



THE ARGO.

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New Brunswick, N. J.

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Number Five

Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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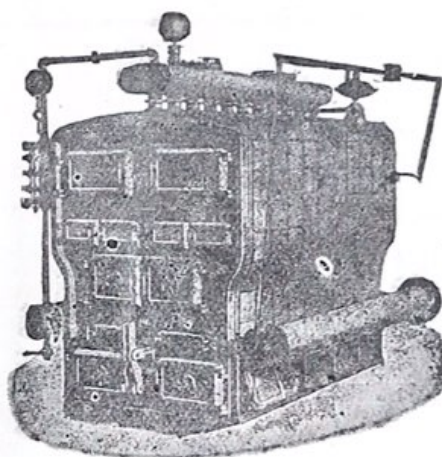
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THE ARGO.

VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 5.

A SMALL HERO-WORSHIPPER.

Miss Knox
The sound of a distant tramp, tramp, stole into the silent room where Davy Eustace and his father sat. The young boy, dropping his reader, ran to the window and looked out.

"Oh! father," he cried, "The British soldiers are coming out of Princeton and my soldiers are crossing the bridge. Will there be a battle—a real live battle—and can I see it?"

"Sure enough, here they come," said Mr. Eustace, almost as excited as his son. "They'll meet just about here—but we can't stay. We will go to the town. Hurry and get your things together."

"Can't I see it?" asked Davy, greatly disappointed.

"It won't be safe to remain here. We might be killed. Tell the slaves to get ready too, Davy." As Davy left the room, Mr. Eustace turned to the table, took a key from the drawer and unlocked a strong box containing some bags of gold. In this he placed the most valuable things from about the room. Then wrapping his long cloak about him, for it was winter—the third of January—he picked up the box and left the room, locking the door. The slaves and Davy were waiting for him outside. The shutters had been closed and the doors bolted. Nothing more could be done to protect the house.

The little party turned toward the town of Princeton, about a mile away.

"Go through the fields," said Davy's father. "The soldiers take up all the road."

Poor Davy went reluctantly, looking back

at "his" soldiers continually. Mr. Eustace was entirely indifferent to the claims of either the British or the Americans, but his ten-year-old son was a firm Patriot. The slaves had often taken him to Princeton, where he had seen and talked with some American prisoners held by the British, who were in possession of the town. Davy had immediately become a Patriot and now had the highest possible admiration for George Washington and his men.

As they proceeded, the path led through the woods. Davy was walking by the side of his old colored mammy, Mandy. Suddenly the quiet of the woods was broken by the hooting of an owl. Old Mandy jumped and said to the little boy, "Dat am a bad sign, chile, bad luck for somebody. Why, I reckon somebody am gwine to get beat!"

"Who, Mandy? Who is going to be beaten? Not my soldiers?" Davy cried, with distress in his voice.

"No," Mandy reassured him, "De soldiers what am in dese woods, dem is de ones what'll get beat."

Davy left her and ran ahead to his father. "Did you hear the owl, father?" he asked.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Mandy says—and she knows—it's a bad sign for an owl to hoot in the day and she says the old British will be beaten," he said triumphantly.

"Bother Mandy and her signs! She's making you superstitious and you are beginning to make me so, too. Stop talking and thinking of such things."

When the fugitives came into the town, Mr.

Eustace asked a guard where the safest refuge would be.

"Other end of the town. Nassau Hall would be a good place. You may go there if you like," answered the guard.

Mr. Eustace led the slaves and Davy to the Hall. Most of the negroes were afraid to go indoors, so Mandy was the only one to follow her master and Davy.

The booming of cannon could already be heard. Davy was mournful, for right in front of his own house a real battle was being fought and he was not there to see it.

Mr. Eustace, who was standing near a window, turned and said, "The British must be retreating, for the noise grows louder and I have seen some cannon balls."

Davy was very much excited and ran to the window near his father. "My soldiers are going to beat, I know."

Not long after, hurried steps were heard near the door. Davy and his father faced about and saw a regiment of British soldiers entering the room.

"What news?" asked Mr. Eustace.

The officers answered, "Washington is winning. All our troops have retreated. We thought it best to get away as quickly as possible, so here we are."

"Cowards," muttered Mr. Eustace. "If the rest of the British are like you, I'll side with the Patriots."

"See, father, Washington is going to beat. That old king's men are retreating." Davy pointed scornfully at a large portrait of George III, which hung on the opposite wall. "My Washington is going to beat," he repeated. "Now, wasn't Mandy right about the owl?"

The soldiers, much to Davy's disgust, laughed loudly. "Maybe he won't beat in the end, you don't know," said one of the officers tauntingly.

"Yes, I do know," cried Davy, in a passion.

"How?" sneered a soldier.

"Cause"—said Davy, but his reason was never told, for at that moment there was a crash at the window behind him. A cannon ball shot across the room, tore through the portrait of His Majesty—beheading him—and imbedded itself in the wall. (The same frame now holds a portrait of George Washington.)

"It's a sign! De king will fall," cried Mandy.

The soldiers looked at the headless portrait, then at one another and back again to the picture. Was the old woman right? There was a silence more expressive than speech, for everyone was asking himself this same question.

The door was flung open and in rushed a breathless messenger. All faces turned toward him. "We are defeated," he gasped. "Defeated!" Again each man looked from the portrait to the face of one of his fellow soldiers. The old woman's prediction was already coming true. The officers talked in a group by themselves. One turned to the messenger and asked where Washington and his army were. "Coming through the town," was the answer.

"My men, will you agree to surrender?" asked the colonel. "Perhaps we officers are superstitious, but we think now it's a hopeless fight."

"We agree," answered the soldiers, with one voice.

"My Washington is coming now," cried Davy from the window, where he had stood, struck with wonder ever since the cannon ball had crashed into the room.

The soldiers silently marched out into the street, Davy and his father following. Washington halted near and received the surrender of the regiment that had taken refuge in Nassau Hall.

Davy stood speechless with delight. His admiration for Washington increased, if that were possible. But as he saw the soldiers in

their ragged uniforms he pitied them. Mr. Eustace also looked on with pity.

Suddenly Davy pulled his father's hand and eagerly said, "Father, can I give them the sovereign I got for my birthday?"

"No," was the gruff reply.

"Oh, please! It's my very own," Davy urged. "Please!"

"Give your general—no, our general—this," Mr. Eustace said, taking two of the bags from the box which he had carried beneath his coat. "And, Davy, give him my loyalty. I declare Mandy's superstition has a strong hold on me."

Davy could hardly believe his ears. Why, all that money would make the army so rich

that it would never need a thing, he thought. Away he ran to his big general. He stood before the great man; and as he was about to ride away, cried out: "Here, father sent this to you with his—his loyalty." A soldier came forward and, lifting Davy up, let him give his offering to his idol.

As the victorious army marched away, Davy and his father stood with hands clasped, smiling into each other's face.

"My general will win, won't he?" asked Davy, with confidence.

"Yes," said Mr. Eustace. "Our general will win." For now that he had seen the noble leader, he was a true Patriot through and through. '08.

YALE-HARVARD RACE.

It was at a meeting of Yale graduates. There had been eating and smoking, and more eating and more smoking, and now had come the time for telling stories. Stories which brought back many memories to the men, were told by ex-foot-ball captains, by ex-captains of the crew, and by other famous athletes. Finally Jack Camp, an ex-coxswain, was called upon. His name brought a storm of applause, as he was noted for his story telling.

He rose slowly. "Well, fellows," he began, "I think I'll tell you about an experience I had at a Yale-Harvard boat-race, two years after my graduation. As you all know, while I was in college I was coxswain on the 'varsity for three years, so I have always taken a great deal of interest in the races.

"Well, I went with my aunt and my sister to see this particular race. We took a very late train from New York, and didn't get to our destination until two in the morning. We were all dead tired. My aunt and my sister went to a hotel, but of course, I wanted to

sleep with the boys. So I took a room not far from the hotel, next to some Harvard men.

"When I woke up, the sun was shining in through the window. I was afraid that I had slept so long that I would be late for the race, so I quickly jumped out of bed. To my amazement, my watch and clothes had disappeared. I went to the door and found it locked. Then I understood. Those Harvard men had thought it a fine joke to steal my clothes and watch, and to lock me in my room; and worst of all, the race might be going on at that very moment! Yale might be winning, and I wasn't there to yell.

"Then I pounded on the door, and shouted until I was hoarse. After what seemed to me to be hours, I heard a light footstep in the hall. Then I heard someone outside the door. A soft voice said, 'Say, Jack, is that you?' It was my sister. 'For goodness sake, sis, let me out. I must see that race.' 'What

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50.)

The Argo.

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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 fourth form oration subjects are posted. Already they have been carefully copied, placed inside of books, and carried off to places far distant—to Highland Park, to Millstone, to Milltown. A majority of the seniors can now see the end of their formal written work at Prep. School. "But oh, if I didn't have to speak them," we hear said. Is it any harder to speak your own writings than some one else's? It should not be. The power of declamation in the fourth form is good and the power of oration should be made to equal it. At the close of school, we will have had two

years of practice in declamations and one year of practice in orations. Let us strive to overcome the disadvantages of lack of practice by hard work and may our ability in one line equal our ability in the other.

On Monday, January 28, a series of debates began. The question debated was: "Resolved, That the government should control all railroads in the United States." These debates are held in the English Room during the fifth period every two weeks. This is something new for Prep. school. Although in old records we read of debating societies, in more recent years this branch of work has not been taken up. By the interest shown in the first debate, the scheme promises to be a success. The arguments used were good and the speakers for the most part did as well as could be expected. In the future there is a prospect of having picked speakers of the third and fourth forms debate before the school.

A. J. Walter, class of 1893, now has in his possession an old record book of the Gnoaldi Society, dating back to 1848, which he proposes to place in the archives of the college. The Gnoaldi Society was a debating club of the Rutgers Grammar School, formed sixty years ago, and the records are of great interest. Mr. Walter found the book in the possession of one of his parishioners, who failed to appreciate its historical value and used part of it as a scrap book. Mr. Walter intends to remove the scraps pasted over the leaves and to restore the records to those most interested in their preservation.

ALUMNI NOTES.

As surprised as we were on coming back to school in finding that our French teacher had retired, we were still more surprised on learning of her marriage. The following announcement of the wedding was printed in the *New York Times*:

Corbin—Cary—On January 17, at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, by the Rev. R. G. Quennell, Charles Lyon Corbin, of Metuchen, N. J., and Miss Sarah Flagler Cary, of Binghamton, N. Y.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Corbin.

Soon after the Christmas holidays, Mr. Blanchard, our Latin instructor, resigned his position in our school, and has accepted a position with the publishers, Harper and Brother. His work has been in part taken by Miss Helen Searle, 1901, of our school. Though sorry to lose our old instructor, we feel fortunate in his successor.

'91, Robert K. Painter is superintendent and manager of San Carlos Copper Company at San Jose, Mexico.

'94, Francis K. W. Drury, Resident Lecturer of the Illinois State Library School, delivered, during December, a three weeks' course on "Advanced Trade Bibliography."

'95, W. Frank Plumley is practicing medicine at Worcester, N. Y.

'95, C. Frederick Neilson, has been admitted into the firm of Williams and Nicholas, bond and stock brokers.

Dr. W. Newton, a former instructor of Latin in Prep. School, and for nearly two years acting professor, has recently been appointed Professor of German in Rutgers College.

'96, J. Bayard Kirkpatrick, Jr., recently re-

signed his position in the New Brunswick Trust Company.

'96, Arthur Stanley Riggs visited the school recently. Mr. Riggs has lately visited the Philippines and is now in New York.

'96, Frank Eckerson, a missionary in Tongan, Amoy, China, reports everything progressing in his territory. Mr. Eckerson has completed his third year in Amoy, has mastered the Chinese language well enough for his purpose, and is a great exponent in the devolving of that part of China.

'97, The marriage of Dr. Langstroth to Miss Frances Buttler has been announced.

'99, Raymond Harmon-Ashley is engaged as chemist with the Harrison Paint Company of Philadelphia. Last June Ashley took a degree of Ph.D. in chemistry, at Yale.

'04, In the pamphlet issued from Harvard, "Winners of Academic Distinctions," appears the name Minturn Verdi.

'05, Charles Corbin gave a toast on "New Brunswick," at the Sophomore banquet held at Newark.

'06, Thomas A. Allen, Jr., is associated with his father, Thomas Allen, the tobacco importer, of Rahway.

Fisher, '04, Corbin, '05, and Cox, '06, won their right to wear the "R" in college football last season.

ex-'07, Raymond J. Hendrickson, Alumni Editor of the *Argo*, has left school on account of weak eyes.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOL.

Prof. Mills—When was Tennyson born?
M—s—r—1902.

R—s—Beginning to translate Xenophon,
"and, therefore, also, but—"

M—y—, translating German—Sie Mochte

nicht reden horen von sein Blick. She did not like to hear them talk about his red hair.

Another third form translation—Cyrus did not shrink from a bear, but embrace it.

We know it is not the right thing to look over the papers in a waste basket, but when a waste paper comes to a person by accident, he cannot help noticing it. The following is a —? on the eye, written by a person of the second form well versed in that subject.

The eye is a small orgen in the head used for seeing some people wear glasses on account of there eyes being week or strong. The little black spot is the pupil. When a person gets cross-eyed the muscles are drawn together. When a person stayes up to late at night and reads the following A. M. his eyes are stuck together.

May Moses help Mr. Powell!

What an authority in ancient languages the students of Rutgers Prep. are becoming! We hear that C—r—n is soon going to publish a Greek Grammar.

In fourth form Latin—Dido, the deserted lover, went about tearing her hair and beating her breast with her feet. Terrible, wasn't it?

Dr. Payson—"The name of what vehicle in which all may ride is derived from omnia?"

C—r—n—"Automobile."

Please excuse the fewness of the notes; the writer is cramming American history.

YALE-HARVARD RACE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.)

were you yelling so for, Jack?' 'Let me out, quick,' I said. 'Why, what's the matter, Jack?' 'Let me out, unlock the door, what time is it,

where are my clothes, who swiped my watch has Yale won the race?' I fired this volley of questions at her in the hoarse whisper which my yelling had caused.

"Well, finally she got the door unlocked, and started back in amazement when she saw my scanty apparel. But she seemed to understand. 'Why Jack, what will you do? It's too late for you to buy clothes.' Then she added, laughing, 'Aunty can't go. You might wear hers.' 'The very thing, Sis,' I replied, 'fetch 'em along.'

"Well, she went and got aunty's bonnet and bombazen dress, and a black silk parasol. With my sister's help I put on the dress, and she fixed the bonnet so my lack of hair didn't show. (I don't know yet how she did it.) She hastily put in some wrinkles in my face with a burnt match, then stepped back and looked at me. 'Why, Jack, you are almost as good looking as aunty.'

"Well, I didn't feel a thing but queer. I hardly had the nerve to go out on the street, let alone going on a yacht to see the race. But my desire to see the race was greater than my lack of nerve. So I started for the dock where the yacht was to set out. I tried to walk like an old woman, and I guess I got on pretty well. My sister kept telling me to take shorter steps, and not to swing my arms. It was mighty hard work for a Yale graduate, going to see a Yale-Harvard race.

"Well, we got there. The friends with whom we were going were Harvard supporters, so the yacht was flying Harvard colors. I didn't like that, but it couldn't be helped. My sister introduced me as her aunt to all the men who were there, and to all the girls. And fellows, some of those girls even kissed me, and said I was such a dear old lady. Of course, I enjoyed that performance immensely. Then I found out that I was to chaperon the party. An ex-coxswain of the Yale crew chaperoning a lot of Harvard men and girls!

"Well, I pretended to have an awful time

getting on board. I was so afraid of falling in the water. They finally got me safely on board, and fixed me in an easy chair with my feet on a pillow, and the parasol over my head. The yacht started, and as it moved off, the Harvard men gave a long Harvard yell. I wanted to follow their example, and let out the nine Raahs of the Yale cheer, but a warning glance from my sister stopped me.

"Just before we got to a good place to see the race, my sister called me into the cabin and said, 'Whatever you do, Jack, don't yell when the crews come out. Don't be more than interested.'

"Well, first the Harvard crew came out, rowing with those long, perfect strokes, which show a well trained crew. My Harvard friends yelled like mad. Then came the Yale crew, with the same long, perfect strokes. It was fierce holding in then. But I did it somehow.

"The race started. At first Harvard was ahead. Of course, my Harvard friends were jubilant. Harvard kept the lead for the first mile. Then the Yale crew began to creep up. At the second mile, the shells were abreast. But then Yale began to forge ahead. I could stand it no longer. Jumping up, and throwing down the parasol, I shouted, 'Yale! Yale!! Yale!!! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! Yale! Yale!! Yale!!!'

"Well, consternation reigned in that boat. The Harvard men stared first at me, then at my sister. One of them stepped up to her and said, 'It-a-it seems to me—ah—Miss Camp, that your old aunt, I beg pardon, your—ah—aunt is rather—ah—ah—enthusiastic. But as this is a Harvard boat, we would prefer that she wouldn't cheer for Yale.' That is when my sister showed her brains.

"Poor aunty,' she said in a very sad voice, 'Poor aunty. She hasn't had an attack for five years. She used to have them like this often. I'm so embarrassed. Poor aunty.' By that time I had resumed my seat, and had picked up my parasol.

"But now Yale was winning with every stroke. There was still a half mile to go, and Harvard was a length and a half in the rear.

"The Harvard men were not quite satisfied with my sister's explanation of my conduct. One of them came up behind me and whispered in my ear, 'Yell now, if you want, but afterwards—look out for yourself.' 'All right, Johnny Harvard,' I said, and up I jumped, and again yelled, 'Yale! Yale!! Yale!!! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! Yale! Yale!! Yale!!!'

"By this time the race was well over. Yale had won by a little over two lengths. We were steering for the dock. After my last yell, I had remained standing very near the edge of the boat, so it was not very hard for one of the Harvard men to suddenly push me into the water. By this time everyone knew I was not what I had pretended to be. Well, I went in with a big splash, and the yacht went calmly on. My fellows, but that water felt cold; and my clothes weren't the best for swimming. I managed to keep up, but I wondered what I would do. There were only a few yachts near, and these did not seem to have taken any notice of my calamity. Then by good luck, I saw a Yale yacht coming towards me. I called to them and they slowed up. Who was it but a lot of classmates, some of whom had been on the crew with me. 'What in thunder are you doing in the water in such a rig?' they called to me. They seemed to be amused, when I answered, 'I d—d—don't know, b—b—but g—get me on b—board.' Well, fellows, they got me on board, and of course, asked at once if I was crazy, or what was the matter. So I told 'em I was out swimming in a hired bathing suit, and they believed it."

RETOLD BY B. P. H.

RUTGERS FRESHMEN *vs*

RUTGERS PREP.

On January 30, Rutgers Prep. basket-ball team defeated the Rutgers Freshmen. Our

men played well throughout, outclassing their opponents in passing and blocking.

For the first five minutes of play neither side scored and although the ball was mostly in Prep. territory it looked as if the game would be much closer than it was. Williams broke the spell by tossing a basket. After this Zeigler, Sangster and Williams, by good shooting, quickly brought up our score.

End of first half: Freshmen 5; Prep. 14.

In the second half the Freshmen braced up, but Prep. had a good lead and kept it. Final score: Freshmen, 17; Prep., 34.

Line up:

Rutgers Prep.—Williams, c.; Powell, (Prentiss), l. f.; Sangster, r. f.; Zeigler, l. g.; Scudder, r. g.

Rutgers Freshmen—Goods, c.; Faussett, l. f.; Van Winkle, r. f.; H. D. Greene, (Hansen), l. g.; Hankins, (Fell), r. g.

Referee—Gorton. Timekeeper—Nutt.

Goals—Sangster 6, Zeigler 4, Williams 6, Van Winkle 2, Goode 2. Fouls thrown by Freshmen 9; by Prep. 2.

Annex Notes.

OUR NATION'S FLAG.

One pleasant morning a little house on Arch street Philadelphia, was as neat and clean as Betsy Ross, the tidy young widow, could make it.

General Washington had written her that he and Robert Morris should have the honor of calling upon her to talk over the matter of making a new flag.

The clock in the church had just struck twelve, when the commander-in-chief and the great merchant walked into Mistress Ross's little back parlor. After the formal greetings were over, Washington took from his pocket a sketch of the flag.

"Be sure, madam," he said, "and make the stars as I have drawn them."

"But, General Washington, the stars in the

sky seem to have five points and yours have six."

"You are right madam. Make the flag as I have drawn it, but make the stars with five points."

The flag was to have thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, seven red and six white.

In June, 1777, the flag was accepted by Congress. For eighteen years it remained the flag of the nation.

After Vermont and Kentucky came into the Union the stars and stripes were increased to fifteen.

Year after year, new states were added, until there were twenty stars and twenty stripes, and the people began to say, "Let us not mar the beauty of our nation's flag."

So it was decided that every time a new state was admitted, a star should be added, and there should be thirteen stripes for the thirteen original colonies. Year after year new states have come into the Union and today there are forty-six stars on the field of blue.

PIERRE VAN DYCK.

THE DIKES AND CANALS

OF HOLLAND

The dikes of Holland are made of wood and stone imported from Norway. The dikes are made in the following way; First, great trees are trimmed of their branches, and are then studded with large headed nails to keep water insects from eating the wood. These trees are driven into the sand in rows as far out as possible to break the force of the waves. Behind these trees a great mass of trees are driven in. The cracks between the trees are filled up with mud and stones. The dikes are built on a slant of about thirty degrees and are from two hundred and fifty feet to three hundred feet high. In some places there are gates in the dikes, and at low tide these gates are opened so that fresh water may flow into the canals.

It is easy to make canals, for if you should

dig down two feet you would strike water. There are many canals in Holland and they are used as much in winter as in summer. In winter the canals are frozen over, and people then skate with their wares in baskets hung over their arms, or else they pull iceboats loaded with their goods after them. There are so many canals in Amsterdam that it is sometimes called the Venice of the North.

EREDERICK VOORHEES.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

The Intelligent Goat.

In a New York restaurant, two business men while eating their lunch, were discussing which was the more intelligent animal, the horse or the dog. The colored waiter, Sam Johnson, who had served them many times, moved about shaking his head.

One of the gentlemen noticed him and asked, "Don't you agree with either of us, Sam?"

"No, suh," said Sam, "Ah ain't got nuthin' agin de horse or de dog, but Ah's bettin' on de billy goat every time."

"The billy goat hasn't a bit of sense, Sam."

"Ah didn't think so nuther, till de udder day and it come about in dis way. Last Sunday, Ah toggged myself up with my gold headed cane and my high silk hat and went to Hoboken to see my best gal. While I was a walking mighty spry up on de heights, along come a puff o' wind what sent my hat sailin' and sailin' over de bluff down toward de riber. Dat hat was wable so Ah chased it. Ah went

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down as fast as Ah could, but a billygoat got dère ahead o' me and was chawin' it up. Ah picked up a stone to chuck at him, but Ah saw de billygoat castin' his eyes up on de bluff. Ah looked up too, and dere on de bluff was writ, 'Chew Johnson's Plug.' Dat goat read." 'o8.

EXCHANGES.

The *Argo* acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: The Academy Journal, The Peddie Chronicle, The Poly Prep. Magazine, The Targum, The Cardinal.

Some of our faithful exchanges must have forgotten us or else we are too early with the present number.

Teacher (to pupils who failed to understand examples)—"Now all of you who can't see this example just look at it for five minutes."
—Ex.

Gentleman (to waiter)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir; we serve anybody. Sit right down."—Ex.

John P. Wall

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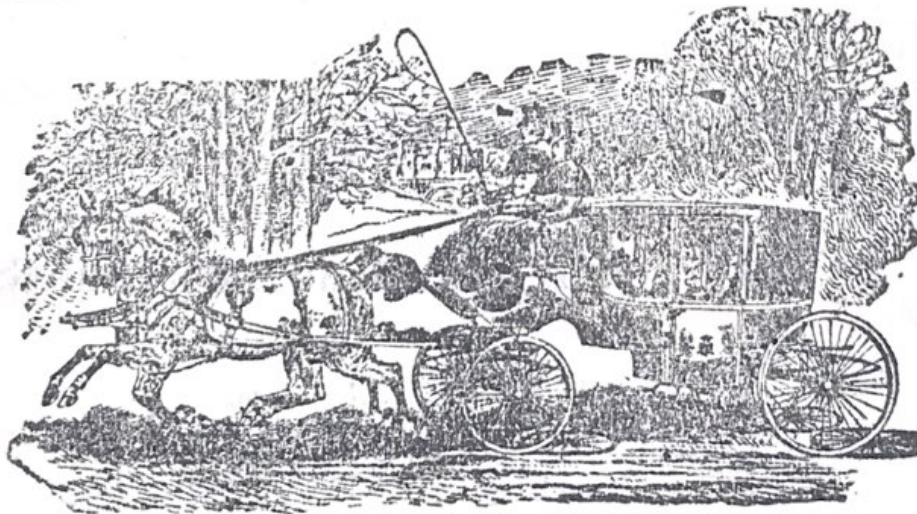
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