VOL. XVI—No. 4

JANUARY, 1905

Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

THE ARGO.

"paul B. WILLIAMS,

BA - ES Page

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3g0 GEORGE STREET;

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VoL. XVI.

New Brunswick, N. J., JANuARY, 1905. No. 4.

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Printed by The Times Publishing Company.

<>

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents

All communications shouid 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.

It has been the custom for many years in

this school to have the students speak before

the school any prose selections they choose.

It is certainly an excellent plan, for it ac-

customs one to speaking before audiences, and

thus gives him confidence in himself. This

training may prove to be of great value in

after life,

An alumnus of the school, Mr. Frank Lane,

has offered prizes annually to the two students

who deliver the best declamations. The stud-

ents enter into this contest with great spirit.

But now we are to go a step further, and when

the last round of regular speaking is con-

cluded, we are to write our own speeches, and

deliver them before the school. Dr. Payson

has given out six interesting subjects upon

which his English class are to write and speak.

This should be of even greater interest than

the regular speaking and it is hoped that all

will enter energetically upon this division of

school work.

For the past two years, the exchanges of the

paper have been put upon a shelf in the as-

sembly room. Everyone is thus enabled to

read and enjoy them.

But the only draw-back to this plan is, that

when the papers have been read, they are not

put back again upon the shelf, but are placed

in a desk or any other convenient spot, so that

when we come to make up our list of ex-

changes, many papers are missing.

When you have finished reading the ex-

changes, please replace them on the shelf and

thus save us trouble.

You would also oblige us by calling to our

attention any good points in the various pa-

pers.

The school seems to be desirous that a large

portion of the paper be devoted to the setting

forth of the comical blunders which the stud-

ents make from time to time.

We are willing enough to publish a reason-

able amount of them if we hear about them,

but it is very seldom that they are brought to

our attention.

If you hear of any good jokes in the class

room or at the Trap, please write them up and

hand them to some member of the board of

editors, or at least let us know about them

THE ARGO.

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verbally,

them. :

If you hear or see any joke—not necessarily

the students—which you think es-

ease let us know about it. In

rt of the paper in which such

be made more of a

and if they are good we will print

on one of

pecially good, pl

this way that pa

things are dealt with, may

success. —\_——\_—\_—————\_

ALUMNIANA.

Ralph P. Badeau, Ex-’o4, is editor of the Red

and White, which is published by the students

of Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J., where

he is now residing. Mr. Badeau is also Secre-

tary of his class, and President of one of the

literary societies in the school. ;

We hope very soon to include this paper in

our list of exchanges.

Miss Stelle, ’04, visited the school on Tues-

day, December 2oth.

George Kuehnle, ’oo, called at the school on

Thursday, December 22, and also Thomas

Mettler, ’04. :

Miss Cook, ex-’06, spent part of the Christ-

mas holidays in town.

Mr. Roy C. Burr, a former instructor of this

school, married on Saturday evening, Decem-

ber 31st, Miss Elizabeth B. Corbin, who was

the first young lady to graduate from this

school, and who later became a teacher in it.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET.

It has been the custom for the past fourteen

years for Dr. and Mrs. Payson to give an an-

nual banquet to those who reside at the Trap.

It is always given just before the Christmas

vacation, and is on that account called the

Christmas Banquet.

On the night of December the twenty-sec-

ond, nineteen hundred and four, the fourteenth

annual Christmas Banquet was held in the din-

ing hall at the Trap. The room was artistically

decorated with Christmas greens, and present-

ed a very festive appearance. The tables look-

ed very inviting and at each person’s plate

there was a small R. P. flag, which to our

eyes, added greatly to the effect.

About thirty were present, and after a de-

licious repast had been disposed of Dr

who ably filled the position of foal

called for the following toasts:

1. The Trap. Mr. Ferguson,

“A little bit of heaven below,”

2. Wild animals that I hav

Mr. Case. esis:

“Let bears and lions growl and fight

For God hath made them s0.”

3. The Annex. Mr. Scott.

“There is a land of pure delight.”

4. President Roosevelt. Mr. Hansen,

“See the conquering hero comes.”

5. Football. Mr. Packard.

“Gashed with honorable scars.”

6. Our Postman. Mr. Howard.

“Blow, blow thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man’s ingratitude.”

7. Merry Christmas. Mr. Romeike,

“Why do bells for Christmas ring,

Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,

Seen by shepherds from afar,

Gently moved until its light

Made a manger-cradle bright.”

8. The Powers That Be. Mr. Coleman.

“That many-headed monster.”

9. Mr. Burke. Mr. Westervelt.

“Zounds, I was never so be-thumped with

words.”

10. The New Year and the Old. Mr. Markley

“Ring out the false,

Ring in the true.”

11. The Cadets. Mr. Cox.

“O, Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,

get your gun.”

12. The Argo. Mr. Vrooman.

Practical Wisdom.

Payson

Master,

13. Japan. Mr. Edward Scott.

“War, war, is still the cry; war to the

knife!”

14. Russia. Mr. Andreae.

The under dog.

15. Athletics. Mr. Riedel.

“Most awful istrument in working out 4

ptire intent.”

THE ARGO,

16. Our National Fowl. Mr. Mills.

“Good-bye! proud world.”

The Fourth Form. Mr. Green.

“They grow in beauty side by side.”

18, Our Guests. Mr. Corbin.

“For contemplation he and valor forme 4,

For softness she and sweet attractive

grace.”

Old Rutgers. Mr. Black.

19.

“\Men may come and men may go, but I

go on forever.”

20. Music. Mr. Potter.

“The music in my heart I bore

Long after it was heard no more.”

Between the toasts, short and appropriate

songs were sung by the students. When all

the students had been heard from, Dr. Payson

caled upon some of the guests, and Messrs.

Nuttman, Bevier and Payson responded with

interesting addresses.

The toastmaster concluded the programme

with a few words, and invited all present to

adjourn to the reception rooms. There the

rest of the evening was agreeably spent in

general conversation.

Besides those who reside at the Trap, the

following guests were present: Misses Mars-

den, Shankel, Gregg, Biles; Rev. G. H. Pay-

son and wife, Dr. Bevier and wife, and Mr.

Nuttman.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST

“PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.”

By Mr. Hansen.

“Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Perhaps it would be an exaggeration for me to

say, as some people think, that Mr. Roosevelt

owes all his success of the last election to Rut-

gers Prep. School; but, nevertheless, I might

say all the enthusiasm of the campaign began

in our friend, McFadden’s political club. At

every recess the boys would even break away

from their books to hear the eloquence of their

leader, whose voice, by the way, is not only

eloquent but also musical, and who, when once

started, could only be stopped by Dr. Payson’s

ringing a little bell, The boys would leave

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those meetings to inspire the whole city with

enthusiasm for our President.

The climax arrived whe

bey n the people saw our

s—and one or two with that West Point

bearing they could not help but see—in the

great Republican parade. Sorhe men, mostly

Socialists, mocked, but thinking men know

that Rutgers Prep. School always stands on

the right, and seeing the boys in the parade

settled the question for them.

At about this time some of the boys weré

suspected of being Democrats at heart, and a

careful search was made by Mr. Westervelt,

who is a great admirer of our President, be-

cause both their names end in Velt, but of

course every boy was found to be a true Re-

publican from this search, which was made on

the day after election.

But sad it is to relate that two of our dis-

tinguished professors were Democrats, but

when we consider how the Democratic party

was so snowed under that only a foot re-

mained unburied, and how our professors bore

the result of the election, we come to the con-

clusion that they must have been somewhere

near the foot of their party.

President Roosevelt’s home, as you all know,

is on Long Island. Much might be said of that

- beautiful island, but I want only to predict

that in a few years Long Island will be known

as the place from which great men come. Peo-

ple will be saying: ‘If you want a great man,

go to Long Island.’ Of course doubters will

ask, ‘Where was he educated?’ but on being

told at Rutgers Prep. School, they will go

away convinced. (I live on Long Island.)

One great characteristic of our President

is his strenuousness. Well, you ought to see

our boys in their strenuous life. Chiefly does

this characteristic show itself at the breakfast

table—not what they do there, but how they

get there. It is sad indeed to see how difficult

it is for the poor professors to get down in the

morning.

But, in regard to Mr. Roosevelt, we might

say that we are glad he is our President, and

though we always want great men in that

THE ARGO.

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position, still we hope some day to see there

a Rutgers Prep. School man.”

(i a

ONSE TO THE TOAST

ee “MR. BURKE.”

By Mr. Westervelt.

“Mr. Taskmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen,

or Toastmaster, I beg your pardon: When

I received my toast and saw that it was on Mr.

Burke, I began to wonder w.

subject should be given to me rat!

one else.

“T have come to the conclusion that I re-

semble Mr. Burke in some way. When I get

up to speak, I talk too long. It is said that of-

ten while Mr. Burke was talking, some of his

heedless audience would lie full length on the

benches and suck oranges and crack nuts. I

shall be careful about the length of my toast

to-night, or some of you may get tired of

listening and begin to suck oranges and crack

nuts.

“Last year I was assigned the Library, a

stationary object. This year I have been given

a movable object; I presume some think that

I am going to move out this year. They had

better not be too sure about that. I do not

think that my teachers would agree with them

on this point. However, I hope to be as suc-

cessful as a little frog I once heard of. Two

little frogs fell into a pan of milk. For some

time both swam around trying to find a way of

escape, but none appeared. Then one got tired

and said, ‘O shah! I’m not going to bother any

more,’ and sank to the bottom. The other little

frog kept paddling and churning until he had

formed some butter on top of the pan. Then

he got on top of it, and sprang out. So I keep

on churning every day, I don’t seem to gain

very much, but I hope that by June I will have

collected enough butter to bear me up, and if I

have enough strength left, I will leap out.

“You may wonder why I talk so much about

myself, but you see Burke talked a great deal

about himself in the Exordium of his greatest

speech, ‘Conciliation with America,’ and I am

simply following his example. We now come

hy that special

her than any-

to the ‘Statement of Facts.’ I 4 :

roast Mr. Burke to-night, ats ae S

already in 1775, for who would have st = rare

for right in that day as he did, and bee up

famous Cook of our fourth form ao >

on the fire for about two hours the other ji =

so he must be pretty well done by this 4; \*y;

During those two hours, the cook was wri

a volume about his captive, but it must es

been only a volume of smoke, for I scidstsbend

that the examiner of his work gave him on}

seventeen cents on a dollar. Z

“Some think that Burke was dry. His writ-

ings may seem dry, but I do not think that he

was dry, especially while delivering his speech

for he was a fast talker and no doubt was bt

ten wet with perspiration. Why, I believe he

could talk faster than some of our Latin class

can translate Latin. He could at least go

faster than some of us can scan the Aeneid

and the best of all was, that when he got half

way through a line, he did not retrace his steps

and begin all over again.

“The scholars of our school seem to have a

peculiar abhorrence for bees, Bowser and

Burke. Bees stick you with their stingers. So

do Bowser and Burke. Bees stick you but

once, then die, but Burke is a different kind of

a bee. He is a capital bee (B) and the schol-

ars are now receiving the interest on that capi-

tal, for some are being, or have been stuck

every month. They receive their pay monthly,

and a hundred cents on the dollar, too. Burke

always pays his debts, he never owes anybody.

He lets the pupils do the owing (Ohing).

Some of these O’s of the scholars are very cold

and they form zeroes, in Dr. Payson’s little

book of daily recitations. Others are hot, for

they come from the heated lips of disgusted

students, when they say, ‘O dear, I wish Burke

fad never been born!’

“History tells of a man of extraordinary

qualities, who lived in the eighteenth century.

He was a man of principles, and of civil pru-

dence; he possessed high moral sentiments,

sound judgment, and broad conceptions, and

he was fearless in stating his beliefs. His

THE ARGO,

vords fell from his lips like blossoms from an

Ss tree in a fragrant orchard, when the

app hs are shaken by the forerunner of the

xs storm in spring. In swift succession

they came, some tinted with the soft blush of

apparent modesty, others daubed with warning

and unflinching rebuke. Often they fell un-

heeded and were trodden upon by thoughtless

feet. .

“On account of his remarkable foresight he

saw the storm of the Revolution of 1775 long

pefore it broke out in all its fury. In vain did

he plead with his conceited country to preserve

peace with its growing child, but lived to see

his country beaten in war, and thus his pro-

phecy fulfilled.

“That man was Edmund Burke.”

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST

“FOOTBALL,”

By Mr. Packard.

“Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Football was never more popular than at the

present time. Some weeks ago a New York

newspaper published an editorial expressing

its joy that the public was manifesting its dis-

pleasure by staying away from such exhibi-

tions of brutality. People, perceiving that the

rules of the game have made it an immensely

dull and stupid performance, are prepared to

avoid football matches. Yet, look at these

facts, 35,00 opeople saw the Yale-Harvard

game; 30,000 witnessed the Yale-Princeton

and Army-Navy matches ; and 30,000 the Yale

Columbia struggle, and at all four of these

games thousands more would have been pres-

ent if there had been seats for them.

Of course, at the close of every football sea-

son for the last six years, football has been

critjcised, but this year the outburst has been

even more marked than ever before. One com-

plaint is that the game is becoming monoton-

ous because of so many mass plays and in-

stead of light, fast players, we see the ice wag-

on type, as Charley, Case and Cox. No crowd

will be as interested in a series of short, hard

35

deh by a mass of arms

be in end-runs behind

gains behind rushes hid

and legs, as they would

flying interference in an open field where every

move of both assailants and assailed is visible

to every one of the sixty thousand eyes,

“There used to be plenty of these plays, but

they are not used any more. Why then, it may

be asked, has this picturesque inspiring style of

game been abandoned for the cumbersome,

slow, stupid, blind thing that goes by the

name of football at present? The answer is

simple—because the heavy game wins.

“Most of the serious injuries have been sus-

tained by players insufficiently trained to stand

hard knocks, or by mere boys. Occasionally

one reads a despatch relating how ‘John Smith,

halfback of the Oskosh Y. M. C. A. football

team, received injuries in a football game to-

day, from which he died in a few hours.” The

chances are about fifty to one that John Smith

was a hard-working clerk who spent fifty-one

weeks of each year in an office, which gave

him muscles like a jelly-fish and who, in this

condition, came out to play the severest game.

This shows mere lack of judgment, and it is

likely that Smith would have met his fate else-

where if not in football.

“Many football players have too much at-

tention. For weeks before the grand struggle

of the season he is a marked man on the cam-

pus; he sits at a special training table, and

the college turns out daily to see him practice.

At one of our large universities in the season

just ended, the undergraduates were cautioned

the week before the big game that ended the

year, not to whistle or sing on the campus at

night, for fear they might disturb the precious

sleep of the giants who were to represent them

on the gridiron in a few days. This, I suppose,

is the way Charley will be treated when he

plays halfback on the Williams team next

year. During the football season, the most im-

portant teams are followed with as much in-

terest as the war in the far East.

“T would like to have spoken on this year’s

football team, but I am afraid it would hit

rather hard. But I have said enough and more

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than enough. I wish you all - M

mas and a Happy New Year.

a

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

A True Story.

early sixties. I had spent all

ut, on being

erry Christ-

It was in the

the years of my life in the North, b

married, had moved to Texas.

The ways of the country seemed very strange

to me. The people were very hospitable and

openhearted. Everyone seemed to be on equal

terms. :

A family with whom we lived for a time,

before we had built our own home, kept a

large bell to ring whenever they saw a strang-

er passing, in order to attract his attention.

Then they would send their servants to meet,

him, and invite him to come in, and make him-

self at home, and stay as long as he possibly

could. Perhaps he might stay for several days.

Sometimes a whole family would come

along and be cordially welcomed and entertain-

ed as guests.

Our next door neighbor, if he might be

called such, for his ranch was five miles dis-

tant, offered us all the beef we wanted to use

until we could get our own cattle, and when

we proposed paying for it, was highly indig-

nant. At last he reluctantly consented to our

recompensing him when we should purchase a

drove of cattle.

At the time of which I am about to write,

we had become firmly established in a com-

fortable home of our own, with quite a herd

of cattle on the surrounding plains. It was a

lonely spot—as I said before, the nearest habi-

tation was five miles distant—as far away as

the eye could reach stretched the undulating,

ceaseless expanse of prairie. But we were

getting usd to the seclusion, and, in fact, be-

ing newly married, rather liked it.

It was a midsummer night, sultry and suf-

focating. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

I was alone on the ranch, my husband having

gone on a matter of important business, to the

nearest village twenty miles distant.

There had been rumors of trouble amongst

the Indians, but they were all at a dist:

and not much attention had been paid

reports. So it was considered safe for

remain alone.

I settled myself in an armchair with a book

to while away the lonely hours of the night

until my husband should return, as he cae, d

to do about mid-night.

The book—Nick of the Woods—was On

well calculated to work one up to a high Pe

of excitement. As I read of the hero’s darin

deeds and hair-breadth escapes, my a

came into my throat, and my hair nearly gtogq

on end. A slight noise outside attracteg my

attention, but I did not think much of it, ang

kept on reading. Just as a settlement was

being attacked by the Indians, and a family

massacred, a terrifying blood-curdling whoop

fell upon my ears, coming from some place a

short distance away. My book fell from my

nerveless grasp, and I listened expecting yet

dreading to hear the sound again. Again arose

on the still night air that weird and terrifying

cry. I blew out the light, and was surrounded

by total darkness. Groping my way to the

door, I barred it, and crouched in a corer,

trembling.

There was the sound of hurrying feet

around the house and then someone jumped

on the steps of the porch, and proceeded—or

so it seemed to me—to lay waste everything

within reach, all the while keeping up his in-

fernal whooping. I heard something heavy

fall, and then the man dragged it down the

steps of the veranda and on around the house.

He banged on the door and knocked on the

windows, but, cuddled in the corner, I paid no

attention. Finally, with a last, parting rasping

yell, he went away, and I fainted.

ance,

0 the

me to

\* a \* \* \* \* ok \*

When my husband came home an hour later

he found me just regaining consciousness, but

in a state of nervous collapse. When he asked

me what had happened I managed to relate the

terrible events of the evening. He listened in

surprised wonder. Then he went out and found

that some harness which was always hung on

ER eed

THE ARGO.

orch, had been taken down and

1 on the p

eee ati the house, but that nothing

ee recsve d serious damage. I had expected

a

Jess than that I should meet such a

fate as the unfortunates in the book.

the next morning a neighbor and close

send of ours called upon us. When we told

a of the night’s happenings a curious ex-

salt came over his face. When my hus-

cai asked him who he thought it could have

been, our friend seemed very much embarras-

sed, hemmed and hawed, but then confessed

{hat it was he, himself. He had been on his

way to call upon us, and seeing me alone in

the house, resolved to give me a scare. He

certainly had done so. He declared again and

again that he had meant no harm, but simply

thought it would be a good joke, having no

idea that such serious trouble would result. He

pegged forgiveness, which my husband rather

reluctantly granted, for I was overcome by my

experience, and for many weeks afterwards

was seriously sick.

I lived a long time in Texas, and passed

through many exciting adventures, of which

I may speak at some other time, but never

again did I experience such a shock as I did

that night. FINNEY.

nothing

FOOTBALL STATISTICS.

Corbin, (capt.), ’05, height, 5 feet, 10 1-2

inches; weight, 165 pounds; age, 17 years;

position, left half-back; residence, Oxford,

N.Y.

Van Winkle, ’o5 ; height, 6 feet; weight, 180

pounds; age, 18 years; position, full-back ; re-

sidence, Rutherford, N. J.

W. C. Nicholas, ’06; height, 5 feet 8 inches ;

weight, 145 pounds; age, 19 years; position,

right half-back; residence, New Brunswick,

N.J.

S. Nicholas, ’06; height, 5 feet, 7 inches;

weight, 140 pounds; age, 16 years; position,

quarter-back; residence, New Brunswick, N.

J:

Matzke, ’o5; height, 5 feet, 7 inches;

weight, 140 pounds; age, 19 years; position,

right end; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

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(see :

ny ie : : ay pein weight,

tackle ; tewe Nen ee aaa

aie a f ew York City.

wed, 98 pads er Gon a

i , » age, 17 years; position

right guard; residence, South River, N. J.

J. Voorhees, 06; height, 5 feet, 6 inches ;

weight, 158 pounds; age, 16 years ; position,

centre; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Allen, ’05 ; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; weight,

160 pounds; age, 18 years; position, left

guard; residence, Metuchen, N. ys

Case, ’06; height, 6 feet; weight, 185 pounds,

age, 18 years; position, left tackle; residence,

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Andreae, ’05; height, 5 feet, 9 inches:

weight, 150 pounds; age, 17 years; position,

left end; residence, Jersey City, N. J.

Nelson, ’06; height, 5 feet, 8 inches;

weight, 140 pounds; age, 17 years; position,

sub-guard; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Elberson, ’06; height, 6 feet; weight, 140

pounds; age, 17 years; position, sub-guard;

residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

J. Scott, ’05; height, 5 feet, 5 inches;

weight, 125 pounds; age, 15 years; position,

sub-quarter-back ; residence, New Brunswick,

Nu J.

Cooke, ’o5; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; weight,

135 pounds; age, 17 years; position, sub-end ;

residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Through lack of space these statistics were

not published in last month’s Argo.

The football team held a meeting in Prof.

Mills’ room to elect a captain for next year’s

team. J. Voorhees and S. Nicholas were nom-

inated, and J. Voorhees was elected, the votes

standing six to four.

j

Annex H

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

One morning Jack Woodbridge woke up

early. What did he see in his room but a

Christmas tree, with some candy and toys on

it. How it got there and how his stockings

were packed up to the brim with things Jack

could not tell, for he had forgotten all about

THE ARGO.

38

d even forgotten to hang

i ha

Rene ae Some one had hung them

up his stockings.

for there they were.

eek dressed himself and began eating a

candy cane, while he opened a box of soldiers

on horses, with a cannon and some tents. :

Just then he heard his door open softly an

in came his father and mother. Both said,

"Merry Christmas, Jack.” After Jack had

wished them a Merry Christmas, he said,

is in my stockings. He

“Now let us see what

abt nd pulled them down so

o his stockings

ee that a big rubber ball fell out and

rolled away, and a candy cane fell on the floor.

Even this did not stop Jack. He ran to his

father and sat on his knee. Jack’s hand went

into the stocking and brought out a small box.

He took off the paper, removed the box lid and

found a gold watch with his initials on the

back of it. Next le found a box of candy, a

bank, an iron train and what do you think

next? the toe of his stocking.

This was a Merry Christmas for Jack.

FrepERIC VOORHEES.

saath eee

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Billy wanted a pair of rabbits for Christmas

He was afraid he couldn’t have them because

his mother was only a poor wash woman on a

Southern estate. Christmas eve came and Bil-

ly went to bed very early. Christmas morn-

ing he was up at daylight long before the other

children calling, “Happy Christmas.” He went

to the big house and with his noise soon wak-

ened every one, After breakfast the white

children invited him with the other servants

into the parlor where he received many pres-

ents. Best of all his pair of rabbits.

THEoporE VOORHEES.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Long ago, in a country far from here, the

shepherds used to watch their sheep at night.

One night as some shepherds were watching

their sheep an angel came to them and said,

“Glory to God in the highest, Peace and good-

will to men.” Then the shepherds saw a star

which seemed to say, ‘Follow me.”

left their sheep asleep on the hillside

their crooks and followed the star til

ped over a stable in Bethlehem, 7T

into the stable and found the Christ

a manger. Wise men came and br

gifts from their countries. Ever sin

have given gifts on Christmas,

Grorce Banprpy,

© they

and took

Lit Stop-

hey went

~chiled in

ought him

ce then we

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

It was the day before Christmas, Th

snow lay deep upon the ground. A little ie

stood looking out of a window tn ie

what Santa Claus would bring her. The dade

ness came and after eating her si

the child went to bed. ee one

She wakened early Christmas morning and

went to her stockings behind the stove, She

could not believe it possible. They were empty.

She turned slowly away and walked to ais

window. As she stood there she saw the neigh-

bor’s children come out of the houses and show

their toys and gifts to one another. She turn-

ed sadly from the window and asked her

mother why Santa Claus came to other child-

ren and not to her, when she had not yet been

naughty. :

The child did not know that her parents

were too poor to have Santa visit her.

Joun Rowtanp,

SLIPS AND CLIPS.

A Sad Case.

“T'll tell you how it is,” said the wild-eyed

patient to the asylum physician. “I met a

young widow with a grown-up step-daughter,

and I married that widow.

“Then my father met our step-daughter and

married her. That made my wife the mother-

in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-

daughter my step-mother, and my father be-

came my step-son. See?

“Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of

my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course,

my brother, because, he was my father’s son;

but he was also the son of my wife’s step-

THE ARGO,

and, therefore, her grandson. That

a ndfather of my step-brother,

rife had a son.

Te cher inlaw, the step-sister of my

} c also his grandmother, because he is her

som Ty's child. My father is the brother-in-

step sty child, because his step-sister is his

aA [am the brother of my own son, who is

= ae child of my step-grandmother,

] am my mother’s brother-in-law, my wife

yn child’s aunt, my son is my father’s

is her OV

nephew, and I am my own grandfather—and

I can't stand it.”

The following are a few rather original

translations of Virgil’s Aeneid:

“Qecultum inspires ignem fallasque vene-

no’—You breathe sacred fire and sweet veni-

»

son.

“They light up their countenances with their

tongues.”

“She speaks to her inane Sister Ann.”

“Mene fugis?”—Will you fly with me.”

“He oppresses his flowing neck (hair).”

“The true woma nis worth more than a high

priest.”

At the time of King Edward’s recovery

from appendicitis, thanksgiving services were

held all over the British dominions. The ser-

vices were concluded at a certain place by the

singing of a well known hymn which happened

to be in the back of the book.

“Let us close the services,” the rector said,

“by singing the hymn, ‘Peace, perfect peace,’

—in the appendix.”

Prof. St. (Algebra Class.) “P—y, this

class is a solemn place, and not a place for

merriment and hilarity. I would like you to

be happy, but we must dispense with that guf-

faw of yours. You may come to the Trap this

afternoon if you care to have a good laugh.”

P—y. “I wasn’t laughing that time; I was

only smiling.”

Prof. S—t. “Oh! Well it was a very audible

smile. Please don't smile so audibly.”

In response to earnest solicitations from her

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THE ARGO.

Iv

husband to be kind to a military officer to

whom he had taken a fancy, a Western woman

sent out an invitation and received an accept-

ance. She despatched a note, in which she

said: “Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of

Captain White’s company at supper on Wed-

nesday evening.” She received a prompt and

joyful reply, which read: “With the excep-

tion of the men who have other engagements,

Captain White’s company will come with plea-

sure.”

EXCHANGES.

Several new exchanges have been received

this month. We are glad to welcome them, and

hope that still more will come.

The December Lealonian contains a very in-

teresting and well written college story entitled

“Spaulding’s Christmas Surprise.”

We disagree with the exchange editor of the

Red and Blue who proposes the abolishment

of all “personal witticisms” from our school

papers on the ground that they are not inter-

esting to outsiders or the alumni, The paper

is first for the school in which it is published

and then for outsiders. The school jokes are

interesting to the scholars of that school and

if outsiders cannot stand them there is some

other matter to be read in the paper.

There is a pretty good poem in the Mohe-

ganite entitled, “What the Side Lines Saw,”

but its feet seem to sometimes get a little

twisted.

In the cut which heads the editorial column

of the Polymnian, a young person, who we

suppose represents the editor, is working at

his desk on a large manuscript, and at the same

time sending forth such volumes of smoke

from a pipe, that we should think his brain

would not be in very good working order.

We recommend the removal of the pipe from

the aforesaid gentleman’s mouth. Tobacco is

not looked upon as a stimulant to the mental

powers, but rather as the opposite. The ex-

change column of this paper is exceptionally

good, ;

The Columbia News has a very attractive

cover for the December number.

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