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# THE ARGO.

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

Volume XVIII

October

Number One

# Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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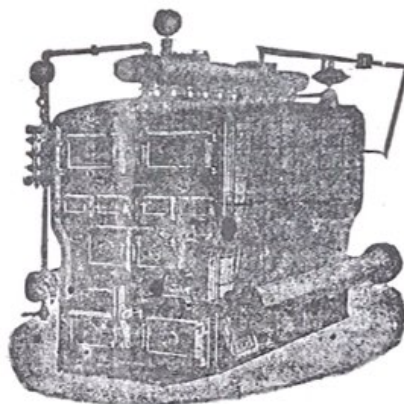
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# THE ARGO.

VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1906.

NOS. 1.

## THE RECOVERY OF THE GOLD

*Miss Knopf '08*

After the Civil War desperate men from all over the country flocked into New Mexico. The worst type of these roamed about the state with large herds of wild horses or cattle, violating so many laws that the government stationed soldiers in some of the small towns.

In one of these posts, a young army doctor—Smith by name—and his wife lived quietly, saving what they could from the doctor's scanty earnings. At this time there were, especially in the smaller towns, no reliable banks. So every man had to take care of his own money.

Dr. Smith had saved several thousand dollars which he kept in a place known only to himself. Without telling his wife, one day he placed all the gold, wrapped in newspapers, in a little old trunk used for paper patterns.

Among the few servants of the doctor was a young half-breed, Manuel, from the nearest town, where his mother lived with the rest of her children. Twice a year Manuel was given a holiday which he spent with his mother. When at last this happy time arrived, Manuel set out early in the morning, bumping slowly along in an oxcart. As usual, Mrs. Smith had given him for his mother many things which she herself did not want. Among these were the contents of the little old trunk.

Late in the afternoon, the doctor came to his wife with a troubled expression.

"Where are the patterns?" he asked excitedly.

"The patterns? Why I gave them to Manuel," she answered. "There wasn't anything there you wanted, I am sure."

"Nothing I wanted! All our money was

there! Now all our savings are gone. What shall I do? Are you sure Manuel is honest? When did he start? He must be home by this time." There was no telling how long Dr. Smith would have kept up this volley of remarks, if his wife had not reminded him that it was better to act than to talk. So he started off to the Major to ask for leave of absence and for a few men to go on the lonely journey with him. But when the officer heard the doctor's story, he shook his head, saying, "Leave of absence I can give you; but as to a guard, that is impossible, as this case is private. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

At first Dr. Smith seemed stunned. Could he ride that long distance alone and then come back at night with the gold? He must risk it, or lose every cent.

In a few minutes he was on his horse galloping towards the town where were all his earnings. He arrived in the village just as the people came out to gossip after their supper. Immediately he went to Manuel's home where he was greeted by Sarah, the boy's mother, with, "Oh, you've come for your money, have you? Well, it's safe, down at the Jew's." A load had been lifted from his mind. Now it only remained for him to take the money home.

The horse was turned down the little street toward the Jew's house. From all sides came questions about his gold. Every one in the town had been told about it. This of all things to happen, with so many desperadoes between the village and safety!

Taking the money from the Jew, the doctor



rode to the little tavern, where he paid his bill in advance and made arrangements—in such a way that all the loungers could hear—for an early start in the morning. But before he went to his room he looked carefully about the stable, seeing where his horse's bridle and saddle were hung. He did not sleep at all for he was waiting for midnight to come, when he intended to start for home. When at last the hour came, he stealthily entered the stall of his horse, saddled him, mounted and rode away into the darkness.

On and on he went for an hour following an easy path, but soon he came to a dense thicket of thorn bushes. The horse pushed on for a little way, then came to a standstill. The doctor knew that he was lost. Lost, with all the gold and in a lonely, dangerous place!

The only thing to do now was to wait for morning to show him his trail. He sat on his horse with his gun across his knees and two pistols near at hand. Every little noise startled him.

Suddenly his anxious ear caught an alarming sound, small though it was. He listened carefully. Some distance to his right there was a slight rustling in the bushes. Now it seemed to be on his left, again in front of him, then

behind him. Had some of the desperadoes watched, followed, surrounded him? The noise came nearer and nearer. Plans of escape entered his mind, but he put them aside as foolish. The doctor's grasp on his gun tightened. He tried to peer into the pitch darkness to see what caused the rustling, but he could see nothing. The bushes moved near him, first on one side, then on the other. He was ready to fight for his money, alone as he was. Now he could feel the bushes around him move, then—warm breath! He was about to shoot, when his horse gave a low neigh answered by the herd of wild horses which had surrounded them. His heart beat more steadily at first, but then when he remembered what kind of men roamed with such herds, he became more anxious. He sat perfectly quiet waiting for the horses to pass. His ears were strained to catch any sound made by a man, but as the herd walked slowly out of hearing, none came. Again the doctor was alone with his horse in the thicket.

How relieved he was, when it grew light enough for him to find his trail and ride safely home without further adventure.

After this experience, the doctor thought it best to tell his wife all his secrets.

## A MESSENGER OF INDEPENDENCE

*Campbell '08*

At about eight o'clock in the morning of July 5th, 1776, a messenger rode into New Brunswick by way of the Trenton turnpike and stopping at the inn near the Steamboat Dock only long enough to change his horse for a fresher one, he rode swiftly along the road by the river, and crossing the covered bridge (where is now the Landing Bridge) he soon disappeared down the road toward New York. His passing through was at this time a daily occurrence, for many messengers were sent between New York and Philadelphia. Only the two or three loungers around the inn, therefore, took any notice of him.

"Well," remarked the inn-keeper, "Philadelphia has sent her message a little early this morning. It must be something important." (It was something important; it was a copy of the Declaration of Independence being sent to the New York Assembly.) His audience grunted assent, silently puffed at their pipes for a while, and then began talking about the amount of freight that had been sent by boat to New York that morning and about similar subjects.

They had not, however, been more than ten minutes on this topic before another horseman came at high speed along the main street

(of those days) and, stopping at the inn, asked for the best horse.

"I'll give it to you," said the inn-keeper, "if you'll tell me who you are."

"A messenger from Philadelphia," answered the man quickly, "with an important message. Hurry!"

The inn-keeper, satisfied by his manner, got him the horse. He quickly mounted, and, leaving his own horse at the inn, rode as fast as he could in the same direction the messenger had taken.

First the way led through a deep wood where the tops of the giant trees interlacing overhead kept out much of the sunshine and thus darkened the road; then the Horseman passed several farm houses, and open fields stretching back from the road for half a mile and then stopped by woods.

Towards the end of an hour of hard riding, however, the road became narrower, the woods were deeper, and the fields fewer and farther apart.

"Here," thought he, as he passed through a deeper and longer wood than the previous ones, "here I may catch up with him. At least I hope so." And he pulled out two pistols and, managing somehow to cock them, he put one into the holster and kept one in his right hand, while he held the bridle with his left. The wind was blowing due east and so he did not hear the sound of the Messenger's horse, which was now around a double turn in front. The Messenger, however, heard hoof-beats behind him and, thinking he was being pursued, he bent low over his horse and sticking his spurs into its flanks, urged it on to its utmost speed. The Horseman swung around the bend and there saw to his astonishment the Messenger only a hundred

yards in front.

"Halt, or I shall fire!" cried the Horseman.

The Messenger only bent closer to his horse's neck and trusted to the speed of the two horses to shake the Horseman's aim. The later leaned forward on his horse, took careful aim, and then fired first one pistol and then the other. At the second shot the Messenger threw up his hands and fell backward off his horse, the bullet having struck him in the back of his neck and gone upward towards his brain. His horse fled in terror. The Horseman rode up to the wounded man, dismounted, and began searching his pockets. Just then the Messenger opened his eyes and then exclaimed, "My brother! Is it you? You my pursuer? The despatch is in one of the saddle-bags. You can't catch the horse now. —Another man is going by another way with the same despatch.—You are beaten."

"Ha," said the Horseman, "the general of His Majesty's army, that all-wise man, did not think of that! You a third son of an English baron and a rebel! But you are not badly wounded, are you?"

"I am dying," groaned the Messenger. He was slowly bleeding to death. His brother pulled out his handkerchief and tried to stop the wound from bleeding, but could not. All he could do was to sit and watch his brother die.

"Brother, I forgive you," said the Horseman who, soldier as he was, wept at this disaster, "I forgive you, in the name of our family, the part you have taken in the rebellion. Would that my forgiveness could save your life!"

"I want no forgiveness for—doing—right," answered the Messenger, faintly. Then, after a moment's silence, he raised himself upon his arm, looked his brother in the face, and cried in a loud, clear voice, "I'm not an Englishman, I am an American. I die for my country." And he fell back dead.

CAMPBELL, '08.



# 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 October issue of the *Argo* marks the first work of the new Board of Editors. Throughout the year we will endeavor to keep up the high standard maintained by the Boards of former years. Although we feel it would be difficult, indeed, to surpass last year's work, still we shall do our best to be worthy successors to mighty predecessors.

Vacation days are ended and once more we have settled down to work. We now have a year ahead of us. What shall we do with it? Will we have accomplished anything at its finish? These are questions each one must answer for himself. No doubt there are few who did not resolve before school commenced to do something in school work this year. Now that the novelty and the pleasure of seeing familiar faces have passed, and work is becoming somewhat monotonous, do not give up your resolutions; if you are becoming careless, urge yourself to closer application, and

in this way we will accomplish something worth while.

On the morning of September 18, during chapel exercises, we noticed with a feeling of loss only two familiar faces before us. Keenly do we miss our old instructors; now that they are gone we feel what an influence they exercised over us, and how we valued them. But again we are fortunate in being under the instruction of men of such good qualities as our new professors are proving themselves to be.

Mr. Rhys Powell succeeds Mr. Ferguson in the department of Natural Science. He is a graduate of Brown University. While in the university Mr. Powell devoted himself to science, and in this field he specialized in chemistry, in which subject he maintained an excellent standing. Mr. Powell also found time to devote himself to athletics, and his coaching of our foot-ball team shows that he attained proficiency in this line also.

Mr. J. L. Robins is a graduate of Wesleyan University. He excelled in mathematics during his college course, and now succeeds Mr. Scott in that department. Mr. Robins brings to us, in addition to his profound knowledge of mathematics, a splendid baritone voice which is a notable help in our morning exercises.

Mr. L. R. Blanchard is a graduate of St. Lawrence University. In fact all our new instructors come from universities. Mr. Blanchard took high honors in Latin during his college course, and succeeds Mr. Riedel in that department. His knowledge of the subject is evidenced by the skill with which he presents it, as well as by the prizes and honors which he gained in the university. Mr. Blanchard is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, which indicates his high rank in scholarship.

With the cool fall winds, bats and mits have been laid aside, and shin-guards and head-gears brought out. At Rutgers Prep. there is more interest than usual shown for foot-



ball. The team has practised regularly since the opening of school, and a large scrub is always on hand. We have an excellent coach this year; Mr. Powell played on the Brown College team last year, and anyone knowing the record of that team, knows that a player must understand the game to be able to play on it successfully. His Mr. Powell did, and we are fortunate to secure him. Already our boys have scored a victory. May this inspire them to win other victories during this season.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'98, Jonathan Scott is assistant in education in the University of Michigan.

'99, Austin W. Scott is studying law at Harvard.

'02, J. Harvey Murphy, a Junior in the Seminary, spent his vacation as a missionary in Montana.

'02, Harold Edward Green entered the Junior class of the Theological Seminary this year.

'04, Joyce Kilmer entered the Junior class of Columbia.

'04, Douglas Fisher is captain of Rutgers foot-ball team.

'05, The engagement of Paul Matzke has recently been announced.

'06, Frank E. Mason took first prize at the Sloan entrance examinations.

'06, Cox and Case made the 'varsity foot-ball team for 1896.

'06, Misses Gillespie and McKenzie are now at Mt. Holyoke College.

'06, John H. Voorhees entered the Toronto School of Agriculture this fall.

'06, Misses Wilber and Gillespie have recently visited the school.

'06, David Coleman is attending the New York Medical College.

Ex-'06, Word reaches us of the marriage of W. Applegate.

J. A. Ferguson is studying forestry at Yale.

E. H. Riedel is taking a post-graduate course in ancient languages at Harvard.

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#### SCHOOL NOTES.

Ask Hendrickson what he is thinking of when he has toast. Now don't blush, Hen.

The other day a Fourth-former gave us the astonishing information that Neptune rose from the deep dressed like a horse.

If you want to laugh, get Mr. Powell to read Fourth-form Chemistry test papers.

Pupil (translating "*Et iam finis erat.*"): And now it was daybreak.

Bascom tells us there are two kinds of water: water of crystallization and regular water.

Miss Francis Marcley—foot-ball player.

C—r—n (translating Cicero.) "I could see it plainly with my eyes shut." Again he says, "I see heaps of unburied citizens in my mind."

Miss Cary: Does anyone know how much these French grammars cost? Mr. N—l—n, how much did you pay for yours?

N—l—n: I don't know; I had it charged.

Dr. Payson: Miss Pr—ss, what day of the week is it?

Miss Pr—ss (hesitatingly): The twentieth, I think.

Wanted: Someone to draw circles in Fourth-form geometry; no one without references need apply.

News editor, in class room: Tom, say something funny, will you?

Tom: What for?

News editor: Why, I want to put it in the *Argo*.

New student: What is that tremendous uproar, a railway accident, a stampede of wild horses, or what?

Old one: O, no. It's only the cadets coming in from drill; you'll soon get used to that.

## TOM'S BURGLAR

*Ed.*

Tom Wayne had never before been in such a beautiful place. The great rooms, as large as three rooms at home, were lighted by great golden chandeliers; the hangings were of scarlet; beautiful pictures of fairies hung along the walls; chairs which reminded him of the minister's chair at his church, looked massive and grand; large rugs lay scattered about; and sweet music filled the air. As Tom wandered down a long hall, he noticed every private room had the name of its inmate engraved on the door post; one was labeled Cupid; another Psyche, and so on. At the end of the hall the inscription on a heavily barred door caught his eye—"He who enters here need not value life," it read. "My," thought Tom, "I wonder what's in there! I'd like to see; I wonder if I could lift those bars; I'm going to try anyway." Tugging with all his strength, he finally succeeded in unfastening the door. It swung back and he stepped into a dark cave.

The instant he entered, he would have given much to be outside with the door fastened: there near the other side of the cavern, and hurrying toward him, was a ferocious three-headed dog. Tom tried to run, but his legs were hopelessly tangled up with something; he tried to scream, but he could not make a sound; with one bound the great beast was upon him, and—"Whew, that was a fierce dream! I'm sweating like a porpoise; I wonder how these covers got twisted up like this"; and with a relieved feeling he realized that instead of being in the castle of Myths and Fairies, he was in his own bed. But Tom had something in store for him this very

night that the next morning made him feel quite important, and made him a hero among his playmates.

After his awakening, he lay for some time wondering at his dream; then he thought, "There's a draught in here. Hettie must have left a window open; guess I'll get up and close it." When not more than half way out of bed, a heavy hand was clapped over his mouth, and a voice hissed in his ear, "Lay still thar, kid, er I'll shoot yer!" And none too gently was he forced back into bed. "You hear now, if yer move er say a word till mornin', I'll shoot yer."

For an instant Tom's breath came and went in gasps. "Burglars," thought he, "I hope he won't take my new watch. I wish my heart wouldn't thump so loudly, I'm afraid he'll hear it. O, what shall I do?" By listening closely he could hear the man cautiously feeling his way around the room. Presently all was quiet and he knew the fellow had gone into the adjoining room.

Now Tom was by nature a plucky lad and when over the first scare; he began to collect his scattered wits. "If I could only wake father," was his thought. "I can't get to his room without passing that burglar, and if I scream he'd shoot me, so I don't know what I can do. Just the same I'm not as scared as that fellow takes me to be. Let me see! O, I have it. If I go down my stairs to the kitchen, I could go through the dining room and up the front stairs into father's room. But do I dare? Suppose that man should hear me—he said he'd shoot me and I don't want to be killed. I must wake father, some how. He could catch



him, I know. I might stub my toe and make a noise. If I could take a light; but that wouldn't do. No, I've got to go in the dark; just the same I'm going." So saying, he slipped softly out of bed, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, stole toward the stair-door, and descended the stairs as stealthily as his trembling knees would allow.

Reaching the lower door without mishap, he lifted the latch and stepped into the kitchen. He crossed the kitchen in safety, and was halfway across the dining room, when a quick flash of light brought a cry from his lips. He turned and stood face to face with—another burglar. The man was between him and the kitchen; he couldn't get to his room. Before the rascal could reach him, the boy turned and darted toward the front stairs. At the second step, he ran headlong into a table; china, table, boy, all went down with a crash. Tom was up again and headed for the door. When half way up the stairs, he ran into his father's arms. "Burglars! Catch 'em!" he cried and sank down. Mr. Wayne quickly searched the house, but no burglars were to be found. They had fled, leaving their booty behind.

It is needless to say that the next morning it became known about town how that little Tommie Wayne had saved his father's big house from being robbed; and at once Tom was admired and smiled upon by all. '07.

#### PERTH AMBOY vs. RUTGERS PREP.

In a drizzling rain, and on a very muddy field, Rutgers Prep. defeated Perth Amboy High School in a loosely played game, by a score of six to nothing.

Amboy kicked off. Lyall made a long run on a trick play, but was called back because of off-side play. Mitchell made twenty-five yards on another trick, but after that the ball was lost to Amboy. They could not gain, however, and so were forced to kick. Lyall got the ball and ran it back to the center of the field. From here it was rushed down the field for about twenty-five yards, but then

Prep. had to kick. The ball went past Amboy's goal, and was punted from the twenty-five yard line. Prep. rushed it back, and soon McGovern was put over for a touchdown. Mitchell kicked the goal. Score, 6-0. Amboy kicked off, but time was soon called.

#### SECOND HALF.

Prep. kicked off to Amboy. Amboy was forced to kick. On a fumble they regained the ball, but were penalized for off-side play. Amboy then kicked to Prep. and time was called with the ball in Prep's possession.

The line-up was as follows:

Amboy.	Prep.
	Right End.
Garbin .....	Mitchell, (Capt.)
	Right Tackle.
Goldberger .....	Helm
	Right Guard.
Klein .....	Koehler, (Iredell)
	Center.
A. Anderson .....	Nelson
	Left Guard.
Leane .....	Black, (Elmendorf)
	Left Tackle.
Belcher .....	Marcley
	Left End.
Crowell .....	McNeill (Voorhees)
	Quarterback.
C. Anderson .....	H. Lyall
	Right Halfback.
St. John .....	C. Lyall, (Black)
	Left Halfback.
Booze .....	McGovern, (Olcott)
	Fullback.
Shultz .....	Williams

#### FOOT-BALL SCHEDULE.

October 6—Perth Amboy at New Brunswick.

October 20—Plainfield High School at New Brunswick.

October 27—Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute at Brooklyn.

November 3—Trenton Normal School at New Brunswick.

November 10—Pingry School at Elizabeth, N. J.

November 17—Plainfield High School at Plainfield.

November 24—Mt. Pleasant Academy, at Ossining, N. Y.

### A DREAM OF GREEK.

It was a beautiful day in June, about two weeks before Commencement. Most boys would have been very happy on such a day, but there was one who was not. In fact he was extremely discouraged.

Tom was sitting on the ground with his back against a tree. He was thinking about school. For eight months he had been studying Greek. Now they had begun Xenophon. Tom hated Greek, and told himself that he could not get it through his head. It was no use trying. It seemed to him that he made more mistakes than all the rest of the class put together, and that the teacher always picked him out when he "blew any one up." Of course he didn't study Greek much; he hated it too much for that. So he frequently and regularly "flunked."

On this particular day he was mad because that morning he had carefully done a lot of forms which did not exist, and had been lectured severely about it. So he sat by the tree and thought for a long time.

Just as he was saying to himself, "I wish Xenophon had never lived," he saw a man coming towards him. He was a very large and strong-looking man, and was dressed in a very strange manner, Tom thought. He had on a steel helmet ornamented with gold, and wore armor on his body. He had long, curly hair. As he approached Tom, who was staring at him, he said in a loud, deep voice, *Dareion kai Parysatidos gignontai paides duo*. But Tom cried, "O please cut that out, I am sick to death of that stuff. But who under the sun are you, anyhow?" "Me?" said the stranger. ("That's bad English," said Tom to himself.) "Why, I am none other than Xenophon, the greatest general and author of

antiquity." "Well," said Tom, "if you weren't so big, I would knock you down for writing such stuff as that," and he pointed to his Anabasis. "Stuff? my dear young friend, stuff? You mean literature, I'm very sure." "No, I don't," said Tom, "I mean just what I say." "Well," replied Xenophon, "I hope I'll leave you in a better state of mind. Now I've been watching you ever since you began Greek and I shall watch you until you stop studying it, but the day on which you stop will be the most unlucky day of your life." "Not much," said Tom, but Xenophon kept on. "I will come to you after examinations. If you have passed, I shall make you a satrap, but if you fail, I shall bury you alive, even as Cyrus did Orontas." After saying this, he turned and walked away. "Well," I certainly will study after this. He has scared me stiff. I think

"You lazy chump, lying out here and sleeping for an hour. You certainly are the limit." Tom looked up, rubbing his eyes, and saw several boys standing and laughing at him. "Well," he said, "I've had a remarkable dream, and I think I'll act upon it and do my Greek for to-morrow right away. And I'll pass that exam. too. But I am the limit, anyhow."

B. P. H.

### EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor may scratch a pen,  
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,  
But some one's sure to remark with a jest,  
"Rats, how stale! I've heard that before."

—Ex.

Prof. (dictating)—"Slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Pupil—"It's on my desk, but I wasn't using it."

—Ex.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Reading his report for the month.

"Only thirty in Greek,"

He lisped very meek,

"Oh, good gracious, I muth be a dunth."



THE ARGO.

Nell: "Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack about the foot-ball team."

Bell: "What does he say?"

Nell: "He says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greeko Roman?'" —*Ex.*

There are metres of accent,  
And meters of tone,  
But the best of all meters,  
Is to meet her alone.

—*Ex.*

A student went into a restaurant and ordered fish. They brought him smelt. Said he to the waiter: "Of all the smelt I ever smelt I never smelt smelt that smelt as that smelt smelt."

Before you try to say something, be sure you have something to say.—*E. E. Hale.*

*The Argo* acknowledges with thanks the exchange of the Targum, the Valkyrie and the Register.

These are the first exchanges in our new volume, and we hope that they, with many others, will regularly be found among our exchanges during the year.

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## FOOT-BALL

Trenton Model vs. Prep. School

Trenton, November 17

*Printer*

As many of the fellows as possible should attend this game and encourage the team to win.

C. LYALL, '07, Manager.

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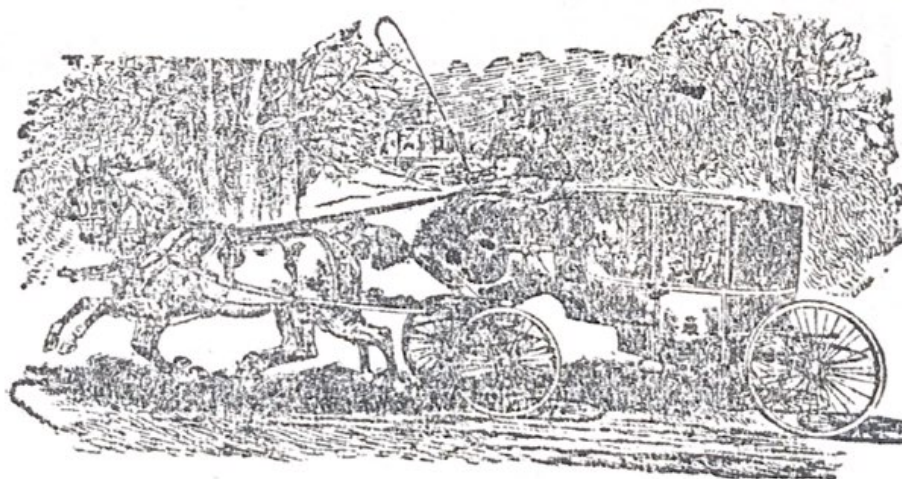
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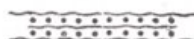
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