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\_THE

VoL. XVIIL.

New Brunswick, N, J., APRIL, 1907. No,

@ THE BLUE-BIRD 2

“I say, Jud,” said Lee Redford, throwing

down the pick he had been using, “aren’t you

sick of this old mine? Here we've been work-

ing over a year now, and haven’t got enough

out of it to keep us in groceries. i guess we

would starve if it weren’t for Hannah and the

men—Let’s quit it.”

“Well, Lee, I surely am discouraged, but

as it is we manage to get along somehow,

while if we did give up the mine, how would

we live?”

“We could join the next band of mule-

drivers that goes over the mountain and in

two or three trips we could make enough to

buy two mules and start business tor our-

selves.”.

“That certainly is a good idea, Jud. I won-

der why we didn’t think of it before? If we

stay here in this old worked-out mine, it isn’t

likely we'll ever get a cent ahead; but if we

start in as you suggest, we may save some-

thing after a while, and besides we'll be going

to different places and we may hear something

of our fathers—yes, I think it would be best.

Come on, let’s stop right here. brig your

tools up to the camp and we'll tell Hannah

about it.” So saying, Lee shoulderea his pick

and spade, took up his dinner pail and lan-

tern, and made his way out of the mine close-

ly followed by his chum.

The above conversation toux ptace some

years ago, between two boys—Judson Bailey

and Lee Redford. Lee was fourteen now and

Judson, or Jud, as he was called, was one

year his junior. ‘The boys’ mothers were both

dead, and six years before, their fathers had

taken the gold craze and come «est. By some

chance they had become -acquainted with one

Pedro Gomez, a Mexican, better known in

that part of the country as “Slippery Pete,”

and these three had bought up a prosperous

mine and worked it with good results. Han-

nah, a faithful colored nurse, had accompanied

Mr. Redford and in that rough mining-town

had brought up the two boys like none of “de

low whit’ trash,” of the commun cy.

For three years the Bluebird mine yielded

good washings, but then she began to fail.

Nuggets became more and more scarce until

finally the partners agreed to abandon her

and seek new diggings. So one morning the

three set out over the mountain trail, ieaving

Jud and Lee and Hannah behind.

That was two years ago and since then

neither Mr. Redford nor Mr. Bailey have

been seen. Slippery Pete had come back after

a month’s absence, with a pitiful tale of his

companions. ‘The three were traveling along

a narrow path on the brink of a precipice.

when Mr. Redford’s horse slipped and fell.

Mr. Bailey ran to his friend’s assistance, but

in his haste he tripped over a loose stone and

the two had plunged into the chasm below.

After searching a week for the missing men,

Pedro had given them up as dead and re-

turned with the sad news. He worked the

old mine for a while, then in remembrance of

his former comrades and pity for their sons,

as he said, he sold his share of the mine to

Uannah for five hundred of the stx hundred

dollars she had so carefully saved up. Al-

thought the boys were young they realized their

THE ARGO.

66

and set to work in their nine to keep

f need until their fathers

whom they could never

think of as dead. After nearly a year and a

half of work the mine had turned out so little

that without the aid of the kind-hearted min-

ers, they could scarcely have gotten along.

Under these circumstances the conversation

with which our story opens took piace. The

boys had decided to be mule-drivers, but this

was destined never to be.

That night, after their evening meal, the

boys told Hannah of their plan and after some

time she consented and now the boys only

awaited their chance.

Although during the early part of the night

the sky was clear, toward morning ra‘ clouds

began to form and by the time the boys were

up a storm was raging fiercely. For four days

the rain kept up. Streams were swolien and

mines flooded. On the morning of the fifth

day, the clouds broke away and the sun came

out, But it was some time before the miners

could get into their mines and when they did

get in destruction was very evident. The

water had loosened the roofs of the drifts and

it would require a great deal of labor to throw

out. the dirt which had caved in.

“Tee,” said Jud, one morning, “let’s go

down into the Bluebird and see what she looks

like.”

“All right, come on,” said Lee.

The Bluebird was no exception to the mines

in the vicinity. The roof of tne fest drift

had fallen, filling it up; the side of the second

bad caved in, leaving only a small passage-

way. The hoys slowly made their way up the

heap of dirt and--all at once Lee’s foot struck

something hard and he went sprawling down

to the bottom. “Say, Jud, what did I strike

my toe against? It sounded hollow. Look and

see what it is.”

, “O, Lee, come here quick; it’s x box! Catch

hold and help me take it out where we can

see what it is.”

‘The boys dragged the boy out of the drift

position

themselves out 0

should came back,

and examined it. They found it to

: b

pine box with heavy hinges, having mom

plate on the top engravel wich a Silver

th the

ary

Thomas Redford, James Baney th Words

¥—thei

savings.” “Hurrah! Lee, it is our . joint

safe. Now that they are gone it bec

Ns to

us. See if vou can open it.”

“No, I have tried already.

to force off the hasp. It is too late y:

tonight and it is too heavy for us to oe that

to camp, so the best thing we can io -

leave it here over night. Here, push > ”

this dark corner and throw some loose - .

over it. No one would ever see it there % =

if they knew it was in the mine, I don’t be.

lieve. Come on, let’s go home. We ‘oak

mention this to Hannah until we have Sinai

out what it contains.”

As the boys were leaving the mine, they

were not pleased to see the crafty face of

Slippery Pete looking down at them. “Hullo

boys! What were you shoutin’ si for? Find

some nuggets, or a short way to China, or a

box of money? Just comin’ down to see what

was up. Well, s'long. I’m goin’ away to

spend the night with a friend oi mine up the

trail.”

“Lee,” said Jud, after he had gone, “I don’t

like that fellow. He may have been a friend

of our parents, but just the same I think he

knows more about them than he is making

out; at any rate I wish he hadn’t heard us

shout when we found that box. 1 didn’t know

we said anything so loud, did you? But I

suppose we must-have.”

“©, I don’t believe he’ll think much about it

Jud. Besides you know he said he was going

away to stay over night and by tomorrow this

time we'll have it opened and whatever there

is in it hidden. Don’t say anything more

there’s Hannah looking for us.”

The next morning as soon as they ate th

breakfast, the boys took some tools and start-

ed for the mine. They could scarcely keep

from running, so eager were they tv get t

work on the box. On coming to the min&

We will have

heir

THEDARGU. . &7

they-ded mot sotice the square imprints im the

mod at the entrance nor ded they see the mar-

row track made by some vehicle nearby

Throwing down ther tools, they both began

vearimg down the pile of lose boards from

over the box. Suddenly Lee excisimey, “Jud,

we Gidn't pile these boards up this war, they

have been moved. O, I hope no-ome has taken

our box!” Frentically now they threw off the

hoards and found the hox—gome. ~ well, it’s

gome somewhere, end &% certainly could aot

heve gone Ga by itseli. Someone either as

taken it or has hidden it somewhere Let's

look around for #.~

For half an hour the boys looked, bet no

box did they see. Sadly they went ont of

the mine. “Oh, Lock here, Jud, here's the

print of something square It has been oor

box 2s suse as the world. Someone has let it

down in the mud, yes here are toot-prints lead-

ing out this way and here's a barrow track—

look, it leads ont toward the trail. I see

now. Someone has stolen the box and carried

it of I think the best thing we can dois to

go tell Sheriff Shinn about i.”

The blunt sheriff listened keenly to the boys’

recital, then began to question them. Strange

to say the boys did not mention Slippery Pete

in their story, but in answering the questions

it came out and when Sheriff Shinn dismissed

the boys he was pretty certain who was guilty.

He went at once to the mine and examined

the tracks. Soon a crowd of sympathetic

men collected. All expressed great pity and

friendliness for the boys and the one who ex-

pressed himself particularly friendly was

Slippery Pete.

In the crowd was a stranger. He ker: silent,

but constantly scanned the faces of those

about him. At last his eyes lighted up and

meking his way up to a man on the edge of the

crowd he began to speak: “Men,” sa:d he, “]

2m a2 stranger here. 1 came last night, sent

irom Denver b: miners who once lived among

you. I was delayed on the way and it was

about one o'clock last night when I came

along here. | happenedto be commg along

the trail about epposite this place pretty quiet-

ly. when all 2t ence I saw a horse in front of

me. I didn’t say anything and stepped one

side. Then i noticed-the horse-was without

a rider. Soon i heard voices and I saw two

men coming from this mine with a wheel-

herrom.\_As they came nearer, I saw they had

2 box and by the war ther were working I

jedeed it must be pretty heavy. They came

mp to the horse and loaded the box on it.

damping the barrow down the gulir. I fol-

lowed the horse becacse I feit sare there must

be some crooked work going on. I saw where

the box was pet and I saw the faces of the

robbers. Ther were the man whom yor call

Slippery Pete and this man here, Jack Champ,

etherwise Captain John C. Busch.”

Tke two men were quickly surrounded,

then again the stranger spoke: “It is a pe-

culiar thing that at one time I should find the

focr persons whom | wanted to find more

than you can imagine. Some years ago I was

a sailor on a small steamer owned by that man

Captain John C. Busch. I must admit that

our business was not always of the most hon-

est kind. One day, some two years ago, there

came on board our ship three men, miners

prospecting for gold, they appeared to be.

They went below and immediately we put off

from land. These three men were Thomas

Redford, James Bailey and Pedro Gomez. At

once I suspected a plat so I listened at the

cabin door to hear what was said. I heard

that the three had been partners in a mining

venture which for a time had turned oxt well

then failed. Gomez had lost his money by

gambling and now demanded of tue other

two their money for their release from the

ship. This they refused to do. Some days

aiterward, on account of their stubbomness,

Captain Busch turned Redford and Bailey

adrift on the sea in a small row-boat. I was

tired of the life I was leading, so when I got

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69.

THE ARGO.

68

The Argo.

Published Bfonthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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

accompanied with the name ot 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.

On Friday, September 18, we knocked out

a tong, swift fly ball. We started for first

base and reached it December 20. From De-

cember 20 until March 29, by extra sprinting

we reached third. From now until June 12,

we have the way from third to home-plate

stretching out before us. If it were a game

of base-ball how we would exert ourselves to

gain the goal. ‘The last term of the school

vear is ahead of us and before we can realize

it, it will be behind us. When it is behind

us will we be proud to look back upon it or

will we not? That is a question each must

answer for himself. And may each one answer

it in the way he knows it should be answered

and from now until the close of school prove

his answer a true one.

er ES

Now that the hard winter 1s over, end our

basket-ball team has played out its schedule

we turn to base-ball.

One thing in which Americans may pride

themselves is base-ball. The first organization

for playing the game was the Knickerbocker

Base-Ball Club, of New York City, formed

September 23, 1845. In the years since then

how the game has grown; now thousands

play it, and millions flock to see it played. It

has become our national game. But why this

rapid growth? Why so much interest shown

for it? ‘The reason is this—there is no other

outdoor sport now in vogue in America that

equals base-ball either as an exciting sport te

Witness or as a game offering healthy and

manly exercise. A match game scarcely lasts

two hours, but from the instant the ball is ir

play until the end of the game interest is al-

ways kept up and opportunities are afforded

for displays of courage, pluck, activity and

quick thinking. On the other hand great

skill is required in handling a bat well and

sound judgment and nerve are required for

running the bases. ‘The whole making an un-

equaled exercise for mind and body. It is a

game suited to Americans.

We are Americans and we like baseball

Surely something is w rong with the boy whe

does not like this, the truest and most health-

ful of sports. The one fault with the g game in

a school like ours, is that only nine men can

represent the whole in match games with

other schools. But afternoons more than nine

men may play. Come out and have a game

vith the fellows. Who knows you may prove

voursel® skillful enough to be one of the

lucky nine, and even if you are not, and hour's

play of baseball will do you more personal

good than the same time spent in alteast any

other way.

THE ARGO.

ALUMNI NOTES.

‘08, B. L. Cropsey has gone to China to

take a position with Dunning & Co., importers

: hai. He will be absent two years.

at Shang!

‘o4, A. J. Kilmer has been elected an asso-

ciate editor of the “Spectator” at Columbia

University.

The marriage of W. B. Collier, ’03, to Miss

Frona Stone, of Denver, Colorado, has been

announced. Dr. Collier’s residence is to be

oo South Broadway, Denver.

‘96, M. S. Purdy was married Wednesday.

April roth, to Miss Laura Kathryn Hopper, in

the First Reformed Church, Hackensack, N. J.

Jix-'o7, Raymond J. Hendrickson, who has

been compelled to leave school on account of

his eyes, is associated with the firm of J, Hen-

drickson & Co., manufacturing stationers, New

York City.

‘The marriage of G. FE, Shettle, ’o0, to Miss

Florence Mlizabeth Reddell, took place at St.

Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Wednesday, April

3d. Shettle was editor of the Argo while in

our school, and the Argo extends to him its

hearty congratulations.

Professor A, 1, Boulton, Professor of Teng

lish in New York University, will spent next

year in study abroad, Professor Boulton was

instructor in Greek and Mnglish in our sehool

for two years, and left in '99 to take the po:

sition in N.Y. U,, whieh he has held ever

since, Professor Boulton's wife was instructor

inthe Annex, when she was Miss MeNair,

lix-og, Judson Dunlap, of Hlizaseth, who is

attending: school at Mereersburg, was a visitor

at the “Trap” recently,

Hewis Ry Harris has opened an office for

the general practice of Jaw at No, 10 Wall

Meet, Horough of Manhattan, New York,

‘or, Charles P, Wilber, was praduated on

Mareh yth from the Yale Forestry School

With the depree of Maater of Horestry,

‘06, Mins Mary Gillespie, who ne wow ate

tending Mt, Holyoke, visited the school on

the last day of the winter term,

69

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOL.

Mr. Powell tells us that in some mines there

is so much gas that often you have to drop to

your feet.

We have heard that strange things happen

in coal mines, but it must be wonderful to see

men walking around on their hands.

W—k, as his French sentences are being

corrected on the board—O, I left out a letter

there. I re-copied it wrong,

Nothing like being plain spoken, W—k.

A very prominent member of the third form

Virgil class defines a tobacco vender as one

who chews tobacco,

The Fourth-form wonders why “Chet” Ly-

all changed his seat in the English class,

ieee

B—m—nn, (who has been asked to take a

front seat during a Latin examination) —Mr,

Powell, T have done fiv questions ; may [ take

a back seat to do these principal parts?

Yes, Wyk, we are all wishing for the fine

weather; many of us also look “swell” in a

straw hat,

Some definitions from the second and third

forms:’ Placid, “a kind of dress”; Chiffonier,

“aman who runs an auto's Diaphragm, “that

Which is used jin Bagtist’s Dyspepsia, “a

kind of decease”; Hypocrite, “a fool: Hydro-

phobia, “dead water’; Coercion, “a clerk”;

Concession, “a giants Insurrection, “being

raised from the dead,”

THE BLUEBIRD,

CONTINUDD PROM PAQI 6%,

achance T put off too, but with a good lot of

provisions, Teame up to the omer boat, and

Knowing hove parts pretty well, | managed to

Hit an island before the next night, During

70

that night, however, the tide washed away our

boats. On this island we stayed for over a

year. ‘Two months ago we maanged to hail

a steamer which brought us back ce civiliza-

tion. We made our way to Denver waere my

two companions stopped to attend to some

business. ‘They sent me on here to find out

how their boys had fared. Now you can tell

how I felt about finding these two men here

also, and in the very act of taking the money

they had tried so desperately to obtain. As

for myself, I am quite willing to turn state’s

evidence against Captain Busch, or Jack

Champ, as you know him, for carrying on a

THE ARGO.

smuggler’s trade along the coast. I hope this

will clear-me. Now I want someone to vol-

unteer to get that box with me and then I

want to taik to these boys about their fathers.”

It is needless to say that very ezon Jud and

Lee were united with their fathers. Jack

Champ and Slippery Pete were sentenced to

a Jong term in prison. Robert Parkins, as the

stranger who did so much for the boys proved

to be, was taken in partnership with the two

old miners forming together the Bluebird

Mining Company, which soon afterward be- -

ame one of the richest and most powerful

Cc

P.: Ky. OF

companies in that section.

THE PLAN THAT FAILED

One-summer afternoon in 1854 Hank Hardy

agin a dark corner of the stable

He was the stable-boy at

’ the principal building in

was sittir

cleaning harness.

the “Red Lion Inn,’

a small town in Kentucky.

At that time the whole country was stirred

up about the slavery question. The Northern-

ers tried to keep the runaway slaves from the

officers pursuing them and in most cases

were succeeding very well.

While Hank was quietly at work, two rid-

ers came up to the stable-door and. not sce-

ing anyone around to take. their horses, pro-

ceeded to stable them themselves.

“Don’t they have any stable-boy around

here?’’’ asked one. “I'm too tired to turn

my horse in myself, but I guess I'll have to

Say, Ferd, did I tell you how I succeeded? I

is around to hear. They say

that they work the ‘underground railsoad

quite a lot around these parts. I was talking

toa Mr. Hardy down by the mill. I told him

I had come to rouse Up the people against

slavery, and showed him some copies of the

‘Liberator.’ Hardy said that they were pretty

well roused. up already and then he told me

what..was going ‘on. I guess. no one would

guess no one

suspect that we are officers after runaway

slaves.”

Hank had stopped short and was liste

Then the man continuea with a

“Yes, Hardy told me that he was go-

ing down with a big wagon to the mill at

six o'clock tomorrow morning to get some

e same time some fugitives

would transfer to his

a lot in theit

ning

intently.

chuckle,

grain and at th

whom another party

wagon. I guess the miller helps

Now, Ferd, do you know what I'll do!

urse Hardy doesn’t suspect anything

ill come back from the min right. past

Now I will be out in front of the tavern

comes along

game.

Of co

and w

kere.

talking to the men and when he c

I'll hold him up in great style. I tell you

we'll get those niggers all right. We'll teach

these people a lesson.” “Well, that’s fine

Abe.” said Ferd, “we'll make a good capture,

but be sure and keep up our disguise. Let’s

get a front room, so we can watch the road,’

and the two mena sauntered toward the house

As soon as they were inside, Hank Dolted out

the back door of the stable and made for home

as fast as he could run across the fields.

The family were just sitting down to sup-

t into the house. He tock

per when he burs

ll that he had

his father aside and. told: him a

THE ARGO, yt

Mr, Hardy was at once disturbed

aard.

— k, 1 did tell him all that and I won-

“Yes, Han

dered at the time it 1 wasn't a fool to do it

pat he talked so much against slavery that I

wanted him to know we were doing something

here. But still, Hank, I think we gan get

around those officers.”

Here Mr. Hardy whispered earnestly into

his son’s ear for a minute and then both smil-

ing, they sat down to eat.

‘As it happened two other men were smiling

at the same time, but at the other siae of the

prospect. The next morning the two men at

the Inn were up early and lounging around

the front door talking earnestly about the

current events from a Northerner’s point oi

view. As six o'clock drew near, unconscious-

ly they kept a close watch on the resd from

the mili. No one came! Had their plan been

discovered? But just then-a covered wagon

slowly came into sight, seemingly full of grain.

The men looked at each other and tried not

to be excited, but they could not help it when

they saw their prey coming right into their

hands. Just before the wagon got to the Inn

the driver, who was none other tuan Mr.

Hardy, started the horses on a trot and acted

very uneasily. When he came opposite the

Inn both the strangers pulled out ugly look-

ing pistols and commanded “Halt!”

All the loungers shrank back, frightened,

but Hardy only whipped up his horses and

made a desperate effort to get away. A shot

rang out—then came a shriek and a black

face appeared above the grain bags. “Get my

horse,” commanded both the men at once, but

as no one seemed inclined to do so they rushed

to the stable and got the horses themselves

This took time, however, and by the time they

were mounted the wagon was nearly half a

mile down the road. Then the chase began!

But the horses drawing the wagon were tired

aud could not keep up their mad pace much

longer. The men were overtaking the wagon!

Hardy saw them coming nearer and nearer!

Then they got out their pistols! He could do

nothing else, so he pulled up his horses,

“We arrest you ona charge of aiding in the

escape of slaves,”

“But L have no slaves in this wagon,” pro-

tested Mr, Hardy,

“No slaves,” yelled the man and he jumped

on the wagon and there in the middle of the

meal bags was — Hank Hardy! with his face

just the color of his black hair!

“The joke’s on you this time, Mr. Ufficer,”

said Hardy, “by the time you get back to the

Inn those slaves will be miles from here. J

had some wagons start with them over the

back road just before I started up past the

Inn and I guess now they are out of your

reach. This fellow here is just clouded up

for the occasion with a burnt cork. IL hap-

pened to hear of your arrival and so got the

lead on you this time. You can’t arrest me

for I didn’t touch the slaves. I just watched

them go. Now, Mr. Officer, before we part

I'd like to wish you better luck next time.”

POCKMAN.

AN INCIDENT OF MY LIFE.

My master is an officer in the United States

army and I am his best friend. My name is

Custer. I am a bull-dog. My master. has

taught me a number of tricks, especially to

love the flag of my country. I am allowed to

accompany him on his campaigns. ’

Once we were on a campaign against a

band of savage Indians who had massacred

people and burned their homes. I was lying

in the shade inside the tent. My master was

on duty, but there was a sentinel in front of

the tent. Suddenly | heard a shot\_followed by

a savage yell, but I did not stir as I knew the

Indian had been shot. The sentinel poked his

head into the tent and reached for a canteen;

then I heard a second shot and a groan from

the soldier and a dozen savages rushed up

tore down the flag, and ran off.

I ran to the men on guard, who had heard

the shots, and then I led the way back to our

TIIE ARCO.

72

tent. 1 soon found where the enemy had

gone and ‘being encouraged by my master, we

set out in pursuit. Each man hunted by him-

self, while my master and I went together.

As we were going along I caine upon a

sight that angered me. ‘There was that gang

of Indians rubbing the flag in the faces of

seme of the soldiers who had accompanied

my master to the woods. Just then something

interested me even more. I heard a rustling

of ieaves behind me and on turning I saw two

Indians attack my master. He succeeded in

killing these, but received in his right arm

an arrow which made him drop his weapon.

He was then bound and taken back by those

Indians 1 had seen in the camp.

I was roused by what I saw. t-¢ and the

other men were bound to posts and whipped

then left under the care of one Indian. He

set fire to the flag, after stamping on it, and

threw it on the ground; then he went .nto the

wigwam. I saw my chance, and running to

my master, viciously tugged at the rope which

bound him until finally I broke it. Then I

grabbed the flag, and jumping on it, at last

put out the fame. But I had set the wigwam

on fire. Out ran the Indian, and my master

who had taken up a gun which he nau rounc

lying on the ground, shot him dead.

Then my master scribbled 2 note and tied

it to my collar telling me to go to the camp.

I ran with all my might and soon was com-

ing back with a detachment of soldiers. It

was not long before they entered into the

fight against the Indians, who were threaten-

ing to kill my friends. We came off victori-

ous and I was taken back and pres-nted to

the general as the “preserver of the flag.”

H. F. SMITH.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

The Tale (Tail) of a Rattle Snake.

Once upon a time, a gentleman, while upon

his daily walk in the woods, and hearing a

peculiar rattle, poked curiously about among

the bushes. He was sure a rattle-snake was

making the noise; yet he was not afraid, for

he was protected by his high walking boots

and his cane. Just off the path he zoxnd <

snake unable to move because of a stone lying

on its head. Cautiously the gentleman re-

moved the rock and waited co see what the

snake would do. Instead of striking, the rat-

tler rubbed its head against its benefactor’:

boot and rattled its tail gently, just us a cat

would purr. As the man tu:neu to go, the

snake followed, but was forced to stop when

they came to a brook.

Every time after this when he went into

this region, the rattler was sure to appear and

follow him. At last he decided to take it

home and make a pet of it—he was a bachelor

and there was no one to object. But when his

friends found out “what that was in the box

behind the stove,” their visits became less fre-

quent, for they did not feel comfortable in the

same room with this strange pet. Finally they

did not come at all, until an event occurrec

which convinced every one of them of the

value of the rattler as a friend.

One night after the bachelor had been asleep

for some time, he was awakened by a great

commotion down stairs. Upon investigation

he found the snake wound about a burglar, its

fangs buried deep in his flesh and its tail out

of the window, rattling for a policeman!

‘08.

Aunres Motes,

Henry W. Longfellow.

When Henry W. Longfellow was a boy he

spent many happy days on his grandfather's

farm. The thing he loved most, was in the

long winter evenings to sit before the old-

fashioned fire place, while his grandfather told

him stories about Indians. As he grew to be

a man he read many interesting books. He

went to strange lands far from the old farm

house, but he never forgot the stories his

grandfather told him. One day he gave them

THE. ARGO.

orld in that wonderful story of Indian

gend of Hiawatha.

ALLEN F. CONGER.

to the W

life, the le

Longfellow’s Arm-ciiair,

For many years Mr. Longfellow lived in

Cambridge, Mass. He wrote many veautiful

poems for children, and made many friends

The spreading chestnut tree which he tells

of in one of his poems, grew near his boy-

hood home. It was cut down, but the wood

had been carefully laid away. All the school

children of Cambridge wanted to give him a

present for his seventy-second birthday. The

children had a beautiful arm-chair maue from

the wood, with a loving message carved on it.

Longfellow was greatly pleased with the chair

and thanked the children for it in a poem

called “From My Arm-Chair.”

J. NEWTON SailTH.

EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with thanks the

following exchanges: The Oracle, The Car-

dinal, The Tome, The Cutler Fortnightly, The

High School Register, The Spectator, The

Targum. The Academy Journal, The Valkyrie,

The Advocate.

Picked from the Excuse File:

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74 THE ARGO.

Johnny for not goin’ to schule yesterday the

reason is because i wanted to wash his stock- O nN P Wal |

ings, this won’t happen again this year. ° Cc

Much obliged,

Mrs. ——Ex.

«HIGH GRADE TAILORING..

Prof. X.—‘What does tabular mean?”

Pupil—“Like a table.”

Prof. X.—“‘What?”

Pupil—"You know; square like a cube.”

Prof. X—“If you make any more mistakes

like that, your mark will be round like a lem-

on.” Advocate.

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—\_—\_———\_..

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mother pushed it.”—Ex,

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Tommy—“I looked through the key-hole

when Sis was in the parlor with her beau

last night.”

Father—What did vou find out, my son?”

“The lamp, sir.”—E.x.

9X and the

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