

The Link



April, 1931

THE LINK

APRIL
1931



MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

H. M. HINKSON

74 NASSAU STREET

School Supplies

Fountain Pens

Gold and Silver Pencils

G. R. Murray, Inc.

*REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE*



60 Nassau Street,

Princeton, N. J.

Telephone 15 and 1737

VISIT

Thompson's Flower Shop

and Compare Prices and
Quality of Stock

Fresh Cut Flowers Daily from our Greenhouses

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

48 NASSAU STREET

Phone 1140

Reilley Meat Market

WITHERSPOON STREET



Compliments of

The

ARCADE THEATRE

138 NASSAU STREET

Gifts and Many Things You Cannot Buy Elsewhere

We are proud to say that there are many things—things typical of Princeton — etchings, books, jewelry, stationery, music—which you cannot buy anywhere except at one of our two establishments. A book of Princeton etchings, or one of the delightful histories of the College, or a tiepin with the Princeton seal cleverly mounted on it—any of these will make unusual and inexpensive gifts.



The Princeton University Store

AND

The Music Shop

PRINCETON, N. J.

“Everyone Has Use for Music”

Come to **THE MUSIC SHOP** for your
Musical Needs

Sheet Music—Ukuleles—Tenor Banjos—Clarinets
Saxophones—Drum Outfits—Victrolas—Electrolas
Panatropes—Radios



The Music Shop

68 $\frac{1}{2}$ NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

University Laundry Company

Our Telephone Number

79

28-30 MOORE STREET

PRINCETON

Case Florist Shop

20 NASSAU STREET

FLOWERS FOR
ALL
OCCASIONS

Shoulder Corsages a Specialty

TELEGRAPHED ANYWHERE

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

*We Specialize in All Lines of Real
Estate and Insurance*

W. M. Dickinson Co.

20 NASSAU STREET

Phone 1015

PRINCETON, N. J.

Joseph Walter Miller & Son

COAL

LUMBER

MASON SUPPLIES

Window and Door Frames a Specialty
Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, and
House Trimmings



OFFICE AND YARDS
AT FOOT OF ALEXANDER STREET

Orren Jack Turner, Inc.

Photographer

for

Miss Fine's School

The Princess Shop

76-78 NASSAU STREET

MRS. WILLIAM JONES CLARK



Antiques

Gifts

Viedt's Chocolate Shoppe

110 NASSAU STREET

CONFECTIONS

LUNCHEON

SODA

CH

The Fountain where Purity and Quality reign Supreme

Walter B. Howe, Inc.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE



6 NASSAU STREET

TELEPHONE 95

PRINCETON, N. J

SHAMPOOING

MANICURING



TELL HOW YOUNG
-HOW WELL
-HOW HAPPY
A WOMAN IS

MARCELLE

One of the New Nestle-LeMur Permanent Waving Machines has been installed in Jack Honore's Ladies' Parlor.

This Machine will give you a more Natural Wave than any other Machine on the Market.

For Appointment, Phone 78

Jack Honore's

LADIES' PARLOR

20 NASSAU ST. BLDG.

TEL. 78

WATER-WAVES

The
Garden Theatre

*SHOWING THE LATEST TALKING
AND SOUND PICTURES
OF MERIT*



"EVERYBODY'S GOING TO THE GARDEN"

**PRINCETON BANK AND TRUST
COMPANY**



*Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits
Over \$700,000.*

A GOOD PLACE TO BANK

MATTHEWS
CONSTRUCTION
COMPANY
Inc.

Builders



PRINCETON, N. J.

"SOFTIE"

the little stitched flannel hat that everybody wears

Daughters, mothers, even grand-mothers, find it becoming for knockabout wear. White, blue, green, yellow, pink, with bright feather.



4.75

Headsizes 21 to 23

FIFTH FLOOR

Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XI

APRIL, 1931

No. 2

BOARD OF EDITORS

CLARE RAYMOND, '31.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
JANET WICKS, '31.....	<i>Literary Editor</i>
EDITH REED, '31.....	<i>Assistant Literary Editors</i>
CAROLYN MORSE, '32.....	
SARAH JOHNSTON, '31.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
JANE MITCHELL, '31.....	<i>Advertising Manager</i>
JANE SAYEN	<i>Advertising Committee</i>
GERTRUDE ALLEN, '32.....	
MARY DAVIS, '32.....	
JANE WOLFF, '32.....	<i>Subscription Editor</i>
ELIZABETH DEWING, '32.....	<i>Assistant Subscription Editor</i>
FLORENCE DELL, '35.....	<i>Intermediate Editor</i>
FRANCES HALE, '31.....	<i>School Notes</i>
FRANCES PARDOE, '32.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
MARGARET RUSSELL, '32.....	<i>Assistant Athletic Editor</i>
MARGARET BROOKS, '31.....	<i>Alumnae Notes</i>
LOUISE BARGER, '31.....	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
PATRICIA HERRING, '32.....	<i>Art Editor</i>

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00

PRICE PER NUMBER, 50 CENTS

If any subscriber fails to receive copy, please notify Subscription Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL.....	12
SOUNION.....	<i>Margaret Russell</i> 13
SLEEP, MY BABY.....	<i>Josephine Herring</i> 13
MATTERS OF TASTE.....	<i>Mary Davis</i> 14
THE NOTES.....	<i>Sylvia Gerould</i> 15
THE PEAT-BOG.....	<i>Mary H. Constable</i> 16
THE CHURCHYARD.....	<i>Mary H. Constable</i> 19
GOSSAMER.....	<i>Janet Wicks</i> 19
LINES.....	<i>Clare Raymond</i> 19
THE MANCHESTERS.....	<i>Janet Wicks</i> 20
HOKKUS OF WINTER.....	<i>Edith Beck Reed</i> 22
THE GARTER SNAKE.....	<i>Margaret Barr Myers</i> 25
SPRING IN SHERWOOD.....	<i>Clare Raymond</i> 24
MIST.....	<i>Janet Wicks</i> 24
PETER.....	<i>Edith Beck Reed</i> 25
LE MATIN SUR LES MONTAGNES.....	<i>Mary H. Constable</i> 26
GIFT OF THE SEA.....	<i>Lorna Stuart</i> 26
DEATH.....	<i>Jane Mitchell</i> 26
THE COLT.....	<i>Peggy Amey</i> 27
THE WILD HORSE.....	<i>Elizabeth Field</i> 27
KITTENS.....	<i>Carolyn Morse</i> 28
FEBRUARY.....	<i>Pat Herring</i> 29
"THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR" SAID GOLD CANDLESTICK"	
	<i>Joan Field</i> 30
THE BUTTERFLY.....	<i>Marion Este</i> 31
DUMP.....	<i>Janet Brown</i> 32
INTERMEDIATE NOTES.....	35
THE LAZY TURTLES.....	<i>Ann Condit</i> 35
PRIMARY POETRY.....	<i>Cortlandt Parker, Lillian Foerster, Janet Greene,</i> <i>Billy Meredith, Mary Pettit, Virginia Bard, Stephen Conger</i> 34
SCHOOL NOTES.....	37
FIVE-THIRTY.....	<i>Clare Raymond</i> 38
ATHLETIC NOTES.....	39
EXCHANGES.....	40
ALUMNAE NOTES.....	41

Of Side-Centers

WE ARE great thinkers and like all great thinkers wish our opinions to be respected. Therefore, pause awhile, reflecting upon our little thought, not casting it aside, but contemplating and digesting it.

A side-center is one who receives the ball from the guard and passes it to the forward. In the Garden of Eden, Eve was the side-center, receiving the apple from the serpent and giving it to Adam. Need we enumerate more of those historical characters who have played the tricky side-center in the game of life? No: you are quick to see that it is a position of supposed unimportance, which can be used for great ends—or in which one can fade quietly into oblivion.

Do you know a side-center? She may (a) work hard and steadily; or (b) fade quietly away, as aforesaid; or (c) dash around superficially, accomplishing nothing though appearing to succeed in much; or (d) hit her opponent side-center when the referee's back is turned and then smile innocently as a jump is called. Ah! Somewhere, gentle reader, your conscience has been pricked! You realize, though perhaps you do not wear a tunic and big sneakers, that you too are a side-center. Type a, b, c, or d? We will not go into that. S. J.

That the LINK'S Poetry Contest ended in a glorious burst of poesie will be evident enough to anyone turning the pages of this number.

About twenty contributions were handed to Mr. Raymond, head of the English department of the Lawrenceville School. After a week of what he reports to have been terrific strain, he returned the following decisions, with very kind congratulations to all the contestants:

UPPER SCHOOL

First: *Sounion*—Margaret Russell, '32

Honorable Mention: *Matters of Taste*—Mary Davis, '32

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

First: *Lullaby*—Josephine Herring, Int. II

Honorable Mention: *The Notes*—Sylvia Gerould, Int. III

Our congratulations also, O poets! We are proud to print the greater number of your contributions. And as we consider also the work of the Primary Department, we are assured that the muse will not fail in the years to come.

SOUNION

The moon is rising from a wind-swept sea;
The cliffs are black and silver in its light,
And at their feet there thunders in its might
The deep, with sounding voice that trumpets free.
In crystal fountains 'gainst the rock débris
The sparkling diamonds scatter in the night,
And measuring the steep's whole shadowed height
Fall back in jewelled showers mistily.
Above, in silvered white, slim columns rise:
Here great Poseidon ruled in templed sway
With dance and song and solemn sacrifice;
But now the only music that doth stray
Where on the height the ruined temple lies
Is from the dark Aegean's stormy fray.

MARGARET RUSSELL, '32

SLEEP, MY BABY

Sleep, my Baby, go to sleep,
Mother will stay here.
Shut thine eyes and dream sweet dreams,
Mother's always near.
Sleep, my Baby, Baby dear,
There's nothing here for thee to fear.

Sleep, and dream of fairy bowers,
Surrounded with my Baby's flowers,
For all sweet things belong to thee,
And thou, my Babe, belong to me.
Sleep, my Baby, Baby dear,
There's nothing here for thee to fear.

Around thy cradle roses bloom,
And thou dost smell their sweet perfume;
And there are pansies, gold and blue,
But no flower is as sweet as you.
Sleep, my Baby, Baby dear,
There's nothing here for thee to fear.

JOSEPHINE HERRING, *Intermediate II*

MATTERS OF TASTE

Some like talkies
And some like shows,
But I like a baby
With tiny little toes.

Some like riding
And some like to fish,
But I like eating
From a great big dish.

Some like dancing
And some like cards,
But I prefer sitting
In other people's yards.

Some like radios
And some like a band,
But I prefer poetry
I can't understand.

I and other people
Get along fine;
They have their likes
And I have mine.

They think my likes
Are mostly a pose;
What I think of their likes
I needn't disclose.

For some like frankness
And hard plain fact,
But I prefer silence
And a little bit of tact.

MARY DAVIS, '52

THE NOTES

A big boasting whole note
Sat upon a fence
And said, "Of the note family
I'm the most consequence."
It looked at the half-note
And turned up its nose,
Then said, very scornfully,
"I'm worth two of those!"
The half-note turned proudly
And held up its stem,
Then, glancing at a quarter-note,
Said, "I'm worth two of them."
The jolly little quarter note
Thought quickly what to do.
It called the eighths and sixteenths out
And said, "Come, wave your flags and shout,
We're just as glad, old whole and half,
We're not so slow as you!"
The thirty-seconds joined them
And, waving flags with glée,
Cried, "You are just two members
Of the big note family."

The whole note and half-note
Crawled underneath the fence,
Feeling very humble
And of little consequence.

SYLVIA GEROULD, *Intermediate III*



The Peat-Bog

CAUTH was working in the bog. She cut the brown hunks of turf, which Seumas threw up to her, into rough squares, and piled them on a wheelbarrow. The water in the peat-pit sloshed around the feet of Seumas, and his spade dug into the fibrous soil. There were no other sounds.

Cauth straightened her back and wiped her forehead, looking off over the peat-bog. The soft sky was clear above the green and brown earth; a few plovers wheeled overhead. The distant mountains were blue in the mysterious haze that lies on the land in the west of Ireland.

A path wound from the bog to the hillside. Their little thatched cottage stood high up near the lough; its white walls shone in the sun, and a wisp of smoke floated from the chimney.

Seumas, in the peat-pit, dug on. His spade crunched against a stone something, grating as he struck again. Then his voice came:

"See here, Cauth, what I have in the hole!"

The young woman dropped to her knees and peered down. He was tugging at something. At his demand for help, she kilted up her skirts and jumped down. Two pairs of strong arms pulled, and with a slow, gulping noise, the bog let go its secret.

It was a crock, large and dark. They took it out. Two heads with similar shocks of curly, black, untidy hair bent over their find with a childlike eagerness. The cover was scaled on. Seumas drew his short, bright-bladed knife—he cut the ancient, crumbling cord, and began to break away the wax, preserved in the peat for a thousand years.

When they lifted off the lid, it was as if a fire lay there. The sun caught flashes and glints from a mass of gold. Curious, twisted arm-bands and brooches were mingled with coins. Four dirty hands rested, dazed, on the rim of the crock and then plunged, clutching, into the shining hoard. After a few moments, Cauth and Seumas looked at each other. They rose, and put on the cover in haste, hurrying to raise the

crock to the barrow and bury it with peat-blocks. Then the woman trundled the load up the path; the man followed.

Over the half-door of their cottage two little children hung, and greeted them with loud shouts. Their black hair hung over their blue eyes like the manes of mountain ponies; their pink mouths were stained with berries. But today their parents did not greet them with alternate cuffs and kisses. Instead, they wheeled the barrow into the one room of the house.

In the shadows by the hearth an old woman sat on a low stool. Between her bare feet, brown as wrinkled leaves, she held a spindle. Between her bony fingers she twisted the wool which would weave clothes for them all, and in her toothless gums she held a dingy clay pipe; she puffed vigorously, and the red coal burned merrily in the gloom. As bright as the coal shone the black eyes, set deep in her wrinkled face.

"God keep you," she greeted the pair. "What have ye in the barrow?"

Cauth was silent, looking at Seumas, but they could keep no secret from the old grandmother. She plied them with questions, and soon she knew the whole strange story.

"Fairy gold," said she, shaking her head. "Good will not come from this, my heart. Who should have put it there if not the Good People?"

Rising, and going to the barrow, she walked around it, reciting:

"We accept their protection
And we refuse their removal.
Their backs to us
Their faces from us,
Through the death and passion
Of our Savior Jesus Christ."

To Cauth she looked like one of the Slanaghe Sidhe (the fairies) themselves, and Seumas felt his blood run cold. But when asked what he would do with the treasure, he would say nothing, and his eye glittered as hotly as the red gold.

Some days passed. There was neither rest nor happiness in the house. Seumas turned questions roughly away; he had the crock in the shadows by the hearth and the grandmother could not sit there.

"That one does not care if he and his go the way of the wild birds," she complained, and took the young children with her to the stable outside the cottage, where she told them tales of stolen goods that made their hair stand on end.

When Seumas heard these stories he cursed and stamped 'round the room, while Cauth reproached him and bitterly accused him of planning to take the treasure for himself. He determined to flee with the magic gold, already growing hateful to him. Watching for the time when Cauth left him alone, he tried to get together his few possessions.

But as he threw back the lid of the oaken chest by the rude bed, voices came from outside, and the light from the open door was dimmed. He sprung about like a caught thief, to face some men in store-made clothes, from the village five miles away.

While he stared at them open-mouthed, they began to speak in poor Gaelic, as Seumas knew no English, saying that they had heard an ancient treasure had been unearthed in the peat-bog; it was likely to prove of worth, and they were come for it in the name of the State. He would get something for his trouble, sure enough, but the gold belonged to Ireland. In the face of his stricken silence, the men went to the corner as if directed; they found the crock, and carried it out.

The gold had come as swiftly as a dream, and it was gone as swiftly. Seumas sat in the door, his head buried in his hands. Cauth, outdoors, tore her hair and bewailed her hard fate, while the little children, clinging to her, kifted up their voices and wept. But the old woman, puffing at her pipe, laughed.

"Seumas, for sure the money would have been a weight on your heart."

The man stirred.

"Och, Mother of Heaven," he murmured, "there is truth in what you say."

The twilight came sleepily down. Inside, the old woman spun by the flickering embers of the fire. The bog was far-off, purple and dim, with a croaking of frogs, and crickets were humming. Somewhere birds were saying good-bye to the day, and a white mist crept down from the lough. Then Cauth came in.

MARY H. CONSTABLE, '32

THE CHURCHYARD

A stone gate marks and ends the leafy path;
The walls are gone that held the churchyard's peace;
The birds nest where two stone hearts link to form
A grey stone window in the ruined church.
The walls are roofless; as in pagan times
The altar stands beneath the open sky.
The ivy twists about the threshold stones,
The ivy twines itself around the graves,
Hiding the names—those very names are carved
By lovers now upon the beech-trees' trunks.
—The ivy twines itself about the graves,
The beeches dapple them with gold and dark.
Here grows the greying moss on greying slabs;
Here slips the rabbit through the tangled vines;
Here lie the dead—the high wood all around—
The still fields yonder in the sunlight grow.

MARY H. CONSTABLE, '32

GOSSAMER

When, in the fragrant morn, the sun
Rolls up his golden wheel above the wood
And sends ten thousand gilded darts
To pierce the shadowed greenery,
Then over meadows deep in honeyed grass,
Where clovers glow and daisies drift in white,
The airy silken threads of gossamer
Flow out and up from every bud and stem,
Each one a-glisten in the rosy light.

JANET WICKS, '31

The scent of daffodils, of damp grass, fills the air,
On glistening black branches tiny tips of green
Wink soft eyelids in the breeze.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

The Manchesters

THE ruddy light of the pitch-pine fire filled the low room. It glowed on the great oriental rug which Captain Manchester had brought from abroad; it danced again upon the burnished balls of the andirons, on the silver and glass upon the dinner table, and even on the smooth polished sides of the mahogany highboy and the ponderous bow-legs of the chairs and tables.

A young girl stood on tiptoe before the fireplace. The firelight flooded over the silvery sheen of her dress and stained her throat and face deep crimson. Her black hair gleamed like jet where it was smoothed severely back from her forehead, only to escape in lustrous coils about her neck.

She took a long twisted stick of paper from a jar on the mantel and bending down lighted one end in the fire. Then slowly she rustled from one silver-branching candelabra to the next, and from each waxen taper a slender flame leaped up.

There was a quick rush of air, honeysuckle-scented, from the doorway. Every candle flame dipped wildly in an effort to escape the unknown thing and break the tie that held it to the wick. Some shot up and vanished in a wisp of blue smoke. The girl turned expectantly toward the door, where a tall young farmhand stood. His blue-black hair, brown skin, and dark eyes proclaimed his race.

She ran to him.

"Shall I come now, Manuel?"

He shuffled his great shoes awkwardly on the rug and gazed about wonderingly at the silver, the rich curtains, the myriad dancing points of candle-light along the panelled walls, then at the girl in her shimmering silvery dress standing bright-eyed in the midst of it all.

"You must not leave all this," he murmured.

She smiled proudly.

"I will come," she said, "now."

* * * * *

Midsummer had come in drowsy loveliness. Buried in flowers, the tiny house blinked in the sun. A pink morning-glory vine covered with fragile silken bells wandered over the

long-unused front door. Golden-glow drifted up against the weathered shingles in pure sunny masses. Bluebells trembled in azure profusion, and tall ruffled buff and rose hollyhocks strayed among the other blossoms. Suddenly, with a hideous "beemp-beemp" five speckled guinea-hens waddled at top speed around the corner of the house, their silly painted faces lifted high on long skinny necks. After them hurried an old woman in a faded colorless dress, like a heavy joggly pudding-bag tied around the middle with a string. With clumsy flourishes of her pudgy arms, she advanced upon the terrified creatures in little rushes, screaming all the while in a hoarse voice not much sweeter than their own.

"H'yare, git along with ye—shoo, ye devils! Brr-r-r!" This last was uttered as a sort of hoarse roar which drove out the little sense left in the small heads of the fowls and sent them screeching deafeningly toward the chicken-house.

Satisfied, the old woman stopped in front of the apple-tree and began to chuckle. The chuckles started deep down in the pudding-bag and shook her from head to foot like the pudding itself. Her round red cheeks wobbled; her slabby chins trembled with laughter. Her small black eyes were pin-points of merriment half hidden by the folds and creases in which they were sunk.

Still heaving with mirth, she proceeded toward the chicken-houses, a dilapidated group of ancient sheds leaning against one another to avoid collapsing into a pile of rotten kindling. Within was an extraordinary assortment of broken chairs, pieces of rusty stoves, the body of an antiquated Ford car, and divers other wrecks. Feathers, dust, cobwebs, and bits of hay lingered undisturbed in the corners and festooned the rafters. As the fat old creature entered, four plump-breasted white hens flopped clumsily out of the back seat of the Ford and went squawking profanely out of the doorway. In a blue-enamelled dishpan filled with hay a comfortable Rhode Island Red was "setting". She refused to move, but fluffed out her feathers and gave utterance to a feeble "quawk" to express her annoyance at the interruption and the hope that no further intrusion would be made upon her privacy. "Birdie," our excellent friend, lifted a piece of stove-grating from off the top of a soap-box and disclosed another maternal hen, who, unlike her sister of the dishpan, clucked softly and endearingly. She

spread her wings to shield something very precious; from under her brown feathers came faint lisping peeps, little shuffling movements in the hay.

"So-ho, Mis' Micawber, yo've got yer fambly, eh?"

Again the chins were agitated by comfortable chuckles.

A low musical chord came from the direction of the house. Birdie straightened up and wiped her glistening flushed face upon her arm.

"It's them Manchesters come fer the braided rugs," she muttered, waddling hurriedly down the path.

The gleaming automobile filled the tiny rutted road and brushed against the bushes. The woman and girl in faultless sport attire, standing beside it, were evidently commenting on their surroundings. As Birdie approached, Mrs. Manchester smiled very perfectly:

"May I have my rugs?"

"Sorry, Mis' Manchester. I ain't had time t' finish the durn things with the chickens settin'—the divils!"

"Oh indeed! Well, please hurry with them. It's most annoying to have come all the way out to your place for nothing."

Birdie looked after the car as it rumbled out of sight down the narrow road. She slapped her fat hands together at the rareness of the joke.

"What a divil of a row you'd make," she cackled, "if I told folks that this ol' Portygee Birdie was a Manchester too!"

JANET L. WICKS, '31

HOKKUS OF WINTER

A cluster of snow
Clung exultantly atop
Crescent boughs of spruce.

— — — — —
An ellin oak-tree
Chuckled at the icicle
Hanging foolishly.

Snowy fields shimmered
Beneath the stripling shadows
Of slender white birch.

A skittish squirrel
Scampered through the snow, searching,
Flicked his tail and fled.

A startled titmouse
Chattering inquisitively,
Scanned his snow-clad tail.

EDITH BECK REED, '31

THE GARTER SNAKE

One day a snake came through our yard;
I saw it wriggling on the sand,
And then I ran and picked it up,
And held it lightly in my hand.

It twisted 'round and in and out,
Then curled into a gleaming ring—
I never fancied that a snake
Could turn to such a lovely thing.

MARGARET BARR MYERS, '34

SPRING IN SHERWOOD

Gold fairies haunt the greenwood in the spring;
With twitching wing they shimmer through the trees,
Now here—cool amber on a white-throat's wing,
Now there—a tinkle in the errant breeze.
Deep in the wood where stiffly grows the brake,
And, banked by moss with trailing fingers cool,
A brook's clear waters curl 'nto a lake,
Three blasts of Robin's bugle, soaring, rule.
Then silence, sheer as young leaves in the sun,
Or veils of dew that crown the crystal morn,
Slips o'er the glade, enchanted by the horn.
Bold Robin now, with silver clarion
That careless decks his suit of Lincoln green,
Steps, swift of foot, into the sunlit sheen.

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

MIST

Soft blue vapor
veiling the mountains,
pale, ethereal,
full of mystery.

Morning mist
lying in the valleys,
wreathing the hilltops,
pink in the sunrise.

Drenching sea-fog,
milk-white, salty,
dense as a curtain
shrouding the ocean.

JANET WICKS, '31

Peter

PETER squealed when he saw the tiny lavender shell, tinted with blue. Fan-shaped it lay on the smooth white dust of sand, reflecting a bit of the sky.

"Peter, what are you up to now?" called an irritated voice from the rear.

"Oh, nothing." Peter put the little thing carefully into his pocket: he'd look at it again tonight and compare it with the others.

"Peter, there are the boys. Go and play ball with them like a good boy, and don't be rough."

Huh—all they did was throw the ball back and forth and tag each other!

"All right, Mother. See you later."

* * * * *

That night Peter, one sock off and his necktie flung under the bed, laid his shells, eighteen of them, on the floor. The pink ones went between the blue, with here and there a yellow. The new lavender, resting in state, shone out like Diana surrounded by her nymphs. They were all too lovely, those delicate fragments of the sea.

"Peter, aren't you in bed yet? What is keeping you up?"

"Aw, Mother, I'm just reading the baseball scores. I'll go to bed in a second." Peter picked up last week's paper and read the scores rapidly—almost by heart, for this was the seventh time such an emergency had arisen.

Mother turned out her light. "Jack, you must do something about Peter. He's getting so rough. I know all the boys seem to be like that now—they care about nothing but playing ball—but there ought to be something beautiful in Peter's life—you know—something that he can hold on to when his playmates are gone."

Jack sighed. "I'll try to take that boy in hand, Mother."

* * * * *

Peter wrapped each shell separately in tissue paper, and laid them gently in the black box dotted with mother-of-pearl.

EDITH BECK REED, '31

LE MATIN SUR LES MONTAGNES

Les astres sont volés,
Les feuilles des arbres
s'agitent dans l'obscurité.
Il se fait jour.
Sur les montagnes
Un clarté brille,
un rayon passe au travers du col
comme une flèche d'or.
La neige du glacier luit.
Au loin on entend
le mugissement du torrent dans la gorge,
tandis que la cascade
se précipite, et la forêt murmure.

MARY CONSTABLE, '32

GIFT OF THE SEA

[After the manner of Amy Lowell's polyphonic prose]

Waves, hissing violently as they hit the hard sand, willowing and billowing in the cool moonlight. Thousands of stars twinkling and sprinkling brilliants over the land. The moon makes a golden path on the sea, and in their wrath, the waves endeavor to break this molten way into millions of silver and gold coins. But the pathway stays immovable, rolling gently with the waves. Slowly the sea slips backwards, as the tide ebbs, leaving a hard sandy floor for me to stand on. Now, only sand to look upon. My pathway has been broken; but, as if the sea itself has spoken, on the sand, fresh from the sky, lies a starfish, glistening, listening to the far-off murmur of the sea.

LORNA STUART, '34

DEATH

Love from a great mooring torn,
Beyond our reach,
That ne'er can lose its light
In distance infinite.

JANE MITCHELL, '31

THE COLT

The near horizon was cut by a hill,
Rounded with sedge-grass, lonely and still.
The river-wind sent a little hushed sigh
As the Morgan colt trotted by.
He mounted the rise with a leap and a bound;
Then paused and waited for scent or sound.
His little tense ears and quivering nose,
His bright brown eyes, all of his pose,
Showed the pride allotted by fate
To the last of a line of ancestors great.
He tossed his head and he stamped the ground,
Gave a last imperious look around,
And went as he'd come in a puff of breeze,
Bounding through meadow-grass up to his knees.
A trail of bent sedge as he passed me by,
And the hill was again alone with the sky.

PEGGY AMEY, '33

THE WILD HORSE

As I was riding over the sandy plains
I saw a little thoroughbred, a grey,
With flowing mane and tail, he danced and raced
So free and gay. I loved to see him so,
And prayed that cowboy's noose would never fall
About his curving neck, so full of life,
And crush the bubbling spirit in his heart,
To make him common "horseflesh" as the rest.

ELIZABETH FIELD, '34

KITTENS

Learning to Walk

Small soft Peter,
Staggering across the floor,
Wonders why he's so unsteady.
Peter tumbles,
Four paws waving in the air.
Oh hum. It's a shaky world!



Awakening

Peter blinks
In somnolent surprise
As if to say,
"Why, where'd you come from?"



Blue Blood

Silver-furred patrician
With arrogant head
And plumed tail waving,
Opens a tiny mouth
And yawns delicately.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32



FEBRUARY

I was sittin' on top of a hill
An' I was keepin' mos' awful still,
An' I had to wait right there until
Sumpin' mos' dref'ly 'portant happened.

So I sat all wiv sticked-in toes:
I had mittens on—you know those
Nice new woolly ones—an' my nose
Almost freezed right off while I waited.

Telled my puppy-dog, "Run away—
I's mos' frightf'ly busy today;
Afterwards I will come an' play."
He runned away an' didn't see anyfing.

Then!

Great big wood-chuck, furry an' brown,
Clome right out of his hole in the groun'
Saw his shadow an' turned aroun':
An' I knew there was six more weeks of winter.

PAT HERRING, '32

“‘There’s Someone at the Door,’ Said Gold Candlestick”

THE dolls were all in bed, the room was dark, and the toy Elephant was standing guard by the door. Little Dorothy had put him there as she did every night.

Jasper yawned and sat up in bed. He was a little colored doll that could whistle “Yankee Doodle” backwards. When he finished his tune he jumped out of bed and started to walk over to the music-box.

“Hey, you!” said the Elephant. “She hasn’t been gone ten minutes yet. Get back into bed!” And he walked ferociously toward Jasper. Run! Run! Bing! Bang! Jasper was in bed and the toy Elephant was standing guard by the door again, much to Jasper’s disgust.

“Ding — ding — ding — ding — ding — ding — ding — ding.” Granddaddy Clock was telling the dolls that it was eight o’clock, and since Dotty always left at ten minutes *before* eight, it was time for them to come to life.

Jasper ran over to the music box and turned it on to play “London Bridge”. Everybody danced with a good will; even Teddy Bear, Elephant, and Fuzzy. Fuzzy was a little dog who lived up on the mantel-piece with Gold Candlestick.

“Hush”, said the latter. Everybody quieted down and the Elephant turned the music-box off.

“There’s someone at the door,” said Gold Candlestick.

Everybody jumped into bed; that is, everybody but the Elephant, who plodded quietly over to the door and stood there. The door creaked and Dotty entered, her mother following her.

“I’m sure I heard music,” said Dotty.

“Nonsense,” her mother remarked. “You must have been dreaming.”

“No, I know I was awake. So there!” Dotty was very angry that she could not convince her mother that she *had* heard music, and that she had heard voices, and that she was not asleep. After that they both went out, and there was silence once more.

* * *

"Woof!" Fuzzy barked. "That *was* a close escape! I didn't have time to get up on the mantel-piece, so I hid under Jasper's bed." Fuzzy jumped up on the mantel-piece and snuggled against Gold Candlestick.

"I'm so glad you warned us," he whispered. Then he went to sleep.

JOAN FIELD, *Intermediate III*



THE BUTTERFLY

The butterfly is dancing in our garden;
He lights upon the flowers,
I run to catch him,
But he's too quick for me.
Up in the air he goes—
He is off to another garden.

MARION ESTE, *Intermediate I*

“Dump”

“I’m a lean dog, a keen dog, a lone dog, and wild . . .”

THERE was once a poor dog whose name was “Dump” because no one cared for him at all. He was a thoroughbred collie, but nobody would have him, he was so worn and thin, so he wandered up and down the streets of the town, eating just anything he could find.

One day Dump noticed that there was great excitement in the town. He asked one of the dogs what it all meant and the dog said gruffly that the king was coming to town to choose a dog for himself. All the dogs were to be brought to the town square the next day. The people were doing their best to make their dogs look nice, each hoping that the king would choose his dog.

Poor Dump was very sad because he had no master to comb him and make him look pretty. But he did his best to look nice, and when the next day dawned, he went to the square with the other dogs. The people scoffed at him and laughed, but he paid no attention to them.

When the king finally came and had the dogs brought up, one by one, all the people raised a great shout.

Dump was the last to appear. When the king saw him, he told the people that here was the one he would like to have for his own, even if he was a lean, wild, lone dog. If he was properly cared for, he would be a nice dog, and a very keen one, too.

Needless to say, Dump was a very proud and happy dog that day.

JANET OLCOTT BROWN, *Intermediate III*



Intermediate Notes

THE IV's have their own Student Government now, to help them to prepare for the study hall next year. They are often left alone in their study periods. Mary Cowenhoven has been elected president and Kate Johnson and Louise Murray are her assistants on the Council. Ruth Turner has been chosen to look after the appearance of the room.

In Social Science the IV's have taken up a new study—Current Events. Every week each girl receives a copy of the *Literary Digest*, which the class read and discuss on Friday.

The IV's are also enjoying their English classes. They are studying ballads which they will probably present for the entertainment of the school after Easter.

The III's, it is planned, will probably join the IV's in the recital, as they, too, have done a little work this term on ballads.

The II's and III's are having lessons in penmanship with Mrs. Bathgate.

In gym, which the II's have with the I's, they are beginning to play basketball under the direction of Miss Goheen. Miss Fine's future team!

THE LAZY TURTLES

We have two lazy turtles. And they do nothing but sit at the bottom of the bowl. And they only need to be fed about once a week. And I have to exercise them about four times a month by letting them put their legs out and wriggle.

ANN CONDIT, *Primary II*



Primary Poetry

THE EAGLE

The eagle goes soaring through the air;
He darts downward with glittering eyes.
The osprey shivers with fright
And almost lets his fish fall.
As he watches his great enemy coming toward him,
Ready to grasp with cruel claws,
Ready to tear with curving beak.

The eagle reaches with terrible claws
To get the speckled trout,
Then flies away triumphantly.

CORTLANDT PARKER, *Primary IV*

THE VEERY

His little throat swells with song;
The hills ring,
The moon is like a silver plate in the sky:
The veery's song echoes from hill to hill.

LILLIAN FOERSTER, *Primary IV*

MOONLIGHT

The cat in silence rose and crept
Along the fence, with coat of grey
Showing forth a silvery light;
Stopped, and arched her back, she did.

Her green eyes shone so bright and clear
With a long, ferocious stare.
She looked at me, then bounding off
Leapt off the fence, and ran away.

JANET GREENE, *Primary IV*

ICE

The ice is so much fun!
It gleams like a thousand mirrors
In the sun.
When midday comes
It melts, and falls
Into little pools;
And when the evening shadows
Dance among the trees,
It is then that the little rippling pools
Turn to still and silent
Gleaming glass.

BILLY MEREDITH, *Primary IV*

THE MERMAID

A mermaid came along
And looking at the birds
She sang a song.
This is it:
"Oh birds that flutter in the sky,
I would like to go with you
Into the sunset."
Then she went away
Into her deep ocean-bed.

MARY PETTIT, *Primary II*

A BABY PRINCESS POEM

This baby, this baby so very cute,
She is a little Princess
A-lying in her bed,
With garments all rose
And a lavender shade,
A beautiful lavender shade, shade, shade.

And when she grows up
She'll go a-dancing, a-dancing all the while.

VIRGINIA BARD, *Primary II*

THE MOON

At night
The moon comes out.
It shines a pure silver light
Upon the earth.

It shone upon
General Washington's camp,
It shone and shone
All night long.

The moon
Is an everlasting light,
For it shines
Till morning.

STEPHEN CONGER, *Primary III*

A NONSENSE POEM

Old Man Turtle went down to the pool,
For the day was hot and the water was cool.
He turned on his back and wiggled his toes,
Down on the bank where the water-weed grows.

LILLIAN FOERSTER, *Primary IV*



School Notes

THE short weeks of December found us busier than ever with our Christmas Community Chest. The Primary and First and Second Intermediate classes worked eagerly to fill the thirty-one huge red stockings which finally formed so impressive and fascinating a display on the big round table in the hall. Again there was the pleasure of providing a beautiful Christmas for four special families of whom we had accounts through the Charity Organization Society of New York City. The fund raised, totalling over \$300—exceeding last year's amount—was divided among these families, the *New York Times* Hundred Neediest Cases, the Volunteer Prison League, the Princeton Social Service, Nellie Frances, and the school's domestic staff. Of the splendid donation of warm clothing, perhaps the best we have ever collected, two great boxes went off to the Maine Seacoast Mission and one to the Volunteer Prison League. We have again to thank our friend Mrs. Brown, who came back to head the work with the committee.

The Seniors returned after the holidays to find their room comfortably and attractively furnished by Jane Mitchell, Betty Bissell, and Sarah Johnston. As a result Study Hall is destitute of Seniors; one may find them at every spare hour of the day draped in every attitude over their own furniture as they study Vergil or translate French.

The Junior class has gone back to the old tradition of class rings, broken by the present Seniors, who introduced charms instead. The rings are of gold with the school shield in gold on a black onyx background.

The school dance for the Juniors and Seniors came off with its usual éclat on the evening of March sixth. The Study Hall, filled with desks at 1.15, underwent its annual miracle of transformation, the color scheme this year being pink and white interspersed with the green of smilax. The Pied Pipers exhibited their skill, and we were delighted with their playing. Of course the dance was highly successful, such an outcome being inevitable with such a committee standing by. It was composed of Margaret Brooks, Chairman, Jane Mitchell,

Sarah Johnston, and Betty Bissell, Senior members, and Gertrude Allen, Carolyn Morse, and Mary Davis, Junior members.

We have been most fortunate this year and last, in the elective singing classes, to have Mrs. McKinney accompany us so that Miss Howes could give her whole time to directing. Many Fridays, after our work was over, Mrs. McKinney has played for us. We have gained much by hearing some of the loveliest music composed, and surely have been fortunate in having it so very beautifully rendered here in our own school. Since Christmas, Mrs. McKinney has played *Country Gardens*, *Shepherds Hey*, *Molly on the Shore*, and *One More Day, My John*, all arranged by Percy Grainger, *Lento*, by Cyril Scott, a waltz and the *Scherzo in C sharp minor*, by Chopin, and *The Cuckoo*, by Daquin. We hope that Mrs. McKinney has felt our appreciation, but we should like also to thank her here.

The school is undergoing a revival of interest in dramatics. In the early years, Mrs. Spahr, Miss Fine's sister, coached the girls in a number of remarkably good productions, and again in Miss Frederick's time some excellent performances were given. Now, after a five-year gap, we are eager to start again, especially as we have Miss Sherow, who has studied dramatic production both in this country and abroad, to coach us. We plan as a beginning this year to give three one-act plays, try-outs for which are to be started at once.

FIVE-THIRTY

Clouds fall on me, enveloping, stilling;
Slowly, with soft mist swathing my eyes,
I drift,
Fingers stretched out, tentatively moving through
pearly billows—
Suddenly the freshness of a cold wind brushes my
finger-tips:
The window is open!
My covers are off!
There is my Virgil!

CLARE RAYMOND, '31

Athletic Notes

THE hockey season this year was unusually long and eventful. The three teams, Blues, Grays, and Freshmen, were so evenly matched that the championship could not be decided. As each team won a game and lost a game, in the end there was nothing to do but start over again; and even though the season was prolonged until after the holidays it was necessary to put off the final games until spring. In former spring terms we have lazily drifted through a season of poor baseball with considerable pleasure. But the hockey field, though a wonderful hockey field, was not constructed for baseball. So Miss Cumming, prompted by our enthusiasm also, has decided to make hockey the major sport for the rest of the year.

So the Blues, Grays, and Freshmen will be at each other again. Good luck to the deserving! And for even more excitement, we are scheduled for a game with Holmquist.

The scores of the tournament were: Blues, 4; Freshmen, 4; Blues, 3; Freshmen, 5; Grays, 3; Freshmen, 2; Grays, 7; Freshmen, 2; Blues, 2; Grays, 1; Freshmen, 4; Int. IV's, 1; Freshmen (second team), 8; Int. IV's, 2.

Basketball, although started later than usual, has been extremely good. The class teams were organized and the captains chosen as follows: Senior—S. Johnston; Junior—M. Davis; Sophomore—M. L. Scammell; Freshman—G. Righter.

The Freshmen have startled the Upper School by their brilliant ability. In two decisive victories, 35-6 and 36-8, they crushed the Sophomores and prepared to tackle the Seniors, who had started off their season by defeating the Juniors, first with the score 38-33 and next with 51-14. Owing to varsity practice the Senior-Freshman games were put off until March 18, when after a thrillingly close fight the Seniors managed to win by a bare two points, the score being 23-21. The final games are yet to be played.

The last few weeks have been devoted to varsity practice, both in the High School gym and the large gym of the Hun

School, thanks to Mr. Hun. Clare Raymond was chosen captain of the team. On March 13, we played Kent Place School in Summit. Our team put up a gallant fight, but the Kent team was superior. In spite of the defeat we greatly enjoyed our short visit to Kent Place, and we hope we may have the chance to meet again next year.

Exchanges

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Blue and Gray and *Gilman News*—Gilman Country Day School

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School

Blue Print—Katherine Branson School

Budget—Vail-Deane School

Cargoes—Kent Place School

Chronicle—Mary Institute

Gopher—Liggett School

Green Leaf—Greenwich Academy

Hill Breeze—Hillsdale School

Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School

Literary Monthly—Hotchkiss School

Lit—Lawrenceville School

Milestone—Baldwin School

Scroll—Columbus School for Girls

Thingimilite—Holmquist School

Tit-Bits—St. Timothy's School

Triangle—Emma Willard School

Turret—Tower School

We nominate the following magazines as best for:

Editorials—*The Blue Pencil*

Poetry—*Cargoes*

Short Stories—*The Blue Print*

Book Reviews—*The Green Leaf*

Illustrations (Black-and-white cuts)—*The Budget*

Alumni Notes—*Gilman News*

Exchange Notes—*The Milestone*

Alumnae Notes

THE LINK takes pleasure in recording four recent engagements among the alumnae: Elizabeth Gale Hun to Robert Gordon McAllen, Mary Reddan to Crawford Jameson, Adelaide Banks to Donald W. Evers, and Janet MacInnes to Edward G. F. Arnott. Elizabeth Hun attended Sweet Briar College after graduating here in 1927, and Mr. McAllen, who is now teaching in the Hun Junior School, was graduated from Princeton, also in '27. Adelaide Banks, '28, finished at the Sarah Lawrence Junior College in 1930; Mr. Evers is Amherst, '27. The fiancé of Mary Reddan, '25, Wellesley, '29, is practicing law in Trenton. Janet MacInnes, '25, was graduated from Smith in 1929, and Mr. Arnott is a graduate of Princeton.

Elisabeth Dreher Dinsmore, '28, was married on December 31 to James E. Bathgate III. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Charles R. Erdman in the beautiful Marquand transept of the University Chapel. Mr. Bathgate, who was of the class of 1922 at Princeton, is a member of the staff of the Friends' School in Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forsyth (Eleanor Marquand) have a son, George Allen, born February 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Fine (Darrah More) also have a baby son, born on February 28. The school can claim both Mr. and Mrs. Fine as former students.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fowler Merritt (Jean Raymond) celebrated the second birthday of their son, William, Jr. on March 8. Our Editor-in-Chief wonders why her nephew has been neglected in these columns for two years!

Word comes from Paris of Christine Gibbon's début as a singer at a concert on February 24. She has been studying for three years with Madame Abramoff, formerly of the Russian Imperial Opera.

Katherine and Helen Foster have been giving the Women's University League the benefit of their experience in college dramatics. At the League's recent presentation of "The Cradle Song" at Murray-Dodge Hall, the scenery was executed by Helen, while Katherine managed the properties.

WALKER-GORDON MILK

is used by those who appreciate

a Clean and Safe Milk

SAFEGUARDED BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS
OF PRODUCTION AND HANDLING

DELIVERIES MADE DAILY IN PRINCETON

You are invited to visit the producing plant at
Plainsboro, two and one-half miles from Princeton



WALKER-GORDON LABORATORY CO.

TELEPHONE, PLAINSBORO 532

PLAINSBORO, N. J.

THE PRINCETON INN

PRINCETON, N. J.



The Princeton Inn

Solicits the Patronage of the Parents and Friends of the Students of Miss Fine's School

The Inn is delightfully situated facing the Graduate College and overlooking the Springdale Golf Course. Golf privileges are extended to guests of the Inn.

—♦—

**Special Rates from November 15th to April—
\$84.00 a week for double room and bath and
board for two persons.**

—♦—

J. HOWARD SLOCUM, Manager

Renwick's

We Are Now Agents for the Following High-Grade Candies

LOUIS SHERRY'S---WHITMAN'S---MAILLARD'S
BELLE MEAD SWEETS



Special Attention Given to Mail Orders

THE FLORET SHOPPE

CUT FLOWERS : : : PLANTS
ARTISTIC DESIGNING

Flowers by Wire



154 NASSAU STREET

Telephone 1643

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

New and
Seasonable
Gentlemen's
Wearing Apparel



*Choice Designs in Neckwear of
the popular Striped and Figured
Silks*

*Imported Silk and Flannel Scarfs:
Custom Shirt Makers*



JOSEPH B. HOTTEL
& CO.

46 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON

LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS OR CARD PARTIES

Solicited

at

YE TAVERN
20 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.

BREAKFAST

LUNCH

TEA

DINNER

ESTABLISHED 1887

O. H. HUBBARD AGENCY

IRVING W. MERSHON, *Manager*

142 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

BOND AND MORTGAGE LOANS

A conservative, non-speculative establishment, equipped to render a high class service. The management or listing of your property is solicited.

REAL ESTATE
TOWN AND COUNTRY

AND

INSURANCE
FIRE, LIFE, COMPENSATION, AUTO.

NOW-A-DAYS IT'S---

Allen's Shoes

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

**FARR
Hardware**



**Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey**

F. A. BAMMAN



*Anything and Everything
That Constitutes an
Up-to-Date Grocery*

**Nassau Motor
Company**

FORD



Princeton, N. J.

Tel. 426

JOHN M. LYONS

**MEAT
AND
PROVISIONS**



8 NASSAU STREET

Insure in a Home Company

**The
Standard Fire Insurance Company
of New Jersey**

TRENTON

PHONE: 149

South's Garage

PIERCE-ARROW
HUPMOBILE

CAR AGENT

Garage Machine-Shop
Auto Supplies

2-4 NASSAU STREET

PHONE: 79

VOGEL BROS.

MEAT
and
PROVISIONS



104 NASSAU STREET

H. P. Clayton

MILLINERY
AND
FURNISHING GOODS



70 NASSAU STREET

JOHN P. WILCOX

Pharmacist



20 NASSAU STREET

Prescription Specialist

PEACOCK INN

20 BAYARD LANE



*Under Management of
Martha's Kitchen*

CUMMINS

108 NASSAU STREET



THE GIFT SHOP
of
PRINCETON

HEEREMANS

The Princeton Flower Shop



ANYTHING IN FLOWERS AT
MODERATE PRICES



We Guarantee Satisfaction

MARGARET McNALLY

Harper Method Scalp
Treatment

MARCELLING MANICURING
FACIAL MASSAGE



First National Bank Building
Entrance Witherspoon St.

Phones: Office 431 Res. 547

L. L. ZAPF

HARDWARE
and
ICE SKATES



NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

Marsh & Company

PHARMACISTS

30 NASSAU ST.
PRINCETON, N. J.



PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED
FROM PUREST DRUGS AND
CHEMICALS OBTAINABLE

FULL LINE OF TOILET ARTICLES
AND SICK-ROOM SUPPLIES

Lyons-McMullen

Nash
Chevrolet

PRINCETON, N. J.

MORRIS MAPLE

Artist Supplies
Paints, Stains, Enamels
Wallpapers---Draperies

FINISHED OR UNFINISHED
FURNITURE

200 NASSAU STREET

APPLEGATE'S

Stationery

**Novelties
and
Toys**



102 NASSAU STREET

Gifts That Last

I. BRAVEMAN

Jeweler

American, Swiss Watches Repaired

**A Fine Line of Diamonds, Wrist
Watches, Jewelry, at Moderate
Prices**

A Complete Optical Dept.

**128 Nassau Street
PRINCETON, N. J.**

HULIT & HARRIS

Shoes and Hosiery

SHOE DYEING



**134 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.**

Phone 1753-W

**BROWN'S ELECTRIC
SHOP**

**Electrical Supplies
House Wiring**

CAS

GE-Mazda Lamps

Day-Fan Radio

CAS

8 CHAMBERS STREET

Telephone 1367

MRS. EDWIN M. NORRIS

**Real Estate
and
Insurance**



**84 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.**

VANITEE SHOPPE

TRENTON, N. J.

Designers of

Hats—that are different

Specializing in Custom Millinery

**113 WEST STATE STREET
Phone 3-9683**

FRANK'S

*Women's and Misses'
Wearing Apparel*

DS-2

35 WEST STATE STREET
TRENTON, N. J.

Phone 2121

NEWARK

NEW BRUNSWICK

ALLENTOWN

PATERSON

EAST ORANGE

PLAINFIELD

ASBURY PARK

PHILADELPHIA

Compliments of

TRENTON TRUST COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE

28 WEST STATE ST.

Mercer Branch

Broad & Market

Colonial Branch

Broad & Hudson

TRENTON

NEW JERSEY

J. B. WILSON CO.

MILLINERY

LINGERIE

HOSIERY



STATE & BROAD STS.

TRENTON

NEW JERSEY

Phone 3368

DECIDEDLY

If it's Decidedly Different,
Decidedly Exclusive and Chic

It Comes From

LISSNER'S

134-136 STATE STREET, EAST

Phone 6814

CROASDALE and ENGLEHART

*"Higher in Quality
than in Price"*

JEWELERS



7 SOUTH MONTGOMERY ST.
TRENTON, N. J.

Bank At The
Friendly

FIRST MECHANICS NATIONAL BANK OF TRENTON

RESOURCES 40 MILLIONS

DOOP'S

Importers

15 WEST PARK STREET
NEWARK, N. J.

*Announce the opening of a new
Sub-deb shop in East Orange,
with a collection of exquisite eve-
ning fashions, more moderately
priced.*

WITH COMPLIMENTS

of

The First National Bank

PRINCETON
NEW JERSEY

