

# The Link

January 1921



# The Link

Miss Fine's School

January 1921

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ORREN JACK TURNER CO.

# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

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VOL. I

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## SENIOR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

HELEN SMITH

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## Editorial

THIS is our first appearance editorially and we make it with some misgiving. We want to take you into our confidence at once. THE LINK is an experiment. We have never had a school paper before. Our school activities, it is true, have been many. We have thrilled over our skill in hockey; we have cheered our basketball experts; we have put through plays that might give Belasco a twinge of envy; we have danced and folk-danced the length and breadth of Gymnasium and Assembly Hall, but for us a school paper has the alluring charm of novelty. When the idea, first floating nebulously about, finally crystallized, it was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm.

This year, for several reasons, seems the psychic moment for us to embark upon this venture. For one thing the school is large; new pupils and many of them furnish a variety of talent to choose from. The request for "copy" has met with generous response from old and new pupils like.

And just here perhaps it will not be amiss to say a word of greeting to the new members of our school. They have shown

such a hearty appreciation of what the school does for those who are a part of it that they have won the good will and friendship of teachers and fellow-pupils with astonishing rapidity. They have given us new competitors in our work and new teams in our play, and we are glad to extend a hearty welcome to them.

We have called the paper *THE LINK*, because we desire a bond between the older and younger classes, the teachers, the Alumnae, and the friends in the community. The chief aim of this paper is to promote school feeling and unity. But this was not our only reason for the name: Link is also an old word for torch. A school paper should be a torch which lights the way for all who have literary ambition.

We have had to contend against many difficulties, one of the chief of which is inexperience. Much interest, however, has been shown, and a great deal of material submitted. In selecting contributions we have, of course, taken into consideration the age and class of the writer. We thank our many helpers, and hope to prove worthy of the trust they have given us.

### **A Brainstorm**

How they dance, dance, dance,  
How they prance through my brain,  
With what lightness they advance  
And then retreat again.

O! the x y z and the a b c!  
What a muddle, what a fuddle they can be,

How they haunt me, haunt me, haunt me,  
Till my head is rocked with pain,  
But I vow they cannot daunt me,  
If they only leave me sane.

O! the x y z and the a b c!  
What a muddle, what a fuddle they can be.

BETTY LONG '22.



## The Stowaway

An old man was sitting by the fire surrounded by children. "Tell us a true story this time, Grandpa," said a small boy.

"All right. I shall tell you the story of how I first came to America.

"My mother and I lived in a small Italian village in a tiny hut. I hated the life of a peasant, and wished to go out into the world and make my way. But my mother depended on me absolutely, and we had no money to spare, so I waited as patiently as possible. A few years later my mother died and I was left alone in the world. Now my one object in life was to go to America. This seemed impossible, however, as I had hardly any money. One night an inspiration came to me. A friend of mine, Antonio Bartoli, was a sailor aboard the *Regina d'Italia*. I sold my hut and went to Genoa to see him.

"Antonio promised to help me. He had just been ordered to load some barrels on the ship. Our plan was that he should put me in one of these and place the barrel in the hold along with the others. The plan was successful, to our great surprise, and, when I realized that I was on my way to America, I could scarcely keep from shouting.

"It was very uncomfortable in the hold, but I didn't mind that much as I was so grateful to think that at any rate I was on the ship. Antonio brought me part of his meals every day, and came to see me whenever he could. Finally the end of the voyage approached, and we began to plan how I was to escape without being caught.

"Those last days were very exciting. Once an officer came in unexpectedly, and I quickly hid behind a trunk. He passed right by me, so near that I could have touched him. After that people came in every few minutes. I was afraid of being discovered each time. Tony and I decided that in the early morning, before we reached Quarantine, I should creep down a certain passage, squeeze myself through a porthole, and swim ashore.

"I accomplished my purpose, and started to swim with as little splashing as possible. Suddenly a huge freight steamer loomed up beside me.

" 'Isn't that a man?' I heard an officer say.

"'No, it's a log,' replied his comrade.

"What a narrow escape! Then I felt a cramp coming on, and shivered with cold and fear. At last I stepped ashore with a sigh of relief. I had accomplished the hardest part of my venture, but who could tell what would happen next?

"I have always believed that I am the luckiest mortal in the world, for when I reached New York City I got a job, and after some hardships rose steadily and am now quite a successful business man. And, you know, if I hadn't come to America I should never have met your grandmother, and you wouldn't be here at all!"

At the end of the story the children sighed with satisfaction. Although they had heard it often before, and "Grandpa" could tell many other tales, they liked this one the best of all.

MARGARET MATHER '23

## Chi Sang Sing

Down in a dark, little alley, in the worst quarter of Hong Kong, there was a dingy, little, old apothecary shop, where all sorts of mysterious drugs could be bought. The owner of this shop was an old, old Chinaman who sat all day long in his little shop, smoking a queer, long pipe, from which arose peculiar, vaguely pleasing aromas. Chi Sang Sing was his name; he had a perfectly passive and expressionless face. Even his eyes were dull and gave no inkling of the diabolical thoughts that surged through his brain.

Chi Sang Sing was a leader of a tong called the Amber Lily. This tong had a great deal of influence in the underworld of Hong Kong. No one, besides the most trusted members of the association, knew who the leader was, except Sing San Fong, the head of the tong called the Jade Serpent. Between the two tongs there was a bitter enmity, which had sprung from an ancient feud, that had been handed down from father to son for so many generations that no one knew the cause of the quarrel.

Chi Sang Sing loved his tong wars more than anything else in the world; even more than he loved his granddaughter, Chi Nang Ping. Nang Ping was extremely lovely, for she had a smooth olive complexion, with just a tiny flush on each little

cheek, and very brown, very lovely almond shaped eyes. Nang Ping always wore a jacket embroidered in amber silk, and baggy little trousers that were just the color of a tea rose. Around her neck she wore countless strings of beads that exactly matched her eyes.

Nang Ping was in love with a young Chinese boy called Sing Ne Chow, and they had plighted their troth. Ping did not know that Ne Chow's father was her grandfather's bitterest enemy, or she would not have consented to become Ne Chow's wife. For Nang Ping greatly loved her grandfather and would never have been disloyal to him for anything in the world.

When Ne Chow told his father that he was going to marry Nang Ping, San Fong did not become angry as would be supposed, but gave his son his blessing. Crafty San Fong had a reason for this. The Jade Serpent was the most powerful tong in that part of the city, and had only one rival tong, that ever gave it any trouble—the Amber Lily. Therefore Sing San Fong thought that if the house of Chi be allied with the house of Sing, the ancient grudge would be forgotten and he (San Fong) would be the supreme ruler of the underworld.

But when Nang Ping told her grandfather of her betrothal, he took an extremely different view of the case. No granddaughter of his could marry into that (to his mind) infamous house of Sing; he would kill Nang Ping first. Then Sang Sing's wicked old mind thought out a plan. He said to Nang Ping:—

"Nang Ping, I would have you know that this young man, whom you love so well, is the son of my most dangerous enemy, a most despicable man. He is forever plotting against China, and one of his chief desires is my destruction. If you love me, Nang Ping, if you love China, do not marry this man. Nay, rather you must help me destroy him and his race. You must invite him for tea to-morrow, and I shall prepare two cups of tea, one with poison—one without. This is to give Ne Chow a chance to prove that I am not so hard-hearted as you think. If Ne Chow takes the one with the poison, the last of a dastardly line will be destroyed. But if he takes not the one with poison, I promise that he may go unharmed. But I warn you, Nang Ping, that if you attempt to tell him of his danger, and to save him, he will meet with a more cruel and unmerciful death. Will you obey, Nang Ping? Remember, it is for China and for me."

"Most honorable and reverend grandfather," said Nang Ping, sadly, "it is not for me, how ever greatly I love him, to go against your wishes. I will do as you bid me."

The next day Ne Chow called at the apothecary shop. Nang Ping, pale and wan, led the way through a little door in the back of the shop, which opened into an exquisite little garden. The air was fragrant with the perfume of lilies—some white, some mauve, some amber, some pink, and a few a peculiar shade of emerald green. Nang Ping led the way through the lilies to a tiny pagoda. They sat down to a dainty teakwood table. When they were seated, Ne Chow spoke.

"Dearest, Nang Ping, what makes thee so pale, so sad?"

"Alas! Ne Chow, I may not tell thee."

Then Nang Ping rang a tiny silver-toned bell; almost immediately an old servant came out of the house. He shuffled over to the pagoda, placed two bowls of scalding tea before Nang Ping and shuffled away. Ceremoniously Nang Ping placed the tiny bowl of tea before Ne Chow. Then when, after the fashion of the Chinese, she had her bowl to his lips, she drank the tea. Ne Chow followed her example.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unseen, old Chi Sang Sing smiled wickedly to himself. Crafty old Sang Sing had poisoned both cups of tea.

JUNE SCHEFFLER '22.

## **The Most Wonderful Thing in the World**

In a strange little Oriental kingdom, a long time ago, there was a princess who was exceedingly beautiful, and therefore every youth in the domain had, at one time or another, thrown himself at her feet and pleaded with her to become his wife, in such heart-rending tones that the princess wept dolorously into her lace handkerchief when she told each one that he really wouldn't do, for she wanted for a husband the handsomest, wisest, kindest, cleverest, richest, *and* bravest man to be found within the four corners of the earth.

One day, being in an unusually lonesome frame of mind, she called her councilors together to decide upon the best way to find the paragon she wished to marry.

"You have been dawdling about long enough," she informed them, "and now I insist that you evolve some scheme."

The princess was really very sweet-tempered, you understand, but her councilors exasperated her dreadfully; they were entirely too wise.

Suddenly the oldest and greyest bearded sprang up and cried in a loud voice, "Eureka!"

"Good gracious," said the princess, "you startled me dreadfully. And I do not understand Greek."

"It is not Greek, your Highness, and it means 'I have found it.' In other words—"

"Never mind," interpolated the princess hastily. "What is your idea? Be brief."

"Very well, your Majesty; my plan is this. Your Highness shall order messengers sent out to every point of the compass, whose duty it shall be to proclaim, that to whomsoever shall bring, as a gift, to your kingdom, before the waxing and waning of two moons, the most wonderful thing in the world, you will give your hand in marriage."

"I shall do nothing of the sort! Why, any fool might have luck enough to find the most wonderful thing in the world, and then I should have to marry him."

"But if your Majesty disliked the man, you could say that the most wonderful thing in the world was not there, and send them all away."

"And consider, your Highness," broke in a greybeard who was of a most mercenary turn of mind, "the immense profit to be derived from such a scheme. Your new castle—"

"There, mercenary old fool! Do you think I would marry any weazened, grey-bearded old vagabond that happened to bring a wonderful gift? And as for your suggestion," she cried, turning to the first councilor, "you know I always tell the truth. I am very frank in stating my opinion. Those fools!"

With this she stamped her foot and ran out of the room to dress for tea. She secretly approved the plan, but she never shirked an opportunity for arguing with her councilors. She hoped that some day she could make one of the "placid old dears" really angry, but she had never succeeded.

The next morning, the messengers were dispatched, bearing the proclamation in a long roll of paper tied carefully with blue ribbon. Blue was the princess's favorite color and she insisted on this scheme of decoration, in spite of the protestations of her councilors.

One of these messengers reached a kingdom, quite a long way off, hemmed in on three sides by mountains, and bordering the sea on the fourth.

Now, in this kingdom there dwelt a brave, clever, kind, wise, handsome, and entirely charming young prince. He was richer than all the kings of Babylon and dwelt in a castle of green jade, surrounded by throngs of gay and fascinating courtiers. But he, like the princess, was particular, and had never married, in spite of the fact that every lady between the mountains and the sea reserved her sweetest smile for him.

When the messenger reached the castle with green jade walls, he requested audience with the prince, and, after having, with some difficulty, untied the knot in the blue ribbon, marched into the throne-room and read the manuscript in his best manner. When he had added thereto as glowing and accurate a description of her majesty as he could conjure up, and had presented a charmingly life-like miniature of the princess to the prince, he felt that he had done his duty to his sovereign, and so tying the blue ribbon in a double knot he went on his way to the next kingdom.

The prince spent the next week selecting the most wonderful of his treasures and the richest of his costumes. In a golden box lined with black velvet he placed a diamond of such brilliancy and fire, that it seemed to have caught and imprisoned all the sunbeams that ever shone upon it. Then, putting on his most becoming crown, and taking with him a few of the most trusted members of the household, he embarked upon a gilded ship with sails of green silk.

There was, among his retinue, a distinguished looking gentleman, who had once been a prince himself, but had governed his kingdom so badly that the prince of the jade castle had been forced to take it away from him, out of kindness to the inhabitants. For this, the dethroned prince secretly hated his conqueror, but, as he was a good actor, the prince suspected nothing and counted him among the most worthy of his followers.

Soon after they set out a brisk wind came up which drove them along rapidly. When they were a long way from the jade castle, the wind freshened still more so that one of the green silk sails was torn. Accordingly the prince determined to stop at the next island and purchase a new one, for he would not go to the princess with a torn sail.

Soon they reached an island on which they espied the turrets of a rich and prosperous city. It did not take long to find silk of the right color, but meanwhile the prince found the walled city so interesting that he went ashore with the man who was once a prince, to take a closer view. In the busy market place, while looking at heavy tapestries and delicate laces, the two were separated. The prince was not much worried, however, and determined to see all there was to be seen before returning to the ship.

At length, being tired out with walking, he returned to the shore where he had left the boat. The boat was nowhere to be seen, unless a flash of green and gold on the horizon was not imaginary, and to his surprise and dismay he realized that the distinguished gentleman who was once a prince had sailed away in *his* ship, with *his* diamond, to win *his* princess and had left him stranded on an island in the middle of the ocean.

He returned to the walled city, determined to ask for a ship and give chase to the gilded vessel with green silk sails in which he had so proudly started out.

He could gain no audience with the king, however, for the sentries at the gate laughed to scorn the pretensions of a prince, alone and unattended and with no money.

The prince was in a quandary, but finally managed to sell his most becoming crown for a goodly sum. He next went to one of the prosperous merchants of the city and engaged passage upon a ship that would sail in two weeks' time.

One moonlight night, during the wait before his departure, when he was walking in the woods outside the city, thinking of the princess, he heard the most wonderful music to which he had ever listened. It was thin and clear, and yet was possessed of that marvelous melody that makes a nightingale's song so lovely.

He pushed his way through a thicket and came upon a circular clearing. Here the fairy people of the forest were dancing to the music that came from some pipes played upon by a woodland creature that sat in the center of the ring.



Soon they caught sight of the prince and came running toward him. "Dance for us, dance for us!" they cried, and the prince, not unwilling to oblige them, stepped out into the moonlight.

The music began and the prince, inspired by the lovely melody, danced as he had never danced before. He was remarkably graceful and, had the princess seen him dancing there in the moonlight, she would no doubt have considered her search ended. When the music halted, the little people applauded vociferously and demanded that he dance again. Again, and yet again he complied with their request, and at last he was so very tired that he felt he must stop. Just then the moon dropped behind the trees and the first light of morning came creeping into the forest. In an instant all the fairy people disappeared and he was left alone with the woodland creature with the wonderful pipes.

"You have danced well, young prince, and as payment I give you these pipes which will bring you much happiness. Guard them well, for they are the pipes of the 'Great God Pan.'"

With these words he leaped into the thicket and was gone, and the prince was left alone in the dance hall of the elves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile into the city of the princess a throng was constantly pouring, bearing gifts of all kinds. The princess, however, was unable to find among them the thing that seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world. She would almost decide upon one thing and then discover that the nose of the man who brought it was decidedly tip-tilted, or that his eyes didn't suit her.

One day a page came in to inform her that a golden ship with green sails had landed at a distant port and that a distinguished gentleman that looked like a prince was journeying thither in the costliest carriage in the kingdom.

The princess was very much excited and hoped he would arrive before the day set apart for the judging of the gifts in order that she might have time to make his acquaintance.

The man who had been a prince, however, was traveling slowly and enjoying to the full the effect of his grandeur upon the people in the villages through which he passed, so that the princess was disappointed in the hope that he would arrive early.



When the day came and the carriage arrived at the gates, and the handsome stranger alighted and mounted the palace steps, the princess was all of a flutter and was compelled to repeat the multiplication table to steady her nerves.

The hour came for the judging of the gifts; the princess put on her most ravishing blue gown and, looking as beautiful as it was possible for any one person to look, went down the marble steps to the throne-room.

What a noble array of beautiful things was there! But as each thing was brought before her, she shook her head sorrowfully and said, "No, this is not the most wonderful thing in the world."

At the end of the line came the man who had been a prince. He was unusually handsome that day, in the suit that the real prince had planned to wear, and he carried the golden box containing the diamond in his hands. When he came before the princess he opened the lid slowly and set the box on the table before her.

The princess had never seen so wonderful a thing. The stone seemed to glow and burn as if with some fairy fire within itself, and she leaned forward with a gasp of admiration. Just as she was about to pronounce it the most wonderful thing in the world, one of her councilors came forward and whispered in her ear.

"For pity's sake!" she whispered back, "can't you even let me pick my own husband?"

He whispered again.

"I shan't do it," she said, "just because you say so. I shall marry whensoever and whomsoever I please. Now!"

Then turning to the assembled people she cried, "The most wonderful thing in the world is not here. You may all—"

Just then, as she was delighting in the shocked look on her councilor's face, there floated in through the window the most wonderful music that had ever been heard in the four corners of the world.

Outside the window the prince was playing as no one had ever played before. His heart was in the music, for, as he had come empty handed, he was giving the princess the best he had.

The entire assembly was spell-bound and one of the councilors muttered something under his whiskers. The man next to

him heard it and the word was passed about the room—"the most wonderful thing in the world."

Soon the princess heard the whisper and said, "Yes, surely this is the most wonderful thing in the world."

The prince was brought in and as he entered one door, the distinguished gentleman and ex-prince turned pale and hurried out of another, not even stopping to take the diamond with him.

To conclude, the prince carried the princess home with him to the castle with jade green walls, and there they lived happily ever after in the kingdom between the mountains and the sea, and danced and sang, and made merry to the music of the pipes of the great god Pan.

ELISABETH JONES '22.

### **O Moon**

O moon—haggard and wildly pale thou art,  
Climbing, with unseen steps,  
The misty heav'ns depths—  
What joy or sorrow lies within thy bloodless heart?

O moon—climbing forever and again  
The pathway of the skies—  
Out of whose diamond eyes  
The dreams of yesterday arise—  
What sorrow hast thou felt for all, what pain?

O moon—thou who hast seen out of the East  
Arise the Paradise of Kings—  
The Hanging Gardens—untold things—  
Hast view'd that Greece which Homer sings,  
Thou who hast seen the rise of Man from Beast—

O thou who saw'st the towers of Babylon ascend  
And saw them fall—who knowest all  
The dreams of earth, tell me, how will they end?

FEARN NEWMAN '21.

## La Petite Lucie

During the reign of Louis XIV there lived a humble peasant, Jacques Dubois. His wife had died, leaving to his care three young children. Lucie, the oldest, was twelve, attractive and intelligent. Marie was three years younger, but stronger and healthier. Then there was little Albert, as cute and as bright a child as you might find.

Lucie acted as the little mother to her brother and sister and delighted to carry on her dead mother's desire. She spun, made clothing, kept the chaumière clean and neat and never neglected the tiny garden. But Albert was the greatest joy and care to his sister.

As the result of her love the little home was always cheery and happy for the tired father when he came in at nightfall from his labor in Count Montigne's fields.

One cold evening, when the father had finished drinking his warm lentil broth and had set his bowl on the rough wooden table, a sound of trumpets was heard and the king's soldiers entered. The father rose to see what was wanted, and was immediately seized and bound. They carried him out into a wagon already filled with other prisoners.

The poor children, crying and protesting, were only told that the king was angry with their father, and were not even given a chance to say good-bye. But there was no time to mope, for Count Montigne forced them all out into the fields.

A few days later some other soldiers came to take the children away to a dark, disused dungeon in the Count's castle. Here for a week they were imprisoned and were allowed only black bread and water. It was then that their hearty country life helped them to endure nights spent on the cold floor. When the girls had cheerfully given the rushes allowed to them for their beds to Albert to make him more comfortable, there were raids from the vermin-ridden prison rats.

Their misery reached its depths when they found out from the sentry's conversation that their father was sentenced to be guillotined in two weeks' time. This made Albert and Marie whimper, while Lucie spent her time consoling them and thinking.

Suddenly her face lit up and she softly called Marie to her side.

"Marie, I have a plan," she said.

"What is it?" said Marie.

"Do you see that basket and that rope? Why not use it? Suppose you brace yourself against the wall and I'll stand on your shoulder and reach up to that high window and loosen those rickety bars. Then to-night I will fasten the rope to that ring in the wall and lower the basket, with you and Albert in it, to the dry moat, where you are to hide till I come down. Then we can go and find help for father. It is a good thing they think we are stupid and are not keeping watch on us."

That night the plans were successfully carried out and the children soon found themselves creeping cautiously along the shadows of the wall which led to the secret tunnel opening out to Montigne's fields. They sought the road to Father Luke's hut. Fortunately they found the good man comforting a widow.

"What brings you here so late, my poor children?"

Little Albert ran up to him and kissed him, while the two girls knelt reverently for his blessing. With flaming cheeks and indignant eyes Lucie told her story. The good man packed all the food he had in a tiny basket. He lifted the children on his only horse and gave them his ragged blanket and started them on their way.

They sped away, and, in spite of the galloping motion, Albert cuddled in the blanket and soon fell asleep. Lucie and Marie took turns watching.

Early the next morning, Lucie heard the voices of the pursuers who had almost caught up to them. Fortunately one of the soldiers was thrown from his horse. The horse had been frightened when a small fox ran right across the horse's path. The rider was knocked unconscious, so that his companions stopped to take care of him. This gave the children time to escape up a side road that led to a tiny village.

At the first house they saw an old woman spinning on the door-step. When they asked for help, she took them from the horse, put it in the stable, and hid the children in a big bag in the cellar. Shortly after she closed the trap-door, in came the pursuers.

"Hey, old woman, have you seen three children gallop past?" they said gruffly.

Gleefully rubbing her hands in her apron, she replied that she had seen them go up the road and it would be a good thing to follow them.

When the ruffians were out of sight the little old woman, laughing at her success, took the frightened children from their hiding place and gave them warm broth. Soothed and warmed by the kind woman, who put two loaves of black bread into the girls' pockets, the children turned back to the main road.

Finally, after a week's hard riding and worrying, they crossed the Spanish frontier, where they were safe. A few miles further on, they slid down from the horse, said a short prayer of thanks and, after hiding the horse, went to sleep in a thicket. With nightfall they pursued their way and soon came to a Spanish monastery where the monks received them kindly and gave them shelter. After Albert had had his supper and was put to bed, Lucie told her story. The monks were so deeply moved that they decided to send one of their number with the children to Madrid, to put the case before the Queen. Early the next morning, the monk and the children started on fresh horses for the court.

The good queen took a fancy to the little orphans and had them live with her in the palace, where they were royally treated. Meanwhile, by a swift messenger, she sent a large sum of money to the king of France, to free Monsieur Dubois.

It was a happy occasion, a few weeks later, when in came Monsieur Dubois, weak in health but glad of heart, to see his good children again. In the midst of their rejoicing they did not forget the kind people who had helped them in their trouble. A horse was sent to Father Luke, some money to the old woman and the monks to show the children's gratitude. The Dubois family lived happily ever after with their kind friend the Queen of Spain.

CHRISTINE ESTE GIBBONS '27.

## A Sunset

The sun is slowly sinking in the west,  
The clouds are silvery and gold;  
The bird is singing in his nest,  
And the flowers have begun to fold.

JANET SPAETH '28.

## A Hocksome Conflict

(*With Apologies to Lewis Carroll and the Jabberwock.*)

'Twas a gruoolsome and a gorish cloud  
Did swish and swash across the sky,  
The murmurish wind e'en sighed and soughed  
And made the bushes cry.

The hockey team, with crangious crash,  
Did gyre and gimble o'er the lea;  
The conflict waged and deadly slash  
Did many feel and see.

Till Tyson, with a rumpshious roar  
And wave of wipple weapon high,  
Called, "Come, Blue Team, let's make it four,  
And force the Grays to fly."

And as with quangious hearts we stood,  
The Tysoness with eyes of flame,  
Came smiffing through the slithy mud,  
And grunted as she came.

Our wipple weapons slished and slashed.  
"Ouch!" tortled to the twingsome sky,  
And as the Blues bangeously crashed,  
We chort our battle cry.

They gain, they gain, allor! allooh!  
Hold! Hold! thou winksome line of gray.  
They're driven back, hurray! hurrooh!  
Back through the mud they sway.

The thirst for blood is not yet spent,  
With frunchious foot they paw the ground.  
The battle takes a vengeful bent,  
When! stop! the whistle sounds.

The teams unlock with borgious bay,  
The Tysonees and Lovess cease,  
Lead off their veterans from the fray,  
And leave the lea to peace.

It grows darksome and a gorish cloud  
Is tortling through the twinkling sky,  
The murmurish wind is howling loud,  
And all the earth doth sigh.

HELEN SMITH '21.

## Nature

Within the shades of the forest green  
There stands a pine tree tall,  
If it could speak, what tales 'twould tell!  
Of the morn, when the dew, with glossy sheen,  
Like a coverlet lies over all;  
Of the flowers' secrets, which it heard  
In the soft grass at its feet;  
Of the rippling brook's soft, murmuring tales,  
Of the lowly nest of the confiding bird,  
And the skylark's song so sweet.  
And who but he that Nature loves  
Hears the secrets of the flowers?  
Or who can read the brook's sweet tales?  
To whom but him that Nature loves  
Does Nature show her powers?

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS '28.

## Our Trip to the Country

We went to Evert's farm.  
We saw the threshing machine.  
The threshing machine was threshing wheat.  
We got some wheat seeds and some long stalks of wheat.  
We planted some seeds at school.  
They are coming up.  
We made sun-pictures of the wheat.  
We went to the barn.  
We ate some apples in the barn.  
We saw some chickens.  
The chickens ate the wheat seeds we gave them.  
We saw the winter wheat growing in the field.  
We saw a bird-house.  
We are making a bird-house.  
We went to a flour mill.  
We saw the grinding machine.  
It ground up wheat seeds to make flour.  
We saw a sifter sifting flour.  
We saw some kittens.  
We climbed to the top of the mill.

We saw the water-fall and ducks on the pond.  
A big machine filled the bags.  
We got a bag of flour to take to school.  
We made bread of it.  
We took flour and water and milk.  
We put salt and sugar in it.  
We put a yeast cake in it.  
We kneaded it and made it into little loaves.  
We let it rise.  
The little loaves got bigger.  
We baked them in Philo's oven.  
We took our bread home and ate it up.  
It was very good bread.  
We can read this story.

FIRST GRADE, PRIMARY.

Dictated.

## **School Notes**

This fall, many new girls entered our school, some of them Princeton residents, while a large number in the Upper School are from Trenton. In spite of the distance, the attendance of the Trenton girls has been remarkable, and in fact throughout the school there have been amazingly few absences during the year. The growth in the school, of course, means great growth in athletics and other school activities, and we are sure, that everyone is glad to see this increase in the school.

The day before Thanksgiving, the children of the Primary Department gave a Pilgrim play. First they had a little movie on the sailing of the Mayflower. This was followed by a very cute Pilgrim play in which the fourth grade took part. The performance was greatly enjoyed by all who saw it.

In the workroom, the children of the Primary Department are getting great pleasure making very attractive bowls and baskets. They are taking great interest in the work, and are at the same time gaining useful instruction.

The Intermediate boys are working under the self-government plan. Two boys supervise when the teacher is away, and it proves to be quite successful.

The singing is a great addition to the School, for everyone enjoys it and takes a deep interest in it.



On the Monday before Christmas vacation, the School met in the Assembly Hall to have a part of the Christmas Celebration. Each class of the Primary Department sang separately and each did extremely well. Miss Howes read an editorial, and the whole School recited " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." It was almost a quarter to ten when the School quieted down again.

Owing to the disappointment of not being able to go to Ogontz, Miss Fine was so kind as to give the team and substitutes a delightful afternoon. They first went to see a very good movie, and then they had refreshments at the School and afterwards danced. Everyone there enjoyed Miss Fine's hospitality immensely.

Little Nellie Frances, the child of the former janitor of the School, was made happy on the day School closed by the gift of a Christmas tree decorated for her by the members of the Fourth Grade. The children brought money and clothes to the School to be presented to her. One person supplied the tree, and the whole class joined in giving the ornaments. They took about three days, spending recesses and their industrial arts period, to decorate and fix the tree. Friday, December 17, the little girl came to the School with her grandmother to see the tree. She was delighted when she saw it, but hardly knew what to do with so many little children looking at her.

The closing exercises of the School before the Christmas vacation were very entertaining and delightful. They began with the songs, "Hark! the herald angels sing," and "O little town of Bethlehem," all present joining in the singing. Then came songs by the Primary Grades and others by various groups of girls and boys of the Intermediate Department. A group of girls from the Upper School then sang "Chantique de Noel," followed by a musical selection played by Miss Howes. Then a portion of the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke was read in unison. After a carol by the Third and Fourth Intermediate girls, and the singing of "Holy Night" by all present, and the reading in unison of another lesson from the Gospel of Matthew, all who could sang two verses in Latin of the hymn "O come, all ye faithful," at the conclusion of which all joined in singing the hymn in English. Great praise is due to Miss Howes for training the pupils so well.

HELEN LOETSCHER '24.

## Alumnae Notes

### GIRLS AT COLLEGE.

Smith, Class of '24, Alison Frantz, Jean Wilson, Elizabeth Yard.  
" " " '23, Lucy Hodge, Janet Frantz, Helen Spahr,  
Sarah Neher, Marie Craig.

" " " '22, Isabel Harper.

" " " '21, Jean Spahr.

Vassar, Class of '23, Darrah More.

" " " '22, Emilie Stuart, May Vreeland, Margaret  
Fine.

Bryn Mawr, Class of '22, Constance Cameron.

University of Pennsylvania, Class of '24, Margarita Champion.

Wellesley, Class of '24, Yuki Domoto.

Wells, Class of '24, Helen Harris.

From time to time news drifts back to us of achievements in various activities:

Jean Spahr won Phi Beta Kappa in her Junior year, and this year has been made director of Senior Dramatics,—great honors both.

Emilie Stuart is Secretary of her class at Vassar, and Helen Harris was elected to the same position by her class at Wells.

Yuki Domoto is on the Freshman literary paper at Wellesley.

Margaret Fine has won her class numerals in hockey, tennis, and track.

### OUT OF COLLEGE.

Priscilla Capps, Smith, '22, is in Greece with her family, while her father is minister to that country.

Margaret Spahr, Smith, '10, is teaching at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri.

Anne Davis, Bryn Mawr, '17, is teaching Science at Miss Fine's School.

The editors will be very grateful for any and all items of Alumnae news sent for future issues of this magazine.

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