



THE ARGONAUT



Dec. 1894

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THE ARGO.

VOL. VI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 3.

THE ARGO:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, BY THE
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Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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All communications should be addressed to the Senior Editor, Clarence Garretson, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

Extract from the History of Rutgers College, by Professor S. T. Doolittle, in "The College Book."

"There has always been in connection with the college a grammar school which, during the darkest days of the college, never closed its doors, but went on successfully in accomplishing good work."

Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball
To welcome Merry Christmas.

DEAR reader, did you ever think what a magic power there is in the use of gentle words, the potency of which a great number seek to resist? This is a power which all of us should strive to cultivate, but one which a very few of us are fortunate enough to possess. Would you have the school a cheerful spot, within which may ever be found happiness

and peace? Then do not utter a harsh word within its walls. Speak pleasantly to the teacher, who with an anxious brow, pursues the perplexities of his daily avocations; and let him, in his turn, speak gently to the wearied scholar, who, amid his never-ending round of little duties, finds inspiration in an encouraging word from his teacher. Always be polite to a schoolmate, for probably in time you will be deprived of the opportunity. A pleasant smile and a word of kindness will often restore good humor and sincerity. Look upon one with honor, who gently aids you into the cause of right. Kind words always insure respect and affection, while the angry rebuke provokes impertinence and dislike.

A great many of us will speak harsh words to the aged, and look down with disdainful reproach on a person who is bent and stricken with years. Many are the trials through which they have passed, and now a little while and they will be missed from their accustomed places; the spirit will have passed to its rest.

The remembrance of an unkind word will then bring with it a bitter sting.

Speak gently to the erring one; are we not all weak and liable to error?

Temptations, of which we cannot judge, may have surrounded us. Harshness will drive us on a sinful way; Gentleness and love may give us strength to pursue the path of virtue.

Lost! On or about November 1, a razor. Finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same with occupant of room No. 29.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I do not propose to give a learned historical account of the origin of Thanksgiving Day in our country. Every one knows that it has been traced to the earliest settlers of New England. "It has all been told and painted"—the terrible winter on the Massachusetts coast, the slowly perishing colony, the slight revivals of hope, the final victory over savages and climate.

Nor do I purpose telling how one ought to spend the day, or how people generally do spend it. We, none of us go to church as much on that day as perhaps we should. It seems to have become a day for family gatherings more and more than ever, and the religious exercises, however appropriate, appear to be not so universally attended as in years gone by. This may be, probably is unfortunate, but I fear it is true. At any rate it was true of one individual this year,—namely, myself.

Circumstances made it convenient for me to go to Philadelphia, and being there, why should I not see the great entertainment of the day, the football game. It is wonderful how people will rush to these inter-collegiate contests. High prices cannot keep them away. The most horrible weather, added to the most exorbitant admission fee acts like a drawing card rather than an obstruction to the attendance. Fortunately last Thanksgiving Day was as charming as weather could make it, and thus the weather added to the attractions of the contest and the crowd.

Harvard was to play the University of Pennsylvania on the grounds of the latter. These grounds are situated about twenty minutes ride from the centre of the city, lying in a sort of hollow, so that they are somewhat sheltered from wind and storms. Near by are the splendid buildings of the University, with an enormous statue of

its founder, Benjamin Franklin, watching over them. I wonder what he would say, could he witness one of these games, and see Brooke making a beautiful punt, or Osgood on one of his terrific runs. Shade of Poor Richard! What would you make of all this pulling and hauling, and kicking, and alas! sometimes of this disgraceful slugging!

The seats on all sides of the grounds reminded me of the colosseum. The thousands streaming along to the show, and later watching the game excitedly, called to mind the stories we read about gladiatorial combats. "Butchered to make a Roman holiday" rang in my ears, as one Harvard man after another was carried off the field. Old Spartacus himself would have stood a poor chance that day with his troop against Penn's mighty line! Imagine the ancient Thracian, as the school declamation has it, addressing his men as they lined up. "Ye stand here now like giants as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews!" What a football captain Spartacus would have been! And would it not be fun to see Cæsar and Pompey captaining two elevens?

Sitting on the top row—a good seat, by the way—I muse over many things before the game opens,—after that it is too exciting for one to muse,—and the famous chapter comes to mind in Tom Brown at Rugby, entitled Rugby and Football. I pity the boy who has not read that book, or rather I envy him, for he has a pleasure still in store. "You say, you don't see much in it all; nothing but a struggling mass of boys and a leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle

would be worth your looking at, and so is a football match."

But a mighty shout goes up. The players have come into the arena. Twenty-five thousand spectators are yelling themselves hoarse, waving banners, and acting generally like lunatics. I started to tell other things, but here I am, at the end of my space and only at the beginning of the game, and I must leave these lines of battle with

"Foot and eye opposed
In dubious strife."

ENGLEWOOD FIELD CLUB VS. R. C. P. S.

On November 10, our team in its usual bright and cheerful manner left New Brunswick on the 10.19 a. m. train for Englewood. We took dinner in New York and then proceeded on our course on the Erie R. R. arriving in Englewood at 2.15 p. m. We then took a stage along a very pleasant road to the place of our "doom," which was in the suburbs of the town. When we first saw the beautiful football grounds, as level as a rolling prairie, covered with green grass, we were quite sure of a good chance to spread ourselves; but when we saw the so-called young giants whom we were to play with, our indignation was slightly aroused.

The field club has a very beautiful club house, but it was no place for "Rats" so they took us down to a kind of a barn, where we were obliged to dress.

Although we were to play the second team, we soon found out that we were lining up against their first team.

Our boys played a comparatively good game, but could not stand up against men who not only outweighed them but played a very rough game; and furthermore their referee not only favored them, but continually coached them through the whole game. It all resulted in a score

of 40 to 0 in the Englewood men's favor.

Considering that we played one of the best field-clubs in the state, we are not as discouraged as one would think. We left Englewood at 5 o'clock and took supper in New York, arriving home at about ten, very much the worse for wear.

What we challenged was 140 pounds, but what we played was 184 pounds.

NEW BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL VS. R. C. P. S.

This was one of the easiest and most interesting games of the season; although quite evenly contested, it was evident from the first, that the R. C. P. S. would have a good opportunity to crow. Game was called at 3.30 p. m. The High School had the kick off; R. C. P. S. taking the west goal. It was seen before many minutes, that the High School men were outplayed. Our team did good team work, but in individual playing they were not so good, as there was too much fumbling of the ball.

The first touchdown was made around the right-end by E. Johnson with the help of a good interference, but he failed to kick the goal.

High School kicked off again but were steadily pushed back toward their goal until, F. Peabody made a touchdown around left end, E. Johnson kicking the goal. Time was called when the ball was on High School's 15 yard line.

In the second half the High School men braced up and played a much better game, the ball was given to the High School, several times for one thing and another, until one of their men fumbled the ball and a Rutgers man fell on it. The High School would not accept the referee's decision and withdrew their men from the field.

Total score R. C. P. S. 10, L. A. H. S. 0.

Their team work was quite poor, but they have their full back to thank for doing as well as he did, for our men found him a hard man to get around.

On our team all the line played comparatively well; to the men behind the line special credit is due; Bache was noticed for his hard plunging through their line, E. Johnson for his ground gaining abilities and Peabody for his swift running and blocking.

| <i>L. A. H. S.</i> | <i>Position.</i> | <i>Rutgers Prep.</i> |
|---|----------------------|----------------------|
| Van Sickle..... | left end..... | McKeag |
| Kay..... | tackle..... | Purdy |
| McLaury..... | guard..... | McMahon |
| Conover..... | centre..... | Mac Laughlin |
| Schneider..... | right guard..... | Garretson |
| Draper..... | right tackle..... | Voorbees |
| Lester..... | right end..... | Jennings |
| Auten..... | quarter back..... | Hoffman |
| Harra..... | left half back.. | E. Johnson (Capt.) |
| Fox..... | right half back..... | Peabody |
| Stout (Capt.)..... | full back..... | Bache |
| Referee, Loud; Umpire, Runyon; Linesman, Stryker. | | |

R. C. P. S. SECOND TEAM VS. RAHWAY SECOND TEAM.

On Friday, November 16, the R. C. P. S. second team journeyed to Rahway to meet the Rahway second team. Leaving New Brunswick on the 1.53 p. m. train, we arrived in Rahway at about quarter past two o'clock and at once went to the football field.

After a short interval, during which we were engaged in donning our football attire, we all went out upon the football field and had a little practice.

At about 3.30 o'clock we commenced playing. Rahway kicked the ball far into our territory and in catching it our "backs" seemed to be a trifle rattled.

We made a fine gain on the first try, only to lose the ball on downs. Rahway tried the centre and gained about three yards and by some sharp work in running around the ends made some fine gains.

On the next down Rahway's quarter back fumbled the ball badly and one of our men fell on it. Our men seemed to be rattled and could not get down to work.

After a lot of small gains by both sides Rahway, by good playing and expert dodging, succeeded in scoring a touchdown.

When their man was preparing to kick the goal he unfortunately let the ball touch the ground and upon our rushing in, his kick went wide of the goal posts,

Score, Rahway 4, Rutgers 0. After this our boys held them down finely and were making great gains throughout their line when time was called.

When the second half opened our boys played with a vim, went through the centre and around Rahway's ends for long gains.

By great rushing we took the ball far into their territory, but upon arising from a scrimmage we found our captain unable to walk.

Although discouraged by this mishap we rushed the ball down to Rahway's five yard line where we lost it on downs. On the third down Rahway's full back drew back for a kick and just as he was about to raise the ball our left guard rushed in and blocked the kick and scored a touchdown. Woodbridge kicked a beautiful goal.

Score, Rahway 4, R. C. P. S. 6. After this we again took the ball near the goal, but before we had time to try for another touchdown time was called.

The teams lined up as follows:

| <i>Rahway.</i> | <i>Position.</i> | <i>R. C. P. S.</i> |
|---|-------------------|--------------------|
| Sanders..... | right end..... | Pettit |
| Plum..... | right tackle..... | Riggs |
| Bliss..... | right guard..... | Eckerson |
| Langstroth..... | center..... | Woodruff |
| Ackley..... | left guard..... | Tonnele |
| Heath..... | left tackle..... | Woodbridge |
| Hetfield..... | left end..... | Wyckoff |
| Mooney..... | quarter..... | Elgar |
| Miller..... | right half back.. | Oliver |
| Stout..... | left half back.. | Brown (Capt.) |
| Baltz..... | full back..... | J. Bache |
| Referee, F. E. Peabody, R. C. P. S.; umpire, Mr. Maurice, Rahway. | | |

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

During the past season our football team has suffered many defeats but its defeats are not to be ashamed of when you consider the difficulties the team has undergone and the class of teams it has played. Its chief trouble seemed to be the lack of material from which to form a team. Out of all the school there were only about eleven fellows available, and out of these few the team had to come.

I do not here propose to go into comparisons, for, as it is aptly put, "Comparisons are odious," but I do mean to try to point out why our team was so unsuccessful.

The injury and withdrawal from the team of the captain was in itself a great misfortune, for he left vacant a position which was very hard to fill without making some great weakening of the line.

The new captain tried in every way to improve the playing, but he had so short a time at his disposal that no great improvement could be made.

In individual playing the team was good, but in team work it was very weak.

While we cannot help feeling sorry, let us all look forward to the next season with the hope that out of the second and other teams there may be found enough to fill all vacancies.

THE R. C. P. S. BATTALION.

Our cadets, as was stated in last issue, have resumed their drill.

The following is the list of officers; excepting the corporals, who have not as yet been appointed;

Captain, J. W. Mettler; first lieutenant, C. T. Cowenhoven, jr.; first sergeant, L. P. Runyon; second sergeant, J. Bayard Kirkpatrick, jr.; third sergeant, C. Bache.

The drill is entirely optional with preparatory boys, but is greatly encouraged

by the professors as an important factor in their education. It is noticed that the boys who have taken a drill heretofore seem to possess a more erect stature, and possibly a more developed brain than those who did not. We are frequently told by those who go from us into the college that the training in our ranks is of the greatest advantage to them there.

NOTES ON HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowe'en was observed at the "Trap" in its usual way; the chief feature of the evening was a candy pull, and there were several other amusements, appropriate to the occasion.

Dr. Payson announced before supper that the cakes which would be served would contain different articles of minor size, which would signify our future vocations.

Kroehl discovered a ring in his cake, which signified that he would be the first to get married; this quite embarrassed him.

Why didn't a certain Professor want us to know that he had a fish hook in his cake?

Why were there so few fakes, in the cakes, at the headmaster's table?

Hoffman found a needle, in his cake, signifying that he would be a bachelor; but this is contrary to our present belief.

Peabody acted as chief tester at the candy pull; as a tester of molasses candy he is second to none.

How did Carl Bache come to get left at the candy pull?

Why was Bogert afraid to go after the mail?

Charles Jones and Miss Parrot claimed to have the whitest candy.

Everything passed off in a joyful manner, and we are only hoping for the arrival of another Hallowe'en.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

In olden times Christmas-tide covered a period of seventeen days, that is, from St. Thomas Day, December 21, to St. Distaff's Day, January 7. All of this period was filled with merry-making and Christmas cheer. St. Thomas Day also went by the name of "Doleing Day" in some parts of England, on account of the distribution of the counties of different charitable institutions. In Warrickshire it was the custom for the poor to go from door to door with a bag to beg corn of the farmers. It was called going a corning. In Herfordshire it was called "Mumping Day," that is, begging day.

St. Stephen's the 26 of December, was a very important festival. It was popularly known as "Boxing Day," from the custom of giving boxes on that day. Tradesmen and the wealthier people were expected to give presents on St. Stephen's Day to poor people. This class used to go around from door to door to receive these gifts. Another custom upon St. Stephen's Day was that of bleeding horses, which was supposed to assure good fortune to the owner of the animals.

The 7th of January was called St. Distaff's Day, because the Christmas festivities were at an end and on the morrow the women returned to their distaffs or daily occupations.

"Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then give Christmas sport good night,
And next morning every one
To his own vocation."

WINTER EVENINGS.

Now that the long winter evenings are drawing near, the question often arises: "What shall we do to amuse ourselves and entertain others?" It does not require a great deal of thought to entertain ourselves for a time, but to entertain a

company of friends is the rub. A quiet corner, an interesting book—and you are off on a trip through foreign lands, or, perhaps thrills of joy and patriotism run through your being as you read tales of the deeds of our ancestors in the early history of our country.

But now about entertaining visitors. Many old fashioned games which have been unused for years can be thought of and participation therein will cause much enjoyment. "Fox and Geese" is a game which is being published now under the name "Three-deep." "Spin the Platter" is a lively game which everyone knows. "Threshing Buckwheat" is "as old as the hills." Spelling matches, which afforded our grandmothers so much enjoyment years ago, seem to live in some fashion or other. A game which has grown to be familiar is played as follows: A player, chosen as leader, starts to spell a word he has in his mind, pronouncing only the first letter which will not finish but will continue the word. In this manner the game proceeds, each player trying to continue the word, but not to finish it. When a player finishes a word he must go down to the foot of the line or may give a forfeit. If a word is started and spelled as, for example, s-t-r-a-i-g-h, and a player adds t, but can show that he meant to spell "straightway," the play can proceed and the player may retain his place.

Another game is played by dividing the company into two sections and allowing one section to choose a word for the other to guess. The section choosing the word, tells the other side a word with which it rhymes. The second section, in trying to guess the word, must give the definition of the word they guess instead of the word. As, instead of key, a solution, etc. Many other games are published weekly in magazines.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

All the magazines and weekly papers are glorifying Christmas. Some of them are really magnificent in their holiday appearance. It would be difficult to surpass Harper's Weekly with its scarlet Santa Claus and its interesting stories, and others too are immensely attractive in their splendid attire. What a time this is indeed! Is there anyone among the boys who does not feel happy and good natured just now, at peace with himself and all his neighbors, charitable even toward the inventors of difficult examinations? We believe not one. Boys, one and all, now is the time to forgive your enemies, if you have any, and rejoice your friends, of whom you all have many. The best Christmas present you can take home is a good report, a cheerful heart, and a noble resolve for 1895. To you all—to every boy in school,—big and little, younger and older, of every "form," and shape, and hue, and disposition, the Argo extends a cordial greeting! "May you all live long and prosper!"

THE LYCEUM LEAGUE.

At a meeting held in the school-house on November 15th, it was decided to reorganize the "Jefferson Lyceum League," and in consequence thereof, the following officers were elected, viz:

Clarence Garretson, president; William H. Greene, vice-president; Waldo A. Tittsworth, recording secretary; David C. Weidner, corresponding secretary; Ralph W. Booth, treasurer.

This league was established last year and has ever since maintained a bold existence; its aim is principally to promote ideas and purposes of good citizenship among the young men of the republic, and that aim we hope has been effectually carried out in the past. We

have no reason to doubt that each and every student in this school will take advantage of this opportunity and give its requirements a special study. The league is not strictly a place for amusement, but a place where a great deal of knowledge can be obtained as well.

A small boy being asked to write a poem in blank verses wrote the following;

TODES.

Todes is an animal that livs on dri land, which is the only reson it isn't a phrog. A phrog kan do both. A tode can't be a phrog, but a phrog can be a tode.

Todes don't no mutch of anything, except when it is goin to rain, and where they lurned that, nobody nose, but they are allus tripin a phello up or gittin squashed under our boots jest before a storm. Todes is great winkers—I wood remark this wun of thare traids; a tode that kant wink like blazes, after a thunder storm; they generally winks both ize to wunse. Todes liv most ennywhere in summer; they air phond of gras—they wood like enuff chu the kud, but they don't know how. They belong to the rase that Grealy speeks of as bein trodden on pressed—but this is bekaus—they kant see strate, for tha allustake speshul panes to jump the rong way and i wood add tha probably git speshul panes for thare trouble.

Todes are grate on jumpin—they don't jump so very hi, but thay seme to be allus at it—this is wun of thair traids. Todes jump they doant no no better. You never no a tode is goin to jump til after he gits thru. Todes hav a very opun kowntenance, and wood be a good lookin specimen of humanity if thare sidze warnt so bunged out, and if thare mowths was a tryful less than six inches. If you don't no a tode enny other way, you kan

tel it buy its mowthe, if its mowthe is small it isn't a tode; butt if you phind an animal that is awl mowthe, that is also inklined to be a jumpin awl the time, and that is a grate winker, you may pheel pritty shure you've got a tode. In closin my pome in blank verse, I wood say: todes isnt so beautiful, to be sure, but thair mighty clever and were never hurd to sware even when the thermonitor was red hott.

PERSONALS.

Peabody and McDonald witnessed the Yale--Princeton football game.

John Bache and Gustavo Franklin went to New York, but failed to see the game.

The most enthusiastically received of all the speeches on December 7, was that of Dr. Payson granting the petition.

Hoffman was detained at home after Thanksgiving, a few days longer than the law allows, by illness. All were glad to see him back.

Among those who Samson-like, have been shorn of their luxuriant locks, we notice, Peabody, Carl and John Bache, Jennings and Wyckoff.

Fred Walser looked in upon us the other evening. He is studying very hard he says, and he has grown enormously tall, or was it that overcoat!

Dr. Payson accompanied by John Bache and Gustavo Franklin attended the football game between the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton.

We welcome Ellicott Brown back to the school after two weeks' absence on account of injuries sustained in the game of the second football team against Rahway.

We notice Dr. Payson's name among those who attended the convention of colleges and preparatory schools held at

the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore during the Thanksgiving recess.

Shortly after the appearance of our last issue, quite a serious accident occurred upon our grounds at the Trap. In a practice game of football our captain, Ben Johnson while running, fell and injured his ankle. Later it was found that it was not only sprained but that one of the small bones was broken. He has since been at his home in Somerville, where, we are glad to hear, he is rapidly recovering. That his ankle may be as good as new, and that soon Ben will be able to kick with his old time alacrity we all sincerely hope.

HOW TO SPARK A BASHFUL GIRL.

(The writer speaks more from theory than experience.)

The greatest trouble is to get on familiar terms with girls who are excessively bashful. They are so shy and coy that the sight of any member of the masculine gender drives them into seclusion.

By skill and tact you will be able to overcome this difficulty. Do not be too ambitious, seek to be her friend or brother, and when you once get to be looked upon in this light all then is fair sailing. You will soon get her confidence, when she will look up to you for counsel and sympathy, and you can use your own discretion in asking her to name the day, which she will usually leave to you. These bashful girls are usually dear, precious creatures, so confiding, innocent and sweet, no distrust, reserve or coquetry, and when married, make the best and dearest treasurer that a man can be blest with.

SECRET.

Stationer—"What kind of a pencil would you like?"

Purchasing student—"Pennsylvania, of course."

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AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

He was writing a note to his mother,
For you see he had so much to say,
A great many questions to ask her,—
He had been from home nearly all day!

Of course he must be very careful
Not to tell her he miss'd her to-night,
Nor how he had worked all day, trying
To keep the tears back—out of sight.

But he'd ask if the pony was lonesome,
And whether the kittens had grown,
And if Jack had his place at the table
Close by her—"But it isn't his own.

"An't tell him he can only keep it
Just while I'm away." This he wrote
While the tears kept coming and coming,
And big lumps swelled in his throat

Then he told her what he'd been doing
Since he left home such ages ago,—
'Twas really only this morn'ing,
But some days are long ones, you know.

"Give my best love to Jack and the puppies—
I must get into bed, mamma dear."
Then the poor little baby lips trembled
As he added, "I wish you were here.

"I do want to say 'good-night' awful,—
I wonder so much if you know—
But, mamma," the sob now came faster,
"Don't think I'm one bit homesick though!"

Student (in debate)—"The first machinery manufactured in this country was imported from England."

Professor—"What is alcohol?"

P-r-y—"A clear, waterlike fluid, which has a hot, biting taste."



Hummel, a "Bowery" man, is raising a mustache, if its growth is not impaired by a sharp edged razor, it will be a dandy in the near future. He amuses himself by singing:

"My mustache is growing,
For its genial needs bestowing;
And its beauty takes the eye,
Of all Broadway.

He probably refers to "Five Points" also.

Prof. (in English)—Mr. H-m-m-l, what is an antithesis?

H-m-m-l—An antithesis is an inscription on a tomb-stone.

Footballist—"For two pins I'd send you through the air!" and the terrified spectators scattered as sheep before a wolf.



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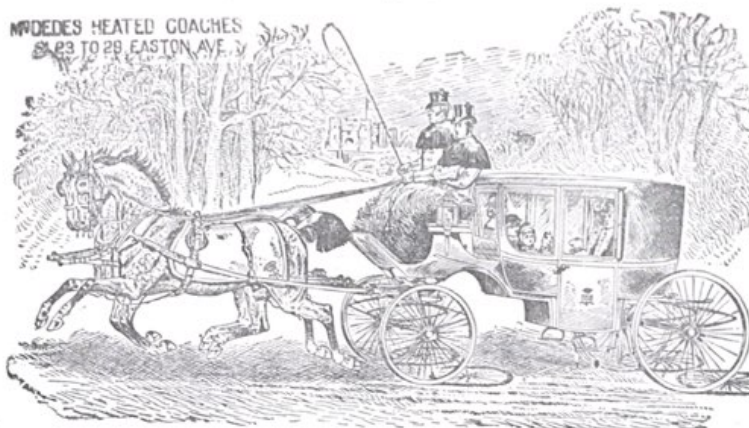
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