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FEBRUARY, 1903

Published Monthly

By the Students of Rutgers College Preparatory School

New Brunswick, N. J.

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Vou. XIV.

New Brunswick, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 5

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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<>

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\ News.

Subscription price, per year, 75 cents

All communications shouid be addressed to the Editor-in-

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

accompanied with the name of the author.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on

one side of he paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute.

It is a favorite amusement with some people

to bewail the degeneracy of this present age,

and to speak with grateful reverence of the

days long since gone by. Everything nowa-

days, they claim, is far inferior to what it was

thirty or forty years ago. According to these

critics, in former ears the men were more man-

ly, the women more womanly, the watermelons

sweeter, the wheat crop larger, the soldiers

braver, the cream richer, the ministers more

eloquent, the students more industrious, the

standard of literature higher and the taxes less

in eighteen seventy than in nineteen three.

Not even the weather is able to escape unfa-

vorabl comment. ‘“ Where,” they say, ‘

the hot summers and the cold winters we used

to have? What miserable imitations the sea-

sons are in these times! ‘There is not a month

in the whole year that really does his duty!”

In regard to that last statement, we have

something to say. We admit that December

is damp, foggy and miserable, that January is

nothing but a succession of frosts and thaws,

but that no month does his duty we deny.

‘There is one month who does all that he can

to sustain the family reputation. And that

month is February. He knows that he is

a winter month, and he always endeavors, with

all the power he possesses, to live up to his

name. He acts in a way that shames the pre-

tensions of all his brothers. Not for him are

the sudden changes of January nor the cold

mists of December. True winter weather

does he give from start to finish. Blizzards,

wind storms and zero weather are his delights.

We may not all appreciate the benefits Febru-

ary bestows upon us, but, at least, we may all

honor him as a month that does his duty.

Ar the time of writing this, there remains

but a little over four months of the school

year. February, March, April, May, and a

part of June—then vacation. But how much

must be crowded into those few months! Two

sets of examinations, the Lane speaking con-

test, the annual Prep. School play, the Easter

vacation and the baseball season, the com-

mencement exercises, the Senior banquet, to

say nothing of the multitude of lessons to be

learned, recited and (perhaps) made up before

the day comes when, for a few short months,

we forsake work for pleasure.

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Tum recent events which compelled us to

use the Annex Building for our recitations,

while they caused some discomfort, were not

without their advantages. The Prep. School

students who were once pupils at the Annex

felt something akin to a feeling of sentiment

as we revisited the scenes of our youthful edu-

cation and sat before the desks we used so

many years ago—ages, it seems to us. When

we were first brought to school we used to

stay most of the time in the rooms upstairs

(then used as a sort of a kindergarten), where

Prof. Burr taught his classes during our recent

visit. The larger children, downstairs, seemed

to us to be beings to be looked up to literally

and figuratively, while the students in the

main School Building were creatures we held

in awe far more than we did our parents and

instructors. We fear that the younger Annex

pupils of to-day have no such ideas, for all

things are different now from what they were

in ninety-five. But we will not pursue this

theme longer, for fear me may fall into the er-

ror mentioned in the first paragraph of this

issue,

THE TANTALUS OF LIFE.

A youth came down the road. His hear-

ing was alert, and his step springy. He

smiled now and then as his eyes rested on a

figure just ahead—a figure emblazoned with

the attributes which his own imagination had

placed upon it—a figure which held in its

goverance all things desired. Ah! it was so

near! It seemed to him that he could almost

touch it by stretching forth his hand. And

then the youth threw back his head and

laughed from pure joy. It was early morning,

the way was pleasant and he was very young,

and very, very sure.

\* \* \* \* \*

At noon a man, in all the strength and vigor

of his prime, had taken the place of the

youth. But he, like the youth, kept his eves

on the figure ahead—a figure which bore all

that he coveted. Somehow he did not have

so much confidence as the youth had had. ‘The

path seemed longer and the figure unkind,

But lo, even as he brooded over its coldness,

it turned, and held out to him four priceless

gifts. The man grasped them eagerly, but

alas! they were spiritual gifts and lacked the

outward show of splendor which belonged to

that which he desired. In his haste to over-

take the figure, he dropped them, one by one,

along the wayside.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the evening it was an old man who tot-

tered along the road, pressing feverishly on-

ward, ever onward, after the figure ahead.

Would it never grant him the boon he craved?

Suddenly the figure turned and the old man

snatched greedily at the glittering prize it of-

fered him, namely, wealth and fame. At last

had come the realization of his desires! and

he held it close. But soon an overwheiming

despair rose within him, and he bowed his

head on his breast. Then he realized that with-

out the gifts he had scorned on the way, fame

and wealth were but empty names. And what

were those gifts? They were friendship, love,

and content. The old man became very sad,

and his heart ached for all that he had lost, for

a youth and manhood that might have been

so different. Then he lifted his head, and gazed

wistfully back along the road he had traveled ;

but night was almost upon him, and it was too

late to turn back. 03.

ALUMNIANA.

Mr. Charles Deshler, who at one time at-

tended this school, recently read another pa-

per on “ Vanished Things of My Time” be-

fore the Historical Club.

Charles Covenhoven is an instructor at Cut-

ler School, New York City.

Sanger Carleton, ‘ot, is representing his

firm at the St. Louis Exposition.

C. Wilber, ’oo, is one of the leading candi-

dates for the Rutgers Gym. team this fall.

J. G. Mason, ’ot, and H. L. Carpender, ’or,

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responded to toasts at the Sophomore banquet

at Rutgers College.

N. Wilber, ’o1, a former “ Senior Editor ”

of this paper, is on the Targum Board this

term.

George Kuehnle, ’o1, is in business at Atlan-

tic City.

T. A. Devan, ’02, will probably be a mem-

ber of the Rutgers Gym. team this year.

'§. A. Van Vechten, ’o2, was married to

Miss Bernadetta Moore on January 15 at the

home of the bride’s parents, on Hamilton

street, this city. Mr. and Mrs. Van Vechten,

who wilil reside at Catskill, N. Y., were mar-

ried by Rev. J. A. O’Grady, of St. Peter’s

Church.

Francis Tate, ex-’03, is now employed by

the Mahtuskek Piano Company.

ANNEX NOTES.

WHY THE PINE TREE IS SAD.

Long, long ago, I lived on an island in the

sea. The waves played at my feet and I was

very happy.

The winds grew jealous of our happiness

und blew away from me the germs of life. My

seeds sprang up again, but on foreign soil.

They were the same shape and color as I was,

but they were very sad from memories of the

good times they had had.

When a slight breeze blows through the pine

tree’s branches it makes a murmuring sound

like the rippling of a brook, but when a strong

east wind blows it makes a moaning sound like

that of a storm-tossed sea. It is the impris-

oned spirit of the pine tree Jonging for the

waves. Lambert Myers.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

During the week ending January thirty-

first, the Bennett-Moulton Company presented

a series of popular dramas at Shortridge’s

Theatre. The company carry good stage set-

tings and always draw a full house when they

play in this city. One of their best produc-

tions was “ Darkest Russia,” which they gave

on the evening of January twenty-seventh.

Although several of the minor parts could

have been improved, still the clever work dorte

by William Freeman as Col. Septimus Cobb,

and the excellent performance of Miss Grayce

Beebe (who took the part of the Countess Von

Rhineberg) more than made up for the slight

deficiencies in the work of some of the rest of

ithe company. In the vaudeville specialties

Miss Beebe proved herself an attractive singer

as well as a charming actress.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We began our new year well by having the

boiler burst. The Annex pupils had to be sent

home while we occupied the building. The

difficulty was that the Preparatory School is

considerably larger than the Annex, and there

was such an overflow of students that even

the attic was titilized.

The desks had evidently been made for the

use of small people, and it was especially hard

for a tall person to sit in a small desk with a

bench under it for the feet.

Every one seemed to be crowded into the

small space in the halls between recitations,

and on the first day about half were asking

where his or her recitation room was.

Although there were some discomforts, such

as not having recess, it was a novelty, and we

were glad to get out of the ordinary routine of

school life.

While the school was in the Annex the

chapel exercises were discontinued.

COBWEBS.

THE RETURNED VALENTINE.

(1.) A young man, tall and handsome, sat be-

side an open grate.

With eyes bedimmed he read a note, that

told him of his fate.

“ Dear Jack,” it ran, “ we now must part

—TI marry Frank to-night,

T send you back your letters, may you

soon forget me quite.”

He sadly turned the letters o’er, with

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trembling hands and slow.

A breeze from through the window one

paper down did blow.

He stooped and picked it up, and, as he

scanned it o’er and c’er,

He saw it was a valentine he’d sent her

long before.

(Cho.) Just a faded valentine, dear to him it

seemed.

It had touched the hands of her, of whose

face he dreamed.

From his heart there rose a sigh, full of

love divine.

To his lips he pressed the poor, faded

valentine.

The years rolled by, the weight of age

was heavy on him laid.

“He's failing fast, and soon,” they said,

“his life’s debt must be paid.”

His form was bent, his hair was white,

but still his heart was true

To her who in the days gone by, his

young affections knew.

And often when the moon shone bright,

he’d rise from out his rest,

And kneeling down, he would unlock a

little oaken chest.

And from it then with vev’rend hands,

while burning tears did flow,

He’d take a token of the maid he’d

loved so long ago.

(2.)

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To his lips he pressed the poor, faded

valentine.

Cho.

MALacut SINCLAIRE.

THE YORKSHIRE DAIRY FARM,

When the birds begin to twitter,

In the early summer morn,

THE ARGO.

And the sun is slow arising,

O’er the hill beyond the corn,

All the world is hushed and quiet,

Free from sorrow and alarm,

Nature seems to send her blessing

To the Yorkshire dairy farm.

As the meadow bars are lowered,

O’er the dew-besprinkled grass,

All the kine in slow procession

To the milking stable pass.

And the milkmaid somes a-singing

With the pail upon her arm.

Oh! who would not choose to linger

On the Yorkshire dairy farm.

Though the folk seem coarse and simple,

Yet their hearts are good and true.

There are no more honest people

’Neath the sky’s cerulian hue.

Do not talk of other countries,

For to me they have no charm,

When I live again in mem’ry

On the Yorkshire dairy farm.

MALACHI SINCLAIRE.

THROUGH THE SURF.

Did you ever go into the surf? Not the way

some do, who on a smooth, sandy beach stand

ttimidly clinging to a rope, while the spent edge

of a wave gently curls around feet and ankles,

thus kept quite safe from any further danger.

No, I mean venturing out through the bound-

ing billows, in a little rowboat, so little that

the waves all around seem a good deal bigger

than you do, and seem to be trying to get on

board your boat, and take the trip with you!

Did you ever do that?

I have; and it was quite an experience! I

went with a fisherman who knew all about it,

and was in the habit of going daily through

the surf to his work. He seated me in the

stern, while he occupied the middle thwart,

with his oars in his hands. ‘Two of his friends

then pushed our boat down the sand, to the

edge of the water. There we waited until an

unusually large wave came and had shot past

Then, at a word from my oarsman, they

s the boat a great shove, and the receding

e carried us down and out, into the whirl-

surf. For a moment we seemed to be mo-

onless; then a big “ comber ” was seen rap-

ly approaching, and it looked to my inex-

erienced eyes as if he were going to “catch

But instead, it caught us! Slipping un-

the bow of-our boat, it lifted it up, so that

seemed to be going to stand on end; then,

a fascinating “swish” it rapidly passed

the rear, and left us in quiet water again.

A few more strokes of the oars and we would

be beyond the breakers, and safely out at sea.

But just then I saw a wave coming toward

us from one side, instead of being directly in

front, as the others had been. I shouted at

y fisherman : “ Look out; there comes one! ”

But almost before he had time to look any-

where, the wave struck us. It was a little

wave and only spattered us a little with its

y. It was heavy enough, however, to

knock the bow of our boat around, so that we

no longer were facing the ocean. Before the

rower was able to head the boat toward the

waves the next one was upon us. Instead of

politely passing under us, as the other big

\_ comber had done, this one proceeded to come

on board, although entirely uninvited! In an

instant we were drenched through and through

and our boat was considerably more than full

of very wet sea water. There was nothing to

do but to return, and get rid of so much wet-

ness. This we did in safety; and our next at-

tempt to go through the surf was quite suc-

cessful and dry. H.

TO WANKOIT—TEN MILES.

Helen and I had decided to surprise the

world! Walk to Wankoit, why not? It was

only ten miles.

“You will never do it,” declared the boys.

ou two girls. It isn’t any walk at all, bu’

have not done eee but drive lat

THE ARGO. 4

all had something else to do, unfortunately.

We started with our supplies, consisting of

a novel of Anna Katherine Green’s, and, most

important, six ham sandwiches a piece. We

started off joyfully, but we returned—but I am

anticipating.

The wal lay along the bay except for about

three miles, when it wound among the pine

woods and in the salt marshes. The sun

seemed unusually warm and we found to our

great dismay that my watch had stopped and

Helen had forgotten her’s. We didn’t talk

much except once—I remarked that ten miles

was a long way.

“Twenty miles is longer, and we are to go

home from Wankoit, I suppose,” said Helen

cheerfully.

I groaned and after that “ conversation lan-

guished.” The sandwiches were all gone, the

sun burned like fire and the dust blew in great

clouds.

At last we— gave up. Yes, gave up our

project, the world would never be surprised.

Alas! the suri was so hot and the way was so

long! I, with a sudden inspiration, named a

brook ahead “ Wankoit,” and we walked to

\* Wankoit.”

Helen ran on ahead and I sat down on a

stump. Suddenly Helen cried out and I ran

over to her. We had hoped that the water

might be good, even though it was a trifle

brackish. Helen completely discouraged this

hope.

“The water is as bitter as gall; the Jews

weren’t a bit unusual in grumbling about Mar-

ah, and Oh! Peg, I’ve sprained my ankle.”

We sat down and wept while the mosqui-

toes sang and feasted on us.

“T suppose we'll have to spend the night

here,” I remarked as cheerfully as I could.

“Why don’t you read aloud i a Helen.

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dismally. Tramps! Our hearts quailed at the

thought. °

How long a time passed before we ceased

weeping I cannot tell. It seemed like ages.

“ Hello, sisters ; can I do anything for you?”

called a voice.

“That’s the tramp,” I cried, and put my fin-

gers in my ears, while Helen, the strong mind-

ed, talked to the driver of the hay wagon.

He was going our way, and, Oh, joy! would

take us home.

“ How far are we from Wankoit?” I asked,

after we had been hauled upon the wagon.

“Mile or so.”

“Please take us to Mrs. B.’s, and say you

found us a way over by Wankoit,” said Helen,

and we both straightway fell into the arms of

Morpheus.

But I desire to add a moral to this instruct-

ive tale: Don’t, if you value a happy home cir-

cle, walk to Wankoit, even when your mothers

are in Boston. 06.

AN UNEXPECTER TURN.

One warm day last summer there was to

be seen going up Easton avenue, one of New

Brunswick’s most beautiful streets, a remark-

able turnout.

Behold a lumpcart driven by an excited

Irishman and drawn by as sorry a looking

horse as ever bore the name.

This ashcart was filled with Italian laborers, :

riding- home from their work, much to the

Irishman’s discomfort. He expostulated with

them, but all in vain. Then he used some

stronger language, but it did no good; an Ital-

ian “ ginnie ” doesn’t understand Irish swear-

ing.

At last a brilliant idea drove like a bullet in-

to Pat's head. Quietly and quickly reaching

down, he pulls out the wooden pin that holds

the front part of a dumpcart down, and at the

same time stepping out on the shafts, whips

up the old horse with the reins.

Meanwhile the Italians are keenly enjoying

Pat’s discomfort and their ride up the hill.

They are jabbering away to their hearts’ con-

tent, when suddenly—swish—and there is a

whirling mixture of picks, Italians and shoy-

els. This so startled the nag that for once in

its old age he runs, and leaves a long trail of

“ginnies ” and their dinner pails stringing

down the hill behind him. And Patrick, the

Wise, rides triumphantly on his way.

A. D., ’o4.

SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES.

By an Old Boy.

The happiest hours that pass in review as

one reaches the noonday of life are those spent

in the school room. Such is my excuse for

penning a few reminiscences of my younger

days. Uninteresting, perhaps to the young

readers of the Argo, but wonderfully bright

spots in the memory of the wtiter.

A part of my education was acquired in the

historic valley of Wyoming at the Seminary

located at Kingston. At that time a college

education was a rarity, and this school was

conducted somewhat on the plan of a modern

department store with everything under one

roof. In the first place, the Seminary was co-

educational; it graduated ministers, teachers,

bankers, scientists and “sweet girl graduates.

It was a theological seminary, a men’s college,

a preparatory school, a commercial school and

a women’s college rolled into one.

The buildings were not unlike those of Hert-

zog Ifall. Students of both sexes and many

of the faculty lived in the buildings, besides

which there were day scholars and students

who boarded in the town. We had the oppor-

tunity of securing quite a broad education for

the time, and, as after events showed, gradu-

ates went forth to fill high places in the world.

(Several well-known New Brunswickers were

at this school.) We were kept closely at work

and study and had little time for play. My

diary shows that the first bell Tang at 5.30 in

the morning, and at intervals of about a half

hour from that time until ten at night. A rec-

ord was kept of how each scholar spent his

time, and he was marked accordingly. At the

first bell in the morning (at half-past five) we

———\_—e

THE ARGO.

arose, washed and dressed. A monitor opened

the door at six to see if we were at our

studies. At seven o’clock was breakfast, and

if one was five minutes late he had to wait an

hour, with several marks off. The faculty sat

at the table with us. The fare was coarse, but

plentiful and good. To this day I can taste the

hot biscuits with syrup and no butter, and I

long for more.

We attended chapel at 8.40 in the morning

and again at four in the afternoon. All the

rest of the time we studied and recited (ex-

cept for short recreation periods) until the

ninth evening bell at 8.30, which meant pre-

pare for bed. At a quarter before ten all lights

were out.

There were no chambermaids or janitors;

the students took care of their own room, kept

the halls clean and did all the work about the

buildings. It was here that I learned the way

to make up a bed. The rooms were all in-

spected every morning by a detail from the

faculty, and strife was keen to rank high in

the art of bed making and general tidiness.

It was sometimes difficult to maintain this or-

der when a band of students would get out on

a lark and visit adjoining rooms, “rough

house ” them and spoil all the nice work.

It was an impressive occasion every evening

between seven and eight when a deputation of

the faculty marched through the halls, pre-

ceded by a messenger who opened every door.

The faculty passed solemnly into and around

the room and out with never a word spoken.

Connected with the Seminary was quite a

tract of land and it was my lot to be one of a

number who paid their way by work upon this

land. Planting, hoeing and gathering crops

were among the tasks assigned and they took

up recreation hours and holidays.

The classes were conducted in the good old

way. There were few lectures, we recited and

Were quizzed, questioned and drilled. I was

in the pedagogical class in mathematics, and

we were taken through a whole book in a few

lessons. For practice we were turned in to in-

struct under classes; classes were brought in

from the public schools and assigned over to

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our guidance. Occasionally, two or three of

the faculty would come in and purposely make

misstatements or give wrong premises and we

were required to argue with them.

We were required to attend prayer meeting

one evening during the week. On Sunday we

went to church twice and attended Bible Class.

Sunday evening the “ Theologs” practiced

preaching upon us.

Once each term we had an examination con-

ducted before a deputation from the Board of

Trustees and faculty, our own professor being

only allowed to look on. ‘The questions were

on slips of paper dropped in a box, and in an-

swering them the student walked to the box,

drew out a slip and began his explanation or-

ally without preparation, I grew several inches

on one of these occasions, when my professor

in physics suggested to the Board that they

pass me by to save time, as I could clearly an-

Swer any question that could be asked on the

subjects covered in the course.

THE STANLAWS GIRL.

Among the artists in black and white of to-

day, Penrhn Stanlaws (or Penhryn Stanely

Adamson, as his real name is) stands unique.

Take a sketch by Stanlaws, and one by Gibson,

and mix them with a number of other draw-

ings. You will find that it is next to impossi-

ble for any one who is not an artist to pick out

the Gibson picture from the rest. But any one

who has ever seen a Stanlaws sketch can at a

glance distinguish that drawing in which the

gracefulness, the clearness of outline, the deli-

cacy of touch and the daintiness of the whole

proclaim the whole figure a Stanlaws girl.

Like Gibson, Stanlaws has become famout

in the world of art mainly through his pictures

of beautiful women. An artist can distinguish

a Gibson sketch wherever he sees it, but an

ordianry observer would nine times out of ten

take a drawing by Christy, Fithian, Werner,

Hutt, or by one of the thousand copies of

Gibson for one of Gibson’s own sketches. Not

so with Stanlaws. His girls are in a class by

themselves, separate from all the rest. Gib-

THE ARGO.

76

son and his followers form one school of

sketching. Stanlaws alone forms another.

The Stanlaws girl has a certain freshness,

an indefinable charm, a Stanlaws atmosphere

about her that is impossible to reproduce in a

copy. She is just a trifle below medium height.

She is all graceful lines and exquisite curves,

with never the slightest suspicion of angularity

about her. No matter what costume she may

wear, even though it be that most unbecoming

of attires, the riding habit, she looks the same

dainty piece of womanhood as when gowned

for evening. ¢

She has not the bored look of the Gibson

maiden, and yet her face is not always smiling.

She is not lank, like one of Du Maurier’s

women, nor on the other hand is she short and

thickset, She is always charming, for Stan-

laws, of all living artists, has never drawn an

ugly woman.

Men may gaze with admiration, for a time,

on the exquisite creations of Howard Chand-

ler Christy. They may look with pleasure, for

a time, on the beautiful work done by Gibson.

But one and all will turn with delight to that

delicious bit of pen and ink art, the Stanlaws

girl, the queen of black and white sketches.

A.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS.

During the past month, while our daily reci-

tations were being held in the Annex Build-

ing, a new boiler was placed in the basement

of the.school. This act was necessitated by

the breaking down of the old boiler, which,

upon examination, was judged to be past re-

pair. The new heating apparatus is a strong,

well-built specimen of the machanic’s skill.

It is a large Mercer boiler, and there is no

doubt that its powers of giving warmth are

of the highest order.

The American History Class (composed of

members of the Third and Fourth Forms)

= finished about half of the volume. Week-

¥ recitations (on Monday »

in this Aah by ca “

y Ys is hoped

that the majority of the class will be Prepared

for their history examinations before many

months have passed.

Although the school year is half over, new

students are still coming in. Recently Mr.

Nicholas Vreeland came to or school to take

a post-graduate course. Mr. Louis Seeger

of Millstone, has become a member of the Ses.

ond Form, as has Mr. Winckler, of New

Brunswick. New members of the Second Di-

vision of the First Form are Mr. H. Marks

and Mr. J. Claude Thompson, of Middlebush,

Mr. Nathan C. Wyckoff, of Blackwell’s Mills

has entered the First Division of the Fiest

Form.

During the past two months the first and

second medals awarded to privates for excel-

lence in drilling have been given respectively

to Messrs. Heath and Opdyke. The Argo

hereby congratulates both gentlemen upon

their success.

Every Rutgers Preparatory School student

should be interested in the recent gift from

the State of New Jersey to Rutgers College.

This well deserved present will increase ma-

terially the already established prosperity of

the college, and will probably in an indirect

manner be of benefit to the Preparatory

School.

SQUEAKS,

Cribbing is stealing from some one besides

yourself.

First Speaker: “ Did you know that there

was a big scrap inside? ”

Second Speaker: “No. Where is it?”

Third Speaker: “ In the waste-basket.”

At examinations please remember that

erasers are always rubbering, but you can let

your pencil give you a point, if you like.

Prof. B——r (translating Cicero): “He

depreived him of death.”

W—n (translating Cicero): “He killed

the wife of his sister-in-law.”

Ge n (translating Cicero) : “I will die

with an equal mind.”

The foliowing example has been solved by

THE ARGO,

Case, of this school, after some scientific

and practical experimenting:

Ie: To one pocket plus one hole add

What is the

Mr.

research

Examp

one pint of Arachis hypogea.

ee Case will be delighted to elucidate

. oroblem to all interested in its solution.)

gee following stanza (arranged from the

our well beloved German Reader)

of ee

Pr the great historical tragedy,

will appear in

Das Stutsbartchen:

Hute dich, Mooklein

Blieb von der /\*alle

Die in dem Winkel

Aufgestellt ist!

Kommst du zu nahe

Ist es geschehen

Und du erliegest

Heimlicher List!

(1 our readers do not understand this, they

are requested to inquire of the gentleman

named above.

F—r (translating German): “ The shep-

herd shaved the sheep.”

HoR! Hor.!

All this infection business

Has stirred us so about,

That we’re all vaccinated

To keep the smallpox out.

But we don’t fear the smallpox,

We're all immune, you bet;

There’s a Case right here among us,

And no one’s caught it yet.

A FIRE AT NIGHT.

About eight-thirty p. m. one evening, I was

sitting at my desk studying my lessons, when

snddenly the fire alarm rang. I listened and

found tht it was about seven blocks from my

home, Looking out of my window, I saw a

ee glare, as if the whole sky was illumin-

ated,

I then grabbed up my hat and rushed down

'0 the scene of the fire. When I got there,

very much out of breath, I sa wthat it was a

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barn with a quantity of hay in it that was

burning,

play upon the burning buildings, and soon th

fire was under control. It was a very ers

ful sight, but it Was a costly one, :

Some people say that a free lunch or enter-

tainment will draw a large crowd; but I think

there is nothing like a fire for that purpose

It seemed as if it were a public exhibition ie

stead of a disastrous affair.

Any person who was there would have

thought the town was turned loose. Old men

and women, boys and girls, and even mothers

with their baby Carriages, in fact, everybody

was there, from the highest to the lowest.

\_Then when the fire is out, how quickly they

disperse! Every one seems to vanish, and in

a few minutes the place is practically deserted,

So ends an exciting hour. It affords excite-

ment for all, and when it is finally ended, some

wish it had been a little longer. TT. F. P,

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM PRISON.

The following lines are interesting, not

from any literary merit which they may have,

but from the fact that they were written by

William Redmond, Esq., the Irish member of

Parliament whom the English government

sent to prison for alleged treasonable utter-

ances. Mr. Redmond is a man who has the

interest of his country always at heart, and

his imprisonment is regarded by many as quite

unjustifiable. He evidently has the gift of

keeping up his spirits, as the following (which

was sent to Patrick Ford, Esq., and printed in

his paper, The Irish World and American In-

dustrial Liberator) plainly shows:

To Parrick Forp:

A Merry Christmas and a bright New Year

To you and every one that you hold dear ;

Greetings you'll get galore from far and wide,

But this one comes to you from right inside

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The prison and from this my little cell,

I wish you all the good that words can tell.

CuristMAs IN PRISON—well it’s not so bad,

Don’t for a moment think that I am sad,

God bless you, no! I’m very well, indeed,

With lots to think about and lots to read,

And friendly faces, too, when I desire,

I see by simply looking in the fire.

A visit, too, 1 had from Santa Claus!

The dear old fellow broke the prison laws,

How he got in I never could make out,

But there he was without a single doubt!

A wreath of berries on his head he wore

And in his hand a silver goblet bore,

And from this goblet, with the utmost care,

Some drops he sprinkled on my head and hair!

And then he gave me such a knowing wink !

"This stuff is good,” he said, “but not to

drink!”

He told me what it was before he went,

What do you think? The essence of Content.

\* \* \* \* \*

This gift, dear friend, with you I fain would

share,

“ Content ” I wish you, for I’ve lots to spare!

Witt1aAm Repmonp, M. P.

THE ARGO.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to the large amount of other material

which was on hand, we have been obliged to

omit the Exchange Column from the last two

issues. Accordingly, we have been unable to

print criticisms of the Christmas numbers sent

us by many school papers throughout the

country. It is too late to say much about the

Christmas numbers, but we will make especial

mention of these issues of the Vail-Deane Bud-

get (Elizabeth, N. J.) and the Cutler Fort-

nightly, as having been even more than usual-

ly attractive. Some very clever drawings

added much to the appearance of the last-

named paper.

We notice with pleasure that a committee

has been appointed to revise the constitution

of the Targum Association of Rutgers Col-

lege (New Brunswick, N. J.). The present

management of this paper is doing excellent

work, but it is handicapped by the system

which is used.

The January Breese (Blair’s Hall, N. J.)

contains a story called “ The Reward of Kind-

ness.” This story is cleverly written, but the

plot is rather hackneyed.

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