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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. II

MAY 1922

No. 3

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Editorials

THE death of Mr. Knox Taylor has come as a great shock to our school and to all who knew him. In our last number we were congratulating ourselves upon having him among our trustees, and now so soon must record his loss. Mr. Hibben's funeral address, praising his noble character and helpful influence, was eloquent testimony of the high esteem in which Mr. Taylor was universally held.

Current Events

A quite recent development in schools is the study of current events. About twenty years ago the Current Events paper was first used in schools but only quite recently has it been used to any extent. How much more interesting it is to read of, and study the affairs of the day, than to read of them in later years as past history! It is of unusual interest to us just now to keep informed of the news of the present time because questions of such world-wide significance are being discussed. The success of the Genoa Conference is of particular importance. The tide of history may be turned by its failure. If the nations represented in this conference come to an agreement, the economic reconstruction of these countries will be established. On the other hand if the suspicions and jealousies of the nations are aroused so that no agreements can be made, there is great danger of these countries drifting into war, which, coming so soon after the World War, might wreck the present civilization of Europe.

One particularly serious event of national concern, is the coal strike. The success or failure of the strikers depends largely on the non-union miners. If these non-union men, or at least a majority of them, continue their work in the mines, the strikers might have to give in; but if they too strike, the coal shortage would become very serious and would affect the whole country.

The fact that the Senate has finally passed the peace treaties will mean much to our future prosperity, but there are still many other serious questions to be settled such as the adjustment of the soldiers bonus and the passing of the new tariff bill.

School Plays

A few years ago it was the custom of the school to give plays every year in Thomson Hall, and they were a great success. However, two or three years ago this custom was discontinued for some unknown reason. Was it lack of interest in them, or was it lack of school spirit? Whatever the reason was, it was a great shame for, next to athletics, dramatics are most beneficial to a school: perhaps they are even more valuable in certain respects. They encourage and promote school spirit for not only the girls who take part in them are brought together, but also almost all the girls in the school are interested in dramatics, and they are always ready to back them up by going to see the plays when they are presented. The girls who take part in dramatics are certainly benefited, not only because the plays are great fun, but because they are good training. And then the school itself is benefited because amateur dramatics draw the interest of outsiders who are not connected with the school, but who know some of the girls in the school.

However, a Dramatic Club was formed this year and the committee picked out three short plays which were presented recently in Thomson Hall for the benefit of a fund for the gymnasium which the school hopes to have some day. The plays went off very well for first attempts at dramatics. At any rate the girls derived a great deal of fun from them, and they have high hopes for the future. We all hope that their expectations will be realized, for dramatics mean a great deal to a school, especially to one like Miss Fine's school where athletics are forced to be on a small scale because of the small number of girls. Therefore, let us make up in dramatics and continue the old custom.

ANGELINA MACLAREN, 22.

CAROLINE WATSON, 22.

On The Farm

On the farm we have such fun.
You ought to see our donkey run.
When he kicks his heels on high
We sometimes think he'll reach the sky.

ANNE TOOKER, First Primary.

The Solitude of the Sea

A solitary seat of stone,
With moss and heather-scented air;
But better than a kingly throne,
Bedecked with gold and jewels fair.

Above, a sky of azure blue,
Below, the sea, wild tossing free,
Unknown with ever-changing hue,
And wrapt in wondrous mystery.

Beside the breakers' deafening roar,
And sea gulls' wild and eerie cries
No sound awakes the lonely shore,
As daylight into darkness dies.

Oh, glorious gift of quiet rest;
Lulled by the music of the deep,
By nature's soothing hand caressed,
Until day-dreams drift into sleep.

DOROTHEA SPAETH, '22.

From Palermo to Taormina

Sicily has been the stage of many conflicts between many nations, and the story of those conflicts has stretched over hundreds of years. The Sikels were the first known tribes in the island. After them followed in quick succession the Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Spanish, and finally Sicily has been made part of the new Kingdom of Italy. The island is full of remains, left by each of these peoples in turn. Every humble dwelling, every tiny village is teeming with history and tradition.

Palermo first comes into prominence as a Carthaginian city, but very much influenced by the Greeks. The Carthaginians and Greeks were continually striving for the mastery of the city, but though the Greeks were at times victorious, the Carthaginians always won it back, until it was entirely wrested from their power by the Romans. Later the Saracens seized it from the Goths, and the Aragonese kings afterwards made it their capital. The cathedral, built in Moorish times, contains six porphyry

tombs of the Spanish kings. Some of the streets are now just as they were in those far off days, narrow, dirty, squalid, lined with dark tall houses. Just outside the city rises a mountain, bathing its feet in the sea, still an object of pilgrimages, on account of the Shrine of Santa Rosalia near its summit. There is the old harbor, in which boats have been plying to and fro for centuries. There are the old city gates, the catacombs, the old palace, whose chapel is covered from floor to ceiling with mosaics. Around all these witnesses of former glory hovers a crowd of legends, fascinating to any one who cares to search them out.

The Northern coast of Sicily is wonderfully beautiful. All the way mountains rise from the sea, bathing their bases in its limpid, blue depths. A few miles from the coast the islands of Stromboli lie, almost as blue, in the distance, as the sea from which they rise. Small towns, once important in classical times, line the coast. The soil is wonderfully fertile. Beautiful bare-footed girls till the fields; god-like young men harvest the golden crop of lemons. One passes the scene of the battle of Mylae; a battlefield of Garibaldi; Messina, so often wracked by earthquakes, is now a thoroughly modern city. No trace is left by nature's irresistible force of the ancient Zankle. As the train descends the hill to the harbor, the coast of Calabria raises its lofty heights across the strait, the waters are undisturbed by the once terrible Scylla and Charybdis. Shortly after leaving Messina, darkness falls and we see no more until we alight at the station of Giardini, lying far below Taormina, an ancient city of the Greeks.

The most beautiful place in Taormina is the top of the theatre. To the northeast lie the blue hills of Calabria, across the glittering strait. To the southwest is Etna, matchless in its symmetry. The cone is snowcovered, smoke rises perpetually from its crater. The much indented coast stretches away towards Syracuse. Near by are the rich lemon and olive groves, and towering over the city is the high hill, the Acropolis of the Grecian days, the feudal castle in the middle ages and now a picturesque ruin. The theatre itself has been much modified by the Romans. The town itself merits mention also. The streets are very narrow, some arched over and some so steep that they are merely a flight of

steps. One feels like an actor in a drama, walking through the crowded streets. The people live in the streets. They have to go to a pump in the public square for water. Cooking is done over charcoal in brass braziers. The women sew on the streets with their children around them. Little girls of ten do beautiful embroidery. Taormina seems a little bit of the middle ages left intact.

No one can appreciate the wonder and beauty of it all, until he has seen it, for no where else does the sun shine with such soft, brilliant warmth; no where else can we imagine so easily how the ancient Greeks lived and worked and fought and played and loved; no where else has nature blessed her children with such fertility of soil combined with such beauty of landscape. No wonder this island was the battlefield of nations; no wonder it is called the garden of the world!

MARY WESTCOTT, '22.

A Story of a Telephone Call

Place: on the telephone.

Time: early in the morning.

Mrs. Cadly Jones—Hello, Maudie, how are you, and how did the party go off?

Mrs. Williston (*alias Maudie*)—(*in a sleepy and disgruntled voice*)—Oh! hello, why the party was a big success. But (*coldly*) your substitutes weren't!

Mrs. C.—They *weren't*! But they really are very nice.

Mrs. W.—But so boring!

Mrs. C.—Well, my dear, they've just become engaged, you know. They were the best I could do—Alfred and I were *so* sorry we couldn't come. We simply couldn't leave Barbara and I *had* forgotten that we had asked Archie and Marie to dinner, so when they walked in, I just sent them along to you. I knew you'd rather have them, than two empty chairs.

Mrs. W. (*reproachfully*)—Yes—thank you so much.

Mrs. C.—Why, what is the matter? You were really quite grateful last evening.

Mrs. W.—Well, of course, but they did create such an excitement, my nervous system simply won't stand it.

Mrs. C.—My dear! What happened?

Mrs. W.—Well, last night, I didn't know whom you *had* sent me. I thought maybe—

Mrs. C.—They're really quite nice. Archibald Pat, Marie's fiance, is—well, effeminate, I admit—but he goes awfully well at a party. Didn't he tell his "beetle" story—he always does and I told him to be sure and not forget this time.

Mrs. W.—Yes, yes, he did—and that was just it!

Mrs. C.—Oh, surely, Maudie, you weren't shocked at that. It's quite mild!

Mrs. W. (*absent-mindedly*)—Of course, but—

Mrs. C.—And Marie is awfully sweet—so ingenue! I used to know her quite well when she was engaged to my brother, about two months ago—before she was engaged to Teddy Brown.

Mrs. W. (*excitedly*)—Oh, yes, but my pearls, o—o—oh!

Mrs. C.—What have your pearls to do with it? Surely you don't think—

Mrs. W.—I couldn't tell. How was I to know? And it certainly did look suspicious.

Mrs. C.—Oh, how horrible, and your pearls were so lovely and now they're gone!

Mrs. W.—No, but—well, she did leave the room, you know—for a long time and we didn't know the dog was there. Henry said the strap was fastened and when the butler rushed in, and they were gone!

Mrs. C.—Maudie, what *are* you talking *about*? Be more explicit.

Mrs. W. (*aggrievedly*)—I am telling you—the dog wasn't there, you know and—

Mrs. C.—Wait, please wait—was the butler tied to a strap and what did Henry do?

Mrs. W.—No, no, Mr. Pat was in the middle of his story when the butler rushed in and said—and oh, of course Marie had been out of the room a long, long time repairing her dress or something, but I didn't know that at the time.

Mrs. C. (*impatiently*)—Maudie, *what* did the butler say? Will you tell me!

Mrs. W.—Why, the butler said my pearls were gone—what else would he say? And we all rushed out of the room, upstairs, and there stood Marie before my dressing-table and—I

very nearly lost my mind. We looked *everywhere* and all the time I knew she had them.

Mrs. C.—You *certainly* didn't accuse her!

Mrs. W. (*with dignity*)—My dear, it was *my* house, but (*angrily*) I felt like shaking that little Archie Pat. I know I started toward him when in rushed Henry with Chinnie, my dog, you know. He said he found him just ready to throw them out the window.

Mrs. C.—Out the window! How did the dog get there?

Mrs. W.—He climbed up on the window-sill, of course, and think of the danger he was in—why he might have been killed. Oh! my poor, dear little Chinnie! I certainly am a nervous wreck this morning.

ANNABEL DIXON, '23.

Peace

In the first deep hush of twilight,
As the faint flush leaves the sky,
And the plaintive poor-wills cry
Poor-will, poor-will—such a mournful cry,—
As the crackling camp-fire glowing bright,
Sends shining fire-flies dancing high,
Dancing whirling in the sky,—
As sobbing waters kiss the shore,
One brief span their music lending
Coming, going, never-ending,—
I, in reverent silence, find once more,
Peace the ever-vanishing
For one moment now returning,—
Blessed Peace!

BETTY LONG, '23.

An Indian Woodcarver

It was early afternoon in a big Indian city, and the crowds of people that swarmed the streets, seemed to have vanished somewhere during the very hot hours of noon—mid-day. Under a small archway that led into the temple sat an old man. He seemed, somehow, to belong to the temple, for as anyone could remember, the lame woodcarver had sat there every day; always working away and playing with the children who were left out-

side while their busy mothers slipped into the quiet courtyard, to pray at some shrine. And very often some of his little figures would find their way into the hands of these poor mites who lived so much under the shadow of poverty and distress.

It seemed a very long time to the woodcarver, as he put down his work and looked into the quiet courtyard of the temple, since he first sat there. He could not count the time, but now he was old and then he had been a young man. Always through the years he had had his goal ahead of him—to go to that city of the dreams of all good Hindus—Benares—and to bathe in the sacred waters of its river. He looked into the quiet precincts of this old temple, and he wondered if even the great city itself could hold anything more beautiful. The few trees around the edge of the courtyard cast, now that the sun was sinking, long black shadows on the pavement; and then farther over, there were the dazzling white cupolas and minarets of the temple in contrast with the dark shadows which fell across the walk—and above all—the peace.

Each morning he went very, very early into the temple and brought his little offering—afraid lest, if he went later in the day, his unworthy presence might be unpleasant to some pious worshipper. For many days now, his little store of money had been decreasing, until he could scarcely buy the tiny portion of food with which he contented himself, and at the same time give his daily offering. Yesterday there had been only an offering, and today even that was a little smaller. Little wonder then that a few more wrinkles seemed to come into his face; but these he chased away with a smile, and one little sigh for the city of his dreams.

As he turned now to look into the street, he could hardly believe his eyes for there, protected by the archway lay a beautiful white flower, dropped by some careless passer-by. He quickly picked it up and wondered over it—its freshness and beauty—never before in his life of poverty had he seen such a flower, and now it was really his.

That evening, and for several days after, the woodcarver was not seen in his accustomed place: but when, at last, he came back, it was a triumphant old man that held carefully in his hand

a bowl on which he had carved his wonderful flower many times, working steadily lest it should fade before he had finished.

Now again he sits under the gate, but this time his wrinkled old face seems to share the peace of the temple that had been his joy all these years, for had he not two shining gold pieces clasped in his hand and his bowl was being carried far away to give pleasure in an English home. The temple is silent, and the long shadows have crept along until they have enveloped all but the towers, and far away the sun is setting, and in its bright clouds the old man sees Benares—the holy city—the city of his dreams.

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

Life

Life! a curious thing it is—
A winding trail among the trees
A pathway through the wilderness.
And each must trace his way alone
And follow till the path be done
And lead him from the wilderness.

Nor may one wander in the glade
Of calling trees and singing shade
To dally in the wilderness;
For all the flowers he gathers there
Will wither be they ne'er so fair
Will wither in the wilderness.

But let him pluck them on his way
Along the path at break of day
(A sweet time in the wilderness)
And they will bloom the livelong day
Till evening dons her mantle grey
Calm evening in the wilderness.

ELISABETH JONES, '22.

Among the Footlights

I'm only a footlight, but there wasn't much I didn't see at the plays on Saturday night. I was right in the middle where I could see and hear everything.

Saturday afternoon there was a dress rehearsal and at night the plays themselves were to come off. At seven o'clock the

actresses, the managers, and the property men started to come. I heard them fixing things back there behind the curtain, although I couldn't see anything but their feet and some chair legs. Soon some more people came. From their conversation I discovered they were the ushers. After fixing the chairs and straightening up a little they went into the hall where I could only hear the faint hum of their voices. I took this time to rest for I was weary after my strenuous afternoon.

It must have been about twenty minutes of eight when the audience began to come, and they kept coming for about half an hour, and after that an occasional straggler. At eight-thirty the curtain rose rather suddenly—it was supposed to rise at eight. No one was prepared, for the lights in the hall were still on. However, before me was the room at the widow's cottage and present there were the Widow and her invalid son Tony. I recognized the setting right off as that of "Three Pills in a Bottle." The Widow was leaving for her day's work. Tony was, as usual, to spend the day alone. The Pompous Gentleman passed the window, and then his soul came to play with Tony. Then the wonderful Scissors Grinder with his "Knives to grind! Scissors to grind! Bring out your knives and scissors!"—so realistic—and his soul. Then the Wash Woman with her quaint little bonnet and Southern brogue. And her soul appeared from the wash tub which had stood there unnoticed. Then the return of the Widow and the Pompous Gentleman, the Wash Woman and the jovial echo of the Scissors Grinder brought the play to a happy climax. I was turned off and it was some time before I was turned on again. Some one came and turned my friends out on either side and several more besides.

When the curtain went up again the stage was more dimly lighted, and two candles burned on the table and the mantel. It showed the interior of a farm house at the end of things. The White-faced Girl was crouching beside the fire and the Country Woman was walking about the room, now sitting, now standing, talking about the poet who used to live with her in the summer, but who had not returned this June. Suddenly there came a rap at the door—and believing it to be the poet she ran quickly to open it. But instead it was the poet's wife and her serving maid, who had come to board there for a while. They talked

for some time and then retired. The White-faced Girl lets down her hair and appears to be the will o' the wisp. Her music and her dancing bring the Poet's Wife down stairs. She follows the will o' the wisp, against the warnings of the Country Woman and the maid. They disappear over the cliff-head, she, never more to return. "The will o' the wisp" was much applauded, for it was exceedingly well acted.

The next and last play was "Suppressed Desires," including only three characters, Henrietta Brewster, Stephen Brewster, and Mabel, Henrietta's married sister from Chicago. The scene is laid in the Brewster's apartment-studio in New York. Henrietta has become "hipped" on psycho-analysis and begs and persuades both Stephen and Mabel to go to Dr. Russell and be psycho-analysed and find their suppressed desires. Stephen's suppressed desire is to leave his wife and Mabel's suppressed desire is for Stephen. Henrietta is miserable, but on the promise to give up psycho-analysis and Dr. Russell, Stephen stays with her and the ending is happy and satisfactory to all concerned. The conversations about their dreams and their significance kept the audience in roars of laughter.

Thanks to these successful plays there is now a drop in the bucket towards a school gym.

POLLY MARDEN, '22.

Arran

Oh, isle of sunshine and of sapphire seas,
Thy brilliant colors seem to haunt me yet,
Like some sweet music. I can ne'er forget
Thy flaming fields—thy leafy fragrant trees—
Thy cliffs ablaze with gorse, a sheet of gold
Against the shimmering, opalescent sea—
Thy lonely rocks where sea-birds, wild and free,
Dwell where no climber's foot can find a hold.
Oh, isle of legend and historic fame,
Thy subtle charm hath power to hold me still,
And memory brings before me, at her will,
Sweet pictures conjured up by thy dear name,
Till in her magic web she holds me fast,
Entranced by rainbow visions of the past.

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

A Twilight at San Gimignano

San Gimignano is a very small old village situated on the summit of an Italian mountain. It is noted for its many towers and its queer black and white striped cathedral. It was inhabited many thousand years ago by the Etruscans and the many interesting customs are of the mediaeval period.

We reached the gates of San Gimignano just a few minutes before sunset so we drove straight to an old castle, which had been one of the Medici's strongholds against the Florentines. Here we had a view of the picturesque valleys and hills for miles around. The peasants were driving home from the vineyards in heavy carts drawn by oxen. The reds and yellows of the peasants' costumes with the deep purple of the grapes were a sight we will not soon forget. A little farther down the hill some inhabitants of the village were bringing their nightly store of spring water in copper urns, while others carried baskets of clothes which they had washed at the public fountain. Down a dusty road leading from the country a gay party was coming for the festival for the patron saint of the village, some of them singing snatches from "Carmen" with the accompaniment of an accordion.

The only trouble with this twilight was that the busy sun went down too soon, and twilight quickly faded into darkness. So we reluctantly sauntered home to our quaint red-pepper adorned abode.

MARY LOVE, '26.

The Brook

Through mountains and valleys, over pebbles and sand,
The little brook laughs as it skips o'er the land.

Playing and frisking,
Twirling and twisting,
'Midst grasses and weeds
It onward proceeds.

And after a rain, what a deafening sound!
And so like a river, it runs o'er the ground.

Darting and dashing,
Sparkling and splashing,
With gurgles and gushes,
On downward it rushes.

LOIS DAVIS, '26.

Nature's Colors

Blue is the ocean
And blue the sunny bay,
But bluer are the mountains
Across the shimmering way.

Golden is the maple
And gold the sunset light,
In the cool October
Just before the night.

Green is the grass
And green the old, old trees,
But greenest are the wings
Of the busy little bees.

ELIZABETH HUN, '27.

Inspiration

A poem she once sat down to write
And hoped for inspiration,
But couldn't get her thoughts in quite
A regular formation.

Her mother then suggested spring,
Which added complications,
A topic she could not quite bring
Up to her expectations.

Some other subjects then she got
From all her near relations,
Concerning rides, and trips, and what
She did in her vacations.

But even then she could not start
Without more preparation;
And almost then did she lose heart
For further contemplation.

And once, when from her seat she rose,
Moved by a sweet temptation,
She looked upon a garden rose,
A lovely revelation,

That made her think of bright sunlight,
And sunny, south plantations,
And butterflies of colors bright
On flowerlike creations,

And then in her a change we note—
She'd had her inspiration—
Of nature's wonders then she wrote
With vast imagination.

DOROTHY ETTA FUNKHOUSER, '25.

Impressions

Springtime on the avenue,
A kaleidoscope of color,
A sympathy of sound
Spring Eternal.

The gay rainbow riot
Of milady's bonnet
Orchid, jade, flame
The city's flower garden.

The cacophonous jangle
Of an ancient street piano—
"Over There, Over There"—
The city's vesper chorus.

The maddening melange
Of violets and daffodils
Of silks, perfumes and ribbons,—
Springtime on the Avenue!

BETTY LONG, '23.

The Clever Conspiracy

"Why the long face, Betty? Is it math, or a man?"

"O! a man, and a selfish unsympathetic one at that? I'm sorry to say he is my painfully intellectual brother. Is it possible I haven't told you Dick promised to have me down for his Senior prom."

"Well, why, the tragedy? I only wish Ted, who has the honor to be my brother, would realize he has a sister in college long enough to give her a prom bid. He's far too busy rushing other girls to remember his "little sister" is old enough to enjoy a prom once in awhile. But what's your tale of woe? You haven't told me."

"Isn't it hard lines when one has a charming new frock, and has been dreaming about her first prom, to get a brief letter saying, sorry and all that, but there's a lecture in the city he simply can't miss. Who wouldn't be down and out?"

"I know I would and here's a hand o' sympathy."

The two girls sat mournfully silent a few moments, when Jean grabbed Betty and began dancing her wildly about the room.

"My dear, my dear, I have an idea, let's teach them a lesson!"

Several days later both Dick and Ted received very sweet, sisterly letters, which wound up by saying, "I am homesick and a sight of you would do me worlds of good. Do come down for our Valentine mask dance. My best pal is wild to meet you. You're just her style and she is all you could ask." Each brother sighed in relief at not having to devote the entire evening to a dear but uninteresting sister.

To Dick, Betty wrote "enclosed half heart will match you with Jean." And in Ted's letter Jean inclosed a tiny cupid which would match the one Betty would be wearing.

The college gym was a most pleasing sight when the brothers arrived. They soon found the half heart and saucy cupid, and then events moved quickly. Dick was charmed with "Jean's" wit and clever, naive chatter between dances and his heart beat faster as the evening advanced. This was a big change in quiet, studious, Dick who knew little of girls. As for Ted he imagined he was in love with "Betty" before his second dance with her. She was so charming and danced so delightfully that he was disgusted he hadn't been down long ago and met this lovely girl. Yet it seemed there was something about her, her voice perhaps, that was strangely familiar.

As the hour for unmasking drew near each young man sought a secluded place where he might say just the right thing at the right moment. As the bugle blew and the lights were lowered for a moment, each young heart beat faster and then eyes sought eyes. But what was this? There must be some mistake for Dick looked into the eyes of Betty! Ted leaned heavily against the wall for facing him with dancing eyes and the gayest of smiles was his little sister Jean! "It isn't really you, is it kitten?"

"Well I call that unkind, Ted, when I gave up most of my evening to show you a good time."

Need I add that each brother returned to college a wiser but not sadder man, for he knew that his sister was a fine, worthwhile girl and he would be proud to introduce her to the fellows at the next prom.

ALYS KENYON, '25.

Spring

The sun is gold,
The earth is cold
no more.

The soft winds blow,
The waters flow
again.

The children play,
Then mothers say
come home.

FLORENCE DUFFIELD, 1928.

Old St. Augustine

In the winter of 1919 I was in the old Spanish city of St. Augustine. The thing that impressed me most was the little narrow crooked streets bordered by centuries-old buildings, from which jut overhanging balconies. They have no back or side yards, and no sidewalks on most of the streets, so that the driver of an automobile has to keep blowing his horn because turning the corners is just like going around the side of a house; in fact, that is what it is. One of the streets is so narrow that a man standing in the middle holding his arms out can touch the buildings on each side. That street is not used for vehicles however.

Another funny thing is to see the old darky women riding bicycles with clothes baskets on their heads.

Another point of interest is the ostrich farm. If one goes between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., which I did, he can get a ride in an ostrich cart which is fast as well as novel.

St. Augustine is not a land of perpetual summer as many people think. The summers are not as many people suppose. They expect scorching temperatures. Instead they are surprised to find a cool sea breeze. This ideal climate is making St. Augustine a resort in summer as well as in winter.

ROBERT M. SNODGRASS, Intermediate II.

Athletic Notes

Practices continued steadily in the Seminary Gymnasium three times a week till early March. The turn-outs were good, and much was accomplished. The girls seemed to get a better idea of what they ought to be doing, and a far better team-work was shown, especially between the forwards.

The team seemed to be in a pretty good condition, when on March 4th they ventured to Englewood, N. J., to encounter the Dwight School sextet. It was a cloudy morning when the team met at the school. Two automobiles were at the door waiting for the girls to pile into them, and as soon as everyone was comfortably settled, the great journey began. The ride took the girls through New Brunswick, Newark (it was here that rain began which continued till night), and Jersey City, and finally, after three hours of riding, Englewood was reached. It was rather amusing to see what a time the driver had in finding the Dwight School. But when some of our party saw girls dressed in bloomers standing on the porch of a good-sized building, waving their hands wildly at our girls, it was inferred that this must be the Dwight School. As the cars drove up to the porch, the Dwight girls greeted our team with songs. Soon lunch was eaten, and then our Blue and Gray team donned their uniforms and prepared themselves for the fray.

The size of the gymnasium was somewhat impressive, and so was the height of the baskets from the floor. The game started, according to schedule, at two o'clock. It was very fortunate for our girls that there was no more time to play, or the defeat would have been even worse. The Dwight girls were very good players, quick and nimble, and at home in the large gymnasium, which made quite a difference in their favor. The line-up for our School was as follows:

Forward	Dorothea Spaeth
Forward	Caroline Watson
Center	Helen Loetscher
Side-Center	Alice Olden
Guard	Polly Marden
Guard	Emilie Longwell

After getting dressed again there was informal dancing and marching in the gymnasium, and our team had a chance to see how nice and pleasant the Dwight girls were. At four o'clock we were ready to start for home and began the long ride back, and finally reached school at seven o'clock that evening. From there we dispersed to our various homes.

The basketball season ended with the second game with the Princeton High School. This was played in their gymnasium on March 24th at 3:15. The first half went very poorly; the ball was at their end of the field practically all of the time, and the score, after two quarters had been played, was 25 to 8. Our team, just beginning to get warmed up, seemed to rally in the second half. Our opponents' score remained the same as before, and we earned a few more baskets, but just as we appeared to be picking up a little, the whistle blew, and all was over, the score being 31 to 21 in favor of the High School.

The basketball season this year was not as good as it ought to have been, considering that nearly the whole team were veterans. Of course, we must not forget that the facilities are not the best. Having to rely on another institution for our place to practice is a great handicap. In the near future we can hope to have a gymnasium of our own, and this certainly will afford a wonderful opportunity to subsequent teams. So we close with the proposal of a toast that we feel sure all friends of the School will heartily approve: "Let the new gymnasium be built as soon as possible."

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24.

School Notes

Washington's Birthday was celebrated with exercises in the Assembly Room and we were dismissed early.

Spring vacation came early this year. We finished school on the 24th of March and had vacation until the 3rd of April.

On the 25th of March, Miss Thornton took her Junior history class, which had just finished Ancient History, up to the Metropolitan Museum. They first visited the Egyptian rooms, then the Greek and Roman sculptures and statues, afterwards visiting the models of the Pantheon and the Parthenon. They also saw

all the Greek and Roman and Egyptian jewelry and many other things. After seeing all the rooms including the art galleries, they went to the basement for lunch. When lunch was over they left for the theatre, where they saw "Good Morning, Dearie," after which they caught the eight o'clock train for home.

Good Friday and Easter Monday were given as a holiday much to the delight of the whole school.

Three plays were given by the girls of the school in Thomson Hall the evening of April 22nd. The plays and casts are as follows:

Three Hills in a Bottle

A one act play by Rachel L. Field.

Characters in order of appearance.

Tony	Margaret Mathews
Widowed Mother.....	Elisabeth Jones
Pompous Gentleman.....	Margaret Mather
Pompous Gentleman's Soul.....	Marianna Vos
Scissors Grinder.....	Anne Tunstall
Scissors Grinder's Soul.....	Agnes Post
Wash Woman.....	Mary Adams Love
Wash Woman's Soul.....	Barbara Mayor

Scene: In the Widow's Cottage.

Time: Anytime. Place: Anywhere.

Will O' The Wisp

A one act play by Doris Halman.

Characters in order of appearance:

The White Faced Girl.....	Alice More
The Country Woman.....	Martha Love
The Poet's Wife.....	Caroline Watson
The Serving Maid.....	Betty Long

Scene: Interior of a farm house at the end of things.

Suppressed Desires

A one act play by George Crane Cook and Susan Gaspell.

Characters in order of appearance:

Henrietta Brewster.....	Harriet Mathews
Stephen Brewster.....	Helen Loetscher
Mabel	Dorothy Reeves

Scene: Interior of an apartment studio in New York.

The curtain is lowered during play to denote the lapse of two weeks.

Committee in Charge

Chairman—Miss Frederick.

Elisabeth Jones

Katharine Norris

June Scheffler

Joan Woolworth

Mary Westcott

Rosemary Street

Business Manager—Polly Marden.

Assistant Business Manager—Betty Alexander.

REBEKAH ARMSTRONG, '23.

Primary Notes

Spring has come and the children of the Primary Department are busy. For one thing they are making a garden. All the different grades have taken part in preparing for this garden—one grade drawing the plans to scale, another making the markers, and still another measuring and marking off foot-rules on the tool handles. Lettuce and radishes, flowers and fall crops are to be planted in this interesting plot where each child has his own garden.

These children are very much interested too in birds and flowers and trees. They have been putting up bird houses and adding to their bird calendar. A Junior Audubon Society has been formed, which now has seventy-eight members. A flower calendar is in the making and the pupils of the third grade are deep in the study of trees in Princeton. Before Easter the children planted bulbs. When they came out, at Easter time, they took them home. Another sign of Spring is the appearance of four beautiful moths that have come out of their cocoons, for some time a part of the decorations of one of the Primary rooms.

May day is coming soon and the Primary Department is to give a party to the little brothers and sisters not in school. There is to be a May pole with many other exciting things.

Plays are given by the Primary Department as well as by the Dramatic Association. However, there is a difference, for the Primary plays are quite original: whenever the children find a story which they like, they dramatize it. They have given *Hansel and Gretel*, the *Rhine Maidens and the Gold*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and *The Hare and the Tortoise*.

Thus we see that during these spring days the young pupils must be very busy, for besides learning the three R's they are doing many other things.

ALICE OLDEN, '22.

Alumnae and Alumni Notes

Constance Cameron is graduating "cum laude" this spring from Bryn Mawr. In the summer she is to marry Townsend Ludington, whose father is vice-president of the Curtis Publishing Company.

Isabel Harper, who is a senior at Smith, recently was taken into the Phi Beta literary society.

Yuki Domoto, Wellesley, '24, was lately bridesmaid at a Japanese wedding, where another Wellesley girl and a Cornell graduate were the high contracting parties.

Sarah Neher is going abroad this summer after college closes with a party of other Smith girls.

Mrs. Ed Harris of Rochester, formerly Anne Hollis, has a second son, born the first of May.

Philip Davis, Princeton, '21, has recently been appointed Fellow at the American Classical School at Athens.

Dick McClenahan was elected Treasurer of the Theatre Intime at the last election of its officers.

George Purves has a daughter, born in February, 1922, and named Margaretta.

KATHERINE NORRIS, '24.

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