VOL.. XVI.—No. 3

DECEMBER, 1904

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Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N, J,

THE ARGO. : II

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Vor. XVI. NEw Brunswick,

N. J., DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 3.

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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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.

The Fall term is rapidly drawing to a close

and examinations are coming on apace. The

students are busily engaged preparing them-

selves to meet the examinations, and the teach-

ers are beginning to look over the text books

and pick out the puzzling questions.

Most of the students, of course, mark the

approach of examinations with indifference,

for they have been faithfully devoting them-

selves to their lessons, but there are probably

some few who may have neglected their stu-

dies somewhat and now they must “cram”

hard.

Just beyond the Jordan of examinations

lies the land of bliss, the Christmas Holidays.

It is a time of joyousness to be looked for-

ward to with delightful anticipation, for it is

to most of us the happiest and best season of

the year.

Coming as this vacation does, between the

Fall and Winter terms, it affords us a grate-

ful relief after the work of the first term, and

gives us a chance to recruit our strength for

the trying ordeals of the Winter term, the

term which is probably the most difficult of

the whole year. So let no one waste his

strength by unnecessary study during the va-

cation. We hope that all will come back with

renewed vigor to take up again their tasks.

Here’s success to all in their examinations,

a pleasant vacation, Merry Christmas and

Happy New Year.

We should like very much to receive more

contributions to the Argo from the school.

The staff editors keep belaboring their minds

to produce material for the paper, but it is

very seldom that we receive voluntary con-

tributions from the school. It would come in

the form of joyful surprise to have some lit-

erary matter put at our disposal by members

of the school.

There is enought talent amongst the schol-

ars to keep the Argo well stocked with inter-

esting matter, and we hope that the school

will display a willingness to cudgel their brains

a little, and send in a flood of material that

wil fairly overwhelm us.

ALUMNIANA.

Jonathan Scott, ’98, spent his Thanksgiving

vacation in town.

This year, four men who have graduated

THE ARGO.

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from Rutgers Prep. played on the ct

College football team. They were Green,

Murray, Fisher and Watson. : :

Samuel A. Van Vechten, ’02, is now WOTK-

ing in New York.

a M. Hay, ’o2, is taking the Dental

course in the University of Pennsylvania.

William Little, 99, was in town a few Sun-

days ago. Ee

Clarence E. Case, ’96, who is practicing law

in Somerville, was an usher at the wedding

of Dr. Gutman and Miss L. Fisher, of this

city, on Tuesday, November 15.

Harold E. Green, ’02, has been elected cap-

tain of the Rutgers football team for 1905.

Frank T. Corbin, Jr., ’04, was one of the

guests at the Thanksgiving dinner at the

Trap.

Dr. J. E. Gleason, ’96, is traveling in Fu-

rope.

Miss Edwina Fisher and Miss Alta Schenck,

ex-’05, visited the school Friday, Nov. 25.

Miss Margaret Cook, ex-’06, spent her

Thanksgiving vacation in town.

Miss Elizabeth Corbin, ’96, spent a few

days at the Trap latelly.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Jack Rodney rushed up the steps of his

home, seized the parcel which his sister hand-

ed him, hastily tossed it into the dress suit

case which he carried and with only “Hello”

and “Good-bye,” ran to the station and board-

ed the train for Lakeside Heights, where his

friend, Ted Norland and his sister, were to

give a fancy dress ball Christmas night.

A few seats in front of him sat a young

girl bound for the Norlands.’. She had a

striking face, and was evidently well able to

take care of herself.

“Lakeside Heights,” shouted the conductor,

and in the rush that followed, the porter

snatched up the three nearest dress suit cases,

among which were those of Margaret Shef-

filed, the young lady before mentioned, and

Jack. “Tl take that!” shouted Jack, but the

porter was gone in a flash.

Margaret was met by her hostess, Ted’s

sister, and her dress suit case, along with

those of the other girls who had just arrive d

was slung up on the front seat of the car.

riage. They soon passed the boys, who had

walked on ahead.

The house stood at the end of a long aye-

nue, shaded by elms, and the Severity of its

substantial colonial architecture was relieved

by the Christmas greens decorating the veran-

da and the interior. These had been gathered

in the woods about the town, by those of the

young men and girls in the city who were to

be in the masquerade and who had spent all

the morning gathering them. Returning about

noon they had occupied the greater part of the

afternoon, until the guests arrived, in decorat-

ing the house both inside and out with greens—

holly and mistletoe.

The boys alone knew of the miistletoe, hay-

ing skilfully hidden it among the other greens,

leaving the girls to firid out as best they could

and woe be unto her who unwittingly should

choose to stand in a secluded cotaer, or under

a much-decorated chandelier!

The girls were welcomed by Mrs. Lambert

and immediately felt at home in the cosy sur-

roundings. They were then shown to their

rooms and spent the short interval before din-

ner in dressing and chattering.

After a lively dinner all went to their rooms

to dress for the ball. When Margaret opened

her dress suit case she stared at the contents

with dismay written on her face. First ap-

peared a monk’s cowl, next his robe and then

all the rest of a friar’s costume. “What shall

I do?” she exclaimed aloud. ‘Who has my

suit case?” ‘There seemed only one thing to

do—to wear the friar’s costume, and after

thinking a moment, she said “I'll do it!”

I nthe meantime Jack was being laced into

a Martha Washington costume, and when the

wig was brought in, poor Jack dropped into

a chair before the glass and howled, “Why

on earth did my freak of a sister make me

wear this? there must be some mistake. Gee,

don’t I make a stunning girl!”

THE ARGO,

At eight o’clock the now well-filled room

presented a charming picture with the gay

costumes and bright lights. In one corner,

Janice Meridith was having a tete-a-tete with

a court jester who was evidently using his

inost eilective stories to keep up with her in-

cessant chatter. Little Bo-Peep was talking

over some trivial matter with Virginia Carvel,

and near by stood Robin Hood discussing pol-

itics with Colonel Carter. These last two were

seemingly not very much interested in poli-

tics, but were keeping one eye on Bo-Peep

and Virginia ,although they were too bashful

to talk with those charming young ladies. At

last, however, Robin Hood “screwed ‘this

courage to the sticking point” and made a

dash for Virginia, while the stately Colonel

entered into conversation with Bo-Peep, At

the same time Margaret was having her troub-

les. In one corner she stood, surrounded by

a group of court beauties, and a few inquisi-

tive men. The conversation turned to foot-

ball and here Margaret was at a loss.

“Did you play in your college or prepara-

tory school days?” asked one young girl.

“T seldom indulged in that frivolity,” ans-

wered the friar. “My mind was turned to

books for the most part, although I remember

having played it in my earlier days.” “In what

position did you play?” inquired one who rep-

resented Sir Walter Raleigh.

“On my hands and knees for the most part”

the friar slowly replied. Margaret was get-

ting more and more nervous lest some one

should discover her disguise.

“You know what I mean, of course?” said

Sir Walter. ‘What position on the team did

you occupy?”

“There is half back and full back, guard

and centre; what on earth is the difference?”

Margaret asked herself; then aloud she said,

“T believe it was rear guard.” A general shout

arose and Margaret was sincerely thankful

when, at the interference of others, she could

profess to be indignant at the fun people made

of a poor friar, and walked off with a de-

jected air.

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When she had gone Sir Walter, with a

slight shrug, remarked, “That poor fellow

made a chump of himself, Evidently he knew

nothing about the game.” With that he turn-

ed to Joan of Arc, and as the music then

struck up, with a stately bow, asked the honor

which she was very glad to bestow.

It did one good to hear the jolly laughter

and snatches of animated conversation. Very

few recognized their partners and this gave

a delightful sense of mystery to the affair.

Those who did not care to dance strolled

about the halls or sat on the wide staircase.

Some, declaring they were positively “roast-

ing” would even have ventured out on the

veranda had not the ever-watchful chaperones

prevented and delivered a precise little lec-

ture in their reluctant ears.

Soon after the music had begun, in one of

the rushes when dances were engaged, Ted

Lambert, the host, as Mephistopheles, ap-

proached Martha Washington and asked in an

off-hand way, for “a dance or two.” Martha

suppressing a very masculine grin, assured

him that she would be charmed.

Mephistopheles, although he was fascinated

by her charms, did not, as he afterward con-

fessed, thing much of her as a dancer; she

was too ready to lead, and that spoiled it.

Conversation turning to athletics Martha

waxed enthusiastic much to Mephistopheles’

delight. To his surprise she seemed to know

as much about baseball, football and other

outdoor and indoor sport as he hmiself did.

“Yes,” she said, “in college we had a splen-

did gymnasium and practiced a great deal

there. I used to go to the baseball and other

games which our college played with the other

coleges—I mean, I used to play on the team—

that is, on the basket-ball team, you know.”

“Hang me,” Jack added to himself, “why do

I have to let it out.’ Mephistopheles did not

seem to notice this however, and Martha, fear-

ing that she would give away more, proposed

a promenade.

It was now late in the evening, and Ted

was on the lookout for an opportunity to make

THE ARGO.

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use of the mistletoe, but as yet none had of-

fered itself. Finally, in obedience to her

wishes, he left to get her a glass of lemonade

and on his return found her standing inno-

cently under a chandelier. The opportunity

was too great for Ted; but just as he was

about to redeem the forfeit, the whistle blew

for unmasking, and quick as a flash, off came

Martha’s mask. To his utmost astonishment,

Ted saw the grinning face of his chum—

Jack. Bizac.

CHRISTMAS, 1776.

Many of the ancient countries of Europe

have, and keep as a pleasant heritage, many

legends and stories of the Christmastide. Ov-

er here in America we have none of those

quaint folk-stories and ancient observances.

But there is one tale that will ever stir out

hearts as we hear it and which it were well

for us to consider again as we prepare to

spend our Christmas time in peace and hap-

piness. For it will do us good to remember

again how, one bitter Christmas night so

many years ago, the cause of our Independ-

ence was saved, and how our brave forefathers

toiled and suffered then to give to us the

blessings which we enjoy to-day. And especi-

ally ought we to recall the incidents of the

memorable Battle of Trenton, because it took

place so near us and was more or less con-

nected with the fortunes of our own city.

The Continental Army, after the struggles

around New York began the memorable re-

treat through New Jersey. It was a terrible

march, that. ‘The cold of the on-coming win-

ter pierced right through the scanty clothing

of the poor soldiers. Their feet, left bloody

footprints in the snow. They were hurried

through a half-hospitable country with a pur-

suing enemy at their rear, and before them—

hopelessness.

On the very day, Dec. 1, 1776, that Wash-

ington and his followers left New Brunswick

and burned the bridge across the Raritan, late

that afternoon the British army entered the

town in his rear. Washington thought of

making a stand at New Brunswick as later he

did on the west bank of the Delaware, Had

he done so, the battle of Trenton might have

been known in history as the battle of New

Brunswick. But he found that the Raritan

was fordable in several places and would of-

fer no effectual barrier to the march of the

British; so he had to move on to Trenton.

From New Brunswick, on Dec. 1, Washine-

ton sent word for all the boats of every one

on the Delaware River to be collected. A few

days later the weary army crossed; but be-

fore the rear-guard of the Americans had

landed on the Pennsylvania shore, Cornwallis

with his troops appeared on the other bank,

But he could not pass over, for the Americans

had seized everything that looked like a boat

and had taken it to the other side, and the

- sould not be forded. So the disgusted

Englishman had to stay where he was.

Meanwhile General Washington rested his

army and prepared to defend Philadelphia

These were hard days for him. He had to

bear with a slow and sometimes unreasonable

Congress, with the treachery of one of his

generals and the plotting jealousy of another,

with a despairing and discontented army, and

with the victorious march of his pursuing

enemy. People who had been patriots were

turning loyalists everywhere, influenced by

Howe’s proclamations. The American army

was in want of food, clothing and pay. The

enlistment term of nearly all the soldiers ex-

pired on the first of January, and they had no

desire of fighting and suffering any more.

Back at New Brunswick, the New Jersey and

Maryland Brigades had refused to serve an-

other day. Of the 5,000 men under Wash-

ington’s command, 2,000 were militia on

whom he placed absolutely no confidence.

On the fourteenth of December the British

army went into winter quarters. Howe went

to New York, that being the most comfortable

place he could find. And the army was sta-

tioned at Princeton, Trenton, Bordentown

and New Brunswick. At the last named place

the largest body of troops was quartered un-

THE ARGO,

der General Grant, who was to be the com-

mander of all His Majesty’s forces in New

Jersey. In Trenton was a body of 1,200 Hes-

sians under one Colonel Rahl.

Rahl was a good soldier, but he made the

unpardonable mistake of wunderrating the

fighting ability of the American army. And

so when Count Von Dunop, his superior offi-

cer, stationed near Burlington, ordered him

to fortify Trenton more strongly, he disre-

garded the command.

Indeed, it must be admitted that the Ameri-

can army at that time was not an awe-inspir-

ing spectacle. The soldiers, in want of all

things, hopless and discontented, were joyful-

ly looking forward to the end of the few

weeks that would have to pass before they

could return to their homes.

The Hessians, on the other hand, were set-

tling down to enjoy themselves as well as

they could and began to eat, drink and make

merry, and to recall their Fatherland. On

December 20th the ice began to break up in

the river, but the weather continued very cold.

On Wednesday, December 25th, the Hessians

spent their Christmas in feasting, revelry and

drunkenness. Far into the night the carouse

was carried on.

Colonel Rahl spent the evening drinking

and playing cards at the home of Abraham

Hunt.

He had a day or two before received word

that he might expect some attack on Christ-

mas Day; and as there had been a trifling

clash with some wandering American militia

earlier in the day, Rahl felt at rest. Even the

usual guards were not mounted that night for

some reason, and the camp was almost whol-

ly unprepared for an engagement.

During the evening a Tory farmer, a Penn-

sylvanian, be it said, came to Rahl’s head-

quarters. Not finding him there, he went to

Abraham Hunt’s house. He came to warn the

Hessian that the Americans were preparing to

attack him that night. When he knocked at

the door and asked for the Colonel, the ser-

vant, not wishing to disturb Rahl, refused to

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let him in ; So the man took a piece of paper,

wrote his warning upon it and sent it in,

When it was given to Rahl, he did not even

read it, but pushed the Paper into his pocket

and straightway forgot al about it.

Well might the drunken Germans be con-

tent to carouse within, for the night without

was fearful indeed. The cold wind blew

keen and sharp from the northwest. About

eleven o’clock there came up such a terrible

hail-storm as had not been seen for years. The

river was full of floating blocks of ice.

In the blackness of that terrible night the

Americans gathered by the river at McKon-

key’s Ferry, nine miles above the city. Their

march from the camp could be traced only

too well by the bloody foot-prints in the snow.

Every officer’s watch was set by Washington’s,

and every man’s hope, like his, was centered

on that desperate blow for their country’s

cause. “Liberty or Death” was the password

which the great leader gave out, and “Liberty

or Death” was the desire of every man that

braved the storm that night.

How shall we describe the crossing of the

river? How shall we put in words the desper-

ation of the undertaking? It was not merely

the beating hail, the intense cold, the ice in

the river, the scarcity of clothing that made

their situation so fearful, but the knowledge

that their cause for which they had toiled and

sacrificed, was almost lost and that if they

did not take the Hessians unawares that night

they would probably have to give up the

struggle they had been making for freedom,

and, as rebellious subjects subdued, would

have to sue for pardon at the hands of His

Majesty’s clemency.

It was four o’clock on the moming of De-

cember 2th that the last of those 2,400 men

had been ferried across the icy river by the

brave and skilful hands of the boatmen from

Marblehead.

Then the troops marched in silence toward

the town. On the way it was discovered that

nearly every man’s powder had become damp

and was absolutely useless. It was told Gen-

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eral Sullivan. “Well, boys,” he said, “we

must fight them with the bayonet.’ He sent

word to the commander-in-chief, General

Washington’s noble reply was: “Then tell

the general to use the bayonet and penetrate

into the town, for the town must be taken, and

I am resolved to take it.”

We need say no more. The battle was al-

ready won. It was won when those brave

soldiers, shivering in their rags—one private

froze to death that night—still clung to their

purpose—‘“Liberty or Death.’ No need to tell

how the soldiers took their foes by surprise,

how Rahl and his officers tried at the cost of

their lives to make an organized resistance out

of their confused ranks; no need to tell how

the enemy attempting to flee towards Bruns-

wick, were cut off, how Rahl and his army

surrendered, and how the news of victory as

it flashed over the country, restored the need-

ed enthusiasm that kept up the war and made

this nation free.

But there is one thing that it were interest-

ing for us to note. There were, so the records

tell us, in that army, weavers, tailors, shoe-

makers, smith, carpenters, wagonmakers, ma-

sons, joiners, butchers, plasterers, stocking-

weavers, bakers, millers with other mechanics

and tradespeople of every sort. These all

fought that they might secure the blessings of

liberty to themselves and us. Shall not we

strive to uphold the best interests of our na-

tion as well as we can and so be worthy suc-

cessors of those who for Liberty’s sake, did

brave the bitterness of death.

ORDER OF EXAMINATIONS.

Monday, Dec. 12:

8.30 A. M. First Period.

11.00 A. M. Second Period.

2.30 P. M. Sixth Period.

Tuesday, Dec. 13:

8.30 A. M. Third Period.

11.00 A. M. Fourth Period.

2.30 P.M. Fifth Period.

THE ARGO.

PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL—o. .. ..

RUTGERS PREP.—17.

Our boys went to Plainfield with great hopes

of running up a high score against the High

School of that place, but although they were

against a team much lighter than themselves,

still the score was not as high as it should have

been.

Corbin kicked off for Prep. over Plainfield’s

goal line for a touchback. Plainfield punted

out from their twenty-five yard line to Allen,

who failed to gain much. Prep. was penalized

fifteen yards for an off-side play. Corbin,

Case and Van Winkle, by hard bucking of the

line, made a few small gains, but Prep. again

lost fifteen yards for being off-side. Corbin

circled right end for fifteen yards. The ball

was steadily forced down the field by the

Prep. fellows for twenty yeards to Plainfield’s

ten yard line. C. Nicholas was pushed over

the line for touchdown. Andreae kicked an

easy goal.

Corbim kicked off for Prep. to the ten yard

line. Plainfield carried the ball fifteen yards

in two rushes, but were forced to punt to Cor-

bin who returned the punt five yards. Prep.

made a number of small gains, then fumbled,

but Matzke fell on the ball. Prep. carried the

ball to Plainfield’s fifteen yard line, where Cor-

bin was penalized fifteen yards for holding.

Corbin made fourteen yards in two rushes,

but failed to make the first down, and the ball

went to Plainfield on their fifteen yard line.

They gained ten yards, but time was called.

In the second half Plainfield kicked off to

Van Winkle who ran the ball back ten yards.

Prep. carried the ball straight down the field

aided by two twenty yard runs by Corbin and

C. Nicholas, until Corbin was sent over the

line for touchdown. Andreae again kicked

goal. Score, R. P. ,12, Plainfield, o.

Corbin kicked off to the twenty yard line

and by steady line plunging and trick plays

Plainfield had made 25 yards before the Prep.

fellows awoke and forced Plainfield to punt.

C. Nicholas and Corbin in three long runs

made sixty yards, but Prep. fumbled and the

THE ARGO.

ball went to Painfield. They tried a trick play

put were thrown back by Matzke for a loss.

Plainfield punted to Nicholas, who ran the

ball back five yards. Prep. rushed the ball to

the twenty-five yard line. Nicholas by a pret-

ty run made a touchdown. Andrea missed goal.

Only a few minutes were left in which to

d neither team scored. Final score,

play, an

17—0 in favor of Prep.

The line up:

Plainfield H. S. Rutgers Prep.

Rockwell .... Right End. ..... Matzke

Pahn 435: Right Tackle. ......... Cox

Shager ...- Right Guard. ...... Allgair

Bogart .++++ Centre. . J. Voorhees

Freeman ... Left Guard. ....... Allen

Lorzeaux .. Left Tackle. ........ Case

Johnson .... Left: Endit.2-5.. Andreae

Williams ... Quarterback. .. S. Nicholas

J. Douglass Right Halfback.. C. Nicholas

W. Douglass Left Halfback. Corbin (capt.)

Taylor Fullback. =. Van Winkle

POLYTECHNIC PREP. vs.

RUTGERS PREP.

On November 12, Rutgers Prep. sustained

the first defeat of the season.

The game started with Rutgers Prep. kick-

ing off to Polytechnic Prep., who was down-

ed on her thirty yard line. Poly. Prep. fumb-

led on a punt, and was downed for a loss of

ten yards. R. P. gained five yards, but was

held for downs. Poly. punted to R. P. and

Rutgers Prep. was forced back into her own

territory. By an end run of fifteen yards

Poly Prep. made a touchdown. Quarterback

kicked the foal, making the score 6—o, in fa-

vor of P. P.

Poly. kicked off to R. P. and Corbin caught

the kick and was downed on R. P’s. twenty-

five yard line. R. P. forced the ball down the

field for twenty-five yards, but lost the ball

on downs. Poly, Prep. scored another touch-

down by hard line plunges. The goal was

kicked, making the score 12—0.

Poly. kicked off to R. P. who was downed

on her ten yard line. ‘Time was then called.

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In the early part of the second half, Matzke

was disabled from further play by a kick in

the side. Nelson was put on as left guard and

Allen took Matzke’s place. R. P. at one time

had the ball within one yard of the goal, but

lost it on downs, and the Poly. boys ran it back

and scored a goal from the field. In addition

to this, she scored two touchdowns and goals

in the second half, making the final score 28—

0, in favor of Poly. Prep.

The line up:

Polytechnic Prep. Rutgers Prep.

Centre

Baldwin) ether Menon: J. Voorhees

Left Guard.

Bisher sje sciine vlaekoeton Allen (Nelson)

Right Guard.

Nei son) ss. acc8s sarin. cones ses ores Allgair

Right Tackle.

LOZC@ > 5:ci5s:s)stelasts 2 ddan on Sate OST 60's Cox

Left Tackle.

Ward.» iesocrit He,t tietat traracpecictar tor cen els Case

Right End

Gill (Randell) cod voce: Matzke (Allen

Left End

Hughes "(Capt:) vewsanuwsines vases Andreae

Quarterback.

Schmeltzer ................4. S. Nicholas

Right Halfback.

Broeb, “stissteciuse divers ean C. Nicholas

Left Halfback.

Wood (Crane) .......ccsecncccdes Corbin

Fullback.

Moulvibl cat és ott aosiea cea aa Van Winkle

Timekeepers : Kirkpatrick, Fullerton.

Linesmen: Vrooman, Norman.

The folowing have been awarded the R. P.

for football:

Corbin\*, Case\*, C. Nicholas\*, S. Nicholas\*,

Allen\*, Voorhees, Cox, Andreae, Van Win-

kle, Allgair, Matzke.

\*Have received the R. P. before.

SECOND TEAM.

The second team has played three games

this season, with the following resuts: New

38 THE ARGO.

Brunswick High School, 28, R. P. Second

Team, 0. M. U.A.C., 11, R.C. P. S. 2d, 13. M.

U.A.C., 5,R. C. P. S. 2nd, 4.

The general line up for all three games was:

Phinny, R. E.; Devan, R. T.; Cooke, R. G.;

Halstead, C.; Elberson, L. G.; Nelson, L. T.;

Elmendorf, L. E.; J. Scott, Q. B.; J. Hoe, R.

H. B.; Price, F. B.; Packard, (capt.), L. H.

B.

BORDENTOWN M. I. vs.

RUTGERS PREP.

On November 19th, our football team met

crushing defeat at the hands of the B. M. I.

No fault is to be found with our players,

for they did good work, but they were up

against something a little too strong.

Although our team played pluckily, the

score was run up to 34—0, in favor of B. M. I.

Through an unavoidable accident we are

unable to give a detailed account of the game.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Rutgers Prepartory School,

New Brunswick, N. J.

Wuereas, The Allwise Father has been

pleased to receive unto Himself the mother of

our beloved friend and classmate, Thomas

Arthur Allen, our Vice President, be it

ResoLveD, That we, the members of the class

of nineteen hundred and five, do extend our

most heartfelt sympathy to him in his sor-

row; and be it further

Resoivep, That these resolutions be sent to

him and a copy of them published in the Argo.

Andrew Kirkpatrick,

Luther H. Martin,

F. Marmaduke Potter,

Committee.

Ro

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Rutgers Preparatory School.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Wuereas, It has pleased God to take the

life of the mother of our friend and brother,

Thomas Allen, and

Wuereas, We his friends and fellow mem-

bers of the Delta Theta, do feel a deep sym-

pathy for him in this his sorrow; therefore,

be it

Reso.vep,’ That we the Delta Theta fra-

ternity of Rutgers Preparatory School, do

hereby express our sympathy for him in his

bereavement, and be it further

Reso.vep, That a copy of these resolutions

be sent to our brother, arid that they be pub-

lished in theArgo.

For the Fraternity,

S. Arthur Devan,

John H.- Voorhees,

J. Claude Thomson,

Committee.

a ey a

SLIPS AND CLIPs.

“In Malay the natives keep a record of time

in a remarkable manner: Floating in a bucket

filled with water they place a cocoanut shell

having a small perforation, through which

by slow degrees the water finds its way in-

side. This opening is so proportioned that it

takes just one hour for the shell to fill and

sink. Then a watchman cals out, the shell is

emptied and the operation is begun again.”

Dr. P—n. “Who was Ceres?”

C—n, “A kind of breakfast food.”

“At a church in Scotland where there was

a popular call for a minister, as it is termed,

two candidates offered to preach, whose

names were Adam and Low. The latter

preached in the morning and took for his

text, ‘Adam, where art thou?? He made a

very excellent discourse, and the congregation

were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Ad-

am preached upon these words: “Lo, here

am I.’ The impromptu and the sermon gain-

ed him the appointment.”

W—t. (Writing on the board).

“Myrmidouns. A people fabled to have

sprung from aunts (ants).”

Dr. P—n. (When one of the “youngsters”

had committed an offence)—“Carrol, take a

THE ARGO.

stick to him! Myers! take a stick to him.”

(After 2 pause). ,“Carroll! Why don’t you

et after him with a stick ?”

Carroll (tremulously).

,

ral ain’t got no

stick.” ae

“See there!” exclaimed a returned Irish

soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited his

tall hat with a bullet hole in it. “Look at

that hole, will you? You see that if it had

been a-low-crowned hat, I should have been

kiled outright.”

“Two Irish immigrants just arrived, stood

one morming on the government landing

watching a dredger at work a few yards away.

Presently a diver, full-rigged, crawled pain-

fully from the channel sliroe up a ladder to

the deck of the dredge.

One of the Irishment, very much surprised

turned to his companion and said: “Look at

that now! Look at him. ‘Begorra, if I’d

known the way over, I’d walked over too.”

Dr. P—n. “Where did Belshazzar hold his

feast ?”

S—t. “In Jerusalem, I think.”

Dr. P—n. “Who describes this feast?”

S—t. ‘John.”

Mc—n. (Translating). Patrios foedasti

funere voltus. “You have defiled the father’s

face with a funeral.”

S—t. “Menelaus was the wife of Agam-

ernnon.’

Dr. Payson enjoyed the privilege of eating

some juicy steaks of “mountain lamb,” while

in the Adirondacks this summer.

ANNEX NOTES.

The Story of the Birch Leaf.

During the summer little birch leaf lived

with her brothers and sisters on a tree in one

of the great northern forests.

The leaf played with the birds and the

sun and the wind and squirrels.

One day in the fall the little birch leaf saw

that all the other leaves had on beautiful col-

29

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neck, all colors, $3.00 to $6.00.

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iv

ored dresses. She wished that Mother Na-

ture would give her too, a new dress.

The next morning when the little leaf awoke

she began to dance gaily in the wind for she

had on a beautiful yellow dress. After a

time Mr Wind told her that he wanted to

take her with some other leaves on a long

journey.

Soon they were sailing away. At last they

grew tired and dropped down into a fence

corner where they slegt all winter.

SEaBuRY CooK.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

More than three hundred years ago a cruel

king ruled over England and made many laws

that the people did not like. One was that

every one must go to his church or go to pris-

on. Many people did not want to do this so

they went to Holland. They were happy there

for a while, but soon their children began to

speak the Dutch language. The parents did

not like this so they made up their minds to go

to America. Because these people were wand-

erers from their old homes they called them-

selves Pilgrims.

After a long, rough, ride in a little boat, called

the Mayflower, they landed on a rock called

Plymouth Rock.

It was some time before Christmas and the

weather was quite cold. The Pilgrims started

to build houses. These houses were very rough

and had many places where the wind could

come in. They did not have glass for the win-

dows, so they used paper dipped in oil. That

winter about half the Pilgrims died.

When spring came they planted corn on the

graves of the dead so that the Indians would

not know how many had died. In the autumn

when the Pilgrims took in their crops they

found that they had a bountiful harvest.

They thought that they would set apart a

day to thank God. So they invited many In-

dians to come and have-a great feast. The

feast lasted three days.

Ever since then we have kept Thanksgiving.

Grorce D. RoMEIKE.

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