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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

# The Link

## MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. II

MARCH 1922

No. 2

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SUBSCRIPTIONS. PER YEAR, \$1.00. PER NUMBER, 50¢.

If any subscriber fails to receive copy, please notify the Business Manager.

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## Editorials

PRINCETON is a subject that is of great interest to us all but perhaps we do not all know much about it. The village of Princeton existed even before the Revolution, and it was William Penn that purchased the tract of land that is now Princeton and encouraged Quakers to come here. At first, there were only five families here among whom were the Stocktons, the Oldens, and the Fitz Randolphs for whom the Fitz Randolph Gateway, on the front campus, was named. Two of the oldest houses of Princeton are Morven, on Stockton Street, and a house on Edgehill Street that was called the Barracks.

Princeton soon became quite flourishing and popular for the Post road (Stockton Street) between New York and Philadelphia ran through the middle of the village. The coaches coming from New York or Philadelphia would stop to change horses at the old tavern, which is now the Nassau Inn. Sometimes as many as fifteen coaches would stop at the Tavern and all the people would go inside to have a fine dinner before starting on their journey again. Princeton was quite gay even in those days. But before Stockton Street was an established post road it was an Indian path, and it was the Indians that gave Stony Brook the name of Wapawag. How interesting it would be to look out of the School windows and see a band of Indians charging down the road, instead of a mere truck or a snow plow!

The College of New Jersey, which had been first at Elizabeth and then at Newark, was given some land at Princeton. So the Trustees built their college consisting of Nassau Hall and the President's house, which is now the Dean's house on Nassau Street. It was decided that the college building should be called Nassau Hall, after William III of Nassau.

Jonathon Dickinson was the first President of the college and Aaron Burr, the father of the Vice-President of the United States, was the second. Among the students of the college who became leading figures in the Revolution were James Madison, Henry Lee, and Morgan Lewis. It is said that Alexander Hamilton tried to enter the college at the age of twelve but apparently the youth was in too much of a hurry to finish his education, for, as he wanted to graduate at the end of three years, he was not admitted.

During the Revolution, Nassau Hall was used for a while as barracks and hospital for the British and Hessians but was surrendered to Washington at the battle of Princeton. During the battle Alexander Hamilton, a student of Columbia, a rival college, fired a shot which hit the portrait of George II which was hanging in Nassau Hall. When the British were leaving Princeton they took the portrait of King George from the frame and carried it away. After the Continental Congress had met at Nassau Hall, Washington gave 50 guineas as a present to the college. The trustees used this money to have Peele paint Washington's portrait, which is now hanging in Nassau Hall in the same frame which was once filled by the portrait of George II.

In 1824 when Lafayette was attending ceremonies in Nassau Hall, he received a degree conferred on him by President Witherspoon; and this year General Foch, another of France's great heroes, was honored by the same college that had honored Lafayette so many years before.

ANGELINA MACLAREN, '22.

Princeton University has always shown itself to be a purely American University in the broadest and best sense, and just recently a significant event has expressed with emphasis the typical spirit of Princeton. That event was the unveiling in Nassau Hall of a Memorial Tablet to the Princeton Alumni who fell in the war between the States,—all of them—and the men's names are arranged alphabetically without anything to indicate whether they fought for the Union or the Confederacy.

Such a memorial is unique; it is, so far as is known, the first to honor equally and without distinction, the men who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray. In those early days of the university, many young men came from the South, particularly from Virginia. The relative strength of the North and the South in the University at the time is indicated by the fact that, according to this tablet, there were in the sixties exactly the same number of Princetonians in each army. And the South still sends more of her men to Princeton than to any other University in the North, which is well, for Princeton is one of America's foremost universities.

This Memorial Tablet, honoring the alumni who fought with

equal bravery and gave their lives with equal patriotism in the war between the States, establishes a new claim for Princeton University not only upon the affections of the Southern people, but upon the affection of all the American people.

CAROLINE WATSON, 22.

Our School is fortunate in having Mr. Knox Taylor consent to fill the vacancy in our Board of Trustees made by the death of Mr. Moses Taylor Pyne. A graduate of the University in the Class of 1895, Mr. Taylor has long been interested in the University of which he is a life trustee.

As for our school, he showed his confidence in it some time ago, when just because he wanted his children to be a part of it, he moved his family to Princeton,—though his business keeps him a commuter to Highbridge. Does not this make it quite evident that we have secured a trustee who will take a warm interest in our affairs.

### **The Wind In The Reeds**

Hush, oh, reeds, wind be still;  
This way comes Pan!  
Goat-footed Pan—pipes sweet and shrill,  
The reeds are bent to Pan's proud will.  
He tames the wind to tune  
And laughs to the shy moon:  
Mighty, mischievous Pan.

Nymphs in reedy borders sigh,  
They call to Pan,  
And hide them where the reeds are high  
And through the close stems, peep and pry.  
Pan answers them again,  
And plays a teasing strain,  
Sweet musician Pan.

Ho! wayfarer, night-sound scared,  
Praise and bless Pan  
If Pan thy fearful heart had spared  
Lest wonderfully hadst thou fared.  
That music strangely borne  
That seems to laugh and mourn  
Is only made by Pan!

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

## A Valentine

"I feel so blue  
Whether my world turns round or stops,  
Whether my spirit soars or flops  
Depends on you."

The words whirled through Patricia's head, over and over again. Each time that she came to the end of a stanza she would emphasize it by kicking her bare legs in the air and jumping up and down until the springs creaked. *Who* had sent her a Valentine? Who? Who? Her aunt! No! She didn't approve of valentines, but who else then? She didn't know another soul in the Hotel, she hadn't met anyone since she had come to Palm Beach—her aunt had seen to that. Maybe the doorman with the glass eye had sent it, or the elevator boy who always winked at her! Or maybe, just maybe! he had sent it to her; just out of compassion of course. But that would be romantic and Auntie said that there was no such thing as real romance.

"Whether my spirit soars or flops." Creak! Creak! went the bed. "Patricia," called a querulous voice, "what are you doing? Are you out of bed?" "No, Auntie. I was just saying my prayers." Then loudly: "For Christ's sake, Amen. There I'm through now."

Absolute silence reigned for a few moments, and then up from the beach stole faintly the exquisite strains of "Kalua." Patricia slipped out of bed and went to the window. To the right stretched the broad Atlantic basking in the light of a glorious full moon, small waves curled in a white line along the palm-fringed shore; through the shivering foliage Patricia could see the twinkling lights, the Japanese lanterns of the dance. The tragedy of it all! A full moon, a hot, spicy night, heavenly music! And then to have to go to bed just because one was fourteen.

Patricia leaned way out of the window. "If only—" slip! thump! bump! and the next thing she knew Patricia was lying on a tin roof with her own window ledge a good six feet above her. "Judas Priest!" Her aunt would die if she knew, and she would know if she went back by the door. Crackle! Crackle!

went the roof. Which window should she try to enter? Then Romance stepped in and whispered in her ear, "Try the end window." Cautiously Patricia stole to it and tried to open it. It was locked. Then the shade flew up with a bang!

What Patricia saw was a young man whose cheeks and jawl were covered with creamy lather; in one hand he brandished a razor; he looked very funny with his hair standing on end. "He! He!" she giggled. What the young man saw was a slight figure garbed in white, two round startled blue eyes, and a shock of black hair—and yes! actually the apparition was laughing at *him*! He slammed down the shade in a rage; he had thought he had caught a burglar.

His window was being rattled again. "Let me in this moment," demanded an imperious voice, "or I shall be seen and someone would misunderstand."

"Go away, back from where you came," was the answer. Where, where had they hidden his dressing wrapper?

"I can't, I came from above, let me in, do you hear, or I shall be seen." Reluctantly the man opened his window and in stepped Patricia. Suddenly a rapt expression came over her face. "Oh! You're *he*! I am so glad! I didn't recognize you behind all the soap and with your hair sticking up. O! this is heaven!" and Patricia twirled like a dervish around the room. "It isn't at all," said the man, "it's quite the opposite. Will you kindly keep still or leave my room? The partitions are awfully thin."

"And now I have really met you," she went on quite heedless of his chilly attitude or the fact that he was re-lathering his face, "What's your name. Is it Beowulf, or Romeo, or Napoleon, or Percival?" The man began to shave—he looked grim.

"Mine's Patricia. Are you going to the dance?" The man went on shaving; he looked even grimmer.

"Oh! Oh! I never thought of it. Now you can take me to the dance."

The man dropped his razor. "Look here," he said, "I don't know who you are and I don't care. My name is not Beowulf, or Percival. It is John. I am going to the dance but I am going *alone*, and I should be very much obliged if you left at once so that I can resume my dressing undisturbed."

Alas! This man was not accustomed to temperament coupled

with the tender years of fourteen, or he would never have used such brusque tactics. In just two seconds after this unhappy speech he was vainly trying to soothe a furious bundle of raging humanity. Her voice grew shriller and louder. "You've blighted my hopes! My life! my love!" The words ended in a loud squall. This was terrible! Suppose someone were to hear, a passing bellboy, her parents! Why didn't they keep her locked up—all girls ought to be locked up until they were grown. He couldn't very well put her out of the window again, could he! He would reason with her.

"But you haven't a costume; it's a fancy dress ball you know." Patricia stopped yelling—aha! She had won, "I—I—know," she gulped, "but they are renting them in the lobby downstairs, you must run down and get me one. I'll wait here." John said no more—he went.

One half hour later John and Patricia walked through the portals of the hotel down the garden-path to the dance. Ah! They were playing "Kalua" again. John looked at the little figure by his side. Really the girl was uncommonly beautiful! And by gad! She certainly had her nerve. He wasn't at all sorry he was taking her.

I shall not try to describe what followed. Who could describe the fulfillment of a dream.

Hours later John and Patricia stood again on the tin-roof. "Just a minute Patsy, you wouldn't mind kissing an old man like me once, would you? I won't see you again. I'm leaving early in the morning."

"No, thank you, that wouldn't be proper," said Patricia disappearing gracefully over her window-ledge. "Good night, John—dear." John tramped back to his room. Wasn't that just like a woman to balk at a perfectly sensible request on the grounds of propriety, after she had just broken every other convention. Well in a year or so . . . .

Auntie lay asleep, little dreaming what havoc her valentine had wrought.

EMILY ANDERSON, '21.

## Low Tide

Low wailing winds among the grasses sigh,  
Sadly—sadly—hush—  
Pale drifting mists across the white sands sway  
Swift flitting nymphs with fragile scarfs of gray  
In whirling dance beneath the leaden sky,  
Madly—madly—hush—

The dull green waves creep onward toward the shore,  
Wearily—wearily—hush—  
Foam ridden breakers curl aloft and fall;  
A wheeling gull shrills out its eerie call;  
The sullen waves drag onward toward the shore,  
Drearily—drearily—hush—

O Sea! wild, tossing with your crested waves!  
O do you envy never  
A cloistered lake, where little ripples run,  
Begirt with trees, calm, smiling in the sun,  
While you must toss your restless foam-flecked waves  
Forever and forever?

ELISABETH JONES, '22.

## In the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods

*Adapted from an incident in "The Kingdom of Slender Swords," by Hallie Erminie Rives.*

On a worn *f'ton*, small Ishikichi lay puzzling in his six year old mind over his mother's answer. As she sat in the doorway of the little shop in the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods, beating a tiny drum in the new baby's ear to soothe its slumber, she had murmured aloud, "Praise *Shaka*, there is rice enough for another week. Then must we give up the shop."

A small figure came up behind her, two solemn black eyes gazing at her from a round inquiring countenance, "Why must we give up the shop, *Okka-San*?"

"Because we have no money, small pigeon," his mother answered, "But trouble not yourself and return to the *f'ton*."

Ishikichi had gone back to lie down and wonder, while the temple bell sounded in the distance, *Min, Min, Min, Min, Min, Min*—slowly and then faster calling the people to worship, what it was all about and why the gods had honorably forgotten

the little shop and the new baby-San, in the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods.

Four days later a small group of children were playing a game of *Go* in the street. But Ishikishi was not playing, for Ishikichi was not happy. His companion and playmate, Toru, had lately been killed by one of the fire wagons and now Ishikichi no longer played *Go*. Suddenly he heard the throbbing of a motor and a big red car turned the corner. A quick thought came into his baby mind. Had not the foreigner, who had killed Toru sent much money to the house of Toru's father? The other children scampered to safety but Ishikichi, with his fists clenched in his patched kimono and a great purpose in his brave little heart, ran directly into the path of the on-coming motor.

On a white bed in a hospital, two days later lay Ishikichi, his eyes hot with fever and his face drawn and white, when a lady, before whom the very attendants bowed to the ground, pinned on his nightgown a medal for his heroism. Ishikichi was far too ill to realize what this was all for, but he knew in a vague way that he should be very proud of it.

Four weeks afterward, however, when Ishikichi, a brave little figure who would never walk again, was pushed in a *Rick-Sha* to the little shop he was far prouder of the fine new store in the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods.

ANNABEL DIXON, '23.

### Finch at Princeton

A mighty man, with features strong and gentle,

Has guided men through battle's storm and pain;

And now comes over here to see the people

Who crossed to help the victory to gain.

In Princeton all the schools come out to meet him,

With smiles, and eager eyes, and faces gay;

Their flags are waving welcome to their hero;

They cheer, their tribute of respect to pay.

A tiny girl holds up a bunch of roses;

He lifts her; plants a kiss upon her brow.

She is too young to understand the honor,

But she'll recall it proudly, years from now.

ROSEMARY STREET, '26.

## Fisherman's Luck

In the season of singing birds, the small but august imperial monarch of the realm of the Silver Peacock, who had seen the cherry trees burst into blossom but seven times, was seated in dreary state on the ponderous ebony carved throne of the celestial kingdom. As he listened wearily to the voice of an esteemed lord of the court droning in endless recital of learned tome and erudite treatise, a fisherboy, barefoot and singing in the spring sunlight passed the great window of the throne room down the lane to the shining river. Being the divine emperor the small king was smitten with jealousy that freedom and happiness should consort with a contemptible knave of a peasant's son while they dwelt not in the palace. Being so very young, he attributed this state of affairs to the lowly occupation of his humble servant.

Therefore, he commanded a marble fountain of deep clear waters to be sunk in the royal gardens and nets of spun gold and pearls to be fashioned for the imperial use. Moreover, the gracious Son of Heaven decreed that fish of beautiful form and curious coloring should be sought in all corners of the kingdom and that he who, on the day of the Festival of the Lanterns, should bring the gift most pleasing to the divine ruler, should receive, as a mark of imperial favor, a bowl of white jade filled with sea blue sapphires.

In the house of Chang An was weeping and sorrow. For his first born son, seized by a lingering illness, lay slowly dying in spite of prayers and entreaties to the gods. Some learned doctor might yet save him, but Chang An, the toymaker, loved of all the children in the city of the Blue Dragon, was penniless. Although he sold enough toys to make him a rich man, he bestowed so many on any poor brat of a gutter child that he had much ado to make a bare living.

Chang An sat in the window of his small shop which faced upon the public square working feverishly upon a brilliant wooden dragon with fierce jaws. Glancing up from his work he perceived a great concourse of people thronging the square and soon he heard the voice of the town crier. A few detached phrases reached his ears: "fish of beautiful form and curious coloring"—"Feast of

the Lanterns"—"he who should bring the gift most pleasing"—"Receive—bowl of white jade filled with sea blue sapphires." Then bitterly did Chang An regret his trade and wish himself a fisherman. He with his great need had not even the shadow of a chance to gain the prize. Wearily he picked up the small fierce dragon and the paint brush dipped in sky blue pigment. Suddenly he gave a start and gazed at his handiwork as if it had come alive. Then slowly he laid it aside and fetched a block of rare wood and a knife and set to carving.

Under the deep blue arch of the sky and the myriads of stars, thousands of gay lanterns danced with the fireflies in the royal garden. By the deep clear waters of the marble fountain on a throne of precious metal, delicately carved and studded with jewels, sat the princeling, the celestial emperor, viewing with delight the marvelous offerings of glinting fish with gauzelike tails and fins and rainbow colored scales. One he admired particularly and wished to take in his hands, but was prevented by a lord who stood near. He did not understand why he might not handle them and began to be bored with the glittering gifts.

At this juncture there was an angry stir in the beautifully garbed crowd of courtiers. The small lord of the empire saw kneeling before him a man, poorly dressed and shabby, holding out a carved sandalwood box. His interest revived. No one else had brought a fish in a box. He was graciously pleased to accept the gift in his own hands. He lifted the hinged lid and gave a cry of delight, for within the box lay a fish substantial yet graceful with stiff bright blue fins and crimson scales with glittering gold rings. He touched it and found it to be of wood and as he lifted it from its case he found it to be cunningly jointed and to have a brass ring in its nose whereby was attached a long cord. He sat motionless with joy which one of his courtiers misinterpreted as rage and laid a rough hand upon the shoulder of Chang An. "Get thee gone, contemptible slave, you have offended the Son of Heaven with your paltry chip of wood."

Chang An prostrated himself before the king—he had seen a child with a new toy before. The august monarch raised his head and proclaimed in a high but imperial voice, "Here is my choice. Bestow upon this man the bowl of milk white jade and the sapphires blue as the depths of the sea."

Crang An returned home joyous.

They say that the state affairs of the kingdom of the Silver Peacock were neglected for many days while the small but divine emperor played with the wooden fish in the royal garden.

ELISABETH JONES, '22.

## The Sailor's Song to the Wind

The wind, it is a mighty thing;  
It blows o'er land and sea.  
It blows the leaves, from off the trees,  
The hats, from you and me.

It blows the ships on the oceans  
Over the briny deep,  
The ships' sails shine in the moonlight,  
While the land lubbers sleep.

The wind buffets the wave tops green  
Into the bubbles white.  
We sing and laugh and take our ease,  
Although a gale we fight.

HELEN S. FOSTER, '25.

## Coasting

Coasting, coasting down the hills,  
Now our hearts are filled with thrills.  
Down we go with mighty cheers,  
'Cross the pond, no thoughts of fears.

Happy youngsters are we all,  
Never crying 'bout a fall,  
Tumbling here and tumbling there,  
Having fun—that's all we care.

Now we're going to make a train,  
Just the thing for down the lane.  
Oh, how fast we skim along,  
'Till we hear the dinner gong.

My! I'm hungry, don't you know;  
I've been coasting on the snow.  
When I've eaten all I can  
I'll be out here with the clan.

AGNES POST, '25.

## An Adventure in Gay New York

When Cadet Kenneth D. Marilon goes home to Washington on Christmas furlough he has to change trains in New York and this time was no exception to the rule.

As Kenneth got off the train he saw a very attractive and well dressed girl watching the people arriving. Kenneth, passing her, thought he heard her say: "Hello, Jack. I thought you were coming on this train," as though she were addressing him. He looked around to see if he weren't mistaken but there were no other men near at this time. He started to walk on thinking he surely must be mistaken because he didn't recognize the girl as anyone he knew and besides his name wasn't Jack.

The girl ran up to him and said: "Don't you remember me, Jack? Surely you must. You know you promised to come home to dinner with me tonight. The car is waiting for us. Oh, don't kiss me now, wait until we get into the car."

Kenneth thought this sounded like a promising adventure with which to pass away the time between trains, so he asked the girl to pardon him just a minute while he checked his bag. When he was in the station he telephoned to the police headquarters and told them if they didn't hear from him within a certain time they were to investigate at the address he gave them on Morning-side Drive. He had asked the girl her address not only to see if by any chance he was supposed to know her but also for this very purpose.

After he had rejoined Alene Astorbilt (for he soon found out from the conversation that that was her name) they walked out of the large terminal station to find a large Rolls-Royce limousine awaiting them, a driver in uniform behind the wheel, and the liveried footman standing at attention with a luxurious robe over his arm. They got into the limousine and after being cosily tucked in by the footman they started off. The pretty girl then turned to the cadet and said: "You may kiss me now, Jack," which the bewildered second classman did considering he made quite a "max." Then he took from one of his few pockets a wicked looking little automatic, which one of his "wives" had presented to him as a Christmas gift, and laid it across his knees saying:

"Now tell me your game? What are you trying to put over?"

His fair companion answered: "You, no doubt, think me a bold adventuress. My name is Alene Astorbilt and I just came home from Vassar this week. My brother, a Yale junior, arrived the same day. This morning at breakfast he said: 'Sis, the whole corps of West Point cadets will be going through New York today because this is the beginning of their Christmas furlough. I'll bet you fifty dollars against a new golf stick that you can't land one for a dinner guest this evening.' Needing that fifty dollars for a bridge debt that I didn't want Dad to know about I made up my mind to win if possible and you were the victim. That's the story. Now if you'll tell me your name I'll be able to introduce you intelligently."

After a half hour's ride the motor stopped in front of a palatial residence on Morningside Drive. As they ascended the steps, the door was opened by a very English looking butler.

"Is my brother at home, Dodson?" asked Alene.

"Yes, Miss. He's in the library, Miss," replied the butler.

Parting the curtains of the library the game little schemer called out: "Dick, I wish you to meet Cadet Marilon who is going to dine with us this evening."

Dick gasped, but quickly recovered his composure and went through the usual formalities of hospitably greeting a welcome guest.

Soon dinner was announced and Kenneth met the entire family, who seemed somewhat bewildered but tried to hide their confusion from their guest. Immediately after dinner Kenneth excused himself saying that he must leave in order to catch the Washington train on which his people were expecting him. A taxi was called for him and he left.

Kenneth had not allowed himself any too much time to catch his train so he told the driver to hurry. It was a rainy night and the taxi skidded around a corner into a lamp post and lost one of the front wheels. Kenneth fell forward hitting his head on the back of the driver's seat and seemed to hear the driver call out: "New York! This train goes no farther." He opened his eyes to find a porter rudely shaking him in an attempt to waken him as they were pulling into the train shed of the New York station.

JEAN WOOLVERTON, '22.

## Sunrise

The dew shines bright on emerald grass,  
And laughing zephyrs blow a cloud  
Of diamonds from shimm'ring leaves;  
The dancing sunlight's glowing ray  
Softens the castle's granite walls  
And shines on battlements and tow'rs.  
Dark ivy leaves, glossy and smooth,  
Climb upward o'er the parapet  
And flutter in the morning breeze.  
Far, far below, beneath the cliff,  
The azure ocean, fraught with pearls,  
Dashes against the rocky coast.  
Gulls circle overhead, the sun  
Glints bright upon their flashing wings;  
And swallows skim above.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '28.

## If Winter Comes

"If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, if not a classic or an epic poem, as some readers claim for it, is, at the least, a fascinating novel, and a work of art, which is more than can be said of most of the fiction the last few years have produced. The plot is forceful, the characters well worth knowing, and the author's handling of the work masterful. The style is versatile and the choice of words vivid and picturesque.

Perhaps the author's most noteworthy achievement is the creation of Mark Sabre, the compelling and unique personality which dominates the entire book. Here is a man of the highest ideals, of great unselfishness, and generous open-mindedness. Here is a man who, overwhelmed by force of circumstances, yet holds to his idealism. Here is a man who fails heroically, a splendid loser. And, in spite of all this, he is intensely human; there are doubtless hundreds of Mark Sabres, on a varying scale perhaps, but still bearing a close resemblance.

In the portrayal of many of his other characters, the author reminds the reader strongly of Dickens. He has the same tendency to slight exaggeration for the sake of either accentuation

of type or additional interest. With the portrayal of character, however, the resemblance to Dickens ends, for here we have a continuity of plot and a singleness of theme not often found in the works of the author of "Old Curiosity Shop."

"If Winter Comes" is a book which would give great enjoyment to anyone who might read it. It is one of those books through which one may ramble at a leisurely gait at first, but which increases steadily the crescendo of excitement and which, towards the end, one takes at full gallop. The humor is delightful and the pathos genuine; altogether it is one of the best books of the times.

ELISABETH JONES, '22.

### **Echoes of a Chase**

The sun is slowly sinking  
In the golden west,  
The stars peep forth,—blinking  
At the moon's silvery crest.

The hermit thrush is singing,  
To the sun a sad farewell;  
While from the town is ringing  
The peal of tocsin bell.

From the mount's recesses  
The stag hound's heavy bay,  
Comes nearer, ever nearer,  
Chasing the stately prey.

The hunters, growing weary,  
Sound their clarion-call,  
While on every side it echoes,  
From the kirk to yonder fall.

The weary stag now pauses,  
Sniffing the dewy air,  
Then, with a cry of triumph,  
Betakes him to his lair.

MARY BELL CLARK, '25.

## Athletic Notes

Hockey practice ended at the beginning of December, and then basketball playing was begun. We had some fair practice during those three weeks before the Christmas holidays. At first, all girls of the High School grades were permitted to take part in this sport, but it was found that this made too large a crowd, and that not everyone had a chance to play. Therefore, the Freshmen and the Fourth Intermediates were given another day for practicing, and the remaining grades of the High School played with one another. This was a much better plan and worked successfully, as thus everyone got an opportunity to play at each practice.

We have been using the Seminary Gymnasium, and we practice in it every Monday and Friday during the last period of the morning. We have our own outside basketball court, and we shall use it as soon as the weather will permit, though just now that time seems far off.

Practice has been going on steadily twice a week, and recently Dorothea Spaeth, '22, was elected captain of the team. Time has not been wasted, and the players seem to have a better idea of the technique of the game. During the past few weeks they have been playing with special zeal, owing to the fact that the game with the Princeton High School was approaching.

To this memorable event we must devote a new paragraph. The contest came off according to schedule on February 17th, at 3:30, in the Seminary Gymnasium. Owing to the poor seating capacity of this building, there were not very many girls out to see the game, though the High School was well represented by a group of enthusiastic boys and girls. It seems too bad that not more of our girls with their friends took the trouble to come and cheer for the team. However, those who came were heart and soul for the players, who, because of their rather excited state, needed all the support they could get. The game finally started with the following line-up for our school:

|                                 |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Dorothea Spaeth (Captain) ..... | Forward |
| Caroline Watson .....           | Forward |
| Helen Loetscher .....           | Center  |

|                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| Dorothy Reeves .....  | Side-Center |
| Polly Marden .....    | Guard       |
| Emilie Longwell ..... | Guard       |

The first quarter was soon over, with the score standing 11-9, the High School leading. The next quarter the Blue and Gray team picked up, and fought well. The half ended with the score 24-22, our team in the lead. It seemed a little impossible, but such was the fact. After the ten-minute rest, the team was again on the floor. It was in this quarter that our players did their best work, the forwards throwing basket after basket and rolling up the score; so that at the end of the third quarter we were a number of points in the lead, the score being 37-31. The beginning of the last quarter looked a little bad, and for a few minutes it seemed as though the High School might tie the score or even walk off with the laurels. However, neither of these disasters happened; our team maintained its previous high standard. Well, the final score was 47-36, with victory perching on our banner. It was almost too good to be true, but after the shock was over, and it was realized that our School had actually won the game, much hysterical laughing went on in the room where our team was dressing.

Perhaps it is only natural that we won the game, since it was played in the gymnasium we are used to, and since nearly the whole team is the same as last year's; but we know that we never could have hoped for a victory, had it not been for Miss Frederick's faithful coaching and the determination and the pluck of the team.

All that can be done now in closing is to express the hope that the next game with the High School will be as successful as this one, and also that when the team ventures to Englewood to contest with the Dwight School sextet, it may return bringing the laurels.

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24.

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The School heard with deep regret of the death of Alice Eno's mother, and we wish to extend our sympathy to Alice and her family in their great bereavement.

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## Upper School Notes

*December 16*—Today was the last day of school, we had closing exercises at eleven o'clock. Many mothers and friends were present. Besides singing several of the favorite Christmas carols, each class sang the song it had been practicing this year. Now vacation until the third of January.

*January 17*—This afternoon about 3:15 people began to arrive for the play. The curtain was separated at 3:30 sharp. And lo! we beheld Emily Anderson as Pierrot and June Scheffler as Columbine. Dorothea Spaeth, Martha Love, and Emilie Longwell also took part. The play, indeed, was a great success; it was called "Aria da Capo."

*January 27*—For the benefit of the Armenian Relief, Rosemary Street prepared a marionette show which took place in the primary room at 3:30. It was most original and well carried out. Candy was sold. As we were planning to leave, we found we had an unexpected yet honored guest, Mr. Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey. He gave us a short talk on the Armenian Fund. At the close we presented him with \$30 for the cause.

*February 4*—Last night the mid-year dance came off, after the completion of the mid-year examinations. The assembly room was artistically decorated in lavender and orange. Only girls from the three upper classes were eligible. The teachers were all present and every one thought it a very nice dance. The committee consisting of Miss Fine, Miss Frederick, Polly Marden, Caroline Watson, Martha Love, Annabel Dixon, and Alice More deserves much credit.

REBEKAH ARMSTRONG, '23.

## Notes From The Primary Department

The past months have been busy ones in the Primary Department. The pupils have been studying hard but they manage to work and play at the same time.

In Arithmetic the second, third and fourth classes have been learning about keeping accounts. Each of the pupils brought five dollars at the beginning of the year. With this amount they

have paid for their books, kept their accounts, and learned to make change.

The different reading classes have done interesting things, too. Those who have been reading about the Eskimos are building an Eskimo village in the sand. Those who read about Japan have planted a lovely Japanese garden.

The members of the class that read about Tree Dwellers went to the museum and saw there the skeletons of all the queer animals which were upon the earth at the time men lived in trees. I'm sure that some class must have read about fairies, too, for this is what one little girl wrote about them:

"The fairies have done the wonderfulest thing.  
They have built a shop in the heart of a spring,  
Where a pale green frog, just to tease you,  
Sells you a dress of milk-weed fringe and freesia."

PRISCILLA COOKE.

The History and Geography classes have been busy with the subjects related to their work. Two different classes, studying about cotton and coal, were moved to make charts which show the location and processes of manufacture and uses of these staples. Another class made a chart locating the sources of the different products of the United States. Yet another class, studying about Indians made Indian pottery, clay bowls with Indian designs upon them. To keep these really graceful pieces of pottery from crumbling they took their newly made bowls to Trenton and had them baked in one of the kilns there. They were shown the kiln and the potter's wheel and had their uses explained.

The whole Primary Department is very much interested in birds and their habits. A bird shelter has been presented to the school by the Princeton Bird Club and the Primaries are caring for it and supplying the food for the birds that come to it. Near the windows of the department, on the East and West trees, the young naturalists have put suet for their bird friends.

An interesting bird chart for the year of 1922 hangs on the wall of the large room of the department. It has a list of birds which have been seen by the pupils this year, tells when and where they were seen, and what they were doing when observed. Up

to date twenty-four have been seen and this is only the middle of February.

Thus we see that the Primary Department has combined work and play, making both worth while.

ALICE OLDEN, '22.

## Alumni Notes

We note, under his class numerals in the Princeton Alumni Weekly that Carl Erdman is breathing in the expensive air of Palm Beach. Next fall he is to be married to Miss Lucy Barkley of New York City.

Steve Creasy is now with the banking house of Kountze Brothers, N. Y. C.

Albert Willson was recently bound by the ties of matrimony to Miss Virginia Beggs, in Ashland, Illinois. Mrs. Albert Willson is the sister of Professor Beggs of Princeton University, and also an Alumna of "Miss Fine's."

## Alumnae Notes

"D" (Mary) and "Jill" (Lilian) Westcott landed in New York with their family recently, after spending the winter in Europe. They came home earlier than was planned because Jill expects to be operated on for appendicitis somewhere in the near future. Their present address is in care of Professor Morgan, 409 West 117th Street, New York City.

Betty Sinclair has been spending a few weeks at Lake Placid, enjoying the winter sports.

Mary Winans Pardee is the proud mother of Mary Pardee, born December 25th, "on Christmas Day in the morning." Some of us probably thought we got lovely Christmas gifts, but there is no doubt that the gift that Mr. and Mrs. Pardee received is unable to be surpassed.

Blanchard Scott is taking a course in stenography at Rider College, Trenton, this winter.

Jean Davis is teaching Economics at Vassar. She also has some outside work and evening classes in Poughkeepsie in connection with the University Extension Work.

Anne Davis is studying Chemistry at the University of Illinois, and is a part time assistant in that department.

Elizabeth Willson is an interior decorator in New York. She works in connection with the establishment of Miss Millizan, in the Strauss Building, at 46th Street and Fifth Avenue.

Alice Erdman has been at Southern Pines, N. C., for the past few weeks, and in the first part of March. She is starting West with her family for an extended trip to California, Hawaii, China, Japan and other points in the Orient. She will be gone until August.

Barbara Frantz is engaged to John Russel, a rising young lawyer in Philadelphia. The date of the marriage has not yet been decided.

Sue Duffield has been resting this winter with her family in Princeton. The first of July she is sailing on the Arabic for a four months trip in Europe.

May Vreeland, Emilie Stuart, and Margaret Fine are graduating this spring from Vassar.

Constance Cameron graduates from Bryn Mawr at the same time.

When the names of girls at Vassar were printed in the last "Link," that of Myla Raycroft was omitted by accident. Myla is at present in the Freshman Class with Dot Love.

Sarnia Marquand is studying Musical Composition under Newton Swift, the well known violinist, of Boston.

Mary Marquand has been unable to continue her art school work this winter because of the attack of appendicitis she had last fall. The week-end of February 17-19, she went up to the Vassar Prom.

Philena Fine is engaged to Bradford B. Locke, of New York City. Mr. Locke is a graduate of Harvard University.

KATHERINE NORRIS, '24.

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