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By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

{ THE ARGO.

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The Argo.

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All communications shouid be addressed to the Editor-in-

Chief, R. P.S., New Brunswick, “. 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 the school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute.

The spring vacation, the last continued va-

cation of the school year, is past, and we are

back again at work. Now, when tired of

school tasks, we must look forward to the

Summer vacation, which is about a month and

a half distant. With this goal in view, this

crown, as it were, to all our labors in school,

let us press onward, in order that when that

time comes, we can look back over our year’s

work and say: “I have done my best, and thus

have suceeded, my time has been well spent.”

The Spring term is considered to be the easi-

New Brunswick, N. J., APRIL, igo5. No

es

est of the year, but let us not on that account

relax our efforts, but rather redouble them,

tor “there’s many a slip twix the cup and the

lip.” But we do not wish to “croak,” for we

hope that everyone will come through all

trials safely and make a great success of his

year’s work.

In considering this more serious side of

school life let us not overlook the other branch,

the cultivation and development of the body.

Our baseball season has opened, and our boys

are practising every day to perfect their team.

There have been a great number who have at-

tended practice this year, and on that account

a full supply of good material has been

afforded, from which to choose. In conse-

quence of this we hope that our team will show

itself a strong one, and that it will gloriously

vanquish all who oppose it. If the attendance

at the practice continues as favorable as it has

begun, thus furnishing a strong scrub and af-

fording good practice for the team, there is

every reason to believe that our team will

make a success of the baseball season, thus

bringing honor to the old school.

There have been a number of original decla-

mations delivered in the last few weeks, some

of which have been remarkably good, and it

has been very interesting to note the various

subjects which have been chosen, and the dif-

ferent methods by which they have been work-

ed out.

A large number chose the subject “Victory

and Defeat,” but yet no two speeches were at

all alike. Each student presented entirely dif-

ferent views and ideas, the same idea being

rarely found repeated. The style of speech

yerie:! es the character of the various speak-

oe

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ers, proving, to quote one of the subjects, that

“studies enter into the character.”

Another set of stibjects has now been as-

signed, some of them dealing with the politi-

cal questions of the day, and it yet remains to

be seen which will appeal the most strongly to

the speakers. We hope that they will be dealt

with as successfully as the others.

All who possess some skill with the tennis

tacket, are advised to begin to practice and

put themselves in tiim, for there will probably

be a tennis tournament this year on the ‘Trap

grounds. In order that it may not interfere

with baseball practice, it will not be held until

late in May or early in June. Here an oppor-

tunity is afforded those who cannot shine in

baseball or football, to distinguish themselves

in this, one of the most skillful of games.

ALUMNIANA.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Payson and Miss Cary

were visitors at the home of T. R. Westerveli

during the Spring vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames and Mr. and Mrs. Burr

were recently guests at the Trap. Both Mr.

Ames and Mr. Burr were formerly Latin Mas-

ters in this school.

’91, Clarkson Runyon is coaching the Rut-

gers College baseball team this year.

’93, Ralph Parrott has been promoted to the

rank of Captain in the U. S. Army.

’99, Ray Edgar was married to Miss Olive

Dixon in this city April 12.

’99, Austin W. Scott is to be an instructor

in Mathematics in Rutgers College during this

term.

98, Bertram Cropsy has taken a position in

the Brooklyn office of the New York and New

Jersey Telephone Company.

Gustavo Franklin, who was. for several

years a student here, is traveling in the East.

Mrs. Payson has received a photograph of him

taken in Jerusalem in Arabian costume.

THE ARGO.

’o1, Sanger Carleton was a recent visitor at

the Prep. School.

William Smythe, (ex ’o5) was a welcome

visitor at the Trap lately.

Edwin Carpender, (ex ’o1) and Cary Nich-

olas (ex ’04) are engaged in business in Cron-

ly, North Carolina.

Misses Helen Searle, ’02, May Demarest,

‘03, Sarah Scott, ’04, and Edwina Fisher, (ex

’05), visited the school lately.

Garthwaite, (ex ’06) is now working in a

bank in New York city.

Edward Cooke, (ex ’06) is now attending

the New Brunswick Business College.

Since the last issue of theArgo, the baseball

schedule has been somewhat changed and four

more games have been added. The following

schedule, which is probably the best the school

has had in a number of years, is due to the

enterprise of Prof. Ferguson, our manager.

April 15—Leal School at New Brunswick.

April 22—Rutgers College Freshinen at

New Brunswick.

April 29—Pingry School at Elizabeth.

May 6—Kingston School at Essex Falls.

May 13—Plainfield High School at New

Brunswick.

May 19—Plainfield High School at Plain-

field.

May 27—Hudson River Military Academy

at Nyack.

May 31—Pennington Seminary at New

Brunswick. :

June 3--Newark

Brunswick.

June 10—East Millstone at East Millstone.

High School at New

RUTGERS PREP., 12—LEAL, o.

The baseball season was most successfully

opened on Saturday, April 15th, when we

easily defeated the Leal School nine of Plain-

field. It wa sour first game and the team

showed the result of two and a half weeks’

practice and Prof. Riedel’s coaching. Although

THE ARGO.

we so utterly outclassed our opponents the

game was very interesting throughout.

Applegate proved himself to be an excellent

pitcher by striking out twelve men and not

allowing a base on balls. Jewett, the Leal

twirler, showed speed and pitched well during

the first six innings, but at no time was his

pitching effective. Thompson made a pretty

catch of a line drive in the first inning robbing

Daniels of a hit. In the second inning we

scored three runs through errors of the Leal

third baseman and two passes to first. We

added two more runs in the second by an er-

tor of the third baseman, a base on balls and

Case’s hit. In the fifth we added one more

run by hits from Applegate and Matzke, and

in the seventh came our batting rally. Jewett

began to weaken and by six successive hits we

added six more runs.

The infield played well together for the first

game, but had the only four errors. ‘The bat-

ting and fielding was exceptionally good and

with two months left we should have a base-

bal team to be proud of.

The line up was as follows:

Leal—Dallas, first base; Daniels, (cap.),

left field; Wills, catcher ; Glamy, short stop;

Howard, third base; Brown, second \_ base;

Manning, centre field; Lyman, right field;

Jewett, pitcher.

Rutgers Prep—Andreae, first base; Matz-

ke, Hoe, Vrooman, left field; Case, Matzke,

catcher; Kirkpatrick, (cap.), short stop;

Thompson, third base; Corbin, second base;

Hoe, Packard, center field; Price, Hand, right

field; Applegate, pitcher.

Score by innings:

1234567 89. r:h ‘€

Leal 000000000—0 35

Rutgers Prep. 0 3 201060 x—I2 II 4

A MEDIEVAL TRAGEDY.

Many years ago, back in the middle ages,

when the church ruled the state, when layman

was subject to priest, and men believed for

fear of death what they were told to believe;

63

in the fair land of Italy, in a little village, there

lived a maid, beautiful and good. Her father,

a nobleman, because of various accidents and

mischances had been reduced to comparative

poverty. He was a proud man, however, and

concealed his poor condition from the world,

choosing rather to appear rich and well nigh

Starve than to sell his estates and live in sim-

ple comfort. His daughter was his only child,

his wife had died long years before. He loved

his daughter, but still more he loved his proud

name.

One day a young noble from an estate near-

by came to visit the old lord. He was rich

and handsome, and, as was most natural, at

once fell in love with the girl. During his stay

they were much together, and she soon grew

to love him in return. At last one day, as

they were walking over the beautiful Italian

hills he told her of his love and asked her

to marry him, and this she gladly promised to

do. Hand in hand they came to the house, and

there they told the old noble of their secret.

He had suspected nothing and when he was

told, became furiously angry. He ordered the

young man to depart at once and never again

to see the girl.

He gave no reason for this unexpected burst

of passion, but it afterwards appeared that

the cause was his pride. He could give his

daughter no dowry suitable to her rank and

was ashamed to confess it. Determined that

she should never marry, he forced her to take

the veil, to become a nun. He lost no time and

that very night she entered a convent and re-

nounced the world forever.

Of course she was broken-hearted. For days

she scarcely touched any food, but sat at her

window gazing wistfully off over the hills.

One afternoon, as she was walking in the con-

vent garden an attendant passing by slipped

a note into her hand. Eagerly she read it,

and found it was from her lover, telling her

to wait that night at a certain corner of the

garden. She was there at the appointed time,

and he soon appeared with a ladder by which

she scaled the walls and entered the garden.

THE ARGO.

6

: her over. Horses

pass time he helped ;

a ail they fled. All that night they

were 2

: ch

hed the villa whic

daybreak reac

a ads for her in a little cas

a - nike Florence. A priest was wa fe

res soon pronounced the words that ma

an

them man and ee this were the end of the

Id be well i

i Gtk is not. They lived happily or a year

or more in their new home, and a little co

born. But meanwhile the church was a -

Ever since the night on which they oe "

attempts had been made to find them. An a t

Cardinal, grim, cruel, but devoted to the

church, while traveling through that region,

stopped one night at the villa. He had known

the girl when she lived at her father’s house,

and as soon as he saw her he recognized her.

He called his atendants, and they seized her

and her husband and bound them. He asked

the girl what excuse she had to offer for

breaking her vow to the Holy Church. As she

had none he commanded that she suffer the

usual penalty. A portion of the wall of the

house was removed and she was placed there

with her child. A loaf of bread and a bottle of

water were given her, and before her husband’s

eyes, the stones were replaced, and she was

left to die. Frantic with grief he burst his

bonds, but as he shook himself free, a sword

pierced his heart and he fell back dead.

This is the end of the story, one common

enough, I suppose in those days of supersti-

tion. Many years afterward the stones were

removed and the skeletons of mother and child

were buried on the hillside near the spot where

long before the husband had been laid. ‘The

villa is now owned by a rich American, and he

tells this tale to his guests. The story is true,

I think, as I saw the spot in the wall where the

tragedy of centuries ago was finished.

——\_\_\_\_\_\_.

ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY.

The history of every nation is a history of

conquest. During the centuries of the past;

the temple of war has seldom, if ever been

closed, and to-day its doors stand wide oot to

receive the multitude of braye lives y

be sacrificed at the altars of de wh

ism. But let us leave this age of } Patrigg.

novelty, and go back to the time ae

and tradition are woven together 2 ston

designs are woven in a more beautiful gt

Yes, let us be carried back to the hate abric,

tion that ever existed, a nation from as

ashes rose up many nations, each proud Ose

mighty as its mother. and

Ich Must

To-day we read how Horatius defended th

bridge against the Tuscan army; how Re

lus overcame the death-bringing moter i.

Carthaginian swamps; and how Scipio, in the

Punic war, crushed the hated rival of Rome

Yet little do we think that such men and such

deeds as these are the strength of a nation,

They seem but stories, written for the passing

of an idle hour. But it is this that fires ‘he

young heart to greater, to nobler things.

In the present age we are awed by the mag-

nificent statues dedicated to our heroes, In

almost every city some spot is set aside as a

resting place for the monuments to those who

fought, bled and died for their country. But

the heroes of old had living monuments. Every

man’s heart was a living fire where incense

was burned in honor of their warriors; anl

the perfume, rising and permeating the air,

was breathed in by the younger generations,

to serve as fuel for the fire which was there at

birth and needed only fanning to break forth

into that glow of national pride and devotion,

called patriotism.

Thus we learn of the men of Rome. Her

history is bright with tradition and story; but

her glory was bought with lives; war after

war, battle after battie was fought from cen-

tury to century to maintain her prowess.

Rome was not built in a day; no—not in a

century ; but each year was, as it were, a stone

laid on the foundation built by Romulus and

was cemented in with blood. Thus year after

year throughout a decade of centuries saw

this mighty empire grow up and strengthen

until she ruled the world. Yet her great

strength made her fall the greater; as a grand

THE ARGO.

oak standing on the mountain top towers

mightily over the sea of trees around it. Sea-

son after season it braves the storm, becoming

stronger with each struggle until it reigns su-

preme and defiantly tosses its top to the stars.

But finally there comes a storm far mightier

than all others. All night long it rages on the

mountain and still the oak defies it. But at last

there is a quivering—the monarch of the for-

est trembles, sways to and fro like a ship in a

tempest, and then with a crash goes thundering

down the valley and is echoed far and near; it

falls, bringing destruction to all around it.

But the fall of Rome is not a thing of the

past, but to-day serves as an example to the

nations. Like an avalanche, started by a pebble

on the mountain side, which, in its downward

course starts larger stones until they sweep in

a mighty mass into the valley; so a nation can

be overthrown by a small beginning and with

one downward rush, pass into oblivion.

\*O5DECLAMATION.

THE ADVENTURE OF A LETTER.

Chapter I.

THE COUNCIL.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Foot-prints on the sands of time.

—Psalm of Life.

Washington was making his retreat across

New Jersey. The British were jubilant.

Thought they, “now that we have tired the fox

all we have to do is to trap him.” But, this

was more easily said than done.

Although the colonists had almost given up

hope of ever gaining independence, Washing-

ton was never discouraged. Like the fox, he

saw and made use of even the slightest chance.

Across New Jersey, this great general re-

treated. He crossed the Delaware River with

his men, and, while the Hessians made merry

in Trenton, he was busy planning how to teach

those foreigners a lesson which they would

never forget.

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ae Was not until late in the year of 1776, that

this plan was at last completed, and all the

arrangements were made for

that mem

battle of Trenton, ica

In the morning of the very day of that bat-

tle, Washington summoned all the officers to

his headquarters. After much debate, this

council sent a messenger to a certain Jonathan

Andrews, requesting him to present himself

to Washington.

Soon Jonathan appeared. He was a tall,

strong, fair-haired, and intelligent lad.

Washington pointed to a chair, and, after

Jonathan was seated, said: “Sir, we have call-

ed you here to go on an important errand. Can

you ride a horse?”

Jonathan answered, “Yes, sir.”

“Across the river, there lives an old woman,

who calls herself Fraulein. You will know her

house, because it is on the very edge of the

river and is the only one within a mile south of

Trenton. Go there, hand her this slip of pa-

per, that has my name on, and ask for a black

horse.

“When you get the horse, ride it across New

Jersey toward New York. Every time you

pass a farm house or ride through a village,

wave this letter and call out, ‘The British are

coming.’ After you get within sight of New

York, turn around and ride back to Trenton.

There we will meet you at 12 P. M. Will you

go ne

“Yes, sir. But how a ml to cross the Dela-

ware?”

Washington laughed, then answered, “Did T

forget to tell you? About three miles down

the river, you will find a row boat. A man is

waiting in this boat to row you across the riv

er. When you see him, cry, ‘What ho? If he

answers, ‘Bunker Hill,’ he is the right man. If

he does not answer that, he is an enemy.”

“T will go, sir.”

Washington rose, shook Jonathan’s hand,

and then said quietly, “Thank you, Mr. An-

drews. Here is the letter. May God speed

you.

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Chapter II.

THE CROSSING.

The ice was here, the ice was there,

The ice was all around;

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled

Like noises in a swound!

—Ancient Mariner.

After nearly an hour of hard walking, Jon-

athan caught sight of the boat.

“What, ho??” he salled.

“Bunker Hill,” came the answer.

Running down the shore, he quickly got in-

to the boat, arid then told the man to “push

off.”

The ice in the river was running out at

terrific speed. ‘The crossing seemed almost

impossible. But Jonathan had promised to do

this errand, and he was determined to fulfill

his promise.

The sturdy little boat darted out of the

sheltered cove, struck the heavy ebb tide, rear-

ed like a frightened horse suddenly chacked

in its flight, and then shot forward.

The oarsman pulled hard for the shore, but

it was of no use. ‘The wind, the tide, and the

current were all going in one direction, and

these combined forces swung the boat around

and carried her down the river.

The man looked at Jonathan, and Jonathan

looked at the man. Both understood only too

well what this meant. It meant either a ter-

rible trip down the Delaware, through the bay,

and out upon the stormy Atlantic, or if the ice

became jammed, a certain and horrible death

by drowning.

“Drop the oars!” called Jonathan, between

the guests of wind, to the oarsman. “Wait

until we get near to Fraulein’s house, then we

will both row for the shore.”

The man obeyed. The boat drove on before

the three great forces, the ice still followed

like a ghostly tiger pursuing its prey, and the

men intently watched the shore for any sign

of Fraulein’s house.

Suddenly Jonathan jumped up.

is! There it is!” he cried.

“There it

The two men

THE ARGO.

seized the oars, pulled with might and main

and after what seemed nearly five minutes of

battling with the forces of nature, at last

succeeded in getting the boat out of the cur.

rent and into a sheltered bay.

Chapter III.

THE RIDE.

“A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for 4

horse!”—Richard III.

Jonathan soon reached Fraulein’s tiny, but

spotlessly clean house. In answer to his knock

a stolid-faced, weazened old hag opened the

door.

“Are you Fraulein,” asked Jonathan.

“Yah,” answered the woman, in a voice that

sounded more like the croak of a raven than

anything else.

“Have you a black horse?”

“Val

‘Is it a good one?”

“Yah,”

Jonathan took the slip of paper out of his

pocket, handed it to her, then asked, “May I

have the horse?”

"Vah.?

Jonathan went to the little stable, opened

the door, and looked in. There, to his utter

astonishment, was the finest black horse that he

had ever seen. Quickly saddling it, he mount-

ed and rode away.

Past farm houses, through villages, into

the very heart of New Jersey, rode this second

Paul Revere. All the way, he kept shouting

that ringing cry, “The British are coming.”

The British soldiers were so taken by sur-

prise that while he was riding toward New

York, they offered him no resistance. But as

he turned away from that city, he heard a

clatter of hoofs behind him. Looking around,

he saw two soldiers pursuing on horse-back.

Across fields, through woods, over hills, and

through valleys rode pursuers and pursued.

Their horses were unevenly matched. Jona-

than’s was tired from its exertions, while those

of the soldiers were fresh.

THE ARGO,

y little did the soldiers gain upon Jon-

Little by little did Jonathan’s horse

speed and exhaust its great

Little b

athan. i

sla cken its

strength. :

The seconds became minutes, and the min-

utes hours, still the trio rode on.

The shadows lengthened, the sun disap-

eared beneath the horizon in the West, and

night came on, but still they rode.

The night was still and dark. No sound was

heard, except the deep breathing of the horses

an dthe steady click-a-clack of their hoofs upon

the frozen ground.

Suddenly Jonathan saw something which

made him heave a sigh of relief. Just in front

of him the lights of Trenton shone out clear

and bright. Urging his horse to go faster, he

turned it into a little lane, and rode at full

speed toward the river.

The soldiers seeing that it was no use fol-

lowing him, whipped out their pistols and fir-

ed after him. They hoped that some chance

shot might strike him, but in this hope they

were deceived. Just as Jonathan was nearing

the end of the lane, his horse stumbled and

fel, throwing him to the ground. As he picked

himself up, he heard the shots come whizzing

past him and drop into the river with a warn-

ing “phit !”

Going over to where his horse lay, Jonathan

found the poor beast, was stone dead. “Well,”

he mused, “the noble horse has died in saving

my life. But it’s too bad that it could not

have lived long enough for me to show the

gratitude I feel for it.

“Now I must rest myself and wait for

Washington. How he will come while all that

ice is in the river and all those Hessians are in

Trenton, is something I cannot solve. Still,

whatever he promises he always fulfills.”

So Jonathan waited.

Chapter IV.

VICTORY.

“Doth make the night joint labourer with

the dav.’—Hamilet.

Quickly the hours passed. Soon it was mid-

67

a From the river, came the steady crunch

ae Of the ice; from the nearby woods came

€ mourniul sighing of the wind; and from

the city of Tren

ton came sounds i

revelry, of music and

Suddenly Jonathan heard a new sound. It

came from the river, It was as the sound of

something padde striking the water with quick,

steady strokes,

He listened. Yes, he heard it again. Nearer,

nearer, it came. Soon he thought he saw dark

objects on the water. The objects drew near-

er. They were boats filled with men. But,

were they friends or foes ??

Was not that Washington in the foremost

boat? Was not that the Continental flag that

waved so proudly from the second boat? Yes,

they were American soldiers!

Washington had fulfilled his promise. A bat-

tle was near at hand.

Running along the shore, Jonathan joined

the Americans as they disembarked.

What followed, I need not repeat. It was

a noiseless approach, a complete surprise and

a victory !

The British and their allies really did come

across New Jersey, but in a manner that made

all the patriots laugh loudly and long.

That night, when Jonathan reported to

Washington, he was told to read the letter. On

opening it, what was his surprise to find a

commission making him a sergeant.

“But,” said the astonished Jonathan, “I have

not earned it.”

Washington answered, “Sergeant Andrews,

let me congratulate you on the success of your

mission. I sent you on to raise the hopes of

the colonists and to show them that even Bri-

tish soldiers are not invincible.

“T want to give a man with such grit and

sense of duty as you have, a good start on the

road to success.”

ALAN D. CAMPBELL, JR.

HE ARGO.

68

'

Another school song has been compose,

: : it may

which should be learned immediately, as h

be sung at the games this year.

BASEBALL SONG.

Tune—“On the Banks of the Old Raritan.

diarnond

Our players out upon the

They're the swifest bunch that you can find

They'll show you how to play

For they’ve done so many a day

On the banks of the old Raritan.

Chorus.

We'll show you how to do the business,

And the game we'll teach you to play.

For you haven’t any show,

We're the only bunch, you know

On the banks of the old Raritan.

Though you may strive to play your hardest

It will be to you of no avail

For against old Rutger’s Prep.

You had just as well give up

On the banks of the old Raritan.

Chorus.

EXCHANGES.

A number of exchanges confine themselves,

in their exchange columns, to comments on

the covers of the different papers, and occa-

sionally very brief criticisms on the literary

work contained between the covers. But it is

this part of the paper, the literary matter,

which is of most importance, and upon which

we should like to hear intelligent criticisms.

The cover is of minor importance, although

we do not deny that the impression made by

a paper is greatly enhanced if the cover be

well designed.

Particularly are criticisms lacking on the

editorials in the various papers,

the January Amulet contained a

ing editorial, full of truth, on the

ing, and yet we have noticed no ¢

Tor instance,

very interest-

art of listen-

omment on it

in any of our exchanges, This

yery discouraging to editors,

We find one of our exchanges Stat;

it has “read the following exchang ing tha

wonder if most of the papers acti 3

them. They receive the exchanges . read

rather doubtful, judging from ee Ut ig

comments, whether they have read th

even looked them over.

is

0 the

tm, or

In such a well-ordered paper as the

containing such a large quantity , li tle,

matter, we are surprised to fing Such » a

exchange column. It would adq to the : ort

est of the paper, we think, to amplify ge

branch of the paper. is

“Uncle Pete’s” story of his boyhood ae

in the February number of the Irving Reng

is very amusing and well Written, The e

change column of this paper is very ee

ing. Good, sensible criticisms are given. "

word of praise from such a source is to be : a

preciated and advice to be heeded, >

\_

SLIPS AND CLIPS.

A man carrying a basket of mo:

: Ttar on his

head must be a sub-lime character.

—Ex,

A Maryland school ma’am was ¢

class the mysteries of grammar. “Now, John-

ny,’ she said, “in what tense am | speaking

when I say I am beautiful ” ‘The little fellow

answered as quick as a wink, “The past.”

eaching her

Dr. P—n. “Who was infernal Juno??”

C—n. “Pluto.”

A man running for office, gained the vote of

a farmer and obtained with it a rather doubt-

ful compliment.

The candidate paying a second visit to the

house of the doubtful voter, was surprised as

well as pleased to learn that he had decided to

support him.

“Glad to hear it,” said the candidate, “I

thought you were against me.” “So I was at

first,” replied the farmer. “When you called

PAP ote THE ARGO.

the other day and stood by that pig-sty

here Iked for half an hour, ye didn’t budge

gnd ta inch, but when ye had gorie away, sir,

=e thinkin’ how ye’d reached yer hand oy-

I got isil and scratched the pig’s back till he

y ei wi’ the pleasure of it, I made up my

af ik when a man was so sociable with his

m

fellow creatures, I wasn’t the one to vote

. ”

i m1.

against hit

——

A young would-be poet entered the publish-

er's room and ostentaciously handed him some

close-written sheets. ‘The publisher rapidly

glanced through them and then declared that

they were of no use to him. Thereupon the

oet haughtily remarked, “Poets are born, not

made.” “Now young man,’ said the publisher,

“it won't do you a particle of good to lay the

blame on your parents.”

s—h, “A great many years ago, when we

were children, we had a story book”— (inter-

rupted by derisive laughter.)

Teacher. “For what is Mt. Ararat noted?”

A. P. Why that’s the place where some of

the people stayed during the flood.”

A young man had been invited to dinner,

and was very much embarrased and shy. When

the meal commenced, his agitation began. Sit-

ting opposite a mirror he discovered to his

horror, that he had forgotten to comb his hair.

Lifting his hand to arrange his hair he knock-

ed his neighbor’s elbow and spilt the spoonful

of soup which she was just carrying to her

mouth all over her dress. As he arose to help

her he upset his glass of water into his other

neighbor’s lap and tipped over his own plate

of soup all over himself. Finally matters were

straightened out, but a few moments after-

ward, on putting his hand under the table to

feel whether the soup had dried on his trous-

ers, he felt—yes, it was! How it could have

happened he could not tell. All during the

rest of his meal he surreptiously but firmly

worked hard and fast with his hands under the

table. His embarrassment was painful to be-

hold. When the dinner was over, as he arose,

the whole table cloth and everything on it

69

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THE ARGO.

IV

came crashing to the floor, while the young

man pulled foot after foot of the tablecloth out

from between his waistcoat and his trousers.

Then he fled.

A. P. (reading). “Paul before his conver-

sation was steeped in sin.”

E. R. (Mythology class). “Well, demiper

he was burned with anger and sent a flood.

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