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April, 1929

THE LINK

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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. IX

APRIL, 1929

No. 2

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Editorial

NASSAU INN

PRINCETON has on its main street one of the oldest and most historic hotels in the country. The Nassau Inn, built in 1757 as a private residence and later turned into a hostelry, has watched the traffic from New York to Philadelphia for over a hundred and fifty years. Such famous stage-coaches as "The New York Flying Machine" and "The Waggon" used to draw up at its doors, breaking the over-night trip from Elizabeth to Philadelphia. Travelers and postilions alike were sure of a royal welcome from the host, a welcome such as was rarely found even at the other famous inns along the route, New Brunswick's "Indian Queen", or the "Cross Keys", at Bristol, or at the "Bunch of Grapes", in Philadelphia. The most celebrated, the jolliest inn-keeper was John Joline, whose entertainment of transients and students alike was renowned throughout the countryside. Hageman truly says, "It was the stranger's home." It was at this Inn, and concerning this host, that Washington Irving, in collaboration with Paulding, wrote "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddler"; here the Dauphin is supposed to have resided incognito. It is an Inn of Romance.

Now, however, the Inn is to be destroyed—that is, if the community-development plan offered by a committee of citizens is carried out. For this picturesque and beautiful town hides beneath its surface a most unseemly core. Those who have seen it in spring with its arching maples, its blooming magnolias, its forsythia-and ivy-covered buildings, do not realize what slums—some of the worst in the United States—Nassau Street conceals. Several business men have projected a plan for abolishing these slums, beautifying Princeton, and founding a community center. A brief summary of the plan is as follows. On the site of the Nassau Inn there will be a park; on either side of this, on Nassau Street, there will be buildings for stores and offices; behind the park a square will contain a town-hall, post-office, library, parking spaces, and a garage. Behind this square there will be three apartment houses of the "garden" type; on the east side of

the square there will be more shops, and on the west side a large hotel will be erected.

This splendid plan will cover and fill many of Princeton's most crying needs. But the Nassau Inn seems too precious to be torn down and disposed of. Can it not be removed to some site where its cherished memories may be preserved?

MEMORIES

How like a candle's pale and yellow flames
Dim memories awaken in my soul,
And cast a pallid splendor, touched with gold,
Around a heart that lonely would remain.
But yet behind the light, that thus became
My solitary refuge from the cold,
Remembrances of bitter nature roll
Where steely shadows hide their spectral frame.
It's in the heart my memories are entombed,
They burn, they torture with relentless care;
I cannot banish them—they must be doomed
Ever to blaze and slowly bring despair.
Till that *great candle—Life—shall be consumed*
Its lonely flame—my memories—burns there.

CHLOE SHEAR, '30

Heartsease

I

GEORGIE stared up doubtfully at the big boy. He had been first attracted to the stranger by his rough treatment of a dog and a tin can, on the other side of the garden gate, and he had asked him in. The boy had seemed to expect something more, so Georgie, vaguely troubled, had led him to a favorite flower-bed just below the low terrace. He had even given him one of the posies. The boy wouldn't treat it now as he had the dog, would he?

"Look here," commanded the stranger, "I'll show you something," and he tore the velvet petals one by one from the stem, leaving it quite bare.

"There!" he exclaimed, and bent down to show Georgie the stark ruin. See her? The lady pulling on her stocking?"

Georgie didn't quite see.

"Do they all look like that?" he asked, somewhat awed.

"Sure," said the boy, and reached for another. But instead of plucking it, he stopped halfway, looking beyond the child, fascinated. Then—

"Cheese it!" he said, and fled down the garden. Georgie watched him all the way to the end. Somehow when Nurse suddenly loomed up beside him he was not surprised. Nurse often loomed up at odd moments; but neither she nor anyone else had ever disappeared so all-in-a-twinkling.

"That little ragamuffin!" Nurse exploded, possessing herself of Georgie's hand to be sure she had him safe. "Whoever could have let him in?"

Georgie didn't feel like answering questions just then, so he suffered himself to be led back to the house; but he kept his eyes glued on the back fence where the disappearance had taken place.

Somewhere a dog started yelping. Georgie turned his head around front just in time not to see the porch steps, but Nurse lifted him up the low flight anyway, and got them both inside the door. She seemed disturbed.

"You stay right here," she said, as she started to leave in her kind of hurry, "and be very good. Mother's having a tea-party today, and she wants you to look nice."

He had known something like that was going to happen. Something like that always did when he was dressed in his best white suit with the lace collar, and Thomas put all the goodies on the side table long before it was time. Thomas had spread them all out so beautifully today, just a little while before they had chased him outside. Now he was brought in when he would have liked to stay out. He wanted to see the lady-flowers again. He wanted to see if others——

There was a bowl of others on the stand near him. Mother called them heartsease, but Nurse said they were pansies. Were they really just ladies pulling on their stockings?

Very cautiously he climbed onto the table and pulled away the petals from a centre posy. There *was* the lady! Dressing herself, just as the boy had said. Georgie took another from a different spot, and then another, and then more . . . Finally he had them all uncovered. Ugh! How much prettier they were with everything on! He tried to fit the coats back on them. Couldn't he? Couldn't anyone? Ever?

His lip quivered, and he looked up as Mother came in with a small group of her fluffy friends. Mother looked at him a moment, and at the flowers, and bit her lip. Then she laughed gaily over her shoulder and whirled him down to the floor.

"You little scamp!" she said, brushing the pollen and petals from him. "You're a fine one, spoiling Mother's party! What will Nurse say?"

Georgie felt humbled enough without Nurse's say. He disengaged himself and made for the outside door.

"You're brave, Helen, letting him loose in the garden!" laughed a silver voice above the general confusion.

But Georgie ran straight down the flagstones toward the terrace. His eyes were big and blurred, and he did not see the turn in the path. There was no Nurse to lift him this time, and he tumbled right over the edge.

He fell full-length in his little white suit into his favorite flower-bed. He had never been that close to the plants before, all at once, but it was the best place in the world to be, especially after a tumble. He stretched out his hands and felt of the soft velvet wraps. They were each tucked tight around a lady-head; everything was all right.

Georgie shut his eyes happily.

II

"Don't call me 'Georgie'!" growled the boy, stretched on the lounge that his poor leg might heal the more quickly. It was bad enough to be kept in this way, but to add insult to injury, to strike a man when he was down—well, no one but the family would have so little feeling about it. Everyone knew he disliked being called "Georgie"—more, hated it with a burning and consuming rage. If they *must* baby him, couldn't they take it out in waiting on him, somehow, or in preparing his meals—

He flung his head to one side and tried to calm himself. After all, the test of greatness is in being able to rise above the petty things of life, and allowances have to be made for such things as habit and lack of consid—well, of memory. Mother probably *meant* all right.

"I think I'll leave you now for awhile, dear," her voice smiled covertly. "I'm pulling down the shade so the sun won't bother you if you want to sleep. How is your leg now?"

"Started to ache again"—miserably.

"I'm so sorry," murmured the mother, dropping a kiss behind her son's ear. "There's nothing I can do, is there?"

George uttered a harsh, scornful laugh that was almost a groan. "No, nothing," he sighed wearily.

The door gently closed, and he knew she had gone. He turned quickly and half started up.

"Thank you for reading!" he called after her. Would she hear? She ought to—the house was so badly built, all the outside noises came in to him quickly enough! And he couldn't get up, anyhow; his exertions had started the throbbing again.

He sank back and wondered how long this would keep up. Two days ago he had been running gloriously down the field, dodging tackles, gaining on the goal-post with the ball tucked snugly under his arm. The band had played, scores upon scores of spectators had cheered—and in the heart of them, wearing his colors, had been—Imogene. His face relaxed into a smile, appealing in its faintness, at the remembrance. She had been there watching and had seen it all—no, not all, thank goodness; but the hurling mass of limb and muscle which buried him in its hot wrangle, she had seen, and the stretcher which was called and then sent back, while he man-

aged to dominate a slipping control which had at least got him clear of the field.

Their mothers had been close friends years ago, but *her* mother, now a widow, had returned from the western home to her native city, and with her had come Imogene. Wonderful girl, Imogene—wonderfully incomparable. So poised and cool, so mature. Not pretty, like the general, empty run, but striking, attractive: stunning. . . Her mother had called up that night, before he regained consciousness, to ask how the setting had gone, but with a message from *her*; and on Saturday there had been another message, still by proxy. She was like that, he reflected: unassuming, but assertive.

The wind rustled the shade softly against the sill. How long the afternoons were, and drowsy. . .

Someone was closing the window. That was a good thing, for it had got colder.

"That you, Mother?" he called, rousing.

"Yes, you sleepyhead," his mother answered. "Have you just wakened? Such a popular hero you're getting to be! I've had so many calls for you this afternoon!"

"Who—who all? Tell me!"—struggling up and switching on the light beside him.

"Well, first of all," she began slowly, "the principal telephoned to know how you were getting on. And then Harold, the football captain,—"

"Red'," corrected George. "Yes—go on."

"And then—well, Imogene and her mother were in for a little while. They wouldn't hear of having you disturbed" (in answer to a gesture) "but they left all sorts of congratulations and best wishes. . . and Imogene brought you some flowers."

George, choked by varying surges of emotion, finally burst:

"Well, why don't you *bring* them to me!"

"I'm just going for them now," his mother's voice smiled again. George grimly forced down a tirade lest the motive be misunderstood, and cultivated a patience worthy of—well, of the flowers.

What had she sent? Chrysanthemums? Red roses would be more like it. Orchids were really most like Imogene—he had decided that, with satisfaction, the night of the Opera

when she had worn his next her shoulder—but of course she wouldn't be sending any back to him. No, it was probably roses—a wonderful, deep, strong redness of them.

Footsteps in the hall. . . Why had he slept all afternoon? Someone else had got them first, had enjoyed them, grown used to them, and then passed them on to him—his surprise. Why hadn't he been wakened?

The door opened, and his mother entered with a covered bowl. Ah, Mother was a sport, after all. They had been sent all ready arranged, and then kept for him under the tissue. He held out his hands. But how small the vase was! It couldn't be roses: it was too low. What, then? Forget-me-nots. . . ? No, never—Imogene was above sickly sentiment.

He unpinned the covering and tore it back, his breath coming sharper. A bank of funny little faces laughed up at him—*Pansies!*

III

A dark-red roadster dashed furiously along the hard concrete pavement. George, at the wheel, thought he had never watched countryside pass with such relief. The damp earth lay basking today under a late sun, while the green things springing from it nestled and sighed as the breezes played through them. George reached for the cool steel of the brakes and narrowed his eyes on the road.

This good stretch of concrete was barred just ahead by an antagonizing sign. It pointed complacently to a dirt cross-road and was marked *Detour*. A low whistle escaped the young man, and he glanced at the gas-register. But without even a slight hesitation or backward thought he turned his car into the lane.

The new road was shaded by poplars planted long ago; but it had not been kept up, and even fresh rains had despaired of washing the ruts smooth. George slowed up his pace somewhat. He was almost glad for the earth to offer some resistance as he forged ahead.

Miles and miles! Was there no turning? No end? Not that it mattered—only, the gas-tank needed refilling, and one cannot go on without gas. Visions of spending the night by the side of the road, propped between upholsterings, pinned in

by wheels, glass, steel, began to threaten and tease. No! that he would never abide. He would leave this little thing that depended so upon gas, and would get out and go on alone. And then he saw himself tramping along so, a weary, dispirited figure—was he escaping or searching?

At last! A farm-house ahead—a telephone! George focused his attention on gauging the distance and drove warily on, as if by sparing the car he might also spare the fuel.

His little machine was gasping fitfully as he neared the open driveway to the farm-house; it would never make even a slight grade. He guided it to one side and snapped off its agony, then got out and sauntered up the drive.

The building was a low, rambling one with wide chimneys and verandahs; in front, a garden was spread. At George's approach a small figure straightened from a hovering position by a flower bed and with rounding eyes watched.

"Good evening," said George when he was within calling distance. "My car has run out of gas by the road down there, and I should like to telephone a garage."

The child seemed to come out of her trance, and turned toward the house. "Daddy!" she, called, "Daddy!" Then, smiling ruefully at the stranger, she came closer and explained, "Our telephone isn't working very well just now."

"I see," said George. They both turned to meet the farmer, who rose from a shadowed part of the porch and came down to them, a deliberate man, toughened, kindly.

"Yes, our 'phone's out of order," he said, "and there's not a garage within five miles of here."

Five miles to a garage! How much farther, home! Strange, the feeling of smallness that lurks just at sunset—lurks but a moment to daunt, and then passes. The child glanced brightly from one man to the other, measuring them up with a secret satisfaction.

"Do—do I just keep following the road?" asked George.

"Oh yes, you can't miss it," rejoined the farmer encouragingly.

"It's a good walk, isn't it," said George, as if he might like to delay the experience.

"Well now, I don't know as I'd walk it," at last drawled the farmer, relinquishing his enjoyment—"leastways, not if I

could help myself. How much gas do you need? I might fix you with some from my truck."

A truck! Of course all farmers had them!

The child burst into laughter. "You haven't learned to take Daddy's jokes," she said.

Then, fearful of hurting this city-man's feelings, she sprang to him impulsively. "Take these," she said, thrusting on him the handful of posies she had been gathering, "and come on!" Arms free, she capered about her father, who was plodding straight for his truck.

"Come on! Come on!"

George flushed, and his fingers closed over the soft petals. Not to crush the child's gathering, he held them up more carefully. Through the twilight he gazed deep into their quaint serenity.

"Heartsease," he murmured, and smiled.

MARGARET HOLT LOWRY, '29

DRYADS

All night they dance on the moss-covered ground
To the murmuring wind, to the swaying thyme,
To the lullaby of a crooning brook,
And the chirping of frogs from the fen,
—Incense o'erhangs like a cloud of mist,
A fragrance of damp green leaves—
Till the sky is aglow in the east again,
When the nymphs withdraw in little bare feet
As reluctant children to bed.

ANNE MITCHELL, '29

The Shell

AT the feet of the yellow hollyhocks which stood so primly against the old stone wall sat a small object clad, like the blossoms above, in yellow. If you had been unfortunately a bit near-sighted, you might have thought it simply an unusually large hollyhock blossom fallen to the ground.

But, on the other hand, if you weren't suffering from near-sightedness in the least, you might have seen at once that it was an unusually small little girl, say about seven years old, wearing yellow rompers and with two tiny brown pig-tails down her back. You might certainly have noticed all this, but what you probably wouldn't have noticed was her peculiar kinship to a baby chick or duckling possessed of all its feathers and faculties but not yet hatched out of its own private egg-shell into the big world.

Of course this is a bit exaggerated, but I know for a fact that she did live in a sort of lovely shell filled with all the fanciful, impractical things of life. The hard little walls of her shell protected her from every rude or rough shock the world might have given her. Nothing ever shook her habitual calm—not even a ferocious runaway bull. She simply contemplated him from her favorite seat under the yellow hollyhocks with a dispassionate and uninterested eye, to the consternation of her terrified family and the farmhands. As for the bull, though he appeared to be looking directly at her with his fierce, rolling eyes, he was either embarrassed, or kind-hearted, or near-sighted, for he turned and went off rapidly wherever he was going.

The small stoic thereupon deliberately turned her attention to Timittzi, who was sitting beside her. Timittzi was a tiny black kitten with a wisp of a tail and discreet manners, the most intimate friend of the stoic. They would sit side by side and stare at nothing for hours. Tomachio, the collie, came next in importance, followed by Duvisine, the bored and mournful guinea-pig, Gulgels, the gosling, who had won his name and spurs by his alarming way of bolting his food, a nameless toad, and countless field-mice and insects.

These acquaintances often enjoyed the rare conversation of

the stoic, denied to her family, who were all shadowy, unreal people, not of her world. All their attempts at teaching the stoic anything or preparing her for school were frustrated by the stoic herself, who simply could not get it into her fanciful head that two times two are four and four plus four are eight. Mother and Father were worried about her future. What if she should go on like this forever? Aunt Bee, who had studied psychology, spoke the words "problem child." But Grandfather only said, "Wait, she'll come out of it by-and-by." That was all right and Grandfather was probably right too: but *when* would she come out of it?—that was what the family wanted to know. Supposing she came out of it too late—then what? But Timittzi solved the problem.

Timittzi, one morning, lay curled up in the sun below the yellow hollyhocks, deliciously sound asleep. Tomachio came up on his padded feet and pushed her gently to one side. The kitten opened one eye peevishly, but seeing who it was, ignored Tomachio completely by shamming sleep until he had departed. Then she opened both eyes, yawned, and stretched. Yawning was an art when practiced by Timittzi. She did it with such delicacy and accompanied it with such a luxurious stretch that it made you want to lie right down in the sun and take a nap.

The preliminaries of rising over, she washed face and paws and decided lunch would be an excellent thing. To this end she stalked off to the edge of the dusty road on the other side of which lay a green field, her hunting-ground, filled with small, succulent grasshoppers. Timittzi took no notice of an approaching automobile, but started to cross the road with dainty steps.

Half an hour later the stoic stood over the poor, fluffy little ball that had been Timittzi, with a strange, empty feeling. She had never heard of death nor seen it before, but she was somehow dreadfully aware that Timittzi would never again sit silently beside her in the sun nor yawn so beautifully. Little Timittzi! What did it mean! With a queer, stifled cry she turned and ran toward the house. And as she ran the shell cracked, ever so slightly and softly.

Into the sitting room she ran, and straight into arms held out for her. How lovely, how comforting Mother was; how sympathetic they all were! She told the story in little gasps—

Mother, Mother knew and understood. Mother was near and warm and real; Mother's world could never be so unreal and shadowy again—no, nor the things Mother and Aunt Bee had tried to teach her. Though never, never would she forget Tomachio or Duvisine or Gudgels, she would live in Mother's world now.

Without a sound the shell had broken open.

PHOEBE KENT, '31

TREES IN SPRING

When I perceive the beauty of the trees
In all the majesty of gracious Spring,
Their silver whisper in a gypsy breeze,
The sudden gleam of green sheen's quivering:
When I perceive their age-old beckoning
To unknown lands, against a sky of gold,
Their calm serenity in thunder's ring,
The tiny shakes as dripping leaves unfold:
When I perceive at night their stately dance,
The sway of black trunks 'gainst the lucent sky,
And murmurs soft, grave nature's lullaby,
The moonlit earth beneath in slumbering trance,
I wonder that weak man is thought to be
In life and spirit greater than a tree.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

The Ballad of the Princeton Cannoneer

In Seventeen Seventy-seven, you've heard,
Our countrymen fought with King George the Third.

At Trenton the colonists had won
A glorious battle with losses none;

But at Princeton town, compelled to retreat,
The patriots hurried with tired feet,

And after them came a confident cloud
Of Hessians who boasted long and loud.

Now let me tell how in wondrous wise
A farmer blew dust in the Hessians' eye

This farmer, a smallish man in height
Defeated the British valor and might,

Long had he treasured, green with mold,
A cannon saved from days of old:

From days when, tomahawk in hand,
Indians tortured the settlers' band;

A rusty cannon with shot that flew
In what direction nobody knew.

Hessians advanced with threatening mien—
Washington's men could not be seen;

When, hid 'neath a pile of brush and wood,
The farmer fired as fast as he could.

Men groaned and fell with fierce outcry;
Gunners and infantry turned to fly.

"Aid has arrived, God help us all,
We're sure to be killed by a cannon ball."

Back through Princeton swift they fled,
Leaving behind their gory dead.

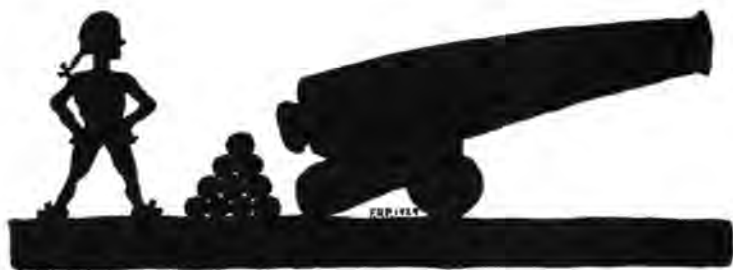
Washington, turning the other way,
Entered the town and saved the day,

Then fought the battle of Princeton town,
To greater glory and far renown.

The farmer sat by his cannon alone
And laughed at the sun that gaily shone:

"I killed the Britishers—I, God wot,
With a rusty old cannon and ten-pound shot!"

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29



Pence

SPRING—NORTH OF THE "FIFTY-THREE"

WITH a crack and a groan that reverberate from shore to shore and are heard for miles, a wide lane of water appears between the shore and the bay-ice. Although all around is winter, the ice is waking in answer to a call from the south. The water shows gray between it and the rocks, tumbled, black and iron-grey, crowned with ice-fragments, which fringe the shore. The dark soil, barren and forbidding, is tufted here and there with decaying grass. Grey clouds scud over the greyness behind them; a chill north wind whistles between the shores. A lone grey gull, seeing the open water, circles and then swoops down and alights. The waves splash drearily against the shore. With a dull boom and a crash a rock splits. The fragments roll down into the water, frightening the gull, who lifts himself on strong wings and is borne away on the chill north wind.

MARGARET RUSSELL, '31

THE GREENHOUSE

Cold, hard wind
On my face, around my neck, against my legs;
Day-old snow
Beneath my feet;
Even the sun is frozen—
With a shudder I pull my coat closer
And run toward the door.

Inside, the air is warm and damp,
Sweet with the odor of green plants,
Of moist earth,
Hint of sweetpea.
The sun that was so cold outside
Is changed to brilliant warmth
By the glass.

ANNE FROELICK, '31

A Nature Lover

The family of slugs under the stoop,
The warty toad under the house,
The flicker that drummed on the tin-covered roof,
The baby quail I found in the bushes,
The owl that hooted by my window at night,
The June-bugs that flew around the porchlight,
The box-turtle that grubbed in the garden,
The bluebird that built in a tin pan in our tree,
And the mourning-dove that chuckled in his sleep—
All knew me!

The swarm of ants under the garbage-can,
The huge bullfrog in the spring,
The pigeons that roosted in the old stone house,
The mice in the corn-crib,
The peepers in the swamp,
The weasel that tried to kill my chicken,
The guinea pig and rabbit in the cellar,
The snake down by the haystack,
And the lambs in the field across the road—
All knew me!

PATSY JONES, '31

Dusk

Like children dancing, slim bodies sway against the darkened sky. Suddenly the wind comes. They lift their arms in salutation and slowly fade into the dark. The fire in the factory must have stopped: the smoke has all blown away.

Slender green pines dance in the dusk. With a sigh the wind comes. Gustily they lift their arms in salutation, and the dark hides them in her thick cloak.

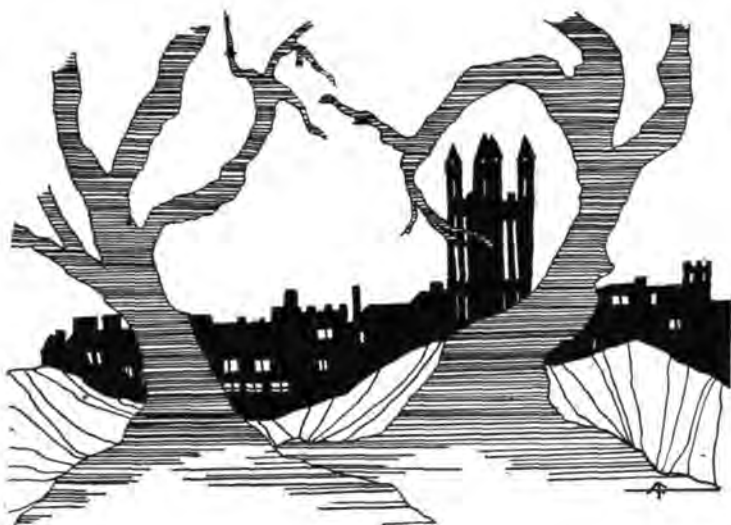
The children are dancing at the end of day. Eerily they laugh as they weave a grey lace over the grass. Suddenly the wind comes. With a shiver and a sigh they lightly run into the house. Night has come.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

Catalpa

Shiny, hard buds, sticky with brown,
Rough, seamed bark, holding them prisoners,
Tender, yellow-green shoots bursting their bonds,
Broad, soft, furry leaves, shading the ground,
White, pink-edged blossoms, July-born,
Gleaming pods, cuddling in long, spiky shells.
Buds, bloom, fruit—the work is done.
Leaves fall, and Catalpa sleeps through the winter.

ISABELLE JOHNSTON, '29



Intermediate Department

The Intermediates, especially the Third and Fourth, who take Latin, miss Mrs. Van Hoesen very much, but we are all glad to welcome Miss Dorwart.

The First Intermediates now have an effort chart. They each get a gold star daily when they have perfect deportment or a silver star when they have not been spoken to more than two times. They are learning poems connected with their American History. In French they are preparing to give a very good sketch called *Un thé chez Madeline*.

The Second Intermediates are making maps of Africa illustrating the climate, the industries, the trees and the animals. They also are preparing to give a play in French that we think from the description will be very good. Their play is *La belle et la bête*. Both of these plays will be acted for us soon.

The Intermediate Threes are making History notebooks about how books were made in the "Middle Ages".

The Third and Fourth Intermediates have changed rooms, as the "Threes" class has grown too large for their old room.

BARBARA MANNING, *Intermediate IV*

The Governor's Second Reception

I BEG of you, dear mother, do let me go and take one look. I have never seen a Governor before."

"No, little one," comes the firm reply. "When you are older you may go downstairs. Until then try to be patient."

Zookie sadly watches her mother trip away, then sits down and bursts into uncontrollable sobs, which are nowise subdued as she hears the sound of festivities issuing from below.

"Why can't I see the Governor as well as anyone else? I am the daughter of Richard Stockton. They say I'm not old enough. But what is the difference between an older person and a little one?"

As these thoughts parade through Zookie's mind, a group of ladies pass the nursery door.

"To be sure," muses the little girl, "their hair is powdered. Possibly—" Her face lights up as she springs to her feet. Amidst the bustle of the slaves downstairs a little figure creeps stealthily into the pantry.

"Shall we adjourn to the next apartment?" asks Mrs. Stockton, nodding to her guests. The gay party leaves the dining room, but comes to a sudden halt at the door.

"And whom may I have the pleasure of meeting at this late hour?" inquires the Governor, bowing to the disheveled little figure before him, covered with smudges of flour from head to foot. Zookie hangs back until she receives a nod from her mother, who with good reason is astonished and displeased, according to the strict rules of colonial times, at the behavior of her eldest daughter, standing before her disgracing her name. Perhaps the modern world would be improved if it had rules for young ladies equally strict.

"I am Zookie Stockton," comes the reply. "I am very glad to see you here at Morven. Tell me, isn't there some flour on my nose?"

"I think that there's a little bit all over you, my little maid," answers the Governor amidst a burst of laughter; but then, seeing that a blush on the face of his little self-appointed hostess has made the white flour stand out in high relief: "and I am very glad to see you, madam. I should have been much disappointed had I missed this opportunity."

The amusement with which the guests had watched this episode had served to make Zookie very self-conscious, and at the final burst of laughter she eclipsed herself behind a curtain with her face as red as a rosebud. However, the next day she proudly told her playmates that she had spoken to Sir William Franklin, the Royal Governor of New Jersey.

ELIZABETH DERBY, *Intermediate II*

MOONLIGHT

Not a whisper in the trees,
Not a single breath of air,
Not a stirring of a breeze,
Not a rustle anywhere—
Only moonlight.

SYLVIA GEROULD, *Intermediate I*

The Back of a Farmhouse at 5.30 P. M.

The sun is just beginning to come up;
The sky is all orange and purple,
And you can just see a quarter of the sun
Peeping up above the purple streak.
There is a smell of bacon and eggs
Being cooked by the farmer's wife in the kitchen.
The roosters are crowing.
The cat is lying on the porch
Waiting for her bowl of milk;
While the old collie lies beneath the old elm tree,
Keeping his eyes open for the cat
To see that she doesn't get her breakfast before he
does.
Sambo, the colored man, is driving the cows
Down the lane to pasture,
And Jim, the other man, is hitching the mules
To the hay-wagon.

"Hurry, Sleepy-head, you must get up!
Or the morning will all be wasted away;
We'll get the new pup and have a grand day!"

MARTHA DINSMORE, *Intermediate III*



The Primary Link

A FUNNY STORY

I have a Pooh Bear. "Tiddly-pom, tiddly-pom," that's what he says all day long. One day I got tired of hearing him, so I threw him out the window. Then I was sorry, and I jumped right out the window and caught him before he fell, so he didn't hurt himself.

*As told by ANN DAVY OFFUTT,
Junior Primary I*

OUR FISH

If I were a fish, I could swim in there in the bowl with them. I'd say, "Hello, Jerry! Hello, Cherry! Hello, Eddy Elephant!"

*As told by, JOSEPH CROSSLEY,
Junior Primary I*

MY SUPPER

Last night I made my own supper and we ate in the kitchen, Daddy and I.

ANN WOOD, First Grade

AN ACCIDENT

Once upon a time a little boy and a man went to the woods to kill a bear.

But the bear killed them.

BOBBY HUNTER, First Grade.

THE LAND OF NOD

My bed was a boat last night.

I sailed away, away, away, down the river, right into the land of Nod.

I saw many trees, many many trees.

JOYCE TATTERSALL, First Grade

THE WINTER

The little apples have fallen from the tree.

The leaves have fallen from the tree.

The snowflakes are fallen.

We are all having a good time on our sleds,

And making snowballs,
We all have fires in the houses.
And we have huge logs in the fires.
All around the houses there is snow.

DICK HARVEY, *Second Grade*

ADVENTURE

I sat before the fire one day
To watch my kitty cat at play.
Kitty chased her tail around
And gave a most peculiar bound.

Into the burning fire she rolls
Scattering ashes, brands, and coals.
Back she jumps with a terrified snort,
And every whisker is burned off short.

TOMMY WERTENBAKER, *Third Grade*

A WONDER

I saw a turtle creeping through the wood one day
And wondered things about him, more than I can say:
Now if his house and home is his beautiful spotted shell,
I wonder, when he's sick, how the doctor rings the bell.

RUTH MAYHEW, *Fourth Grade*



School Notes

A Community Chest committee of two girls from each class was chosen just before Christmas. The school raised \$306.62, over \$100 more than last year. Of this \$150 was sent to the *New York Times* Neediest Cases, and \$50 to the Volunteers of America; the rest was carefully expended for presents and goods. The different classes prepared boxes for special families, as they did last year. Of the families helped last year, however, three were able to take care of themselves this Christmas, so three new families could be "adopted", and all four were sent boxes which we tried to make attractive as well as useful. Warm clothes were also sent to the Maine Seacoast Mission. Mrs. Brown very kindly came back to help us again with the packing and sending off of the boxes.

School closed for the Christmas holidays with the annual Christmas Musicale, very beautiful and impressive, as always.

We were all sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Van Hoesen at the end of January; she will be very welcome to pay us frequent visits. In her place we are fortunate to have Miss Elizabeth Dorwart, whom we are liking so much. We hope she will enjoy it here. We are glad that Mrs. Brown is coming back; she will have classes in manuscript writing.

One bright Saturday in February the Senior History of Art class set off to New York with Miss Miller. They improved their minds all the morning at the Metropolitan Museum and attended the performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the afternoon.

Our annual school dance was held on February 15th. Several weeks before we had elected an especially able committee. Virginia Myers, as chairman, and Margaret Lowry, Margaret Righter, Louise Barger, and Constance Titus all worked long and hard to make it the great success it proved. Virginia Myers put to good use her clever ideas on decoration, and the study hall was transformed by its beautiful futuristic draperies of black, red, and silver. Red and silver balloons were effectively used, a swarm of them completely covering the study hall clock, lest some absent-minded proctor slip up and ring the bell on the half-hour. The doors to the primary classroom had been thrown open, showing a pleasant

arrangement of sofas, rugs, and convenient small tables, still in black and silver. Never have we had such beautiful decorations, and never, never, we are sure, has such a marvelous dance been given in the school.

We were pleasantly entertained, several Mondays ago, by Dr. Erdman, who favored us with a solo, *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. The school came in gallantly on the chorus, and Dr. Erdman was vigorously applauded.

During the first week in March our Latin classes were held in Miss Fine's sitting room, as she was unable to walk about after her accident. Cicero's already flowing orations tripped off our tongues on golden wings in that bower of roses; nevertheless we were most thankful to have Miss Fine downstairs with us again.

On the fourth of March those who did not go home to their own radios had the benefit of listening over the new one belonging to the school. There were rows of Primaries upon the floor, and rows and rows of Intermediates upon the stairs, while the Upper School and teachers occupied the music room, with Miss Howes presiding at the radio to get the proper pitch for those inaugural addresses.



Athletic Notes

The following were elected captains of the class basketball teams: Sarah Stockton, '29; Cathleen Carnochan, '30; Emily Cowenhoven, '31; Irena Alexander, '32. Because Sarah Stockton and Cathleen Carnochan have been absent on account of sickness and unable to play, Margaret Righter is acting as manager for the Seniors and Margaretta Cowenhoven for the Juniors.

The Sophomores triumphed over the other classes and carried away all the honors of the championship. But the most thrilling of the school games have been those played between the Varsity and the Faculty. With Sarah Stockton refereeing and the Faculty striving valiantly, the games were greatly enjoyed both by spectators and players. Despite the Faculty's lack of practice, they gave a very good account of themselves, the score in the first game being 22-14 in favor of the Varsity and in the second 37-26 in favor of the Varsity. The Varsity also won the game played with the Alumnae, by a score of 45-11.

Sarah Stockton, '29, was elected both manager and captain of the Varsity team.

For the past few weeks Miss Cumming has been substituting clogging for the usual games, and we have all been greatly interested in *Suwanee* and *The Old Man*.

Alumnae Notes

Sue Blackwell sailed for Naples with friends on the twenty-first of February. They have been traveling through Italy and plan to reach Paris in time for Easter.

Jane Edson came out in Pittsburgh this winter, and Rosemary Street is a New York debutante.

Christina Coney is working in the Social Service Bureau of Princeton.

Janet MacInnes, now a senior at Smith, has been asked to join the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Laurie Norris, who has been studying art in New York for several years, has sailed for France to continue her work at the School of Fine and Applied Arts in Paris.

Katherine Norris is working in the Guarantee Trust Bond School in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace (Peggy Cook) have moved into their new house on Westcott Road.

The engagement of Mary Frances Noyes to Charles Hardy Ely of Sharon, Massachusetts, has been announced. Mary is now a Junior at Wellesley. Mr. Ely was graduated from Harvard in '27. He is now associated with the Norton Company in Detroit.

Peggy Matthews has opened a Day Nursery on Leigh Avenue; it has proved very successful. Many Alumnae spending the winter in Princeton have devoted time to it—Leslie Hun, Joan Prentice, Marion Cosgrave, Grace Griswold, Tiny Schaufler, and Betty McClaren.

Mary Hamill has been spending the winter in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fine (Darrah Moore) are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Mary Darrah Fine.

Because of ill health, Elizabeth Blackwell did not return to Marot Junior College after her Christmas vacation. She is at her home in Princeton.

Janet Spaeth is living in Philadelphia and studying art at the Pennsylvania Academy.

Helen Loetscher has been commuting to New York during the latter part of the winter. She is taking several courses at Columbia University.

Mary Stockton was married about the end of last December to Mr. William Ruigh, a graduate of Princeton University. They are now living in an apartment on Nassau Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Matthews (Julie Cuyler) have been living in New York this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lake Chidsey (Katherine Robinson) have moved to California. Mr. Chidsey is at the head of the English department of a school there.

Exchange

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

- Academe*—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
- Babbler*—Brown School, Schenectady, N. Y.
- Bleatings*—St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.
- Blue Print*—Katherine Branson School, Ross, Calif.
- Budget*—Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
- Choate Literary Magazine*—Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
- Green Leaf*—Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.
- Holt School Magazine*—Holt School, Liverpool, England.
- Irwinian*—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Penna.
- Junior Journal*—Princeton Junior School for Boys, Princeton, N. J.
- Lit*—Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.
- Mary Institute Chronicle*—Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.
- Tit Bits*—St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.
- Triangle*—Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.
- Triangle*—Miss Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.
- Turret*—Tower School, Salem, Mass.

The Triangle—Emma Willard School: It is always a pleasure to discover variety—an especial pleasure to find a school magazine with such varied and original stories. *The Triangle* breaks away from the usual stilted subjects found in exchanges. However, this applies only to the stories. We should like to suggest more description and more sketches. A touch of fancy and imagination would help to lighten the tone of your magazine.

The Lit—We have always considered *The Lit* among our best exchanges. This year especially it has risen in our esteem. Such stories as *Tears for Selina* show a maturity of style seldom found in school work. It has nothing of the forced sophistication which so usually characterizes the work of younger people. The author is to be congratulated.

The Irwinian—An excellent interpretation of school activities and school spirit. However, your literary department is apt to be too abbreviated.

The Budget—A good all-round magazine, attractively presented and well edited.

The Junior Journal—We consider yours a very spirited publication.

Moonlight Magic

Late last night,
When the violet sky
With jewelled stars
Was spangled,
And the silver horns
Of the crescent moon
In the pine's dark branches
Tangled,
A tiny frost sprite dancing came
Down the moonlight's frosty lane—
Came and painted my window pane.

Late last night,
When the pale full moon
In the primrose sky
Was swinging,
And the queen of spring
O'er the withered earth
Her fair green veil
Was flinging,
An elfin band came down to me
And left on the grass for me to see
Bright yellow crocuses, one, two, three.

JANET WICKS, '31

Just Cur

My darling little puppy,
You're nothing but a cur;
Yet there's something sweet about you,
Cock of ear, or curl of fur—
Your shaky limbs, your squashy nose,
With big round eyes above—
My feeling there I can't explain:
Perhaps it's puppylove.

SARAH JOHNSTON, '31

Philosophy

Pigglety Pig
And Bow-Wow Dog
Went to visit
Mr. Hog.
Mr. Hog
Was not at home.
"Why," they said,
"We needn't have come!"

PATRICIA HERRING, '32



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