

The Link



December, 1928

THE LINK

DECEMBER

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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. IX

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 1

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Editorial

TRAFFIC

OWING to the recent agitation concerning the lighting of Nassau Street and the red and green signals, those of us who did not know it before are now aware that Princeton has a traffic problem, and a real one. It is evident enough to a stranger entering town, who must pursue a course hazardous both to himself and to the community. He rushes along at the legal speed of forty miles an hour to find himself plunged into dense traffic. Here the limit of thirty miles allows him to continue a hazardous way, past parked cars which back without warning, through the heavy lines along Nassau Street, past street intersections which during the day are guarded by efficient policemen but at night are a menace—out to Kingston and the open country. Perhaps he gets through quickly and safely; more than likely, he is delayed and barely misses disaster. Or, as seems to have happened so often, someone is hurt and Princeton is the scene of another tragic accident.

We are directly concerned in this problem; in front of Miss Fine's is the intersection of Nassau Street and Stockton Street with Bayard Lane and Mercer Street, each bringing its rushing load of vans, trucks, limousines, Fords, and motorcycles. At a quarter of one, in addition to the already heavy traffic there is our quota of cars and taxis (especially if it be rainy) to take the children home. Last year Miss Fine had our porte-cochère removed to make room for double lines of automobiles and a deputy policeman installed to guide the children across the street. But still there was delay, from waiting for the cars of primary children, and danger—from our own cars backing into the driveway, from automobiles dashing up Stockton Street, and from children on bicycles in our drive, who wound their way at top speed as through a maze, often skidding in front of the bumpers.

This year Miss Fine has become Commissioner of the driveway, and our cars are now parked only along the left side. Besides last year's improvements, a gate has been cut through the fence so that parents may drive to the monument for the children, and the Primary School has a separate entrance.

But—there are still cars racing up the Highway and children on bicycles still occasionally dash helter-skelter before the machines.

What the town is to do about its traffic problem is to be decided by a meeting and agreement with the State Highway Department, which has control of Nassau Street as part of the Lincoln Highway. State permission must be obtained before the much-desired traffic lights can be installed. Some reasonable agreement will be made and some proper safeguard arranged.

In regard to our own special problem, Miss Fine has done all that is possible; the rest is for us to do. Bicyclers, walk your wheels around to the back of the school; drivers, go very slowly; pedestrians, stop, look, and listen before crossing the street, and follow the white line. If we all work and coöperate, it should be very simple.

ARMISTICE DAY

Ten years ago the Great War was ended. Four years of bloodshed, atrocities, and horror were over. We are so young

Silence

There is a silence one cannot deny,
A silence where no sound has ever tread—
The depths wherein the ocean makes its bed;
The desert where to venture were to die.
There is a silence hov'ring in the sky,
Beyond the bounds where mortal blood is led;
A solemn stillness dwells down with the dead
In graves where centuries pass without a sigh . . .
But midst green ruins, desolate, crumbling walls
Where man has been in all his glory's flames,
Though there the coyote barks, hyena calls,
And owl with eerie tone his breed proclaims,
Fantastic to the echo's answering moan—
True silence there, self-conscious and alone.

CHLOE SHEAR, '30

Three Sons

*There was an old woman she had three sons,
Jeffrey, James, and John;
Jeff was hanged, and James was drowned,
And John was lost and never was found—
And that was the end of her three sons,
Jeffrey, James, and John.*

—Old Rhyme

JEFF WAS HANGED

I DON'T believe in capital punishment," said Jeffrey. His daughter hastily put down the news-sheet and picked up a magazine.

"Perhaps you'd rather I read something from *Life*?"

"*Lifel*" he exploded. "What do you think *Life* can offer me? Why, I'm no better off than the poor fellow on the gallows you just read about! That's why I'm against stringing up a man who still has fight left—it's forcing his chance away from him . . . and I've seen enough of that!"

"Father, father!" cried the girl, sinking to her knees beside his wheel-chair, while the spurned magazine fell also.

"You mustn't talk that way," she said, and began to tuck around him the edges of the steamer rug which had flapped loose from his gesticulations. "Besides, all your chances aren't gone—the business may come up again."

"What if it does?" returned Jeffrey between his teeth. "You know I had to give up my shares in it to relieve the debt."

"Those crooks!"

"Sh-h! In my turn I must insist that you do not talk that way. What is done cannot be undone, much less by calling of names."

The girl made an impatient gesture. "Then let's forget it," she said. "For after all, whether you gained or lost materially in the business is little enough matter! Mother and I are taken care of. So think of something else . . . of getting well again."

"Gettin g well!" echoed the invalid. "Only last week I demanded an honest answer on that subject, and I was assured eight months."

"I can't realize it," murmured his daughter. "I'm sure there's some mistake. There must be! I don't know what Mother and I would do without you!"

"Do! Why, you'd have got along much better if I'd quit long ago!"

"Please, please—oh, that hurts!"

"Then it's the truth," said Jeffrey with a hard gleam in his eyes. "I should have given the whole thing up as a bad job, not waited for it to break me! But here I am, not dead, nor yet alive—just dangling between the two."

She stared at him, fascinated.

"Ah, that frightens me!"

"And very unnecessarily too, my little darling. Will you forgive a stupid old father? Did you want to read me something from *Life*? I will listen to it now. There's still twenty minutes before supper."

AND JAMES WAS DROWNED

"No!" said James.

A faint sniff gave him back the "last word".

His wife turned to him a face whose heart had welled up into the eyes.

"I do think you might consider it a little longer," she interceded, falteringly. "The poor child does need a car so badly, and the sharing of one with you isn't satisfactory. You always have the Hupmobile out just when Jenny would need it."

"But I tell you I can't afford another car this winter!"

"Poor Jenny!" lamented the woman; and Jenny at this point sniffed quite audibly.

"Well!" said James. "I have almost come to believe in the Tyranny of Tears! I will make a bargain with you. But first let me state that you are quite mistaken in the opinion that the system of Jenny's 'going shares' with me in the use of the car has failed in that I always need the car when she does."

Jenny stared at him with very wide eyes, and stuffed a wad which was a handkerchief into her mouth.

"I assure you, my dear daughter, there were many times last winter you could have had the car—yes, in the morning. If you would only consult your memory—"

Jenny removed the handkerchief from her mouth: it had been choking her.

"Tell me the bargain," she said weakly.

"Ah . . . the bargain. Well, it is this," and he rubbed his hands together and smiled at the thought of his own generosity. "If my beloved eldest child and daughter will agree to stop crying for a car, which, as I have repeatedly explained, is quite beyond my present means, I will agree that the next one I buy shall be entirely and unreservedly hers . . ."

He broke off, chiefly because he saw he was talking to himself. His wife and daughter had risen and left the room. Didn't they like his bargain? Why, bless their souls, they didn't know who would be getting the best of it! He had been intending to get another car anyway during the January sales! His own really was pretty well finished. Say! he oughtn't to have left it by the curb, on that slanting hill—especially since the brakes hadn't been holding any too well lately—with a growing uneasiness he hastened outdoors. Blessed relief! There it was, safe before his eyes.

But what was this? A form on wheels, bearing down on the car, fascinated by the front fender . . . Johnny, on Bill's bicycle! Collision was inevitable. Frozen horrified, James watched the car recoil from the shock, while Johnnie, too, was tossed backwards; little scamp! he always landed on his feet! But the car: it hesitated, and then, always gaining in momentum, heaved backwards, down. He visualized the crash . . . his beautiful car spread over the undeveloped property which closed the street at the bottom of the hill. But he went to see it anyway, in its awful reality.

When he returned, Jenny met him in the hall.

"I heard about the old car's smash-up," she said. "I didn't wish you any hard luck. But you'll *have* to get a new car *now* . . . and remember our bargain."

"You didn't agree to it," he parried.

"I most certainly did! I hurried away so I could keep up my part of it. Mother heard the whole thing!"

Dazed somewhat, he passed into the living-room. Johnnie flew to him, clung; whimpered,

"I didn't mean to do it, honest! I was only practising riding on Bill's bike so's I'd know how to ride mine when I get it Christmas!"

"Do you expect to get a bicycle for Christmas?" thundered James, coming to himself with a vengeance. "Do you realize what you've *done*?"

"Yes, you big stiff," bawled Bill, struggling in his mother's tearfully remonstrative embrace, "you've wrecked my bike for me, that's what you've done! You—ou . . ." His voice choked with raging sobs and protests.

James sagged to the nearest piece of furniture.

"Great——!" he cried, and dissolved in tears himself.

AND JOHN WAS LOST AND NEVER WAS FOUND

"Rouse yourself, man!" bellowed the Captain at last, bringing a knotty fist down on John's book-counter for emphasis. It might have been for example, too—for he stirred up the genteel settlement of dust there that somehow is quite proper in little-town book-stores.

The Captain had had only a very rudimentary education; his greatest debt to it was that, through fear of being sent South for more, he had turned stowaway on a schooner bound for ports still further north. And so he had not toiled through the pages of as many books as can be counted on all fingers; but men he could read. He stared John through and through for a response. But all he read from John's mouth was surprise, and from his eyes, a passing pain.

John was not given to direct answers. Very often he did not answer at all. After such a challenge, and such a demand for its consideration, he shifted his gaze, sighed, and was immediately fascinated again by the burning eyes of the Captain. This time he smiled half apologetically, and said, "Will you . . . sit down?"

Concerning the next few minutes John's memory was to remain a blur. But he very soon had the sensation that his cheeks burned and stung, and that the night air refreshed and chilled, and he wondered where he was going. It was all

somewhat strange—at least, abrupt; but he supposed that the world was going on just the same—like those twinkling other worlds above. And surely there was method in the madness with which he was being urged along by a certain strong right arm.

"Would you mind not going quite so fast?" he said, dragging to a halt. "I'm not so spry as once."

The Captain stopped too. "You were plenty spry over in that Y. camp," he said; "at least, more so than now. What's took you all of a sudden? Ten years oughtn't to make such a difference in a *young* man."

"I'm forty-three," said John, and thought of the book-store.

But the Captain dismissed this with an encouraging blow between the shoulder-blades.

"That's young yet," he insisted. "Why, you're in the prime o' life! Here I am fifty and as fit as ever. You tell me forty-three's old—"

The theme absorbed him, his reason; he elaborated. He turned to his companion—hurried after him to expound. For John, too, had turned, perhaps involuntarily, in the direction of the little book-store. It was unguarded now—he set his nose and made in a straight line back for it. His mother, who kept house for him on the second floor of the shop, might have let in someone, a stranger. Even the oldest inhabitants of the town were strangers, for they did not know—could not follow—

"A minister's son, too," grated the Captain's voice in his ear. "They don't turn out so pious, generally—Well, if you don't beat the Dutch! Here you are back!"

John was indeed back. He breathed contented. Just beyond that door were his books—dusty paper and print, but offering what inaccessible retreat!

Between them, on the open threshold, stood his mother, black, uncompromising—the minister's widow.

"Where have you been, my son?" she challenged.

Blood rushed to the soft spot back of the Captain's ear.

"Madam, we were taking a moonlight stroll—for old time's sake—the war—!"

She glanced at John. He did not dissent; he was already buried in some distant reverie.

"Come in, John," she said, "out of the night. We should be pleased of your company too, Captain, if——"

John moved. The Captain stretched out an arm. "John!" he called.

The black figure stiffened, bristled, turned aggressive again. "I've as good as lost two of my sons already," it threw at him, "and I'll not be losing the last on one such as you—— I'll thank you to tend to your own affairs!" And she slammed the door in his face. Was her own drenched with tears?

The Captain opened his mouth. "John!" But the sound died in his throat.

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29

Transition

It is after-twilight yet:

The shadows, half hidden, creep longer and longer;

From the top of the mountain

The valley below seems another darkened sky

Or a reflection of the heavens.

Many lights twinkle, not in rows, or twos or threes,

But sprinkled, like a scarcity of star-flowers in a field.

Over the misty outline of the adjacent hills

The sky is streaked with orange, turning red, and greyish
mauve;

Great arches of rose-tinted clouds like fish scales

Loom upward to the deepness of heaven.

It darkens more, the shadows dim into obscurity . . .

It is night now.

GRACE COOK, '30

One Day of Many

I HAD sweated all the morning beneath the penetrating spring sun as I made my way over the hot, reeking pavements of Trenton, and had taken as soon as possible to the country. By late afternoon I had passed through the quiet little town of Mt. Holly and had looked at the great smutty walls of its old prison, whose gloomy solemnity deadened and depressed the entire place. From here I had struck off with no road to guide me, but by evening had got my bearings and realized that I was in the "garden part" of the state.

Newly cultivated fields stretched out on either side of me, and the smell of the sweet earth together with the unmistakable dank tang of evening in spring came as a refreshing contrast to the heat and dust of the highways and byways which had made my path since daybreak. Presently I entered a piece of woodland. Black trunks of trees blended into obscurity in the thickening haze. A wind rustled quietly through the immature foliage; this and the faint, monotonous gurgle of frogs rising from the low swamp-lands were the only sounds which broke in on the stillness of the night. I felt the cool dampness of the long grass upon my ankles and saw the shadows grow denser as the moon advanced across the heavens.

The wood stopped and a hill rose before me, its glistening surface broken only by a line of trees which I knew from their knotted and crooked character to be apples. Gaining its crest, I was attracted by a long strip of white about a mile and a half beyond. This I at first wondered at, then judged to be a line of buildings. They interested me, and I set off down the slope.

As I descended and ascended the slight hills which swerved across my path, I constantly lost the strip, only to find it again. After walking for perhaps three-quarters of a mile, I was startled by a sharp, piercing whinny. Its quality was curious, as it was far more shrill and acute than that of a horse, and fully two octaves higher. Ahead of me was a white series of low buildings and high fences. After climbing several fences I was weary, and when I saw a great straw-stack in one corner of an empty paddock, I decided to lie down on it.

It was early morning when a warm blast of air hitting my face awakened me. I looked up through the network of straw which had blown over me during the night into the alert, shining eyes of a chestnut colt. His wide forehead tapered down to a narrow moleskin nose which twitched and dilated, blowing out gusts of wind in his effort to determine what sort of being I was. He teetered over me but an instant, for I started when I had half-regained my senses, and at this he reared up, whirled about and, kicking up his hoofs, made off out of the enclosure.

Sitting upright in my bed of straw, I gazed upon this exquisite little creature. His minute bearing, the great length of his knuckly legs terminated by such miniature hoofs, his unkempt coat and fuzzy mane and tail all led me to believe that he couldn't be over two weeks old. He bounced about on the firm green turf of the paddock like a rubber ball atop his ungainly legs. His wide-bellied dam grazed in the middle of the great circles that he made about her and did not lift her head to see what her young offspring's wild antics were about.

I got over the fence and started down a narrow gravel road stretching between enclosures. There were fields on both sides of me dotted with mares—chestnut, bay, gray, black, and rich seal-brown, standing out like shining agates against their emerald background. At first I thought that several of the mares were foalless, but upon closer scrutiny observed in the grass near each one an occasional switch of a little tail or a tiny hoof appearing in the air to kick at a fly and vanish. I then saw the flat, complacent forms of the colts, lying quietly in the sparkling dew.

I walked on down the lane and presently, coming to an abrupt turn, stopped. Ahead of me was a canal bordered by two rows of elms whose limbs reached high over the rippleless water. The freshness of the air cooled my nostrils and I heard the chattering of birds above me. I stood enraptured by it all, filled with a sense of joy and kindness to all men. This came to me as a strange fantasy, for since I had taken to the road I had looked upon no one graciously or with favor—I had had a contempt and scorn for the human race.

I flung myself down into the deep grass and watched the glassy surface of the channel, broken only by a darning needle

that, darting near the surface, flicked the water with invisible wings, making series of expanding circles and flashing in the sun as he twisted and shot about. The sun was considerably higher in the azure sky when I rose and turned my back upon that blissful spot and headed myself for the stables around which were pastured so many excellent horses.

The stables stretched out a shining mass of white paint in the morning sunlight. The smell of fresh straw mixed with the savor of clean animal life emanated from the open doors. I kept within my bounds and did not enter this inviting place; but glancing in I saw the twisting ears and eager eyes of a thoroughbred peering from the darkness upon the outside world. I heard the soft humming and whistling of stable boys at work. Even this remote contact with man dispersed the wave of benevolence which had swept over me.

I kept on, and when I had climbed a slight upward grade came to a square brick barn. It was small, but had two enormous zinc ventilators on its slated roof. I tried to look in at one of the many windows encircling the building, but finding it above my reach got upon a box and squinted through the stout wire netting covering the casement. There I saw the most noble animal I had ever beheld. Gigantic of structure he was, great of bone and clean-cut. His coat, an unusual golden chestnut, glistened where his puissant muscles made ripples in its lustrous surface. I observed the graceful but powerful lines of his body as he moved with lithe ease about his spacious stall. He would go to the barred side of his box only to return and lift his sublime head to gaze through the open window and snuff the soft air.

Dropping from my perch and going to the front of the building, I found an open door and beside it, playing a game of cards, a most wretched looking fellow who appeared by his singular features and swarthy skin to be an East Indian. His main misfortune other than his disagreeable countenance was a long purple scar which started at the corner of one eye, ran zig-zag across his face, and terminated at the point of the opposite jaw-bone.

I asked him what superb creature it was that he guarded so vigilantly.

Informing me maliciously that it was "Purchase", he ended his laconic statement with a threatening "Get out." I heeded him and tarried not at his side.

It was not this contemptible scoundrel with whom my mind was occupied, as I strode away, but with "Purchase". I wrestled with my mind, until of a sudden it came to me. "Purchase"—it rang in my ears and its echo came back—"Adonis of the Turf". He was the most talked-about horse of his racing day. Indeed, from the topmost branch of a tree I had watched him beat the Kentucky Derby winner Sir Barton in the Dwyer stakes at Aqueduct. So this must be one of the finest breeding farms in the country—to wit, Ran-cocas.

Starting off down the hill, I hit a broad, straight road which seemed to lead to the extremities of the place. While I was trudging along, a vibrating snort came from the other side of a thick line of shrubbery which skirted the way. I made an opening in the thicket and found a most pleasing scene lying before me.

There was a white loop of race-track, extending over a vast greensward flanked on either side by squat racing stables. A pair of thoroughbreds were jogging up the course; they played champingly with their bits, and their neat hoofs danced in uneven beats over the soft dirt. I made my way through the bushes and approached the rail. The horses neared me and I saw the exercising boys as they sat with thin, gaitered legs highly stirrured, shoulders slouching, and baggy golf caps pulled on backwards.

I saw in those highly-strung quadrupeds a great superiority to their riders.

When they reached the red-striped post beside me, the two lads uttered a shrill yell, whirled their mounts about, and shot off. On a sweeping run they covered the loamy track. The stillness of the spring air was broken only by the soft, rhythmic thud of the hoof-beats, which grew fainter and fainter as the round quarters of the horses and the arched backs of their riders diminished. Finally they were completely lost in a cloud of brown dust.

I turned and once more plodded on my way.

ESTELLE C. FRELINGHUYSEN, '30

Rebuke

IT WAS on a windy day that we paddled across Kabinacogami Lake, and, as luck would have it, the wind was against us. When we saw a little Indian camp on the shore of a bay, we could not take the time to say "Bajou" to its inhabitants; it was all we could do to keep the two canoes together.

All that day we struggled on and on, doing the work of five miles in one, keeping close to shore. Night found us totally lost, not knowing whether the outlet was ahead or behind us. In the middle of the afternoon a faint sprinkle had begun, and by five o'clock we were drenched with the rain as well as sore from paddling.

We camped in a muskeg. It was wet and cold, and the wind blew one of our tents down, soaking two of us again.

At daybreak we drank a little tea and started back to ask the way of the Indians we had seen. The day was beautiful. There was the blue sky one sees nowhere but in the Canadian woods, with no trace of a wind or rain cloud. The lake was a mirror reflecting the sky, the countless islands, and the canoes.

We made good time, and by noon were back at the camp. Two men and a woman were looking at a leaky canoe, and a handful of children were teasing two yellow-eyed dogs. The shack was a miserable affair, falling in at the roof, and the Indians were ragged and filthy.

"Bajoul! Bajoul!" we called pleasantly in Cree. "Where is Oba? Where is the outlet of Kabinacogami? We are lost!"

The men straightened up and looked accusingly at us. We felt guilty, though we could think of nothing to be guilty about. Finally, after an age of silence, the older Indian arose. He was straight and strong and proud. He pointed a ragged arm at the heart of what looked like a blind bay:

"There is Oba. We saw you go wrong. You no speak. We no tell."

And he stalked into the shack.

CAROLYN HUN, '30

Whimsy

GOOD evening, Fairy," said the Soldier, as a little cloud of blue appeared. He stood very straight, this Soldier, and did not even move his lips when he spoke. The Fairy noticed that they were carved, like all of him, from stone. "Is his heart stone, too?" she wondered.

"Drilling must be a wearisome business," she said. "Does it never tire you?"

"We must drill," he said, "or we would not know how to fight."

"But does it never tire you?"

"No," said he; "I'm a Soldier."

Soldiers were very brave; they never admitted defeat. They were strong, too, and quite hardened. But did it follow that their hearts . . . ?

"Fighting must be very gruesome," pursued the Fairy. "Does it never sicken you, hurting others so cruelly?"

"No," he repeated: "I am a Soldier."

"But what a stony brute that is!" cried the Fairy, and looked him straight in the eye. And she saw that there a tiny light was flaming, and that the corners of his mouth curled.

He said to her, very simply,

"And you? Do you never hurt—anything?"

"Ah, no!" she cried: "I am a Fairy!" And was gone—off to the dance.

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29



Christmas Tree

A GROUP OF HOKKU POEMS

(The Hokku, a Japanese form, is a three-lined poem of seventeen syllables in the order 5, 7, 5)

TREE

The green Christmas tree
Like a shy pouter pigeon
Puffs by the fireplace.

I. J., '29

CANDY CANES

Candy canes and hats,
Red and white striped sweetness,
Strut too temptingly.

I. J., '29

SILVER BALL

A fairy plaything
Like a glistening bubble, caught
Upon a branch tip.

J. W., '31

RED BALLS

Two jolly red balls
Chatting softly in the boughs . . .
Tinkle . . . tinkle . . . tink . . .

A. F., '31

SHIP

Blue ship sailing on
Crest o' pinpoint needle waves
Over green billows.

S. J., '31

SNOW

Near the low fire's glow
The silver snow wonders why
It still is sparkling.

C. R., '31

TREE

The green Christmas tree
Like the proudest Chanticleer
Flaunts gleaming beauty.

I. J., '29

Atmosphere

THROUGH the downtown streets I went: past the department store where slips and powders puffed, past the tea-room window where my appetite wavered, past the jewel shop where my pocket-book trembled, past the beauty parlor where my complexion was tempted, before entering the Modiste Shop.

The room was foaming with mannequins and an assortment of ladies who fretted and chose. The manager gave one jerky twist to his moustache and adjusted his monocle as he nimbly drew near to me: "If mademoiselle will wait only a moment, I will bring her the gown she ordered."

Seated in the chair he brought, my best white gloves lying prayerfully in my lap waiting for my hands to become more useless, I tilted my hat a little more to one side. (I had had to wander in a roaring garden of hats before I had found this little black thing with a gorgeous French name.)

Like grasses in the wind the dresses waved before me. The silver one glinted like moonlight and the blue one, water; the green one was like leaves, and the golden one had sucked sunshine. Water—leaves—and sunshine—Dresses, waving, glinting, mocking dresses——

Someone was trying to catch my attention. "The gown, mademoiselle, the gown!" Staring into the puzzled face of the little manager, I murmured something and stumbled out of the shop.

I reached home and clambered up to my room.

But my taffeta curtains were party dresses, falling in swishes and puffs, sticking out their plump stomachs. The lamp-shades were hats too important for heads. The pillows were like breaths out-blown at dancing: too exhaustingly pretty.

Again someone was trying to get my attention. This time it was Peter, a wagging piece of caninity.

I could run away, I thought—over the hills and a great way off—in a magnificent old sweater and a beautiful pair of old shoes and no hat at all.

Away Peter and I went.

JANE OLDS, '29

Well Spent

IT WAS on a fine bright Saturday morning that Lucy and I, with the light of noble purpose shining in our eyes, proceeded to do a great deed. This meritorious exploit was the conducting, for one day, of a dog laundry for the benefit of our respective animals, MacGilly, a dignified cocker spaniel, and Kerry, a promising Irish terrier.

Our enthusiasm had been aroused by an article in the newspaper telling of a dog laundry in California where pampered pets were washed, brushed, flead, and manicured. Moreover, the burr season was at its prime and our own pets (not necessarily pampered) presented a sad appearance.

We made great preparations. First we dispatched the chauffeur to buy the best flea soap in the market. (This we forgot and left in the soap dish after using: for two weeks afterward the clean clothes smelt strongly of whatever flea soap is made of.) We also confiscated for our purposes Mother's perfume and the contents of the family ragbag. At last all was ready, and Lucy and I, garbed in smocks, with sleeves rolled to the elbows, sallied down to the laundry, each firmly clasping a wildly writhing furry object under one arm.

Of course the maid had taken that occasion to soak some clothes in the tubs; but nothing daunted, we removed them and left them to their fate in a dripping heap on the table. Then we started to fill the two tubs. After ten minutes' hard work we discovered that every time we put the stopper in one tub the other immediately hopped out.

Finally we overcame this difficulty. My mutt was first. Tenderly I kissed him and plunged him in, and soon we were rubbing away ambitiously with a tough-bristled scrubbing brush. The family had always bemoaned the fact that my Kerry was a stylish stout, but now, with his hair soaped slickly down his sides, he looked more like a racing model than the portly seven-passengered variety he usually resembled. He actually looked underfed; it was pathetic.

All during the first bath MacGilly, with sorrowful eyes, sat on the electric washer waiting his turn, leaning over occasionally to lick his comrade's nose sympathetically. At last it was over. Hastily, without one backward glance, Lucy and

I fled and hid behind the closet door, to peep gingerly around the edge at intervals and call encouragingly to the speckless, twice-washed and thrice-rinsed object shaking violently all over the drying clothes at the other end of the room. After two or three shakes we advanced cautiously toward my pet, some passionate pink pieces from the ragbag in our hands. Bravely we caught him, and dried and fluffed him till he was once more a stylish stout with red-gold curls and silky ears.

Now it was MacGilly's turn. He came through beautifully, only unfortunately upsetting the soapdish with a crash that brought Mother to the door to gaze inquiringly, then retreat.

We were rather puzzled about the manicure. Neither Lucy nor I had any ideas about the subject. Moreover, we were quite sure that the mutts would have. So we left that out. After both had been thoroughly brushed, combed, and perfumed, to their great dismay, we fastened on Kerry's head a brown derby inscribed with the name of Al Smith and on MacGilly a Hoover grey felt. Then we shut them both up in the living room so they wouldn't catch cold and put them on exhibition, while Lucy played *The Sidewalks of New York* and *El Capitaine* to make them feel at home.

MARGARETTA COWENHOEVEN, '30

The Camel

Slow he is, to say the least,
But a very useful beast;
See, he carries in his hump
An ever-ready water-pump.

BETSY GRISWOLD, '29

Pence

The River

The river ran behind the cottage; behind the river was massed a grove of trees; and then the earth and sky went on and on until they met.

From the cottage Anne and her son walked to the water's edge. There among the reflected trees he stood quite as straight as they.

The river ran on. It carried his reflection out of sight.

Alone, Anne went back to the cottage. She might come again to see the reflected branches straight and tall.

The river ran on with delight, chasing and playing with the leafy shadows.

JANE MITCHELL, '31

The Sea

Clear
Blue
Fathomless;
Shot with silver,
Lazily dips.

Grey
Angry
Turbulent;
Rings the death knell
Of passing ships.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32.

A Goldfish Bowl

A flash of copper
Shading into browns and reds,
Bubbles crystal blue,
Graceful green weedlets swaying—
Just a goldfish bowl.

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31

The Wake

The corn sheaves plod mournfully under the autumn moon,
widows robed in shadowy white, waving their bereaved arms
to the cold, hard sky. The brook flows in moon-dipped silence.
Fence-posts like crosses in a graveyard sag bleakly above the
frosted earth. The wind wails of misery.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29

Autumn

An air inexorable,
breath of the North,
hushes creation and stills.
Supreme so gradually
hardly we mark
trees flaunt their colors to fall.
The world has been stirred by a vague premonition
... watching mortality pass ...

MARGARET HOLT LOWBY, '29



Primary Notes

FIRST GRADE

We have a nice new room this year. It is sunny and big and has an outside door.

We have made a swing-boat at recess time, and we all swing together. We put two boards across two swings to make it. We made two swing-boats.

We went to Bunny Pardee's farm and we went to Billy Flemer's house to see his little playhouse that he made.

We dressed up like farmers for Thanksgiving.

We are going to play bring Santa Claus to poor boys and girls this Christmas.

We made books of leaves and are making ABC books now.

We love to read.

SECOND GRADE

We went to Princeton Junction the first week of school. We saw three freight trains. One of the freight trains had one hundred and thirty-four cars. The man told us there was fruit in the yellow refrigerator cars. He told us about the signals. There were two express trains. They went "shshshsh". They were going very fast and the engine was shaking. We saw two locals. They went "ch—ch—ch—ch—ch—ch—ch—ch—ch—chchch". The pigeons came off the train. They let them free. They went around in circles and then flew away. They were going to New York.

We are building houses out of wood. We are making stores, a school, a restaurant, a hospital, farms, a station, a church, a fire house, apartment houses, a hotel, a postoffice and a dairy. We are making a city.

We went to Walker-Gordon to see the cows milked. We saw a white bull and some other bulls and some calves. We saw a big machine putting the milk in the bottles. There were wooden crates that carried the bottles.

We went to Mr. Grover's Flour Mill. When the wheat was ground some of it turned into flour and bran was left over. We saw boxes jumping up and down with strainers in them. They were sifting the flour. The flour bags were filled by a large pipe.

THIRD GRADE

In the third grade we are studying the Viking Tales and are building a feast hall. The feast hall is modeled after the old halls having spears for rafters and being thatched with shields. We are making plans for a Viking play which we hope to give soon. Some people have parts of costumes ready.

We have also studied poetry, and three poems are in this number of the LINK. Our Thanksgiving play was planned as a part of our English work. Now we are studying the use of words and are writing our Christmas play.

For nature study we have made weather maps and planted seeds. We are also studying the stars.

Now we are busy making plans for Christmas. We are to be Santa Claus for others who need our help. We will fill six stockings.

MARIANNE SHELLABARGER, *Primary III*

FOURTH GRADE

In the Fourth Grade we have been studying this fall about the Greeks. We have been reading the story of the Trojan War and Odysseus, and we have tried to find out how the Greeks lived. At Thanksgiving time we dressed up in Greek costumes and showed the other grades how the Greeks held their harvest festival. We are hoping to give a play and to write some books about Greece.

In English we have been learning the difference between nouns, pronouns, and adjectives and are writing short stories. In geography we have learned how to read maps and are starting to study about the countries of Europe.

Winter Days

I love to think of winter days
When I shine my runners bright,
When I sail down the hill on my sled like a flash
And I hold on with all of my might.

CARYL BIGELOW, JR., *Primary III*

The Sea

The great big sea is blue and deep,
With horizon far away;
On the shore the big waves sweep
Through all the livelong day.

As far along as can be seen
The ships go sailing by;
They are so bright and trim and clean
Against the summer sky.

JOAN TAYLOR, *Primary III*

Leaves

I love to play birdies
And I pretend to fly on wings.
I make a nest of pretty leaves—
Oh, leaves are beautiful things!

MARGARET TURNER, *Primary III*

Thanksgiving

The beauty of the light blue sky
And the joy of the golden sun,
And bright drifts of late fallen leaves—
We are thankful for every one.

The scant snow-fall like dainty lace,
The sting of the rough wind at play,
And the sharp air which bites the face
Make a perfect Thanksgiving day.

MARTHA VAN HOESSEN, *Intermediate II*

Intermediate Notes

We are very glad to write our own notes this year instead of having an older girl do it for us, and we all hope that this plan will turn out successfully.

There are not any new teachers in the Intermediate Department, but we are all pleased to welcome the old ones back.

Miss Zaepffel is again head of the Intermediate Department, and she is even better and nicer than ever.

Outside of their regular classwork, the First Intermediate have not been doing much so far this year, but we hope that they will do more later.

The Second Intermediate have been making loose-leaf note-books in which to paste pictures of each country as they study it.

In the Third Intermediate, the girls are writing Christmas plays with Miss Fenn. Before the Christmas vacation they will act either one of their own plays or some other one.

The Fourth Intermediate Art Class is painting futuristic trays.

BARBARA MANNING, *Intermediate IV*

A SMALL ACQUAINTANCE

ON THE first rough day out I bravely mounted the steps to the middle deck. It was about six, and I had lain tossing in bed for what seemed hours, until I felt I couldn't stand it another minute and had got up with considerable trouble, dressed, and was here on deck. Walking gloomily around a corner, I stopped suddenly. There was my recompense! Beaming at me with one eye from under her cap, which she had pulled down over her other eye, giving herself a most ferocious and sinister expression, sat a baby! An actual baby, delighting me with a benevolent gaze. Fearing to disturb the mother, I retired to a neighboring steamer chair.

However, I was bound to play with that baby, and no matter how hard I tried to concentrate on the book that I had brought up with me, every coo from the other end of the deck was a temptation. The next minute I was sitting on the

end of the other chair with the precious baby in my lap, asking the standard first questions, her age and sex. The mother related to me how the baby had fallen out of bed at ten minutes after four and, shrieking, had waked the whole neighborhood up, and had, I'm sure, made them feel either like putting poison in her food or uniting in an army and throwing the object of their passion overboard.

When I had begun to get too delighted with the baby, I was aware of a little figure silently slipping over his mother's legs, and in a minute a little golden head was lying in my lap, a little face was upturned with the most angelic smile I have ever seen, and two little arms were extended. How could I resist this? Back went the baby to mother's lap. Seeing that he had created the desired effect, the little boy's angelic smile turned to a mischievous one, and standing up in my lap he managed to reach my hair, which he used as a trapeze. I pulled him down and kissed him as hard for this as for the previous smile. His manly instinct wanted more than kisses. Immediately he slapped the baby in the face, and because I reproached him he looked so downcast that I felt like reproaching myself instead. Clever Peter!

The rest of the day Peter and I went from stem to stern of the ship together. We burrowed under people's chairs after balls and almost knocked the stewards down as we chased each other, peals of laughter resounding on the decks.

Once as we passed the gates to second-class, a cherry-lipped little girl about Peter's age peeped and smiled at him through the bars. Now it was Peter's turn to be captivated. He stood transfixed, as though watching some strange animal. When the little creature darted away, as though convinced of her charm, he clung to the bars watching her as she disappeared, and one of those inimitable smiles budded and overspread his features. Now, it was my turn to be jealous.

The next day Peter was absent. I found from some of my neighbors that my beloved was very sick. I went down to see him. The door was wide open. There was the baby asleep, his mother and father, too, but Peter had flown away to the land of his smiles.

ELIZABETH DERBY, *Intermediate II*

School Notes

School opened Monday, October first. We were delighted to have Dr. Erdman with us to lead the opening exercises. Miss Fine told us of the improvements which have been made during the summer. First were the traffic arrangements. A path now leads through a gate in the fence through the monument. No cars are allowed to pass through the back gate; this is a tremendous help to those who ride bicycles. Four new drinking fountains have been installed in the different halls.

The most appreciated improvement is the wonderful gift of Mr. Shear, of three showers and a new locker room. We have long wished for showers, and attempts have been made to raise money for them. We certainly thank Mr. Shear.

The art room on the third floor has been enlarged and greatly improved. There are new tables and chairs, and it is now a very pleasant room.

Betty Dinsmore, last year's president of the Student Council, is back at school as assistant to Miss Fine and Miss Rice. We are very glad to have her still with us.

We have held our class elections. Sarah Stockton has been chosen president of the Senior class and Chloe Shear of the Junior.

Chloe Shear has succeeded Anne Mitchell as head of the Second-hand Book Store.

It was found necessary at the beginning of this year to serve a hot lunch at school for the benefit of the out-of-town girls. Betty Dinsmore was chosen to take charge of this, and now between one and two o'clock she can be seen in the first-grade room ladling out soup and cocoa to the hungry.

On Wednesday, November 7, the three upper classes, with Miss Fine, Miss Miller, Miss Howes, and Miss Fenn, went to Philadelphia to see Gordon Craig's production of *Macbeth* with Margaret Anglin and Lyn Harding. We were very fortunate to see Margaret Anglin, as she has been forced because of an accident to give up the part. It was a wonderful production and is helping us greatly in our English work.

Lucy Colpitts and Margaretta Cowenhoeven have made for us a model of the Elizabethan theatre, the *Fortune*. It has a little inner stage with curtains, balconies, seats for the audience, and even a little trap-door in the center of the stage which works by a wire inside.

This year we have only two new teachers in the upper school—Miss Collins, who has taken Miss Mitchell's place in Mathematics, and Miss Sherow, who teaches Spoken English. We wish to tell them how glad we are to have them and especially to thank Miss Collins for all the extra periods she gives us. We also welcome back Miss Beard, who has returned after a year's absence. She is making French very interesting for the girls who are not going to college.

After Christmas, Miss Sherow may direct us in Dramatics. Until a few years ago we always gave at least one play during the year, and we now hope to renew the old custom.

The school is now the proud possessor of a new radio, kept in the Music room. This gives the primary and several intermediate classes the benefit of listening to the Educational Music Hour conducted by Walter Damrosch on Friday mornings.

It is with great pleasure that we see the once-empty shelves in the library filling up with books. There are especially interesting novels and stories, imposing reference books, books for history readings, and books of plays. The History of Art shelf and Music shelf also have their share. The committee of teachers who selected them have all our thanks, as have also the kind friends who made their purchase possible.

CAROLYN HUN, '29

MARGARETTA COWENHOEVEN, '29

Athletic Notes

Shortly after the opening of school the following were chosen to offices of the Athletic Association: Frances Boice, President; Margaretta Cowenhoeven, Secretary; Cathleen Carnochan, Treasurer. The Class Hockey Captains elected were Sarah Stockton, '29; Margaretta Cowenhoeven, '30; Emily Cowenhoeven, '31; Mary Davis, '32; Cornelia Duffield, '33; Lorna Stuart, '34.

Interclass hockey has been played with the usual enthusiasm. After three hard-fought games with the Seniors, the Juniors won the championship.

This year we had the opportunity and pleasure of going to the game between the All-English Hockey team and the All-United States team which was played in Philadelphia. The game was almost perfectly played, and those who saw it were interested throughout.

Varsity Hockey practice has begun, and everyone is eagerly looking forward to the game with Holmquist which will be played December 7. Sarah Stockton has been elected Captain of the Varsity Squad and Margaret Righter, Manager.

KATHRYN HULL, '29

Later Note: The Holmquist game resulted in a victory for Miss Fine's, the score being 6-0.

A LAST STANZA FOR *CARGOES*

Wee red-eyed aeroplane from Hadley airport,
Flitting with a buzzing through the rain and hail,
With a cargo of romance:
Love notes and letters,
Codes, and long dispatches, and all our mail.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29

Exchange

THE LINK acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

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

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

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

Choate Literary Magazine—Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

Dwightonia—Dwight School, Englewood, N. J.

Green Leaf—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

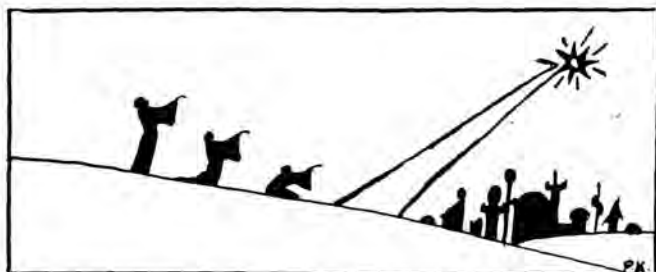
Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Penna.

Lit—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

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

Question Mark—Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.

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



Alumnae Notes

The engagement of Mary Ann Matthews to Charles Spackman has been announced. Mr. Spackman is a graduate of Princeton and is now studying at Oxford.

Dorothea Matthews, having spent last year tutoring for Oxford, sailed this fall for England, where she will continue her studies at Somerville College.

Margaret Mather has just returned from a trip abroad during which she visited Mrs. Gilbert Dymond (Alice More), who is now living in Cambridge, England.

The wedding of Katherine Blackwell to Ulric Dahlgren took place during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Dahlgren are living on Evelyn Place, Princeton.

In the early part of September Peggy Cook was married to Jack Wallace, a Princeton graduate of the Class of '28. Mr. Wallace is now studying at the Graduate School.

Helen Loetscher was graduated from Wellesley in June. She is now living at home in Princeton and taking courses at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Katherine Foster has been graduated from Vassar and is at home in Princeton.

Rebekah Armstrong, who was graduated from Smith in June, is cataloguing Early Christian Art in the Princeton Art Museum.

Leslie Hun, Peggy Matthews, Joan Prentice, Grace Griswold, and Mary Stockton are all living at home in Princeton this winter.

Betsy Hun went this fall to Sweet Briar, where she has recently become a member of the German Club. Betsy is playing on the Freshman Hockey and LaCrosse teams.

Kathryn Blake has been elected president of the Junior Class of Sweet Briar.

Rosemary Street is living in New York after having spent a year abroad.

Helen Post is among the eight Seniors of Wellesley College who were invited to join the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Katherine and Elizabeth Mitchell are spending the winter studying in Rome. They are living there with their aunt, Miss Anna Mitchell.

Kingsley Kahler is commuting to New York this winter to study at the Grand Central Art Galleries.

Members of the Class of '28 who entered Sarah Lawrence College this fall are Lucy Maxwell and Margaret Maier of Princeton and Adelaide Banks of Trenton.

Yvonne Cameron has entered the Freshman Class of Bryn Mawr. She received honorable mention in the competitive examinations for the college, and was also the winner of the regional scholarship from New Jersey. Think what we have to live up to!

Jane Link, who is at Wellesley, was awarded the Woman's College Club prize because of her high standing here at Miss Fine's. She has made the Freshman Hockey team at Wellesley. This does not seem strange, after her athletic record here.

It seems very natural, and is certainly pleasant, to see Betty Dinsmore around school again this year. She is an assistant to Miss Fine and Miss Rice.

Betty Mifflin is at the New Jersey College for Women in New Brunswick.

Jean Havens has entered the Freshman class at Wilson College. Nancy and Alice Goheen are also at Wilson.

Caroline Dixon is at Skidmore College, Saratoga.

Kitty Manning writes entertainingly of her Freshman experiences at Smith.

Florence Duffield, ex-'28, took a secretarial course this fall and is now helping her sister, "Susan Steele", in her shop on Nassau Street.

Betty MacLaren is living in Princeton. She is to come out in December at a dance given for her by Mrs. William Magie.

Betty McClenahan, ex-'28, is another of this year's debutantes. She was presented at a tea given by her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Howard McClenahan, in Philadelphia.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29.

Imagine My Embarrassment

When I picked the wrong purse up
And walked away;
When I accepted a party
And went the wrong day;
When I stood up to speak
And forgot what to say;
When I walked out of a store
And neglected to pay—
Imagine my embarrassment!

When I walked down the street
With my petticoat showing;
When I came down to breakfast
With the dinner horn blowing;
When I got into the wrong house,
All unknowing;
When I came from a party
And heard the cock crowing—
Imagine my embarrassment!

When I got on a train
And had no fare;
When I broke my hostess'
Best china rare;
When my diary was found
And my secrets laid bare;
When someone discovered
The red flannels I wear—
Imagine my embarrassment!



MARION JOHNSON, '30

Study Hall Clock

There in the blaze of the sunlight, with papers scattered
around them,
There in the heat of the morning, or later when shadows are
creeping,
Toil and slave the scholars, the joys and prides of Miss
Fine's heart.
Loud from its clanging center, the deep-voiced neighboring
bellet
Peals, and in accents imperative orders the changing of
classes;
Now, collecting together the scraps and remains of their labor,
Hasten these girls full of learning, hasten to various class-
rooms.
Day after day, in the same place, study these girls without
ceasing,
Cheerily thirsting for knowledge, eager to learn all their
lessons.
There they do sweat in the springtime, there in the winter
are frozen;
There they do struggle and rally with miserable examinations.
Footfalls are heard in the aisle, or squeaks of chalk on the
blackboard—
And all through those long hours of working, with measured
motion the clock clicks.

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31





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