

# The Link



March, 1928



# THE LINK

MARCH

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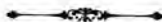
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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1928

No. 2

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## EDITORIAL

"Order is a lovely thing;  
On disarray it lays its wing,  
Teaching simplicity to sing.  
It has a meek and lowly grace—

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo—I will have thee in this place!"

—*Anna Hempstead Branch*

Aisles straight; desks in position with their drawers tightly closed, and all books either inside or on the table in the back of the room; window sills cleared and windows open two inches at the top; hymn books piled neatly, not left straggling over the room; exchange magazines put carefully back on the table when read; the floor free from scraps of paper—do you recognize the study-hall? We all uphold the honor system most carefully; let us maintain as strict an external atmosphere.

## LAUGHTER

Laughter is delicious and the prerogative of youth, but when this right is exercised too often and inappropriately, it becomes inane. We have all known times when something has struck us as exceedingly funny and, catching some one else's eye, we have burst into uncontrollable hysterics. This is perfectly harmless—in fact, scientists have found that laughing is good for one—but all things have their time and place, and when laughter is indulged in constantly during classes it becomes very tiring—and first of all, no doubt, to the teachers. We do not mean that smiling or moderate laughter are objectionable. Without them many classes might be boring, and it is even permissible to have hysterics if the teacher herself tells the joke; but what is inappropriate and

childish is the prolonged giggling when someone uses a wrong word or phrase. Why, when some poor misguided girl comes out with "that's all the farther—" and hastily corrects herself with "that's as far as", must the whole class burst into wild convulsive laughter? It wastes time, and one even suspects that some girls, knowing the susceptibility of their fellow students, may be intending to entertain them by making such "mistakes."

### WARNING

It has been said that if you use a word three times it is yours, but we say, "Use it three times and you are its." Our point seems to have been especially illustrated in the past year, for everyone has made a practice of taking one word for her own and applying it indiscriminately to sunsets or movies, sermons or dances. Perhaps she intended but to hobnob with it; alas, now it has her clutched inextricably in its clasp, and no further expression is permitted her soul. We ourselves are an horrific example. From our very childhood there has been one word we have always scorned to use, deeming it the absolute depth of vulgarity; yet we used it three times derisively, and now even the most awe-inspiring view is perfectly "swell"!

We might cite further examples—material is not lacking—but we leave you, gentle reader, to your own pondering.

## Abraham Lincoln

A HAPPY combination of many qualities made Abraham Lincoln one of the greatest men that have ever lived. Far above us in patience, wisdom and courage as he was, his humor and sympathetic understanding of men brought him very close to us all.

Much of his strength was shown in his patience, proved so absolutely during the long months of the Civil War. Patiently he endeavored to make his cabinet and the people of the North see the war with his own broad vision. Patiently he waited for his army to be victorious.

His wisdom, evident all through his life, also underwent its final testing during the war. The wisdom of his decisions, then so disputed, we now, at this distance, can see clearly. Sure of his course, he followed it with firm resolution.

His courage, also, was manifest throughout his life. When a lawyer, he often showed it by defending the man without position or popularity. Again he showed it when, foreseeing what might follow, he nevertheless accepted the presidential nomination. Then came that act of supreme courage, the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

But it is his humor that has endeared him to us. Many a time his sense of humor saved a difficult situation and lightened his own heart.

What I love most in Lincoln is his sympathetic understanding of people and his love for them. "The most perfect ruler the world has ever seen," someone said of him. It was his understanding of people that made him such a ruler. Another said of him,

"He knew that we must all be taught  
Like little children in a school."

How many men, criticized by persons far less wise than themselves, would have understood that such persons were only impulsive children who must slowly be taught the truth? How many men in Lincoln's position



would have seen that the people of the South were fighting with courage for what they believed right, and have called them only "mistaken"? He

"Knew and loved us all

With love more eloquent

Than his own words—with love that in real deeds  
was spent."

As the years pass by, Lincoln's greatness seems only to increase. His character was immense in its strength and lovable in its humanity. It was that strength and humanity that preserved our nation for us.

JANE LINK, '28

*Editor's Note: The Illinois Watch Company of Springfield, Illinois, annually awards, in all the high schools of the United States, a bronze medal for the best essay on Lincoln. The essay above won the 1928 prize in this school.*

## Cinquains

### WINDOW PANE

#### I

A bird,  
Lonely and cold,  
A candle, bright and warm  
In the black night—but stubborn glass  
Denies.

#### II

The sun,  
Dazzling and warm,  
Blazes through the chill frost  
On the pane, melting a wintry  
Picture.

#### III

The rain  
Beats softly on:  
Wee, coaxing grey mittens,  
On the glass, the invisible  
Strong wall.

LUCY MAXWELL, '28

## Contemporary Pilgrims

Whan that hote June with hir roses sweete  
O'er May's cool clereness brings hir heaveye heate,  
And bathed is every braine in swich licour  
Vacation's dream engendred is the flour,  
Whan techers eke with many pupils cramme,  
And dreary days on wenden toward examme,  
Whan mutter'd sighs mak heaveye melodye  
From those who pas al night with open ye,  
(So priketh conscience in hir corages),  
And pas-marks seem to be far-off mirages:  
Than grindes for to seken auncient dates  
Goe finden auncient tutors with balled pates.  
At last, whan heads are ful of erudition,  
The morwe comes, and with it its perdition:  
For prep-scole days at last bin at an ende;  
To triall of College Boards must pilgrims sadly wende.

Whyl in examme chambres they perspire,  
Of one such felawshipe we wol aspire  
To telle yow the estat that they wer inne:  
And at a Student wol we now beginne.

### THE STUDENT

A ladde ther was of muckle braines also  
Who unto college long had planned to go,  
His intellect by parents had been lauded,  
And al his sayinges moche and loude applauded.  
And every word he trewely did believe;  
Ne wist he that his felawes this did peeve.  
Of studie took he most cure and most hede,  
Noght o word spak he more than was nede;  
His wonted pace was fast and al in haste,  
His time on hoi-polloi he could not waste.  
(Who whisper'd that his presence they could spare  
As he trod by with absent-seminge aire).  
From glases large his eyen peeped forth shyly,  
And smil'd he to himsel both glad and slyly,  
For if to sondry wights exammes have terror,  
Certes this student ne'er could be in error.

### THE PROM-TROTTERE

A Prom-Trottere ther was, with lokkes leyd in presse,  
A lass whos snap and goe she left you not to gesse.  
At prep scoles many she was al the rage;  
To four boys now at least she was engage.  
Ful fiftene frat-pins on hir dress she wore;  
Becaus of hir some laddes' hertes wer sore.  
With al in every daunce she wolde steppe;  
In sooth she was a ladye very peppe.  
Hir skirt was short and really moche tighte,  
Her manere gay and therto somdel flighte;  
From littel shoon ful smert and hy of heele  
Rose pretty legges and knees that showed ful freely.  
This lass was al for higher education.

### THE GENIOUS

With them ther was a Genious also,  
A ladde ful yonge, and he was undergro;  
Nat fourtene yeers of age did he ryse,  
And yet was more than everichone wyse.  
Wel knew he Latyn and Psychologie,  
And al he spak was of Philosophye.  
Unto my shouldre he nas nat so talle;  
His legges nok-need wer and lyk to falle.  
If of his chinne ther had been moche lesse  
Of liquyds he could not partake, I gesse.  
His visage holwe was and his ye pitous;  
His voice as hy and squeke as a mous.  
Of pilles in a boxe smal he bar.

### THE GOOD EGGE

Next in that companye a joyous ladde:  
Of braine and lerning not so moche he hadde;  
His aim in going to a college gaye  
Becaus it was the fashoun of the daye.  
His crulles wer slicked backe to ly al strate,

Of "Stacomb" oft he long and loude did prate.  
His trousers never yet hadde seen the presse;  
Of twenty yeers of age he was, or lesse.  
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,  
And with the footbal oft he tried his strengthe,  
And born him wel, as of so litel space,  
In hope to stonden in the ladyes' grace.  
At golf and eke at tennis he was sharke,  
That few could reach his high and lofty marke.  
A saxophone he played with moche skil  
And stil your eares with hot notes he would fil.  
He was the most light-herted in the londe,  
Though College Boards he could not the best stonde.

#### THE BAD EGGE

And with them was a youth y-cleped sheike,  
With heer perfumed, smoothe, blak, and sleeke;  
Of shoul dre brood, and slim of waste and hippe,  
A smal moustache on his uppre lippe.  
A cigarette drooped in his mouthe;  
His maneres gallant of the sonne southe.  
His ye to rol it was his bisnesse.  
He was a parfit gentilman, I gesse.  
His voice ful slow and swete as it were hone;  
Of wyn and women his conversacione.  
Wel coude he play and singe and faire daunce,  
And wel he knew the art of luv per-chaunce.

#### THE ATHLETE

An Athlete ther was wyth us for the nones;  
Ful bigge she was of braun and eek of bones.  
As harde wer hir armes as a rake,  
And heere as a hors I undertake.  
Ful longe wer hir legges and ful lene,  
Yet lyk two basebals wer the calvs y-sene.  
Hir vois was loude and depe as is the thondre.

Of sixe feet hir hyte nas nat ondre.  
A blazyere with grate lettres reed she war;  
Ful seven medles on a chaine she bar.  
Hir dres was lyk unto a shepherd's smoke,  
And al hir talk was of the game of hocke.

#### THE FEMALE PERSOUN

A persoun was ther of the female sexe,  
Who large was and of a shape convexe,  
Al lacking poudre was hir shene nose,  
And sawcefleem hir face, ful round and rose.  
Hir heer broun was and hung in longe wispes;  
Buck-tothed was she, and she spak in lispes.  
Ful wel she knew her excellaunce in clases,  
And beamed hir ye behind hir shel-rymed glases.  
She ate inceasinglee of tutee-fruitees;  
Hir legges were encased in buttoned bootes.  
Hir hosen wer of cotton thyk and blake;  
And of advys to yev she hadde no lacke.

#### EPILOGUE

Ther is noe moral to this littel tale;  
It is noe goode or els, we wot, a wale,  
But writen heer in solemn admiration  
To deanes of the college education.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29  
MARION LINEAWEAVER, '29

## The Big Pool

MARIE cast a last glance around the crowded apartment to see if there was anything she needed to tidy up and so give Bert a little more time over his papers before she called him again. But no, everything was in its place; and so she wandered over to the little hall mirror to spend the moments prinking. She smoothed the somewhat ruffed fur of her coat collar, pulled out, only to push back, the wisps of hair which showed under the rim of a saucy felt hat, and finally stole a quick glance at her wrist-watch. One thirty-five. She cocked her head to one side, eying for an instant the farther door, which was firmly closed, and tugged her glove back over the relentless time-piece; then she crossed to the door, knocking and calling at the same time:

"Bert, dear, if you can't come now we shall have to give up going. The train leaves in ten minutes."

The answer came as a faint series of noises: rustling papers, squeaking drawers, queer rummaging sounds, an overturned chair—and at the last, footsteps the sound of which brought a cloud to Marie's eyes. It wasn't fair that he should have to work so hard and so long! Journalism seemed to take all and give nothing in return but hope. Ah, hope!

But Bert, as he appeared in the doorway ready for the much anticipated week-end in the country, belied the supposition that anything short of a miracle itself could take life and energy out of him. Tall, lean, burdened with a streaming blue-gray overcoat and a great suitcase, he dashed from his den and, swooping and hurrying Marie before him, was gone. The hall door closed with a moderate enough slam; and for the space of two days dust and dirt filtered through the cracks and settled as it pleased. Outside, honks and cries and continuous, monotonous rumbles.

They came back at dusk the next day, when some-

where the vesper chimes were ringing. Marie came in first, carrying a covered flower-pot, which she set down on the table and unwrapped with slow and loving fingers. Bert dropped overcoat and suitcase in the tiny hallway and passing to the window pulled up the shade and opened it. He stared down at the surging tide of population, which at times spurted forward in grim or eager determination, then again welded into a spreading, bubbling, pushing mass; and he contemplated the buildings across—great grey structures harboring multitudes until such time as they should give up the struggle or strike out for deeper waters; he had to stretch out and up to see the darkening sky. With a slight cough he turned from the heavy, choking air and closed the window.

Marie, ignoring his mood, seemed completely absorbed in the flowers which she had just uncovered.

"Aren't they beautiful!" she cried softly. "How bright they are, and how cheerful! I wonder where I can put them?" Her glance of inquiry about the already crowded apartment not being satisfied, she changed the subject for a moment. "Why did you close the window, Bert?"

"Those hot-house flowers couldn't stand the grime," he said. "I almost choked on it myself."

And more directly he went on: "It's rotten on you, Marie; every time I think about what I took you from and offered in its place, I feel mean all over."

During this time Marie had not been idle. She had switched on the lights and blown the top layer of dust from the lamp-shade; now she had got the mail from the little letter-box and was fingering the several envelopes significantly.

"But this doesn't seem at all a backward step to me"—still running through the mail. "Just think, in any one of these may be . . ."

He shook his head, though his eyes searched the names of the firms, which Marie somehow kept concealed. But he was too tired for guessing games—prob-

ably of no consequence anyway!—and, too, his thoughts kept drifting back to concerns of the earlier afternoon.

"If you had stayed in Westchester," he persisted, and then trailed off vaguely. What he saw was the sharp contrast the day's visit to Marie's sister had brought home to him. Before their marriage, Marie too had enjoyed the wealth, position—and flowers!—her sister possessed; and now Marie and Marie's claims were submerged in his insignificant sphere in the vast constellation of the city.

Marie, however, saw her sister Harriet, continuing in her constant round, and smiled. Dropping the letters, she answered,

"But look at those who *did* stay—Graham, for example, and Harriet."

"Yes," cried Bert, looking around the small quarters which Harriet's delicate plant seemed to mock, "and look where they have arrived! And what have we that they haven't?"

"Ah, but they can't see beyond Westchester! It's they who haven't any room, Bert, can't you see? I'm wading out pretty deep," she added, "for, you know, it's a big pool and we're only little fish."

"It's better to be a big fish in a little pool," Bert reminded her, quizzically.

"Just the same," she smiled, "I'd rather have a big pool to swim in."

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29

## The Corposant

WHEN the last flaming lights died in the sky, the dusk gathered in from the horizon and deepened into night. Very dark it was, a heavy blackness beneath which the waves lay hushed. Time trod its path till the moon rose, lighting the unbroken stretches of water. Straightway the mermaids rose from the waves and laid a shining bridge of golden light from sea



to sky. The tension of the blackness was broken, the hushed elements freed from enchantment.

Sent by the south wind, a ship essayed to cross the golden bridge. It was a beautiful ship, large and stately, the square-rigger *Seuan*. But what was this, flying in the wind? A flag, a pirate flag, with a green half moon upon a ground of gold! Manned by a crew of cut-throat scall-wags? Nay, in the moonlight appeared the fair faces and golden hair of England and the dark, flashing beauty of France. It was for glory and rich romance that this band of young adventurers sailed the sea, pillaging the treasure of merchant ships. Enraptured by the beauty of the night, the crew decided to drop anchor and spend it in the moon-path.

Quickly, a tiny cloud scurried across the moon. Another and another followed. The rising wind made white-caps upon the waves. The golden bridge turned coldly silver—the silver grew darker. The waves, now pitching high, slapped angrily at the sides of the ship. As the wind increased, her crew drew in more and more canvas until she loomed through the lightning like a gaunt skeleton.

Suddenly the wind stopped. The waves slightly receded. In the suspense that followed not a word was spoken. Then a sailor pointed upwards. As one man the crew followed his stricken gaze to where, far up by the main topsail, there appeared a glowing ball of light. Perfectly motionless it hung there.

"What is it?" they whispered, their young, troubled faces pale and awed. The sailor stood with his eyes fixed, charmed by the light as a bird is charmed by a snake. At last he spoke, mechanically, with each word definitely separate and clear:

"It is a corposant, a phenomenon known only in southern waters. Long ago I read of it in an old, old book of my grandsire's. If this light disappears upwards, all is well and good: the gods are smiling upon us. But if——"

"It is gone! It is gone!" interrupted another of the

crew excitedly. "Nay, there it is down by the fore-castle!"

"Ah," resumed the first sailor, "then we are lost. For the disappearance of the light downward foretells a horrible fate."

As if by signal, the corposant disappeared and the storm broke. Peals of thunder rent the heavens. The waves beat mercilessly against the helpless ship. Blinding flashes revealed the death-like faces of the crew. Then a last deafening peal drowned out their cries as the mast broke and fell. Great waves poured over the ship. Further, further to the side she tipped, till she lay a broken thing, surrendered to the waters.

The raging wind died. The sea calmed the racking waves to wavelets. The clouds rolled away, showing a faint light in the east. Brighter and brighter grew the rosy flush in the east until it revealed a worn heart of flaming gold. Then the azure sky was swallowed by the sea: the stately ship had settled to its grave.

The sun laughed. The wind laughed. The clouds laughed. But the sea was sad.

OLGA TOMEC, '30

### TREES

Trees, stark-naked, defined against a moonlit sky.

Trees, shoulder-burdened with snow and ice, unable to lift up their heads;

Trees whose wee baby shoots of green peep daringly forth;

Trees comfortably mothering the roads from glaring mid-summer sun;

Trees gaily flaunting proud red and yellow dresses;

Trees, half-stripped, clinging tenaciously to last dying leaves;

Trees, stark-naked, silhouetted against a moonlit sky.

CORNELIA MURRAY, '29



# BOOKS

## The New Reformation

by MICHAEL PUPIN

MICHAEL Pupin has written another book, *The New Reformation*, the purpose of which is to show that Science and Religion are supplementary. He is a great scientist and likewise a great artist: to appreciate his concepts and his manner of presenting them is to realize this. The book sets forth his ideal of "Chaos to Cosmos". By a clearer, more penetrating understanding of things physical we learn a new interpretation of and finer feeling for the Power which made them. This linking of physical and spiritual realities Pupin calls "Creative Coordination, the guide from lower to higher levels of creation in the physical as well as in the spiritual world." Surely the ulterior motive of the entire universe has never been as fully or as beautifully presented in so few superbly chosen words. To be sure there are many passages beyond the comprehension of the mere layman—passages dealing with the theories of Faraday, Maxwell, Franklin, Hertz, and others. But even the layman cannot help catching the fire of the author's enthusiasm and reverence for these great founders of modern electrical science, and he cannot help closing the book with a more compelling, deeper sense of God.

## BLACK MAJESTY

by JOHN VANDERCOOK

Henry Christophe, L'Homme, the towering black king of Haiti destined to rule gloriously and to die deserted while his realm fell crashing, never again to rise. John Vandercook has brought him before us in the most colorful and powerful prose, not in the form of a novel but as an historical narrative. It is, however, not purely objective. It has all the fire, the ambition, the arrogance, of the man's very soul. It is the presentation of Henry himself—a figure cold, relentless, gigantic, great, yet tragically held in shackles by the traditions of his subservient race.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON

by CHARLES MERZ

In a series of cleverly satirical essays, Mr. Charles Merz has all too successfully pictured our 100% American. From *Caravan*, *Sweet Land of Secrecy*, *Tom-Tom*, etc., we have the eternal motorist rushing to break his last speed record, the enthusiastic Elk, Rotarian and Lion, and the radio fiend who gets every station and listens to none. The style is simple and direct. If you want to read something clever but not damning, tolerant and yet quietly poking fun, don't miss *The Great American Band Wagon*.

## DEATH COMES TO THE ARCHBISHOP

by WILLA CATHER

*Death Comes to the Archbishop* is a quiet book whose serene surface is occasionally ruffled by little pointed darts, like a clear piece of crystal with the sun shining through it. In some respects it reminds one of Azorin's *Don Juan*—a series of chapters each one complete in itself. Essentially it is a book of portraiture, not action, missionary life in New Mexico almost a century ago. Against a background of desert wastes, small groups of low Indian dwellings, scorching sun and frigid rains, rise the Archbishop, Father Vaillant, other priests and par-

ishioners—some devout, some delightfully hypocritical, all interesting. Miss Cather's style is faultless, and almost every page contains a passage perfect as the following:

"The snows had stopped; the gauzy clouds that had ribbed the arch of heaven were now all sunk into one soft white fog bank over the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The full moon shone high in the blue vault, majestic, lovely, benign. The Bishop stood in the doorway of his church, lost in thought, looking at the line of black footprints his departing visitor had left in the wet scurf of snow."

ELIZABETH MITCHELL, '29

#### UPLANDS

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

Have you been on the Maine coast, and loved it?—but you did if you stayed long enough. Then read *Uplands*, by Mary Ellen Chase, and breathe again that thin air, and again watch clouds roll and tumble before a north-west wind while the whole earth dazzles with a peculiar brilliance. And if you've never been on the Maine coast, read this book anyway, and you will feel the ridges and knobs of rocky soil beneath your feet, and see from a grassy hill the tide creeping over the flats as the clouds scurry seaward and a cool green glow presages twilight.

It is in this setting that Miss Chase portrays the life of Martha Crosby. At eighteen, Martha has been for six years the "girl" of Miss Abby Wickham, who testifies on every possible occasion that she gave herself and all she had to her Lord and Master at sixteen years of age. Priding herself upon her grasp of the adolescent mind, Miss Abby has decided that only disciplinary religion can keep the younger generation from condemnation. Under this influence Martha's young life progresses without dreams, almost without thought, until wild pear blossoms and sunshine, spread white and gold in the pasture, suddenly burst upon her consciousness.

Then a new life begins for her. It brings to her a

neighboring farmer lad, Jarvis Craig. And Jarvis, to whom the long, silent winters on the farm and the yearly six months' fight against the land have become abhorrent, feels the call of the land, and a sweeping cleanness and freedom replace the old rebellion and bitterness. So Jarvis and Martha are secretly married; but North Dorset has so manacled them with its bonds of repression and reserve that Martha dares not approach Miss Abby and Jarvis stumbles when he thinks of confiding in his parents. At the end of the summer, the young husband is accidentally killed.

Martha comforts the stricken, word-fast father and mother who, having spent thirty years together, can find no outlet for their human emotions. But she cannot confess her marriage after the mother, in one agonizing outburst of speech, rejoices that Jarvis has not married and begun the inevitable life of struggle. Martha finally goes away with young Colin Holliday, a collegiate, poetic dreamer, studying for the priesthood, who spends his vacations with his grandmother on a neighboring farm. Colin takes the desperately friendless girl to a convent, where she wins content and happiness as she works for the peaceful sisters. There is some development of a second love story, inevitably, but then comes the discovery of Martha's child-to-be and her return to the father and mother of Jarvis.

In the last chapters of the book Miss Chase has perhaps excelled even the lyrical beauties of the first. The winter evenings before the Craig hearth-fire, with the strange new adventurous pleasure she brings to the old couple, the birth of Jarvis Craig's son on a stormy March night, and Martha's quiet, fearless departure, in the fulness of content, from the Uplands, are simply and perfectly pictured. As epilogue, there is a final chapter in which Colin Holliday returns to his grandmother's farm to break off a branch of wild pear blossoms and watch it float down the stream of the brook as, a year before Martha had watched a branch float on the clear amber water when she first realized the beauty of the world

and life and the possibilities within herself.

One has a sense of having been shown a rarely beautiful picture, too valuable for the eyes of those who enjoy the modern "red-brick literature". When one compares it with *Jalna*, one feels that the latter caters to the public taste a bit too much. *Jalna* won a recent prize competition in which *Uplands* made third place. One does not quite understand how, in the name of the best in literature, this could have happened. Since the question is unanswerable, one dismisses it to turn again to the perfection of Miss Chase's romantic idyll.

BETTY DINSMORE, '28

### The Perennial Bachelor

MARY Dawson's "coming-out" party was in the way of being a great success. Mary herself was enough to make it so. From the foot of the receiving line I could see her—a billow of white, wreathed in her own divine smiles and her grandmother's pearls.

This affair seemed to me to be certainly the most successful, interesting, and jolly "first-bow" party I'd ever attended or ever heard about. The people—I cogitated upon them, and congratulated the Dawsons wholeheartedly. All the most interesting persons and personalities seemed to have flocked here to look at Mary, say "Hello," and eat, drink, and be merry in general. In the midst of these meditations, Sally, my next-door neighbor in line and roommate of three years' standing, gasped, and poked me in the ribs with a bony elbow.

I followed the direction of her eyes with my own. They rested upon a male figure just about to greet the "bud". Sally squeaked:

"The Peren——" but I interrupted.

"Victor!" I breathed. We glanced hastily at each other, and then riveted our eyes on the object of all this excitement.

An aged but sprightly little man in a dress suit, the coat of which was half a size too large for the dapper figure within it, was bending low over Mary's outstretched hand. His lips touched the soft flesh gallantly,

and then, straightening, he spoke in a flattering tone, evidently meant for all of us to hear:

"What charming blossoms, and what still more charming buds!" He smiled at the appropriate sweetness of his remark, and came on down the line. As Sally passed him to me, I was sure I heard her say, "Miss Dinsmore, Mr. Campion," and I bit my tongue just on the verge of saying, "How do you do, Victor?"

At eight o'clock we were a party of thirty seated about a long table glowing with candle-lit silver and fragrant with masses of flowers. Just opposite me was Sally; on her right was a small, mild little man with grey hair. I grinned at Sally, and while her partner turned to parry a remark from his right, she made a small face and uttered an inaudible groan. After dinner we danced to the best jazz orchestra in the East; my second partner was Sally's dinner companion. He jogged and two-stepped along until I was deathly weary. He told me an old limerick so mild that I couldn't get the point, and bridled shyly, as if he'd said something very devilish.

Three days later I grabbed Mary at a bridge. "I know what you are going to say," she broke in, "Mr. Whare was a 'liability' the other night, I know, but at the last minute Ralph Houston telegraphed he'd busted an arm in practice and couldn't be there. Everyone uses Mr. Whare to fill-in, and he was the only available male to be had."

I smiled ingratiatingly. "He was misnamed. Victor Campion he was born, and Victor Campion he is now. He came straight from his home in Anne Parrish's book just to attend your party. I think you might succeed, darling, in taking the part of the lost "Lucy," if you tried very hard. He is still hunting a rose-bud, and if you weren't too timid and shy about your desires I'm sure he'd *let* you catch him."

I was rewarded by a chocolate's being shoved into my mouth—one of the few ways to keep me quiet—and a malevolent glance from a pair of snapping grey eyes.

BETTY DINSMORE, '28



## SEFCHEN

*(Impressions suggested by a character in That Man  
Heine, by Lewis Browne)*

Sefchen, tall, graceful, wraithlike, a creature of fire, standing on a hill, outlined against the sunset, the wind blowing her garments close against her beautiful body, her locks reflecting the crimson of the sky, her arms extended toward the multi-hued heavens—a devotee of the Flame Goddess offering her soul to her deity.

Sefchen, a banked fire, smouldering with sudden longings and desires. Her eyes, dark and mysterious, eyes that have seen fairies dancing in the moonlight and clanking corpses upon gallows. Her mind, a veritable storehouse of folk-lore of ghosts and goblins, ancient heroes, dragons—all tales to be told to Heine to color his first poems.

Sefchen's life, a row of tiny pictures strung together, each glowing with life yet dark and somber, like the bottomless pool of some crater. Sefchen spinning, sitting on a wooden stool outside the stone house with its tumbled-in thatched roof, her glorious hair streaming round her like a cloud of flame, her eyes lighted by the barbaric saga she is singing, her voice low and warm. Sefchen listening to the early poems of Heine in some old attic full of cobwebs and dust, her eyes now sad, for she knows that Heine does not truly love her and will soon vanish from her life, the life of the outcast daughter of an executioner. Sefchen telling her stories to Heine, crouched in some dark alley, her hair glowing in the dimness like maple in autumn against a row of evergreens, her thin hands twisting and untwisting as she talks, her eyes fierce, with a red light in their depths, the light of conquest and of battle, as she relives for herself the lives of her heroes.

Sefchen, slim, smooth-skinned, with her "hair the color of blood," looking at the world of dancing shadows and fluttering lights with great eyes whose fires leap in understanding with the flying sparks.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29

# PEACE



## Visitors

HEIFITZ

Notes hung in the air, pure and clear—vibrated, revibrated, then died away. The house burst into applause. The clapping of many hands rose and fell like thunder. But Heifetz remained aloof and bowed slowly, without a smile. He turned and walked away—like a god, poised, self-contained, almost self-sufficient. To hear him is to be left in breathless wonder—such mastery! such versatility! He lacks, without doubt, a certain fire and spontaneity, but these are replaced by intellect, a quality which makes his music deeper and richer in meaning—also, at times, a bit cold and distant.

### "THE VATICAN CHOIR"

All was silent. The director lifted his arms and the group of black-cassocked man and boys stood at attention. Suddenly a burst of music filled the hall—rich, deep, vibrant like the tones of an organ. Voice answered voice; they mingled and intermingled, at times soft, at others almost harsh, but always like some great instrument, so perfect the execution. It was gorgeous, magnificent, worshipful. One could not help feeling that the only place to hear such music was in some great empty church where pillars arched high overhead and candles glimmered in the half darkness.

E. M., '29

## "AE"

A bearded man of rather heavy build, with kindly eyes, is this poet who talks to us, rather than lectures, of his poet friends

"who wrought

Lest there should fail

From earth the legend of the Gael."

We listen to a gentle voice, sonorous and beautiful in recital. He tells of the accomplishment of those wonderful young poets, and tales of their weaknesses as well. We discover a kindly rumor and witness, while he laughs at them, the friendliness in his eyes. Even from James Joyce, the arrogant youth, he does not withhold his sympathy. One of the loveliest poems he reads to us is Joyce's "Strings on the Earth and Air."

We begin to grasp something of the significance of this man, his influence upon his fellow poets, his wisdom and integrity and tolerance, and his unquenchable faith in his purpose to give Ireland self-respect and courage and hope through the rebirth of Irish literature and nationalism. This is a sensitive poet and mystic; but withal we see the sensibleness and humanness of the man whose feet stand always on the ground.

J. L., '28

J. H., '28

## BEASTS OF BURDEN

Slow grey elephants, toiling in the tropics; sleepy brown burros with tinkling bells; agile, shaggy llamas high in the Andes; great dappled dray-horses with patient eyes; testy, sturdy army mules with mealy noses, scrambling up mountains, dragging cannons; swift, humped camels, in Oriental caravans; graceful, horned reindeer, traveling through the cold, white North; thin, sad pack-horses, following the lead-horse; gentle-eyed oxen of the forty-niners—obedient, patient, uncomplaining, faithful servants of man.

FLORENCE PHILLIPS, '29

## Traveling

A litter carried by four stalwart Nubians wends its slow way up the crooked streets of Roman London, or Londinium. Inside it, a little golden-haired lady in long purple gown pulls aside the damask curtains with small ringed hand to catch a glimpse of the outside world. The litter goes on, pushing its way through the jostling crowd of pedestrians, until it is out of sight.

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A gilded coach, driven by an erect coachman in powdered wig and knee breeches, who guides the two white horses before him carefully, rumbles its way up the crooked streets of Eighteenth Century London. Inside it, a little lady in flounced and brocaded dress, with gold hair gleaming dully through powder, pulls aside the silken curtains with small ringed hand to catch a glimpse of the outside world. The coach drives on through the crowd of jostling pedestrians and is soon lost to view.

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A high-powered automobile driven by a stony chauffeur in uniform rolls its swift way up the broad, straight streets of Modern London. Inside it, a little lady in sweater and knee-length skirt, with shingled golden hair, looks up from the spaniel she is caressing in her lap with small ringed hand to catch a glimpse of the outside world. The car runs on, honking its horn warningly to the jostling crowd of pedestrians, and quickly disappears in a crowd of dust.

PHOEBE KENT, '31

### THE SWAN

As a sailboat with her canvas full,  
No luffing at the mast,  
So is a swan on a crystal lake,  
The sail of a misty past.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29

# Primary Poesy

## THE MARCH TO PRINCETON

March, march onward,  
March in the drifted snow,  
March, march onward, row after row.

March, march to Princeton,  
March on rod after rod,  
March, march onward, squad after squad.

March, march, march in the snow,  
March, the barefoot soldiers go,  
March, march onward, row after row.

March, march, march in the street,  
March where the winter snow will sweep,  
March, march, march into Princeton.

GEORGE YOUNG, PRIMARY IV

## SUMMER DAY

My little boat is rocking on the waves,  
The little fish are hiding in the caves.  
The blue, blue water is cold on my hand,  
And pretty shells lie on the sparkling sand.

JAMES I. ARMSTRONG, PRIMARY III

## SUMMER NIGHT

When on the rock I lie  
Beneath the stars on high,  
I see the moon so sweet and bright  
Watching the babies of the night.

MARGARET GREENLAND, PRIMARY III

### BAD DOGGIE

I've been a very bad doggie today,  
I've chased a kitten or two,  
And then I frightened the old red hen  
Till she did not know what to do.

And next I ate an old black shoe  
(It tasted very fine).  
But best of all were the clothes I ate  
Right off my mistress' line.

They took me from the kennels  
A few short days ago,  
And I was disobedient,  
As by this time you know.

I truly tried to be refined,  
And very quiet sat,  
Till suddenly I saw  
A Big Black CAT!

And being in a nervous state,  
My manners were upset,  
I ran right after the kitten  
And squashed my master's hat.

And that was the end of that bad day—  
Now what do you think of that!

ALISON STUART, PRIMARY IV

### WINTER

Did you ever skate on ice or snow  
Where no flowers or palm trees grow?  
You go so fast and everything's past,  
And there is no place to stop, you know.

Then to the end of the lake you come,  
Over at home so fine,  
And off you go skating again,  
Back to home and the pine.

ANDREW IMBRIE, PRIMARY II

## SNOW

Look at the snow falling down,  
It's as pretty as a crown.  
It goes right past my house  
On tiptoe like a mouse.

Here it's on the window pane,  
Now it's turning into rain,  
Hurry, hurry, let me out,  
When I'll play and run about!

DORIS A. SINCLAIR, PRIMARY II

## PRIMARY NOTES

We are studying Egypt now in the Third grade, and are making history books about the people who lived before the Greeks and Romans. We have made our own covers and have a chapter on Egypt. We are also making a big map of Egypt in water colors and putting on it pictures of obelisks, temples, boats, and other things in the places where they belong. In art class we are making pictures of the Vikings and their ships. We are also reading the Wagner Opera stories about Siegfried, the dragon, Brunhilde, and the circle of fire.

In Grade Four A we have finished our study of the "Wanderings of Odysseus," and are all very sorry to leave the beautiful land of Greece. We have started a new Reading Book, which is "A Child's History of the World," and we have been trying to find out how history is made, writing stories of Lindbergh and Byrd, who are makers of history and geography. We have also made history charts of our own lives, telling what important things have happened in them. In drawing we have been making a picture history of "The Story of Odysseus." Some of us have started to work in colors.

Edited by LUCY RUSSELL, '29



### INTERMEDIATE NOTES

ART. Again this term Miss Stratton has taken up part of the Intermediate art work in conjunction with history. The Intermediate I's are illustrating and painting events in American history; the II's are taking up Asia, Africa, China, and Japan in the same way. The III's and IV's are drawing and painting original designs.

GAMES. The Intermediate I's are having games in the gym. The II's have begun preliminary basket ball with the small ball, while the III's and IV's have started real basket ball.

PLAYS. Miss Zaepffel has had her girls learn and act small plays in the class room. These have been found very amusing, but have not been opened to any of the other students.

BETSY GRISWOLD, '29



## The Den

IT is evening. Outside, the moon is shining brightly on a frosty world; inside, all is still. The lights are dim, for most people are in bed. The only sound to be heard is the incessant ticking of the grandfather's clock in the hall.

In the den, a reading light is burning brightly on the desk. The curtains are drawn, making all within snug and cozy. The grotesque faces carved on the panelling seem to be busily engaged in winking at the lamp.

On the bookshelves, in orderly rows, sit law-books; baby books, middle-sized books and fat old grandfather books; books without end and without count; shabby books, shiny new books—all sociably grinning at each other.

Over in one corner sits a huge arm-chair that seems to invite you to rest your weary limbs on its comfy cushions. In the subdued light one can almost see its fat sides shaking over some joke it learned in long, long forgotten times.

In another corner squats a huge desk, its shining polished surface reflecting everything in strangely grotesque shapes. Its capacious drawers, crammed to the top with papers, could almost hold a child. Over its top are littered innumerable pads, pencils and ink, and papers that look as if a newly-hatched chicken had fallen into the ink-bottle and then walked over them.

The huge leather revolving chair, that reminds one of a merry-go-round, squats invitingly in front of the desk. But around it, like a mediaeval rampart, are law-books arranged in tottering piles, successfully barring the way.

Hark! As we watch, a man's tread is heard in the hall. In one minute, the owner of the "castle" appears and with one stretch of his long legs is over the rampart and is seated, his pen squeaking busily as it scribbles the chicken-tracks on one of the many pads.

ANNE CLARK, INTERMEDIATE IV

## A Midnight Mistake

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when Mr. Simpson was awakened by the barking of his Airedale dog. Mr. Simpson sat up in bed and blinked. He was annoyed at being awakened out of a sound sleep. He was about to go back to sleep when the dog barked again. This time Mr. Simpson arose and after putting on his bathrobe cautiously went to the window. He heard a rustling in the bushes below. He decided to investigate and slipped out of the room quietly so he would not disturb his wife, who was peacefully sleeping on the bed beside his.

On reaching the hall, he groped for the banister and began to descend the stairs. As he was a heavy person, they creaked under him. Mr. Simpson fully believed that he was hearing a burglar, and felt little chills running down his spine. Nevertheless he kept on till he reached the bottom. He was crossing the hall below, when the grandfather's clock behind him suddenly began to chime eleven. Mr. Simpson jumped as if he had been struck, and started in the opposite direction. As it was pitch dark, he could not possibly see where he was going. First he stumbled over a chair, then went crashing into the center table.

A shriek came from the room above, and Mrs. Simpson rushed out into the hall. Mr. Simpson lay back limply where he was, with his feet entangled in the chair and his head under the table, expecting at any moment to see the pistol of a robber thrust into his face. Mrs. Simpson, still screaming, "Help! Murder! Police!" managed to turn on the light. She surveyed her husband in astonishment.

"Whatever in the world are you doing there?" she exclaimed. Mr. Simpson got up slowly. He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Come to think of it, I'm not sure," he said.

Then Mr. and Mrs Simpson went back to bed. Why do dogs have to bark in the middle of the night, anyway?

MARION MACKIE, Intermediate III

### WINTER NIGHT

Out in the darkness the snow lay still and white,  
And the moon shone down through the quiet night;  
The trees stood like ghosts in the frosty air,  
And all was quiet everywhere.

I lay in bed and looked out into the night,  
And I saw the moon and the gentle light;  
The world was all in slumber deep——  
And then I also fell asleep.

MARTHA VAN HOESEN, INTERMEDIATE I

### THE CRAYFISH

Down in the water you scuttle about,  
Over the pebbles and sand;  
Out in the middle and close to shore  
Where the blue irises stand.

Queer little crayfish with pinchers for claws,  
I've a good feeling for you;  
Don't be alarmed if a big little girl  
Asks you a question or two.

— — — —

### THE CATERPILLAR

He's like a dear, soft pussycat:  
I should not care for him myself,  
But what a woolly, snuggly pet  
He'd make for some nice little elf.

MARGARET BARR MYERS, INTERMEDIATE II



JUST before vacation the Christmas Chest fund was started once again. The total received, amounting to \$219.28, was divided among The New York Times Neediest Cases, Volunteers (Mrs. Booth), Social Service of Princeton, families suggested by the Charity Organization of New York, and the servants and Nellie Frances. The Freshman and Intermediate classes each took a family to provide for, and the Primary and Intermediate girls filled thirty-five generous red stockings. Boxes of clothing and toys were collected and distributed, two boxes going to the Maine sea-coast, one to the Midget Family, one to the Volunteers, and one to the Princeton Social Service. Mrs. Brown once more gave her invaluable help to the committee in charge.

Soon after school reopened on January 3, Mrs. Elderkin, who has been teaching History of Art, left us, to our sorrow, to study archaeology in Northern Africa, France, and Spain. Nora Birrel also left to return to her native Scotch moors; she has been greatly missed by us all.

In February we had the pleasure of hearing Professor John Garstang of the University of Liverpool give a most interesting lecture on the Hittites, illustrated with slides of his own excavations and discoveries in Asia Minor.

The class officers have been elected. The Senior President is Jane Link and the Junior Class announces Sarah Stockton President and Margaret Lowry Secretary.

The Junior class rings have arrived and have been enthusiastically approved by the rest of the School.

Our greatest excitement of the year, the School Dance, took place February 24 in a transformed study-to-dance hall. The Sophomores were not included this year, but they need not feel too much left-out, for the dances are now open to first-year graduates as well as to Seniors and Juniors, so they will still have three years of Miss Fine's School Dances. The regular study-hall was cleared and decked with purple and yellow streamers and balloons. Evergreens and palms filled all the corners except the one in which was established that most excellent orchestra, the Equinox. The dance committee was headed by Betty Dinsmore, who was assisted by Lucy Maxwell, Yvonne Cameron and Katherine Manning, all '28, and Cornelia Murray, Virginia Myers, and Margaret Lowry, '29. Before the dance, the committee, their escorts, Miss Fine, and Miss Cumming were entertained at a buffet supper by Margaret Lowry. Although the masculine guests so greatly outnumbered the feminine (perhaps because of it!) we all feel that the dance was exceptionally successful.

The school has received from Mrs. Henry Young (Eleanor Cook) the very welcome gift of an electric motion-picture machine. It has already been used to show the making of silk thread, and when more reels are obtained it will be exceedingly useful and interesting to us all.

The *Link* is overwhelmingly proud to announce that Betty Dinsmore, one of its literary editors, is to have her story, "Old Bob," published in the Round Table of the *Magazine World* for April.

MARY DELAFIELD, '29

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29



## ·ATHLETIC·NOTES·

The basket ball season is now over except for the few outside games that we play. This year the inter-class games have been particularly exciting: it was only after three long, hard games with the Juniors that the Sophomores won the championship.

The varsity squad has been chosen, but as yet a regular varsity team has not been picked out. We played the "University League Team" in our gymnasium on March 14, and beat them by a few points. We certainly hope that they will be able to play us again soon. We also hope to play the Alumnae and the Faculty, and we want to play an outside game, though no definite plans have been made.

The captains of the class teams are as follows: Jane Link, '28; Kathryn Hull, '29; Frances Boice, '30; Clare Raymond, '31; Charlotte Stockton, '32.

SARAH STOCKTON, '29

### YE FIGHTE

God's blessing on our native land!  
Give eare, goode people alle;  
A myghte fighthe I have to telle  
At Miss Fine's did befall.

Ye Sophomores were alle arrayed  
In tunic of brighte blue,  
Ye Freshmen in assorted garbe  
Of duller, darker hue.

Each player had upon his mug  
A grave, determined looke,  
As at his war-like rival  
A dirty glance he tooke.

Then up spake Cummings, umpiree,  
In most emphatick voice:  
"Ye must be faire, ye're duty-bound,  
To Raymond and to Boice."

Ye whistle blows, ye game is on;  
We limber up our joints:  
But ere we have a chance to think,  
Miss Boice has scored two points.

Ye Sophomores cheere in rapturous glee;  
Ye Freshies shoute and crie;  
And then, with gallantry unknowne  
Ye score is made a tie.

And then ye fatal blow is struck:  
A crushing of nose-bones  
Is therebie fearlessly received  
By Center, Patsy Jones.

Ye Freshmen played a losing game,  
Though valliantly they foughte;  
As Boice's aim was much too true,  
Their efforts came to naughte.

The score was thirty to sixteen—  
But here's ye Freshman thret:  
"Beware, conseated Sophomores,  
We're sure to lick ye yet."

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31

## ALUMNAE NOTES



THIS year the girls of last year's graduating class were invited to the school dance on February 24. Those who came were Elizabeth Blackwell, Betsy Hun, Peggy Cook, Mary Stockton, Betty Maddock, and Katherine Mitchell.

Dorothea Matthews has been tutoring for Oxford this winter. She has just finished taking some preliminary examinations; in the spring she will go to England to take the final examinations.

Many of the alumnae are traveling or are about to travel. Peggy Matthews is in Europe; Joan Prentice will soon leave for Vienna, and Mary Stockton will go abroad soon.

The news has just reached us from Connecticut College that Winifred Link, who is vice president of the Junior class there and assistant manager of the *Connecticut College News*, has been elected Chief Justice of the Honor Court, the second highest honor in the student organization of the college.

At Wellesley, Florence Clayton has been awarded a "Durant Scholarship" and Helen Tomec a "Wellesley College Scholarship." The College states that "these scholarships have been established for the purpose of giving recognition to a high degree of excellence in academic work."

Word comes from Goucher that Frances Klemann is vice president of the Junior class. We have heard also that Katryn Blake is chairman of an Endowment Fund



committee at Sweet Briar.

Jean March has made the Freshman gym. team at Wellesley.

A marriage of last June was Eileen Lafferty's to Russell Cravens Pickering. They were married in Kansas City and now are living in California.

Miss Fine was heard to say, when she was told that Mrs. Locke (Philena Fine) and Mrs. Gardner (Sarah Morgan) have each a new daughter, that she fears as well as looks forward to the coming generation!

Not only are there two new girl babies, there are also two new boys. Mrs. Bernard Peyton (Kathleen Anderson) and Mrs. Dean Mathey (Gertrude Winans) have each a son.

LUCY MAXWELL, '28

#### SUNSET

The sun  
was sinking  
behind  
the sea,  
Coloring  
the earth,  
I thought,  
for me,  
Orange and  
red,  
gorgeous with  
gold,  
Lavishing  
this world  
with all  
it could hold;

Gathering  
her wealth  
around  
her head,  
Slowly  
she sank  
to go  
to bed,  
Leaving  
behind her  
black and grey,  
To stay until  
she rose  
next day.

KATHRYN HULL, '29



We gratefully acknowledge the receipt since our last issue of the following exchanges:

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

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

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

*Blue Print*—Katherine Branson School, Ross, Cal.

*Budget*—Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.

*Choate Literary Magazine*—Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

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

*Hathaway-Brown Review*—Hathaway-Brown School, Cleveland, Ohio.

*Holt School Magazine*—Holt Secondary School, Liverpool, England.

*Hotchkiss Literary Monthly*—Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

*Institute Tatler*—Wilkes-Barre Institute, Forty Fort, Pa.

*Irwinian*—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Junior Journal*—Princeton Junior School for Boys, Princeton, N. J.

*Lit*—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

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

*Milestone*—Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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

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

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

*Turret*—Tower School, Salem, Mass.

*Academe*—Your editorials are especially interesting and readable.

*Babbler*—Your Alumnae pages are some of the nicest we know.

*Blue Pencil*—Your magazine has welcome variety in subject and in treatment. We wish to congratulate the author of "A Fairy Tale," "To a Tree" and "Behind Stowe" are delicately imaginative.

*Budget*—This magazine is well arranged, and the "Poet's Corner" is particularly good. The School Notes are original and interesting.

*Choate Literary Magazine*—The grade of your productions is unusually high for a school magazine.

*Dwightonia*—We liked the editorial on Student Government: it is frank and to the point.

*Hotchkiss Literary Monthly*—Your Dramatic and Book Reviews are of great interest, and the plots of some of your stories of unusual originality.

*Irwinian*—Your jokes and headings are good.

*Junior Journal*—Your stories are excellent, but we suggest that you enlarge your literary department. "The Cottage of Dread" is vividly done.

*Lit*—Your poems and stories are especially good, particularly "Grandfather" and "Puppy Love."

*Mary Institute Chronicle*—Your "Faculty Corner" lends unusual interest to your magazine, which has also an excellent literary department.

*Milestone*—You have some cleverly written stories; we would especially mention "The Philosopher's Wife." The headings of your departments are amusing and original, especially in your "Leap Year and Valentine Number," in which, also, your poets show great versatility.

*Tit-Bits*—Your School Notes are presented in interesting detail, and your literary contributions are varied and good. "Red Gold" has literary quality, and we congratulate the authors of "Time Will Not Stay," "A Song," and "Sunlight" on their beauty of expression.

YVONNE GUYOT CAMERON, '28

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