

# The Link



December, 1930



# THE LINK

DECEMBER

1930



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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XI

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 1

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## Editorial

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TEN years ago a trembling board of editors published the first LINK. To quote from the first editorial: "This is our first appearance editorially, and we make it with some misgiving. We want to take you into our confidence at once. The LINK is an experiment. We have never had a school paper before...."

"We have called the paper the LINK, because we desire a bond between the older and younger classes, the teachers, the alumnae, and the friends in the community. The chief aim of this paper is to promote school feeling and unity. But this was not our only reason for the name; LINK is also an old word for torch. A school paper should be a torch which lights the way for all those who have literary ambitions."

For nine consecutive years frantic editors have been dashing around in search of material. On the whole they seem to have been singularly successful, for the LINK has steadily maintained a high standard.

This issue for December, 1930, is an Anniversary Number. We have perused the twenty-seven numbers with infinite care and, we trust, discretion. Now we offer you what we consider the best work done through the ten years of the LINK'S existence.

Besides the strictly literary material chosen from the old LINKS, we have included a department which we have particularly enjoyed compiling and of which we think you will be most appreciative, called "When We Were Very Young." There you will find the infantile attempts of the present Upper School.

## The Student Government

IT WAS a Monday morning of May, 1924, and the hands of the Study Hall clock were nearing the familiar figure of nine. In the usual bustle of almost-lates and early arrived gossips, there ran the customary thread of exchanges on week-ends, hurriedly impatient questionings concerning the translation of lines 506-530 of Virgil; the factoring of example thirteen, and eager surmisings that So-and-so would be captain of baseball. The last bell rang—the Intermediates filed into the room and Assembly began once more.

As time passed, two of the most awesome and honored Seniors, had anyone chanced to look back at them, sitting in their throne-chairs against the wall, might have been seen wearing especially serious but curiously exalted expressions. At quarter past nine on that bright May morning Miss Fine nodded her head, and these two unsmiling girls left their desks to stand at the front of the room, beside their principal. Immediately a strange and thrilling silence descended and eyes focused with expectant raptness on these three figures. Miss Fine spoke briefly, saying that Elizabeth Tyson and Helen Loetscher had come to her several months before with a proposition about which, since that time, they had been conferring with Miss Frances Markley, and herself. The time had come for this matter, one of new and vital importance, to be placed before the attention of every girl in the school, especially before the five upper classes. The subject was the establishment of an Honor System.

Thus originated our present Student Government—born of the earnest zeal of two loyal-minded members of the school, nurtured and loved into being. Through its first few years, this child of whole-hearted sincerity was “brung-up,” petted and punished; for there were qualities in its character which were strong and others which were weak. The strong points were fortified and are today the outstanding qualities of the Constitution; the weak points were studied and have been skillfully cut out. Much has been accomplished, however, beyond the dreams of the originators. Some of us may not remember the school six years ago;

some of us can, and delight in the knowledge of its expansion and development. Particularly do we rejoice in the fact that we have contributed our bit in such a cause. We do not boast of our "school-spirit"; for no matter how devoted we may be to the school, it is personal spirit which counts, and there is no such thing as enough personal responsibility.

The officers of our Student Council have been chosen by their fellow students with thoughtful care, but the Council would never have been of any value without the individual support of every girl. To the Student Body is owed a debt of gratitude for their loyal help in raising our six-year-old child. The ardor of the authors, "Ty" and Helen, inflamed the minds of those who heard them speak. The various Presidents since that time have by their personalities and endeavors fanned that flame of Honor; so that now the Faculty, some of whom were frankly dubious at the beginning, are *willing* to respect us. Let us then be worthy of this tribute, and not rest content with mere respect. Now, on the Tenth Anniversary of THE LINK, let every girl in our school determine for herself that her own honor and her own spirit shall feed that greater fire—the honor and the spirit of our Student Government—so that the glow of its burning may be brighter each year and may become, finally, the admiration of all; perhaps even a help to those schools in which, for one reason or another, their Honor System has failed.

ELISABETH DINSMORE, '28



## The Disarmament Conference

THE Disarmament Conference now being held in Washington marks a great epoch in the history of the world. Among the many nations represented are England, Japan, France, which are perhaps the most vitally interested.

The Conference opened on November 12th, with an address of welcome by President Harding, which was followed by a clear, concise speech by Secretary Hughes in which he set forth the proposals of the United States for disarmament. The outstanding feature of Hughes' proposals for the Three Nations Agreement to cut their navies are—first, that the United States will scrap thirty capital ships Great Britain, nineteen, and Japan, seventeen. Second, that within three months after an agreement is made, the United States will have eighteen ships, Great Britain, twenty-two, and Japan, ten. This bold proposal was received with approval by the delegates of Great Britain and Japan; Great Britain had expected something definite but they were astonished to hear such specific plans; Japan was impressed and satisfied with the plan. Altogether the proposals were met with great enthusiasm by all the foreign countries.

As things stand now, it looks as if the Disarmament plans were going to be successful; if they are, and wars can be averted, man can truly say that he has advanced a step in civilization.

CAROLINE WATSON, '22  
THE LINK, December, 1921

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## Disarmament in the Last Ten Years

THE Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921 resulted in the limitation of the naval strength of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy, but only so far as battleships and aircraft-carriers are concerned.

The Geneva Protocol of the Assembly of 1924 outlawed war and plainly stated that a nation is an aggressor when it refuses the alternative for war. For the first time in history

aggressive war was officially declared to be a crime. The Protocol called upon the members of the League to come to the assistance of a nation attacked. The Protocol was rejected by the British government on the grounds that the general obligation was too great for a world empire.

The Locarno Conference, made up of a Security Pact between Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Italy, and six other treaties, had for a general basis the Geneva Protocol. The signatory powers promised to regard the frontiers between Germany and Belgium and Germany and France as inviolable. They also pledged themselves to settle discussions by peaceable methods, legitimate self-defense excepted. One of the most important features of this Conference was the participation of Germany and her friendly reception by the other nations. In spite of this hopeful outlook, the Locarno Conference failed.

In 1927 was held the Geneva Arms Conference, a Preparatory Disarmament Commission created by the League. At the first meeting there were not only representatives of the nations belonging to the League but also non-members such as the United States, Russia, and Turkey. Since then the Commission has been moving toward limitation of armaments by limitation of armament expenditures and by enforcement of limitation through publicity.

The purpose of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact in 1928 was to outlaw war through the force of public opinion. Article 2 of the Pact bound all signers to use only pacific means in the settlement of disputes. The failure of the Pact was proved in 1929 by the Russian-Chinese dispute; however, the recent proposal of President Hoover to overhaul the treaty has roused in European nations the hope that the American action may make the Pact something more than an aspiration.

At the London Naval Conference in 1930 was made the second successful effort for naval disarmament. Although the Washington Conference resulted in partial limitation of naval strength, it did not apply to all classes of naval ships. For the first time the three principal naval powers, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, have put into operation a system of limitation and reduction of all parts

of their fleets until 1936. Italy and France have signed, but have been unable to agree on naval equality.

At the Preparatory Arms Commission in Geneva recently, Russia attacked the Commission for having accomplished so little, and urged greater activity. Germany is still bitter over the one-sided observance of the treaty and will probably draw attention to it more emphatically. France and Italy feel conditions very unfavorable for disarmament.

The Commission has from the first been handicapped in many ways. One difficulty is the distrust of France and Italy concerning naval matters. There is so much conflict between the nations that they are unwilling to disarm, from both jealousy and fear.

In spite of everything—the fear, jealousy and suspicion between nations, the world unrest, all the difficulties which are preventing complete disarmament—a way may yet be found to secure and maintain world peace. So far little has been done in that direction, although the London Naval Conference was an important step on the road to naval disarmament, and the Preparatory Arms Commission has recently reached an agreement limiting the number of sailors and naval officers. Perhaps another important step was the proposal of President Hoover for the United States to become a member of the World Court. This would make us a definite factor in the struggle for world peace. When people at last realize the waste, the horrible cruelty, the utter futility of war, and unite against it, then and not until then shall we have lasting peace.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32

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### FOR A NEGRO

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

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27  
THE LINK, March, 1927

## LOW TIDE

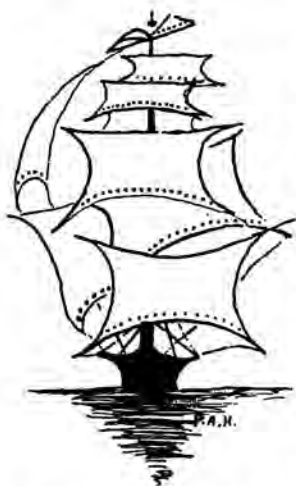
Low wailing winds among the grasses sigh,  
Sadly—sadly—hush—  
Pale drifting mists across the white sands sway,  
Swift flitting nymphs with fragile scarfs of gray  
In whirling dance beneath the leaden sky,  
Madly—madly—hush—

The dull green waves creep onward toward the shore,  
Wearily—wearily—hush—  
Foam ridden breakers curl aloft and fall;  
A wheeling gull shrills out its eerie call;  
The sullen waves drag onward toward the shore,  
Drearily—drearily—hush—

O Sea! wild, tossing with your crested waves!  
O do you envy never  
A cloistered lake, where little ripples run,  
Begirt with trees, calm, smiling in the sun,  
While you must toss your restless foam-flecked waves  
Forever and forever?

ELISABETH JONES, '22  
THE LINK, March, 1922

## THE MOST WONDERFUL THING IN THE WORLD



In a strange little Oriental kingdom, a long time ago, there was a princess who was exceedingly beautiful, and therefore every youth in the domain had, at one time or another, thrown himself at her feet and pleaded with her to become his wife, in such heart-rending tones that the princess wept dolorously into her lace handkerchief when she told each one that he really wouldn't do, for she wanted for a husband the handsomest, wisest, kindest, cleverest, richest, and bravest man to be found within the four corners of

the earth. One day, being in an unusually lonesome frame of mind, she called her councilors together to decide upon the best way to find the paragon she wished to marry.

"You have been dawdling about long enough," she informed them, "and now I insist that you evolve some scheme."

The princess was really very sweet-tempered, you understand, but her councilors exasperated her dreadfully; they were entirely too wise.

Suddenly the oldest and grayest beard sprang up and cried in a loud voice, "Eureka!"

"Good gracious!" said the princess, "you startled me dreadfully. And I do not understand Greek."

"It is not Greek, your Highness, and it means 'I have found it.' In other words—"

"Never mind," interpolated the princess hastily. "What is your idea? Be brief."

"Very well, your Majesty; my plan is this. Your Highness shall order messengers sent out to every point of the compass, whose duty it shall be to proclaim, that to whomsoever shall bring as a gift to your kingdom, before the waxing and the waning of two moons, the most wonderful thing in the world, you will give your hand in marriage."

"I shall do nothing of the sort! Why, any fool might have luck enough to find the most wonderful thing in the world, and then I should have to marry him."

"But if your Majesty disliked the man, you could say that the most wonderful thing in the world was not there, and send them all away."

"And consider, your Highness," broke in a graybeard who was of a most mercenary turn of mind, "the immense profit to be derived from such a scheme. Your new castle—"

"There, mercenary fool! Do you think I would marry any weazened, grey-bearded old vagabond that happened to bring a wonderful gift? And as for your suggestion," she cried, turning to the first counselor, "you know I always tell the truth. I am very frank in stating my opinion. Those fools!"

With this she stamped her foot and ran out of the room to dress for tea. She secretly approved the plan, but she never shirked an opportunity for arguing with her counselors. She hoped that some day she could make one of the "placid old dears" really angry, but she had never succeeded.

The next morning the messengers were despatched, bearing the proclamation in a long roll of paper tied carefully with blue ribbon. Blue was the princess's favorite color and she insisted on this scheme of decoration, in spite of the protestations of her counselors.

One of these messengers reached a kingdom quite a long way off, hemmed in on three sides by mountains, and bordering the sea on the fourth.

Now in this kingdom there dwelt a brave, clever, kind, wise, handsome, and entirely charming young prince. He was richer than all the kings of Babylon and dwelt in a castle of green jade, surrounded by throngs of gay and fascinating courtiers. But he, like the princess, was particular, and had never married, in spite of the fact that every lady between the mountains and the sea reserved her sweetest smile for him.

When the messenger reached the castle with green jade walls, he requested an audience with the prince, and after having with some difficulty untied the knot in the blue ribbon, marched into the throne room and read the manuscript in his best manner. When he had added thereto as

glowing and accurate a description of her majesty as he could conjure up, and had presented a charming life-like miniature of the princess to the prince, he felt that he had done his duty to his sovereign, and so, tying the blue ribbon in a double knot, he went on his way to the next kingdom.

The prince spent the next week selecting the most wonderful of his treasures and the richest of his costumes. In a golden box lined with black velvet he placed a diamond of such brilliancy and fire that it seemed to have caught and imprisoned all the sunbeams that ever shone upon it. Then, putting on his most becoming crown, and taking with him a few of the most trusted members of the household, he embarked upon a gilded ship with sails of green silk.

There was among his retinue a distinguished-looking gentleman, who had once been a prince himself, but had governed his kingdom so badly that the prince of the jade castle had been forced to take it away from him, out of kindness to the inhabitants. For this, the dethroned prince secretly hated his conqueror, but as he was a good actor, the prince suspected nothing and counted him among the most worthy of his followers.

Soon after they set sail, a brisk wind came up which drove them along rapidly. When they were a long way from the jade castle, the wind freshened still more so that one of the green silk sails was torn. Accordingly the prince determined to stop at the next island and purchase a new one, for he would not go to the princess with a torn sail.

Soon they reached an island on which they espied the turrets of a rich and prosperous city. It did not take long to find silk of the right color, but meantime the prince found the walled city so interesting that he went ashore with the man who was once a prince, to take a closer view. In the busy market-place, while looking at heavy tapestries and delicate laces, the two were separated. The prince was not much worried, however, and determined to see all there was to be seen before returning to the ship.

At length, being tired out with walking, he returned to the shore where he had left the boat. The boat was nowhere to be seen, unless a flash of green and gold upon the horizon was not imaginary, and to his surprise and dismay he realized that the distinguished gentleman who was once a prince



had sailed on *his* ship, with *his* diamond, to win *his* princess and had left him stranded on an island in the middle of the ocean.

He returned to the walled city, determined to ask for a ship and give chase to the gilded vessel with the green silk sails in which he had so proudly started out.

He could gain no audience with the king, however, for the sentries at the gate laughed to scorn the pretensions of a prince alone and unattended and with no money.

The prince was in a quandary, but finally managed to sell his most becoming crown for a goodly sum. He next went to one of the prosperous merchants of the city and engaged passage upon a ship that would sail in two weeks' time.

One moonlight night, during the wait for his departure, when he was walking in the woods outside the city, thinking of the princess, he heard the most wonderful music to which he had ever listened. It was thin and clear, and yet was possessed of that marvelous melody that makes a nightingale's song so lovely.

He pushed his way through the thicket and came upon a circular clearing. Here the fairy people of the forest were dancing to the music that came from the pipes played upon by a woodland creature that sat in the center of the ring.

Soon they caught sight of the prince and came running toward him. "Dance for us, dance for us!" they cried, and the prince, not unwilling to oblige them, stepped out into the moonlight.

The music began, and the prince, inspired by the lovely melody, danced as he had never danced before. He was remarkably graceful and had the princess seen him dancing there in the moonlight she would no doubt have considered her search ended. When the music halted the little people applauded vociferously and demanded that he dance again. Again and yet again he complied with their request, and at last he was so very tired that he felt he must stop. Just then the moon dropped behind the trees and the first light of morning came creeping through the forest. In an instant all the fairy people disappeared and he was left alone with the woodland creature with the wonderful pipes.

"You have danced well, young prince, and as payment I give you these pipes, which will bring you much happiness.



Guard them well, for they are the pipes of the 'Great God Pan.' "

With these words he leaped into the thicket and was gone, and the prince was left alone in the dance hall of the elves.

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile into the city of the princess a throng was constantly pouring, bearing gifts of all kinds. The princess, however, was unable to find among them the thing that seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world. She would almost decide upon one thing and then discover that the nose of the man who brought it was decidedly tip-tilted, or that his eyes didn't suit her.

One day a page came in to inform her that a golden ship with green sails had landed at a distant port and that a distinguished gentleman that looked like a prince was journeying thither in the costliest carriage in the kingdom.

The princess was very much excited and hoped he would arrive before the day set apart for the judging of the gifts, in order that she might have time to make his acquaintance.

The man who had been a prince, however, was traveling slowly and enjoying to the full the effect of his grandeur upon the people in the villages through which he passed, so that the princess was disappointed in the hope that he would arrive early.

When the day came and the carriage arrived at the gates, and the handsome stranger alighted and mounted the palace steps, the princess was all of a flutter and was compelled to repeat the multiplication table to steady her nerves.

The hour came for the judging of the gifts; the princess put on her most ravishing blue gown and, looking as beautiful as it was possible for any one person to look, went down the marble steps to the throne-room.

What a noble array of things was there! But as each thing was brought before her, she shook her head sorrowfully and said, "No, this is not the most wonderful thing in the world."

At the end of the line came the man who had been a prince. He was unusually handsome that day, in the suit that the real prince had planned to wear, and he carried the golden box containing the diamond in his hands. When he came

before the princess, he opened the lid slowly and set the box on the table before her.

The princess had never seen so wonderful a thing. The stone seemed to glow and burn as if with some fairy fire within itself, and she leaned forward with a gasp of admiration. Just as she was about to pronounce it the most wonderful thing in the world, one of her councilors came forward and whispered in her ear.

"For pity's sake!" she whispered back, "can't you even let me pick my own husband?"

He whispered again.

"I shan't do it," she said, "just because you say so. I shall marry whensoever and whomsoever I please. Now!"

Then, turning to the assembled people she cried, "The most wonderful thing in the world is not here. You may all—"

Just then, as she was delighting in the shocked look on her councilor's face, there floated in through the window the most wonderful music that had ever been heard in the four corners of the world.

Outside the window the prince was playing as no one had ever played before. His heart was in the music, for as he had come empty handed he was giving the princess the best he had.

The entire assembly was spellbound and one of the councilors muttered something under his whiskers. The man next to him heard it and the word passed about the room—"the most wonderful thing in the world."

Soon the princess heard the whisper and said, "Yes, surely this is the most wonderful thing in the world."

The prince was brought in, and as he entered one door the distinguished gentleman and ex-prince turned pale and hurried out of another, not even stopping to take the diamond with him.

To conclude, the prince carried the princess home with him to the castle with jade green walls, and there they lived happily ever after in the kingdom between the mountains and the sea, and danced and sang, and made merry to music of the pipes of the great god Pan.

ELISABETH JONES, '22  
THE LINK, January, 1921

Elisabeth Jones, who graduated in 1922 at the age of sixteen, remains an outstanding figure in the memory of all who knew her. In addition to her regular senior class work she carried outside courses in Chemistry and Music. She passed all her College Board examinations with such uniformly brilliant grades as to call forth unusual comment from Wellesley, the college which she was to have entered in the fall. Immediately after graduation from our school she left for a vacation in California, where her young life was cut short by her tragic death in Yosemite Park. Wellesley lost a most promising student and Miss Fine's School an alumna who undoubtedly would have brought distinction to us all.

---

#### ARRAN

O isle of sunshine and of sapphire seas,  
Thy brilliant colors seem to haunt me yet,  
Like some sweet music. I can ne'er forget  
Thy flaming fields—thy leafy fragrant trees—  
Thy cliffs ablaze with gorse, a sheet of gold  
Against the shimmering, opalescent sea—  
Thy lonely rocks where seabirds, wild and free,  
Dwell where no climber's foot can find a hold.  
O isle of legend and historic fame,  
Thy subtle charm hath power to hold me still,  
And memory brings before me, at her will,  
Sweet pictures conjured up by thy dear name,  
Till in her magic web she holds me fast,  
Entranced by rainbow visions of the past.

NANNIE WILSON, '23  
THE LINK, 1922

OCTOBER  
AUTUMN FIELDS

The Autumn fields lie sere beneath the sun,  
And deep, curved shadows of the scudding clouds  
Like phantom chariots sweep toward the west.  
The sun-tanned grass crisp rustles in the wind;  
The borders of the wood are riotous,  
Ablaze with fire-gold glint, and dusky red,  
And the smooth, weathered brown of the old oaks.  
An amber butterfly flutters and drops  
Upon the dainty, gleaming celandine;  
The wind slides through the trees, a-rustling  
Like silken petticoats of ladies curtsyng.  
Far from the dim paths of the woodland comes  
A muffled drumming like a martial air—  
The ruffed grouse calling to his sober mate.  
The swallow swoops on slender, graceful wings,  
And far and clear the bob-white's whistle sounds:  
The denizens of wood and field rejoice,  
And in rich robes are clad, and dance with glee,  
And blaze of rich, deep coloring attends  
The defiant, dying year's last festival,  
The closing glory of its brilliant life.  
One last, gay dance of color and crisp wind  
Before the dead, dull winter comes again,  
Before the world sinks back to leaden sleep.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27  
THE LINK, December, 1925

## JUNE

Round the clock of the year has swung—  
Here is June, with her honeyed tongue;  
Life that stirs with a happy sigh,  
Stars that sing in a throbbing sky;  
Swinging wind that fans and blows  
The leaping flame of a crimson rose;  
Languid, laughing, lyrical June  
Has set the world to her golden tune.

Phyllis sleeps on her velvet hill;  
Breathing deep, the day lies still;  
The river-reed bends a quivering head  
Over a drowsy naiad's bed;  
A cricket sings, intense and high,  
And a little wind goes faltering by;  
June's gold cup with her fulness brims,  
And the goddess stretches her slothful limbs.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS, '27  
THE LINK, June, 1926

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## 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 damp 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 breakfast. 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 up 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 reached 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, Rancocas.

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, 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  
THE LINK, December, 1928





## When We Were Very Young



### THE FIREFLY

Little flitting firefly,  
Flying in the dark,  
Did you once upon a time  
Fly in Noah's Ark?

---

### MR. MOON

Old Mr. Moon,  
You sit in a spoon  
In the afternoon.

---

### THE RAIN

Patter, patter, little raindrops,  
You will feed the farmers' crops.

ELIZABETH DEWING

THE LINK, December, 1921

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Whip-poor-will, little bird,  
In the night thou art often heard.  
The light thou likest not.  
Often some little Dot  
Hears thee cry, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"  
And some little Jill  
Will hear thee sing thy cry,  
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"

MARY CONSTABLE

THE LINK, June, 1923

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## POEM

A birdie tapped at my window,  
He had come to say good-bye,  
For summer days are over,  
And to the south he must fly.  
I told him I would miss him  
And his song of "Chee, chee, chee";  
I said, "When the cold days are over,  
Be sure and come back to me."

MARY DAVIS

THE LINK, December, 1922

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## MY CAT

I have a little cat, a cunning little cat,  
The sweetest little cat you ever saw;  
Her fur is nice and white,  
It shines sleekly in the light,  
And soft are the pads on her paw.  
She will curl up snug on a soft little mat,  
And purr and purr and purr and purr and purr;  
She can meow and eat and sleep,  
Keep her face and paws so neat  
And ask you if you'll please stroke her fur.

ELIZABETH FIELD

THE LINK, March, 1926

### THOUGHT

The sun  
is a ball  
of burnished copper  
fit for the gods  
to play with.

CAROLYN MORSE  
THE LINK, June, 1928

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### A PRAYER

Ever so high above me  
Yet in my prayers quite near  
Are God and his angels who love me,  
And my prayers I wish them to hear.

PAT HERRING  
THE LINK, December, 1922

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### SPINNING

One day I went to Hopewell. There I saw an old woman spinning. This is the way the flax was spun. There was a distaff. On it the flax was put. The woman pulled the flax from the distaff with one hand. With the other hand she held the flax, while the wheel, which was worked by her feet, twisted the flax. The bobbin was also run by the wheel. On the bobbin the flax, which had been twisted into thread, was wound.

I grew some flax in my school garden last year. Flax has pretty blue flowers.

FRANCES HALE  
THE LINK, June, 1923



## School Notes

WE FELT that we were beginning a fine school year as we drove smoothly up the brand-new asphalt road, and our hopes have not been belied. We were delighted to find the entire Upper School faculty back and in fine spirits, quite ready to start their laborious tasks. And start they did! Our first-day excitement was almost smothered by those assignments for the second day. Our schedules were the best possible, such as only Miss Fine can arrange; but, as on the first day, there is still plenty of work to keep us busy.

The Student Council is to be congratulated. We have never witnessed a quieter Study Hall. Jane Mitchell, the President of the Student Council, has devoted endless time to her task. She has had the Constitution of the Honor System, which has been slightly revised, printed and a copy given to each girl in the Study Hall. She and her committee have put a card with the owner's name on the back of each desk; they have also placed at the rear of the Study Hall a chart with the location of each desk.

Another onerous and usually thankless job, the management of the second-hand bookstore, is being successfully carried on by Edith Reed.

We are indebted to Miss Miller and Miss Tyng for a new and workable library system. There are ninety new volumes in the library, including twenty-five French books bought in Paris by Mrs. Wade, and about thirty-five new books have been distributed among the various Primary rooms.

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### INTERMEDIATE NOTES

AFTER long and careful consideration of the question with both the Faculty and the Senior class, Miss Fine decided that we should discontinue the monthly announcement of Honor Groups, and that the marks should be publicly announced only twice a year. We all appreciated the situation, and were only too glad that we were never again to endure the grueling fifteen minutes experienced on eight Monday mornings of the year.

Also, to rid us as much as possible of the odious habit of

comparing reports industriously with all our rivals, the reports are no longer given out at recess. Instead, we rush to the mail box in the privacy of our own homes.

**W**HAT are the Intermediate IV's doing this year? Oh yes! Every Monday and Wednesday they join with the III's in a hard-fought game of hockey, supervised by Miss Cumming. Under the direction of Mrs. Robertson they are pursuing hobbies, varying from horses to presidents. These they find very interesting. The IV's are having a frightful time struggling through the first stages of Latin and Algebra, but Miss Dorwart and Miss Walton have a lot of patience.

Now for the Intermediate III's. Directed by Mrs. Robertson, they are making marionette shows of events in history. They write the plays, paint the scenery, and make the puppets all themselves. It has already been mentioned that they play hockey with the IV's. On October 14th, Janet Brown gave a birthday party at the Peacock Inn. The guests came to school with vicious-looking pirate faces on their backs.

The Intermediate II's are making scrolls containing the different events of history. Mrs. Robertson is also helping them with Greek plays that they are writing and that they will act later in the year. On Tuesdays and Thursdays they have play with Miss Goheen.

As for the Intermediate I's, they are busy in History class writing and acting Greek plays which they give in their own room. A little while ago they had a Japanese exhibit. Mrs. Robertson certainly is busy this year!

The Intermediate Department has three new teachers this year. In place of Miss Margaret Fine there is Miss Schmidt; in place of Mrs. Titus there is Miss Tyng; in place of Mrs. Brown there is Miss Walton.

The Intermediate girls are working hard, but whether it is because of the new teachers or the Saturday morning sessions is yet to be seen! It is certainly true that none of us like to come back on Saturday morning, and that is the new penalty for girls who get D during the week through carelessness.

## Primary Notes

IN THE Fourth Grade we have been studying about prehistoric animals and primitive man. We made a scene showing the animals. We fixed up the sand table with a few lakes, and used pine branches for trees. We made animals out of clay,—Dinosaurs, Brontosaurus, Diplodocus, Hatteria, and many others.

The next sand table scene was a village. We made a lake at one end and an airport at the other. We made houses of paper, and the boys brought cars and airplanes.

The third scene was a war scene that didn't exist long. We brought our soldiers and toys for the battlefield.

Lately we have been studying the ancient Egyptians. Nicky has written a play about Egyptians for us, and we hope to give it in Assembly. Once we tried soap carving. We carved Egyptians' boats, figures, and other things.

In Art we are making pictures of prehistoric animals. In Reading we read *The King of the Golden River*. We also read library books. In Arithmetic some of us are in Book VII but most of us are in Book VI.

NICHOLAS KATZENBACH  
MADELEINE TARR

---

In the Third Grade we have been studying about the Vikings and the people who live in very cold countries. We have made our patterns for shields and the other group of Third Grade have made a Viking feast hall. We are also planning a play about the Norse gods who lived in Asgard.

At Hallowe'en we had a party and wrote many stories and poems. We also decorated our room for the party. For Thanksgiving we wrote a little play just to show the people in primary assembly about the Pilgrims. We had one scene with the Pilgrims in Scrooby, England, another in Holland, and the last scene was the first Thanksgiving in America.

This Christmas we plan to fill six stockings for boys and

girls who won't have a happy holiday. We will put warm clothing, candy and toys in the stockings.

This year we have a library hour twice a week and we have made an index file for our books.

CAROL FURMAN  
DUNSTAN GRAHAM  
BOBBY HUNTER

---

In Second Grade we have been studying about all kinds of shepherds. Now we are studying about the shepherds who lived in the land where the baby Jesus was born. We have cut out pictures of them and made slides for our lantern. We are going to show them to the children in Assembly.

Some shepherds learn to weave beautiful rugs from the wool their sheep give them. They make tents from their goats' hair.

BETTY WILLCOX  
MARY PETTIT

---

In the First Grade we have been learning to read and write. We have been making a house, and collecting seeds and leaves. We visited a saw-mill, a flour-mill, and a bakery.

We gave a movie party to the Junior Primaries, and now we are making Christmas cards and gifts.





On November 21st, we played St. Mary's School at Burlington. The score was 7-1 in our favor. The line-up was much the

We are very proud of last year's Senior Class, as all of the girls who took College Boards in June passed successfully. Cathleen Carnochan and Chloe Shear are at Vassar. Margaretta Cowenhoven and Marian Johnson are at Wellesley, and Margaretta is already playing wing on the Varsity hockey team there. Esther Brittain has gone to Hood College in Maryland, and Frances Boice and Betsy Griswold are both on hockey teams at Howe Marot. Frances has also been elected Vice-President of the school.

Olga Tomec has been accepted at Wellesley, but is taking a year of travel with her sister before entering. She will be in Prague until after Christmas.

Because of her high honors at Bryn Mawr, Yvonne Cameron was offered the privilege of spending her Junior year in Paris, at the Sorbonne. She has been studying during the summer at Fontainebleau, but has returned to Bryn Mawr for the winter.

Lucy Russell, who returned in September from an interesting eighteen months' tour of Europe and Africa, has entered the Freshman class at Smith.

Isabelle Hawke has just finished a secretarial course at Rider College, and is now planning to take a position in a doctor's office in Trenton.

Lucy Maxwell, who graduated last June from Sarah Lawrence, was married a few days later to Richard Erwin Kleinhaus. They spent the summer travelling abroad, and are now living at 12 Elwood Place in Newark.

Jean March has been made President of "Agora", an honorary society at Wellesley; and Jane Link, who is also a member, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency of her class.

Virginia Barrows spent the summer at the International School of Study in Geneva, and is now taking a secretarial course in Rider College.

Mrs. Henry Scudder, Jr. (Betty Maddock), has started housekeeping in a spacious colonial farmhouse near West Trenton. Mr. Scudder spends his spare time from farming as a pilot, so their location directly behind Mercer Air Port is convenient as well as, perhaps, a little noisy.

Virginia Myers announced her engagement to Edward Kohlsaas at a luncheon in September.

Helen Loetscher is engaged to W. Sherman Skinner, who was graduated from the Princeton Seminary last May.

Caroline Dixon is taking a three-year course in nursery school work at the National School of Education at Evanston, Illinois.

Katryne Blake was married November 8th, at Grace Baptist Church in Trenton, to Robert Porter Moore. She was graduated from Sweet Briar College last June.

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## Athletic Notes

THIS year we are having an excellent hockey season. The Freshman team is one of the best teams we have ever had. More than half of them made the Varsity squad, and four of them are on the Varsity. In place of class teams we have chosen two strong teams, the Blue and the Gray, from the three upper classes, and two teams from the Freshmen. These four teams are playing an interclass tournament which is unfinished as yet, but in which the Freshman first team is making a very strong showing. The Intermediate III's and IV's are playing a separate series of games with the Freshman second team.

Jane Mitchell was elected captain of the Blues, Pat Herring, of the Grays, and Jane Armstrong, of the Freshmen. So far, the Blues have won from the Grays 4-0, 6-1. The Grays defeated the Freshmen 3-1, and the Freshmen won from the Blues 7-4.

On November 14th, our Varsity played Kent Place School at Princeton. We won by the score of 3-1. Our line-up was as follows:

R. W.—Frances Hale

R. I.—Sarah Johnston

C. F.—Clare Raymond

L. I.—Edyth Miers

L. W.—Isabelle Lawton

R. H.—Jane Mitchell (Capt.)

C. H.—Pat Herring

L. H.—Gertrude Righter

R. F.—Mary Scammell

L. F. Betty Ann Wolff

Goalguard—Betty Bissell

On November 21st, we played St. Mary's School at Burlington. The score was 7-1 in our favor. The line-up was much the same, with the addition of Betty Menzies as Right Wing and Elizabeth Field as Left Fullback for the second period.

We are expecting to add hockey to our spring program and to have one or two more games for our Varsity. Perhaps Holmuist can arrange to send a team then, as we have missed our pleasant annual game with them.

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2. P. M.



4. P. M.

(VERY SHORT ACCOUNT OF PRINCETON-YALE GAME)

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