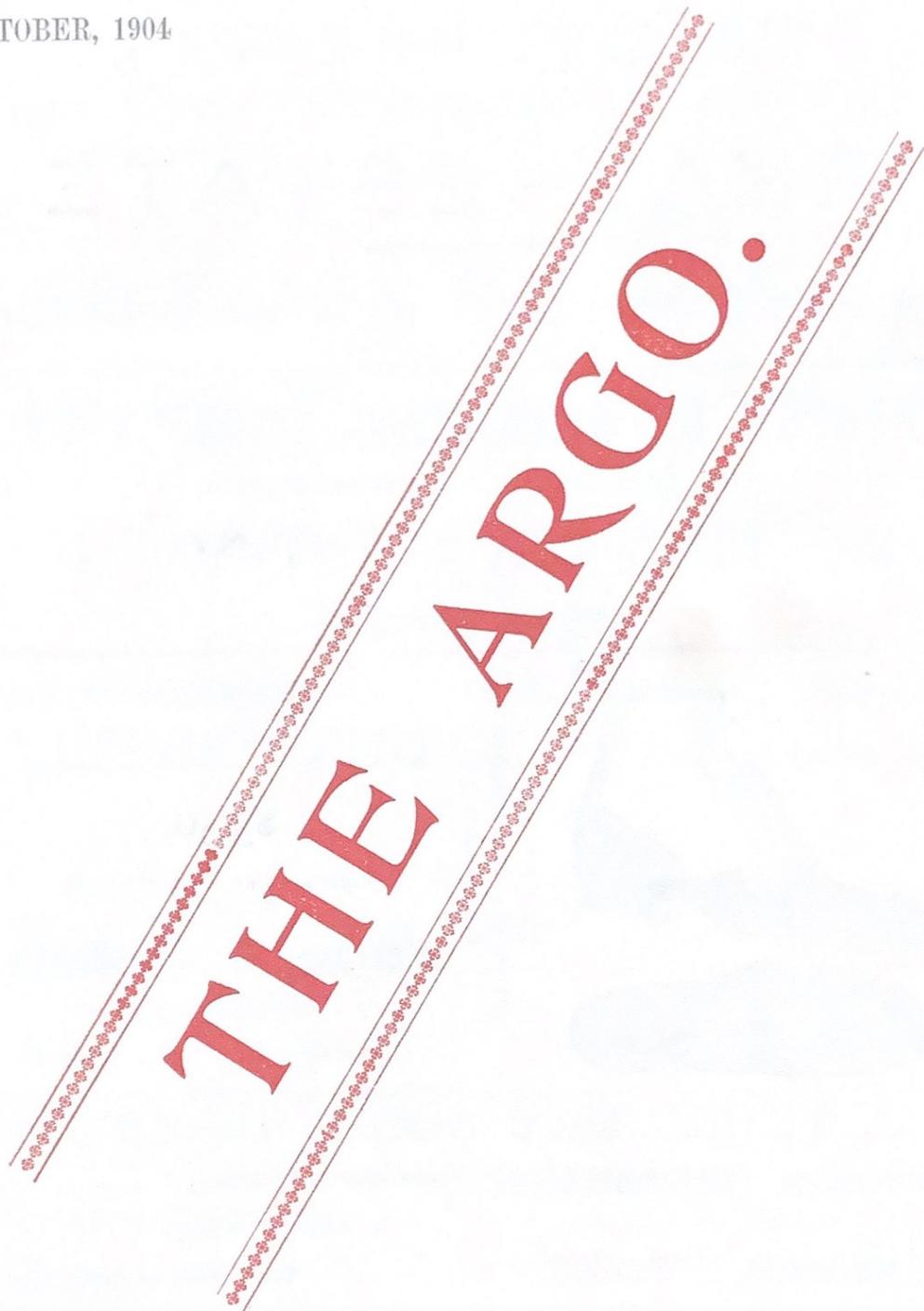


09-05

VOL. XVI.—No. 1
OCTOBER, 1904



THE ARGO.

Published Monthly
By the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School
New Brunswick, N. J.

THE ARGO.

I

PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

REAL - ESTATE

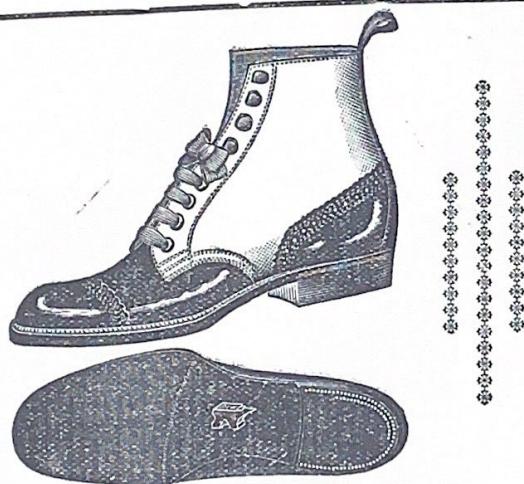
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THE ARGO.

VOL. XVI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 1.

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Printed by The Times Publishing Company.



BOARD OF EDITORS:

FRANCIS MARMADUKE POTTER,
Editor-in-Chief.

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents

All communications should 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.

September 20th has at last arrived; the day to which we have long been looking forward with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow. Pleasure when we thought of again meeting our old school fellows, sorrow when we realized that our vacation was rapidly drawing to a close, and that we must soon go back to long and weary hours of hard study.

We are glad to find that all our teachers of last year are back in their accustomed places, and it also gives us great satisfaction to note the large number of new scholars who have joined us this year; in the name of the school we extend to them a hearty welcom.

The members of our old illustrious fourth form are, "though lost to sight, to memory dear." They have gone out from among us leaving an empty place, which it would seem it were impossible to fill, but we are confident that from our present fourth form men will appear, competent to take and to fill their places.

We scarcely dare express a hope of equalling in merit the work of the distinguished editors who have preceded us, but we intend to do our best to make the *ARGO* interesting, and a success in the school.

Two school songs have been composed by one who is now an alumnus. They have been printed and freely circulated before, but, as many new scholars have entered the school, who are not familiar with them, we venture to publish them again in the *ARGO*. One is a stirring foot-ball song which every student of the school should immediately learn, if he has not already done so.

Our foot-ball team has plenty of enthusiasm within its own ranks, but we can and should help it in every way within our power; financially, by joining the Athletic Association and promptly paying our dues; personally, by attending the games, and by hearty participation in the rooting and singing. Nothing is more inspiring to the players on the field working to uphold the honor of the school, than to hear the sweet strains of the foot-ball song wafted to them from a score or so of lusty throats.

We would suggest that someone be appointed before each game to lead the cheering and singing, and then the members of the school should assemble somewhere on the grounds in a compact body, and put their whole soul into

THE ARGO

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the cheering. Last year's foot-ball record of seven consecutive victories can scarcely be beaten, but if the team will do its part, and the whole school lend its hearty support, we may hope to equal it.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the *Argo*:—

The Class of 1904, like "Pa" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is "gone, but not forgotten," and lest they should be, they left a piece of statuary—very beautiful, indeed—which, like that excellent class itself, contains many things hard to be understood; concerning which the ignorant and unlearned are in a state of grave doubt and perplexity.

Wherefore, Mr. Editor, I should like to have the benefit of your classic learning on these mind-disturbing questions.

In the first place I should like to know what the title of this piece of art is. I have been told that it was intended to portray "David Drawing a Sword." But on examination this appears improbable. For if David were drawing a sword he would not be looking at the sheath as he appears to be doing, but the correct dramatic position would be for him to be glancing heroically into the air where he expects to whirl the sword the next moment. I would like to know what the brave lad is doing.

Furthermore, may I ask what event in David's life this beautiful creation of art is intended to portray. I have spent some time in looking up the history of that ancient worthy and have found that the best accounts of him are to be had in a somewhat neglected old book on Ancient History. Now in studying up the question, I found that the only scene of his life that bears any resemblance to this piece of sculptural art is when he slew a certain marvelous giant of terrifying proportions. And this is further verified by something like a head down by David's feet. To be exact, David's right foot is in the giant's left eye—a singularly appropriate position, considering that David, even in his most dra-

matic moments could not help putting his foot in it, so to speak.

On further comparison, however, with the Scriptural narrative, it appeared that either this could not be intended to represent that scene, or else the sculptor was not of sound mind and sane judgment. I prefer the latter explanation. Apparently that man wanted to show off David to the best advantage, so he pictured him as, after having killed Goliath and cut off his head, putting his best foot forward on the giant's decapitated noddle and dropping the sword back into its sheath—or preparing to whirl it dramatically about his heroic head, as you, Mr. Editor, please. But there is a discrepancy between this and the Biblical account. For, according to the latter, David fought the giant armed with no weapon but a sling shot, wherewith he knocked that poor fellow on the forehead so that he killed him. Then he took Goliath's sword and cut off his head. Now, according to the official measurements this giant stood eleven feet ten inches high—in his stocking feet, I presume—and his sword, to be in proportion, would have to be as long as David was. But the artist has pictured it as a nice little sword just in proportion to David's shorter stature. This may be artistic, but it is not accurate. One might wish that the sculptor knew a little more Bible and somewhat less art, if necessary.

Also, Mr. Editor, will you kindly tell me what that rag about David's head is for? I thought perhaps it was because the poor boy had a headache after his excitement; but I concluded that it was to keep that part in his hair nicely laid. I would be grateful if you could tell me. Certainly I hope he isn't suffering from a nervous headache; that would be terrible.

And furthermore, may I ask if the hair on the top of the giant's head (at the rear of the statuette) was intended purposely to look like a cabbage patch or a fungus growth such as appears on trees.

Since this beautiful work of art is something that we must all sit and behold with such won-

der and awe, every day, it is but fitting that you, Mr. Editor, should throw that glaring light from the torch of your knowledge, which never seems to flicker, upon the lamentable state of darkness and doubt wherein we are enfolded.

Yours, respectfully,
STULTISSIMUS.

It gives us great pleasure to receive this letter from one of the students, for it shows an earnest desire on the part of our inquiring young friend to acquire more knowledge concerning matters of history.

We are glad that we can answer his many puzzling inquiries, and assert positively that the dramatic scene set forth in this work of art which he has so ably described, is "David's Triumph over Goliath."

The bandage about David's head probably served two purposes. One, that of protection from the chilly air as he watched over his flocks by night; the other that of keeping his hair from getting into his eyes and obscuring his vision.

We fear that our young friend's suggestion of the resemblance of Goliath's hair to a cabbage patch, only goes to prove his woeful lack of experience in matters pertaining to art. If he desires fuller details of the battle between those two men of old, we would recommend to him the careful perusal of the ancient book of history which he mentioned. This particular incident will be found in Book IX, Chap. 17.

(EDITOR.)

THE CLASS OF 1904.

Corbin, Fisher, Lang and Taverner are relieved from the awkward squad in the Rutgers College Cadets and are to show some of the new recruits how to drill.

Fisher and Watson played on the college football against Stevens. Hageman is smiling with his accustomed delightfulness as a Freshman.

Hall is visiting in various parts of the

country. At latest advices he was at Saranac Lake.

Kilmer is in Rutgers as a Freshman. Laibau is in the drug business at his home, Hopewell, N. J.

Landers has gone into business in Addison, N. Y.

Mettler has entered Princeton University. Miller is a Rutgers Freshman.

Opdyke has entered Purdue University. Verdi passed all his examinations for Harvard, many of them with credit, and is a Freshman there.

Warner has entered Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Watson and Taverner are Freshmen in Rutgers. We understand that Sam has become general writer on the blackboard in the class in civics.

Woodbridge has embarked in the telephone business.

All our boys distinguished themselves in the rope-rush.

OTHER ALUMNIANA.

E. Rapalje, '96, is to be married Oct. 22, to Miss F. R. Corbin, of Oxford, N. Y.

Miss E. B. Corbin, '96, Vassar, 1900, has been visiting at the Trap.

A. V. Schenck, 1901, has been seriously ill during the summer.

A. Carpender, 1903, has been visiting his parents in New Brunswick, on vacation from the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Mittag, 1902, rode up to the Trap in a automobile a few days ago and made a call.

Buttler, 1900, is in West Point.

Ch. Wilber, 1901, has gone to St. Louis to represent Rutgers in the Inter-Collegiate Athletic tournament with the Indian clubs.

Ben Johnson, '95, is running a large farm in Virginia.

Riggs, '96, is a newspaper editor in the Philippines.

Miss Stelle, 1904, has gone to Hacketstown Seminary.

Miss M. Scott, 1904, has entered Vassar, but

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wil take a post-graduate year at Rutgers Prep.

Ashley, 1904, is in business in New York.
Murphy, 1902, is manager of the College Glee Club.

William Baird Wyckoff, '98, was married to Miss Carolyn Veghte, of this city, Oct. 10.

NEWS OF THE TEACHERS.

Dr. and Mrs. Payson spent a part of the summer at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Nuttman took an outing in the wilds of Canada.

Mr. Mills and Mr. Riedel took a long and healthful canoe trip among the lakes of Northern New York.

Mr. Scott made a trip to Europe.

Miss Cary spent the summer at Binghamton, N. Y.

Miss Biles visited Ithaca during the summer and studied at Cornell University.

RUTGERS PREP. SCHOOL.

The tune is "Old Folks at Home."

1. Down where the Rar'tan is flowing,
Out to the sea,
There's where my heart's devotion's owing,
There is the school for me.
Famed are her walls in song and story;
Honoured her name;
Her sons unite to sound her glory,
And to uphold her fame.

CHORUS.

Rutgers Prep. School! Hall of Learning!
Other schools above.

My heart for thee is ever yearning,
True to the school I love.

2. "Scarlet and White" is waving o'er me,
Floating on high.
Long has that banner gone before me,
Gleaming against the sky.
Proudly its silken folds I cherish,
Sacredly pure.
Ne'er shall its scarlet splendour perish,
Always its white endure.

Cho.

FOOT-BALL SONG.

Air—Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Come all ye Rutgers Prep. School men and sing our foot-ball song
And swell the mighty chorus that will help the team along;
Our hearts are true to Rutgers Prep.,
Our voices they are strong,
And we must win the game.

CHORUS.

Whoop 'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
Whoop 'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
Whoop 'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
For we must win the game.

The Prep. School fellows take the ball and rush it down the field,
The line before us breaks and runs,
They know that they must yield,
And soon we'll score a touchdown and to all 'twill be revealed
That we must win the game.

Cho.

Now let us join together in the good old Prep. School cheer,
And give it with a hearty will and shout it loud and clear.
Let's make those fellows in the field aware that we are here,
For we must win the game.

Cho.

MEETING OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday, Sept. 29, the regular fall meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Prof. Mills' room, at which about forty-five were present. The president, Mr. Devan, presided. Messrs. Kirkpatrick and J. Voorhees were nominated for the position of manager of the foot-ball team. Kirkpatrick was elected the vote standing 29 to 17.

Nominations were then in order for the office of secretary-treasurer. Messrs. Vrooman and Thomson were put up and Vrooman was

elected by a majority of twelve votes, the votes in this case also being 29 to 17.

The question was then brought before the meeting as to whether the constitution should be revised. It was moved and seconded that the president appoint a committee to look over the constitution and revise it as it saw fit. Halstead, Vrooman and S. Nicholas were appointed on this committee.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

*FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE ARGO
For Season of 1903—1904.*

RECEIPTS.

Received for 1903-1904	\$151.90
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EXPENDITURES.

Paid out for 1903-1904	\$150.82
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Total receipts	\$151.90
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Total expenditures	150.82
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Balance	\$1.08
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B. MILLER,
S. WARNER.
Business Managers.

*A PILGRIMAGE TO AND FROM
DAKOTA.*

If, in recounting the various incidents and accidents which befell me upon this journey, my memory has mislaid itself at all, it is with the time or place when and where certain things occurred and not with the things themselves. They all happened and were indelibly impressed upon my mind at the time. Moreover, I wrote them down in a sort of diary kept during the trip and from which I shall quote somewhat; but as I neglected to put down dates and sometimes even the names of places, there may be some confusion as to locality. It was twelve years ago, and some indulgence might well be granted my story on that account, if no other.

My husband and I had traveled together as far as Hornellsville, N. Y., and the journey thus far has been free from incident and thoroughly enjoyable, so that I started alone with

only the natural foreboding of a nervous and weak minded female.

Thus begins the diary (it is without date).

"I wonder if my acquaintances saw me this morning while I was saying good-bye to that long-suffering husband of mine? Wonder if he will ever recover on that accident policy which I so solemnly confided to his care. Wonder—Oh the conductor is coming again. "Conductor, how long before we reach Buffalo? Isn't the train behind time? Where do we stop for lunch? How long?" Dear me, he's gone, and he looked real cross. Yes, we are behind time—he admitted that.

"I have read until I am tired. I have studied the pose of that woman's head and her back hair 'till I am tired of doing that, though both pose and arrangement are artistic. Night is approaching and the place where passengers are to be transferred to the 'sleeper' is still far away. How lonely am I. (This is pathetic in the extreme. I hope you all brought handkerchiefs). Seven, eight, nine, o'clock. At this hour we are unceremoniously hustled out of our car into another half full of soldiers returning from some pleasure excursion. We are still far away from the sleeper and I am a scared and worried woman. These soldiers have imbibed far too freely of the flowing bowl and the two in front of me have nearly come to blows in some dispute. Knowing that they all carry fire-arms there is general consternation among the other passengers as well as myself—for there are several other lone lorn women waiting to connect with that 'sleeper.' Some of us compare notes and bewail ourselves in undertones, keeping a watchful eye, meanwhile, on our boisterous fellow travelers.

In somewhat over an hour another request is made for us to move on and it is wit' anything but a "Poor Joe" spirit that we gather up our belongings and follow the way indicated. Whither this led, words fail to picture, into an emigrant car filled with poor, restless, crying babies, disheveled mothers, and men smoking and swearing—into an atmosphere foul beyond expression and a car whose floor

THE ARGO

is covered with filth of all sorts and descriptions. But for the darkness I shoul step back to the platform and take my chances there, but am yet yet so desperate as to desire that accident policy to be clear again. I want, at least, to delay matters for a while, so I raisq the window and hold my head as near out as I dare. These poor souls. They are so tired and heart-sick that I suppose they care nothing for the few blessings they might have free-pure air and somewhat more of cleanliness.

"At twelve o'clock, exhausted and on the verge of tears, I find myself in the sleeper at last, and in vain attempt to raise my own spirits I remark to the porter that the night being half gone, he ought to refund us half the 'sleeper' ticket money. Never joke fell flatter, for he stares at me in silence and makes no response.

"The morning reveals the fact that the crystal of my watch is broken and that I must take time in uncertain quantities until this is repaired. This mischance is almost immediately followed by the discovery that some of my money (concealed in foolish woman-fashion about my clothing) is missing. A hurried visit to the dressing room where I loosened my clothes before retiring, reveals the floor of that apartment liberally carpeted with five dollar bills. I gather them up—not one is missing—and return to my berth, now transformed for the day.

"Somehow the day hasn't begun auspiciously, but nothing further happens until we reach Chicago—where a long wait of nearly half a day is necessary. I hunt up a jeweller and have my watch repaired. Of course he has to be told that I am traveling and must have the watch within a certain time. He demurs—says the watch face is of unusual shape, may be hard to get, etc. He gets it, however, and charges just four times what would be asked in New York. While waiting for the watch I take a car at random, hoping to see some pleasant part of the city. To this day I don't know whether there is any, for that car went through the slums if ever car did. I am glad to get

back to that extortionate jeweller and thence to my train. Not having secured a 'sleeper' berth beforehand, I find that nothing but upper berths are left for sale.

"Consternation takes hold of me. I can never climb up, and if I do, I can never, never, climb down again. However, I buy one and when the conductor appears appeal to him to know if he cannot induce some chivalrous man traveler to exchange with me. The conductor is a coarse red-faced man, and answers me in such surly fashion that I retire into myself for the space of half an hour, and might have spent the night there had not the porter opportunely trotted in. To him I offer inducements, which no porter can resist, and he promises to do what he can for me. An hour passed, and then another half, and it is close upon eleven when he re-appears with the joyful information that I can have such and such a lower berth. Worn out, but thankful, I hastily disrobed and scramble in, feeling sure that nothing worse than a collision can occur before morning. Wretched, mistaken, woman.

"At about two o'clock the curtains of my berth are suddenly parted, a light flashes in my face, and the conductor's gruff voice demands how I come to be theré? Doubtless the glimpse he catches of distended eyes, crimping pins standing at all angles, and hands wildly clutching the covers, must give instant satisfaction for he drops the curtains and goes away before I can stammer out that I have exchanged berth with some one.

(Time has never been able to quell the spirit of anger which rises within me to this day whenever I think of this outrage. The man was undoubtedly drunk. I never saw him again, as he was transferred to another car before I was up, but I don't remember shedding any tears over his disappearance. When I reached Dakota my brother wished to trace him out and enter a complaint against him, but I felt willing to let him work out his own un-doing by way of the brandy bottle. This, I feel sure, must have happened long ago, and it is a real solace.

"But to return to the diary):

"This morning I make the acquaintance of a very pleasant-faced Boston woman with culture written all over her. She has a most sweet and motherly face albeit unmarried, and I cannot help but mourn for the unhappy man who has missed the good she might have brought him. To her I unburden myself as to a sister and she listens kindly to the recital of my woes, though they must undoubtedly bore her, unless she be secretly amused. But I find her sympathetic to a degree.

"As we near St. Paul rather early in the day and have to wait there until late afternoon, my dear Bostonian asks me to join her in a little excursion to Lake Minnetonka, a few miles from the city and one of the show places about there. We start, but very soon it becomes apparent that my sleepless nights and worrisome days are to culminate in a sick headache of the severest type. Soon I am aware of nothing but acute suffering. I am blind to all nature's beauties as we sail up and down the lake, and only the exclamation of those about me notify me that we are passing some particularly picturesque spot. On our return I find my way to a hotel and sit in the parlor in silent misery 'till time to take the evening train.

"When at last I stagger, rather than walk, to the station, I find a sleeping car on and apparently empty. The porter—the only one on this journey who seems ever to have absorbed any of the milk of human kindness—offers to make up a berth at once, an offer which I thankfully accept, and lie down, hoping that sleep will now certainly refresh me.

"About nine o'clock the berth opposite mine is made up and a woman with a six weeks' old baby takes possession. Wails become the order of the night, but so low and feeble are they that my slumbers are not much disturbed. When in the morning I look upon the baby's wizened face I know that he is dissatisfied with this world and will soon discard it for another. Such attenuated limbs, such weak little cries, such an old little face, albeit so new to earth.

The poor tired young mother is very ignorant of many things she should have known in caring for the child. I try to impart some of my own small stock of baby knowledge, but perhaps I am as ignorant as she. She is going from her father's home to that of her husband, where hard work and heavy cares await her, but I feel sure that the dearest care will be hers only a short time longer.

"At two o'clock to-day I reach Larimore, my journey's end, and the first salutation of a friend is this: 'Why, M——, you are sick!'

(*To Be Continued.*)

SLOAN PRIZES.

On the morning of October 11th, Dr. Payson made the pleasing announcement that the two Samuel Sloan prizes for entrance examinations into Rutgers College had been captured by two Prep. School men of the Class of 1904—Alfred Joyce Kilmer and Ripley Watson.

These prizes, established in 1883 by the Hon. Samuel Sloan, of New York, a trustee of the College, are as follows: A first prize of \$100 in cash and a scholarship yielding \$300; and a second prize of \$50 in cash and a scholarship yielding \$300.

These prizes are offered to the two Freshmen passing highest the entrance examinations in Classical studies—Greek, Latin, Mathematics, either French or German, English and American history.

Mr. Kilmer, who won the first prize, was Editor-in-Chief of *The Argo* during the year 1902-3. He also won the second prize in the Lane Prize Speaking Contest of 1903, and, when he graduated last June from the Prep. School, he was awarded the second prize in oratory at the Commencement exercises. Mr. Kilmer is a resident of this city.

Ripley Watson, who was awarded the second Sloan prize, graduated with Classical honor last June. During his Prep. School days he was also a prominent athlete, being especially famous for his foot-ball abilities. Mr. Watson's home is in Jersey City, N. J. This is the

THE ARGO

first time in recent years that both these well known Sloan prizes have been taken by graduates of Rutgers Preparatory School, although a number of Prep. School men have taken the prizes singly. Among them are Louis Bevier, '01, Martin Schenck, '00, and Austin Scott, '99.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE A. A.

For Base-ball Season of 1903-1904.

RECEIPTS.

Received for dues	\$38.25
Received for games:	
Cedarcroft at New Brunswick	8.25
Barnard at New Brunswick	6.25
Erasmus Hall at New Brunswick ..	11.00
Stevens at New Brunswick	9.00
Plainfield at New Brunswick	21.60
H. R. Military Acad. at New Bruns'k	10.50
Sundries35
Carried forward	83.77
Total receipts	\$189.37

EXPENDITURES.

Base-balls	\$23.45
Cedarcroft at New Brunswick.....	5.40
Trenton at Trenton	6.12
Barnard at New Brunswick	7.56
Erasmus Hall at New Brunswick....	10.70
Plainfield at New Brunswick	15.50
Stevens at New Brunswick	11.40
H. R. Military Acad. at New Bruns'k	17.30
	\$73.98

Athletic Goods:

7 shirts at \$2.00	\$14.00
7 pants at \$2.00	14.00
10 caps at 50c	5.00
9 bats	7.70
4 pairs of stockings	3.00
1 bat bag	2.00
Lettering on shirts30
Express40
1 chest protector	4.00
1 1st base glove	3.50
Sundries	3.08
	\$56.98

Total expenditures	\$154.41
Total receipts	\$189.37
Total expenditures	154.41
	\$34.96

E. W. LABAW, Treasurer.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

Tuesday, September 20, 1904, Rutgers Prep. School again opened its doors to receive the eager throng of students. The session was opened by singing America and one of our school songs.

Dr. Payson made the students a short address, giving advice which it is hoped they will follow. Most of the old scholars have returned and many new ones have come here this year, swelling our numbers to one hundred and one. There are forty-nine in the Annex. The Trap has also received an addition to its ranks in the shape of eight stalwart young fellows, who should be valuable additions to the foot-ball team. They are Allgair, Black, Cox, Andrea, Green, Coleman, Markley and Scott.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

1904.

Sept. 20, Tuesday, First Quarter begins.
Nov. 16, Wednesday, Second Quarter begins.

Nov. 24, Thursday, Thanksgiving Day.
Dec. 23-Jan. 10, Christmas Vacation.

1905.

Feb. 1, Wednesday, Third Quarter begins.
Feb. 22, Wednesday, Washington's Birthday.
March 31, April 11, Spring Vacation.
April 11, Tuesday, Fourth Quarter begins.
May 30, Tuesday, Decoration Day.
June 14, Wednesday, Commencement.

*RUTGERS PREPS. WON FROM
HEAVY SOMERVILLE A. A.*

It's a pity that more town folks couldn't have seen the Rutgers Prep. eleven vanquish the Somerville A. C. on Neilson Field on Satur-

THE ARGO

day, but the game was only arranged late last week, so that there was no chance to advertise it. There were, however, about 200 people out.

Though outweighed, the Preps. played rings around the Somervilles who were composed of players whose ages must have ranged from 18 to 27. Several of them were, in fact, bald-headed men. They couldn't, however, phaze the Preps. who went through their line as though it was paper and circled the ends in impressive fashion.

Somerville never once threatened the Preps. goal. They played on the defensive most of the time, and had all they could do to prevent two scores being made against them, instead of one. The score was 5 to 0.

All of the Preps did well, but special credit is deserved by Captain Corbin, Cox, Case and the irrepressible Nicholas brothers.—*Home News.*

SOMERVILLE A. A. vs. RUTGERS PREP.

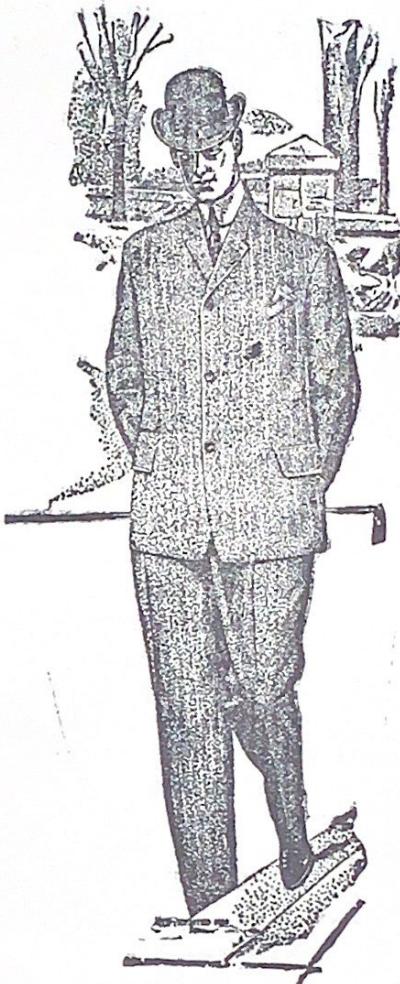
The Prep. School opened the foot-ball season Saturday, Oct. 8, by defeating Somerville Athletic Club 5—0.

The game started with Somerville receiving the kick off. They ran the ball back about ten yards, but the Prep line held and Somerville punted. Prep. gained about thirty yards, but lost on downs. Somerville was again forced to punt and the Prep. team rushed it down to the five yard line by hard bucking.

With the ball on Somerville's five yard line, Case was called back and ripped through their line for a touchdown. Andrea nearly made the goal, but the ball hit the post. This left the score 5—0 in Preps. favor.

Somerville kicked off to Cox, who rushed it back twenty-five yards. Corbin found a hole at tackle for eight more, and C. Nicholas followed with ten.

After this the Somerville line held and forced Corbin to punt. Somerville ran the ball back twenty yards, but lost the ball on downs. Case made a thirty yard run for Prep. but time was called just as he received the ball.



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After the ten minute intermission, Somerville kicked off to Case, who ran the ball back ten yards. They gained ten more by hard bucking and Case again took the ball, this time carrying the Somerville team on his back for seven yards. C. Nicholas followed this with a daring hurdle and a run of twenty-five yards. Somerville got the ball on a fumble, but was forced to kick. S. Nicholas ran it back ten yards and Andreae tried a drop goal, but failed to put the pigskin over the bars. Somerville punted out from her twenty-five yard line to Corbin, who ran it back fifteen. C. Nicholas hurdled for four, but the ball was lost to Somerville.

Austin, their left half back made a twenty yard run, but fumbled when he was tackled and Allen got the ball. Andreae made two seven yard runs and C. Nicholas made another. The game was called shortly after this with the ball on Somerville's six yard line and the score 5—0, in favor of Rutgers Prep. Case and C. Nicholas did some fine running for Prep., but the game was marked by fumbling.

The line-up:

Somerville A. A.	Rutgers Prep.
	Right End.
Brokaw	Matzke
	Right Tackle.
Apgar	Cox
	Right Guard.
Wilcox	Allgair
	Centre.
Stryker	Voorhees
	Left Guard.
Matthews	Allen
	Left Tackle.
Bourke	Case
	Left End.
Scully	Hancock (Elberson)
	Quarterback.
Garretson	S. Nicholas
	Left Halfback.
Austin	Andreae
	Right Halfback.
Bergen	C. Nicholas
	Fullback.
Case	Corbin

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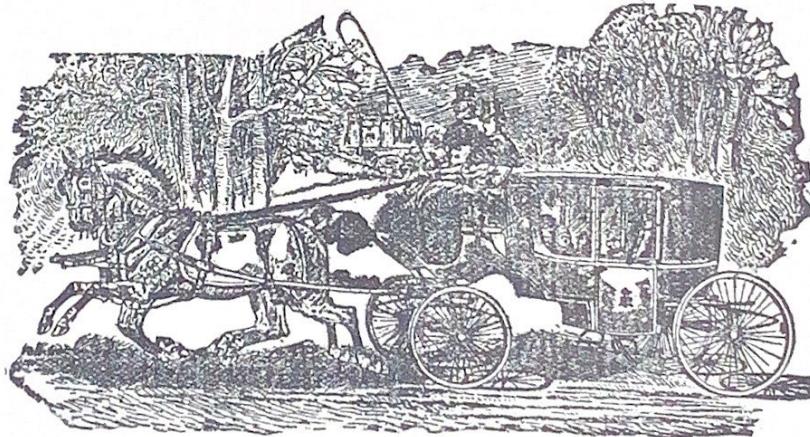
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