Volume XVIII November = ~~ Number Two

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

vols XNIL

New Brunswick, N, J., NovEMBER, 1906.

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4 THANKSGIVING DREAM.

It was Thanksgiving Dav morning. The

sun was just Up and gave promise of a beau-

iful day. As Jack Hartwell hurried along

the quiet country road in his automobile, he

congratulated himself again and again upon

having such a fine day to make his long trip

to the city. For on this very day the college

championship was to be decided in what

promised to be the best game of the season.

Jack had to make an early start because many

miles lay between him and the athletic field

and .¢ wanted to get a good place for his

car so that he could watch the game from it.

‘The machine itself seemed to catch the very

spirit of the morning and it seemed to Jack

as thongh it had never worked so well be-

fore. On it went; up and down hills, over

bridges and through woods. Every little

while 1 stray dog would run after it and bark

and then give up the hopeless chase.

About nine o'clock Jack found himself in

a smal country village about seven miles from

his destination. With a happy heart he put

on more speed and—stopped! Instantly his

face ~hanged from a smile to a frown, which

grew deeper when he examined the machinery

and found that a very important rod had

snapped. With a snarl he turned and started

off on foot to a blacksmith’s shop which he

had passed so quickly but a little while before

The blacksmith was just about to close shop

and go to church when Jack came in. After

Jack had explained his trouble, the smith re-

plied: “Well, you see, sir, if it was not

Thanksgiving I’d come in a minute, but I am

just going to church, so I’m afraid you'll have

to wait until 1 get back. Say, won't you

come along? Haven’t you anything to be

thankful for?” “No,” snapped Jack angrily,

as he turned and started back to his machine.

The smith stood and watched him for a min-

ute, then he locked the door, and putting the

key ‘n his pocket, walked down the road.

Jack certainly was in a bad situation. The

blacksmith was the only person for miles

around who could fixe his machine, and now

he was on his way to church. “What does a

blacksmith want to go to church for on

Thanksgiving Day,” Jack mumbled, “I should

think that when he got a holiday he’d want to

go off and have a good time like other peo-

ple.” Still mumbling, Jack threw himself

down on a grass-bank near his stalled ma-

chine and looked down the road. Not a soul

was ‘n sight. No men were working in the

fields and it seemed just like Sunday.

Presently Jack heard a slight noise and

looked quickly around. A short man, dressed

in the garb of a Puritan, stood looking at him!

The sight puzzled Jack for a moment, but

then he asked: “Hello, old fellow, what’s

troubling you this morning?” The man did

not answer his question, but said: “I am the

Spirit of Thanksgiving. Hasten! for ithe

journey is long.” He had no sooner spoken

than jack found himself standing beside the

Spirit iooking in a window with a holly-

wreath hung in it. He gave a start as he

recognized the parlor of his home. Tt was

last Christmas and the room was full of

merry people. Yes, there was he himself re-

ceiving many beautiful gifts and having a fine

time, The scene changed! Jack was in a

thick wood with the Spirit. Suddenly the

Spirit jerked him behind a bush just as a

hunter dashed by closely pursued by a huge

bear. He recognized the hunter as himself!

- THE ARGO.

In attempting to jump a stream, he saw him-

self stumble and just as the bear was about

to crush out his life, a bullet from his guide’s

rifle laid the bear low. How well he rememb-

ered ‘his incident! Then the Spirit spoke to

him and said: “Young man, many good and

fortunate things have you received this past

year, and are you not thankful? Now T must

hasten on to show others their benefits—but

no! yet one more scene will I show you.”

Again the scene changed. Jack was stand-

ing by the Spirit in a large crowd. A dwell-

ing was burning fiercely! Suddenly a woman

with a child in her arms appeared in a win-

dow. A man in the crowd, whom Jack recog-

nized as the blacksmith, at once became wild-

ly excited! “My wife!” he cried, “Oh, save

her!” A single form rushed out from the

crowd with a ladder, and soon returned car-

rying the woman and child. The blacksmith

took his wife and child in his arms and said:

“The Lord be praised!”

Jack was on the grass-bank again, and the

Spirit was standing near. “Young man,” he

said, “ do you now see why the blacksmith is

giving thanks on this day? And do you not

think that you should be thankful also?” “I

certainly do,” said Jack and at the sound ot

his own voice he awoke. It was all a dream!

“Well,” thought Jack, “I’ve had quite an ex-

perience. I guess I have got some things to

be thankful for after all.” ’o7.

A DELAYED THANKSGIVING DINNER

One cold November afternoon, a party of

young people might have been seen riding in

a wood-sled up through the hills of Northern

Maine. The party consisted of Graham Cul-

ver, 1 prominent lawyer in Boston, his three

daughters, Ruth, Alice and Hazel, and Roy

and Edward Wilton, his two nephews. They

were ‘on their way to spend Thanksgiving at

the home of Mr. Culver’s father, who lived

with his wife and sister’ far up in the hills.

The nearest Station, Rockville, was twelve

miles-distant ‘from ‘the old homestead, but the

merry party which were on their way up the

mountain thought it part of the sport to have

such a iong sleigh-ride.

Roy Wilton, who was now driving the

team, had come up two days before, ang his

grandfather had sent him with the team to

meet the rest of the party at the station, Roy

was a young fellow of twenty, two years older

than his brother, Edward, and having Visited

his grandfather every year, he knew every

step of the road which they were now tray.

ersing.

‘About five o’clock in the afternoon, it began

to grow dark, but the party did not mind that

because Roy knew the way perfectly and they

had already gone six of the twelve miles. The

little party in the sled occupied themselves by

singing songs, and the time flew quickly for

them, until Hazel, the fifteen-year-old daugh-

ter of Mr. Culver said, “O dear, I just felt

something fall on my face. I do believe it's

snowing.” “I guess you are right, Hazel,”

Roy answered. “I just felt a flake myself,”

And ‘t was true. In a few minutes the snow

was falling so thickly that it formed a white

blanket over the occupants of the sleigh and

much laughter was caused when Mr. Culver,

by an inadvertent turn of his head, shook a

great handful of loose snow down his neck.

All were in the brightest spirits, when Roy

suddenly exclaimed, “It looks to me as if we

are on the wrong road, but in this blinding

snow I can’t tell just where we are. Well, I

think we had better keep on till we strike a

house and then we can find our whereabouts.”

This news somewhat chilled the ardor of

the party, who had not noticed the increasing

wind and snow. Now there was a fierce

mountain snow-storm raging about them. In

the face of the fine, driven snow which seem-

ed to penetrate everything, the horses could

go no faster than a walk.

They were all slightly alarmed now, be-

cause they weli knew what it meant to be lost

in the mountains in 2 sn)w storm, which in

those sections often rages for several days.

However, they kept plodding along until Ed-

ward suddenly shouted, “I see a light!” And

THE

= cnough, on their left could be seen the

iaintest glimmer of a light. With much re-

sai spirits, Roy guided the horses toward

~ weicome light and in a few minutes came

: jon a small log hut with several sheds back

af it, Stopping the horses, Roy got out of the

“fed and wading through the deep snow, he

knocked at the rude, but: strong door. An

old hunter, for it was a hunter's cabin, came

to the door and upon learning their position,

he immediately invited them inside, while he

took the horses around and put them in one

of the sheds. ‘

Meanwhile the hunter’s wife had taken the

party mto the house and hung up their coats,

and wraps to dry, while they sat down’ and

thawed out before a large wood-fire. Wher

the huater and Roy came in, they found that

they had wandered four miles from the main

road and it was only by a miracle that they

had happened upon a shelter.

The hunter, whose name was MacGuire,

said ‘t was impossible to proceed in the face

of the storm, so he and hi; wife set alout

making them all as comfortable as possible.

The accommodations were limited, but with

the aid of mattresses and furs, which Mac-

Guire himself had secured, they were all ar-

ranged for the night.

The next morning when they awoke, Ruth,

looking out of the window, said, “Where is

the barn?” And indeed no barn could be seen.

In fact it was snowed under and\_ the

boys with Mr. MacCuire, had to shovel a

tunnel from the house to the barn in order to

feed the horses. The roads were obliterated,

fences covered, and there were drifts forty

feet ‘leep in the valleys of the mountains. It

Was impossible to proceed that day and so

the party cheerfully decided to make the best

of it and spent their Thanksgiving as pleas-

The hunter had on hand

Some venison, partridge, and wild turkey,

which under the skill of his wife made the

Most delicate and savory dishes. After their

Tepast the whole party unanimously agreed

antly as possible

ARGO, <

they had never eaten a better ‘Thanksgiving

dinner.

In two days they were able to proweed and

when they reached their destination, old Mr.

and Mrs. Culver were greatly relieved to see

them safe, and that night they had the dinner

which they were to have had two days before.

To this day they have never forgotten their

Thanksgiving spent in the hut of the hunter

MacGuire. oLcorr.

EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with thanks the

following exchanges: ‘The Academy Journal,

The Cardinal, The Echo, The Howard Col-

legian, Legenda, The Oracle, The Poly Prep.

Magazine, The Polytechnic, The Sibyl, The

Spectator, The Targum, The Tome, The Cut-

ler Fortnightly.

The Spectator, (Trenton High School) is

a successful number. ‘The stories are very

interesting.

The Polytechnic, (Troy, N. Y.,) is well

arranged, but could be improved by adding an

exchange department.

The literature in The Poly Prep. Magazine,

(Brooklyn, N. Y.,) is good.

To shave your face and brush your hair

And then your Sunday clothes to wear—

‘That’s Preparation,

And then upon a car to ride—

A mile or two to walk beside—

‘That’s ‘Transportation.

And then before the door to smile,

And ‘hink you'll stay a good long while—

That’s Expectation.

And then to find her not at home—

That’s Thunderation,

THE ARGO.

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The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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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 must

cordially invited to contribute.

Before the next issue of theArgo, examina-

tions will be upon us. Already we sometimes

hear an anxious voice say, “My, I wish ex-

ams. were over!” Yes, examinations do mean

more or less extra work, still, have you ever

stopped to think what good this reviewing

does you? Call to mind some of the points

you pick up in studying for examinations,

which otherwise you would never have gotten.

Would you have stored away as many facts

if it were not for examinations? No! In

reviewing we all know we find point after

point, paragraph after paragraph, which had

entirely slipped our minds and which we

would have lost. But before examinations we

polish up whatever of the subject we have

retained and pack in again, more compactly

and more carefully than before, what we haye

lost. After this careful packing a great many

more facts stay with us than did before. Thus

is shown the worth of examinations,

With foot-ball

ready we are on our second round of speak-

ing. How we do delight to sit awed by the

grand eloquence with which those new (?)

come declamations; al-

inspiring speeches are delivered. The aver-

ages, thus far this term, are above last year’s

averages. This is pleasing ; it promises an in-

teresting prize-speaking contest. Last year

thé first prize was carried off by a 1907 man,

and although this man is not with us this

year, the class wil do its best to uphold its

old glory on prize night.

If you happen to have some spare time,

don’t spend it in shooting spit-balls or teasing

your neighbor. ‘Think up a story for the

Argo. Don’t think because you are not on

the Board of Editors you have nothing to do

with the paper; the Argo is published by the

“Students of Rutgers Preparatory School,”

not by the Board of Editors. Write up a good

story and see how nice the results of your

imagination look in print.

As <o advertisers, we take pains to have on

ly reliabie firms represented in our paper, and

as these people have been considerate enough

and have shown a desire to encourage us and

to help us financially by advertising in our

paper, the Board heartily recommends that

the students of this school patronize them.

Teacher—A fool can ask questions that a

wise man cannot answer.

Punil—That is why we flunked. Ex.

THE ARGO.

ALUMNI NOTES.

’92, Lane Cooper, A.M. Ph.D., was appoint-

ed assistant professor of English at Cornell

’96, Rapaljie, has been made superintend-

ent of the Pennsylvania Fertlizer and Chemi-

cal Co., at Mosac, Pa.

‘oo, It has been announced that Miss Jennie

A. Voorhees, is engaged to Mr. H. Beattie of

Columbia, ‘07. ,

’o2, Allan Devan is studying medicine at

Johns Hopkins Unversity.

’o2, N. C. Murray has taken up a course

in the New York Law School.

‘03, Royal A. Stout is manager of Rutgers

Glee Club for the ensuing year.

Taverner ‘04, Homman ’os, Potter 05,

Andrea ’o5 and Black ’06, are singing in the

College Glee Club.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Powell—What kind of candy do they

make by evaporating a sugar solution?

W--n—Sugar candy.

Mr. Robins—With what radius do you

draw this circle?’

\_ W--k—f—With a radius equal to half the

diameter.

Text-books soon to be published—Olcott’s

Latin Grammar, Bascom’s Chemistry, new and

original.

Pupil, translating Latin—And they gather-

ed together in the moon.

Here he comes bustlir g in two minutes be-

fore the bell rings, new neck-tie, clean collar,

white cuffs, hair shiny from continuous brush-

in, shoes newly polished. O, yes! ‘He’s going

to declaim to-day, all right.

Mr. Mills—What was the religion of the

Carthaginians ?

McN-—I—Catholic.

15

Coming bugbears—Exams

form history. + ie So

Mr. Powell—I . : A

desk? \* there ‘any Gxygen im this

‘W—n—Sure! There is some inside of it.

/ Miss Cary, in French—Why does the ad-

jective interessant follow the noun it modi-

fies ? ‘

; S—le—Because it is not one of those ad-

Jectives which goes before.

; Mr. Robins—How many proved this propo-

Sition independently ?

N—n—I proved it independently after I had

seen +t done.

The faces of the multitude are turned to-

ward tim as he begins hs ascent; a thousand

eyes rest upon him as he mounts slowly aloft.

See, he stops a moment, and now descends!

Then a sigh of relief goes up; he has reached

safety. Dr. Payson has wound the clock.

R—v—s—They decomposed Artaphernes.

A Fourth former smelling chlorine gas—

My, that odoriferous!

A Jefinition given for destiny—“The place

where you are going.”

Mr. Powell—What is the usual accompani-

ment «f combustion?

W—-n—Noise.

Dr. Payson—Don’t say that over again.

Miss P—s—I wasn’t saying the same thing;

I was saying something else.

Mr. Powell—Why do men not grow con-

tinually ?

Fourth Former—There wouldn’t be enough

room fe: them.

I,

16 THE

PORTIA AS A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

The picture, from the “Merchant of Ven-

ice,” which stands out clearer than any other

in mv mind s that of Portia as a Doctor of

Laws. it places a wonderful woman in a po-

sition in which one can see both her wisdom

and kindness and her trust in the kindness

and mercy of mankind, :

In undertaking the task of setting Antonio

free, Portia is led first of all by her love for

her husband for he is grieving over the dan-

ger to his friend. She is impelled also by a

sense of duty, since it is for Bassanio’s sake

that Antonio is bound,

Portia learns almost too late of Antonio’s

peril, but instead of weeping over it as some

women would have done—if they had done

anything—she immediately forms her plan.

She has the sense to consult with an expert

in law matters, and combines her wit and

brightness with a lawyer’s training and knowl-

edge.

Portia in the cout is seemingly a grave

young man with his mind full of great ques-

tions and decisions, yet aware of the compli-

ment to himself in being entrusted with such

a trial. The judges of the court, the nobles

and the officials of the city gathered there,

she salutes with great dignity and courtesy,

making altogether a favorable impression. She

inquires who is the defendant and who the

plaintiff.

When the trial starts, Portia shows her be-

lief in the humanity of mankind, by trying to

get Shylock to show mercy and take money in

place of his bond, using the noble words

which start: “The quality of mercy is not

strained.” Failing in this attempt she endeay-

ors to arouse his passion for gold by offering

him thrice the sum due him. His refusal of

this ind the bitter hatred he shows fills her

with a great anger and a desire to put him out

of the way of ever being able to show such

cruelty. So she seems to decide against An-

tonio and bids the Jew prepare his knife. In

one last appeal to his pity she asks him if he

ARGO.

will not summon a doctor to stop the flow of

blood, but as he shows no mercy she decides

to show no mercy with him. She charges

him to shed no blood nor to take more or

less than a pound, else he should die. Her

anger is still burning against the Jew and

she corners him again when he tries to take

the money instead of his bond by ordering

that if he does not take his bond he shall lose

all his property, one-half to Antonio and the

other half to the state.

She shows great skill after the trial when

she uses their gratitude to get the rings away

from Bassanio and his friend. She shows in

this 1 woman’s love of testing a man. In

every way Portia shows herself to great ad-

vantage in the trial scene. HELM.

STATE MODEL SCHOOL VS.

RUTGERS PREP.

On Saturday afternoon, October twentieth,

we met, on Neilson Field, our first defeat, ate

the hands of the State Model School of Tren-

ton.

The game opened with the visitors kicking

off to us. We fumbled the ball and they fell

on it. They lost it on downs, but regained it.

We were gradually pushed back to the goal

line «nd then we held them for two downs,

but on the third down the ball went over the

line. They failed to kick the goal. Score 5-0,

in Trenton’s favor.

The second half opened with Wyckoff kick-

ing off to the visitors, who advanced the ball

half way up the field and then lost it on

downs. On a fumble they again scored a

touchdown, but failed to kick the goal.

During the rest of the half the ball changed

hands many times, but neither side scored. It

was ‘n the second half that Williams and W y-

ckoff distinguished themselves ; the former by

the great gains. made through the center of

‘he ‘ine; the latter by his excellent punting,

THE ARGO,

three forty-five yard punts, two re-

, touchbacks.

he end of second half, State school

’

making

gulting it

Score at t

yo; Prep» &

The line-up was as follows:

Rutgers Prep. State Model,

Left End.

MacNeill, McGovern ...... VARS Barlo’

. Left Tackle. "

Wyckoff PE geseas qaneewwween Montgome

. Left Guard. °

Koehler ss+ssseressecestesseesenens Sha

Center. =

Nelson .--+++++" seetereees senses Walker

Right Guard.

Helm ..seeereneces etree eee e ey La Baw

Right ‘Tackle.

Marclay, Blmendorf scccearsSeacsss Swain

Right End.

Mitcheli ..-+++++++-++ eopineaa Sees OUCWI

Quarterback.

H. Lyall, WOOLHEES: irerecs:erw:ssieieie x sue Monnier

Left Halfback.

McGovern, Olcott ...-+++++++eeees Gaueret

Right Halfback.

C. Lyall, Gross, Black ...-++-++++++- Dollon

Fullback.

Williams ...--2+eee eee c ee eceeeness Cleary

i

RUTGERS PREP. VS.

POLY PREP.

In a hard-fought and well-piayed game,

Rutgers Prep. was defeated by Poly Prep. by

a score of 11-0. Both teams played a good

game, Rutgers Prep. holding very well, and

Poly Prep. showing ability in the use of the

forward pass.

First Half.

Prep. kicked off to Poly.” Poly return-

ed the ball, but Soon lost it. Prep. was forced

to kick, Poly ran the ball back to the center

of the field, then took it down the field for a

touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. Score,

5-0 in Poly’s favor.

For the rest of the half the ball went back

17

and forth, and time was called with the ball

in Poly’s possession.

Second Half,

Prep. received, but was soon forced to kick,

0} apis suo Wio’y Sur0d yday |

1 I Y [eq ayy sup s9qypWw

the other. Poly ran the ball down 2 Prats

goal, and although Prep. held very well, Poly

put the ball over in the last three seconds of

play. The goal was kicked. Score 11-0 in

Poly’s favor.

The line-up was as follows:

Poly Prep. Rutgers Prep.

Right End.

MOGi6 cic tomieoecanae ens Mitchell, (capt.)

Right Tackle.

Ketchem ..........c cece ee eee eee Marclay

Right Guard.

Bartley: scsaveescasciieeatese asics Black

Center.

CHANG! wxcassascansese aecowrersie Meoetveneese Nelson

Left Guard.

Sieprist .......0sccuscsssececeees Koehler

Left Tackle.

Nash siwiiasrcwswnerasdaepeensee Wyckoff

Left End.

Robbiis .........--66- MacNeill, Voorhees

Quartérback.

Spadone ........ceeee cere cece eee H. Lyall

Right Halfback. :

Sumner ......-+eeeeeeeee Olcott, C. Lyall

Left Halfback.

Shiels: sucswsaciewcuas Sangster, McGovern

Fullback.

Mulvihill ....... 0.2 cee cere reece Williams

Umpire, first half, Biglow ; umpire, second

half, Powell. Referee, first half, Powell; re-

feree, second half, Biglow.

Ee

RUTGERS PREP. VS. PINGRY.

In a hard-fought game, Rutgers Prep. lost

to Pingry at Elizabeth on Nov. roth.

First Half.

Pingry kicked off, but got the ball on a

fumble, and by a trick play made a touchdown.

They failed to kick the goal. Score 5-0 in

18

Pingry’s favor. Pingry again kicked off.

During the rest of the half the ball went from

one side to the other, a good deal of punting

being done.

Second Half.

Prep. kicked off. Neither side could long

keep the ball. The biggest gain was made by

McGovern on a forward pass. But finally, on

a long run, Pingry made her second touch-

down, but failed to kick the goal. Score 10-0

in Pingry’s favor. Prep. again kicked off, but

time was soon called. The line up was as fol-

lows:

Right End.

Shennan seis sss Wisisieisgierrse Mitchell, (capt.)

Right Tackle.

PAYOR seisceie ayaswrererereeie-ncecoswnsialeiein aces Marcley

Right Guard.

A. Zeller oo cnaiecicisivkceresececese Helm

Center.

"Sham en 'srsisieiesiasccineiarwaten ieee Nelson

Left Guard.

TRICE Fi cossarnsa:0 8 Tececo se ore e/iore werarabaiore Koehler

Left Tackle.

Keatarcravscsesa cases Gross, Elmendorf

Left End.

DAVIS iissarwiera as <tereieistsiars MacNeill, McGovern

Quarterback.

SPELLY ® nieisie-ecwresereiscerers 9 H. Lyall, Voorhees

Right Halfback.

MY€rs .....ceccccveccecces Black, C. Lyall

Left Halfback.

Snlorers: 20555535 ss sees Sangster, Olcott

Fullback.

RS Zeller? aniston a Pi Se VON RS Wiliams

Umpire, Pike. Referee, Watson.

“FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.”

One of Poynter’s paintings, entitled “Faith-

ful Unto Death,” represents a Roman guard

standing, spear in hand, at a gate of Pompeii,

with his face turned toward Mount Vesuvius

with its certain death. Before him on the

pavement, are scattered money and jewelry;

while behind him, in the burning city, the

THE ARGO.

terror-stricken people are rushing in all direc-

tions for safety.

‘The day had dawned bright and clear, with

no indication of the coming destruction. Near

the home of the commander of the guards, a

group of soldiers stood waiting for their ord-

ers. While they were discussing some sports,

planned for the afternoon, one suggested that

the weather was too good to last. “Never

mind, we will have enough fun before the day

is over,” answered another. The commander

then appeared and the men, after receiving

their orders, dispersed, some at once to duty,

others to their homes. .

Among those soldiers, who, later in the day

took iheir stand at the gates, was one far

nobler than the others. He was a Roman, in

the true sence of the word—faithful, obedient

and eager to serve his country to the best of

his ability. .

Soon after he had taken his place at the

gate, a slight earthquake, then a more violent

one, shook the city, exciting the people and

destroying a few houses. A little later the

earth shook again, this time angrily; but yet

the people did not leave the city.

Long before sunset, the city was darkened

by a thick cloud of smoke blown from Vesu-

vius. Suddenly the darkness was broken by

show?rs of red hot stones and pumice, and by

the Tomes of the now burning city. Then in-

deed did the people think of fleeing. Some

rushed to their homes to save their money,

but the wiser fled immediately.

Through it all, at his post stood the Roman

guard. “Come!” cried the excited throngs,

pushing him, “you will perish.” He shook his

head firmly and let them pass. His friends,

his wife, and his children came and begged

hier to ieave the city, but he only answered,

I have been orderéd to guard this gate until

Tam relieved. I am a Roman and will obey.

Go, save yourselves,”

For hours the mountain showered the city

below it, with ashes and stones. Near one

of the gates, the guard still stands—as resolt:te

THE ARGO,

frm as at first. He realizes he has b

vrgottel and forsaken, but he does not think

sven 0W> of fleeing. Only a few are left in

doomed city. There is no one to say

He must choose between disobedience

aa -pedience, between life and death. He

decides quickly and remains at the gate.

So at the city was covered, the Roman

still at his post was buried, provin

'f to be—as the title tells—“Faithiat

’o8.

and

the

him.

guard

himse

Unto Death.”

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

; A First Attempt at Oratory.

Once a Harvard student in his first speech

said: “Washington is dead and Lincoln is

dead.—Ahem. Washington is dead and Lin-

coln \*s dead.”—A cough. Again he started:

“Washington is dead and Lincoln is dead—

er-r-r-in fact I don’t feel very well myself.”

Annex Notes

ROBIN HOOD.

In the days of King Richard, the Lion-

Hearted, there lived in Sherwood Forest a

highwayman whose name was Robin Hood.

Rohin Hood only robbed bishops and sher-

ffs and those who oppressed the people.

He !.ad many followers who were very faith-

ful to him, for he was kind, and always tried

to be just.

In Sherwood Forest was the Greenwood

Tree, under which was a seat covered with

moss. In front of the Greenwood Tree was

an open glade, where the highwaymen held

many feasts.

Whenever anybody joined Rebin’s band

Robin would clothe him from head to foot in

Lincoln green, which is the color of the sum-

mer ‘eaves, and gave him a good stout yew

bow. Robin’s costume was very beautiful

with gold and silver threads woven in it, his

bow was cunningly carved and inlaid with

gold and silver. Robin always carried with

him a silver horn with which, if he was in

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trouble, he could call his followers. P W | l

John P. Wa

If sve1 Robin wanted anything, he would go

to a tree, open a secret door, and disappear

for a moment and bring forth whatever he

wished. Ofter the band grew tired of staying HIGH GRADE TAILORING..

in the forest and would leave their forest home °\*\*

and go forth to seek adventure. If they found

any man who proved to be a good fighter the

band would take him’ to Robin Hood and Rob-

in wld decide whether he should be admit-

ted to the band or not. When the band ar-

rived at the Greenwood Tree there would be

archery matches, wrestling and bouting with

the quarter-staff, followed by a great feast.

Robin Hood was really Earl of Huntington,

but he came to Sherwood because one day.

some of his father’s enemies came to his home

and Xilled his father and mother and would

have kiiled Robin too, if he had not run away.

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