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NOVEMBER, 1904

THE ARGO.

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

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THE ARGO.

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VOL. XVI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1904.

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## The Argo.

*Published Monthly During the School Year, by the*

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents

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.

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It is a source of great pleasure and pride to the school, that two of the graduates from the class of 1904 have taken the Sloan Prizes which are offered for the best entrance examinations in the classical course of Rutgers College. The school is greatly indebted to Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Watson for representing them so well, and setting us, humble undergraduates, such an excellent, inspiring example. In stating the offices which these two graduates held when in this school, we neglected, in last month's issue, to mention that Mr. Kilmer was president of the Class of '04.

Now that these two prizes have both been

taken in one year by graduates of Rutgers Prep., we hope that the ice is effectually broken, and that, in the future, this pleasing event will be of more frequent occurrence.

The students here, certainly have as good and a better chance of securing these prizes than those of other schools. We are in close touch with the college, our Headmaster is one of the faculty, and so we receive a thorough preparation to enter the college course.

These prizes are not only valuable in a pecuniary way, but also in that the student contending for them is spurred on to study, and to carefully look over subjects which he has formerly studied and perhaps partially forgotten, and he thus enters college with a full and recent preparation in all the branches of the classical course.

We look forward with confident expectation to seeing many aspiring students of Rutgers Prep. follow in the footsteps of Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Watson, and benefit themselves and confer honor on their Alma Mater by securing these Sloan prizes.

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Our foot-ball team this year has started out after the usual fashion of Prep. School teams to clear everything before it. "The line before them breaks and runs, they know that they must yield." Somerville A. A. has been defeated, and the Hudson River M. A. has fallen before her victorious arms; but in the Y. M. C. A. of our own town we "struck a snag," but succeeded in tying the score.

As the old proverb runs "well begun is half done," and following out the thought of this, there is every reason to hope that our team will keep on in the way that it has begun, and cover itself with "dirt" and glory.

## THE ARCO.

12

### ALUMNIANA.

Hude Nelson, '99, is studying law at the Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.

William E. McMahon, '96, has been appointed manager of the N. Y. and N. J. Telephone Company, covering the Washington, D. C., district.

D. Fisher, '04, has been elected President of the Freshman Class in Rutgers College.

C. C. Mook, '04, is in business in New York.

R. C. Nicholas, '92, is to marry Miss Roberta Johnson, of this city, Wednesday, Nov. 9.

Martin L. Schenck, '00, Rutgers, '04, who, while in College was one of its most powerful orators, is studying law at the Columbia Law School, and, at the same time, making stump speeches for the Republican party.

Robert A. Fordyce, and Thayer Martin, former students of this school, having distinguished themselves in the State Legislature in the past year, have been re-elected on the Republican ticket.

Sanger Carleton, '01, called at the Trap lately. Carleton is now in the varnish business.

E. Rapalje, '96, was married to Miss F. R. Corbin at Oxford, N. Y., on October 25th. Dr. and Mrs. Payson, and C. Corbin, from the Trap attended the wedding. Rapalje holds an important position as manager of a large manufacturing establishment in Cronley, North Carolina.

Nathan T. Benedict, '99, has gone to Florida for his health.

William B. Wyckoff, '98, and Mrs. Wyckoff have returned from their wedding trip, and are now residing at Roseville, N. J.

The engagement of J. Jervis Vail, '94, to Miss Evelyn Bauman, of Rahway, has been announced.

Garthwaite, ex-'07, is in the banking business in New York.

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### A PILGRIMAGE TO AND FROM DAKOTA.

(CONTINUED.)

"I wish there were time to speak at length of that, to me, strange land of Dakota; of its

black, rich soil, so fertile that a white clover lawn mowed one morning puts forth its blossoms the next; of its long, light summer evenings, when one can see to read until towards nine o'clock of its stretches of desolate prairie land; its poverty-stricken rivers which here we would scarcely think worth naming; of its tremendous thunder storms where flash follows flash so closely that at night a lamp is scarcely needed; its shabby little low housed towns, with their many liquor saloons and the unkempt lawless looking men who cluster about them, and many other things which I noted there; but it is impossible now to enter into further description of these things.

"Nothing worthy occurred during my visit, except that I was once set upon by a savage dog and but for the timely appearance of my brother, my little niece and I might have suffered serious hurt.

The hour came when I must say goodbye and I set forth with a heavy heart. For eighty miles my mother travelled with me, and we stopped at Casselton to visit a friend there. The next night I left Casselton and here begins the diary again:

"Thinking we have plenty of time to catch the train (I had bought sleeper ticket on my arrival), we rather loiter on the way to station and as we arrive a train is just starting. I am pushed aboard after it had begun to move, forgetting, in the hurry and pain of parting from friends, to take trunk check from my cousin: my head goes down on the back of the seat and tears come. When the conductor touches me on the shoulder I fumble blindly around for my ticket without raising my head. He takes the ticket, punches it and hands it back, although if he looks at it at all he must know that something is wrong. Before he comes in again some chance remark of a near-by passenger has given me the awful idea that I am on the wrong train, and this suspicion becomes definite knowledge when the conductor returns. Then begins a series of wild inquiries of passengers and conductor, none of whom seem to know anything,

except that I am in a bad dilemma, with no apparent means of escape. Finally the conductor, whom I alternately scold and cajole, after consulting some one in another car, tells me to leave the car at Fargo, take a stage across the town to another station, where, if I am in time, I may connect with the train I should have taken. I do this, in the meanwhile hastily mailing a note to Casselton. At the station where I expect to catch my own train I am directed by the ticket agent to the wrong one again, but, as I board it, meet some new acquaintances made in Laramore, and before the train starts am re-directed and somehow, someway, I at last find that train which I should have taken in Casselton, which was later than the one I did take, and am at last faced about in the proper direction. It is late in the evening and the porter not finding me on the train has re-sold my berth but gets me another. He has, oh joy—my trunk check, and that adjunct of mine is now aboard. I go to bed and actually sleep till morning when I wake up in Minneapolis. Here, after breakfasting, I go to the baggage room and interview the baggage-master. The conductor had told me that all baggage was transferred from my train to another in Minneapolis and that I would probably find my trunk here—not so, however; it had gone on to St. Paul. I pay the baggage master a dollar to telegraph and hold my trunk in St. Paul till I catch up with it. Does anybody believe he did it? When after a few hours' visit at a friend's house in Minneapolis I reach the St. Paul station, my trunk has gaily careened back to Minneapolis, and for five long hours I sit in that immense station with the ear-splitting voice of the train announcer ringing in my ears.

During my long wait I have made many inquiries of different officials as to my most direct route to Tampico, Ill. The baggage man examines my ticket and says he thinks it is all wrong and that I should buy a new one. In great agitation I consult ticket agent, who says I am all right as regards ticket. (This

I have noted in my diary as being the first thing right since I started.)

Savannah seems to be the next point where I change, and I mean to draw several long breaths before reaching there.

When at last my trunk arrives (which seems one of the nineteenth century miracles just now), and the hour for my train also, I start for one of the gates; am directed to another; at that am told my train is not yet made up and sent back to waiting room; consult official there who says my train is made up, and takes me back; here gateman says I never told him I wanted to go to Savannah, which is no prevarication but a direct lie. I go through gate and ask again to be directed to Savannah train. Man points over about a dozen tracks and I start; half way across I am met by another uniformed person who takes me back and puts me on Savannah train. Thank heaven, these officials are not all lunatics.

This is the sleeper and there is a dreadful bed-buggy smell about, but I will not forecast the future any more. "That way madness lies."

Evidently the night was uneventful, for the next chronicle begins with the morning:

Another scare this Thursday morning. Cannot find my pocketbook until I am fully dressed when it drops out from the folds of my dress—more palpitations and wild scrambling about until it is found.

We travel all this morning beside the Mississippi—scenery lovely. I see a new species of water lily here of which I never knew before. It is large, single, pale yellow, and stands about a foot above surface of water. At Sabula Junction there are quantities for sale.

We cross a long trestle work over marshy land, and then go over this sluggish, muddy, mighty river, and on again towards Savannah. Here I am told by a passenger that I must cross the town by stage and take a freight car if I wish to reach Tampico.

In all my journeys thus far no being have I

## THE ARGO.

14

met who ever heard of Tampico or who can locate any route to it. Thus far I have simply pointed to the proper state. The ticket agent says I can either go to Port Byron or Rock Island—makes no difference which. I hesitate and am lost. I have a vague recollection of some one, somewhere, saying Rock Island to me before, and this turns the scales in the wrong direction. I get ticket to that place; train is just leaving, but they wait till my trunk and my unhappy self are put aboard—an unhappy self, indeed! I show ticket when conductor comes in and state my destination. He also expresses ignorance as to locality of Tampico; but says he will find out. Two stations are passed before he comes in and tells me I am on wrong train and must get off. He does not return ticket, however, or refund any of the price, and I, poor wreck, don't think of it—I am now in a state bordering off desperation. Get off at next stop, hire cab to take me to another station, and am told here that I must wait till 12.55. It is now about ten o'clock. I buy another ticket and re-check my trunk, which seems to have more sense than I, in that it sometimes reaches the right place in the right way.

I wander about station a little and am finally directed to what the agent assures me is the best hotel in the town. Forbidding looking place outside—inside corresponds—officious landlady fans me and asks questions at the same time. I ought to love her for she is sympathetic and says I don't look well—strange! when I feel as if I had been flayed alive within the past two days!

I ask for a room and lie down, hoping for "forty winks" and a warding off of another sick headache. Just as I begin a-dreaming there comes a thundering knock on the door—and dinner is announced. I feel too sick to eat, but go down, swallow some tea and then betake me to the station fearing to be late for the train. Late! I almost wish I were. With aching head and sweltering body I sit in the waiting room till three o'clock. The agent takes a friendly interest in me and says I

ought to have a stop-over ticket—fears I will have trouble when I come back to take the train for Chicago. I hear with a sinking heart that I must come back to this place when I finally make my last start for home. Never was in a town I had less affection for than this. (Here was another mistake—these ticket agents do make a few. I never saw the place again.)

I am pointed to a train standing out in the fields apparently, and told to go and get on it, and I do. I am a poor lone lorn old lady lost in the wilds of Illinois and about to take my first trip on the caboose of a freight train. The car is fairly comfortable and entirely empty, and I await the time of starting with such patience as remains to me. This soon arrives, but the train stops about every ten minutes to load or unload freight. O, you, who never rode upon a freight train—you know not *how* it stops. The first time, I did not stop when the train did, but landed on my knees on the floor a second afterwards. For there is no gentle slackening of speed, no careful adjustment of brakes. As they couple cars, one meets the other much as one belligerent goat meets another. At any rate, it's sudden.

Passengers come and go; train hands get on and off—time passes—it is six o'clock before that ride of twenty miles is accomplished, and I find Tampico. There really is such a place after all, and I am here.

A short ride and a pleasant welcome await me. A large cool room and soft bed yield the first bodily comfort I have known since leaving Casselton.

(The rest of this journey was uneventful, and that I have survived it for twelve years speaks well, it seems to me, for my constitution.)

(THE END.)

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### A COMPARISON AND A WARNING.

Perhaps no two nations of history furnish more points of similarity than do the Empire of Russia and the Ancient Empire of Persia.

Both were once obscure and semi-barbarous

## THE ARGO.

peoples, hidden away in dark corners of the earth. Then, by craft and conquest, both, in the course of centuries, spread their dominions far and wide.

The Persians, once a subject race, overcame their conquerors and slowly working westward, subdued the nations in their path, until, when history begins to tell about them, they had become the great world empire of their day. So the Russians. Until the middle of the sixteenth century Russia was almost unheard of. Since then its "grab" policy, working through conquest and cunning craftiness, has spread its dominions far to the south and west, so that the mighty empire stretches unbroken over the great continent and terminates in the water of the Pacific.

But the Persian in his pride, went too far, When, though lord and despot over some 3,000,000 square miles of territory, he ventured to cast his covetous eyes across the Aegean, he beheld there Greece, fair, prosperous and independent. It irritated him exceedingly to see this little nation free from his tyranny. Besides, forsooth, it stood in the way of his manifest destiny of becoming lord of the whole earth. So he resolved to wipe that aggravating little people off the face of the earth.

After a like fashion thought Russia. Interrupted in her pretentious dreams by an insignificant little people standing in her way, she determines to be rid of them to exterminate them if necessary.

Behold the results in each case. But first let us consider the parallel resources of Russia and Persia.

The Persian monarchy was an absolute tyranny built up on the backs of millions of slaves. There was no "people." The spirit of the masses was crushed under the all-powerful despotism of the King and his satraps. The Great King—for so he was called even by his enemies—had at his command a vast army and many ships. The great military principle of the Persians was to crush the enemy by sheer force of numbers. Xenophon, who had good reason to know the strength and weak-

15  
ness of the Persian Empire, thus briefly puts it:

"To one directing his attention to it, the King's government, when viewed comprehensively, was strong in the extent of its territory and the number of its people, but weak in the length of its roads and the dispersion of its forces."

Could anything more exactly describe the situation of Russia in her struggle with Japan to-day? Strong indeed in her millions of men, the question has been how to convey them fast enough across the thousands of miles of Siberian wastes. She has a great fleet that cannot be used where needed, but must be kept over on the other side of the world to guard her borders there. And in so far as her government and the condition of her people is concerned, Russia here also closely resembles Persia of old. ,

And just as the Persians met in conflict with a people weaker in numbers, but stronger in brains, in courage, and in the superiority of the individual soldiers, so Russia has met her match in the brave and intelligent Japanese soldier.

Lordly Persia had to acknowledge defeat at the hands of the resolute Greeks. Perhaps it will not be so in the case of Russia. Perhaps her superior numbers and power will crush the bravery and skill of the Japanese. But the principle will be the same in this case as in that of old. It is a conflict of despotism against democracy, darkness versus enlightenment. And whether Russia wins or loses, the advance of her ambition will have been checked as were the greedy designs of Xerxes and Darius.

Thus History repeats herself that men may learn her lessons. But men do not seem to see; they cannot seem to understand and the nations of to-day go on striving to add to their territories by any and all means and call this short-sighted greediness, "the natural sentiment of empire."

And does it not seem that our own country also is going the way of all the earth and

## THE ARGO.

seeking, with her Texas, her Hawaii, and her Andreea again succeeded in sending the ball over Philippines, to dig for herself a grave in foreign soil, by means of the same policy that buried her dishonored predecessors?

Let us hope, that from Persia, from Greece itself, from Rome, and from Spain, our nation may learn that wide-extending territories and millions of citizens and soldiers are not a cause of national strength but of national decay.

## FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

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

November 12th, Polytechnic Prep. at Brooklyn.

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

## RUTGERS PREP. 12,

H. R. M. A., 6.

On Oct. 14 our team journeyed to Nyack and defeated the team of Hudson River Military Academy by a score of 12 to 6.

The game was interesting and hotly contested throughout, although the Prep. School fellows showed the best team work.

The Prep. School kicked off and soon secured the ball by holding the H. R. M. A. for downs. Then, by line plunges, they steadily carried the ball down the field and over the line for the first touchdown. Andreea kicked the goal, making the score 6 to 0 in favor of Prep.

Hudson River M. A. then kicked off to Prep., and securing the ball on a fumble they rushed it down the field and across the line for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, thus tying the score. Time was then called and the first half ended with the score 6 to 6.

With the score tied the second half began with great excitement, and the Prep. boys went in determined to win. By several long runs, and hard bucking of the line, they succeeded in making another touchdown. An-

Only a few minutes being left in which to play, neither team scored, and the game ended with Rutgers Prep. winning by a score of 12 to 6.

The line-up was as follows:

H. R. M. A.	R. C. P. S.
L. R. N.	
	Rigt End.
Judge .....	Matzke
	Right Tackle.
Campbell .....	Cox
	Right Guard.
Fish .....	Allgair
	Centre.
Sawyer .....	Voorhees
	Left Guard.
Stover .....	Allen
	Left Tackle.
B. Whitehead .....	Case
	Left End.
Haynes .....	Hancock
	Quarterback.
J. Randolph, Jr.	S. Nicholas
	Right Halfback.
J. Randolph, (capt.)	C. Nicholas
	Left Halfback.
Buschman .....	Andreea
	Fullback.
Ryan .....	Corbin, (capt.)
	Touchdowns, Corbin, C. Nicholas and J. Randolph.
	Referee, E. H. Riedel; Umpire, Smith. Timekeepers, Kirkpatrick and Burrows.

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

## OF NEW BRUNSWICK

The Prep. team played the third game of the season, October 29, with the local Y. M. C. A.

The game was opened by Prep's. kicking off to the Y. M. C. A. The ball was fumbled and the Prep. boys securing it, rushed it down the field and made a touchdown. The goal was missed.

Prep. School again kicked off and the ball

## THE ARCO.

was again fumbled. This time Matzke fell on it. The Y. M. C. A. got the ball on another fumble, but lost it again on down. Captain Corbin tore through centre for fifteen yards and by hard work they pushed it to the Y. M. C. A.'s ten yard line, but there it was lost on downs. The half ended shortly afterwards with the ball in Y. M. C. A.'s territory.

After the intermission Prep. received the kick off, but lost the ball on downs, when it was on her fifteen yard line. The Y. M. C. A. could not gain, however, and Corbin punted out of danger. Prep. regained the ball and S. Nicholas made a twenty yard run, followed by another twenty by Case. Then the ball was lost, but the Y. M. C. A. was forced to punt. The punt was fumbled and a Y. M. C. A. man picked up the ball and made a touchdown. They failed to kick the goal.

S. Nicholas ran the next kick-off back past the centre of the field and both Matzke and Case made good gains, and the ball was brought to the Y. M. C. A.'s ten yard line, but here it was lost. Shortly after, Van Winkle got the ball on a fumble and ran it forty yards. The run was disputed however, on the ground that the ball had been stolen, and it was finally taken back. Time was called soon after this with the ball in the centre of the field, and the score 5 to 5.

There were frequent disputes all through the game and a good deal of fumbling. Captain Corbin, Andreae, the Nicholas brothers and Case deserve especial mention for their good work in this game.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Y. M. C. A.</i>	<i>R. C. P. S.</i>
	Right End.
Marks .....	Matzke
	Right Tackle.
De Hart .....	Allen
	Right Guard.
Schlosser .....	Allgair
	Centre.
Loblein .....	J. Voorhees

17

	Left Guard.
Mc Callum .....	Cox
	Left Tackle.
Robinson .....	Case
	Left End.
Dorinelly, (capt) .....	Andreae
	Quarterback.
Boylan .....	S. Nicholas
	Right Halfback.
M. Taylor (Smith) .....	C. Nicholas
	Left Halfback.
R. Taylor .....	C. Corbin
	Fullback.
Board .....	Van Winkle

### *LANE PRIZES.*

On October 7th, the first round of speaking began. There are many promising orators in the school this year, and there should be a hot contest for the Lane Prizes. These prizes of ten and five dollars respectively are awarded to the two students who deliver the best speeches at a contest which is held some time in the latter part of the school year. Usually about eight or ten speakers are entered in this contest.

All the scholars in the third and fourth forms speak several times during the year, and those who receive the highest averages in speaking are entitled to a place in the Lane Prize Contest.

The prizes were taken last year by Mr. Garthwaite and Mr. Devan. Mr. Garthwaite, we regret to say, did not return to school this fall, but Mr. Devan is still with us.

These prizes do great good, by stimulating the students to speak their very best. Now that the Presidential campaign is on, we realize the value of being able to speak fluently.

The school is greatly indebted to the establisher of these prizes, Mr. Lane.

## THE ARGO.

## '05 CLASS MEETING.

For the last week the class of '05 has been holding stormy meetings nearly every recess in Prof. Riedell's room. At the first meeting, Mr. MacFadden was appointed temporary chairman. Messrs. Vrooman and Halstead were nominated for President of the Class, and Mr. Vrooman was elected and took the chair. Yielding to the general cry of speech! speech! he expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him in a few words.

Just as the names of the nominees for Vice President were being put on the board, the bell put an end to our transactions, and the meeting was adjourned until next day. Messrs. Allen, Kirkpatrick and Hodgson were then put up. The votes between Allen and Kirkpatrick were a tie, and it took so long to decide who should then cast the deciding vote that the school bell again broke in upon our deliberations.

The next day, the votes were again cast for Vice President and Mr. Allen was elected.

It has been decided to unite the offices of Secretary and Treasurer, but the position has not yet been filled.

## REPUBLICAN MEETING.

Those in the school who uphold the Republican principles, met in Prof. Mills' room, Wednesday, November 2 and decided to enter in a body the Republican parade which is to come off Friday night, November 4th.

Mr. MacFadden was elected President of this Republican Club. A committee of five were appointed to make all necessary arrangements. On this committee were Messrs. Vrooman, Halstead, Marks, Packard and Voorhees. Mr. Devan was delegated to lead the cheering.

All those taking part in the parade were requested to wear white gloves and a skull cap and to carry campaign canes. Mr. MacFadden was chosen commander-in-chief of the army.

## EXCHANGES.

The Apokeepsian might make the accounts of its foot-ball games more complete and more interesting, by giving the line-up of both teams.

The Register is one of our best exchanges. Its exchange column contains the very cream of jokes. In the September number of this paper there was a very well written life of William McKinley.

The Iris is up to its old standard of excellence.

Question—Why is a love letter like a lazy dog?

Answer—A love letter is an ink-lined plane. An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup. is a lazy dog.—Ex.

He loved his Dinah dearly,  
And he sighed to her one night,  
“Dinah, could you love me?”  
And she whispered, “Dinah might.”

They were married in the autumn;  
When she blows him up at night,  
He realizes what she meant  
When she whispered “Dynamite.”—Ex.

“Does your barber talk much?” “Yes, and he illustrates his stories with cuts.”—Ex.

Prof. (entering the dormitory)—“What are you doing out of bed at this time, Murphy?” Murphy—“O, sor, I got up to tuck myself in.”—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She fed it kerosene;  
One day it went too near the fire  
Since then it's not benzine.—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The News, The Register, The Apokeepsian, The Amulet, The Echo, The Bulkeley News, The Walking Leaf, The Cutler Fortnightly, The Jayhawk, The Triangle, The Poly Prep., The Iris, The Latin and High

## THE ARGO.

19

School Review, The Lealonian, The Legenda,  
The Seminary Breeze and The Red and  
Black.

### ANNEX NOTES.

#### *The Story of the Willow Pattern.*

More than two hundred years ago, the Dutch merchants brought over from China a great many fine tea sets.

Among these was a set called the Willow Pattern, with dark blue figures on a bluish white ground. On the right of the picture, in the garden by the side of a river, is a Chinese house. In front of the house is a tea pavilion to show the wealth of the Mandarin. Behind the house is the gardener's cottage. This shows that the gardener is poor and humble. In a small house on an island in the river lives the gardener's mother. In the garden is a mulberry tree and spanning the river is a bridge. On the bridge are standing the gardener and the Mandarin's daughter, and behind them is the Mandarin himself with a long whip. Last of all is a willow tree and in the air a pair of turtle doves with joined beaks.

Around the estate is a high bamboo fence. The story of all this is as follows:

Long ago when the moon was young, there lived a lordly Mandarin who had an only daughter, called Li-Chi, who was very beautiful. Her father wanted her to marry some rich man like himself. The gardener, whose name was Chang, was very handsome and as Li Chi was looking out of her window she saw Chang and at once fell in love with him. She threw a sweetmeat down to him. He climbed up the lattice and gave her a rose in return.

That night when he went home he told his mother. He bewailed his ill luck, saying that because he was only a humble gardener he could never hope to marry Li Chi. But his mother, who was a shrewd woman, told him to pluck up courage for Li Chi might yet be his wife.

Chang's mother reared silk worms for the



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Mandarin's daughter. The next time she took the silk to Li Chi she told her that Chang loved her. A plan was made whereby they were to run away at night. Li Chi promised to bring a box of her father's finest gold and jewels.

At last the time came and true to her word she brought the gold. They carried it suspended on a stout bamboo pole. As they were going over the bridge the Mandarin awoke. He came with a long whip and took Chang by the pigtail and whipped him until he was senseless; then he threw him into the river where he sank. Li Chi, seeing her lover's fate, sprang into the river and was drowned with him. Strange to say a willow tree sprang up as if by magic. After a few days a pair of turtle doves came and built their nest in the tree. The souls of the unfortunate lovers had taken the shape of the doves.

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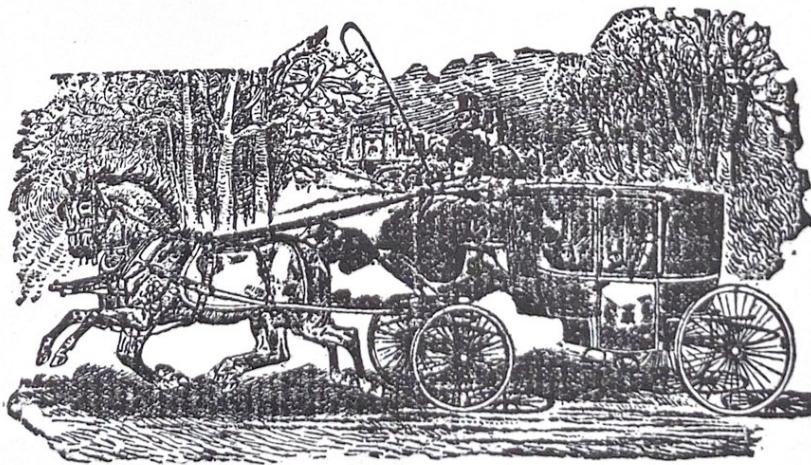
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