

The Link



June, 1925

THE LINK

JUNE

1925



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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1925

No. 5

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TO MISS FINE

IN GRATITUDE FOR HER LOVE
AND PERSONAL INTEREST
WHICH WILL EVER BE OUR
INSPIRATION



Foreword

WE FEEL that a word must be said concerning this last edition of THE LINK.

Instead of our regular magazine we are publishing this Senior Number which we hope will be a great success and prove pleasing to all our readers. When the graduating class decided that they wanted a year book of some sort, THE LINK was turned over to them to meet the need. The entire responsibility lay with the class, whose committees tried to make the experiment successful. Never before has such a LINK been published, and we hope that all our readers will approve the variation from the usual form. The Seniors' interest in trying to have their Class Book as they think it should be has been constant, and their efforts to develop their plans have been untiring. We are sure that those friends who have been staunch supporters of THE LINK in the past will gladly welcome this number devoted to the school career of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-five.

DOROTHY E. FUNKHOUSER, '25.

Foreword

NEW ventures are always criticized, but we hope that the Senior Number of THE LINK will escape severe criticism. We are not going to make the conventional remarks about our successors following in our footsteps, for we regard them as our peculiar possession, and those who come after us are at liberty to wander where they will. We have spent the greater part of our energy on this number, and as far as we are not in a position to judge whether it has been a worthy effort or a miscellaneous muddle, our readers shall decide for us. It does not pretend to be more than a simple record of our Class, serving to keep us together and refresh our memories. To outsiders it will mean nothing,—only another of the thousand and one class books—but to us it has a composite personality and therefore, we value it.

ELIZABETH PIERCE, '25.



FACULTY

The History of the Class of 1925

IN THE fall of 1913, the illustrious Class of 1925 began its career at Miss Fine's School. We were many, and we were young—exceedingly so. The first year is a vague memory of drawing tiny American flags and of playing prisoners' base. From time to time, too, we asserted that two plus equalled five. This we firmly believed.

The transition stage from the Primary to the Intermediate is rather indistinct in our minds. It was then that we moved across the street into the former Princeton Inn, where we are still happily residing. Here we welcomed a horde of fair Trentonians to our midst. For a long time we were tremendously engrossed by the cosmetics employed by said Trentonians to enhance their fairness, and not infrequently we would experiment upon our own faces. But they were very good for us, for they worked so hard and received such excellent marks, that we were spurred on by this keen competition. But we still played Pom Pom Pullaway, and who will ever forget such intimate glimpses of our class life as Margaret X. and Sam Y. plighting their troth behind the door?

But our real history begins with the day when we came into Study Hall, still at the in-between age, mainly remarkable for hair fastened back with shell barrettes, and teeth bound with gold wire. Shall we ever forget in our Sophomore year the quaking hours spent in Cicero, or the chills and fever accompanying our first school dance? Then came our first college boards—the hectic moments when we couldn't find our certificate, when we forgot our number, when the proctor stood behind us and we knew that he was laughing at our French translation. At the beginning of our Junior year we became organized. Leslie Hun was elected President and Winifred Link, Secretary. The most important event of the year, not only for our Class, but for the whole School.

was the adoption of the Honor System, which we have never regretted. There were social functions too, such as parties given for the Seniors and returned by them. There were absorbing athletics, until we finally assisted the Seniors out of School with a last fling.

When we embarked on our Senior year, we felt important but still very young. Winifred Link was elected President, and Janet MacInnes, Secretary. We began the year with a paper chase, which made us come home feeling old and weary. Hockey took up a great deal of our time, with basketball following after, to say nothing of the mid-year dance, which gave us something to talk about. Our intellectual achievements have not yet been mentioned, although we are not without our shining lights, whom we all admire from a distance as we groan and labor over our physics. And now this year is drawing to a close. We do not want to leave, but we hope we may have achieved something of merit for ourselves and for the School in which we are now the grave and reverent Senior Class.





YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE

Class Poem

BY ELIZABETH PIERCE

The towers, looming gray against a blue-gray sky;
Stand sentinels of Princeton, as birds sail wheeling by,
Stand silently but watchful, guarding from above
To keep watch o'er all of us of friendliness and love.

And we who now are venturing into a veil
Of mystery, that hides the long and winding trail
Of those who've gone before—are groping still to feel
The way o'er which our footsteps now reluctant steal.

And from the towers have we learned the strength that lies
In silent thought,—providing courage that defies
The strength of ten, who have but rushed with headlong
speed,
Into the field which but to certain death doth lead.

For like the towers we must stand and win our fight
Alone,—alone and silently throughout the night,
Until the flaming sun has risen from the East,
To lead us on anew to where all strife hath ceased.





WINIFRED LINK

"To know her was to love her."

Whatever could we do without Winnie to smooth out the tempests of the Class? Whenever there are disputes to settle, we fly to Winnie without hesitation. How she soothes us we are not given to understand, but nevertheless she always rises to the occasion. Words fail us when we try to write of Winnie, for we can never express how much she means to us. Her interest is completely outside of herself, and we always feel that our affairs are of vital importance to her. Her southern manner is the envy and delight of us all.



DOROTHY AUTEN

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Dorothy is one of those favored few who has distinguished her school career by brilliant achievement in her scholastic standing. The elusive First Honor which so many of us have striven for in vain, she has deservedly won many times. She is also sweet tempered and a splendid sport. Her friendship is strong with a few intimates and kindly toward her acquaintances. Dorothy knows how to enjoy many of the beauties of life, but she has known something of its troubles and sorrows, and she gained, by experience, an understanding and sympathetic heart.

SUZANNE BLACKWELL

"And mistress of herself though china fall."

Has anyone ever described poise as cool *savoir faire*? Because that is the very picture of Sue. When she gazes at you with her direct look, she seems to be taking a mental inventory of what you are wearing and whether your nose needs powder, and if you surprise her glance it does not fall, she merely smiles. Sue feels safe in her poise and is frank accordingly. Her very lack of affectation seems to brand her as one concerned in things practical, but not unpleasantly so, for Sue never fails to get joy out of life.



JANET BULLITT

*"You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon."*

A figure toiling past the monument, a breathless rush to the desk, and Janet is late again. And look, she brings news to the Gossip Shop. As every Senior knows, the Gossip Center is at the extreme left rear of the study hall and here all affairs of great social moment are discussed at length. But Janet combines more than these qualities, for she is an affectionate soul, and sincere—a rare combination. Also she has the blessed gift of a sense of humor, and the knack of making others laugh. Last, but not least, she speaks little concerning herself, the highest tribute which can be offered to a discerning girl.



MARY BELL CLARK

"When my ship comes sailing in."

The proverbial Mary had her lamb, but our Mary has her boat. Her life interest is in ships, and her knowledge in matters dealing with the briny deep would stir the saltiest salt. Between her tales of "when Dad was in the Quartier Latin," and the continual tumbling down of her long locks, Mary is an education for the gods. But when she translated a passage from Virgil as "Dido hung on the tail from Aeneas' lips," we were overcome. In spite of perpetual injuries on the hockey field, Mary did not hesitate to go out for basketball and for her persistence in this we congratulate her.



FLORENCE CLAYTON

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

Florence is one of the greatest sharks that ever has come to our school. Her ability to make First Honor Groups is the wonder and delight of all who know her. Yet she is anything but a grind, and as her record in athletics and dramatics shows, she has not let her studies monopolize all her time. Her outside interests and activities have won for her an enviable place in the school.

DOROTHY DELACY

"My heart is true as steel."

Dot's chief failing is conscientiousness. Who among us really feel the urge to misbehave in study hall after one look at Dot studying her Physics? Also though she denies it and would not go out for the team, she is one of the best hockey players that the school can boast of. But her craving for knowledge is not self-evident, for she is one of our most attractive members and a leading light in the class.



HELEN FOSTER

"Her strength was as the strength of ten."

Helen astonishes us with her versatility. First we see her rushing about the basketball field and the next instant she is invoking the fickle muse. Who would imagine that her manly arm, used to such advantage in dribbling the hockey ball down the field, could also persuade such harmonious squeaks out of her fiddle. Surely "Teddy" is a most fitting name for her since she affects all things masculine; but we have high hopes for her feminine qualities.



DOROTHY FUNKHOUSER

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Dorothy is forever connected in our minds as an attainer of the unattainable! Any girl possessing such a consistent string of First Honor Groups, should be looked at, we feel, from a deeply respectful distance. But not at all, "Dot" makes us feel as though she were really human, and we know how little pride she takes in such achievements. Dorothy, the friendly, interested, capable girl, is the one with whom we chat about every-day things, and find so versatile.



MARGARET GASKILL

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Midge's face is such an old, familiar one about our school that she has become quite a character. She is an ideal person to go to when one is in difficulties for she is never too busy to listen to one's woes. But Midge is a modest person, and in spite of the length of time that she has been with us, there are few of us who know her well as we should like to. We are convinced that she will make a place for herself in college.

LESLIE HUN

*"She is a maiden fair to see,
Take care! Beware!"*

O stern martinet, with what awe do you fill us! As Leslie ascends the rostrum, the school looks at her and cowers at her authority; but oh! could they know that she was a most respected and popular member of the Gossip Shop, would they retain their awe and timidity? No, for they do not know the naughty Leslie with a sense of humor and a mischievous twinkle in her eye,—the Leslie who combines a love of escapade with a natural sweetness of nature. This is the Leslie that we all know and love best.



FRANCES KLEMANN

*"And laughter unextinguished shakes
the skies."*

Frannie has distinguished herself chiefly for the changing length of her hair. This spring we thought that she had been lastingly converted to the ranks of the long-haired, when lo, and behold, one morning, she demoralized the study hall by appearing with the newest shingle. Despite this disconcerting inconsistency in her hair, Frannie is a girl one can depend upon in an emergency. She is never too busy or too tired to help. We cannot deny the fact that she is pert, but we try to believe that this is due to excess zeal in the pursuit of her studies.



JANET LEWIS

*"On their own merits, modest men are
dumb."*

We feel sure that Janet at the age of three was an infant prodigy, who went around reciting Physics laws. Now she never hesitates to share her innate ability with the more unfortunate of us. She is our Rock of Gibraltar, for she can be depended on at all times, and we know that any job will be safe in her hands. But Janet would never tell you any of her virtues, for she is the most modest member of our class.





JANET MACINNES

"I'll never budge an inch."

"Greek Gods" did you say? Why Mac can tell you all about them. We are not sure where her information comes from but we hear that the Apollo Belvedere has always held a strange fascination for her. Apart from those weaknesses she is a very capable person. She shines in all things mathematical, and the intelligent manner in which she discusses Physics problems surpasses the understanding of us poor ignorant ones.

MARGARET MATTHEWS

"Look You, I am the most concerned in my own interests."

Peggy tells us that her chief interest is in herself, but we do not entirely agree with this. Combined with the ability to be the center of a group she is blessed with the gift of being a good listener. Though she may be dictatorial at times, we forgive her because we know that she cannot help it. As the originator and the unanimously elected president of the Gossip Shop, she has raised its mental tone by her discerning analysis of character and her never-failing enthusiasm.



MARY FRANCES NOYES

"Tell her of Jacob's Ladder, and she would ask the number of the steps."

What a huge bump of curiosity our Mary Frances has! Her questions are innumerable, but she remembers the answers that she gets, so that she is unusually well informed. When she and Miss Mitchell discuss higher mathematics, we poor plodders with less agile minds, are left in total ignorance. Her most becoming blush is a fascination which attracts everyone. Combined with her charming domesticity, her interest and ready sympathy have made her a friend of us all.



ELIZABETH PIERCE

"I stood among them but not of them."

Ellie is the most serious member of the GOSSIP SHOP. However, this does not hinder her from enjoying life and bringing joy to others, for it is Ellie's nature to be very enthusiastic about anything which interests her. Those who know "Ellie" slightly think her cool and casual, but this is because they have stumbled against her barrier of reserve. Beyond this barrier, Ellie is the most sympathetic and understanding of friends.



GERTRUDE PRIOR

"A bold, bad man!"

Gert is like Artemus Ward's pet crocodile, "an amooosing little cuss." Her vague manner of speaking about matters of great depth is one method of an appeal to our mirth. But she is a capable girl, else why was she captain of the basketball team last year and of the hockey team this year? Her good sportsmanship is famed throughout the school, and her good fellowship has brought her no end of friends among us all.

MARY REDDAN

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

In the midst of our Junior year at school a strange face was seen at classes and a new desk was occupied in study hall. Superhuman courage? All that and more, for Mary not only took the plunge, but succeeded miraculously soon in making herself an indispensable part of us. Mary has many qualities of the lamb. Unaccountable modesty, and large blue eyes—the envy of all of us—which in their innocence and their expression of inquiry are calculated to deceive the world.



CATHARINE ROBINSON

"A rhapsody of words!"

We hear the strangest noises coming from the back of the study hall, but we realize that it is merely Katie trying to suppress a sneeze spasm. As Rosalind in "As You Like It," she outdid herself. But Kate can talk as well, if not better, off the stage than on, and it is she who frequently supplies the "Gossip Shop" with its choicest titbits. But how could we ever exist without Kate, for despite her faults she has the gift of fascinating us all.



HELEN TOMEK

*"Awake, my soul! Stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on."*

A querulous voice is raised in argument, "But, Miss Markley, I've looked it up in six different books, and they all say that . . ." When Helen raises her frequent questions the conversations become too learned for mere mortals. But this seeking for knowledge comes from Helen's ardent nature. Whatever she undertakes she enters with zeal. Her passionate love for basketball and hockey have made her an excellent and earnest player of both. Helen sincerely thinks little of herself and much of the affair in hand, and for this she commands our respect.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Class Statistics

Most Popular with Girls—WINIFRED LINK.

Most Popular with Boys—CATHARINE ROBINSON, JANET BULLITT.

Most Popular with Both—JANET BULLITT, DOROTHY DELACY.

Prettiest—CATHARINE ROBINSON { ELIZABETH PIERCE,
FRANCES KLEMMANN.

Most Artistic—MARGARET MATTHEWS { HELEN FOSTER,
ELIZABETH PIERCE.

Most Athletic—GERTRUDE PRIOR, HELEN FOSTER.

Most Original—MARGARET MATTHEWS, MARGARET GASKILL.

Most Ambitious—HELEN TOMEC, DOROTHY DELACEY.

Most *Savoir Faire*—

SUZANNE BLACKWELL { CATHARINE ROBINSON,
ELIZABETH PIERCE.

Biggest Bluffers—JANET BULLITT, CATHARINE ROBINSON.

Noisiest—MARGARET MATTHEWS, JANET BULLITT.

Prettiest Hair—ELIZABETH PIERCE, FRANCES KLEMMANN.

Cleverest—MARGARET MATTHEWS { DOROTHY AUTEN,
ELIZABETH PIERCE.

Teacher's Pet—CATHARINE ROBINSON, LESLIE HUN.

Best Dressed—ELIZABETH PIERCE, MARGARET MATTHEWS.

Most Sentimental—MARY CLARK, MARGARET GASKILL.

Most Curious—MARY FRANCES NOYES, MARY CLARK.

Most Innocent Eyes—MARY REDDAN, DOROTHY FUNKHOUSER.

Most Worldly Wise—

CATHARINE ROBINSON { DOROTHY DELACY,
JANET BULLITT.

Thinks She Is—JANET BULLITT, CATHARINE ROBINSON.

Least Conceited—WINIFRED LINK { JANET LEWIS,
HELEN TOMEC.

Biggest Talker—CATHARINE ROBINSON, MARY CLARK.

Most Efficient—

MARGARET MATTHEWS { FLORENCE CLAYTON,
MARY FRANCES NOYES.

First Married { JANET MACINNES,
DOROTHY DELACY,
JANET BULLITT,
MARY FRANCES NOYES.

Favorite Movie Actors—JOHN GILBERT, ROD LAROCHE.

"As you like it"



Class Characteristics

NAME	GCSSIP	VIRTUE	FAULT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEAL MAN
DOROTHY AUTEN.....	Orange garters.	Loyalty.	Laziness.	Fond of books, dogs and children.
SUSANNE BLACKWELL.....	Milk.	Neatness.	Sophistication.	"High-hat!"	Small feet, nice hands and a way with the ladies.
JANET BULLITT.....	Green bloomers.	Democracy.	Tardiness.	"How divine!"	Ugly to the point of fascination.
MARY CLARK.....	Falling hair.	Perseverance.	Twice-told tales.	"When Dad was young."	See <i>Princeton Pictorial</i> , Nov., 1924.
FLORENCE CLAYTON.....	Charging in eight counts.	Friendliness.	Ambition.	"My dear!"	Light blue eyes, and character.
DOROTHY DELACEY.....	Sweaters.	Common sense.	Conscientiousness.	"Be yourself."	A good dancer.
HELEN FOSTER.....	Mannish swagger.	Versatility.	Clumsiness.	"Well ——"	Common sense and energetic.
DOROTHY FUNKHOUSER.....	Green stockings.	Brilliancy.	Obstinacy.	"Oh crap!"	Navy officer with fine teeth.
MARGARET GASKILL.....	Hair.	Good disposition	Coyness.	"How precious!"	Plenty of money, but unspoilt by it.
LESLIE HUN.....	Short skirts.	Unselfishness.	Artificiality.	"I'm sorry!"	Smokes, drinks, swears, and chews.
FRANCES KLEMMANN.....	Shingles.	Geniality.	Pertness.	"Surely."	Sense of humor and affable.
JANET LEWIS.....	Red ink.	Adaptability.	Self-depreciation.	"I'll try."	Wealthy, Captain of Princeton Football Team.
WINIFRED LINK.....	Love-locks.	Consideration.	Sweetness.	"Honey."	The indescribable something.
JANET MACINNES.....	Small feet.	Mathematical mind.	Stubbornness.	"Greek Gods."	Tall enough to kiss me, celluloid collar-jazz-bo necktie, Harvard graduate.
MARGARET MATTHEWS.....	Choir singing.	Enthusiasm.	Dictatorial.	"The point is ——"	Arrow collars, Kuppenheimer clothes, Packard roadster.
MARY FRANCES NOYES.....	Plumpness.	Matronliness.	Curiosity.	"Do I know him?"	One who appreciates me more than I do him.
ELIZABETH PIERCE.....	Blue harmonies.	Understanding.	Reserve.	"No kidding!"	A masterful devil outside, but an angel inside.
GERTRUDE PRIOR.....	Her Ford.	Humor.	Brusqueness.	"Well, yes, I mean ——"	Lots of money, popular, crazy about me.
MARY REDDAN.....	Eyes.	Modesty.	Shyness.	"I know it."	A little jealous.
CATHARINE ROBINSON.....	Neckties.	Loyalty.	Temper.	"Perfect whirl."	Perfection.
HELEN TOMEC.....	Effort.	Application.	Querulousness.	"It's a special case." "Can the ladies vote in ——"	Olive complexion,



EXECUTIVE BOARD OF DRAMATICS

Dramatics

IT IS with great pleasure, and we may say pride, that we are able to look back upon the 1924 and 1925 season in dramatics. Although perhaps no very noticeable progress was made in dramatic art, we have distinct memories of most enjoyable and profitable afternoons spent at rehearsals under Miss Frederick's able directorship.

Last spring we ended our season by presenting "As You Like It," which was a very fitting play to be given on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of our school. The grounds and pine trees back of Thompson Hall made a very beautiful setting, before which we recognized many of our friends as they portrayed most creditably the well-known Shakespearian characters. After many arduous try-outs the following cast was selected:

Duke Frederick	DOROTHY AUTEN, '25
Lords	{ DOROTHY FUNKHOUSER, '25 LOIS DAVIS, '26
Duke Senior	FLORENCE CLAYTON, '25
Amiens	ALICE MORE, '24
Lord	KATRYNE BLAKE, '26
Le Beau	FRANCES KLEMAN, '25
Jacques	KATHERINE FOSTER, '24
Oliver	HELEN LOETSCHER, '24
Orlando	ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, '26
Jacques	MARY CLARK, '25
Denis	MARY STOCKTON, '26
Adam	MARGARET GASKILL, '25
Touchstone	CHRISTOPHER GEROLD
Corin	LESLIE HUN, '25
Silvius	HELEN FOSTER, '25
William	DOROTHY WEAVER, '26
Rosalind	CATHARINE ROBINSON, '25
Celia	{ JANET MACINNES, '25 MARGARET MATTHEWS, '25
Phoebe	MARY LOVE, '26
Audrey	JANE EDSON, '26

Two Pages.....	{ ISABEL BOUGHTON, '26 ISABELLE HAWKE, '27
Four Foresters.....	{ DAVID BEAME JOSEPH FOBES ALBERT GEROULD THORNELL KOREN

Always it is a great task for amateurs to present Shakespeare, but although for us it was a big undertaking, it was a very profitable one, and, if it be permitted to repeat what we hear, an enjoyable production for the audience, who were indeed most appreciative.

The last meeting, for the election of the next year's officers, was held soon after we had given "As You Like It." Margaret Matthews was elected the President, and Catharine Robinson the Secretary-Treasurer.

The policy of the Dramatic Association this year has been to try out the talent of the school by the production of short plays at intervals during the year. The first of these plays was "The Maid of France," a fantasy.

It was given in December and repeated in January by request. Margaret Matthews, '25, did some splendid acting as Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of France, while Jane Edson, '26, made a very attractive Flower Girl. The other rôles were:

English Officer taken by Elizabeth Pierce, '25.

English Tommy taken by Gertrude Prior, '27.

French Poilu taken by Dorothea Matthews, '27.

There was no play given in February on account of Mid-year Examinations, but in March we gave "Sham," a social satire by Frank G. Tompkins. The following cast was chosen:

Charles, a householder.....	ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, '27
His Wife.....	BARBARA MAYOR, '29
A Thief.....	CATHARINE ROBINSON, '25
A Reporter.....	ANNE LONG, '26

In May, "Figureheads," an attractive Oriental one-act play by Louise Saunders, was presented. In this play Florence Clayton, '25, as "The Prince of Domdometer" again proved her dramatic ability which was so praised when she took the

part of "Duke Senior" in "As You Like It" the spring before. Betty MacClenahan, '28, was charming as "The Princess Felicia of Ponderay," while all of us were deeply impressed by Dorothy Funkhouser's eloquence as she delivered the prologue. The other members of the cast were:

Susanne Blackwell, '25, as Gertruda.

Isabella Johnson, '29, and Rachel Lambert, '29, as Guards, while Joan Prentice, '26, Rosemary Street, '26, and Virginia Myers, '29, were splendid musicians, whose rendering of Oriental music was truly delightful and commendable.

Much credit should and does belong to all those who acted in the various plays, but we wish to thank the girls on the committees, without whose services the plays could never have been so successful. The executive committee this year was very competent, and to the members of this committee, whose chairman was Margaret Matthews, '25, is the credit for having chosen all the plays besides carrying on all the affairs of state for the Association. The stage committee, headed by Lawrence Norris, '26, was an important factor in all of this year's productions.

And now let us close by wishing great success and the best of luck to the School Dramatics next year.

CATHARINE ROBINSON, '25.



Class Prophecy

AS I WANDERED through the aisles between the booths and looked at the various exhibits laid out to view, I was conscious of being thoroughly bored with life in general and the Newport Garden Fête in particular. It was a beautiful bright August day and I walked along dressed in my new black velvet suit with my pet poodle under my arm. I noticed several reporters and photographers of New York papers, and realized that my costume would surely be noticed. The age of my neck would never be noticed with the black velvet band which I had so judiciously worn. I was complacent, but not interested until my eye caught the sign "The Three Fates."

Why was this title so familiar? Ah, yes! Now I remembered it. There had been three girls in school with me in the long-ago past, who had earned for themselves the title of "The Three Fates."

My curiosity aroused by the remembrance of this, I entered the small enclosed booth under the sign. Three people were sitting on the floor in a circle, in the middle of which was a large crystal ball. The three women looked vaguely familiar. They looked—but that was impossible! No, it was possible; it was a fact. The three were indeed my old classmates—Dorothy Auten, Florence Clayton and Dorothy Funkhouser. But what a change! They were now middle-aged women, in the late fifties I judged, and as they gazed raptly into the crystal ball, one of them, Dorothy Auten, with a much-frizzed gray head, began to chant. The others joined in, and by listening intently, I discovered that they were singing Vergil!

Having remained standing for about ten minutes without being noticed, I finally lost patience.

"Come on now, you three," I said. "Can't you recognize or at least notice me?"

Dorothy Funkhouser spoke in a sepulchral voice. "We

know you not. We are the three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Look in the crystal ball."

I thought she was crazy, but I did as I was bid and saw in the ball the picture of a dusty street in a small western town. I knew it was western because there were cowboys everywhere, riding up and down and swearing volubly. An open carriage, more like a farm cart than anything else, came slowly up the street. In it was an old lady writing rapidly. The floor of the cart was full of pieces of manuscript, and one of these pages fluttered to the ground. Written at the head of the page in large letters were the words "KATY'S CONQUESTS." I glanced up, and sure enough the white-haired dame was no other than Catharine Robinson.

"She is a widow," remarked Florence Clayton. "She married a widower with ten children. However she has none of her own."

I glanced back into the globe, and found myself gazing at a great quantity of tools spread all over a bathroom floor. Kneeling in the midst of these, I beheld Janet Lewis, dressed in overalls. What! A plumber? Yes, there was no doubt of this for, rising from her work she put on her coat and left the room, leaving a small note pinned to the rug, "LEFT MY TOOLS—J. L." There could be no doubt now.

I asked with mute inquiry to understand more of this, and one of the Dorothys helped me out.

"She needed money badly so she became a plumber. That's all there is to that except she's started interest in the Ladies' Plumbing Association of America. She gets fifty dollars an hour."

The next picture was that of a beauty parlor. In it I beheld a competent manicurist whom I instantly recognized as Frances Klemann. Although she had grown quite stout, she still sported a shingle bob, which she was shaking playfully at the lady over whose head she was working. This person I discovered to be Janet MacInnes. She was dressed in a uniform, and looking more closely I discovered that it was the uniform of a nurse. She began to speak, and I heard her voice coming from far away. She was speaking to the manicurist.

"Do you know," she said, "I have a serious case now. An old friend of both of us was brought into the hospital yesterday. She had a broken hip bone due to an automobile accident. She was out driving with Mr. X. *You* know. She will probably pull through, but she's given her constitution such a hard time after her life in Paris that it's doubtful. You know whom I mean, don't you? Janet Bullitt."

She opened the newspaper which was on the table, and turning to the sporting page she held up a large picture of Mary Clark, the speed queen of the race track. There was Mary standing by her racer. She was dressed in a leather coat, and her bobbed hair straggled out from under motor goggles.

Janet sighed and turned to the front page, where in large scareheads an inch high was the startling announcement: "MRS. CECIL VANDERDONK, FORMERLY MISS SUSANNE BLACKWELL, OF TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, TO SERVE A THREE-YEAR TERM IN SING-SING FOR THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND."

"Dear, dear, to think that good old Sue would have sunk so low! He must have been a brute," said Janet. And then the picture changed, and I was looking at a party of tourists standing in front of the Gare St. Lazare in Paris. Standing before them and talking in a firm, loud voice, was Ellie Pierce, now a woman over fifty. Her face beamed with interest, and she was eagerly pointing out various things in the station to the little group.

"That," she said, indicating a gesticulating man, "is a Frenchman!" And then I realized that she was conducting a Cook's Tour. Although dismayed by this revelation, I scanned the faces of the group, only to discover more familiar faces. Dorothy DeLacy, with her son of twenty-five, was standing in an expectant attitude taking notes. There, too, were Mary Reddan and Helen Tomec. They were both very intellectual looking, and I turned to the Fates to glean some knowledge of them.

"Mary is a professor at the University of Wisconsin, and Helen is president of the Dry Party in the Trenton Women's Patriotic League. Mary is having a sabbatical year, and Helen has left Trenton for good. It was too wet so she lives

in England now." I thanked them and looked again at the ball. I saw before me a crowded theatre with a hushed audience waiting expectantly before a lowered curtain. As it rose upon a tragic scene, I recognized in the great second Duse who was the star, none other than Leslie Hun, my old classmate. I stared in surprise, but it was really she, and turning my gaze, I glanced at the audience. There in the front row with four hundred children was Gertrude Prior. She was dressed exactly like the children in a uniform on which there read—New York City Orphanage!

Two elderly ladies sat in the back row. They were not together being separated by their numerous families. The first one was Mary Frances Noyes, a stout lady in glasses. The other was Helen Foster, her husband sitting next to her, very small, and completely hidden.

The scene changed once again, and here it was Miss Fine's School. It was the singing class, and standing in front was Miss How—— No, it was not. It was Margaret Gaskill, her successor.

Without a word, without a backward glance, I staggered from the booth. And then, remembering my social position, I raised my lorgnettes and settled my velvet ribbon more surely between my two chins. "Come, Fido," I said, and I walked by the reporters and into my waiting limousine.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, '25.





Basketball Notes

THIS has been the second year we have been able to play basketball in our own gymnasium. Until last year we played in the Seminary Gym, but last year Mr. and Mrs. Ario Pardee had the old kitchen here fixed up for us, so we can play any time we like.

Gertrude Prior, the captain of the Basketball Team last year, was captain of the School Team again this year.

February 6th we went over to GEORGE SCHOOL and played their second team. It was a very exciting and close game, but when the final whistle blew, they were ahead 23 to 22.

A few weeks later we played the PRINCETON HIGH SCHOOL. We defeated them last year, but they decided to get revenge for it this year so the outcome was disastrous for us.





Ye Annals of Class Basketball

BY HELEN FOSTER

Our noble Class of '25
Hath vanquished every foe,
Defeated are the basket teams
Of every class below.

Above their heads we tossed the ball,
We dropped it through the net,
We tore around, though we might fall,
And strategies upset.

So romping round and round we went,
And back and forth some more,
And thought their efforts hard were bent,
We heaped a winning score.

May this a good example be
To every Senior Class,
And may they all perform as we
And be our looking glass.





BLUE HOCKEY TEAM



GRAY HOCKEY TEAM

Ye Hockey Conflicts

BY HELEN FOSTER

Instead of Seminary field,
For hockey conflicts waging,
The land behind our School did yield
For battle most engaging.

On dampish days we slid and slipped,
In manner most entrancing,
And o'er the stones and sticks we tripped
Upon the ball advancing.

The battle lines would swing and sway,
The tide of victory changing,
Sometimes would win the Blue, then Gray
With triumph would be raging.

The Priorites and Fosterites
Their wooden weapons wielding
With shrieks and screams, and bangs and bites
Did war—not one inch yielding.

But after many conflicts so
The Grayish force did weaken,
The battered Blues triumphant go,
Their deadly foe is beaten.

But Blue team also felt defeat
When Blues and Grays united
With George School's women warriors meet,
And battle then was sighted.

As bantering breezes o'er the lea
Were gaily onward pulling,
They tramped upon us in great glee,
It ended ten to nothing.

Alas! alack! let battle cease.
We've had enough. No more!
Alumnae sisters broke the peace
And beat us five to four.

Class Song

BY HELEN FOSTER

Once more we gather here to sing,
And offer up our praise,
To Miss Fine's School, and each and all
We've known in bygone days.

CHORUS:

To Miss Fine's School and all our friends,
To happy days of yore
We sing, and let the echoes roll
Forever, o'er and o'er.

We sing to all the friends we leave,
Who follow in our way.
We sing to every teacher there,
For good old bygone days.

O may our spirits still remain,
And kindred spirits raise,
That truth and honor e'er uphold
Throughout the coming days.

We leave our School and go through life,
But still our love will stay,
And though soon parted we must be,
We're friends for bygone days.



Song of the Class of '25

TUNE: *A Perfect Day*

As we come to the close of our school-day years
And look back o'er those times once again,
There are studies and sports; there are sorrows and joys,
Each a milestone in memory's lane.
Through the Forest of Knowledge this path leads on
Till our first goal appears at the end
And we see where at last our roads must part,
With the parting of friend from friend.

Though this parting seems sad, we must ne'er forget
That each sorrow is really a gain,
For we step ever on to the final goal:
Towards ideals we at last shall attain.
So we'll sing once more to dear M. F. S.,
To our schoolmates so tried and true,
But the parting word, e'er we go along,
Twenty-five, we shall sing to you.

FLORENCE E. CLAYTON, '25.



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