SONA LAE

, THE ARGO.

Published Monthly by the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School,

New Brunswick, N. J.

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Volume XVIII October Number One

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THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.|

Vou. XVIII.

New Brunswick, N. J., Ocroper, 1906.

Nos. I.

THE RECOVERY OF THE GOLD

Phar f

After the Civil War desperate men from all

cover the country flocked into New Mexico.

‘the worst type of these roamed about the

state with large herds of wild horses or cattle,

violating so many laws that the government

stationed soldiers in some of the small towns.

In one of these posts, a young army doctor

—Smith by name—and his wife lived quietly,

saving what they could from the doctor’s

scanty earnings. At this time there were, es-

pecially in the smaller towns, no\_ reliable

banks. So every man had to take care of his

own money.

Dr. Smith had saved several thousand dol-

lars which he kept in a place known only to

himself. Without telling his wife, one day

\_ he placed all the gold, wrapped in newspapers,

in a little old trunk used for paper patterns.

Among the few servants of the doctor was

a young half-breed, Manuel, from the nearest

town, where his mother lived with the rest

of her children. ‘Twice a year Manuel was

given a holiday which he spent with his moth-

er. When at last this happy time arrived,

Manuel set out early in the morning, bump-

ing slowly along in an oxcart. As usual, Mrs.

Smith had given him for his mother many

things which she herself did not want. Among

these were the ccntents of the little old trunk.

Late in the afternoon, the doctor came to

his wife with a troubled expression.

“Where are the patterns?” he asked ex-

citedly.

“The patterns? Why I gave them to Manu-

el,” she answered. ‘There wasn’t anything

there you wanted, I am sure.”

“Nothing I wanted! All our money was

there! Now all our savings are gone. What

shall [ do? Are you sure Manuel is honest ?

When did he start? He must be home by

this time.” There was no telling how long

Dr. Smith would have kept up this volley of

remarks. if his wife had not reminded him

that it was better to act than to talk. So he

started off to the Major to ask for leave of

absence and for a few men to go on the

lonely journey with him. But when the offi-

cer heard the doctor’s story, he shook his

head, saying, “Leave of absence I can give

you; but as to a guard, that is impossible, as

this case is private. I’m sorry, but it can’t be

helped.”

At first Dr. Smith seemed stunned. Could

he ride that long distance alone and then

come back at night with the gold? He must

risk it, or loose every cent.

In a few minutes he was on his horse gal-

loping towards the town where were all his

earnings. , He arrived in the village just as

the people came out to gossip after their sup-

per. Immediately he went to Manuel’s home

where he was greeted by Sarah, the boy’s

mother, with, “Oh, you’ve come for your

money, have you? Well, it’s safe, down at the

Jew’s.”’ A load had been lifted from his mind.

Now it only remained for him to take the

money home. 5

The horse was turned down the little street

toward the Jews house. From all sides came

questions about his gold. Every one in the

town had been told about it. This of all

things to happen, with so many desperadoes

between the village and safety!

Taking the money from the Jew, the doctor

THE ARGO.

2

rode to the little tavern, where he paid his bill

in advance and made arrangements—in such

a way that all the loungers could hear—for an

early start in the morning. But before he

went to his room he looked. carefully about

the stable, seeing where his horse’s bridle and

saddle were hung. He did not sleep at all for

he was waiting for midnight to come, when

he intended to start for home. When at last

the hour came, he stealthily entered the stall

of his horse, saddled him, mounted and rode

away into the darkness.

On and on he went for an hour following

an easy path, but soon he came to a dense

thicket of thorn bushes. The horse pushed

on for a little way, then came to a standstill.

The doctor knew that he was lost. Lost, with

all the gold and in a lonely, dangerous place!

The only thing to do now was to wait for

morning to show him his trail. He sat on his

horse with his gun across his knees and two

pistols near at hand. Every little noise

startled him.

Suddenly his anxious ear caught an alarming

sound, small though it was. He listened care-

fully. Some distance to his right there was a

slight rustling in the bushes. Now it seemed

to be on his left, again in front of him, then

behind him. Had some of the desperadoes

watched, followed, surrounded him? The

noise came nearer and nearer. Plans of es-

cape entered his mind, but he put them aside

as foolish. The doctor’s grasp on his gun

tightened. He tried to peer into the pitch

darkness to see what caused the rustling, but

he could see nothing. The bushes moved near

him, first on one side, then on the other. He

was ready to fight for his money, alone as

he was. Now he could feel the bushes around

him move, then—warm breath! He was

about to shoot, when his horse gave a low

neigh answered by the herd of wild horses

which had surrounded them. His heart beat

more steadily at first, but then when he re-

membered what kind of men roamed with such

herds, he became more anxious. He sat per-

fectly quiet waiting for the horses to pass.

His ears were strained to catch any sound

made by a man, but as the herd walked slow-

ly out of hearing, none came. Again the

doctor was alone with his horse in the thicket.

How relieved he was, when it grew light

enough for him to find his trail and ride safe-

ly home without further adventure.

After this expetience, the doctor thought it

best to tell his wife all his secrets. /

A MESSENGE

At about eight o’clock in the morning of

July 5th, 1776, a messenger rode into New

Brunswick by way of the Trenton turnpike

and stopping at the inn near the Steamboat

Dock only long enough to change his horse

for a fresher one, he rode swiftly along the

road by the river, and crossing the covered

bridge (where is now the Landing Bridge) he

soon disappeared down the road toward New

York. His passing through was at this time

a daily occurrence, for many messengers were

sent between New York and Philadelphia.

Only the two or three loungers around the

inn, therefore, took any notice of him.

OF INDEPENDENCE

g

“Well,” remarked the inn-keeper, “Philadel-

phia has sent her message a little early this

morning. It must be something important.”

(It was something important ; it was 0 copy of

the Declaration of Independence being sent to

the New York Assembly.) His audience

grunted assent, silently puffed at their pipes

for a while, and then began talking about the

amount of freight that had been sent by boat

to New York that morning and about similar

subjects.

They had not, however, been more than ten

minutes on this topic before another horse-

man came at high speed along the main street

THE

of those days) and, stopping at the inn,

asked for the best horse.

«ptt give it to you,” said the inn-keeper, “if

you'll tell me who you are.”

«\ messenger from Philadelphia,” answer-

ed the man quickly, “with an important mes-

sage. Hurry!”

The inn-keeper, satisfied by his manner, got

him the horse. He quickly mounted, and,

leaving his own horse at the inn, rode as fast

as he could in the same direction the mes-

senger had taken.

First the way led through a deep wood

where the tops of the giant trees interlacing

overhead kept out much of the sunshine and

thus darkened the road; then the Horseman

passed several farm houses, and open fields

stretching back from the road for half a mile

and then stopped by woods. .

Towards the end of an hour of hard riding,

thowever, the road became narrower, the

woods were deeper, and the fields fewer and

farther apart.

“Here,” thought he, as he passed through

a deeper and longer wood than the previous

ones, “here I may catch up with him. At least

I hope so.”” And he pulled out two pistols and,

managing somewhow to cock them, he put

one into the holster and kept one in his right

hile he held the bridle with his left.

hand, w

o he

The wind was blowing due east and s

did not hear the sound of the Messenger’s

horse, which was now around a double

turn in front. The Messenger, however, heard

hoof-beats behind him and, thinking he was

being pursued, he bent low over his horse

and sticking his spurs into its flanks, urged it

on to its utmost speed. The Horseman swung

around the bend and there saw to his as-

tonishment the Mesenger only a hundred

ARGO,

ww

yards in front.

— or I shall fire!” cried the Horseman.

| ne Messenger only bent closer to his

norse’s neck and trusted to the speed of the

two horses to shake the Horseman’s aim. The

later leaned forward on his horse, took care-

ful aim, and then fired first one pistol and then

the other. At the second shot the Messenger

threw up his hands and fell backward off his

horse, the bullet having struck him in the

back of his neck and gone upward towards

his brain. His horse fled in terror. The

Horseman rode up to the wounded man, dis-

mounted, and began searching his pockets.

Just then the Messenger opend his eyes and

then exclaimed, “My brother! Is it you? You

my pursuer? The despatch is in one of the

saddle-bags. You can’t catch the horse now.

—Another man is going by another way with

the same despatch.—You are beaten.”

“Ha,” said the Horseman, “the general of

His Majesty’s army, that all-wise man, did not

think of that! You a third son of an English

baron and a rebel! But you are not badly

wounded, are you?”

“I am dying,” groaned the, Messenger. He

was slowly bleeding to death. His broth-

er pulled out his handkerchief and tried to

stop the wound from bleeding, but could not.

All he could do was to sit and watch his

brother die.

“Brother, I forgive you,” said the Horse-

man who, soldier as he was, wept at this dis-

aster, “I forgive you, in the name of our |

family, the part you have teken in the rebel-

lion. \Vould that my forgiveness could save

your life!”

“T want no forgiveness for—doing—right,”

answered the Messenger, faintly. Then, af-

ter a moment’s silence, he raised himself upon

his arm, looked his brother in the face, and

cried in a loud, clear voice, “I'm not an Eng-

lishman, | am an American. I die for my

country.” And he fell back dead.

CAMPBELL, ‘08.

THE

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

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Chief, R. P. S.. New Brunswick, N. J... aud must be

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one side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, stndents, and alumni are must

cordialiy invited to contribute.

The October issue of the Argo marks the

first work of the new Board of Editors.

‘Vhroughoutethe} year we will endeavor to

keep up thé hig standard maintained by the

Boards of“f6rmer years. Although we feel

it would be difficut, indced, to surpass last

year’s work, still we shall do our best to be

worthy successors to mighty predecessors.

Vacation days are ended and once more we

have settled down to work. We now have a

year ahead of us. What shall we do with it?

Will we have accomplished anything at its

finish? These 1estions each one must

answer for hi fo doubt there are few

who did not Ave before school commenced

to do something in school work this year.

Now that the novelty and the pleasure of see-

ing familiar faces have passed, and work is

becoming somewhat monotonous, do not give

up your resolutions ; if you are becoming care-

less, urge yourself to closer application, and

ARGO.

in this way we will acomplish something

worth while.

os

On the morning of September 18, during

chapel exercises, we noticed with a feeling of

jar faces before us. Keen-

old instructors; now that

they are go f€el what an influence they

exercised over us, and how we valued them,

But again we are forunate in being under the

instruction of men of such good qualities as

our new professors are proving themselves to

be. .

Mr. Rhys Powell succeeds Mr. Ferguson in

the department of Natural Science. He is a

graduate of Brown University. While in the

university Mr. Powell devoted himself to

science, and in this field he specialized in

chemistry, in which subject he maintained an

excellent standi Mr. Powell also found

time to devot f tg. athletics, and his

coaching of our foot-b

attained proficiency i

Mr. J. L. Robins is a

University. He excelled in mathematics dur-

ing his college course, and naw succeeds Mr.

Scott in that department. Mr. Robins brings

to us, in addition to his profound knowledge

of mathematics, a splendid baritone voice

which is a notable help in our morning ex-

ercises.

Mr. L. R. Blanchard is a graduate of St.

Lawrence University. In fact all our new

instructors come from universities. Mr.

Blanchard took high honors in Latin during

his college course, and succeeds Mr. Riedel

in that department. His knowledge of the

subject is evidenced by the skill with which

he presents it, as well as by the prizes and

honors which he gained in the university. Mr.

Blanchard is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa,

which indicates his high rank in scholarship.

loss only two fami

With the cool fall winds, bats and mits have

been laid asid -guards and head-

gears brought Rutgers Prep. there

is more interest than usual shown for foot-

THE ARGO. fa tl ig

ball. The team has practised regularly since

the opening of school, and a large scrub is

always on hand. We have an excellent coach

this year; Mr. Powell played on the Brown

» College team last year, and anyone knowing

the record of that team, knows that a player

must understand the game to be able to play

on it successfully. his Mr. Powell did, and

we are fortunte to secure him. Already our

boys have scored a victory. May this inspire

them to win other victories during this sea-

son.

ALUMNI NOTES.

‘98, Jonathan Scott is assistant in educa-

tion in the University of Michigan.

‘99, Austin W. Scott is studying law at

Harvard.

‘o2, J. Harvey Murphy, a Junior in the

Seminary, spent his vacation as a missionary

in Montana.

Id Edward Green entered the Jun-

“heologfcal Seminary this

year.

‘04, Joyce Kilmer entered the Jusfids lass

of Columbia.

‘o4, Douglas Fisher is captain of Rutgers

foot-ball team.

’os, The engagement of Paul Matzke has

recently been announced.

’06, Frank E. Mason took first prize at the

Sloan entrance examinations.

’06, Cox and Case made the varsity foot-

ball team for 1896.

’06, Misses Gillespie and McKenzie are now

at Mt. Holyoke College.

’06, John H. Voorhees entered the Toronto

School of Agriculture this fall.

‘06, Misses Wilber and Gillespie have re-

cently visited the school.

‘06, David Coleman is atending the New

York Medical College.

Ex-'06, Word reaches us of the marriage

of W. Applegate.

J. A. Ferguson is studying forestry at

Yale.

E. H. Riedel is taking a post-graduate

course in ancient languages at Harvard.

"SCHOOL NOTES.

Ask Hendrickson what he is thinking of

when he has toast. Now don’t blush, Hen.

The other day a Fourth-former gave us the

astonishing information that Neptune rose

from the deep dressed like a horse.

If you want to laugh, get Mr. Powell to

read Fourth-form Chemistry test papers.

Pupil (translating “Et iam finis erat.) : And

now it was daybreak.

Bascom tells us there are two kinds of

water: water of chyystallization and regular

water.

Je

Miss Francis Marcley—foot-ball player.

C—r-—n (translating Cicero.) “I could see

it plainly with my eyes shut.” Again he says,

“TI see heaps of unburied citizens in my mind.”

Miss Cary: Does anyone know how much

these French grammars cost? Mr. N—l—n,

how much did you pay for yours?

N—l—n: I don’t know; I had it charged.

Dr. Payson: Miss Pr—ss, what day of the

week is it? .

Miss Pr—ss (hesitatingly) : The twentieth,

I think.

Wanted: Someone to draw circles in

Fourth-form geometry; no one without refer-

ences need apply.

6 THE

News editor, in class room: ‘Tom, say

something funny, will you?

Tom: What for?

News editor: Why, I want to put it in the

Argo.

ARGO.

New student: What is that tremendous up-

roar, a railway accident, a stampede of wild

horses, or what?

Old one: O, no. It’s only the cadets com-

ing in from drill; you'll soon get used to that

TOM’S BURGLAR

cd,

Tom Wayne had never before been in such

a beautiful place. The great rooms, as large

as three rooms at home, were lighted by great

golden chandeliers; the hangings were of

scarlet; beautiful pictures of fairies hung

along the walls; chairs which reminded him

of the minister's chair at his church, looked

massive and grand; large rugs lay scattered

about; and sweet music filled the air. As

‘Yom wandered down a long hall, he noticed

every private room had the name of its in-

mate engraved on the door post; one was

labeled Cupid; another Psyche, and so on. At

the end of the hall the inscription on a heavily

barred door caught his eye—“‘He who enters

here need not value life,” it read. “My,”

thought Tom, “I wonder what’s in there! I'd

like to see; I wonder if I could lift those bars;

I’m going to try anyway.” Tugging with all

his strength, he finally succeeded in unfast-

ening the door. It swung back and he stepped

into a dark cave.

The instant he entered, he would have given

much to be outside with thedoor fastened:

there near the other side of the cavern, and

hurrying toward him, was a ferocious three-

headed dog. Tom tried to run, but his legs

were hopelessly tangled up with something ; he

tried to scream, but he could not make a

sound; with one bound the great beast was

upon him, and—‘Whew, that was a fierce

dream! I’m sweating like a porpoise; I won-

der how these covers got twisted up like

this”; and with a relieved feeling he realized

that instead of being in the castle of Myths

and Fairies, he was in his own bed. But Tom

had something in store for him this very

night that the next morning made him feel

quite important, and made him a hero among

his playmates.

After his awakening, he lay for some time

wondering at his dream; then he thought,

“There’s a draught in here. Hettie must have

left a window open; guess I'll get up and

close it.” When not more than half way out

of bed, a heavy hand was clapped over his

mouth, and a voice hissed in his ear, “Lay

still thar, kid, er I'll shoot yer!” And none too

gently was he forced back into bed. “You hear

now, if yer move er say a word till mornin’,

I'll shoot yer.”

For an instant Tom’s breath came and went

in gasps. “Burglars,” thought he, “I hope

he won't take my new watch. I wish my heart

wouldn’t thump so loudly, I’m afraid he'll

hear it. O, what shall I do?” By listening

closely he could hear the man cautiously feel-

ing his way around the room. Presently all

was quiet and he knew the fellow had gone

into the adjoining room.

Now Tom was by nature a plucky lad and

when over the first scare; he began to collect

his scattered wits. “If I could only wake fath-

er,” was his thought. “I can’t get to his room

without passing that burglar, and if I scream

he'd shoot me, so I don’t know what I can do.

Just the same I’m not as scared as that fellow

takes me to be. Let me see! O, I have it. If

I go down my stairs to the kitchen, I could go

through the dining room and up the front

Stairs into father’s room. But do I dare?

Suppose that man should hear me—he said

he'd shoot me and I don’t want to be killed. I

must wake father, some how. He could catch

THE

him, I know. 1 might .

eaone tf I a ae ikerae make

wouldn't do. No, I’ve got to 2 - oo that

just the same I’m going.” So sa = dark ;

slipped softly out of bed, his i is he

like a trip-hammer, stole toward th ating

door, and descended the stairs as ste iii,

his trembling knees would allow ana

Reaching the lower door with .

he lifted the latch and mate ae a

en. He crossed the kitchen in safety ay vas

halfway across the dining room, when a sick

flash of light brought a cry from his tis

turned and stood face to face vitl-—cinther

burglar. ‘The man was between him and the

kitchen; he couldn’t get to his room. Before

the rascal could reach him, the boy turned

aud darted toward the front stairs. At the

second step, he ran headlong into a table;

china, table, boy, all went down with a ahh,

Tom was up again and headed for the door.

When half way up the stairs, he ran into his

father’s arms. “Burglars! Catch ’em!” he

cried and sank down. Mr. Wayne quickly

searched the house, but no burglars were to

be found. They had fled, leaving their booty

behind.

It is needless to say that the next morning

it became known about town how that little

Tommie Wayne had saved his father’s big

house from being robbed; and at once Tom

was admired and smiled upon by all. ’07.

\_———

PERTH AMBOY vs. RUTGERS PREP.

In a drizzling rain, and on a very muddy

field, Rutgers Prep. defeated Perth Amboy

High School in a loosely playet game, by a

score of six to nothing. tf

Amboy kicked off. made a long run

on a trick play, but Ayas called back because

of off-side playp(/ Mitchell made twenty-five

yards on an é trick, but after that the ball

was lost to They could not gain,

however, anf? so were forced to kick. Lyall

got the ball and ran it back to the center of

the field. From here it was rushed down the

field for about twenty-five yards, but then

mboy.

ARCO,

boy's @

7

Prep. had to kick. The ball went past Am-

oal, and was punted from the twenty-

- yard line. Prep. rushed it back, and soon

i. was put over for a touchdown.

. litchell kicked the goal. Score, 6-0. Amboy

icked off, but time was soon called,

SECOND HALF.

Prep. kicked off to Amboy. Amboy was

forced to kick. On a fumble they regained the

ball, but were penalized for off-side play. Am-

boy then kicked to Prep. and time was called

with the ball in Prep’s. posession.

The line-up was as follows:

Amboy. Prep.

Right End. .

Garbin ..............085 Mitchell, (Capt.)

Right ‘Tackle.

GOMMDEE REL. ecsnsiephicsciey simaxwieow-orem . Helm

Right Guard.

Klein: ssccapanicdexd .... Koehler, (Iredell)

Center.

A. Anderson ........s0Feccccesees Nelson

Left Guard.

PAS scinees:ciepereternies apse Black, (Elmendorf)

Left Tackle.

Belcher csvscsisesss seacosswiwonws Marcley

Left End.

Crowell, ssiccissiswe: MeNéeill (Voorhees)

: Quarterback.

C. Anderson .......eeeeeeceeeece H. Lyall

St. John

Booze sss

Shultz

FOOT-BALL SCHEDULE.

October 6—Perth Amboy at New Bruns-

wick.

October 20—Plainfield High School at New

Brunswick.

October 27—Brooklyn Polytechnic \_Insti-

tute at Brooklyn.

November

New Brunswick.

Right Halfback.

setae ete RCsioe C. Lyall, (Black) 5

Left Halfback.

pileelvieats McGovern, (Olcott)

Fullback.

Williams

3—Trenton Normal School at

eel

THE ARGO.

8

November 10—Pingry School at Elizabeth,

N. J.

November 17—Plainfield High School at

Plainfield.

Academy, at

November 24—Mt. Pleasant

Ossining, N. Y.

”

eee

A DREAM OF GREEK.

about two

It was a beautiful day in June,

weeks before Commencement. Most boys

such @

would have been very happy on

day, but there was one who was not. In fact

raged.

he was extremely discou ; :

‘Tom was sitting on the ground with his

thinking about

back against a tree. He was

school. For eight months he had been study-

ing Greek. Now they had begun Xenophon.

Tom hated Greek, agd did himself that he

t

could not get it throug his head. It was no

use trying. It see’

© him that he made

more mistakes th

he class

put together, an

picked him 9v

Of course

hated it too

and regular!

On tnis p

en he “blew any one up.”

| study Greek much; he

So he frequently

‘ je was mad because

that morning he had carefully done a lot of

forms which did not exist, and had been lec-

tured severely about it. So he sat by the tree

and thought for a long time.

Just as he was saying to himself, “I wish

Xenophon had never lived,” he saw a man

coming towards him. He was a very large

and strong-looking man, and was dressed in

a very strange manner, Tom thought. He had

on a steel helmet ornamented with gold, and

wore armor on his body. He had long, curly

hair, As he approached ‘Tom, who was star-

t him, he said in a loud, deep voice,

ing a

Dareion kai Parysatidos gignontai paides

duo. But Tom cried, “O please cut that

out, I am sick to death of that stuff. But

who under the sun are you, anyhow?” “Me ?”

said the stranger. (“That’s bad English,” said

Tom to himselé.) “Why, I am none other than

Xenophen, the greatest general and author of

‘dream, and I thin

» said Tom, “if you weren’t

1 you down for writing

so big, as that,” and he pointed to his

suck stu estuff? my dear yound friend,

Asay Ye mean literature, I’m very sure.”

“No, I on't,”” said Tora, “I mean just what

“Nos J Sel” replied Nenoplon, “I ope Tt

leave you ina : f mind. Now I’ve

been watching you ever since you began Greek

and I shall watch you until you stop studying

it, but the day on which you stop will be the

; cky day of your life.” ““Not much,”

lu

a but Xenophon kept on. “I will come

‘ examinations. If you have

hall make you 4 satrap, but if you

hall bury you alive, even as Cyrus did

Orontas.” After saying this, he turned and

walked away: “Well,” I certainly will study

after this. He has scared me stiff. I think

”

\* \* » oWell

antiquity. Well,

an bk I would knock

petter state ©

“You lazy chump, lying out here and sleep-

ing for an hour. You certainly are the limit.”

‘Yom looked UP, rubbing his eyes, and saw

several boys standing and laughing at him.

“Well,” he said, “Pye had a remarkable

k 'll act upon it and do my

row right away. And Pll

But I am the limit, any-

B. P. H.

Greek for to-mor

pass that exam. too.

how.”

SS

EXHANGES.

The exchange editor may scratch a pen,

’Tili the ends of his fingers are sore,

But some one’s sure to remark with a jest,

“Rats, how stale! I’ve heard ie before.”

e\* —Ex.

. . v

Prof. (dictating) “Slave, where is thy:

horse?”

Startled Pupil—

wasn’t using i

t’s\on my desk, but I

—Ex.

ec

Little Jack @férner sat in a corner,

Reading his report for the month.

“Only thirty in Greek,”

Ne lisped very meek,

Oh, good gracious, I muth be a dunth.”

THE ARGO.

Nell: “Oh, my! Here’s a telegram from

Jack about the foot-ball team.”

Bell: “What does he say?”

Nell: “He says, ‘Nose broken. How do

you prefer it set—Greexo Roman?”

—Ex.

There are metres of accent,

And meters of tone,

But the best of all meters,

Is to meet her alone. —Er

A student went into a restaurant and or-

dered fish. They brought him smelt. Said he

to the waiter: “Of all the smelt I ever smelt

I never smelt smelt that smelt as that smele

smelt.”

Before you try to say something, be sure

you have something to say—E. E. Hale.

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THE ARGO.

FOOT- BALL

Trenton Model vs. Prep. School

Trenton, pyvemper 17

i

As many of the fellows as possible should

atténd this game and encourage the team to

C. LYALL, ’o7,

win. Manager.

and the

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