

# The Link



March, 1927



# THE LINK

MARCH

1927



MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



ORREN JACK TURNER

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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1926

No. 2

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## EDITORIAL

**J**UST a few words about something in which most of us, sad to say, are lacking—a sense of appreciation. It is a trait of the Americans, I think, to take what they get for granted without another thought; and we Americans, at present, seem to be getting more than our share of the material goods of this world. Abroad we have the reputation of being a country full of millionaires. Although this, of course, is untrue, we are whirling so fast in the maelstrom of everyday affairs, we are all so engrossed in making money, that we are fast losing interest in everyone but ourselves. Our sense of appreciation has gone.

Our ancestors, for instance, if suddenly presented with a radio through which they might hear concerts from all parts of the world, a telephone with which they might talk to their friends across the Atlantic, or an aeroplane in which they might make one hundred and twenty miles in an hour, would fall upon their knees in awe and reverence. But after twenty years of such miracles our minds have begun to take such things for granted; we would scarcely lift an eyebrow, if a means were somehow afforded us of spending the week-end on the planet of Mars.

If we ever expect to appreciate our blessings in later life, we shall have to begin appreciating here and now. Few of us ever stop to think what school, particularly Miss Fine's, means to us. Thousands of boys and girls, of our age, have had to stop their education before they reached High School. Nearly as many have never gone to school at all, and, if we are not careful, some of these boys and girls, in spite of their lack of advantages, are going to come out ahead of us who have more education. Whereas they start at the bottom of the ladder determined to reach the top, we are starting at the top and taking it for granted we are going to stay there. If we don't stop and think once in a while, and take stock of our blessings, if we don't keep our eyes and ears open, and get all we can out of our education, some day we are going to wake up with a crash, and find we must start all over again. To climb the ladder, after having been at the top, will be



far harder than to start at the bottom with nothing save a burning ambition. So let's begin now to appreciate our advantages and make the most of our opportunities.

DORIS JOHNSON, '27.



### *Imagination*

A shadowy glimmer of mist-light,  
Swept from a veiled horizon,  
A wraith, a wisp of vague musing,  
Grey but intense with greyness,  
Cradles the earth in a cobweb,  
In a frail, silken meshwork of greyness,  
Snares every thought of each mortal  
In a delicate net of pure Fancy.

DOROTHEA PERKINS, '28.



## Abraham Lincoln

THERE was once a boy who wrote an essay on Patrick Henry. It ran thus: "Patrick Henry was a lazy boy. He grew up to be a lazy man. He married a woman older than himself, and he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

This is a truly excellent essay. Here are all the interesting facts with no unnecessary words; here are no dry dates to confuse the reader. It is a model of brevity and terse expression.

But in this essay on Abraham Lincoln which I am being impudent enough to write I intend to go even farther; I shall omit all facts, except the one most important fact of all—his personality.

For aside from the wisdom of the statesman and the magnetic vigor of the leader, the simple humanity of Lincoln was enough to crown him with greatness. Genius, psychologists say, is not hereditary; it is a sport, a freak, or, according to later voices, the result of peculiar training and environment. The Hindus explain it more happily; they call a man of genius an "old soul"; one that has passed through many incarnations. Lincoln was an old soul, the product of centuries.

He was renowned for his ugliness; really, his face was one of great beauty, the greater because it was not dependent on the flesh, but was only translated by it. He was a man that women loved. The head like a worn crag; the steady jaw, the firm lips, the sad, sad eyes—

"All that is lonely, and is beautiful."

He was a many-sided character, this giant with the head of a statesman, the frame and jaw of a man of action, the eyes of a poet, the mouth of a lover. And with all the human contacts of his man-loving life, a lonely figure. But it was the loneliness of greatness; the loneliness of a high pine that dares to grow on heights above the world.

But with all his rugged magnificence, he was the kind of person who is comfortable to be with; whose presence is like a strong encircling arm to ward off evil; a restful person. That was because he was humble, and his soul was full of "the pity of the snow that hides all scars."

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

\* \* \* \* \*

To those who think the life of Lincoln should be told with dates and definitions, let me recommend the encyclopedia. For those who love him, his strength and loveliness is a steady light that all may see who see his face.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.



## Abraham Lincoln

**I**N A small, log cabin in Kentucky on February the twelfth, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. It was a very humble beginning for a man who was destined to be the President of our Country, but Lincoln was descended from a long line of pioneers, and, true to his race, he also was to be a pioneer—not, like his forefathers, a pioneer into the plain and wilderness, but one of an even braver and nobler sort, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right," leading the American people through struggle and strife to peace and freedom and unity.

From an early age Lincoln possessed patience and courage, which enabled him to succeed in spite of many disadvantages. He had little opportunity to go to school, but, by reading everything available, he acquired knowledge of many diverse subjects, and he was called upon to exercise this knowledge in his remarkable rise from boatman to storekeeper to postmaster to deputy to member of legislature to lawyer to congressman to the President of the United States!

It was while he was a lawyer that his ability to make stirring speeches developed, and afterwards it was manifested in such political literature as the Address at Cettysburg, the Emancipation Proclamation, and his Second Inaugural Address. It would be hard to find anything in all literature to excel the simplicity and beauty of those speeches.

When Lincoln took up the office of President he accepted

unhesitatingly the great responsibility thrust upon him. He did his best to avert the Civil War that was impending, but when the Confederates openly defied him by firing upon Fort Sumter, he called the men of the North to arms and, with matchless wisdom and strength, met the four-years' war that ensued. It was a bitter struggle and the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. During this time Lincoln had to put up with poor generals, endure the criticism of even some of the members of his own party, and strive to emancipate the slaves. At one time England threatened to join sides with the South. All these difficulties Lincoln encountered cheerfully and with uncomplaining thought and labor. Finally, Fortune took a definite turn in his favor. He succeeded in freeing the slaves, and a few months later, on the third of July, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg was won. Thereafter the Northern Army under General Grant gained slowly but surely. The war came to its final close on the ninth of April, 1865.

Lincoln had been reelected for a second term. On the morning of the fourteenth of April he earnestly discussed with his cabinet his aim to restore the Union and bring about a feeling of good will between the North and the South. The rest of the day he spent quietly in supreme happiness with his family. That evening the President, with Mrs. Lincoln and some friends, went to the theatre.

Suddenly, while the play was progressing, a shot rang out. A man leaped from the President's box to the stage, shouted "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" and fled. A few hours later the President was dead.

Abraham Lincoln was a pioneer. As a pioneer he died. His murderer, instead of being a savage of the forest, was that far more cruel thing, a savage of civilization.

PEGGY COOK, '27.

### *For a Negro*

I sing this short song for a man I know,  
One who is grave and proud and straight of back;  
Because I looked and saw his steady eyes  
One day when someone spurned him, being black.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.

## Modern Cleopatra

**L**EISURELY Cleopatra, as her maid finished waving the last strand of golden-red hair, threw aside the *College Humor* she was reading and stretched, yawning. This afternoon she was to sail up to New Haven on the Fall River Line for the Princeton-Yale football game that was being played tomorrow, although her main purpose in going was to see the attractive Yale captain about whom she had heard so much. She hoped he would live up to his reputation, for Princeton had been *dead* lately; she had attached all the good-looking football players already and was desperately tired of them all. She was waiting until the hockey and basketball season for new material. Meanwhile—

Cleopatra, in a vivid orange hat and surrounded by raccoon coats, was on the field of battle. She had seen the enemy and he was—going to be—hers. Only half-consciously replying to the bevy of remarks about her, she was mentally summing him up—"tall, thank heavens, not husky-looking—erratic player—." Surprising all by her unusual interest (supposedly in the game), she picked up a pair of field glasses to examine minutely his long green eyes, straight nose, and sophisticated mouth. Sophisticated—? Well, she would show him what that was at the dance tonight.

A sigh of relief audibly swept the ball-room floor. Up to this minute, the most attractive girls had been dancing only with their escorts, but at last that "creature" was leaving, although taking Mark Antony with her. She *would* pick the big catch of the evening.

Outside, in a yellow Mercedes roadster, the pair in question were, in accordance with Cleopatra's tactics, discussing Antony. Cleopatra herself, idly dropping her pearls, which had been broken in the mad rush of the stags for dances, one by one into Tony's half-emptied flask, was thinking desperately, "Oh, I can just feel myself falling for him by inches—and it's half the battle not to fall." However, she was consoled by the thought of his evident admiration for her which his attempting to half conceal made all the more obvious.

The next week was the last game of the season. Cleo-

patra had stayed up just to see Antony play (although she told each member of the team separately that he himself was the attraction). They were confident of winning, for the team had not been scored on once, not even by Princeton, and did not they, this time, have Cleo as an inspiration?

At last the game was on. . . . Somehow the opponents had got possession of the ball; they were running down the field with it! The Yale grandstand yelled wildly; what was the matter? As in a daze, the Yale team made feeble attempts to block the enemy, but were swept aside. Their hearts were not in their work—they were in the grandstand with a bright blue hat. The score rose appallingly; the game ended *forty-eight to nothing!!!*

Discouraged and despondent, the Yale captain, speaking to no one, hurried home and locked himself up in his room. Wild rumors spread around—he had committed suicide!!!

Cleopatra had gone back to her hotel to dress for dinner, and passing a group of students on her way through the lobby, she heard one of them, awed, repeat the rumor. She became frantic, and, flying up to her room, she seized her dainty snake-skinned revolver. Pressing it dramatically to her breast, she closed her eyes, softly murmured, "Antony," and, pulling the trigger, fell in a dead faint.

When the doctor arrived, he pronounced it a nervous breakdown from too many parties and undue excitement, and ordered her to Europe for a rest. Ordered her corpse, are you thinking? No,—for fortunately the revolver wasn't loaded!!!!

KATHERINE T. MANNING, '28.



### *The Woodpecker*

His breast is speckled white and black,  
With stripes around his wings and back;  
His throat is gray, and on his head  
He wears a pretty cap of red.  
Among the leaves you see him fly  
To our big maple standing by;  
Then, holding by his little toes,  
Tap-tap-tapping so he goes,  
Searching up and down the tree  
In hopes to find a worm for tea.

MARGARET MYERS, *Int. I.*

## The Ash Tray

AND to think I have descended to this! I, who for many centuries was the bright splendid armour of Sir George Kennedy, a noble knight of the Lion-Hearted's train.

I was made for my owner to wear on the Crusade to the Holy Land. He was a very noble and courageous knight, high in the favor of King Richard, and the courtier of a certain lady of noble birth. He was also the head of one of the noblest divisions on the Crusade.

When he returned to England with many honors, he asked Lady Beatrice Clyde, the lady of his desires, to marry him. She said she would, if he won a coming tournament against a very powerful knight.

The day of the tournament my owner donned me and mounted on his giant charger, Shaitan, rode forth. How every one cheered! My owner won the tournament and my lady's hand. What a joyful day that was!

I finally became old and rusty; my master bought a new suit, but he had me placed in the corner of the great hall because I had, he explained to questioners, helped him to win Lady Beatrice, many battles and honors.

There I saw the generations of Kennedys come and go. Finally a Mr. Westmacott bought me. I was taken to a far country called America, where I was placed in his home in a state named Virginia. He was furnishing it in the early English style; that's the reason he bought me, because I was antique. Soon after I was established in my new home, the Civil War was declared—what a time that was!

Finally I became so unsound that Mr. Westmacott sold me to a dealer of antiques. He in turn sold me to a New York club. By that time my helmet was gone and both arms almost ready to come off. I was stuck in an obscure corner and the club men as they passed me would carelessly throw their cigarette stubs in my insides and knock the ashes from their pipes on my neck. This is my humiliating end—such is life!

Theresa DeLong, '30.

## A Disastrous Appetite

IN A certain small section in the southeast of France there are some people who are as noted for their craftiness and meanness, as the Gascons are for their boastfulness. In this place an old lady, a countess, was about to die. The Countess de Bergerac had a very large fortune to leave and no one to whom she could leave it. So she called in an old man, an acquaintance with whom she had had a slight quarrel a few years ago. The Countess said that she wished to be friends with the man and would leave her fortune to him, if he complied with her wishes. When she died she would be buried in a field near her house. If he lived for a year in a small stone house built over her body, he should receive her money. He could have all the food and comforts he wanted, but he must not go out of the house. The man, thinking it would be an easy way to get loads of money, thanked her and said he would do as she wished.

A few weeks later the Countess died, and the man moved into his new house. As he went in the doorway, which was very narrow, he noticed that the windows were iron-barred. Now this man was very fond of eating and loved good food. He received his food and everything he wanted in a basket attached to a rope, which ran to the servants' house, not very far away. And so he never saw anyone.

For a few weeks he ate heartily all the food that was given him. Then he began to get lonely. There was nothing to do and no one to see. The house was so quiet and still that he soon became depressed, but he thought of the money, which he was to receive, and he forgot his troubles. However, as the days passed into weeks, he was more uneasy than ever. One night he thought that he saw the Countess always standing before him. This continued for a few nights and at last, thinking that he could no longer stand this trying situation, he rushed to the door to go out. He didn't think of the money any more, he wanted to get out. But alas! He had grown so fat from the rich food, that he could not possibly squeeze through the narrow doorway. Frantic, he went back, determined not to eat another thing until he had grown thinner. His dinner arrived, and, not being able



to resist the temptation of such delightful food, he consumed it all. Things went on in this way, until finally, the strain having been too great, he collapsed and died.

Soon afterwards another and more recent will of the Countess de Bergerac's was found and she, knowing what would probably happen, had left all her money to the S. P. C. A.

KATHERINE HULL, '29.



### *Silence*

The icy blasts of winter have been stilled,  
And yet the mem'ry of their coldness stays,  
For, frozen into silence, chilled with death,  
And deadened joys of long-forgotten days.

The trees stand gaunt and starved with winter's frost,  
Lifting their hungry arms up to the sky,  
Which, dark'ning, frowns upon the ice-bound world,  
Are frozen, even life seems like to die.

MARION LINEAWEAVER, '29.



## The Value of Time

PAST, Present, Future! There are the three man-made divisions of Time. But is that accurate, is that the real definition of Time? Isn't it more like a book, the Future being the part that is still to be read, but is there nevertheless? However, we are getting into too deep a subject, and, anyway, isn't it how we spend our time that is really important? Ah, but how our ideas about this matter differ!

Grandmother shakes her gray pompadour and sighs as she spares a moment from her endless needlework to look out at little Kate, having the time of her life doing a figure eight on the smooth ice of the little pond. And Kate in her turn shakes the big pom-pom of her red tam-o'-shanter, as she looks at Grandmother sitting by the bay-window. Grandmother thinks:

"What a waste of time! I'm up to date enough to believe in out-door sports but that child spends every minute of the day on the pond, and gives none of her time to the sewing which proves so valuable later on!"

But little Kate is happy in her own way and thinks:

"Poor Grandmama! When I'm an old lady I'm not going to spend my time embroidering doilies when you can get such nice shiny ones with parrots and duckies on them at Wana-maker's. Anyway, it's such a waste of time!" And with that she takes a little spin to demonstrate in what manner she is going to spend her time, but unfortunately ends up at the end of her spine.

Mrs. B., whose picture is so often seen in the society page of the *New York Times*, sends little Micetta away with her breakfast tray, and, settling her important self more comfortably in the large, fluffy pillows of the walnut bed, picks up the Sunday paper and glances over the front page.

"Maida Clark, beautiful musical comedy star, scores great success in 'Rose Leaves'."

"Pshaw, what a waste of time!" and Mrs. B. passes over to the next column where the details of the magnificent banquet she had held the evening before are vividly if not truthfully, recorded.

Old Jim, while waiting for the coal to run out of the coal truck, leans over from his seat to where a little boy, munching a ruddy red apple and absorbed in a book, is sitting.

"Watcha readin', kid?" he asks.

"'Kidnapped'," answers the child laconically.

"Ain't folks funny, though!" Jim chuckles. "Why, when I was your age I was a-choppin' wood up thar in Maine." But receiving no answer, he starts the engine, and wondering at the queer ways of some people, he hurries back to the boss.

And why should we criticize people just because they do differently from us, and therefore consider it wrong? They are happy in their own way and are enjoying and spending Time according to their own standards. Would they be happy in adopting our ways? They aren't we, nor are we they. It tickles our pride to think that they envy us, but do they? I'm not so sure.

MIMI GIBBONS, *Intermediate IV*.



## *Nature*

The mountains in the distance  
Are as grand as they can be;  
I think they are the grandest things  
That ever I did see.

The clouds up in the pretty sky  
Aren't always black and white;  
They're sometimes red and yellow,  
And other colors bright.

Sometimes the trees are lovely green,  
And sometimes red and brown;  
And winter gives them for her gift  
A splendid ermine gown.

ELIZABETH FIELD, *Intermediate, I*.

## A Christmas Carol

NEAR the fortress of a little Swiss village above Altdorf are green meadows with fragrant grass and fresh flowers. Shady nut-trees stand here and there, and through the meadow rushes a foaming brook that makes wild leaps over the rocks which lie in its course.

At the end of this village, where stands an old ivy-covered tower, a path runs along by the brook-side. Near a big nut-tree is a bridge over the dashing waters which rush down between the high mountains. Here the steep path leads to a small Swiss cottage and farther up another small cottage and so on, until you come to a very tiny cottage among the rocks. Before the low door is a grassy sward where the goats are milked, and in the summer the door always stands open.

Here lived Joseph, the gatherer of wild hay, and Sarah, his tidy, industrious little wife. They seldom left their tiny home except to go to church, which they devoutly attended.

Their boy was called Barty, and his little sister, born soon after, was called Franzelie.

But the good Joseph died, leaving poor Sarah a widow with the two children for whom she must toil early and late. Their scanty clothing was always clean and neat. And Barty always prayed and helped his little sister Franzelie.

It was a cold autumn and winter came early. In November the snow almost covered the small cottage. The children sat in a corner by the stove while their mother busily knitted. Barty was now seven and Franzelie five.

Deep sorrow and anxiety filled the mother's heart; for if she could not earn enough by knitting and spinning, the little family must live on their goat's milk, and how she wished to give them a happy Christmas!

Formerly she had sung at night, but now she was too oppressed to sing.

This night she sat in silence, listening to the wind howling around the small cottage and almost blowing it to pieces. Franzelie was sound asleep, but Barty's eyes were wide awake.

"Mother," he said, "why do you never sing any more?"

"Alas, dear boy, I cannot."

"Have you forgotten the song? Wait, I will tell you how it goes:

Now the shades of darkness  
Fall o'er land and sea;  
Father grant thy blessing,  
May we rest in thee."

He sang it very clearly and sweetly. Suddenly a thought came to his mother.

"Barty," she said, "perhaps you can do something for me. Tomorrow I will teach you to sing; then on Christmas Eve you can go to the big houses, and maybe they will give you bread—even nuts."

Barty was so happy he could not sleep the whole night. To think he was going to help his mother!

Next day he told his little sister, and, when their mother heard Franzelie sing, she was very surprised and pleased. So every night till Christmas Eve they sang and learned songs.

On Christmas Eve they started down the steep path, two happy children with their mother following behind. But when they entered the village there were so many children singing around the rich houses, that their mother took them to the big Inn. There she hid while the soft, clear voices of Franzelie and Barty brought tidings of great joy to the people of the Inn. Soon a very kind face invited them in. After being given nuts, candies, and good things, they joyfully ran and found their mother among the crowds around the Inn. Never since the father's death had there been such merriment, and such a feast as they had that night had never been seen in the small cottage before. Nor did the cottage ever ring more joyfully with thanks to God.

LILY LAMBERT, *Intermediate II.*

## Keys

THE early morning sun smiled down on the palace gardens, and cast its golden rays over the high stone walls, allowing the golden beams to fall gently on masses of blooming color. In the center of the garden, the royal fountain gurgled and sparkled as it splashed its transparent waters on the gleaming alabaster of the sloping sides of the small pool surrounding it.

To the right of the fountain, seated upon the soft, green turf, and hidden from the view of the palace windows by a grove of dark, lofty fir trees, was a small boy. A fair-haired boy, with round childish knees bared to the sun, and a wistful smile playing about his small, grave face. It was the eight-year-old heir to the throne of Carburch, the beloved young prince. His face, still retaining its round baby contours, was pensive. Already his young mind was filled with responsibility by thoughts of his duty to his kingdom. He would ride on a beautiful white charger at the head of his troops, in time of war; he would love his people and render them untiring service, in times of peace.

But these thoughts were not uppermost in his mind just now, for he was busy wishing with all his lonely little heart for a baby brother or sister, preferably a sister, because girls were so pretty to look at and always thought the boys knew everything. He would teach her to ride, and shoot with the bow, and he would protect her from rough men. Oh! it was so lonely here, with no one to play by the singing fountain with him. God made playmates for the birds caroling in the trees and for the butterflies flitting from flower to flower, and for the fishes playing tag in the pool. Oh! please, God, make a playmate for a lonely little boy!

A jingling, musical sound disturbed his reverie as the Mistress of the Palace Keys came around the bend in the path. The little prince jumped up and ran to the little, grey-haired lady. He loved to take the bunch of keys, which dangled from her waist, keys of all shapes and sizes, and shake them and hear their merry jingle.

They walked slowly towards the palace, and on entering, Gregory was led immediately to the Queen's private suite.

His young mother lay with a queer bundle by her side. He walked slowly to the bedside and regarded the bundle inquiringly. It wriggled. Then the Queen-mother turned down the bundle's wrappings and showed him his baby sister; Gregory smiled radiantly through sudden tears.

For five, short days the young heir knew such bliss and joy and big brotherly pride, as only a small, lonely heart rewarded at last, can know. He spent hours watching the tiny pink fingers of his new playmate curl and uncurl about the blankets which enwrapped her. He loved his baby sister with all of his gentle, worshipping young heart, and planned great things for her.

Five days later one of the jingling keys opened a massive door and the Keeper of the Keys, clothed in deep black and with tear stains visible on her kind, old face, led the prince into a dark room, heavy with the scent of lilies, which were massed about in a bower of white. Gregory gazed with eyes blinded by hot, painful tears on the beautiful, waxen face of the young queen, and covered with passionate, tearful kisses, the round baby cheeks of the other still figure. Oh! Oh! It was surely a dream! The keys had opened this door; he knew now that the keys did not always open on bright, cheerful rooms; the little "lady of the keys" turned her head at the sight of a child's broken heart.

The king died when Gregory was but eighteen years old. The good, noble, long-suffering father who had given him the keys to open the doors of wisdom, loyalty, duty, and all manly virtues, had gone on, and left Gregory alone, alone with his shattered youth.

The prince stood tall and straight by the gurgling fountain, gazing into the clear waters shining now like silver, in the moonlight, and in which the black fir trees were reflected against a spangled sky of deep midnight-blue. He had tried to live a pure life and good, to be loyal and dutiful, for the sake of that other, whose curling, tiny, pink finger tips entwined themselves even now about his heart. Tomorrow was the day of Coronation. He was to bear the responsibilities of his people on his young shoulders. He would do as those who watched from above would wish him to. He would live for his people. He had a dream deep-hidden in his heart, and

who knows, perhaps some day the key to that door would be provided also.

A tall, slender figure in royal robes walked with firm and regal step, head high and youthful shoulders squared to meet life's burdens, up the long aisle of bowing courtiers. The heavy crown was placed on the boyish head; grave, grey eyes smiled a wistful appeal, and with constricted throat, an earnest, silent prayer ascended from a youthful heart to the three waiting above. Gregory George Albert was king.

BETTY DINSMORE, '28.



### *Autumn*

Around the woods, the fields, and dells,  
The Autumn signs are clear;  
And every tree a banner flaunts,  
That gleams both far and near.

And up and down the nut-trees tall,  
The busy squirrels fly,  
And trains of birds for Southlands bound,  
You see across the sky.

The fields that stretch along so wide,  
The forms of workers bear;  
Of all the seasons of the year,  
The Fall is fairest there.

MARY CONSTABLE, *Intermediate III.*





## The Coming of the New Year

“HAVE you seen the stranger?” asked Venus, as she beamed down on the warrior Mars.

“What stranger?” said Mars, clenching his fists, as if he meant to protect the whole sky from any strange being. “Show him to me and there will be one less stranger in this atmosphere.”

“Mars, Mars, calm yourself; Mother Moon will not like this. They say this stranger is nothing but a babe.”

“You’re right Venus,” said Uranus, who had overheard the conversation. “It came to me and asked if I knew where the Earth was. Of course I said ‘Yes’ and directed it, for the Earth is one of my best friends. Neptune said it was a wonder it didn’t freeze up, for it had nothing on it but a ribbon across its shoulders.”

At this moment, Mercury came speeding up, shouting, “Fall on your faces, fall on your faces; Mother Moon is coming!” The planets immediately bowed themselves as the lovely Mother Moon came sailing by. She was the queen of the sky while Jupiter was the king.

“What is troubling you?” she asked, as they raised themselves.

“We do not know who the stranger is,” replied Venus.

“Tell me all about him for I have not seen him,” said Mother Moon. “Mercury, search the sky until you find him, so that I may help him on his way, wherever he is going.”

As Mercury sped off, the other planets told all they knew about the stranger, and in a short while Mercury came back with a tiny baby in his arms. It was crying, because it was cold and had lost its way.

“Who are you, little one?” said Mother Moon in her kindest voice, for she was sorry for the poor little thing out all alone in a big sky.

“I am the New Year 1927, and I am trying to find my way to the Earth. The big bear said ‘Booh!’ at me, and I nearly lost my balance in the sky. The serpent hissed at me; I fell into the big dipper.”

“Father Time should know better than to send such a wee

thing out on a night like this. Never mind, I will send one of my planets to go with you. Who will go?"

"All of us!" came the answer.

"I will let you all take turns," said Mother Moon. So that night every single planet could say that he helped to bring the New Year safely to the Earth.

MEREDITH SHELTON, *Intermediate III.*



### *Mr. Squirrel*

Oh! little Mr. Squirrel-fur,  
A-sitting in your tree,  
Why are you so very cross,  
A-scolding so at me?

Now, silly Mr. Squirrel-fur,  
You needn't be afraid,  
I've all the nuts I want at home,  
And cake and lemonade.

And even if I wanted nuts,  
And there were very few,  
I'm sure I never would forget  
To leave enough for you.

MARGARET MYERS, *Intermediate I.*





MRS. BROWN, aided by a competent committee, sent a "Merry Christmas" to many homes. Big wooden boxes filled with old (but whole) clothes were shipped to New York, Maine, and the famous Midget family in the south. The poor of Princeton were not forgotten nor the servants at school. Besides this, the school raised \$246.10. Of this amount we divided about \$180 among various associations, leaving a balance of \$86.49 which we have reserved for an emergency case or to help to send a child to the country this summer.

Our annual Christmas Musical Service was held on December seventeenth. It brought the spirit of Christmas to all of us, and we hope it did to our many guests. Afterward there was a happy hubbub with many good-byes, for it was the beginning of Christmas Vacation.

School reopened on January fourth. It didn't take long for our spirits to become quite subdued by talk of those dreaded exams. However, they are all over now, and we rejoice to say that most of us are happy.

Miss Markley's letters continue to come, revealing the wonders of China to us. We marvel that she finds so much time, for they are really books.

February tenth, Miss Fine took her Virgil class to see the fine old editions which the University Library possesses. Through the courtesy of Mr. Peck, we had no trouble getting into the Treasure Room where they are kept.

We regret that Mrs. Elderkin has been called west by the illness of her mother.

Every morning there is a big assembly around the bulletin board in the hall. Why?—because there each day is posted the list of acceptances and refusals for the School Dance. We hope it will be a success, but we rest assured of that, for Snub Blackwell is chairman.

KATHERINE MITCHELL, '27.



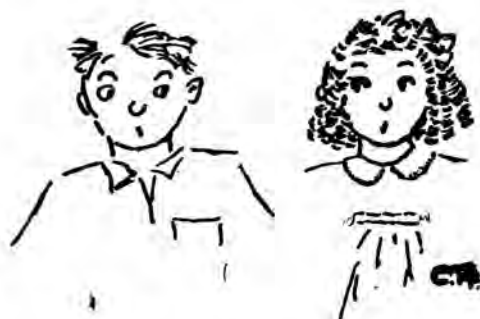


THE most important step which has been taken in the Intermediate Department this year has been the establishment of the new honor system by the Fourth Intermediate for themselves. Since they are not under the jurisdiction of Study Hall, and they consider themselves old enough to be independent of a teacher, they have set up their own self-government.

In order to make each girl in the class feel the responsibility, they have no council. They elect two proctors for each side of the room at the end of each week, and, if any one has misbehaved or broken the rules, the entire class meets on Friday for a few minutes after school to discuss the violations, and to determine the punishments. Their rules are few, short, and to the point, as follows:

1. When bell rings for class or study period, you are to go immediately to your desk with as little noise as possible and no talking whatsoever.
2. During study period you may leave your seats only to sharpen your pencil or to go out of the room. There will be no communication.
3. If you disobey these rules or disturb any teacher, in such a way that she finds it necessary to complain to the class, you will be brought up before the class on Friday.
4. No unnecessary noise at any time.

So far the plan is working very well, and the Fourth Intermediates have our best wishes to continue successfully. We also hope this new plan will become a custom for the First Year High classes which will follow. LUCY MAXWELL, '28.



## PRIMARY NOTES

ABOUT Christmas time the Primary Department placed several things of interest on the bulletin board. Florence Dell of the fourth grade wrote a poem about "Christmas Time." Philip Worden also wrote a poem about Christmas. There were two long compositions whose titles were "The Lost Boy" and "Christmas Shopping," and there were three letters to Santa. Not to be outdone by the Upper School, there were even four essays—three about Santa and one about snow.

The four grades have found it difficult to carry out their plan about the bulletin board mentioned in the December publication of *THE LINK*, owing to the fact that they place all their compositions, etc., in notebooks. But the third grade places on the bulletin board every month an edition of their *Third Grade Tribune*. Walcott Baker was editor of the December publication. The contributors to this paper were Nick Cowenhoven, Allen Shelton, Vernon Farr, William Scott Agar, Alan Jackson, George Young, Viola Hitte and Junior Davis. For the January issue, George Young was editor. He also was assisted by a large staff of contributors who were Paul Condit, Walter Petit, Joan Agar, Vernon Farr, Junior Davis, Nickie Cowenhoven, Walcott Baker, Allen Shelton, Janet Brown, and John Alexander.

The Junior Primary have been acting many stories.

Recently they made puzzles on looms and two little houses of blocks, which they think very nice. The bulbs which they planted last month bloomed very successfully.

The first grade has been very busy. They have been learning how many feet make a yard and how many inches make a foot; so now they know how to tell how many feet tall they are. They have been making looms and weaving rugs and mats. They read a book called the "Seven Little Sisters," and have been studying about their countries. They read "Peter Pan" also, and showed the pictures of the story on the screen with the aid of a magic-lantern. They took turns telling the story.

The second grade seems to be very advanced, for it is reported that five of them are to enter the fourth grade next year. They are making a sand table about the tree dwellers, reading a book called, "Early Cave Men," and making books about animals. Foxes, rabbits, and squirrels are some of the animals they are writing about.

From the third grade comes the news that they are making maps of Princeton with a scale of two feet to the mile. They are putting in trees, houses, and even automobiles. This shows them how they may make small maps to represent big places. They are now learning their time-tables, and have a new newspaper called "*The Tribune*", the first two editions of which have been described above. A play called "Sing a Song of Sixpence" was given by them in the assembly.

The fourth grade is doing most interesting things. They have a Reading Chart and an Arithmetic Chart, and another for Finished Work. Every time that any one finishes something, he puts his own star on this last chart mentioned.

In geography, they are taking a trip to Europe. First they went to the British Isles, but now they have landed in France. They made their passports and tickets for the trip, and sailed on the *Perengaria*. They read about the Scotch people in the Highlands and wore their plaid dresses to school. A few weeks ago they were shown some lantern-pictures on Great Britain and are to see some others on Greece.

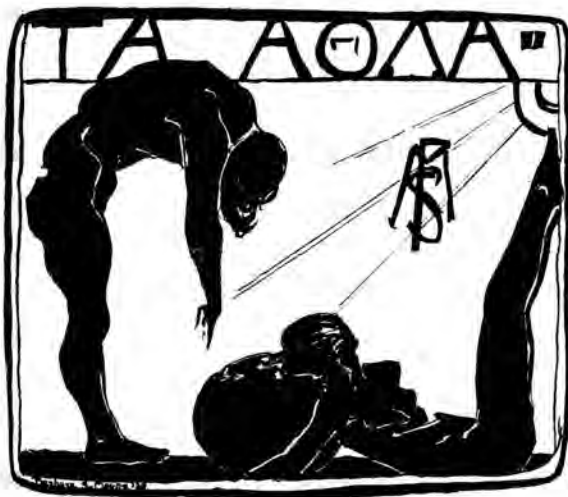
At Christmas time they wrote several poems. Adele Thibault is making a cover for their poem book.

When they were celebrating "The Battle of Princeton,"

they had a copy of "The Declaration of Independence" which one of the girls brought in their room.

The fourth grade has also responded most energetically to the request of THE LINK editors for reports from the four grades and the Junior Primary for the December and March editions of this publication. We are certainly most grateful for their help.

JEAN S. HAVENS, '28.



Basketball practice began several weeks before Christmas vacation. Immediately after vacation class captains and managers were elected as follows: the captains—Marjory Smith, '27, Florence Duffield, '28, Doris Reddan, '29, Frances Boice, '30, and Sarah Johnston, Intermediate IV; the managers—Sarah Stockton, '29, Caroline Hun, '30, and Claire Raymond, Intermediate IV.

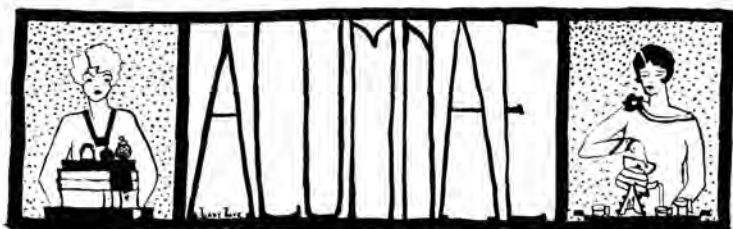
Four games of the basketball tournament have been played so far. The scores are:

Seniors 30—Juniors 34	Sophomores 35—Freshmen 44
Seniors 34—Juniors 22	Sophomores 26—Freshmen 32

A basketball game with Arden School at Lakewood has been scheduled for the 19th of March. The game will be played at Lakewood.

JANE LINK, '28.





Mrs. Peter D. Thropp Jr. (otherwise Evelyn Worthington) announces the birth of a son, Peter D. Thropp III.

Mrs. William Morse (otherwise Priscilla Bullitt) announces the birth of a second daughter, Katherine.

Who says that June is the bride month? On January 5th Hazel Meyers was married to William Thomas Malone, Jr., of Trenton. On January 15th, Katherine Bugbee was married to Horace Milton Royal, Jr., of Morris Heights, Pa.

Two recent engagement announcements that are of great interest are those of Emily C. Longwell, and Katherine Robinson. Emily is engaged to Walter Lovell Twile of Evanston, Ill., who was in the Class of '23, at Princeton, and who will graduate this spring from Northwestern University.

Katherine Robinson, who has been in Europe for several months, recently announced her engagement to Alan Lake Chidsey, who graduated from Union College in the Class of '25 and is now teaching English at Choate.

On Saturday, February 5th, Eleanor Marquand was married to George Howard Forsyth, Jr., who is a Princeton graduate.

Emily Anderson and Katrina Van Dyke are now in California, where Dorothea Spaeth has been for the past few months. Is Emily holding Hollywood aspirations?

Mary Frances Noyes is now at Wellesley, and Alice Black at Antioch College, where she is the secretary of her class. We also hear that Virginia Barrows is president of the fresh-

man class at Goucher, and captain of the basketball team. What these college girls can't do!

Peggy Matthews, scorning the second half of her Sophomore year at Vassar, is now back in Princeton.

Rosemary Street did not go back to Miss Walker's at Simsbury, Connecticut, and Mary Adams Love has left Miss Beard's in Orange to join the ranks of Miss Fine's once more.

The news circulating from Bradford Academy is that Christine Gibbons has left to continue her literary career in Princeton and Grace Griswold has been elected the President of her class.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, '27.



# EXCHANGE



## NOTES

THE LINK acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

*The Academe*—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.

*The Serendipity*—Marlborough High School, Los Angeles, California.

*The Choate Literary Magazine*—The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut.

*The Munite*—Mt. Union High School, Mt. Union, Pa.

*Dwightonia*—The Dwight School, Englewood, N. J.

*The Blue Print*—The Katharine Branson School, Ross, Cal.

*Bleatings*—St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.

*Mary Institute Chronicle*—Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

*Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.

*The Tatler*—Miss Madeira's School, Washington, D. C.

*The Chestnut Burr*—Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

We also wish to inform our readers that we are exchanging with five new schools.

*The Turret*—The Tower School, Salem, Mass.

*The Triangle*—The Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

*The Blue Pencil*—Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

*The Babbler*—The Brown School, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The Institute Tatler*—Wilkes-Barre Institute, Wyoming Avenue, Kingston, Pa.

## AS WE SEE OTHERS

*The Academe*—Your magazine is fine and your literary department is exceptionally good. "The Judas of Greece" is very good and is especially enjoyed by the girls.

*The Serendipity*—The quality of your magazine is very good but it is lacking in quantity. Why not publish a larger paper?

DOROTHY FRANCES WRIGHT, '28.



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