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APRIL, 1905

THE ARGO.

Published Monthly
By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School
New Brunswick, N. J.

THE ARGO.

PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

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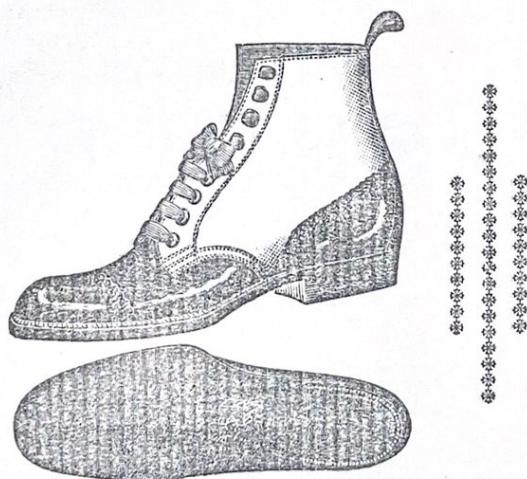
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THE ARGO.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., APRIL, 1905.

No. 7.

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., 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 the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

The spring vacation, the last continued vacation 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 succeeded, my time has been well spent." The Spring term is considered to be the easiest

of the year, but let us not on that account relax our efforts, but rather redouble them, for "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 attended practice this year, and on that account a full supply of good material has been afforded, from which to choose. In consequence 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 affording 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 declamations 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 different methods by which they have been worked out.

A large number chose the subject "Victory and Defeat," but yet no two speeches were at all alike. Each student presented entirely different views and ideas, the same idea being rarely found repeated. The style of speech varied as the character of the various speak-

ers, proving, to quote one of the subjects, that "studies enter into the character."

Another set of subjects has now been assigned, some of them dealing with the political 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 racket, are advised to begin to practice and put themselves in trim, 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 opportunity 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. Westervelt 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 Masters in this school.

'91, Clarkson Runyon is coaching the Rutgers 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.

'01, Sanger Carleton was a recent visitor at the Prep. School.

William Smythe, (ex '05) was a welcome visitor at the Trap lately.

Edwin Carpender, (ex '01) and Cary Nicholas (ex '04) are engaged in business in Cronely, 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 the *Argo*, 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 Freshmen 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 Plainfield.

May 27—Hudson River Military Academy at Nyack.

May 31—Pennington Seminary at New Brunswick.

June 3—Newark High School at New Brunswick.

June 10—East Millstone at East Millstone.

RUTGERS PREP., 12—LEAL, 0.

The baseball season was most successfully opened on Saturday, April 15th, when we easily defeated the Leal School nine of Plainfield. It was our first game and the team showed the result of two and a half weeks' practice and Prof. Riedel's coaching. Although

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 error 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 batting and fielding was exceptionally good and with two months left we should have a baseball 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; Matzke, 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:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Leal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5
Rutgers Prep.	0	3	2	0	1	0	6	0	x	—	12	11

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;

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 simple 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 nearby 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 renounced 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 convent 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.

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Wasting no time he helped her over. Horses were ready, and they fled. All that night they rode, and at daybreak reached the villa which he had prepared for her in a little secluded village near Florence. A priest was waiting and he soon pronounced the words that made them man and wife.

It would be well if this were the end of the tale, but it is not. They lived happily or a year or more in their new home, and a little girl was born. But meanwhile the church was active. Ever since the night on which they escaped, attempts had been made to find them. An old 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 attendants, 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 superstition. 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 open to

receive the multitude of brave lives which must be sacrificed at the altars of duty and patriotism. But let us leave this age of hurry and novelty, and go back to the time when history and tradition are woven together as beautiful designs are woven in a more beautiful fabric. Yes, let us be carried back to the greatest nation that ever existed, a nation from whose ashes rose up many nations, each proud and mighty as its mother.

To-day we read how Horatius defended the bridge against the Tuscan army; how Regulus overcame the death-bringing monster in 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 the young heart to greater, to nobler things.

In the present age we are awed by the magnificent 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; and 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 battle was fought from century 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

oak standing on the mountain top towers mightily over the sea of trees around it. Season after season it braves the storm, becoming stronger with each struggle until it reigns supreme 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 forest 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, Washington was never discouraged. Like the fox, he saw and made use of even the slightest chance.

Across New Jersey, this great general retreated. 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.

It was not until late in the year of 1776, that this plan was at last completed, and all the arrangements were made for that memorable battle of Trenton.

In the morning of the very day of that battle, 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 called 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 paper, 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?"

"Yes, sir. But how a mI to cross the Delaware?"

Washington laughed, then answered, "Did I 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 river. 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."

"I will go, sir."

Washington rose, shook Jonathan's hand, and then said quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Andrews. 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, Jonathan caught sight of the boat.

"What, ho??" he salled.

"Bunker Hill," came the answer.

Running down the shore, he quickly got into the boat, and 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, reared 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 terrible 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. "There it is! There it is!" he cried. The two men

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 current and into a sheltered bay.

Chapter III.

THE RIDE.

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a 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?"

"Yah."

"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?"

"Yah."

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 mounted 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 surprise 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. Jonathan's was tired from its exertions, while those of the soldiers were fresh.

Little by little did the soldiers gain upon Jonathan. Little by little did Jonathan's horse slacken its speed and exhaust its great strength.

The seconds became minutes, and the minutes hours, still the trio rode on.

The shadows lengthened, the sun disappeared 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 and the 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 following him, whipped out their pistols and fired 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 fell, 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 warning "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 day."—*Hamlet*.

Quickly the hours passed. Soon it was mid-

night. From the river, came the steady crunch of the ice; from the nearby woods came the mournful sighing of the wind; and from the city of Trenton came sounds of music and revelry.

Suddenly Jonathan heard a new sound. It came from the river. It was as the sound of something paddling 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 nearer. 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 battle 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 British soldiers are not invincible."

"I want to give a man with such grit and sense of duty as you have, a good start on the road to success."

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Another school song has been composed, which should be learned immediately, as it may be sung at the games this year.

BASEBALL SONG.

Tune—"On the Banks of the Old Raritan."

Our players out upon the diamond
They're the swiftest 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 Rutgers 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 occasionally 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. For instance, the January Amulet contained a very interesting editorial, full of truth, on the art of listening, and yet we have noticed no comment on it

in any of our exchanges. This certainly is very discouraging to editors.

We find one of our exchanges stating that it has "read the following exchanges." We wonder if most of the papers actually *read* them. They *receive* the exchanges, but it is rather doubtful, judging from some of the comments, whether they have *read* them, or even looked them over.

In such a well-ordered paper as the Amulet, containing such a large quantity of literary matter, we are surprised to find such a short exchange column. It would add to the interest of the paper, we think, to amplify this branch of the paper.

"Uncle Pete's" story of his boyhood days, in the February number of the Irving Record, is very amusing and well written. The exchange column of this paper is very interesting. Good, sensible criticisms are given; a word of praise from such a source is to be appreciated and advice to be heeded.

SLIPS AND CLIPS.

A man carrying a basket of mortar on his head must be a sub-lime character.—*Ex.*

A Maryland school ma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," she said, "in what tense am I speaking when I say I am beautiful?" The little fellow answered as quick as a wink, "The past."

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 doubtful 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

here the other day and stood by that pig-sty and talked for half an hour, ye didn't budge me an inch, but when ye had gone away, sir, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached yer hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back till he lay down wi' the pleasure of it, I made up my mind that when a man was so sociable with his fellow creatures, I wasn't the one to vote against him."

A young would-be poet entered the publisher's room and ostentatiously 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 poet 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"—(interrupted 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 embarrassed and shy. When the meal commenced, his agitation began. Sitting opposite a mirror he discovered to his horror, that he had forgotten to comb his hair. Lifting his hand to arrange his hair he knocked 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 afterward, on putting his hand under the table to feel whether the soup had dried on his trousers, he felt—yes, it was! How it could have happened he could not tell. All during the rest of his meal he surreptitiously but firmly worked hard and fast with his hands under the table. His embarrassment was painful to behold. When the dinner was over, as he arose, the whole table cloth and everything on it



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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 *conversion* was steeped in sin."

E. R. (Mythology class). "Well, Juniper he was burned with anger and sent a flood."

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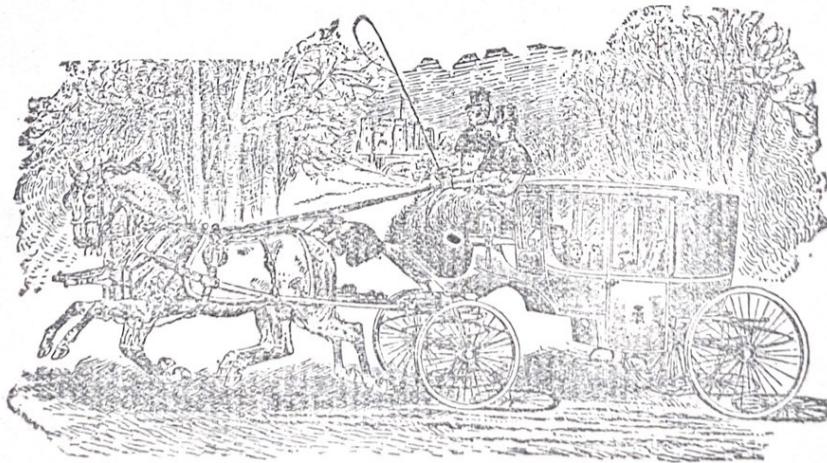
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