



WB MALLARD '11

APRIL, 1911

Vol. XXII

No. 7

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*"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."*

Tick—tock—tick—tock. How many more times would he hear that awful, monotonous sound which struck abject terror to his inmost soul! Not that the ticking of a large clock, slow as that ticking may be, was fearful, but that which it foreboded. Nearer and nearer it they came, but so slowly that their approach was imperceptible. Ah! how refreshing those cold ends would feel to his burning eyes! When those two iron rods, one for each eye, should reach him, would they kill him instantly? There were at least six inches between his eyes and those irons. How long would it be before he felt them,—they moved so slowly? But how long had he been there? He realized that he was bound, and sweating from horrible mental agony; he could not see beyond those ends, nor could he remember being brought there. How did he come there? His mind began to wander and he saw a face—a man's face; then the body appeared, and the iron ends were shut from his vision and he saw a room, the court room, and he himself sitting on his judge's chair listening to this man's story. Now the case came back to him. This fellow was the son of the prisoner convicted of murder in the first degree. His gaze shifted to the criminal, a bent-down, white-haired old

man, with a careworn, listless look. Bah! the idea of a man's hair turning white from torture. Why, hair so white as that could only belong to old men,—and was this man not old enough for white hair? But what was this man's son saying?

"Look at him, your honor, a miserable old man! He was not so a week ago. He was seized by a gang and tortured unmercifully. In that one night his hair turned white and he lost his mind. They freed him, when they were satisfied, and left him all but dead, nor thought of him again, and went on their way. I can see them stop and enter that cursed tavern and spend their victim's money. They drink and laugh and toast their leader. Their mugs are raised and—the leader drops his and becomes deathly pale. They all turn. See! On the sill of the door stands a devil with an immense axe! He walks in and closes the door. God! It is my father! Suddenly he raises his axe, runs to the end table, leaps on it, and dashes over the long table covered with good cheer, up to the man at the head. He raises that axe, and with an awful blow crashes it into his tormentor's head, cutting him in half! The gang runs out in mortal terror and the prisoner falls off the table uncon-

*AN AMAZING ADVENTURE.*

(Concluded from last month.)

scious! When out of range the gang collects. They put away the evidences of their crime and accompany the police, summoned by the inn-keeper. Then the prisoner is taken to the jail, where he comes to his senses only partially. Look at him! He hardly knows his predicament. Oh! believe me! That man never had a white hair in his head before! I tell you he did the deed when out of his mind! For God's sake, do not judge hastily!"

Tick—tock—tick—tock! Everything was gone but those two ends! Only an inch away! His eyes almost started out of their sockets! What was that? A clock; a man, the prisoner's son, is standing beside it with a smile on his face. He opens the case and is about to seize the pendulum, but with a shake of his head he closes the case again. The tortured man feels his mind slipping from him and he strains every muscle, first to reach those murderous rods and hasten death, and then to escape them. But it is useless, and with a hideous scream all is over.

The next thing the judge was conscious of was the ticking of a clock. At first he lay still, but gradually he realized that he was in his bed and that the sun was creeping into his room. His head was paining fearfully and he was conscious of a cold sweat over his body. Suddenly an idea struck him and he sprang out of bed and ran to his mirror. His hair was white! The poor man sank into a chair and cried hysterically.

His people found him an hour later in an unconscious state and put him to bed, where he was kept for a week by his physician; but as soon as he was able he looked more carefully into the case that was the cause of this nightmare, and found the son's story to be true. The band was convicted and their victim sent to a sanitarium at the judge's expense. The judge himself has always remembered that dream, and has learned to hear both sides of every case without partiality, a gift possessed by a very few.

H. F. S.

When I came to, the sun streaming in my face found me lying with my head close to the embers of the dying fire. At first I was dazed and could make out nothing of my surroundings, but as I saw the empty revolver lying on the floor and a neat round hole in the window pane I began to have a hazy recollection of the events of the night. I rummaged among my provisions and managed to find a small amount of "ready to eat provender." After I had had some nourishment I set out to ascertain what had happened during the night. I now had a clear idea of all the events and the figure seen in the lightning flash was clearly set in my mind. I examined the room and found nothing out of place. The window was shut and there was but one bullet hole in it, whereas the whole chamber of my pistol had been emptied. I finally decided that the window must have been shut by my visitor before his departure. Next I went to examine the outside of the house, and imagine my dismay when I saw a trail of blood leading from the side of the house.

At once I determined to follow the trail and find out what my visitor had been. I had thought it had been in truth of the ghost world, but now I knew that it was mortal. I went to the shack to put on my khaki suit. Just as I emerged from the door, with my rifle slung over my shoulder and a generous amount of lunch in my pocket, I was met by what appeared to be an official delegation from the village. I could converse in the Spanish language after a fashion, and with some trouble I caught the drift of what they wanted.

They had seen an apparition, or rather they had heard and imagined they had seen it. Well, anyway, from what they imagined they saw they had a right to be scared. It had been accompanied by the worst devils of thunder and lightning. The height of the creature varied anywhere from ten feet to the size of

a house. It had let out a most peculiar moaning sound, and had, last but not least, left a warning in the middle of the Fire Circle, as they called their meeting ground. It was a demand that the people of the village should leave a certain sum of money and valuables in a designated place outside the village. Furthermore, it warned them to have me sent out of the village, or else kill me within a week, but as I had made some friends among them they had determined upon the former course. Also it was demanded that by no means should the grave be touched, nor should a citizen approach it. As a punishment for the disregard of these orders the town would be perpetually haunted by the ghost and that one child should disappear from the village each day, and after the children were gone it would begin on the adults. They were thoroughly frightened, and also thoroughly determined to obey the command of the haunt. They then served me my walking papers. I laughed at them and tried to quiet their thoughts and fears, but to no effect. If one thing makes a Mexican more obstinate than he naturally is it is fear. Well, I had to tell them that I was going hunting into the forest and also to promise to return within the week, the latter being easy enough, as I was satisfied that I had struck a rich pocket of ore, and was going to return anyway. When they had gone to the loafers' corner to talk it over, I set off to trail the blood. I followed it right out the village, up the mountain and down the valley on the other side. From there it turned and went directly towards the clearing. After three hours of hard trailing, during which I expected to come on my victim any place, as I could not see how any human could stand the loss of so much blood, I saw ahead of me my black haunt, only unlike a spirit it was staggering and groaning like one mortally hurt. Before I had approached five steps nearer it had fallen and lay perfectly still. I rushed up to the fallen body and at once saw that my ghost was no ghost at all. It lay on its back, breathing

heavily. Bending over the unconscious form I did what I could to allay the bleeding. When I had stopped the flow of blood, going to a nearby spring I obtained a cap full of water which I poured over the wounded man. Then, as he showed no sign of regaining consciousness, I picked him up and carried him back to the village. It was a terrible journey, and how I got there I don't know. I at once got a doctor, who brought the man back to consciousness. The man asked if there was any hope of his recovering, and the doctor answering no, asked for a priest. The father having come the man made his confession. He said: "From the dread of the villagers of the hermit's grave I conceived the idea I was perfectly safe there, as no one came near. Then I selected my disguise, and upon being discovered in a house I would by means of groans frighten my discoverer so that he was helpless. Then I would escape back to the grave, where no one would follow me. But the young Americano is different. He did not seem to fear the ghosts. I plundered this way for years with no fear of discovery. In this time I have laid up great wealth. It is hidden—" The man was seized with a hemorrhage and before he could finish his sentence was dead. We hunted high and low for that treasure but never found it. The mystery of the ghost of the hermit was solved.

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*A STORY.*

I am going to write a story. Not that I want to write one, but that my wife and literary daughter have asked me to set down some of my western experiences. Just now I feel like the man who was asked to write an article to make the people laugh:—he said it couldn't be done, and then went ahead and tried, with the result that I smiled to myself and chuckled mentally. So I will do my best. This is one of several yarns told me by an old cattleman, "Kaiser" Bill by name. I will tell it as nearly as possible in his own words,

changing the prairie dialect to good New York English.

"Once when I was young, and had a better opinion of myself than most folks, I was working for the Z— outfit up north of here. It was in the spring, when there wasn't much doing, that we rounded up a band of wild horses, whose leader was a fire-eating, rampaging, man-killing mustang. Most of the horses were broken in a short time, but we couldn't do anything with Beelzebub, as the mustang had been named, and no one dared to go very near him.

"Late in June I went into Mexico on some business, and didn't get back till August. In the meantime some fool greenhorn from the east tried to ride B., and got his neck broken for his pains. I had learned considerable that summer, and thought I knew enough to have a try at the horse, so when I had time to spare we brought him out and got ready. First we threw him and held him fast by ropes on his legs, while I bridled him with rawhide reins and a cruel Mexican bit, and fastened the saddle with a double cinch. Then we climbed the fence and turned him loose. Well, sir, you should have seen him cavorting round that pasture trying to get rid of the saddle. He certainly acted as if his namesake was in him for fair. After a while he quieted down somewhat, and then we caught him again and held him while I got on. I took a good grip with my hands on the bridle and my knees on his sides and signalled to turn him loose. I can't find words to describe the horrible struggle of the next few minutes. He seemed to know every trick for unhorsing and injuring a man that was ever invented. He bucked and reared, jumped up and down, rolled over, so that I had to leap from the saddle to avoid being crushed, and dashed hither and thither at frightful speed, only to suddenly stop short in his tracks and nearly send me over his head. The only effect of the bit and spurs was to enrage him to newer bursts of frenzy, until once I was not quick enough when he rolled, and he crushed one leg under him. Immedi-

ately a dozen men started to help me, but the only thing that saved my life was a small dog which came barking at B. Now, he didn't like dogs, so he started for the gate in the fence which had just been opened to admit a couple of cowboys with lariats, and where the crowd was the thickest. He was too quick for the horsemen and dashed through the crowd, knocking down several in his way. Fortunately, or otherwise, he did not flee for the open prairie, as every one expected, but for his stable, where he turned at bay in his stall, dripping and panting, but still with fire in his eye.

"I was cared for immediately, but it took three months for my leg to heal as good as new. Then, despite the protests of my friends, I determined to have another try at the horse, but with more precautions. The day before, two cowboys, by ropes fastened to his neck and their saddles, led him between them for a ride of about fifty miles, which tired him enough to make him submit to a rubbing down. Then early in the morning he was taken for another thirty miles at a fast pace, and then delivered to me. I mounted as before, but instead of an enclosed field, out on the open plains. He started off as spicy as ever, but I could detect some signs of weariness. I got him headed east, and I kept him going all day, circling to the left, until finally I got back to camp late in the afternoon, having covered upwards of sixty miles. B. was utterly fagged out and I was pretty tired myself, but we had come to understand each other and were on pretty friendly terms. This is sometimes the only thing to do with a spirited wild horse,—tire him out and so break his spirit. It nearly always works, and it did in this case, for he became one of my best horses, and I rode him for more than a dozen years. He even became fairly good-natured, but we never changed his name. I still have one of his descendants, as fine a horse as you'd wish to see, and if you come around to-morrow I'll show him to you."

(Continued on page 127.)



## THE ARGO.

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### ARGO STAFF:

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**Managing Editor**  
R. W. SEARLE.

**Alumni**

R. B. SEARLE.

**Business Manager**  
D. C. SUCCOP.

**Asst. Bus. Mgr.**

C. C. BUSCH.

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**School Notes**

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

All business communications to Business Manager  
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.

A little over a year ago the Young Men's Christian Association of Rutgers Preparatory School had the honor of entertaining the Associations of other preparatory schools in the State of New Jersey meeting in convention in New Brunswick. A large debt was thus incurred, which was all paid up at the beginning of this year excepting twenty-three dollars. However, Dr. Scudder and the Y. M. C. A. of the college made an agreement whereby he was to give a public lecture on the Passion Play for the benefit of the college association, provided they used the first twenty-three dollars of the door receipts in paying off the debt against our Student Association. This lecture was of course to be given free on the part of Dr. Scudder. He gave the lecture at Kirkpatrick Chapel, and the college Y. M. C. A. was fortunate enough in collecting this amount and considerably more. Hence the students of this school appreciate what Dr. Scudder has done in releasing the Student Association from this debt, and take this opportunity of expressing their thanks toward him.

Although our Southern trip was not a wonderful success in the way of victories, yet we feel that in all other ways it was a great success,—for did it not show that the town had an interest in the school? We have gotten out of the trip a lot of good practice and we have been able to get the experience. Hard luck followed us, for after the first game Ziegler, our only pitcher, was forced to leave us, and the water made some of the fellows sick. Nevertheless we would not have missed the trip for the good it did. It is up to the fellows to show those merchants and professional men who helped us that we appreciate a whole lot what they have done to help us, and that we mean to pay them back to the best of our ability. It is a good thing for the school to be popular in the town, for it helps both the town and the school in more ways than one.

We wish to thank our friends who contributed to the fund, and who made the trip

possible, in our most sincere manner, and to assure them that in the future we will do our best to make them feel that we appreciate what they did.

A full account of the Southern trip will appear in our next month's issue.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'06. Bill Nicholas has been made "high gun" on the U. S. S. Connecticut. Bill graduated from Annapolis last year.

'05, '07, '09. Mark Andreae, Sangster and Bobby Prentiss are members of Rutgers crack base-ball team.

'09. Prehn left New York the second of April on a business trip to Australia.

'10. "Cac" Erickson has gone west for his health.

'74. Oscar M. Voorhees is secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

'09. Rod Van Devert is living in New York. He is to be married in June.

'08. Alan Campbell and Thurlow Nelson won first and second places in the recent Prohibition Contest at Rutgers.

'09. Reeder Reeves is in Omaha.

'07. Clarkson Stelle is employed by the New Brunswick *Times*.

'07. Bus Howell is married.

'07. Ted Pockman has accepted a position as a professor in Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey.

'06. Claude Thomson is taking post graduate work in Rutgers.

'06. Kirkpatrick is owner of a garage in Jamesburg.

Ex-'10. Dunlop played center for Mercersberg this year.

Ex-'09. Alfred Stellar is a student in Franklin and Marshall College.

Mother: "Tommy, go out and buy some bread."

Tommy: "Grahame or White?"

Mother: "Buy plane."—*Ex.*

#### A HOME THRUST.

Many years ago, in a New England boarding school for boys, the principal was a learned clergyman—a preacher of long sermons and a strict grammarian.

One night, after 10 o'clock taps, when all the boys should have been in bed, he was passing silently through the dormitory when he heard sounds of revelry from a darkened room. He rapped on the door. Silence within. Then:

"Who's there?"

"It's me—the principal. Open the door."

"Ha, ha, ha-a-a! You're a liar! If it was the doctor he would say 'It is I!'"

Seeing the force of this argument the doctor passed on.—*Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

There is a man who never drinks,

Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears,

Who never gambles, never flirts,

And shuns all sinful snares.

"He's paralyzed!"

There is a man who never does

A thing that is not right,

His wife can tell just where he is

At morning, noon and night.

"He's dead!"

—*Ex.*

It happened in Topeka. There are three clothing stores in one block. One morning the proprietor of the middle store stuck his head out of the door and looked around him. On his left was a huge sign: "Mammoth Bargain Sale"; on his right another: "Closing Out at Cost." He withdrew and in twenty minutes reappeared with this sign, which he tacked over the door: "Main Entrance."—*Ex.*

A pair in a hammock

Tried to kiss,

And in a second

They looked like this.

—*Ex.*



#### *THE BASKET-BALL TEAM.*

The Rutgers Prep. School Basket-Ball Team has ended another season in very creditable style, having won nine out of twelve games. This record is a favorable comparison to those made during the previous seasons. One thing making the difference was that there was no bad feeling among the players, as has sometimes been the case. The team was the best scholastic delegation in the State next to Newark H. S. and Lawrenceville. The team work was fine and the playing was usually steady.

In two games Prep. came back in the second half and overcame their opponents' lead, winning the game, and both times they were away from home. The first team Prep. ever had lost but one game. The second team won but two games. Last year's team won but two games. The team was coached in fine style by Ziegler. Two men were left over from last year's team, Searle and Parkin.

With the progress of the season the team grew steadily better, until at its end they could beat most anything. One of our defeats, from Plainfield H. S., was unmerited, and it was plainly seen that we had much the better team of the two. They played their best, in the last Irving game, when they came back in the second half, and won after it looked as if Irving had the game cinched. It was then that they

showed their high fighting spirit when, in a poor, small gym., with hard baskets, they secured a seemingly impossible victory, giving Irving the only defeat of the season on their own court. There is plenty of material left for a good team next year.

#### *THE PLAYERS.*

Captain Parkin. Left guard. Height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 145. Parkin played a good steady game. While he did not always guard his man very closely, yet he was strong in the team work and was clever in shooting. He played in eleven games.

Fountain. Height 6 ft. 1 in.; weight 155. Played forward. Fountain was the best shot on the team and was one of the best in the floor work. He was a hard man to guard. Played in nine games.

Searle. Height 6 ft.; weight 145. Played center. Searle scored the most points during the season and played a steady game. Played in twelve games.

Succop. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 146. Played forward. Succop was a star and through his work more than one game was won. Fast and clever, he was a valuable basket-ball player. Played in twelve games.

Voorhees. Height 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 150. Played forward and guard. Voorhees was a good guard and a close sticker. He was a

clever shot. Played in nine games.

Todd. Height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 185. Played guard. Had Todd been with the team earlier it would have doubtless been much stronger. He was the best guard on the team and the best player in the school. He was always to be depended on. Played five games.

Stinson. Height 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 172. Played guard. Stinson was a good heavy guard and a close one. He could hold his own with any player put against him. Played in seven games.

Grumbacher. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 145. Played forward. He was a good player when he stuck at it, and a clever shot. Played in four games.

Van Sickle. Height 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 168. Played guard. A good close guard. Played in one game.

#### TEAM RECORD.

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#### INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

	Fld.G.	Fl.G.	P.S.
Fountain, f. ....	23	1	47
Succop, f. ....	40	2	82
Voorhees, f. & g. .	12	0	24
Todd, g. ....	8	0	16
Searle, c. ....	52	1	105
Capt. Parkin, g. .	35	23	93
Stinson, g. & f. ....	10	0	20
Grombacher, g. ....	6	0	12
	—	—	—
Total .....	186	27	399



Hart: "Oranges are six cents apiece downtown."

Miss Dickinson: "I suppose they are two for five then."

L. B. Vogt returned to school March 21, after a successful recovery from a fractured skull.

A. C. Busch sprained his ankle in early base-ball practice and was seen about the Trap on a cane for several days.

Mrs. Scudder gave a most delightful dance at the Trap, Friday evening, March 3. About twenty-five young ladies from town were invited by her, and with fine music by Hart's orchestra the affair was carried off in fine style. There were fifteen dances in all. Refreshments were served after the tenth.

Mr. Merrill did not appear on the floor at the dance, but he and Miss Roberts were seen alone in the parlor.

The following suggestions were sent to the ARGO office:

For Mittag: Use Pompeian Massage Cream (good for the complexion).

For Dougherty: Buy some tobacco (once in a while).

For Marquis: Not to shoot Gonzalez.

For Reeves: Use "Fat-on."

For Stinson: Get married, and be done with it.

For Todd: Start a Salvation Army at the Trap.

What is dyspepsia? Food changing from the large to the small intestines is called dyspepsia.

What is a sigh? A sigh is to give comfort to the body when in pain.

What is the pleura? The pleura is a sack of tissue and its function is pleurisy.

What is gout? Gout is high-living.

A reception was given by Mrs. Scudder for several C. C. I. girls from Hackettstown on Friday evening, March 24. Ten of the Trap fellows attended.

A six-inning base-ball game was played between the Holy Rollers and the Pennsylvania Leagues on Thursday, March 23. The Holy Rollers won by the score of 8-7.

The base-ball team appeared in their new suits March 22 and commenced practice in earnest.

Mrs. Boardman entertained the C. C. I. girls and several Trap fellows Saturday evening, March 25.

L—ey.  
O—Isen.  
A—very.  
F—ountain.  
E—verybody.  
R—obins.  
S—tinson.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her husband some beer.  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And his language was awful to hear.

Lives of some fellows remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
By not letting lessons bind us,  
And go fussing all the time.

Ralph Willard '10 gave a description of the factory fire in New York, at the Trap, Sunday, April 2. He was an eye-witness of the disaster and related an interesting story.

Question: Why did Busch blush when Gifford upset in Vesper Service?

#### CLIPPINGS FROM THE PAPERS IN 1920.

Sayre, Pa., March 5.—Revol Williams of this city has been taken on the police force. He has great detective ability and is a fast runner.

Chicago, Ill.—B. R. Hassell, a prominent citizen, has been raised to train despatcher on the Erie because of his knowledge of timetables.

Moscow, Russia.—Samuel Hollander, the young leader of the rebels, marched his army into the city to-day.

West Point, N. Y.—R. W. Johnson heads the honor roll of his graduating class.

Titusville, Pa.—Rev. E. H. Ley, D.D., a son of this community, has consented to take charge of his home church.

Catskill, N. Y.—In 1910 George Day started his course in Rutgers Prep. and expects to graduate this spring.

Milltown, N. J.—The best wheat and earliest potatoes this season were raised by E. H. Hoe.

Washington, D. C.—Speaker Stinson held the "House" in awe throughout his speech against the suffragettes.

Skunkhollow, N. Y.—A saloon has been opened here by a newcomer, Harvey Todd.

Washington, D. C.—J. A. Dougherty was brought before the Supreme Court to-day and tried for Governmental Graft in the First Degree.

Reno, Nev.—On account of matrimonial difficulties, John Voorhees visited this city this week.

New York, N. Y.—A banquet was given last night to S. B. Avery, the famous winner of the Vanderbilt Cup Race.

## CALENDAR.

March.

4. Pete Stinson bunks up on Livingston Ave.
5. Pete Stinson bunks up on Livingston Ave.
6. A slight change at the Bijou.
7. Schumacher comes to school for a change.
8. Mittag receives his allowance. (Ley is happy.)
9. Hamborsky defeats Samuel Patrick Henry Hollander in a debate.
10. Juniors 24, Seniors 19, basket-ball.
11. Base-ball practice starts.
12. Dr. Todd forgot to go to church.
13. A quartet is organized.
14. Holy Rollers start the ball rolling.
15. Zeke Morrison takes a Spanish babe to the Hippodrome.
16. Nothing doing to-day.
17. St. Patrick's Day. "Irish" Dougherty overjoyed.
18. Seen fussing on Livingston avenue—Dunlop and Mittag.
19. Dr. Scott gives lecture on Airship "America."
20. New base-ball suits arrive.
21. Editor-in-Chief sprains his ankle.
22. ARGO comes out.
23. Hungry Nine banquet.
24. Mrs. Scudder entertains C. C. I. girls.
25. Another tea party. All rush the same girl.
26. Six gents go fussing.
27. C. C. I. girls visit drill for the second time.
28. Everybody meets Mr. Bristol.
29. Sister Reeves reads her challenge to Co. B.
30. 'Varsity vs. Holy Rollers.
31. Holy Rollers 8, Pennsylvania Leaguers 18.

April.

1. False fire-alarm rung *near* the Trap.
2. Willard and Low visit the Trap.
3. A warning sign appears at the entrance.
4. Great preparation made for exams.

Avery: "Don't forget, when you are marking my exam., that my name begins with an A."

Vincent Pardo broke his left wrist in falling to a base in the practice game Thursday, April 6. He would have played center-field on the team this year and taken the western trip, but his serious misfortune will put him out of the game for six weeks.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FROM OUR LAST EXAMS.

What is intoxication? Intoxication means losing the power to walk straight.

Why should one breathe through one's nose? You should breathe through your nose to clear out your dusty brain.

What causes a sneeze? A germ when it goes down your windpipe makes you sneeze.

How is the body like and unlike a machine? The body is like a machine because it needs a quantity of oil and fat to keep the joints greased. It is unlike a machine because it greases itself and feeds itself.

Take Bristol's advice and don't tell the Headmaster how to run the school.

A handsome chandelier was presented to the school by the class of 1911. It is brass, with four gas burners in stained glass shades.

Walter Scudder has left school and gone West to work. (?)

We are exceedingly sorry to hear of General's death. He was a fine mascot and raised his bark high above the cheers at all the games. We sympathize with his faithful master, Alfred Busch.

Appalled by the thought of coming exams, E. Grombacher left school before being disgraced by flunking.

A triumphant reception was held for the return of Holmes Dennis.

Many jokes were expected during the Southern trip, but for some mysterious reason none were heard.



THE ARGO acknowledges the following exchanges: Bulletin, Beacon, Caravel, Knight, M. A. S. Monthly, Mirror, Oracle (M. V. H. S.), Oracle (P. H. S.), Polytechnic, Register, Shucis, Signal, Sunnyside, Valkyrie, Wah-Hoo.

Pingry Record, St. Margaret's Chronicle, Mirror (West Hoboken H. S.), Academy Graduate, Allen Tatler, Hilltop, Magpie, Critic, Advocate, St. Andrew's College Review, Briar Cliff Spectator, Aster, Reveille, Xcelentidea, On Bounds, Irvonian.

Bulletin. You are a very concise paper. Several good stories and a well-written exchange column make you one of our most welcome exchanges.

Caravel. Your cuts are excellent, and with plenty of illustrations you make a pleasing appearance. You also have a good literary department.

Knight. You need more departmental cuts. "The Captain's Story" is well written and interesting. All things considered, you are good.

M. A. S. Monthly. Your literary department is good, as is also the editorial page. Your exchange column is good, but we would suggest a more prompt receipt of exchanges.

Shucis. You show improvement with each succeeding issue. Your story, "A War Anecdote," shows that you have a literary genius in S. H. S.

Advocate. Your cuts are poor.

Mirror. A neat little paper, full of news and interesting stories. We suggest a few cuts.

Oracle (M. V. H. S.). Your various departments are well edited, but a few more stories would add much to the appearance of your paper. "His Lover" is a clever little story.

Signal. Always interesting. Full of good bits of news. The several departments are well written.

Magpie. An excellent paper. Your cuts deserve much commendation. You also have a very good cover.

St. Margaret's Chronicle. You are a very interesting paper. We think, however, that if your paper had plain edges it would make a much neater appearance.

Hilltop. A good paper throughout. Your cover design is very appropriate.

#### A STORY.

(Concluded from page 120.)

The old cattleman drained his glass, for the steenth time, and ambled slowly off. Needless to say, I did go, and in truth it was a handsome horse, coal black, with fine, long hair.

There, I have done it. I have written a story, and I ask your forbearance, "gentle readers" (that's an expression always used by authors) if this tale has been dry. Of course, as originally told it sounded better, and was profusely punctuated with drinks furnished by myself from the Red Ball saloon opposite. All of which, with his strong language and interjections, I leave out for politeness's sake. This is merely to show that the story was not dry originally, though it may be now. And now, with thanks for your kind attention, I will bow myself off the stage, begging you to give me the bouquets, if there are any, now, and reserve the cabbage and eggs till I am safely in the wings.

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