



THE ARGO.

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Number Two

Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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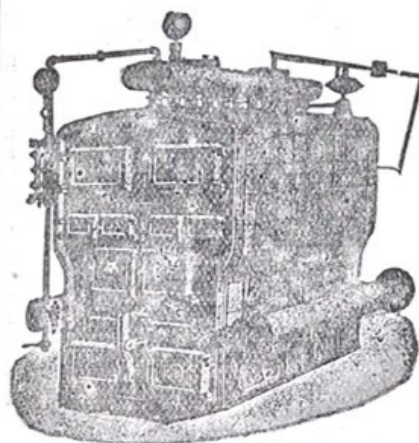
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VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1906.

NO. 2

A THANKSGIVING DREAM.

It was Thanksgiving Day morning. The sun was just up and gave promise of a beautiful day. As Jack Hartwell hurried along the quiet country road in his automobile, he congratulated himself again and again upon having such a fine day to make his long trip to the city. For on this very day the college championship was to be decided in what promised to be the best game of the season. Jack had to make an early start because many miles lay between him and the athletic field and he wanted to get a good place for his car so that he could watch the game from it. The machine itself seemed to catch the very spirit of the morning and it seemed to Jack as though it had never worked so well before. On it went; up and down hills, over bridges and through woods. Every little while a stray dog would run after it and bark and then give up the hopeless chase.

About nine o'clock Jack found himself in a small country village about seven miles from his destination. With a happy heart he put on more speed and—stopped! Instantly his face changed from a smile to a frown, which grew deeper when he examined the machinery and found that a very important rod had snapped. With a snarl he turned and started off on foot to a blacksmith's shop which he had passed so quickly but a little while before. The blacksmith was just about to close shop and go to church when Jack came in. After Jack had explained his trouble, the smith replied: "Well, you see, sir, if it was not Thanksgiving I'd come in a minute, but I am just going to church, so I'm afraid you'll have to wait until I get back. Say, won't you

come along? Haven't you anything to be thankful for?" "No," snapped Jack angrily, as he turned and started back to his machine. The smith stood and watched him for a minute, then he locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, walked down the road.

Jack certainly was in a bad situation. The blacksmith was the only person for miles around who could fix his machine, and now he was on his way to church. "What does a blacksmith want to go to church for on 'Thanksgiving Day,'" Jack mumbled, "I should think that when he got a holiday he'd want to go off and have a good time like other people." Still mumbling, Jack threw himself down on a grass-bank near his stalled machine and looked down the road. Not a soul was in sight. No men were working in the fields and it seemed just like Sunday.

Presently Jack heard a slight noise and looked quickly around. A short man, dressed in the garb of a Puritan, stood looking at him! The sight puzzled Jack for a moment, but then he asked: "Hello, old fellow, what's troubling you this morning?" The man did not answer his question, but said: "I am the Spirit of Thanksgiving. Hasten! for the journey is long." He had no sooner spoken than Jack found himself standing beside the Spirit looking in a window with a holly-wreath hung in it. He gave a start as he recognized the parlor of his home. It was last Christmas and the room was full of merry people. Yes, there was he himself receiving many beautiful gifts and having a fine time. The scene changed! Jack was in a thick wood with the Spirit. Suddenly the Spirit jerked him behind a bush just as a hunter dashed by closely pursued by a huge bear. He recognized the hunter as himself!

In attempting to jump a stream, he saw himself stumble and just as the bear was about to crush out his life, a bullet from his guide's rifle laid the bear low. How well he remembered this incident! Then the Spirit spoke to him and said: "Young man, many good and fortunate things have you received this past year, and are you not thankful? Now I must hasten on to show others their benefits—but no! yet one more scene will I show you."

Again the scene changed. Jack was standing by the Spirit in a large crowd. A dwelling was burning fiercely! Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms appeared in a window. A man in the crowd, whom Jack recognized as the blacksmith, at once became wildly excited! "My wife!" he cried, "Oh, save her!" A single form rushed out from the crowd with a ladder, and soon returned carrying the woman and child. The blacksmith took his wife and child in his arms and said: "The Lord be praised!"

Jack was on the grass-bank again, and the Spirit was standing near. "Young man," he said, "do you now see why the blacksmith is giving thanks on this day? And do you not think that you should be thankful also?" "I certainly do," said Jack and at the sound of his own voice he awoke. It was all a dream! "Well," thought Jack, "I've had quite an experience. I guess I have got some things to be thankful for after all." '07.

A DELAYED THANKSGIVING DINNER

One cold November afternoon, a party of young people might have been seen riding in a wood-sled up through the hills of Northern Maine. The party consisted of Graham Culver, a prominent lawyer in Boston, his three daughters, Ruth, Alice and Hazel, and Roy and Edward Wilton, his two nephews. They were on their way to spend Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. Culver's father, who lived with his wife and sister far up in the hills. The nearest station, Rockville, was twelve miles distant from the old homestead, but the merry party which were on their way up the

mountain thought it part of the sport to have such a long sleigh-ride.

Roy Wilton, who was now driving the team, had come up two days before, and his grandfather had sent him with the team to meet the rest of the party at the station. Roy was a young fellow of twenty, two years older than his brother, Edward, and having visited his grandfather every year, he knew every step of the road which they were now traversing.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, it began to grow dark, but the party did not mind that because Roy knew the way perfectly and they had already gone six of the twelve miles. The little party in the sled occupied themselves by singing songs, and the time flew quickly for them, until Hazel, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Culver said, "O dear, I just felt something fall on my face. I do believe it's snowing." "I guess you are right, Hazel," Roy answered. "I just felt a flake myself." And it was true. In a few minutes the snow was falling so thickly that it formed a white blanket over the occupants of the sleigh and much laughter was caused when Mr. Culver, by an inadvertent turn of his head, shook a great handful of loose snow down his neck. All were in the brightest spirits, when Roy suddenly exclaimed, "It looks to me as if we are on the wrong road, but in this blinding snow I can't tell just where we are. Well, I think we had better keep on till we strike a house and then we can find our whereabouts."

This news somewhat chilled the ardor of the party, who had not noticed the increasing wind and snow. Now there was a fierce mountain snow-storm raging about them. In the face of the fine, driven snow which seemed to penetrate everything, the horses could go no faster than a walk.

They were all slightly alarmed now, because they well knew what it meant to be lost in the mountains in a snow storm, which in those sections often rages for several days. However, they kept plodding along until Edward suddenly shouted, "I see a light!" And

true enough, on their left could be seen the faintest glimmer of a light. With much relieved spirits, Roy guided the horses toward the welcome light and in a few minutes came upon a small log hut with several sheds back of it. Stopping the horses, Roy got out of the sled and wading through the deep snow, he knocked at the rude, but strong door. An old hunter, for it was a hunter's cabin, came to the door and upon learning their position, he immediately invited them inside, while he took the horses around and put them in one of the sheds.

Meanwhile the hunter's wife had taken the party into the house and hung up their coats, and wraps to dry, while they sat down and thawed out before a large wood-fire. When the hunter and Roy came in, they found that they had wandered four miles from the main road and it was only by a miracle that they had happened upon a shelter.

The hunter, whose name was MacGuire, said it was impossible to proceed in the face of the storm, so he and his wife set about making them all as comfortable as possible. The accommodations were limited, but with the aid of mattresses and furs, which MacGuire himself had secured, they were all arranged for the night.

The next morning when they awoke, Ruth, looking out of the window, said, "Where is the barn?" And indeed no barn could be seen. In fact it was snowed under and the boys with Mr. MacGuire, had to shovel a tunnel from the house to the barn in order to feed the horses. The roads were obliterated, fences covered, and there were drifts forty feet deep in the valleys of the mountains. It was impossible to proceed that day and so the party cheerfully decided to make the best of it and spent their Thanksgiving as pleasantly as possible. The hunter had on hand some venison, partridge, and wild turkey, which under the skill of his wife made the most delicate and savory dishes. After their repast the whole party unanimously agreed

they had never eaten a better Thanksgiving dinner.

In two days they were able to proceed and when they reached their destination, old Mr. and Mrs. Culver were greatly relieved to see them safe, and that night they had the dinner which they were to have had two days before. To this day they have never forgotten their Thanksgiving spent in the hut of the hunter MacGuire.

OLCOTT.

EXCHANGES.

The *Argo* acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: The Academy Journal, The Cardinal, The Echo, The Howard Collegian, Legenda, The Oracle, The Poly Prep. Magazine, The Polytechnic, The Sibyl, The Spectator, The Targum, The Tome, The Cutler Fortnightly.

The Spectator, (Trenton High School) is a successful number. The stories are very interesting.

The Polytechnic, (Troy, N. Y.,) is well arranged, but could be improved by adding an exchange department.

The literature in The Poly Prep. Magazine, (Brooklyn, N. Y.,) is good.

To shave your face and brush your hair
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—

That's Preparation,

And then upon a car to ride—

A mile or two to walk beside—

That's Transportation.

And then before the door to smile,

And think you'll stay a good long while—

That's Expectation.

And then to find her not at home—

That's Thunderation.

—Ex.

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.

Before the next issue of the *Argo*, examinations will be upon us. Already we sometimes hear an anxious voice say, "My, I wish exams. were over!" Yes, examinations do mean more or less extra work, still, have you ever stopped to think what good this reviewing does you? Call to mind some of the points you pick up in studying for examinations, which otherwise you would never have gotten. Would you have stored away as many facts if it were not for examinations? No! In reviewing we all know we find point after point, paragraph after paragraph, which had entirely slipped our minds and which we would have lost. But before examinations we polish up whatever of the subject we have retained and pack in again, more compactly

and more carefully than before, what we have lost. After this careful packing a great many more facts stay with us than did before. Thus is shown the worth of examinations.

With foot-ball come declamations; already we are on our second round of speaking. How we do delight to sit awed by the grand eloquence with which those new (?) inspiring speeches are delivered. The averages, thus far this term, are above last year's averages. This is pleasing; it promises an interesting prize-speaking contest. Last year the first prize was carried off by a 1907 man, and although this man is not with us this year, the class will do its best to uphold its old glory on prize night.

If you happen to have some spare time, don't spend it in shooting spit-balls or teasing your neighbor. Think up a story for the *Argo*. Don't think because you are not on the Board of Editors you have nothing to do with the paper; the *Argo* is published by the "Students of Rutgers Preparatory School," not by the Board of Editors. Write up a good story and see how nice the results of your imagination look in print.

As to advertisers, we take pains to have only reliable firms represented in our paper, and as these people have been considerate enough and have shown a desire to encourage us and to help us financially by advertising in our paper, the Board heartily recommends that the students of this school patronize them.

Teacher—A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Pupil—That is why we flunked. *Ex.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

'92, Lane Cooper, A.M. Ph.D., was appointed assistant professor of English at Cornell.

'96, Rapalje, has been made superintendent of the Pennsylvania Fertilizer and Chemical Co., at Mosac, Pa.

'00, It has been announced that Miss Jennie A. Voorhees, is engaged to Mr. H. Beattie, of Columbia, '07.

'02, Allan Devan is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

'02, N. C. Murray has taken up a course in the New York Law School.

'03, Royal A. Stout is manager of Rutgers Glee Club for the ensuing year.

Taverner '04, Homman '05, Potter '05, Andrea '05 and Black '06, are singing in the College Glee Club.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Powell—What kind of candy do they make by evaporating a sugar solution?

W—n—Sugar candy.

Mr. Robins—With what radius do you draw this circle?

W—k—f—With a radius equal to half the diameter.

Text-books soon to be published—Olcott's Latin Grammar, Bascom's Chemistry, new and original.

Pupil, translating Latin—And they gathered together in the moon.

Here he comes bustling in two minutes before the bell rings, new neck-tie, clean collar, white cuffs, hair shiny from continuous brushing, shoes newly polished. O, yes! 'He's going to declaim to-day, all right.

Mr. Mills—What was the religion of the Carthaginians?

McN—l—Catholic.

Coming bugbears—Exams., and Fourth form history.

Mr. Powell—Is there any oxygen in this desk?

W—n—Sure! There is some inside of it.

Miss Cary, in French—Why does the adjective *interessant* follow the noun it modifies?

S—le—Because it is not one of those adjectives which goes before.

Mr. Robins—How many proved this proposition independently?

N—n—I proved it independently after I had seen it done.

The faces of the multitude are turned toward him as he begins his ascent; a thousand eyes rest upon him as he mounts slowly aloft. See, he stops a moment, and now descends! Then a sigh of relief goes up; he has reached safety. Dr. Payson has wound the clock.

R—v—s—They decomposed Artaphernes.

A Fourth former smelling chlorine gas—My, that odoriferous!

A definition given for destiny—"The place where you are going."

Mr. Powell—What is the usual accompaniment of combustion?

W—n—Noise.

Dr. Payson—Don't say that over again.

Miss P—s—I wasn't saying the same thing; I was saying something else.

Mr. Powell—Why do men not grow continually?

Fourth Former—There wouldn't be enough room for them.

PORTIA AS A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

The picture, from the "Merchant of Venice," which stands out clearer than any other in my mind is that of Portia as a Doctor of Laws. It places a wonderful woman in a position in which one can see both her wisdom and kindness and her trust in the kindness and mercy of mankind.

In undertaking the task of setting Antonio free, Portia is led first of all by her love for her husband for he is grieving over the danger to his friend. She is impelled also by a sense of duty, since it is for Bassanio's sake that Antonio is bound.

Portia learns almost too late of Antonio's peril, but instead of weeping over it as some women would have done—if they had done anything—she immediately forms her plan. She has the sense to consult with an expert in law matters, and combines her wit and brightness with a lawyer's training and knowledge.

Portia in the court is seemingly a grave young man with his mind full of great questions and decisions, yet aware of the compliment to himself in being entrusted with such a trial. The judges of the court, the nobles and the officials of the city gathered there, she salutes with great dignity and courtesy, making altogether a favorable impression. She inquires who is the defendant and who the plaintiff.

When the trial starts, Portia shows her belief in the humanity of mankind, by trying to get Shylock to show mercy and take money in place of his bond, using the noble words which start: "The quality of mercy is not strained." Failing in this attempt she endeavors to arouse his passion for gold by offering him thrice the sum due him. His refusal of this and the bitter hatred he shows fills her with a great anger and a desire to put him out of the way of ever being able to show such cruelty. So she seems to decide against Antonio and bids the Jew prepare his knife. In one last appeal to his pity she asks him if he

will not summon a doctor to stop the flow of blood, but as he shows no mercy she decides to show no mercy with him. She charges him to shed no blood nor to take more or less than a pound, else he should die. Her anger is still burning against the Jew and she corners him again when he tries to take the money instead of his bond by ordering that if he does not take his bond he shall lose all his property, one-half to Antonio and the other half to the state.

She shows great skill after the trial when she uses their gratitude to get the rings away from Bassanio and his friend. She shows in this a woman's love of testing a man. In every way Portia shows herself to great advantage in the trial scene.

HELM.

*STATE MODEL SCHOOL VS.**RUTGERS PREP.*

On Saturday afternoon, October twentieth, we met, on Neilson Field, our first defeat, at the hands of the State Model School of Trenton.

The game opened with the visitors kicking off to us. We fumbled the ball and they fell on it. They lost it on downs, but regained it. We were gradually pushed back to the goal line and then we held them for two downs, but on the third down the ball went over the line. They failed to kick the goal. Score 5-0, in Trenton's favor.

The second half opened with Wyckoff kicking off to the visitors, who advanced the ball half way up the field and then lost it on downs. On a fumble they again scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal.

During the rest of the half the ball changed hands many times, but neither side scored. It was in the second half that Williams and Wyckoff distinguished themselves; the former by the great gains made through the center of the line; the latter by his excellent punting,

making three forty-five yard punts, two resulting in touchbacks.

Score at the end of second half, State school, 10; Prep., 0.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Rutgers Prep.</i>	<i>State Model.</i>
Left End.	
MacNeill, McGovern	Barlow
Left Tackle.	
Wyckoff	Montgomery
Left Guard.	
Kochler	Sharp
Center.	
Nelson	Walker
Right Guard.	
Helm	La Baw
Right Tackle.	
Marclay, Elmendorf	Swain
Right End.	
Mitchell	Outwin
Quarterback.	
H. Lyall, Voorhees	Monnier
Left Halfback.	
McGovern, Olcott	Gaueret
Right Halfback.	
C. Lyall, Gross, Black	Dollon
Fullback.	
Williams	Cleary

RUTGERS PREP. VS.

POLY PREP.

In a hard-fought and well-played game, Rutgers Prep. was defeated by Poly Prep. by a score of 11-0. Both teams played a good game, Rutgers Prep. holding very well, and Poly Prep. showing ability in the use of the forward pass.

First Half.

Prep. kicked off to Poly. Poly returned the ball, but soon lost it. Prep. was forced to kick. Poly ran the ball back to the center of the field, then took it down the field for a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. Score, 5-0 in Poly's favor.

For the rest of the half the ball went back

and forth, and time was called with the ball in Poly's possession.

Second Half.

Prep. received, but was soon forced to kick, after this the ball kept going to the other. Poly ran the ball down to Prep's goal, and although Prep. held very well, Poly put the ball over in the last three seconds of play. The goal was kicked. Score 11-0 in Poly's favor.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Poly Prep.</i>	<i>Rutgers Prep.</i>
Right End.	
Moore	Mitchell, (capt.)
Right Tackle.	
Ketchum	Marclay
Right Guard.	
Bartley	Black
Center.	
Crane	Nelson
Left Guard.	
Siegrist	Kochler
Left Tackle.	
Nash	Wyckoff
Left End.	
Robbins	MacNeill, Voorhees
Quarterback.	
Spadone	H. Lyall
Right Halfback.	
Sumner	Olcott, C. Lyall
Left Halfback.	
Shields	Sangster, McGovern
Fullback.	
Mulvihill	Williams

Umpire, first half, Biglow; umpire, second half, Powell. Referee, first half, Powell; referee, second half, Biglow.

RUTGERS PREP. VS. PINGRY.

In a hard-fought game, Rutgers Prep. lost to Pingry at Elizabeth on Nov. 10th.

First Half.

Pingry kicked off, but got the ball on a fumble, and by a trick play made a touchdown. They failed to kick the goal. Score 5-0 in

Pingry's favor. Pingry again kicked off. During the rest of the half the ball went from one side to the other, a good deal of punting being done.

Second Half.

Prep. kicked off. Neither side could long keep the ball. The biggest gain was made by McGovern on a forward pass. But finally, on a long run, Pingry made her second touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. Score 10-0 in Pingry's favor. Prep. again kicked off, but time was soon called. The line up was as follows:

	Right End.	
Shumm	Mitchell, (capt.)
	Right Tackle.	
Taylor	Marcley
	Right Guard.	
H. Zeller	Helm
	Center.	
Thames	Nelson
	Left Guard.	
Rieder	Koehler
	Left Tackle.	
Keat	Gross, Elmendorf
	Left End.	
Davis	MacNeill, McGovern
	Quarterback.	
Sperry	H. Lyall, Voorhees
	Right Halfback.	
Myers	Black, C. Lyall
	Left Halfback.	
Sniorers	Sangster, Olcott
	Fullback.	
R. Zeller	Williams
Umpire, Pike.	Referee, Watson.	

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

One of Poynter's paintings, entitled "Faithful Unto Death," represents a Roman guard standing, spear in hand, at a gate of Pompeii, with his face turned toward Mount Vesuvius with its certain death. Before him on the pavement, are scattered money and jewelry; while behind him, in the burning city, the

terror-stricken people are rushing in all directions for safety.

The day had dawned bright and clear, with no indication of the coming destruction. Near the home of the commander of the guards, a group of soldiers stood waiting for their orders. While they were discussing some sports, planned for the afternoon, one suggested that the weather was too good to last. "Never mind, we will have enough fun before the day is over," answered another. The commander then appeared and the men, after receiving their orders, dispersed, some at once to duty, others to their homes.

Among those soldiers, who, later in the day took their stand at the gates, was one far nobler than the others. He was a Roman, in the true sense of the word—faithful, obedient and eager to serve his country to the best of his ability.

Soon after he had taken his place at the gate, a slight earthquake, then a more violent one, shook the city, exciting the people and destroying a few houses. A little later the earth shook again, this time angrily; but yet the people did not leave the city.

Long before sunset, the city was darkened by a thick cloud of smoke blown from Vesuvius. Suddenly the darkness was broken by showers of red hot stones and pumice, and by the flames of the now burning city. Then indeed did the people think of fleeing. Some rushed to their homes to save their money, but the wiser fled immediately.

Through it all, at his post stood the Roman guard. "Come!" cried the excited throngs, pushing him, "you will perish." He shook his head firmly and let them pass. His friends, his wife, and his children came and begged him to leave the city, but he only answered, "I have been ordered to guard this gate until I am relieved. I am a Roman and will obey. Go, save yourselves."

For hours the mountain showered the city below it, with ashes and stones. Near one of the gates, the guard still stands—as resolute

and firm as at first. He realizes he has been forgotten and forsaken, but he does not think even now, of fleeing. Only a few are left in the doomed city. There is no one to save him. He must choose between disobedience and obedience, between life and death. He decides quickly and remains at the gate.

So as the city was covered, the Roman guard still at his post was buried, proving himself to be—as the title tells—"Faithful Unto Death." '08.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

A First Attempt at Oratory.

Once a Harvard student in his first speech said: "Washington is dead and Lincoln is dead.—Ahem. Washington is dead and Lincoln is dead."—A cough. Again he started: "Washington is dead and Lincoln is dead,—er-r-r-in fact I don't feel very well myself."

Annex Notes

ROBIN HOOD.

In the days of King Richard, the Lion-Hearted, there lived in Sherwood Forest a highwayman whose name was Robin Hood.

Robin Hood only robbed bishops and sheriffs and those who oppressed the people.

He had many followers who were very faithful to him, for he was kind, and always tried to be just.

In Sherwood Forest was the Greenwood Tree, under which was a seat covered with moss. In front of the Greenwood Tree was an open glade, where the highwaymen held many feasts.

Whenever anybody joined Robin's band Robin would clothe him from head to foot in Lincoln green, which is the color of the summer leaves, and gave him a good stout yew bow. Robin's costume was very beautiful with gold and silver threads woven in it, his bow was cunningly carved and inlaid with gold and silver. Robin always carried with him a silver horn with which, if he was in

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trouble, he could call his followers.

If ever Robin wanted anything, he would go to a tree, open a secret door, and disappear for a moment and bring forth whatever he wished. After the band grew tired of staying in the forest and would leave their forest home and go forth to seek adventure. If they found any man who proved to be a good fighter the band would take him to Robin Hood and Robin would decide whether he should be admitted to the band or not. When the band arrived at the Greenwood Tree there would be archery matches, wrestling and bouting with the quarter-staff, followed by a great feast. Robin Hood was really Earl of Huntington, but he came to Sherwood because one day some of his father's enemies came to his home and killed his father and mother and would have killed Robin too, if he had not run away.

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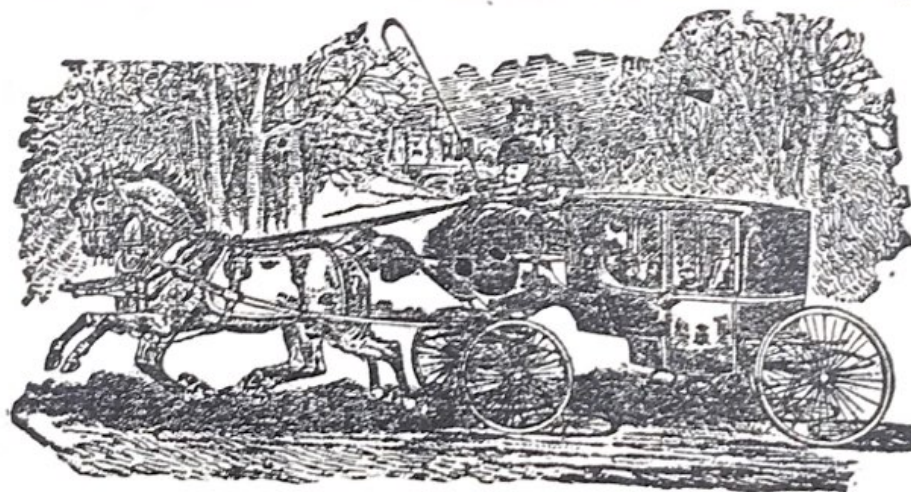
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