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Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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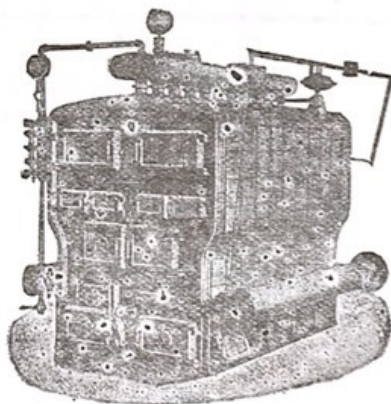
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THE ARGO.

VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., APRIL, 1907.

No. 7

THE BLUE-BIRD

"I say, Jud," said Lee Redford, throwing down the pick he had been using, "aren't you sick of this old mine? Here we've been working over a year now, and haven't got enough out of it to keep us in groceries. I guess we would starve if it weren't for Hannah and the men—Let's quit it."

"Well, Lee, I surely am discouraged, but as it is we manage to get along somehow, while if we did give up the mine, how would we live?"

"We could join the next band of mule-drivers that goes over the mountain and in two or three trips we could make enough to buy two mules and start business for ourselves."

"That certainly is a good idea, Jud. I wonder why we didn't think of it before? If we stay here in this old worked-out mine, it isn't likely we'll ever get a cent ahead; but if we start in as you suggest, we may save something after a while, and besides we'll be going to different places and we may hear something of our fathers—yes, I think it would be best. Come on, let's stop right here. Bring your tools up to the camp and we'll tell Hannah about it." So saying, Lee shouldered his pick and spade, took up his dinner pail and lantern, and made his way out of the mine closely followed by his chum.

The above conversation took place some years ago, between two boys—Judson Bailey and Lee Redford. Lee was fourteen now and Judson, or Jud, as he was called, was one year his junior. The boys' mothers were both dead, and six years before, their fathers had

taken the gold craze and come west. By some chance they had become acquainted with one Pedro Gomez, a Mexican, better known in that part of the country as "Slippery Pete," and these three had bought up a prosperous mine and worked it with good results. Hannah, a faithful colored nurse, had accompanied Mr. Redford and in that rough mining-town had brought up the two boys like none of "de low whit' trash," of the community.

For three years the Bluebird mine yielded good washings, but then she began to fail. Nuggets became more and more scarce until finally the partners agreed to abandon her and seek new diggings. So one morning the three set out over the mountain trail, leaving Jud and Lee and Hannah behind.

That was two years ago and since then neither Mr. Redford nor Mr. Bailey have been seen. Slippery Pete had come back after a month's absence, with a pitiful tale of his companions. The three were traveling along a narrow path on the brink of a precipice, when Mr. Redford's horse slipped and fell. Mr. Bailey ran to his friend's assistance, but in his haste he tripped over a loose stone and the two had plunged into the chasm below. After searching a week for the missing men, Pedro had given them up as dead and returned with the sad news. He worked the old mine for a while, then in remembrance of his former comrades and pity for their sons, as he said, he sold his share of the mine to Hannah for five hundred of the six hundred dollars she had so carefully saved up. Although the boys were young they realized their

position and set to work in their mine to keep themselves out of need until their fathers should come back, whom they could never think of as dead. After nearly a year and a half of work the mine had turned out so little that without the aid of the kind-hearted miners, they could scarcely have gotten along. Under these circumstances the conversation with which our story opens took place. The boys had decided to be mule-drivers, but this was destined never to be.

That night, after their evening meal, the boys told Hannah of their plan and after some time she consented and now the boys only awaited their chance.

Although during the early part of the night the sky was clear, toward morning rain clouds began to form and by the time the boys were up a storm was raging fiercely. For four days the rain kept up. Streams were swollen and mines flooded. On the morning of the fifth day, the clouds broke away and the sun came out. But it was some time before the miners could get into their mines and when they did get in destruction was very evident. The water had loosened the roofs of the drifts and it would require a great deal of labor to throw out the dirt which had caved in.

"Lee," said Jud, one morning, "let's go down into the Bluebird and see what she looks like."

"All right, come on," said Lee.

The Bluebird was no exception to the mines in the vicinity. The roof of the first drift had fallen, filling it up; the side of the second had caved in, leaving only a small passage-way. The boys slowly made their way up the heap of dirt and—all at once Lee's foot struck something hard and he went sprawling down to the bottom. "Say, Jud, what did I strike my toe against? It sounded hollow. Look and see what it is."

"O, Lee, come here quick; it's a box! Catch hold and help me take it out where we can see what it is."

The boys dragged the box out of the drift

and examined it. They found it to be a strong pine box with heavy hinges, having a silver plate on the top engraved with the words, "Thomas Redford, James Baney—their joint savings." "Hurrah! Lee, it is our fathers' safe. Now that they are gone it belongs to us. See if you can open it."

"No, I have tried already. We will have to force off the hasp. It is too late to do that tonight and it is too heavy for us to carry up to camp, so the best thing we can do is to leave it here over night. Here, push it in this dark corner and throw some loose boards over it. No one would ever see it there, even if they knew it was in the mine, I don't believe. Come on, let's go home. We won't mention this to Hannah until we have found out what it contains."

As the boys were leaving the mine, they were not pleased to see the crafty face of Slippery Pete looking down at them. "Hullo, boys! What were you shoutin' so for? Find some nuggets, or a short way to China, or a box of money? Just comin' down to see what was up. Well, s'long. I'm goin' away to spend the night with a friend of mine up the trail."

"Lee," said Jud, after he had gone, "I don't like that fellow. He may have been a friend of our parents, but just the same I think he knows more about them than he is making out; at any rate I wish he hadn't heard us shout when we found that box. I didn't know we said anything so loud, did you? But I suppose we must have."

"O, I don't believe he'll think much about it Jud. Besides you know he said he was going away to stay over night and by tomorrow this time we'll have it opened and whatever there is in it hidden. Don't say anything more there's Hannah looking for us."

The next morning as soon as they ate their breakfast, the boys took some tools and started for the mine. They could scarcely keep from running, so eager were they to get to work on the box. On coming to the mine,

they did not notice the square imprints in the mud at the entrance nor did they see the narrow track made by some vehicle nearby. Throwing down their tools, they both began tearing down the pile of loose boards from over the box. Suddenly Lee exclaimed, "Jud, we didn't pile these boards up this way, they have been moved. O, I hope no one has taken our box!" Frantically now they threw off the boards and found the box—gone. "Well, it's gone somewhere, and it certainly could not have gone off by itself. Someone either has taken it or has hidden it somewhere. Let's look around for it."

For half an hour the boys looked, but no box did they see. Sadly they went out of the mine. "Oh, Look here, Jud, here's the print of something square. It has been our box as sure as the world. Someone has let it down in the mud, yes here are foot-prints leading out this way and here's a barrow track—look, it leads out toward the trail. I see it now. Someone has stolen the box and carried it off. I think the best thing we can do is to go tell Sheriff Shinn about it."

The blunt sheriff listened keenly to the boys' recital, then began to question them. Strange to say the boys did not mention Slippery Pete in their story, but in answering the questions it came out and when Sheriff Shinn dismissed the boys he was pretty certain who was guilty. He went at once to the mine and examined the tracks. Soon a crowd of sympathetic men collected. All expressed great pity and friendliness for the boys and the one who expressed himself particularly friendly was Slippery Pete.

In the crowd was a stranger. He kept silent, but constantly scanned the faces of those about him. At last his eyes lighted up and making his way up to a man on the edge of the crowd he began to speak: "Men," said he, "I am a stranger here. I came last night, sent from Denver by miners who once lived among you. I was delayed on the way and it was about one o'clock last night when I came

along here. I happened to be coming along the trail about opposite this place pretty quietly, when all at once I saw a horse in front of me. I didn't say anything and stepped one side. Then I noticed the horse was without a rider. Soon I heard voices and I saw two men coming from this mine with a wheelbarrow. As they came nearer, I saw they had a box and by the way they were working I judged it must be pretty heavy. They came up to the horse and loaded the box on it, dumping the barrow down the gully. I followed the horse because I felt sure there must be some crooked work going on. I saw where the box was put and I saw the faces of the robbers. They were the man whom you call Slippery Pete and this man here, Jack Champ, otherwise Captain John C. Busch."

The two men were quickly surrounded, then again the stranger spoke: "It is a peculiar thing that at one time I should find the four persons whom I wanted to find more than you can imagine. Some years ago I was a sailor on a small steamer owned by that man Captain John C. Busch. I must admit that our business was not always of the most honest kind. One day, some two years ago, there came on board our ship three men, miners prospecting for gold, they appeared to be. They went below and immediately we put off from land. These three men were Thomas Redford, James Bailey and Pedro Gomez. At once I suspected a plot so I listened at the cabin door to hear what was said. I heard that the three had been partners in a mining venture which for a time had turned out well, then failed. Gomez had lost his money by gambling and now demanded of the other two their money for their release from the ship. This they refused to do. Some days afterward, on account of their stubbornness, Captain Busch turned Redford and Bailey adrift on the sea in a small row-boat. I was tired of the life I was leading, so when I got

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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.

On Friday, September 18, we knocked out a long, swift fly ball. We started for first base and reached it December 20. From December 20 until March 29, by extra sprinting we reached third. From now until June 12, we have the way from third to home-plate stretching out before us. If it were a game of base-ball how we would exert ourselves to gain the goal. The last term of the school year is ahead of us and before we can realize it, it will be behind us. When it is behind us will we be proud to look back upon it or will we not? That is a question each must answer for himself. And may each one answer it in the way he knows it should be answered.

and from now until the close of school prove his answer a true one.

Now that the hard winter is over, and our basket-ball team has played out its schedule we turn to base-ball.

One thing in which Americans may pride themselves is base-ball. The first organization for playing the game was the Knickerbocker Base-Ball Club, of New York City, formed September 23, 1845. In the years since then how the game has grown; now thousands play it, and millions flock to see it played. It has become our national game. But why this rapid growth? Why so much interest shown for it? The reason is this—there is no other outdoor sport now in vogue in America that equals base-ball either as an exciting sport to witness or as a game offering healthy and manly exercise. A match game scarcely lasts two hours, but from the instant the ball is in play until the end of the game interest is always kept up and opportunities are afforded for displays of courage, pluck, activity and quick thinking. On the other hand great skill is required in handling a bat well and sound judgment and nerve are required for running the bases. The whole making an unequaled exercise for mind and body. It is a game suited to Americans.

We are Americans and we like base-ball. Surely something is wrong with the boy who does not like this, the truest and most healthful of sports. The one fault with the game in a school like ours, is that only nine men can represent the whole in match games with other schools. But afternoons more than nine men may play. Come out and have a game with the fellows. Who knows you may prove yourself skillful enough to be one of the lucky nine, and even if you are not, an hour's play of baseball will do you more personal good than the same time spent in almost any other way.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'98, B. L. Cropsey has gone to China to take a position with Dunning & Co., importers at Shanghai. He will be absent two years.

'04, A. J. Kilmer has been elected an associate editor of the "Spectator" at Columbia University.

The marriage of W. B. Collier, '03, to Miss Frona Stone, of Denver, Colorado, has been announced. Dr. Collier's residence is to be 500 South Broadway, Denver.

'96, M. S. Purdy was married Wednesday, April 10th, to Miss Laura Kathryn Hopper, in the First Reformed Church, Hackensack, N. J.

Ex-'07, Raymond J. Hendrickson, who has been compelled to leave school on account of his eyes, is associated with the firm of J. Hendrickson & Co., manufacturing stationers, New York City.

The marriage of G. E. Shettle, '00, to Miss Florence Elizabeth Reddell, took place at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Wednesday, April 3d. Shettle was editor of the *Argo* while in our school, and the *Argo* extends to him its hearty congratulations.

Professor A. L. Boulton, Professor of English in New York University, will spend next year in study abroad. Professor Boulton was instructor in Greek and English in our school for two years, and left in '99 to take the position in N. Y. U., which he has held ever since. Professor Boulton's wife was instructor in the Annex, when she was Miss McNair.

Ex-'09, Judson Dunlap, of Elizabeth, who is attending school at Mercersburg, was a visitor at the "Trap" recently.

Lewis R. Harris has opened an office for the general practice of law at No. 10 Wall street, Borough of Manhattan, New York.

'01, Charles P. Wilber, was graduated on March 7th from the Yale Forestry School with the degree of Master of Forestry.

'06, Miss Mary Gillespie, who is now attending Mt. Holyoke, visited the school on the last day of the winter term.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOL.

Mr. Powell tells us that in some mines there is so much gas that often you have to drop to your feet.

We have heard that strange things happen in coal mines, but it must be wonderful to see men walking around on their hands.

W—k, as his French sentences are being corrected on the board—O, I left out a letter there. I re-copied it wrong.

Nothing like being plain spoken, W—k.

A very prominent member of the third form Virgil class defines a tobacco vender as one who chews tobacco.

The Fourth-form wonders why "Chet" Lyall changed his seat in the English class.

B—m—nn, (who has been asked to take a front seat during a Latin examination)—Mr. Powell, I have done five questions; may I take a back seat to do these principal parts?

Yes, Wyk, we are all wishing for the fine weather; many of us also look "swell" in a straw hat.

Some definitions from the second and third forms: Placid, "a kind of dress"; Chiffonier, "a man who runs an auto"; Diaphragm, "that which is used in English"; Dyspepsia, "a kind of decease"; Hypocrite, "a fool"; Hydrophobia, "dead water"; Coercion, "a clerk"; Concession, "a giant"; Insurrection, "being raised from the dead."

THE BLUEBIRD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.

a chance I put off too, but with a good lot of provisions. I came up to the other boat, and knowing those parts pretty well, I managed to hit an island before the next night. During

that night, however, the tide washed away our boats. On this island we stayed for over a year. Two months ago we managed to hail a steamer which brought us back to civilization. We made our way to Denver where my two companions stopped to attend to some business. They sent me on here to find out how their boys had fared. Now you can tell how I felt about finding these two men here also, and in the very act of taking the money they had tried so desperately to obtain. As for myself, I am quite willing to turn state's evidence against Captain Busch, or Jack Champ, as you know him, for carrying on a

smuggler's trade along the coast. I hope this will clear me. Now I want someone to volunteer to get that box with me and then I want to talk to these boys about their fathers."

It is needless to say that very soon Jud and Lee were united with their fathers. Jack Champ and Slippery Pete were sentenced to a long term in prison. Robert Parkins, as the stranger who did so much for the boys proved to be, was taken in partnership with the two old miners forming together the Bluebird Mining Company, which soon afterward became one of the richest and most powerful companies in that section. P. K., '07.

THE PLAN THAT FAILED

One summer afternoon in 1854 Hank Hardy was sitting in a dark corner of the stable cleaning harness. He was the stable-boy at the "Red Lion Inn," the principal building in a small town in Kentucky.

At that time the whole country was stirred up about the slavery question. The Northerners tried to keep the runaway slaves from the officers pursuing them and in most cases were succeeding very well.

While Hank was quietly at work, two riders came up to the stable-door and not seeing anyone around to take their horses, proceeded to stable them themselves.

"Don't they have any stable-boy around here?" asked one. "I'm too tired to turn my horse in myself, but I guess I'll have to say, Ferd; did I tell you how I succeeded? I guess no one is around to hear. They say that they work the 'underground railroad' quite a lot around these parts. I was talking to a Mr. Hardy down by the mill. I told him I had come to rouse up the people against slavery, and showed him some copies of the 'Liberator.' Hardy said that they were pretty well roused up already and then he told me what was going on. I guess no one would

suspect that we are officers after runaway slaves."

Hank had stopped short and was listening intently. Then the man continued with a chuckle, "Yes, Hardy told me that he was going down with a big wagon to the mill at six o'clock tomorrow morning to get some grain and at the same time some fugitives whom another party would transfer to his wagon. I guess the miller helps a lot in their game. Now, Ferd, do you know what I'll do? Of course Hardy doesn't suspect anything and will come back from the mill right past here. Now I will be out in front of the tavern talking to the men and when he comes along I'll hold him up in great style. I tell you we'll get those niggers all right. We'll teach these people a lesson." "Well, that's fine Abe," said Ferd, "we'll make a good capture, but be sure and keep up our disguise. Let's get a front room, so we can watch the road," and the two men sauntered toward the house. As soon as they were inside, Hank bolted out the back door of the stable and made for home as fast as he could run across the fields.

The family were just sitting down to supper when he burst into the house. He took his father aside and told him all that he had

heard. Mr. Hardy was at once disturbed. "Yes, Hank, I did tell him all that and I wondered at the time if I wasn't a fool to do it but he talked so much against slavery that I wanted him to know we were doing something here. But still, Hank, I think we can get around those officers."

Here Mr. Hardy whispered earnestly into his son's ear for a minute and then both smiling, they sat down to eat.

As it happened two other men were smiling at the same time, but at the other side of the prospect. The next morning the two men at the Inn were up early and lounging around the front door talking earnestly about the current events from a Northerner's point of view. As six o'clock drew near, unconsciously they kept a close watch on the road from the mill. No one came! Had their plan been discovered? But just then a covered wagon slowly came into sight, seemingly full of grain. The men looked at each other and tried not to be excited, but they could not help it when they saw their prey coming right into their hands. Just before the wagon got to the Inn the driver, who was none other than Mr. Hardy, started the horses on a trot and acted very uneasily. When he came opposite the Inn both the strangers pulled out ugly looking pistols and commanded "Halt!"

All the loungers shrank back, frightened, but Hardy only whipped up his horses and made a desperate effort to get away. A shot rang out—then came a shriek and a black face appeared above the grain bags. "Get my horse," commanded both the men at once, but as no one seemed inclined to do so they rushed to the stable and got the horses themselves. This took time, however, and by the time they were mounted the wagon was nearly half a mile down the road. Then the chase began! But the horses drawing the wagon were tired and could not keep up their mad pace much longer. The men were overtaking the wagon! Hardy saw them coming nearer and nearer!

Then they got out their pistols! He could do nothing else, so he pulled up his horses.

"We arrest you on a charge of aiding in the escape of slaves."

"But I have no slaves in this wagon," protested Mr. Hardy.

"No slaves," yelled the man and he jumped on the wagon and there in the middle of the meal bags was — Hank Hardy! with his face just the color of his black hair!

"The joke's on you this time, Mr. Officer," said Hardy, "by the time you get back to the Inn those slaves will be miles from here. I had some wagons start with them over the back road just before I started up past the Inn and I guess now they are out of your reach. This fellow here is just clouded up for the occasion with a burnt cork. I happened to hear of your arrival and so got the lead on you this time. You can't arrest me for I didn't touch the slaves. I just watched them go. Now, Mr. Officer, before we part I'd like to wish you better luck next time."

POCKMAN.

AN INCIDENT OF MY LIFE.

My master is an officer in the United States army and I am his best friend. My name is Custer. I am a bull-dog. My master has taught me a number of tricks, especially to love the flag of my country. I am allowed to accompany him on his campaigns.

Once we were on a campaign against a band of savage Indians who had massacred people and burned their homes. I was lying in the shade inside the tent. My master was on duty, but there was a sentinel in front of the tent. Suddenly I heard a shot followed by a savage yell, but I did not stir as I knew the Indian had been shot. The sentinel poked his head into the tent and reached for a canteen; then I heard a second shot and a groan from the soldier and a dozen savages rushed up tore down the flag, and ran off.

I ran to the men on guard, who had heard the shots, and then I led the way back to our

tent. I soon found where the enemy had gone and being encouraged by my master, we set out in pursuit. Each man hunted by himself, while my master and I went together.

As we were going along I came upon a sight that angered me. There was that gang of Indians rubbing the flag in the faces of some of the soldiers who had accompanied my master to the woods. Just then something interested me even more. I heard a rustling of leaves behind me and on turning I saw two Indians attack my master. He succeeded in killing these, but received in his right arm an arrow which made him drop his weapon. He was then bound and taken back by those Indians I had seen in the camp.

I was roused by what I saw. He and the other men were bound to posts and whipped then left under the care of one Indian. He set fire to the flag, after stamping on it, and threw it on the ground; then he went into the wigwam. I saw my chance, and running to my master, viciously tugged at the rope which bound him until finally I broke it. Then I grabbed the flag, and jumping on it, at last put out the flame. But I had set the wigwam on fire. Out ran the Indian, and my master who had taken up a gun which he had found lying on the ground, shot him dead.

Then my master scribbled a note and tied it to my collar telling me to go to the camp. I ran with all my might and soon was coming back with a detachment of soldiers. It was not long before they entered into the fight against the Indians, who were threatening to kill my friends. We came off victorious and I was taken back and presented to the general as the "preserver of the flag."

H. P. SMITH.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

The Tale (Tail) of a Rattle Snake.

Once upon a time, a gentleman, while upon his daily walk in the woods, and hearing a peculiar rattle, poked curiously about among

the bushes. He was sure a rattle-snake was making the noise; yet he was not afraid, for he was protected by his high walking boots and his cane. Just off the path he found a snake unable to move because of a stone lying on its head. Cautiously the gentleman removed the rock and waited to see what the snake would do. Instead of striking, the rattler rubbed its head against its benefactor's boot and rattled its tail gently, just as a cat would purr. As the man turned to go, the snake followed, but was forced to stop when they came to a brook.

Every time after this when he went into this region, the rattler was sure to appear and follow him. At last he decided to take it home and make a pet of it—he was a bachelor and there was no one to object. But when his friends found out "what that was in the box behind the stove," their visits became less frequent, for they did not feel comfortable in the same room with this strange pet. Finally they did not come at all, until an event occurred which convinced every one of them of the value of the rattler as a friend.

One night after the bachelor had been asleep for some time, he was awakened by a great commotion down stairs. Upon investigation he found the snake wound about a burglar, its fangs buried deep in his flesh and its tail out of the window, rattling for a policeman!

'08.

Annex Notes.

Henry W. Longfellow.

When Henry W. Longfellow was a boy he spent many happy days on his grandfather's farm. The thing he loved most, was in the long winter evenings to sit before the old-fashioned fire place, while his grandfather told him stories about Indians. As he grew to be a man he read many interesting books. He went to strange lands far from the old farm house, but he never forgot the stories his grandfather told him. One day he gave them

to the world in that wonderful story of Indian life, the legend of Hiawatha.

ALLEN F. CONGER.

Longfellow's Arm-Chair.

For many years Mr. Longfellow lived in Cambridge, Mass. He wrote many beautiful poems for children, and made many friends. The spreading chestnut tree which he tells of in one of his poems, grew near his boyhood home. It was cut down, but the wood had been carefully laid away. All the school children of Cambridge wanted to give him a present for his seventy-second birthday. The children had a beautiful arm-chair made from the wood, with a loving message carved on it. Longfellow was greatly pleased with the chair and thanked the children for it in a poem called "From My Arm-Chair."

J. NEWTON SMITH.

EXCHANGES.

The *Argo* acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: The Oracle, The Cardinal, The Tome, The Cutler Fortnightly, The High School Register, The Spectator, The Targum, The Academy Journal, The Valkyrie, The Advocate.

Picked from the Excuse File:
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Johnny for not goin' to schule yesterday the reason is because i wanted to wash his stockings, this won't happen again this year.

Much obliged,
Mrs. — *Ex.*

Prof. X.—“What does tabular mean?”

Pupil—“Like a table.”

Prof. X.—“What?”

Pupil—“You know; square like a cube.”

Prof. X.—“If you make any more mistakes like that, your mark will be round like a lemon.” *Advocate.*

Rejected Suitor—“Well, I may be poor, but I once rode around in a carriage.”

Unsympathetic Girl—“Yes, when your mother pushed it.”—*Ex.*

Tommy—“I looked through the key-hole when Sis was in the parlor with her beau last night.”

Father—“What did you find out, my son?”
“The lamp, sir.”—*Ex.*

John P. Wall

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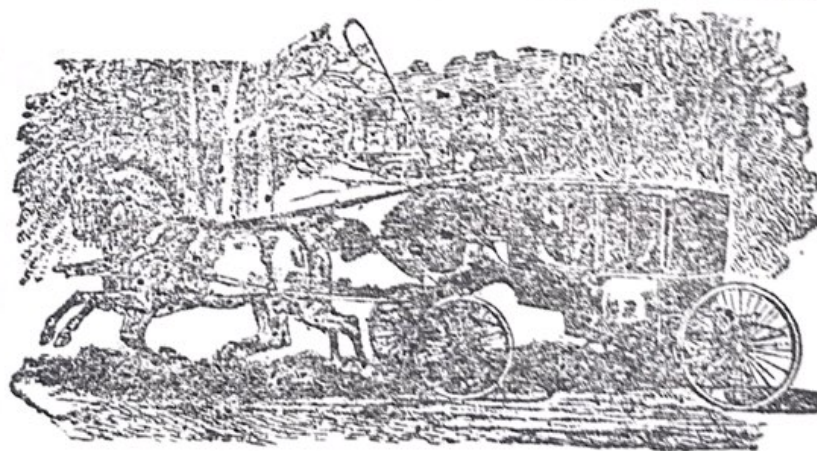
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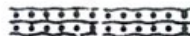
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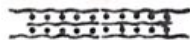
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