

# The Link



December 1923



# THE LINK

JW '23



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December, 1923



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will always be memorable, because we have our own gymnasium for the first time. This has been a long-felt need in the school. Now we are afforded a better opportunity for athletic activities, and we hope that the new year will bring nothing but success to this part of our school life.



## OPENING DAYS

ON MONDAY, October 1st, Miss Fine's School held its opening exercises in the Assembly Room. Dr. Baker read a service from the prayer book and gave us his blessing for the coming year.

The great increase in the number of pupils in the school's enrollment was indicated by the large number of new desks, which occupied more than half of the big Assembly Room.

There are more than two hundred and fifty pupils this year; many more than there were last year.

It is a pleasure to welcome to Miss Fine's not only the new pupils but also the many new members of the faculty:

Miss Scattergood comes from the West Philadelphia High School and is in charge of our new department of science.

Mrs. Gauss, known to all Princetonians, has charge of two Latin classes.

Mrs. Cummins from the well-known Moraine Park School, in Dayton, Ohio, is in charge of the Fourth Grade.

Miss Baker, from the Burnham School, Northampton, Mass., is teaching English in the Intermediate Classes.

Miss Margaret Fine, who assisted in the school last year, has charge of the First Intermediate and assists Miss Frederick in the gymnasium. This gives Miss Frederick time to take charge of the art work which was in Mrs. Mayor's hands last year.

Miss Judkins, who has been teaching in Milton, Mass., is assisting Miss Winans and Mrs. Cummins with their large classes.

Miss Peck, a Vassar graduate, is the head of the new Junior Primary Department.

Miss Dorothea Wheaton, who was once herself a pupil in our school, assists Miss Peck.

Mr. Wood, an experienced and successful tutor of boys, teaches the boys Algebra and French.

Mr. Miller comes every day from the University gymnasium to direct the boys' exercises.

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Pardee for their generous present—the new gymnasium. At the opening of school, when Miss Fine announced that the old kitchen of the Princeton Inn had been made into a gymnasium, there were many expressions of surprise and pleasure on the faces of her audience. And when the pupils saw the new gymnasium with its bright, clean walls and floors, and large, sunny windows, they were even more delighted.

So now we express the sincere wish that the new year, with all its delightful surprises, may bring nothing but success to the school and all those connected with it, and may add much to its growing reputation.

## CO-OPERATION

CO-OPERATION is a most important factor in school life; for nothing is more disheartening than to find a school where the spirit of working together is wanting. If each individual tries to be complete in herself, and drifts along in a lackadaisical, disinterested way with no thought of working for school unity, the result is disastrous. What could a school accomplish if each member waited for the next girl to do the work, which by right should fall upon herself? Many good and useful ideas, originated by a few pupils with initiative, would thus be shattered. There would be no one to help the originators make a success of the proposed plan? and for the same one or two girls to do all the work involved would be impossible.

On the other hand, it has long been well known that life gives back to us proportionally what we offer to it. This is just as true in our school life as elsewhere. Looking at the question from a purely selfish point of view, we find that the more energy and vitality we give to our School, the more we in turn receive from her hands.

The best way to help our School is to be one of the crowd; to enter into the activities which she affords us, and to become *part of the big machine of which she is composed*. We all have a share in making up the whole, and it is our duty as well as privilege to justify our right to this share. There are so many ways in which we can co-operate—can give a little of our time and energy (even a little bit helps) to put things across, and to make a success of that which threatened to be a failure.

It is this spirit of team-play, after which we strive in our athletics, that we ought to practice in all our experiences through life. It is a wonderful spirit to catch—this of remembering that we are being depended upon, and that the world expects, and has the right to expect us to carry our own burdens, and in addition to help share the burdens of others.

## THE LOST IS FOUND

MARY JANE'S heart was all a-flutter, and had been for three days. The big train that she was on was going very fast, taking her to Boston where Aunt Jane Lowell had asked her to visit for a whole week. Her Aunt was young and pretty and Mary Jane loved her better, oh! much better than any of her other aunts. Grandma, Aunt Jane, and Uncle John, and Aunt Jane's brother who had been in England for four years, lived in a big house on Commonwealth Avenue where Mary Jane always had such a good time. Was it any wonder that Mary Jane could hardly keep still?

Although only eight years old, Mary Jane was not a bit afraid to travel alone. Mother had told her exactly what to do, so when she got off the big train in the South Station, she handed her bag to a Red Cap and told him to take her to Middlesex. There she would meet Uncle John. Of course she didn't remember him, but Mother said he would have one glove on and one in his hand. She knew he was very tall and good-looking too. She was happy, so happy that her hair shone like gold; her blue eyes danced, and the dimples in her pink cheeks were deeper than ever. My, it was so much fun to travel alone!

When she reached Middlesex there was no Uncle John there, so she sat down to wait. She watched the people come and go always looking for a tall, good-looking man with one glove on and the other in his hand. At last he came, just as Mother said he would. She got up and ran to meet him.

"Why, Uncle John, you are very late. Didn't Aunt Jane tell you to be on time?" Mary Jane meant to be severe, but she smiled bewitchingly because she was so happy.

John Langdon was so astonished that he just followed the little girl as one in a daze. Yes, his name was John, but he knew he didn't have a niece. She had said "Aunt Jane." Always the name Jane was in his head. He loved Jane Lowell, had asked her to marry him, but always she had said, "No."

A little voice brought him back to earth, "Here's my bag, Uncle John, we must hurry or Aunt Jane will think we're lost."

John sat down and smiled. This must be Mary Jane of whom he had heard Jane speak so often. There was a way to tell so he pulled out his watch and showed the little girl the picture he had in the back of it. "Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Why it's Aunt Jane, silly," she answered.

"Then you're Mary Jane and have come to visit your beautiful aunt," he murmured to himself.

"Didn't Aunt Jane tell you?" she asked bewildered.

His brain was working fast and he smiled. Jane couldn't help liking him. "No, she didn't; it's like this. Although I am not your Uncle, I'd like to be. My name is John Langdon and I have asked Aunt Jane to marry me and she says, 'No.' She really doesn't mean it. So your Uncle John was to meet you here and hasn't come?"

"Yes," was the response. Little by little Mary Jane understood who this man was. She had heard Aunt Jane speak of John Langdon rather gently, it seemed to her. Mary Jane felt sorry for the man, so crawled up beside him and listened to what he might say.

"Since your real Uncle hasn't arrived, will you let me take you to your aunt? First we will telegraph your mother just what's what, so that if Aunt Jane tells her you're lost she won't worry." For this, Jane liked him twice as much as she did before. "Then we will go to my mother's and wait for a few hours until we think Aunt Jane and Uncle John are duly punished for keeping you waiting. It is dangerous to keep a young lady waiting too long."

"It will make Aunt Jane cry if she thinks I'm lost, but maybe she will marry you if you find me." With that Mary Jane screwed up her wise little face and said she'd go.

Mary Jane was very happy except for Aunt Jane whom she knew was very unhappy. Mr. John (they had decided she would call him Mr. John) had brought her a big blue box of candy and then they had come to Mrs. Langdon's in a big automobile. Mrs. Langdon was very nice because she felt so sorry for Miss Lowell. Mary Jane was playing with a fluffy little dog when the telephone rang. Mr. John

answered and softly called for Mary Jane to listen, too, for it was Aunt Jane.

"Oh, John, I don't know what to do. Brother John was to meet Mary Jane at Middlesex in the South Station and I told him Essex. He waited for an hour, then called me, and I realized my mistake. He went to Middlesex and found she had gone away with a man! I've notified the police! What else can I do? It's all my fault." Aunt Jane was in tears as she said this.

John smiled and replied, "Um-m, that's bad. I'll see what I can do. But I say, Jane, if I find Mary will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John, yes, but how can you talk so when Mary Jane is in danger. I am so worried. Her mother will never forgive me. and—and—oh! John, do try to find her!" She hung up the receiver.

Twenty minutes later Mr. John and Mary Jane rang the bell of the big Lowell house. Jane opened the door herself and when she saw the little girl she picked her up, her face shining through her tears.

After everything was quiet and John and Jane were alone, John took Jane's hand and softly whispered, "Jane, it was very cruel of me to cause you so much worry, but it was the only way I could make you see that you really couldn't do without me. You won't ever refuse to marry me again, will you?"

And again Aunt Jane said, "No."

DOROTHEA MORGAN, '24.



### THE HOME OF THE WINDS

Come and I will show you where the wild winds play  
And roar through the tree tops all the day;  
Down on the hillside, will you not come,  
To watch the brook turn gold in the sun?

Come to where the storms blow across the sky  
And howl through the hemlock where the brook rushes by,  
To turn them wild and whirling say,  
"Come and play with us on this fair day."

JANET SPAETH,  
*First Year High.*

## SLANG

**S**LANG! Slang! Everywhere we go we hear it. We all use it without thinking, and few of us realize how badly it sounds. Certain slang expressions become established in the language because they satisfy a real need; but more often they are short-lived. One generation finds it difficult to understand the slang of the generation before, and nearly impossible to understand that of the generation following.

A language, just as anything else, needs new food to keep it alive, and slang, to a certain extent, satisfies this need. Without any slang, our language would rapidly become iormal and stilted. "Deadly" and "feeling blue" and "movies" are words so pungent and vivid and full of life that it would be ridiculous to eliminate them from our speech. There is no doubt that such expressions make our speech much more forceful and vital; also they are so suggestive that ordinary words do not rouse the imagination nearly as much. The fact that slang is so apt makes it most tempting to use; usually, too, it is very picturesque and quaint.

Slang expressions are so over-used that they lead to a habit of phonographic repetition. Because we are too lazy to think up new things to say, we repeat the same words over and over again, utterly regardless of whether or not they express our feelings. Also, a certain type of slang shows at once that you are very poorly educated. Though a girl may be beautiful, and wear stunning clothes, her charm vanishes when we hear her say, "My Gawd, kid, where'd ja get that line?"

Slang is permissible only when used with discretion, and how many of us have that golden gift? It is far better to use only dictionary words with the risk of being a little less forceful, than to rush to pick up the newest expressions with the result of being vulgar and common. We all try to make our clothes as beautiful as possible, and let us also try to keep our English beautiful. Alexander Pope expressed the slang question so well in his lines:



"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold:  
Alike fantastic if too new, or old:  
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to cast the old aside."

LESLIE HUN, '25.



## A Tale of the Scottish Highlands

FAR away from civilization, in the highlands of Scotland, was a pretty little lake. This lake had been held sacred for many ages back by the nearby clan. Whenever a child was born in the clan it was taken to this lake and dipped in. It was thought that by doing this the children would grow up to be strong and brave.

The reason for the lake's being considered holy was this—for ages back, the tradition had come down from generation to generation, that in the lake there dwelt a fair maiden who would some day make herself known to the man who was to deliver the clan from all enemies and conquer the world. It was also said that this maiden carried with her a wonderfully wrought sword, the hilt of which was gold inlaid with many precious stones. This sword was to be given to the great hero when the maiden appeared to him.

Now at the certain time of which we speak, there was a bold and noble boy, Conochbor, son of the clan's chief. This boy showed remarkable strength and ability in the use of weapons. He was also very much beloved by all the clan, and many hopes were placed in him. In fact, some whispered that he was the chosen hero. These said that when he, a babe, had been dipped in the lake, his mother had seen a reflection of the fair maiden in the water.

One day as Conochbor was wandering on the shore of the lake, he thought he heard the sound of beautiful singing. He stopped there, the music grew louder and louder, and yet he was puzzled—for the singing seemed to come from the middle of the lake. Suddenly he saw in front of him, the gleam of highly polished steel. As he watched it, it rose slowly from the water, and he saw that it was the blade of

a beautiful sword. Finally, the hilt appeared held by a white hand. Conochbor held his breath—he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life! While he was standing thus, transfixed by the wonder and beauty of it all, the hand continued upward showing a lovely white arm—and then the head!

Conochbor fell on his knees before her. Slowly she laid the flat of the sword across his shoulders—then she spoke. "Conochbor, you are the chosen youth, who is to deliver your clan from all enemies and conquer the world. You are he for whom your forefathers have waited and longed. You are now too young to begin, but you are given three years in which to prepare. Go now and prove yourself worthy of this mighty trust. Tell no one of what you have seen, but return here three years from today and receive this sword."

Slowly she started to disappear. Greed and impatience filled the boy's heart. Why should he wait three long years? Had he not already proved himself far superior in strength and arms to any of the clan? He leaped to his feet and seized the edge of the sword just as it was about to disappear.

Some of the clan were hunting near the lake for deer. Suddenly the air was rent by a deathlike shriek. Rushing to the place, they found Conochbor lying dead face downward with the gleaming sword in his hand. In awe and dread, they fell on their knees; and as they knelt there, the sound of distant weeping and wailing came from the depths of the lake and retreated till it was heard no more.

LOIS E. DAVIS, '26.



## THE GOLDEN MOON

As I saw the pretty moon  
A-sailing in the sky,  
She suddenly hid her golden face  
As if to say good-bye.

But soon again the moon shone out  
And smiled, and smiled, and smiled;  
So when the shooting stars came up,  
Their shooting dance was wild.

Yet then the silv'ry stars came out,  
And began to twinkle soon,  
And when you see them twinkling  
They are curtsying to the moon.

PATTY HERRING,  
*Intermediate I.*



### A SNOWSTORM

The wind is blowing loud and strong,  
The trees are moaning all day long,  
While on the ground the heavens cast  
The snowflakes, falling thick and fast.

The snowflakes! O the snowflakes white!  
They are so downy, soft and light!  
I like to watch them falling down  
Without a sound upon the town.

While I am safe and warm asleep,  
The snow is piling thick and deep;  
And in the morning when I rise,  
What dazzling beauty meets my eyes.

The flowers beneath the snow are warm,  
For nothing does them any harm.  
This blanket white protects the plants,  
While God supplies their food and wants.

YVONNE G. CAMERON,  
*First Year High.*

## WHAT THE FIREPLACE TOLD ME

I CLOSED my book with a sigh, and casting a nervous glance behind me drew my chair closer to the glowing fire. I sat at one end of the great drawing room in my grandfather's house. The room behind me was dark and the fire threw gruesome light and shadow on the old portraits of my ancestors—some of them as much as three hundred years old. I knew that all of these people had been in this house, and most of them in the very room where I sat, and I wondered if they felt as awed and lonesome as I. I was startled when a voice broke in on my thoughts—

"So you'd like to know if they liked it?"

"Why, who—why, how—where?" I cried, half rising to my feet.

"Oh, don't be alarmed," said the stranger, "I only thought you'd like to know!"

"But," I began, and stopped, for, standing in the fire, was the dearest little man I have ever seen, whose face was geniality itself, and whose body seemed made of red and yellow flames.

"If you'd like me to, I'll tell you," he said, his queer eyes twinkling.

"Tell me?" I questioned, forgetting for the moment my former thoughts.

"Why to be sure! About your ancestors, you know."

"Oh yes, do," I cried. "Tell me whether they liked it or not."

"Well," he answered, pointing his long finger past me into the darkness beyond, "you can see for yourself."

I turned, and lo! the room was aglow with the light from many candles, and gayly decorated with holly wreaths and boughs of red berries. At the far end of the room was a tall Christmas tree, lighted with candles, and trimmed with bright tinsel and colored trinkets. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and light laughter floated in through the doorway. Then, suddenly, the room was filled with people—pretty girls, with blushes coming and going in quick succession; young men, in best of humor, seeking to please the girls with quick wit and ready laughter; matrons, looking

nearly as young as their daughters; and a few small children, delightedly clapping their hands at the Christmas tree. The sweet tones of a violin joined with those of a harpsichord in a waltz, and soon the room was a kaleidoscope of color. As the dancers glided by, I recognized several of my ancestors whom I had seen in the portraits.

I turned to the little flame-man. "They did!" I said.

"Yes," he agreed, and I noticed that his fiery hair was standing on end. "Now look!" he cried in a mysterious voice.

This time when I looked the room was in total darkness, but one by one weird faces appeared, and rumbling noises, and once in a while a screech, seemed to come from everywhere at once. Pretty soon screams of laughter and shrieks of fright were mingled, apparently coming from the hallway, and then twenty or thirty boys and girls came trooping in, each bearing a lighted Jack-o-lantern, and each dressed in some outlandish costume. The lights were turned up and for a while the children played games and bobbed for apples until they were hilarious with laughter. Suddenly there was a cry of "It's ghosts!" and the lights went out. I listened for children's footsteps, but all I heard was the moaning of the wind as it tore by the chimney. I shuddered and turned to my friend.

"Where are they all?" I queried.

"Oh," he said, "they're putting on their wraps in the hall." And sure enough, there they were, saying their last good-nights and reluctantly allowing their nurses to take them home.

"Well," I said, laughing, "*they* certainly liked it!"

"Yes indeed," exclaimed the little old man, "and there are some of them right up there on the wall." He pointed out two or three—my thrice great-aunts and uncles, I believe.

"Now," he said, "here is something not quite as pleasant."

I turned once more, and beheld the room changed from a very gay to a very somber room indeed. The shades were drawn, and, by the tiny bit of daylight struggling through a rip in the curtain, I could see a small coffin resting on the table.

"There!" cried the little man, "I'll not show you any more of that. That was the little one next your mother on the left. Now I'll show you something else."

This time it was a wedding. There were only a few guests besides the bride's and groom's parents, and it was all very pretty. It did not last long and soon I was watching another picture.

A man and a woman came in with a baby about a year old. The woman stood it on the floor and tried to coax it to walk. The child stood there, rather unsteadily, until, as its father said, "Come to daddy," it took a wavering step forward. Three steps it took, and, at the end of the perilous journey, its father swung it up onto his shoulder and bore it from the room.

As the picture faded, the little flame man said, "The man and woman are your mother and father and the baby is—you!"

I wonder what the flame man will show my thrice-great-nephew or grandson!

ISABEL G. BOUGHTON, '27.



### A MORNING BY THE SEA

The calm of the early morning's rising sun  
Is being shed o'er the broad and open sea;  
The sparkling waves look up with merry glee,  
As bathed in new-born light, they gayly run  
The great, long width of shore, in sportive fun.  
Each tiny wave while breaking seems to me  
Attempting from the one behind to flee  
With quick'ning pace, until the race is won.  
Now of my life this beauteous scene is part—  
So will remain through all my future days.  
Great peace and joy have come within my heart,  
As on these wonders I so often gaze;  
Within my soul a deep, sweet spring doth start,  
And then I turn my eyes to Heav'n in praise.

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24.



## SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

IT WAS Sunday morning beneath the cloisters of Capistrano, and the mission was pervaded by that deep calm and early morning peace, which were in such direct contrast to the noise and strife of the week. The sweet note of the mission bell rang out and at its sound the Indian braves and squaws gathered reverently in the little chapel. It was the Feast of Purisima and the godly padres had set aside this hour for mass. Moreover, sainted Father Serra had come all the way from mission Dolores especially for this festival.

The simple and beautiful service began; and so intent were all the natives on the adored face and words of the Father, that no one noticed a slight rumbling beneath the chapel floor. The Indians knelt in their pews and Serra raised his hands to bless them. But scarcely had the first words of the benediction left his lips, when the slight rumbling changed to a low roar.

"Come this way all of you," said the Father calmly. They obeyed him at once, but it was too late. No more than three had reached the safety of the Sacristy when with a loud crash the upper belfry fell onto the roof and into the chapel. Once more the dreaded earthquake had taken its toll.

\* \* \*

Few tourists are so hurried they hesitate to rest a little while within the now unending calm of Capistrano. They

gaze sadly at the garden, the ruined cloisters, and the bells which hang silent in the lower belfry, and then go out again to their busy lives. But those who with patience explore its dark recesses, may come upon a little door, and peering through, look upon all that remains of the once beautiful chapel. Nearby also they will find a little plot of ground where are buried those Indians of long ago. And when at last they go, the sound of the mission bells will long echo in their hearts.

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present  
With color of romance.

"Your voices break and falter in the darkness—  
Break, falter, and are still;  
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill."

MARIANNE C. VOS, '24.



## A SURPRISE PARTY

"**M**AMMY, do you know how to keep a secret?"  
"Yes, Mr. Kay."

"Well, tomorrow is April Fool's Day and I'm going to give a little surprise party for Miss Lucy. It will be a dinner party and I can't give it without your help. If you will see to the dinner and keeping Miss Lucy out of the kitchen, I'll invite the guests, get a maid, and some flowers. Also I'll arrange an urgent shopping expedition about five o'clock, and we won't be home until dinner time. I'll invite Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. Grove. How does all this sound to you?"

"Wall, you know, I jest think it's great, I do."

"You have everything here ready, then, and I'll see that the guests get here on time."



## THE NEW GYMNASIUM

SHOULD it be any way possible, we wish that words could convey the deep sense of gratitude we feel toward Mr. and Mrs. Pardee. Their splendid gift of a new gymnasium came as an almost incredible, and assuredly a most delightful, surprise. Hitherto, and particularly in the first difficult days of starting the new school building, these two liberal benefactors gave us such invaluable aid that, when they presented this new gift, it seemed as if their generosity and kindness were indeed unbounded, and almost overwhelming. Always unfailing in their willingness to aid or co-operate with any of our plans, Mr. and Mrs. Pardee have been the constant and very real friends of the school, and it is with a sense of inadequacy that we endeavor to express our keen appreciation of their serviceable and valuable gift.

The location of the gymnasium was a problem which received careful consideration. At first an entirely separate building was contemplated, but on second thought this was found impracticable. Then there remained but one possibility; to utilize the old kitchen which was in the back part of the school. But here a serious difficulty was confronted, for in the middle of the room, two large posts upheld part of the weight of the two stories above. This obstacle not only prevented organized gymnastic work, but made impossible the necessary open space for basketball. There was only one solution; the removal of the posts. This was done and now an immense steel girder across the ceiling supports the weight above and spans the wide, unobstructed floor space. When this incredibly difficult and very expensive task was completed, the room took on its first semblance of a gymnasium. All debris was then removed, wire placed over the spacious windows, and to complete the work, two basketball standards were erected. It is an astonishing renovation of a kitchen.

This magnificent gift comes not only as an asset in our gymnastic work, but at a very crucial time for athletics. Hitherto the Seminary has very kindly lent us, twice a week for basketball, the use of their gymnasium, but this year they

found it necessary to withdraw this privilege. Despair took possession of the basketball players and the prospect for a successful season looked very gloomy indeed. Then news reached us of an exciting surprise. It came at the psychic moment. Interest was revived but we little imagined the extent of our good fortune, until we saw realized not a dream of temporary help, but a very tangible, permanent reality. But at this point words are futile for a casual observer need only look upon the animated faces in school to understand how much this gymnasium has done, not only to rekindle the zeal of basketball enthusiasts but also to stimulate a new interest and eagerness for athletics.

Again we wish to extend our earnest and heartfelt thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Pardee.

ELIZABETH TYSON, '24.



### THE MAGI AND THE CHRISTMAS STAR

The Christmas star shone o'er the world so bright  
As three Wise Men rode from the East, afar;  
Sweet frankincense was borne by Balthasar;  
The next king, Melchior, carried gold; the light  
Of a pale moon cast shadows through the night  
On the small box of myrrh brought by Gaspar.  
Three Magi, guided by a wondrous star,  
Were led o'er desert dry, and mountain height,  
To wild Judea where the Christ-Child lay  
In rough-hewn manger with the cattle near.  
They gave their gifts, and humbly knelt to pray  
The dear God's blessing for the Infant there,  
And then they slowly started on their way  
While overhead the heavenly star shone clear.

LESLIE E. HUN, '25.

## A VISIT TO THE ARAB QUARTERS IN ALGIERS

TO me the most fascinating, unique, and yet terrifying place which I visited during my recent trip abroad was the City of Algiers, and in particular the old Arab quarters. They are situated in the old part of the city at quite a distance from the sites of the homes of the English, French, Americans, and other foreigners who have come there to live. The setting in itself, with a background of palm trees and other tropical vegetation, is enough to inspire a feeling of mystery and excitement. But the people are really the most important of all. I never saw anyone like them before. Their homes too and the way they live and worship all add bits of local color.

As we started on our tour the guide told us to beware of pickpockets as the streets lent their services to such offenders. We spent our time walking down a never-ending series of steps. These steps were little and rough and crooked. There were water-taps along the way and as these were left running, the water came out all over the streets and made the stairs so slippery we could hardly keep our balance. On either side of the streets were little stalls where the Arabs were selling vegetables, clothing, and native jewelry.

The homes of these people might almost be likened to those of animals. They live together in tiny little two-story houses in terrible filth and squalor, like rats. The houses really resemble little caves hollowed out in the rocks. The entrance-way was very narrow and within, one could sometimes catch a glimpse of a crude stairway which was invariably painted a brilliant sky blue. The windows, that is, what few there were, were almost always heavily barred as the Arabians still believe in keeping their women secluded.

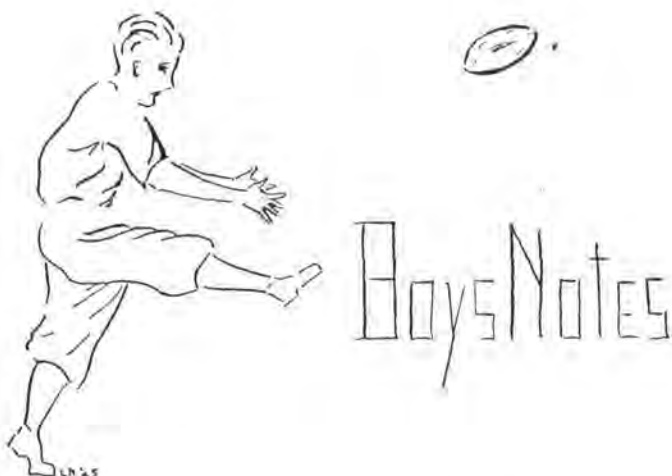
The people were really the ones who gave the local color with these crude homes for a background. They were by no means of one type or of one class. The men were garbed in tunics which had the noble intention of being white and if he was an Arab his head was encased in a white turban, or, if a Turk, in a red fez. The children were picturesquely

dressed and most of them went bare-footed. From their earliest days they are brought up to beg, and they eagerly and persistently pursued us with hands outstretched for coppers. As soon as a coin fell a crowd of children ran to pick it up. The women were very noticeably of two types—the true Arabian and the Cabille. All wore either very full, long, white pantaloons or some sort of a loose skirt carelessly gathered up to the waist, meeting an ill-shaped upper garment. Their heads were covered with flowing white head-dresses. Tightly drawn over their faces, just below their eyes, they wore veils, some of silk and lace, others of cotton. Some of the lowest caste Arabian women wore no veils at all. The Cabille women also went without them. Their distinguishing characteristic was the tattooing on their foreheads and chins. All the native women seemed to be particularly fond of brown or lavender stockings and, as for shoes, they either wore rough wooden ones, cast-off pumps, or none at all.

Nearby, though not directly within these Arab quarters was a Mohammedan mosque. It was a moderate-sized building with a dome. This entire edifice was white-washed. The ceiling was very high and the floor was devoid of furniture, but it was completely covered with a beautiful carpet, except for a narrow aisle on either side and in front. In the center of the right-hand side was a very beautifully and intricately carved pulpit of ebony. On either side were balconies for the women, for they are not allowed to worship in close company with the men. Several lovely candelabra hung from the ceiling. We met two men leaving with their shoes in their hands. When they came to the narrow aisle, they put them on again. We were afterwards told that if we had gone too far with our shoes on, we might have been asked to take them off.

The Arab quarters and the life of its inhabitants hold a particular charm for me. The very sight of these people dressed and looking true to story-book life is enough to thrill one. This whole section of Algiers has a feeling of mystery, of excitement, about it, and one cannot help liking it in spite of the poverty, dirt and squalor.

KATHARINE S. FOSTER, '24.



Mr. Miller, our athletic instructor, has been giving us playground tests. Several of the boys threw one hundred and thirty feet, jumped five feet nine standing, broad jump and chinned themselves from a hanging position four times. Mr. Miller says that he has some more surprises coming.

We wish to express our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Pardee for the gymnasium.

Frank Mather has gone to Switzerland to school.

One great addition that the boys appreciate is the wire fence around the football field which enables them to know the boundaries and to keep their balls from going out.

Mr. Woods, the Algebra and French teacher, takes us down to the University Gymnasium every Saturday morning and gives us lessons in wrestling, tumbling, and swimming.

LLOYD GIBBONS,

*Intermediate IV.*

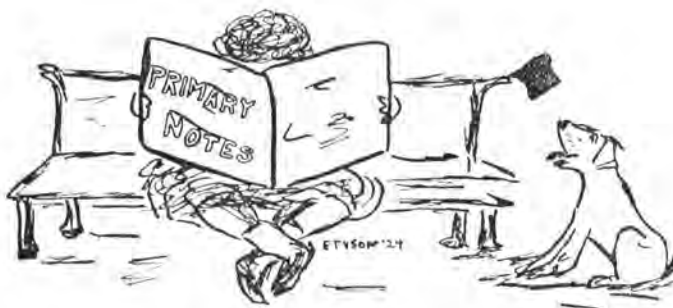
## THE ORGAN-GRINDER

This summer we went to Massachusetts. While we were up there we met a man who played the accordion. His name was Luigi and he was born in France. He had crossed the ocean when the war began. I asked him to tell us his history, so he told us this story:

"We lived on a farm in France and when the war broke out I sent my wife and two children to Havre, the big French port. I said that I would follow later and would stay behind to pack all our belongings. (I was too old to be in the Army.) One day a big shell fell on our home while I was in the village and when I came back I found that all that was left was my little hand-organ and some money which I had saved which was in a little tin box. I now had to go somewhere else, so I set out to join my wife. When I reached Havre I found to my great chagrin that my wife had been told that I was dead and had been taken some place by the Knights of Columbus. As I did not know where, I could do nothing. I tried to find work on a ship but they rejected me because I was too old. Then I tried to pay my passage in the steerage and found that I didn't have enough money. So I fell back on the wild plan of stowing away. I crept up the gang-plank when all was dark and hid in the lifeboat nearest to me. It was an ideal hiding place as it was well provisioned and had a tank of water. For seven days I stayed cramped up in that life-boat. On the eighth day in the small hours of morning I crawled down the gang-plank and found myself in a small town in Massachusetts where luckily for me there were no immigrant authorities. I started off to earn my living by playing an accordion which I had bought with my money for I had left my organ in the lifeboat in fear of being caught. The other day as I was walking to town I saw to my great joy my wife and boys. They told me that the Knights of Columbus took them and brought them here and paid two months' rent on a small cottage. Now I have a home and somebody to take care of."

Then dad asked him how he liked the Americans.

"The Americans? God bless them!" LLOYD GIBBONS.



**T**HIS year there is a new addition to our Primary Department, which you all know as the Junior Primary. Our old gym room makes a splendid, large, light room for the twelve children enrolled, and they are having very pleasant first impressions given them there.

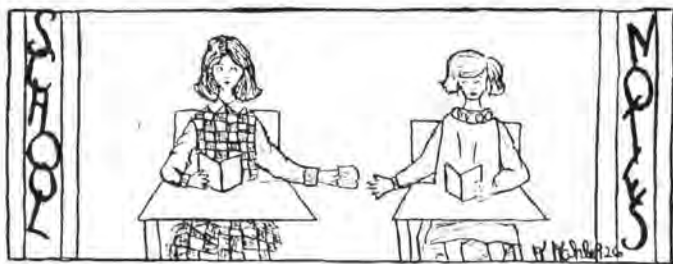
Of course, the First Primary is learning reading, and writing, but that is not all by any means for now the children are collecting seeds, and leaves, and blue-printing them. Soon they are going to do grass, and grain, and learn to use printer's ink, and rollers. Then, too, they are making an interesting farmyard with the animals which belong to it.

In the Second Primary they are studying about Indians, particularly the cliff-dwellers and pueblos. The class, beside hearing and reading all about them, is also making a clay model of a village, and they soon expect to paint pictures as well.

The Third and Fourth Primary find the study of insect life very interesting. They have finished ants, and are now learning all about bees and their hives. They are soon going to make pictures and stories about the bees, in connection with what they are learning.

The Fourth Primary is studying about the ancient Greeks. Many of the class have drawn some very realistic pictures illustrating the old Greek Myths. At present each one is writing his own version of a play, the best of which they will choose and give later. Mary Davis and Ian Bowman will have the leading parts, and the rest of the cast will be known later.

DOROTHY ETTA FUNKHOUSER, '25.



THE School opened as usual with Dr. Baker's blessing and good wishes for a successful year. It has had such a good start, that we feel sure this year will be a record-breaker, in the matter of numbers at least, for the enrollment has increased to 253 in the entire school, and in the Primary alone, there are a hundred little ones.

At the opening of the second month, the assembled school was very happy to hear Dr. Erdman say a few words about the advancement of Miss Fine's since the time when the whole school was smaller than the Primary is now. And there are many improvements, for we have our new gymnasium given us by Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, and our new science department, which Miss Fine has long wanted to have and which Miss Scattergood has made so interesting for all her pupils. Then our latest addition is the beautiful new flag, which Mrs. Lambert has just given us.

The Senior Class gave an exceedingly jolly picnic for the Juniors on Wednesday evening, October 10th, at the Lake. The party started from the boat-house in canoes, some of which were kindly lent for the occasion, and paddled up the Lake to a short distance from the Harrison Street bridge.

It was undecided for a long time just what the Juniors were to do for the Seniors in acknowledgment of this picnic, but it was arranged that the Juniors should entertain the Seniors at the home of Leslie Hun, the class president, at luncheon on Wednesday, November 7th, and the whole party go to the movies afterward. We are very grateful to Mrs. Hun for her generous hospitality.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, '25.



# ATHLETIC NOTES



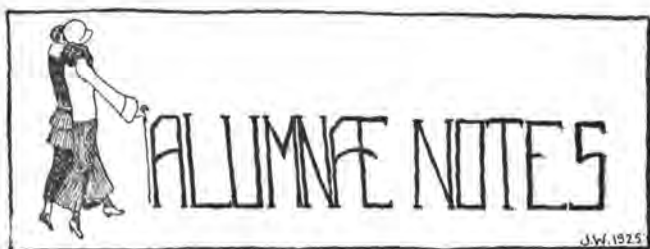
WHEN we returned to school we were very agreeably surprised to find that Mr. and Mrs. Pardee had given us a present in the form of a gymnasium. It is large enough to play basketball in, so let us have a winning team to help show our appreciation.

We are fortunate in having Miss Frederick back again to coach our teams, and we trust the coming season will be a successful one.

Hockey began the second day of school. The Seminary is very kindly letting us use their field on Mondays and Thursdays. Elizabeth Tyson was elected captain of the Gray Team and Helen Loetscher of the Blue Team. We play George School on November 16th, here. The prospective line-up is as follows: center, Elizabeth Tyson; left wing, Helen Loetscher; right wing, Anna Hale; left inner, Helen Foster; right inner, Jean Raymond; center halfback, Katherine Norris; right halfback, Marianne Vos; left halfback, Janet MacInnes; right fullback, Lawrence Norris; left fullback, Lois Davis; goal guard, Jane Link.

We play basketball in our own gymnasium on Wednesday afternoons. Katherine Foster was elected manager. This year we play two schools, the Princeton High School on January 18th, and George School on February 8th, on their own courts.

HELEN FOSTER, '25.



Jean Spahr, '17, is engaged to Mr. Sangree of Philadelphia, who is studying in New York for the ministry.

Margaret Fine, '18, is again teaching at Miss Fine's.

Emily Stuart, '18, is teaching Latin at Saint Mary's School, Burlington, N. J. She is engaged to Mr. Arthur Perry, a Williams graduate, and son of the well-known Mr. Bliss Perry. They expect to be married early next summer.

May Vreeland, '18, went abroad with her parents last summer, and this winter plans to have her voice trained in Italy.

Constance Cameron, '18, now Mrs. Charles Townsend Ludington, has a daughter, Ethel, born several months ago.

Priscilla Capps, '18, graduated from Smith last year and is now doing advanced work in science.

Susan C. Duffield, '18, was married to Mr. Hollins McKim Steele, Thursday, October twenty-fifth, in the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Our best wishes to Sue and congratulations to Mr. Steele.

Helen Spahr, '19, graduated from Smith last June and has gone abroad with some of her friends and plans to study art.

Lucy Hodge, '19, who graduated from Smith last June, is at home now, but hopes to join Helen later.

Janet Frantz, '19, graduated from Smith last year, and is in Princeton this year, working at the University Press.

Darrah More, '19, is at home again after graduating from Vassar last year. She is busy with various Princeton activities.

Alice Eno, '20, is in Princeton once more after her trip abroad.

Dorothy Love, '21, is engaged to Mr. Lawrence Saunders of Philadelphia, and expects to be married this winter.

Helen Smith, '21, is studying sculpturing in New York.

Alice Olden and Caroline Watson, two '22 graduates, are studying nursing; Alice at the Middlesex Hospital, New Brunswick, N. J., and Caroline at Rochester, New York.

Emily Anderson, '22, is in Princeton this fall, and we are very glad she is, for we enjoy seeing her in the Theater Intime.

Angelina MacLaren, '22, is at home, and every Saturday goes to Philadelphia to study art.

Emilie Longwell, '22, is at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Of last year's graduating class—

Rebekah Armstrong, Nannie Wilson and Elizabeth Schaufler are at Smith.

Martha Love and Priscilla Bullitt are at Vassar.

Margaret Mather is attending Chateau Mont-Choisi in Switzerland.

Annabel Dixon is at Bryn Mawr.

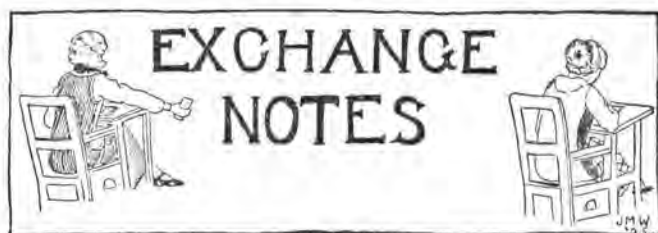
Betty Alexander is at Elmira College, New York.

Anne Tunstall is at home this winter, but plans to study French with Miss Beard.

Betty Long also intends to take French with Miss Beard, and is taking Courses in English at Columbia besides.

Mary Devlin is at Trinity College in Washington.

CATHARINE ROBINSON, '25



The LINK acknowledges the following exchanges with many thanks.

*The Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall. *The Dwightonia*—The Dwight School. *Tit-bits*—St. Timothy's School. *The Chronicle*—Mary Institute. *The Lantern*—Westover School.

LESLIE HUN, '25.

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