

# The Link



December, 1931



# THE LINK

DECEMBER

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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XII

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## Deer Trail

IT WAS winter in the mountains. We had followed the deer-tracks for several miles through deep woods, now along a path, now forcing our way through thick underbrush which our game had cleared with one effortless bound. The trout streams, rushing and tumbling hardly a month before, were frozen still. A thin layer of sparkling ice covered each bare black twig and every blade of yellow grass, making them snap and crackle under our footsteps. The dark-green branches of the fir-trees, weighted down with a heavy layer of snow, sent an unwelcome shower upon us whenever we brushed by them.

At last the trail brought us to a standstill on the wide, flat top of a hill. A typical soft gray winter sky brooded low over the massive white mountains surrounding us.

Without any warning it began to snow. We went on. There was no sound but that of crunching snow under our shuffling feet. There was no wind at all, and the thick white flakes came down slowly, softly, to light silently and pile up in drifts deep, deep, and deeper. It was hard to walk. Rather, we ploughed through, kicking the snow aside at every step.

Suddenly my companion grabbed my arm and pointed. Hardly twenty yards ahead, not one but three or four white-tailed deer, barely discernible through the falling snow, trotted across our trail. The leader, immediately startled, wheeled and bounded off in another direction. The whole herd, more than twenty in all, followed, running at full speed, misty graceful forms, and vanished into the silent falling flakes.

PATRICIA HERRING, '32

## Mr. Millet

THE last basket of apples had been hoisted into the wagon. With a satisfied grunt Mr. Millet heaved his large blue-overalled bulk onto the driver's perch and gathered the reins into his hands.

"Bring them pickin' hooks up t' the barn before you go home, Bill," he remarked over his shoulder to the bony youth who constituted his entire staff of farm help. "And hurry about it!" he roared with such vehemence that the bony youth leaped into action as though pushed violently from behind.

Mr. Millet clucked to the horse, and with a creaking of wheels and swishing of grass the wagon commenced its leisurely course homeward. The sun was setting, and the arched aisles of the orchard brimmed with ruddy light. The cold, dry air was fragrant with the sweetness of the newly picked apples, the pleasant cidery smell of the rotting fruit on the ground, and the sharp incense of smoke from the leaf fires in the village. Mr. Millet's eye roamed with pleasure over the hillside, down across the valley with its toy farmhouses, to where low mountains lay veiled in blue and violet haze.

The old horse stopped at the barn gate, and Mr. Millet clambered down from his perch with considerable puffing. He left the horse for the bony youth to unharness and entered the twilight dimness of the big barn. The late sun crept in golden bars through the cracks and chinks up near the roof. In her stallion the Jersey cow shook her head and lowed hungrily. Mr. Millet strode over to the grain closet with the feed measure. He reappeared and emptied a stream of sweet mash and dried alfalfa into her trough, then stood for a moment to watch the soapy blue muzzle snuff and blow in the fragrant pile in an ecstasy of eagerness. Presently he took a bright pail from the corner and balancing his huge form upon a three-legged stool sent the first spurt hissing against the empty bottom.

Through the open door a strip of tumbled stone wall was visible, the crimson stars from the big maple splashing its stones with vivid color. A striped chipmunk whisked down the maple's trunk and stopped on a broad rock, twitching his fluff

of a tail and scolding hoarsely. The next instant he had vanished, and Mr. Millet's eyes bulged with wrath. Along the wall a sinuous black body was gliding. It paused near the rock, crouching, and its yellow eyes fixed themselves upon the hole where the chipmunk's tail had been a moment before.

"So it's you again, you durn cat!" ejaculated Mr. Millet, rising with such rapidity that the pail overturned and spilled its foaming contents over the dusty floor. Crimson with suppressed emotion, he tiptoed elaborately to the harness closet and came out again bearing a long old-fashioned shotgun. He peered around the corner of the door and beheld the cat hunched up in a sphinx-like attitude, perfectly motionless. He took aim, shut his eyes so tight that they disappeared in the folds of his cheeks, and fired. There was a terrific bang—a wild yowl. Gradually Mr. Millet opened his eyes and forced himself to look in the direction of the wall. Among the scarlet maple leaves a limp black object lay crumpled.

He shuddered, and after restoring his murderous weapon to the harness closet ventured forth and concealed the object of his crime beneath several layers of earth and maple leaves. Having completed this rite, he regarded the small mound gravely, then, moved by a sudden impulse, dislodged a lichen-embroidered rock from the wall and placed it upright upon the spot. Whereupon, rather ashamed of this maudlin show of sentiment, he returned to the barn whistling *Annie Laurie* and swinging the shovel.

The milking eventually finished, he went through the ritual of locking up which he had performed in exactly the same manner for twenty years. Each door had to be closely inspected, even to the dusty old one leading to the silo, which no one ever opened. As he approached this door a small sound attracted his attention. He stopped and listened—it came again, a tiny thin cry. A cold sensation penetrated Mr. Millet's spine. The sound was repeated and seemed to be issuing from an old peach basket in the corner of a deserted horse-stall. He climbed over the steel entanglement of a hay-rake and gingerly peered into the depths of the basket. A bit of the darkness far down in the bottom wriggled and mewed faintly. Mr. Millet's large hand descended and groped about until it grasped a soft warm morsel of fur. The next moment he stood gravely regarding the large-headed shapeless object

which nosed blindly over the broad expanse of his palm. "Well, I'm durned," he murmured, and clumsily extended his little finger toward the place where the kitten's nose ought to have been. The little creature rubbed its damp muzzle against it, mewling faintly; then, opening a very small pink mouth, it moistened the extreme tip of the finger with a rosy curl of tongue. Mr. Millet presented his thumb with the same effect. At that point an idea burst upon him. He restored the kitten to the peach basket and, climbing back over the hay-rake with some difficulty, went across the yard to the kitchen door.

Along the rail of the back porch a row of pot-bellied pumpkins gleamed warmly in the light from the window. Peering cautiously in, he beheld his wife, her thin, pinched countenance flushed to a dull brick-red, standing before the stove, stirring something in a large crockery jar.

He waited impatiently while she restored the jar to the oven, rinsed the spoon in the sink, and at last, blowing out the lamp, vanished into the next room. Very slowly he lifted the latch and opened the door a crack. Applying his ear to the warm slit, he listened intently.

At first there was no sound but the sputtering of wood in the stove and the teasing purr of the kettle boiling; then from somewhere in the upper regions he heard Mrs. Millet's footsteps reverberating through the ceiling. Through the steamy, fragrant darkness of the kitchen the fire in the stove burned with a steady crimson glow. Mr. Millet tiptoed over to the pantry door, carefully avoiding the creaky board in front of the sink. In contrast to the delicious warmth of the kitchen, the narrow little room was chill as a tomb. His hands, groping over the shelves, came in contact with the cold, slippery sides of china bowls, then the spidery handles of his wife's best teacups. Once, to his disgust, they sank into some glutinous compound in a low dish. Finally he lighted a match and in the pale flicker of its flame perceived the rotund blue milk pitcher a foot away from his nose.

It was with extreme self-satisfaction and elation that ten minutes later he removed the smoking saucepan of milk from the stove and carried it with great care across the floor. In his pocket was safely stored the family medicine-dropper. As he approached the door a sudden noise from the stairs caused him to dart forward, spilling a quantity of boiling milk on his

leg. Panting and swearing in a whisper, he stumbled down the steps and across the yard. In the sharp cold of the evening air the steam from the hot milk looked like smoke. A faint greenish light still glimmered in the sky, and above the corner of the barn a single star glistened like a wet diamond.

He reëntered the barn and latched the door behind him. The interior was smothered in soft darkness, and after setting the saucepan down on the top of a grain barrel he lighted the old tin lantern, which gave forth a flickering radiance. His shadow loomed like a giant against the big door; the corners were shrouded in obscurity, and the cow's round furry ears and luminous eyes appeared through the gloom framed in the cobwebby beams of her stall.

He sat himself down with the squirming kitten clenched in one hand. The kitten wriggled, and as Mr. Millet tightened his grasp it emitted an agonized wail. Instantly the medicine-dropper descended. The kitten sneezed, choked, snuffled, and wheezed; warm milk trickled over Mr. Millet's hand and up his sleeve. He swore; then, refilling the medicine-dropper, he prepared for a second onslaught.

Half an hour later found him still seated upon the barrel. The greater part of the milk had found its way onto the floor or various portions of his person, but enough had been injected into the kitten to give it a bloated appearance. It moved feebly and wagged its milk-draggled head from side to side. Mr. Millet produced a flaming bandanna and gently dried its small black face. Then, wrapping the tiny creature in the bandanna until only its head protruded, he carefully deposited it in the peach basket and, feeling singularly happy, returned to the house.

For two weeks these clandestine orgies of warm milk occupied the greater part of Mr. Millet's spare time. Constant practice with the medicine-dropper made him expert and the kitten thrived and began to look more like a cat and less like an infant goblin. Early one evening he extracted his charge from the peach basket as usual and blissfully installed himself on the grain barrel. The kitten, now a blue-eyed ball of coal-black fluff, welcomed each fresh cargo of milk with an eager pink petal of a tongue and occasionally made light pats with a tiny paw at Mr. Millet's coat sleeve to hasten the process. When the saucepan was half empty a sudden murmur of

voices became audible on the other side of the door. Mr. Millet paused with the medicine-dropper suspended in mid-air, his lightheartedness swallowed up in dreadful anticipation. His wife's voice, raised shrilly, pronounced his name in piercing tones; a moment later he heard her saying sweetly, "He's in here, I'm sure; he'll be glad to see you."

He toyed with the idea of immediate flight, but rejected this almost instantly as unworthy of the name of Millet. He rose abruptly and the astonished kitten dropped to the floor with a light thump and stood there fluffily indignant, its fragmentary tail pointed toward the ceiling. Flinging the medicine-dropper into the saucepan and the saucepan under the barrel, he seized the kitten and thrust it, protesting faintly, into an empty grain sack. Then, striding toward the door, he opened it and stepped forth with dramatic suddenness onto the feet of a large gentleman who was just on the point of entering. The large gentleman said something emphatic and staggered back into a small group composed of Mrs. Millet, a large red-faced woman, and a large red-faced little boy.

"Ebenezer!" exclaimed Mrs. Millet, staring.

"I beg your pardon," cried that embarrassed man, grasping the large gentleman's hand and smiling benevolently upon the rest of the company. "Hadn't the slightest notion there was anybody around—thinkin' about other things, you know." He avoided the icy gaze of his wife. "Come in and have a look around," he said magnificently; "we've made a few improvements since you were here last—new feeder's one. If you'll just step in——"

He stopped suddenly. There in the center of the great barn floor, alone, very small, very round and fuzzy, stood the kitten. It gazed at Mr. Millet inquiringly with two unusually large blue eyes and then mewed politely but reprovingly. The large gentleman smiled benignly, the red-faced woman gave vent to a series of strange cooing noises, and the large little boy gave a whoop of ecstasy. "Ebenezer," said Mrs. Millet, fixing him with her eye, "what does this mean?"

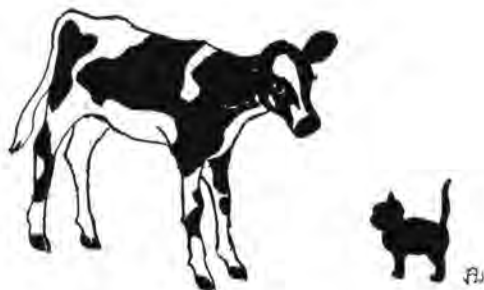
Mr. Millet started dramatically. "Well!" he thundered. "what's all this!" He lunged at the kitten with such savagery that the large woman squealed in sympathy.

"Cats," said he, lifting the squirming kitten by the scruff

of its neck, "are one of the critters that I can't hold with. Durn little noosances, that's what I call 'em—allus squallin' and scratchin'. Here, you—hold still, confound ye—now!" He advanced to the grain sack and lifting one corner dropped the kitten into its dusty interior.

"There," said Mr. Millet turning, "I'll fix him later!"

JANET WICKS





## A Handful of Piastres

OLD and dignified lay Constantinople by the shores of the Bosphorus. The sun was reflected brightly on the domes of the mosques and mirrored itself on the waters of the strait. Having got over the fear of the new rule of the Turks, the people once more showed signs of prosperity.

It was market day. The merchants of the bazaars had carefully laid out their wares in colorful rows. Great baskets were piled high with rich fruits, vegetables carefully sorted, olives, dates tightly compressed together, and finally, huge bowls of flowers, still keeping their exotic beauty and perfume as they wilted under the burning sun. Perhaps a stall had rare tapestries suspended outside its narrow window, and silks finely embroidered, and squatting there was the merchant, very handsome in his fez and dark flowing abas, or cloak.

With much spattering of blood and waving of a dangerous-looking knife, a wizened old Arab butcher was cutting meat for a line of customers in front of him.

Near the butcher stood a small boy named Taskani, holding by a rope a very fine black-and-white calf, on which his miserable family depended for food. He was not looking at the meat; he was watching the old Arab to see when that worthy fellow would stop shouting at the top of his lungs the price of a large leg of mutton he was holding.

"Do you want to buy a calf?" Taskani at last managed to call. The Arab stopped with his knife in midair.

"How much?" he shouted, looking with beady eyes at the calf's fat sides.

"Ten piastres," was the answer.

"Ten piastres! Oh, you thieving scoundrel! Ten piastres for that bag of bones! Here," calling to his assistant, "go and see if the calf's worth that price."

A brisk young man came out and began feeling the animal.

"Five piastres at the most," he said with feigned disgust. "That animal has not got an inch of flesh on him."

Taskani hesitated.

"That's not enough," he ventured.

"Not enough!" roared the assistant. With an oath he

kicked the calf in the shins and sent the poor animal off at a gallop, with Taskani running desperately behind. A shout of laughter went up from the crowd.

With a sigh the boy trudged down the busy street. He was despairing of finding another butcher when a sign caught his eye.

"Live Beasts Bought and Sold," it read. Taskani hurried towards the dealer, a burly Turk sitting on his haunches stroking his long white beard. Business was evidently poor for him, as his stall was deserted.

"Want to buy a fat calf?" the boy ventured. The Turk went on gazing at the distant hills. Taskani repeated the question, adding, "ten piastres." The mention of money seemed to bring the fellow back to his senses. He stared lazily at Taskani and adjusted his abas.

"What you want?" he demanded in a surly voice. Taskani repeated the question.

"What you want to sell?"

"A good calf for ten piastres."

"A calf? Where?"

The animal was brought into view and duly examined. The poor creature had still an unpleasant memory of his former adventure and tried to escape down a side street.

"Nice calf," the man remarked.

"He's nice and fat, too," Taskani said eagerly. "And he's yours for only ten piastres."

"Could be fatter," the man said indifferently. There was a pause for some minutes while the merchant took out his dagger and in a leisurely manner began to cut his nails.

"Well, don't you want to buy him?" the boy asked impatiently.

"Buy him? Oh, I don't want that calf. Go away. Leave me alone."

A little farther down there was a man selling cows and goats. The front of his stall was already too crowded, so Taskani went into the back yard, which was nearly filled with skins of water and empty barrels. Beside one of these he saw a slave struggling with an unruly goat.

"Does your master want to buy a fat, healthy calf?" the boy called.

The struggles ceased abruptly, and Taskani had an alarm-

ing vision of a pair of sharp horns, flashing eyes, and a bristling beard flying towards him. Without another word he disappeared around the gate, dragging his charge behind him.

Standing breathless in the street, he was surrounded by a group of boys out for mischief, their ragged and filthy clothes, held together by a single leather belt, marking them of the lowest class.

"What are you doing with that calf?" they asked suspiciously.

"Trying to sell it," he said, discouraged. He was ready to wash his hands of the calf and the ten piastres. As he turned to go, a sturdy fellow stepped in front of him and pointed a grimy finger at his face.

"Look," he said, "I will fight you for that calf. If you win, I'll give you ten piastres, but if I win, you'll give me the calf. How's that?"

Taskani pondered the question. His opponent being twice his size and three times as strong, the welfare of his family seemed less important than the prospect of losing a fight. He looked up the street behind him. It was practically deserted, and the companions of his antagonist were now some distance away.

Without warning, he darted around the corner before the other's dull brain knew what had happened. The swish of the disappearing calf's tail brought him back to his senses.

Dashing up the road, Taskani bumped into a dignified and handsome gentleman. The stranger steadied the boy with one hand while he scrutinized the dust-covered and panting animal.

"That is a very good beast you've got there," he said. "Is he for sale?"

"For sale!" Taskani gasped. "Oh, sir, you can have him at any price!"

"Very well, will twenty piastres do?" The words were sweet music in the boy's ears. In the space of two minutes a handful of coins jingled into his wallet, and he went singing up the road.

But his happy meditation was soon disturbed by a shout some distance behind him. Turning, he beheld his former

antagonist standing in the middle of the road, a murderous look in his eyes.

Taskani patted his wallet tenderly. He suddenly felt that he would like to battle with this ruffian. He had sold his calf, so what was there to prevent him?

"Well, come on and fight!" he called bravely. But the worthy fellow hesitated. To his eyes Taskani seemed to have sprung hitherto unseen muscles. He appeared bigger. "Why begin a useless fight," the fellow thought to himself, "when I have not near the wealth of ten piastres and he has no more his calf?" He grinned sheepishly at Taskani and fingered his belt. Then, peering around for a source of retreat, he ducked down a side alley.

"Coward!" called Taskani, and went whistling on his way.

SUZANNE PARIS, '34.

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## "Sally, Tell My Mother I Shall Never Come Back"

JOAN was thinking. Her small face was deeply serious and her mouth had an aggrieved look. She seemed lost in the depths of the great armchair. The world was big and very perplexing. Grown-ups were funny creatures—they had such foolish ideas. They hugged you when you were good, scolded you when you were naughty, sent you to bed at eight o'clock even if you weren't sleepy. Dad yawned a great deal but he never went to bed early. Mother gave late parties, even when she was dreadfully sleepy. Grown-ups made you drink milk 'cause it "was good for little girls", and begged you to finish the "lovely spinach". They tried to encourage you by eating it themselves, but they didn't really. They just pretended. Spinach wasn't lovely. Mother had made a face over it at lunch today. She hadn't eaten any. Joan hadn't either. Mother had argued; Joan had protested. Mother had insisted; Joan had refused. Mother had lost patience; Joan had remained stubborn. Grown-ups always punished you when they lost patience. Joan contemplated the armchair in rebellious silence. It wasn't exactly fair. Grown-ups were never punished. Joan hated to sit still, and Mother had told her "an hour". She kicked her heels.

Outside, a furry kitten chased its fat self round and round in the afternoon sunlight. The leaves made a delightful crackling noise and the wind blew in quick gusts. A grey squirrel darted across the ground. Peter scampered after it in excited curiosity. A grey streak flashed up the trunk of a huge oak-tree. Peter looked astonished. The squirrel, perched on the topmost branch, expressed its wrath in a burst of incoherent language. Peter fled. The world was big and deliciously terrifying.

Joan ceased to kick her heels. She slipped from her chair and made for the kitchen. Sally was baking cherry tarts, and there was a plate on the table within easy reach. Sally was a grown-up but she wasn't like most grown-ups. She agreed with Joan on the hated subject of spinach, and there were always a few extra tarts for Joan on baking day. Sally was fat and colored, and she possessed an unfailing good nature. Joan faced her, a defiant little figure in a blue smock, clutching a tart in either hand.

"Sally, tell my mother I'm going away and never, never coming back!"

Sally chuckled.

"Sho, honey."

Peter, chasing a leaf across the lawn, found himself suddenly grabbed and tucked under Joan's arm. The leaf was caught up by the wind and whirled into the air. Peter had no regrets. The leaf was discovering new adventures and so was he. He began to purr.

The road went over the hill and down and up another hill. Beyond that, Joan couldn't see. Grown-ups never explored roads: they always seemed to know just where they went. On the top of the second hill she deposited the kitten and looked around her. Peter caught sight of a fat black beetle scuttling along in the dust. He surveyed it gravely. Then he lifted an inquisitive paw and tapped it gently. The beetle continued on its way, paying no attention. Peter cocked his head on one side and looked at Joan in bewilderment. Joan laughed. Peter reached out a courageous paw and turned the beetle over. Then he sat by with a grave air while the beetle regained its equilibrium. Joan picked him up and fed him a bit of her cherry tart. He wasn't particularly interested in the tart: he preferred to play with his tail. Joan hugged him and put him

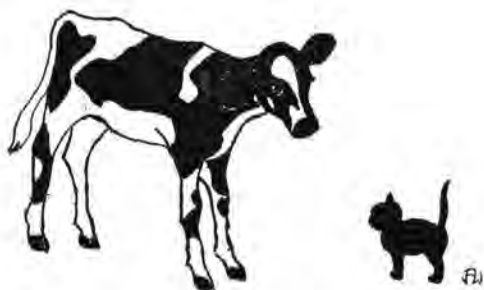
down again. He proceeded to chase his tail around in circles. The wind rumbled up his fur and a leaf went whirling by. Peter scampered after it and Joan followed. Grown-ups ceased to be of great importance; they didn't count. The world was big and full of glorious adventure.

\* \* \*

It grew dark; one star came out. Joan blew it a kiss from the top of the first hill. Peter danced along beside her. At the front gate she stopped and picked him up. He purred softly and snuggled under her arm. There were lights in the house. Joan wondered why grown-ups preferred lights instead of the stars. Grown-ups were funny, though. Sally was in the kitchen cooking supper. Joan appeared in the doorway, a sleepy figure in a crumpled linen smock, hugging a furry kitten.

"Sally, tell my mother I'll forgive her now."

CAROLYN MORSE, '32



## Rodeo Town

HEY, Mike, com'ere. Lookit the purty spurs. See—ain't they handsome? Lookit, Bud; doncha wisht you had ya a pair like 'em?" A freckled, grinning face peered from under a huge Stetson, and a long, brown, and rather dirty finger twirled the rowels on the spurs. The little boy, dressed like his brother in fancy chaps with a gay rodeo kerchief around his neck, mumbled incoherently, for his mouth was full of chewing gum. For a moment he stood contemplating the spurs, which reposed on the heels of the stock-yard agent, asleep on a cracker barrel. Then, shifting the wad of gum to the left side of his mouth, he stretched himself out full on the sidewalk and began to tinker with the rowels. Using his knife, he soon loosened the tiny screws and rising, he gravely put the silver in his pocket. His brother was leaning on a friend who had come up.

"Doggone me," he choked out. "Jest look at that thar kid atakin' them rowels." He drew another breath, and gave a great roar of laughter. Two cowhands, a small one with a rotund little barrel of a body, and a lean one dragging a quirt behind him, crossed the street toward the group. They stopped, stared, and began to laugh—not because they saw the point of the joke, but because it was rodeo day in that little town and everybody was laughing. The boy, standing to one side, watched a moment and trotted off with the grave air of one who can't be bothered about such trifles. The men looked after him; then, arms around one another, hats cocked at crazy angles, they sauntered down the narrow street, the quirt dragging behind. "Doggone me," came back faintly to the man on the cracker barrel as he opened one eye and grinned.

MARTHA LUTZ, '34

## The Mountain

THE rugged, craggy peak of Mullen Coire nan Dearg loomed mysteriously through a thundery haze. In the treeless coire below, poised upon the top of a small stone about the middle of a burn (one of many) which gurgled into the coire, was an elderly gentleman. He was clothed in the manner of Samuel Johnson and his figure showed a likeness also.

Upon either side of the stream stood two gillies in worried concern. The one with the Grant tartan, who was behind our portly gentleman, was the first to make a suggestion.

"Och, Lachlan, if you will be lending his Lordship the handle of your cromach, and you will be holding the other end, he co uld be putting his foot on



to that stane on yonder bank with no trouble whateffer."

"That would be so, Peter Grant; and moreoffer, if you were to be lending his Lordship the whole of your ain bit o' stick he could be holding it to balance with in his other hand."

"He could then," said Peter Grant.

Thus aided, his Lordship was enabled



to cross successfully, getting only one foot damp. In a deep rumble he announced,

"Br-r-r! these d-d-d-d—these brooks without bridges—ah well, where are we now, Jamesrodrickianlachlan?"

"Here would be a nice way up by the edge of yon scree, and begging your Lordship's pardon—if you had been weighing fifteen instead of fifteen stane, you would be up on the ridge before a young man of fifty."

"Br-r-r—what—what?" asked his Lordship.

"Aye, just that," said Peter soothingly.

The three arrived at the top of the ridge after a two-hour push. The afternoon was wearing on—his Lordship thought it *very* wearing.

As chief guide Peter felt instructive:

"Yonder's Craig Dubh," said he, pointing to the edge of a steep cliff which formed the other side of the ridge.

"Oh," mused his Lordship, wandering over in that direction.

"Steep cliff—steep cliff—sort of place they commit suicide from."

His foot slipped and he suited his action to his thought.

\* \* \*

Lachlan and Peter solemnly took off their bonnets. After a minute's thought Lachlan remarked,

"I'm thinking it will beterra near tea-time."

"Aye," answered Peter, "we'd better be going down now."

BETTY MENZIES, '33

## The Lemon Who Wouldn't Be Squozed

THE time comes, my children, when all good lemons are squozed," remarked Mrs. Lemon with a certain air of pride and maternal wisdom; and then, nestling into the corner of the paper bag and regarding her six children with an approving eye, she proceeded: "and, my dears, you must spend eve y moment preparing yourself for that time when, as I have said, every lemon reaches the climax of his life."

"But what's it lik: to be squozed?" asked Lily Lemon, a shy pale-yellow little child.

"No one knows," her mother answered; but she knew 'way down in her yellow heart that not only she but every other adult lemon knew of the disaster awaiting them when they stepped forth from their paper-bag homes. Had not her own husband, Lucius Lemon, gone to his death at the squozer with head held high and his skin without a single wrinkle? How like their father her little lemons were: Lucius Jr., Lorna, Leonard, Lena, Laura, and even timid little Lily were so handsome or pretty, as the case was. And they had such an attractive way with them!

Suddenly Mrs. Lemon was awakened from her sour reveries. What a commotion! Which one was making the row this time? It was Leonard! Leonard of all lemons to make a fuss! Leonard, who was so quiet and full of sour yellow thoughts!

"Leonard, stop jumping around like that and calm down. Look, you're scaring poor Lily out of her rind. And above all stop yelling like that! Stop it!" Mrs. Lemon, her rind tightening and wrinkling up, sank exhausted into her corner. But Leonard, it seemed, would not stop. He jumped from Lorna onto Lucius Jr. and from Lucius Jr. onto Laura, and back again, crying out, "*I won't be squozed! I won't be squozed! I won't be squozed!*" This procedure was carried on until Mrs. Lemon could collect her juicy wits and hook the half-crazed Leonard by the nose until he begged for mercy.

"What a family!" thought Mrs. Lemon when Leonard finally quieted down.

It was a sad group of lemons who went to bed that night, Mrs. Lemon morosely searching her memory for some ancestor who might have inflicted this terrible individualism upon her Leonard's little yellow brain, the five other children snatching a wink now and then and for the most part dreaming night-lemons of horrid shapeless creatures trying to crush and devour them, and Leonard mumbling 'way into the night, "I won't be squozed! I won't be squozed!"

The next morning found the Lemon family in perhaps greater commotion than the night before. Lucius Jr. had seen him first, and then Laura. Yes! Leonard had done the unheard-of! Leonard had done the unspeakable! As Lucius Jr. put it to his mother, he hadn't *wanted* to spy, but he just couldn't help it. Leonard had peeked over the edge of their paper bag and giving a low juicy whistle had attracted the attention of Olga Orange in the next one and had spoken to her!

"In fact, he's doing it now," concluded Lucius Jr. in an awed tone, pointing to the top of the bag where Leonard was jumping up and down, calling to his neighbors on the right and left of him, the Orange and Lime families respectively:

"Do you want to be squozed? I don't either. Come on, let's see more of this pantry shelf!"

This was too much for Mrs. Lemon. She broke down and cried acid tears. She cried and she wept. In fact, she wept so much that she soaked the bottom of the paper bag. Lucius Jr. was afraid that she would fall out and be taken sooner to the squozer, but everything turned out all right—except, of course, Leonard. He was uncontrollable! He led a gay life and did as he pleased.

So the days passed until one morning a hand reached into the paper-bag home and picked up Lily. So Lily was to be the first to go! The rest of the children said good-bye mournfully to their sister and gazed sadly after the disappearing little lemon. Mrs. Lemon, ever mindful of pride, called out at the last moment,

"Remember your father, Lily—how he went to the squozer with his head held high and—"

She was cut short by the sight of Lily Lemon hurtling

through the air back into the bag, and before anyone could say "Limmony Lemon" Leonard was snatched from sight!

The cook, placing a lemon on the table, remarked to the butler what an unbalanced one it was, and how it wouldn't stop rolling. Ah, but had she known lemon-language and had she been one of the mournful Lemon family, she surely would have heard poor Leonard crying as he was prepared for the squeezer:

"I won't be squeezed! I won't be squeezed!"

"Just like his Uncle Leonard," sighed Mrs. Lemon, and a large splishy-splishy tear rolled down her rind and splashed on the paper bag below.

JANE LEWIS, '34

---

### THE RELIC

I am an ancient Remington, a derelict of time,  
And no one knows my tale of woes, my ruined hopes sublime.  
The groaning of my cranks has not been fixed in many a year,  
Nor the quaking of my cylinders, the aching of my gear.

My ribbon is a sight to see—it only marks in spots,  
And after every other word it writhes in granny-knots.  
My cogs and wheels are full of squeals and all my parts are  
    rusted,  
And, on my word, at every hour I must be readjusted.

My owner seems to think I am no wonderful machine:  
He hasn't oiled or cleaned me since the year nineteen fifteen.  
No doubt there is enough of me to meet his small demand,  
Since he only makes impressions with the fingers of one hand.

MARY DAVIS, '32



THE DEATH

ALL IN THE DAY'S RUN



#### THE LEAVES

The wind blows the leaves  
Down into the lake.  
They float along on the water,  
Far off away through the cities  
Into the oceans,  
And never come back again.

ANNE HAMBLEN, *Grade 1*

---

#### LITTLE RABBIT

Lippity, lippity lip, Little Rabbit,  
Lippity, lippity lip.  
Until she comes to her hollow tree  
Where her babies are, one, two, three,  
Lippity, lippity lip.

SALLY PARDEE, *Grade 2*

---

#### THE GIRL

ONCE upon a time there was a girl. She took a walk in the woods and she came to a place in the walk where there were some flowers. She started to pick them when she heard a noise in the woods. She looked

up, but she could not see anything at all. She went a little further and she saw a little house. She went and knocked at the door and a little old woman in gray came to the door and said,

"What do you want here, little girl?"

Then she said, "If you like you may come in and stay all night."

"Oh, I have to go home tonight."

"But, little girl, your mother knows you're here."

"I know it, but my father doesn't know!"

"Yes, he knows too."

"All right, I will stay all night."

"Here is your bed," said the old woman. "I hope you sleep well."

"I hope you sleep well too."

"Oh, I don't go to sleep at night."

"Why don't you go to sleep at night?" said the girl.

"Why, this is fairy land!—Do you want to be a princess?"

"Oh yes! May I have a pair of wings too?"

"Yes indeed! Come with me now. You will have to go a little way first. Be quiet and careful that no one sees you tonight. We are going to fairy land. Come along and walk softly."

They reached fairy land in a moment. They saw all the fairies flying around the town. They came to the Prince's palace. They knocked at the door. The Prince came to the door.

"Hello," said the Prince, "come in and sit down and tell me what you want."

"Here, this little girl wants a pair of wings," said the old woman.

"I am going to the magic place where you get the wings and the gold slippers and the magic and a diamond cane, and where you can be magic too. Then there's the crown of gold and sapphires and rubies, but you must remember and be a very good girl."

"Oh, I will, dear Prince. You are as beautiful as anything."

So the Prince and Princess got their things in fairy land and lived happily ever after.

ROXALENE HARRIET NEVIN, *Grade 2*

## OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Old Grandfather Clock  
You are sleepy  
And you have lost time.  
Grandfather Clock, you're sleepy.  
I'll give you a wind.

MATHILDE WOOD, *Primary III.*

---

## THE MEADOW AND THE BROOK

A meadow is a pretty thing  
With grass all green and swaying;  
Sometimes a humming brook runs through,  
Where little fish are playing.

In winter the meadow is covered with snow,  
The brook no longer bubbles by;  
It has to wait a long long time  
Until the spring is nigh.

In summer it's pretty to see the brook  
All nestled in the green;  
The trees all standing so grand and tall  
Seem to shelter this pretty scene.

DORIS SINCLAIR, *Intermediate I.*

---

## MOTHER'S ARRIVAL

Children standing in a row,  
Fresh and clean from head to toe,  
Why is the clock so draggy and slow?  
This is the day we've been longing for so!  
Mother is coming!

Then! Footsteps heard on the stair,  
Down the house the children tear,  
In she comes, so sweet and dear.  
Laughing voices, happy faces—  
Mother is here!

MARJORIE S. MUNN, *Intermediate II.*



## ABOUT SCHOOL

The following officers of school organizations have been elected:

### SENIOR CLASS

*President, Pat Herring*

*Secretary, Mary Davis*

### JUNIOR CLASS

*President, Barbara Manning*

*Secretary, Edyth Miers*

### DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

*President, Pat Herring*

*Vice-President, Mary Davis*

*Treasurer, Gertrude Allen*

---

Mrs. Roberts, our one-time history teacher Miss Markley, has just returned from several years in China and has given three talks in Assembly and the Current Events classes on China and the Chinese situation. We wish she would come to every Current Events class and recite for us!

---

Who is Jane? ah, what is she,

That all our school commend her?

Tactful, fair, and wise is she;

And heaven such force did lend her

That she might dean of scholars be,

Then to Janie let us go

For everything we want to know,

She excels each mortal thing

In Miss Fine's spectacles finding.

To her book-agents we will bring.

---

Earnest pups now want to know

Why the world is round, and so

To Miss Fine's they come; and some,

Seeking Wisdom in her home,

Try to join the Upper School  
In the spacious study hall.  
They were welcomed there, but all  
Are now debarred by Council rule  
For fear they might show up the school.

---

## ATHLETIC NOTES

WE HAVE had good weather and a good hockey season. Unfortunately the interclass tournament has been somewhat interrupted for varsity practice, but the contest will be decided after the Christmas vacation.

We have divided our unusually large Sophomore class into two teams and formed the other three classes into the Blues and the Grays. The Sophomore captains are Gertrude Righter and Isabelle Lawton; Emily Cowenhoven leads the Blues and Patricia Herring the Grays. The Grays have won their two out of three games against Gertrude Righter's team, 4-1 and 6-1, and the Blues lost their first game against Isabelle Lawton, 4-0, and won the second, 5-2.

Emily Cowenhoven has proved one of the best captains the varsity has ever had. Most of the school went up to Summit to cheer for Miss Fine's in the game with Kent Place on November 6. We were beaten 4-1, but it was good fun and we want to play Kent Place again soon.

On the 21st of November Holmquist came up here to play us. They put up a splendid fight, and we had to work to defeat them 6-2.

We wish to extend hearty thanks to Mrs. Van Alstyne, a former all-American hockey player, who has given us such splendid coaching and advice.

The Alumnae hockey team, recently formed by Jane Mitchell, '31, must not be forgotten. Of the two games we have played them, we lost the first 2-0 and won the second 4-3. (We might mention that our opponents included Mrs. Van Alstyne and also Helen Foster, of the N. J. team.)

## Alumnae Notes

WE HAVE already interesting news from our most recent alumnae. Of the Class of '31:

Clare Raymond was awarded the Women's College Club prize, open to girls entering college from Princeton or the immediate vicinity. After a summer abroad, she entered Vassar this fall, and already is a member of the Vassar Choir.

Sarah Johnston, who also is a freshman at Vassar this fall, was chosen to be a member of the varsity hockey squad.

Patsy Jones has begun her college career at the University of Vermont.

Margaret Brooks is now at Sarah Lawrence College.

Edith Reed is working as an assistant in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute.

Frances Hale was married to Mr. Charles Lindsley on the 16th of June. She is now living in an apartment on Aiken Avenue.

Janet Wicks has returned to school this winter for post-graduate courses—and to be the editor of THE LINK. She is expecting to enter Mount Holyoke College next fall.

Jane Mitchell has also returned to the school this year as assistant to Miss Fine.

Betty Bissell, '30, entered Vassar College this fall, and holds her old position as goal-guard on the varsity hockey squad.

Marian Johnson, '30, has made First Group in the Sophomore Honorable Mention list at Wellesley.

Barbara Reeves, '30, entered Wellesley this fall.

Olga Tomec, '30, has also entered Wellesley, after a year abroad. She has been made Freshman Manager of hockey and is also on the Freshman team. She is also first alto of the Wellesley Choir.

Sarah Stockton, '29, is at school this year as Miss Cumming's assistant athletic director.

Cornelia Murray, '29, has had many honors bestowed upon her at Sweet Briar College, where she is now a Junior. She is a member of the Student Council and has been elected House President of Grammar Hall. In athletics she is

captain of the Junior Hockey team as well as right halfback on the varsity team.

Janet Spaeth, '28, who was awarded a Cresson Travelling Scholarship in Art last spring, spent the summer visiting European art centres. She is now at Chester Springs, where she has won a tuition scholarship.

The consistency with which our alumnae are announcing their engagements and marriages is indeed quite appalling; they demand the monopoly of our remaining notes:

The engagement of Elizabeth Blackwell, '27, to Mr. Louis Hollenback Twyeffort was announced on the 23rd of August, of Rebecca Armstrong, '23, to the Rev. C. Ranson Comfort, Jr., on the 6th of November, of Margaret Maier, '28, to Mr. George B. de Forest on the 13th of November, and of Polly Marden, '22, to Mr. Arthur H. Dean on the 15th of November.

Nancy Goheen, '26, was married to Mr. Josiah Kendall Wallis on the 10th of June and is now living in Philadelphia.

Mary Reddan, '25, was married to Mr. Thomas Crawford on the 19th of June.

Betsy Hun, '27, was married to Mr. Robert McAllen on the 26th of June. They are living in their apartment in a dormitory of the Hun School.

The engagement of Peggy Mather, '23, to Mr. Louis Alexander Turner was announced last June, and she was married on the 20th of July and is living on Maple Street, Princeton.

Dorothy Auten, '25, was married on the 6th of August to the Rev. Fred Perry Sutton. They are making their home in Ray, Arizona.

Elizabeth Mitchell, ex-'29, was married to Mr. Harold Ashton Beatty on the 10th of October and is living in Yonkers, New York.

The engagement of Dorothea Matthews, '27, to Mr. John Dooling was announced in the early part of October. They were married on the 24th of October at the summer home of Bishop and Mrs. Matthews in Batcave, North Carolina, and are now living on the S. T. S. Ranch, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

There is still one final note, with congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Scudder (Betty Maddock, '27) have a baby boy, Hervey Clark Scudder, Jr., who was born on the 14th of November.

## Exchanges

We are at present negotiating exchange with the following magazines:

- Academe*—Albany Academy for Girls.
- Aster*—Prospect Hill Country Day School.
- Bleatings*—St. Agnes' School.
- Blue Pencil*—Walnut Hill School.
- Budget*—Vail-Deane School.
- Cargoes*—Kent Place School.
- Chronicle*—Mary Institute.
- Green Leaf*—Greenwich Academy.
- Junior Journal*—Princeton Country Day School.
- Literary Monthly*—Hotchkiss School.
- Milestone*—Baldwin School.
- Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall.
- Targer*—Holmquist School.
- Tiger Cub*—Princeton Preparatory School.
- Tit-Bits*—St. Timothy's School.
- Triangle*—Emma Willard School.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of:

- Irwinian*—Agnes Irwin School.
- Lit*—Lawrenceville School.



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