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NOVEMBER, 1904

Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

I THE ARGO.

PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

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TM,

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The Argo.

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All communications shouid be addressed to the Editor-in-

Chief, R. P.8., New Brunswick, N. J., and must be

accompanied with the name of the author.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on

one side of the paper only.

Officers of tue school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute.

It is a source of great pleasure and pride to

the school, that two of the graduates from the

class of 1904 have taken the Sloan Prizes

which are offered for the best entrance exam-

inations in the classical course of Rutgers Col-

lege. The school is greatly indebted to Mr.

Kilmer and Mr. Watson for representing them

so well, and setting us, humble undergradu-

ates, such an excellent, inspiring example. In

stating the offices which these two graduates

held when in this school, we neglected, in last

month’s issue, to mention that Mr. Kilmer was

president of the Class of ’04.

Now that these two prizes have both been

New Brunswick, N. J., NovEMBER, 1904.

No. 2

ken in one year by graduates of Rutgers

Prep., we hape that the ice is effectually brok-

en, and that, in the future, this pleasing event

will be of more frequent occurrence.

The students here, certainly have as good

and a better chance of securing these prizes

than those of other schools. We are in close

touch with the college, our Headmaster is one

of the faculty, and so we receive a thorough

preparation to enter the college course.

These prizes are not only valuable in a pe-

cuniary way, but also in that the student con-

tending for them is spurred on to study, and

to carefully look over subjects which he has

formerly studied and perhaps partially forgot-

ten, and he thus enters college with a full and

recent preparation in all the branches of the

classical course.

We look forward with confident expectation

to seeing many aspiring students of Rutgers

Prep. follow in the footsteps of Mr. Kilmerand

Mr. Watson, and benefit themselves and con-

fer honor on their Alma Mater by securing

these Sloan prizes.

Our foot-ball team this year has started out

after the usual fashion of Prep. School teams

to clear everything before it. “The line before

them breaks and runs, they know that they

must yield.” Somerville A. A. has been de-

feated, and the Hudson River M. A. has fallen

before her victorious arms; but in the Y. M.

C. A. of our own town we “struck a snag,”

but succeeded in tieing the score.

As the old proverb runs “well begun is half

done,” and following out the thought of this,

there is every reason to hope that out team

will keep on in the way that it has begun, and

cover itself with “dirt” and glory.

THE ARCO.

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ALUMNIANA.

Hude Nelson, ’99, is studying law at the

Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.

William E. McMahon, ’96, has been ap-

pointed manager of the N. Y. and N. J. Tele-

phone Company, covering the Washington, D.

C., district.

D. Fisher, ’04, has been elected President of

the Freshman Class in Rutgers College.

¢. C. Mook, ’04, is in business in New York.

R. €. Nicholas, ’92, is to marry Miss Rob-

érta Johnson, of this city, Wednesday, Nov. 9.

Martin L. Schenck, ’oo, Rutgers, ’04, who,

while in College was one of its most powerful

orators, is studying law at the Columbia Law

School, and, at the same time, making stump

speeches for the Republican party.

Robert A. Fordyce, and Thayer Martin, for-

mer students of this school, having distin-

guished themselves in the State Legislature in

the past year, have been re-elected on the Re-

publican ticket.

Sanger Carleton, ’or, called at the Trap late-

ly. Carleton is now in the varnish business.

E. Rapalje, ’96, was married to Miss F. R.

Corbin at Oxford, N. Y., on October 25th. Dr.

and Mrs. Payson, and C. Corbin, from the ©

Trap attended the wedding. Rapalje holds an

important position as manager of a large

manufacturing establishment in Cronley,

North Carolina.

Nathan T. Benedict, ’99, has gone to Flor-

ida for his haelth.

Willam B. Wyckoff, ’98, and Mrs. Wyckoff

have returned from their wedding trip, and

are now residing at Roseville, N. J.

The engagement of J. Jervis Vail, ’94, to

Miss Evelyn Bauman, of Rahway, has been

announced.

Garthwaite, ex-’o7, is in the banking busi-

ness in New York,

A PILGRIMAGE TO AND FROM

DAKOTA.

(CONTINUED. )

“I wish there were time to speak at length

of that, to me, strange land of Dakota; of its

black, rich soil, so fertile that a white clover

lawn mowed one morning puts forth its blos-

soms the next; of its long, light summer eyen-

ings, when one can see to read until towards

nine o’clock of its stretches of desolate prarie

land; its poverty-stricken rivers which here

we would scarcely think worth naming; of its

tremendous thunder storms where flash fol-

lows flash so closely that at night a lamp is

scarcely needed; its shabby little low housed

towns, with their many liquor saloons and the

unkempt lawless looking men who cluster

about them, and many other things which I

noted there; but it is impossible now to enter

into further description of these things.

“Nothing worthy occurred during my visit,

except that I was once set upon by a savage

dog and but for the timely appearance of my

brother, my little niece and I might have suf-

fered serious hurt.

The hour came when I must say goodbye

and I set forth with a heavy heart. For eighty

miles my mother travelled with me, and we

stopped at Casselton to visit a friend there.

The next night I left Casselton and here bes

gins the diary again:

“Thinking we have plenty of time to catch

the train (I had bought sleeper ticket on my

arrival), we rather loiter on the way to station

and as we arrive a train is just starting.

I am pushed aboard after it had begun to

move, forgetting, in the hurry and pain of

parting from friends, to take trunk check

from my cousin: my head goes down on the

back of the seat and tears come. When the

conductor touches me on the shoulder I fum-

ble blindly around for my ticket without rais-

ing my head. He takes the ticket, punches it

and hands it back, although if he looks at it

at all he must know that something is wrong.

Before he comes in again some chance remark

of a near-by passenger has given me the awful

idea that I am on the wrong train, and this

suspicion becomes definite knowledge when

the conductor returns. ‘Then begins a series

of wild inquiries of passengers and conduc-

tor, none of whom seem to know anything,

THE ‘ARGO.

except that I am ina bad dilemma, with no ap-

arent means of escape. Finally the conduc-

ich whom I alternately scold and cajole, after

consulting some one in another car, tells me

to leave the car at Fargo, take a stage across

the town to another station, where, if I am in

time, I may connect with the train I should

have taken. I do this, in the meanwhile has-

tily mailing a note to Casselton. At the sta-

tion where I expect to catch my own train I

am directed by the ticket agent to the wrong

one again, but, as I board it, meet some new

acquaintances made in Larrimore, and before

the train starts am re-directed and somehow,

someway, I at last find that train which I

should have taken in Casselton, which was

later than the one I did take, and am at last

faced about in the proper direction. It is late

in the evening and the porter not finding me

on the train has re-sold my berth but gets me

another. He has, oh joy—my trunk check,

and that adjunct of mine is now aboard. I go

to bed and actually sleep till morning when I

wake up in Minneapolis. Here, after break-

fasting, I go to the baggage room and inter-

view the baggage-master. The conductor had

told me that all baggage was transferred from

my train to another in Minneapolis and that

I would probably find my trunk here—not so,

however; it had gone on to St. Paul. I pay

the baggage master a dollar to telegraph and

hold my trunk in St. Paul till I catch up with

it. Does anybody believe he did it? When

; after a few hours’ visit at a friend’s house in

Minneapolis I reach the St. Paul station, my,

trunk has gaily careened back to Minneapolis,

and for five long hours I sit in that immense

- Station with the ear-splitting voice of the train

announcer ringing in my ears.

During my long wait I have made many

inquiries of different officials as to my most

direct route to Tampico, Ill. The baggage

man examines my ticket and says he thinks it

" is all wrong and that I should buy a new one.

" In great agitation I consult ticket agent, who

\_ Says I am all right as regards ticket. (This

13

I have noted in my diary as being the first

thing right since I started.) .

Savannah seems to be the next point where

I. change,. and I mean to draw several long

breaths before reaching there.

When at last my trunk arrives (which

seems one of the nineteenth century miracles

just now), and the hour for my train also, I

start for one of the gates; am directed to an-

other; at that am told my train is not yet

made up and sent back to waiting room; con-

sult official there who says my train is made

up, and takes me back; here gateman says I

never told him I wanted to go to Savannah,

which is no prevarication but a direct lie. I

go through gate and ask again to be directed

to Savannah train. Man points over about a

dozen tracks and I start; half way across I

am met by another uniformed person who

takes me back and puts me on Savannah

train. Thank heaven, these officials are not

all lunatics.

This is the sleeper and there is a dreadful

bed-buggy smell about, but I will not fore-

cast the fututre any more. “That way mad-

ness lies.”

Evidently the night was uneventful, for the

next. chronicle begins with the morning:

Another scare this Thursday morning. Can-

not find my pocketbook until I am fully dress-

ed when it drops out from the folds of my

dress—more palpitations and wild scrambling

about until it is found.

We travel all this morning beside the Mis-

sissippi—scenery lovely. I see a new species

of water lily here of which I never knew be-

fore. It is large, single, pale yellow, and

stands about a foot above surface of water.

At Sabula Junction there are quantities for

sale. «

We cross a long trestle work over marshy

land, and then go over this sluggish, mdudy,

mighty river, and on again towards Savan-

nah. Here I am told by a passenger that I

must cross the town by stage and take a

freight car if I wish to reach Tampico.

In all my journeys thus far no being have I

THE ARGO.

14

£ Tampico or who can

locate any route to it. Thus far I have simply

pointed to the proper state. The ticket ae

says I can either go to Port Byron or Rock s-

land—makes no difference which, I -hesitate

met who ever heard o

and am lost.

some one, somewhere, saying Rock Island to

me before, and this turns the scales in the

wrong direction. I get ticket to that plave;

train is just leaving, but they wait till my

trunk‘and my unhappy self are put aboard—

unhappy self, indeed! I show ticket when

conductor comes in and state my destination.

He also expresses ignorance as to locality of

Tampico; but says he will find out. Two sta-

tiong are passed before he comes in and tells

me I am on Wrong"train arid must get off. He

does not return’ ticket, however; or refund any

of the price, did 1,"poor Wwrétk, don’t think of

it—I'am fiow in a state bordering of despera-

tion. Get off at next-8top, hire cab to take’ me

to another station, and am told here that I

must wait till 12.55. It is now about ten

o’clock. I buy another ticket and re-check my

trunk, which seems to have more sense than

I, in that it sometimes reaches the right place

in the right way.

I wander about station a little and am fin-

ally directed to what the agent assures me is

the best hotel in the town. Forbidding look-

ing place outside—inside corresponds—off-

cious landlady fans me and asks questions at

the same time. I ought to love her for she is

sympathetic and says I don’t look well—

strange! when I feel as if I had been flayed

alive within the past two davs!

l ask for a room and lie down, hoping for

“forty winks” and a warding off of another

. sick headache. Just as I begin a-dreaming

there comes a thundering knock on the door

~"and dinner is announced. I feel too sick to

eat, but go down, swallow some tea and then

betake me to the station fearing to be late for

the train. Late! I almost wish I were. With

aching head and sweltering body I sit in the

wih man ek The age

y interest in me and says I

I have a vague recollection of :

ought to have a stop-over ticket—feargs I will

have trouble when I come back to take the

train for Chicago.. I hear with a sinking heart

that I must come back to this place when I

finally make my last start for home. Never

was in a town I had less affection for than

this. (Here was another mistake—these tick-

et agents do make a few. I never Saw the

piace again.)

{ am pointed to a train standing out in the

fields apparently, and told to go and get on it

and I do. I ama poor lone lorn old lady feet

in the wilds of Illinois and about to take my

first trip on the caboose of a freight train, The

car is fairly comfortable and entirely empty,

and I await the time of starting with such par

tience as remains to me.- This soon arrives,

but the train stops about every ten minutes to

load or unload freight“ O, you, who never

rode upon a freight trains-you know not how

it stops. The first time, I did not stop when

the train did, but landed on my knees on the

floor a second afterwards. For there is no

gentle slackening of speed, nb careful adjust,

ment of brakes. As they couple cars, one

meets the other much as one belligerent goat

meets another. At any rate, it’s sudden.

Passengers come and go; train hands get

on and off—time passes—it is six o’clock be-

fore that ride of twenty miles is accomplished,

and I find Tampico. There really is such a

place after all, and I am here.

A short ride and a pleasant welcome await

me. A largé cool room and soft bed yield

the first bodily comfort I have known since

leaving Casselton.

(The resteof this journey was uneventful,

and that Ishave survived it for twelve years

speaks well, it seems to me, for my constitu:

tion.)

(THE END.)

A COMPARISON AND A WARNING.

Perhaps no two nations of history furnish

more points of similarity than do the Empire

of Russia and the Ancient Empire of Persia.

Both were once obscure and semi-barbarous

THE ARGo,

peoples, hiddén away in dark corners of the

earth. Then, by craft and conquest, both, in

the course of centuries, spread their dominions

far and wide.

The Persians, once a subject race, over-

came their conquerors and slowly working

westward, subdued the nations in their path,

until, when history begins to tell about. them,

they had become the great world empire of

their day. So the Russians. Until the mid-

dle of the sixteenth century Russia was almost

unheard of. Since then its “grab” policy,

‘working through conquest and cunning crafti-

ness, has spread its dominions far to the!south

and west, so that the mightv empire stretches

unbroken over the great continent and ter-

minates in the water of the Pacific.

But the Persian in his pride, went too far,

When, though lord and despot over some 3°

000,000 square miles of territory, he ventured

to cast his covetous éyes across the Aagean, he

belield there Greece, fair, prosperous and in-

dependent. It irritated him exceedingly to

sée this little nation free from his tyranny. Be-

sides, forsooth, it stood in the way of his

manifest destiny of becoming lord of the whole

earth. So he resolved to wipe that aggravat-

ing little people off the face of the earth.

After a like fashion thought Russia. Inter-

rupted in her pretentious dreams by an insig-

- nificant little people standing in her way, she

determines to be rid of them to exterminate

them if necessary.

Behold the results in each case. But first

let us consider the parallel resources of Rus

sia and Persia,

The Persian monarchy was an absolute ty.

ranny built up on the backs of millions of

slaves. There was no “people.” The spirit

of the masses was crushed under the all-pow-

erful despotism of the King and his satraps.

The Great King—for so he was called even by

his enemies—had at his command a vast army

and many ships. ‘The great military principle

of the Persians was to crush the enemy by

sheer force of numbers. Xenophon, who had

800d reason to know the strength and weak-

1§

Ness of the Perc; <mpi i

- €rsian Empire, thus briefly puts

: To one directing his attention t

King’s government,

© it, the

Sively,

\_ Could anything more exactly describe the

Situation of Russia in her Struggle with Japan

to-day? Strong indee

: d in her millions 0

the question has been h

enough across the th

f men,

Ow to convey them fast

ousands of miles of Si-

berian wastes. She has a great fleet that can-

not be used where needed, but must be kept

Over on the other side of the world to guard

her borders there, And in so far as her gov>

ernment and the condition of her People is

converned, Russia here also closely resembles

Persia of old. ,

And just as the Persians met in conflict

with a people weaker in numbers,

er in brains, in courage, and in the

of the individual soldiers,

her match in the brave an

ese soldier.

but strong-

superiority

so Russia has met

d intelligent Japan-

Lordly Persia had to acknowledge defeat

at the hands of the resolute Greeks. Perhaps

it will not be so in the case of Russia. Per-

haps her superior numbers and power will

crush the bravery and skill of the Japanese.

But the principle will be the same in this case

as in that of old. It is a conflict of despotism

against democracy, darkness ‘versus enlight-

enment. And whether Russia wins or loses,

the advance of her ambition will have been

checked as were the greedy designs of Xerxes

and Darius.

Thus History repeats herself that men may

learn her lessons. But men do not seem to

see; they cannot seem to understand and the

nations of to-day go on striving to add to their

territories by any and all means and call this

short-sighted greediness, “the natural senti-

ment of empire.”

And does it not seem that our own country

also is going the way of all the earth and

aN

et

ee RR Be 5

witha bh ae oe

\* 16

seeking, with her Texas, her Hawaii, and her

Philippines, to dig for herself a grave in. for-

eign soil, by means of the same policy that

buried her dishonored predecessors?

Let us hope, that from Persia, from Greece

itself, from Rome, and from Spain, our na-

tion may learn that wide-extending territories

and millions of citizens and soldiers are not

a cause of national strength but of national

decay. L. RN.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

November 5th, Plainfield H. S. at Plain-

field.

November. 12th, Polytechnic Prep. at

Brooklyn.

November 19th, Bordentown, M. I. at Bor-

dentown.

RUTGERS PREP. 12,

H.R. M. A., 6.

On Oct. 14 our team journeyed to Nyack

and defeated the team of Hudson River Mili-

tary Academy by a score of 12 to 6.

The game was interesting and hotly. con-

tested throughout, although the Prep. School

fellows showed the best team work.

The Prep. School kicked off and soon se-

cured the ball by holding the H. R. M. A. for

downs. Then, by line plunges, they steadily

carried the ball down. the field and over the

line for the first touchdown. Andreae kicked

the goal, making the score 6 to o in favor of

Prep.

Hudson River M. A..then kicked off to

Prep., and securing the ball on a fumble they

rushed it down the field and across the line

for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, thus

tieing the score. Time was then called and

the first half ended with the score 6 to 6.

' . With the score tied the second half began

with. great excitement, and the Prep. boys

went in determined to win. By several long

runs, and hard bucking of the line, they suc-

ceeded. in making another touchdown. -An-

“THE ARGO.

dreae again succeeded in sending.the ball over

the bar.

Only a few minutes being left in which to

play, neither team scored, and the game ended

with Rutgers Prep. winning by a score of 12

to 6.

‘The line-up was as follows:

Hu R. M. A. RoCHP:S.

Rigt End i

JUdge . 2.0.0 cvcccececececccccens Matzke

Right Tackle.

Gampbell :... cig oe bc 05 ead cans e ess Cox

Right Guard

Hy ishistit csclecerctescispareritdie Ge orn tie iareis eset Allgair

! 2 Centre.

SAWYET Ug 2b cores cosdse Wiere odiajue e'sin 's Voorhees

reg Left. Guard.

Gtoveryah. iscits.inceeels exes ees eee se Allen

ec eaterg sdveft Tackle.

BigWhitehead snicas 25355 sia tec etie osiies Case

‘ - Left. End.

VAY INES 5 Sis. eierd Siehornerefsiolepevene e-eitia® Hancock

Quarterback.

J. Randolph: Jitieds sas.4 once stsisre's S. Nicholas

Right Halfback.

J: Randolph, (capt.) ......... C. Nicholas

Left: Halfback.

Buigchinan®. a asjawsctas aaccswies we Andreae

Fullback.

Bey AM oo::0.e:Siaisce aleve late Peiniajene Corbin, (capt.)

Touchdowns, Corbin, C. Nicholas and J. Ran-

dolph. Referee, -E. H. Riedel; Umpire,

Smith. Timekeepers, Kirkpatrick and Bur-

rows.

RUTGERS PREP. vs. Y. M. C. A.

OF NEW BRUNSWICK

The Prep. team played the third game of

the season, October 29, with the local Y. M.

CA.

-The game was opened by Prep’s. kicking

off to the Y. M. C. A. The ball was fumbled

and the Prep. boys securing it, rushed it down

the, field, and» made a touchdown. The goal

was: missed.

Prep. School again kicked off and the ball

THE ARCO.

n fumbled. This time Matzke fell on

y; M. C. A. got the ball on another

put lot it again on down. Captain

Corbin tore through centre for fifteen yards

and by jiatd work they pushed it to the Y. M.

c. Avs ten yard line, but there it was lost on

dows. The half ended shortly afterwards

ith the ball in Y. M. C. A’s territory.

. After the intermission Prep. received the

kick off, but lost the ball on downs, when it

was on her fitteen yard line. The Y. M. C,

A. could not gain, however, and Corbin punt-

ed out of danger. Prep. regainéd the ball and

S, Nicholas made a twenty yard run, followed

by another twenty by Case. Then the ball was

Jost, but the Y. M. C. A. was forced to punt.

The punt was fumbled and a Y. M. C. A. man

picked up the ball and made a touchdown,

They failed to kick the goal.

S, Nicholas ran the next kick-off back past

the centre of the field and both Matzke and

Case made good gains, and the ball was

brought to the Y. M. C. A.’s ten yard line, but

here it was lost. Shortly after, Van Winkle

got the ball on a fumble and ran it forty yards.

The run was disputed however, on the ground

that the ball had been stolen, and it was finally

taken back. ‘Time was called soon after this

with the ball in the centre of the field, and the

score 5 to 5.

There were frequent disputes all through

the game and a good deal of fumbling. Cap-

tain Corbin, Andreae, the Nicholas brothers

and Case deserve especial mention for their

good work in this game.

was agat

it. The

fumble,

The line-up was as follows:

Y. M.C. A. ROCSP:.S.

Right End.

Marks asf carci done eer beter gumntes Matzke

Right Tackle

De Harti avons sot nc oe ee Allen

Right Guard

MCHOSSeD tet ths. oy acscbo cre lbsiemier eres Allgair

Centre.

Loblein

J. Voorhees

17

Left Guard

Me Callum 12...

Se RN Sisvele-ele ie as si0:e:0'6 Cc

Left Tackle o

Robinson oes at

wohetolerienein teteews O

Left End se

Dotinélly, (Capt) nae 22 And

sfesteieaest reae

: Quarterback.

1

Olah cess sia. eA tane wae tapas S. Nicholas

Right Halfback,

M. Taylor (Smith) ams inaes. C. Nicholas

Left Halfback,

R. Waylon gigesec eA seueutiien C. Corbin

Fullback,

Board tecnea pute accs ees +». Van Winkle

ea

LANE PRIZES.

On October 7th, the first round of speaking

began. There are many promising orators in

the school this year, and there should be a hot

contest for the Lane Prizes. ‘These prizes

of ten and five dollars respectively are award-

ed to the two students who deliver the best

speeches at a contest which is held some time

in the latter part of the school year. Usually

about eight or ten speakers are entered in this

contest.

All the scholars in the third and fourth

forms speak several times during the year,

and those who receive the highest averages in

speaking are entitled to a place in the Lane

Prize Contest.

The prizes were taken last year by Mr.

Garthwaite and Mr. Devan. Mr. Garthwaite,

we regret to say, did not return to school this

fall, but Mr. Devan is still with us.

These prizes do great good, by stimulating

the students to speak their very best. Now

that the Presidential campaign is on, we real-

ize the value of being able to speak fluently.

The school is greatly indebted to the es-

tablisher of these prizes, Mr. Lane.

THE ARCO.

is

’05 CLASS MEETING.

For the last week the class of ’05 has been

holding stormy meetings nearly every recess

in Prof. Riedell’s room. At the first meeting,

Mr. McFadden was appointed temporary

‘chairman. Messrs. Vrooman and Halstead

were nominated for President of the Class,

and Mr. Vrooman was elected and took the

chair. Yielding to the general cry of speech !

speech! he expressed his appreciation of the

honor conferred upon him in a few words.

Just as the names of the nominees for

Vice President were being put on the board,

the bell put an end to our transactions, and

the meeting was adjourned until next day,

Messr. Allen, Kirkpatrick and Hodgson were

then put up. The votes between Allen and

Kirkpatrick were a tie, and it took so long to

decide who should then cast the deciding vote

that the school bell again broke in upon our

deliberations.

The next day, the votes were again cast for

Vice President and Mr. Allen was elected.

It has been decided to unite the offices of

Secretary and Treasurer, but the position has

not yet been filled.

REPUBLICAN MEETING.

Those in the school who uphold the Re-

publican principles, met in Prof. Mills’ room,

Wednesday, November 2 and decided to en-

ter in a body the Republican parade which is

to come off Friday night, November 4th.

Mr. MacFadden was elected President of

this Republican Club. A committee of five

were appointed to make all necessary arrange-

ments. On this committee were Messrs. Vroo-

man, Halstead, Marks, Packard and Voor-

hees. Mr. Devan was delegated to lead the

cheering.

All those taking part in the parade were

requested to wear white gloves and a skull

cap and to carry campaign canes. Mr. Mace

Fadden was chosen commander-in-chief of

the army.

EXCHANGES.

The Apokeepsian might make the accounts

of its foot-ball games more complete and

more interesting, by giving the line-up of

both teams.

The Register is one of our best exchanges,

Its exchange column contains the very cream

of jokes. In the September number of this

paper there was a very well written life of

William McKinley. ;

The Iris is up to its old standard of excel-

lence.

Question—Why is a love letter like a lazy

dog?

Answer—A love letter is an ink-lined plane.

An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup.

is a lazy dog.—Ex.

He loved his Dinah dearly,

And he sighed to her one night,

“Dinah, could you love me?”

And she whispered, “Dinah might.”

They were married in the autumn;

When she blows him up at night,

He realizes what she meant

When she whispered “Dynamite.”—Ex.

“Does your barber talk much?” “Yes, and

he illustrates his stories with cuts.”—Ex.

Prof. (entering the dormitory )—‘‘What are

you doing out of bed at this time, Murphy?”

Murphy—“O, sor, I got up to tuck myself

in.”—Ex,

Mary had a little lamb,

She fed it kerosene;

One day it went too near the fire

Since then it’s not benzine—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the

following exchanges:

The News, The Register, The Apokeep-

sian, The Amulet, The Echo, The Bulkeley

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nightly, The Jayhawker, The Triangle, The

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view

chool Re " Breeze and The Red and

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Black

ess

ANNEX NOTES.

The Story of the Willow Pattern. —

than two hundred years ago, the

hants brought over from China a

More

Duteh merc

great many fine tea sets.

Among these was a set called the Willow

Pattern, with dark blue figures on a bluish

white ground. On the right of the picture, in

the garden by the side of a river, is a Chinese

house. In front of the house: is a tea pavilion

to show the wealth of the Mandarin. Behind

the house is the gardner’s cottage. This

shows that the gardner is poor and humble. In

a small house on an island in the river lives

the gardner’s mother. In the garden is a

mulberry tree and spanning the river is a

bridge. On the bridge are standing the gard-

ener and the Mandarin’s daughter, and be-

hind them is the Mandarin himself with a long

whip. Last of all is a willow tree and in the

air a pair of turtle doves with joined beaks.

Around the estate is a high bamboo fence.

The story of all this is as follows:

Long ago when the moon was young, there

lived a lordly Mandarin who had an only

daughter, called Li-Chi, who was very beau-

tiful. Her father wanted her to marry some

rich man like himself. The gardener, whose

name was Chang, was very handsome and as

Li Chi was looking out of her window she

saw Chang and at once fell in love with him.

She threw a sweetmeat down to him. He

climbed up the lattice and gave her a rose in

return.

That night when he went home he told his

‘ans He bewailed his ill luck, saying that

mere he was only a humble gardener he

sis ay hope to marry Li Chi. But his

. Le who was a shrewd woman, told him

his wife up courage for Li Chi might yet be

Chang’s mother reared silk worms for the

19.

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Mandarin’s daughter. The next time she

took the silk to Li Chi she told her that Chang

loved her. A plan was made whereby they

were to run away at night. Li Chi promised

to bring a box of her father’s finest gold and

jewels.

At last the time came and true to her word

she brought the gold. They carried it sus-

pended on a stout bamboo pole. As they

were going over the bridge the Mandarin

awoke. He came with a long whip and took

Chang by the pigtail and whipped him until

he was senseless; then he threw him into the

river where he sank. Li Chi, seeing her lov-

er’s fate, sprang into the river and was drown-

ed with him. Strange to say a willow tree

sprang up as if by magic. After a few days

a pair of turtle doves came and built theix

nest in the tree. The souls of the unfortunate

lovers had taken the shape of the doves.

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