

The Link



June, 1927

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LINK EDITORS

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VII

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No. 3

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Dedication	4
Editorials	5
A Sprite	Dorothea Perkins 6
Two Tragic Tragedies	Robertla Webb 7
By the Sea	Elizabeth Blackwell 12
Class Prophecy	Peggy Cook 10
A Summer Night	Yvonne Cameron 9
Senior Alphabet	Anonymous 15
Individual Pictures	16-25
Class Characteristics	28
Class Statistics	30
The Seniors' Farewell	Dorothea Matthews 51
School Notes	Katherine Mitchell 56
Primary Notes	Jean Havens 37
Athletic Notes	Jane Link 40
Alumnae Notes	Elizabeth Blackwell 41
Exchange Notes	Dorothy Wright 43



To
Miss Markley

IN GRATITUDE FOR HER INTEREST AND CO-
OPERATION IN YEARS PAST, AND WITH ALL BEST
WISHES FOR HER HAPPINESS IN YEARS TO COME.

EDITORIAL

“SHE’S the most cheerful thing,” we constantly hear spoken of some girls, and aside from the allusion to the gender, this is considered a compliment. But how many of us realize how great a compliment? The first thing ordinarily associated with cheerfulness is an optimistic view of life. Some people, of course, are born optimistic; and just as many are born pessimistic. But by constantly doing mean little things, and, in time, being duly rewarded for them, our view of life, if optimistic, must be necessarily changed. A person with a muddy conscience cannot be truly cheerful; we may be reckless, happy in a selfish sort of way, yes; but not continually cheerful.

Every day we are called upon to do things for other people. Usually we do them—very often because of an innate politeness, very often because of what the other person would think, more often because we can think of no plausible reason why we shouldn’t (and most of us are honest with ourselves). But how often is it because we actually wish to help some one? We all have our good streaks hidden somewhere beneath the bad; and we all feel at certain moments a desire to really help. At those moments we are usually cheerful, optimistic, pleased with the world and ourselves. But when we are in the opposite mood, not wishing to be bothered, do we ever appear cheerful? Therefore, the habitually cheerful girl must be a habitually generous and helpful girl.

Cheerfulness means popularity, the friendship and good opinion of all one’s associates. Although a cheerful girl is often picked on and taken advantage of, wouldn’t some of us enjoy feeling a little more important and necessary to others once in a while?

Finally, cheerfulness means happiness, the satisfaction of friends, a clear conscience, and the joy of serving. Oh, these cheerful people, though they may not seem so healthy, so beautiful, so learned, so gifted, are much to be envied, admired, and copied.

DORIS JOHNSON, '27.

The editors wish to express their gratitude to the committee of girls who have helped in the production of this number of the *LINK*—Kathryn Backes, Elizabeth Blackwell, Peggy Cook, and Wallace Hubbal.

THE EDITORS.

A Sprite

A burdened sky above me,
A shadowed earth below me,
(But a sprite with fluttering eyelids
Was quivering in my soul).

Laden, weighted, cumbered
With full and sullen cloud-banks
The sky was sagging grimly,—
So grimly yet so gently—
Towards a dull and squalid shadow,
The vague, the sodden earth.

But I felt—I knew in certain
That, though muffled, thickly muffled
In those heavy-breasted cloud-banks,
A firm and mighty archway
Was curving, flinging upward,
Was flinging ever upward;
—Up eternal and eternal!

And I knew—I knew in certain
That a friendly sky was curving,
That a mighty arm was circling
'Round the sad and clouded world
—Oh friendly and eternal!
(For a sprite with fluttering eyelids
Had wakened in my soul).

DOROTHEA PERKINS, '28.

Two Tragic Tragedies

OR WHY WINIFRED WENT WEST

(Apologies to all readers)

THE door slammed. There was the sound of breaking china and tearing cloth, mingled with shrieks and groans.

"Little Mary's home," said Mary's mother to Mary's father. "In case you have forgotten, Mary is twenty-one, born on April 22nd."

"What year?" interrupted the city official.

"Twenty-one years ago" she answered brightly. "May I continue?"

"No, I have it. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight 204 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs."

"Strength 250 lbs" added Mary's father knowingly.

"And sex appeal 200 per cent plus" finished little Mary, tripping in over the piano.

"Mary!" cried Howard, "my little Mary!"

"Howard darling! My cave man!" she shouted, lifting him up and kissing him.

"But you forget," sneered the villain, "your grandmother has not been buried yet."

"Oh," they sighed, and wept bitterly for half an hour.

Then the villain laughed, "But marry me and I will show you where the jools are hidden. Come kiss me."

"Fresh!" giggled little Mary, and playfully pushed him off the cliff.

"You should not have done that," wailed Mary's mother.

"Did you not know that the population of Ashtabula, Ohio, was 22,082?"

"Oh, why did you never tell me?" sobbed Mary. "My life is ruined. Oh de—ar!"

It was then that Mary and Howard came to the meadow. A man was lying there. He chanted softly, "My darling's hair is just like corn; her eyes two starlets are. And if she did not care for me, I'd wander far afar. But underneath the trees we sit and talk of love and such, until the day goes dancing down, we—we—"

"—love each other much" ended little Mary jumping out in front of the grandstand and leading a long locomotive

which changed to "Hold that lion" as said animal appeared from the bushes. The poet, with flashing eye (his other one was glass and could not flash) and wiggling fingers (he had all but two of these) hypnotized the playful lion and awaited approval.

"Thumbs down," they hissed and demonstrated, so Mary broke his neck.

"I'm starved" whispered little Mary slyly and as healthy Howard had no wish to die, he said shakily, "Come."

Suddenly Mary seized the wheel, "You've missed several! Watch me!" she yelled as innumerable pedestrians disappeared under the car. And the Rover boys roared with laughter. Mary was so clever.

After eating three plate lunches, little Mary started on the glasses, "The silver tastes greasy" she explained.

Without warning a man jumped on the stage. "The man," he insisted, "who thinks is great; the man who acts is—"

"Take him out. He's breaking my heart," was heard.

Obedient Mary reluctantly obeyed. "Mark me for one more," she cried as her victim folded his hands and exhaled his last breath.

The scorekeeper refused, so in a minute she put down two.

With a shout they all joined hands in a snake dance singing, "Ten Ton Tessie from Tennessee."

Suddenly, groaning, Howard fell to the ground in a heap. "The key! The key! We've been singing in the wrong key!"

"Cheer up," murmured Mary, putting on a brave front and fastening it tightly.

Of course they knew at last that they would have to leave the city. The stares were unbearable and the tabloids refused to print the story.

"On to T. Z.," they cried, "we will become famous."

But little did they suspect that Nelson had dropped a match in the scrap-basket. It was lit. (Close-up of match burning papers.) Peacefully, little Mary was doing the "Black Bottom", for her friends in the thirtieth floor when a thread of smoke reached them. "Hot stuff!" they cried, but Betty dashed to the window and disappeared. "I am responsible," shrieked little Mary, and she hung by her hands from the window sill. As the building began to waver—"Jump!" they hollered, "jump!". But all too late.

As Mary picked herself and Howard up from stones, limbs and bath-tubs, they found a priest before them. "I do!" yelled little Mary, "—and I!" finished Howard—and then the war began.

ROBERTA WEBB, '27.

A Summer Night

The sun has settled in the west,
And little birds with sleep are blest;
The crickets chirp their song of glee,
While high above the bats fly free.

The stars on high shine in the sky
With sparkling splendor bold,
While overhead the moon is red
With brilliancy of old.

No poet can describe the scene,
No one can paint it all—serene;
Forlornly with our eyes delight
Can we behold this glorious sight.

YVONNE G. CAMERON, '28.

Class Prophecy

February 15, 1937
New York City.

DEAR MARY,

I was so thrilled to hear that you had a comfortable voyage, and that at last your dream of seeing the Parthenon by moonlight has been realized. Your trip must seem like a second honeymoon.

You asked me to write you any news I might have heard about our former classmates at Miss Fine's, and it happens that during the past week I have seen ten of them right here in New York, and through them have heard about all the others!

On Monday night I went to the first performance of the musical comedy that Kay Backes is in. After the show I met her and she took me home in her snappy new Packard. She told me that Buzz Hawke is head nurse in a Missionary Hospital in India. Alice Goheen's husband is the head doctor in the same hospital, and Alice herself is teaching Vergil in the Missionary school. Kay also told me that Betty Maddock and Snub Blackwell have two hundred and fifty children—in their Boarding School for Dependent Children, which is an orphan asylum run on a strictly modern and scientific basis.

Tuesday afternoon Roberta Webb gave a charming exhibition of interpretative dancing at Carnegie Hall. We were going to have tea together afterwards so we hailed a taxi to take us to the Ritz. You can imagine our surprise when the driver turned out to be none other than Margaret Stevens! She's New York's only woman taxi driver and her cab goes like greased lightning. It would be just as devastating, too, if anything dared get in its way! Anyway, between Stevie and Perta, I learned that Jean March is still living in New Brunswick with her husband who teaches French at Rutgers.

Tuesday night I went to the Opera, as Kay Mitchell was singing the rôle of Margarita in "Faust." Of course I went back to her dressing room to see her, and there found Dorothea Matthews with her English lord and master. They are only in this country for a short visit. A new volume of Dorothea's poetry is to be published shortly.

On Wednesday I had a hard day at the law office trying to keep Virginia Renalds from being named as co-respondent in another divorce case. I got through just in time to tear up to the Galleries to see an exhibition of Doris Johnson's paintings. One of them has been bought by a private collector for three thousand dollars. I bumped into Marjorie Smith up there. She is Sports Editor of the *New York Times*. She said that she had recently interviewed Helen Scammell who holds the Women's International Golf Trophy.

Thursday was an exciting day in this City. Lib Noyes, the new World's Champion Broadjumper, returned from her conquest of Europe. Everyone turned out *en masse* to see little Libbie ride up Fifth Avenue. No girl has received such a welcome home since Gertrude Ederle returned from her channel swim!

Friday afternoon Wallace Hubball, as was, had a reception in her new home on Park Avenue. It's a perfectly beautiful place. Her husband made millions on Wall Street, you know. The reception was really in honor of Betsey, who is visiting her for a few days. It's hard to realize that Betsey has actually settled down and is a devoted wife and the proud mother of four sons. I'll bet those boys are going to raise the roof in their grandfather's school!

There, I've told you all the news and now I must stop and hie me downtown where I've an appointment in exactly five minutes.

As ever,

PEGGY.



By the Sea

I took a walk by the sea today,
And the waves were rough and dark;
The sky was grey with threatening rain
That sweeps over many a bark.

The wind blew sharp as I walked along,
Down on the soft damp sand,
The foam from the waves upon the beach
Felt cold and wet on my hand.

I gazed to sea where boats looked small
Against the horizon's gleam,
And I thought how the waves must make them creak
In each mast, and spar, and beam.

No gulls today flapped their pointed wings
While uttering sharp wild cries;
Each kept to his nest forewarned by the wind
That had darkened the late March skies.

It was lonely and drear as I walked along,
And turned my face to the blast,
And I prayed that it might not roughen the sea,
Or ships on the rocks be cast.

The waves rolled in on the pebbly beach,
Only to turn once more,
Back to the mass that had cast them up
From the depths to the barren shore.

And still the wind so relentless blew
That had chased clouds over the sun;
And down came drops from the skies above,
First softly and one by one;

But the gate blew on from the North and East,
And swept over land and sea,
Forcing me back with its sheets of rain,
Back to my own roof-tree.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, '27.

Senior Alphabet

*(The readers should apologize to the author—for letting
him live so long)*

- A is for Athletics where Marje is our pride;
That she is a good sport can not be denied.
- B stands for Blackwell—she ought to be fatter.
Ye gods and fried fishes, how that girl can chatter!
- C is the Council of which Buzz is the head.
We'd all like to follow in the footsteps she's tread.
- D stands for Difficulties which Stevie o'ercomes;
She's conscientious, and willing, and lots of fun.
- E means Efficiency where Kay Mitchell does shine;
Her very good nature is almost divine.
- F is Miss Fine, whom we honor and love;
She's richly endowed by the gods from above.
- G is for Goheen, who's athletically inclined.
And yet in her studies she's never behind.
- H stands for that nice girl—Wallace Hubball.
We like her a lot, and she's *never* a trouble.
- I is for "IT" of which our class has its fill;
And also for Ink which Betsey did spill.
- J means our Joviality of which Helen is part,
Her knockout clothes would give one a start.
- K is Kay Backes—the girl with the "ligger"—
Her conversation could ne'er be called meagre.
- L stands for LINK—that's Doris' work.
My, how she can draw, and yet her lessons ne'er shirk.

- M stands for Maddock—her beauty is fair—
And also for March, who for bluffing has a flair.
- N is Lib Noyes—Doris' press agent, you see—
That girl's full of pep and vivacity.
- O stands for Oxford where Dorothea shall be.
My, if only her brains could belong to me!
- P is for Peggy—a likeable gal;
Bah Jove, but our Peggy is original!
- Q stands for Quiet that Seniors should maintain.
Alas, to quiet them is indeed in vain.
- R means Reducing—the yearly fad.
If we reduce any more, we'll be beanpoles, begad.
- S is for Stockton—class jester, doncha know?
Where'er our little Mary walks, her wit is sure to go.
- T means the Tittle-tattle which ever holds sway
Over Seniors on the porch during the course of the day.
- U is for Us—the Senior class—
To like one of us, you must like us *en masse*.
- V is Virginia with her Southern accent;
She's an "amoosing little cuss", and a joy e'er-present.
- W stands for Webb—she's really quite smart.
Her clever stories are indeed an art.
- X means the Unknown into which we must go.
Where'er it may be, sweet memories will flow.
- Y is for You who have patiently read.
One more rime, and then to bed.
- Z is the Zeal we have as a whole.
Added honor to Miss Fine's, is our goal.

ANONYMOUS.



FACULTY



BETSEY HUN

*"Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay."*

A frightful, rattling roar comes from behind; we leap aside just in time, as "Ella" comes crashing up the drive, turns on one wheel, and stops as if by a miracle in a narrow space by the steps. "Ella" is Betsey's Dodge, and Betsey handles her as she does everything else, with rough efficiency. Betsey is the president of the class, and of innumerable teams and committees; and in everything she officiates with the same startling brusqueness, and yet with a driving power that achieves results. Because of her enthusiasm, her personality, and her bluntness, people aren't indifferent to Betsey; they either like her, or they don't, and most people do. The class presidency is a tribute to her popularity. It is also a significant fact that while no one treats her respectfully, she has everyone's respect.

Will you join Ella

KATHRYN BACKES

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

The notes of any one of the most popular tunes are heard, and around the corner comes a good-looking, much envied figure, swinging along to the rhythm of the tune she is singing. This is Kay, always up on the latest, and always willing to tell you about her most recent trip to the shore. She loves a good time and is companionable with everybody, be it man, woman, or child, and to this must be added her deep affection and sympathy towards her friends. She has a firm sense of justice, and an appreciation of the best in everybody.



Kay -



ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

*"Her talk was like a stream which
runs
With rapid change from rocks to
roses.
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses."*

"Snub" never seems to be at a loss for something to say, but her talk is not the idle prattle of the usual chatterbox; she can converse fluently and well on almost any subject. However, we do wish she would forbear to indulge in that lowest form of humor, the Pun! "Snub" is gifted with the ability to manage, and her enthusiasm and hearty co-operation can be depended upon in all school activities.

Don't Puns!



Peggy

PEGGY COOK

"The trick of singularity"

A Chrysler roadster overflowing with girls comes rolling up the school drive, and one immediately sees that Peggy has been taxi-ing her various friends again. Peggy is one of the most delightful people, assuming an air of quiet sagacity, under which is an extremely clever and original mind, and inexhaustible energy. To her several most intimate friends, she is always a willing and an amusing companion, seeing the humorous things in life. Add to this sincerity, and a ready wit, and you have Peggy as she is and always will be.

ALICE GOHEEN

*"Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."*

Slam—Whack! A white ball goes sailing through the mud between the legs of a bewildered goal keeper, and the puffing forward line looks up to see Alice, flushed to the roots of her hair, and smiling with modest pleasure. Then the scorekeeper marks still another point beside our captain's name. Truly Alice is the eighth wonder of the world where athletics is concerned, and as for Virgil! But in spite of her athletic (and Virgilian) tendencies she still remains intensely feminine, and has, in one short year, become one of those enviable girls whose popularity is universal and uncontested. We can only pity the Juniors—that India does not boast another Goheen sister to bless next year's Senior Class.



ISABELLE HAWKE

*"He is truly great that is little in himself
And that maketh no account of any
height of honors."*

"Good Heavens, I have a Council meeting!" And with that Buzz scurries out of the room, to try and find out just where she had told the girls to meet ten minutes before. She is the envy of us all, for under the most adverse circumstances of winning a hockey game or beating a trolley to Lawrenceville, or even translating some Virgil, Isabelle always remains placid and calm both in manner and appearance. Who is there in school who doesn't look with mixed admiration and friendliness at the authoress of those deep-meaning words that greet us from the board in study hall? And in a word the friendship which she extends to all is reciprocated by everyone who knows her.



*with love,
Buzzy*

WALLACE HUBBAL

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



There are very few girls who can claim to know Wallace. She is one of the few really retiring people in the world. Probably most people would consider her shy, but under her quiet exterior lies that greatest of gifts, poise. It is difficult to rattle Wallace. She responds to teasing with even good temper, and often retaliates with a flash of humor. She has the western spirit of independence, tolerance and friendly common sense. Somehow she gives the impression that she would make a pioneer; that there is both determination and resource hidden in her small person, and that though she lays no claim to athletic vigor, she has both courage and endurance.



DORIS JOHNSON

*"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."*

Of all the girls in the Senior Class, we feel that Doris must live the most idle and peaceful life. Besides playing—and playing well—hockey, basketball, and base-ball, chief-editing the LINK, rating high in her studies, studying art and indulging in outside activities, she has almost nothing to do. Yet, jack-of-many-trades, she is master of almost all, and because of that we find ourselves needing her and taking advantage of her helpfulness. When has she refused to come out for practice, to make a poster for some good cause, or to help one in a difficult sentence in Virgil? And when have we seen her lose control of her temper? Even in that most difficult task—the attaining of long tresses—she never even let us know what she was doing until she blossomed forth with a neat knot of her own hair. Surely no ordinary future is due Doris. Perhaps she will write short stories, illustrating them herself, finding time also to join the American Women's Basketball team, bring up a few children, and do several other odd jobs. Who knows?

BETTY MADDÖCK

*"A tender heart,
A will inflexible."*

"Ye Olde School Busse" with that brand-new dull finish appears before school, crowded with girls; and we know that Betty has appeared for another day, from far far off, to store up some knowledge for the future. We have heard that she is putting the trolley company out of business and next year anyone of us might expect to see her the owner of a company of foreign cars, advertised by the slogan "Fastest service between Princeton and Trenton". We fear though that much of her attention is going to be required at home taking care of her dogs, for we all know that she is already famous as our "Modern Diana." In the years that she has been at Miss Fine's, she has made herself quietly popular with everyone; and Betty is the type who "once a friend is always a friend."



JEAN MARCH

*"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart;
The mirror of all courtesy."*

Jean can always be found dashing around at recess with a French book in her hand. "My, what a student!" some one will say admiringly. But her friends know better. When would Jean get her French done if there was not a recess? But no doubt she could get along almost as well, for with a winning smile and a bit of imagination, she is able to bluff through an unprepared class with a good mark—so well that even the girls do not realize that she hasn't studied frightfully conscientiously. But she does not use any bluffing in athletics. Nevertheless, in spite of her ability in this line, she is often missing and greatly missed at afternoon practice. We understand this is chiefly because she has no idea how good she is. As soon as she realizes what possibilities she has in all lines, she will make herself much noticed.



DOROTHEA MATTHEWS

"Her mind her kingdom, and her will her law."

Dorothea's literary ability is remarkable. She can write anything from the Constitution to the Lincoln Prize Essay, and this does not except poetry! However, her brilliance does not end with literature: She maintains a high scholastic standing in all subjects, and the members of the Advanced French Class listen to her ease in reciting poetry by heart with an admiration tinged with awe. Her "But I don't see that at all!" is usually just an excuse for an argument which ends the way it began, for Dorothea seldom gives in to anyone.

Dorothea Matthews



KATHERINE MITCHELL

*"But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul to human race a friend."*

As one enters study hall, Katherine's friendly smile and cheerful "Hello" are the first noticeable things about her. But besides always being on the best of terms with everybody, and willing to listen to the joys and sorrows of each individual, Kay is one of the most efficient people, which is partly due to her great conscientiousness. Also, her tact and sense of humor accentuate her personal charm, and place her high in the hearts of everyone who has the good fortune to come in contact with her.

11 Kay —

ELIZABETH NOYES

"Lord of the golden tongue and smiling eyes."

Through the ever-opening gym door come the lilting strains of "I know that you know," and we may be sure that Lib Noyes is again (or yet?) at the piano. Three minutes later she may be found on the baseball field, striking out one baffled batter after another with her swift pitching, her shortness enveloped in a white sweat-shirt, reaching to her knees. Of course we must not forget to mention Lib's little habit of ensconcing herself in a primary chair near the piano, and then with her finger in her ear, proceeding to drown out our vocal attempts with an unbelievably high canary trill—which somehow never goes flat. Lib's pep and good-natured willingness to try anything once are her chief characteristics.

At precisely five minutes after nine, a muted, high-pitched voice whispers "Doris, come on up to the sitting room," and with glasses in one hand, Virgil in the other, Mutt and Jeff take themselves off to that secluded sanctuary known as the Senior sitting room.



Silv

HELEN SCAMMELL

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

"Dot, are you going to Trenton with me? If we don't hurry we will miss the train and that Johnson trolley holds no interest whatsoever, you ought to know." With that Helen tears out of the door, sticking on a brand new hat which is positive to harmonize in some way with that latest dress, and with a "Good-bye kids, see you to-morrow," she hurries away until the last thing that can be seen of her is a stray lock of flaming hair, for isn't Helen determined to have "woman's crowning glory." Helen is always cheerful, with something to say to everyone; and the way she plays basketball is enough to impress anyone either watching or playing with her.



*Best Love
Helen*

MARJORIE SMITH

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."*

"Mercy! Can't I help you?" Thus sayeth Marjorie, ever ready to lend a helping hand, even though her History suffer. Then, when everything is righted, Marj goes off with a worried look in her eye, pushing up a stray bit of yellow hair, her head full of history of art dates and at the same time gazing blankly at a page of Virgil. Although Marj sometimes has trouble with scansion, she makes up for it on the basketball court. Speaking of basketball—"She sticketh closer than a brother." She is our finest guard, and last but by no means least, the captain of the Varsity basketball team. Marj is the soul of sport-manship, and by her goodwill and energy has carved for herself a throne of granite in our hearts, which no one else may ever hope to fill.



Marj

Just Love
Hence



MARGARET STEVENS

*"Who does the best her circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly—angels could do
no more."*

If Stevie hears the word "reduce" at any time, place, or occasion, she makes one dash for the speaker and is soon the center of the conversation. Diets and exercises are her favorite topics, and there is little about them worth knowing that she cannot tell. Luckily, she is not as conscientious about reducing as she is about study and athletics. Few know how well she has earned her ability in both. Getting up early to study before an eighteen-mile drive to school is not easy, and it makes it harder to wish to stay up and chase a ball all afternoon. But she does both good-naturedly and with such persistence that we know she will do well in anything she tries.

Mary Stockton

MARY STOCKTON

*"I am not only witty in myself, but
the cause that wit is in other men."*

"Aw, go off and die!" Mary is wont to say if disturbed while deep in an interesting book, but the next moment she is ready for whatever is going on, for she hates to miss anything, and anyway, she is really very amiable. She has a keen sense of humor and is always doing and saying the most delightfully absurd things. She is the exception to the rule that "Even your best friend won't tell you," but no one minds her harmless quips and we laugh them off with her, for we know that they are meant in a friendly spirit. Mary has two distinct claims to fame: She is the "veteran" of the Senior Class, and she has "that schoolgirl complexion" which is the envy of us all.



ROBERTA WEBB

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in
vain."*

"Just a minute, Stevie," and Berta puts the finishing touches to a Virgil test, inquires about tomorrow's Physics, and takes herself off in a shower of hairpins.

Berta is shy to a fault and very seldom allows anyone but her closest friends to glimpse her virtues. And this tall, quiet girl is much more clever than most of us think. It is only when we read one of her compositions or hear her name read out for second honor, that we suddenly realize the extent of her brilliance. Our most vivid memory of Berta will be that of a neat figure in middie and bloomers, her hand on the ever-escaping hairpins, gracefully sliding in and out between a row of ten pins.



Sincerely,
Berta







STUDENT COUNCIL

Class Characteristics

NAME	GOSSIP	VIRTUE	FAULT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEAL MAN
Kathryn Backes.	Packards	Poise	Bluntness	Ye Gods!	Bacchus
Elizabeth Blackwell. . .	Spring Lake	Enthusiasm	Talking	Lord love a duck!	Santa Claus
Peggy Cook.	Fads	Sense of humor	Gossip	Dunt esk!	The exception to the rule that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
Alice Goheen.	Hockey	Cheerfulness	Too modest	Oh dear!	Bill Tilden
Isabelle Hawke.	Constitution	Good Will	Reserved	Oh heavens!	Mussolini
Wallace Hubbal.	Hula Hula	Modesty	Retiring	Have you heard the latest?	Flaming Youth
Betsy Hun.	Ella	Initiative	Stubbornness	My God, woman!	Satyr
Doris Johnson.	Horseback riding	Cleverness	Quietness	My Lo-ord!	One who would not walk a mile for a Camel
Betty Maddock.	Family	Unselfishness	Moody	Good-night!	An Englishman

NAME	GOSSIP	VIRTUE	FAULT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEAL MAN
Jean March	Driving	Sincerity	Inferiority complex	Oh Death!	Crool but Hansom
Dorothea Matthews.	Negroes	Determination	Sarcasm	Good heavens!	All there
Katherine Mitchell .	Laugh	Congeniality	Too conscientious	My dear!	Tall
Elizabeth Noyes . . .	Doris' drawing	Pep	Coyness	How annoying!	A Viking from the North
Helen Scammell	Trains	Generosity	Boisterous	My cow!	One who thinks I am his ideal woman
Marjorie Smith	Choir practice	Sportsmanship	Too earnest	Gee, that's tough!	A strong he-man
Margaret Stevens . .	Fouls	Capability	Preciseness	For cat's sake!	There's only one answer— "Chesterfield"
Mary Stockton	Brass buttons	Amiability	Facetious	Ye hind quarters of a dray horse!	A man who blushes and is not quite a brute
Roberta Webb	Cousins	Interest	Shyness	Gee-whizz!	Red hair, freckles, and "It"
Virginia Renalds . . .	The South	Sociability	Flattery	Mah soul'n body!	A sentimental southerner with a satisfying salary

Class Statistics

First Married	<i>Wallace Hubbal</i>
Prettiest	<i>Isabelle Hawke</i>
Wittiest	<i>Mary Stockton</i>
Thinks She Is	<i>Mary Stockton</i>
Cleverest	<i>Dorothea Matthews</i>
Most Original	<i>Peggy Cook</i>
Most Gifted	<i>Doris Johnson</i>
Most Athletic	<i>Alice Goheen</i>
Most Curious	<i>Elizabeth Blackwell</i>
Shyest	<i>Roberta Webb</i>
Best Listener	<i>Wallace Hubbal</i>
Biggest Talker	<i>Elizabeth Blackwell</i>
Prettiest Eyes	<i>Elizabeth Noyes</i>
Teacher's Pet	<i>Petsey Hun</i>
Thinks She Is	<i>Dorothea Matthews</i>
Most Savoir-faire	<i>Dorothea Matthews</i>
Prettiest Hair	<i>Doris Johnson</i>
Best Figure	<i>Kathryn Backes</i>
Best Dressed	<i>Helen Scammell</i>
Best Bluffer	<i>Petsey Hun</i>
Prettiest Smile	<i>Jean March</i>
Most Conscientious	<i>Katherine Mitchell</i>
Most Efficient	{ <i>Petsey Hun</i> <i>Marjorie Smith</i>
Best Natured	<i>Marjorie Smith</i>
Most All-Around	<i>Marjorie Smith</i>
Nuttiest	<i>Mary Stockton</i>
Most Popular With Boys	<i>Kathryn Packes</i>
Most Popular With Girls	<i>Petsey Hun</i>
Most Popular With Both	{ <i>Isabelle Hawke</i> <i>Elizabeth Blackwell</i>



The Seniors' Farewell

THE most tragic season of the year has come again. Solemn groups of young people are suddenly looking at the Future, and at the Life with all its Problems. What before supplied them with the material for golden day-dreams is now strangely close and real, and tinged with an interesting sadness. School, which as an actual fact used somewhat to oppress their young minds, has become an Abstract Idea, and very touching.

Therefore, they should be pardoned if they are sentimental, even pompous. At any rate they always have been. As for our own group, I imagine it is like all others. Some of us have been here a long time. Our class boasts one member who has borne the burden and heat of the day for fourteen years. We cannot help feeling sentimental on leaving; indulge us, we pray you.

As for being pompous—for a brief hour we are important. In a little while our harmless bubbles will be pricked; but this is our day, and again I ask indulgence. We are the Senior Class; we shall go dressed in white and carry flowers and receive impressive diplomas. Afterwards we shall go *shoo off* our glory. We may even be mistaken for school girls, which will hurt our pride. Some day some of us will come back, and looking on the then existing Senior Class we shall sigh and smile and shake our heads, saying, "Just fancy those children being Seniors! Dear, dear! Why, we felt so old!"

At any rate, life just now is sad. At moments, it is beautifully so; at others it is merely depressing, and we sigh with the poet who said,

Kittens grow up to be cats;
Life is a terrible mess.

The Senior Class of Miss Fine's School is graduating. We ourselves are a little surprised and not a little sorry. At all events, we must depart with a gesture. Children, profit by our mistakes. Be good; be happy.

We bid you farewell.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27.



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPION SOPHOMORE HOCKEY TEAM



Varsity Basketball Team



CHAMPIONSHIP JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



SCHOOL NOTES

THE entire school had Easter Vacation from March 25th to April 4th. None of us apparently did anything very startling for we all returned Monday looking much the same.

Miss Markley's last letter proved more than usually interesting for it announced the fact that she is engaged to Mr. Roberts, brother of Miss Roberts who is a teacher in the Primary Department. We must confess that we are torn between joy and sorrow, for without her our history room will never seem quite the same. However, we send her much love and many congratulations.

And one announcement of the above nature does not suffice, for Miss Winans surprised her Primary Department by returning to them, after Easter vacation, Mrs. Mathey.

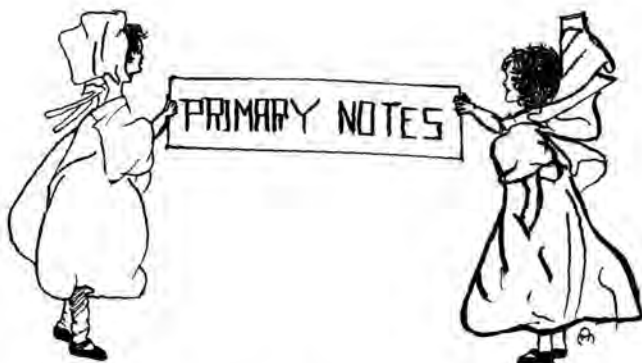
The Student Council has presented a revised and embettered edition of the Constitution. We sincerely hope that it will be lived up to in the manner in which it deserves.

Mrs. Elderkin expects to take the History of Art Class into the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday, the 29th. They will make a general review of this year's work.

Early in May, nominations will be made for next year's Student Council. Shortly after nominations, election will take place, and the new Council formed. And before the old one goes out, we wish to congratulate Isabelle Hawke for her wise and beneficial conduct as President for this past year.

Commencement will be held on the 10th of June, after which day Miss Fine's will have nineteen more alumnae.

KATHERINE MITCHELL, '27.



MUCH of interest has been going on in all the different grades. We hear from the Junior Primary that they are to have a lovely May party. They are writing the invitations, practicing a little dance about the May-pole, and making pretty May baskets, all for the gay frolic.

They have learned how to make a few letters and numbers.

The first grade is making spring-books with pictures and poems in them. This sounds very attractive.

They also have new number-books which they never had before, and are making rhymes for the numbers.

Apparently they are not to be outdone by the Junior Primary, for they are having a May party for the Junior Primary, itself. For these guests they are making baskets and filling them with May flowers.

A book about King Arthur has just been begun, and an interesting book that they themselves have written has just been finished. It is about a book they read called, *The Four Wonders*.

The best worker in this class gets a pin with *Busy as a Beaver* written on it.

Birds are being made out of cardboard, and the children are painting them.

The third grade is making books of Egypt. Each person is using his own idea, so each book is different. Doesn't this sound interesting?

They are studying about the stars, making pictures of them, and writing stories; they are studying, too, about how the earth is formed, about continents, oceans and islands.

A great deal of their time must be taken up with the writing and the editing of their Third Grade Tribune. Their April editor, William Agar, writes,

"This paper" (meaning the April number) "is about things that have happened in different parts of the world. It is about things that we have been doing in school, also. It comes out every month and we hope you will like it." The contributions for this month were, "Spring," by Vernon Farr; "The Ground Hog", by George Young; "The Stars", by Alison Stuart; "The Egyptian Tomb", by Wolcott Baker, and "The Egyptians", by Viola Hitti. There were several other articles and, I think, a few poems to which no names were attached.

The fourth grade are the LINK reporters for the entire Primary Department, and to them a great deal of credit is due. We thank them sincerely for the loyalty and energy they have given to make the reports throughout the year thoroughly worth while. Julia Constable, Dorothy Drummond, and Henry Young, fourth grade reporters, tell of the work in the fourth grade, itself:

In Geography, we are still taking our trip to Europe. We have made posters of some of the countries we have visited. A few days ago we had some lovely lantern-pictures of the countries we went to. We used postcards that the children brought. Toto Turner brought some big pictures of Venice that were framed. Tad Young has been to Bermuda and brought back some rock crystal and strange leaves.

We are reading a new book. The name of it is, *Knights of the Faerie Queen*. It is all about knights and ladies. (They have been studying about the Red Cross knight, too, and have made a Red Cross Chart for the Relief Fund of the Mississippi flood. Each child brings only money that he or she has earned.)

The week before last we started writing lessons, learning to join our manuscript letters. It is hard, but we are learning how to do them.

We have been drawing some outlines of trees for the Junior Primary Group. (They have also been taking little excursions about the school building, learning the names of many of the trees that are so near them.)

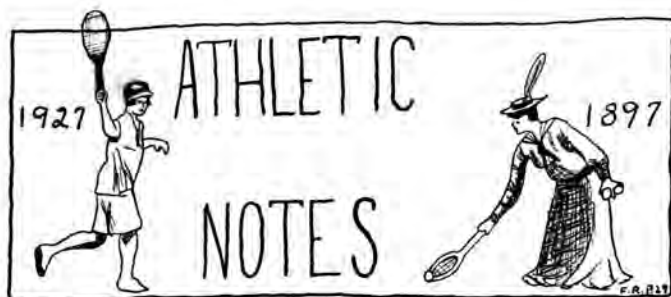
The following is a poem, written by one of the children in the Junior Primary:

There was a pot a-boiling,
A-boiling in the sun;
They put it in an engine
And made the engine run.

Peter Hatch, Jr. Primary.

JEAN SWAIN HAVENS, '28.





THE basketball tournament this year was exciting to the very end. Many people watched the games and, if enjoyment may be judged by the noise made, enjoyed them very much. The Juniors won the championship, but had the Freshmen as close rivals.

We all were disappointed when the game with the Arden School at Lakewood unfortunately had to be cancelled, but a game with the Alumnae on the twenty-sixth of March proved an excellent substitute. (The Alumnae were beaten.)

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held about the first of April at which baseball captains and tennis managers were elected. The baseball captains are Betsey Hun, '27; Betty MacLaren, '28; Sarah Stockton, '29; Frances Boice, '30; and Frances Hale, Int. IV. Tennis Managers are Alice Goheen, '27; Yvonne Cameron, '28; Betsy Griswold, '29; Carolyn Cosgrave, '30; and Jane Mitchell, Int. IV.

The baseball tournament has begun, and the tennis tournament, which we hope will be finished in spite of the scarcity of courts, is to begin the first week in May.

JANE LINK, '28.





ALUMNAE

THURSDAY, April 21st, Annabelle Dixon was married to George Arnett of Lambertville. After their honeymoon, they will be at home at the Glen Cairn Arms, in Trenton. In her wedding party were Katherine Blackwell and Margaretta White Cook.

Carrying the daisy chain at Vassar this year are Hildegard and Natalie Gauss, who have been elected for the honor, not only because of their beauty, but also their scholarship in the Sophomore class.

Leslie Hun arrived home from her winter in Europe on May 4th.

In June will come the wedding of Katherine Robinson to Allen Lake Chidsey and several of Miss Fine's Alumnae will be among her seventeen bridesmaids.

Girls graduating from college this year are Becky Armstrong and Nannie Wilson, from Smith, and Martha Love from Vassar.

Joan Woolworth (Mrs. Edmund Tyson) and her young son were in Princeton recently visiting the Link's.

Peggy Matthews, having worked all winter, is now at Bat Cave, South Carolina.

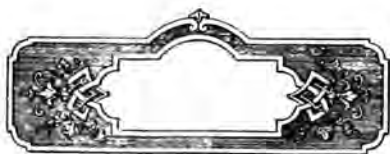
Christine Gibbon's book on "Our Generation" came out on March 18th, and was read with interest by many of her friends. To the young authoress come many congratulations from Miss Fine's School, and we all wish her much success in her literary career.

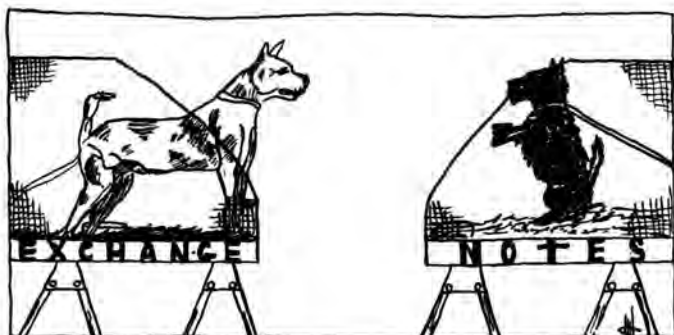
Mrs. Edmund Dunham Cook, Jr. (nee Katherine Mayor) announced the birth of a son, Edmund Dunham Cook, 3rd, on April 29th, and to her we send our congratulations.

Emily Anderson, who has been in California, has returned to the East, and will spend her time in Princeton and New York.

Elizabeth Tyson, who has been studying at Columbia this winter, is planning to spend the summer in Labrador.

Rosemary Street was a bridesmaid at her brother's wedding on April 25th, when he was married to Narcissa Vanderlip of New York.





JUNE will soon be here again, which means that we will have to say good-bye until next year. THE LINK sincerely hopes that you will not forget to have its name on your "Exchange List" next year, as we have had a most enjoyable year exchanging magazines with you.

The following magazines are those with which we have exchanged this month:

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

Tit-Bits—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Maryland.

The Institute Tattler—Wilkes-Barre Institute, Kingston, Penna.

The Serendipity—Marlborough School, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mary Institute Chronicle—Mary Institute, St. Louis, Missouri.

Dwightonia—Dwight School, Englewood, N. J.

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

The Munite—Mount Union High School, Mount Union, Penna.

Academe—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, New York.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

Academe—Your magazine is most interesting and very well written. The pictures are very attractive, but the part we like best is your frankness in the criticisms of your "Exchange Notes."

The Blue Print—An attractive magazine and your "Alumnae Notes" are interestingly written. The map heading the "Exchange Notes" is a fine idea and makes us feel very near to you even though you are so far away.

Tit-Bits—Your magazine is very well planned and "From the Diary of Anne Storey" is excellent. We all enjoy reading your book, even though there is room for improvement.

Dwightonia—We enjoy your stories very much, and we are pleased to know that you like our magazine.

The Babblers—We like your magazine and are looking forward to exchanging with you next year. Do you really think our stories are sophisticated?

Chestnut Burr—Why don't you make your "Exchange Notes" more interesting to your readers, and put in criticisms on other books? It would add a lot to your magazine, as you have a fine "Exchange List."

Bleatings—"Mr. Puppy's Diary" is very well written and is very interesting. "Blindness" is especially good and is liked by the girls.

Triangle—Your school notes are well written, but why make them such a small part of your magazine? We also think your "Literary Department" is good.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Babblers—Your stories seem more sophisticated to us than are usually published in a school magazine.

Dwightonia—Splendid Editorials! As a rule, the only ones we read, or at least with any degree of interest, are those in THE LINK.

Mary Institute Chronicle—The editorial in your December number is good. "Too Much Men" is well written, and, as usual, your entire book is well arranged.

The Triangle—"Reincarnation" is cleverly done. Your material is interesting and varied, as "In This Day and Generation" and "The Hogart" prove.

Academe—As a rule we are not wild over poetry but we found "At Moonlight" and "The Weeping Mulberry" well worth reading. We liked the informal air of your "Alumnae Notes."

DOROTHY FRANCES WRIGHT, '28.



ORREN JACK TURNER

PHOTOGRAPHER

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