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OCTOBER, 1907.

Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

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VoL. XIX.

New Brunswick, N. J., OcroBER, 1907.

mw Fr LAD OF ERIN

No. 1.

4

Blessings on thee, little man,

Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan.

Little Thomas O'Neill, eleven years old,

not sleep. His mind was too busy to rest.

tossed and turned on his hard bed and could

That morning when he had met the carrier,

Pat O’Brian, on the road, Pat had told him

that the “dook’t wanted a boy to work on his

garden. “And, shure, it’s there you should

be and not at school. You're too big for such

fun. And your father and mother poorer than

a hen in a parlor.” Pat and he were great

friends and Jat must know. So he decided

he would work at the “dook’s” place. He

would begin the next day. He would not

tell his father or mother or even Pat a word

about it, but would surprise them all. They

probably thought him very lazy. He would

show them that he was not so. He would earn

money and then his mother wouid be able to

sit down and rest whenever she wished. With

that his mind, as if satisfied with its labor,

rested, and he slept. But he dreamed ex-

citing dreams about being rich, even living at

Dublin, owning a horse and wagon, and his

mother being so proud to be able to call him

her boy.

Suddenly he felt something sting his bare

legs, giving a yell and jumping up he saw,

through eyes half-closed, his father standing

over him, whip in hand, and raising it to bring

it down on his expose dshoulders. ‘Tom leap-

ed aside and, pulling on his overshirt and

trousers, he almost tumbled down the peg-

ladder that served as a stair to the loft where

he slept. It was almost time to go to school.

He hastily ate the cold food left for him and

then ran out to do his work. When this was

done he set out, very late, toward the school.

At the first wood he came to, Tom entered

it and there hid in a tiny cave he knew of,

his two books, and then he went on with only

his lunch box. At last he reached his destina-

‘tion, not far beyond the school house. He

walked up the long driveway under the majes-

tic old trees and went around to the back door

of the “big house.” To the :ervant that an-

swered his timid knock, he said that he wanted

the work.

“What work?” demanded the tyrannical-

looking man. ;

“Why, th-that w-work in the garden,” he

answered faintly.

The servant went to call the master, as Tom

thought, but really only the secretary. ‘Tom

was asked if he was still going to school. He

tried to answer but the words stuck in his

throat; then, with a greater effort, he stam-

mered, “N-no, your Honor.” The secretary

thought to himself that this little fellow was

fit for the work and if he were playing truant

he would learn a good lesson. So he set Tom

hard at work raking and hoeing and spading.

Tom worked hard and well for he knew how,

and he was determined to succeed. The hot

summer sun made him perspire freely, but

he never stopped a moment. At last he was

called to dinner. Yes, they made him eat a

good hot dinner in the kitchen instead of the

few cold potatoes and the piece of bread in

his lunch-box. My! how good the food tasted!

His father could not afford to give him such

often. Besides he was very, very hungry. One

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THE ARGO.

6

s gravely remarked that he en-

vied Tom for having so good a position. An-

other told him that he must not work so hard

and the master

of the servant

for then he did eat so much ;

would not keep him if he ate so much. Tom

hardly heard their teasing; he was too busy

eating his dinner and thinking about his work.

After dinner, Tom set himself with a will

to every task that was ordered. At last night

came and with it his pay, six pence, and a

large piece of molasses cake for his mother.

My, what a lot of money that six-pence seemed

to him! At this rate he would soon be rich!

He was tired out, but high hopes carried him

toward home. Then he thought of the good

food he had eaten. He. would probably eat

such every day. It would make for him a year

of Easters. But he did wish that his father

and mother might share his food with him.

Then an idea occurred to him. He would

bring a little pail next time and ask if he

might put some of his dinner into it to take

home. They were so kind that they would

surely let him. He found his books and trudg-

ed on toward home. As he passed the swim-

ming hole its cooling depths tempted him. He

stopped, put down his books and lunch-box,

pulled off his shirt and trousers and was on

the point of plunging in when he bethought

himself of the time and the work he must do

at home. The sun had set and the after-light

was slowly fading from the sky. Tom groan-

ed from disappointment quickly put his clothes

on, and hurried away whistling so as to for-

get what he had lost. He carried his money

in his trousers pocket—or rather, he held it in

his hand and kept his hand in his pocket.

Every once in a while he pulled out the six-

pence, looked at it in the twilight and later in

the moon-light. At last he came to the

bridge over the canal near his home. He

looked at his money once again—and let it

fall. There was a little jingle and the fruits

of his day’s hard labor rolled off the bridge

and down into the water. At once without

a second thought, Tom dropped his books,

slipped under the rail and dove into the wa-

ter after the money. Too late, the coin was

on the bottom in the mud. But for a while

the pleasure of a swim banished every care

from his mind and he sported in the cool

water. Over to one shore he swam and ilien

dove off again and again, in every way he

xnew how. This was true fun for him. lie

would have liked to be able to stay all night

there. His clothes bothered him not al all,

rather they added spice to his pleasure. He

had always wished to swim with his clothes

on just to find out how it felt. Now his

wish was fulfilled and he was at the highest

point of possible pleasure. Then, suddenly,

as he was about to tumble backward from

the bridge he remembered his loss and the

work awaiting him. A second before fun had

made him forget his weariness, now fright

took fun’s place. He stopped his plunge,

scrambled under the rail, picked up kis books

and ran, ran, ran for home.

My, what a wet, crying, tired, discouraged,

and frightened boy burst into the kitchen of

his litle home. The school-master had stop-

ped there on his way home from school and

had: reported Tom’s absence. The mother

thought out a scolding, the father cut a whip.

They thought Tom, of course, had gone fish-

ing and swimming for the day. What a

naughty boy he was! Tom, as he entered the

house, rushed to his mother for protection

from his father’s whip and sobbed out the

whole story. Then his parents did a strange

thing, (strange it seemed to om.) Instead of,

as he expected, punishing him for going

swimming, consoling and punishing him for

his loss, and encouraging him to keep at his

work, they laughed and laughed; and, when

they had done laughing, they praised him for

his noble purpose, but blamed him for not go-

ing to school. This puzzled him. If they

were proud of him for going to work, why

did they want him to stop his work and re-

turn to school?

A whole half night of thinking and another

THE

four hours of dreaming were not enough for

Tom to answer this question and penetrate

the mystery; but he understood the uttermost

folly in trying to prove to fathers and mothers

against the overwhelming argument of a

spanking that what one wishes to do is right.

Therefore, the shrewd “lad of Erin” ap-

peared at school the next morning, but five or

ten minutes before the lessons began in order

that he might “get his lickin’ when the rest

wasn't lookin’.” CAMPBELL, ’o8.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

“But, Uncle Joe, I always thought the Hin-

doos were decidedly stupid and slow-witted,”

interrupted Dick. Uncle Joe had just return-

ed from his army post in India and was en-

tertaining the ‘family with his many adven-

tures and stories.

“Slow-witted!” chuckled Uncle Joe. “Why

boy, did you never hear about the cat that was

owned by the four brothers? No? It’s an an-

cient tale, but if you older people don’t mind,

I will enlighten this ignorant youngster, for

it’s an excellent illustration of real Hindoo wit.

“In a town of the cotton district of India,

there once lived four brothers, cotton merch-

ants, who owned a cat. They were all very

fond of their pet and quarreled a great deal

about what portion of that beloved animal

each owned. At last they compromised on

each taking a foot, as they could not divide

the body.

“Some time later one of the cat’s paws was

‘badly: hurt and all four brothers were so an-

xious for the welfare of the cat that they

joined in binding up the injured limb in oil.

The poor thing limped away to a favorite cor-

ner near the fire, where it was soon dozing only

to wake in agony for the volatile oil had ignit-

ed on account of the intense heat! Up sprang

the cat and leaping toward the door dashed on

its three good legs across the court into the

store house among the cotton bales—its injur-

ed foot a blazing torch.

“Well, to make a long story short ; the whole

ARGO. 7

year’s crop went up in flames. ‘The three

brothers demanded that the fourth should

make good their loss, claiming that he was re-

sponsible for the fire as he had owned the paw

that had caused the trouble. ‘This would have

ruined him, so at his request, they brought

the case before a native judge, well known for

his clear discrimination. When their story was

told, the judge gravely announced his deci-

sion. ‘It is true that the injured paw of the

cat caused the fire and that paw belonged to

the defendant. But it is also true that if it

had not been for the three legs belonging to

you, the plaintiffs, there would have been no

fire. So, according to your testimony, you, as

owners of those three uninjured legs, are re-

sponsible for the loss. Therefore, I decide in

favor of the defendant. You must bear your

own loss and pay him his share of the dam-

ages.’ ~

“Well, he was a sharp one!” exclaimed Dick,

as the story ended. “It just served them

right.” \*o8.

; FOOT-BALL.

Come all ye Rutgers Prep. School men,

Put on your foot-ball clothes.

Just leave the paper, drop the pen

And do not be so slow.

Show some spirit for your school

And help us win the game.

Let’s show the other schools about

That we are not so tame.

Everybody Out! Foot-ball season is on us

and all who are men or wish to be men,

should come out at the start with the proper

school spirit. We have lost a great many

men and for that reason we should work

harder than any team has ever been known

to work before. Let everybody come out

and enjoy the sport. Foot-ball is no ladies’

game, but a game for men. Anybody can

sit on the grand stand and clap. Everybody

cannot make the team; but everybody can

come out and help the team. Now! Every-

body out and show what true school spirit

should be!! E. J. Witurams, Capt.

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

ace mpanied 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, stndents, and alumni are most

corditlly invited to contribute.

THE ARGO.

With the October number, the Board of

Editors for 1907-1908, begin their work, and

they hope to keep the standard of the paper

up to its usual height. But the school should

remember that the paper is published by the

school, not by the Editors alone. Therefore,

all should help, not only by subscribing the:n-

selves, and getting others to do so, but also

by writing for the Argo occasionally and giv-

ing all the school notes they hear, to some

one of the Editors. If all do this, the Argo

will be even more interesting than it has been

formerly.

On the seventeenth of September, r1907,

Rutgers Preparatory School began its one

hundred and forty-second year. After the

usual morning’ exercises, Dr. Payson made

a short address to the school showing that

true happiness comes to us easiest when we

are doing something that is worth while, and

that we can get a great deal of happiness

out of our studies if we go at them in the

right way. After the schedule of classes

had been given out, the school sang the Foor-

ball song and then the school song. In clos-

ing, Dr. Payson spoke of the great value of

enthusiasm and endurance in all things, and

it is to be hoped that this will be remember-

ed, especially by the candidates for the foot-

ball team.

As we entered the school room for the

first time this year we missed the majority

of last year’s faculty. Even though we miss

our old instructors, we may be glad that

Mr. Lewis,

who is a graduate of Colgate University in

the class of 1904 is to be vice principal of the

school and will teach English, History and

some Latin. Mr. Lewis has been teaching

for the past three years at Waterville, N. Y.

Mr. Charles E. Hall, a graduate of the Uni-

versity of Vermont, will be instructor in

Mathematics, and will coach the foot-ball

team. Mr. Hall has been teaching in the

West Jersey Academy at Bridgeton. Mr. H.

H. Averill, a Dartmouth graduate, will teach

science, and will also coach the football team.

Mr. Wilbur, a graduate of Williams Colege,

will be instructor in Greek, English, and

French. Most of the Latin will be taught by

Miss Helen Searle, who graduated from Rut-

gers Prep. in 1902 and from Vassar in 1906.

Miss Tower, a graduate of a training school

in Boston will take Miss Gregg’s place in the

Annex.

their places are so well filled.

THE

ALUMNI NOTES. i

96, H. Rapalje visited the Trap on Sep-

tember the eighteenth.

’o4, Miss Sarah R. Scott has completed her

course at Vassar College.

‘03, Vrooman has left Rutgers College, to

atten dthe “Biltmore” College of Forestry in

North Carolina.

06, Miss E. Wilbur and Miss M. Cook

have entered Smith College. ffl

’o7, The following graduates of Rutgers

Preparatory School are beginning their

course in Rutgers College: Bascom, Elmen-

dorf, C. Lyall, MacDonald, Marcley, S. M.

Nelson, Pockman, Sangster, Scudder, Stelle,

T. S. Voorhees, Welsh.

’o7, Miss Prentiss is a Freshman at Mt.

Holyoke College.

’06, J. H. Voorhees and -F. Schenck are

Freshmen at Rutgers.

ex-’08, Patterson is a Freshman at Rutgers.

Mr. Mills, instructor at Rutgers Prepara-

tory School in Greek and English for four

years is an instructor in the Albany Acade-

my, Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Robins is teaching at Mt. Hermon.

Mr. Blanchard is taking a library course at

Albany N. Y.

Mr. Powell is staying at his home in Penn-

sylvania.

A WEEK WITH THE

NATIONAL GUARD

Every summer the different regiments of

the National Guard of New Jersey are sent

camping for a week, in order to accustom the

men to the practical and necessary side of the

volunteer service

The place invariably selected is the State

Rifle Range at Sea Girt, New Jersey. This

extensive range is admirably suited for mili-

ARGO, 9

tary manoeuvres and rifle practice, and is

large enough to accommodate the whole Na-

tional Guard of the state, if necessary.

However, only one regiment occupies the

range at a time, in order that each regiment

may have full advantage of the encampment.

As soon as a regiment reaches camp, sen-

trys are posted and a strict military routine

is followed out. :

Reveille is blown in the morning at quar-

ter after five and the men have to turn out

for drill at half past five. At six o'clock

breakfast is served and from six till eight

many petty duties are performed, such as in-

spection, roll call, sick list and similar duties.

At eight o’clock, one battalion of the regi-

ment marches from the camp to the firing

line, about a quarter of a mile away. Here

are instructors and coaches for those ignor-

ant of the use of a gun, and tagets ranging

from two hundred to one thousand yards

are ready for the soldiers to practise on.

Every evening about half past five the regi-

ment gives a dress parade and one side of the

field is always crowded with spectators. Fri-

day is Governor’s Day. The Governor is

there in person and reviews the men. Some-

times on Governor’s Day they have a sham

battle with the conditions made as real as

possible. In one sham battle last summer

the infantry, cavalry, artillery and signal

corps were all in action at the same time.

Thus the details go on for a week and

then the signal is given to break camp,

blankets are rolled up, knapsacks packed, and

with the band in the lead, they march off to

the train much wiser than when they came a

week ago. Oncor, ’o8.

DRILL.

Drill began for the year on Wednesday,

the twenty-fifth. We are very fortunate this

year in having Mr. Nuttman back again as

our instructor. Mr. Nuttman acted as com-

mandant of the company for nine years, but

was forced to give it up two years ago on ac-

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THE ARGO.

10

count of ill health. The school is very for-

tunatee in having such an able instructor,

and there is no reason why we should not

have a good company, if all do their best to

make it so. But all are not doing their best.

The lack of interest in drill this year is de-

plorable. When drill began, only twenty-

seven had signed, while there should be at

least forty in the company. If the members

of the school would only recognize the great

benefits to be gained from military training,

sign their names, and do the best they can in

the drill, we would have a very good com-

pany. Sign your name, drill as if you meant

it, and i nthe end you won’t be sorry.

Now that the foot-ball season has come

once more, it is very necessary that the team

have support from every member of the

school. While it is not possible for all to

play the game, still all can help financially by

joining the Athletic Association. The num-

ber of members is fairly large this year, but

it should be still larger. The dues are cer:

tainly within the means of all, and it is a duty

that all owe to their Alma Mater, to pay

their dues and to attend all the games possi-

ble and support the team. It is to be hoped

that the attendance at the games will be larg-

er this year than it has been in previous years

so that we may have lively cheering and spir-

ited singing. These things mean a great deal

to a team, and also help to keep up school

spirt, which ought to be strong in every stu-

dent of Rutgers Prep.

BROOKLYN BOYS’ HIGH ws.

RUTGERS PREP.

On Saturday, October the fifth, we won

‘a glorious victory over the strong team of

Brooklyn Boys’ High. The victory is largely

due to the good coaching of Messrs. Hall and

Averill, and to the drop-kicking of Gross.

Captain Williams played very well and in

fact everyone on the team acquitted himself

well.

First Half.

Boys’ High kicked off and the ball was

received by Williams, who made a short run

before being tackled. Prep. was penalized

five yards for being off side. Williams punt-

ed, but the ball was fumbled and secured by

McGovern. Gross then fell back for a kick

and made a neat drop-kick over the goal.

Score, 4-0.

Williams then kicked off. MacGovern se-

cured the ball on a fumble, but it was lost in

the same way. Boys’ High made a forward

pass, an onside kick, then a neat double 2 ass,

but lost the ball on a fumble. Prep. made an

onside kick and then Gross made another

goal from the field by a neat drop.

High school kicked off to Williams. We

then made an onside kick, a double pass,

but lost the ball on a fumble. High fumbled

and lost the ball. We made a forward pass

and an onside kick but then the whistle blew

for the end of the first half.

Second Half.

Prep. kicked off and soon secured the ball

on a fumble. The ball was lost on a fumble

but regained on downs. We then tried a

place kick for a goal, but it was blocked and

lost. High kicked to Ziegler. Gross. made a

gain on an end run. Then Mosher gained

about twenty yards and brought the ball with-

in eight yards of the goal line. Smith went

through twice, then Williams made the touch-

down and subsequently kicked the goal,-mak-

ing the score fourteen to nothing.

Williams kicked off. The ball was ex-

changed on fumbles, but then the whistle

blew.

Line up:

Rutgers Prep.

Right End.

Boys’ High.

Mo Govetit: ciesnoen eee wees Haven

THE

Right Tackle.

pauman seeeerrees reese beifeck west Friestad

Right Guard

bie Fea orem. Wearnier

Foahler = see's woo +

soa Centre

Biggett vse es cere ences ete teceeee ee .. Julie

— Left Guard

PeSERAT esc exadesn “tease San ies us Seaman

JatSOM eee eee ees

oe Left Tackle

oY, Sa F . Davis

Helm ..--e-e eee eeeee a

Left End

Phinny, (Mosher) ............ .. Kreusler

Quarterback

Ziegler ...+++- 5 dianewnitions wee sine wile . Brown

Right Halfback

GlGSE 4 rae sti copies Vani dies Holden

Left Halfback

Git ade tes roedas herp sete sede ieee Bristol

Fullback

Williams, Capt ........ ee Taylor

Referee, Taverner. Umpire, Brinkerhoff.

Halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

Until a few years ago there lived, in a

wild spot in the northern part of Oregon, an

old Indian known as “Lone Wolf.” He spent

his time in hunting and trapping and in kill-

ing as many wolves--for which he showed a

great hatred—as came his way. I often

spent a few weeks hunting with him. He

was very ugly, his face being frightfully dis-

figured by the marks of long fangs. The

sight of his black eyes burning and gleaming

in this awful countenance gave one a chill and

made him want to keep his eyes on the Indi-

an as long as he was near.

Knowing that there must be some story

behind this name and his hatred of wolves.

one night, when there was nothing to do but

sit by the fire, smoking and telling stories, I

asked kim about and heard this story.

When still a young and untried warrior he

had spent a winter by himself trapping in the

valleys among the foothills of Oregon. For

ARGC »; It

a few weeks everything

of furs grew and he h

back to his tribe a very rich man. All these

dreams were suddenly dispelled. One day on

his rounds he found his traps empty and all

around them the tracks of a huge wolf, The

same thing happening the next day he put

some poisoned meat where the wolf could get

it; and placed some large bear traps near the

others. Next day he found the traps in a

pile and the meat untouched. And so it went

on. He soon gave up trapping and tried to

kill the wolf. All his efforts were in vain, for

the wolf seemed to have a human or rather

an impish intelligence ; piling the traps and

poisoned bate in a heap as if to show his con-

tempt for human beings. After a while the

Indian began to have a sense of being follow-

ed and as the wolf grew bolder, he began to

catch glimpses of it. It was a huge, gaunt,

grey beast—its white teeth gleaming and its

tongue hanging partly out as it would watch

him for an instant over some snow mound.

One day the Indian managed to wound,

breaking— as he found out later—one of its

front legs. Thinking that he would soon run

the beast te cover, he took up the trail left

by the blood. After he had followed for a

long time he came near enough for another

shot. This went wide and kicked up a spurt

of snow ahead of the wolf. Reaching for his

powder horn to reload, to his horror he found

it empty. With a sort of a chill he remember-

ed that he had forgotten to fasten the plug in

tightly after the last shot and in the excite-

ment of the chase it had worked loose, letting

all the powder run out. Here he was many

miles from his cabin with only an empty gun

Prospered, his pile

ad dreams of going

and a hunting knife, for protection. He notic-

ed that the wolf had paused and was watch-

ing him with such a look of almost human

comprehensian, that he felt another chill creep

down his spine.

Knowing that the best thing for him to do

would be to get to his cabin as quickly as

possible, he turned around and started off at

a good pace. The wolf immediately started

THE

12

is di : shile

«4 keeping his distance for @ while,

oe @ closer and closer.

ally drawing :

seeing this, threw away his now

bent all his energies on getting

ine the wolf still gaining, the In-

nis head and rushing blindly

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e the snow and

couple of min-

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fell headlong.

utes to regain

in his snow shoe

was upon him.

y body of the w

the man on to

1 its teeth fastened in the

ad broken it. With his

right hand he grasped his knife and drove it

deep into the side of the animal. / The beast

let go of the mangled arm and with one last

effort fastened its teeth in the mans face,

held on for a second and then dropped over

dead. The Indian tried to rise, but fell back

unconscious from the loss of blood and the

lost |

ht his snow sh

tuck up abov

It took him a

his feet, as he w

s and by that time the wolf

As he rose to his feet the

heav. olf hit him and they went

down together, p holding it

down. The wolf hoc

mans left arm and h

pain.

When he came to again he found himself

in his own cabin. He had been found by a

wandering trapper who had been attracted

by the last shot and who had arrived too late

to help him. The trapper took care of him

for a while and when he was able to move,

took him bac kto his own tribe.

When he had told his story, the young In-

dian found himself no longer a boy but a war-

rior, posessing the title “Lone Wolf.”

Hem, ’o8.

REGULAR FALL MEETING

OF THE R. P. A. A.

The annual Fall meeting of the Athletic

Association was held on Wednesday, Sep-

tember 25 th for the purpose of electing a

manager of the foot-ball team. Mr. Watson

was unanimously elected. ,

Another point of interest was whether bask-

ARGO.

et-ball should become a regular

school. The members of “i

were highly in favor of it. A Sojnrne

appointed to ask Dr. Payson for ra

If he agrees basket-ball will be —

sport of the school.

Port. of the

the As

Action

adopted ae 2

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EXCHANGES,

The Argo acknowledges. wit}

following exchanges, and fiona

with many more, will besoin:

visitors this school year, The

Journal, The Polytechnic, June oe ‘Academy

The Targum and the Valkyrie, \, me: oth,

these heartily, hoping we can ‘hel © welcome

they us, in improving our issues y Bicm and

out any defects\* which may athe” Pointing

will always try to mix bitter with. Stil we

the Academy Journal advises) sv ccts (as

fairly and tru ly. ea

thanks the

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ur :

Tegular

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Indeed the exchanges of the

Journal of June, ’07, are models fo

school ‘paper, Tf all exchange edito a

their work with such a spirit and bana 2

ed out

such results as the critic of

that

our schools will be full of hese

Academy

te

Evidently the Seniors of the § :

High School must have been very ee

leave their dearest and happiest oe to

else they would not have expressed Es a

ings in “The Valkyrie’ in four or a ne

of “Good-byes” “to sassy Juniors, little ee

and the Freshmen.” \ Ps

é

' My great, great grandfather on my moth-

er’s side served for about three days in the

American Army during the War ‘of 1812

hat’s all I know about my — ancestors It

came about in this way. ‘Our. government

was badly in need of more soldiers, So it be-

THE

ean to compel men to join its forces. One

aeatioti for tropps was, I think, at Newburgh-

on-the-Hudson. My great, great grandfath-

er, who lived at least two days’ ride on horse-

back north of that city was seized upon and

hurried thither. What did his wife do but

take her youngest of ten children, my great

grandmother, and ride a horse with the baby

g u )

in her arms, all the way, day and night, to

Newburgh! Once there, she sought out the

chief officer and asked him to hold her child

for a moment. He took it. Then she said: to

him, ‘Now you shall hold her until you release:

my husband. His duty is more to his home

than to his country!’

‘Madam,’ answered the officer, smiling, ‘T

would keep the child, if I had a wife and fam-

ily. But he did not have to do so; for her

husband was mustered out. Thus my great

grandmother came very near becoming a

‘daughter of the regiment.’ ” K. L. M.

Scorched—Crabbe—You needn't call any

more. I’m going to try another laundry.

Laundryman—Why, what’s the matter?

Wern’t your shirts and collars well done?

Crabbe—Yes, too well done; I don’t like

them so brown. —Philadelphia Press.

Pupil in German class: “Ich sass auf dem

Tische.” (I sat on the table. )

Teacher: “Is that the way you were brought

up?” —Ex.

The all-knowing Senior—“About how long

is a foot and a half?”

The smart little Freshman—“One foot.”

(Was he thinking of his own?)—Ex.

Applied Geometry—Proposition 23. To

Prove that a fisherman is a liar.

By axiom 1, an angle is a deviation.

By axiom 12, a lie is also deviation.

Hence, a fiesherman being one who angles,

ARGO,

13

R. Montalvo, Jr.

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14

deviates. Therefore, things equal to the same

r, a fisherman O n Wall

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thing being equal to each othe

is a liar.

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Carollary 1. Fror

ducted that the angler is an unmitigated pre-

el HIGH GRADE TAILORING.

—Ex

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————

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