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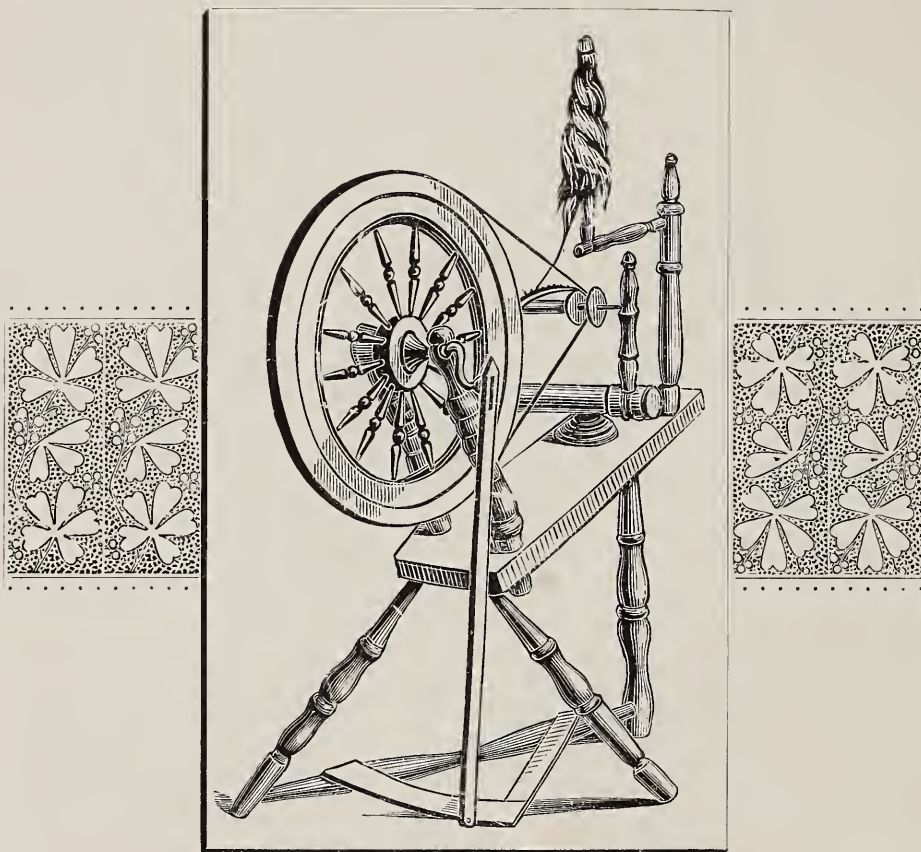
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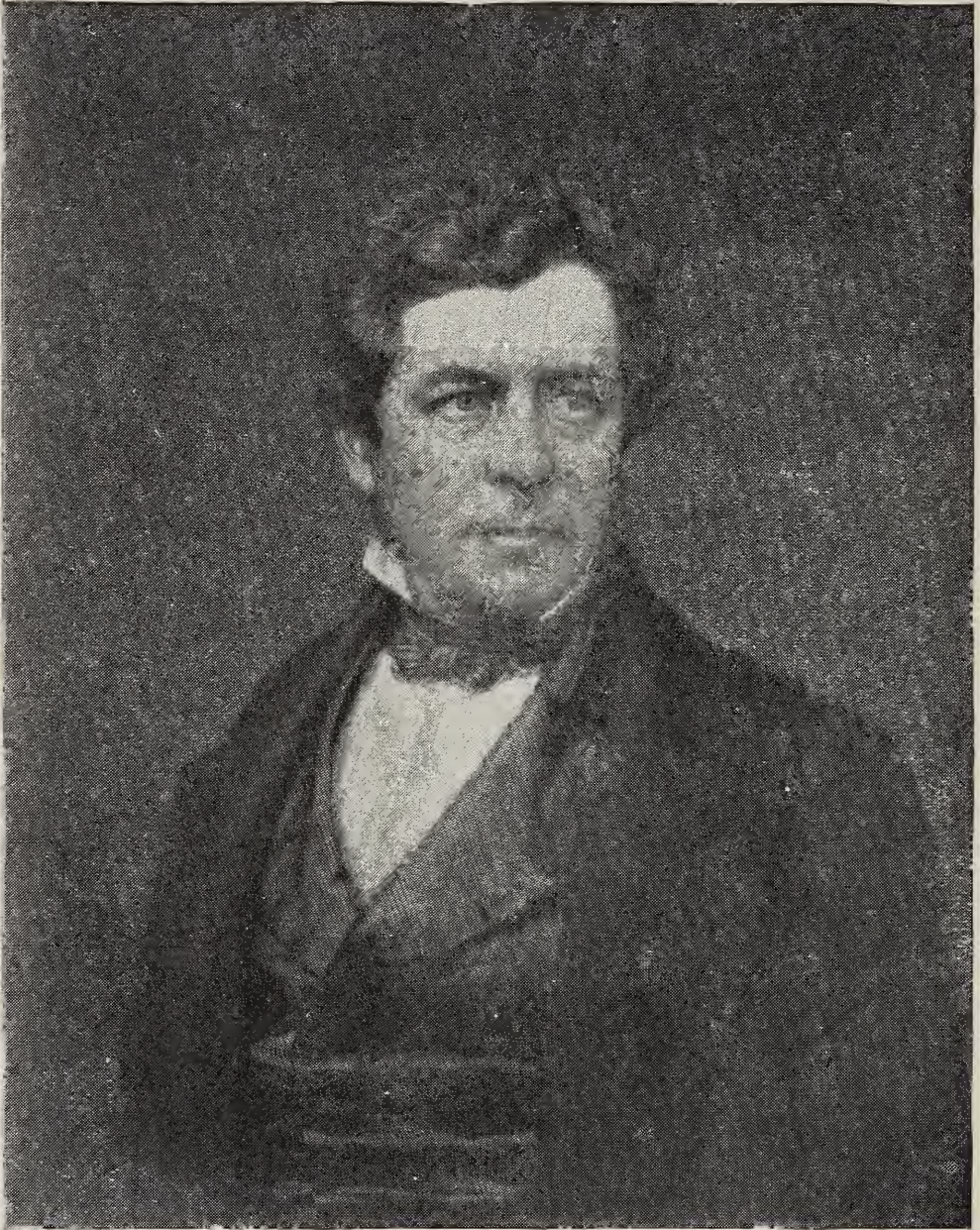


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FOUNDER OF LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS.

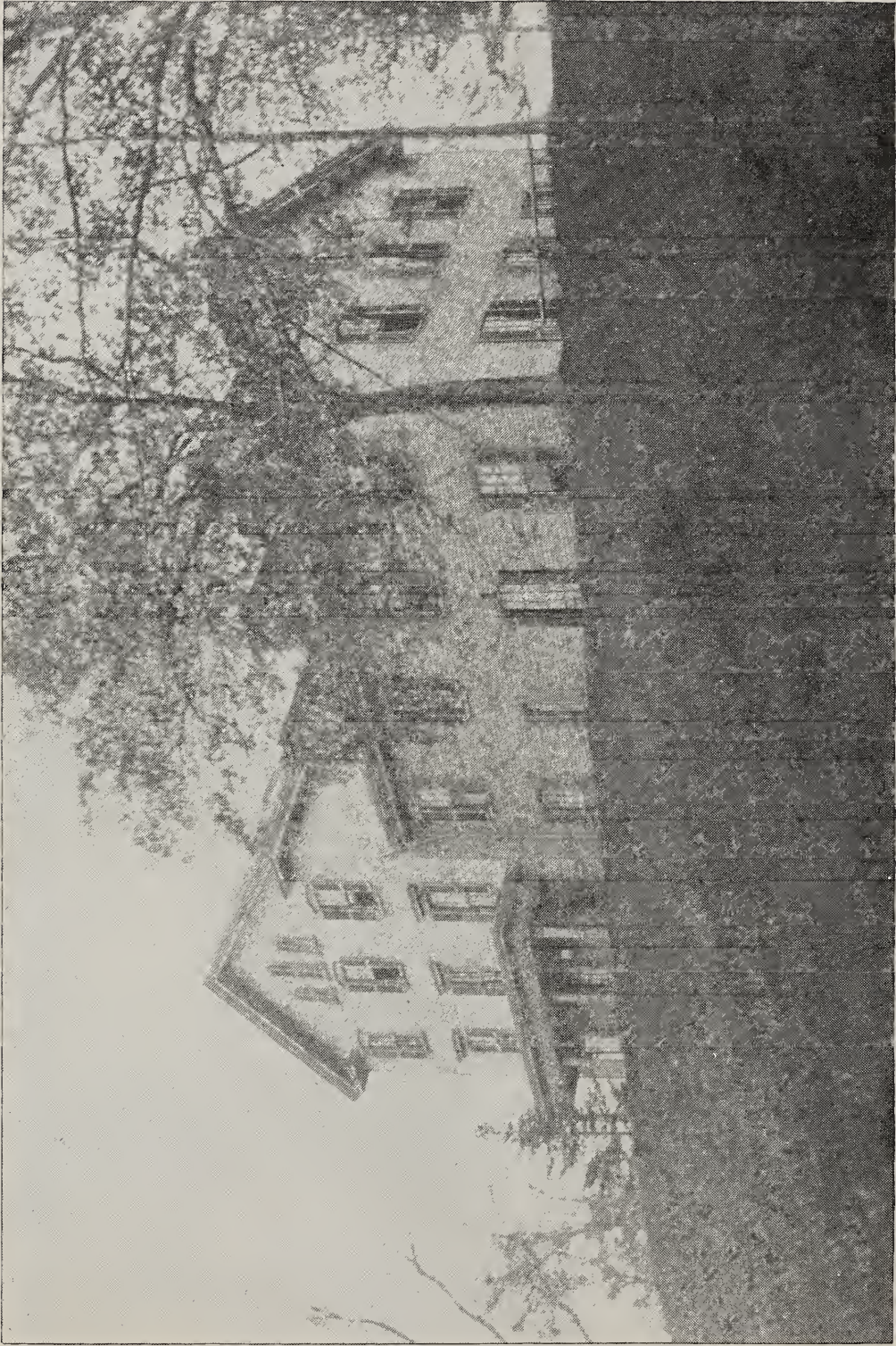


ALLERLEI

Vol. I

1890





1851.



1890.

Dedicated

TO THE

Future Editors of the *Allerlei*

AND THE

LASELL WORLD



LUCY E. SARGEANT,
Business Manager.

SARA B. HARVEY,
Editor in chief.

LUCY H. ROBERTS,
NAN S. PEABODY,
SUSAN C. RICHARDS,
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Assistant Editors.



Preface.



WHEN "Annual" was first whispered in our midst little did we realize the vast amount of labor and patience which is necessary to the publication of such a work. We have expended a large amount of both, especially the latter, and now throw our efforts on the unsympathizing world in the shape of the first volume of the ALLERLEI, hoping it will be leniently received. We realize that there must be no secrets between our readers and ourselves, so we publish the trials and tribulations of our friends in misery, and hope in this way to remind gently our associates of their faults, and help them to overcome these slight obstacles to a brilliant career after their school-days are over(?). If at first you do not understand the meaning of any remark, do not be discouraged and give up, but persevere, for there is meat there if ever you reach it, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet. Jokes born out of necessity may fall heavily; attempts at wit may often be at a discount. We do not expect one poor brain to fathom all the mysteries; that would be too much. It is beyond human capability.

We here take the opportunity to thank our beloved Professor for the interest he has manifested, and the assistance

he has rendered us in the publication of Lasell's first Annual; the teachers, for their hearty coöperation and support; the school, for its support and encouragement. Without them and their kindest assistance the public would never have received these productions from our pens. Who would have furnished us the material to work upon if we had had no fellow-students? To the advertisers who have so kindly helped to decorate our pages and to whose timely assistance we owe so much, we offer greetings and thanks, and hope they may think the background for their wares fitting. To the next class upon whom will devolve the duty of publishing the ALLERLEI, we wish much joy and success. Begin early in the year, work night and day, but above all keep a stiff upper lip and put it through, hoping for some success to crown your efforts in the end.

We would imagine if we could what we would have done had not our artists been born, and to the manner. They, we feel sure, have sharpened many of our little jokes, and furnished pith to the whole. To them, most of all, we owe allegiance evermore.

We only desire to open a road for hosts of other editors to travel, and we would humbly petition that you "no longer seek our merits to disclose or draw our frailties from their dread abode. There they alike in trembling hope repose, etc., etc." We then take you to the entrance of this first venture, and advise, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."





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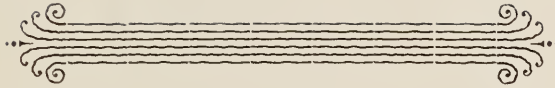
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Auburndale.



OF the many beautiful suburban towns of America, the traveller could scarcely find a more lovely spot than is the village of Auburndale. The first thing to meet the eye of the stranger, on alighting from the cars, is the long, low station, built of brown stone, to which the luxuriant and graceful vines cling so lovingly. The broad and well-kept streets, the handsome residences, the neat flower-gardens and lawns, — free from the needless protection of fences, — present to the new arrival a charming picture. As he walks along the avenues, shaded by tall old trees, there gradually comes to him a feeling that there is much more in the place than can be taken in by a superficial glance.

On becoming better acquainted with the place, it is discovered that all its charms are not of recent date; that Auburndale has a history, if not a mystery. If the stranger be so favored of fortune as to gain admittance to its social circles, he will find the citizens to be of superior intellect and refinement. The inhabitants of Auburndale are noted for their virtues, their broad education, and their wealth. This has been the home of celebrated artists and of renowned writers. Here fervent ministers of the gospel find a congenial place in which to spend the quiet evening of life after its more active labors. On account of the large number of retired ministers, and of missionaries returned from successful work in foreign fields, the tranquil place has received the *sobriquet* of “Saints’ Rest.”

When the Puritan Fathers, weary of oppression, sought freedom or thought and conscience in the forests of America, they could find no more suitable place in which to pitch their tents than in the neighborhood of Boston. No sooner had they built their rude huts and gained a start in the new life, than they wished to have their sons educated; and this, not primarily for their own good alone, but that they might

better teach the Indians, who begged for instruction. Strange as it may now seem, Harvard College was founded in order to train young men to become home missionaries.

From the love that the founders of this school bore to their old *Alma Mater* of England, they changed the name of its location from Newtown to Cambridge. As the years went by, and the population increased under the favor of God and the pursuits of integrity and of honest labor, the town spread south of the river Charles. While the College portion assumed the name Cambridge, the part across the river still retained the old name of Newtown, finally Newton. This was in 1638. My long digression from my subject may be pardoned when it is known that Auburndale is one of the ten villages which constitute the city of Newton, so that the early history of Newton is that of Auburndale.

All the first settlers of this district were so struck with its similarity to the renowned "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," that for many years it was called "Sweet Auburn." On account of its admirable situation among the encircling hills which form the Upper Cheesecake Glen, it was finally christened the appropriate name it now bears. The territory now covered by Auburndale was, in the seventeenth century, the homestead of William Robinson. He left the property to his sons, one of whom built the Bourne House, which afterwards became Whittimore's Tavern. This interesting old house was situated on Woodland avenue, on which is now the no less celebrated, but somewhat more modern, building of Lasell Seminary. At the time of the Concord fight, in 1775, the inn was a half-century old — as it was used as a tavern as early as 1724. No doubt the patriotic pioneers, on the day which witnessed the first bloodshed of the War of Independence, gathered at this ancient hostelry to recount and receive news of the battle — the sound of whose guns could distinctly be heard. Here the interested rustics discussed the day's events, and perhaps some heroes of the victory "fought the battle o'er again," and "laid plans that have since become history."

One of the principal streets of Auburndale, called Auburn, was laid out in 1729, as "a way from the fording place in the Charles River." This was while George II. was reigning in England. A delightful walk for a bright spring morning would be to the site of the wigwam of Waban, the chief of the Nonantum Indians. During the hunting seasons he delighted to camp on the banks of the Quinobequin — as the Charles river was called in the musical Indian language. In this sequestered spot Waban's braves could shoot deer and bears, as well as smaller game, or could float in their birch canoes while fishing among the shady inlets of the Quinobequin,

" On whose banks the Indian maiden wept,
As in his bark canoe her lover from her swept.
Here she prepared their simple meal of maize."

Before the wigwam of this chief, under the shade of a large tree, the "feather-cintured" savages listened for hours to the message of God delivered by the "Apostle to the Indians." Thus the first sermon to the Indians in their native tongue was preached by the Rev. John Eliot, Oct. 28, 1646.

Echo Bridge, at the Upper Falls, is a delightful and romantic place to explore. Nothing can rival the beauty of the whole place when tinged with the silver light of the moon. For six miles along the river, both banks are crowded, in the season for them, with pure-white water-lilies. Charmed with the superior loveliness of the scenery, Ralph Waldo Emerson, after his return from Europe, in 1833, spent many happy years in an old farm-house near here. The bridge is part of that wonderful aqueduct, sixteen miles in length, which supplies Boston with drinking-water. Under one end of the bridge there is a small platform, on which visitors may stand and send their voices across the water. On a still night the echoes may be counted as often as eighteen times, and a pistol-shot has twenty-five reverberations. There is an interesting old legend of a pair of Indian lovers hovering around the spot. Echo, the beautiful daughter of a chief, fell in love with a young brave of lower rank. Of course there was much opposition to the unequal union on the part of the irate father. So, like lovers in higher life, they planned an elopement; but their plot was discovered, and the faithful nut-brown maid gave up her life in the vain attempt to join her lover.

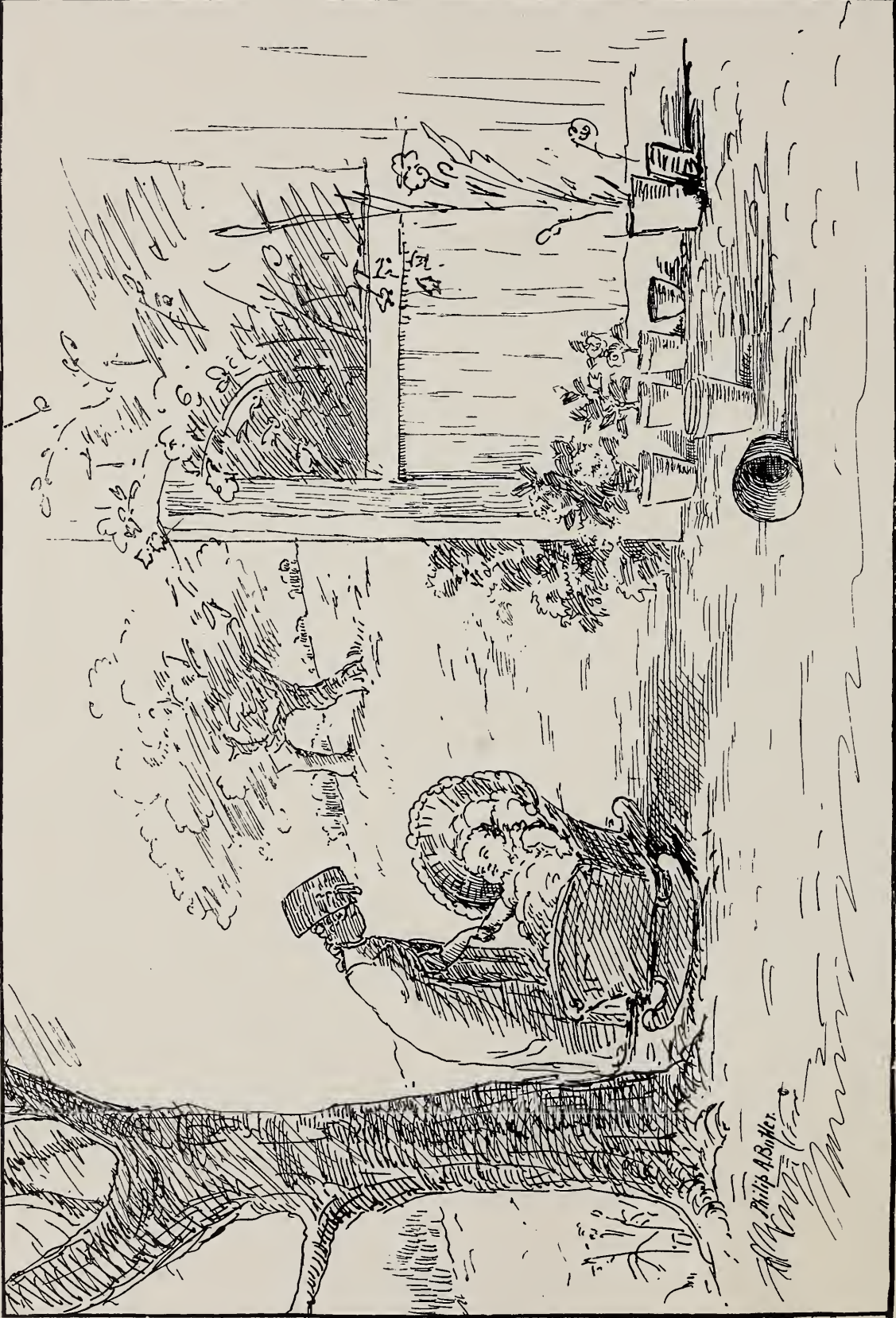
Across the Charles river from Auburndale, one may see the supposed site of the old Norwegian settlements. There are old walls, dams, pavements, and canals, which are undoubtedly many centuries old. It is thought by those who have studied the matter thoroughly, that this region was first discovered by Bjorni Herjulfson as early as 985 A.D. That it was colonized in 1000, by Thorfinn Karlsfene, 1007. On the ruins of an old fort, supposed to have been built by the Norseman in 1000, an enterprising gentleman of Cambridge has built a rough stone tower. The Indians called the place Norumbega. This picturesque tower is an exceedingly interesting place to visit, and the view from its summit presents one more of the many charming pictures to be seen in and near Auburndale.





'
93





Philip A. Butler
1871

Freshman Class.



'93 HAS been requested in a gentlemanly manner by the Juniors to insert her history in their Annual. As her existence on this mundane sphere began only six months ago, she is a mere infant, and is but now acquiring the arts of talking and walking; her history is as yet one great interrogation-point.

'93 is made up of young women of all sorts and conditions. Some of her members are very, very good, while the remainder are so horrid that their conduct neutralizes that of the first. She has representatives in the temperance, missionary, and anti-slang societies, and is always ready to "rescue the perishing."

One of her number has expressed her determination to be a physician, and, after getting a sheepskin here, she will drag her weary frame to some other portion of the globe to continue her studies for three years longer. At the end of that time, when her desire is accomplished, and she has an M.D. attached to her name, she will sit down like "Patience on a monument" to wait for the time when the monument shall be on the patients.

Another advocates dress-reform, and in the dim sweet

future we see her a second Mrs. Jenness-Miller, addressing a vast audience, while coming Lasell girls occupy seats in the bald-headed row.

A third, in destitute circumstances, is desirous of earning a livelihood by doing "fancy darning with lightning rapidity and at lowest prices." We trust that her efforts may be rewarded, and that her income will be sufficient to allow her to pay her Senior expenses, and still have enough remaining for her fare "over the hills to the poor-house."

'93 boasts a would-be musician. "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," the lives of the room-mate and neighbors of this young musician are made miserable by the sounds of "Galilee" played on a banjo very much out of tune, by a person decidedly a novice.

Her other members have not as yet declared what course they will pursue; but we all know that they will be up, 'way up, terribly up, in whatever career they select.

'93 has discovered the truth of the saying, "Be good and you will be happy, but you won't have any fun," and conducts herself accordingly. The most of her time is spent in listening to the choice bits read in chapel, in writing dreadful German flubby-dubs in small copy-books, and in attending Mrs. Faxon's weekly receptions. Besides these things there are various other duties distributed where they will do the most good, and altogether her former happy life is made miserable and "a weariness to the flesh."

She is striving to learn as rapidly as possible. Those of her number who are taking dress-cutting can now make a Mother-Hubbard after a fashion, and that fashion entirely her own; and her members in cooking have reached that degree of perfection where they can concoct dishes which any one might fall down and worship without fear of punishment, for they resemble nothing "in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

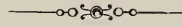
Under her present able instructor she will, at the end of her four-years' captivity, be able to draw quite a respectable map of Palestine, which any one with a vivid imagination would easily recognize.

But before that time arrives '93 will have to pass through several trying ordeals, one of which will be the production of the "Annual" in her Junior year. But with the characteristic energy of her members, she will rise to the emergency as one girl, and promptly, swiftly, beautifully, and skilfully perform all duties laid upon her.

'93.



FRESHMAN CLASS.



οὐ τελευτηθὲν ἀλλ' ἀρχθέν.

CLASS COLORS GOLD AND BLOOD RED.

FLORA M. GARDNER, *President.*

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Arnold, Jennie M.	66	Peabody.
Baldwin, Maud M.	39	Haiku, H. Is.
Coe, Alice M.	Town	Auburndale.
Couch, Eva L.	36	Round Pond, Me.
Davis, Nelle G.	31	Chicago, Ill.
Dodds, Helen M.	23	North Hero, Vt.
Gardner, Flora M.	31	Chicago, Ill.
Lamme, Fannie	25	Bozeman, Mont.
Lamson, Myrna	59	Chicago, Ill.
Reynolds, Gertrude P.	29	East Haddam, Conn.
Richards, Nellie M.	6	Newton.
Roper, Jessie A.	63	Alton, Ill.
Russell, Helen	14	Jefferson, I.
Shellabarger, Grace	61	Decatur, Ill.
Slavins, Dadie C.	11	Kansas City, Mo.
Swift, Frances G.	20	Falmouth.
Westcott, Laura	43	Burlington, N. J.



'92





Sophomore Class.



HERE was no Annual at Lasell until the Class of '92 came. Our first natural timidity, on entering seminary life, soon wore away, for we found that our giant intellects were more than a match for those who had been here for years (five-year specials).

We owe our organization as a class to the Seniors. We humbly bow to them and thank them for their assistance (please present bill). The Seniors! who tower above us like balloons (gas in the head, you see). Although we fully appreciate their kindness, yet for their sakes we will refrain from stating the particulars.

Our achievements in class-work are mighty and wonderful. To give a few examples of our greatness: In Trigonometry we have found tangents and cosines by the same method, thus forming new rules, which, by comparison with our text, we have found to be much easier to learn. In our study of Natural Philosophy, although we do not see the "isness" and "soness" of a law lately discovered by a brilliant member, — "an atmosphere composed entirely of oxygen would facilitate

brain-work," — still we cannot help wishing that it were true, when we must deal with such an indefinitely large number of small thin slices of uniform material parallelograms, whose thickness is "indefinitely small," and "vacuums of water" (a *lapsus linguæ*, as it is known). The determination of the specific gravity of a bit of lead proved too much for the fairy fingers of the girls, one after another returning to her seat, saying, with an appealing glance at the young professor, "The very weight I needed most slipped into the water-jar and I can't get it out." The jar was emptied, the elusive weight recovered, and another attempt made; but the very weight she wanted succeeded again and again in slipping into the water, while the provoking hydrometer danced up and down in the jar like the diabolical Cartesian diver.

Owing to the many explanations of our ever-patient professor, we fully understand why liquids should attain the same level in communicating vessels; but great was our consternation when asked what was the law of gases in communicating vessels. We humbly confess our ignorance, and it is still one of the mysteries of the class-room. In our fifty or sixty other studies we are equally bright.

Our brightness is not confined to the class-room alone, for in our daily conversation we discuss such deeply interesting and instructive topics as the latest brand of chewing-gum; the length of time necessary to boil a hot egg; the common, every-day cotton that grows on sheeps' backs.

That we are popular, is shown by the great number of organizations which are represented in our class. Not a club or society can be mentioned to which some of our members do not belong.

Great are the feats that we perform in athletics, and responsible are the positions which we hold in the Battalion (corporals, second lieutenants, etc.).

Although we come from just beyond the four points of the compass, and have a Wolfe in our midst, its fierce growls are quieted by the sweet notes of the Lutes.

When our school-days are o'er we shall triumphantly march forth, always "guide right," and never dishonor our banner, whose motto, "Droit et Loyal." is the sentiment of each one of us.

'92.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.



Droit et Loyal.

CLASS COLORS APPLE GREEN AND WHITE.

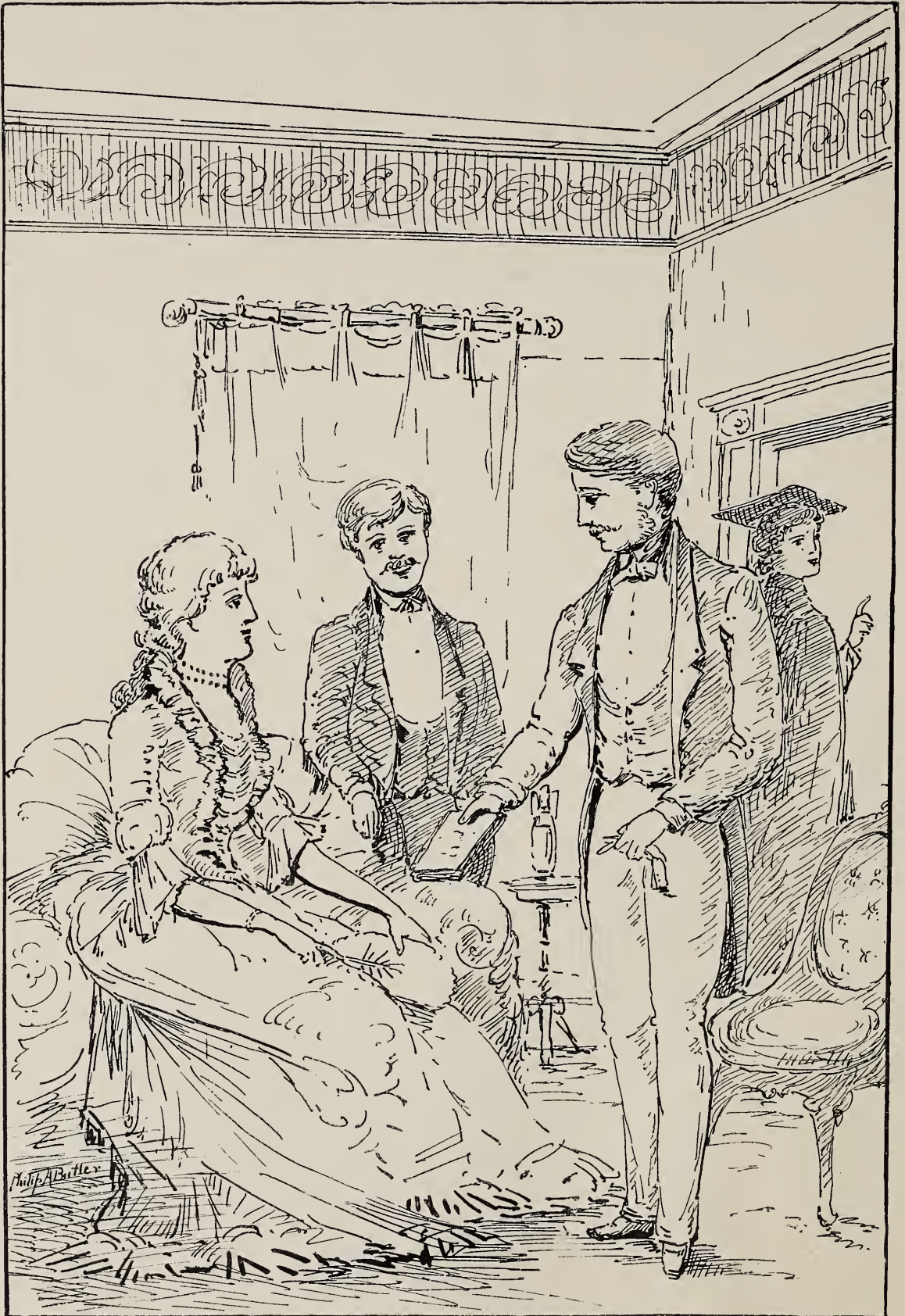
ANNA STALEY. *President.*

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Burrill, Sadie W.	39	Ellsworth, Me.
Cole, Alice	49	Chester, Ill.
Davis, Lizzie W.	37	Englewood, Ill.
Hammond, Bertha E.	30	Putnam, Conn.
Lowe, Edna M.	19	Norristown, Pa.
Lutes, Maude K.	40	Indianapolis, Ind.
Morrison, Olive L.	42	Bryan, O.
Sampson, Lucy B.	64	Denver, Col.
Simpson, Ida R.	22	Pensacola, Fla.
Staley, Anna	27	Ottawa, Kan.
Wolfe, Julia T.	23	St. Louis, Mo.



'91





Junior Class.



'87 WAS perhaps the most remarkable year in the world's history, for in it '91 was born. From the first she has been beloved both by teachers and scholars, and although she has now reached years of maturity, she still retains much of the innocence of her freshman days. So apparent is this, that her members are easily distinguished by the prevailing air of childlike simplicity in which they are enveloped. Indeed, not long ago a distinguished phrenologist, in the course of his lecture, chanced to glance at a member of '91, and so struck was he by her appearance that he paused in the middle of his discourse to observe, "You are as innocent as a lamb."

Despite this innocency, '91 does not lack spirit. If any one doubts this, let him attend a class meeting when any question of importance is about to be discussed. The withering sarcasm which is poured from the lips of the lambs is truly astonishing.

Generosity is also one of her marked traits. What other class has afforded so much amusement to the community at

large as "the Junior Class of '90" furnished in giving her charming evening with "American Authors"? Did she not interpret the writings of our countrymen with truly artistic skill? Did she not perpetrate jokes so obtuse that many of those in the audience were furnished with material for careful thought during the next three months in the vain attempt to discover the point?

It is rumored that '91 is getting along swimmingly, but not, as some of the under classmen suppose, supported by cork.

Surely no member has been found guilty of confiscating the Yale "Record," the Harvard "Lampoon," and other periodicals from the exchange table, or causing the librarian the painful (?) necessity of searching the room during occupant's absence for "Youth's Companion," missing from the left-hand pigeon-hole.

No one could suspect such things of this class when they realize that it has introduced the first honorary member into the school, as well as presenting the first volume of the ALLERLEI. See! "What are the facts?"

'91 is exceedingly popular with the opposite sex. To be sure, gentlemen in this part of the world are like angels' visits, few and far between, but the few who do appear immediately succumb to her charms. In fact, out of a class of fourteen, two are already engaged (this is painfully evident), and one has hopes. She expects that the mail may bring her a proposal at any hour of the day or night, but as yet 'tis a sad repetition of "the letter that never came," and day by day she grows more wan and pale.

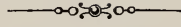
'91 has ever been the especial pet and pride of our pro-

fessor of vocal music. Throughout the long and weary months he has patiently toiled with her voices, and cheered her drooping spirits by "Just once more, young ladies, and then you may go." At first this sentence did its work, but after three years' experience, '91 has learned that "Just once more" is a delusion and a snare, and that it means usually about twenty times more. But enough of the past. Let us look forward, not backward. With all her faults, we love her still.

'91.



JUNIOR CLASS.



Honorary Member.

W. J. Royce

"To thine own self be true."

CLASS COLORS . . . OLD ROSE AND MOSS GREEN.

LUCY E. SARGEANT, *President.*

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Baker, Susan S.	77	Maryville, Tenn.
Benton, Jessie A.	Hotel.	Auburndale.
Colburn, Ida E.	62	Philadelphia, Pa.
Evans, Maud M.	33	Kansas City, Mo.
Harvey, Sara B.	25	Chicago, Ill.
Hubbard, Julia P.	53	Wheeling, W. Va.
Johnson, Nellie	Town.	Walla Walla, Wash.
Peabody, Nan S.	28	Cincinnati, O.
Richards, Susan C.	47	Weymouth.
Roberts, Lucy H.	61	Decatur, Ill.
Sargeant, Lucy E.	6	E. Saugus.
Snyder, Maude C.	30	Freeport, Ill.
Thresher, Helen H.	47	Monson.
Winsor, Sarah M.	Town.	Auburndale.
Woodbury, Nettie F.	38	Beverly.



'90





Philip A. Ball

Senior Class.



SOMETHING in regard to the Senior Class must be written in seven hundred and fifty words. This number is somewhat inadequate to such a task; however, one can but do his best.

What can be said of the Senior Class in seven hundred and fifty words? It has had no thrilling experiences; its horizon has not been illuminated by phenomenal brilliancy. In fact, unlike all the other classes, '90's career has been commonplace and ordinary. She was born in obscurity, the child of rich but honest parents, nourished within the protecting walls of Lasell, until at length the time has come when *Alma Mater* will send her forth to face, we trust, an appreciative public.

It may be that '90 has been somewhat conservative; it has never been her custom to embrace new ideas without giving them due consideration, and it has been said of her that she was far behind her sister classes. We contend, however, that this criticism is most unkind, for where can such another example of perfect passivity be found? You who practise concentration will be able to understand '90's superiority when you are told that '90 has had no squabbles, no disorderly class meetings; but, with her eye fixed firmly upon the goal before her, has been content to float gently down life's troubled stream. She has been true to herself

and to her conscience; she has carried out the text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," even through the trying ordeals of examinations, lectures, and Haven's Psychology. She has never sought to push herself forward; but, when the opportunity has been offered, it has been found that she could argue questions which the most profound scholars had never dared to touch, with an "ease, grace, and precision" and a tenacity of purpose worthy of a better cause. (Three hundred words now written.) In all good undertakings, '90 has taken a firm and decided stand. Has she not graced the scenes of many an auction with her presence, and has not the heart of the weary auctioneer been gladdened, times without number, by the prompt and noble manner in which she has come to his rescue when the bidding has degenerated into the "sere and yellow leaf"? Has she not refrained from talking in the library, even when her spirit was torn with conflicting emotions, aroused by Carpenter on Memory and McCosh on the Will? Has she not cast the eye of contempt and scorn upon those members of '91 who have insisted upon disturbing the quiet of the reading-room by discussing "Free Trade and Protection" in hoarse whispers, leading one to suppose that they really had no idea of protection, at least as regards the rights of others? Has she not learned hymn after hymn at the request of "the powers that be," in order that the younger girls might be inspired to go and do likewise? And has she not persistently upheld the drill, even in the face of much adverse criticism? To all these questions a universal affirmation is given. (Four hundred and ninety words written.)

'90's name may not go down to posterity on account of her excellences; but then her efforts have not been put forth for the sake of posterity. She has reasoned, in the language of a well-known humorist, "Why should I do anything for the sake of posterity? What has posterity ever done for me?" But, even if her excellences are not astonishingly abundant, at least her calm and peaceful attitude toward all

the vicissitudes of boarding-school life, and the dignified manner in which she has endeavored to make the best of everything, will render her dear to the memories of all who know her, and perhaps in days to come the story of her life shall serve to inspire more freshmen to scale the heights of knowledge.

'90 has some characteristics which render her a peculiar class. For example, she thinks there may yet remain something for her to learn. This state of mind, it must be admitted, is abnormal, and many, it is understood, are awaiting the result of this new departure on the part of a graduating class. On the whole, '90 has many eccentricities. Her future is enveloped in obscurity as dark and impenetrable as that which veils her origin. She is small in size, and how she may stand the rude buffets of an unsympathizing world is a question time alone can solve. However, "Quality, not quantity," has ever been her watchword, and, upheld by an unfaltering trust in her own resources, she cannot fail.

'90.





SENIOR CLASS.



Per ampliora ad altiora.

CLASS COLORS YELLOW AND WHITE.

MARY L. SUTTON, *President.*

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Commins, Addie H.	64	Akron, O.
Pearce, Etha E.	8	Baltimore, Md.
Sherwood, Minnie H.	49	Painesville, O.
Sutton, Mary L.	29	Rome, N.Y.



SPECIAL STUDENTS.

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Ames, Lucy T.	70	Machias, Me.
Anderson, Julia W.	7	Taylorville, Ill.
Atkinson, Nancy	20	Fort Smith, Ark.
Ball, Jessie M.	59	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bond, Eva R.	60	Toledo, O.
Bragdon, K. Belle	Town.	Auburndale.
Brown, Anne A.	35	Hartford, Conn.
Burr, Annie M.	27	Middletown, Conn.
Carll, Maude E.	23	Northport, L.I.
Chapin, Anne H.	45	Holyoke.
Clarkson, Carolyn	63	Topeka, Kan.
Colburn, Madeline	62	Philadelphia, Pa.
Collins, Pauline	26	Oakland, Cal.
Davis, Amelia S.	38	Fall River.
Edgerton, Janie F.	18	Charleston, S.C.
Englehart, L. Mabel	5	St. Joseph, Mo.
Englehart, Stella G.	5	St. Joseph, Mo.
Fisher, Mary K.	40	Fall River.
Gibson, Elva L.	9	Clarks, Neb.
Goodell, Alice M.	14	Worcester.
Hall, Jessie A.	13	Kansas City, Mo.
Hamilton, Katherine E.	57	Shreveport, La.
Hanmer, Mary A.	53	Hartford, Conn.
Hawes, Florence D.	48	Chicago, Ill.
Hood, Mary	36	Knoxville, Tenn.
Hubbard, Alma R.	53	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hubbard, Margaret	54	Sioux Falls, S. Da.
Johnson, Carrie B.	7	Yonkers, N.Y.
Johnson, Ellen R.	Town.	Natick.
Lathrop, Mary F.	70	Walden.
Littlefield, Maude W.	67	Rondout, N.Y.
Lord, Mabel D.	45	Orange, N.Y.
Loring, Helen M.	Newton Centre.
Lothrop, Bessie P.	44	Denver, Col.
Medsker, Helen B.	32	Kansas City, Mo.
Merrill, Mary L.	41	Exeter, N.H.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Continued.

NAMES.	Rooms.	Residences.
Millikin, Desdemona	61	Decatur, Ill.
Morse, Harriett C.	Newtonville.
Morse, Elizabeth G.	Newtonville.
Ninde, Lella M.	24	Oskaloosa, La.
Northam, Arline	52	Hartford, Conn.
Ostrander, Sarah B.	51	Troy, N.Y.
Paine, Annita L.	9	Cambridge.
Pfau, Augusta L.	29	Hamilton, O.
Prickett, Effie M.	26	Hazardville, Conn.
Putney, Minnie E.	Manchester, N.H.
Rice, May L.	57	Chicago, Ill.
Rowe, Emily D.	65	Chicago, Ill.
Rowe, Susanne L.	65	Chicago, Ill.
Sage, Blanche B.	54	Sioux Falls, Da.
Sawyer, L. Mabel	Town.	Auburndale.
Shellabarger, Marie	61	Decatur, Ill.
Shepherd, Rebecca C.	Auburndale.
Sidway, Edith	35	Buffalo, N.Y.
Slavens, Martha S.	11	Kansas City, Mo.
Smith, Nella W.	44	Ottawa, Kan.
Soule, Lois M.	10	New Bedford.
Sternberg, H. May	18	Reading, Pa.
Stevens, Mabel H.	13	Lowell.
Stowe, M. Virginia	15	Galveston, Texas.
Stowe, Willie A.	15	Galveston, Texas.
Tichenor, E. Josephine	60	Kansas City, Mo.
Towle, May E.	22	Evanston, Ill.
Warren, Millie C.	58	New Boston, N.H.
Watson, Katharine C.	41	Toledo, O.
White, Charlotte A.	54	Glens Falls, N.Y.
Whitney, Laura G.	5	Millbury.
Whitney, Maude E.	5	Millbury.
Wilder, Daisy A.	8	New York, N.Y.
Williams, Elizabeth E.	10	Muncie, Ind.
Witherbee, Mary P.	74	Laurel, Del.
Woodbury, Gertrude F.	58	Burlington, Vt.
Woodbury, Minnie S.	Burlington, Vt.



Dreka, Phila.



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 NAN S. PEABODY *2d Soprano.*
 GERTRUDE F. WOODBURY *1st Alto.*
 MARY L. SUTTON *2d Alto.*



Piano-forte Quartettes.



K. BELLE BRAGDON.	SADIE W. BURRILL.
LELLA M. NINDE.	LAURA WESTCOTT.
LOIS M. SOULE.	NELLIE M. RICHARDS.
EDNA M. LOWE.	OLIVE L. MORRISON.
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MARY HOOD.

JULIA P. HUBBARD.

BESSIE P. LOTHROP.

MAY E. TOWLE.

NELLA W. SMITH.

NETTIE F. WOODBURY.



“ Oh, where are you going, love, thus arrayed ? ”
 “ I’m bound for the cooking-school,” she said.
 “ And where are you going ? ” the maid replied.
 “ I think I will go abroad,” he sighed.



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GRACE SHELLABARGER.

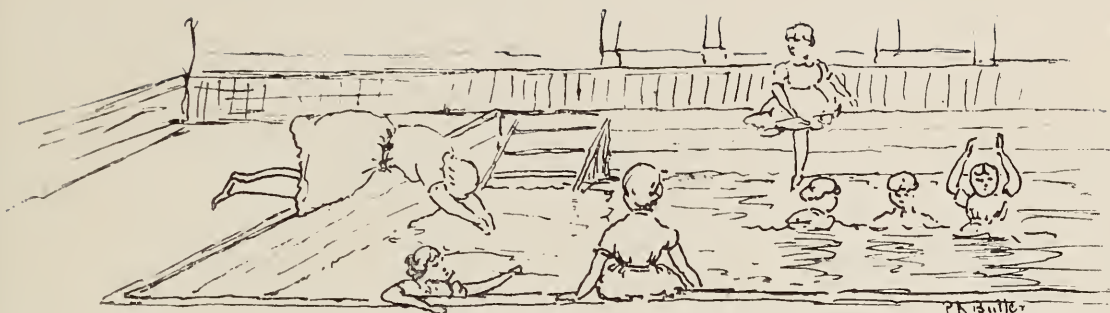
Prizes, 1889.



BREAD-WINNERS.



- First* JOSEPHINE BOGART, '89.
Second HELEN RICHMOND GILBERT, '89.



Swimming.



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EVA R. BOND,

ANNE A. BROWN.

ALICE M. COE,

EVA L. COUCH.

HELEN M. DODDS.

JEAN F. EDGERTON,

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H. MAY STERNBERG,

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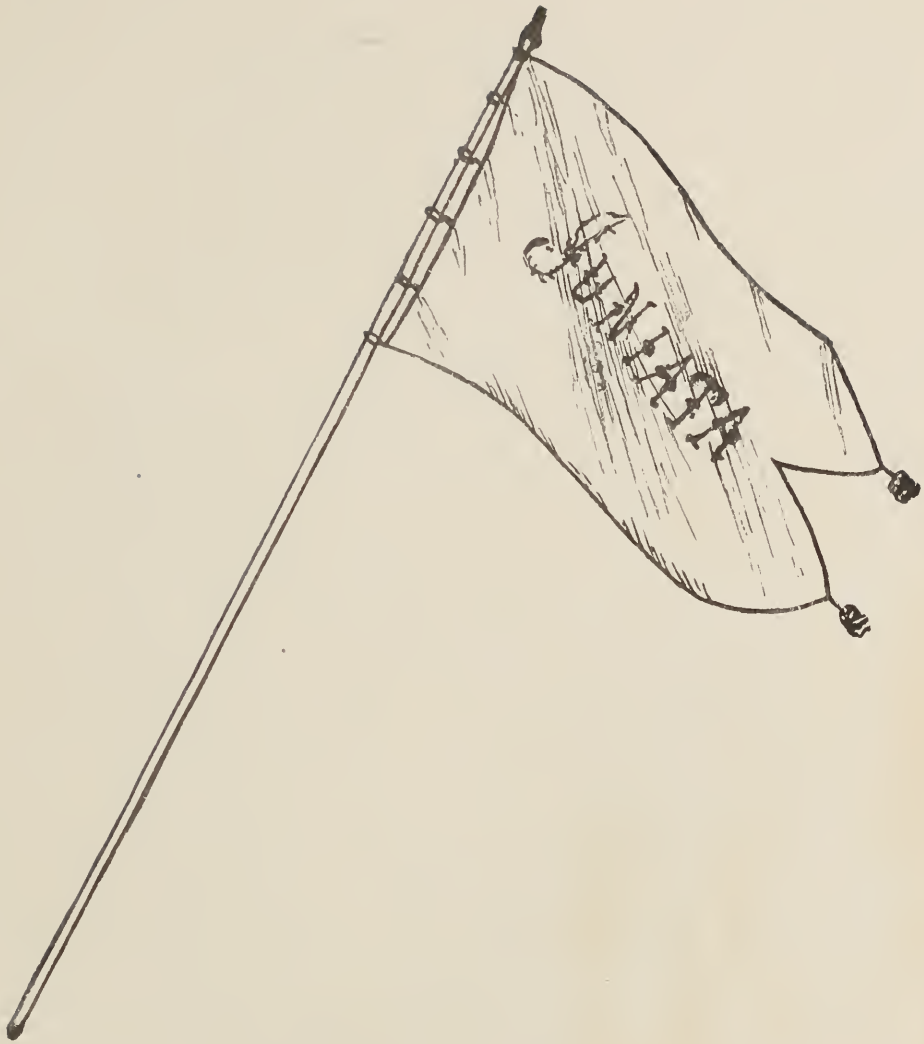
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FRANCES W. BARBOUR, '89.

NAN S. PEABODY, '91.

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ETHA E. PEARCE, '90.

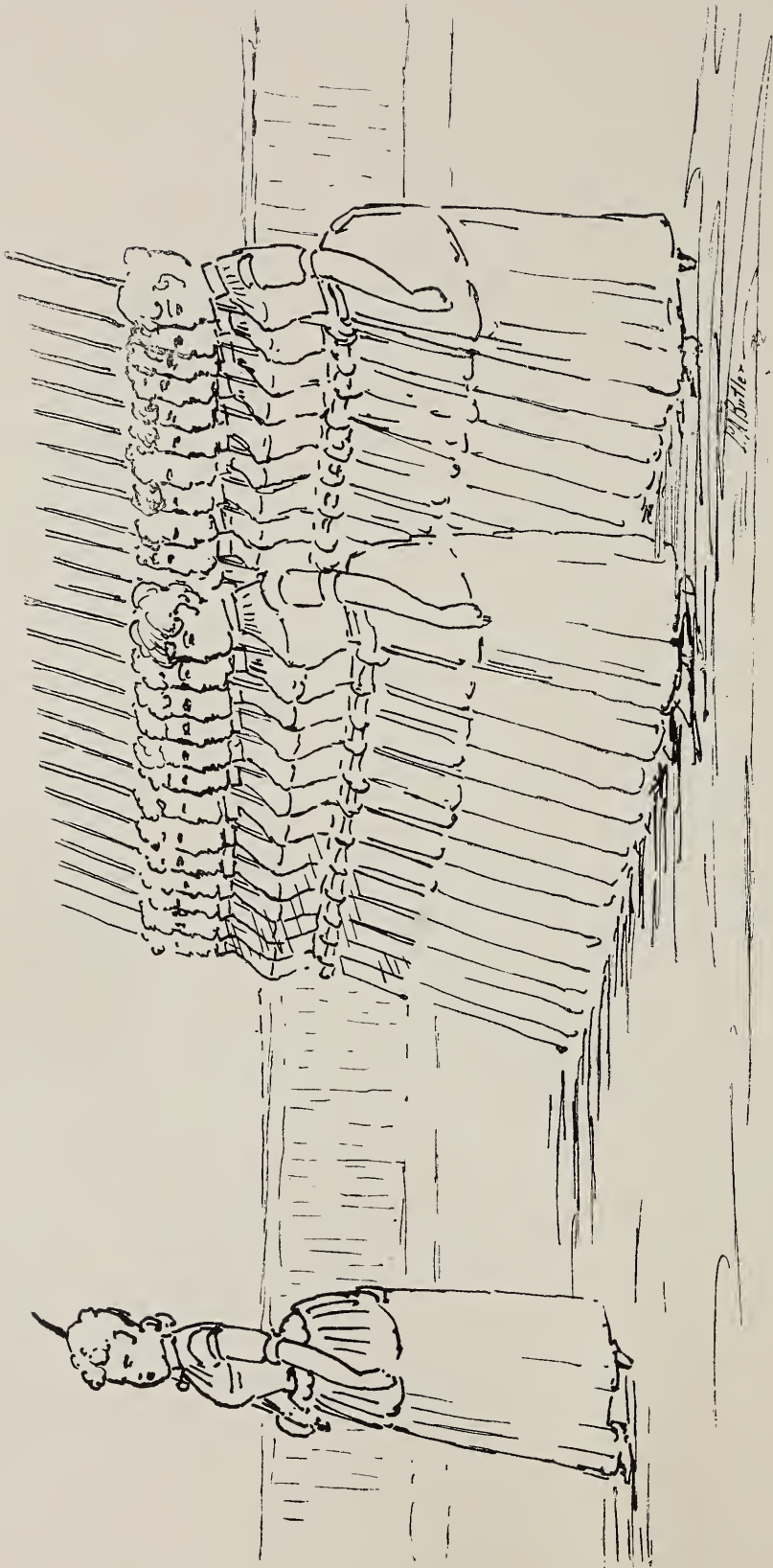
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ANNA STALEY, '92.

EULA LEE.



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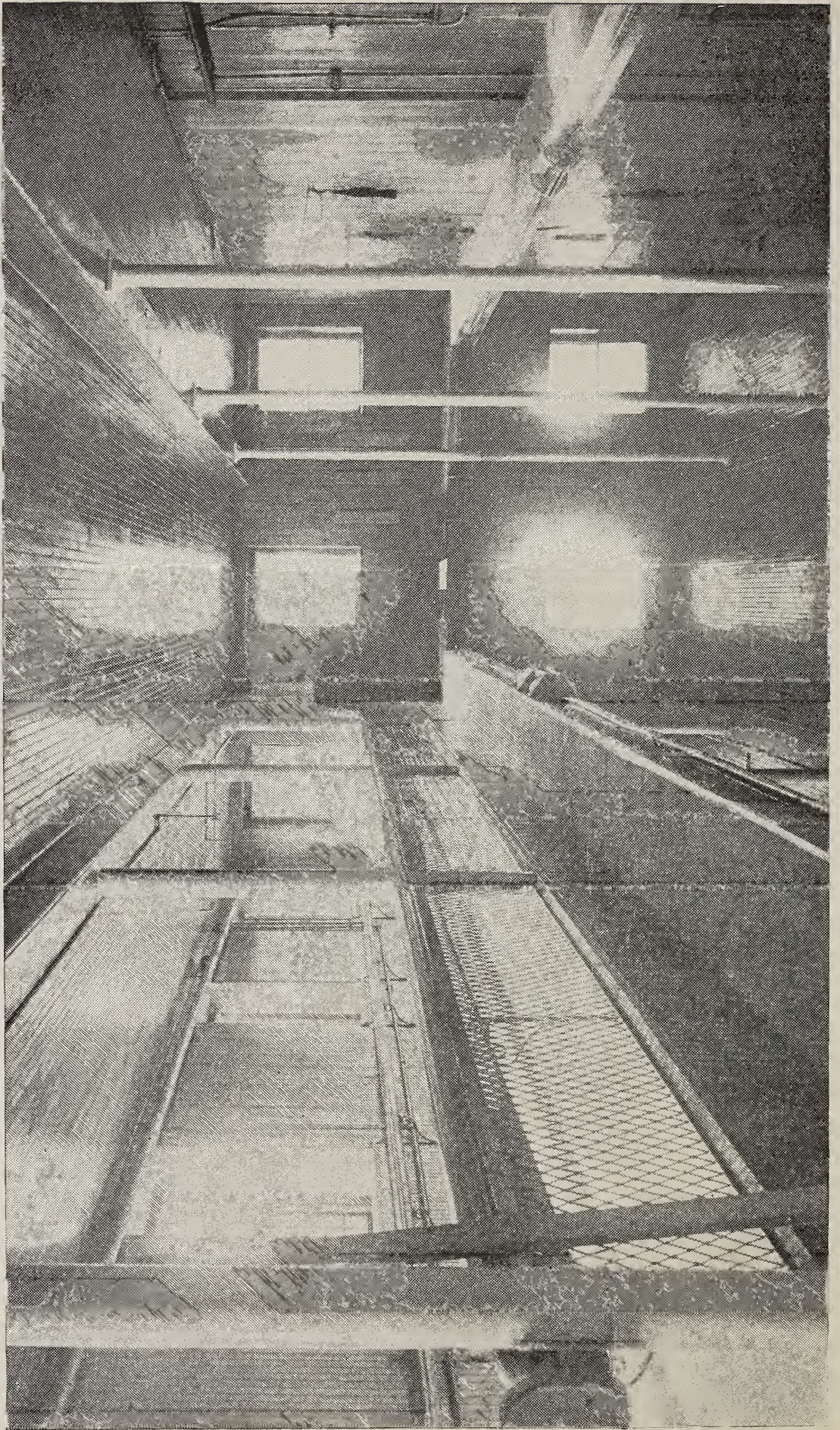
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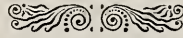
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'89 Class Day.

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MEDLEY.

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Class History	JOSEPHINE BOGART
Song,	FRANCES W. BARBOUR
Legends of Lasell,	LEAH COUTS
Piano-Forte,	MAUDE OLIVER
Recitation,	HELEN GILBERT
Violin,	ELIZABETH HARWOOD
Song,	EDITH I. GALE
Class Prophecy,	WINNIE BELLE EWING

Lawn Exercises.

	Planting of The Tree.
Oration,	MARY W. PACKARD
	Burning of The Books.
Elegy,	GRACE C. HUNTINGTON

'89 Class Song.



WINNIE BELLE EWING. Music by FRANCES W. BARBOUR.

I.

WE are twelve little maidens !
Each little maiden, her head all laden,
With the legend " '89."

Une bien venue we give to you,
And right boldly do design,

To

Fascinate, captivate, infatuate, agitate,
Intoxicate, animate, stimulate, intimidate,
Subjugate, cultivate, recreate, satiate,
Every one of you before we're through,
We do, we do, we do, we do.

We come this class night, our hearts gay and light,
For we are the great, the glorious, the Lasell Seniors,
The Faculty at last forget our misdemeanors,
Rules we've disobeyed, naughty pranks we've played,
We've ne'er been very good, though the best we could,
Still we fondly opine, when we our place resign,
You'll greatly miss the Class of '89.

II.

We are twelve little maidens !
Each little maiden, her brain all laden,
With knowledge, oh ! such a store !
Four are the years, many the tears,
Spent in acquiring this lore,

Of

Metrology, theology, geology, photology,
Phonology, thermalogy, histology, biology,
Zoölogy, idealogy, mineralogy, anthropology,
All the ologies of the colleges.

The Greek we speak, Français is play,
We philosophize and we analyze,
We are cognizant of the history of all nations,
We speak fluently of concomitant variations,
We've been through quadratics, we're up in pneumatics,
We cook, we swim, we sew, we play the piano,
We can swing a club well, we can do a dumb bell,
Oh! all our accomplishments we can ne'er tell.

III.

We are twelve little maidens !
Each little maiden, her heart all laden,
With sorrow both deep and true.
School-days are done, the time is come
We must say farewell to you,
With
Lamentation, lacrymation, trepidation, agitation,
Prostration, perturbation, suspiration, prostration,
Tribulation, vexation, irritation, desolation,
And every atom of creation.

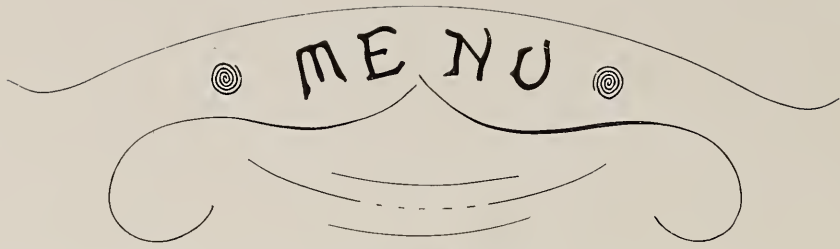
Farewell, farewell, to you, to you,
We bid you, O Lasell, a last fond farewell !
But though sundering time and space may force us far apart,
Still shall love for *Alma Mater* glow warm in every heart.
Praise to her we'll tender, unto her will render
Our deathless fealty, and bend the loyal knee.
Across the phantom years we look with doubts and fears,
Though smiles wreath our lips, our hearts are full of tears.



SCARCITY



An Essential of Value



Du Diner De Table Du Hôte.

Du Mardi-gras, 1890.

Potash.

Julienne.

Noodle.

Poisson d'Abril.

Coulibac a la russe.

Backfisch.

Filly de soul.

Entrées.

Heurige Pautoffelu.

Cram berry.

A rare bit of Welsh.

Coquette à la mode.

Green Dandy Lions.

Pickled Lillie.

Jelly Fish.

Salade de Romaines.

Patti de Salmon.

Game.

Wild Goose.

Dear.

Bore.

Viands.

Stewed Irish.

Beef stake.

Mutton Chops à la pureé de pommes.

Spanferkel.

Kalbskopf.

Desert.

Sahara à la crème.

Charlotte Russe.

Biscuits de Savant.

Fromage débris.

Wine List.

Roman Punches.

Water.

Café au lait (without Milk).

Circus Lemonade.

Bier.



A Trip to Boston.



MISS A.?" — "Here!" — "Miss B.?" — "Here!" — "Miss C.?" — "Here!" — "Miss D.?" — "Here!" — "All here. Young ladies, are you all ready? Have you your leggings and overshoes on? Now, do not be too forward; do not stare, but walk straight down the street, looking neither to the front nor to the rear." While down at the station the bell rang which announces the approaching train. "What was that?" — "Do you 'spose 'tis a fire?" — "Be calm, young ladies; remember you are now in the world, and must not allow trifles to disturb you. Here is the train."

The sidewalk is blocked; the train steps are blocked; every one is growing cross and impatient. The conductor tries to disperse the crowd; but no, the roll is being called, and no one can proceed until it is finished. All are finally checked in regular order, and the procession moves on, with umbrellas, bags, and waterproofs, down through short alleys which they call streets. The impatient crowd rushes forward as the obstruction is removed, and everything that day goes wrong in business. "Come, let's go in here. I want to see that." The teacher hesitates — stops — then from the depths of some unknown produces a paper, — peruses it. "It is not on your list." Folds the paper, returns it to the unknown, rechecks the baggage, and the train again moves. "Wonder what all those people are looking at; there must be something awfully funny over here." — "Miss A., what are you doing?" — "Trying to find out what they are looking at." — "It is yourself; you are a very forward young lady, and shall henceforth accompany me."

At last that terrible procession reached its first destination, after being laughed at, stared at, howled at, hooted at, etc., etc.

The list again comes forth. "Miss B., you wish to purchase one-quarter of a yard of ribbon; we will accompany you. — No, not the best; she must not be extravagant. Extravagance, my dear child, is the root of all evil. Now, Miss C., I see you want to buy a dress. Get gray; that is a quiet color, and will not attract attention on the street. No, you cannot go alone; you might see a man. How improper for you to think of such a thing!" Around they go, all with

each, until the resources of that store are finally exhausted. The order, "Fall in! Attention to roll-call!" is heard. "What! one gone!" They all disperse to find her, and such a bustle as there was in that store. Some thought it was fire; some mice; all showed an equal amount of push. Ten minutes—the last one has arrived; fifteen minutes—the girls are here, but no teacher; seventeen,—ah! here she is. They march out in single file in search of more worlds to conquer.

"Wait a moment, I must have a drink of soda-water,—no, you don't need to wait; I'll catch"—"Miss D.! What *is* the matter? Say no more about soda-water." . . . "Oh! I must have my hair cut. I forgot all about it before. Come on!"—"Miss D., do you not understand that you can do nothing that is not on your list?"—"Well, shoes are on my list."—"Yes, but you cannot have high heels."—"Well, then, I won't buy any; low shoes hurt my feet." For some time all went well, with "mum" for the countersign, but that was forgotten when one of the girls spied some delicious molasses candy in a window. "I must have some of that candy; the state of my health requires it."—"If you are in such delicate health the best place for you is home." How comforting that was! Another store was reached; but such experiences! I wonder any of the innocents survived. One blessing, no one was lost. Then to the train. It is just the day to run for a train; muddy, slippery, windy,—all conducive to running gracefully with the arms full of bundles. One, in her mad haste and vain endeavors to keep up with the rest, head down, with full force runs into a poor, unoffending man vainly trying to keep out of her way. He can do nothing after, for she has knocked all the breath right out of him, and no doubt he is still standing there looking for it. The poor girl is now far behind, but she starts and makes desperate efforts to regain her companions; her efforts seem fruitless, but at last she turns around, and going backwards (just like a girl), soon overtakes them. Finally, they reach the station, just in time to see the vanishing



4.50 TRAIN.

To the Sweet Pea.

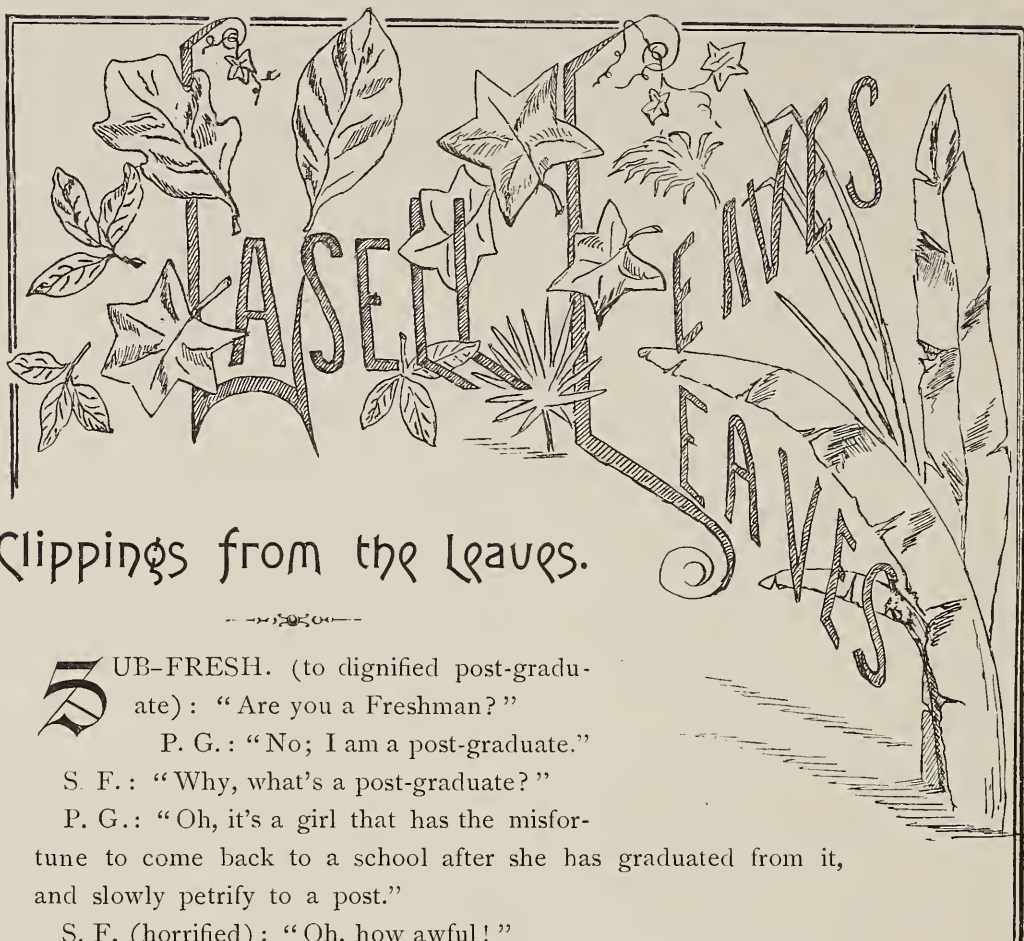
'91 Class-Flower.

TO the Sweet Pea bright,
With many shades bedight,
Loyalty we offer,
Love to it we proffer.

Our own class-flower to be,
Fragrant and small Sweet Pea;
Bloom beside all waters,
Fairest of Earth's daughters.

By the lady's bower,
Beside hall and tower,
Thy face is ever sweet,
A joy to all who meet.

Teach us then our duty
Through thy dainty beauty;
To smile and happy be,
Ever bright like thee.



Clippings from the Leaves.

SUB-FRESH. (to dignified post-graduate): "Are you a Freshman?"

P. G.: "No; I am a post-graduate."

S. F.: "Why, what's a post-graduate?"

P. G.: "Oh, it's a girl that has the misfortune to come back to a school after she has graduated from it, and slowly petrify to a post."

S. F. (horrified): "Oh, how awful!"

P. G. (collapses).

A CLASSICAL Sophomore translates "Nubes est niger": "The nigger from Nubia."

A "CRAZY" Lasell maiden, looking in the bottom of her tea-cup, said, "I wonder if I shall have to ask permission to leave these grounds?"

THE voice of the hand-organ is heard in the land.

THE most dangerous thing uncaged, — a full-fledged Senior.

IT is no use, this year, to guess ages, for appearances are deceitful.

NO more mice. The ferrets have finished them.

A YOUNG lady asserts that maple-sugar makes mustaches starchy. True; but how should she know?

EDMUND SPENCER must have foreseen Miss Call's concentration when he wrote the following line:—

“Poured out in looseness on the grassy ground.”

TEACHER: “Name Tennyson's best poem.”

GIRL: “Marble Faun.”

A LITTLE maid,
So timid, said,
“I'll go to the tank and swim.”
Oh, how she did boast!
But gave up the ghost
When she was fairly in.

SUGGESTIONS.

Occupants of rooms will not be held responsible for damage done to furniture. Therefore, do not put furniture against the steam-pipes, the treatment is too mild; but cut your names all over it, and if you are in the studio, procure paint, and besmear the furniture with the latest shades.

Do not close the door quietly; slam it, so the latch will break about twice a term, and the glass in the transom shatter over your head like a summer shower.

Do not use the picture-hooks; pins, tacks, screws, and nails will suffice.

Do not use the steps except in case of fire; but plant your foot firmly on the cane-seated chairs, and don't be alarmed if you go through.

Cut your names in the windows, and if you do not possess a “head-light” with which to do the work, borrow one.

Do not hesitate to remove from another room any piece of furniture you may fancy, and take from your own all superfluous pieces.

Do not use chairs all the time; you will find the beds comfortable and convenient.

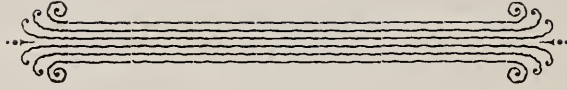
Do not use scrap-baskets; they are out of date. Throw all things out of the window or behind the bureau.

Do not reprimand friends for sitting upon the towel-racks. There will be extra charges for water used to wash mirrors and windows.

LOST — an hour of sleep. Cat concert at 3 A.M., daily. Will an old girl please forward a bottle of cat poison, or her brother with a gun, if the former article is not obtainable? Who says we prefer the brother?

WHO was the smallest man in the Bible?

Peter; because he slept on his watch.



Conundrums.



WHY is the Seminary horse like a French clock ?
Because he goes by jerks.

Why are the members of the Junior Class like the Lowell mill-hands ?

Because they are always on a strike.

Which is the most musical corridor in Lasell Seminary ?

The one which contains the Lutes.

Why is Lasell Seminary like a tree ?

Because it sends out leaves sometimes brightly colored and sometimes green.

Why is a Lasell girl on Sunday morn like a bar-room ?

Because she is full of champagne.

Why does the librarian like abridged editions ?

Because they are like her dresses — short.

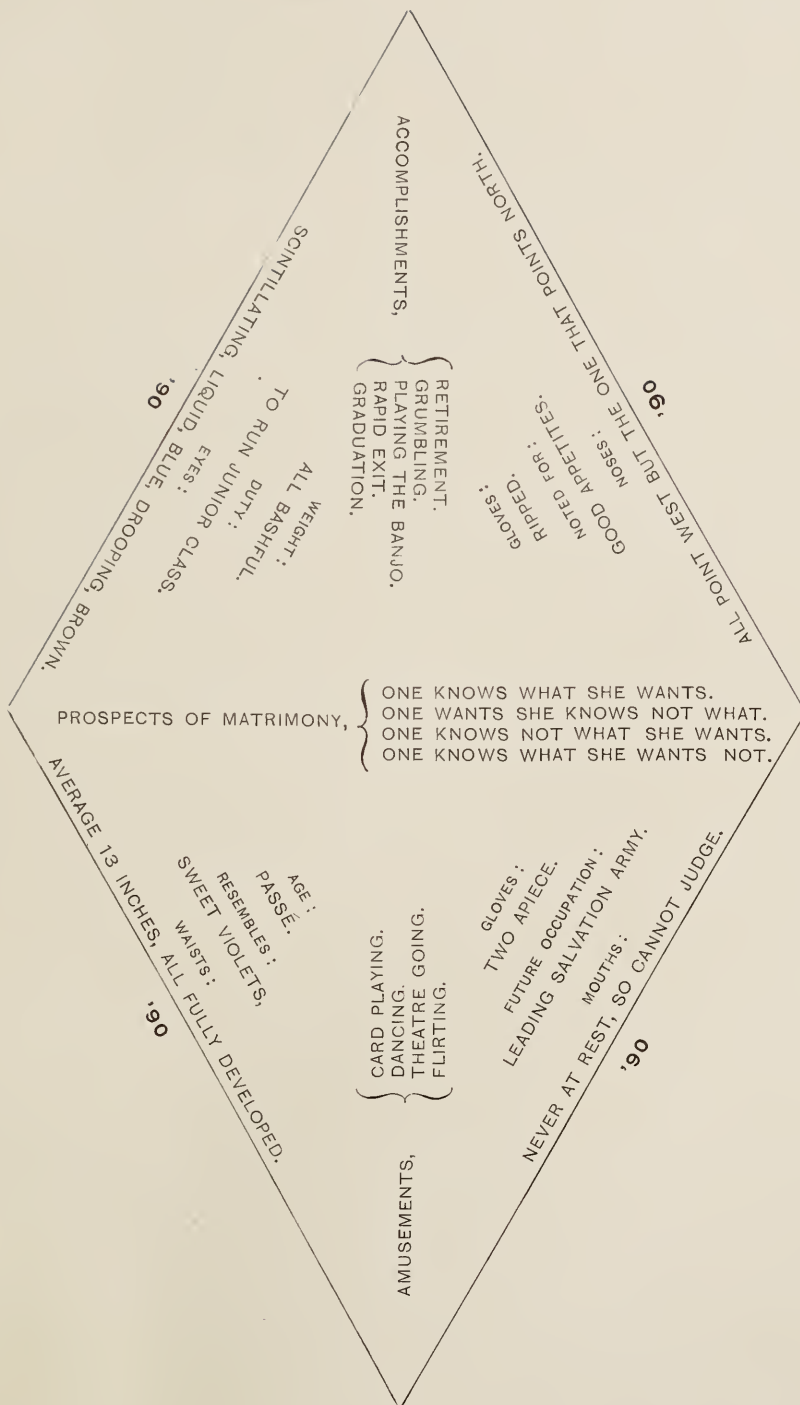
Why is Lasell such a delightful place on Saturday night ?

Because then the girls are all candid.

Why are the Juniors a protective force in themselves ?

Because they can boast Richards, Roberts, John'son, and a Sargeant, a Baker, a Thresher and Evan(s) a Colburn ; all are Bent on combating free-trade, and, withal, man embraces woman.





Mélange.



SPECIAL. — What are you going to do with the money from your entertainment?

Junior. — I really can't say.

Special. — Well, I heard Miss P—— say they didn't know how much the *Animal* would cost.

It has been rumored that Miss S—— could have graduated with '90, but desiring more boarding-school life, she has decided to wait for the larger Class of '91.

No orders for masculine attire received by telephone.

Who has been to see the Gypsies?

LASELL'S GRANDCHILDREN.

ACT I.

Coasting.

ACT II.

Smash-up.

ACT III.

First grandchild. — You had no business to run into me.

Second grandchild. — You should have got out of the way, I couldn't stop.

First grandchild. — Well, you didn't need to start.

Second grandchild. — How did I know you were going to get in the way?

First grandchild. — You near cut my arm in two, anyway.

Second grandchild. — That's nothing, you've got two.

AUCTION IN CHAPEL, 2 P.M.

One object of auctions to get things to their owners.

Handkerchiefs made of Cashmere lace.

Election of trotters.

Anything breakable thrown for examination.

Fancy bids on utensils for housekeeping when the latter is not too uncertain.



The Faculty.



'TIS nine o'clock,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Gaily, my girls, heigho!
When the chapel bell
Doth sound its knell,
Sadly my girls, so ho!
To prayers to go,
It means, we know,
To listen to song,
And much that is long.
To sit and shake,
And quiver and quake,
Lest called to recite a hymn, O!

Professor Bragdon leads the line
Of teachers learned numbering nine;
Great and little, one and all,
They cross the threshold of the hall.

The dark-haired leader finds the place,
They sing a song and ask the grace;
Then to the maids who there do sit
He always reads a new "choice bit."

A pile of letters in her hand,
For teachers and girls, from every land,
Miss Carpenter gives each morn and eve,
But not to open 'till you leave.

Miss Chamberlayne now up does start,
Which sends a chill to every heart,
Not to reprove, but to invite
To a laundry reception given at night.

To "speak the speech" there now does rise
A woman of diminutive size;
Her one desire is to know
"If all are breathing sure and slow."

But one now rushes from his place,
A real live man with blushing face;
Fresh from college he came here,
Girls to teach but girls to fear.

The tiny learned woman there,
Sitting in the organ chair,
Is full of Greek and Latin old,
Strange as you may think it told.

Mathematics and Art go hand in hand;
Geometry rules but Art will stand.
The straight line is the line of duty,
The curved line is the line of beauty."

A figure now with martial tread,
With sloping shoulders and curly head,
Comes with method, newly made,
Of concentration for every maid.

The German Fraulein over there,
With light blue eyes and golden hair,
Starts to her feet, in accents stern,
Gives out a lesson none can learn.

As from the chapel out they go,
The *Hills* are echoing sounds all know,
With greeting bright and skilful pun,
He into the music-room doth run.

A singer comes blithely up the hall,
With smile and pleasant joke for all;
Davis his name, with stick and book,
Over his glasses he doth look.

The middle of June
Came none too soon;
Gaily my girls, heigho!
With the end of school
And every rule;
Heigho, my girls, heigho!
Miss Chamberlayne fair
With soft gray hair;
Professor Bragdon,
Driving the wagon;
Professor Rich
And teachers six;
And last, Far(e)well.



OUR OLDEST MEMBER.



Monday Musings.



'TIS the mystic hour of three, and lo! they come — the great, the good, the noble from all climes. For two hours shall Lasell open wide her arms to those who have been granted “permission to call.” From my accustomed window-seat, I am drawn, unresistingly, into a vortex of conflicting emotions, as I await the appearance of the first callers. They must be now on their way, for 'tis fully two minutes since the scream of the locomotive whistle, and clanging of its bell, announced the arrival of the three o'clock train. How aggravatingly quiet is the air, how calm the breeze, and alas! how muddy are the streets! I wonder if they will wear rubbers; if not, farewell to gloss and polish. Why don't they come? Could no one have accepted our hospitality? At last! and 'tis a Harvard man — a Freshman, too, I can tell by his swagger, and the cane, with which he beats the poor, inoffensive air. How nimbly he springs over muddy places, and then smiles with utter self-sufficiency as he gains the opposite side! Now he is fumbling for his card, fully a half-square away. He is bowing; he cannot surely mean me, nor my neighbor, but I guess he bows simply because he is nearing Lasell. How gallant are these Harvard Freshmen! What a contrast! The next one is surely a “Theolog,” for he treads the ground with the true loftiness of a great spirit, and his brow is knitted as he wends his way toward the Seminary. He is evidently considering some difficult problem of moral reform. Oh! who is the maiden to whom he will expound his theories during the next two hours? Behind him, appear two boyish figures — Exeter boys, I think. They giggle and nudge each other with an easiness and grace

which would do credit to a girl at sweet sixteen. They will probably divulge schemes for great escapades with their fair friends, this afternoon, which will never be realized, owing to the diligent and loving care of the faculties concerned.

And here comes L.'s cousin(?). Well, perhaps he is her cousin; at any rate, they seem to enjoy each other's company far more than ordinary cousins. The bashful country youth now comes to view, and I must admit I like him, for the simple reason that he does not act as if he knew it all. 'Tis a relief to come across such people occasionally, among all the wit and fashion usually crowding our parlors. That man with the crush hat I can tell is a cynic. Note the curve of his lips, and the nonchalance with which he meets the curious gaze of the upper stories. He will, doubtless, convince some tender, little maiden that life's all a farce, and that the sooner she realizes it, and draws down the corners of her pretty mouth, the better. Forming a dignified rear-guard come the fond papas and mammas who have availed themselves of this kind permission of the powers which ought not to be, by which they may see their devoted children for two hours. Under the present system of discipline and education it is not considered best for parents and their children to become too well acquainted.

And thus they come every Monday. Sometimes I sit here for a half-hour, and no one comes to gladden my eyes; again, I am rendered nearly dizzy by the multitudinous types of humanity which pass before me as in a panorama. Farther than the door I may not follow them, though some of my mates, less timid, venture to promenade from 3 to 5 through the long corridors through which these festive youths must pass. But such a course is dangerous. Hidden rocks obstruct the way oftentimes, and so seriously affect the unsuspecting offenders that they are compelled to retire to their rooms.

The advantages of these afternoons are many. The unsophisticated maiden is rendered conversant with all the engrossing topics of the day, and begins to realize what life really is when she meets her brother's "Yale chum." A delicious whiff of the naughty outside world is brought in by these friends, and permeates the whole school, so that by five every girl feels as if she had received a call, as she hears the rustling of best frocks and hurried steps when the visitor is announced. Then, too, we should forget entirely how the noble sex look were it not for these inventions of a genial spirit, for there is but one specimen of the race in Auburndale, and we see him wandering past the school gently whistling but once a month.

.
'Tis the fateful hour of five. The hands of the big hall clock linger reproachfully on the hour, and the pendulum ticks but louder to warn those who tarry of the fate which has been known to befall the tardy ones. A hasty "Good-by," a gentle wave of hat — hurried foot-falls — and away they go — Freshman, Junior, Theolog, and Swell alike. A scream of that merciless five o'clock whistle, the jingle of a bell, and our Monday is over.

'90.

Gathering Dew-Drops.

[In the Freshman Days of the present Junior Class, our first peremptory summons from the Seniors on their "Class Day," was to "Gather the dew-drops from the grass in the afternoon," it having been raining for two days. This was done and recorded in verse, which we take this opportunity of presenting to the public, as illustrative of our early days.]

O grave and potent seniors - we -,
A freshman class
That lightly holds its place,
Yet feels the worth of every lass,
And with the time keeps pace.

I met a Seminary girl,
She was fresh from school, she said.
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered 'round her head.

She had a learned, studious air,
And she was simply clad,
A pail she bore with greatest care.
Her merriment made me glad.

"Classmates, and comrades, little maid,
How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you say?"

She answered, "Seven are we,"
Two of us have gone away,
And five you here may see.

Two of us have gone away
At the wish of the senior class
To gather while it yet is day
The dew-drops from the grass.

Five of us are Western girls,
One from the South we boast,
And one stiff, quiet Boston girl
To balance the fairy host.

Through the ensuing years
Dew-drops we'll gladly pluck,
Until we yield to senior fears,
And call the freshmen up.

Wanted.



TO get out of the Freshman Class.
Powder to cover blushes.

Every one to buy a copy of the ALLERLEI.

To marry as soon as she graduates.

Standing permission to go to Boston.

Sore throat one day in the week.

An editor-in-chief who has some wit.

To keep awake one night to see what it is to go to sleep.

To stick pins in the wall.

To learn to play Galilee on the banjo.

To argue for protection.

Some candy.

Two dollars for stolen library books.

Something to eat, hair-pins, mucilage, ink, pins, stamps,
and a wrapper.

To be a society belle.

A Lasell song.

Education and not —.

Some information concerning “when I was in Rome.”



Make Hay While the Sun Shines.



They wandered through the hayfield
And the sun was shining bright ;
He was tall, erect, and handsome,
She, very fair to the sight.

She was a farmer's daughter,
And a farmer's son was he:
He thought her good and gentle,
Sweet as a maid should be.

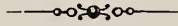
He told her that he loved her
And asked her to be his wife,
Said that he'd ever cherish
And protect her with his life.

She turned her sweet face to him
And he drew her gently near,
Covered her lips with kisses
'Till she sighed, "I love you, dear."

The sun sank o'er the meadow
Before the two homeward went,
Oh hopes that day arisen
All their future lives were bent.



Books that have helped me.



THRESHER : " She Wanted to Marry a Colonel."

RICHARDS : " Life."

WINSOR : " A Fool's Errand."

WOODBURY : " Baby-land."

JOHNSON : " Un Jeune Homme Pauvre."

HUBBARD : " How to Become Beautiful."

BAKER : " Musical Record."

ROBERTS : " Confessions of a Bashful Man."

PEABODY : " Dress."

EVANS : " Encyclopædias to Vol. VIII."

SARGEANT : " Helen's Babies."

COLBURN : " Tyndall on Sound."

BENTON : " Mrs. Lincoln's Cook-book."

HARVEY : " How to be Happy though Married."

SNYDER : " Jordan, Marsh, & Co.'s latest vocal collection."





February 22, 1890.



A good masquerade is a girl's delight ;
And on Saturday eve with faces bright,
Lasell girls met at quarter of eight,
George Washington's birth to celebrate.
For days before the great event
Everything in the school was lent ;
And divers persons, great and small,
Helped fill the hall at our Fancy Ball.
Among the first who came that night
Was fair Ophelia robed in white ;
Behind her came a swell young dude,
With cane of enormous magnitude ;
With tinkling bells the jesters came ;
And three, four Georges of hatchet fame ;
The Spanish student ; a Chinese maid ;
A girl as Paul Kauvar arrayed ;
Morning and Night ; Lord Fauntleroy ;
A dairy-maid ; and a fisher-boy ;
Peasants ; and lords of high degree ;
The Englishman ; and the poor Chinee,
All made a scene so bright, so grand,
That it seemed like a glimpse of fairyland.
After refreshments at half-past nine,
(Which all pronounced as very fine,)
The ball dismissed with a closing dance ;
And we hope, if ever we have the chance,
To meet again in the same old hall
And enjoy another Fancy Ball.



A Catechism.



FRESH. (just entered). — Hello, Senior!
Sen. — Well, Fresh.
Fresh. — What is that, Senior?
Sen. — The gong, my child.
Fresh. — What for?

Sen. — To tear you from the window and the loving “Exeter Dudes” close by.

Fresh. — Who are dudes?

Sen. — Those who go out carriage-driving with girls.

Fresh. — What’s this?

Sen. — Our oldest inhabitant in a glass case, you chump.

Fresh. — What are those?

Sen. — Weapons used in time of war; can’t you see?

Fresh. — Great guns! what’s that noise?

Sen. — Only the girls doing their breathers.

Fresh. — Who’s Prof.?

Sen. — The man who has charge of your behavior; a friend in need, who pockets you in his den of dens, and administers a dose far more effective than throwing you into the swimming-tank, *sans* preserver.

Fresh. (Another awful noise). — What’s that?

Sen. — Only the Orphean Club practising.

Fresh. — Do you have vacations here?

Sen. — Not unless you cross the Styx.

Fresh. — How do you get good marks here?

Sen. — Going to prayer-meetings, sitting on front seats, taking drill, never expressing your own views, keeping your schedule correct, giving to the poor, airing your bed, and never speaking above a whisper.

Fresh. — Where is “Walker’s Political Economy”?

Sen. — You will find it on the second shelf upon the left, but the book you are looking for has been stolen.



THE LASSELL GIRL.

1.

The Lasell girl's bright and airy,
Light and tripping as a fairy,
All the fellows want to marry
The Lasell Girl.

2.

She is wise and very pretty,
She can warble and be witty,
First they love her, then they pity
The Lasell Girl.

3.

She can entertain the Conference,
But does from them draw the inference
That lunch is much their preference,
Not Lasell Girl.

4.

She can borrow from her neighbors,
Never rest, though, from her labors,
Longs for sight of German Favors,
The Lasell Girl.

5.

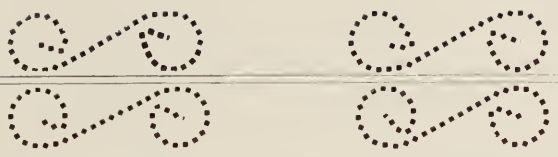
She is noted for her costumes,
Even mortar-boards and heir-looms,
For her cheeks whereon the rose blooms,
The Lasell Girl.

6.

She is always very jolly,
Sometimes given o'er to folly,
Named, from Shakespeare up to Polly,
The Lasell Girl.

7.

With honors she can graduate,
A prize for bread will compensate
The man whose purse she'll mutilate,
The Lasell Girl.



Home Letters Contrasted.

Auburndale, Lasell Seminary, Sunday, P.M.

My dear Papa, — I received the check you sent me in your last letter, and am very, very much obliged. Expenses do count up so fearfully here! I have been extremely economical, but still I have no money left, and please won't you send me another check by return mail? I have not paid for my Patti tickets yet, nor my new spring gown, so you see I would like some money as soon as possible. Hastily.

Your loving daughter,

MAY.

Auburndale, Lasell Seminary, Sunday, P.M.

My own dear Mamma, — I can write but a short letter to-day, as I have been washing my hair, and it took so long to dry. My back is nearly broken from leaning out of the window, so that my head might be in the sun. Went to church this morning and nearly fell asleep, but a pun which the minister made woke me up. Am just dying for vacation to come, so as to see you. How are all the folks? I am well, and hope you are the same. I would write more but am so pressed for time to-day.

With oceans of love,

I remain,

Your dear daughter,

MAY.

P.S. Have you called on Mrs. Ainsworth lately?

M.

Auburndale, Lasell Seminary, Sunday, P.M.

My dear Jim, — If you are coming out to our next recital you might invite your friend Mr. Ainsworth to come with you. He seems to be a very

nice young man, and I think you might cultivate his acquaintance more with great advantage to yourself. Not but what you are perfection already, dear, still you understand what I mean.

In great haste,

Your loving sister,

MAY.

(Merely Extracts.)

Auburndale, Lasell Seminary, Sunday, P.M.

My dear George, — I received your last letter Saturday noon, and I suppose you are angry because I have not answered it sooner, but it is not my fault, for really I have had no time until now. . . .

You must not write me such long letters, for they bulge out the envelopes, and are so heavy that Miss Carpenter eyes me suspiciously every time she hands me one in chapel. . . .

I am glad you thought Miss L. looked so "very charming" at the last German her mother gave. I guess it is the first time any one ever said that of her. For my part I detest those fair, pink-and-white kind of girls; but still if I liked them as well as you do I'd call on them a dozen times a week too. It is strange where you find time to write me at all. One thing, however, I would like you to please remember: don't write me anything more about your Germans, and parties at home. You must think I am intensely interested in them when I can't be there myself. I am so glad, though, that you enjoy them; but isn't the crowd frightfully promiscuous? . . .

If you care to do so, you may come out to our next recital with my brother Jim. I hardly expect to see you, though, as you probably have an engagement to take Miss L. somewhere on that evening. If such is the case, don't, for any consideration, think of coming. I wouldn't have you disappoint her for worlds. . . .

(And so her letter runs on for ten or twelve pages more.) I haven't said half I wished to, but there goes the bell, so I must stop.

Sincerely,

MAY.



Our Seniors.



There was a school.

There were four girls.

One was thin,

One was small;

They grew and grew

To seniors all;

One was fat,

One was tall;

They went to college,

To look for knowledge,

One got it,

One kept it,

One tried it,

One left it,

All together went away

They'll return to us some day.

From Hawai'i.



With blue eyes,
And light hair,
Stately mien,
Very fair,
None with her
Can compare.

To basell
She has come,
Many a mile,
Far from home,
Across land,
Across foam.

* * * * *

To his mother
Said a child,
"She's not heathen,
She's not wild,
She's too white,
And too mild."



Arrow-Heads.

—o—o—o—
“Satire is my Weapon.”
—o—o—o—

- N. J-HNS-N. — “Prone to argue.”
F. SW-FT. — “She seldom smiles.”
D. W-LD-R. — “Here’s to the maiden of bashful fifteen.”
E. G-BS-N. — “So sad, so tender, and so true.”
K. H-M-LT-N. — “Merry little mountain maid.”
A. H-BB-RD. — “She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.”
B. W-LL-MS. — “Dar’s something wrong a-brewin’.”
L. N-ND-. — “Love in that gentle heart is quickly learned.”
B. H-MM-ND. — “I thought so once, and now I know it.”
C. J-HNS-N. — “Order is Heaven’s first law.”
D. W-NS-R. — “The woman that deliberates is lost.”
M. L-MS-N. — “Oh, tell them, they are men.”
B. S-G-. — “Linked sweetness long drawn out.”
F. G-RDN-R. — “I to myself am dearer than a friend.”

M. EV-NS. — “ Grave, without dullness ; learned, without pride.”

E. L-W-. — “ She has a cool, collected look, as if her pulses beat by book.”

M. S-TT-N. — “ For we that live to please.”

G. R-YN-LDS. — “ Saved you one.”

E. PR-CK-TTS. — “ Wretched, un-ideal girl.”

E. S-DW-Y. — “ She is no light coquette.”

E. B-ND. — “ Her mind was much to learning bent.”

M. W-RR-N. — “ Life is a jest, and all things show it.”

E. C- -CH. — “ Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.”

M. ST-RNB-RGH. — “ She sleeps, my lady sleeps.”

S. B-K-R. — “ Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much.”

F. H-W-S. — “ Those beaming looks and dear, deluding eyes.”

N. D-V-S. — “ Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine.”

M. L-T-S. — “ Wisdom shall die with you.”

S. ENGL-H-RT. — “ When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.”

L. S-MPS-N. — “ A maiden modest, yet self-possessed.”

S. H-RV-Y. — “ Lo, the poor Indian ! ”

G. PF- -. — “ And gentle dullness ever loves a joke.”

N. C- -N-. — “ There’s little of the melancholy element in her.”

A. N-RTH-M. — “ She was made for happy thoughts, for singing, and sweet laughter.”

M. M-RR-LL. — o o o o o o o

N. CH-P-N. — “There is not such another.”

K. W-TS-N. — “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

A. D-V-S. — “Silence is golden.”

I. C-LB-RN. — “On their own merits modest men are dumb.”

J. AND-RS-N. — “Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

J. R-P-R. — “How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.”

A. C-L-. — “And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.”

S. B-RR-LL. — “Divinely tall and most divinely fair.”

N. P- -B-DY. — “I am not a chicken.”

M. W-TII-R-B- -. — “A highly respectable young woman.”

E. P- - -RC-. — “And singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth.”

M. ENGL-H-RT. — “A progeny of learning.”

M. R-C-. — “Style is the dress of thought.”

D. H-NM-R. — “None but herself can be her parallel.”

L. S-RG- -NT. — “I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute.”

S. R-CH-RDS. — “Caprice must be my only reason.”

H. THR-SH-R. — “And then came one of sweet and earnest looks.”

M. SL-V-NS. — “With her clear and warbling voice, like a skylark singing.”

N. B-RR. — “Calm contemplation and poetic ease.”

M. SH-LL-B-RG-R. — “What’s in a name?”

L. D-V-S. — “’Tis folly to be wise.”

M. SH-RW--D. — “Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.”

L. AM-S. — “Graceful and sylph-like.”

N. SM-TH. — “The flowers she touched on dipt and rose, and turned to look at her.”

N. BR-WN. — “Nut-brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist to clasp.”

V. ST-W-. — “Her face, oh, call it fair, not pale.”

M. L-TTL-F--LD. — “Thou disputest like an infant.”

S. OSTR-ND-R. — “As merry as the day is long.”

J. B-LL. — “Why don't the men propose, mamma, why don't the men propose?”

J. ARN-LD. — “Light she was and like a fairy.”

M. SN-D-R. — “She singeth like a nightingale.”

A. ST-L-Y. — “She seemed a part of joyous spring.”

J. T-CH-N-R. — “The proper study of mankind is man.”

M. C-LB-RN. — “All studies here I solemnly defy.”

W. ST-W-. — “To mischief bent.”

M. WH-TN-Y. }

N. W--DB-RY. } “Twin-born, they could not live apart.”

L. WH-TN-Y. }

M. T-WL-. — “Red as a rose is she.”

J. H-BB-RD. — “She was a phantom of delight.”

A. C-MM-NS. — “The very pink of perfection.”

L. S--L-. — “And certain stars shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music.”

G. SH-LL-B-RG-R. — “With the smile that was childlike and bland.”

L. W-STC-TT. — “She danced along with vague, regardless eyes.”

- C. CL-RKS-N. — “So buxom, blithe, and débonnaire.”
- H. M-DSK-R. — “And she is exceeding wise.”
- M. H-BB-RD. }
 C. WH-T-. } “Two souls with but a single thought.”
- M. H--D. — “Sighed, and looked unutterable things.”
- M. C-RLL. — “Frailty, thy name is woman.”
- D. M-LL-K-N. — “Eyes more bright than stars that twinkle
 on a winter’s night.”
- P. C-LL-NS. — “I thought not of my Sabbath dress, I
 thought not of my learning.”
- N. R-CH-RDS. — “With speeches rare she woos the gentle
 air.”
- N. ATK-NS-N. — “She shall possess all gifts.”
- E. EDG-RT-N. — “Hast thy toil o’er books consumed the
 midnight oil?”
- M. L-RD. — “With transport my tongue gives aloose to its
 rage.”
- B. L-THR-P. — “Matches are made in heaven.”
- G. W--DB-RY. — “In law, an infant.”
- E. R-W-. — “In single sorrow doomed to fade.”
- M. B-LDW-N. — “Is she a native?”
- M. F-SH-R. — “Oh, when shall my soul wing her flight
 from this clay?”
- F. L-MM-. — “Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.”





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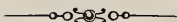


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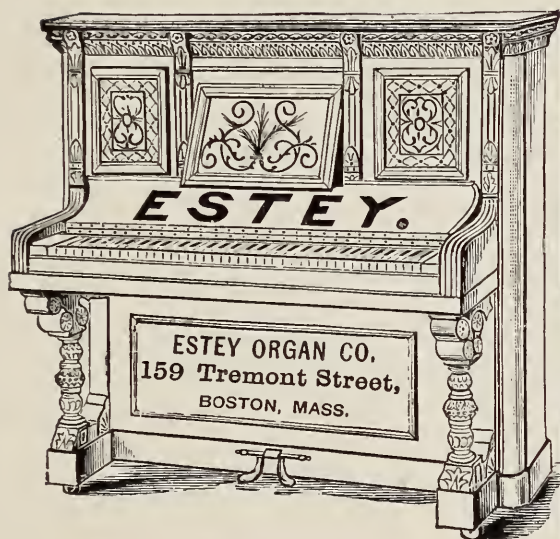
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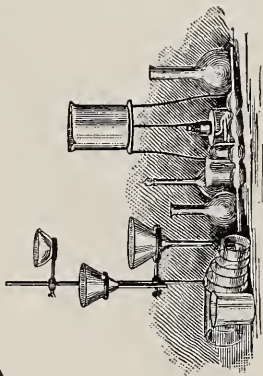
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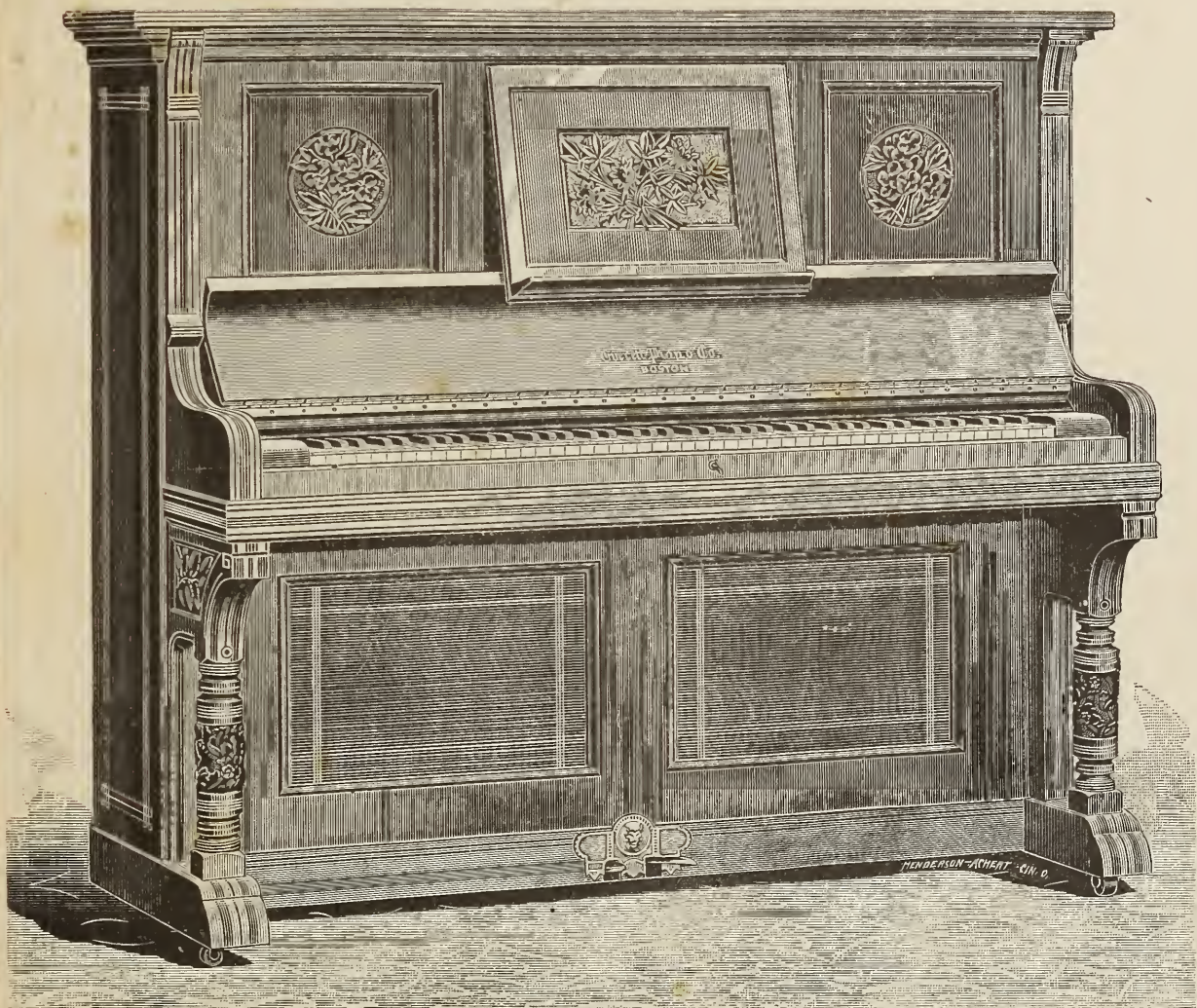


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