she had in her pocket. She would go straight up to her room without stopping to tell her family yet. She must compose herself and think up a plausible excuse about where she had acquired the money. They might not understand about its being hers. They might not understand! Ah! but it was hers—her money.

Odd that her head should ache so. Would it never stop?—never stop? Oh, yes, it would stop soon—soon everything was going to be all right. She somehow managed to find her room without attracting the attention of her family. Let's see, why had she come to her room without telling them? Oh, yes, she had to think of an excuse—an excuse—an excuse for what? She couldn't quite remember. She would lie down for a minute, just a minute, then probably everything would be clear. Her headache would go—go—go. She had dozed off to sleep.

When she awakened, it was early twilight. She sat up in bed. Why was she in bed in the day-time? She had gone to work as usual that morning and had—oh she remembered everything now. She had taken the money,—her money—but it wasn't her money it was his money—*his*—and she had been going to pay for their house with his money. Her headache was gone now, but she was awfully tired. Something must be done about the money; she had his money there with her. It was not hers, so why had she taken it? Why? Had she thought it was hers? Yes

she had. She had made a mistake, that was all, just a mistake.

But no one else would think of it as a mistake. They would think of it as stealing, they would think of her as a thief, of her, Lydia Parkins, as a thief. What would her family think then? How would they feel? She must take it back to him. She would go now at once.

She made her way noiselessly out of the house. As she went by the sitting-room door she saw her parents. They looked happy. What right had they to be happy when she was so miserable? Oh, but they didn't know she was miserable. She must never tell them. They must never know. She was out of the house now, on her way to take back that money to Mr. Elwood.

It was horrible money. It seemed to burn her if she touched it. It was his money—his. She must hurry. Suppose she would be too late. Suppose he was gone when she got there, and she would have to go through life with his horrible burning money in her pocket. She must hurry. At last she arrived. She made her way to the kitchen and found out from Mary that none of the boarders had returned yet, but that they would doubtless be back soon, and that Mr. Elwood would be there with them.

Just then there was a commotion at the door. The boarders had arrived. Lydia rushed to the porch, hardly knowing what she was doing in her eagerness to rid herself of the money. She managed to gasp out some almost unintelligible statement about finding the money on the floor, and accidentally carrying it off. She fairly pushed the money into his hand in her excitement, and in a moment would have been gone, but he had her by the arm.

"Wait a minute," he was saying. "You're a good, honest girl and I wish to reward you." Letting go of her arm, he put the money back in her pocket.

"No! No!" she cried and flinging it at his feet, she was off without a word of thanks or explanation. She was happy now. She was ready to face whatever happened, for the



money had been restored to its rightful owner.

He could never understand that to her that money was worse than poison. He attributed her strange behavior to pride and used often to tell his friends of the proud little country girl, who had refused a gift of twenty dollars.

*Jean Vickers.*

### THE PRINCE AND THE SLIPPERS

Clifford R. Bernard sat slumped in an overstuffed chair, inwardly cursing the chauffeur, shoeman, car—in fact, anything and everything which had interfered with his game of tennis. Hadn't he planned to play tennis with "Cherry," the most daring dresser and dancer of his set? Talk about "make-up"! Well, "Cherry" sure could; hence her name. Now he'd have to call it off to chase after his aunt's slippers! Funny that people couldn't tell the difference between hiking shoes and dancing pumps.

"But, Clifford, dear, you know Bateson's gone for my frocks and I thought surely my pumps were in that box. Leaver has never made a mistake before. I simply must have them to-night, and I don't dare take another chance. You will go, won't you?"

Cliff realized that his aunt went the limit in his allowance, and down deep in his heart he felt somewhat of a cad always receiving, never giving. It was true that his aunt had spoiled him, but underneath he was made of fine material. Hadn't he risked his life to save little "Pinky Jones," battered old mongrel, and ruined his "pet" sweater removing thistles from a stray kitten's fur? So after a few more words, Cliff got up, changed from flannels to street clothes, and drove off in his roadster to rectify the mistake at the shoe store. Arriving at Leaver's, he found, both to his and their dismay, that the slippers had been delivered to East Second Street, instead of West. Tennis now called off, there remained nothing to do but hunt up the slippers. Asking the clerk if the shoes he had just brought back belonged on East Second Street, he received an

affirmative answer. Since he must necessarily go there, he said he'd deliver them at the same place.

East Second Street was on the other side of the city and was densely settled with numerous "deckers," seemingly, placed one on top of the other.

Drawing up before one, he jumped out and rang the bell. The door was opened by a tall, slender, golden-haired girl. Cliff, in his varied experience with girls had never seen such beautiful hair and coloring. "Knocks Cherry's for a goal," he thought. Then, with a shock, he noticed she walked only with the aid of crutches, one leg being bent at the knee in such a way that it was impossible for her to rest her foot on the floor. Cliff stated his errand, the while openly admiring the girl. She seemed totally unaware of his admiration, and explained that she had just received the package, and had opened it, thinking it to be her shoes. She had been rather anxious about returning the package, as she was unable to go out without special shoes for the street. The arrival of the slippers instead of her heavy shoes prohibited her doing this.

"Please step in just a moment while I wrap them up," she said. "I don't know what could have become of my package."

"Perhaps, Miss - - -"

"Dana."

"These may be yours. They were sent to my aunt's."

Clifford noticed that the house with its few furnishings, and two or three rooms was very home-like and spotlessly clean. While Miss Dana re-wrapped the package he deftly drew out facts about her family and misfortune. He found that like himself she had lost her parents, and was living with an aunt, and that together they were trying to scrape up enough money to pay for an operation, which would probably cure her. She was earning a bit of money herself by painting and making little gifts.

Arriving home with his aunt's slippers, Cliff began an animated conversation with his aunt, and after a great deal of persuasion, he

finally convinced her that she should at least look at Miss Dana's paintings. His thorough understanding of his aunt's nature helped him greatly, because he was able by careful hinting to persuade her that perhaps the girl was a "find," and he knew just how much "finds," either of antiques, old bits of jewelry or young talent, meant to his aunt.

This time the door was opened by a dear, little, white-haired lady who introduced herself as Miss Dana's aunt, Mrs. Bradford. After Cliff's aunt had been shown the paintings and gifts, they all sat down to a charming little luncheon and began talking. During the conversation Mrs. Bradford revealed the fact that they were true descendants of Governor Bradford of the Mayflower, and further stated, as the conversation drifted from one topic to another, and finally lit upon that of The Youth of Today, that so far, she had met no man good enough for her niece, Lucille. "The lucky man must not be one of these wild youths of today, he must be the kind who admires a woman for what she really is, and not for her ability to 'make-up' well, do the latest steps or wear the most daring clothes," said the old lady.

On the way home Cliff's aunt did quite a bit of thinking and finally concluded that there was a lot of truth in what the old lady had said. Perhaps "Cherry" wasn't, after all, the ideal mate for Cliff, and as for being worthy of a girl like Lucille, well she'd prove whether he was or not. "Pilgrim blood wasn't so bad to have in the family," she thought.

So that was how it began.

Some years afterwards one might see, on a sunny hillside overlooking the town, "The Lucille Dana Hospital," given by Clifford Bernard in honor of his wife, Lucille, for the care of crippled children.

*Dorothy Draper.*

## TRIP TO MARS

*(Concluded)*

"One of my greatest ambitions was to see, at close range, a spiral nebula. It was soon realized. We had not been on our trip for more than two weeks, when I became aware of

a faint light. As we neared it, I could see that it took the form of a pin wheel with two or more arms coiled in the form of a flat spiral.

"It appeared to be composed of luminous cloudy stuff. Sometimes, I knew, that it mingled with vast numbers of faint stars. The brightest of these spiral nebulae is the famous Andromeda nebula and the next brightest is in the neighboring constellation of Traingulum. Both appear to be formless patches of haze in small instruments, but are shown by large telescopes to have an intricate spiral structure.

"I could see that we were soon to pass through this amazing sight. In an hour's time we had come to the outskirts of the light and I could already feel the small particles of metal hit the shell. I began to fear that if we passed through the most dense portion, it might cause some damage to our conveyance or hinder our progress. We finally passed through safely. The light and heat became very intense and I found it necessary to shade the magnified glass window to keep the things in its direct path, from becoming ignited.

"The small pieces of metal grew in size as we neared the centre and the hitting increased as we approached further in. We soon passed out of this phenomenon and nothing of any importance happened for several months.

"One night I was awakened by a great whistling sound and got to my window in time to see a streak of fervid light fly past. As it came directly opposite us, I could feel the shell leave its course and my fears began to rise. I had a horror pass over me and almost gave up hope of ever reaching Mars, but then I remembered that if the course was changed now, we were too far to miss the planet entirely and would probably land a little further to one side than we had planned to do. I knew that we had passed by a meteor and had had a miraculous escape.

"Finally the time came when we could discern the markings on the planet. We could see that the lines formed themselves into canals, which I will speak of later.

"The time ascribed for our arrival was, as I mentioned before, August 22, 1924, at 6.00



P.M. We were three and a quarter hours late, due to the change in our course while passing the meteor.

"We landed, and, as we found out later, had to be dug out of the ground. We had gone in thirty feet, leaving a distance of five feet between the end of our shell and the surface of the earth.

"When we were finally released we were confronted by a most curious type of people. They do not call themselves Martians but by a very peculiar name, "Camilla," which means, attendant at a sacrifice.

"These 'Camillans' are very strange looking beings. They are very tall due to the lack of force of gravitation. As the atmosphere is four-fifths of that of the earth, they have well-developed chests and spindly legs. Their ears are about five inches from tip to tip and the eyes are far apart and rather bulgy. The nose is well developed and capable of carrying an inrush of air three times that of an ordinary human on our earth. The men were "Alger-noned" and seemed to take great pride in the length of their precious possessions. The clothes that they wore seemed to be made on them. They were what we might call tights.

"When we crawled out of our little prison, we could not keep our balance and it was necessary for us to lie on the ground for quite a bit. The people buzzed about us like so many bees, not knowing exactly what to do. When they saw that we were quite harmless, they came nearer to inspect their new intruders. We tried to show signs of friendliness by smiling and nodding, but it took no marked effect. Finally one of the men made an offer to help me upon my feet and as it was a rather painful process, I made a wry face. Seeing this contorted expression, the helper copied my grimace and seemed more willing than ever to help me. We discovered by this that their signification of happiness was that one that we used to register sadness and, visa-versa. After this revelation we got along famously.

"We were escorted to the home of the alaric and were fed upon strange chloës. After a time we got along pretty well with their lan-

guage. Our first thought was to explore the surrounding country, which was quite flat.

"There is an abundance of vegetation along the canals. Scientists have puzzled over this fact for many years. From the earth it appears to be green plant-life.

"There are seasons on Mars just as there are on the earth. When the Spring comes, the snow melts at the polar regions and runs down into canals where it is stored up for irrigation, as the water on the planet covers only three-eighths of its surface instead of three quarters, as with us. Five-eighths of the surface is desert land. Some canals are constructed through the barren region and in this way vegetation flourishes.

"The plants are of a structure similar to the cactus that lives on our deserts. There is a hollow place in the interior where the water is stored.

"The trees are very tall with immense green leaves.

"The force of gravitation is less on Mars than it is on the earth and an object weighing one hundred pounds on the earth weighs only sixty up here. For this same reason the animals have large bodies in comparison to the size of their legs.

"The Camillan religion is a strange one. Instead of having a church where everyone meets, the hezekiah visits each home, which is supplied with a shrine of its own. Each family has a certain type of a shrine. The shrine of the alaric consisted of a huge eben carved in the shape of a monstrous serpent which they call an Ethelinda. Placed around the Ethelinda are small faustina ebens which are supposed to charm people if they watch them long enough. At the head of the Ethelinda is a bowl of keturah which is burned at the time of service.

"Their religion seemed to be the only thing that pointed directly to barbarism. They had many inventions that have yet to be constructed upon the earth. There are schools with learned javins to teach the young.

"We soon learned that there were different countries and other types of people not dis-

similar to the ones that we were already acquainted with.

"There are uprisings among these people and so it was found necessary to have kenelms and jabezs.

"We have yet to master this new language to obtain further information so that we may write down all these unusual and prodigious happenings. Both Miss Tufts and I are satisfied with the progress of this new world inasmuch as we feel that through the efforts of these people, we will have a safer and quicker means of returning to our earth.

"This is Professor Pickering of Mars now signing off until more information is obtainable. Good night "Gott mit uns."

And the five men sat immovable, seemingly transfixed. Their one dream had been realized. Mars was discovered.

#### References.

"Mars as the abode of life."—*Lowell*.

"The Old Farmer's Almanac."—*Robert B. Thomas*.

Mr. William Amendola.—Winnetka, Ill.

Mr. E. J. Winslow—Auburndale, Mass.

"Are the Planets Inhabited?"—*Maynard Shipley*.

Algernoned—whiskered.

Alaric—rulers.

Chloës—green herbs.

hezekiah—priest.

eben—stone.

Ethelinda—noble snake.

faustina—lucky.

keturah—incense.

kenelms—soldiers.

jabezs—doctors.

*Katherine Tufts.*

### A STUDENT'S INSPIRATION

The room is quiet and the student thinks aloud, "Well, now that my roommate is away, I believe I'll sit me down and write my Friday composition." She sits down, opens her note book to a nice, clean page, places the proper heading on the title line, and then thinks.

"Now for the subject," she says, "what in this wide world will I write about?" As she sits there, pen in hand, elbows on the desk, and eyes gazing out of the window, inspiration knocks. "Ah, great," she says. "I'll write about the snow and how beautiful it is." She, by the way, had just been fuming because it hadn't all melted, so she could discard her over-shoes.

The story begins: "Ah, how beautiful this earth of ours is. The snow so white that it makes everything seem like fairy land." She stops again. No, that's too sentimental! Out with that page. Now for some other topic. How about some Current Event? She picks up the week old home paper and glances through it. No luck, she hasn't been keeping up with politics and the other things are of no interest at all.

She goes over to the next room and eats up half their food, goes down the corridor, sees all that is going on and then asks her friends and neighbors what she ought to write about. One girl suggests a picnic, another some thrilling love story, and offers a Snappy Story magazine for reference. "No," she decides, "too mushy for this school, gotta have something cool and calm."

After she gets back to her room she thinks of the notes dictated in class about short story writing. After glancing them through she notices one sentence, "Take all notes of value down on a slip of paper for further useful reference."

Inspiration at last! yeah! she grabs open her drawer and pulls out her diary, then sits down and taking her pen writes away hurriedly for the next hour. At last, she sighs, "Thank goodness, that's over with," and folds it neatly back in its place.

*Mildred Stolaroff.*

### PICTURES

#### I.

Against the sapphire blue of the sky  
The uneven border of flats  
Raise their towers.  
Ancient battlements  
Cut like a Parrish picture.

#### II.

Oh, romance night  
And silver moon  
Gleaming on thread icicles  
And softly drifted snow.  
Calm as the floating clouds,  
Lovelier than shining waters,  
More heartbreaking than a gay laugh.

*Helen Owen.*





## HONOR

In every group or community where there are people living together there must be honor. And where there is honor, there must be trust. In every minor detail of the day's routine, people trust others with letters, their money, and finally with their very lives. These others are on their honor, perhaps unconsciously, but where the honor fails, there is always unhappiness. Therefore, it is an essential stone in the foundation of life, and a point to be considered here in our school whose influence has moulded so many lives.

Honor is much discussed in the schools today, especially of the "modern generation." But, as everywhere else, where there is trust there will be honor. It cannot fail. The students on their first arrival here, are building anew, whether to make or to mar, remains to be seen. The teachers, if they have a trust that invites honor, will get it. There will be more co-operation between teachers and pupils which is so necessary when we live here together as we do, and the effect will have a strong influence on the individual.

There are those who cynically ask, "What is Honor?" It is a sense of what is right, just and true, and being true to that ideal. Honor, then, is up to the individual, to you. We all have those ideals. Our minds, consciences, if you like, revolt when we are false to them; with some in a lesser degree than others. But it is there. Some, too, find it easier to dodge these issues of life. Students in some colleges have asked to have the honor system repealed, because of the responsibility that it requires, a responsibility that some would rather avoid. But here, where you and I are living together,

we realize that responsibility molds character. It cannot be shirked.

Finally the reputation of the school is up to us. It is how we live that counts, not only for the school but for us. And if we live true to our ideals of what is right, just and true, the school will grow bigger and better, for Lasell is what we make it!

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## THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF LASELL

Seventy-five years! What wonders can be accomplished and have been accomplished in that time. If Prof. Lasell could quietly come among our midst, would he recognize his small beginning as this large, active organization? Would he be disappointed? For three-quarters of a century this Alma Mater of ours has been sending forth young women to take part in the work of the world. Long before her neighbor Wellesley, was ever conceived, she sent forth her missionaries. In fact, long before any of our large women's colleges had been founded, did she start, a pioneer in the field of education; yet, education was not her sole aim. She realized that the majority of young women would probably take their place in a home some day, so she prepared them for this task. In so doing, she threw a bomb in the midst of education. Cooking was instituted as a regular course. People threw up their hands in horror. Our brave Lasell.

Undaunted, she struggled on until she stands now as one of the finest schools in the country. She had taken a step forward in the world for she developed a fine type of womanhood, the typical Lasell girl. Democracy reigned within her gates. The true spirit of

peace was within her walls. So as each young woman stepped forth into the world with her small lamp burning, she cast its rays over her associates in later years. How wonderful to think of the thousands of young Lasell women who have helped to build up this great nation of ours. Yet when one turns to the future, one is lost in a maze of its great possibilities. May we never fail her, our worthy mother and Alma Mater. May she live forever.

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### THE RELATION OF THE DAY PUPIL TO LASELL

It seems about time that we "poor, neglected, and maltreated day-pupils" got a good hold on ourselves to see just who is doing the neglecting. Why are we so ready to complain that the day-pupil feels a stranger within the portals of Lasell?

We pay our class dues, yet we know our class officers only by name. We gloat over the fact that we do not have compulsory Chapel attendance, yet we do not stop to realize this only raises the barrier between the boarders and the day-pupils. Should not there be certain chapel mornings set aside for compulsory attendance for us, for how are we to keep in touch with the school announcements, how else are we going to derive full benefit and enjoyment out of intimate talks by our faculty?

We do not participate in athletics or get the thrill of cheering our class team on. Is it because we are not interested or is it because athletic hours are inopportune? I am sure that it is not school spirit that is lacking, but that we are too hard-pressed for time by commuting.

It is very natural that the day-pupils do not wish to pay class dues when they neither vote for class officers, attend class meetings, or participate in class parties. But, is it natural that we should not be eager to participate in the above-mentioned? Ah! The truth must be brought out. Class meetings are usually held after dinner. We are rarely, if ever, informed as to the day or hour until either the following day or a week after, when dues are about to be collected. The main reason for this is

because we are neither here for chapel or present at meals to hear the announcements. If class meetings would be held at an earlier hour, convenient to all, I'm very sure that the day-pupils would be properly represented.

The question which now arises is: Through what medium may we get to know and mingle with the boarding students, so that we may get a chance to prove our school spirit and loyalty? It is up to us entirely and if we are not content with the present-day conditions, to devise a plan to better them.

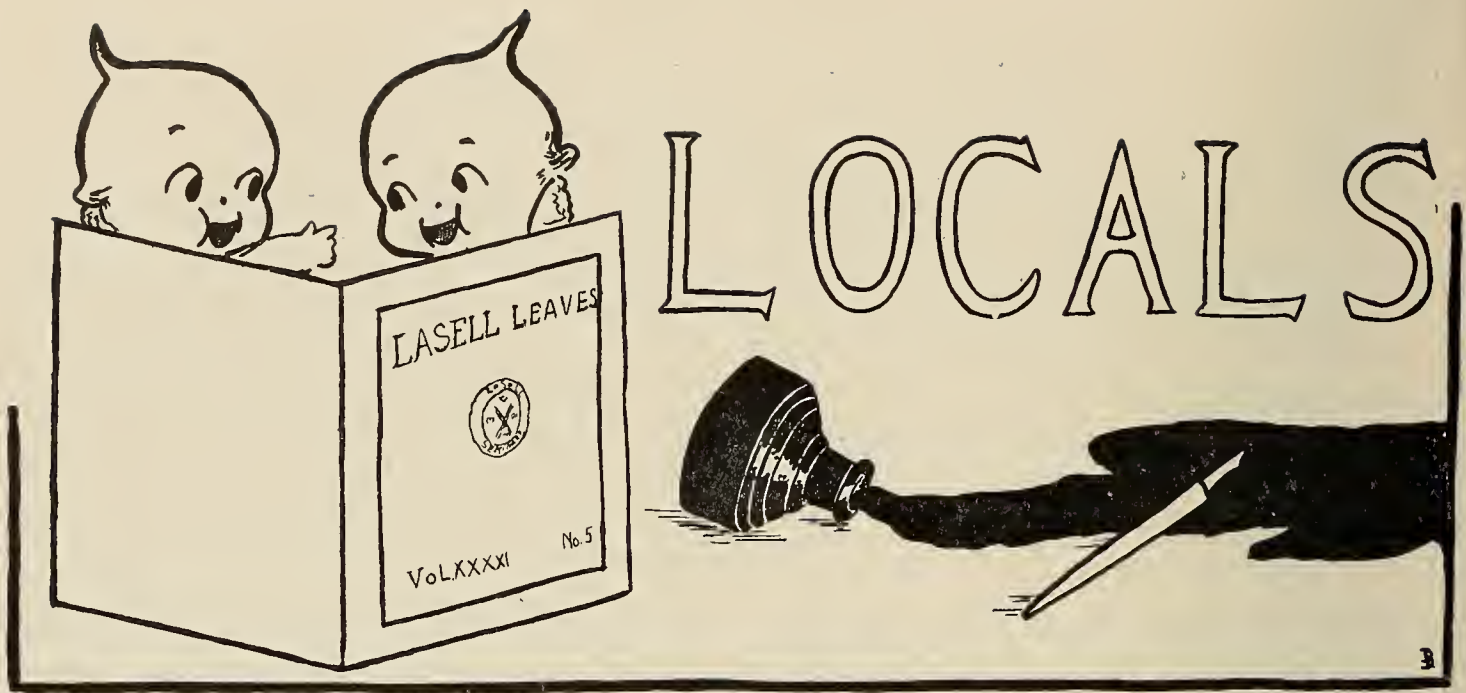
Should we not be interested enough ourselves to find out when class meetings are to be held, to show that we do want to participate in school events? How is it going to be possible for us to get the thrill of being a senior, which only comes once in a life-time, if in our under-classes we do not get the proper association with the rest of the members of our class?

When discussions arise in class as to compulsory chapel attendance or what part athletics take in school life, we have to take a back seat and look bored, if we must live up to our present reputation. If chapel and athletics were included in our school curriculum, wouldn't we be able to do our share in trying to better conditions at Lasell, too?

When it comes to studying, we must admit that the day-pupil deserves full credit if she is able to make a good showing for herself. For her there is no study-hour, but instead so many outside distractions that it is far harder for her to assimilate and prepare her work than for the boarding student at Lasell.

Studying should not be the only factor in the life of the college girl, however. There should be her dramatics, her musical clubs, and her social affairs, for her to derive all the benefits a college can offer her. Lasell offers all of these, ready for us to take advantage of. Let there be an emancipation of the day-pupil! Let us come out of our shells, so to speak, and show Lasell what we are made of. If we are only allowed the proper environment and stimulus, I am sure we will all rise in arms to wreck the barrier between the day-pupil and boarding pupil of Lasell.





February 3. Carpenter was the scene of business this afternoon and was successful in the sale of most attractive wares for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

February 11. The Christian Endeavor meeting led by Kay Simonson was a great source of inspiration to the "mountaineers" and, in fact, every one.

#### WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

*An Extract from a Diary*

February 12-15. We were awakened in the early hours of the morning. The stars were shining with their peculiar brilliance just before dawn, and the crescent of a moon lingered in the west. Soon the light of a new day appeared in the east, stealing silently and swiftly in, causing the night lights to fade—and die.

It was a sleepy but muchly excited crowd that gathered in the dining-room for a hurried breakfast and the suspense was heightened as we boarded the train for Boston. The ride across the city in taxis piled high with baggage, the long but enjoyable trip with the various stopping-places, are mere details in the light of what was to follow.

So at last we arrived at Intervale, "a little bit of heaven that fell from out the sky one day." On all sides stood the wonderful mountains, how proud—how free! We also were free to wander as we would about this quaint

little town. As soon as we had settled in our rooms at the Bellevue we sauntered out to become acquainted with this new and most invigorating environment. Skis, snowshoes, toboggans were all at our service and the hills on which to try them. Such fun—such rollicking good fun! And were we daunted by our tumbles into the feathery snowbanks? Not a whit! And such a hungry crowd we were that night! It seemed as if there would never be enough to satisfy us.

Saturday morning a party of us, with Mr. Seikel as our guide, ventured forth on snowshoes to scale the great Mount Surprise. After considerable sliding, pulling up of small trees, puffing, etc., we managed to gain the summit, and there before us lay a great panorama of pure white fields, dark green forests and rows of mountains closing them in—protecting them.

Much to our great joy a sleigh ride was ours in the afternoon and we saw more of the surrounding countryside to the tune of silvery jingling of the bells. It was a four horse open sleigh; the keen frosty air was exhilarating and we sang.

Then after dinner we all rode in the sleighs 'neath the light of the stars to the movies in North Conway and added to the program a group of Lasell songs. It was quite a diversion to say the least and the picture was enjoyed by us all.

Sunday morning while the rest were having their turn at the sleigh-rides, four of us hired a horse and tried our luck at skijoring. Oh my, it was quite exciting! One rode while the rest of us trailed in back on skis. Through ruts, over bumps, and into bushes we went. Then some one would fall and all of us land on top. It's great sport if you don't weaken. We didn't, and picked ourselves up for more ruts, bumps and bushes. The horse was no slow-poke either.

The greatest sport of all was "trailing," and we surely did make the most of it. There were two lines of toboggans lined up in back of four horses and we all dashed for the end ones that did the most side stepping. How they could slide around!

We hung on or ran alongside, pulling others off into the cold, wet snow, and then scrambling for dear life to catch up to them again. The end toboggans misbehaved terribly. They fell into a brook by the edge of the road, and into a deep rut further on. The girls stuck nobly in both instances and all of us arrived safely, but were veritable snowmen.

As 'twas Sunday we sang a few hymns after dinner and told stories—ghost stories, mystery stories, trick stories and then followed a delicious marshmallow roast, m-m-m.

There are so *many* details that really played a part in each individual's version of the glorious week-end,—would that there were the space for it!

However that glorious week-end was rapidly coming to an end. We must needs pack our suitcases and leave the land of the snow blankets. At six-forty-five we stood gathered in the station and drank in one last gulp of the air, took one lingering look at the mountains, said goodbye to the "little bit o' heaven" and jumped on the train for civilization.

*February 14.* Vespers were at Woodland and Dr. Phelan of the Unitarian Church spoke to us. He is a great advocate of youth, so we welcomed his talk and gained great inspiration from it.

*February 15.* One of our Lasell sisters, a former graduate, and now the Reverend Mabel

Whitney, conducted our chapel service on this morning and brought to us her full appreciation of our school and Miss Potter, urging us to do the same. But do we need to be urged to love Miss Potter?

*February 18.* "The marked characteristics of our home town" was what we discussed at our first Senior Conversation meeting and it surely was surprising how much can be learned at a meeting such as this.

*February 19.* Christian Endeavor was led by June Newbold in Woodland, and although the weather outside was dreary enough, the atmosphere within was of warmth and cheer and her message was deep and sincere.

Mr. Fisher entertained us for an hour and a half, by a most enjoyable stereopticon lecture on "Ultimate America." The gateway to this land of ours is on the East coast, but the land of dreams come true is out where the West begins and California. Such a wealth and variety of scenery and climate has our native land! As Mr. Fisher says: "See America first."

*February 20.* "The Good Ship '26" and crew entertained a group of guests on board, namely the Sophomore and Special Class. The Crew were dressed all in white and presented a gay picture. The passengers were dressed—well—er in various ways and were in fine spirits. Refreshments were served and a good time had by all.

*February 21.* Again Dr. Parks came to speak at our vesper service. "Patriotism" in the sense of good citizenship and help to the neighbor was his subject. He took it in a more serious and sane manner. It is the everyday patriotism that counts in the long run.

*February 22.* We had with us this evening at dinner a group, two hundred or more, of ladies of the old Revolutionary days. A few men were scattered here and there throughout the dining-room. To enliven the scene there was an orchestra provided to entertain us with the latest dance music. At eight o'clock a ball was held in the assembly-hall, started by a grand march led by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and faculty and followed by the students.



Then some smaller editions of the Revolutionary ladies and gentlemen from Woodland Park gave us some numbers of the minuet which were thoroughly enjoyed by all of us. Then every one joined in and had a merry evening of dancing.

*February 26.* Mrs. Winslow entertained at a formal tea given at her home from four-thirty to six.

The French Club held a most interesting meeting and debated the question, Shall or shall not the United States enter the League of Nations.

Directly after dinner Betty Johnson led our Christian Endeavor meeting, and her subject was "Checking up on yourself." It was a well-chosen and appreciated subject.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Mead gave the second of her lectures on International Affairs, a topic which should be interesting to all of us, as we now are living in an international age.

*February 28.* Dr. Phalen of the Unitarian Church of West Newton spoke very impressively, in the vesper service, on "Trust." Faith, persistency, will-power, and diplomacy are what we need in our lives to make them worth while, and the imagination to surround them with color.

*March 1.* Gardner was transformed into a most attractive tea shop and at three-fifteen a gay crowd assembled to purchase the wares on sale on the first floor. Upstairs the refreshments were served to snappy tunes on the "vic," and as a whole Gardner made quite an afternoon of success.

*March 3.* There was music in the air, played by our most worthy musicians of Lasell who entertained us with the following program:

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Voice—The Mermaid's Song. | Haydn     |
| Constance Ely             |           |
| Piano—Menuet in E flat    | Mozart    |
| Mary McKnight             |           |
| Voice—Irish Love Song     | Lang      |
| I Know a Lovely Garden    | Del Riego |
| Gladys Boardman           |           |
| Organ—Fiat Lux            | Dubois    |
| Virginia Wood             |           |

|                                      |           |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|
| Voice—The Wood Pigeon                | Lehmann   |
| The Yellowhammer                     |           |
| Elinor Ellison                       |           |
| Violin—Introduction and Polonaise    | Bohm      |
| Mary Keim                            |           |
| Voice—Solvejg's Song                 | Grieg     |
| Madeline Robinhold                   |           |
| Piano—The Music Box                  | Bond      |
| Hazel Cooke                          |           |
| Voice—O Dry Those Tears              | Del Riego |
| I Know Where a Garden Grows          | Dinsmore  |
| Helen Kottcamp                       |           |
| Piano—Liebestraume                   | Liszt     |
| Margaret Anderson                    |           |
| Voice—Out of My Soul's Great Sadness |           |
| In the Dreamy Wood                   | Franz     |
| His Coming                           |           |
| Kathleen Best                        |           |
| Piano—Romance in D flat              | Sibelius  |
| Lorraine Benham                      |           |
| Voice—Un Doux Lien                   | Delbruck  |
| Mary Freeman                         |           |
| Piano—Concert Etude                  | MacDowell |
| Victoria Jackson                     |           |
| Ensemble—Fest Overture               | Leutner   |
| Misses Anderson, Hale, Hall, Smith   |           |

*March 5.* The French Club entertained at a "soiree" after dinner and a musical program was given in the chapel, to which all the students of Mademoiselle Le Royer and Miss Henmeon were invited. Madame Ferrin, the guest of honor, presented two delightful numbers. Her voice was so mellow, so rich, we were entranced and thoroughly enjoyed the program.

Christian Endeavor was led by Rusty Crawford, and we came away from the meeting with one more resolution in our hearts.

*March 6.* Much suppressed excitement reigned all day. Seniors were irresistibly drawn to Woodland dining-room and were seen hanging up decorations, hard workers to say the least! And at six o'clock the scene was changed to one of great festivity. A merry group of girls and boys it was, indeed, that gathered at the dinner-dance given by the class of '26. Such music!—oh what fun! All too soon it was at an end and the tired but happy crowd dispersed that night after such a grand 'n glorious time!

*March 7.* Vespers were held by the respective houses in their own buildings. Just

a word of prayer it was, but a quiet hour to take us out of the world of hurry and rush, for a few moments.

*March 11.* The Senior Conversation Class met this evening, and a musical hour followed. Music that takes us out of ourselves and carries us on wings of imagination. A discussion also took place which was of great interest to us as well as the program.

What is the great commotion outside? Juniors? Why—? A cheer—a pause—and then we suddenly saw a banner, a wonderful, great square banner of a green background and gold numbers and letters—oh, thrills and heart throbs!

#### SENIOR-FRESHMAN

The Seniors played the Freshman on March 13th. An interesting day for the Seniors as we were beaten 17-9. The team work of the Freshman was very good and they more than deserved every point they got. The Senior line-up: Center, Wiedenmayer; S. C. Potter; guards, Cobb, Day, Amos; forward: Simonson, Witschief: Freshman line up: Center, Quimby, S. C. Best; guards, Robertson, Rowbotham; forwards, Gallagher, Oram.

Our first outside game was played at Waltham on March 16 and we emerged the victors with a score of 46-7. Lasell never had such wonderful team work and the excellent playing of Quimby and Hutton quite knocked Waltham off its feet. The spirit of both teams made the game more enjoyable and the unanimous wish was a chance for a return game. Wiedenmayer and Holby did splendid team work in the center and Wescott and Cobb did their part in guarding their forwards. We wish you all could have seen our first game. Lasell line-up: Center, Wiedenmayer; S. C. Holby; Forwards, Hutton and Quimby; guards, Westcott and Cobb; substitute guards, Allen, Herrick; forward, Witschief.

#### SWIMMING MEET

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR, FEB. 16—29 TO 21

1 Length. Won by Robertson—Freshman.

2 Length. Breast stroke won by McDonald—Freshman.

4 Lengths. Won by Almy—Junior.

Plunge. Won by MacLeod—Junior.

Diving. Won by Gallagher—Freshman.

Relay. Won by Freshmen.

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR, FEB. 23—38 TO 12

1 Length. Won by B. Winslow—Sophomore.

Breast Stroke. Won by B. Barber—Sophomore.

4 Lengths. Won by Larrabee—Sophomore.

Diving. Won by Winslow—Sophomore.

Plunge. Won by B. Barber—Sophomore.

Relay. Won by Sophomores.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR, MARCH 2—26 TO 24

1 Length. Won by Beck—Senior.

4 Lengths. Won by Quimby—Freshman.

Breast Stroke. Won by Wiedenmayer—Senior.

Plunge. Won by Atkinson—Freshman.

Diving. Won by Gallagher—Freshman.

Relay. Won by Freshmen.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR, MARCH 9—35 TO 15

1 Length. Won by Larrabee—Sophomore.

4 Lengths. Won by Larrabee—Sophomore.

Plunge. Won by MacLeod—Junior.

Breast Stroke. Won by B. Barber—Sophomore.

Diving. Won by B. Winslow—Sophomore.

Relay. Won by Sophomores.

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#### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

February 20. Our small girls celebrated Gertrude Barber's seventh birthday at Gertrude's home in West Newton. What a good time!

February 21. Mr. and Mrs. Lou Powers spent Sunday with their daughter Bernadette.

February 22. The jolliest day of the school year is February 22, when we are all so glad George Washington was born! We love the colonial costumes, the permission to use "make up," the dinner with cherry log cake, the big party at Bragdon Hall. A party to be long remembered! Woodland Park girls danced the minuet and the Virginia Reel.

February 26. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead talked to us on "World Politics for Children."



Dining with us, we plied her with questions all through dinner. No guest escapes and especially Mrs. Mead!

February 27. Miss Thornton and the "whole school" saw "The Freshman" at the Auburndale Club House.

March 3. The older group of girls attended a Pupils' Recital at Bragdon Hall.

March 6. Grades 4-8 heard Burton Holmes on "Mediterranean Countries" in Symphony Hall in Boston.

March 7. Our Monthly Sunday Tea-party. We had a number of parent-guests and were entertained by Mr. Long, who sang a group of war songs, followed by a group of Harvard College Songs.

Mrs. Mildred Goodall Campbell (Lasell 1910) and her small daughter Constance were our guests.

March 14. We all enjoyed hearing Rev. Brewer Eddy at the Sunday afternoon Lenten service in the Congregational Church.

March 17. Green ribbons and green bloomers fit well into the St. Patrick's Day fun.

Grades 4, 5, 6 went to the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain to visit the Museum and to hear a lecture on "Birds."

March 18. Mrs. Goodrich and the music pupils at Woodland Park School attended the Young People's Symphony Concert in Boston. Before going Mrs. Goodrich explained and illustrated the numbers of the program.

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### LONGING

I am tired;  
Through long days I have wanted you,  
Longer, sleepless nights have passed  
Without you, so I sleep  
For I am tired.

I am tired;  
The deadening weight in my heart  
Is not lightened by the day,  
And night's dark shadows fold me to soft rest  
For I am tired.

*Helen Owen.*

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It was a distinct pleasure to welcome home Miss Grace Irwin, a member of our Lasell faculty in 1910-18. She is always remembered with great enthusiasm by her old girls and associates. With Miss Irwin came Grace Douglass Murray 1908-10 and her sister Josephine Douglass. They proved their loyalty to Lasell by coming to us one of the wildest and windiest days of this winter.

Stella Boothe Vail 1904-05, expressed great pleasure over the receipt of the LASELL LEAVES and declares, "I read it through with a great deal of interest and I saw a good many names of the girls I had known when I was in school so long ago." Stella expressed regret at missing the personal editor and sends special greetings to Miss Witherbee adding, "I fear Miss Witherbee regarded me as a rather poor English pupil. Please tell her I have a book coming out in a few months which is (it is difficult to believe) an elementary safety reader. Please give my good wishes to any of the teachers who may remember me."

Gladys Strople Winger 1919-20 sent one of the most delightful messages received in the mail recently. It contained two big attractions—a picture of her "dear little dimpled darling" Marilyn Jean and a charming poem dedicated to this bright bit of humanity by Jean's grandmother. The opening lines, "Dear little one, so soft and pink, Dearest of all in the world we think," reveals the devotion of this loving grandmother to the wee one. Gladys declares that it was the coming of the LEAVES that very morning, which prompted her to send a message back to Lasell. She writes that Sunday Edith Abbott Brace '19, her husband and daughter called, adding "Edith has a very pret-

Roommate: When I was a child I had the measles and nearly died.

2nd Ditto: I always was unlucky.

ty home in West Hartford and we see each other quite frequently." She further declares she thinks of us often even though she does not write. We are grateful to Gladys for the dear message, photograph and poem, we certainly are holding her in constant and loving remembrance.

In a recent note our former instructress, Florence Dudley, gratefully acknowledges a copy of the LASELL LEAVES. She adds, "Although I am not at Lasell I am interested in the school and the girls and have always been grateful for my three years there." She further adds, "It was delightful to return to Lasell for little visits, every one has been so kind to me." "He who would have friends must show himself friendly." Perhaps this may explain the cordial welcome to which Florence so kindly refers.

Beth Nowell '25 is not forgetting us and sends an enthusiastic postal to Mrs. Winslow recently from Florence, Italy, declaring that she is enjoying each day so many wonderful things. She speaks of our principal's and Mrs. Winslow's pretty Christmas card and appreciates their commendation of the 1925 Year Book. Old girls will remember with pride that Beth was the editor-in-chief.

Mr. Bridger, father of our Phyllis Bridger '26, was recently a guest at Lasell and seemed to appreciate the cordial welcome given him by the students.

One of our present new girls spent the weekend recently with Julia Kittredge '19, and reports that our Julia is a bookkeeper at the Massachusetts Agricultural College and enjoys her work very much. I wonder if the readers of the LEAVES knew that last year Julia and one of her friends spent seven months touring in the Middle West and South. She sends the good news that she expects to return to Lasell for Commencement time.

Betty Oppel '26 was made happy recently by a visit from her mother. Mrs. Oppel seems to share the spirit of true loyalty in her attitude toward Lasell.

Virginia Wood '26 was made thrice glad and Lasell rejoices in her gladness over the coming

of her mother who arrived at Lasell in time to enjoy the concert in which her daughter did her part so well. Mrs. Wood is herself a musician and so was doubly fitted to appreciate the creditable work of our concert program.

One of the unusual and especially enjoyable chapel services recently was the morning when Mr. Harold Schwab so kindly treated us to a rich program on the organ, the closing number being a composition by our own Professor Henry Dunham.

Mrs. Charles F. Towne, our associate principal's wife, is at present wintering in Bradentown, Florida, where she is the guest of her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll F. Towne.

One of the recently received announcements is that of the engagement of our senior Dorothy Messenger '26 to Mr. Gordon Sparrell Heath. Dorothy's classmates, teachers and many of her schoolmates were favored in being guests at the Messenger home recently when the announcement was made in a most unique and attractive way. Dainty cakes decorated with heart shaped candies were tied upon a folded card, which, when opened revealed the names of the happy couple.

The decorations in the home might be described as a riot of roses and spring flowers and the most attractive one of all was the fair bride-elect, who received with her mother in the drawing room, while her girl friends graciously served delicious refreshments in the dining-room.

Those of us who have been several years at Lasell were delighted but not surprised to receive an announcement of the engagement of Annette Estelle Durkee '25 to Mr. Loran Garside Harvey. The personal editor has just received an announcement of the engagement of Josephine Curry '23 to John Dehls Warren. Our congratulations to these dear Lasell girls and their favored fiances.

Sad tidings have reached the Seminary from Painesville, Ohio, of the passing away of a former Lasell girl, Anna Gage Booth 1885-88. One of the Painesville dailies pays this touch-



ing tribute, "She was a dear friend, a loyal church worker and honored for her intense interest in the affairs of her family, friends and community at large. Mrs. Booth is survived by her husband and three sons. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to these bereaved friends.

Miss Grace Williams of Woodland is entertaining her aunt, Mrs. Marston, of Orleans, Vermont.

The Boston papers occasionally give a most valuable article from the pen of Clementina Butler 1879-1880, who is wintering in Mexico. While a keen observer of the political situation and naturally interested in the success of the special denomination which she represents, she has a friendly word of praise for all that is fine and deserved in this land of her adoption.

This message came to one of "Casey's" Lasell admirers recently. It was so bright and characteristic that the personal editor has decided to print it (without permission). From Atlantic City she writes, "I am enjoying a wonderful week here with my family. I do not believe there is a thing on the 'Boardwalk' I have missed. Love from 'Casey' (Harriette Case '22) 'G' of the 'Gee-Whiz' Corporation." Incidentally we remark that the other member of the firm is our Dorothy Merwin '23.

Here's to you! Real "little white doves" and "baby brothers two." Lasell's loving welcome to each one and congratulations to your parents. On December 30, 1925, Ralph Armond Lind, Jr., arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lind (Helen Cornelia Hart '18). Our next announcement comes from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison (Muriel James '20) telling us the good news about little Joanne Morrison, born February 25, 1925. A day later, February 26, 1926, a new guest arrived to gladden the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. James H. Rough, Jr. (Edna Crane '17), the name of the new guest being Willis Crane Rough. On the first day of March Patricia Sue Schweitzer came to delight her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Serge S. White (Thelma Schweitzer '22), of Leipsic, Ohio.

We were made thrice glad recently by learning through our principal and his wife that the dear senorita herself, Rosenda Cabrera '17, is now in New York City, having arrived recently from Mexico. In her letter she speaks of visiting over the telephone with Hazel Brady '17, and declares, "We talked about school days and friendships and I was sorry to learn that the New York Lasell Club had just had its Annual Luncheon which I was really anxious to attend. I regret missing this opportunity of meeting dear friends and hearing more about the great progress of our Alma Mater." She expressed her appreciation of the courtesies extended by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to her sister Elena who was visiting recently in Auburndale. Rosenda declares she is obtaining a position as an English Spanish stenographer in New York and possibly may go to St. Louis later. She closes this courteous message with the words, "From Mexico I am bringing many regards from my brother and from my niece Maria Cabrera 1918-19, who returned to Mexico last October from Europe. It is too bad that we are only two Lasell girls in Mexico City, otherwise we could have a Lasell Club." With cordial greetings to all she closes her message with the good promise that we may see her soon at Lasell.

## JOKES

Miss Nichols: Mac, what is zinc?

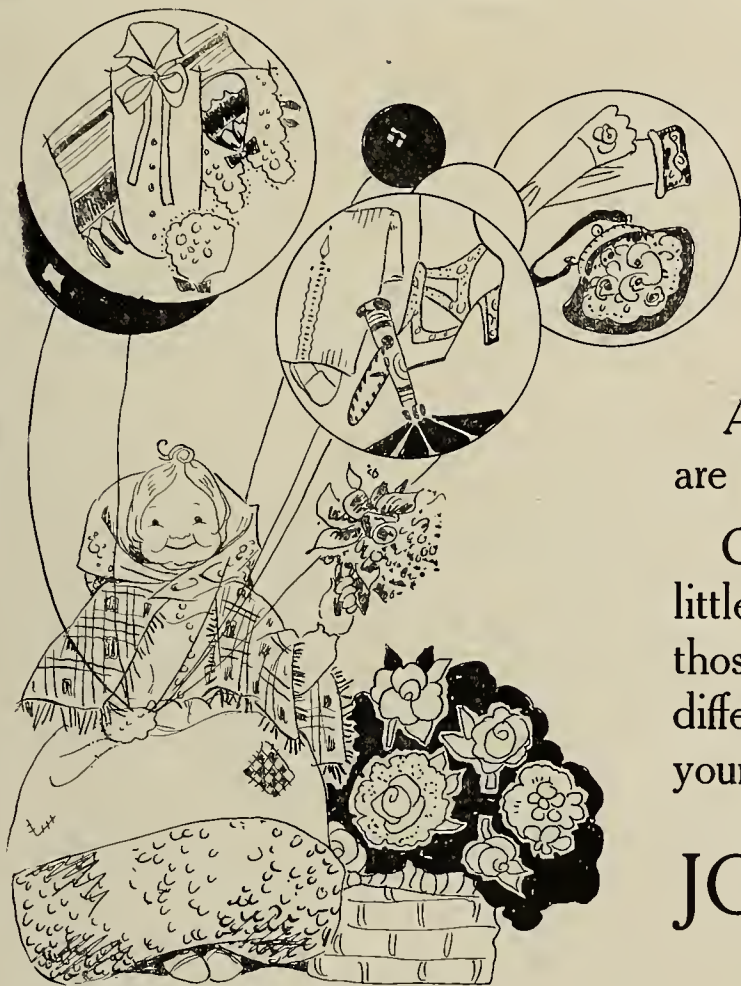
Mac: That's the French pronunciation for think.

The Poet: Dash it—I can't find that sonnet anywhere, Eustace must have thrown it in the fire.

His Wife: Don't be absurd, Algernon, the child can't read.

She: She has a lot of poise, hasn't she?

He: Yes, avoirdupois!



## SIGNS OF CERTAIN SPRING

Already dear familiar indications of Spring are on the streets.

Already, too, other signs of Spring are in the Misses' Sections.

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Young Man: I wish you would, old man. I'm not making much headway.

Young Kid: Auntie they made me draft clerk at the bank today.

Auntie: Oh, that's nice—what do you do? Open and shut the door?

Customer: Do you really think sardines are healthy?

Grocer: Well, I never heard one complain.

A French tutor's ad in an English paper: "A young Paris man desires to show his tongue to classes of English gentlemen."

A miracle:

Frank Clark, workman on the two-story building being erected by the Merchants National Bank, fell four stories to the pavement this morning.

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Horrified Mother: "Oh, no!"

Little Boy: "Yes, truly I did."

Mother: "Are you sure it was a flea?"

Boy: "I don't know, mummie, I couldn't see its face."

Mr. E. J.: What can you tell me about nitrates?

Betty: Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates.

Traf: D'you know, the other day someone mistook Miss Hemmeon for me? (Musingly) I'm always mistaken for someone with brains.

Bob W. and Dot, simultaneously and incidentally impressing it: Yes! mistaken!

During a test to be corrected by the girls. Hist of Art Student, "How long do you want the answers to be, Miss Stewart?"

Miss Stewart, "Make them brief, the shorter they are the easier it will be for your neighbor to see them."

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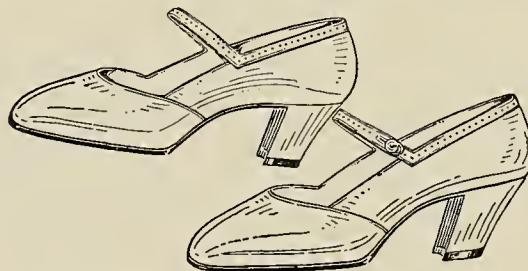
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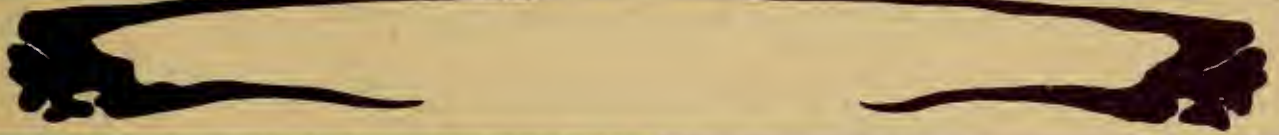
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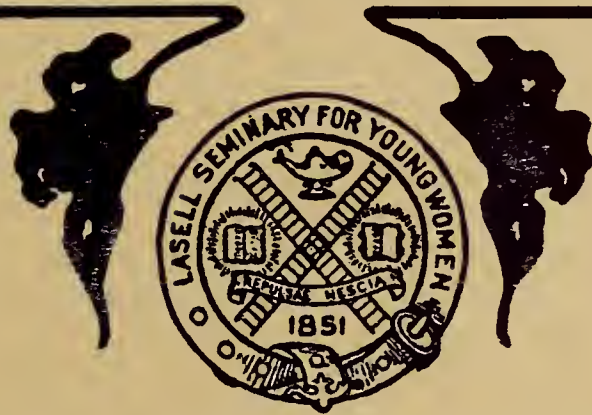
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Vol. XXXXXI

No. 7

APRIL, 1926



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# LASELL LEAVES

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BOSTON, MASS.



## A SACHEL OF VALUE

It was night in the small mining town of Sanborn. The wintry winds swept down from the hills in mad fury, tearing in and about the dark houses, rattling the very foundations, and causing a venturer against these elements to fasten his coat more snugly, and pull his hat more firmly over his brows. Overhead, fragments of clouds raced across the sky, blotting out for an instant the blinking and ever-wakeful stars that shone brilliantly on this cold November evening.

Along the main street bordered by sullen and gloomy buildings, walked a man who to the casual observer might have seemed a most ordinary person, but upon a second and closer glance he could be seen awkwardly concealing a heavy satchel. He appeared to be extremely nervous; his gait was unsteady and he continually looked back over his shoulder. Finally when he had reached the very outskirts of the village and the houses became more scattered, he turned in at the path of a small square shack, and opening the door he entered, watching all the time for any follower, but seeing none he swiftly closed and bolted the door and deposited the dubious looking satchel on a table in the darkness, and then hastened to light a lantern. The dim mellow rays revealed a room that served as kitchen, living-room and dining-room combined. Enveloped in shadows of a farther corner were a stove, a row of shelves with musty dishes, and a sink. In the opposite corner by the feeble rays could be seen a bunk built into the wall, a few chairs, and in the center a rectangular table covered

by a red and white checkered cloth. The room showed signs of a man's housekeeping, but was passably neat with the exception of some clothes thrown over the chairs, and shoes strewn around the floor.

The man paused for an instant by the table. He looked to be nearly thirty, tall and lean, hollow and sunken-eyed. There were haggard lines about his mouth; hunger and starvation had left their traces. Then feverishly he unbuckled the strap that held the bag and turning it upside down, dumped the contents on the table. The shining glint of metal, smooth green bills, papers and documents all fell in a huge heap, the gold and silver pieces clinking noisily as they came. These the remnants of a bank safe. A greedy covetous look came into the dark eyes, one of contemptuous satisfaction.

"Ha!" he whispered hoarsely, "Now will I die in hopeless poverty? Now will I starve in desperation? No, by God, I'll fool 'em all!" And with that he strode to the cupboard, grabbed a bottle, and after having knocked off the top he took a great gulp, set the bottle on the table with a bang, and slouched into the nearest chair to gloat over his booty. Soon he was up again for another swallow, and irresistibly drawn to the great pile.

"They won't find out 'til Monday," he muttered, "an' tomorrow I kin make an easy get-a-way over the border. It's as simple as—" and he finished with a long draught of the fiery liquid that burned his throat and stomach. "This'll be a pretty fine haul for the first time. Didn't know 'twas so easy.



Might a tried it before." He looked once again. Strange and uncanny darts of light that hurt his eyes seemed to play in and out among the metal pieces. They glittered so that he was forced to look away. When he turned back, these bright shafts shot out at him and taunted him. The bills and documents suddenly seemed to have eyes, thousands of peering eyes.

"What'n——!" he exclaimed and commenced nervously to pace the floor. Soon he sat down but was up again for a drink. Back and forth, down, and then up again, now he was muttering incoherently, but occasionally was heard:

"Easy—Lord, yes—I needed it—gotta have it—want a start—won't drink after this—God!—they kin have it—no, I want it." Back and forth, down and up he went.

Was he hearing without knowing it, the eternal laws that reign about him? Was he undergoing the presence of his soul and of his destiny? Did he know that all the powers of this world were watching in his room like attentive servants? And was there yet a divine spark that faintly glowed within as he staggered to and fro, to and fro?

The defiance left his voice, conflicting emotions tore his heart into shreds. Half delirious he suddenly called out, shrieked, and then—awful silence. He stiffened back against the wall, flung his arm before his eyes as if to shut out a vision. He cringed and then—fell sobbing into a chair.

In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn, in the hush of all sleeping things a lone person dragged himself along the main street of Sanborn wearily carrying a heavy satchel. To a casual observer he might have seemed as some all-night reveller returning to his quarters, but upon a second and closer glance there could be seen a quiet air of resignation about him as he weakly plodded along. Finally when he had reached the very center of the town, he paused before a two story brick building, stared a minute at the sign, "National Bank," climbed the steps to the doorway and sank in a great pitiful heap.

*Charlotte Russell.*

### BACCHANTE

She dances

A mad, gay bacchante,  
Purple blossoms in her hair,  
Her light feet stirring violets  
That have long lain hidden there.

The moon

Makes a silver circle  
In the dark depths of the lake,  
The waters cast up a reflection  
And shadows over her break.

I wish

I could be a bacchante  
And dance by a full silver moon:—  
But when the moon grows slender—  
Like a cup to hold up tears—  
As the gleam in the waters reflected,  
I would disappear. *H. Owen.*

### JAPAN

Japan is known as a land "strangely fair and bright," the "first to catch the radiance of a brightest sunrise," in all the world.

And America is known as a great land of the sunset. Here I am all alone.

What a great change it is! from the land of sunrise to the great land of the sunset.

Sunset and twilight; it sounds lonely and solitary to me.

Morning and evening;

What a difference between them! When I was in Japan, I used to get up before sunrise and climb up the tower and watch the day break, quietly and solemnly.

Its first radiance made my spirit pure, and led my thoughts to my Lord.

It rose from the edge of the skies and shone upon us with its first radiance.

All the lights of houses and workshops and streets faded away before the greater light ashamed of their earthly dimness, and the sun shone brightly with its pride upon all the nations, rich and poor, which enjoyed it and welcomed it.

The work of the day began under the light, joyously and earnestly.

But when the end of the day came with its sweet repose, all the nations hailed and praised its grace.

The sun went down to the western sea; giving out the last rays toward us, painting all the sky, brilliantly and softly, with its wonderful color, and the people who loved nature's beauties would admire it and were pleased with the special favour.

Now I am dwelling in a little room on the fourth floor that has only one window at the north part, so the sun can never come in. And I miss the glorious sunrise here, what a pity!

But I saw a splendid sunset once, in the land of sunset.

Crimson and scarlet, like a round ball, the sun was seen hanging on the naked trees on the hills afar.

I never saw such a big round sun. "It is about one foot around." I thought, for in Japan though it is cloudy, none can see the sun with their eyes; it is so bright and shiny.

And the sky was painted red with the rays and it spread above, pink and light purple and faded in blue.

*Haru Tokito.*

---

#### A POEM

To write a poem was my intent,  
By fitting meter, feet and rhyme,  
But many an hour have I spent,  
Alas! 'twas but a waste of time.

A "beautiful thought," my teacher said,  
"Expressed in beautiful words."  
And tho Poe, Wordsworth and Lowell I've read,  
The lines I write are absurd.

I gaze at the squirrel out in the snow,  
So pretty and blithe is he.  
But though he has a coat of fur  
Just think how cold he must be.

I watch the stars up in the sky  
Still I get no inspiration.  
The only vision before my eye,  
Is the thought of spring vacation.

*Andy Anderson.*

---

#### BOSTON AS SEEN BY A MILWAU- KEEAN

"There's so much good in the worst of them and so much bad in the best of them that it ill behooves any of them to talk about the rest of them," but Boston streets are so narrow! I

can't find the distinction between streets and sidewalks. I don't think there is any. There are people all over the streets and taxis all over the sidewalks, and when the whistle blows, cars just tear! I don't understand the traffic signals yet. There don't seem to be any rules. Just go or come as the whistle blows. And the streets! They all go one way, and always the wrong way!

But the restaurants and tea rooms and hotels just abound. And precious places to dance. Milwaukee doesn't have those. Nor theaters. One theater with a play runs one week, about two years after it leaves Broadway. That is the extent of theatrical affairs. So in the end, I guess they are about even. Milwaukee's wide, clean streets, smoothly run traffic, and beautiful parks, and Boston's theaters, tea rooms, hotels, and excitement. They are hard to choose between. Each has a claim of its own. Milwaukee's charm lies in its clean peacefulness—and yet it is a great city. Boston's lies in its joyous, youthful confusion—yet it is a century older, though far less modern in many respects than Milwaukee, often called a "model city."

*Lucy MacLeod,  
Edythe Howell.*

---

#### AN ODE TO MOTHER

Out of the night there comes a sound,  
The whir of humming wings,  
And over the quiet and ebony night  
The rays of a searchlight flings.

A long slim finger of scorn it seems  
There in the murky gloom  
Pointing straight and unerringly  
Toward the sound of that distant boom.

And down through that finger of light  
That points so proud and still  
There swoops a gleaming aeroplane  
Urged by a pilot's will.

A moment more it stays there.  
Poised and calm and serene  
Then off into the murky night  
Where 'tis no longer seen.

I like to think that my own soul  
Is like that aeroplane high,



And my mother's words the searchlight  
That points me to the sky.

And no matter how far I may wander  
In black doubt, despair or fear,  
My mother will never fail me,  
Her love is a beacon light dear.

God grant that I never fail her,  
This wonderful mother of mine,  
And grant, O dear Lord, I beseech thee  
That my beacon forever may shine.

*Rilla Silliman.*

### AD TO PROVERBS

1. Speed the parting guest—  
Time to retire.
2. In the spring a young man's fancy—  
Fifty-seven varieties.
3. All things come to him who waits—  
Eventually, why not now.
4. A thing of beauty is a joy forever—  
Keep that school girl complexion.
5. And thereby hangs a tale—  
Even your best friend won't tell you.
6. Out of sight out of mind—  
Kodak as you go.
7. Why don't you speak for yourself, John—  
And say it with flowers.
8. Necessity is the mother of invention—  
There's a reason.
9. The moving finger writes and having writ  
moves on—  
No parking here.
10. When a man marries his troubles begin—  
Ask the man who owns one.
11. Fools' names and fools' faces are often  
seen in public places—  
It pays to advertise.

*Jean Vickers*

### YIPPY—A STREET WAIF

The alley full of dirt and scum  
Where few sunbeams ever stray,  
And men are beasts half-crazed with rum  
Almost throwing life away.

It was in such a place as this  
That our Yippy spent his youth.  
He never knew a Mother's kiss,  
And he never heard of truth.

Tho Yippy rarely went to school  
Yet he loved to read his books,  
The people said he was a fool,  
For he dreamed of flowers and brooks.

The years rolled by, and now we find  
Little Yippy quite a man;  
The people, too, have changed their mind—  
In the alley where he ran.

The dreams he dreamt of, day by day,  
Gave to him imagination.

"'Twas this," the critics all did say,  
"That produced his great creation."

*Barbara E. Tait.*

### DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON ON EDUCA- TION

as reported by a 20th Centuryer

The setting sun had cast a somber shadow over the whole of London, and the fast settling fog added to the picturesqueness of the occasion. The squeaking of carriage wheels which needed greasing, the barking of dogs, and the constant chatter of the multitudes of home-ward bound workers, relieved what might have eventually become a monotonous scene.

It was on such an evening as this that I had occasion to visit the club, the retreat of many a tired business man after his day at the office. Some were enjoying their eternal smoke, others were lolling in big, black, comfortable leather chairs reading the evening news, and still others were indulging in conversation as they had their evening drink.

My attention was suddenly attracted to a group of men who were gazing intently at I knew not what, but they seemed so very much interested that I soon made it my business to discover the cause of their intense interest. I quietly joined the group, and to my surprise I found them absorbed in the conversation of two men seated in their midst.

The first was a man of big build, on the athletic type, whose cheeks were deeply scarred, and whose features were distorted apparently from some malady. He was stretched out comfortably in a large chair, with his legs crossed in a friendly manner. It was my good fortune to arrive just as he was talking, and

I heard the loud puffs he gave after each of his remarks, as though he were giving out a breath. But on close observation I realized that it was just his manner.

Despite his queer personage he was an admirable man and extremely fascinating in his conversation. I do not remember the full particulars of his discourse with a certain James Boswell, but I shall attempt to reproduce his thoughts.

"James, you have asked me my opinion as to the value of education, but that question has such a wide scope, such a large field, that I hardly know where to begin."

"But, Samuel, I wish to know whether or not you consider education essential for success. You went to college, and now do you think that it has helped you to any great extent in your life's work?"

"Yes, assuredly. To me there is nothing so valuable to the success and happiness of a life as education. It should be preached in all the homes, the necessity of it instilled in the minds of all. Homes, that is, if they are able, should be equipped with the best of libraries, for good books are the initial moulds for the minds of young people. With an education one need never feel that he is *'de-trop,'* for he has raised himself from the nonentity class and is prepared to associate with any one."

Having said this, Johnson took a cup of tea, which had been unnoticed on a table before him during the conversation, and drank it voraciously. With a loud guffaw he rubbed his sleeve across his mouth, and before continuing the conversation called for more tea and biscuits.

Seeing that Johnson was ready, Boswell again continued:

"Yes, you are quite right about that, Johnson, but do you think that every occupation needs an educated person at the head? Take, for instance, a ditch digger. What use would he have for this education you speak of?"

"The class you speak of, Boswell, I have a personal sorrow for, as I consider them very unfortunate. Perhaps with an education they would not be compelled to labor at such a task. But do not misunderstand me! By no

means do I consider their work not worth while. They are honest and conscientious as far as their work is concerned, but you understand that I mean some could have engaged in more worldly pursuits, had they not been at a disadvantage. Yes, I say some, because you know yourself that there are some people, who with all the advantages possible, would make nothing of themselves, because they do not possess the spirit of fight and win. Perhaps I have a sacred regard for books and education because of my childhood. Books were my constant companions when I was a child, and my family had an exceptionally hard struggle sending me to college for three years. So perhaps I realize, more than I would have otherwise, that I had to get the most out of it, for I do think you get out of life what you put into it."

"Johnson, you have opened some new thoughts for me to pursue. I am going to study human nature more closely, to see if education and learning give them quite the mark of distinction that you say it does. Oh, I know you realize that there are exceptions to all rules, and I shall not study the exceptions as closely as the others, but as an experiment I think it will prove interesting. And, Johnson, perhaps this conversation will give me some thoughts for one of my more serious works."

"I am very pleased if I have helped you in any way, and always try to remember, Boswell, that money, friends, position and social prestige can be taken away at any minute, but education and learning are lasting factors that can never be taken from you. But here, let me be off, for I had quite forgotten an engagement to call on the Thrales. Perhaps I will be able to explain matters satisfactorily. I wish you gentlemen a kind good evening, and you, Boswell, I should enjoy another talk with you sometime."

With these last words, he unfolded his legs, rose from his chair with many puffs and an enjoyable awkwardness, and with one last shake of his head, he was off to keep his appointment.



His departure called forth much discussion, for those that had remained silent during his conversation were now free to talk as they would. They watched Johnson as he left the Club door, carrying a huge cane typical of his type, and they spoke with love and admiration for this queer and interesting character.

*Hazel Schaeffer.*

---

### TO THE BROOK

Far from the small village NishiTappu,  
At the foot of the hills  
That border a different world,  
And keep the mystery of the pasture,  
There the gentle brooklet runs.

I know not where did it come from,  
And not to where it runs.  
But at the corner of the hills  
Where a field spreads before,  
Covered with the green shade,  
I heard the soft murmur it sang.

How humbly did it flow  
On the bed of the common sand,  
Singing the gentle tune all the while  
And the birds that live on the high tree,  
Often would come and play with it,  
And the brook was kind to them.

And now on my couch I lie  
And thinking of the past,—'twas free,  
Hearing the sweet song the birds sing.  
Down from my window, on the tree  
I remembered the brooklet timidly sang.  
Ah! that was only half a year ago!  
And this is a dull gray winter's noon.

I found myself in a deep muse—alone.  
And I cannot keep from thinking of you!  
Are you still running the same way?  
Down in the ice and the heavy snow, now?  
Singing the same tune you sang, to me?

*Haru Tokito.*

---

### HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever  
In an ambitious moment  
Said to yourself, "I've an idea  
For a perfect story—"  
And sat down with pad and pencil  
To write furiously for an hour or so  
And when you've finished five or six pages  
Decided to read it to mother

And have her criticise it?

Of course you wouldn't admit even to yourself  
That it's praise you want and praise you'll get.

For you've a feeling that it's pretty good,  
That story of yours.

So in to Mother you go and start reading  
And you swallow the bad sentence structures  
Tell her—I'll fix that when I copy it  
And so on 'til the end.

Then—just as the last word comes out  
In pops that fond brother of yours,

With—"Say, you think you're some writer—bah!  
And just how do you think you're going to fix  
All those different places when you copy it.  
Then Mother says, "Now, now Jim (or Bob or what-  
ever his name may be)

Your sister's story is just fine,  
There are a few places that need touching up,  
But——"

And that fond brother dashes out with,  
"That's it, Mother, baby her.

Humph, if she thinks that'll go in the school maga-  
zine——"

And you leave the room  
Feeling that maybe you could do better,  
But—Mother said it was fine,  
Well—maybe you could make it finer.

Then comes the call for dinner  
And somehow with dinner goes your inspiration  
And the story later finds its habitation  
In the basket.

Well—have you?  
So have I.

*D. Draper.*

---

### I'D JUS' LIKE TO KNOW

Grownups always call cats "kittens,"  
And gloves with just one finger "mittens."  
They say "puppy" for a little dog,  
And a lump of tree they call a "log."

Two mice they always call a "mice,"  
And think that that sounds very nice;  
But I don't think it does at all—  
It sounds so very—well, highbrow!

The radio they say just "squeaks"  
When I should think that it really "speaks."  
And yet the teakettle always "sings"  
When it's feeling happy and bubbling things.

I can't tell the dif'rence 'twixt "mouse" and "mice,"  
For it sounds jus' 'zactly like "spouse" and "spice,"  
But I'd jus' like to know—for it's all like a dream—  
Why the Grownups never say what they mean?

*Dorothy Messenger.*

## RESPONSIBILITY

Responsibility is truly an asset worth possessing. And how many people are able to number it among their cherished possessions?

It, like a good many things, is a habit. Developed in early life it is not a difficult accomplishment, but in later life it is a habit acquired only through main force, effort on the individual's part that often seems vain and fruitless. The victim of too lenient and often indulgent parents has a difficult struggle. He gets out into the all too cold world where he is dependent upon himself almost exclusively and where others are often dependent upon him, knowing next to nothing about responsibility. He hardly knows what it means. How sad! How much easier it would be for him if in childhood he had had responsibility placed upon his shoulders. Very little at first, but always in ever increasing amounts.

Are we wrong in saying that men and women ought to be trained for parenthood? We think not. One often hears a fond parent say that inasmuch as she had to do such and such things when she was young she is not going to make her children repeat her struggles. How blind! She doesn't realize that those little home tasks are the very things that made her what she is. Many make this mistake.

"I never let V—— do a thing around the house because I used to have to do it and I hated it so much."

This same V—— doesn't know the meaning of responsibility other than a good dictionary definition. She is a splendid gossip. That is too bad, not only for the good of her community but for her own self.

The home is the place wherein to get one's first experience in responsibility. Each child should have certain duties to perform,—yes, even if there is hired help,—and be made to know that those duties would be done by none other than himself and that they must be done.

In school, too, there is a wide field for the teaching and practice of responsibility. Teachers too often attempt to pound into the minds of children the prescribed material that comes

from between the covers of books, and then entirely neglect to even mention the desirable asset, but also a necessary one,—it is necessary if one wishes to advance to succeed. A man able and willing to assume responsibility will invariably hold such a position. Responsible people are always in demand to carry on the work of the world; there is always a place for them. And the earlier in life children are made to realize this fact and are made to assume responsibility the easier their adult life will be.

---

### GOD

Not in the tones of the organ,  
Nor voices raised in song,  
Not even the words of the Bib'e  
Can bring me the spirit called God.

But the light of a stained glass window  
Fallen on grey grounds  
And flowers on an altar cloth—  
These have brought me God.

*Helen Owen.*

---

### BABY

Dark brown eyes  
Soft fluffy hair,  
She is my dream girl  
So dainty and fair.

Warm little hands,  
Bright little smile,  
She is my baby,  
My own fairy child.

*Helen Morrell.*

---

### SPRING

I dreamt of days with gay plumed birds  
And budding trees and things;  
I dreamt of rosy colored clouds  
And the earthly smell of spring.

I dreamt of hours beside cool brooks  
And fields of golden flowers;  
I dreamt of laughing sunny days  
And warm refreshing showers.

I dreamt of all these lovely things,  
And my heart with joy did fill;  
But to awake and find that it  
Was hard cold winter still.

*Helen Morrell.*





## YOUTH IN RELIGION

When we are children we believe almost everything any one tells us. Santa Claus does not cease to become a god until certain incongruities of explanation arouse our suspicions. When we realize that he is a myth, we begin to question other things—like the little boy, who, when told “there is no Santa Claus,” said that there could be no God either. His childish mind reasoned only in so far as, since they had once told him there was God and Santa Claus, and now denied Santa Claus, then there certainly could be no God.

There develops a tendency then to believe only what can be seen. Haven't you ever said, “Huh, I don't believe you! Show me?” What happens when there is no visible existence, no material proof? A disbelief that is hard to shake.

With that disbelief comes a seeking after proofs to back up certain conclusions—and in this modern material world they are not hard to find. I say proofs to back certain conclusions—I mean trying to show that there is no spiritual force, that one's mind is the controlling force. And never before has the mind of youth had such an opportunity for training. But the spiritual side is neglected. Because it is intangible, it is surmised not to exist. Such particular emotions can be explained better by psychology. And all modern miracles are explained by science.

Why, then, is it necessary to have a religion? Do advanced civilizations need to have a faith of childlike simplicity in a God that to a material world does not exist? Certainly

the churches, which are shrines to the religion they profess, do not influence the youth to a sure substantiated belief; then, is there such a thing? What is religion anyway?

I believe the answers to these questions will find themselves in the generation that completes its quest. Today our “modern youth,” when it gives time to serious thought, tries to find the answer to the wondering why. Recently conventions have been held of youth, chiefly from colleges, to discuss religion. They have a faith there is a God—but where? Or is that imagination?

Youth cannot today accept the unshaken belief of their parents. Perhaps it is better so. A religion is sure to be stronger if it withstands a test, and none other has been put to such experiment. Will it survive? Because Christianity has lived for nineteen hundred years does not necessarily mean it will live forever. Because it envelops over half the world does not mean there will be no other.

But in reviewing all the principles of Christianity, we find that they encompass the good in all other religions and more; that its founder not only led a life superb and unequalled by men, but that He had the broad-mindedness and views of our modern day, and a deeper insight far beyond our understanding; it has been the solution of a life most beneficial to mankind, and it is a religion that may grow as the world progresses; that Christianity, the embodiment of love, will give the truest happiness.

Youth—when it arrives at conclusions that will satisfy wondering doubts, when it has

proven and answered questions—then its belief will be the more firm and stronger than the belief of those who accept good and bad alike without hesitation. I believe youth will insure religion.  
—*Victoria Jackson.*

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### OPEN FORUM

We, the students of Lasell, are a part of the generation to be. Yes, we have so nearly arrived at the age when we must assume the entire responsibility of ourselves and of certain others, that we can hardly say the generation to be, but rather this generation now at hand. Are we fully prepared to step out into this bigger life and uphold our ideals and bear these responsibilities? If not, we must begin to prepare today and not tomorrow for tomorrow may mark the last of our days of dependence and the beginning of our lives of independence. This step must not be a sudden blow to us. It must come gradually as a natural sequence of events. But unless we feel it coming and begin now to take part and share in the problems of life we shall be engulfed in the vastness of an unknown region when once we have crossed the threshold.

Problems are always presenting themselves for solution, especially to those elders of ours on whose wisdom we rely. Soon we are to be numbered among the elders and certainly we hope our wisdom will be such that it can be safely relied upon. In clubs, social gatherings, and family life serious questions are ever being discussed. A sane person with a trained, thoughtful mind is not at all dismayed when called upon. In the club he is capable of presenting his point of view in a calm, impressive manner. His associates listen and receive his ideas with respect. Poise, however, cannot be acquired without practice. We come to school that we may be the better prepared to cope with that period of our lives when we bear the responsibilities of society. Do we receive this training?

We are now at an age when our thoughts are undergoing a transitional stage. We are beginning to feel the pressure of the right

and wrong of various questions. We waver and do not know what stand to take. Once we did not care, mainly because they were not questions for us to care about. But now we feel the pressure of society and we must take some stand.

This development has been evidenced in our recent discussions in chapel. It is clearly seen that we have a certain desire to display the dignity of our years. These meetings were conducted in a most dignified manner. The arguments displayed true thought, and sincerity was in the heart of every speaker. But only a few took part in these discussions; not, I am sure, because the rest did but because they lacked the courage. Then, too, there was so little time our arguments were drawn together into hasty conclusions. However, for the time given us we have shown that an open forum appeals to the minds of us all and prompts an honest expression of our ideas, ideas which are not only beneficial to ourselves, but to those who have to deal with us, and in consequence must understand us.

Problems pertaining to school administration, school life, and social life are ever before young people. They puzzle over them, and discuss them with their friends, but they need the opinions of others. These questions are often important and are puzzling us all. They should be discussed in open forum where there is opportunity for every student to state the ideas which come to his mind. Perhaps she will be against the point at issue, but all the formalities of a debate will be abolished and she will honestly and frankly state anything she may see in its favor. Here we will be able to drink in the opinions of all our fellow students, and if any of the faculty wish to lend a helping hand I am sure we shall be more than grateful for their ideas. New rules about to be brought before the vote of the faculty might be discussed by us, and they would be present to hear our discussion. They would leave the meeting knowing our sentiments, and would then be more competent to vote on those rules which are to govern us. However, we are not aiming to influence our



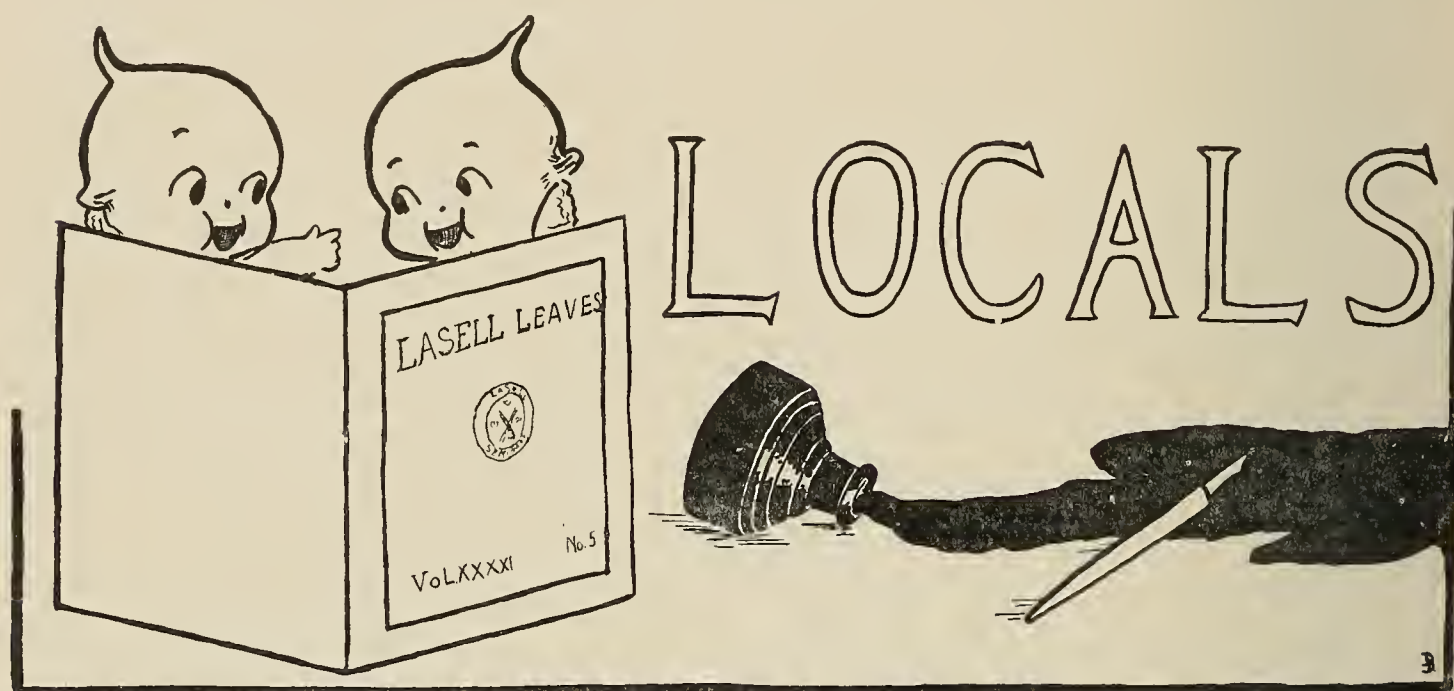
faculty but to influence ourselves, and, perhaps, even to be influenced by them. We are aiming for a better understanding of ourselves and of others, and we hope to attain this by means of an open forum.

These meetings could be held at a definite time and at definite intervals. In order that every one will feel free to suggest topics,—for only then will our forum be a success,—we might provide a box into which they can

drop these suggestions and from these the subjects for discussion can be chosen. They will then be posted before the meeting is held in order that ideas can be formulated and worth while, thoughtful arguments presented.

There is nothing greater than the ability to clearly discuss subjects which present themselves and nothing more needed than that these serious problems should be freely and sanely discussed.

*Jeannette Smith.*



March 12—This evening Christian Endeavor was held in the form of a Lenten Service, Dr. Wood of the Episcopal Church in Auburndale speaking. Such helps these messages ought to be to us.

March 13—Noon—in the dining room—a great atmosphere of suppressed excitement—Seniors always doing queer things, walking down the middle of the room talking—two get up and start—for the stairs to catch a train. The Juniors heave a sigh—then—a scraping of table legs—look!—At the other end a mob of the Seniors pushing madly two tables toward each other—S C R R R A P E—B U M P! And—“we have taken our tables—for we Seniors were able”—Slow? Say not so!

The Juniors recovered sufficiently to gather themselves together and attend a jolly party

given to them by their sister class, the Freshmen, and a merry time did they have indeed!

March 14—As a means of strengthening our faith, Rev. Brewer Eddy, in the vesper service at the Congregational Church delivered a fine talk on the Lenten season. “Science is going bankrupt to prove there isn’t a God,” he said, and his address was full of deep thoughts and ideas such as that. Partnership with Christ was his big, main idea.

March 15—This evening all hungry ones had to walk for their dinner “progressively” from Senior house to Senior house, but—oh, what food! The Progressive Dinner given by the Senior Class for the benefit of the Endowment Fund drew forth the Lasell population to partake of such.

March 19—Etta Williams led Christian Endeavor and gave us a very helpful message.

After this meeting we gathered in the chapel to listen to a most interesting stereopticon lecture given by Mr. Spooner. The anecdotes concerning the sea and those who fish in its depths, colored this talk with bits of humor, causing us to enjoy it immensely.

March 20—More festivities! The Juniors were royally entertained by the Seniors at a dance in Woodland and once again the couples swing around to the tune of the orchestra, a merry crowd indeed.

March 21—Rev. Douglas Horton challenged our powers of thought in vespers by asking "What makes a person great?" His theory was "If a man ask you to go one mile with him, go with him twain"—a great challenge, indeed.

March 25—In our short morning chapel hour we were told by Miss Stone of the whereabouts of our missionary gifts and we were satisfied to know we had made so much happiness in the hearts of the needy ones.

#### "DEESTRICT SCHOOL NO. 23"

So Faculty are human after all! This unknown trait was discovered in their recent performance of "Deestrect School, Number 23." Their superb acting kept the more than appreciative audience in a continuous uproar from first to last.

When the curtain was raised on the first scene—and such a scene—we discovered that that great wad of gum was shuffling around the stage with no other than Walter Amesbury in the character of a janitor, a hysterically funny lazy gum-chewing janitor. And then the grand entré of Elinor Stearns, the beloved teacher of District School 23. Yes, tight bodiced dress—funny little hat representing a flower garden—and hair twisted in Jiggs and Maggie fashion. And then, and only then were we allowed an insight into the lives of the teachers as they used to "was."

Never did we believe that rabbit bedecked rompers could be worn so daintily by Earl Ordway, nor that a henna coiffure could be so enticing on Ma'mselle Jennie nor that Constance Blackstock could flit so airily and daintily across the stage in the form of a

"fairy" rewarding the good woodsman, Grace Austin, nor did we think that Cleo's voice was so powerful as to frighten herself and the motley crew of underclassmen. Nellie and her twin sister, Jean, Refugio and Hugio, the temperamental Spaniards, and Margaret Dale, Gene McTaggart, Doris Boothby, Ruth Nice, and Hulda Laird. As for "Bug-bears," well Ellen Hemmeon took the cake.

The Excursion to Lexington and Concord under the excellent but noisy supervision of Carolyn Colton proved a huge success.



"DERE TEACHER"

The Friday afternoon's entertainment was graced by the presence of Lily Rose Potter, who gave a reading on Internâtionâl Politics,



and by Farmer Winslow and his musical family, who honored the audience with several selections. The appearance of the trustees marked the beginning of the end of a screamingly funny evening. Well—all that we could say, would never be sufficient to compliment our faculty on their huge success.

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

March 19—Mrs. McDonald represented Lasell and Woodland Park at the Arlington Junior High School College night. Thirty-five colleges and schools of higher education were represented.

March 20—Lona May Whitehead celebrated her tenth birthday by entertaining her classmates at luncheon and the theatre in Boston.

March 22—Under the auspices of the Society for the Preservation of Native New England Plants, Mrs. Crosby gave an instructive illustrated lecture to the Junior School.

March 24—All of us—even our Baby Claudia—attended the Faculty Play at Lasell. “It was much nicer than movies!”

March 26—All away for the Easter Recess! Hope Dunning of Bangor took Willa Van Patten (Cuba) and Mary Caldwell Klutz (Washington, D. C.) to her northern home to show them what Maine can do in the line of winter sports in April!

April 6—School reopened—every one on time but Mrs. McDonald, who stayed an extra week in Ottawa, Canada.

April 10—Our older group enjoyed the playettes given by the Dramatic Club at Bragdon Hall.

### MY PUPPY DOG

My puppy dog has mischievous eyes  
 His nose is black and cold,  
 He has a funny puppy whine  
 And a great big heart of gold.  
 My puppy's tail is short and stub  
 It wags in a friendly way;  
 He has an excited little trot  
 And frisks about all day.  
 My puppy dog no prizes has  
 Nor ancestors renowned  
 But still to him my praises be  
 And all my love unbound.



We know readers of the LEAVES will be quite as charmed as was the personal editor when reading this delightful bit from the pen of Mary Ann Miller '23, society reporter for the Miami "Herald." Let her speak for herself:

“It is a queer thing how Lasell girls will turn up at unexpected moments and in unexpected places. A planned meeting of friends is always one of life's keenest pleasures, but a chance meeting of girl chums has, I believe, even a sharper edge of enjoyment. Three months ago I came to Miami, with the other curious half of America and upon arriving, fell so in love with its delightful climate and easy atmosphere that I remained to work. I am one of the society reporters on the Miami Herald and it was through this position that I learned of a Lasell luncheon held March 23, at the Grayln Hotel. I read it on my assignment book for the day and rushed eagerly over to look for familiar faces, knowing that even if I didn't find one, I would find a charming and pleasing company. I was most fortunate, for I found both. Betty Mitchell, also of the class of '23, greeted me and introduced me to the other members present. Mrs. Cushing, '73, dear to the hearts of all Lasell girls, presided, and we had as our guest Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, whose splendid vitality and forceful personality will be remembered by you all. Others present were Mrs. James R. Thomas (Catherine Howe '22), Mrs. J. Paul Hamlin (Marguerite C. Houser '19) and Mrs. Charles Parker (Mabel Martin 1904-05). It has also been my good fortune to locate Eleanor Averill, who is spending the winter in Hollywood with her parents. For a week's time I

persuaded her that the day of the Miami working girl held more charm than the days of idling on the golf course and beach, but she remained true to her sub-division and has returned to Hollywood. And then as I was walking down jammed Flagler street the other day, I saw a face that looked familiar. I tried to look again, for that fleeting glimpse brought memories of No. 7 and the White Mountain trip of '23. I am positive it was none other than Mim Smith 1923-4, but by the time I had registered this fact in my startled mind she had disappeared in the mass of real estate salesmen thronging the streets. Teddy Harvey '25 is also in Florida; her home, however, is in Palm Beach and as I have only made one trip there, and that a very limited one, I have not seen her. I have that to look forward to when she comes to visit Miami, which I understand will be soon.

The Lasell Club will meet again the 12th of April, in a celebration of Mrs. Cushing's birthday and would be delighted to learn of any other of our girls who are now in this part of the country and who would be able to attend. Please give my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Towne and dear Miss Potter."

It seems quite in order to insert this message from "Mim" Smith which Miss Potter received recently and which verifies this good guess made by Mary Ann Miller. "Mim" sends this message from Miami, "Here we are—Mother, Phoebe and I, enjoying the warm weather—have been here since the 28th of January and I leave sometime the middle of April. I called on Teddy Harvey '25 at Palm Beach a week ago and was certainly disappointed not to find her at home. Hope to see Helen Landon 1923-4 in St. Petersburg. It is so good to see all the old Lasell girls. Am planning on going up Commencement—wouldn't miss it for the world—there is no place quite like Lasell."

One of the Easter cards received by the personal editor reads, "I hope to see you all in June. Am still busy doing "Y" work, but will play "hookey" a few days for my fifth re-

union. Best love. Mary Phipps '21." Lasell will give you a glad welcome, dear Mary.

Another Lasell girl writes of having had a very delightful winter in Florida, this time from Katherine Knox '24. "K" asks if we have had a pleasant winter and says she would surely like to see us all.

From New Orleans Helen Conger '21 sends this word, "I met Virginia Quarles' father in Havana and came up on the same boat with him. He said that Virginia '19 was fine, also Warren 1920-21. Had dinner last night in the most curious Creole restaurant in the French quarter. Had everything from crawfish soup to French pancakes." We might be somewhat alarmed at Helen's statement did we not remember that she has been specializing for some time in our Massachusetts General Hospital and of course knows how and when to draw the line.

A favored few at Lasell at Easter time received very beautiful Easter cards from Mr. Wm. T. Shepherd and Rebecca Shepherd '94. We especially appreciate the personal message from these loyal friends of Lasell.

In the midst of her busy vacation days at home "Pep" (Helen Schroer '24) took time to send a message to Miss Potter expressing in tender terms her thoughts of her Alma Mater and her Lasell friends still in residence. We are sorry to learn that Helen's father has not been very well, but have a feeling that her homecoming must have proved a panacea for this dear parent. Helen is one of our busiest of graduates and is just completing her course in the New England Conservatory besides being head of the student house in which she resides. We greatly appreciate her taking time to send such a beautiful message.

Our Miss Potter was delighted to receive a beautiful card with a loving line on it from Nell Jones Yeomans '05 at Eastertide and better still a promise of a letter soon to follow.

Marietta Chase Stedfast '24 dropped in for a short call recently and unfortunately the staff happened to be away, but greatly appreciated the dear note which Marietta took time to write expressing her regret at missing most



of her Lasell friends. There are few graduates who are more loyal to their school home than this same Marietta.

Miss Potter during her Washington trip hoped to have as her guests at luncheon in Philadelphia, Annie Merrill David '12 and Jennie Hamilton Eliason '04, but Annie was suffering from an unwelcome attack of tonsillitis which kept her at home. However, Jennie was kind enough to drop in for a little visit although unable to accept the hospitality of our Dean. Word has just been received from Mrs. David in which she expresses her regret at missing the meeting and adds, "I have just talked with Jennie and she said how much she enjoyed seeing you and what a nice group of girls you had with you." Annie closes her cordial message with, "Please give my love to everyone I know at Lasell," and adds, "Mildred Hall Leber '12 and her husband were here for the week-end of the 20th and the week before Marion Joslin Oppenheimer '12 stayed a few days with us while her husband was in Washington on business. I have not seen Marion looking as well since she was at Lasell. She is very well and happy with her husband and two beautiful children."

In Robinson Chapel, Boston University, there was held recently a memorial service to our beloved pastor, Dr. George S. Butters. Through the courtesy of his dear wife we have seen the unusual program and deeply regret that we were unable to share in this touching service. Dr. Elmer Leslie presided and the prayer was offered by Dr. Albert C. Knudson, recently elected dean of Boston University. Among the speakers known to Lasell were Dr. James A. Beebe, who gave the memorial address, while the Alumni tribute was given by Professor Earl Marlatt. We can well believe that these messages were unusually tender and inspirational knowing how sincerely these friends cherished their beloved leader.

Lasell girls who were at Lasell in 1889-90 will be sorry to learn of the death of Stuart Sage, the gifted son of Blanche Sage Green, who had served with honor during the war and had also won distinction in his chosen pro-

fession as an actor, having taken part in many well-known plays. In 1923 Mr. Sage went to England and at this time was surrounded by a very distinguished company of players including Marion Terry, sister of Ellen Terry, very well-known in the dramatic world. In October he was recovering from an attack of influenza and went to New York to see a specialist for an injection of serum which proved fatal. Lasell's sincerest sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and friends.

Miss Potter reports that during her days in Washington she had a very delightful conversation over the telephone with Alice Wardman 1911-13, who spoke with enthusiasm of her two dear children and also promised to get in touch with "Kitten" Carter Rasbach '15 and the two girls were if possible to call and bring with them their children. This well laid plan did not materialize, much to the regret of the personal editor. Miss Potter also called the Johns Hopkins Hospital and tried to get in touch with Phyllis Rowe '19 but was again disappointed. A similar attempt to get in touch with Catherine Worrall 1924-5 proved futile, as did a call for our Dr. Gordon, so well and gratefully remembered by Lasell girls of seven or eight years ago.

Miss Potter is still enthusiastically and gratefully remembering *that* "birthday surprise party." The surprise, however, like the party, was for her alone as the rest had been let into the happy secret. Was there ever such a birthday cake!! So generous that over two hundred had a share in it and so artistically decorated that many declared it to be the most beautiful cake ever seen. A dainty basket of delicate pastel shaded flowers all wrought in sugar, crowned the cake and resting here and there on the blossoms were butterflies so perfectly formed that one could easily believe that they were real. This creation was made by Lasell's own baker. The flowers so generously given represented the loving thoughtfulness of faculty and students alike and the birthday toast sung by the girls was in a way the most touching surprise of all. Our preceptress declares

that the loving kindness of her friends makes "growing old" easy and joyous.

This April number of the LEAVES records showers of blessings in more ways than one.

The marriage of Catherine Louise Puckett '23 and Mr. Jesse C. Neill took place in Birmingham, Alabama, on Thursday, March eleventh. Mr. and Mrs. Neill will reside at Claridge Manor, Birmingham, after April first.

March twenty-seventh was the wedding day of Doris Bissett '21 and Mr. Richard Fenker Bryant at Norfolk Downs, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamilton Lindsay announce the marriage of their daughter, Cassie Van Dusen, 1919-20, to Mr. John Parsons Williams on Saturday, April the third.

Mildred Harvey 1920-21 and Mr. Samuel J. Hughes were united in wedlock on Monday, the fifth of April, in Toledo, Ohio.

The engagement of Alice Elizabeth Batchelder '25 to Mr. William Edward Doten has just been announced. A card has just been received from Miriam Kent Flynn '12 telling us of her betrothal to Mr. Ernest Ferdinand Speth. Mary Eugenia Swift 1920-22 sends news of her recent engagement to Mr. Chester Eliot Lawrence.

The "Biddeford Journal" gives a most fascinating account of the recent wedding of Elizabeth Webber Tarr '22 to Mr. Albion M. Benton. Phyllis Bridger '26, who was one of the favored guests, declares that the wedding was indeed very beautiful. The maid of honor was Iverna Birdsall '22, one of Elizabeth's Lasell classmates.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Wesemann announce the marriage of their daughter, Adel, 1924-26, to Mr. John P. Foster on April first. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will reside at 3915 Pine Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Through the thoughtfulness of Cornelia Stone, '10, of Kankakee, we are in possession of a very charming program which was given in Kankakee last month, the musician being our own Frances Hunter 1915-16. The Kankakee press says some very complimentary things about the young artist, referring to her

as one of Kankakee's most gifted songsters, and the recital as one of distinct merit. We rejoice in the marked success of this dear Lasell girl and wish her Godspeed in her profession.

From Salt Lake City, Utah, comes the glad news of a little daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hogan (Leona Evans 1918-19).

Cherry Solar '26 brought back with her from the Easter vacation as her guest, her dear mother, who was good enough to tarry several days at Lasell and whom we have without permission made one of our honorary members.

Lorraine Whitley '30 was favored in having her dear mother accompany her back to Lasell and remain long enough to get a little acquainted—another delightful mother.

During the Easter vacation Maude Alice Herrick '27 had as her guests from her Western home, Miss Virginia Cook, Ione Hoover and Miss Sarah Bowsher. Seldom have we had guests who won our hearts as quickly as this dear trio. We sincerely wish we could have kept them with us. We were very much interested to find that one was the new sister-in-law of Helen Hansen 1924-25 from whom she brought loving messages to her friends at Lasell.

Again Dr. Winslow has very kindly shared his most recent message from Lenette Rogers '17, who certainly sets an example to other old Lasell girls in her kindness in sending interesting messages back to the school home. She writes in part, "Spring comes on apace in Belgium with quantities of flowers already in evidence, both in the field and in the parks. The weather is abominable with hail, sunshine, rain and snow all in one day, but I am told by the old-timers that that is typical for this month. Most of us here have reached a low ebb in research—the bugs ate up all my cultures last week and I had to begin again—but I suppose that is to be expected when it is so near Easter vacation. The secretary in the C. R. B. office says that as soon as the first flowers appear all the Fellows find some very urgent reason for study in Tunis or Switzerland or Holland



or some other country!!! Two weeks or so ago I went to Binche for the Mardigras, a carnival such as there is nowhere else in Europe. It is the kind you read about or see in the movies and wonder if the thing really exists. The streets, crooked and dirty as they are, are jammed full of people all in costume, all dancing, laughing and screaming, throwing anything that happens to be at hand. One is forced to wear a mask and a headgear of some sort for protection, for anyone not taking part in the antics of the crowd is a target for the entire population. We were hardly out of the train when we were most fearfully batted over the head with air bladders and we rushed to the nearest street vender for masks and paper hats. The procession in the afternoon was a magnificent affair. The costumes are handed down from generation to generation and the carnival means everything to the people who parade. A Belgian told me that if a person hasn't enough money to enter he will sell anything he has—a tailor would sell his sewing machine. The most beautiful costumes were those worn by the hunchbacks, a snapshot of which I have enclosed. The suits were of bright yellow flannel covered with patches of various colors. Around the neck, cuffs and bottom of the trousers were trimmings of beautiful white Binche lace. Very mellow-toned cow-bells hung from their waists and wooden shoes were on their feet. The hats were magnificent—tall, white affairs capped with long ostrich plumes, white or exquisitely dyed or tinted. Each man carried a basket in his hand filled with small oranges which he threw at the crowd when he was not dancing or clogging with his wooden shoes on the cobble stones. Each group of paraders was followed by a band and I assure you it was a most impressive sight. I have never seen such a rain of fruit. One of our party was hit in the head, another in the eye and all the consolation offered was the announcement that not long ago it was eggs which were thrown, but since the war they had become too expensive!!!” Lenette

closes with kind remembrances to all the friends she knows at Lasell and declares there won't be anybody left in this category if she does not get back soon. As we read her charming letter we wonder if she missed her calling. Certainly this specialist in botanical research has also another very marked gift in her power of delineation. We are grateful to our principal for sharing this charming message with the readers of the LEAVES.

The latest addition to our Lasell granddaughters' Folio of Snapshots is little Nancy Grimm, the daughter of Nancy Gifford Grimm '22. With the photographs came a very precious message from the mother telling of the united joy of the parents and grandparents over the coming of this blessed little child into their home. She closes her message with “I do not think we will see Lasell this year, but we want to come just as soon as we can for Nancy wants to look Lasell over for the future.”

Mrs. Towne has shared with us a touching and beautiful message which she received from Sally Barnum 1924-25 in which she speaks of the sudden passing away of her dear father. This letter contained a very attractive picture of Sally and her father and little niece, taken shortly before his death. Her tribute to this father is unusually fine, as she expresses herself, “I feel that he is only away for a little while and will come back to us. It seems ages since I was at your glorious school. How much it means to me no one will ever know. I have a very good position and am earning \$150.00 a month. I was sorry at the time that I did not finish at Lasell, but now I am glad for I had one wonderful year with father.” Our deepest sympathy goes out to this bereaved girl.

One of the unexpected and pleasant happenings on that Washington trip was the meeting with Dorothy Chase '23 on the steamer returning from New York. She was as attractive as ever and full of enthusiasm over her work. Dorothy is keeping house alone in New York and almost turned the entire company back by

promising to treat them to a fresh strawberry shortcake if they would only drop in at her New York suite.

### NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB

On Saturday, April 3, the New Haven Lasell Club held its Annual Luncheon at the Race Brook Country Club. The following is a list of those present:

Miss Potter, '80.  
 Mrs. Hooker,  
 Juliette Beach Barker, '13.  
 Glenna Bullis, '25.  
 Madeline Loomis Caldwell, 1916-18.  
 Winifred Smith Chambers, 1905-06.  
 Leota Fulton, 1919-20.  
 Cornelia Hemingway, '22.  
 Ruby Holabird, '25.  
 Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell, '14.  
 Virginia Stevens, '24.  
 Lillian Terhune, 1920-21.  
 Leontine Goodman Thalheimer, '18.  
 Ruth Tolman, 1918-19.  
 Gertrude Westerhoff, '24.  
 Frances Willis, 1897-98.  
 Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18.

Our president, Leota Fulton 1919-20, met the guests of honor at the station and gave them a delightful drive through New Haven to the Country Club.

The size of our comparatively new Club in New Haven is not large, and this fact gave a very informal air to the meeting. During the luncheon we could easily exchange stories about old school days. The floral decorations were spring flowers which later were shared with the guests.

From the dining-room we adjourned to the Club's attractive living room and then and there Miss Potter and Mrs. Hooker told many interesting items about the Lasell of today and what we all hope Lasell will be in the future. During the questionnaire which followed our curiosity concerning old girls and faculty was satisfied. All enjoyed the photographs exhibited and explained by Mrs. Hooker. We also appreciated the cordial greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and regret their absence.

At Miss Potter's request the mothers present reported the number and names of their dear little "kiddies."

Juliette Beach Barker, one boy, Merritt Beach, four years.

Madeline Loomis Caldwell, two children, Barbara and Jean.

Winifred Smith Chambers, three boys, Arthur Jr., Gordon and Marshall.

Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell, two boys, Bobby, six years, Billy, twenty months.

Leontine G. Thalheimer, Rosalie Anne, fourteen months.

Frances Wood Willis, three boys, Thayer, Lovell and Arnold.

From Miss Potter's report we feel sure that Lasell is moving into larger fields of usefulness, and we especially appreciate her statement that thus far Connecticut has been the banner State in generous giving to the Lasell Endowment Fund.

### CONQUEROR

Within my soul I felt a stir,  
 A pulse, a throb, a pain, a whirl,  
 From that abyss  
 I came, afraid to stand alone—  
 Afraid—yet eager to ascend life's throne  
 A conqueror. Dreamer of dreams  
 I was, yet erstwhile plotting schemes  
 To bring me Fame. Then would I say,  
 "Tomorrow shall crown me Greatest of its day!"  
 Thus was I—this!

Dreamer of dreams? A better one  
 Mayhap to be than to have won  
 From this abyss  
 Called Life, renown perchance too great  
 To be accepted. A glittering state,  
 Fame, yet ever doubted. So I sat there,  
 Self-satisfied, gazing at Life's stream near  
 And far with but a serene, mild curiosity  
 Which led me not to heights but, by my sincerity,  
 Made me just—this!

Conqueror of Life's throne I dreamed.  
 To dream is often well; yet did I scheme  
 From that abyss  
 To make Ambition bring me more  
 Than it to others favored. This was my wish, or  
 That in middle life my own small name  
 Should grace that state so sought for—Fame!  
 Yet now—each vow kept, God's faith, truth—I know  
 That on the closing portals of my life, I ascend the  
 throne  
 As I am this—A Conqueror!

*Dorothy Messenger.*



## JOKES

Vic Jackson (after reading some poetry):  
I thought of all these in bed.

Dot Messenger: Then you should stay in bed.

Joe Black (reading topic sentence in English): For successful snow-shoeing one must have a heavy crust.

Miss Lawrence (in history of Civilization class after White Mountain trip): Come, girls. Not so much noise. We're back to Civilization again.

Chris (speaking of schools): I went to Walcourt last year.

Rosalie (absent mindedly): She's not here this year, is she?

K. Royce: Do you know why you haven't got red hair?

Dot Quinn: No, why?

K. Royce: Because ivory doesn't rust.

Girl: "Are you a post-graduate?"

Boy: "No, I went to college."

Mr. Winslow in Chemistry: Some of you are asleep besides not knowing your lesson.

You should get these facts so that you would know them in your Sleep.

Dot Denney: "Poor Jack didn't graduate from Harvard."

Molly: "Why not?"

Dot: "Cause he went to Yale."

On a winter's morn—Lucy: Jean, were your ears burning? We were talking about you.

Jean: Yes, but they're still kind of cold, keep on.

"Mary had a little lamb,  
You've heard it oft before—  
And then she passed her plate again,  
And had a little more."

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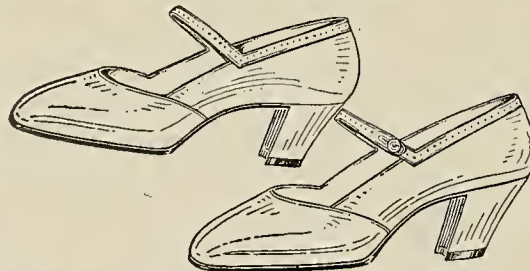
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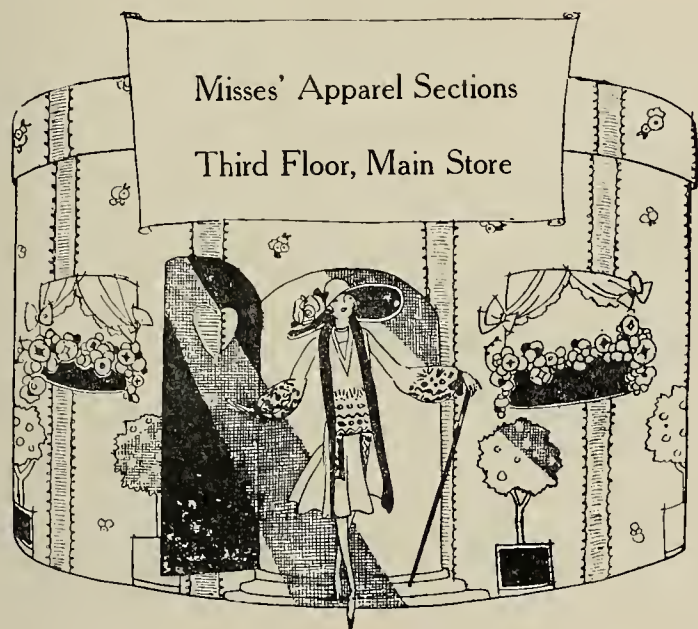
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No. 8

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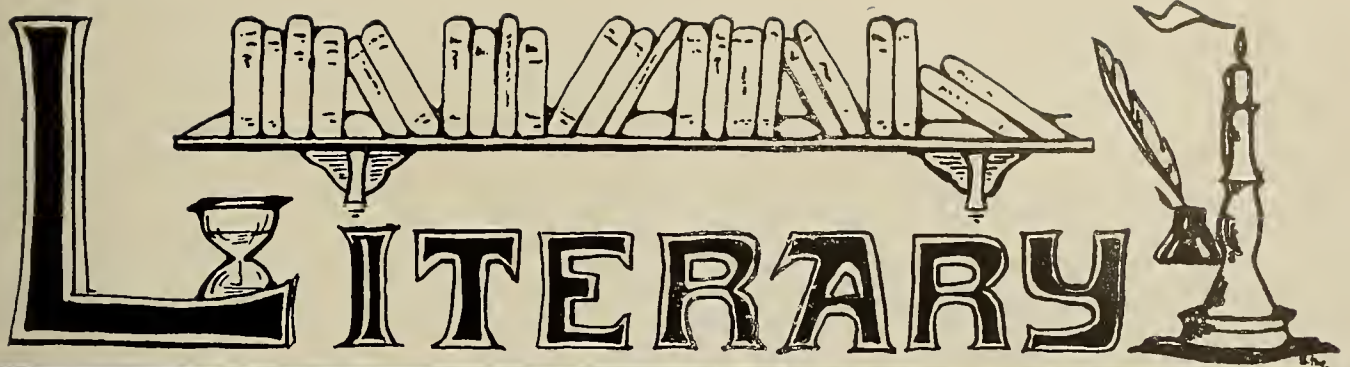
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(Entered in THE LEAVES Story Contest)

### I

Lieutenant David Patten stood before the ruins of the old Belgium church. A great pity, he was thinking, a great pity, indeed, that such a beautiful building should be reduced to a mass of crumbled walls by the selfish desire of men like the Huns.

David walked up the little path, now overgrown with weeds. His tall, athletic figure swung along briskly and his fair, wavy hair shone in the pale winter sunshine.

The tomb-like silence almost made him forget that only a short time ago the Germans had swept like an all-destroying fire through this little town on their way to France. Now the place was practically deserted. The few people who had remained were living in the cellars of their shattered homes.

A horrible thing—this war. What was it all about? What good was it anyway? And yet David had been one of the first Americans to enlist in the British army. He wondered if, after all, he had done the right thing. Still what had there been for him at home? Money—money—that was all. No living relatives, few real friends, nothing but money. Yes, he was glad he had enlisted. But the continual roaring of guns worked on his nerves till he was almost insane. It was lucky he had been given this furlough, however short it was. It would break the monotony anyway. And here in this little ruined village he would be safe from further attack from the Germans.

David entered the little church and looked about him. He could hardly distinguish the

stone benches and the altar, so shattered were they. However, off in one corner he could see in the dim light a tiny niche, left untouched by some queer trick of fate.

He picked his way through the debris till he came to the niche. There on a little altar were two candlesticks. Very reverently and carefully he lifted them from their resting place and examined them.

They were about ten inches high, with bases about three inches in diameter. The stick itself was quite thin, and its highly polished surface was engraved with a simple little scroll design down the front. They were without doubt over a hundred years old, for the work was clearly not that of a machine. On one of the candlesticks was a curious oblong patch about one inch long and one-half an inch wide. Queer that articles so carefully kept as these should be patched, thought David.

He took the candlesticks with him when he left the church, and on reaching his poor lodging, he asked his landlady if she knew who owned them.

"They belong, m'sieur, to our priest who was killed a short time ago," replied the old lady in her quaint French. "I am his cousin, so I suppose they are mine now. I thought they had been destroyed in the last bombardment."

When David told her that he would like to buy the two together, she hastened to answer, "Oh, non, m'sieur. I cannot sell both to you. But you may have one. The priest used to tell us that only unhappiness could come to the person who owned both. He knew," this, sadly, "for he had much sorrow in his life."



David was a little amused at this strange superstition, but very gently he tried to argue the old lady into selling the pair of candlesticks.

"Non, non, m'sieur," was her ever firm reply. "I cannot. I must sell the other one to someone else—not to you."

So David took only one bronze candlestick, leaving the one with the strange patch for the unknown purchaser.

## II.

The war was over at last. David was sitting in front of the fireplace in his Lexington Ave. apartment. He was thinking—thinking of all he had been through in the last four years. It had been good for him to get away from all the ties of New York society. But now he was back again, and already invitations to bridge parties and dinners were pouring in. Jove, he couldn't stand it. He wanted to get away from it all—away from all the glitter and fuss that money made.

David got up and paced the floor with long, quick strides. Suddenly his eye fell on a single bronze candlestick at one end of the mantel. It seemed to smile across at him and to send forth a warm, cheerful light.

David stopped and gazed long at it. Something inside of him was strangely stirred. He felt the call of an indescribable something. Then suddenly he knew. He must get out into the world and look for the mate of that candlestick. He would leave all the troubles of a social world behind him and devote himself wholly to that one end. No one really needed him. No one would miss him and perhaps at last he would find his one desire. Ridiculously simple though it seemed, it was David's all.

## III.

It was in a small ranch town in the West that David Patten ended his three-year search for the candlestick. There in a little insignificant place called Starrville he found what he had set out to find.

He came into the village late at night, very weary after a long journey from Mexico. The one hotel was full, so he was advised to go to

one of the houses where boarders were taken occasionally. He obtained a room and went to bed immediately, hardly noticing the contents of the chamber in his extreme weariness.

However, upon waking up the next morning, the first thing he saw was a bronze candlestick on the bureau. He eagerly unpacked his own candlestick and compared the two. They were identical, except the one that wasn't his bore a patch one inch long and one-half an inch wide.

Inwardly excited but with a calm appearance, he asked the landlady at the breakfast table if she could tell him the history of the bronze candlestick in his room.

"Certainly, Mr. Patten, I'd be very glad to, but my daughter Joyce knows more about it than I, for she bought it in Europe while she was a nurse over there during the war. After breakfast I'll introduce you to her and she'll tell you all about it."

And so David met Joyce King. Joyce—how the name fitted her, with her tall, slim beauty and her dark hair! Joyce—the spirited, the enthusiastic!

She willingly told him the story of how she had bought the candlestick from an old lady in Belgium and how she had heard that there was a mate to it somewhere in the world.

"How I'd love to find that other candlestick!" she exclaimed as she finished her little account. "Nothing can ever make me give up mine, and I'd give anything I possess to find its mate."

Thus the problem came to David. He knew he would never part with his candlestick, and Joyce evidently felt the same about hers.

For several weeks David stayed at the Kings' home. He saw a great deal of Joyce, and they often went together on picnics and hikes. But he never mentioned the fact that he had the other candlestick until one day when they were out walking.

He had been unusually quiet all day, and then suddenly, after a long silence, he said, "Joyce, there's something I'd like to tell you. It's about your candlestick. I have its mate."

Rather startled, Joyce looked up. "Why, David! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Well, it's been rather hard. You see, I know the peculiar fascination and charm of the candlesticks. There is something about them that you can't explain. Three years ago, I made up my mind that I would explore the corners of the earth, if necessary, in order to find the mate to my candlestick. It may seem rather a puny desire—but it was all I had to interest me. At last I have found what I wanted. I know you will not like what I have to suggest—but, Joyce, I'll pay you anything you ask for your candlestick."

During the conversation, they had stopped walking and were now facing each other, David looking down earnestly into Joyce's eyes.

Joyce was silent for a moment. Her cheeks grew flushed and her eyes became clouded and faintly angry.

"David, you say that you know the strange charm of the bronze candlesticks. Then how can you ask me to part with one of my dearest possessions? I will do nothing except buy yours at your own price."

"But, Joyce, can't you see I want it almost more than anything else in the world? I'm a lonely man. I have nothing but a lot of money. Please, Joyce."

"No, no, I can't, David. Please don't think me selfish. I just can't do it."

Joyce turned away, tears in her brown eyes.

David turned also, impatiently. "Joyce, you must."

"David, I can't."

Again they faced each other. This time, Joyce flushed angrily and clenched her hands at her sides. They gazed at each other defiantly. For a long time neither showed any sign of giving in.

Then gradually, very gradually, the anger faded from Joyce's brown eyes and from David's blue ones. A look of gentle understanding took its place, and suddenly they knew the solution.

David and Joyce were married the next June, and the bronze candlesticks still smile down from the mantel upon the happiest home in the world.

—*Elinor Day.*

## ENGAGED BY PROXY

(Entered in THE LEAVES Story Contest)

Having gained the protection of the summer house, Charlie paused and peeped furtively between the vines; no one was in sight. Then he stealthily drew from one pocket a small magazine of "Wild-Western" stories which he had bought the day before at the County Fair when his mother wasn't looking. With both haste and care he searched one pocket after another and finally brought to light an old fountain pen, leaky and scratchy. From between two pages of the magazine he drew a sheet of his sister's white stationery—remarkably clean to be in the possession of a thirteen year old boy. Then he sprawled full length upon the floor.

After another furtive glance around him, our small culprit, devils dancing in his eyes, began a laborious scratching with his pen, constantly referring to a certain page toward the back of the magazine. "Richard N. Knox—Mmm—Richard N. Knox—bookkeeper—mmm," which enlightening information was followed by an explosive chuckle.

"Char-les!" Mrs. Freeman's broad frame filled the doorway of the little summer house. In a moment the pen and paper were in one pocket, the forbidden magazine in another.

"Charles! What's that you have there?"

Knowing it useless to protest, Charlie produced the precious magazine and held it out toward his mother. With one motion she tore it cleanly in two, and Charlie, followed by a look more scathing than words, slunk back into the house.

There followed weeks that dragged, days that seemed like years to Charlie, who watched each incoming mail with a lover's persistence. Each morning he took it upon himself to run to meet the mail-man, before his troublesome older sister, Georgia, could intercede.

One afternoon he went to his sister's room to borrow some scissors. As he glanced around the room he happened to notice her diary lying open, spread out face down on the desk. He stopped and looked around—Georgia was away—she had gone off suddenly



with Madge Kennedy in her new car. His mother was out to a committee meeting for the afternoon. An insatiable curiosity seized him. He tip-toed over and picked it up. The open page held him: "I don't know whether I love him or not. I surely thought I did, and he always acted as if he did, too, until—well I don't care. I guess I can find somebody else if I want to. Oh, but I loved him so. But if he thinks he can throw me over like this and then have me go right back again when he gets through with Ede, he's mistaken. I just wish there were some one here I could 'show him' with, too." Charlie was fascinated. He looked back through the diary and read the account of the love affairs of Georgia and the young Thomas Foster. Then he turned back to the last entry and read it again. He carefully put the diary back as he had found it, and walked softly out of the room.

"Let Tom Foster throw her over if he wanted to. After all Georgia was his sister. HE'D show 'em!"

Next morning Charlie's patience was rewarded, and the long expected letter slipped into his pocket before he reached the house. Stealing away to the privacy of the tool house, he read it—four pages of bold handwriting—with a broad grin on his face.

For the next few months Charlie's playmates found him a poor companion indeed, always preoccupied and seeming to enjoy some mysterious joke,—which can be very provoking to boys of about thirteen,—while his family found his abstract attitude so alarming that they seriously considered sending him to a doctor.

Then one Friday morning came a certain letter which brought an excited look to Charlie's eyes, and sent his pulse pounding. He would stroll restlessly from room to room, or from street to street, and midnight sometimes found him sitting up in bed, wide awake, frightened at the consequences of his own act. Then he would seem to think of something, and a pleased smile would cross his face.

This lasted until the following Thursday.

Thursday morning Charlie was up bright and early, and won an amazed and almost worried look from his mother as he appeared downstairs, fully dressed and washed, and with hair neatly plastered down, before breakfast was even ready. Breakfast over, he was off to school, and did not join the other boys in their play, but sat by the creek bed tormenting the minnows.

School that day was a veritable torture. The silly little geography teacher insisted upon repeating over and over again the fact that rice is the chief product of China, and the fearful Miss Grimes, arithmetic teacher, chose him from the entire class to explain the six per-cent method. With rejoicing did he greet penmanship class, his best subject, oddly enough.

The moment school was over at noon, he grabbed his cap, jumped on his bicycle and rode with all his might toward the little station where the one passenger-train a day was now due. The whistle blew, and Charlie arrived at the station in time to see the last of the passengers disembarking.

Five-feet six—Roman nose—twenty-three years old—a pansy in his buttonhole—ah! There he was. Not stopping to take in further details, Charlie stepped up to a travel-stained young man who was evidently looking for some one, and, collecting all of his courage, quaveringly addressed him.

"Is—is this Mr. Richard N. Knox?"

"What? Yes, that's my name. Who are you?"

"I'm Georgia's brother Charlie—er—she sent me. I'm to explain—er—er——"

"Has anything happened?"

"Well, no, only Georgia's been soundin' mother out, and she can see that she would be madder'n hops if she knew anything about it, so she told me about it and asked me to come—she was afraid mother'd find out if she came."

"I see. You must be a good sort of a brother, or she wouldn't tell you all that. (At which Charlie's chest expanded fully three inches). And now will you show me the way to the hotel, and I'll go to Root's store and see if they are ready for me yet."

Leaving his bicycle in charge of a playmate who had been jealously watching this conversation beyond hearing Charlie manfully seized a suitcase and led the way to the hotel. As he parted from his new friend, he left him these final words of caution——

"You'd better go easy, 'n Georgia's going to act as if she'd never heard of you, so you'll get to know her same as the rest of the folks did, and besides, Mom watches her like a hawk. Mr. Root will introduce you to everybody, and you'll get invited to all of the parties, but don't be in too much of a hurry, or Mom'll get suspicious. Savy? So-long, then." And Charlie rushed home late to lunch as usual, minus cap and bicycle. Fortified by these signs of return to normality, Mrs. Freeman gave a sigh of relief and even forbore to scold him—this time.

Like a doctor who had prescribed a certain dose to a certain patient, Charlie sat back, figuratively, and watched developments. When his sister came home from a party full of enthusiasm over the "cute new fellow from the West, bookkeeper in Root's drug store," the sly Charlie acted mildly interested. When "Dick" appeared on the Freeman threshold and was introduced to the whole family, Charlie's wink was attributed to his familiarity with Dick, for the two were now fast friends. And when Georgia blushing displayed a diamond ring, our small hero went out on the lawn and did hand-springs on the grass. Can you blame him?

A few days later, early in the afternoon, Georgia and Dick were sitting on the porch-hammock, discussing their plans for the future.

"What I'd like to know, hon," Dick was saying, "is how you ever happened to get hold of that magazine in the first place."

"What magazine?" queried Georgia.

"The one I had that advertisement in. I never expected to hear from a girl like you—I thought I'd have some fun with some silly fool——"

"Richard Knox, what are you talking about? What magazine? What letter? Have you completely lost your senses?"

"Why, didn't you——? by George!! Say, wait a minute. Where's Charlie?"

"Out in the back yard, I think. What——?"

But Dick had gone, disappeared around the corner of the house where he found Charlie engaged in trying to build a dog kennel.

"Charlie."

"What?"

"Did *you* write those letters?"

Charlie stood up quickly; his eyes fell, but he slowly admitted in a hoarse whisper, "Uh-huh."

Dick said nothing, but his set teeth, glaring eyes, and clenched fists were more eloquent than words.

"I—I didn't mean any harm, honest. At first when I saw those ads. in that Western magazine, I thought it would be a good joke on Georgia if she'd get a letter from a man she'd never heard of. Then one day I found out that that Tom Foster had cut her cold, and she felt bad about it, so I kept your letter when it came, and wrote some more. Then when you came I was too scared to tell, so I tried to make her fall for you——" Charlie heaved a great sigh. "What'cha gonna do?"

Dick pondered for a few moments. Then——

"I guess it's as much my fault as yours. You go and tell her all about it, and we'll never mention it again. And—and say, Charlie—don't show her my letters!"

—*Gladys Boardman.*

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#### RED TULIPS

A parade of tall, red tulips  
 Across the fresh, green lawn  
 Has captured my eyes and my fancy  
 And refused to return them to me  
 Like festive, bobbing balloons  
 They seem to have arrested the attention  
 Of five cherry trees all wearing new petticoats  
 Of fine white lace—  
 In their haste to see the crimson display  
 They have torn their skirts and ravelings are strewed  
 over the ground.  
 All day long I had been gloomy,  
 Feeling so sad and forlorn,  
 But now—ah!—  
 Red Tulips!

—*Sally Belle Cox.*



## THE SEA ROVER

I'm thru with the life of a rover  
 I'm done fore'er with the sea,  
 I've thought it all carefully over,  
 I long for home on the lea!

'Neath many a sail I have labored  
 Since ever a wee little lad,  
 With rich men and poor men I've neighbored  
 With good, indifferent and bad.

Oh, I've seen enough of this sea life  
 Which makes such heathen of men,  
 Existence like this is but hell strife,  
 I can't express what it's been!

The weathered old salts all to me say  
 "We know you can't stay ashore.  
 The sea is no toy with which to play,  
 And then forget, ever more."

I've finished my very last voyage,  
 I'll find the girl I adore,  
 We'll live in a wee, little cottage  
 With sea waves lappin' our door.

—*Barbara Tait.*

## BEYOND THE GARDEN WALL

In a fragrant Persian garden  
 On flat, red sandstones  
 Shaded by locust and apricot trees  
 Lies a maiden dreaming—  
 Near her is a tray, piled high with spicy fruits,  
 A parrakeet with startling plumage  
 Moves restlessly on its perch and petulantly murmurs.  
 From beyond the garden wall  
 Comes the melancholy call of a flute.  
 The maiden dabbles her long, white fingers  
 In the cool, green water of the pool.  
 And dreams of the stranger world  
 Beyond the Garden Wall. —*Sally Belle Cox.*

**"A Man Must Fight for the Thing He Loves to Possess It"**—*Edgar Lee Martin*

They were just about the same size—two little brown-eyed boys, who played in the sun by the latticed porch. Sometimes they played soldiers with their little wooden guns, sometimes they were sailors with the porch for a ship and the cross to which the Christmas tree had been fastened bumped clumsily down as an anchor to the warm earth beneath—pungent with spring. Sometimes they sat astride the porch rail and rode fiercely in pursuit of massacring redskins. As they wearied of a

game the slimmer little boy suggested a new one and the sturdier little youngster entered into it with all his small heart. They found some panes of glass that had been left when the cellar window had been repaired. Working very carefully, they built a tiny, shaky little greenhouse somewhat like the one at the big house they visited once in a while on Sundays. They dug up robin runaway and young shepherd's purse plants and even a new stray violet that had somehow grown among the weeds of the garden. They surveyed their work with pleasure and brushed moist little faces with earthy hands.

Ping! Crash! A well aimed shot that came through the hole in the back fence, then the face of a bigger boy and the sound of his laughter. The slim little boy's face was sad. He put his hands in his pockets, looked at the broken glass and the little green plants beneath and then at the toe of his shoe. There was a queer tightening of his throat and a stinging in his eyes, but though he was a little boy he was the oldest little boy, and oldest little boys do not cry. The sturdy little boy took his hands out of his pockets and clenched them. He set his small face and went over to the fence and crawled through. He pounded the bigger boy with his small fists and kicked his shins. The bigger boy bawled with rage and pained surprise. Pandemonium reigned then the back door slammed and Mother came out.

"Keith!" she called, "Keith!" She knew her sons. She came down the steps and went toward the fence. Paul walked beside her.

"It was Billy Wheeler," he said, "And he broke our glass house."

Mrs. St. John could not squeeze through the fence, but she reached in and took Billy Wheeler by the arm and her own son by the back of his little coat and separated them. In a minute they squeezed through the fence, and stood, two small culprits before her. She heard them impartially and then she made peace. Billy understood that he was wrong to have broken the house and Keith understood that he should not have struck Billy. Paul heard, and remembered.

The years passed and Keith and Billy forgot. They had many blackened eyes and bloody noses and all of Paul's peacemaking did little good. They were fine youngsters, Keith and Paul. They were close together all through their school days. Keith fought his own battles and Paul's too. It was not that Paul had not the courage—it was simply that he would not fight. He preferred to read or to work in the garden. He preferred baseball to football and when it came time for a girl—he chose Virge, the quietest girl of his acquaintance, and theirs was a most undemonstrative friendship. As for Keith he went with many girls and was never satisfied.

When Paul was a sophomore at college, he stood third in his class. He was not a shark nor a grind to his classmates, for after knowing him a little they found that his high standing was due to a very real love of his work and they accorded him their respect. They found him pleasant, almost charming, in those half hours now and then when he was not studying or going for long, solitary walks.

When Paul was a sophomore at college, Keith was the most popular freshman on the campus. His classmates adored him. His professors had a soft place in their hearts for this youngster who took nothing seriously, but who was frank and pleasant and sincere always. Even some of the upperclassman remarked "there was good stuff in young St. John." And he was star of the freshman football team.

When Paul was a senior, he made Phi Beta Kappa, stood highest in his class and wrote a little. The president had him to dinner several times and Corrine, the president's niece, said that he was still water and that he thrilled her. And Paul was somewhat frightened and did not go again until her visit had ended.

When Paul was a senior, Keith had already made Sigma Alpha Epsilon, the gayest fraternity at the college. He was the captain of the varsity football team and the most popular man in the college. He was still no student—frankly no student. During the summer he worked. He cared less for working than he

once had and the invitations he had for the summer were alluring. But his liberal allowance did not approximate the needs of the most popular man on the campus.

Paul went to work with his father and Keith after a triumphant senior year went to work with one of his best friends, Danny Lansing.

He had in his senior year met Daphne. Now Daphne was a promise in gold, as, running away from a drunken college boy at a fraternity dance she had run into the safest haven in the house, Keith St. John's arms. She had worn gold that night that was like her hair, and her eyes were half angry, half frightened. He sensed, as some men do, that this was the girl.

So it was with an element of seriousness that he went to work. He worked with a shining vision before him, half old that vision,—he had had it since he was a child; half new that vision because Daphne was there.

He brought Daphne home for a week-end. They liked her, did the St. Johns. She was the epitome of modern femininity—a butterfly that had somehow enchanted Keith with her gorgeous brilliant wings. But Mrs. St. John, remembering the two small brown-eyed boys who played in the sun near the porch of their modest, comfortable home, sighed.

Paul had a serious illness the next spring and when he was a little better the St. Johns went to a lodge in the New Hampshire hills for the summer. And for the purpose of knowing her better, Mrs. St. John took Daphne with them. Keith came up for the week-ends.

Daphne read to Paul in the long mornings when he lay in an easy chair on the porch. The sunshine caressed her hair, the curve of her cheek and her brightly clad young figure. She played cards and conversed at length with him afternoons. They sat together silent in the deep hush of the twilight and when he had gone early to bed she went sometimes to the piano and played and sang to him. She was a charming companion and a saucy, insistent little nurse. When he grew strong again, they went for long walks and fished and rode and he taught her to shoot at a



target fastened to a pine tree and to know birds and their songs. Daphne went away for a week and Paul was unhappy until she came back.

Paul did not know for a long time, and then one night as they strolled beneath the pine trees, Daphne wrapped in white lace, her hand lightly in Paul's, he took her into his arms.

Keith had gone on—upward. All of the energy he had once given to gaiety he gave now to the struggle he was having to gain recognition from those above him. He knew that there was the chance of promotion from his position of assistant manager to that of manager. He fought as he had in many a football game, smashing into the line again and again. Fighting, too, was Danny Lansing. They knew that one or the other would win. One glorious day their chief called Keith into the office.

Keith went out to the lodge for the next week-end. He was vibrant with happiness and the thrill of his success. He did not understand at first—the restraint of his brother and Daphne—the tension of their formerly happy little group. Mrs. St. John watched. It was all she could do.

Keith gave all he had to his new work—spending restless, troubled nights. The pain of it grew until he could no longer bear his brother's eyes on Daphne.

One night Paul and Keith stayed up together long after the others had gone to bed. At length they left the porch and their footsteps died away. Mrs. St. John uttered a soft prayer to her God and Daphne slipped out by the French window.

The moon gave a ghastly radiance to the little cleared space when finally they stopped. Keith's color was high—there was a mad surge in his veins and a glowing, leaping, primitive thing within him. Paul stood tall, slim, lithe, pale. They fought—it was a shameful thing—but only Paul knew it. Blows and blows beneath the livid moon, Keith offending, Paul merely defending himself. A little blood on Keith's mouth that trickled down his chin to splotch his dinner shirt. Paul could not strike him after that and it was soon over. After a

little, Paul heard low, quick words and felt young arms.

"Daphne," he said, turning his face against her breast, he fainted.

Hours later other arms—arms that hurt his bruises frightfully—he opened his eyes and Keith was there leaning over his bed. And when the mist cleared away a little, he saw the mist in Keith's eyes.

"That *I* should hurt *you*," said Keith.

—*Eleanor Bills.*

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### MY IDOL

My idol has feet of clay!  
'Twas such a thing of beauty—!  
Reared its head 'mong clouds of rose  
Left all sordid things  
Far below;  
Prejudice and narrowness,  
Sullen hate.  
I tried to stand by my idol's side  
I was so proud!  
But my idol has feet of clay!

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### INCOMPATIBLE

I love you—for  
You are like the butterfly that slept  
One night in a rose in the garden.  
Fresh and tender and newly awakened  
Bathed with dew and mad with mellow fragrance  
But you have a golden head—laid on a cool pillow  
And I am a marble statue in the garden.

—*Eleanor Bills.*

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### A CLOCK'S LIFE

Tick, tick, tick—ho hum!—I'm simply bored stiff with sitting on this much admired mantel-piece over a hot fire forever and ever, just ticking away and keeping a straight face. Nobody seems to know—that is no one but Grandma—that I can hear and feel as well as any person. That nice old gentleman who created me should have warned them that I am different from others—but then, I couldn't hear and see half as much if he had. If I could only stretch my legs! They are cramped to death. It's queer that they haven't changed me for twenty-five. They've changed everything else, but I'm always right here.

At last—some one is coming. I thought they'd never hear me yelling seven o'clock. Whatever is going to happen—it's Dad! There surely must be some big deal on this morning to get him around first. "Yes, Dad, there's the paper just where it always is—on the table. Mary brought it in an hour ago." Poor man, it's a shame he can't hear me. I always know just where everything is. Hum—he looks rather hungry. Never mind, I smell bacon now, so he'll soon be happy and good humored. Guess I'll give him a scare and strike seven-thirty. Look at him run. He'll have to gobble his breakfast to make it. He knows I'm always right.

Eight-thirty!—No, of course not! Only eight—Mother always comes down at eight. Tick, tick, tick—"Good-morning, Mother. Breakfast is all ready and not a thing burned. Yes, you really should thank me for that. Didn't I warn that foolish Mary that the muffins were done. She would have forgotten them if I'd let her. She's really a pest! The way she scrubbed my face!—I almost stopped breathing!"—I am glad that Mother has a few minutes of peace to read the news. Society columns seem to interest people so and I know that when the children get around Mother never has a second to herself. Wonder if she could read better if I stopped, but no—there she goes to wake the children—no more quiet today.

At last! Here comes baby Betty. Almost four and so pretty and dear! Dimples, chubby, tiny feet, yellow hair, brown eyes and—best ever—she has a temper all her own. I just love to see her eyes shoot arrows and her little feet stamp! These angelic infants bore me. They act as though they didn't know enough to get angry but—not our Betty! Look—she's looking up at me and pretending to tell time. It's such fun rainy days.—We "pretend" with each other a lot then. She stands, hands behind her back, and stares at me and I sit and tick and tick at her. Now she must run out to play in the snow after breakfast. "That's right, Betty babe, we want red cheeks and a merry laugh."

Again I strike. This time it is eight-thirty. And here is Grandma. Darling old lady, whom every one just loves to death, even lazy Mary. She's so old and little that she must be cared for like precious old china. Here comes Mary now with toast and tea so that she may breakfast in her big chair by the warm fire. When I came, she wouldn't dream of letting anyone wait on her, but time tells—even on her. She must be cared for and loved now. Ah—her sewing basket. Now she and I will have our morning fun. She will sit and sew these secret Christmas gifts and I will chat with her. "Don't fret, Grandma, everyone is out of the way and we can have a nice homey chat. They don't know our secrets, do they? You alone can understand my tick, tick, tick language." Yes, indeed, she does understand me. I told her all of my secrets ages ago. See—she smiles up at me and we both understand.

Ten o'clock. Time for Janet to come down. I suppose she must be dreadfully tired though. Such a late party. When I was young college girls didn't spend their vacations the way they do now. Well—here she comes. Heavens—that awful victrola even before breakfast! It's nice to have the young folks around but all that radio static and victrola scratching gets rather tiresome. But see—that jazz craze is only a surface crust. There she is, kneeling beside Grandma, laughing at her gentle, indulgent rebukes, recounting vividly her evening's experiences. Jack and Mary had a quarrel, it seems. Too bad, but Jack can't escape the lure (unintentional though it is) of our Janet. Little witch!

No—it can't be Jerry racing down the stairs as early as ten forty-five. Whatever is going to happen? Of course—I remember. He was telling Dad all about a snow fort just last night. It's all frozen over with ice and this morning there is to be a battle with a rival gang. Dad was all for joining in but Mother laughed and told him it was too late now. He's too old. Of course, that's why he's up so soon. Oh, my insides—how he slammed that door! My heart almost stopped!



All my family are accounted for but dear old Kippy. They say he's at Uncle Jack's, for a few days. He's so noisy and barks so excitedly sometimes that I can't hear myself tick, but then—he's young yet.

He's such a wonderful pal at night. When doors are locked—when lights are out—when the embers beneath me turn from bright red joy to soft gray peace—when the wind, blowing around the corners of the house, suddenly brings a shutter to life with a crash—when a distant train whistle screams and is answered by a clear, even more distant echo—when dead branches of nearby trees creak and groan with pain at their heavy ice coats—then Kippy and I "pal" together. He sleeps and dreams; sighs and snores; groans and twitches; and I—I tick on and on in this warm, peaceful room.

—*Ruth O'Brien.*

#### TO LARRY

I vowed that I'd forget, Larry,  
That I'd put you from my mind  
I wished that we never had met, Larry,  
For that would be more kind.  
I willed myself never to think,—  
Never to wish or regret.  
I was sure that I could do it—  
If I tried, I could forget.

But I forgot about dreams, Larry,  
They crept up on me from behind,  
And I saw your twinkling blue eyes, Larry,  
As they used to look deep into mine.  
I saw you standing tall and straight,  
Proud, and loving, and tender.  
And so I have given it up, Larry,  
And I'm glad that I can remember.

—*G. B.*

#### TRINKETS

##### I

Out of a sandal wood box come long, white gloves, an ivory fan and with them a lovely vision of a wistful lady from the age of romance and mignonette.

##### II

A dressing-table enveloped in rose satin—myriads of crystal bottles—great, fluffy powder-puffs—mysterious jars—a long, slender-handled mirror held in the dainty fingers of the pampered, golden-haired favorite of a court of luxury and frivolity.

##### III

A copy of Elinor Glyn's "Philosophy of Love" bound in lavender—  
A flagon of Djer-Kiss perfume—  
A box of pastel gum drops—a carefully selected black cat with green eyes.  
*These belong to a—ah—modern spinster.*

##### IV

"Tom Swift's Giant Searchlight,"—ninety-two marbles,—  
A drum,—a picture of Tom Mix's "Tony,"—  
Pompadour troubles,—  
First long trousers,—and the pride of his heart,  
A headgear bestowed by the local football team,—  
*These belong to my small brother.*

By their trinkets shall ye know them.

—*Sally Belle Cox.*

#### HIS SECRET SIN

"Yes, Deacon, it is a world of sin and sorrow!" ejaculated Matilda Freeman, applying her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary drop of moisture, evolved by the sympathy her generous heart felt for the wicked sons of men.

"It's bad enough for us common people, but when a minister—oh! dear!" and up went the handkerchief to finish the sentence.

"It is no wonder that you are so affected, Sister Freeman," said Anna Stimpson, a very proper spinster of forty-five. "It's enough to draw tears from a stone to see the wickedness in this world. Whatever I may be guilty of I haven't that to answer for!"

"Hmmm," muttered the deacon, "It's about six weeks since the parson started to act up, isn't it?"

"Six weeks day before yesterday. I for one think it's the bounden duty of some of us to break down the doors and catch him at his evil doings."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Percival, a timid little woman, who did not often meet with the Pumpkinville Centre Sewing Society, "do tell me what the parson has done."

"Is it possible that you haven't heard? Why, Mrs. Freeman and I watched and the deacon helped us. Well, ten nights in succession we saw the parson sneak out the back door with

a bundle under his arm and he'd go right across the field over that fence and go right inside the door of that old house, lock it behind him and then in no time lights would be blazing from every window and we'd see such awful shadows on the curtains and hear such noises that I have had palpitation of the heart ever since. Such noises—oh's and ah's! then chains would rattle and then something would go bang! on the floor."

"I'll wager he has a still up there, and is making intoxicating liquors, and he a man that sets himself as a model for us people!"

"No, you're wrong," asserted Miss Stimpson. "He has a crazy wife up there. He, with a good wife at home and carrying on like this with another woman."

"What shall we do?"

"Just as I have said from the first, deacon. We will arm ourselves and march in a body to the house, burst open the door, rush upstairs and surprise him in his sinfulness, for probably he'll be beating his poor, crazy wife, that's where the oh's and ah's came from."

And then the outraged citizens of Pumpkinville Centre made their plans to catch the lion in his den the following night.

When all was dark, the ladies, armed with clothes poles, and the men with old-fashioned guns made ready to do the daring deed. Miss Stimpson, the most fearless of the group, led the young army, put her shoulder against the door of the old house. It flew open at once and the whole party headed by the adventurous spinster filed up the stairs.

The inside door was not fastened and Miss Stimpson flung it open wide. And what was the scene revealed?

There in the center of the room was the parson dressed in a gymnasium suit making a desperate effort to swing himself over a bar suspended about seven feet from the floor.

The ladies shrieked; the parson gasped and attempted to get into a coat which was nearby.

"Where is she?" exclaimed Miss Stimpson. "Where is your miserable victim?"

"I don't understand," said the parson blankly.

"Where is your wife?"

"She is at home in bed."

"Not that one. I mean the poor crazy one."

"I have no one here but myself. My doctor advised exercise, so I had this outfit put up here where I thought it would trouble no one."

"But where did all the oh's and ah's come from?"

"Just try to swing yourself over that bar, Sister Stimpson, and come down on your head several times, as I have and you will believe me when I tell you I made the noise myself. And now if you will have the goodness to leave I will dress and go home."

The good people filed miserably out of the room looking shamefaced and not daring to speak.

And the parson still exercises at the old house, but he is suffered to go unmolested.

—C. Madalyn Patten.

## PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

MR. KUNTZ.

There is only one way to describe Mr. Kuntz's outside. He is a series of curves. Sometimes the curves come in groups, his chin, for example, and sometimes in one long curve as his, what the medical books call, abdomen. He is not tall, it is possible that the weight of the curves stunted his growth. Mr. Kuntz has no soul. Mr. Kuntz has a chuckle. One of those chuckles that start way inside, where a soul should be, and gradually come outside to ripple all the curves. I imagine that when Mr. Kuntz goes to heaven he will chuckle at Saint Peter's white wings as he opens the gate.

ANN.

Straight, and slim and supple, Ann. Ann reminds one of the moon's white way over a lake being broken into bits by circling waves. She is a clear-eyed adventurer. Ann's soul is lined with woodsy things; the tempting smell of fresh pine needles, the whiteness of the first snowdrops, the sparkle of dew on green blades of grass, and the gold of unexpected sunlight,



through the lacing branches of trees. When Ann goes to heaven she will not stay there, she will be reincarnated in the high clear note of a wood-thrush.

#### LONELINESS.

Calmness, rest and quiet in the low line of the hills. Gleaming glory as the sun rises each morning. Undisturbed the little town nestles, its very sunbaked roads whispering the serenity of the inhabitants. They have peace, for them no pain-splashed imaginings of things far away. But they have not known a restless lake as I have.

—*Helen Owen.*

#### MASKED

"What a dull life!" Pearl sighed. "Sometimes I think these women enjoy, yes, thrill in making us pull out all the coats and dresses. And their expressions as they try them on! So disdainful! Why, Mrs. Perkey was dying to buy that dress, but she hadn't the money, so she raises one eyebrow, looks at it critically and remarks it lacks style. Style! Why it was 10643, the best number we have. She never intended buying a dress. Oh, Laura, why must women be so thoughtless. I never will get these put away."

"Yes, Pearl, it does seem unfair. It's always the way, though. Codfish aristocracy I like to call them. They dote on pretending they have all the money in the world and find satisfaction in being waited on by—well, maids, I suppose we are to them."

"That's exactly what they are. Mornings, when no one sees them, they're ordinary women who do their own work. But in the afternoons they dress their best, don a mask and behold women burdened with money and the petty worries of a sophisticated life."

"Ah, there's Mr. Crooks. He was coming this way when that swell looking woman stopped him. A new shipment must be in. How wonderful! I love to sort over the new models which have just come in, and imagine just how I will sell such and such a dress. 'Yes, madam, these. These came in only yes-

terday, the very latest models from New York. Now this one is a copy of a Parisian model. You know they are wearing very short circular skirts this season.' It always works. They love to know all about the dress they are buying so they will have something to tell their friends."

"Hush, Laura. A classy customer. No mask this time."

"Certainly, Mr. Crooks. I am sure we can please Miss——Mrs. VanVleck? Won't you have this chair? Oh, you're new in town? Yes, of course it is hard to settle down after you've traveled so much. And you bought all of your clothes in Paris?——well. Did you say you wanted a coat?——Fur? Had you thought of any particular kind? Mink. Yes, it would be becoming, and I have some beautiful models. In just a moment."

"Laura," gasped Pearl, "it's not so dull after all. If I can land this sale I'll—I'll—"

"Don't spend your commission until you get it, Pearl. You may lose your customer if you appear too eager."

"Now this coat, Mrs. VanVleck, is just your type. Won't you try it on? Straight lines, wrap around effect, large collar,—My, how smart you look! Won't you try these others on? No? Yes, of course you can tell how they'd look. Nine hundred. I'm so glad you like it, Mrs. VanVleck. You wish to take it with you? If you'll wait just a moment I'll have it ready. My, I'd be afraid to carry so much money around with me. Yes, of course you wanted it settled and haven't established your credit yet."

"Mr. Crooks, I tell you she is a perfectly respectable lady and it is foolishness to doubt her one thousand dollar bill. The coat cost nine hundred, you know. Send it to the bank to see if it is good? Well I'll be!"

"I'll have your change in a moment, Mrs. VanVleck. Yes, it is rather slow. Ah—you see they had to send to the bank to get it. Yes, to—Oh, no, I assure you they wouldn't think of questioning your bill. Oh, no! Ah—yes, yes, ah—You're a clever woman, Mrs. VanVleck, but you see a one thousand dollar bill

is a good deal and you're a stranger to us. Here's Mr. Crooks with your change. You won't take the coat! Why—. An insult? Well I suppose—. Ah, your money? In a moment. Here. I'm sorry you have taken it as such an in—ah, Humph!"

"Laura, did you hear that? I don't know as I blame her. And there the bill was good. Can you beat that! Why I'd be so, so enraged I'd—I'd—Oh Laura, my commission!"

"Poor Pearl, I'm very sorry, but you must be sensible and remember there is always the business side. That lady was ridiculously proud—silly."

"Oh, oh, you're so patient, Laura. I'll, I'll make Mr. Crooks pay me my commission anyway. The coat was sold until he—And all these dresses to be put away. Yes, I must be sensible. There, they're all put away. Wonder who'll be the next customer to have me bring them all out again." Pearl reflected to herself.

"Ah—ah, how do you do. Why, Mrs. Van Vleck. No, it wasn't my fault. And you can't find anything in town to compare with it? Well—yes, one has to pocket his pride—sometimes. Just a moment. Ah, yes, the bill. Thank you."

"Laura, she came back and is taking the coat. Nothing else suits her—pockets her pride."

"Yes, Mr. Crooks, and here's the bill." Pearl almost defiantly flung it at him. "I hope you are perfectly satisfied. Mrs. VanVleck, here's your change. Good day."

"Well, Laura, it neither pays to be too hopeful nor too despondent. The coat is sold, the commission mine."

"Great, Pearl! Shall we have a little spree tonight? I have some money saved up and you'll get your commission Saturday. We—"

"Laura! Look at Mr. Crook's face. He has just been talking to the boy who takes the money to the bank. He is coming over here. Bogus! What? The bill was bogus?"

"Oh, Laura!"

"Oh, Pearl. Another mask."

*Jeannette Smith.*

## HOUSES

How I love houses! Funny little bull-dog houses with friendly pugged noses, flop-eared porches, and wrinkled foreheads; sweet "newly-wed" houses with brick walks, brass knockers, flower-boxes, and crisp white curtains; roomy brown-shingled houses with concealed porches, cobble-stone chimneys, and tangled shrubbery—where you can almost see within dark, sleek men lounging in deep, comfortable divans, smoking silently before the dying embers in the fireplaces; chuckling, commonplace "old woman-that-lived-in-a-shoe" houses, fairly bursting with good humor and kindness; fine, stately, white houses, screened with magnolia trees and rhododendrons, and set apart from the rest of the world by rolling lawns or stiff box-hedges;—I love them all. I love their little peculiarities—when they perk up in the sunshine or droop during a rain. I love them in winter, when frostless windows hint at the cheery warmth within. I love them in summer, with their windows and doors thrown open to the world. I love their bright "good-morning" under the early sun, and their sleepy "good-night" in the lingering twilight. I love them all of the time—just houses—friendly houses.

—*Gladys Boardman.*

### HEARD IN PSYCHOLOGY CLASS

Miss Lawrence: You know that Mr. Towne is very interested in Psychology. An eager voice from the class: Oh! Miss Lawrence, did you see "The Poor Nut."

Miss Lawrence: "Now will you all please bring your "Unconscious Minds" to class with you.

Mr. Winslow: "Do any of you know how cotton seed tastes, they used to feed it to cattle?"

Mademoiselle: How many conjugations are there?

Mary Mann: Three.

Mlle.: What are they?

Mary: 1st, 2nd, 3rd!!





## UPON KNOWING WHAT ONE WANTS

It is always well to know what one wants when there is a reasonable chance of obtaining the desired object. However, there is always the possibility that one's ideal may not exist if not at hand. Therefore it is best to always have a second in mind.

I had read a book while away on a week-end and I desired to review it for a certain subject. The book was not to be had in our Lasell Library, so I set aside the forthcoming Saturday afternoon, after much deliberation, for a few hours in the Boston Public Library. I knew what book I wanted and expected to waste no time in finding it, then to accomplish something.

The Boston Public Library was a new experience for me. With as little delay as possible I discovered the call number of the book and after several mistakes in location I placed the card on the Centre Desk. No sooner was I seated than I was confronted by the boy. He presented me with my card—I had visions of an asinine mistake—and departed. My dismay was even greater than if the situation had been as I had feared. The book was out! I had not been prepared for this, I turned actually stupid. Not for a moment did it dawn upon my mind that the book was out of the Library. I only considered that it was in use, so I speedily made my way back to the desk to ask if there was any danger of the book being returned that afternoon. The boy bubbled over with amusement the while informing me that he didn't know whether he'd

call it danger or not, but the book was out on a card for a two weeks' leave.

I felt small as a minute and then my mind went actually blank. What to do? I do not know this section of Boston, am not acquainted with the objects of its pride and least of all of their location. I was too far from the shopping district, and being alone feared getting lost in Boston's labyrinthine streets. Once again, what should I do? In a daze I left the Library.

I saw Trinity Church and my still unsatisfied longing concerning its interior came over me. That was an idea. I waited my chance to traverse Boston's busy thoroughfare, then entered the welcoming edifice. What a beautiful church, and the stained glass windows are beyond description. There was a friendly old sexton who impressed me as being just such a one as one would find in an old country church in England.

There was to be a service very soon as evidenced by a certain amount of activity and the uneven but nevertheless certain incoming of people who arrived singly. Somewhere hidden in my inaesthetic soul there must be a vestige of a latent love of the beautiful, for I love organ music, and here I thought was a chance to feast my ears on some truly great music. I located myself in an obscure corner prepared to enjoy the music and an Episcopal service.

What was my chagrin upon seeing the rector walk down the center aisle halt at the rear and then turn and slowly retracing his steps

pronounce the words of the service in behalf of the deceased. There had been a bit of music preceding his appearance, but from the time the procession began there was no more. And the service wasn't at all as I have come to expect an Episcopal service to be, the same might easily have been witnessed in a Reformed Presbyterian church.

My afternoon's dissipation had come to an end, and I made my way back to the Trinity Place Station.

I have since been told that the B. P. L. never does have the book for which you call, and one could only profitably call for just one. Finally, therefore, I ask you what should one do if put in such a predicament as I, in that part of Boston?

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### ARE WE GETTING LAZY?

That, truly, is a rather bold question to ask of this onward marching younger generation. But at that does it not have something back of it? Certainly or it would never have been born. Inasmuch as mental indolence is far too prevalent our first argument will be that the present generation seems to be getting so lazy that it doesn't even want to think any more. It wants others to think for it. Very few people want to "waste" their time reading the classics—in them there is much room for thought and for the imagination. To have to think things out for oneself is "too much like work." The modern reader selects, rather, a light, superficial, and more or less sexual story of today. No need for thought, the author takes care of all details gruesome and otherwise. Many books are now illustrated. Once again the most important field for the exercise of the imagination has been removed. One can hear almost every one say that he prefers a musical comedy to a drama. That is really a deplorable situation. Ignorance of just what drama is is no doubt the cause for such a statement. Are the movies, too, catering to us, encouraging us in our indolence? Not a chance in the world for our grey matter to exert itself unless perhaps in trying to un-

derstand just how the horse and buggy, empty, happened to be stationed—usually in a forsaken spot—just where the faithful machine of the fugitives breaks down. Oh, all movie crises are ingeniously managed by the directors, and not only that, but the spectator is completely and graphically prepared for whatever may follow. Every detail is photographed and the public's mind is sure of a few hours of ease. Probably the most pernicious consequence of the present lack of thought appears in our too hasty replies. An answer comes and without censor it has been spoken aloud. With a bit of thought many friendships would not be, as now, on the rocks. Many homes would be intact, many lives would have been spared—unless perhaps there is something in predestination and foreordination—and so on through an almost endless list.

The people of today, old as well as young, shirk responsibility to a far too great extent. Few of us are willing to do what we have to do and the "second mile" is out of the question. Most of us have that unforgivable "get by" attitude in conformation to which we do as little as possible. Men and women of comfortable means are even getting too lazy to beget and rear a reasonable sized family of useful prospective Americans.

Walking has always been deemed a most beneficial form of exercise. Nevertheless we hop into a car to go a few blocks. Women market by 'phone. Yes, time is valuable, but so is money, and telephone marketing isn't always so economical.

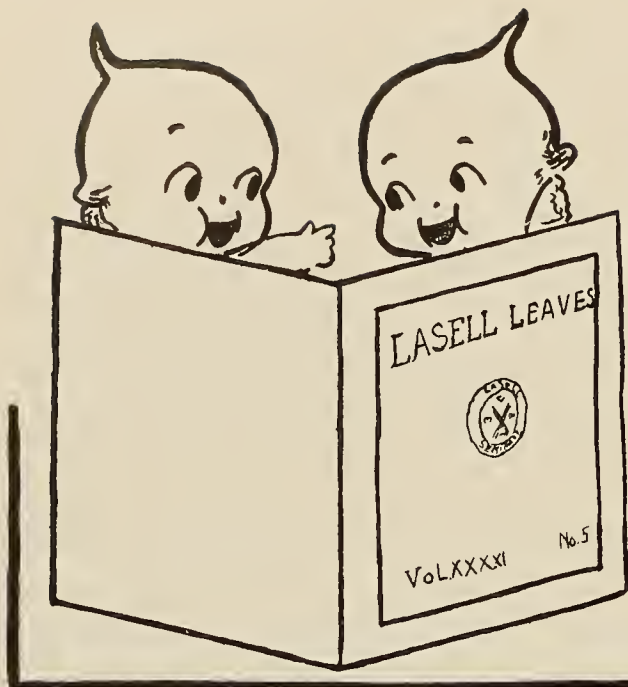
We are too prone to hand out money rather than personal service when our aid is solicited. A generous offering of finances helps materially in the maintenance of a church, but whole-hearted, positive, physical work is indispensable to its success. Today we have much machinery to work for us and many people even attend church with the radio as their proxy.

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Gin Wellington (reading Sally Belle's Impression of her): What's an aquamarine?

Marie: Oh, its a flat blue stone.





# LOCALS

April 9: Work was the subject that Doris Schumaker talked of at Christian Endeavor meeting.

Mlle. Le Royer gave a most interesting talk on the book, Don Juan, at the French Club meeting.

April 10: We were entertained by a play given by the members of the Dramatic Club, The Piper's Pay. The acting was very good. The cast:

|                                     |                     |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. Jack Burton .....              | Katherine MacCauley |
| Mrs. Charles Dover .....            | Madeleine Robinhold |
| Mrs. Hereford Carr .....            | Madelyn Patten      |
| Freda Dixon .....                   | Louisa Mueller      |
| Miss Mary Clark (a detective).....  | Margaret Basley     |
| Miss Evelyn Evans (a reporter)..... | June Newbold        |
| Katie, the maid .....               | Helen Morrell       |

April 11: Rev. Garfield Morgan spoke at Vespers. His subject, "A Rendezvous with Life," was excellent. We have a rendezvous to keep with life, and we can keep it by having faith.

April 16: All the French classes were invited to French Club meeting. From the talk given we easily see why our hands are our fortune.

A lecture was given by Mr. Strother on immigration. Many pictures of Ellis Island and of passports were shown to us. To those going abroad this summer, make sure your passports are not false!

April 17: The Seniors were invited to a Bal Boheme given by the Juniors. Woodland's

dining room was disguised by mellow lights, tables here and there with candles, futuristic panels, and incense filled the air. Delicious refreshments were served by the smart Bohemian maids. The spirit of the dance was completed by a wonderful orchestra who knew the last word in harmony and pep.

April 18: The value of books was brought to mind by an intensely interesting talk at vesper service. Prof. Melville Freeman showed that good inspiration comes from reading good books.

April 20: The last Symphony Concert was given at the Auburndale Club. The members played more old favorites of many who were there, and we left with the regret that we should not be called again this year.

April 23: At Christian Endeavor Sally Belle Cox showed us how important the little things in life are.

The last reception was held at Woodland on this beautiful evening. The guests were entertained by a musical program that was indeed lovely. Mrs. Briggs sang, and Miss Eichhorn played the violin. The music seemed to blend in with the spring surroundings.

April 24: The much anticipated event took place this evening when the senior play was given. A goodly number of people were kept in laughter most of the evening by the familiar actors and actresses. The acting was indeed

excellent, and the efforts of those who aided and partook were not wasted.

The cast of Clarence by Booth Tarkington:

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs. Martyn .....   | Margaret Anderson  |
| Mr. Wheeler .....   | Mariesta Howland   |
| Mrs. Wheeler .....  | Nadine Strong      |
| Bobby Wheeler ..... | Dorothy Denney     |
| Cora Wheeler .....  | Elizabeth V. Smith |
| Violet Pinney ..... | Dorothy Messenger  |
| Clarence .....      | Charlotte Russell  |
| Della .....         | Elizabeth Kimball  |
| Dinwiddie .....     | Lucille Barry      |
| Hubert Stem .....   | Virginia Amos      |

April 25: Mrs. Fred B. Bridgeman was the speaker at a camp fire vesper service. She gave a vivid picture of a missionary's work in South Africa, of the people and of their life. We had a strong feeling of admiration for Mrs. Bridgeman and her husband, who have given their lives to missionary work.

April 28. The Orphean Club Concert was a big success. The white garments worn by the club members added to the spring atmosphere produced by the members on the program. The soprano solo was sung by Miss Dorothy Hale, and was lovely. Mr. Carl Webster assisted with the 'cello, and his numbers were enjoyed immensely.

April 29: Mrs. Chase spoke in chapel about the Religious Conference at Northfield, Mass. It was an interesting talk that made us realize how worthy a place Northfield Seminary must be.

April 30: Patience was the topic Jeannette Smock spoke about at Christian Endeavor meeting. We would be much happier if we had more, wouldn't we?

Dr. Samuel Holmes, from Worcester Academy, gave a stereopticon lecture on Glacier National Park. The lecture and pictures were so interesting and beautiful that we feel with Dr. Holmes the wonders of the country.

May 2. "Choosing Sides" was the subject Dr. Ashley D. Leavitt spoke about at Vespers. Life is a matter of choosing sides, and habitual indecision amounts to a decision in the negative.

May 4: We were entertained in chapel by a few numbers played by Miss Edith Johnson.

She is an excellent pianist, and the time came too soon to leave for class.

May 5: The last musicale given by some of Lasell's worthy musicians was enjoyed by all. Those who entertained us and the program:

|                                  |                     |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| ORGAN--Fanfare                   | <i>Lemmens</i>      |
| Evensong                         | <i>Bairstow</i>     |
| MARJORIE SCHALLER                |                     |
| VOICE--Long, Long Ago            | <i>Old English</i>  |
| Hedge Roses                      | <i>Schubert</i>     |
| BARBARA TAIT                     |                     |
| PIANO -To Spring                 | <i>Grieg</i>        |
| GEORGIA PARRISH                  |                     |
| VOICE--Cradle Song               | <i>Vannal</i>       |
| The Butterfly                    | <i>Chadwick</i>     |
| DOROTHY MCILROY                  |                     |
| PIANO--Gavotte                   | <i>Gluck-Brahms</i> |
| HAZEL BAIRD                      |                     |
| VOICE--My Love and I             | <i>La Forge</i>     |
| FLORENCE ROSENBLUM               |                     |
| PIANO--The Chase                 | <i>Rheinberger</i>  |
| REBA FOSTER                      |                     |
| VOICE--Sometimes at Close of Day | <i>Edwards</i>      |
| Were I a Star                    | <i>Burleigh</i>     |
| KATHERINE BRAITHWAITE            |                     |
| ORGAN--Vision                    | <i>Rheinberger</i>  |
| FRANCES HALL                     |                     |
| VIOLIN--Raining                  | <i>Burleigh</i>     |
| Jim                              | <i>Burleigh</i>     |
| MARJORIE WINSLOW                 |                     |
| VOICE--Cradle Song               | <i>Brahms</i>       |
| MARIESTA HOWLAND                 |                     |
| PIANO--Nocturne in C-sharp minor | <i>Chopin</i>       |
| FRANCES HALL                     |                     |
| ORGAN--Nocturne                  | <i>Miller</i>       |
| HAZEL BAIRD                      |                     |
| PIANO--Valse Gracile             | <i>Parker</i>       |
| Puck                             | <i>Grieg</i>        |
| Prelude                          | <i>Chopin</i>       |
| HELEN WALTZ                      |                     |
| VOICE--Beauty's Eyes             | <i>Tosti</i>        |
| DOROTHY QUINN                    |                     |
| PIANO--Impromptu in A-flat       | <i>Schubert</i>     |
| GWENDOLYN McDONALD               |                     |
| VIOLIN ENSEMBLE--Melody in F     | <i>Rubinstein</i>   |
| MARY HELEN SWARTZEL              | MARJORIE WINSLOW    |
| MARY KEIM                        | EVELYN LADD         |
| DOROTHY SMITH                    | CLAIRE HAINES       |
| PIANO--ELLA LOEWE                |                     |



## OUR TRIP TO WASHINGTON

A more delightful pre-Easter trip than the one which we experienced this year, can hardly be imagined. Miss Potter was our charming chaperon and travelling companion and charmed her way into more than one forbidden spot.

A driving snowstorm ushered us out of Boston and continued while we slept more or less peacefully on the rolling ship en route to New York. Whatever qualms we may have felt about the weather conditions were quickly dispelled when we awoke early the following morning and peered from our staterooms. The newly-risen sun was shining on the four great bridges as they loomed over us in quick succession—and at last, after rounding many turns, we saw the Statue of Liberty, majestic still, in the haze of the early morning.

Philadelphia was our first real stop. There we were driven about the city to see the beautiful Fairmount Park and the gigantic Art Museum still under construction. Independence Hall with its Liberty Bell and other historical treasures, Betsey Ross's home, the "Birthplace of Old Glory," Grant's little log-cabin and William Penn's "mansion," a tiny cottage in our reckoning today. Philadelphia, besides being a beautiful city, claims the distinction of having been our first national capital.

After a delicious luncheon at the Rittenhouse, we boarded our train for Washington. And though we were passing through Delaware, Maryland and over the broad Susquehanna and the famous Mason-Dixon Line, we paid little heed—for "Lupe del Valle" was tragically going over the ruined contents of her suitcase, so completely crushed by a train at the Philadelphia station.

At last Washington and "The Raleigh!" We were too weary after our long day to do more than unpack and settle in our pleasant rooms. Palm Sunday! A beautiful Springlike day with just a touch of chill in the air—and we were attending the President's Church. What a thrill we experienced as our Nation's execu-

tive entered and the congregation rose *en masse!*

A delightful drive about Washington and regions beyond, showed us the real Southern atmosphere of the Custis Lee Mansion, the impressiveness of the Lincoln Memorial, with its stately columns and massive marble statue of our great and good President and the compelling beauty of the Arlington Amphitheatre with its nearby grave of "Our Unknown Soldier."

The succeeding days were perfect rounds of pleasure. One afternoon was devoted to a lovely sail down the peaceful Potomac to Mt. Vernon, where we saw the home and tomb of Washington. The old Mansion high up on the bank of the river, remains just as it was in the days when Washington was in residence.

Christ Church in Alexandria where Washington and Lee worshipped was quaint and attractive with its air of old Colonial days.

The Congressional Library could demand many pages of description if one were to do it full justice. It is the most beautiful building imaginable and contains many works of art of which we may be justly proud, for they were all executed by American artists. Through the courtesy of the librarian we had the special privilege of going inside the forbidden lines. How we marveled at the almost human mechanism of the automatic book carriers which bring one any of the 2,000,000 books on the forty-four miles of shelves. We were especially indebted to Senator Butler and Congressman Luce whose word proved an open sesame to many a closed door. In the Senate and House we watched the wheels of the government in motion, being present at the opening and exciting session of the impeachment trial. Later we were served luncheon in the Senators' dining room and the same day we were received by Assistant Secretary of War and shown some thrilling souvenirs of secession days. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover gave us an audience and was most cordial and gracious. On our visit to the White House we peered about the many reception rooms, the state dining room and the magnifi-



cent East room with its shining mirrors and crystal chandeliers and romantic associations.

Our only regret was that we were unable to meet the President or the charming first lady of the land. But Mrs. Coolidge, honorary member of '26, sent a courteous and appreciative note to the five Seniors of our party, acknowledging the receipt of her class pin.

Then one very special treat was our visit to the President's yacht "The Mayflower." The boat was elaborately furnished and attractive with many floral decorations. The naval officers were surely "at attention" that day as one of our number could testify, for by some inexplicable accident Hazel lost her heel "on board" and the party was detained while the yacht's engineer repaired the damage.

Thus by many interesting and amusing incidents and by the beauty of all that we have seen, has our trip been made a precious memory for us.

—Doris Schumaker, '26.

### FRANK BRANCH RILEY

On Friday evening, May 7, the Seminary and their friends of Auburndale, who were able to attend, again enjoyed an extraordinarily fine treat in the visit of Frank Branch Riley with his extremely interesting and instructive, as well as very entertaining presentation of his lecture, "The Lure of the Great Northwest."

Mr. Riley is quite unique among lecturers. He presents his subject in an easy conversational way which has the appearance of being an off-hand talk, but which is in reality a carefully studied, and most finished performance. After a few moments of interesting and humorous introduction, he begins the presentation by picture and description of the many attractions of the empire and the Northwest.

We are inclined to give him absolutely first place among the travelogue lecturers who come to us, and we are under very great obligation to Mrs. McMurray who first called our attention to him and to the generous men and organizations of the Northwest cities who are responsible for sending us Mr. Riley.

Our description of the lecture would be incomplete without a sincere word of appreciation also of the extremely skillful and artistic



work of Mr. Glidden who presents the pictures for Mr. Riley.

We shall hope that Mr. Riley will return to Auburndale next spring and that we may soon have a larger auditorium for the accommodation of those who will want to hear him.

### WOODLAND PARK NOTES

April 24. "Muffie" was nine years old, and had a wonderful birthday party on the sun porch.

Miss Strang chaperoned the 8th grade at "Ben Hur" in Boston.

April 25. We visited the Second Church in Newton, hearing Dr. Park give an account of a recent visit to Mexico.

April 28. Almost the whole school attended the Orphean Concert in the Auburndale Club House.



April 30. We enjoyed a stereopticon lecture at Bragdon Hall—"Glacial Park" by the Principal of Worcester Academy.

May 1. Even the smallest girls, and all the big girls, accompanied Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Benson to the Repertory Theatre in Boston and saw "The Little Minister." It was a beautiful celebration of May Day.

May 2. Mrs. Lucke of Lynn sang for us at tea in our living room. Among our tea guests were Dr. and Mrs. Donald Borden Smith. Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Florence Williams, had charge of the Elementary work for two and one half years, and we were delighted to have her with us again.



Dr. Eliza Kendrick, our former instructor in Greek and Latin, now head of the Bible Department at Wellesley College, occasionally takes time to revisit Lasell and we sincerely appreciate her coming.

Iverna Birdsall '22, made us twice glad by dropping in for a day and a night. In a kind note which she sent after her visit, she writes, "I want to thank you all for the cordial welcome received upon my last visit to Lasell. It was a great treat to me, this return to the school home. Oh, how I wish I might run in often. However, I cherish the two happy years spent at Lasell and wish I might repeat them."

That was an exceptionally charming letter sent to our Dean recently by Eva-May Mortimer '25. With Eva-May's permission we are venturing to share a part of it with her many Lasell friends. She recalls a year ago Easter Sunday spent in Washington and declares it was quite different than this last Eas-

ter spent in California. Eva adds, "It is the custom of the people here to congregate on the top of various mountain peaks for Easter sunrise services. That means an early rising. My alarm clock woke me at four thirty and at five I was on my way with a party of friends. We dressed in our hiking clothes for the plan was to hike to the top of Mt. Baldy, rightly named Mt. San Antonio. It is our tallest peak, which is always covered with snow at the very top. Its height is between eight and nine thousand feet.

After our early morning services right out of doors in Nature's Church, where we watched the sun come on to our side of the earth, we went to Ice House Canyon where the hikers start on the mountain trail of "Old Baldy." The climb was on and a steep one it was! We trudged along for about two hours until finally we entered the snow region. Imagine being able to walk from orange fields and flowers into snow! As we climbed higher we got into sleet and a heavy blizzard. Such fun! I was in a regular Eastern snow storm! The trail is seven and a half miles to the top, but we missed taking the last half. With all of the snow falling and four feet already fallen, we were afraid that we might lose the trail, which is very essential in mountain climbing. It took us three hours to ascend and one to descend. We took short cuts coming down, which is great sport. Upon leaving the snow we found it to be raining in the valley and by the time we arrived at Ice House Canyon our clothes couldn't have been wetter. The old-fashioned coal stove in the Camp store was our friend that day! The ride home was through hundreds of acres of orange groves whose trees were covered with the lovely waxy blossoms. It seemed to me that orange blossom perfume was falling instead of the rain water, for the air was heavy with that delicate fragrance. Wasn't that a memorable Easter Sunday?

The rain started last Sunday and kept up continually for four days. Streets were turned into rapids, dry river beds became raging torrents carrying concrete bridges with them, tons of mud washed down the mountain sides

into people's yards and the streets, and automobiles became useless. Such sights! The Easterners shovel snow after a snow storm while the Westerners shovel mud after heavy rains. Some one's garden landed on our park-way and it took our gardener two days to remove it. So much dirt was washed away from one mountain home that it caved in and slid down the mountain side. I surely am glad that we live on the surface with the mountains as a background, instead of on the mountains with the wonderful views. I should hate to wake up in the night to find myself tobogganing down into the valley. I am coming East in May to be at Lasell the last ten days. It will seem good to be with all of you again. Remember me to every one." A cordial welcome will be waiting for you, Eva-May!

The very latest on the prospective Lasell list is the name of Charlotte Edna, daughter of Mrs. Roy McCorkindale (Ruby Newcomb '14) born April 11, 1926. Welcome to you, little Charlotte.

Dorothy, sister of Katherine Ross '26, has again been a guest at Lasell. We are secretly threatening to claim this friend visitor as one of our own girls. Also Helen Allyn, sister of Marjorie Allyn '26, seemed to fit right into our Lasell family and why shouldn't she, with our Marjorie's mother such a loyal Lasellite and dear Marjorie one of our beloved seniors! The best news is that Helen is planning to come to Lasell another year.

Helen Duncan '26, entertained her sister, Georgiana, a sophomore at Smith, for several days and she adapted herself so easily and pleasantly to the Lasell family that we were really strongly tempted to keep her "right on."

The Senior Play brought many guests to the school home and among the most welcome were the grandmother and mother of Charlotte Russell '26, and their friend, Mrs. Richardson.

Lasell faculty and students alike are extending hearty congratulations these days to our Mrs. Maida Cardwell, a teacher in our secretarial department, because of the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Austin Hicks of Great Neck, Long Island.

Through Miss Witherbee we have learned some interesting news concerning Ida Mallory Lyon '03. We venture to quote an opening line or two from this vivacious and interesting epistle. "Hoorah for our mental radio! I've been broadcasting thoughts you-ward and we must be on the same wave-length, for you reply with a letter. One can find time for whatever one wants to do. Yes'm, I know that, but to write the letters I want to write I have to let slide many things I ought to do. I am very suspicious of myself anyhow—that any excuse would deflect me from the 'oughts' to the 'wants,' so I have to keep a very stiff hand on myself." Closely following the renovation of her home, Ida turned to the entertainment of the Young Women's Bible class and later the officers of the Sunday school and as an aftermath she entertained her Bowling League. Ida's little daughter and son, she reports, are making progress in their school work. Lenna is especially devoted to sewing and recently was one of three hundred to enter a contest in dressmaking and received the prize. We are delighted to learn that she is planning to send Lenna to Lasell a little later.

We are happy to report that our dear Miss Roxana Tuttle's face is turned New England-ward en route from her sojourn in Florida. She sent a letter from Charlotte, N. C., in which she writes, "Quite unexpectedly I had an opportunity to drive North by auto. Although this is only our third day on the road we have come nearly seven hundred miles all through delightful country. I never saw such peach orchards as we passed in Georgia. One does not see the best side of the country in a railroad train. I am getting quite a different idea of the Southland."

Mary Lombard Doonan '10, we have not quite gotten over our disappointment at your failing to return to Lasell for that visit last Spring. However, we came near forgiving you after reading your unusual and loyal letter to our principal. In this letter Mary writes, "In January Eleanor Warner Salisbury '11 and her husband spent a week with us, which



we thoroughly enjoyed. I had a few of our Lasell schoolmates out for lunch one day and we had such fun reminiscing—Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Margaret Gregson Barker 1912-13, Margaret Jones Clemen '11, who has the most perfect baby boy I have ever seen (except my own, of course), Irma Levi Levy '10, and Louise Funkhouser Colegrove '09. The last of January mother took my two daughters and me to Miami Beach where we went swimming every day until a week ago when we took the train for Chicago. I went up to Palm Beach to spend the night with Grace Harvey Hall and her sister Esther Harvey '25, whose engagement had just been announced. Nellie Harvey Winchester 1913-15, has a new son. While there I phoned Helen Hood '10 and we had tea at Cocoanut Grove. She looks just as she did in 1909-10 and was planning a trip abroad for this spring.

"In March I saw an item in the Miami paper—Meeting of the Lasell Club. I phoned and then went in and met Mrs. Cushing and three or four others. Had a long visit with Mrs. Cushing and was sorry not to be able to attend the next luncheon when they were to meet at a Florida or Miami Lasell Club. Now I am home again and must make plans for the Chicago Club's Spring meeting. I'm sorry our plans were upset—selfishly so, because the next time you come my babies will be over their baby ways unless you come this Spring. Next time we will be more definite and I shall expect you. Remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and any others who remember me."

The latest from Jessie Shepherd '17, is that she is off for Europe this summer with one of her art teachers following up her specialty. She was rightly in good spirits having won the highest mark in her class as a reward for her diligence. Lasell wishes her godspeed.

A very courteous message was received at Lasell from Dorothy Barnard '24, recently who signed herself—"One of your little white doves in the class of '24." We are wondering if the girls will know to whom this message was addressed. We are hoping to hear soon

that Dorothy will be with us at Commencement time.

From our dear national treasurer, Ella Cushing '73, came the report of that first real meeting of the Miami Lasell Club. She writes, "Such a happy time as we had yesterday at the "Granada." Certainly I never had a more delicious luncheon and so daintily served. The dear girls made me their guest of honor, sort of a private occasion, for it was my birthday. There were eight present: Ada Swanger Hawkins '13, Mabel Martin Parker 1904-5, Jessie Kemp Caler 1898-9, Ella R. Cushing '73, Marguerite Hamlin Houser '19, Elizabeth Mitchell '23, Katherine Howe Thomas '22, Mary Ann Miller '23. After the luncheon we went through the beautiful porch down the steps to the garden where we had our picture taken. Had a merry time getting posed." The personal editor has seen the group and declares it a charming production. "Just at this point Miss Potter's telegram to the girls and myself was received bringing good wishes to us all." In her inimitable way Mrs. Cushing characterizes these girls. Of Catherine Howe Thomas '22, she writes, "Catherine is so very nice to me and Mary Ann Miller is a darling. Ada Swanger Hawkins '13, saw the announcement in the paper of our reunion and found us. Mabel Martin Parker was also with us and later left for the North. Our table was decorated with Everlastings so suggestive of our splendid loyalty to Lasell. The girls talked lovingly and appreciatively of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Hooker and others. I also received a card from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and family wishing me a happy Birthday! The Miami Lasell Club gave me a very nice table runner of silky blue and black, a complete surprise. Jessie Kemp Caler 1898-9, also brought me an attractive card.

Annie Lovering Christopher '81, could not be present. She was evidently off with her naval officer husband for a sail on their private yacht." —*Mrs. Ella R. Cushing '73.*

Miss Doris Shapleigh, former instructor in Mathematics, was the guest recently of Miss True. She was here in time to enjoy a fine

Orphean Club Concert and to receive gracious recognition from the students in the dining room.

Girls of some years ago will be interested to learn of the engagement of Miss Mabel Romkey, for many years our bursar, to Mr. La Mont Croft. They will make their home in Nova Scotia. Lasell's congratulations are extended to them.

The beautiful Lasell bridal procession is never ending:

Mildred Grace Caine 1918-19 became Mrs. Cecil Arnold on Saturday, the thirteenth of March. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold expect to make their home at Vero Beach, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. William Moore announce the marriage of their daughter Mary Frances '16, to Mr. William B. Duryee, Saturday, April seventeenth. This happy couple will reside at 341 Bellevue Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey.

Mrs. Louis J. Shepard also announces the marriage of her daughter Madge 1916-18 to Mr. Vladimir Petersen, which took place on Thursday the twenty-second of April. Mr. and Mrs. Petersen will be at home to friends after the first of June at 773 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Connecticut.

Old girls of Cora Stone's time, 1900-02, will be especially interested to learn of her engagement to Mr. Thomas C. Trimmer.

A later mail has brought us news of the marriage of Mary Louise Taylor '17, to Mr. Casimer Gish of Denver, Colorado, on the twenty-eighth of April.

## JOKES

Teacher: "Students of today have too much money. When I was young I started out a barefoot boy."

Student: "I wasn't born with shoes, either."

"Did your paper blow away?"

"No, it's stationery."

First visitor: "My dear, these cakes are as hard as stone."

Second visitor: "I know. Didn't you hear her say, 'Take your pick' when she passed them around?"

"Dot has gone back home for her cold."

"Poor girl. Just the same as ever. Always leaving things behind."

"Didn't I see you going down the street the other day with an apple in your hand?"

"Quite so, old chap. I was going to call on the doctor's wife."

"Gosh, but I'm thirsty."

"Wait a minute and I'll get you some water."

"I said thirsty, not dirty."

English teacher: "Have you done any outside reading?"

Student: "No, it's been too cold to read outside."

"Send money immediately, I'm broke," wired the daughter at Lasell.

"So's your old man," was the reply.

"I never knew rain drops could smoke."

"Well, it so happens that they can't."

"That's funny. Only a few minutes ago I saw them in hail."

Pullman Porter: "Brush yo' off, suh?"

Old Gentleman: "No, I'll get off in the usual way."

Husband: "You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

Wife: "Why there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."

Harris: Is my mouth open wide enough?

Dentist: Yes, indeed. I intend to stand on the outside while pulling your tooth.



## CLASSIFICATION OF STUDENTS

Freshman: "The Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior: "Midsummer's Night's Dream."

Senior: "All's Well That Ends Well."

"Sst!"

"What?"

"Have you any chloroform?"

"Yes."

"Don't breathe it!"

"I got nine thousand men under me."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm a cemetery watchman."

Rotund Husband: "You haven't seen my belt around the house, have you?"

Sarcastic Wife: "Oh! Did you put it around the house?"

The absent-minded professor jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the prof who kissed his shoes good night and put his daughter under the bed.

"They tell me rubber tires."

"That's why it stretches, you dumb-bell."

He: The harp sings you love me.

She: That's no harp, it's a lyre.

"Why are you mailing all those empty envelopes?"

"I'm cutting classes in a correspondence school."

Very Young Frosh: "Why is the grass green?"

Sophomore: "So you can walk across it without being noticed."

The prize for absent-mindedness goes to the man who was knocked down by the surf and looked for its license number.

Jack: "And didn't you swallow some water when you swore?"

Jill: "No, the dams kept it out."

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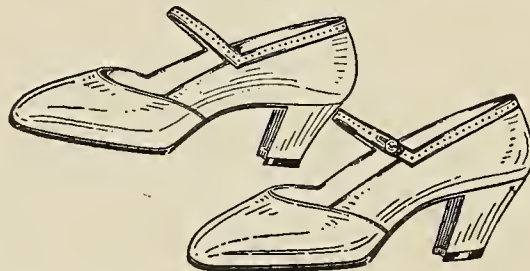
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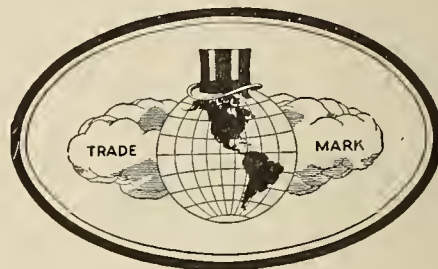
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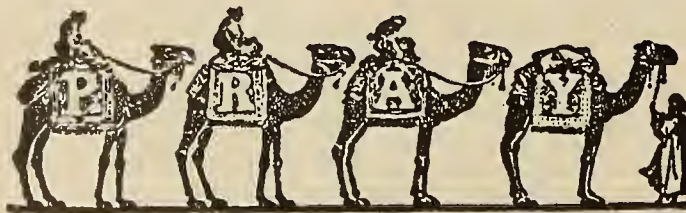
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# LASELL LEAVES

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# COMMENCEMENT

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

*Rev. J. Edgar Park*

### THINE IS THE POWER

Living as I do upon the side of a hill, it is an experience which is very familiar to all who live in our house to hear, in the middle of the night, a car come up the hill, the stroke of the engine growing weaker and weaker. As it comes up the hill, inevitably beside our house there is a spurt, a sputter, then a stop. Then the enthusiastic gentleman inevitably proceeds to make an attempt to start the car, which adds to the wakefulness of the neighborhood. There is a long pause, and at last you hear at the bottom of the hill the tinkle of the can of gasoline which he has gone to procure at the nearest garage. In a few moments there is the new start and happy departure up the hill, blessed by all the would-be sleepers. All that the stalled car needed was a little more gas.

I wonder if it is possible to find any similar power which would start a human life that is weak. Now the automobile is a complicated piece of machinery, but not nearly as complicated as the human body with its muscles, lungs, bones and brain, and the more mysterious mind. When that once gets into trouble and won't run properly, is there any power that will start it up again? I don't need to give illustrations of human lives that are weak and have got stalled, so to speak. I remember when visiting men in the naval prison during the war, one of them told me he had not the power to resist temptation, and inevitably as soon as he got his liberty he would find himself back in prison. Some of you here know what it is to have a day when you have got out on the wrong side of the bed. Everything that everybody does is in poor taste and out of tune for you all that day. You are sensible enough to know that you are cross, but for some reason you go on being cross. More power is needed. Just as in the case of the man in the naval prison who needed more

power so he could go over the hill of temptation,—just as in the case of the stalled automobile,—so on the day when you are cross you need more power to get up over the hill of crossness on which you are stalled. It may be it is the gloom in the background of your mind which causes the reaction you have to everything that is suggested. You have got a fog on your mind, and there is more power needed to get you up out of the valley where the fog is into the light of the slope. Maybe it is a bad habit which gets into your make-up—an idea that you can't get out of your mind. It goes round and round and round in your mind and it wears like grit in the bearings. You say, "I won't think of it any more," and in a moment it is back again. You have not the moral power to let it go. What you need is power to break the vicious circle and to lay that demon forever. Or it is self-control you need. You eat too much or indulge yourself too much, and every time you do it you pay for it and you say you are not going to do that again, but it recurs and recurs and you need more power to get you up the hill of self-mastery. You try to study and you sit down with your book and say, "I am going to study for an hour," and in one second you are pulling your mind back from every point of the universe—something that happened last week, or some event of social interest that is to happen in the future. Your whole time is spent in pulling your mind back, and you say, "What I need is more power of concentration." Or your nerves are on the ragged edge. You possibly know people with voices so thin that it shows there is no voice to spare. Their very conversation is so thin that after they say, "Didn't we have a swell time?" they have said everything they had to say. You are at the very edge of a breakdown. You say, "I know I can't stand it any more. I know I am going to break down." What you need is power to get up the hill of nerves onto the plateau of poise which lies above.



Dr. Richard Cabot writing in the Harvard Alumnae Bulletin says, that there is nothing you can get out of on the basis of mere mental affection. He tells of a man lying in a hospital who had a broken leg and his bones wouldn't knit. At last some kind nurse discovered that he had come in from an accident on the street and had been brought right to a hospital; he was poor and didn't know what had happened to his wife and family. He was lying there in bed and worrying about what had happened to those poor people left without him. As a result he was not eating or sleeping and his bones were not knitting. The nurse and doctor went together to his home and discovered that neighbors were looking after his wife and family and that all was well with them. They came back and told him and brought his wife and children with them, and they sat by his bedside and talked to him. Before long his bones began to knit and in a very short time he was up and well again. Power came into his life through the affection and peace of love. So it may be that sickness of body attacks your health; one of the hardest things is to see young people go out and fall victims to false ideals which make them, early in life, victims to trouble which might, with a clear mind, be overcome. What you need in all these cases is more power.

I must confess to you that when you go out and look in life for more power what you usually get is good advice. Good advice generally makes me worse. I don't know how it is with you, but if I get out on the wrong side of the bed to be told that I am cross makes me worse. When I am nervous and at the edge of things, with no reserve, to be told I ought not to let my nerves get the better of me is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Good advice does not help you very much and most baccalaureate sermons are good advice. The greatest baccalaureate sermon was the sermon that the hen preached to the ducks when they were hatched out. She told them to avoid water. So many baccalaureate sermons remind me of the sign, "Stop, Look, Listen" over a railroad crossing I passed once in New Hamp-

shire, where a train had not run for fifteen years. And so good advice does not help very much. What you need is a man with a can of gasoline from the nearest garage who can give you the power you need to go through life. Now this is what religion gives you. It is not merely to give you nice feelings, but it is to give you power.

How does religion help to give more power to people? When passing through Battle Creek I found I could stop off for an hour, so I walked up to the Sanitarium and talked to the Superintendent for fifteen minutes. He said the trouble is that so many people go to Battle Creek who have broken all the laws of health for eleven months, thinking they can come for one month and go back and break laws for the next eleven months. I was talking with a Christian Science healer who said to me the trouble that Christian Science people get into is, that people think Christian Science is a kind of patent medicine they can swallow and be healed for the rest of their lives. If they want to get health of body, they must pay the price in health of soul.

How does God give power? Here are three things that I have discovered. (1) You must admit the difficulty. You must admit you are stalled on the side of the hill and can't get up. There is nothing going to happen so long as you think you are all right and the landscape is stuck. As soon as you admit you are not going very well and there is a good deal of cheapness and thinness about you, you begin to have a chance. If you admit you are cross and forget to say that everything has gone wrong today, but know that all difficulty is within, you begin to be in a hopeful state. This is a tremendous start. I attended an open air meeting in Cape Cod in a pine grove one night last summer, and there were rather long preliminary services. I think every mosquito in Cape Cod was present that evening. Everybody was surreptitiously trying to kill mosquitoes. When I got up to speak, I said, first of all that they were perfectly free to kill mosquitoes any time or place. After that the whole strained situation ceased for everybody. Every situa-

tion may be successfully met if a plain and clear explanation is given. You should admit you are apt to condemn other people's faults and not follow up your own faults; that you are apt to exaggerate, or that you are negligent about numbers. Once you have admitted those things, then you have taken the first great step. Jesus came to the man who was blind and said first of all, "What wouldst thou that I should do to thee?" The whole man's being concentrated on that desire, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." The first thing that is necessary if you are going to get a hold on life and be something worth while, is to admit that you are pretty poor stuff.

(2) You must have faith that there is more gas in the world or you will never get up the hill. So long as you stand by your Ford and believe there is no more gasoline in the world, you are hopeless. But when you see somebody else, who was stalled like yourself by the side of the road, suddenly start and go up the hill, you believe you can do it. It is only after you have proved that there is power in the world to bring you up out of the dullness and discouragement of life that you can get that faith. The admission that you are pretty poor stuff is the first step. The realization that you can get the power to live is the second step.

(3) The method of getting the power is this. Everything in life flows toward that which attracts it. Water is attracted to lower levels and flows down. Plants grow up to the light even in cellars. Our stations along the B. & A. Railroad, including Auburndale and West Newton, are planted with Forsythia. During most of the year there is the dullest, deadest, grimmest condition around those stations that you can imagine. One day in spring it suddenly becomes a celestial glory, but there are men who go to Boston on that morning who never notice it because they are not attracted to beauty. It makes no impression on them. There are people who never see it and go right through it, thinking of some petty little problem of how to get five cents away from somebody else. You will get that toward which you

slant your mind. If you slant your mind toward lust or toward selfishness, that is what you get. The whole trend of life is in the slant of your mind. If you slant it toward disease and germs, you get that. If you slant it toward health and feelings of comfort in God, you get that. If you slant it toward beauty you see loveliness everywhere. You can forget all the tragedies of life by putting on a pair of shoes half a size too small. If your mind is slanted in the right direction, all the seas of the universe can break up against it fruitlessly and uselessly. A great nerve specialist was standing in his consultation room receiving patients with broken down nerves and broken down instincts, a great procession of down-and-outs, horribly perverted minds, filthy souls. All day they poured out the most horrible garbage of the human mind. A nurse sat by his side to take notes and she wondered how a man into whose mind such horrible stories were poured day after day could remain so sweet and optimistic and fine. Then she noticed that, after every story of horror was given into his ears, he would look at a picture over the fireplace, a picture of his camp in the Rockies, where the breezes were blowing from some distant snow-capped mountains. He would breathe a deep breath into his lungs and all the filth of human sin was unable to get a chink in the mind that was filled with the ozone of the hill top. That is the great secret of life. If you feel as you are coming down stairs in the morning that this is one of the days when you are not going to be yourself, suddenly slant your mind to singing every morning,

New every morning is the love  
Our waking and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought  
Restored to life and power and thought.

I guarantee if you do it, if you get that knack early in life, all the power and sweetness and good humor of God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit will come pouring down like an ozone-filled mountain torrent into your life. When you are certain that a headache is coming on and think you are going to have the same spells your mother or your great-grand-



mother or your aunt on your father's side had, change the slant of your mind to the Lord who said, "I am the Lord which healeth thee." Then you can make the Lord the good physician not only of your soul, but of your body. Just change the slant of your mind, and lo! into your mind will come the riches and beauty of God.

Members of the graduating class, I ask you not to let any of your friends who are visiting here today say to you that the man who preached the baccalaureate sermon was simply talking about self-suggestion,—that all he said was to keep cheerful. Probably when Jesus gave the Lord's prayer, some cynic said, that all He said, was to imagine that there was a great power somewhere which would win in the end. I beseech you that you try to get this knack just by practice, and that is the only way to do it, to get this knack early in life, to be able to turn your hearts and minds toward the real goodness of God in which you really do believe. Then it is absolutely unimportant what happens to you. Whether great joy or sad disappointment is going to meet you in future life, you are going to have a life which is better than what you dream. You will have things happen all through your life that are sweeter than anything you can imagine or desire. May God bless you and keep you, each one.

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## COMMENCEMENT VESPERS

*Rev. Alfred Stearns*

One of the best known chapters in all the Bible is that wonderful chapter on love and charity, written by St. Paul to the Corinthians, one which we hear so often that perhaps we fail always to appreciate its significance and power, one that has been accepted as one of the greatest masterpieces of literature of all times. I wonder sometimes when we hear that read, and quote from it so freely and glibly, if we stop to consider what charity, as proclaimed in that chapter, really means, what charity, or love, which Christ always proclaimed as the very summit of life, really means. You and I are apt to think more of charity as something

rather material. In our school days we think of the collections in which we so easily slipped the ten, or five, or one cent, or, possibly if girls are like boys, sometimes passed in the buttons off the cushions of the seats,—in any case giving mighty little when it comes to really giving. Or, we think of it in terms of the old clothes which we dispose of at the end of the year to the missionary barrel, a very simple, and certainly not a difficult or hard work. It means something material or something which costs us almost nothing, something that we give as it were in payment of an easy conscience or a feeling that we have done that disagreeable duty. Christ's charity was attitude of mind or life, rather than any individual or concrete material act. It was the way of looking at our fellows, as an individual, or human nature in general, the ability to peer beneath the surface and see beneath it the picture in the background of what that life had come from, what influence and circumstances had combined to shape it and make it what it is, what its potential powers still are.

That was Christ's view of charity and love, which he proclaimed as the highest thing to be sought for, to be used and lived in Christian discipleship. It was that wonderful spirit of his which enabled him to see in all classes of mankind, rich and poor alike, the deeper and spiritual values which later enabled him to understand how to wrestle with problems, which even the individual does not always fully understand or appreciate. It enabled him to sit with the woman at the well of Samaria and challenge her to fine and noble womanhood. It enabled him to sit with Peter and inspire him with a longing for something better in life and lay bare before him the very depths of his being and challenge him to live a nobler and truer life, a life possible for him. All through life that was Christ's way, that wonderful sympathy, that wonderful understanding, that ability to get beneath the surface and draw from it that which was fine and true, that which was permanent.

I wonder if we stop to realize in our dealings with our fellowmen what life could become if

you and I and every one of us could have that charity in our hearts, that love in our being, to enable us to live as Christ lived, with the understanding mind, with the sympathetic intent, with the desire always to find the best and truest in human nature and to help them into a fuller and richer life and ultimate control.

Oh, what a world this would be if men and women lived on that plane of Christ where charity and sympathy rather than criticism were given with fullest accord wherever we touched life ourselves.

St. Paul sums it up from another angle again when he writes to a self-satisfied church these words of stinging rebuke, "For who made thee to differ one from another? What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Why, then, dost thou glory as if thou had not received it?" Have you ever stopped to test your life on that standard? Think for a minute what life is to you beyond what you have received. We go about our ways, we move among our friends, we do our work, hold up our heads and throw out our chests as if we deserved some credit so often not our own. What have you that you have not received? These opportunities that are yours in a school like this, these great friendships that you are making, which influence and will continue to influence, cheer, strengthen, and inspire your life, your race, your family, your friends. This great age in which you live, the opportunities that are all about you, made possible by the sacrifice and idealism of those who have gone before you, are yours and mine because we have received. The Providence of God gave us these. Neither you nor I can claim any credit for the things which we receive so easily and thoughtlessly.

We might be crippled children in the slums of a great city with no hope or prospect ahead of us. We might have lived in some dark age, centuries away from the time in which we live, and the splendid and inspiring influences that serve us in this century. What have we that we did not receive? Then why do we glory as if we had not received. Exercise that bound-

less charity and sympathetic understanding of the Master as you judge your fellowmen, for all that God asks of you and me is this, What return are you going to give me on the investment that you have? What income have you added to all those things that have been given to you? What have you done with your life? Are your friends stronger because of their contact with you? Have you added something to your life above and beyond these rich values which are yours but which were given you from above? After all, that was the great truth which Christ proclaimed in the parable that it makes no difference to the Master whether it be five, or three, or two, or one. The only question asked was, "Have you invested—have you gained—have you doubled by service that which was given you from above?" That means for every one of us a spirit of overwhelming humility as we ask ourselves what will be our answer to that test. What can we show for our lives on the investment that has been made in us. It is an interesting thing to note that all great men are always the humblest men in the world. In all history the sure note of greatness lies in humility in the one who is truly great. When it comes to the crisis of life, every one must face the unknown future. Then, too, that spirit of humility, always the accompaniment of the spirit of charity, has its say and exerts its compelling influence.

A little story came to me not long ago from a South African war nurse. A young and handsome British officer, shot through the lung, was brought in and placed upon a rude cot. As he lay there moaning, the doctor came in and looked him over and turning to the nurse he said, "If you can keep that fellow absolutely quiet for three days nature will do her work. The wounds of the lung will heal and he will go forth a strong man entirely well." As he lay there on his rough cot a woman was brought in from a truck. As she lay huddled in the corner, her clothes badly torn, her hair matted with blood, unkempt, uncared for, moaning and groaning in



her pain she looked more like a wild animal than a human being. And a few yards away lay the British officer, a man of distinguished family and wealth, for whom the future held out every advancement and all that life itself had to offer. On a table nearby was a half glass of water for those who needed it most. The nurse then held it to his lips and asked him to drink. He shook his head. He motioned to the woman in the corner indicating that he wanted her to have that water. The nurse, noting the contrast, said, "Drink, this is for you." Then that brave young fellow standing on the verge of Eternity and knowing what the act would cause him, waving his arms toward that heap of rags, rose in his strong manliness and said, "Give it to her, I say, she is a woman." With that exertion the wound broke open, the blood gushed forth and he fell back dead.

There was that great acknowledgment of a splendid spirit of chivalry which has come down to us from all ages and a feeling for womanhood that was something so splendid and so fine which demands the sacrifice of life itself, if necessary.

May the time never come when you young women will ever lose from out of life that splendid acknowledgment and homage which man inevitably pays to all the splendid qualities which are yours and yours alone, which has served as an inspiration for deeds of heroism and achievement, which has held back with its strong hand and restrained from the unworthy act and base deed. May we always have in our life that spirit of chivalry which recognizes the noblest and fullest in womanhood.

After all, it was this spirit which prompted Christ to choose these rough and rude fishermen for his disciples, for he saw beneath the surface and he knew the play of influence and forces which made those lives worth while. Let me give you an illustration of what I mean.

I don't think I ever tingled more in my life than when I read a story from the English newspapers of the rescuing of the crew of that British freighter by the American ship "President Roosevelt." As the story was told

in the English paper in which it was first reported, there were certain elements which I had not seen in this country, but as the story came to us as it was printed, when that boat, after the three days of struggle in the hope of getting a lifeboat out, seemed destined to be lost and the crew of the "President Roosevelt" pleaded that something be done to save that crew, a boat was lowered. It was hoped that she would make headway and save the sinking ship. A great gale came and threw all of her occupants overboard. Immediately lines were thrown to those struggling in the water. One man, as he fell from the boat was stunned and sank at once. One of those fellows, a great giant of a fellow, reached a life line and was climbing up the side of the ship when he glanced down and saw one of his mates still struggling in the water. That brave fellow went back into the water, swam to this struggling sailor with life-line in hand and gave it to him and tried to steer that boat and force it to the side of the sinking freighter, but missed it by ten feet. He drifted off away into the storm and darkness to meet his God.

It does not take great imagination to see the halo on that man's head, to hear our Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. You have met the supreme test which Christ asks of his followers, 'Give his life for his friend'."

A little later there was an interesting development to this story. About a week after the story was printed I had a letter from my own boy in New York who was learning the steamship game, and for two or three years had sailed on freighters going out to the East and South occasionally. He wrote me that he was interested in that tale because on his last trip East, Uno Witerman had been a sailor on his ship. I could hardly wait to get to New York to ask him to tell me about that fellow and when I met my boy in New York I said, "What can you tell me about Uno Witerman?" He smiled and said, "Oh, Dad, he was just a hard-boiled sailor." "What do you mean?" "You know what I mean. You know what that type are like, rough, ready, and

always looking for a fight." Drunk and profane and looking for a fight. What would we have thought of that fellow? What would you have said about him? We would have turned away with a feeling of pity, perhaps, and said, to ourselves, "Too bad, another derelict, another man gone wrong." What would Christ have said if he had seen that fellow? I think he would have talked with him as he talked with Peter and would have seen beneath the surface. "You are not looking very promising, but down beneath the surface you have the strength of a hero and the courage of a man. Follow me and I will make you a fisherman of men."

Now what does that all mean to you and me. In all our contacts in life we are going to come across all kinds of people. How hastily we pass criticism, which may bite and sting or work its subtle way undermining their nerve, their hopes, strength of mind and ideals. Christ wouldn't have done it that way. He asks us to see beneath the surface, always challenging ourselves with that test—what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Instead of turning away from that weakling whom we pass in life, we see the victim of circumstances beyond control dating way back into early heredity and yet we see the spiritual within, and with understanding we'd see in that one discouraged, downcast and queer victim of circumstances of which he or she had had no control, and realize that we might have been queer. We'd see in that victim one who had simply suffered from an environment into which life had placed him. If we'd reach out the strong and helping hand of charity and love which Christ revealed we'd make a man or woman out of that shy or diffident one. How easily and wonderfully all through life we could serve and give in return the spirit of love and charity of the Master, if we could have looked beneath the surface and realized what the test really should be, and held out the helping hand of strength to lift manhood and womanhood to a higher and nobler level and into full and free fellowship with the Master.

## COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The Commencement address was a discourse on character. Dr. Graves concluded with the following words to the graduating class:

"Members of the Graduating class, the great class of 1926, as you must feel yourselves, this is, I think, a peculiarly solemn occasion and yet pleasant, if it is possible for any solemn occasion to be pleasant. It is pleasant because you are here in this wonderful edifice with these decorations, surrounded by your parents, relatives, friends, and possibly by some of a closer appellation than that, and it is solemn because you are looking forward to the next step, whether the step be a preparation for actual life or for going out into the collegiate world to find new spheres to conquer. A little later you will receive your diplomas, and this, too, will be a very happy and significant event in your life that you will look back to as one of the pleasantest periods that you have known. It is very natural that you should desire this diploma, although you do not need it, for you have had the knowledge and training—why take a mere piece of parchment to indicate it? For the same reason as people wish their gold which is so precious and so valuable to have the imprimatur of the United States placed upon it so that it is of use in ordinary transactions of life, and this places upon you what has been impressed on your minds—the stamp of approval of Lasell Seminary. The old institution has meant much to you and probably you will find that this has been a very happy period indeed and one that is well worth remembering, and so when you have your diploma you will have something to carry away and to remind you of it. You owe much to this old seminary, which has trained generations before your day, and in turn it asks a great deal of you—to defend its good name, to further its progress; but more than that, it expects you to use what you have acquired here and what has been impressed upon you, in your life as you go out from its walls. And so I can say to you as the utmost possible



of my wisdom those words that appear in the old motto of the society of Jesus, 'Freely you have received, then freely give.'"

### JUNE MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Immediately following the Commencement Luncheon, our president, Susan Tiffany '15, called the Alumnae and former students to the Library for an informal program, followed by the Alumnae Meeting of the Association.

The first presentation was a fashion show of 1906 by the '06 girls, who were celebrating their twentieth reunion. The gowns which were displayed on living models and worn by many of the girls twenty years ago caused much merriment and rejoicing that we have advanced to the modern sensible mode of dress. The class also sang an amusing original song.

This was followed by Dr. Bragdon's letter to his girls, read by Miss Potter. His sincere good wishes for our happiness touched the hearts of all and we sincerely wished he could have been present at this, Lasell's seventy-fifth Birthday Gathering.

1916 was represented by a lively group celebrating their tenth reunion. Each girl wore a blue and gold paper cap and declared they were having a fine time! They entertained us with a clever original song and also gave a goodly sum to Dr. Winslow for the Endowment Fund.

Miss Potter and Mrs. Peirce of the Class of '80 promised \$75.00 from their class for the school, as a birthday gift.

We were favored indeed in having Ellen Clark Gill '70 as our anniversary speaker. Her message was a feast. She told us of Lasell in her day in her witty and often eloquent words. We could easily see the quiet Prof. Cushing,—who, as Mrs. Gill said "was followed by a cyclone out of the West, in the person of our dynamic Dr. Bragdon"—the dignified preceptress, Miss Chamberlain, of whom the girls stood in awe, and Fraulein and her Zither!!!

Our Professor Hills was Mrs. Gill's music teacher and from her own confession, she added not a little to his trials. Mrs. Gill was on

the Faculty following her graduation, and was so small and youthful that the townspeople mistook her for one of the students, and amusing incidents followed. We were all sorry when this delightful talk was over.

Professor Hills to our great joy was with us and was asked to speak, but said he could talk best with his fingers, so to our delight, played beautifully one of his own compositions, "A Song Without Words."

Dr. Winslow greeted us cordially and expressed his pleasure at meeting so many of the girls. He said it was most encouraging to have the old girls and graduates expressing their confidence and loyalty in such a substantial way. Checks were still coming in and the Endowment Fund was steadily growing. The business meeting followed—which was attended by about forty members.

After hearing fine reports from the Secretary and Treasurer, Lillie Fuller Merriam explained to us the Caroline Carpenter Fund, of which she has been the Trustee for a number of years. She then turned over her report and securities to Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce '80, and was given a vote of thanks for her loyal work. This fund was given in memory of our Miss Carpenter and the income is used for deserving students.

It was voted that each year the president of the Senior Class be invited to receive at the midwinter reunion in order to get in personal touch with old girls and in turn to create an interest in the Association among the graduating class.

A vote of thanks was given to Dr. Winslow for his cordial hospitality and use of the Library for our Meeting and a telegram of Greeting was sent to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon.

The following officers were elected:

President—Susan E. Tiffany.

Vice-President—Irene Sauter Sanford.

Secretary—Edith Anthony Carlow.

Treasurer—Ella Richardson Cushing.

Directors—Mildred Peirce Fuller, Mary Packard Cass, Helen Carter Marcy.

Trustee of Caroline Carpenter Fund—Annie Kendig Peirce.

All business cared for, we adjourned with fine resolve to be loyal to the object of the L. A. A.

#### ARTICLE II, CONSTITUTION

The object of our Association shall be to serve the interests of Lasell Seminary, to promote a spirit of fellowship among its graduates and past students and strengthen their relation to the Seminary.

Respectfully submitted,

Marion Hale Bottomley, *Sec.*

#### DR. BRAGDON'S GREETING

Dear *Old Girls*:

You to whom I wish to speak will not resent the "Old" because I also say "Girls."

I had hoped and partly planned to be with you today. If I were I'd not stand on the high platform. I'd be right down on the floor close to you.

First: I should want to shake hands with the "Old Guard" if any of you are left. Faithfully you used to come and sit on the front seats on my left. How your presence did please and encourage me as I tried to build up old Lasell to be more worthy of you and the name which you have been loyal to through "thick and thin."

Well, now, there are several beginnings for which Lasell ought to be celebrated and of which she has a right to be proud and you of her.

First: Lasell first taught Domestic Science, which is now a part of so many school curricula being taught in Grammar Schools. Lasell brought Miss Parloa to lecture on Cooking, she afterward demonstrating it to the whole school.

Mrs. Bragdon taught the first real practical Cooking Class in the world, her pupils being Ava and Gussie Lowe (daughters of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, for whom Mt. Lowe in California is named) and Bettie Morris of Texas. Of this class a picture is given in the earlier catalogs of Lasell.

Some, especially colleges, opposed this teaching of cooking. The President of Wellesley, then recently opened, wrote me that it was "lowering the Standard of Education," etc., etc. (I was putting it on the plane of Physics, Chemistry, etc.) But the newspapers approved it and gave Lasell much free advertising by their defense of its "New Departure," and pupils flocked to its doors until I turned away for want of room ninety applicants in one summer.

Then we added to Cooking, Millinery and Dress Cutting (not dressmaking as you have it now) that girls might make and trim their own hats and cut their own gowns as tailors do for men, by rule, not by guessing. Oddly enough, the system adopted was the "Taylor" system.

Second: It was while she was teacher of Calisthenics and Reading at Lasell that Annie Payson Call thought out her Theory and Practice of Con-

centration which she gave to the world in her "Power through Repose," "Seasickness," etc., books which have been favorably noticed everywhere.

Third: Before Dr. Coue gave out his widely quoted and happily practiced "I am getting better and better every day in every way," Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, teacher of Reading and Expression, taught Lasell pupils to feel and to say "Dear Everybody, I love you." Mrs. Martin, blessed apostle and Philosopher! She trudged daily from Waltham through rain and snow to give our girls her Evangel of Goodwill. She was in a Class by herself! Enthusiastic and aesthetic. She brought pictures and rugs and made her room (the one which you used, when I was there last, for the exhibit of your work in these lines) very attractive. She brought lasting good to Lasell in many ways.

Fourth: Lasell first taught Military Drill, strictly Military Drill, not imitation gymnastics. I well remember when Major Benyon—dear, shy Major Benyon—became so embarrassed he blushed when giving the first Company the Setting up Exercises. "Attention! Erect, heels together, feet at angle of 45 degrees, shoulders back!" Well, Lasell gave Military Drill its start in schools. A pity it stopped.

Fifth: Lasell also began the teaching of Swimming in schools. I sent Miss Ransom to Philadelphia to learn how it was done. Then we raised the Gymnasium Building, to put a tank under it (some trouble that to get it right) and Miss Ransom began her "one, two, three" with an emphasis on the "Three." Bertie Burr (taught in our pool) saved two from drowning and received the U. S. Government Medal of Honor. ✓

I am writing these things because I want you to be proud of Lasell for these "beginnings" which have deserved and received the praise of the world, and because you are young and not likely to know of these matters unless some old fellow like me tells you of them. "Subscribe for the LEAVES."

—C. C. Bragdon.

#### LIFE MEMBERS

The list of life members of the Alumnae Association is as follows:

|               |                         |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| Class of 1854 | Rose Haywood Brown      |
| 1857          | Fanny Sykes Davis       |
| 1861          | Caroline Hills Leeds    |
| 1863          | Ida Capron Cook         |
| 1869          | Catherine Ames Ide      |
| 1870          | Ellen Clark Gill        |
| 1873          | Ella Richardson Cushing |
| 1880          | Lillie Rose Potter      |
| 1882          | Carrie Wallace Hussey   |



- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1883 | Lillian Mansfield Packard<br>Annie Wallace  |      | Dorothy Caroline Barnes   |
| 1884 | Ida Sibley Webber   | 1919 | Mary Hopkins<br>Sarah Hopkins   |
| 1892 | Mary Patten Witherbee   |      | Mercie Vinal Nichols  |
| 1894 | Laura Case Viot<br>Jennie May Rich<br>Harriett Grace Scott  | 1920 | Anna Crane Sherwood<br>Doris Margaret Crawford<br>Isabel Maude Fish<br>Marjorie Vivian Hussey                                 |
| 1895 | Alice Andresen Kountze  | 1921 | Gladys Victoria Lucas<br>Julia Russell Robertson<br>Ruth Smith Coates   |
| 1896 | Annie Jean Hackett  | 1922 | Iverna Louise Birdsall<br>Harriette Phelps Case<br>Sarah Frances Crane<br>Cornelia Mallory Hemingway<br>Mabel Esther Rawlings |
| 1898 | Helen Abbott Bucknam  | 1923 | Adrienne Estelle Smith  |
| 1899 | Alice Rosamond Kendall  | 1924 | Avis Dorothy Ballou<br>Edith Campbell Clendenin<br>Alice Wry Anthony  |
| 1900 | Blanche Gardner Peeler<br>Elsie Boardman Reynolds   |      |   |
| 1904 | Jennie Hamilton Eliason<br>Arabella Jenckes Knox  |      |   |
| 1905 | Ida Jones Haydn<br>Edna Rogers Carlisle   |      |   |
| 1906 | Edith Anthony Carlow<br>Helen Carter Marcy<br>Mildred Peirce Fuller<br>Irene Sauter Sanford<br>Elsie Young Hayden<br>Dorothy Turner Moulton<br>Maude Simes Harding<br>Anna Grant Blackstock |      |   |
| 1908 | Lela Helen Goodall<br>Grace Thomas Griswold<br>Louise Morrell Nestler<br>Annie Smith Floyd  |      |   |
| 1910 | Julia Crafts Sheridan<br>Mildred Goodall Campbell<br>Susan Stryker<br>Josephine Woodward Rand   |      |   |
| 1911 | Margaret Jones Clemen<br>Gladys Margaret Lawton   |      |   |
| 1912 | Florence Jones Allen  |      |   |
| 1913 | Mildred Westervelt Warner   |      |   |
| 1914 | Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine<br>Ruth Davis Giller<br>Ruth Thresher Jenks   |      |   |
| 1915 | Susan Emeline Tiffany   |      |   |
| 1916 | Naomi Sarah Bradley<br>Ruth Griffin MacDonald<br>Helen Merrill Strohecker<br>Laura Hale Gorton  |      |   |
| 1917 | Fannie Gates Frey<br>Jessie Caulk Shepherd  |      |   |
| 1918 | Lydia Adeline Adams   |      |   |

## ASSOCIATE LIFE MEMBER

1904-05 Mabel Martin Parker

## 1906 COMES HOME

Just twenty years ago, a class of thirty-one girls marched between the daisy chains, singing,

Bound firm by ties which never shall be broken,  
Bound by a love which ever shall abide,  
We stand together, classmates true and loyal,  
We stand together in life's changing tide.

"Inne alle thynges treue," our motto never failing,  
We will be faithful, Alma Mater dear.  
In distant years thy memory still shall cheer us,  
Still shall abide with us if far or near.

We meant every word of it, then, with a solemn, tearful earnestness, but the joy of *proving* that friendship and loyalty has made even the happiness of school-time affection grow pale.

It is wonderfully inspiring to realize that one's classmates have lived up to the high standards so inexorably set by youthful ambition, and the fine perception of maturer years joyfully detects hitherto unsuspected qualities which claim added love, respect, and admiration.

Mrs. Martin said that we had gained a spiritual quality. We have all *lived*, and life never fails to register. Perhaps that is it. It is difficult to express in mere words, but there was enough power in the contact with each other at the Cedar Hill house party to take us successfully across the next twenty years, and we caught it from the spark of wholesome fun which evidently is never quite extinguished by the embers of falling days.

Although there were many more present in spirit, ten of us met at Cedar Hill, some for the first time since graduation. There were:—

|                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Edith Anthony Carlow       | Helen Carter Marcy   |
| Ina Harber                 | Meta Buehner Noble   |
| Maude Simes Harding        | Irene Sauter Sanford |
| Mildred Pierce Fuller      | Julia Potter Schmidt |
| Margaret Fuller Manchester | Lucy Wilson Errett   |

Dorothea Turner Moulton shared several of our festivities, and Elsie Young Hayden made a special effort to come from Nashua for the day in order to be with us Tuesday.



Left to right Julia Potter Schmidt, Ina Harber, Meta Buehner Noble, Helen Carter Marcy



Left to right Edith Anthony Carlow, Mildred Peirce Fuller, Irene Sauter Sanford, Lucy Wilson Errett, Maude Simes Harding

Mildred's clever idea originally was for one or two girls to resurrect a costume, vintage of '06, and appear at the Alumnae Roll Call supported by a song and the rest of us: but show me the human being who doesn't love to "dress up!" The outcome of the plan was the appearance of ten fashion plates of by-gone art, with two of our number to stand sanely by and link us to modern times.

The editors of the LEAVES have asked for the song that supported the costumes, and of course we can't be disobliging, but in cold print it is bound to lose its zest. Before you read it, you really should look at the old *Allerlei* and refresh your memory concerning the tilt of a twenty-two inch hat without a head-size; the contrasting dimensions of sleeves and waist-lines; and the length and volume of skirts. The tune is "Bonnie Dundee."

Twenty years have gone by since '06 left Lasell: Though the time has been long, we have weathered it well;

But today there's the impulse to laugh and to cry  
As we contemplate waist-lines, and pompadours high.



*Chorus*

Our costumes impress you as funny, no doubt.  
We're close on to forty, and some of us stout;  
But for loyalty you cannot beat old '06—  
Whether ancient or modern—here's 1906!

We will stifle our scruples so prudish and prim:  
We must follow the fashion with vigor and vim,  
So we'll shorten our skirts, and we'll cut off our  
hair:

For a youthful demeanor we'll do and we'll dare!

Not entirely frivolous, four new life-members entered the Alumnae Association, and the Class Fund for the Endowment was raised to \$100.

We heartily appreciate all the cordial hospitality that Lasell extended to us through our Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and beloved Miss Potter. It was a delightful home-coming, and to any recent graduates who gasp at the prospect of a twentieth reunion, we can repeat the glee-ful assurance, "Something good is surely coming!"

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**COMMENCEMENT FESTIVITIES**

May 22:—At eight o'clock in the evening at the Auburndale Club House the Lasell Glee Club and Orchestra gave one of its finest programmes, which is as follows:

## I

March, "Young America".....*H. F. Odell*  
"Song to the Evening Star".....*Wagner*

## ORCHESTRA

The Moon Reappears.....*Purcell*  
Jerusalem .....*Parry*

## GLEE CLUB

Pizzicatti .....*Delibes*  
A Little Story.....*Odell*  
March, "Yankee Pep".....*Odell*

## ORCHESTRA

Trees .....*Rasbach-Harris*  
The Galway Piper (Based on the Irish Air,  
"The Rakes of Mallow").....*Fletcher*  
The Big Brown Bear.....*Mana-Zucca*

## GLEE CLUB

## II

Selection from "Maritana".....*Wallace*

## ORCHESTRA

Cantata: "Alice Brand".....

Poem by *Sir Walter Scott*

Music by *Horatio Parker*

## GLEE CLUB

## GLEE CLUB

|                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Virginia Amos, '26     | Henrietta Hisgen, '28    |
| Margaret Anderson, '26 | Catherine Hodges, '31    |
| Dorothy Aseltine, '26  | Mariesta Howland, '26    |
| Ellen Atkinson, '29    | Marie Janota, '26        |
| Margaret Basley, '29   | Evelyn Ladd, '28         |
| Myrtle Barry, '28      | Margaret Leach, '27      |
| Lorraine Benham, '28   | Evelyn Mann, Spec.       |
| Marjorie Blair, '28    | Verta MacLeod, '30       |
| Clarine Booth, '27     | Kathryn Moore, '26       |
| Rosalie Brightman, '27 | Helen Owen, Spec.        |
| Sara Cox, '27          | Georgia Parrish, '26     |
| Helen Duncan, '26      | Madeleine Robinhold, '27 |
| Constance Ely, '26     | Florence Rosenblum, '27  |
| Doris Eitapence, Spec. | Marjorie Schaller, '29   |
| Lucy Field, '27        | Suzanne Shutts, '26      |
| Sara Foster, '26       | Eloise Smith, '26        |
| Mary Freeman, '26      | Janette Smock, '27       |
| Ruth Griswold, '27     | Cherry Solar, '26        |
| Dorothy Hale, '26      | Katherine Tufts, '27     |
| Frances Hall, '26      | Winona Wiggin, '30       |
|                        | Marjorie Wood, '29       |

## ORCHESTRA

*Violins*

|                      |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Myrtle Barry, '28    | Evelyn Ladd, '28        |
| Lillie Butters, '27  | Gwendolyn McDonald, '30 |
| Bernice Decker, '29  | Martha Silliman, '27    |
| Claire Haines, '27   | Dorothy Smith, '29      |
| Mary Keim, '27       | Marjorie Winslow, '29   |
| Natalie Kimball, '31 | Virginia Wood, '26      |

*Mandolins*

|                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Gertrude Beck, '27     | Asuncion Pascual, '26    |
| Rosalie Brightman, '27 | Katherine Royce, '27     |
| Carolyn Duncan, '27    | Churilla Silliman, '26   |
| Virginia Hight, Spec.  | Adeline Trafton, '28     |
| Pauline Le Clair, '27  | Elizabeth Van Cleve, '26 |
| Ella Loewe, '28        | Barbara Wescott, '27     |
| Gertrude Moeller, '26  | Ruth Woodman, Spec.      |

*Cello*

Eleanor Day, '27

*Harp*

Georgia Parrish, '26

*Drum*

Margaret Basley, '29

*Tenor Banjo*

Hazel Cooke, '27

*Piano*

Frances Hall, '26

The leader of the Glee Club was Susanne Shutts '26, and of the orchestra, Elizabeth Van Cleve '26. Both organizations have been under the personal supervision of Rev. Earl Harper, pastor of the Auburndale Methodist Church.

May 27:—Perhaps the greatest day of the year at Lasell is River Day. For weeks ahead the class crews have been practising, not only how to stroke, but that far more difficult work, that of temperance. Crew work means

temperance in eating, temperance in the matter of light cuts and various other forms of temperance.

In the Consolation race the line-up was Senior 1, Junior Green and Freshmen. The winners in this were the Freshmen, Marjorie Winslow, captain.

This year was a record-breaking day and although the "palm of victory" goes to the Sophomore crew, Julia Larrabee, captain, yet the losers were not very far behind. In the final line-up were the Sophomores, Junior 1, Junior Gold. After a very exciting race the Sophomores won by a very small margin, but it was quite perceptible. The winning crew is as follows: Julia Larrabee, captain; Helen Bliss, Barbara Barber, Victoria Jackson, Helen Young, Barbara Foster, Helen Morrell, and Adeline Trafton.

June 2:—At 2.30 in the afternoon the closing exercises of the Woodland Park School were held. A further note of this will be found elsewhere. At eight o'clock in the evening in the chapel, was the regular Commencement Concert. The programme is as follows:

PROGRAM

- PIANO Prelude in E-minor.....*MacDowell*  
Helen Waltz
- VOICE O Cessate di Piagarmi.....*Scarlatti*  
(1659-1725)  
Chi Vuol la Zingarella.....*Paisiello*  
(1741-1816)  
Constance Ely
- PIANO Arabesque ..... *Debussy*  
Ella Loewe
- VIOLIN Hymn to the Sun  
*Rimsky-Korsakow-Kreisler*  
Mary Helen Swartzel
- VOICE My Lovely Celia.....*Old English*  
A Pastoral .....*Old English*  
Dorothy Messenger
- PIANO Valse le Concert.....*Wieniawski*  
Gwendolyn McDonald
- VIOLIN ENSEMBLE  
Les Adieux .....*Sarasate*  
Fairy Tales .....*Komzäk*  
Mary Helen Swartzel Marjorie Winslow  
Mary Keim Evelyn Ladd  
Piano—Ella Loewe  
Organ—Hazel Baird

- VOICE Down in the Forest.....*Ronald*  
The Star .....*Rogers*  
Love Has Wings.....*Rogers*  
Evelyn Mann
- PIANO Revolutionary Etude ..... *Chopin*  
Victoria Jackson
- VOICE A Serenade .....*Cyril Scott*  
The Morning Wind.....*Branscombe*  
As I Went A-roaming.....*Brahe*  
Janette Smock
- HARP Murmure de la Cascade Op. 29.....*Zabel*  
Georgia Parrish
- ORGAN AND PIANO Theme and Variations  
*H. M. Dunham*  
Virginia Wood and Frances Hall
- VOICE The Wings of Night.....*Watts*  
The Little Shepherd's Song.....*Watts*  
Dorothy Hale
- PIANO Wedding Day at Troldhaugen.....*Grieg*  
Margaret Anderson
- VOICE Élégie .....*Massenet*  
Vissi D'Arte Vissi D'Armored,  
from "Tosca" .....*Puccini*  
Suzanne Shutts  
Violin—Marjorie Winslow
- PIANO ENSEMBLE Ballet from "Petit  
Suite" .....*Debussy*  
Misses Anderson, Hale, Hall,  
Mary Elizabeth Smith

June 4:—At 2.30 in the afternoon the swimming meet was held. The audience stood amazed at the very fine exhibits offered. Particularly interesting was that of life-saving. The "saved" deserve credit for acting their part true to form as well as the savers. Miss Rickard deserves great praise in her work with the Lasell swimmers this year.

From three to five o'clock was the Home Economics Exhibit in Carter Hall. Each year it seems to grow finer and bigger. The dresses and hats, lingerie and embroidery show the fruits of the expert direction of Mrs. Saunders, Miss Wright and Miss McTaggart; no less did the cooking do credit to Miss Nice. And in the Practice House under the able leadership of Miss Boothby, a fine wedding breakfast had been prepared.

At nine in the evening, with the spirea for a perfect background, a wonderfully starry night for a canopy, was presented "A Beacon



Light," a pageant to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of our school. It seemed as though everything conspired to make the pageant a success. Very special credit goes to all the students for their fine co-operation, to Miss Stearns for her very able direction, to Miss Kimball, who in the very brief time she was with us so won our hearts by her wonderful direction of the dancing, to Victoria Jackson '28 and Susanne Shutts '26, without whom we could have done nothing. Sue trained all the singing and Victoria spent many hours rehearsing and arranging the instrumental music. There is not space to thank innumerable others who helped with the costumes, but Marjorie Blair '28, Katherine Tufts '27, Margarette Rix '26 and Constance Ely '26 deserve very special mention. Last, but far from least, we wish to express our most heartfelt thanks to Messrs. Ordway, Harper, Perry, Blanchard and the other men who gave so untiringly of their services with the lighting and other endless details. In short, the pageant was truly a school affair in which every one most willingly co-operated and thus well were we able to keep "Lasell's Lamp trimmed and burning bright."

June 5:—At eight in the evening, at Woodland Park, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Miss Potter and Molly Witschief '26, received the guests of the Seniors and former students. This is one of the best opportunities during Commencement week for every one to see each other. We were glad so many came.

June 6:—Just to see Dr. Park's name as the speaker for the morning was enough for most of us to know that we were going to be fortunate indeed. In his own inimitable way Dr. Park preached the kind of Baccalaureate sermon we like to hear. A full account is given elsewhere.

The Commencement Vespers speaker, Dr. Alfred Stearns of Phillips Andover Academy, we consider as an old friend. This, too, has been reported in full in our columns.

June 7:—Once again prayers were answered, and although the weather had continued

quite inclement during the day yet it cleared up beautifully for the Seniors Class Night. Promptly at eight the Senior procession, led by Helen Bliss '28, president of the Sophomore Class and carrying the '26 banner, marched into the tent singing, "Brightly Gleams our Banner, 'gainst the starry sky." The welcome was given by Virginia Amos, vice-president of the class, the roll-call by Dorothy Denney, the prophecy by Mariesta Howland and Elizabeth Smith, the mementoes by Rilla Silliman. A nice little surprise in the form of a cheque for \$1183.27 was presented to Dr. Winslow for the Lasell Endowment Fund. After appropriate advice to the Juniors in the nature of songs, Molly Witschief gave the Farewell. True to the time-old tradition, which was dropped last year, the class of 1926, led by the same old band, bid its farewell to the various Senior houses. Violet Han made their adieus to Bancroft, Peggy Matthews to Clark, Katherine Macauley to Carpenter, and Mary Freeman to Gardner. Later in the night those who were awake enjoyed the last serenade of '26. The full text of the speeches is to be found in the '26 *Lamp*.

June 8:—The last chapel! Girls of Dr. Winslow's first year as principal, 1909, will know the hymn that was sung—"Be strong, we are not here to play, to dream, to drift." Then followed the long list of prizes which will be found elsewhere.

At 10.45 the school marched to the Congregational Church to listen to the Commencement address, given by Dr. Frank Pierpont Graves, president of the College of the State of New York and thereby Commissioner of Education of that State. After luncheon was the Alumnae meeting. The business meeting was preceded by stunts from the classes of 1906 and 1916. The former dressed as they did when at school and any one coming in who belonged to that day would have easily recognized Mildred Peirce swinging her tennis racket as of old, or Julia Potter, or Meta Buehner in the dress she wore at her own Senior reception, or Maud Simes in the hat of the day, Irene Sauter in the suit and "wire rat"

of the day, and all the others. 1916 told us how we'd look after ten years of marriage and housekeeping. In memory of the old days Susan Tiffany '16, president of the Alumnae Association, and Marion Hale Bottomley '10, secretary, were dressed in suitable costume.

Thus ended Lasell's seventy-fifth year of its existence and its seventy-second Commencement season, and once again the charge made by our principal rings in our ears, "Lasell Seminary sends you forth to represent her, see that you protect her honour."

The following members of the graduating class received their diplomas:

|                                     |                       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Africa, Maude Isabel.....           | Manchester, N. H.     |
| Allyn, Marjorie Elizabeth.....      | Montreal West, Canada |
| Anderson, Margaret Ellen.....       | Kankakee, Ill.        |
| Amos, Virginia Dinsmore.....        | Warminster, Pa.       |
| Aseltine, Dorothy Marie.....        | Winchester, Mass.     |
| Baird, Hazel Erma.....              | Orleans, Vermont      |
| Barclay, Elinor Christie.....       | Pittsburgh, Penna.    |
| Barry, Helen Lucille.....           | Detroit, Mich.        |
| Beck, Margaret Elizabeth.....       | New Haven, Conn.      |
| Bennett, Margaret Brown.....        | Guilford, Maine       |
| Best, Kathleen Vera.....            | Chestnut Hill, Mass.  |
| Bridger, Phyllis Katherine.....     | Biddeford, Maine      |
| Brolin, Louise Eleanor.....         | Rockford, Ill.        |
| Brown, Marion.....                  | Joliet, Ill.          |
| Carey, Mildred Arlette.....         | Watertown, N. Y.      |
| Carl, Martha Grace.....             | Schenectady, N. Y.    |
| Cobb, Doris Elizabeth.....          | Woodfords, Maine      |
| Day, Elizabeth Kingston.....        | Pittsburgh, Penna.    |
| Denison, Louise Beatrice.....       | Elkhart, Ind.         |
| Denney, Dorothy Gertrude.....       | South Orange, N. J.   |
| Duncan, Helen Louise.....           | Portsmouth, N. H.     |
| Ely, Constance Mildred.....         | Florence, Mass.       |
| Ely, Mae Arline.....                | Lykens, Penna.        |
| Fitch, Marian Cecelia.....          | Detroit, Mich.        |
| Foster, Reba Eunice.....            | Nashua, N. H.         |
| Foster, Sara.....                   | Ellsworth, Maine      |
| Freeman, Mary Ella.....             | New Orleans, La.      |
| Hale, Dorothy.....                  | Malone, N. Y.         |
| Hall, Frances Edythe.....           | Smiths, Mass.         |
| Hamlin, Mildred Doris.....          | Slatersville, R. I.   |
| Han, Violet Baytsung.....           | Shanghai, China       |
| Horton, Millicent Caroline.....     | Glens Falls, N. Y.    |
| Howland, Mariesta Dodge.....        | Rockland, Mass.       |
| Janota, Marie Eileen.....           | Bronx, N. Y.          |
| Jensen, Edith Clara.....            | Watertown, Mass.      |
| Johnson, Elizabeth Dawn Agnes.....  | Lowell, Mass.         |
| Kimball, Elizabeth Stockbridge..... | Hinsdale, N. H.       |
| Krakauer, Anita.....                | Chihuahua, Mexico     |
| Kramer, M. Hazel.....               | Whitneyville, Conn.   |
| Lawrence, Grace Olive.....          | Summit, N. J.         |
| Mackay, Sarah Harriet.....          | Peekskill, N. Y.      |

|                                  |                     |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Matthews, Mabel Niver.....       | Summit, N. J.       |
| Messenger, Dorothy Emma.....     | Auburndale, Mass.   |
| Moeller, Gertrude Laura.....     | New Haven, Conn.    |
| Moore, Ethel Margaret.....       | Palmer, N. Y.       |
| Moore, Kathryn.....              | Chicago, Ill.       |
| McAuley, Katherine Annette.....  | Troy, N. Y.         |
| Ockert, Emma Helen.....          | New Haven, Conn.    |
| Oppel, Elizabeth Frederica.....  | Bridgeport, Conn.   |
| Parrish, Georgia Fay.....        | Peoria, Ill.        |
| Potter, Frances Oriana.....      | Glens Falls, N. Y.  |
| Powdrell, Gertrude Lillian.....  | Wellfleet, Mass.    |
| Renstrom, Sarah.....             | Fayette City, Pa.   |
| Butterworth, Eleanor.....        | Braintree, Mass.    |
| Rice, Ruby Rowena.....           | Rindge, N. H.       |
| Rix, Margarete Olive.....        | Omaha, Neb.         |
| Roth, Madeleine.....             | Peoria, Ill.        |
| Russell, Charlotte.....          | Providence, R. I.   |
| Sage, Winifred Bertha.....       | Williamstown, N. Y. |
| Schmidt, Erna Helen.....         | Hartsdale, N. Y.    |
| Schumaker, Doris Sellers.....    | Malden, Mass.       |
| Schumaker, Dorothy Gary.....     | Lincoln, N. H.      |
| Shutts, Suzanne Walling.....     | Asbury Park, N. J.  |
| Silliman, Churilla.....          | Deep River, Conn.   |
| Simonson, Kathleen Ardelia.....  | Limestone, Maine    |
| Slocum, Gladys Copeland.....     | E. Rochester, N. H. |
| Smith, Elizabeth Vinnedge.....   | Chatham, N. J.      |
| Smith, Eloise Hall.....          | Glens Falls, N. Y.  |
| Solar, Cherry Candace.....       | Watertown, N. Y.    |
| Stevens, Elinor Colby.....       | East Orange, N. J.  |
| Strong, Nadine Rose.....         | Boston, Mass.       |
| Thompson, Marian Elizabeth.....  | Allenhurst, N. J.   |
| Velez, Asuncion Pascual.....     | Fjardo, Porto Rico  |
| VanCleve, Elizabeth Parker.....  | Morristown, N. J.   |
| Whalen, Mary Catherine.....      | Waltham, Mass.      |
| Wiedenmayer, Emily Caroline..... | Glen Ridge, N. J.   |
| Wilding, Margaret Belle.....     | Malone, N. Y.       |
| Witschief, Mary Farnum.....      | Newburgh, N. Y.     |
| Wood, Virginia.....              | Tiverton, R. I.     |

#### REMINISCENCES OF THE MOON

A purple river sleeping 'neath iridescent ripples,  
 The gilded sea held breathless in the night,  
 Sand-dunes draped in silver-cloth and velvet,  
 A sentinel pine outlined against a cross of light,  
 A church clock chiming a wee hour in the silvered  
 stillness,  
 One lone cricket chirping sleepily his song,  
 The laughter of some gypsies at their late campfire,  
 The cheery whistle of a lonely traveler—perhaps  
 a vagabond,  
 A pearl-like Yucca-flower in the onyx of the canyon,  
 A virgin star contrasted with the heaven's midnight-  
 blue,  
 Dew-drops in the silver mesh of a spider's web,  
 The sweet-scented garden—one moonlight night—  
 and You!

—Dorothy E. Messenger.



# EDITORIALS

## GRADUATION AT LAST

"Haven't you got your pictures yet?" "Oh, let me have that smiling one!"

Graduation! We wonder how we ever finished our school course and how we are supposed to feel about it now we are through. We are not yet ready to talk about our beloved Alma Mater in the usual strain, for we are yet a part of it. Our mistakes and triumphs are still too recent—so recent, in fact, that even now we feel a slight apprehension about graduation. What will Lasell expect of us in our later life? One thing we know: we are now on our own responsibility. Through our school course we have been constantly checked up: we have been urged to arrive at classes and chapel on time; and to follow up our make-up work. Things for our own interest have been safeguarded by others—the teachers. Now if we want to get the most out of life we shall have to see to it ourselves. No matter what walk of life we intend to enter, we shall be our own boosters.

So one of the things graduation stands for is Responsibility. Our character when we are Alumnae will reflect on the school as much as our character when we were active members. As we grow older a great deal more will be expected of us. Our actions will determine to quite a degree the standards of Lasell. To be sure we are not yet full-fledged grown-ups, so don't start in reforming or conquering the world at once. But do start in by doing your best in small as well as in large things. By showing responsibility in this way, you can reflect as much honor on Lasell Seminary as by the most brilliant deeds.—*Dorothy Aseltine.*

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## COMMENCEMENT

Commencement,—of what? Some say that the young graduates will now enter the world

and start the great adventure for themselves. Yet haven't we lived in this world during our college days? Have we been hermits dwelling in seclusion, out of touch with the affairs of modern times? If this were true our colleges of today would be pitiful institutions. Let us hope that we students are well acquainted with the problems of today and have some suggestions by which they may be solved.

The school and college life of today plays a great part in this world. When one stands in the Grand Central Station and watches the throng of youth coming and going during vacation time, one wonders, and when one realizes that this is true of hundreds of other towns and cities, one is amazed. We students of today are like soldiers being trained for battle, but at the same time we are citizens, doing our share in the world's work. Public opinion is often influenced in a small degree by the student body. For example, in Japan and in several other countries, students have taken active part in public affairs and have started regular campaigns. They were far from living like monks in monasteries. Of course in America we are far from that, but we cast votes on very important questions and decide what we would do if we were in the position of the older generation. Thus, we are helping to mold the public opinion of the future and are learning to think and act as a whole, effective organization.

Commencement really means that we are going to put our practices to the test and use our knowledge, as best we can, in the practical, busy world. We are going to continue to live a worth-while life and strive to uphold the high ideals which we have had set before us during college days. If we can continue to work and play in true comradeship throughout our lives, this will truly be a wonderful commencement.

## PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

JUNE 8, 1926

## NUMERALS FOR TRACK

Awarded to the girls winning eight or more points for their prospective classes:

Preparatory—Natalie Best  
 Freshman—Frances Robertson  
 Junior—Dorothy Quimby  
 Junior—Louis Mueller

## FIELD DAY CUP WINNING CREW

Freshmen—Cup remains at Lasell.

Each member of the crew received an *L* or *Bar*.

*Sophomores*

Julia Larrabee, Captain  
 Barbara Barber  
 Victoria Jackson  
 Helen Bliss  
 Barbara Foster  
 Barbara Winslow  
 Adeline Trafton  
 Helen Morrell  
 Helen Young

## BARS

Julia Larrabee  
 Barbara Barber  
 Victoria Jackson  
 Helen Bliss

Each member of the different crews received L C C's, the letter being presented to each of the captains of the respective crews:

*Senior First Crew*

Gertrude Powdrell

## BARS

Dorothy Denney, Captain  
 Marie Janota  
 Marion Fitch  
 Anita Krakauer  
 Margaret Wilding  
 Grace Lawrence  
 Sarah Renstrom  
 Millicent Horton

*Senior Second Crew*

Virginia Wood, Captain  
 Gertrude Moeller  
 Edith Jensen  
 Marion Brown  
 Doris Schumaker

## BARS

Mollie Witschief  
 Doris Cobb  
 Madeline Roth  
 Charlotte Russell  
*Junior First Crew*  
 Barbara Westcott  
 Katherine Tufts  
 Catherine Holby  
 Madalyn Patten  
 Linsley Dougherty  
 Dorothy Quimby  
 Ruth Hutton

## BARS

Vera Hambleton  
 Mary Etta Williams  
*Junior Green*  
 Mary Harris, Captain  
 Hazel Schaeffer  
 Rosalie Brightman  
 Edith Thorpe  
 Hazel Cooke  
 Beatrice Senter  
 Ruth Elliott  
 Ruth Griswold  
 Mary Keim

*Junior Gold*

Maude Herrick, Captain  
 Elizabeth Almy  
 Elsa Star  
 Nan Pagin  
 Dorothy Dittrich  
 Marta Aspegren  
 Virginia Wellington  
 Ruth Dunning  
 Loretta Krause

*Freshmen Crew*

Margaret Basley  
 Frances Gallagher  
 Gwendolyn McDonald  
 Bernice Decker  
 Charlotte Oram  
 Louise Thompson

## BARS

Marjorie Winslow, Captain  
 Marjorie Colyer  
 Frances Robertson



## TENNIS

Each member of the Tennis Team received T's or Bars, the letters being presented to the Captain:

The following received T's:

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Helen Kottcamp | Katherine Royce |
| Betty Smith    | Betty Van Cleve |

## BARS

|                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Frances Robertson | Louisa Mueller |
| Marjorie Winslow  | Dorothy Denney |

## CUP

Frances Robertson and name engraved on cup remaining at Lasell. (Cup for herself).

## BASKET BALL

Varsity. Each member who played an outside team for an entire game received an *L* or *Bar*.

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Ruth Hutton     | Barbara Westcott |
| Catherine Holby |                  |

## BARS

|                         |
|-------------------------|
| Dorothy Quimby, Captain |
| Emily Wiedenmayer       |
| Doris Cobb              |

Senior Class Team—winners of the Tournament—received the numerals 1 9 2 6. The Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen Teams received B B's for playing a total of 90 Min.

*Senior*

Mollie Witschief  
Katherine Simonson  
Betty Van Cleve  
Betty Day  
Frances Potter  
Marjorie Allyn

*Junior*

Etta Williams  
Marta Aspegren  
Dorothy Staye

*Sophomores*

Helen Bliss  
Barbara Barber  
Virginia Pettit  
Marjorie Blair

*Freshmen*

Charlotte Oram  
Frances Robertson  
Gertrude Mondelli  
Janette Abell  
Ruth Rowbotham  
Marjorie Colyer  
Natalie Best

## HOCKEY

Each member of the team received an *L* or *Bar*.

## BARS

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Dorothy Quimby | Frances Robertson |
| Frances Potter | Helen Kottcamp    |

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Adeline Trafton | Dorothy Denney |
| Marta Aspegren  | Betty Day      |
| Betty Almy      | Anita Krakauer |
| Vera Hambleton  |                |

## SWIMMING

The two highest point winners in each event for a total of six meets, received S T's.

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Barbara Winslow   | Barbara Barber  |
| Julia Larrabee    | Virginia Pettit |
| Betty Almy        | Lucy MacLeod    |
| Frances Gallagher | Ellen Atkinson  |

## EXTRA CREDITS

|                   |   |
|-------------------|---|
| Isabel Africa     | 3 |
| Martha Silliman   | 3 |
| Eugenie McEdwards | 2 |
| Lorraine Benham   | 2 |
| Helen Wilbur      | 2 |
| Madalyn Patten    | 2 |
| Helen Kottcamp    | 2 |
| Louise Wemple     | 2 |

## HONORABLE MENTION

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Dorothy Bowler    | Constance Ely       |
| Martha Carl       | Phyllis Applin      |
| Henrietta Goeltz  | Hazel Kramer        |
| Margaret Leach    | Marjorie Winslow    |
| Margaret Anderson | Elizabeth Van Cleve |
| Barbara Barber    |                     |

## TYPEWRITING

Eleanor Butterworth  
Helen Louise Duncan  
Kathleen Ardelia Simonson  
Phyllis Bridger  
Dorothy Marie Aseltine  
Ruth Hutton

Maude Alice Herrick  
Marjorie Bradford Maxfield  
Helen Emilie White

## STENOGRAPHY

Eleanor Butterworth  
Helen Louise Duncan  
Elizabeth Parker Van Cleve  
Churilla Silliman  
Eloise Hall Smith  
Kathleen Ardelia Simonson  
Ruth Hutton

## ACCOUNTING

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Emma Helen Ockert | Eloise Hall Smith |
| Churilla Silliman |                   |

## SECRETARIAL

Margaret Elizabeth Beck  
 Violet Baytsung Han  
 M. Hazel Kramer  
 Gertrude Laura Moeller  
 Kathleen Vera Best

## ACADEMIC MUSIC

Hazel Emma Baird  
 Frances Edythe Hall  
 Dorothy Hale  
 Reba Eunice Foster  
 Suzanne Walling Shutts  
 Margaret Ellen Anderson

## HOME ECONOMICS

Constance Mildred Ely  
 Mae Arline Ely  
 Maude Isabel Africa  
 Marjorie Elizabeth Allyn  
 Mildred Arlette Carey  
 Mildred Doris Hamlin  
 Grace Olive Lawrence  
 Sarah Harriet Mackay  
 Ethel Margaret Moore  
 Kathryn Moore  
 Ascuncion Pascual Velez  
 Margarette Olive Rix  
 Gladys Copeland Slocum  
 Cherry Candace Solar  
 Elinor Colby Stevens  
 Ruby Rowena Rice

## ART

Margaret Belle Wilding

## LAMP STAFF

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 Marta Aspegren—Ass't. Editor in Chief  
 Madalyn Patten

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 Lucy Field—Ass't. Business Manager

## LEAVES—Prize story

1st—Victoria Jackson      Check \$25.00  
 2nd—Gertrude Powdrell    Check 10.00  
 Honorable Mention—Mariesta Howland  
 Student Council—Elizabeth Day—Gold Pin  
 —4 terms 2 yrs.

## SPECIAL PRIZE

Hazel Baird—14 years perfect attendance.

## BREAD PRIZES

1st—Margarette Rix      2nd—Marion Brown  
 First Prize for Scholarship (2 years)  
 Maud Isabel Africa            87.74  
 Second Prize for Scholarship (2 years)  
 Elizabeth Parker Van Cleve    87.53  
 Honorable Mention  
 Frances Edythe Hall            87.33  
 Dorothy Emma Messenger      87.31

## SWEATERS

(Seniors)

Betty Day                      Grace Lawrence  
 Honorable Mention—Virginia Wood  
 (Junior)  
 Vera Hambleton  
 Honorable Mention—Catherinè Holby

## WOODLAND PARK NOTES

May 7—Miss Clare Norton was a welcome guest for the week-end. Miss Norton was a Woodland Park teacher in 1919-20. She is home on furlough from Mission Work in Singapore, S. S.

May 20—Ruth DeLaney, Grade VIII, won the Woodland Park swimming-meet.

May 22—A canoe party in the afternoon, and the Glee Club Concert at Lasell in the evening.

May 23—Accompanied by Miss Thornton the older group went to church at King's Chapel in Boston.

May 27—We were proud indeed when the Sophomore crew, captained by Julia Larrabee, an old W. P. girl, won the River Day Races. A Junior and Freshman crew were also captained by old W. P. girls, and eleven of our former pupils were on the crews.

May 28—The 8th grade had picnic supper with Miss Nichols followed by a "Movie" party in Newton.



May 29—Field Day won by the Greens! W. P.'s were won by Eunice Lucke (Green's Capt.) Marjean Himelhoch (White's Capt.) Ruth DeLaney, Betty Goodrich and Helen Follett.

June 26—The Musicale and Closing Exercises of the Woodland Park School took place.

## PROGRAM

- 1 Songs—The Brownies.....*Riley and Gaynor*  
Daffy-down-dilly .....*Riley and Gaynor*  
Grades 1, 2, 3
- 2 Little Jack Horner.....*Mother Goose*  
Little Miss Moffett.....*Mother Goose*  
Karolyn Hoover
- 3 Runaway Ponies .....*Bilbro*  
Helen Ryder
- 4 The Brownies' Dance.....*Martin*  
Barbara Martin
- 5 Growing Up.....*A. A. Milne*  
Virginia Amesbury
- 6 The Butterfly's Ball.....*Norris*  
Anna Moffatt Benson
- 7 Cradle Song .....*Martin*  
Gertrude Barber
- 8 The Robin and His Mate.....*Mrs. Carter*  
Claudia Goodrich
- 9 Songs—The Dream Peddler .....*Bartholomew*  
Katrina .....*Haesche*  
Grades 4, 5, 6
- 10 The Duel.....*Eugene Field*  
Lona May Whitehead
- 11 Wynken, Blynken and Nod.....*Eugene Field*  
Betty Goodrich
- 12 Medley of National Airs.....*C. F. Furey*  
Woodland Park Chorus
- 13 I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud *Wm. Wordsworth*  
Adelaide Greene
- 14 A Little Dance (two pianos).....*Bilbro*  
Edith Follett, Priscilla Winslow
- 15 The Butterfly .....*Merkel*  
Bertha Root
- 16 Venetian Serenade .....*Brown*  
Helen Follett
- 17 Battle of Blenheim.....*Southey*
- 18 Tarantelle .....*Moszkowski*  
Sylvia Denning
- 19 Etude .....*Wollenhaupt*  
Ruth Delaney
- 20 A Day in June.....*Lozwell*  
Willa VanPetten
- 21 In the Morning (two pianos).....*Grieg*  
Sylvia Denning, Ruth Delaney
- 22 Shout Aloud in Triumph.....*C. F. Manning*  
Woodland Park Chorus

Miriam Adams  
Virginia E. Amesbury  
Gertrude R. Barber  
Anna Moffatt Benson  
Mabel M. Burns  
Ruth C. DeLaney  
Sylvia E. Denning  
May J. Driscoll  
Hope Dunning  
Edith W. Follett  
Helena C. Follett  
Jean Elizabeth Goodrich  
Claudia Goodrich  
Adelaide L. Greene  
Adelaide M. Halward  
Evelyn W. Harrington  
Marjean Himelhoch  
Karolyn V. Hoover  
Constance Kittredge  
Mary Caldwell Kluttz  
Eunice F. Lucke  
Barbara E. Martin  
B. Ray Martin  
Bernadette Powers  
Ruth E. Reynolds  
Bertha B. Root  
Helen Ryder  
M. Evelyn Stanton  
Priscilla R. Soule  
Dorothy Trask  
Willa VanPetten  
Marion D. Walter  
Ruth A. Walter  
Lona May Whitehead  
Priscilla Winslow  
Mary Elizabeth Wright  
President—Ella R. Cushing, '73  
Vice-President—Charles Martin Parker, 1904-05  
Secretary—Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19  
Treasurer—Catherine Howe Thomas, '22  
Publicity—Mary Ann Miller, '23  
Courtesy Committee—Elizabeth Mitchell, '23

## A BEACON LIGHT

A pageant to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of Lasell Seminary. Written by Constance Blackstock, Lasell '09, directed by Elinor Stearns, dancing by Margaret Kimball, and presented by the students of Lasell Seminary on Friday evening, June 4. /

PROLOGUE: A SPIRIT FESTIVAL IN 1851.

(To the strains of the Traumerei, enter two young women, dressed in Grecian costume. One is the spirit of *Welcome*, the other the attendant. As they reach the middle of the stage, the former speaks.)

*Welcome*: The beauty of this soft June night  
Doth call upon all spirits bright  
To celebrate in merriment  
A glad and fortunate event.  
And now, kind friends, in simple  
part,  
We hope to gladden every heart.  
So, Herald, go, and bring with thee  
Jest for our festivity.  
Tonight, we'll have a council great  
To settle all affairs of state.

(The *Herald* goes out and leads back several spirits and says:

Behold! a messenger from Earth  
Hast come; mayhap to find new  
birth.

So come, ye spirits one and all,  
Whether ye be great or small.  
Let us show man how to live  
That he may receive to give.  
Haste ye, Love and Light and Truth,  
But, first the dance, and then for-  
sooth  
We'll to business whate'er it be  
Come, let us have a melody.

(At this point there will be a dance. After  
the dance *Love, Light* and *Truth* are talking.)

*Love:* To me the secret of life's been given,  
Love rules the whole wide earth and  
heaven.

Where'er you go, whate'er you'll be  
'Tis love and only love makes free.

*Light:* Ah, Love, if yours be the secret key  
That unlocks the gates and makes  
men free

A small gift, too, I, Light, will add  
To pave the way that makes hearts  
glad.

*Truth:* But oh, my friends of Light and  
Love,  
You shed your radiance from above;  
But men do say where'er they be  
Seek ye the Truth, it makes all free.

(*Love* suddenly sees a young woman,  
dressed in black, crouching near by—not daring  
to lift her face. She beckons to the *Herald*,  
who approaches.)

*Love:* Herald, who's that lingering here,  
Lying crouched with garments drear.  
Hath she some favor great to crave  
That she should seem so like a slave?

(The woman very timidly approaches, not  
daring to lift her face.)

*The Herald:* Ah! masters mine, this mortal  
slave  
Hath journeyed far the earth to  
save.  
Her humble plea this lovely night,  
Is begging you to send the light.  
So when Earth's daughters want to  
learn

Their high desires men will not  
spurn.

Whenever they turn towards the  
Light

They only find the doors shut tight  
To all things that would freedom  
give.

Without these, sirs, how can they  
live?

*Love:* What! What is this mine ears do  
hear

That womanhood has naught to  
cheer

Her on her onward way,  
Where Love and Light and Truth  
hold sway?

This cannot be, we'll set her free  
Though years it takes to make men  
see.

Come, Light, what aid have you to  
offer

To this our lonely mortal daughter.

(At this the woman flings herself at the foot  
of *Love*, who raises her.)

*Light:* I'll send Service, Home and Play  
To aid this woman on her way;  
Perhaps to them if mortals turn,  
There may some spark of mercy  
burn

In their hard hearts; and women  
then

Will laugh and sing and work as  
men.

*Love:* And, you, oh, Truth, what will you  
give

To her, to show her how to live?

*Truth:* With Light's attendants go mine,  
too.

Music, Literature and Fine Art true,  
Go; with your fellow spirits three  
And show all men how to be free.

*Love:* But one more friend with her I'll  
send.

Go, Herald; just around the bend  
You'll find immortal Womanhood  
Without her these can do no good.

(*Exit Herald*)



And now, good spirits, all attend,  
 For, all of us must e'er befriend  
 Those who with our great message  
 go

To make men see on Earth below.

(As *Love* speaks these last four lines they must all draw more closely around her.)

*Love*: Immortal woman, wouldst thou go  
 To Earth, where mortals dwell  
 below,  
 To help them seek that greatest  
 good  
 That's been denied their woman-  
 hood?"

*Womanhood, kneeling*:

Great Master, if thou sendest me  
 To earth to set its women free,  
 Then gird me with some armour  
 bright  
 That I may lead Love, Truth and  
 Light.

(*Love*, taking off her white garment and placing it around the woman, says:

This garment white crossed with  
 Truth's blue  
 And Light's bright Lamp we give  
 to you,  
 As promise that through all the  
 years  
 We'll be with you, dispel all fears.  
 From now we'll call you our Lasell  
 True womanhood, may all be well.  
 Courage you'll need, and faith, and  
 hope,  
 With blessings now we say farewell.

(As *Woman from Earth* rushes up to LASELL and falls at her feet, LASELL puts her arm around the woman and says:

Weep not, dear daughter, with us  
 Joy  
 And all the rest will give convoy,  
 And Freedom's banners wave above  
 Acclaimed by Light and Truth and  
 Love.

(They go off the stage to the strains of "Hail, Alma Mater.")

## EPISODE 1

### THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS

*Scene 1*: (The *Woman* comes back and as she reaches the stage, from the other side appear girls in 1850 costumes, who go to greet her. They look towards her expectantly.) She speaks:

Hail! mortal sisters, good tidings I bring,  
 Lift up your eyes, with full hearts now sing;  
 To guide and guard your destinies full well,  
 Behold, your friend and counsellor, Lasell!

(At this point *Lasell* is visible. Immediately behind her in a group are the attendants. As she bursts into view, voices in the distance are singing, "Hail, Alma Mater." At sight of her the girls kneel. As the song finishes *Lasell* stretches her arms and says:

Arise, oh, mortal maidens and take heart,  
 Henceforth, in all the world's work you'll take part.  
 I, with my spirits six will watch close by  
 To aid and strengthen as the years go by.  
 Through mortals we shall do our best for you,  
 They shall be called of God, and there pursue  
 Under the guidance of Love, Light and Truth  
 What otherwise they could not do, forsooth.  
 Edward Lasell, of sterling worth, shall be  
 The first to catch the vision. It is he  
 Who with high courage, faith and loyalty  
 Will answer give our call. The world shall see  
 A man of strength, and pioneer true,  
 To his great spirit is all honor due.  
 This Lamp is symbol of our faith and love,  
 Pray take it, as a gift come from above.  
 In order that it may shed forth its light  
 Remember, keep it trimmed and burning bright.

(Here *Lasell* gives the *Lamp* to the leader of the group of girls. They will sing "Song to the Lamp.")

Thou Lamp, which sheds so bright a light,  
 Art truest symbol of Lasell.  
 May we forever in its light  
 Walk in the path of honor well.

Not for ourselves alone we crave  
 The shedding of its beauteous ray.  
 But through us to all those that brave  
 The heat and burden of the day.

So, golden symbol, lift we high  
 That torch which brings us from above  
 A radiant light; to none deny  
 Lasell's high aim of Truth and Love.

(The *Lamp* will be placed on a standard to serve as a symbol throughout the pageant.)

*Scene 2:* (A group of girls in 1860 costumes, some are sewing, some are knitting, some are fixing bandages. In the distance, off stage, can be heard "Tenting tonight." Suddenly a girl rushes in with a smile on her face and exclaims:

News, such glad, glad news, oh, girls!

(They put down whatever they are doing and gather around her.) She continues,

The war is ended and our flag unfurls  
Her folds; and to the world we now proclaim,  
"Freedom and justice live forever in our name."

(In the distance shall be sung, the girls joining in.)

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord."

*Scene 3:* (A Masquerade Ball. It shall be at that moment when all are unmasked, holding their masks in their hands and several voices together shall exclaim,

"The minuet, the minuet, let's have it now."

(Those who are to dance it may come forth and proceed.)

## EPISODE 2

*Scene 1:* (In 1876 a tree was planted to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The custom has continued and the Senior Class plants a tree annually, handing on the spade to the Juniors. Girls dressed in the costume of 1876 come on the stage singing Kipling's, "Land of our birth." As they finish the song, the leader, who is the president of the Senior Class, shall say

*President of Senior Class:*

A century and half has come and gone  
Throughout our land the cause of Freedom's won;  
As on her hundredth birthday a small tree  
Was planted, witness of Lasell's loyalty,  
So through the years the Seniors have kept true  
To that great tradition; our thoughts to you  
Turn back, oh, girls of fifty years ago.  
In special mem'ry of that great event  
We Seniors plant our tree tonight, content  
In future years that underneath its shade  
All kinds of fun and frolic will be made

In token of this annual tradition  
A spade to '27 now is given.

May you as truly as the girls of yore  
Serve school and nation, growing evermore.

*President of Junior Class:*

We give, oh, '26, our promise true  
To carry high Lasell's pure white and blue  
Banner of school and nation shall we serve  
From that great pathway may we never swerve.

*Scene 2:* (In 1877 at Lasell, was opened the first Household Economics department in the United States. It was not well received in academic circles. The Household Economics dance represents the spirit of Home bringing together Public Opinion and students desirous of learning the "Home Arts." The Loaves of Bread dance represents the judging of the bread-making contest, an annually distinctive feature at Lasell.

## EPISODE 3

THE UNFOLDING OF THE FINE ARTS

(*Music, Art and Literature* shall enter on the stage. *Lasell* will come. In the distance there should be soft strains of music.)

*Lasell:*

My three staunch friends through many happy days  
The time has come when on your work we'll gaze.  
Music, the sweetest of all arts, reveal  
The fruit of your great labours.

*Music:*

Through human voices I shall prove the worth  
Of that endeavour, which was given birth  
By those, who more than fifty years ago  
Had vision, faith, gave of their best, and lo,  
Glee, mandolin, organ, piano, violin  
Have echoed through our halls. They have been  
kin

To that sweet lute fair Orpheus played to please  
The gods Olympean. To better seize  
His spirit, in a club that bears his name  
Some have gathered. Tonight we spread his fame,  
And so his spirit turns towards the earth  
To inspiration give and join in mirth  
This festive night. Come, lift your voices high  
And let our song resound e'en to the sky.

(As *Music* is speaking the last five lines, girls take their places, ready to sing *Salve Regina*, written by Mr. Henry Dunham and dedicated to the Lasell Orphean Club.)



*Lasell:*

The wise men say that Literature is Life,  
That highest art, whereby in peace or strife  
Men have moved nations. Be it good or bad,  
Strong or weak, wise or foolish, sad or glad  
We could not live without it. Will you tell  
Its joys and inspiration at Lasell?

*Literature:*

From the great treasure house of pen and ink  
We've witnessed glorious battles, seen ships sink,  
Felt the great human universal note  
Of Brotherhood. 'Cross many a castle moat  
We've crossed the bridge and there looked in  
On times of yore, with spirits great been kin.  
They for themselves tonight shall to you speak  
Disclose the treasure we have loved to seek.  
Come, Brother Puck, and bring your fairy, too,  
The rest will follow as they you pursue.

(As the last two lines are said let *Puck* and  
the fairy enter merrily)

*Puck:*

"How now, spirit? Whither wander you?"

*Fairy:*

"Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
What, ho! blithe spirit, what say you,

*Puck:*

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy."

(At this point the orchestra plays *Ariel's*  
*Song* and *Prospero*, *Miranda* and *Ariel* ap-  
proach. As they appear, Puck goes on speak-  
ing.)

*Puck:*

Hark! Hark! What's that sweet music that I hear!  
Ah! see approach three spirits very dear  
To our great Shakespeare's heart. He conjured  
them  
In his maturity. Fair *Ariel*  
Doth represent that finest guise of man  
Whereby his soul doth conquer all that's base.

And man alone, as seen in *Prospero*,  
Can do it by his highest thoughts of heaven.  
And tender womanhood shines in the eyes  
Of sweet *Miranda*. Hail, fellow-spirits, Hail!

*Prospero:*

We thank you for your greeting, gentle *Puck*.  
And now, fine apparition! My quaint *Ariel*,  
Hark, in thine ear. And, when I have required  
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—

*Ariel:*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, I shall live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Prospero:*

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Puck:*

And over there across the deep, blue sea,  
My heart yearns over those who learn to love.  
See, here come man and maiden simply clad.  
Methinks they have a lovely tale to tell.  
Hail, mortals, welcome to our festive midst.

*Priscilla:*

"I have been thinking all day,  
Dreaming all night, and thinking all day of the  
hedge-rows of England,—  
They are in blossom now, and the country is all  
like a garden.  
Thinking of lane and fields, and the song of the  
lark and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of  
neighbors  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip to-  
gether,  
And, at the end of the street, the village church,  
with the ivy  
Climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves  
in the churchyard,  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me  
my religion,  
Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back  
in old England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I  
almost  
Wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely  
and wretched."

*John:*

"Indeed I do not condemn you;  
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this  
terrible winter.  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger  
to lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and  
proffer of marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the  
Captain of Plymouth."

*Priscilla:*

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(As they take their places in the group, the figure of an angel should rise from the back and say the words of St. Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.")

*Lasell:*

And now, oh Art of beauty, colour, grace  
What do you offer in this gladsome place?

*Art:*

In France where is an illustrious city great,  
There are all kinds of revelry and fete.  
A girl, Elizabeth Gardner by name,  
Has brought to us both honour and wide fame.  
And now her Alma Mater gives her praise  
And shall continue it through length of days.

(The screen is removed and the Judgment of Paris, painted by Elizabeth Gardner Bouguer-  
eau and presented by her to Lasell is disclosed  
in living figures.)

#### EPISODE 4

##### THE SPIRIT OF PLAY

(*Play*, blowing a pipe, enters and says,

*Play:*

Ho! now my friends; let's very merry be,  
Fling books aside, and have some jollity;  
In God's out-of-doors, let's play full well,  
For fun and frolic, come to our Lasell.

*Scene 1:* (Girls dressed in winter sports,  
tennis and crew costumes enter the stage sing-  
ing; they do a drill which represents each of  
the sports and sing as they leave)

*Scene 2:* (Another annual event at Lasell  
is the crowning of the May Queen. This  
formed the last scene in the last episode of the  
pageant. The president of the Senior Class  
with the May-Queen, Grace Lawrence '26, the  
vice-president with June Newbold, '27, the  
maid-of-honor, led the May-day procession.  
They enter singing. The president of the  
Senior Class crowns the May-Queen and they  
leave the stage singing.)

#### EPILOGUE

##### THE SHINING OF THE RAYS

(The entire cast comes on the stage, singing  
"Hail, Alma Mater." *Lasell*, bearing the  
*Lamp* approaches and they sing, "In Moon-  
light reposing." *Lasell* stands in the middle  
of the group and says,

*Lasell:*

Three quarters of a century have passed,  
Our Lamp has brightly burned unto the last,  
Brave men and women leaders have we had,  
Who have with Love, Light, Truth our hearts  
made glad.

Tonight Lasell would honour give to these,  
By name we call them. Pleasant memories  
Do bring them back to mind. Edward Lasell,  
Who with his brother served our school so well;  
To both, our hearts are lifted high in praise,  
Those were such hard and very anxious days.  
Professors Briggs and Cushing, in mem'ry  
Of your earnest zeal and faithful duty  
We loving honour give. Then, from the West  
Came three or four, whose hearts were wholly  
filled  
With love for youth, and with clear Truth in-  
stilled.

Hail to the Bragtons, every whose high aim  
Was, that our loved Lasell should bear a name  
That through the glorious ages might go down  
And bring to her fair daughters great renown.  
And with them came a woman, good and great  
Who brought Love, Light and Truth as her estate;  
Miss Carpenter, your girls looked unto you  
To be their friend and guide the long years  
through.

You proved your worth, and so this glad June  
night

To bear honoured remembrance is delight.  
There were three others who came not from the  
West

But gladly toiled and laboured with the rest.  
The one, true daughter of our dear Lasell  
A truly gentlewoman, named Blaisdell.  
Another, who with sweetest music thrills  
Is lovingly remembered, our Professor Hills.  
And still another, Mary Nutt by name  
With gracious gentleness in our midst came.  
Tonight we place her high in mem'ry's book,  
And strive to follow on the path she took.  
To all the others, e'en those of our own days  
We give our loving thanks and reverent praise.  
Come, girls, let's raise our glorious song tonight  
And pledge to keep Lasell's Lamp burning bright.

The Singing of the Alma Mater.



### AN APPRECIATION

Here's to you, Mr. and Mrs. Towne,

Here's to you, our jovial friends,

Here's to you with all our hearts,

And we'll drink to you in company and sing before  
we part,

Here's to you, Mr. and Mrs. Towne.

To some of us it seems indeed very hard to realize that when we assemble next year there will be absent from Woodland Park a loyal friend, whose first and chief concern has been "my girls." It so often happens that we get so accustomed to people that they have to go away before we can appreciate all they have stood for. It is due to Mrs. Towne's faith in young girls and her love for their development that Woodland Park this past year has experienced a very successful effort at student government in the proctor system introduced. It was on account of an earnest desire to do even more for the Lasell girls that Mrs. Towne gave up her much loved work at Camp Tecomet. For all this we at Lasell are indeed grateful, and we know that, being true to herself, Mrs. Towne will undoubtedly give to Providence girls what she has given to us. And as we go to Bragdon and walk exultantly down the corridor to re-tell and retail summer experiences to a sympathetic and understanding friend, he will not be there.

Seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Towne came to Lasell, bringing their rich experience, and with loyal determination Mr. Towne has set Lasell's face forward toward a greater goal—that of being a Junior College. There are always those who resent change and especially in "dear old Alma Mater"; they completely forget that these present days in the educational world are much like those early pioneer days. What if our leaders had been afraid of doing the new thing then! We should have probably had no Lasell. Any one in the least acquainted with school work knows that the line of demarcation between a "College Prep" and "College" must be sharply defined. This Mr. Towne has done with courage, zeal and loyalty to Lasell's highest traditions. We are indeed grateful to him and shall endeavor to

enlarge our school still further. To the students of Lasell Mr. Towne has been an inspiring and sympathetic friend, courageously facing with them some of the baffling problems of youth, never dodging the issue which so many of the older generation are prone to do. With the teachers of Lasell, Mr. Towne has ever kept faith with the liberal principles of our principal, Dr. Winslow. Always ready to experiment, ever desirous of creative work, some of us will long remember his loyal support and broad vision.

And so, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, we are proud that you have been given this very high honor in the city of Providence. We wish you God-speed. We know that there will be countless opportunities in your new field. But our hearts are heavy within us, and as we say goodbye reluctantly, we thank you for the ideals you have set before us and our love follows you to your new work. "May the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord cause His face to shine upon you and grant you peace."

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### LASELL CLUB NOTES

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#### WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS LASELL CLUB

The Second Annual Luncheon of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club was held on Saturday, May 15, at the Hotel Weldon, Greenfield, with Dorothy Wells Seller '09 as Chairman of the day. The weather was fair, so great a factor in having a party, and seventeen Lasell girls had a jolly good time saying, "Do you remember when we," etc. Twenty places were set and it was a disappointment not to see Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, but dear Miss Potter '80, as the guest of honor brought their regrets. After a delicious luncheon the company adjourned to the sun parlor and there took up the Club business. After a gracious greeting from the president, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, the minutes of the previous meeting were dispensed with since the account appears in the February *Leaves* for 1925. The Secretary called the Roll not only of those

present but of those to whom invitations were issued, for news items and messages.

Then came an interesting talk by Miss Potter, with bits of school news, funny incidents, gentle but quietly forceful comment upon present day manners and customs and how they are dealt with at our old school home. Voted: To send message of greeting to Dr. C. C. Bragdon in reply to his pleasant letter and that Miss Potter carry a message of greeting to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

A round table discussion resulted in an expressed hope that the name Lasell Seminary remain unchanged.

Voted: Unanimously that the Club send a birthday gift to Lasell Seminary. In closing her report the secretary wishes to quote: "The President appointed as Nominating Committee, Miss Harriet Hawks '21 and Mrs. Clarissa Gibbs Smith, 1904-05. This committee brought in the following names: '06 for President, Irene Sauter Sanford '06; Secretary and Treasurer, Susan Tiffany '15; who were unanimously elected." After singing Alma Mater the meeting was adjourned. In closing the secretary would quote the following lines over the fireplace in the lobby of the hotel,

"Welcome Ye Seeker of Rest  
Naught but Peace  
Doth dwell  
Within Weldon's walls."

This we found delightfully true. The guests present:

Lillie R. Potter, '80  
Gertrude Bardwell, '24  
Marion Brown, '22  
Miriam Ellsworth, '24  
Helen Gerrett, '16  
Harriet Hawks, '21  
Florence Hudson Lake, '09  
Helen J. Libby, '22  
Hortense May, 1924-5  
Bernice Parker, '24  
Irene Sauter Sanford, '06  
Dorothy Wells Seller, '09  
Clara Gibbs Smith, 1904-05  
Susan Tiffany, '15  
Dale Whipple Turnbull, '16  
Grace Alexander Van Deusen, '12  
Florence Tyler, '25

Susan Tiffany '15, *Secretary*.

## LASELL CLUB OF ST. JOHNSBURY

### SECRETARY'S REPORT

A most enthusiastic Lasell group, numbering thirty-four, met on Tuesday, June 29, 1926, at the Maple Grove Tea Room, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for the purpose of forming a Lasell Club for the alumnae and other former students living in Northern Vermont and New Hampshire.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having with us two very loyal Vermonters, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, to help organize our club.

Following the luncheon each girl introduced herself and gave a brief resume of her career since leaving Lasell. As no plans had been made, Dr. Winslow appointed Mrs. Grace Washburn Hoskins '97, who was the oldest graduate present, to take charge of the meeting. Eleanor Steele '25 was elected secretary pro tem and a committee, consisting of Miriam Nelson Flanders '05, Sarah Crane '22 and Maude Wetherbee Wakefield '15, was appointed to nominate the officers, who were unanimously voted upon as follows:

President, Sarah Crane '22  
Vice President, Mildred Libby Kilgore '16  
Secretary and Treasurer, Eleanor Steele '25

With Miss Crane in the chair we voted upon the matter of meeting, which will be once a year, dues, which are fifty cents, and the name, which is the Lasell Club of St. Johnsbury. Dr. Winslow then spoke to us concerning Lasell. We were very glad to learn that this year had been very successful and that there had never been a more satisfactory one. He explained about Lasell as a junior college, of their own courses offered, the sale of Bancroft, and the Endowment Fund. He also brought us word concerning Dr. Bragdon, Miss Potter, and many others for whom the girls inquired, as well as passing around a number of recent Lasell pictures.

The enthusiasm expressed by those present promises the rapid progress of another successful club in the interests of Lasell.



The following members were present :

Dr. Winslow  
 Mrs. Winslow  
 Mrs. Goodrich  
 Florence Nelson Aplington 1907-10  
 Hazel Baird '26  
 Helen Beede '21  
 Mildred Ordway Brahana '16  
 Dorris Cleasby '27  
 Charlena Clough '25  
 Sarah Crane '22  
 Barbara Cushing '25  
 Miriam Dailey '22  
 Ethel Ramage Fisk '19  
 Miriam Nelson Flanders '05  
 Helen Foster '16  
 Lucile Mitchell Hoadley 1919-20  
 Grace Washburn Hoskins '97  
 Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson '23  
 Mildred Libby Kilgore '16  
 Evelyn Ladd '28  
 Helen Libby '22  
 Marion McFarland 1918-19  
 Mabel M. Parker 1904-05  
 Eleanor Steele '25  
 Maude Wetherbee Wakefield '15  
 Vera Willis Warfield '16  
 Theta Powers Watson 1908-09  
 Marjorie Winslow '29

Six guests were also present.

ELEANOR L. STEELE '25,  
*Secretary.*

Those present were :

Dr. C. C. Bragdon  
 Nettie Roulstone Barnhart, 1910-11  
 Edith Simonds Bennett, 1904-05  
 Louise Wadleigh Bedall, 1903-04  
 Leona Benner Brotherton, '08  
 Laura H. Brooks, 1890-91  
 Luella Dadmun Brooks, '74  
 Ina Scott Bryant, '01  
 Argenta MacDonald Carothers, 1901-02  
 Laura Chase, '02  
 Emile Kothe Collins, '00  
 Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01  
 Catherine Kendrick Cole, '02  
 Helen Cleaveland Coleman, 1892-93  
 Elizabeth Ewing, '93  
 Belle Bragdon Kelsey, '95  
 Ruth Muth Kinney, 1898-99  
 Marion Stahl King, 1901-06  
 Elizabeth Lum, '01  
 Lottie Appel Levey, 1890-93  
 Mattie MacPhee Mills  
 Caroline Thomson Moore, 1897-98  
 Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1900-02  
 Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99  
 Bertha Gray Richards, 1887-88  
 Helen Campbell Rousseau, 1898-99  
 Nellie Briggs Sandos, 1895-96  
 Mary Seaman, 1891-93  
 Josephine MacDonald Smith, 1901-02  
 Louise Whitney Weaver, 1890-93

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

The Annual Luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club was held at "The Elite," Los Angeles, Tuesday, March 9, with Catherine Kendrick Cole '02, President, graciously presiding. Dr. Bragdon gave one of his characteristic and worthy talks, Mrs. Luella J. Brooks, graduate 1874, told of her class Reunion on its fiftieth anniversary at Lasell and Lestra Hibbard Saxton '96 described last year's commencement. It was decided to change the date of our annual reunion from the second Tuesday in March to the first Tuesday in March. The following officers were elected :

Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, President.  
 Josephine McDonald Smith, 1901-02, Vice-President.  
 Lucy Muth Kinney, 1898-99, Secretary.  
 Nettie Roulstone Barnhart, 1910-11, Treasurer.



Constance Blackstock '09 received her Master of Arts degree from Boston University this June and will continue her work in the Department of English at Lasell during the coming year. Part of her vacation she will spend with her sister Isabelle Blackstock Beardsley '03, at her home in Plainfield, N. J.

Many old girls will be interested to know that Constance is the author of our Anniversary Pageant, "A Beacon Light." Those of us

who were favored in seeing the Pageant feel that we cannot speak too highly of the fine work of the author and those who assisted her in presenting the beautiful and worthy resume of Lasell's seventy-five years of service. ✓

From her home "Idelwild," Great Neck, Long Island, Edna Rogers Carlisle '05 sends an interesting letter to the personal editor, in which she writes, "During my recent visit in Miami Beach, Florida, I ran across Mrs. Blanche Martin—she doesn't change in the least respect. While we were talking along came Ray Spitz Spear, 1902-03 and we enjoyed a chat with her. Ray was spending the winter at one of the Beach Hotels. I also met Mary Masters Newcomb '07, and her mother at a tea and later had a pleasant visit with them." Edna also mentions a recent visit with her mother in their Watertown home. Of her own children she writes, "They are busy rehearsing for the class exercises in their school." It is with difficulty that we think of Edna's children old enough to appear in a little Operetta, "Pinafore," but after all some years have slipped away since their mother was a school girl at Lasell. This graduate refers to a visit in the near future in Worcester and expressed a hope that she might push on as far as Auburn-dale. We only wish her good intentions might have materialized, for the "Joy Bells" always ring at Lasell when Edna returns.

Edna Kauffman Binder '11 sent us the glad word that she and her husband, Mary Utter Maxson '12 and Vera Bradley '11 and her husband were coming to Lasell for the Pageant and they fulfilled their promise, our only regret being that they did not "put up" somewhere in the village or nearer to Lasell than Boston and could have stayed during the whole Commencement program. Girls, we were delighted to welcome you and your husbands and sincerely hope that the next time you come you will make good your promise to bring your little ones with you.

From faraway North Africa come greetings from Genevieve Tiernan '22, to Miss Potter, declaring, "This is a wonderful country, hope to see you in Europe this summer." How

pleased the LEAVES would be if Genevieve would later send a sketch of her unusual journey.

Dear Betty House MacMillan 1905-06! How delighted we were to get your cordial greetings from St. Paul, Minnesota. You do not mind, do you, if we share your message with your host of friends who have followed Dr. Bragdon's advice and "Subscribed for the LEAVES?" Bess writes, "Am thinking of you all during this gay festive season. Would that I were with you, but my days are very full with my five big dearies. Elizabeth, the oldest, has just graduated from High School—class of 350 and is on the honor roll, class officer, but I guess I must not tell you too much, only I thought you might be interested in the enclosed clipping." (This clipping substantiated Betty's good news.) "Eleanor, the next girl, sixteen, and Elizabeth and I have wonderful times together." She closes with this friendly word, "I find my thoughts drifting back to dear old Lasell very often. Much love to all."

From Miami, Florida, comes a most charming letter from Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19, Treasurer of the Miami Lasell Club, and with it an adorable snapshot of her little son. Marguerite speaks of the recent meeting of the Lasell Miami Club and here is a list of the officers elected at that meeting.

President—Ella R. Cushing, '73.

Vice President—Mabel Martin Parker, 1904-05.

Secretary—Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19.  
Treasurer—Catherine Howe Thomas, '22.

Publicity—Mary Ann Miller, '23.

Courtesy Committee—Elizabeth Mitchell, '23.

A full report of this meeting will be found in the May number of the *Leaves*.

That "near and yet so far" feeling that we have had this year about Doris Lougee '24 and Isabel Lummus '24, has been dispelled, for the dear girls, accompanied by Arline Lougee '24, recently drove out to Lasell and made a real visit. Among the interesting bits of news which we gathered from them was the fact that Doris had just been graduated from the



Longy School of Music in Boston, where she has been receiving special instruction in violin as a pupil of F. Thillois, whom Lasell was favored in hearing this past winter in our own private Symphony Concert given by the Paul Shirley Symphony Group. Isabel has been devoting herself to Art in one of Boston's Fine Art Schools, while Arline has been practicing the happy "Home-Keeping Art."

Miss Potter declares that she must take the word of Marion McGregor Greenwood, 1904-05 that it was twenty-one years since she was a Lasell girl and a very near neighbor in Bragdon and also a table-mate. Do not think for one minute, Marion, that I have forgotten these facts. We remember you very distinctly and pleasantly and also your dear roommate, Mabel Martin Parker, 1904-05, and your good friends Ruth Marston '06 and Bernadine Johnson 1904-05. One thing I cannot remember and that is that it was so long ago. It seems but yesterday that we were a happy band together in the old school home. We appreciate your cordial greetings and wish we might welcome you in person some day in the near future.

From time to time Dr. Winslow has given us most interesting lectures concerning his journeys to Porto Rico. We have each in turn wished we might see for ourselves his Southern Plantation, and two of our girls have actually had that experience, Elsie Flight Wuestefeld '18, and Fanny Gates Frey '17 and their husbands made that journey recently. Fanny in her note after her return, writes, "It certainly was a wonderful experience for us all to really eat ripe pineapples from the plant and grapefruit from the tree, delicious fruit grown on Dr. Winslow's plantation.

While we were guests on your plantation, Dr. Winslow, we met Mr. Rentz, who was in some way connected with the press of our city. He wrote several letters to his home paper and they were published. We have since received them and they are very interesting, especially so since we have been there, seen and "tasted" for ourselves. I think the average American, like myself, little realizes the grandeur of Porto

Rico. If one were to have told me I fear I should have doubted greatly, but having seen, I, too, believe. Our trip, both coming and going, was very delightful, for we experienced all the joys and sorrows of an ocean voyage, and why travel if one does not experience *all* the "thrills." Just recently I received a copy of the *Leaves*, and truly our class should be proud of Lenette Rogers '17, for she has travelled far and climbed exceedingly high. I know the changes at Lasell are many and great but in spite of these changes I assure you the old school holds a spot in my heart and ever will. My life at Lasell will ever be a delightful memory. In closing I wish to send a word of greeting to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Miss Witherbee and my deepest thanks to yourself." Dear Elsie Flight Wuestefeld also sent a line of appreciation to our principal through whose courtesy the girls and their husbands received many personal and delightful experiences.

From the American Institute of Applied Music there came recently a message to our principal which is well worth repeating. The word was from Josephine Curry '23, who writes to Dr. Winslow, "I simply could not resist writing you a little extra note when I saw one of our catalogs going Lasellward addressed to you. I am secretary to Miss Chittenden, who is Dean of our Faculty here, and who is also head of the piano department at Vassar. When she is away, I have charge of our publicity department, all of which is most interesting. It is almost compensation enough, just being in such a musical atmosphere." We are proud of Josephine and interested in the work which so interests her.

A Miami Herald of recent date contained this tribute to our National Treasurer, Mrs. Carlos Cushing (Ella Richardson '73): Mrs. Cushing is a woman full of human kindness, always looking for a chance to do some good deed and in her own words declares, "I do try to do helpful things every day so some one will be glad I am out on the trail." Our Mrs. Cushing is indeed a sunny visitor and

leaves behind her a sense of better things for she has a faith and courage that will not permit doubt and fear to enter into her life.

At the last Lasell Reunion of the Miami Club those present wrote a round robin letter to our personal editor. It is with regret that the recipient declares she does not dare to print them all but is deeply grateful to every dear girl who sent such loyal and loving messages.

*Attractive copies of the new Constitution were distributed by Jessie Joy MacMillan '82, who has been appointed custodian of the Constitution and will be pleased to forward a copy to any interested old girl or graduate. She can be addressed at 145 Hancock St., Auburndale, Mass.*

Our former instructor, now Professor Frances K. Dolley of Western Reserve University, writes telling us that in addition to her regular college duties she has been giving through the winter three courses in extension work in the public schools of Cleveland. We are increasingly proud of the successes of this former and able instructor in our department of Domestic Science.

Our associate principal, Mr. Charles F. Towne, and his wife are leaving Lasell at the close of the school year. In the fall Mr. Towne will enter upon a larger field of service, for he has been called to the position of Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Providence. Educational work in Rhode Island will be familiar ground to him for he served the schools of Providence before coming to Lasell. His new office, while it will bring greater responsibility, will offer opportunity for a larger field of usefulness. Lasell extends congratulations and best wishes for the future success of our retiring associate principal and his wife.

We are indeed again indebted to our national treasurer for this bit of news which Helen Hood '10 writes to Mrs. Cushing, "I have been cruising in the Mediterranean since April 1st and your note reached me just now in Paris. It was sweet of you to think of me in reference to the Lasell Club Luncheon. When I return to Florida next December I

hope to join the Lasell girls at their meetings. It would be a pleasure indeed to know the other girls and if there are any of them living at Palm Beach or vicinity I would be glad to have them drive down to Miami in my car, I know of two who might come and any others will be a welcome addition. Hope you will keep me in mind."

It was a distinct and unexpected courtesy on the part of the parents of Edward Clendenin's bride, to bid us to this wedding, which occurred the third of June in St. Louis, Mo. We certainly remember this charming bride, Julia Rankin, who used occasionally to run over to Lasell from Wellesley as a guest of our Edith. Lasell's heartiest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hume Clendenin.

A line from Clara Nims '07, tells us that she has spent two weeks in the Utica Library, specializing in her chosen profession, library work. Clara declares she had half a mind to continue her journey from Utica to Auburndale. The next time, Clara, please go the length of your intentions and make us twice glad by actually appearing at Lasell. At the close of her letter she tells us that Lilian Douglass '07, has promised after circling the globe and spending a week or two with Lela Goodall in Maine, to visit Clara in Watertown.

Cornelia D. Houser '02, writes this cordial word or two to our principal: "The first of April came and went so quickly in the excitement and pleasure of having our three boys home for their Easter holidays that the fact that my check for the Lasell Endowment Fund was due was entirely forgotten. I had promised myself the pleasure of a call at Lasell this winter, but we arrived in Boston in the midst of one of your terrible blizzards and had to leave for home quite unexpectedly the next day. The new catalog is very attractive. I am really eager to see the improvements and changes as well as some of the old familiar corners of my day.

Dear Sophie Mayer '08, submits to Dr. Winslow a sort of a questionnaire concerning her grades, etc., which indicates that she is still



on the forward move. We have heard from others of her fine record as a teacher. We can well believe that she is kept busy when we read that she has two hundred and twenty-five students under her personal care. However, Sophie keeps in touch with her Lasell associates of former years. She writes, "I happened to meet Clara Huttenbauer Levy '07, in Cincinnati last Saturday for the first time in a year. Marie Howald Sohngen 1905-06 has gone into the insurance business with her husband and is quite successful. Just think Marie's boy graduates from high school this June and her little girl is one of my pupils. Marie is active in Girl Scout work, she can do as much as any three people and does not look any older than she did twenty years ago. Through one of my friends here who visited in Toronto last summer, I had a glimpse of Christine Ryrie 1906-07. They enjoyed an afternoon together and Mrs. Mallon was charmed with Christine. Sophie also sends her subscription for the *Leaves* and declares her unfailing interest in her school paper but wishes there might be more news of old girls of about twenty years ago. The personal editor wishes to make a suggestion right here and now that the old girls of former years take the same interest in the *Leaves* as is evidenced on the part of Sophie, by sending in news items which we are delighted to print. Her letter closes with greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Mademoiselle Le Royer and Miss Potter.

If any one thinks that Dorothy Barnard '24, is resting on her laurels, listen to this. In her letter to Dr. Winslow she writes, "I have had a happily busy year, having spent last summer at Columbia University, taking a double course in Educational Psychology. I have been working to pass the State Teachers' Exams here in New Hampshire and thus far have succeeded in three, School Law, Psychology and School Management. I am expecting to take the History of Education and State School Program in June. Hope to be at Boston University this summer. Last week in New York I spent a happy day with Mercedes Rendell '23, who

graduated this June from Teachers' College with her B. S. degree. On my return I stopped over in Springfield and had a half hour's call with Bernice Parker '24. She showed me some lovely hand work which she had been doing this winter for her hope chest. Mercedes spoke of the pleasure she had in having Miss Nell Wright, Miss Dorothy Shank, Sarah and Mary Hopkins '19, Ruth Hopkins '23, Hulda Halley '18 and Theresa Thompson '22 for Sunday night tea—that must have been a real reunion. Dorothy closes with "Remember me to your family, Miss Potter, Mr. Towne and all the other teachers whom I know.

Many of our graduates returned for Commencement but no one came as early or was more welcome than Eva-May Mortimer '25. She was here in time to enjoy all the fun and also to lend a most helpful hand assisting in receiving and extending a glad welcome to the visiting guests. It seemed just right and a joy to her Lasell friends to have Jessie Matteson '25 join Eva-May during these closing days.

Lilian Doane Maddigan '21 and Genevieve Shidler '20 drove all the way from Indiana to New England and picked up Eleanor Thompson Cline '20 on the way. Like Eva-May they made a real visit at the school home and expressed their approval of the progress and changes for the better which they saw at Lasell.

Ruth Buffington '25 showed her loyalty to Lasell by coming over the road from Omaha to rejoice with those of us who were rejoicing. Mabel Taylor Gannett '95 and Grace Allen Clarke '95 also came from Omaha to help us celebrate our 75th anniversary and Lasell appreciated their presence.

We wish that every old girl and associate of the class of 1918 could have been at Lasell to welcome home Lois Nichols Arnold '18 and her dear little daughter, one of the most winsome Lasellites who has ever visited Lois's Alma Mater.

Cornelia Hemingway '22, some future day may find you at home in one of these far-away and fascinating lands which have been included

in your unusual travelogues, but for the present we are very well content to have you near at hand and "on hand" to help us welcome our guests at this reunion season.

Among the former presidents of our Alumnae Association whose presence added much to the joy of Commencement Season, were Josephine Woodward Rand '10, Annie Kendig Peirce '80, Mildred Peirce Fuller '06 and Moseetta Stafford Vaughan '86.

Old girls, who still count themselves young will realize that the years are passing when they learn that Richard Austin Winslow is now a high school graduate and enrolled as a freshman at Tufts College. We have learned—not from him or his family you may be sure,—but from friends that Richard was one of the leaders of his class in scholarship. Lasell's heartiest congratulations and Godspeed are extended to this honor student.

Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon could not come to us for Commencement, but had the very best possible representative in the person of Miss Ransom 1877-81 to take Lasell's greetings out to the Pacific Coast. This dear envoy extraordinary is again with us bringing back to Lasell an affectionate word from our dear principal emeritus and his family. On her return journey Miss Ransom stopped off at Evanston, where she had the pleasure of meeting Rebecca Shepherd '94 and her father, and in Williamsport visited with Martha Hazelet Crooks '10 and Elizabeth Hazelet Weis 1913-14 and their families and Miss Dorothy Shank.

That was a refreshing and enthusiastic letter which came recently to Dr. Winslow from Elizabeth Farnham 1910. It does not surprise us that she is still progressing and is planning for an even larger field of service; in fact, is strongly inclined to take an extra course at Columbia in the near future along the line of Domestic Science. She speaks with appreciation of her training at Lasell and pays this fine tribute to her teachers, "If it is in my power to give to others what Mrs. Loomis and Miss Dolley gave to me I shall be most happy. I recall my glad days at Lasell as though they were but last year. I have been acting as an

assistant to our Head Matron in this beautiful school, chaperoning the girls during vacation to San Francisco. Last week, I took a party of eight girls on a camping trip and now I have the honor offered to me of establishing a course in practical home-making and domestic science in this school. During another year a dear little cottage is to be remodeled for a practice house. In the meantime I hope to brush up at Columbia. After June 17th I shall chaperon a girl through the Yosemite and then start for home, visiting the various parks on the way." Betty closes with most cordial greetings to Mrs. Winslow and her family and members of the faculty.

From Luella Dadmun Brooks '74 now living at 116 No. Union Ave., Los Angeles, California, comes this most appreciative message to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. "Just to send greetings this Springtime and to tell you I have not forgotten Lasell or the delightful day spent there two years ago—my fiftieth anniversary graduation day."

Ruth Haydn '20 and Miss Alice R. Hall, a former instructor in our department of music, gave recently in Boston a charming recital, their pupils furnishing the program. Those of us who had the privilege of attending the concert were proud of the achievements of our Ruth. These pupils give a recital each month before Miss Louise Parkhurst, for many years an instructor in piano at Lasell. The most interesting climax of the concert was when Miss Parkhurst, with words of commendation, awarded prizes to the pupils not altogether for excellence in performance, but for faithful work in their practice.

Dorothea Africa '12 was especially happy during this Commencement, and justly so, for her sister Isabel '26 has led her class in scholarship for the past two years.

Three of the members of the class of '06 who could not meet with their classmates sent literally "live-wire" messages. Katherine Washburn Peyser '06 sent a telegram reading "At Lasell I learned home-making so must stay at home, love to all." From Florence Graham Etchen '06, "Sorry can't come, see letter fol-



lowing, love to all." Katherine McClanahan Henske wired from Omaha, "Sorry it is impossible for me to attend reunion, my love to all the girls, better luck for me next time."

From her charming summer home Marjorie Gifford Grimm '22 sends this message to Mrs. Winslow. "It just seems as if I were meant to have that Lasell Baby Book and the dear message you sent to all of us. One day the last of March mother went out on the front porch to get the mail out of the box and a letter blew out of her hand and flew in the hedge. In getting it she noticed another piece of mail which proved to be the Lasell baby book. You see it had blown off, too, and remained in the bush for over a month and a letter had shown the way to it. It sounds like a 'Grimm's Fairy Tale,' doesn't it? Of course I have been an extremely busy mother, but dear little Nancy is worth all the work in the world. She has been a very good baby and exceptionally healthy, due a good deal, I think, to keeping well during my school days. If only the girls would realize what it meant to keep in good health all the time! My thoughts at present are at Lasell with all my schoolmates, teachers and friends and in connection with the graduation. 'Lasell celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary.' Isn't that wonderful! We are sorry we cannot witness this celebration. Baby and I came to our summer home on May 21st and we are enjoying it so much. Our home is in the woods on the edge of the Lake and we can hear the song of the birds from morning until night. We have thirty dogwood trees near our house and they have just finished blooming and have been a beautiful sight. Please give my kindest regards to Dr. Winslow and my other Lasell friends."

Lasell's old girls will rejoice with us to learn that the class of 1926 have honored Miss Witherbee '92 and themselves by dedicating to this teacher their Year Book, "The Lamp." Without the permission of Miss Witherbee or even the editor of "The Lamp," we share with the readers of the LEAVES this appreciative and merited dedication.

#### TO MISS MARY P. WITHERBEE

In grateful acknowledgment of loyal and devoted service to Lasell and to the Senior Classes of past years, the Class of Twenty-six respectfully dedicates to this beloved guide and friend their Senior Book "The Lamp." We of Twenty-six desire thus to pay tribute to a fine and splendid spirit that has found consecration in work, and loveliness in duty . . . . to one who truly deserves the titles . . . . woman, scholar, friend.

If but one thing you gave  
From richness of your store,  
'Twould be the words, "Look high,"  
And God requires no more.

We are missing this summer at Lasell our former efficient field secretary, Miss Caroline Chase, and learn with regret that her home duties and musical interests make it necessary for her to discontinue her service as field secretary. Our best wishes are extended to Miss Chase as she devotes her time more wholly to her home and local interests.

It seems but yesterday that Mercedes Rendell '23 graduated from Lasell. Mrs. Winslow has just received an invitation to attend Mercedes' Commencement at Columbia, where she is graduating from the department of Domestic Science. Lasell's heartiest congratulations to Mercedes.

Elizabeth Breneman 1920-21, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, just missed Commencement, but we are delighted that we did not miss her. Her visit to Lasell was brief but she looked well and insisted that she is enjoying immensely her kindergarten work.

A letter containing exceptionally good news was received from Louise Funkhouser Colegrove '09. With Dr. Winslow's permission we are happy to give a few excerpts from Louisa's letter.

"This has been an eventful year for us. Mr. Colegrove has been made a full professor (in the Political Science Department) which is the hope of every professor. He has also signed a contract with Longman Green & Company to write a book on "American Government." This means giving up for the present his lectures outside the university. Again he has been selected by the Carnegie Endowment

for International Peace to be among others for a six weeks' trip abroad (during August and September). The group are going to study the League of Nations at the Hague and in Geneva. This will be especially interesting to him because he gives course on the League of Nations at Northwestern. /

Baby and I will have a quiet, restful time at home. It is so lovely in Evanston in the summer time I never have any desire to go away.

Mr. Colegrove and I spent an evening with Margaret Jones Clemen '11 and her husband a week or so ago. You probably know he used to be an instructor at Northwestern, so he and Mr. Colegrove are quite well acquainted, and as Margaret and I are, too, we enjoy an evening together now and then. Mr. Clemen has been in the business world for several years. In spite of this fact he has been studying for a Ph.D. degree and has just been on to Harvard, where he passed the examination. We think he deserves much credit.

I am enclosing my contribution to the Lasell Endowment Fund. It seems so strange that more girls in the '09 class have not responded. It makes me wish I could pledge fifty or a hundred dollars a year.

Please give my warmest regards to Mrs. Winslow and tell her that I hope she can plan to come with you on your next trip and to arrange meetings so that you will have more time in Chicago. We want another good visit with you such as we had at Julia's some years ago. I'm quite sure our interest in Lasell is life-long."

No better time than this joyous Commencement Season in which to record the engagements and marriages of our dear Lasell girls:

Constance Epstein of the class of 1922-23 announces her engagement to Mr. Ernest B. Gilmour.

Dr. and Mrs. Burt C. Chollett send to Lasell an announcement of the marriage of their daughter Miriam Alice Chollett '22 to Mr. Albert Bershon on Friday, May 14, 1926. Mr. and Mrs. Bershon will be at home after July first at 2602 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

On the seventeenth of May, in Portsmouth, N. H., Carolyn Whidden Badger '22 was united in marriage to Mr. John E. Seybolt.

From Broken Bow, Nebraska, comes an announcement of the marriage of Vivian Varney '21 to Mr. John Cuyler Potter Whitten on Tuesday, the eighth of June. Mr. and Mrs. Whitten will be at home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Alyce Clara Dick '24 and Dr. Walter Crites were united in wedlock at Auburn, Maine, on Monday, June 14, 1926.

Another member of the class of '24 in the name of Adele Bigham '24 was united in marriage on the seventeenth of June to Mr. Wayne Nelson.

On the twenty-fourth of June, Miriam Kent Flynn '12 and Mr. Ernest F. Speth were married at the Daniel Dorchester Memorial Church in West Roxbury, Mass.

La Senora E. C. Orozco announces the marriage of her daughter Maria Teresa 1917-18 to Mr. Harold A. Cobb, on Saturday, June the twelfth, in New York City.

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### "A HEARTY THANK YOU"

Once again the LEAVES Staff wishes to express its very real and hearty thanks to those of our friends who have enabled us to print in full the various Commencement addresses. It is only thus that we are able to share with those who could not be with us the very inspiring messages given at that time. We thank Misses Seale, MacMullin, Mulloy, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Cardwell for the splendid stenographic reports of these addresses.

Among the mothers of the graduating class who were former Lasell girls, were Josephine Milliken Roth '99 and Annie Mae Pinkham '02.

The Class of 1916 certainly made a delightful impression upon the old girls and other visiting groups at this Commencement time. The girls of '16 who have registered are:

Mildred Ordway Brahana  
Maude Haydn Keeney  
Mabel Straker Kimball  
Pauline Ray Hamilton



Mildred Cloake Norbury  
 Ruth Winslow Payne  
 Marion Griffin Wolcott  
 Madeline Sheldon Herfurth  
 Orissa Atwill  
 Ruth Griffin McDonald  
 Helen J. Foster  
 Marie Houghton Gilman  
 Laura Hale Gorton  
 Alma Sweet

We are conscious that there are a dear host of returning graduates and old girls who failed to register on our records so we are unable to share their names with the readers of the LEAVES.

1861  
 Caroline Hills Leeds

1870  
 Ellen Clark Gill

1873  
 Ella R. Cushing

1880  
 Anna Kendig Peirce  
 Lillie R. Potter

1882  
 Jessie Joy MacMillan

1883  
 Saphie Mason Dumas  
 Lillian M. Packard

1884  
 Nellie Packard Draper

1887  
 Caroline Coburn Briggs

1889  
 Mary Packard Cass

1891  
 Mary Busell Hofmann

1892  
 Mary Witherbee

1895  
 Mabel Taylor Gannett  
 Grace Allen Clarke

1897  
 Myra Davis

1898  
 Daisy Aull Duncan  
 Jane Myrick Gibbs

1899  
 Edith Moulton

1902  
 Annie Pinkham Allyn  
 Cora Belle Stone  
 Georgie Duncan Seavey

1903  
 Edith Burke Wells  
 Florence Grout Hale  
 Jane Ford Amesbury

1905  
 Helen Darling Tillinghast  
 Leslie White Alling

1906  
 Dorothea Turner Moulton  
 Edith Anthony Carlow  
 Helen Carter Marcy  
 Lucy Wilson Errett, Jr.  
 Julia Potter Schmidt  
 Meta Buehner Noble  
 Maud Simes Harding  
 Ina Harber  
 Margaret Fuller Manchester  
 Irene Sauter Sanford  
 Mildred Peirce Fuller  
 Geneva Strong Harlow  
 Winifred Smith Chambers

1909  
 Sibyl Webb Daugherty

1910  
 Marion Hale Bottomley  
 Josephine Woodward Rand

1911  
 Vera Bradley Findlay  
 Edna Kauffman Binder  
 Kathleen Knight  
 Barbara Dennen Carpenter

1912  
 Mary Utter Maxson  
 Dorothea Africa

1914  
 Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin

1915

Susan Tiffany  
Nell Woodward Collins

1917

Helen Saunders  
Mildred Strain Nutter

1918

Annie Stronach  
Mildred Cary Eaton  
Harriet Morris Kenney  
Mary Fiske Cass  
Elsie Flight Wuestefeld

1919

Julia Kittredge

1920

Eleanor Thompson Kline  
Genevieve Shidler  
Ruth Haydn  
Charlotte Parker Simpson  
Muriel James Morrison  
Doris Rogers Grover  
Dorothy Sprague

1921

Doris Brown Ranlett, Jr.  
Helen E. Conger  
Leonora Frances Conklin  
Lilian Doane Maddigan  
Dorothy R. Edwards  
Lillian Fontaine  
Harriet Hawks  
Mildred Knight  
Helen Linnehan  
Florence M. Mann  
Ruth M. Rawlings  
Doris Sanborn  
Ruth Smith Coates  
Marion Stevens White  
Florence S. Sullivan  
Grace Warner

1922

Frances Angel Levenson  
Cornelia Hemingway  
Louise Jackson  
Marjorie Lewis  
A. Elizabeth Madeira  
Barbara Smith

1923

Florence E. Boehmcke  
Ethel Josephine Cole  
Carolyn Stults Colton  
Mabel Gleason Fletcher  
Christine Lalley Sullivan  
Cathleen Meloon  
Antoinette Meritt Bromley  
Dorothy Millspaugh  
Adrienne Smith  
Priscilla Wolfe  
Adrienne Fontaine

1924

Marietta Chase  
Phyllis Hessin  
Mary O'Hare  
Maria Parry  
Ella H. Robbins  
Virginia Stevens  
Sarah Stultz  
Elsie Terhune

1925

Helen Black  
Hope Dean  
Dorothea LaVerne Brown  
Ruth A. Buffington  
Glenna Bullis  
Christine Chamberlin  
Charlena Clough  
Isabel Colyer—Dorothy Cook  
Martha Fish  
Dorothy Hagadorn  
Harriet Harvey  
Louise Hegeman  
Ruby Holabird  
Estelle Jenney  
Dorothy Iola Keeler  
Katherine Frances Kelley  
Evadene H. Love  
Ruth Martin  
Jessie Matteson  
Peggy Meurer  
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 Madeline Stotz  
 Florence Muriel Tyler  
 Helen Maria Wahlquist  
 Martha Frances Wilcox

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We were very foolish, and we were very young,  
 And we laughed up our sleeves at the songs we had  
 sung,

At the speeches we had made, and the loving lies,  
 And the platitudes we uttered about "fond, enduring  
 ties."

But when the day of parting really came—and went—  
 We found that every word of what we'd said—we  
 meant!

Oh, we were very childish, and we were very sure  
 That nothing of our loneliness could possibly endure,  
 We were thrilled by long processions, and our sol-  
 emn, black-robed state;

We felt that more than others *our* class was good  
 and great.

But when we'd said goodbye to a few dear friends  
 or more

Our hearts were aching dully, and our heartstrings  
 tore.

Oh, we were very knowing, and we were very wise;  
 We knew that all these "sad farewells" were merely  
 courteous lies.

We wouldn't miss the campus, and the halls, and  
 the friends;

We said, "This life is over—we'll take the new  
 Fate sends."

But when we were departing, and the end was near,  
 We knew that more than other things, this thing to  
 us was dear!

—Dorothy G. Schumaker.

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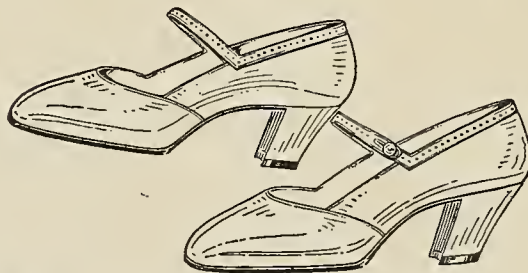
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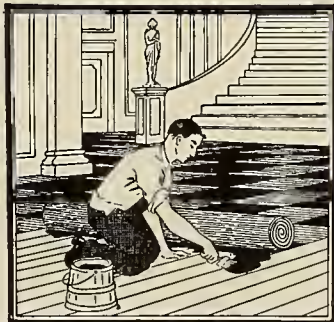
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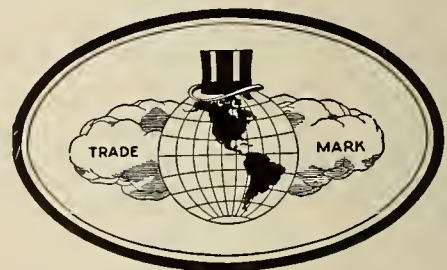
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