

The Link

May 1921

The Link

Miss Fine's School

May 1921

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you do not understand a subject, you cannot talk intelligently on it; when you are not interested, or have not studied it, you cannot express yourself. It is not the principle but the detail, if you would accomplish the fine points. Apply this to having your photograph made. The photographer should not only be able to delineate your physical charm, but should know enough about psychology to express your own emotions and thoughts in your picture. He should be able to dwell momentarily in your mental world, divine your likes and dislikes and record the best in you for the atmosphere of the picture. This can be done. It is done every day in our studio. A photographer does not have to be personally acquainted with his subject, in order to know the most favorable expression, does not have to consume two or three hours to obtain an intimate smile which only the family knows. We know how. We understand the subject, we know the principle and can express the detail. The result goes in your picture. Suppose you do not take our word for all this, but investigate.

ORREN JACK TURNER CO.

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. I

MAY 1921

NO. 2

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SENIOR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE

HELEN SMITH

Editorial

THE fear and trepidation with which we first embarked upon the venture of editing our school magazine has somewhat abated. We know at least that it can be done since the first number has appeared and been received with a reasonable amount of interest. We are ready now to try again and are full of the hope that our subscribers will find this number an improvement on the last. At any rate this second number of our magazine gives us the opportunity to thank all readers, both in school and out, for their appreciation of the efforts we have made and are making.

With this number which is the final issue for the present school year our term of office will expire. Some time before June new editors and other officers are to be chosen for the LINK of 1921-22. It is hoped that next year the magazine will become a quarterly, as doubtless the contributors will realize more and more that appearance in its pages is a privilege and an opportunity. For it is well-known that girls who have gone to college, after experience in school magazine writing, are ever ready to tell that such school work proves a great help and advantage in under-

taking college publications. It seems that our younger fellow-pupils have been quicker than the older ones to grasp the idea of the pleasure and benefit of writing for a school magazine. They have offered us more variety and a much greater number of contributions than we have received from the busy members of the older classes. This is however all to the good of the LINK's future, since the youthful writers of this year should become the experienced contributors of a few years later.

At any rate, we are earnestly hoping that the LINK may ever be a stronger bond of interest and union as it becomes more and more an established institution in the school, and we are quite sure that it offers as many opportunities for development as basket-ball, hockey, or any other school activity. "May it live long and prosper."

Princeton in the Year 2000 A. D.

I went, a traveller to an ancient town,
Which I had read in songs and tales of yore
To be a place where mighty trees great, brown,
And old, stood sentinels. Alas! No more
They stretch their gnarled old branches to the sky;
No more the shrubs and flowers jewel the grass;
No more the flow'rets raise their heads on high,
No more are shady lanes where lovers pass.
Great fields of packed and hardened mud abound,
The stations where the airplanes have the ground,
While all the air is filled with the sound
The whirr and roar of planes which, as they fly,
Pass and repass, and circling still on high,
So many are, their wings do dim the sky.

HARRIET MATTHEWS, '22

Out Silver Spring

Young Harvey Marston was seated on a soap box making "goober" men, as he called his little peanut dolls. Aunt Lizzy was busy ironing her little flock's brightly colored skirts and flannels, but one could easily see where her heart and thoughts were, for

the little group that was gathered there on her neatly swept cabin floor held all her warm and generous heart. The group of black heads with the mop of kinky black wool on each for hair seemed to form a background for Harvey's fair face with its halo of golden curls. Harvey's pet among the negro children was Washington Benjamin Wisconsin Jones—Wash for short. Wash had such a wonderful imagination and could think up such good games and tell such exciting stories that Harvey much preferred being with him to being with his own older brother.

"Yer know dem 'goober' men gwine bring in a heap of money," Wash was saying.

"How you make that out?" Harvey asked in amazement.

"How come?" Wash seemed indignant that his statement should be doubted.

"Why down ter Memphis they's sellin' 'em ter white folks fer most a billion dollars. All yer'd hev ter do 'ud be ter git yer a sto', Marsus Harvey, en you en me 'ud be pardners en sell 'em ter all der rich white folks."

Wash was started. All that was necessary for him to pull off a big yarn was an interested audience. He talked on and on of their wonderful store and would have continued indefinitely if Aunt Lizzy had not broken it up.

"Lawdy, honey, it sho is dark! Heah you, Washington Benjamin Wisconsin, hitch up dat ole Milly en see yo marstah ter de 'big house'. Mind yer now! Don't go kitin' round de country, but bring yo'self back heah fur ter help cook de victuals fer dis yer motley crew.

"Come yeah ter yo' Mammy, Mars Harvey! Bless yo' soul, Mammy sho do lub yer!"

With a wave of goodbye Harvey Marston mounted the old plantation mule and Wash scrambled up behind. There was only a rope to guide the beast by, and the saddle was a tow sack that the oats had come in, but mule riding was one of the chief sports of the plantation.

It was early spring and a full moon made the country half visible. The maple trees were just putting forth leaves, and the odor of the sap filled the air with a delicious freshness. The sweet odor of the freshly plowed fields blended with that of growing things. Adventure seemed to beckon Wash, and he followed.

Down the winding road from the house he led the mule, and then he let Milly have her head as he leaned back and sniffed while his eyes looked dreamily ahead.

"Lawdy, but it's great," he muttered half to himself and half to Milly, and he began to chant—

"Cotton-eyed Joe, cotton-eyed Joe,
What fer made yer serve me so?
Took my gal away fern me,
Carried her down ter Tennessee."

By this time they had reached the levee. The Mississippi was almost to the top of it. So greatly had it swollen that the banks of Arkansas were barely visible. There had been heavy rains near St. Louis, and the Ohio had swollen too with the April showers. Wash was thinking of that time when he should buy a boat and go steaming down the river with Harvey, to the envy of his brothers and playmates. He had just reached a country where springs of silver sprang from the ground when a shimmering silver streak caught his eye. Wash's thick lips parted, and his face became ashen as he rolled his big eyes, fairly starting from their sockets, to heaven.

"I know'd it, Lawd, I know'd you'd send dat silver spring! Halleluyah!"

He fairly tumbled off his mule and ran his eager fingers through it, but alas! it was only a spring of water that had caught a moonbeam in its reflection.

"Wonder from where dis yeah spring has sprung?"

But this was soon answered—the levee was leaking and was about to break.

Wash knew what a break in the levee meant. The river would come pouring through the break, making it larger as it went. The huge mass of water would cover all the country around. The cattle would all drown, and if the people were caught unawares they would have little chance of escape. The cotton would be ruined and there would be no money for the Marstons. It took time for Wash's slow brain to grasp the situation. But his duty finally became clear to him. He gathered rocks and filled in the break as best he could, but where he put in rocks at one place, another hole would come in another. Poor Wash soon used all the rocks close at hand, and then he had to go off in search of more.

It was so lonely there with only the roaring Mississippi to keep him company, and the novelty soon wore off. He became so sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open. The air grew more chilly as the night drew on, but by grim determination he managed to keep gathering rocks for the never-satisfied levee. An owl hooted from a tree nearby and frightened his poor little ten-year-old soul to death. His vivid imagination fashioned ghosts out of every shadow and all sorts of hideous monsters out of trees.

Back in the little cabin, Aunt Lizzy had finished ironing and had lit the coal-oil lamp on the table. The little pickaninnies had swept up the mess they had made and were helping their mammy with supper.

"Heah you, Lilly White Jerusalem, go tell yo' brudder Wash ter made haste wid unhitchin' dat ol mule en fetch me some kindlin'. Wunder how come he don' git a hump on hisself?"

"Lawdy, Ma," Lilly called from the yard, "he ain't cum back, clare fo' goodness!"

"Hump! You mean he done gone en done what I tole him not ter—gone gallavantin' round der country. Jes' wait till I git him—jes' you wait!"

But Wash did not "git" home as soon as she had expected. The turnip greens, side meat and corn Dodgers were prepared and eaten and still Wash did not appear. By bed time the whole family was alarmed, and their black eyes stared searchingly out into the moonlit night as they waited for Wash to come and "git" it, as their "mammy" had promised.

But still the wandering son did not return. So after Aunt Lizzy had tucked all her little tribe in bed, and heard them say their prayers for their brother's safe return home, she covered her head with her woolen scarf and set out for help. All thought of punishment had left her, and it was a badly scared negro that tremblingly told the "Marsus" her misfortune. The big "hang" bell was rung eleven times to inform the farmers and "hands" of the trouble. The men came rushing from all directions to help find the lost person. Then they divided into four groups and started the search.

During this time, Wash was sticking bravely to his job, despite his great fatigue. But at length self-pity came over him and he saw himself a poor lonely little "nigger" way out alone in

the night, with no one to protect him from the awful shadows and sounds and that whole great big river to be kept back, and it was so cold for a little boy that hadn't had any nice warm supper. Tears began to steal down his chubby little cheeks. He was just about to abandon himself to his grief when he heard his name called from a clump of trees close at hand.

"Yassah, boss, yeah I is! Oh yeah I is!"

When the searchers found him their hearts were all touched by the heroic little picture he made. There he stood, muddy and torn, with no coat to protect him from the chilling night wind. His face was wan and tired, but still set and resolute. It was plain to be seen what he had been doing. There were huge patches of mud and rocks pressed in between the rock-filled bags where he had checked a leak, and his little fists, that were clenched tight to keep back the tears, were scratched and bruised by the rough stones. Wash could easily tell by their expressions that the rescuers were well pleased with what he had done, and it gave him a great thrill of satisfaction.

Several men remained behind to attend to the levee while others took turns carrying Wash home and another rode Milly.

When he reached home his "Mammy" rushed out to meet him and awaken him by calling out at the top of her voice.

"Oh, my lamb, my blessed Wash!" as she caught him in her own loving arms.

"Oh, you darlin'! Mammy knows she lubs him!"

Then she tucked him in a warm bed and fed him some pot-licker and hoecakes that she had kept heated for him. Then he fell asleep as Aunt Lizzy crooned him a drowsy lullaby.

The next day brought his laurels. It was late in the morning when he awoke hearing some one call his name, and there stood Marsus and Missus and Mars Harvey, and a whole crowd of colored folks, and the little pickaninnies could be seen peering in through the door and window. They had all heard of Wash's bravery and had come to praise him.

After a few words of praise and thanks and the gift of five shining dollars, Wash was left to the "niggers". He was indeed their hero and idol.

"How'd yer do it, Wash?" little Lilly White asked finally, in an awestruck tone.

"Aw, it wuz easy!" and Washington Benjamin Wisconsin Jones smiled on all his doting subjects. His Cup of Happiness was indeed full.

DOROTHY LOVE '21.

A Summer Day

The sun doth rise; it streaks the skies
With pink and gold.
The thrush, which rests in its tiny nest
Its wings unfolds.
At noon the flowers peep from their bowers,
And from the skies
A skylark drops; thro' the tree-tops
The soft wind sighs.
The shadows grow; a breeze, soft, low,
O'er hill and dale
Whispers and plays. The sun's last rays
Fade and grow pale.
'Gainst the dark sky, watch fires on high—
The stars shine bright.
The moon a queen pale and serene,
Reigns o'er the night.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '28

Electricity

When Franklin with his little kite,
Upon a dark and stormy night,
Drew down a spark upon his key,
He did not know what we should see.
The telephone and telegraph,
And movie films that make us laugh,
The dynamo and trolley-car,
And houses lit up like a star,
The autos running far and near,
The signals for the engineer,
The radio from over sea—
All done by electricity.

AMOS ENO, Intermediate 3

Initiation

An endless blare of jazz,—a long eternity of hours spent sitting alone by the wall,—then a long, long dance with a plainly miserable partner,—and again the wall. In such manner did unpopular, unfashionable, and unhappy Mary Claire Van Zant spend every Saturday evening at the Country Club which the Senior Class of Miss Ridgely's School attended for their weekly recreation. It was after one of these dances, and after just such an evening of agony, that an overheard conversation between the members of the Senior Class lashed Mary into a rebellious fury and resulted in a complete turning of the tables and—But enough for the present.

On the next Friday Mary went home for the week end. On Saturday morning Miss Ridgely received the following telegram,—“Mary cannot return for dance to-night. May Louise come in her place?” Consternation and gloom settled upon the girls when they heard this news.

“I only saw Louise once,” said Adelaide, “and then she was one worse than her precious sister Mary. She had stringy red hair. I don't see *why* we can't have at least one peaceful week end!”

That evening the condemned Louise stepped from her room into a circle of plainly astounded girls. “Stringy red hair, indeed!” snorted Annabel, “why its a perfect creation.” It was. It was a marvelous, bepuffed, befrizzled, dazzling creation such as a Parisian coiffeur alone can concoct. And Louise's attire conformed with her hair-dressing. It was shockingly immodest and wholly enviable, consisting of a pale green, sleeveless, knee length, sequin dress that rustled snakily as she glided along. An enormous ostrich fan matched the gown, while a vaguely alluring perfume seemed wafted about her.

She was a Cleopatra, a Lilith, a Delilah! In short she was a perfect modern vamp! Black terror, envy, and baffled rage smote every heart of every gazing girl. Long before the end of the evening these very select young ladies were entertaining most unlady-like sentiments toward the surprising paragon, for had she not calmly annexed every male heart within reach, from the youngest knickerbocker to the decrepit janitor! And to top all the rest, did

she not, after bidding graceful adieux to her multitude of admirers, glide disdainfully away in Johnny King's new twin-six! It was this last act that brought matters to a crisis,—otherwise Louise Van Zant would have remained in the eyes of all that Senior Class a most audacious and unparalleled vamp, but nothing more. But Janet of their number was unable to bear the thought of losing the hitherto faithful Johnny and his new twin-six. Returning to the school she developed a most violent attack of hysterics. Salvolatile, coaxing, and sympathy served but to augment her seething fury.

Finally with a loud cry she flung herself across the hall into the vamp's bed-room. One look of malignant hatred she cast at her astonished rival, and then drawing swiftly nearer, she dug her quivering fingers into the fascinating red "creation," the cause of so much woe, and yanked at it with all her might. Instead of the expected scream of agony from Louise, there was a ripping sound and lo! Janet held high above her head,—a wig, and there beyond any shadow of a doubt, stood MARY. An expression of infinite relief dawned upon gasping Janet's face. After all this was no true vamp. Just plain, dull, stupid, old Mary. But not quite the old Mary. This Mary stood with blazing eyes and clenched fists. She hissed, "If ever you dare say one word about this, I'll go straight to Miss Ridgely and tell her about all your rides and everything!"

Therewith she launched the unfortunate Janet from the room into the hall, slamming the door behind her. For once in her life Mary had had what she wanted, and now she intended always to get what she wanted. Mary Claire Van Zant was initiated.

EMILY ANDERSON, '21

In the Evening

It is snowing. It is blowing.
It is growing colder too.
I've been playing; I've been sleighing
Until the wild wind bolder grew.
Now I'm reading. Mother's beading
The loveliest silken bag.
Baby's sleeping. Flames are leaping.
Sweet evening hours do never lag.

HELEN FOSTER, '25

With Stiletto and Poison

Many, many long years ago there lived in a little back street in Jerusalem an old Jew. He was very poor and the publicans forced as much as possible from his coffers. The old man was an apothecary and by this trade he kept body and soul together. His most treasured possession was Miriam, his grand-daughter, seventeen years of age, fair with an oval face framed in jet black curls. Miriam's brother, Nabal did not have to work for he had received a large legacy from his father and so spent his entire time in idleness.

Now Nabal was enamoured of his sister's dearest friend Ruth, the daughter of Reuben Ben Dadid, a rich merchant of Tyre, who owned a large mansion in Jerusalem, where he dwelt much of the time. Another member of his household was Issacher Reuben's nephew who was learning his uncle's business in order to succeed him. Reuben much desired Ruth to marry Issacher and privately told her to make herself as attractive as possible to her cousin, but Ruth did not love Issacher and Issacher's heart was with Miriam. He called one day at the apothecary's shop. The old man was from home but Miriam welcomed him with her sweetest smile. Issacher could not resist her charms longer. He took her in his arms.

* * * * *

Later Miriam said to her lover,—“I feel assured that my dear Ruth loves you, and that your uncle would disinherit you if he knew that you were going to marry a poor girl. I pray you keep this secret.” Issacher said this was foolish but Miriam was firm and finally Issacher took his leave. Miriam felt too that her brother regarded her lover with no affection and that evening she was convinced in a very forceful manner.

It was after supper. Nabal rushed into the shop. His dress was disarranged and his face flushed.

“Grandfather,” he fumed, “that scoundrel, that meal bag with no back-bone! How can—!” He was unable to proceed for a minute, then he continued, “I fear he looks with eyes of love upon my sister.” Miriam fled from the room. “He must be done away with! Tomorrow I will ask him to meet me here, to go with me to the games. I will be late too to the appointment. Do you entertain him until my arrival. Give him a poisoned cup.”

"My son"—the old man remonstrated, "consider—"

"Not a word, not a word, it shall be done or I will bring the publican!

I go now to tell him of the meeting." With that the youth left the shop.

* * * * *

It was evening and the last glimmer of the setting sun had faded from the western sky. The apothecary was waiting alone, in the darkening shop. The poison was at his elbow, when suddenly a man rushed into the room panting.— "Give me a drink," was all he could utter.

The shop was dark, the apothecary's eyes were dim, and his ears none too sharp.— "Ha," he muttered, rubbing his hands, "here is Issacher at the appointed time asking for a drink." "Here sir, perchance this will slake your thirst."

The youth seized the cup, took a long draught and fell to the floor,—dead! The apothecary left the shop. Murders were not uncommon in those days. "Rejoice, Miriam, your brother's enemy is dead," said the old man to his trembling grand daughter.

Miriam turned pale and without a word went into the shop. Her grandfather noticed her look and followed her with a light. He was just in time to see her plunge a stiletto into her bosom and fall across the body of,—Nabal! The old Jew rent his clothes.

A moment later Issacher came into the shop to meet Nabal, but when he saw his love lying lifeless upon the floor, he drew his stiletto and fell dead beside her. Then Ruth came rushing into the shop.

"Oh, Nabal! fly, fly! she cried, the soldiers are pursuing you—" Before she could finish three soldiers entered. She swooned away.

"Aha, old skinflint!" cried one of the soldiers we have caught you at last. Come men!" The other two advanced and bound the poor trembling old Jew and carried him off between them. The first soldier only remained to seal up the outer door. Darkness fell and the moon shone brightly over the apothecary's shop.

* * * * *

The old Jew was convicted of murder and was punished accordingly. Ruth after a time forgot Nabal and married a rich ruler of Damascus and lived happily ever afterwards.

MARY D. WESTCOTT, '22

A Snow Storm

Little white fairies are dancing around,
And like a white sheet they cover the ground:
They cover houses, the trees and the grass,
And dance o'er the streets and the walks as they pass.

JANET SPAETH, '28

How We Made the Pilgrim Play

THE PLAY:

We were reading about the Pilgrims in our history book, and when we came to that story we thought it would be nice to make a play out of it so we brought pictures to school so we could see how the Pilgrims dressed and we brought other books of Pilgrim stories to find out their names and more of what they did. We read the stories through and then we divided them into three parts. The parts were—The Sailing of the Mayflower—On the Ocean—and—The Settlement.

We wrote our parts and then made a list of names of those who came over in the Mayflower, and Miss Barger gave us each a name and we took the part of that person.

First of all we learned our parts. After that we set about making costumes. We brought pistols, swords and guns and hats with brims. The boys had white pieces of cloth around their neck and arms for wide collars and cuffs. The girls took three of their father's handkerchiefs and Miss Barger used pins and made a little cap out of one, a kerchief out of another and out of the third she made an apron, and we were dressed like Pilgrims.

Some of the girls had long dresses and some had their short dresses with the kerchiefs, caps and aprons. The boys made the good ship Mayflower out of cardboard.

They snapped pieces of cardboard together and made the side and bow like the ship and then we got a lot of black paper and cut the letters to spell the name; then we pasted them on the side of the ship. The mast and sail were the Gym pole and a piece of cloth. When we were getting ready for the Pilgrim play we were very excited. The day came and we were all ready; the Mayflower was ready too—and we gave the surprise to the Primary School and then to the big boys and girls.

Fourth Grade, Primary

Imitation of Pepys' Diary

March 10—

This day we did all dine together, and did have a most excellent dinner, neatly dressed. We had a dish of a side of beef, with much fine gravy; a great dish of turnips, finely mashed and seasoned with pepper; and a dish of green peas, very young and tasty. We did also have good tea, (a China drink;) and a fine pine-apple, big and juicy.

March 11—

Up and to school this forenoon, where we did have much disagreement on the new President. We did read parts of his speech, which did cause much fussing and fuming among us. At eleven of the clock, Mary did lend unto me her top, which I did spin and enjoyed myself most mightily. This is a rare sport, and one which gives great skill and cunningness to the hand. To school again, where I did employ myself right diligently with my studies, and hope it was with good result. This day I did betake me to the dentist. Pardee! He is a little man, but right cunning at his work. He did hurt me famously. na'theless. Spent the evening at cards. Then to bed.

March 12—

Up betimes and to school, where we did have a committee meeting. It vexed me mightily to see how few were there, but we did work hard and were through by dinner. In sooth, there were but few articles to read. After dinner to the basket-ball game, where I did see Miss Fine's play the Dwight School. The time being up, we thought we did win, but found there to be a grievous mistake in the timing, and the Dwight School to come off victor, there being a sad score of twenty-four points to twenty-three. Then home, where Mary did bear me company. She having gone, I did work up to nine in the evening. So to bed.

March 13—

To Sabbath School this forenoon, where I did hear a right pleasing bit of news. They did tell me that yesterday, there being much uncertainty anent the scoring of the game, it was then resolved upon to play again for a new score. We did shortly score us two points, whereby we were victorious. Which news did please me mightily, for methinks, Miss Fine's did well deserve this triumph.

HARRIETT MATTHEWS, '22

My First Folk-Dance

I remember, I remember,
The first folk-dance I led.
And the dress I had made just for it,
White, with a sash of red.
I remember, I remember,
When I went down to dance,
What a dreadful, dreadful feeling came—
I seemed as in a trance.
I remember, I remember,
When the end note came at last,
That I shook and quivered like a leaf;
And the dreaded time was past.

ALICE MORE '24

Spring Time

One morning very early when I went out to play,
I watched the tiny dewdrops quietly steal away,
Their shining faces uplifted as if they wished to say;—
“Why, Mr. Sun, do you look down and steal us all away?”
I watch the pretty butterfly as o'er my head she goes,
I saw her dip and whirl about and up again she rose.
I saw her flash her velvet wings as in the sun they shine,
Such colors as you never saw and poets call divine.
I saw the scarlet-breasted robin as he hopped from tree to tree,
And I heard his cheery laughing call, “O won't you please
see me?”
“Oh yes!” I cried in loud accord, “I see you all the time.”
“I saw you take some cherries and the grapes from off
our vine.”
I saw the purple violet lift her dainty head,
I saw the gaudy poppy proudly lift her face of red,
And now my dear, good people you can see them too,
If you only use your eyes and watch them as I do.

ADELINE E. UPDIKE, '24

A Lively Little Brook

Ripple, Ripple all the day,
Through field and wood and meadow;
I run and skip and dance and play,
Till slowly creeps the evening shadow.

The birds beside me hop in glee,
Their chirrup words are calling,
Till slowly through the trees I see
The evening shadow falling.

A Sunshiny Day

The wind is playing a merry tune;
The trees are gently swaying;
The little birds flying from tree to tree;
Their joyful words are saying.

The little flowers nod their heads
And laugh with the wind's caresses;
The sun makes happy both small and big,
And all the world it blesses.

JANET SPAETH, '28

A Wise Dog's Story

I am Buncks and I live in Moonyville. Don't you see my collar? Well then why do you doubt that it is Moonyville!

By this time I was getting a little cross at that big-whiskered farmer who had caught me so roughly by the collar just when I was having such a wonderful time, chasing the cows and making the cat rush for the nearest tree. And as for the hens, O well, they were so stupid they did not know where to run; but just when I made this delightful discovery that great, big long-legged spider of a farmer caught me.

"If I ever see you in this yard again I'll,—I'll—, (O! what ear-whacks!) I'll shoot you!" and with that he gave me a flying kick out of the gate.

I tell you he did not need to hand out another invitation. I was headed straight for home, tail between my legs, when around the corner came one of those big black things on four wheels. It rushed at me like an infuriated bull. The next instant I felt a shrieking pain start through me and then a blank.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in a basket filled with leaves next to a stove in a doctor's office. Of all the many places I had been in this was one I had never visited before. Whether I had been there or not did not make much difference. My left front leg was all bound up in sticks and white rags which were hurting me dreadfully, so with my teeth I started to remove a few layers when a voice from behind said, "Stop that!" I looked around and there sat a man with great, big glasses and funny-colored hair,—what there was of it.

"To make a long story short", as my master used to say, I made a speedy recovery under this bald-headed gentleman with the glasses and grew very fond of him.—So fond, that one day when he said, "Well my young friend, I think you and I may part now," I felt a little pain shoot through me. Then I heard him say to his wife that night, "I have advertised that dog, but no-one seems to own him; maybe if I let him loose where I found him he will find his way home."

"Charles, dear," she said, "you're so clever!"

I hate that woman! Sure enough Charles took me the next day when he made his rounds, and dropped me not far from the farmer's house. I did not want to see the farmer again, but I remembered his stupid hens so I sneaked back. There in front of his gate sat a great bull-dog. He greeted me with,—"Hello, where the devil did you come from? and made a rush for me. I side-stepped and he shot under the fore wheels of a motorcycle that came and passed on with a whizz-bang up street. The motor chap did not even turn his head to see what happened to the poor bull-dog.

He lay quite still for a long time while I investigated him from ears to tail. Then his tail wagged feebly. In a few minutes more he tried to get up. In this he succeeded though his left hind leg seemed to hurt him dreadfully.

As I looked at him a great idea burst upon me. The man with the glasses,—he would know what to do for him. So I told him

and we made our way slowly to the office. As I scratched on the door I heard Mrs. Doctor say poking her head out of the window over my head,—“Good gracious, Charlie! There’s that cur again and he has brought you a sick friend of his; you’d better add Vet. Clinic to your sign!”

KATHERINE MAYOR, '24

A Narrow Escape

In a small town there was a great big house. One day the fire alarm rang, and the firemen found out that this big building was on fire. After a hard fight with the fire they thought everybody was saved. But soon they heard some one calling, and, looking up, the crowd saw a small boy about nine years old. Suddenly he left the window. They saw him bring a lot of sheets and tear them into strips, tying them together, so that they made a long string. He raised a window, and fastening the sheet to a door-knob inside he put it out the window and let himself down to the ground safely, while cheers were ringing in his ears.

ALBERT ROBINSON '29.

What We Did in School Last Fall

We had our tables cut in half this year so that each child could have one and we had two new black-boards and lockers to put our books in. We have singing, we have French, and we have industrial arts. We made dusters the first week. In music the song we like best that we have had is “Thank You Very Much Indeed.” “The Hungry Pussy Cat” is another nice song.

We have read “Cinderella,” “The Gingerbread Boy,” and “The Three Bears” this year and then we acted them. We took tables for the Bears’ beds, and they were all three hard.

We are, now, reading a book about the Tree-Dwellers. The Tree-Dwellers were people who climbed trees. There was a girl Tree-Dweller whose name was Sharptooth. All the Tree-Dwellers lived in the trees, and Sharptooth lived in a tree that had lots of vines on it. Sharptooth had a baby. She tied a vine around her waist and the baby clung to the vine. That is how she took her baby with her when she jumped from tree to tree. There were a great many fierce and strong animals then. One day our class

went to the museum and saw the bones of some of these animals. We saw a sabre-toothed tiger, a mammoth, a big ground-sloth, and a glyptodont with a spiked tail. The horses then were as small as dogs.

Then we went upstairs in the museum and saw a Chinese idol called Buddha, and Marjorie, who has lived in China, showed us how the Chinese people worship Buddha. She bowed down on her knees till her head touched the floor.

SECOND GRADE, Primary

The Sea

The darkened sea is hopeless—
The wind goes drifting far;
The schooner's deck is ropeless
And holds but one blue tar.

Yet through the broken silence,
The wind its wail had set,
The waves were playing wildly—
The masts were dripping wet.

GEERHARDUS VOS,

Fourth Primary

School Notes

On January 21st an experiment was successfully worked out in the School. It had been decided to have a party for all Upper School girls every other Friday in the Assembly Room. Each class, starting with the Seniors, would give an entertainment, to be followed by dancing and refreshments. All who could came to the Senior party which was given on the day above mentioned. They all wanted to see how the first entertainment would come off. If they had any doubts about the success of the performance, they were certainly reassured soon after they gathered in the Assembly Hall. A dance by Dorothy Love started the performance. This was very much applauded, and was followed by a lovely selection on the piano by Fearn Newman. Then a comical poem was read by Polly Marden, and was acted out by some other members of the Senior Class, making the whole droll and fantastic. All then

helped to clear away the chairs, and dancing took place. Later on the refreshments, consisting of punch, were served by the Seniors. The entire entertainment was a very enjoyable affair.

On the night of February 5th, the Assembly Hall was prepared for the annual School dance. Any girl, from the Freshman class up, was eligible, and had the privilege of suggesting the names of two boys whom she wished to invite. Many of the costumes of the girls were very attractive; the room was prettily decorated; the music furnished by the band was excellent; and the punch was delicious. According to reports, all present seemed to have had an enjoyable evening.

Friday, February 11th, was the day for the Juniors to give their entertainment. Everyone having been so pleased with the Senior party, there was a general and eager desire to see what the Juniors could do. The audience first had the pleasure of witnessing a pretty dance done by four girls and then of listening to a vocal solo by Betty Alexander, which was so much enjoyed that she was called forth to give another selection. Then came a comical reading of Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith" by Dorothea Spaeth, other members of the class acting it out as she read. It was extraordinarily ridiculous and made the audience laugh till the tears rolled down their cheeks. The chairs were then removed, and dancing and games were indulged in, including the good old "Going to Jerusalem." The refreshments were ice cream cones.

Owing to the illness of some members of their class, the Sophomores did not give their party till March 4th. Their idea was an excellent one, the acting out of a magazine. They first gave the front cover, then the advertisements—these were good—then the very exciting story called "the Whirlwind," which fully realized the expectations raised by its suggestive title. Then came more advertisements in action. These were excellent, and the conclusion was the portrayal of the back cover. After the usual performance of getting the room ready, came a peanut hunt, the winner in which received a cake as a prize. The rest of the time was spent in amusing games, the customary dancing, competitive dancing—with a chair instead of a person as a partner—and feasting on the "eats," which were delicious and consisted of a bountiful supply of fudge, cake, and peanut brittle.

An interesting development of the School life is the recent introduction of the new School pin. The pin is of gold, in the shape of a lamp, bearing the initials "M. F. S." (Miss Fine's School), and symbolizing the light of knowledge. It can be worn only by girls from the Fourth Intermediate up.

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24

Alumniar Notes

From Smith the news comes that Alison Frantz has made the choir,—which sounds like a great honor—and that Lucy Hodge has been invited to become the business manager of the Smith Quarterly,—a tribute to the clear head that could "see through things" before she went to college.

Even better news comes from college authorities, for we learn from them that all the six girls who entered college last fall without conditions, have passed all their midyear examinations and some of them have attained high honors.

Barbara Frantz—Smith 1920—is teaching at Miss Master's School at Dobbs Ferry.

Lilian Westcott graduates at Cornell, next June, in the Department of Agriculture, which interesting subject gives promise of work of unusual interest after she is out of college.

Eleanor Marquand is doing a great deal to increase the popularity and usefulness of the Princeton Women's College Club, and her sisters are studying art and music in New York.

Dorothea Wheaton is studying kindergarten in New York.

The boys do not stay through the upper classes at Miss Fine's but the school never ceases to count them among the old pupils in whom we take an interest. So it is with pride that we mention that Philip Davis and Jack Neher seniors in Princeton University, have received Phi Beta Kappa.

With the deepest regret we record the sudden death of John Coney, not long ago one of our best known boys.

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