

The Link



December, 1921

The Link

Miss Fine's School

December, 1921

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PRINCETON

NEW JERSEY

The BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, INC.

68½ Nassau Street

*Cordially invites the reader to visit its
shop and look over the stock of
old and new books.*

THE "3" VALUES

STYLE—QUALITY—PRICE

SMART OXFORDS

AND

HIGH SHOES

NASSAU BOOT SHOP

118 NASSAU STREET

E. V. BALDWIN, *Prop.*



WHENEVER YOU NEED THE
SERVICES OF A BANKING
INSTITUTION, CALL AT THE
PRINCETON BANK AND TRUST COMPANY



THE PEACOCK **I**
N
N

BAYARD LANE

Renwick's

"Princeton's Famous Eating Place"

ICE CREAM—PASTRY—CONFECTIONERY

58 NASSAU STREET

PHONE 137

PHONE 97

VOGEL BROS.

MEAT

AND

PROVISIONS

104 NASSAU STREET

House Furnishings, Cut
Glass, China, Room Fur-
nishings, etc.

FARR HARDWARE
CO.

C. E. VAN MARTER

For CHRISTMAS CARDS
and CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BRINER'S
PHARMACY

44
NASSAU
ST.

The Reliable

CARROLL & CO.

14 NASSAU ST.

DRY GOODS AND
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

FURNITURE
BEDDING
FLOOR COVERINGS

PHONE 149

SOUTH'S GARAGE

CHANDLER
AND
CLEVELAND
CAR AGENT

GARAGE MACHINE SHOP
AUTO SUPPLIES

2 NASSAU ST.

L. L. ZAPF
HARDWARE
FISHING TACKLE
AND
BUILDING SUPPLIES

NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SCHOOL SUPPLIES
H. M. HINKSON
74 NASSAU ST.

JOHN M. LYONS
MEAT
and
PROVISIONS
8 NASSAU STREET

MORRIS MAPLE
—
PAINTS, VARNISHES
WALL PAPERS
—
136 NASSAU STREET

—
M. E. LA VAKE
JEWELER
—

TELEPHONE 15
MURRAY & GALT
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE
—
60 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

HOUSE WIRING

SHADES AND LAMPS

BROWN'S ELECTRIC
SHOP

122 NASSAU STREET

—
F. A. BAMMAN
—

H. P. CLAYTON

MILLINERY

AND

FURNISHING GOODS

70 NASSAU STREET

MARSH & COMPANY

PHARMACISTS

30 NASSAU ST.

PRINCETON, N. J.

—
PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED FROM
PUREST DRUGS AND CHEMICALS
OBTAINABLE

FULL LINE OF TOILET ARTICLES AND
SICK-ROOM SUPPLIES

Compliments of

The

BALTIMORE
DAIRY LUNCH

SODA FOUNTAIN

BAKERY ICE CREAM

80-82-84 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

O. H. HUBBARD

REAL ESTATE AND
INSURANCE

Mortgage Loans
Choice Building Sites
Country Estates

38 NASSAU ST., PRINCETON, N. J.

IRVING W. MERSHON,
Manager Real Estate Dept.



ORREN JACK TURNER
PHOTOGRAPHER
FOR
MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. II

DECEMBER 1921

NO. I

BOARD OF EDITORS

| | | |
|------------------------|---|--|
| ANGELINA MACLAREN, '22 | { | <i>Editors-in-Chief</i> |
| CAROLINE WATSON, '22 | | |
| POLLY MARDEN, '22 | | <i>Business Manager</i> |
| DOROTHEA SPAETH, '22 | { | <i>Essays, Poetry, and Fiction</i> |
| JEAN WOLVERTON, '21 | | |
| NANNIE WILSON, '24 | { | <i>Intermediate Editors</i> |
| PEGGY MATTHEWS, '26 | | |
| ALICE OLDEN, '22 | | <i>Primary Editor</i> |
| HELEN LOETSCHER, '24 | | <i>Athletics</i> |
| REBEKAH ARMSTRONG, '23 | | <i>School Notes</i> |
| KATHERINE NORRIS, '24 | | <i>Alumnae Notes</i> |
| JUNE SCHEFFLER, '22 | | <i>Subscriptions</i> |
| EMILIE LONGWELL, '22 | | <i>Treasurer</i> |

Editorial

SEMPER LUCEAT is the motto we have chosen to be placed on our school seal. We are indebted to Dean West for our motto, and are very grateful to him since we find it extremely appropriate, and we hope that Miss Fine's school "may ever shine" in the future as it has done in the past years. The school was started with only a few pupils but it grew rapidly, and at the present time there are 187 pupils in the school.

We hope that Semper Luceat may also be truly applied to The Link, our school paper. The Link appears now in its second year and we feel sure of its success. It was received with enthusiasm last year, and we hope that by experience we may be able to improve it this year. In fact we believe in the old proverb—"Practice makes perfect."

We expect to have three numbers of The Link this year and we hope that everyone will answer the familiar cry, "write something for the Link," even more enthusiastically for the other two numbers than they have done for the first.

We want our Link, or Torch, to shine brightly this year and for many years to come. Let us not have our motto, *Semper Luceat*, merely two meaningless words inscribed on our seal, but may our Link ever shine in reality.

The Disarmament Conference

The Disarmament Conference now being held in Washington, marks a great epoch in the history of the world. Among the many nations represented are England, Japan, and France, which are, perhaps, the most vitally interested.

The Conference opened on November 12th, with an address of welcome by President Harding, which, was followed by a clear, concise speech by Secretary Hughes in which he set forth the proposals of the United States for disarmament. The outstanding features of Hughes's proposals for the Three Nation Agreement to cut their navies are—first, that the United States will scrap thirty capital ships; Great Britain, nineteen, and Japan, seventeen. Second, that within three months after an agreement is made, the United States will have eighteen capital ships, Great Britain twenty-two, and Japan ten. This bold proposal was received with approval by the delegates of Great Britain and Japan; Great Britain had expected something definite but they were astonished to hear such specific plans; Japan was very impressed and satisfied with the plan. Altogether the proposals were met with great enthusiasm by all the foreign countries.

As things stand now it looks as if the Disarmament plans were going to be successful; if they are, and wars can be averted, man can truly say that he has advanced a step in civilization.

CAROLINE WATSON, '22.

The Early Dawn

The first little robin doth peep
From under his cover of sleep,
And singeth his solo clear,
To make the sunbeams appear.

And waiteth the fair sunrise,
To paint the clear blue skies,
To waken the little gray squirrel,
And make the soft breezes whirl.

JANET SPAETH, '28.

Sunday

Along dim hushed aisles of arching trees,
A vagrant zephyr wafts an organ note,
And softly sounds the droning chant of bees.
Low music ripples from some feathered throat.
A small sweet song astray from Paradise,
The sunlight glows like tapers, radiant, fair,
The fragile mists like costly incense rise,
And tall trees lift their arms in silent prayer.
A sudden breeze sets all the leaves astir,
A little pagan faun runs lightly by,
A quail starts from the bushes, wings a-whirr,
A laughing brooklet babbles joyously.
With steps sedate the townfolk gayly clad,
Flock to the church where chimes ring sweetly sad.

ELIZABETH JONES, '22.

The Mysterious He

SCENE:—*Ballroom of Berwyn Country Club, Saturday night. The usual week-end crowd is present, including the set known in the Berwyn Gazette as "the younger married people," all the college boys who could beg, borrow or steal the money to return for the week-end, and an array of "debs" and "sub-debs" all in their "trickiest" costumes.*

CHARACTERS:

NATALYA; (*again to quote the Berwyn Gazette, "the most feted bud of the season"*), a striking brunette, bubbling over with pep.

MRS. JIMMIE TOWNLEY; a young married person, a kittenish blonde who just can't make her eyes behave.

"SNUBS" BARTLEY; Natalya's "heavy," whose chief virtue lies in the fact that he does all the "fine Italian work" for her.

A STRONG SILENT MAN; a newcomer, sponsored in Berwyn by the Jimmie Townleys.

NATALYA: (*nudging Snubs excitedly*). There's the new man with Mrs. Jimmie. That's what I call a really handsome man. He makes you look like a head waiter, Snubs. What's his name? Who is he?

SNUBS: Many thanks. I don't know a thing about the guy but he looks like a movie actor. They say he plays villain parts.

NATALYA: Snubs! Not really? Sure enough? I'm going to meet him tout de suite. But Mrs. Jimmie is such a cat with her men. What right has she to more than one man? Snubs! (*ingratiatingly*).

SNUBS: Something tells me I'm elected to swing this affair. Nat, I'm sick of being the goat. I take you around and every place we go you see another man that you like better than me. I'm not going to be your chaperon any longer. You dance with me tonight, or this is the last.

NATALYA: Don't get hysterical, granny. You'll introduce me to that man or I'll tell your father that I think you're a "total loss," and that you really don't deserve the new Stutz.

SNUBS: All right if you want to ride around in the Yellow Peril I don't care; you're crabbing your own act. Every time we drive up to the Club they crack the old jokes about "that rattling good car, Snubs," and "let's jack up that horn and put a new car under it."

NATALYA: Cheerio, by that time I'll have a new taxi driver. He's so mysterious looking, Snubs. Just like the Sheik and I've never met a real movie actor. All the other girls have played around with them and I've never even met one. It's quite the thing to do. Snubs, be a good fellow.

SNUBS: You win, Nat, but how do I "snake" it? You know I'm no fusser and I'll probably get all tangled up in Mrs. Jimmie's eyes when I'm tearing him away. How can I do the little act without running it out? What's the dope?

NATALYA: Good boy! You just guide me toward them and contrive to stop next to them. I'll greet Mrs. Jimmie, she'll introduce us, you ask her to dance and then you glide gracefully from the scene of action and stay put till I signal you. Don't cramp my style. Come on, let's go. Act cheerful!

(*They "scandal" off.*)

NATALYA: Greetings, Mrs. Jimmie. Isn't this a snappy crowd tonight. What an adorable gown!

MRS. JIMMIE: Very lovely party. You don't know Mr. Reid, do you Nat? Snubs.

SNUBS: (*manfully*). Howdydo, Mrs. Jimmie. I never get near enough to you to get a dance, generally, and I hate to let this opportunity slip. Shall we?

MRS. JIMMIE: (*cooingly*). Yes, let's! Bye folks.

NATALYA: So glad to know you. Are you *the* Mr. Reid?

MR. REID: I'm afraid I am! Shall we dance?

NATALYA: How thrilling! I've heard so much about you but

I never dreamed of meeting you. What a fascinating life yours must be. Do tell me something about your profession.

MR. REID: It is really gratifying to have such a charming young lady show such a delightful interest in my profession. I sometimes hesitate about going to social affairs because of the total lack of interest in worthwhile matters shown by the girls one meets there. But if you really care to hear something about my work I shall be delighted to enlighten you.

NATALYA: Yes, oh, do go on! (*Aside*). It sounds just like an interview.

MR. REID: As you know, the factory is at Brookville.

NATALYA: (*Aside*). They call it "factory."

MR. REID: Our products go through three distinct processes before they are produced; that is the mixing, baking and finishing. But it is in the finishing that the Reid buttons surpass all others. We have a—

NATALYA: Buttons! (*signalling Snubs violently*). My error!

SNUBS: (*Dutifully*). May I cut in?

MR. REID: Till later!

NATALYA: Take me home Snubs. He makes buttons! Reid's buttons!

Curtain.

BETTY LONG, '22.

School Song

(*To the tune of There's Music in the Air.*)

As we together mingle
In school and on the field,
In basketball and hockey,
Our friendships fast are sealed.
Though competition may be strong,
As year by year we toil along,
Yet to us will always be
One bond of Unity.

In oncoming years
When we're scattered far
The mem'ries of our school days
Time can never mar,
As we struggle on in life,
Through this world of strain and strife
Yet to us will always be
One bond of Unity.

POLLY MARDEN, '22.

DOROTHEA SPAETH, '22.

School Spirit

In our schools today there is more than just a dull routine of work and labor. Although school is undoubtedly the place to study and to learn, there is something even more important, and that is—school spirit. If we were to look up the word, "spirit" in the dictionary, we should find that it means the principle of life and vital energy. And that is exactly what it means in our use of it here.

In the classroom, in the halls, and in the gymnasium we have a certain spirit. It depends solely upon the attitude of the student whether this spirit is strong or weak and whether it is a spirit to be proud of or ashamed of. Loyalty to the school, consideration for the feelings of others, respect for teachers, and enthusiasm, all help to make this spirit what it should be.

There are many little things we should remember while in school that will help us greatly in this matter of spirit. In the classroom we should be respectful to our teachers and show interest in our work. We should be quiet and ladylike in the halls and always agreeable to our companions. In the study hall we should be prompt in obeying the bell for silence and keep as quiet as possible during the study period so that the people around us may study. In the gymnasium we should have energy, pep, vigor, animation, and above all, obedience. We should always attend games played by our school to back our team in doing their very best for our honor.

In the outside world we must still remember our school and its reputation. A great deal depends on reputation, therefore we must strive to make a good one for our school. In the first place, loyalty is the greatest point of all. We should always speak highly of our own school and never slightly of any other. Next we must be careful of our behavior in public places. It certainly shows lack of good training to appear loud or boisterous at any time, especially in a crowd. Any such bad conduct reflects on our school and tarnishes its good name. We should be careful about our dress, too. Silk dresses and fancy stockings may be correct for afternoon social affairs but they are certainly not created for school. The real lady wears quiet and inconspicuous clothing and above all avoids the use of cosmetics. This greatly cheapens a girl and, of course, cheapens the school she attends.

All of these things are included in school spirit and so let us, by carrying out these few simple rules, do our very best to make our school have the finest, truest, and most loyal spirit in the country.

DOROTHY REEVES, '23.

A Lesson In Observation

Some people don't appreciate the woods,
It's beauty and the other things they should;
For instance, in October, if they walk
Upon a narrow forest path, their talk
Will not be of Nature's wondrous works,
But maybe of Damascus blades and dirks.

The leaves are turning yellow, red and brown,
And many tired of hanging, falling down;
The chestnut tree its precious fruits now dropping,
And children to the woods, not often stopping,
Come, rambling, scrambling, clambering, happy all,
To gather up the nuts, the tree lets fall.

The squirrel is now getting his to store away
Maybe, for a feast on Christmas day;
A cotton tail is halting frequently to hark,
And see if he can hear a hound dog's bark—
For the hunter, with his gun all cocked and ready,
Has started through the woods a-tramping steady.

These are some things the unobserving miss
And don't rightly understand—remember this:
No matter whether at your work or play,
Try to notice things that pass your way.
Thus you will learn lessons great and small
And you can profit by them one and all.

FLORENCE E. CLAYTON, '25.

A Sufficient Reason

Small Boy—Here's my Latin lesson, teacher.
Teacher—But there are no perfect tenses on this paper.
Small Boy—I know it. I left them out on purpose.
Teacher—And why did you do that?
Small Boy—Because I didn't know them.

The Unknown Soldier

This is the story of an unknown soldier. No one can affirm with assurance or deny with certainty that it is he who, as a symbol of thousands of glorious dead, rests at Arlington. But there is a possibility, and, taking into account the capriciousness of fate, there is more than a possibility that it is so.

* * * * *

As the moon shed a soft summer radiance on the ugly rows of wooden barracks and the dull trampled common, the sentry at the gate of the training camp paced back and forth with the monotonous precision of an automaton. He was tall and slender with a touch of hauteur added to his military erectness of bearing, that was perhaps a heritage from his ancestors, who had been German barons, with castles on the Rhine, mighty lords in their day. The fingers that gripped the butt of the musket were slender and tapering, the fingers of an artist, and, indeed, he had been an artist in the days not so very long ago, before he had enlisted as a private in the American Army. He had been a good many other things in those days. Living, a recluse, in his studio in the quiet suburb of the placid southern city, he had found time to be an aesthete and an aristocrat to an exaggerated degree. Super-sensitive to anything suggestive of the gross and material, he had avoided contact with the common crowd; the clatter of the streets annoyed him; he regarded with aversion his father's business, which had to do with the production of chemicals on a large scale; he was a vegetarian by taste—in short he had built up a world for himself in his quiet studio, a world of soft and harmonious colors and restful shadows, where he might seek for fame and express his individuality undisturbed by vulgar humanity.

Then, at length, America joined in the world's war-madness. He was among the first to enlist, and, through some whimsy, he rejected a chance to become an officer, preferring to enter the army as an ordinary private. Before leaving, his last injunction to his mother was against the displaying of a service flag in the front window—this on the ground that it was vulgar.

As might have been foreseen, the training camp seemed a veritable Tophet to him. By most of the soldiers his aloof bearing was resented, his aestheticism looked at askance, his individualism

mocked and laughed at. He was among, but not of his comrades in arms; he was a misfit, an outcast. The officers of the battalion looked upon him as a "queer duffer," and, with the best intentions in the world, set to work to overcome his prejudices and unusual aversions. Because of his dislike for meat he was set to work in the butcher-shop; it did not seem to them that a man who shuddered at a well broiled chop could conduct himself with credit in the trenches of France.

He survived six months of it, and now, on the last night before the departure, he was walking back and forth in the moonlight on picket duty. What a night to paint! His fingers ached for the loved brushes, but he only gripped the butt of his musket tighter and paced on.

A few weeks later he was in France with his company. There he began to realize how incongruous were his convictions in the surroundings in which he was placed. The most scrupulous could not avoid the mud of the trenches. He found himself listening with pleasure to the hated ragtime of the band after a day of bombardment. Death, he learned, drew no lines at caste or color. Heroism was in the hearts of the lowliest. One by one he lowered the barriers he had erected between himself and his companions. And, as he lowered the barriers, so they began to forget his former attitude of arrogance and superiority. Soon he was accepted as one of them.

One night in a dugout in the front line trenches a little group of soldiers was gathered around him as, with the point of his bayonet, he drew caricatures in the mud of the floor. These drawings were remarkably clever and now and again shouts of laughter made themselves heard above the crashing of artillery. He had just reached the portrayal of a much ridiculed mustache of one of their officers, when a signal passed along the trench—the signal to attack.

"I will finish it when we come back," he said.

The picture was never completed. As the battalion crossed no-man's land, the soldier next to him in the advancing line saw the artist drop suddenly with the grim finality of one who will not rise again. A day later the rains had washed away the sketch in the dugout, and with it the last trace of the individuality of the unknown soldier.

* * * * *

A bugle blew at Arlington. With pomp and ceremony and great honor, not for his individual merit, but because he was one of thousands, without name, without glory, except as a symbol of many sacrifices, the unknown soldier was laid in his final resting place, while the greatest men of many countries stood with heads reverently bowed, and a nation, ceasing its many activities, joined in silent prayer.

ELIZABETH JONES, '22.

The Angler's Song

When the cool green shades of eventide
Have freshened the parched brown land,
I go to the stone by the willow tree,
With my old rod in my hand,
And there in the dusky, dull green shade,
By the dimpling river's brink,
I bait my hook and I throw my line,
Where the brown trout rise and sink.

While all is hushed save the insect sounds,
And the splash of the brown trout jumps—
I hear the "chuck" of the water hen,
From her nest in the bulrush clumps.
Or the strange sweet call of the heron's mate,
And the whirr of a wild duck's flight,
While the silver river is changed to gold
By the sun's fast fading light.

The long blue shadows beneath the bank
Lengthen and all is still,
As the twilight creeps through the willow trees
And over the mist-wrapped hill.
And there in the peaceful twilight hour,
Where the brown trout rise and sink,
I bait my hook and I throw my line,
By the dimpling river's brink.

NANNIE WILSON, '24.

Teacher—Name the Muses.

Senior (confidently)—Faith, Hope and Charity.

Teacher:—You come to school to learn to think.

Small Child—I thought I came to learn reading, writing and numbers.

Under The Table

"Apples! Fine apples for sale! Come buy, gentle-folk!" A child of perhaps nine years of age, called thus as she went slowly along the street. Her hair was short, thick and curly, and was kept out of her eyes by a piece of cloth tied around her head. Her dress was of heavy, coarse material, navy blue, and a white band of cloth was swathed around the neck, forming a sort of collar. Though her dress was poor enough, it was neat and clean, and the rough collar and narrow cuffs were immaculate.

Suddenly the slender little body stiffened, the hand holding the heavy basket of fruit tightened until the knuckles grew white, and slipping around a corner into a little-frequented alley, she placed her basket beside a door. She moved along swiftly and silently, and paused before a house, evidently deserted, with shuttered windows and closed doors. Her keen blue eyes had noticed three men, cloaked, enter the house; and to her it seemed suspicious.

It was the time of the Revolution, and the town was Philadelphia. The child,—whose name was Clara,—was a patriot, and had always burned to do something for her suffering country. Now she thought she saw her chance, for, as I have said before, she suspected these men of being Tories.

Opening the door softly, she crept in, and found herself in a hall. Listening intently, she heard voices, and slipping through a half-opened door, she sank to the floor, for she had seen a sight that made her heart beat violently. Three men were seated at a table, on which was the remains of a dinner. Three cloaks and hats were thrown over the back of a chair, and their owners were arguing violently. But what made little Clara's heart beat so was that they were dressed in the scarlet uniform of the British officer.

Presently one of the men arose, and went into the adjoining room, where he was presently joined by his companions. Quick as thought little Clara entered the room and disappeared under the table, where she was hidden by the cloth.

No sooner was she hidden than the men came back and fell to arguing again.

"'Gad, Kent! Hickey's with us, what troubles you?"

"Who's Hickey that he can make your plan infallible?" snapped Kent.

"Washington's bodyguard, that's who he is," retorted another voice, "whom your fine General trusts completely, Captain."

After some argument, in which the two of them were trying to induce Captain Kent to do something, Kent exclaimed:

"Oh, if ye have your hearts so set upon it, have your way, but—— zooks! it seemeth risky."

The others seemed relieved, and one exclaimed: "Then we will meet at the ferry at three o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Hicky will be sure to do it?" inquired the doubtful Kent.

"Odds life, Kent," chuckled one. "One has to take some risks, and this is as safe as any."

"To your health, Captain Kent, before we go," said the other, and a clinking of glasses followed.

Clara emerged from under the cloth, and crawled along to the door. For a wonder the men did not see her, and she escaped. Once in the street, she started along at top speed. Rounding a curve, she bumped into a tall, soldierly looking man who turned out to be no other than the great General himself. She poured out her story breathlessly, and thanks to her quick wit, Hickey was caught. The others escaped, but were no more trouble to the American army.

Clara's grandchildren are old now, but they may still proudly show you her picture, and the note of thanks given her by Washington. She died at a ripe old age, and while she lived was as revered and honored as after her peaceful death.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '28.

The Firefly

Little flitting firefly,
Flying in the dark,
Did you once upon a time
Fly in Noah's Ark?

Mr. Moon

Old Mr. Moon,
You sit in a spoon,
In the afternoon.

The Rain

Patter, patter, little drops,
You will feed the farmer's crops.

BY ELIZABETH DEWING, 4th Primary.

Into the Rhetoric

Have you ever been to Grammar Land? I have, and I will tell you about it. I was in Study Hall, trying my best to learn the differences between a metaphor and a simile. It seemed that I had been studying for ages, when suddenly I heard a weak, thin voice say, "Dear me, if you would only stop gazing at me I could run along with the others."

Looking down in amazement upon the page that I had been studying I saw, to my surprise, the words and sentences moving around in great confusion.

"Yes, you," continued the voice, "just because I am a poor little simile you think that I have no feeling. Stop looking like that, and come along with me."

Now this had all been just a voice, but suddenly I found myself in a place, I do not think that it could be called a room. Looking around I could see nothing but a confused crowd. There were pronouns and substantive clauses, conjunctions and prepositions, nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs mingling together in a huge mass.

"There is our manager," said my friend the simile.

I looked up and who should I see sitting at a huge desk but our English teacher. Around her there was a great bustle.

"She has sent out an order for a subject for the Senior Class composition but every one is too easy," explained my companion.

I was by far too dazed to speak, when my friend grasped me by the arm and cried: "Come, the dancing is going to begin."

Then the music started, or was it really music? No, I recall everyone began swaying and moving as the manager scanned "L'Allegro." It was a queer sight—the predicate nominative leading a noun clause, and a compound subject whirling a relative pronoun.

Suddenly the dancing stopped, and I heard a voice call my name. Quickly I looked around, all eyes were fastened on me, the manager was calling me but I could not answer.

Again she called, this time louder. Still louder, then adding:

"If you do not wake up and study I will have to ask you to leave Study Hall."

I awoke with a start and found the head of Study Hall rather than the ruler of Grammarville standing over me.

ANNE TUNSTALL, '22.

The Gray and Blue

(Tune: *The Orange and Black.*)

To Miss Fine's we'll e'er be true
Though far or near we be,
And oh, the Gray and Blue,
We'll always honor thee!
We will ne'er forget the good times
Through days both warm and cool,
So we'll give Three Cheers for Miss Fine,
And Hurrah for Miss Fine's School!

For our School we'll always fight
Whether basket-ball or track,
And in hockey or in base-ball
For vict'ries we'll not lack.
We will strive to stand the highest
In all things; that's our rule.
Then we'll give Three Cheers for Miss Fine
And Hurrah for Miss Fine's School!

HELEN READE POST, '25.

JANET MACINNES, '25.

The Adventures of a Pearl Necklace

Once upon a time in a jewelry shop there was a pearl necklace which had just been put there. It had many friends and I will tell you the names of some of them;—a ruby ring, a diamond necklace, a silver spoon studded with sapphires.

One day a young man came in and bought the ruby ring for a young lady he was engaged to. The pearl necklace was very sorry to see the ring go, but there was nothing it could do. A little later a young woman came in and bought the bracelet for a birthday present for her sister, and again the pearl necklace was sorry but as before it could do nothing.

Over a year passed by and one day a prince bought the pearl necklace for his wife, the princess. You may imagine how excited the necklace was. It was put into a box, then the first thing it knew the box was opened; it was taken out and a lovely lady was putting it on her neck. Then a little later it was put back into the box.

One day the princess went to a tournament where she met her sister whom she had not seen in a year. The princess gave

her the pearl necklace and when she was to be married she put it on her neck before she went to the church. What a sight the necklace saw there,—kings, queens, princesses, princes, dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies, barons, and noble knights!

After the wedding the bride put the necklace back into the box where it stayed until after a long while it was traded to a merchant, for the princess needed money. The merchant took it this way and that till he came to his home. Here he went up to his room, took out his pouch and left it on his bureau because he was suddenly called away. There was some other jewelry in the pouch besides the pearl necklace. Guess what it was! The friends of the pearl necklace who had been bought first.

In the middle of the night in came a burglar and stole the jewelry which was lying on the bureau unguarded. He took it to his cave and in the morning carried it all to the very shop where the old friends had been together at first, and there he sold them to the jeweler. My but they were glad to be together again! And they stayed together until they were very old.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, *First Intermediate.*

The Vandals in Rome

(History as it might have been.)

It was midnight, and the Vandals, a fierce tribe who came from the shores of the Baltic and thereabouts, and who were now camped just outside of Rome waiting for a chance to get inside the city walls, were all sound asleep, even the sentinels.

King Genseric, who was leading the Vandal army, was suddenly awakened by a slight noise in the tent. "King Genseric, I have brought you news. You have not been able to get inside of Rome before, but now you can easily do it, without the Romans even suspecting it until you have taken entire possession of Rome!" A beautiful young girl stood before him talking very fast, indeed so fast and jerkily that King Genseric could hardly understand her.

"What! Get inside the walls?" cried the astonished King. "How?"

"O, easily enough, but you will never know until you promise me one thing and that is, never to tell anyone who told you."

"I promise."

"Very well. There is one place in the wall that is very weak."

Here she drew her sword from beneath her cloak, and killed King Genseric. Then she crept softly past the sleeping soldiers, past the sleeping sentinels, and was let through the gate into the city. But all was not well, as she thought, for one of the other generals had awakened and heard the words,—“There is one place in the wall that is very weak,” and had then fallen asleep, knowing nothing of the murder. When he awoke he saw the murdered King, he did not know what to make of it. But remembering what he had heard in the night he sent out scouts, who found the weak place. He then led his army into Rome, and seized the city.

The Vandals burned all the beautiful public buildings, and ruined everything in Rome; worst of all they killed the women and children, and made the men fight for them.

ISABEL BOUGHTON, '23.

Athletic Notes

In the first week of school, hockey started. There was a fairly good turnout for the first three afternoons of practice. Anybody who chose was allowed to come. In the second week of school we stayed in the Assembly Hall one recess and voted for the two captains. Dorothea Spaeth, '22, and Elizabeth Tyson, '23, were elected. Then everybody who intended to play this year was told to sign her name on the Bulletin Board, and from this list the two teams were made up by Miss Frederick and the two captains. There were quite a number of new names on the list, and some of those girls have showed up very well in the practice.

The reason for having two teams is that on one day one team practices, and on the next the other, in order that on the third day a picked eleven from each of the two groups may play each other. In this way more enthusiasm and spirit are infused into the players and better results are secured. The plan has worked very well. The girls have played better this year than they have for several years. One reason is that the weather for the greater part of the fall has been excellent for hockey—the clear and bracing air making us eager to answer the call for outdoor exercise. The field, too, has been in pretty good shape for most of the time. So it is no wonder that the attendance at the practice has been so good.

Another advantage for this year's hockey players was that a fine player came to our practice during her visit here and showed us various little tricks, and gave us the idea of better team-work, in which we had been sorely lacking. All who were there that day surely learned something about the game which they had not known before. Then, too, some ten or eleven girls went to Philadelphia and saw the very fine hockey game between the English and the Philadelphia teams. Those who saw this game could not but profit by observing such good hockey. Thus, in every way so far, the School has had wonderful chances for good hockey practice and it has made use of these opportunities under the faithful coaching of Miss Frederick, to whom we owe many thanks for her constant attendance and helpful suggestions at our practice.

Our basketball prospects for this winter are very good. Most of the first team are back this year, and so we ought to have one of the best seasons in basketball that the School has ever known. The Princeton High School has challenged us to two games, one in their gymnasium, and one in ours. It is needless to say that we hope to win them both, but little can be said about this sport in detail, because practice for it has not yet begun and will not do so until after the Christmas vacation.

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24.

School Notes

On the third of October school opened with morning exercises, led by Dr. Beach and Dr. Baker, in the Assembly Room. The room was well filled and everybody was enthusiastic over the beginning of the new school year.

The school has grown since last year. Seven more pupils than last year make the grand total, one hundred and eighty-seven in all departments. One new primary teacher, Miss Dorothy Thornton, and two intermediate teachers—Miss Hays, English, and Miss Cook, Arithmetic—have been added to the faculty. Two lovely new rooms have been evolved for history and mathematics, and small rooms have been changed into large ones so that each primary and each intermediate class now has its own separate class room as well as its own teacher. The grounds, too, have been much improved with flower beds that were not there before.

Among other innovations, the Intermediate Department is enjoying the advantages of instruction in modelling from Mrs. Mayor, the well-known sculptress—the sister of Miss Anne Hyatt, of international fame, whose statue of Joan of Arc stands on Riverside Drive, New York.

The boys of the Intermediate have a new improvement all their own. Mr. H. G. Turner comes every day to supervise their exercise and play and all goes merrily.

And yet another addition and improvement! Last year Music was introduced in the younger and middle schools, and now—the success of the experiment was so marked—this year the instruction has been extended throughout the school. The older pupils are being taught the reading of music and part singing and a Glee Club is foreshadowed.

A second hand book shop run by Polly Marden has been opened for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The old books are sold at a ten per cent. profit and so far the Association has cleared about fourteen dollars. This shop is of much interest to us all and has been long needed in the school.

The Senior and Junior classes are much better organized and there is a great deal of class spirit. In the first week of October, the Seniors held a meeting of their class and elected their class officers: Caroline Watson, president, and Polly Marden, secretary and treasurer.

The second week in October, the Juniors had a meeting of their class on the steps of the monument and elected their officers: Rebekah Armstrong, president, and Annabel Dixon, secretary and treasurer.

In the second week of October, the Seniors gave themselves a canoe picnic down Carnegie Lake. They were chaperoned by the Misses Thornton and Miss Frederick. They cooked their supper around a large fire and arrived home about eight-thirty having had a marvelous time.

About the twenty-sixth of October, the Juniors gave the Seniors another canoe picnic, taking Miss Dorothy Thornton and Miss Frederick as chaperons. They paddled down Carnegie to the same place the Seniors had stopped, where on a large flat stone they built a huge fire and cooked their supper. They were entertained after supper with very clever short stories by Miss Thornton.

Having put out the fire, they paddled home, arriving at school about eight o'clock.

On Hallowe'en evening the Seniors gave the Juniors a surprise party. The Juniors came masked and the Seniors were dressed as boys. They led the Juniors blind-folded out Mercer Street and down Olden Lane to Alice Olden's where they were ushered into a large room and told to unmask. Then there was dancing and a dancing contest which was won by Elizabeth Alexander and Rebekah Armstrong. For the prize they were made to bob for apples. Following this were games and more dancing and later cider and doughnuts and marshmallows were served. Everybody had a grand and glorious time.

On the eleventh of October, Armistice Day, the School was dismissed at a quarter to twelve and all met in the Assembly Room where for a few minutes in silent prayer they honored the unknown soldier who was buried at Arlington Cemetery in commemoration of those who gave their lives so willingly for the freedom of the world.

On the fifteenth of November, school was dismissed at ten thirty so that the children and teachers might march to the College Campus and see General Foch, the commanding general of all the Allied armies in the late war. As he marched down from Nassau Hall escorted by President Hibben and other representatives of the University, Anne Armstrong, one of the primary children, presented him with a large bunch of roses from the school. He received them graciously and gave Anne a French kiss.

There has been offered by the Woman's College Club of Princeton a five dollar prize to the pupil who improves the most in English Composition during the whole school year.

At the first meeting of the Mathematics Club on November seventeenth the following officers were elected: Helen Loetscher, president; Janet MacInnes, vice-president; Nannie Wilson, secretary and treasurer. Martha Love and Janet MacInnes were appointed a committee for arranging the program for the next meeting which will be held on December fifth. Only those girls are eligible for membership who have received a mark of B, or over, in their Mathematics.

REBEKAH ARMSTRONG, '23.

Primary Report

From the Primary Department has come a very interesting account of the activities of the past summer. Since their return they have held an exhibition of the things that interested them in their vacation.

Of course it was the girls who accomplished the cooking, sewing, and knitting that were shown. One girl stenciled a pine pillow-case and another wove a rug on her school loom, which, by the way, she made herself last year.

Many of the pupils were interested in Nature, and in the exhibition were collections of nests, butterflies, cocoons, shells, stones, and mushrooms. A starfish and a deer's horn, too, were there. Also several books of pressed ferns, flowers, and leaves were exhibited and some pictures of birds and flowers that were drawn by the children themselves.

One boy showed a coin collection and a girl brought a collection of stamps. One of the most interesting exhibits was a flag which was carried in the pageant at Plymouth last summer; another was a helmet, a sword and a canteen which were used in the Revolutionary War.

These selections by no means exhaust the list but they show the wide range of interest among the pupils and made a varied and unusual exhibition.

ALICE OLDEN, '22.

Alumnae Notes

Among the Alumnae at Smith are:

Priscilla Capps, '18; Isabel Harper, '18; Janet Frantz, '19; Lucy Hodge, '19; Sarah Neher, '19; Helen Spahr, '19; Alison Frantz, '20; Jean Wilson, '20; Elizabeth Yard, '20; Meg Hamp, '21; Fearn Newman, '21.

Among those at Vassar are:

Margaret Fine, '18; Emilie Stuart, '18; May Vreeland, '18; Darrah More, '19; Dot Love, '21.

Among the Alumni entering Princeton this year are: Ted Stevenson, Andover; Lefferts Loetcher, Lawrenceville; Dick McClenahan, Lawrenceville; Woodbridge Constant, Lawrenceville; John Fine, Andover.

Donald Stevenson is entering Yale, and Francis Cleveland is entering Harvard.

Gertrude Gates was recently married and is now Mrs. Wells-lake Demarest Morse, 353 Markham Road, Pasadena, California.

Priscilla Capps is back again at Smith as a Junior. She missed a year of college while her father was Ambassador to Greece.

Jean Wilson made the Freshman honor roll at Smith which is indeed a great honor.

Alison Frantz made the choir in her Freshman year and is still there. If she had only stayed at school one year longer Miss Howes might have had a chance at her. Also she made the Sophomore hockey team.

Janet Frantz made the first Junior hockey team. It seems to run in the family.

Barbara Frantz is tutoring Latin at Miss Fine's this year.

Paula Chapin (van Dyke) is the proud mother of Charlotte Chapin.

Margaret Spahr is teaching history at Lindenwood College.

Dot Love seems to have a busy time of it. Most any Saturday last fall you could see her sitting on the concrete seats of the Stadium "doing her part" for Princeton.

Margaret Fine won her "V" on the Vassar Varsity hockey team. She played in the recent match against the English team.

Margarita Champion is in her Sophomore year at Penn and "just loves it," to use her own phrase.

Yuki Domoto is up at Wellesley, a Sophomore.

Alice Eno is taking a winter of singing lessons in New York.

Emmy Anderson is studying English at Columbia and taking a few subjects at Miss Fine's. She and Jean Woolverton are our only post-graduates.

Helen Smith is in Italy for the winter studying history and languages.

Marie Craig is taking a business course at Rider-Moore in Trenton.

Mary Westcott is spending the winter abroad with her parents.

Mary Hamill is coming out again this winter, and in December she is going to Switzerland.

Grace Bassett is making her debut this season in Princeton.

Emilie Stuart is going to celebrate her twenty-first birthday by a surprise party given by a group of her classmates at Vassar. Darrah More is one of the leading conspirators.

Philip Davis graduated from Princeton University last year and is now taking a course at the Graduate College. Jack Neher also graduated from Princeton last year and is now at the Boston Tech.

Constance Cameron is a "grave old senior" at Bryn Mawr this year.

May Lewis (Erdman) has the class baby, Patricia Lewis, born August, 1921.

Helen Harris is at Wells College in the class of 1924.

Margery Davis is to marry Mobray Velte who is studying at the Graduate College at present. Next year their home will be in India.

KATHERINE NORRIS, '24.

Small Child—When are we going into the December Room?

Teacher—The December Room?

Small Child—Yes, that big room in there. (pointing to the Assembly Room.)

Thrilling conclusion to a recent theme on "A Storm." I certainly was glad to get back on terra cotta once more."

Advanced French student, very sure of herself in that line, converses fluently in her best French for several minutes with hotel proprietor and is surprised to hear him say,—*"Pardon, Madamoiselle, mais je ne parle pas anglais."*

WALKER-GORDON

MILK

IS USED BY THOSE WHO APPRECIATE
A CLEAN AND SAFE MILK

SAFEGUARDED BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS
OF PRODUCTION AND HANDLING

DELIVERIES MADE DAILY IN PRINCETON

*You are invited to visit the producing plant at
Plainsboro, two and one-half miles from Princeton*

WALKER-GORDON LABORATORY Co.

TELEPHONE PLAINSBORO 532

PLAINSBORO, N. J.

WALKER-GORDON LABORATORIES

NEW YORK

BOSTON

SPECIAL DEPOTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
ASBURY PARK, N. J.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BROOKLYN
JERSEY CITY
FAR ROCKAWAY
WORCESTER, MASS.

FLESHING

LAKEWOOD

OCEAN CITY

WEST END, N. J.
POINT PLEASANT
TRENTON, N. J.

FARMS SUPPLYING ABOVE CITIES AND DEPOTS

PLAINSBORO, N. J.

CHARLES RIVER, MASS.

JULIUSTOWN, N. J.

WALKER-GORDON LABORATORIES ARE ALSO ESTABLISHED IN

BALTIMORE

DETROIT

ST. LOUIS

CLEVELAND

WASHINGTON

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

*This Store Has Always Been Headquarters For All
The Latest Books, And Correct Stationery.*

*You Will Find Here A Wide Selection Coupled With
Courteous and Intelligent Service*

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY STORE

WEST COLLEGE

ON THE CAMPUS

TELEPHONE 95

WALTER B. HOWE, INC.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

PRINCETON, N. J.

THE GARDEN THEATRE

*Shows the best pictures obtainable
as soon as released*

Always the best pictures in Princeton

S P O R T S T O C K I N G S

We have just received a shipment of Ladies' English-made Sport Stockings in brown green, and gray heathers, with and without clocks. All sizes. At \$3.50 they are very good values when compared with other makes at the same price.

LADIES GLOVES MUFFLERS SCARFS
FIELD HOCKEY STICKS TENNIS BALLS RACKETS

G U L I C K C O M P A N Y

UPPER PYNE

Come to the

MUSIC SHOP

68½ NASSAU ST.

*for all the latest selections in sheet music
and Victrola Records*

EVERYTHING IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

CHADWICK'S

REXALL DRUG STORE
NEXT TO POST OFFICE

SODA CANDY

LIPPENS'
CASH FOOD STORE

—
MEAT, FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES
—

202 NASSAU ST.

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES

of Distinctive and Exclusive Style in all the
popular Fabrics. Sport and Dress stockings.
Munsing under-garments. Art
Needle Work supplies and stamped goods.

Good Shepherd, Anglo Fleece and Prospect Yarns

McCONAHYS

154 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

*In choosing your Holiday Gifts for Gentlemen, may we
suggest a few useful articles which are always greatly
appreciated.*

GOLF HOSE OF CAMEL HAIR, LOVAT AND SCOTCH
HEATHERS. NECK WEAR OF PLAIN SILK OF PLAIN
COLORS, STRIPES, AND PERSIAN DESIGNS.

GLOVES OF KID, MOCHA AND THE ALWAYS DURABLE
BUCK SKIN.

MUFFLERS FOR EVERYDAY AND DRESS WEAR OF SILK,
CAMEL HAIR, BRUSHED WOOL AND ALPACA YARNS.

*And many other useful articles too numerous to men-
tion in this space.*

JOSEPH B. HOTTEL CO.

46 NASSAU STREET, PRINCETON

THE TIGER SHOP

NEAR THE MOVIES
EVERYTHING IN EATS AND
SWEETS

MISSSES' AND GROWN
GIRLS'

BUSTER BROWN PATENT
LEATHER DANCING PUMPS

E. P. BROPHY

80 NASSAU ST.

"Say It With Flowers"

HEEREMAN'S

THE PRINCETON
FLOWER SHOP

40 NASSAU ST.

Anything in Flowers at
Reasonable Prices

Phone 393

S. H. STILLWELL

CONTRACTOR
AND
BUILDER

22 EDGEHILL STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.

BAYARD LANE
COFFEE HOUSE
AND
CHRISTMAS GIFT
SHOP

10 BAYARD LANE
PRINCETON, N. J.

Breakfast Luncheon Dinner
Tea Special Dinners
Home-made Candy



Phone 431

HARPER METHOD

Miss McNally begs to announce
that she has taken over the Sham-
pooing Parlors formerly occupied
by Miss S. Reynolds in

THE FIRST NATIONAL
BANK BUILDING

SHAMPOOING CURLING
FACIAL MASSAGE
MANICURING

Office Hours From 9 A. M. On
Residential Work Done by
Appointment

MARTHA'S KITCHEN

LUNCHES
TEAS AND
DINNERS

HOME COOKING

WORRELL-SHINN
& CO.

HEATING
AND
PLUMBING

OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER
79

UNIVERSITY
LAUNDRY
COMPANY

28-50 MOORE STREET
PRINCETON

MATTHEWS
CONSTRUCTION
COMPANY

PRINCETON
NEW JERSEY



PRINCETON CYCLE
SHOP

Is a bicycle hospital with expert
doctors.

Princeton Agents for the Famous
Iver Johnson and Dayton Bicycles

