VOL. XV.

JAN. 1904

No,

Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

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VoL. XV. 7

THE ARGO.

New Brunswick, N, J., JAN., 1904. No. 4

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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BOARD OF EDITORS:

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Ail communications shou:d be addressed to the Editor-in-

Chief, R.C. P.8., New Brunswick, 8. J., and must be

accumpauied with the name of the author.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on

one side of ‘he paper only.

Officers of tne school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute,

INDOOR PRACTICE.

Now that we have again settled down to our

studies, let us remember that while studies

must and should come first, nevertheless there

is another side to our school life beside study.

‘To most of us athletics are a very important

part.

Next spring the School will again be rep-

resented on the baseball field and track. But

if these teams are to be successful, work must

be commenced now. There is no doubt that

the gymnasium, to which the school has ac-

cess, is one of the best in the country and there

can be no excuse put forth for not using this

privilege. To state the truth, prospects for a

successful baseball season are not very bright,

and therefore it is necessary—extremely so—

that every one, who can, enter the gymnasium

at once and get in shape for the games that will

come later on. While the outlook for a suc-

cessful track team is bright, yet no one is sure

of his position, and as large a number as possi-

ble should report every day at the gymnasium

and prepare either for the baseball or track

team and so make the spring of 1904 a most

successful athletic season. Let every one do

his best; and, should victory not rest on our

banners, at least we shall have the satisfaction

which comes from doing our duty.

ALUMNIANA.

(All authentic notes pertaining to the Alum-

ni will be gratefully received by the editor.)

Rev. Dr. Everitt T. Tomlinson, Head-Mas-

ter of Rutgers Preparatory School from 1883

to 1888, lectured under the auspices of the Jer-

sey Blue Chapter, Daughters of the American

Revolution, on Thursday evening, December

seventeenth, in Kirkpatrick Chapel. Dr. Tom-

linson’s subject was “Heroes and Heroines of

the Revolution.” Our former Head Master

said that there was many a brave man who

was as true and daring as “Paul Revere,” but

did not have a Longfellow to perpetuate and

immortalize his name. Dr. Tomlinson held the

closest attention of his audience, which num-

bered nearly two hundred, and the following

night the Home News stated that “a more de-

lightful lecturer has seldom graced a New

Brunswick platform.”

Ernest H. Rapalje, ‘96, is manager of an

extensive fertilizing manufactory at Cronly,

THE ARGO.

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anticipating the

The Trap, shipped a barrel

is to Dr. Payson. But the

idered that the greens

at The Trap,

for the

North Carolina. Mr. Rapalje,

annual banquet at

of holly and gree!

authorities cons

rona train than

lid not arrive in time

railroad

would look bette

and so the barrel ¢

affair at The Trap.

Jonathan F. Scott, ’9

popular instructors at the

New York City.

Howard Voorhees, ‘9

College of Physicians and Surgeons,

York City.

Sanger Carleton, ‘00, Wi

day, December nineteenth.

Clifford I. Voorhees, exor, sings on the

Princeton University Glee Club and accom-

panied that organization on its recent western

8, is one of the most

Browning School,

8, is studying at the

New

as in town on Satur-

trip.

Ralph P. Badeau, ex-’04, now lives in Eliza-

beth, N. J. and is attending the Batin High

School. His address is 416 Linden avenue.

Rodney A. Ford, ex-’05, has a responsible

position with the Binghamton Trust Company,

Binghamton, N. Y.

Frank Joslyn, ex-'06, has been attending the

Bordentown Military Academy since Septem-

ber. He has again entered R. P. S.

The following is a partial list of the Alumni

seen in town during Christmas week: Willard

Conger, ’92; F. L. Janeway, ’96; Robert W.

Pettit, 96; Fred. W. Conger, ’98; Howard C.

Voorhees, ’98; Jonathan F. Scott, 98; S. B.

Woodbridge, ’99; Miss Claire Halstead, ’00;

Miss Jennie Voorhees, ’00; Miss Marion Voor-

hees, '00; Lucius P. Janeway, ’99; George P.

Kuehnle, ’or; C. I. Voorhees, ex-’ot ; Harold

E. Green, ’02; J. Harvey Murphy, ’02; Miss

Millicent Sillcocks, ‘03; Miss Sarah R. Scott,

‘03; Paul E. McChesney, ’03; Schuyler H.

Rust, ex-’04.

THE TRAP BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by Dr. and Mrs.

Payson to the boys at The Trap, was held on

Monday evening, December twenty-first, at

The Trap. The diners sat down to the |

teous repast at a few minutes after DOUns

o'clock, and did good justice to the goog Seven

which always “tease” a healthy person's

tite. ‘The souvenirs of the evening

things

\ 4Ppe-

colored lanterns, while the dinner fads tet

ing a little verse sutiable to the diners 1 “

were in the shape of a Christmas tree,

Beside the Faculty and boys residing at Th

Trap there were also present Mrs, Payson De

and Mrs. Searle, Miss Payson, Miss M. Emin

Biles, Miss Ella Marsden, Miss Margery 7

Shankel, Miss Mary Gregg, Mr. Geren

Nuttman and T, D. Woodbridge, ’o4, ‘

Dr. Payson made a few remarks appropriat

to the occasion, and called for the following

toasts :

“Football,”

Mr. Samuel R. Taverner, ’o4.

“The Trap,”

Mr. Charles EF. Corbin, ’o5.

“Early Rising,”

Mr. A. A. Garthwaite, ’06.

“Maryland,”

Mr. Beall, ’o4.

“Baseball,”

Mr. Willard Case, ’06.

“Philadelphia,”

Mr. Vrooman, ’o05.

“Our New Profs.,”

Mr. C..C. Howard, ’o07.

“Santa Claus,”

Mr. A. P. Mills.

“Classical Course,”

Mr. Ripley Watson, ‘04.

“New Jersey,”

Mr. E. W. Labaw, ’o04.

“Rutgers,”

Mr. Frank T. Corbin, Jr., ’o4.

“Scientific Course,”

Mr. Stacey H. Opdyke, ’04.

“New York,”

Mr. Samuel C. Warner, ’04.

“The Annex,”

Mr. J. A. Ferguson.

“The New Library,”

Mr. Westervelt, ’05.

Oast,

THE

“The Prep. School,”

Mr. Hansen, ’o6.

“Tennis,”

Mr. Gilbert Hall, ’o4,

“Basketball,”

Mr. G. Packard, ’o6.

“Fourth Form,”

Mr. Benjamin M, Miller, 04.

“The Argo,”

Mr. Dudley Woodbridge, ’o4.

“New Brunswick,”

Mr. A. W. Scott, ’99.

“Cadets,”

Mr. H. S. Lang, Jr., ’o4.

“The Old Boys,”

Mr. M. D. Verdi, ’03.

“The Old Year and the New,”

Mr. E. H. Riedel.

Dr. Searle, of the local Theological Sem-

inary, brought the speechmaking to a close by

a few words on the true meaning of the Christ-

mas season.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF 10904.

Prospects for a good football team next fall

are bright, though the school will lose Fisher,

Watson, ‘Taverner, F. Corbin, Miller, Verdi,

Lang, Hall and Woodbridge. Those who will

probably return are: Allen, ’05 ; C. Corbin, ’05;

C. Nicholas, ’06; A. A. Garthwaite, ’06; Case,

’o6, and S. Nicholas, ’06. Of those who re-

turn all have won the R. P. in football except

S. Nicholas, ’05. There are also several good

players on the scrub who may fill the vacant

positions. The team will, in all probability,

be much lighter than the team of 1903.

At a meeting of the football team on Thurs-

day morning, December seventeenth, Charles

Eli Corbin, ’05, of Oxford, N. Y., was elected

captain of the football team for 1904, defeat-

ing Cary Nicholas, ’06, by the small margin of

one vote, the result being 6-5.

CONFIDENCE MISPLACED.

A Detective Story, More or Less True.

Thomas Kean was the wealthiest man in the

ARGO,

34

vicinity of Hornsburg, and, as such, was great-

ly looked up to by the people of that country

place. He owned a large farm about two miles

outside the village, where he raised many cat-

tle. For years he had been Justice of the

Peace and had held other town offices to his

credit. Mr. Kean was a good man, and gen-

erous; and, withal, conducted his own affairs

and the town’s with such wisdom and discre-

tion and diligence that no one could be more

respected than he.

For years he had been prosperous, and

everything he touched seemed to succeed. But

of late he had met with many reverses. His

two handsomest horses were stolen within a

week of each other, so artfully that he never

got any trace of either of them. Some of his

finest cattle sickened and died in such a way

that even the village veterinary surgeon could

not understand the cause. For a couple of

years most of his crops had been very poor,

with no explanation for it save that one morn-

ing large, deep footprints were found all over

one of his bog cornfields.

So things went on. Every little while some

theft or other misfortune would occur to him.

Mr. Kaan realized that it must be that he had

an enemy, who, for some reason or other, pur-

sued him with relentless hatred. Yet he knew

of no one who could be his enemy, for he was

on friendly terms with all the people in the

village. As a public officer Mr. Kean had

always done his duty with wisdom and clem-

ency. He was utterly at a loss.

Finally, on the night of September tenth,

came the crowning misfortune: his two large

barns were burned to the ground by incendi-

aries. Then, as he saw the red flames sweep-

ing away his possessions and lighting up the

heavens with their lurid glow, he resolved in

his heart to discover his enemy and bring upon

him the full vengeance of the law.

Now, about this time there appeared in the

town of Hornsburg a well-dressed stranger,

who gave himself out to be Mr. Cadett, a com-

mercial traveler from Boston. Mr. Cadett was

a man of swarthy complexion, with dark eyes

38 THE ARGO.

and coal-black hair and moustache. He always

wore a beaver hat and a Prince Albert coat,

and carried about with him an air of dignity

and mystery. He spent his money freely and

was very affable, so that he quickly made many

friends in the town. Mr. Cadett said that he

was on a month’s vacation, and had come out

to Hornsburg in order that he might obtain a

guide there and set out thence eon a hunting

trip through the Selville Mountains. It was

his intention to start a couple of days betore,

go about fifteen miles into the heart of the

mountains and set up his camp by the far-

famed Lake Waktcheeba, so as to be ready

when the September hunting season should

commence. He stayed in Hornsburg about a

week, preparing for his trip, and, incidentally,

studying all the people he met. While in the

village he put up at the “Palace Hotel,” as a

small two-story shanty on the upper end of

Main street was called.

As we have seen, Mr. Cadett was not long

in working his way into the confidence of the

simple villagers. Even in his short stay he

knew the name of almost every person in the

village, from Jimmy Downswallow, the vil-

lage’s pet drunkard, to even the high and

mighty constable. Of course, it was known

all around that Mr. Cadett wanted a guide or

guides for his hunting trip, and almost as many

different names were proposed to him for selec-

tion as there were men in the town.

Finally one day Mr. Cadett said to the pro-

prietor of the “Palace Hotel”—a corpulent

jrishman, who waddled about on two exceed-

ingly short and unsteady legs, was always in

his shirt sleeves and wore huge diamonds of a

rather uncertain quality—“How would the two

Black boys do to go with me?” “Sure, an’ ye

couldn’t git two foiner shots if ye were to sarch

the hull county,” was the reply that came float-

ing out amid clouds of blue from the worthy

man’s pipe. This settled the matter; for, al-

though Charles and Isaiah Black, better known

as “Pepper Charlie” and “Black Ise,” did not

have a very good reputation as to morals, they

were the best shots for miles around, and

knew the country back in the mountains as

well as the moose that inhabited it.

So it was arranged, and Mr. Cadett and the

two Black boys set out on the trip into the

mountains with their belongings. After a

day’s journey they set up their camp on the

shores of the beautiful Lake Waktcheeba.

It does not belong to this story to describe

the exciting hunting adventures which came

to pass in the next two weeks, nor the inci-

dents of their camp life in the heart of a Maine

wilderness; but we shall turn our attention to

a conversation which happened one night after

the day’s hunting.

It was about half-past seven in the evening.

The moon, rising over the dark pines on the

edge of the water, cast a soft glow of mellow

light over the forest. The calm lake was di-

vided into two parts by a gleaming stream of

golden glory that stretched across it to the

campers’ feet as they sat and watched by the

shore. To the right and to the left, the water

was darker and very still. Over op the other

side the tops of the black trees made an irregu-

lar outline against the light sky. A few stars

were shining overhead, incomparable to the

majestic moon as it grandly glided through

the cloudless heavens. And\_ there were no

sounds save the gentle noises of the wilder-

ness,

The huntsmen sat in silence for a long time.

The country boys, not. at all affected by the

beauty of the scene, were doubtless planning

in their minds for the next day’s hunting. Mr,

Cadett seemed lost in thought.

ing his head and drawing a litt

young men, he spoke:

“Well, boys, we've been with each other

here for two weeks and I've gotten to like you.

So I made up my mind to-night to tell you

about myself. But first, I want both of you to

promise solemnly that you will never repeat a

word of what I shall say.” The brothers

Promised. Then the mysterious stranger went

on, “You have come out here with me, think-

ing that I am Mr, Cadett, a commercial trav-

eler from Boston. Believe it no longer.

Finally, rais-

le nearer the

Iam

THE ARGO. 36

none other than Captain Kidd, great-grandson

of the famous Captain Kidd, the pirate.” As

he spoke the stranger stood up tall and

straight, in the moonlight, a smile seeming to

flit across his dark face. Then he continued,

speaking rapidly and enticingly: “I, too, am a

pirate, master of the good ship ‘Forlorn Hope,’

now in Portland Harbor. My plan is to go

into waters far away from this country, and

if I fall in with a heavy laden merchant vessel,

{ make short work of it. But if I meet a sus-

picious looking boat—a revenue cutter or a

man-o’-war—behold, a peaceful tramp steamer

bound for Havana or some other convenient

port.”

‘The captain chuckled. All this talk the two

country boys were swallowing whole. ‘Then,

casting away the dignity which before now

had clothed him like a garment, he talked on

earnestly with many gesticulations.

“So for five years I have escaped being

caught, and, I tell you, we’ve been in some

tight holes, too. But a few months ago my

two mates deserted and ran off with some of

my hard-earned gains. And then, to top off

their trickery treachery what did the scoun-

drels do but go and report all my doings to the

government officers. So now, for reasons of

my own, I’ve decided to travel for a couple of

months and live for a time on my littlé store

that I have put away somewhere.

“I got ahead of those rogues, my mates,

though, for as soon as they skipped I knew

they would report me, so I promptly sold my

vessel to an unsuspecting trading company.

Now, I s’pose they’re looking for me. Well,

let ’em look. I'll lie low for a little while

longer and then set out on my old trade in a

vessel which some of my spies have got hold

of. Just now I’m on the lookout for a couple

of likely young fellows to take the place of my

mates. A mate on my craft don’t have to know

much about seagoing affairs—I ’tend to that

myself—but he’s got to know how to do cer-

tain little jobs up neat. For instance, he’s not

only got to be able to shoot straight, but how

to keep a man talking and rob his box of papers

at the same time, and how to sink a ship, after

it has been plundered, without losing an hour

or so in doing it, and all such things as that.

I've had an eye on you boys for these places.

I know you're good shots and strong and

hardy; but I don’t know as you've ever done

anything of the kind to show your mettle.”

As the captain said this he seemed to wait

for the young men to reply. A curious smile

was on his face, and we can fancy that as he

was speaking he was mightily pleased to sce

the country boys paying such rapt attention.

So he awaited a reply. Soon it came, from the

elder of the two.

“Wal, sir, I reckon we might as good as not

tell ye a thing or two we’ve done, an’ I guess

ye’ll jedge we'll do. I don’t know ’bout Siah

here, but I’ll go with yer. I guess pa ’d be as

glad to git rid of us as not. But what'll ye give

us if we go?”

The captain named a sum which seemed to

the boys very large and said they would have

a certain share of the booty captured. But then

he wasnt sure they’d suit him, for he didn’t

know as they had done anything that showed

grit.

Then did Charles and Isaiah Black relate to

the pirate captain the following facts. First,

that Justice of the Peace Thomas Kean had for

some offence, “which didn’t amount to much,”

sentenced their father to three months’ impris-

onment in the county jail. Second, that the

same Mr. Kean had several times put the boys

off his place when they had seen “squirls” in

his woods and incidentally—stealing chickens.

Wherefore these young men had taken it upon

them to avenge their father and themselves, by

abducting Mr. Kean’s two finest horses and

selling them at a county fair some twenty miles

distant, and by poisoning his cattle. Moreover,

they confessed that they hac for two years been

pillaging Mr. Kean’s crops and stealing trifles

around his farm. And finally these youthful

criminals owned up to having set fire to Mr.

Kean’s barns for no other reasons than pure

revenge and a love of excitement. All these

things, they said, they had done without any

/

suspicions coming upon themselves. And they

were proud of their record,

When they had finished there seemed no

doubt in Captain Kidd’s mind as to their abil-

ity. So it was arranged that all three should

go down to Portland direct from the forest

without passing through Hornsburg and that

thence they should set out on their piratical

career,

Then they went in the tent and lay down

to sleep, while the moon sailed overhead and

sunk behind the trees in the West.

In a couple of days they left their camp by

the beautiful lake, and journeyed on through

the country to Portland, dressed in disguises

which the captain produced.

When they arrived, the captain led the won-

dering country boys through the rows of tall

buildings to the—police station! There he

handed them over to the tender mercies of the

law, reciting their self-confessed crimes to the

officer at the desk. There we shall leave the

boys.

Then John Brown, private detective; alias

Mr. Cadett, commercial traveler; alias Captain

Kidd, pirate, walked calmly into an inner room

where sat a number of other detectives telling

stories, set down his tall beaver hat, laid his

long coat on a chair, put his false moustache

and wig on the mantelpiece, and, stretching

himself on a sofa by the fire, smoked his cigar

and went to sleep.

THE TRAP.

In January, 1868, Prof. DeWitt T. B. Reiley

was elected “Rector” of Rutgers Prep., and,

as the School grew rapidly during the follow-

ing year (1869), Prof. Reiley decided to estab-

lish a boarding department, and, on his own

account, bought The Trap house and grounds,

at that time The Trap building consisted only

of the brick part of the present structure. In

the year of 1870 the frame part—where Dr,

Payson has his apartments—on the northeast

side, was constructed. But this space was not

sufficient, so an extension, was added on the

vy THE ARGO.

southeast side in 1871. In 1872 still another

addition was completed on the southeast side.

The year of 73 saw another addition built to

the already large part on the southeast side.

No further additions have been built and the

house of 1904 is the same in size as it was in

1873.

The “Home,” as it should properly be called,

got the name of Trap because one of our for-

mer Mead Masters was accustomed to address

the student boarders as “Rats.” Prof. Reiley,

who established The Trap, was a very success-

ful teacher, and under his direction the School

increased greatly. Prof. Reiley was also a

very energetic and influential citizen. In 1878

he was elected Mayor of New Brunswick,

and at different times served as president of

the Board of Health, as Water Commissioner,

and as County Superintendent of Middlesex

County. In 1881 Prof. Reiley tendered his

resignation as Head Master and in ’83 it was

reluctantly accepted, and Prof. Reiley became

nited States Consul at Athens, having been

appointed by President Arthur.

WHERE PEACE IS.

The August day is drawing to a close. We

are in the little English village of Carwich and

are walking uphill along the shady lane to-

ward the old parish church of St. Matthew.

Now we pass the Vicarage, with its broad lawn

and elm-bounded driveway. Then come la-

borers’ cottages, thatch-roofed, white-walled,

with tiny, fiower-filled gardens in which play

flaxen-haired children. And here we are at

last by the churchyard stile. Let us rest here

for a moment.

There stands the church. Time has attacked

it, but has not been able to shift its firm foun-

dations or to shake its massive tower. It was

there—it is here—it will be there.

Through the half-open doorway steal gently

forth the low, sweet tones of the organ. Some

one—the Vicar’s daughter, perhaps—is in the

lonely building, dreaming away the Summer

hours in the pleasant land of music. Let us

THE ARGO, a

read carefully and not disturb her as we draw

tread C2 7

near. 7

\nd now we have left the stile and are

ng the graves. Beneath our feet lie buried

the bodies of Britons of days gone by. About

| ys are monuments and tombstones—some

crumbling with age; others fresh from the

marble yard. And yet the place has not an air

of gloom. Melancholy is there, of course, but

where is not melancholy ? Is there any pure

n that has not 1n its composition a little

touch of melancholy Or is there any pure pas-

| sion that is not mingled in the composition of

melancholy? The birds are twittering in their

s in the ivy that cloaks the church's walls.

Around the bases of the tombstones bloom

among the grass bright colored flowers—cul-

tivated ones, planted by the loving hands of

relatives and friends; and wild ones, planted

py Hands more loving still. A gentle light

glows over the scene from the golden West.

Who can find gloom in such a place?

We will read some of the epitaphs. Many

an ancient monument is here, on which all

carving has been obliterated by time. Only

the more “modern’ ones—those of the last two

hundred years—can be deciphered.

A great number of the inscriptions are in

yerse. Some lines are found repeated on sev-

eral tombstones; for the British peasant has

little time or inclination for verse-making, and

one rhymed epitaph must serve countless

graves. Read what is cut into yonder stone;

one may find the same words in nearly every

country churchyard from Land’s End to Scot-

land.

“All you who come my grave to see,

As I am now, so you must be.

Remember that you also must

One day, like me, return to dust.

Amend your life while yet you may,

Before death summons you away.”

The lines on that crumbling stone close by

are also quite often seen in this use:

“Momentous thought, as time we spend,

Eternal joys, or woes, depend.

Vain mortal, think on this, before

amo

i passio

nese

Thy doom is fixed, and time no more.”

. And over there is another popular epitaph:

Farewell, vain world, I’ve had enough of thee,

And care not now what thou canst say of me.

Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear.

My head lies easy. I am quiet here.

What faults you saw in me take care to shun.

Look but at home; enough is to be done.”

That small stone in the corner bears the date

of seventeen-thirty, but it is in better preserva-

tion than any we have yet observed. We draw

nearer to it, and bending down, read the sad

little epitaph:

“Young maids, prepare yoursevles to die.

For life is short, and death is nigh.

Repent in time; make no delay.

I in my youth was called away.”

Over next to the hedge-row stands a quaint

old monument. It is oblong in shape, but time

has rounded its corners and broken its sides.

We will examine it.

Carven into the upper part is a rude repre-

sentation of a dripping pan. Beneath it is the

inscription, giving the name and age of him

whose body lies beneath. The date of his

death—seventeen fifty-three—is also given.

Then come these words:

“Here lies my corpse, who was the man

That lov’d a sop in dripping pan.

But now, believe me, I am dead.

Now here the pan stands at my head.

Still for sop to the last I cry’d,

But could not eat, and so I died.

My neighbors, they perhaps may laugh,

Now they do read my epitaph.”

Is it not exquisitely pathetic that these plain,

practical peasants, leading lives of homely

prose, should at last rest beneath verse? To

every man poetry comes in some form at some

time; to these people often not until they are

through with this world. And surely it is

touching that the graves of simple rustics, who

knew nothing of rhyme and rhythm, save what

they learned from the Church Hymnal and a

few popular songs, should be dignified by

rhymed epitaphs.

Hark! the beils in the lofty tower chime out

39 THE ARGO.

the still air. The time for Evening

Prayer is approaching, and already the vil-

lagers are loitering toawrd the church. Now

down the path comes the old Vicar, a vener-

able figure, in clerically cut clothing, with a

broad-brimmed, low-crowned, black hat. With

what respectful admiration do his parishioners

speak to him, and with what a kindly manner

does he return their salutations! How eager

they all are for the sound of his voice and the

sight of his face! The children leave their

parents to cluster around him. It is evident

that when his body shall return to dust, he will

have that Monument worth all others—a place

in the loving memory of them that survive him.

SHAUN.

into

The following are a few of the toasts given

at the “Trap Banquet” on December twenty-

first :

FOOTBALL. MR. C. CORBIN.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A few nights ago, as I was peaceably sleep-

ing, I had a dream. And I dreamt that I was

in heaven, and an angel came to me and asked

me where I came from, and I said from Rut-

gers Preparatory School. She then asked me

what I did there, and my first thought was

football. And she asked me to tell her about

the glorious, unconquerable team that she had

heard that they had there. I thus began my

tale to the accompaniment of most beautiful

and unearthly music, in which I felt sure now

then that I caught the sweet tone of Taverner

as he rushed it down the field.

Our Football Team

Was the best that Rutgers Prep. has ever seen.

In practising they were so dutiful

That everybody said how beautiful.

And when they played a game. Oh, my!

I tell you, then the dust did fly.

Although they met much fierce resistance,

They never failed to make their distance.

Vhen Miller went right through the tackle

He knocked the other team ram-shackle.

And when Cow Watson took the ball

He, like a whirlwind, went through them all.

Then Cary around the end did run,

To catch him those fellows had some fun.

Fisher, through centre, of course,

Always went with irrestible force.

Now let us talk of Fatty Case—

My! but didn’t he run a race.

And Lang so quickly passed the ball

That you wouldn’t hardly notice it at all.

Verdi kicked the goals so straight

That the ball went swift and sure as fate.

And Garthwaite played like all possessed,

He never failed to meet the test.

Football was Allen’s chief delight,

He always played with all his might.

‘There’s Taverner, so small and light,

In football he flies like a kite.

The manager of the team was Hall,

He gave witch hazel and gum at call.

Woodbridge, the runner of beautiful stride,

No one could ever keep at his side.

There is Corbin, with the red pate,

In football he strikes an awful gait.

And last of all, there’s little Nichol us,

He scrapped too much, the little cuss.

The angel listened with great attention, and

at the end of my description a great chorus

broke out with “Whoop ’er up for Rutgers

Prep. School.” At the end of this a bell rang

which didn’t sound as if it came from heaven.

I awoke to find, instead of bells of heaven, it

was another bell, which I do not often hear—

it was the breakfast bell.

THE PREP. SCHOOL. MR. HANSEN,

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first great attraction to the stranger at

the Prep. School is the young men, and I might

say that which is already known, that the best

of these some from The Trap. They are a

beautiful collection of heroic athletes, mighty

and powerful in mind and body. It is a match-

less sight to see them in their daily life, ready

at any time for deeds of daring. Often has the

tale been told of how they saved from an un-

timely death their companion who had broken

through the ice and was sinking for the last

time—as he thought.

THE ARGO,

The Prep. School is a very old school. The

frst date which we have of it is way back in

1700. You can tell it is old by looking at the

puilding.

zvery one who knows anything will surely

agree that it is the best school. Look at the

Kourth Form! ‘They wouldn’t come to this

school if it was not the best.

In every way it is so good, especially

the music. Of the hymn in the morning the

first verse is respectfully left as Mr. Fergu-

son’s solo, and the whole day seems brighter

aiter we hear that. Then Mr. Taverner be-

gins to shout on the second verse, and we class-

ical fellows forget our Greek lesson. Especial-

ly does this affect Mr. Garthwaite on examina-

tion day and he forgets all about his accents,

At this Mr. Mills becomes impatient because

of a poor lesson, when, in fact, it is not our

fault, for this singing is like a bellows—it

blows in one ear and goes hand-in-hand with

Greek out the other.

Much has been said of the glorious Fourth

Form, but the Second Form outshines it, and

then, what glory is before it. Why, in two

years it will be the glorious Fourth Form.

About the professors, I cannot say a word—

they speak for themselves.

These are a few of the many attractions to a

stranger at the Prep. School. May the good,

old school live forever, and always be filled

with students as bright as those at present.

THE TRAP. MR. TAVERNER.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The subject which is given to me is to us

one of the greatest importance,“The Trap.’ In

days of a former head master, when the boys

had in some ways especially aroused his anger,

he was in the habit of addressing them as

“You Rats,” so now the name “Trap” clings

to the place. Not only do we have rats here,

but by accident a couple of cows have strayed

in, and been caught; but we are not sorry to

find such a variety in The Trap, for on the

football team their beef was of the greatest use

at right and left guard.

40

\_We hope that Verdi, when he comes to enter

his dear Harvard, will find the girls of Cam-

bridge more to his liking than those of New

Brunswick.

‘There is F, Corbin, The Trap mail carrier,

who always delivers his mail to you within

two or three days after its arrival in New

Brunswick. \

We are sorry to sce that “Westy” finds that

the studies of the Third Form require him to

burn so much of the midnight oil.

In noticeable contrast to “Westy” is cun-

ning, little Lang, whose heart would be broken

if we were not to mention him. With those

who know his previous record, there can be

little doubt who starts a rough-house along

“Broadway.”

It seems that with two bells in the building,

the fellows ought to be able to be up in time

for breakfast. This applies especially to Hall,

who keeps a Beall (bell) in his room.

We noticed that at the opening of the year

Dr. Ferguson had a worried expression, as if

the responsibility of breaking these new in-

structors into the ways of The Trap was almost

too much for his ability.

As time forbids speaking to every one who

is here, 1 now wish one and all a Merry Christ-

mas and a Happy New Year.

BASEBALL. MR. CASE.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am asked to respond to the toast, “Base-

ball.” I suppose that the reason is I can’t run

very fast and am caught between the bases.

Baseball is a splendid sport—none better.

It does not, perhaps, develop the mind, but it

develops the body, and without a healthy body

what is the mind worth? About six months

ago we finished an exceptionally successful sea-

son on the baseball diamond, winning the

games with North Plainfield and New Bruns-

wick High. I have entirely forgotten the

others, especially the one with Trenton, but our

interest to-night is in the players rather than

the games. The best opportunity we have to

see them is some afternoon, when they are

Iv THE ARGO.

practising before The Trap.

The brilliancy of Corbin’s hair compels us to

notice him first. We cannot but laugh as we

see how closely his hands, as he attempts to

catch the ball, resemble the claws of a crab, as

they wander aimlessly above his head. In the

outer field we notice a moving speck, and, upon

asking what is, we are told it is our little

Sammie. Bearing down upon us from third

base we see Watson, whose running is marked

by—well, you know how gracefully he runs.

With these few reminders of our spring sport

and the share The Trap took in it, I wish you

a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NEWS FROM MR. FULLER.

Among our exchanges for the past month

was a copy of the Chimes, from Lyndon Insti-

tute, Lyndon Center, Vermont. We were

greatly interested in reading therein an accounc

of the life of Mr. J. H. Fuller, who last year

taught Greek and English in Rutgers Prepar-

atory School. Mr. Fuller is uow teaching in

Lyndon Institute and is editor of the Lyndon-

ville Journal.

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"The Trap”

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