

# The Link



June 1923



# THE LINK

Miss Fine's School

JUNE, 1923



## ERRATA

Owing to an unfortunate error in making up the page, the two lines at the top of page 14 should have been at the bottom of same page.

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FOR

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

# The Link

## MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1923

No. 3

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# Editorials

THE Dramatic Association has made a splendid contribution to the Endowment Fund. Full particulars of this gift are to be found in the Dramatic Notes of this issue.

Happily, the LINK is able to follow their example. Thanks to the efficient business management, the LINK has this year a surplus which, by vote of its Board, is to be transferred to the Endowment Fund of our school.

The Endowment Fund is necessary to secure the permanence of the School and to enable it to meet the demands of a first-class modern preparatory school education. It has always been the desire of the Board of Trustees to keep the tuition as low as possible and to run the School on a strictly non-profit basis; but as yet the spacious school building with its lovely grounds is encumbered by mortgages which require annual interest.

We wish that it were a propitious time to start a drive—a whirlwind campaign to pay off every dollar of our indebtedness. However, next year will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school and that would seem to be a particularly happy time to make a drive for the Endowment Fund. But until then, every effort should be bent toward increasing the Endowment Fund by small gifts. So the outgoing Board of Editors takes pride and pleasure in presenting the sum that it has on hand. We trust succeeding Boards will be able to do much more along the same line.

THE headings this month for the Primary, Alumnae, and Dramatic Notes are by Joan Woolworth; for the School Notes, by Rosemary Street; the Athletic Notes heading is by Marian Freeman; that for the Boys' Notes is by Elizabeth Shaufler, and Martha Love drew the one for the Exchange Notes.

HELEN LOETSCHER and Katherine Norris have been appointed Editors and Katherine Foster, Business Manager of the LINK for next year. The present Board congratulates them and wishes them and the LINK every success.

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

ANNABEL DIXON, '23.

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### THE PYRAMIDS

Stern sentinels that watch the ages pass,  
Guarding that ancient route from East to West,  
Seeing go by each nation and each class,  
Still keep their watch when men have gone to rest.  
They saw great Pharaohs rule that desert land,  
And then at last when each laid down his crown,  
They gave him shelter from the burning sand,  
In sombre tombs on which the stars looked down.  
They now see camel trains and curious throngs  
Of peoples who in wonder stand and gaze,  
Trying to solve the mystery to which belongs  
A civilization lost in desert haze.

Today they stand in silence as of yore,  
And through all ages will, forevermore.

CATHERINE ROBINSON, '25.

# The Magic Words

## A PLAY IN ONE ACT

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HEGARD, *King of Cornwall.*

EALDLEHILD, *his wife.*

ANSCIA, *their only child.*

WELAND, *Anscia's nurse.*

WIGLAF, *the wanderer.*

BANQUET GUESTS.

SERVANTS.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I

TIME—*In the early fourth century, on a feast-day of Woden.*

PLACE—*The banquet-hall of Hegard.*

SETTING—*Rough-hewn walls and ceiling. A long table runs the length of the hall. On a raised platform at one end the King and Queen are sitting. The sides of the table are lined with guests. A child runs in crying, as the servants begin to carve the boar.*

ANSCIA (*between sobs*): Father, father, my nurse has been treating me miserably, and I am so unhappy. I demand respect from servants. (*She stamps her foot, and guests laugh.*)

FIRST GUEST: She will make a fine Queen after thee, Hegard!

HEGARD: Hush! Anscia, stop your ranting! This conduct is unspeakable in a princess of Cornwall. (*Enter Weland*) Weland, tell me about this disgraceful happening.

WELAND—Oh Hegard, I love the child dearly, but lately she has been losing her temper very easily. Ealdleild will vouch for that.

HEGARD: Ealdleild, is this true?

EALDLEHILD: Yes, my lord, most unhappily it is true.

HEGARD (*sadly*): Go on, Weland.

WELAND: This noon, Oh, Hegard, I begged Anscia to stop her play and dress for the banquet. She knew her mother desired her to come but still she refused to stop her play. Finally, since it waxed late, I took her toys away and locked them up. Then she ran to you in a tantrum.

HEGARD: Anscia, is this true?

ANSCIA: Yes, oh my father.

HEGARD: My daughter, on feast-days of the gods, one should always be especially kind and loving. You have not been at all thoughtful, so you must be punished. May Woden forgive me for leaving his banquet before the sacrifice! Come Ealdlechild! Come Weland and Anscia! (*Exit Hegard, Ealdlechild, Anscia and Weland.*)

FIRST GUEST: Thor, but she is a mighty cross Princess!

SECOND GUEST: Not a whit like kind Hegard.

ALL GUESTS: Truly said.

THIRD GUEST: What will Hegard do with the girl?

FIRST GUEST: Let it not worry you. Come, a toast to Woden!

CURTAIN

## SCENE 2

TIME—*One month later.*

PLACE—*Chamber in Hegard's palace.*

*Ealdlechild and Hegard are talking.*

HEGARD: I am sore distressed about our fair daughter's temper.

EALDLEHILD: Think ye the incantations of witch Broda might avail aught?

HEGARD: Nay, that is mere superstition.

*(Knocking at door. Enter Wiglaf.)*

WIGLAF—Greetings, Oh Hegard. What know you of superstition?

HEGARD: Wanderer, can you improve people's tempers?

WIGLAF: Improve tempers? Why that is my simplest work. Bring the unruly one here.

HEGARD (*to servant*): Summon the Princess Anscia!

*(Exit servant. Enter Anscia.)*

ANSCIA: Father, did you want me?

WIGLAF: I hear you have an ugly temper.

in the young mind. And when he grows up, and other more tangible pleasures are substituted for these castles, he, some—  
ANSCIA: Who are you, you nasty brute?

HEGARD: Anscia! Such language is—

WIGLAF: Leave her be! Come here, girl. (*Anscia moves toward the Wanderer.*) I have a charm which I shall tell you.

This will keep you sweet tempered. Listen—Serve others; forget yourself! Remember those words and you will be happy.

ANSCIA (*joyfully*): Oh you good man. Father, may I bring this kind friend food?

WIGLAF: See, she is happy already. Thank you. I desire no food. I must set forth again. But remember your words.

ANSCIA (*softly*): Serve others; forget yourself!

CURTAIN

LESLIE P. HUN, '25.

## Air Castles

AIR castles originate with the imaginative mind of the child. Before he begins to puzzle things out for himself he weaves impossible dreams in his unconscious mind. His ambitions and desires seem very capable of realization, and his youthful intellect cannot comprehend how impracticable his fancies are. His enjoyment in this delightful and fascinating world of imagination is unlimited. With a few leaps and bounds he is far away from the worldly environment, and every suppressed whim and desire, finds satisfaction in the land of fancy.

Contentment fills his young heart as he imagines himself lying on a fleecy cloud, watching the swiftly moving world flit by. Again, he sees the blue sky slowly change into a great wide sea, and he is piloting a big ship with real, white clouds for sails. In another minute he imagines himself a bird, soaring past houses, over fields, and at length disappearing into a mysteriously enchanting wood, perhaps to watch the fairies dancing in a circled ring of moonlight. Dream after dream follows, impossible yet fascinating, but all an outlet for pent-up thoughts, and all stirring the creative power



how, never feels the same free, unlimited feeling of delight which these fancies aroused in his youthful heart.

But in the development from boy to man, he still builds air castles. No longer is he taking impossible flights in the sky, but now dreams, more real, are substituted for his former fancies. Reason has taken the place of the hitherto unconscious mind, and he realizes that nothing is gained without an effort. A desire for knowledge, adventure and experience fills his heart. He begins to have a perception of how complicated life is, and how much pain and suffering surround him. Ideals and principles spring up in his formative mind. He begins to dream. He sees himself, perhaps, a great man, manipulating a great work. He imagines himself alleviating the suffering of mankind—perhaps some day he would even be listed in the hall of fame. He dreams of love, and he is confident that his idealistic ideas are capable of realization. He realizes that life is difficult yet he is sure that he can overcome its obstacles. The future seems full of promise and hope. Castles are rebuilt, and he goes on erecting them—self-assured and with all the over-confidence of youth.

He is old now yet he is still building these castles in the air. But they are very different, very changed. Wisdom and experience have replaced the self-confidence of youth, and he smiles at his former fancies. He is not a great man, nor has he accomplished any great work. He has helped lessen human suffering, but in anything but a conspicuous fashion. His name will never be enrolled in the hall of fame. He now realizes how different his conception of love is, from the romantic notions of boyhood. Disillusionment, bitterness, even hate and everything he had thought would be hardly experienced have played a large part in his life. His castles are now of a very different nature, for he has divined something of the real values of life from experience. He is dreaming of the future of the world. He smiles at his children and dreams of them playing a constructive part in that future. All his dreams are broader, less self-centered, and all tempered by experience and common sense. Yes, they are strangely, unbelievably different yet he builds them with something of the same enjoyment he derived when a child.

ELIZABETH TYSON, '24.

## *The Dryad's Haunt*

In many a wooded dingle bramble-starred,  
Where the first white-thorn blows,  
The whispering ghosts of faun and dryad guard  
The green repose.

The greener grows beneath their shadowy feet  
The springing grass;  
The swaying honeysuckle breathing sweet,  
Sighs as they pass.

Through all the dreaming summer noon no sound,  
No stirring spray  
Tells that the cowship combe is haunted ground,  
Where dryads play.

But when the broad fields sleep and the white moon  
Peers round the hawthorn trees,  
And in the honeysuckle dies the croon  
Of slumb'rous bees,

Faint to the stars that hang in heaven's dim eaves  
Goes singing light,  
Piping, that floats like drifting Autumn leaves  
Through the blue night.

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

## The Wheel of Life

**W**OULD he look at her? Mah-Fah's heart was beating so fast she could scarcely breathe. This was the third time she had seen the young foreigner, and Mah-Fah decided she loved him with all her heart, even though she was betrothed to Lang-Tang, the tea shop owner. She remembered the first time she had seen him. She was buying tea for her reverend father, and he had strolled by; then the second encounter was on her way to pray at Buddha's temple. Ah! now this third time Mah-Fah knew he was the Man-in-the-Moon, and her heart ached for him.

Lang-Tang was disturbed. A lovely lady had drunk tea in his shop, and Lang-Tang loved her. She was so different from the women he knew. Light yellow curly hair, eyes the color of the sea, lips that were two rosebuds, and cheeks like apple blossom petals. Then a few days later Lang-Tang had seen this wonderful lady on the street, but before he could reach her, she was swallowed up in the swirling crowd.

That night Lang-Tang went down to the Cherry Blossom pagoda by the Chang River, and there he meditated. How should he find this wonderful woman? How could he live without her? He thought and thought, but his brain was in a whirl. Then he remembered Mah-Fah, and he was miserable. While Lang-Tang mused the golden moon began to rise over the distant mountains. Eagerly he watched for Mah-Fah's face, but no—that was not she. Lo, it was a strange lady, so strange, then she became quite distinct. It was the foreign one!

For a week Lang-Tang wasted his time, and Mah-Fah burned many precious sticks of incense. Both thought of all the ways in which they might reach those strange, white people; both spent much time down by the river musing, always musing; but no solution came to their terrible problem.

Then one day Lang-Tang went down to the wharf on business, and there he saw his wonderful lady sailing away. For a long time he watched her boat until it was a mere speck on the distant horizon; then it was gone and with it his heart.

Meanwhile Mah-Fah had been praying to the great god Buddha, and offering many candles, but finally the high priest told her the wheel of life ordained that she should marry Lang-Tang. Then indeed Mah-Fah gave up hoping.

That night Lang-Tang took her down to the Cherry Blossom pagoda and together they watched the moon rise, but it did not interest them, for whom did they see? Taking Mah-Fah's little hand in his, Lang-Tang told her his heart was given to another, a foreigner; so Mah-Fah unburdened her heart to him. After this they made plans for their wedding, but the glamour was gone—gone forever.

SUSANNE BLACKWELL, '25.

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### THE COMING OF NIGHT

The daylight dies,  
The sinking sun dips low into the sea,  
And through the misty air  
The breeze sighs fitfully,  
Swaying the flowers and shimmering  
On the waters fall and rise,  
The daylight dies.

The sunset fades,  
Its crimson gold and amethyst grow dim,  
Pale faintest rose and daffodil  
Towards the pearly rim  
Of the now dark horizon.  
Swift fall the evening shades.  
The sunset fades.

Daylight is fled.  
A few faint stars hang quivering in the void,  
Serene, majestic, heavenly—  
Emblem of unalloyed  
And matchless purity, the moon  
Has risen, her rays has shed.  
Daylight is fled.

NANNIE WILSON, '23.

## *The Subway*

Beneath the seething life of all New York,  
The subway rumbles on its rushing way,  
And thousands jostle rudely through its doors,  
And shove as they are wont to do each day.  
'Tis endless traveling. They come and pass,  
That never-ceasing, always hurrying mass.

And here is represented every type  
Of human kind—the Gentile and the Jew,  
The highest and the lowest—all meet here  
As on a common ground, and each is true  
To his own nature, hiding thoughts confined,  
Which all the while are battling in his mind.

O small Italian boy, what do you dream  
With eyes so large, so wistful and so pensive?  
Do you compare your native sunny skies  
With this great city where you needs must live?  
And do you sometimes long for, just a trifle,  
Fresh air in which to live and not to stifle?

And what do you reflect on, darky boy,  
While reading *Porters' News* so diligently?  
What passes through your mind? Do not your thoughts  
Now wander to the people that you see,  
You wonder what the rush is all about?  
Or do you take life as it comes—the joys  
It holds, and blot out all the subway's noise?

What passes through your mind, O tired shop girl,  
While sitting listless after one day's work?  
Does this large city still hold charms for you,  
And do you love the thrill of great New York?  
You seem to like the constant company,  
And all the brilliance of its gayety.

And so these people travel every day,  
Are herded in like beasts in their congestion;  
Each one cares only for himself,  
And how to hurry to his destination.  
But does he blindly then obliterate  
His fellow men, while struggling with his fate?

ELIZABETH PIERCE, '24.

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## The Story of a Piece of Silk

YES, it is true that I was just a piece of silk, lying all by myself on the top shelf in a large department store, simply because I was a remnant and not large enough to make the average gown. I had been very popular in my day when I was a fresh new piece of material, but I had been cut down and cut down until I was at last only an odd piece of silk. How I longed to be made up into a real pretty, fluffy party dress and worn to some wonderful affair as so many of my friends had been, but as the old saying goes—"Patience is a virtue"—and so after what seemed ages and ages my turn really came.

On a certain fine morning in the latter part of May I noticed a lady and quite a small girl approaching the counter. The girl was simply overflowing with joy and she was talking so fast and with such emphasis that it really was amusing. As they came nearer I could just overhear the words dance—rose—June, and before I could realize it the lady was asking for a piece of white silk of good quality; and then the first thing I knew I was down on the counter—for the first time in three months—and had met with approval. I was neatly wrapped up and whirled away in the child's arms. My! but she did hold me tightly, and you may be sure I was very anxious to find out my mission.

When I was unwrapped I found myself in the hands of a fashionable modiste, and it was then that I found out what I was going to be.

It seemed that in the early part of June there was to be a large dancing exhibition and my new mistress was to do some solo work in toe dancing and was to represent a rose. There was to be a miniature pair of gold ballet slippers awarded to the one whose dancing and costume won the most favor. Well, to make a long story short, I was made up into a rose costume, being tucked in here and wired out there until at last I was all ready for the great event—a beautiful creamy white rose!

The night came—the music sounded—the curtains parted—and my mistress tripped lightly forward to the center of the stage, made a low curtsy and with the rhythm of the music fairly floated through her dance. The greatest moment of my life had arrived. As a creamy white rose I was being gracefully swayed to and fro, back and forth in front of a vast throng of people.

The dance of the white rose was finished—the curtains had closed. There was a hush as of death and then in one solid mass came applause such as I had never dreamed of and I was satisfied—the fondest dreams of my life had come true.

The orchestra sounded for the next number and when at the end of the exhibition the judges named the white rose as being awarded the prize not only for her excellent dancing but also for her beautiful costume, I felt fully repaid for all my long waiting on the shelf. KATRYN BLAKE, '26.

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## SPRING

Spring is the happiest time of the year,  
When all the birds sing their bright songs of cheer,  
And all the sweet flowers open their eyes,  
To see the bright sun high in the skies.

The violets, and lilacs, and daffodils, too,  
Open their eyes to see the sky blue;  
And then the narcissus, in yellow and white,  
Looks at the world with "poet's" delight.

YVONNE CAMERON, *Intermediate III.*

## The Adventures of Sue

SUE and her invalid brother Clyde lived all alone in a small tenement on a very poor street in London. Their parents were dead and the children were supported by what Sue earned at the Cheapside Sewing Factory.

The little girl arose early every morning and, after making her invalid brother comfortable for the day, she met her friend Ruth and they went to work. Ruth was also a poor girl and without a mother. She lived near Sue and was her best friend. Ruth's father loved his daughter dearly, but he was an inveterate drinker.

Day after day the two friends went to the factory. Soon Sue made another friend there. Her name was Marie Stone. She was older than Sue, and was not as desirable a friend as was Ruth. Marie loved beauty and so she admired Sue a great deal and often invited her to her home. In this way Sue neglected Ruth.

Finally, one day Marie, knowing Sue's need of money, asked her if she would like to earn more money and in an easier way. Sue of course liked this idea very much. So Marie told her to go home that evening and dress in her best dress. She also made arrangements to meet her a little after dark.

Sue went home that evening and prepared supper for Clyde. She then got dressed and went to fulfill her engagement with her newly made friend. She had quite a distance to walk, and just arrived in time at the appointed place of meeting. When Sue met her friend she seemed unusually secretive. She refused to answer any questions Sue asked concerning her new position.

They walked what seemed to Sue a great distance. Finally they came to a large house in a secluded part of Westminster. They entered by a rear entrance and walked through a long hall. They then came to a large door. Upon this Marie knocked loudly. The door was opened by a short stout woman, who appeared very pleasant. She invited the girls into a large and cozy room and tried to make them comfort-



able. The woman told Sue she wanted her for a companion and she wanted her to stay that very night. To this of course, Sue protested but it was of no avail; she was now in the power of a strong woman.

The days wore on and Sue heard nothing of Clyde nor Ruth. She tried to run away, but it was impossible. She was continually guarded by this terrible woman. The two went shopping almost every day. It always seemed very queer to Sue that her companion usually kept her a few feet ahead of her when walking. When the strange woman would buy something she would always give the wrong address, and then conclude by saying that she would take her package with her. When Sue went through the stores, she was so beautiful everyone stopped and admired her. The old woman pretended she was Sue's governess. All these happenings seemed very strange to Sue, but she could do or say nothing. Thus she continued living.

Finally one morning she awakened very early. She dressed and went into the large room, into which she had come on the night of her arrival. The woman was not in her usual place by the fire. Sue thought she was probably in the kitchen and it would be best not to disturb her. She sat down and began reading. After an hour or so she was startled by a loud knock on the door. Opening it, she was confronted by two large policemen. "Another one of the old lady's victims, eh?" To this Sue did not know what to say. Then they explained to her. They told her that her so-called "companion" was one of the most notorious pickpockets in London. They said that she used beautiful girls like Sue to carry on her business. They asked Sue if she knew where the woman was. But of course she did not. They searched the house but the woman had gone. And so Sue departed. Hurriedly she went to her home. When she arrived there Clyde was gone. At this Sue was alarmed. He could have died during her absence of two weeks. The only thing she could do was to go to Ruth's home.

In a very short time Sue was walking up the steps of her friend's home. She opened the door and ran into the room. There she saw her brother asleep. He looked very pale and wan. She wakened him. When he saw it was she his eyes

sparkled with joy. Then of course he asked about her adventures. Then Ruth came into the room. She also was glad and surprised to see Sue.

Sue told her story, then Ruth told hers, of how she went over to see Sue that night she went away. Finding Clyde all alone she brought him home with her. She also told Sue that her father had become so attached to Clyde that he had stopped drinking and now could afford to support them all. And so the friends lived happily ever after.

DOROTHY DELACY, '25.

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## B. C. 1100

ON EITHER bank of the slow-moving Nile where tall palm trees swayed gracefully to and fro, ran the road to Thebes, which was built on both sides of the river. The daylight was fading, and in the distance the royal city with its obelisks and temples was softly outlined in gold. The last rays of the setting sun lit up the water front, and, as if with the magic touch of Midas, turned the river and its burden of boats to molten gold. Then slowly the glory faded, leaving the city pale and gray.

This drama of nature was enacted before the eyes of a young girl and a man who were standing on the cliffs by the doorway of the unfinished tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. The girl was Princess Hatshepsut, the king's cousin. The man was the captain of the King's Guards, tall and well built, with sad, dark eyes and a strong bronzed face. They were lovers.

As the golden light slowly faded over the distant city, the girl gave a little shiver, and turning to her companion spoke for the first time.

"Ah! Imhotep," she said in a choked voice, "thinkest thou that yonder sunset was an ill omen of the God Aton?"

"How so, dear heart?" the man answered, drawing her to him.

"In this way, my lord, for the golden glory is our happiness which fadeth as suddenly as yon sunset, for,"—her voice sinking to a whisper,—*"I bear bad news!"*

"They have not discovered my hiding place?" he asked, anxiously.

"Nay, but the king is in Thebes and his reason for leaving his capital is this. He hath tired of his wives and will betroth other twain of the city of Thebes tomorrow. And I am to be one, I of the noble house of Hatsheput am to be treated with this ignominy!"

His face darkened, but he answered quickly,

"How does that hinder our marriage tonight, for if all goes as we had planned, we would be in Punt ere noon tomorrow, and this thing could not happen."

"My father gave orders that I should be guarded, for he knows how I hate the king, and is anxious for his daughter to have the honor of becoming the king's bride. Honor!" she added with scorn, and then, "and they have taken my money and trinkets that I may not bribe the guards. I escaped them this afternoon though." And she laughed a silvery laugh.

"Beloved," said her lover, "let me but hold thee thus for one blissful minute in my arms, and then listen carefully to all I say. Take this money," and he handed her a leathern pouch, "and bribe the guards with it. Then lead the old priest here at the appointed time, twelve gong strokes over the city, and I shall be waiting."

"Yea, my lord, I will do all that, and the great god Aton is with us." She raised her lips to his in a farewell embrace, and disappeared on the road to Thebes, swallowed up in the gloom of the approaching night.

The man sighed.

"Why is it ever thus with those who truly love each other? Just as we thought that we could be married despite my lower rank, then did King Tut-Ankh-Amen have this persecution of all the believers of the god Aton, the god of his father, Ikna-ton. For that reason I had to flee, being a believer. Little does the king dream that I am hidden in his own unfinished tomb far away from his city of Amarna, helped by the Princess. Then despite these difficulties we thought we could be

married secretly. But because the King wishes to betroth her tomorrow must they guard her. Oh! The thought of what they are doing to her, guarding her, taking her trinkets and worse still betrothing her to that brute!" His hand involuntarily sought his sword, then he sighed again, and ceasing his musings, opened the door of the tomb. He picked his way across the débris on the floor, after he had locked the door behind him, and went into the second room, where he settled himself in the corner to wait.

\* \* \* \*

Dong, dong, dong! The city gong struck twelve.

He must have slept, for he was awakened by a frenzied knocking on the outer door. As he opened it, Hatshepsut, panting and trembling in every limb fell against him.

"Quick, lock it again!" She pointed to the door. "Oh! Imhotep," she cried, her voice coming in gasps, "I was discovered—the old priest fell—I ran on by myself—the King's chariots are pursuing! Hark!" And dull on the ear came the sound of horses' hoofs and chariots' wheels.

"Quick!" said Imhotep, "the hidden chamber!" They pulled back a tapestry and finding the door, pulled it open and slipped within a tiny unfinished room. The door clicked shut and they clung to each other and waited.

The pursuers were at the outer door, where they began to bang with mallets to effect an entrance. With the first blows, the walls of the little secret room trembled and tottered and then fell with a crash, carrying the lovers to eternity.

"There is no one here," said King Tut-Ankh-Amen in a loud voice. "The Princess must be hiding elsewhere. Let us go!"

MARGARET MATTHEWS, '25.

## A Gypsy Encampment

**W**ALKING through the woods one evening, I heard the shrill cries of men and women, and the neighing and stamping of impatient horses. Looking through the trees, I caught a glimpse of wagons painted blue and gold, of red and yellow tents, of flags fluttering in the breeze, and of sleek horses harnessed with varicolored trappings. Many figures, black against the glowing horizon, hurried to and fro, or bent anxiously over the great camp-fire.

The scene thrilled me through and through, and, lured on by the romance of it, I drew nearer and nearer, until at last I found myself in a little grove of trees, only a few yards from the camp. Alas for my golden dreams! They were shattered to a thousand pieces, even at the first look.

Here were, indeed, the painted wagons, the striped tents, the roaring camp-fire, but how different from my first sight of them! The ground was strewn with rubbish. Out of the windows of the very shabby wagons hung children, clothes, dishes, bedding and everything imaginable. I could see in the tents such a mess, such dirt and untidiness, that I looked away involuntarily. A woman was cooking something very greasy over the fire, and the odor of it filled the camp. The figures, which before had been hurrying about, now sprawled everywhere; men with baggy trousers, dirty, torn shirts, and slouch hats, women with red and blue petticoats, and yellow waists.

I turned and walked back the way I had come. After I had gone on quite a distance, I looked back through the trees. Again the thrill of romance filled me, and my golden dreams came back, as I watched the sun go down behind the distant camp.

ISABEL G. BOUGHTON,

*Intermediate IV*

## Rob Roy and the Fool

DUNVEGAN CASTLE is situated on the northern coast of the Isle of Skye, the largest of the Hebrides, and looks out over Loch Dunvegan. The 19th Chief of MacLeod, the laird of the Castle, lived about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. He had earned for himself the name of the "Wicked Man" and like the rest of the people of the time had violent likes and dislikes. He kept a large part of his money at Inverness for safety because one couldn't tell when one chief might raid another's castle.

One day he sent his fool to Inverness for some money. The fool, a very sociable fellow, overtook a nice gentleman riding a fine horse and started to talk to him. At first they talked about commonplace affairs but in the course of the conversation the fool told the gentleman his errand. The gentleman, being no less a person than Rob Roy, arranged to meet him the next day and they would ride back together.

Next day when the fool had done his errands he met his friend and they started the return journey. When they got to a deserted part of the road Rob Roy whipped out his pistol, pointed it at the poor fellow's head and demanded the money. The fool pretended great fear and threw him a parcel which rolled down a steep embankment. Rob Roy jumped from his horse and scrambled down the embankment in pursuit of the parcel which he supposed contained the money. In the meantime, the fool, a very shrewd fellow, made away as fast as he could, taking Rob Roy's horse with him. On reaching the Castle the fool discovered some money in Rob Roy's saddlebags and, feeling very proud of himself, went to his master. MacLeod had a little idea of honesty which the fool undoubtedly thought silly and sent him back to Rob Roy to return the horse and money. He also sent an invitation to visit Dunvegan.

Rob Roy accepted the invitation and he and MacLeod became fast friends. The picture of MacLeod by Allan Ramsay which is now in the Castle shows MacLeod dressed in the Rob Roy tartan. A story goes that he had it painted in the MacLeod dress plaid but had it changed in the finished picture.

JANET MACINNES, '25.

## A Legend of the Cuckoo Clock

A LONG time ago, clock making was the chief industry at Kesselberg in the Black Forest. During the summer everyone in the town would carefully cut and dry the wood of the forest; then in the winter, when the people were confined to their huts on account of the cold and storms, they could sit around a blazing fire and make their lovely clocks. But as the time went on, machine-made clocks were invented, people began to stop making clocks by hand, and gradually the town of Kesselberg became deserted.

At this time, the Grand Duke of Germany was a wise and good man. He was proud of Kesselberg, and of its generations of clock makers, and he wished the work to go on. To bring back the trade, he offered a prize of five thousand marks to the one who would make the finest clock during the next winter.

Five thousand marks! The word flew like wild fire, until all who had formerly lived there flocked back to Kesselberg to take up the abandoned trade. All summer the axes flew and by autumn a great amount of beautiful, dried wood was ready.

Hans Gerber, who had once been the most skillful clock maker in the Black Forest, lived with his grandson, Gerther, in Kesselberg. He had been too weak to make clocks, and too old to move away when his neighborhood had, so Gerther's small earnings as a goat boy were all they had. As spring came on, the old man was growing stronger and when he heard of the duke's offer he began to prepare to start up his trade again. "I have not much hope of winning it though," he said to Gerther, "for I am no longer the best clock maker, and besides we have no money with which to buy paint." Gerther knew that this was true, but he wanted the reward greatly—with five thousand marks they could have a new hut and a cow!

The next day as Gerther was out with the goats, he heard a cuckoo bird. Now peasants of the Black Forest believe that a cuckoo bird can tell one's fortune; so Gerther asked, "In how many years shall I be rich, cuckoo?" And clearly

through the woods came the answer, "cuckoo." Gerther did not altogether believe that, but it set him thinking. When he came home that evening he bounded into the hut. "Could not a clock be made to sing the hours, instead of striking them?" he asked his grandfather. Hans Gerber's face lit up at once. "A singing clock," he murmured, and then again, "a singing clock. We will try it." And so it came about that Hans Gerber and Gerther worked hard for many months, until at last the singing clock was completed.

At last the great day arrived on which the grand duke was coming to judge the many clocks. Gerther took his precious clock to the village inn where the duke was to judge. But when he saw the many fine clocks that were there his heart sank, for the clocks were wonderful, and one especially with gold leaves and other fine decorations made his seem very plain. And when the other peasants saw his they laughed at him. They would have been glad if he could have won the prize, for Hans Gerber and his grandson were loved by all, but to put such a plain clock among so many fine ones!

Finally the duke arrived! He spent a long time looking at the clocks, for they were all wonderful. He had just about decided on the one with gold leaves, never having thought of Gerther's; but as poor Gerther was watching him in despair, he noticed that his clock was about to strike. Running up to the duke, he drew his attention to it. And just then—"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." For a moment there was silence, and then a great applause.

Gerther went home to his grandfather happy, for not only had the duke awarded him the prize, but also he had bought the clock for a large sum. And never again were Hans Gerber and Gerther in need, for their one clock revived the whole industry, and they had more orders than they could fill.

LOIS DAVIS, '26.



## Chartres

Who all in perfect beauty doth surpass,  
E'en that which was the now-destroyed Rheims?  
Who sheltered those who cried, "They shall not pass"?  
And who through war's alarms remained serene?  
In stately grace who far excels the spire  
Of Rouen? Who like a phantom castle high,  
Majestic guardian, fortress of some squire,  
Is melting gray against a golden sky?  
Who thrills me by her carving and her glass,  
And sends my spirit to a world above  
Happy and calm until from evening mass  
I turn conscious of everlasting love?  
Who then will always hold my grateful heart?  
'Tis thou! Oh, Cathedrale de Chartres!

PRISCILLA BUL'ITT, '23.



**S**PRING has brought the Primary Department out of doors in full force. They study and have classes under the trees, and do a great deal of gardening. Each class has its own garden, and these are divided so that there is a small garden for every child. These divisions were planned by the Fourth Primary, in connection with their arithmetic. There is a community garden where last year's seeds are planted. Great interest in the study of birds is shown by the whole department. Fifty-five Primary children are members of the Audubon Society.

A very pretty miniature Japanese garden, planted with oats and other grains, belongs to the First Primary. They have gathered, pressed, and blue printed many varieties of wild flowers, with most attractive results. They have also been busy coloring pictures of birds in pamphlets sent by the Audubon Society, making reed baskets, and writing accounts of various trips they have taken together.

The members of the Second Primary are interested in Indians. They have formed a tribe and chosen names for themselves. Early in the Spring they constructed a tiny village of wigwams and wrote little books of Indian stories. Making and coloring birds from cardboard is a favorite occupation of theirs.

The weaving of the Third Grade, done on looms of their own making, shows a decidedly Egyptian influence. After spending some time in studying the Egyptians and writing Egyptian histories, they are now studying the Vikings. Very interesting pictures of Norway and Sweden, lent by the Public Library, decorate the wall.

The Fourth Primary has made an enthusiastic study of the Greeks. They have dramatized several Greek stories. The actors made and decorated their own costumes. All about the room are charming flower sketches, drawn and painted by the class, which they intend to combine in a booklet with flower poems they have memorized.

On May 1st, the Primary gave a party for all the brothers and sisters who aren't in school yet. The Fourth Primary and two Intermediate groups did an old English dance about three maypoles at the school May Festival.

MARGARET MATHER, '23.

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Whip-poor-will, little bird,  
In the night thou art often heard.  
The light thou likest not.  
Often some little Dot  
Hears thee cry, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"  
And some little Jill  
Will hear thee sing thy cry,  
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

MARY HOWARD CONSTABLE,  
*Grade IV*

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## MADONNA AND CHILD

I see Thee with Thy Child,  
Fair Madonna sweet and mild.  
Gentle and Holy,  
Sweet and Lowly,  
Madonna and Child.

O Holy Family meek,  
We seek Thy Heavenly Land,  
O lead us by Thy Hand,  
Glorious Redeemer. Amen.

MARY HOWARD CONSTABLE,  
*Grade IV.*

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## SPINNING

ONE day I went to Hopewell. There I saw an old woman spinning. This is the way the flax was spun. There was a distaff. On it the flax was put. The woman pulled the flax from the distaff with one hand. With the other hand she held the flax, while the wheel, which was worked by her feet, twisted the flax. The bobbin was also run by the wheel. On the bobbin the flax, which had now been twisted into thread, was wound.

I grew some flax in my school garden last year. Flax has pretty blue flowers.

FRANCES HALE,  
*Fourth Primary.*



WITH the help of Mr. Turner, the boys have formed a baseball team. T. Koren and H. Derby are the captains, and every recess when the weather is fair the first and second teams have a game with Mr. Turner umpiring. The line-up of the first team is as follows:

Catcher, Derby, Gibbons; Pitcher, Koren; first base, Scott; second base, Gibbons, Derby; third base, Miller; short-stop, Fobes; left field, Lyons; center field, Watts; right field, Horne.

C. F. GEROULD,  
*Intermediate III.*

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## For "Liberty"

*Being some thoughts of a Girondist doctor found "guilty" and guillotined September 14, 1792.*

Things have been going from bad to worse lately. Only a little while ago the Louvre was ransacked; and now, I understand they have "suspended" our king and we all know what that will mean sooner or later.

I consider myself lucky so far not to have been guillotined—quiet! There is a mob hurrying up the street—help! does that mean me—good-bye, friends, it does; will the door hold? No, they have forced it—what next? Here they are

. . . Two hours later. I am now miserably waiting trial, not that I know what for—perhaps, after I am sentenced to death, I shall find out, who knows?

Here comes my jailer, a burly peasant with a tri-color cockade. I am dragged down stairs into the "court." The "judge" is seated on a soap box behind a rickety table, and the "jury" has just pronounced the wretched man before me "Guilty." I am next—five minutes later I am on my way to the guillotine, what for, I don't know.

ALBERT GEROULD,

*Intermediate III.*

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## The Reign of Terror

August—1790. Today is like all the others. It seems that the Reign of Terror will never end; one gets up in the morning not knowing whether he will be imprisoned before the day is out and goes to bed in great fear of assassins.

I went to the tribunal of injustice, wrongly called justice, and saw twenty-five perfectly innocent men and women condemned by the testimony of as many drunkards. The jurors are so drunk that many of them cannot stand up to give their verdict. All testimony on the side of the prisoners is shouted down by the crowd.

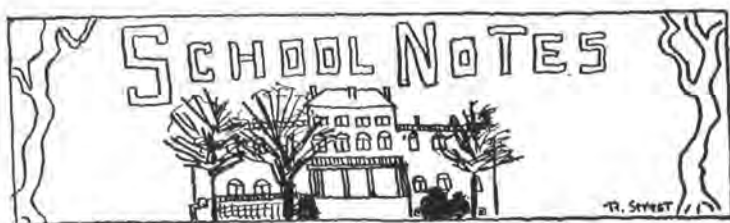
At one o'clock the tumbrils, filled with prisoners, roll through the streets; at two the prisoners are executed.

Nine o'clock; rioting in the streets because a shopkeeper would not sell a drunken citizen any goods.

*From the Diary of Gaston Leblanc, French royalist, executed August 24th.*

C. F. GEROULD,

*Intermediate III.*



AS THE term draws near an end plans are under way for Commencement and closing exercises.

A May Day Fête was held in the middle of May. The Third Grade gave a Teddy Bear Dance, the Fifth Grade a Flower Dance, the Sixth and Seventh Grades two Danish Dances, and the Eighth Grade and Freshman Classes did the Highland Schottische together. Priscilla Bullitt danced the Highland Fling. The Minuet was danced very gracefully by the Sophomore Class. The boys enjoyed a three-legged race, after which the Fourth Grade, the First, Second and Third Classes of the Primary Department danced around three Maypoles. A tug-of-war participated in by the whole school ended the fête.

Parents and friends are cordially invited to attend the annual Song Recital to be held in the assembly room on June 1st at eleven o'clock. The whole school will take part and Miss Howes promises several pleasing numbers from the Primary as well as from the Intermediate and the Upper Schools. The Kinder Symphony is to be held again this year by request.

On Thursday, June 7th, at Rebekah Armstrong's, the Seniors will conduct the rites of Class Day. The Juniors will be the guests of the Senior Class.

The Senior Class dinner is to be given at the home of Annabel Dixon, the Class President, on the evening of June 7th. Miss Fine will be the guest of honor.

President Hibben will be the speaker at the graduation exercises to be held Friday morning, June 8th, at eleven o'clock.

On the evening of June 8th Miss Fine will give the Commencement dance to the Senior Class.

ANN TUNSTALL, '23.

# DRAMATICS

ON SATURDAY the 28th of April, the Dramatic Association gave its annual performance in Thomson Hall. Three one-act plays were presented with the assistance of Miss Frederick, who coached the players, members of the Theatre Intime, who kindly arranged the lighting effects, and the various committees.

The plays presented were "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil", written and originally presented by Stuart Walker at his Portmanteau Theater:

## THE CAST

THE LITTLE BOY.....	Archibald Lewis
THE QUEEN.....	Katherine Mayor
THE BLIND MAN.....	Helen Loetscher
THE MILK MAID.....	Mary Devlin
THE MIME.....	Mary Tyson
THE BALLAD SINGER.....	Elizabeth Alexander
THE DREADFUL HEADSMAN.....	Margaret Mather
PROLOGUE.....	Susanne Blackwell
YOU.....	Hildegard Gauss
DEVICE BEARER.....	Ruth Kemmerer

"The Rehearsal" by Christopher Morley, a peek behind the scenes at a typical rehearsal of an Irish tragedy, was a clever satire on the trials of amateur actors.

### THE CAST

BARBARA.....	Martha Love
SONIA.....	Leslie Hun
CHRISTINE.....	Mary Love
MARJORIE.....	Katryne Blake
FREDA.....	Betty Long

And "A Maker of Dreams," a fantasy, by Oliphant Downs, concluded the programme.

### THE CAST

PIERETTE.....	Elizabeth Schaufler
PIERROT.....	Elizabeth Pierce
THE MANUFACTURER.....	Winifred Link

It gave the Dramatic Association great pleasure to present the money realized by its effort to the school to be converted into the beginning of an Endowment Fund.

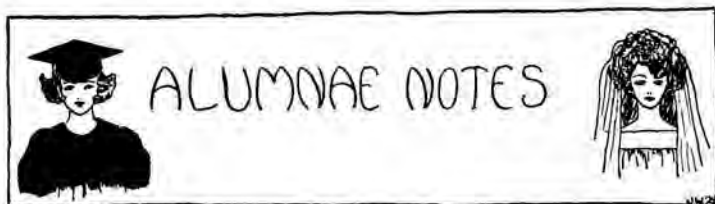




THE basketball season ended with the High School game played in their gymnasium. They won with the score 38-18. Many friends watched the game and supported the team with their enthusiastic cheering.

Baseball started May 4th and many girls turned out for practice. It has been decided to substitute this for hockey as no field for the latter is available. Baseball is a comparatively new sport for many of the girls, but there are a large number out for every practice. We entertain each other with swinging the bat but hitting the air. A lively game with the primary boys is anticipated at the end of the month. They are sceptical but we will show them!

ELIZABETH TYSON, '24.



June Scheffler was married on May 14th to Mr. Charles Arrott. They intend to sail for Europe to spend several years there.

Betty Sinclair is to be married on June 12th to Mr. Kissam Kerr.

The engagement of Susan Duffield to Mr. McKim Steele has recently been announced.

Dorothea Spaeth was successful in making the third Freshman basketball team at Smith College this Spring.

Our Alumnae graduating from various colleges this June are: from Smith—Priscilla Capps, Janet Frantz, Lucy Hodge, Sarah Neher and Helen Spahr. From Vassar—Darrah More.

Charles Smyth has been made an instructor in chemistry in Princeton University.

Some of our Alumni in Princeton have made splendid records in their studies this winter. Paul Havens and Woodridge Constant made a first group last term and John Fine and Lefferts Loetscher and Dick McLenahan a second group.

HELEN LOETSCHER, '24.



## Exchange Notes

The LINK gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges.

*The Quill*—Bradford Academy.

*The Star*—Northfield Seminary.

*The Chronicle*—Mary Institute.

*Dwightonia*—Dwight School.

*The Lantern*—Westover.

*The Aster*—Prospect Hill.

*The Quill*—We enjoy your excellent paper.

*Dwightonia*—Your editorials and special articles we find especially thoughtful and well written.

*The Aster*—An orderly and consistently good paper.

*The Lantern*—We consider "Cassandra" really unusual and entirely praiseworthy.

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