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Volume XVIII February Number Five

THE ARGO.

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Tir (Cuuy d

The sound’ of a distant tramp, tramp, stole

into the silent room where Davy Eustace and

his father sat. The young boy, dropping his

reader, ran to the window and looked out.

“Oh! father,” he cried, “The British soldiers

are coming out of Princeton and my soldiers

are crossing the bridge. Will there be a bat-

tle—a real live battle—and can I see it?”

“Sure enough, here they come,” said Mr.

Eustace, almost as excited as his son. “’They’!l

meet just about here—but we can’t stay. We

will go to the town. Hurry and get your

things together.”

“Can’t I see it?” asked Davy, greatly dis-

appointed.

“It won’t be safe to remain here. We

might be killed. Tell the slaves to get ready

too, Davy.” As Davy left the room, Mr. Eus-

tace turned to the table, took a key from the

drawer and unlocked a strong box containing

some bags of gold. In this he placed the most

valuable things from about the room. ‘Then

wrapping his long cloak about him, for it was

winter—the third of January—he picked up

the box and left the room, locking the door.

The slaves and Davy were waiting for him

outside. ‘The shutters had been closed and

the doors bolted. Nothing more could be

done to protect the house.

The little party turned toward the town of

Princeton, about a mile away. \*

“Go through the fields,” said Davy’s father.

“The soldiers take up all the road.”

Poor Davy went reluctantly, looking back

NEw BRUNswIck, N, J., Fesruary

2 A SMALL HERO-WORSHIPPER 2

YC

, 1907. No. 5.

at “his” soldiers continually. Mr. Eustace was

entirely indifferent to the claims of either the

British or the Americans, but his ten-year-old

son was a firm Patriot. ‘The slaves had often

taken him to Princeton, where he had s@en and

talked with some American prisoners held by

the British, who were in possession of the

town. Davy had immediately become a Pa-

triot and now had the highest possible admir-

ation for George Washington and his men.

As they proceeded, the path led through the

woods. Davy was walking by the side of his

old colored mammy, Mandy. Suddenly the

quiet of the woods was broken by the hooting

of an owl. Old Mandy jumped and said to

the little boy, “Dat am a bad sign, chile, bad

luck for somebody. Why, I reckon somebody

am gwine to get beat!”

“Who, Mandy? Who is going to be beaten?

Not my soldiers?” Davy cried, with distress

in his voice.

“No,” Mandy reassured him, “De soldiers

what am in dese woods, dem is de ones what'll

get beat.”

Davy left her and ran ahead to his father.

“Did you hear the owl, father?” he asked.

“Yes, what of it?”

“Mandy says—and she knows—it’s a bad

sign for an owl to hoot in the day and she

says the old British will be beaten,” he said

triumphantly.

“Bother Mandy and her signs! She’s mak-

ing you superstitious and you are beginning

to make me so, too. Stop talking and think-

ing of such things.”

When the fugitives came into the town, Mr.

46

Eustace asked a guard where the safest re-

frge would be. ;

“Other end of the town. - Nassau Hall

would be a good place. You may go there if |

you like,” answered the guard.

Mr. Eustace led the slaves and Davy to the

Hall. Most of the negroes were afraid to g9.

indoors, so Mandy was the only one to follow

her master and Davy.

The booming of cannon could already be

heard. Davy was mournful, for right in front

of his own house a real battle was being

fought and he was not there to see it.

Mr. Eustace, who was standing near a win-

dow, turned and said, “The British must be

retreating, for the noise grows louder and I

have seen some cannon balls.”

Davy was very much excited and ran to

the window near his father. “My soldiers are

going to beat, I know.”

Not long after, hurried steps were heard

near the door. Davy and his father faced

about and saw a regiment of British soldiers

entering the room. .

“What news?” asked Mr. Eustace.

The officers answered, “Washington is win-

ning. All our troops have retreated. We

thought it best to get away as quickly as pos-

sible, so here we are.”

“Cowards,” muttered Mr. Eustace. “If the

rest of the British are like you, I'll side with

the Patriots.” /

“See, father, Washington is going to beat.

That old king’s men are retreating.” Davy

pointed scornfully at a large portrait of

George LI, which hung on the opposite wall.

“My Washington is going to beat,” he re-

peated. “Now, wasn’t Mandy right about the

oe

owl?

The soldiers, much to Davy’s disgust,

laughed loudly. “Maybe he won’t beat in the

end, you don’t know,” said one of the officers

tauntingly. ,

“Yes, I-do know,” cried Davy, in a pas-

sion.

THE ARGO.

“How?” sneered a soldier.

“Cause’—said Davy, but his reason was

never told, for at that moment there was a

crash at the window behind him. A cannon

ball shot across the room, tore through the

portrait of His Majesty—beheading him—anq

imbedded itself in the wall. (The same frame

now holds a portrait of George Washington. )

“It’s a sign! De king will fall,” cried Man-

dy.

The soldiers looked at the headless portrait,

then at one another and back again to the

picture. Was the old woman right?

‘There was a silence more expressive than

speech, for everyone was asking himself this

same question.

The door was flung open and in rushed a

breathless messenger. «All faces turned tow-

ard him. “We are defeated,” he gaspel.

“Defeated!” Again-each man logked from

the portrait to the face of one of his fellow

soldiers. ‘The old woman’s prediction was al-

ready coming true. The officers talked in @

group by themselves. One turned to the mes-

\_ senger and asked where Washington and his

army were. “Coming through the town,” was

the answer.

“My men, will you agree to surrender?”

asked the colonel. “Perhaps we officers are

superstitious, but we think now it’s a hope-

less fight.”

“We agree,” answered the soldiers, with

one voice.

“My Washington is coming now,” cried

Davy from the window, where he had stood.

struck with wonder ever since the cannon ball

had crashed into the room.

The soldiers silently marched out into the

street. Davy and his father following. Wasn-

ington halted near and received the surrender

of the regiment that had taken refuge

Nassau Hall.

Davy stood speechless with delight.

admiration for Washington increased, if that

were possibie. But as he saw the soldiers in

His

THE ARGO. 47

their ragged uniforms he pitied them.

Eustace also looked on with pity.

Suddenly Davy pulled his father’s hand and

eagerly said, “Father, can I give them the

sovereign I got for my birthday?”

“No,” was the gruff reply.

“Oh, please! It’s my very own,”

urged. “Please!”

“Give your general—no, our general—

this,” Mr. Eustace said, taking two of the

bags from the box which he had carried be-

neath his coat. “And, Davy, give him my loy-

alty. 1 declare Mandy’s superstition has a

strong hold on me.”

Davy could hardly believe his ears. Why,

ali that money would make the army so rich

Mr.

Davy

It was at a meeting of Y,

There had been eating and sm

eating and more smoking, and now had come

the time for telling stories. Stories whica

brought back many memories to the men,

were told by ex-foot-ball captains, by ex-

captains of the crew, and by other famous

athletes. Finally Jack Camp, an ex-coxswain.

was called upon. His name brought a storm

of applause, as he was noted for his story

telling.

He rose slowly. “Well, fellows,” he began,

“LT think I'll tell you about an experience |

had at a Yale-Harvard boat-race, two years

after my graduation. As you all know, while

I was in college 1 was coxswain on the ’var-

sity for three years, so I have always taken

a great deal of interest in the races.

“Well, I went with my aunt and my sister

to see this particular race. We took a very

late train from New York, and didn’t get t»

our destination until two in the morning. We

were all dead tired. My aunt and my sister

went to a hotel, but of course, I wanted to

\_\_ YALE- HARVAR RD RACE. \_

that it would never need a thing, he thought.

Away he ran to his big general. He stood

before the great man; and as he was about

to ride away, cried out: “Here, father sent

this to you with his—his loyalty.” A soldier

came forward and, lifting Davy up, let him

give his offering to his idol.

As the victorious army marched away, Davy

and his father stood with hands clasped, smil-

ing into each other’s face.

“My general will win, won’t he?” asked

Davy, with confidence.

Yes,’ said Mr. Eustace. “Our general will

win.” For now that he had seen the noble

leader, he was a true Patriot through and

through. 08.

sleep with the boys. So I took a room not

far from the hotel, next to some Harvard

men.

“When I woke up, the sun was shining in

through the window. 1 was afraid that I

had slept so long that I would be late for the

race, so I quickly jumped out of bed. To my

amazement, my watch and clothes had disap-

peared. I went to the door and found it

locked. Then I understood. Those Harvard

men had thought it a fine joke to steal my

clothes and watch, and to lock me in my room;

and worst of all, the race might be going on

at that very moment! Yale might be win-

ning, and I wasn’t there to yell.

“Then I pounded on the door, and shouted

until I was hoarse. After what seemed to me

to be hours, I heard a light footstep in the

hall. Then I heard someone outside the

door. A soft voice said, ‘Say, Jack, is. that

you?’ It was my sister. ‘For goodness sake,

sis, let me out. I must see that race.” “What

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

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The Argo.

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Officers of t

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The fourth form oration subjects are posted.

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Already they have been care

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THE ARGU,

years of practice in declamations and

of practice in orations. Let us stri one year

come the disadvantages of lack a i er

hard work and may our ability a »

equal our ability in the aie one line

as

On Monday, January 28, a series of debat

es

began. The question debated was: “Reso]

A My: e SOly-

ed, That the government should control a

railroads in the United States.” These deb,

are held in the English Room during the a

period every two weeks. This is something

new for Prep. schogl. , Although in old records

we read of deWating\societies. in more recent

years this branch/

up. By the interest shown in the first debate

the scheme promises to be a success. T ie

arguments used were good and the speakers

for the most part did as well as could be ex-

pected. In the future there is a prospect of

having picked speakers of the third and fourth

of work has not been taken

forms debate before the school.

A. J. Walter, class of 1893, now has in his

possession an old record book of the Gnoaldi

Society, dating back to 18 8, which he pro-

poses to place in the archives of the college.

The Cnoaldi Society was a debating club of

the Rutgers Grammar School, formed sixty

years ago, an ‘thle ‘ae are of great in-

Mr. Walter\ foun

bne of his parishioners,

eciate its historical value and

a scrap book. Mr. Walter

ed over the

terest. d the book in the

possessiot who

failed to appr

used part of it as

intends to remove the scraps past

leaves and to restore the records to those mcs-

interested in their preservation.

THE ARGO,

ALUMNI NOTEs,

As surprised as we were on coming back to

school in finding that our French teacher had

retired, we were still more surprised on learn-

ing of her marriage. The following announce-

ment of the wedding was printed in the New

York Times:

Corbin—Cary—Or

anuary 17, at

Church of the ASce

the

n, Fifth avenue and

Tenth street, b ev. R. G, Quennell,

Charles Lyon Corbjx, of Metuchen, N, J., and

Miss Sarah Flagler Cary, of Binghamton,

N. Y.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to

Mr. and Mrs. Corbin. .

Soon after the Christmas holidays, Mr,

Blanchard, our Latin instructor, resigned his

position in our school, and has accepted a

position with the publishers, Harper and

Brother. His work has been in part taken by

Miss Helen Searle, 1901, of our school.

Though sorry to lose our old instructor, we

feel fortunate in his successor.

91, Robert K. Painter is superi

manager of San Carlos Copper

San Jose, Mexicc.

ndent and

npany at

‘94, Francis K. W. Drury, Resident Lectur-

er of the Illinois State Library School, de-

. livered, during December, a three weeks’

course on “Advanced ‘'rade Bibliography.”

‘95. W. Frank Plumley is practicing medi-

cine at Worcester, NY.

95. C. Frederick Neilson, has been admitted

into the firm of Williams and Nicholas, bond

and stock brokers.

Dr. W. Newton, a former instructor of La-

tin in Prep. School, and for nearly two years

acting professor, has recently been appointed

Professor of German in Rutgers College.

96, J. Bayard Kirkpatrick, Jr., recently re-

49

Signed his \_ position in the

Trust Company,

06. Arthur Stanley Riggs visited the school

recently, Mr. Riggs has lately visited the

Philippines and is now in New York.

96, Frank Eckerson, a missionary in Tong-

an, Amoy, China, reports everything progress-

Ing in his territory. Mr. Eckerson has complet-

ed his third year in Amoy, has mastered the

Chinese language well enough for his pur-

pose, and is a great exponent in the devolping

of that part of China.

97, The marriage of Dr. Langstroth to

Miss- Frances Buttler has been announced.

‘99, Raymond Harmon-Ashley is engaged

as chemist with the Harrison Paint Company

of Philadelphia. Last June Ashley took a de-

gree of Ph.D. in chemistry, at Yale.

‘o4, In the pamphlet issued from Harvard,

“Winners of Academic Distinctions.” appears

the name Minturn Verdi.

New Brunswick

‘05, Charles Corbin gave a toast on “New

Brunswick,” at the Sophomore banquet held

at Newark.

‘06.-Thomas A, Allen, Jr., is associated with

his father, Thomas Allen, the tobacco import-

er, of Rahway.

Fisher, ‘04, Corbin, ‘05, and Cox, ’06, won

their right to wear the “R” in college football

last season.

ex-'07, Raymond J. Hendrickson, Alumni

Editor of the Argo, has left school on account

of weak eves.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOL.

Prof. Mills—When was Tennyson born?

M--s—r—1902.

>

oo ene 2 translate Xenophon,

“and, therefore, also¢but—”

M—y—, translating German—Sie Mochte

50

nicht reden horen von sein Blick. She did

not like to hear them talk about his red hair.

Another third form translation—Cyrus ‘did

not shrink from a bear, but embrace it.

We know it is not the right thing to look

over the papers in a waste basket, but when

a waste paper comes to a person by accident,

he cannot help noticing it. The following is

a —? on the eye, written by a person of the

second form well versed in that subject.

The eye is a small orgen in the head used

for seeing some people wear glasses on ac-

count of there eyes being week or strong. The

little black spot is the pupil. When a person

gets cross-eyed the muscles are drawn to-

gether. When a person stayes up to late at

night and reads the following A. M. his eyes

are stuck together.

May Moses help Mr. Powell!

What an authority in ancient languages the

students of Rutgers Prep. are becoming! We

hear that C—r—n is soon going to publish a

Greek Grammar.

In fourth form Latin—Dido, the deserted

lover, went about tearing her hair and beat-

ing her breast with her feet. Terrible, wasn’t

it?

Dr. Payson—\*The name of what vehicle in

which all may ride is derived from omnia?”

C—r—n—"\* Automobile.”

Please excuse the fewness of the notes; the

writer is cramming American history.

YALE-HARVARD RACE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

were you yelling so for, Jack?’ ‘Let me out,

quick,’ [ said. ‘Why, what’s the matter, Jack

‘Let me out, unlock the door, what time is it,

THE ARGO.

where are my clothes, who swiped my watch

has Yale won the race?’ I fired this volley

of questions at her in the hoarse whisper

which my yelling had caused.

“Well, finally she got the door unlocked,

and started back in amazement when she saw

my scanty apparel. But she seemed to un-

derstand. ‘Why Jack, what will you do? It’s

too late for you to buy clothes.’ Then she

added, laughing, ‘Aunty can’t go. You might

wear hers.’ ‘The very thing, Sis,” I replied,

‘fetch ‘em along.’

“Well, she went and got aunty’s bonnet and

bombazen dress, and a black silk parasol. With

my sister's help I put on the dress, and she

fixed the bonnet so my lack of hair didn’t

show. (I don’t know yet how she did it.) She

hastily put in some wrinkles in my face with

a burnt match, then stepped back and looked

at me. ‘Why, Jack, you are almost as good

looking as aunty.’

“Well, I didn’t feel a thing but queer. I

hardly had the nerve to go out on the street,

let alone going on a yacht to see the race.

But my desire to see the race was greatei

than my lack of nerve. So I started for the

dock where the yacht was to set out. I tried

to walk like an old woman, and I guess I got

on pretty well. My sister kept telling me to

take shorter steps, and not to swing my arms.

It was mighty hard work for a Yale gradu-

ate, going to see a Yale-Harvard race.

“Well, we got there. The friends with

whom we were going were Harvard support-

ers, so the yacht was flying Harvard colors.

I didn’t like that, but it couldn’t be helped. My

sister introduced me as her aunt to all the men

who were there, and to all the girls. And fel-

lows, some of those girls even kissed me, and

said I was such a dear old lady. Of course, I

enjoyed that performance immensely. Then I

found out that I was to chaperon the party.

An ex-coxswain of the Yale crew chaperoning

a lot of Harvard men and girls!

“Well, T pretended to have an awful time

THE ARGO, 51

wetting On board. I was so afraid of falling

: the water. They finally got me safely on

poard, and fixed me in an easy chair with

my fee ;

head. The yacht started, and as it moved off,

the Harvard men gave a long Harvard yell.

| wanted to follow their example, and let out

the nine Rahs of the Yale cheer, but a warn-

ing glance from my sister stopped me.

“Just before we got to a good place to see

the race, my sister called me into the cabin

and said, ‘Whatever you do, Jack, don’t yell

when the crews come out. Don’t be more

than interested.’

“Well, first the Harvard crew came out,

rowing with those long, pe fect strokes, which

show a well trained crew. My Harvard

friends yelled like mad. ‘Then came the Yale

crew, with the same long, perfect strokes. It

was fierce holding in then. But I did it some-

how.

“The race started. At first Harvard was

ahead. Of course, my Harvard friends were

jubilant. Harvard kept the lead for the first

mile. ‘Then the Yale crew began to creep up.

‘At the second mile, the shells were abreast.

3ut then Yale began to forge ahead. I could

stand it no longer. Jumping up, and throw-

ing down the parasol, [ shouted, ‘Yale! Yale!!

Yale!!! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!

rah! rah! Yale! Yale!) Yale!!¥

“Well, consternation reigned in that boat.

The Harvard men stared first at me, then at

my sister. One of them stepped up to her and

said, ‘It-a-it seems to me—ah—Miss Camp,

that your old aunt, I beg pardon, your—ah—

aunt is rather—ah—ah—enthusiastic. But as

this is a Harvard boat, we would prefer that

she wouldn't cheer for Yale.’ That is when

my sister showed her brains.

“Poor aunty,’ she said in a very sad voice,

‘Poor aunty. She hasn’t had an attack for

five years. She used to have them like this

often, I'm so embarrassed. Poor aunty.’ By

that time T had resumed my seat, and had

Picked up my parasol.

t on a pillow, and the parasol over my’

“But now Yale was winning with every

stroke. There was still a half mile to go, and

Harvard was a length and a half in the rear.

“The Harvard men were not quite satisfied

with my sister’s explanation of my conduct.

One of them came up behind me and whisper-

ed in my ear, ‘Yell now, if you want, but af-

terwards—look out for yourself.’ ‘All right,

Johnny Harvard,’ I said, and up I jumped,

ard again yelled, ‘Yale! Yale!! Yale!!! rah!

rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! Yale!

Yale!! Yate!!!’

“By this time the race was well over. Yale

had won by a little over two lengths. We

were steering for the dock. After my last

vell, I had remained standing very near the

edge of the boat, so it was not very hard for

one of the Harvard men to suddenly push me

into the water. By this time everyone knew

I was not what I had pretended to be. Well, t

went in with a big splash, and the yacht went

calmly on. My, fellows, but that water felt

cold; and my clothes weren’t the best for

swimming. I managed to keep up, but I won-

dered what I would do. There were only

a few yachts near, and these did not seem to

have taken any notice of my calamity. Then

by good luck, I saw ‘a Yale yacht coming

towards me. I cailed to them and they slowed

up. Who was it but a lot of classmates, some

of whom had been on the crew with me.

“What in thunder are you doing in the water

in such a rig? they called to me. They

seemed to be amused, when I answered, ‘I

d—d—don’t know, b—b—but g—get me on

b—hoard.’ Well, fellows, they got me on

board, and of course, asked at once if I was

crazy, or what was the matter. So I told ’em

T was out swimming in a hired bathing suit.

and they believed it.”

RETOLD BY B. P. H.

RUTGERS FRESHMEN vs

RUTGERS PREP.

On January 30, Rutgers Prep. basket-ball

team defeated the Rutgers Freshmen. Our

52

men played well throughout, outclassing their

opponents in passing and blocking.

For the first five minutes of play neither

side scored and although the ball was mostly

in Prep. territgry it looked as if the game

would be mucl)eldser than it was. Williams

broke the spell hy tossing a basket. After this

Zeigler, S ter and Williams, by good

shooting, quickly brought up our score.

End of first half: Freshmen 5; Prep. 14.

In the second half the Freshmen braced up,

but Prep. had a good lead and kept it. Final

score: Freshmen, 17; Prep., 34.

Line up:

Rutgers Prep.—Williams, c.; Powell,

(Prentiss), 1. f.; Sangster, r. f.; Zeigler, 1. g.;

Scudder, r. g.

Rutgers Freshmen—Goods, c.; Faussett, 1.

f.; Van Winkle, r. f.; H. D. Greene, (Han-

sen), l. g.; Hankins, (Fell), r. g.

Referee—Gorton. ‘Timekeeper—Nutt.

Goals—Sangster 6, Zeigler 4, Williams 6,

Van Winkle 2, Goode 2. Fouls thrown by

Freshmen 9; by Prep. 2.

Aputex Notes,

OUR NATION’S FLAG.

One pleasant morning a little house on

Arch street Philadelphia, was as neat and

clean as Betsy Ross, the tidy young widow,

could make it.

General Washington had written her that

he and Robert Morris should have the honor

of calling upon her to talk over the matter

of making a new flag.

The clock in the church had just struck

twelve, when the commander-in-chief and the

great merchant walked into Mistress Ross’s

little back parlor. After the formal greetings

were over, Washington took from his pocket

a sketch of the flag.

“Be sure, madam,” he said, “and make the

stars as I have drawn them.”

“But, General Washington, the stars in the

5 THE ARGO.

sky seem to have five points and yours have

six.”

“You are right madam. Make the flag as

I have drawn it, but make the stars with five

points.”

The flag was to have thirteen stars and

thirteen stripes, seven red and six white.

In June, 1777, the flag was accepted by Con-

gress. For eighteen years it remained the flag

of the nation.

After Vermont and Kentucky came into the

Union the stars and stripes were increased to

fifteen.

Year after year, new states were added, un-

til there were twenty stars and twenty stripes,

and the people began to say, “Let us not mar

the beauty of our nation’s flag.”

So it was decided that every time a new

state was admitted, a star should be added,

and there should be thirteen stripes for the

thirteen original colonies. Year after year

new states have come into the Union and to-

day there are forty-six stars on the field of

blue. PIERRE VAN DYCK.

THE DIKES AND CANALS

aE OF HOLLAND

The dikes of Holland are made of wood and

stone imported from Norway. The dikes are

made in the following way; First, great trees

are trimmed of their branches, and are then

studded with large headed nails to keep wat-

er insects from eating the wood. These trees

are driven into the sand in rows as far out as

possible to break the force of the waves. Be-

hind these trees a great mass of trees are driv-

en in. The cracks between the trees are filled

up with mud and stones. The dikes are built

en a slant of about thirty degrees and are

from two hundred and fifty feet to three hund-

red feet high. In some places there are gates

in the dikes, and at low tide these gates are

opened so that fresh water may flow into the

canals.

It is easy to make canals, for if you should

THE -ARGO.

ss, down two feet you would strike water,

rere are many canals in Holland and they

are used as much in winter as in summer, In

winter the canals are frozen over, and people

then skate with their wares in baskets hung

over their arms, or else they pull ‘iceboats

joaded with their goods after them. There are

so many canals in Amsterdam that-it is some-

times called the Venice of the North.

EREDERICK VOORHEES,

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

The Intelligent Goat.

In a New York restaurant, two business

men while eating their lunch, were discussing

which ‘was the more intelligent animal, the

horse or the dog. The coloreckiwaiter, Sam

Johnson, who had served thém many times

moved about shaking Hif head.

One of, the gentlemen noticed him and ask-

ed, \* A ltr agree with either of us, Sam?”

“Né, kh,” said Sam, “Ah ain’t got nuthin’

agin de horse or de dog, but Ah’s bettin’ on de

billy goat every time.”

“The billy goat hasn’t a bit of sense, Sam.”

“Ah didn’t think so nuther, till de udder

day and it come about in dis way. Last Sun-

day, Ah togged myself up with my gold head-

ed cane and my high silk hat and went to Ho-

boken to see my best gal. While I was a

walking mighty spry up on de heights, along

come a puif o’ wind what sent my hat sailin’

and sailin’ over'de bluff down toward de riber.

Dat hat was walable so Ah chased it. Ah went

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‘THE ARGO.

54

i ats s Ahe a billygoat got P

down as fast as Ah could, but a oe Ah Jo h nN 3 \ \) all

gere ahead o’ me and was chawit

picked up a stone to chuck at him, but Ah

, siege bluff.

saw de billygoat castin’ his eyes up on de bluff

Ah looked up too, and dere on de bluff was HIGH GRADE TAILORING..

”

writ, ‘Chew Johnson’s Plug.’ Dat goat reat

08.

Fn cn totem

EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with thanks the

following exchanges: The Academy Journal,

The Peddie Chronicle, The Poly Prep. Maga-

zine, The Targum, The Sardinal ,

Some of our faithful exchanges must have

forgotten us or else we are too early with the

present number.

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N. J

Teacher (to pupil§who failed to understand

examples)—‘‘Nowyall of you who can’t see

this example Vast look at it for five minutes.”

—Ex. Cw

Gentleman“(to waiter) —“Do you serve lob-

strs here?”

Waiter—“Yes, sir; we serve anybody. Sit

right down.”—Ex.

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