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Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

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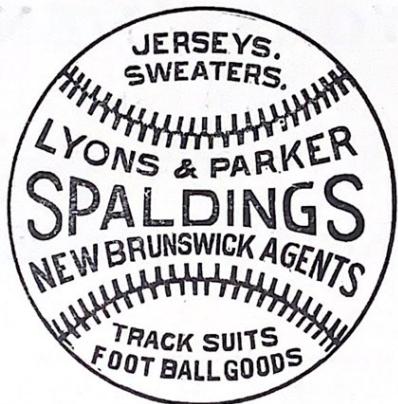
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VOL. XIX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MARCH, 1908.

No. 6

A HUNT FOR BURIED TREASURE

Nothing interests the mind, especially that of the young, as much as buried and forgotten treasure. A boy, anywhere from the age of eight to eighteen is always awake when a tale of hidden wealth is being told.

It was July in the summer of nineteen hundred and six, when Monroe Elliot and Harrison Barlow, his room-mate at Weonah Academy were spending the summer with the caretaker at Mr. Elliot's summer home on the Mohawk. The boys were seventeen years old and had hopes for a fine time during the vacation. A canoe trip was shortly to be made down the river to a large island about forty miles away, where they were to have a camp. Altogether the boys were in a very cheerful state of mind. In the evenings they read and the books were somewhat on the style of what is known as the dime novel.

One evening Monroe, who was rummaging in the attic in search of popcorn, came upon a torn piece of paper. Holding it to the light he read: "Twelve rods from the northwest corner of the house between the shed and the big oak. Be care—" here the paper was torn. Monroe was excited and when he remembered that the previous owner of the house was a man whom nobody knew anything about and who had had the reputation of being a miser, his excitement was greatly augmented. Calling his chum, he showed him the paper and led the way to the tool house. Here they found a spade, pickaxe and field measure. Monroe took the measure and marked off twelve rods from the corner of the house. Sure enough it landed between the shed and

the big oak. Overhead the stars shone and the moon was peeping over the woods on the other side of the river. Everywhere there was quiet except for the hoarse croaking of the bullfrogs down in the swamp. Quickly they started in to dig and nothing could be heard for a minute or so, but the sound of spade and pickaxe.

"I wonder how deep we will have to dig," said Harrison. "This is harder work than playing on the eleven."

"That is right and the mosquitoes seem to have taken quite a fancy to us, too."

"I vote we stop for the night and begin in the morning."

"Well, I'll take one more whack with the pickaxe first." So he swung the pick which did not plunge into soft earth, but rebounded with a strange sound. Monroe quickly took up the shovel and scraped the dirt off the object on which his pick had struck. Taking the lantern he examined it. The light showed it to be a broad stone similar to a flagstone. Harrison, who was looking at the edges suddenly exclaimed: "Look here! There is a round masonry of brick underneath it."

Monroe took the lantern and placed it where it shone on the stone, then taking the pickaxe he hit the stone again and again, but made no impression. Then he stepped on the stone and swung the axe. There was a sharp crack and all was darkness.

Harrison running forward to light the lantern stumbled and fell. At the same time he heard a splashing of water. Suddenly he felt

a hand on his shoulder and a gruff voice said, "What are you kids doing?"

For answer there came a yell as if from the ground, "Wow, but it's cold! Get me out!"

Mike, for it was the caretaker, who had come up, reached down into the hole and felt around.

"I wonder how he happened to fall into the cistern, I thought it was all covered up. Go get a rope from the shed."

Harrison got one and soon the dripping Monroe was on "Mother Earth" once more.

"Now I want to know how you fell in there?" said Mike.

"We thought it was buried treasure," explained Monroe.

"Well, I guess all the buried treasure is the pickaxe which you dropped down and I have half a mind to throw you kids in the river. If you would go to bed nights and stop reading 'Tom Jones, the Treasure Seeker,' or 'Captain Kidd of the Mississippi,' you would be a good deal better off, it seems to me."

"I guess I have had enough buried treasure," said Monroe, "And I too," said Harrison.

R. B. SEARLE.

(*First Prize*)

A COLONIAL CHRISTMAS

It was the year 1776. The cause of the colonies seemed lost and the people were disheartened. Washington had about five thousand men while the British numbered many more. The Americans had been driven across New Jersey into Philadelphia and their pursuers were close behind. All over the state the greatest depression and fear reigned. Countless bands of outlaws marauded and robbed the peaceful villagers.

Two boys, Russell Keith and Harry Morris were returning home from skating on the Delaware River. They were about sixteen years old and lived in a village a few miles from Trenton. Though they had had a fine afternoon's sport both the boys seemed downcast.

"If Washington does not do something soon," Russell was saying, "I am afraid all will be lost."

"If he only had money enough to pay the troops. I hear the Maryland soldiers have left."

"And one week from to-day is Christmas. My, but I wish I could join the army."

"We are too young to be of any service now,

but in a few years we can fight," replied Harry, who had a brother in the ranks.

They soon parted with a "good night" and "see you tomorrow." The next day both were up bright and early, for the chores must be done before there was any skating. The next two days passed quickly by. It was bitterly cold and the river itself would soon freeze over. Great cakes of ice floed down the Delaware.

On the night of the twenty-third as Russell was reading in his room, a horseman dashed up to the house and stopped. Russell, thinking it might be his father, who was in Callon's horse, opened the door. He was surprised to see a man lying on his horse's neck. Running out he helped the horseman dismount and come into the house. Once inside the man sank heavily into a chair. Keith called his mother and after bandaging the man's shoulder which was bleeding freely, she asked him who he was.

Holding out a paper he replied, "I am Harold Green, of Washington's army and am carrying dispatches from Washington to Read. They are very important and must be sent

through. I was shot by a British picket back along the road. They must be sent on."

Russell then spoke: "I will take them and soon be back. Look for me tomorrow morning."

The man answered, "Well boy, I wish there was some one beside yourself to send. Look out for the pickets and don't lose the papers."

Russell ran out and taking the man's horse to the barn he saddled Nellie, his own pet. Soon they were bounding along the road. He knew Read's camp was about ten miles away. On and on they went. The black horse, the young boy, and the trees seemed alone in the night. Overhead the stars twinkled and the moon shone. Everything seemed to wish him well. Suddenly just before him rose up an English picket. "Halt, who comes here?" But Russell could not halt if he had wished to. On he went. He heard a report behind him, his cap was lifted from his head and again he was alone in the night. Nellie was growing tired, but they were almost there. A light shone out ahead. "Halt, who comes here?" This time he stopped and gasped, "Is this General Reed's camp?" "Yes." "I want to see the general." "Why it's nothing but a boy. Call the guard."

The guard soon came and he was led to General Reed's quarters. Bursting into the room he said: "General Reed, here are some dispatches from General Washington and they are very important." The general hastily took them and read them through. Then he looked up and said with a smile, "How did you happen to get these?" Russell told him the whole story and then an orderly took him to bed. The next day he returned home without accident.

On Christmas day he rode Nellie into Trenton. As he came down the streets not a Red-coat was to be seen, but he did see some men who he thought were Continentals. A sharp turn and he caught his breath. An encampment lay before him and the soldiers he saw were those of the colonies. Just then a group

of officers passed him. One stopped and said "Are you not the boy who brought the dispatches to me the other night?"

Russell looked up and saw that it was General Reed. "Yes," he said.

"Well, I wish you would come with me a few minutes," said that officer.

He led Russell to a large tent and both dismounted. Then they went into the tent. Here was a man bending over a table at the farther end of the room. General Reed stopped. "Well Reed, what is it?" said the man.

"General Washington, this is Russell Keith, who brought the dispatches to me the other day."

Russell was dumbfounded. General Washington, the hero and idol of the people! After a few words they left. Russell soon learned the story how Washington had crossed the Delaware, joined Reed and had almost annihilated the Hessians in Trenton. He rode home at a gallop. Dashing into the house, he shouted "Washington has captured Trenton, beaten the English and I have met him." Some years later Russell was known as Colonel Keith of the 22nd New Jersey."

R. B. SEARLE.

MEETING OF THE A. A.

The spring meeting of the Athletic Association was held at recess on February twenty sixth. Ziegler was elected manager of the base ball team and Gross was elected manager of the track team. A committee consisting of Mr. Hall, Smith, Nelson and Joyce was appointed to consider the question of giving players on the basket ball team the R. P., and to report at a later meeting.

Small Boy—"Auntie, did God make both you and me?"

Auntie—"Yes, dear."

Small Boy—"He's doing better work than he used to isn't he, auntie?"—Cardinal.

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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.

The members of the Argo staff are pleased to extend their congratulations to R. B. Searle, the winner of the prize offered for the best story handed in. The contest has been very successful. It has shown that there are others in school who can write beside the members of the Argo board. We hope that the Argo boards next year and in the future will follow our example, and offer a prize each year. It is a contest in which all can take part, and it ought to encourage every one to improve his writing ability. The prize story can be found in this number. Others of the stories handed in will be published later in the year.

We have a right to be proud of our basket ball team. Considering the fact that this is the first year that this game has had any prominence in school the team has certainly done well. We have scored nearly four hundred points so far. The players have improved steadily in team work and also in shooting. It is to be hoped that basket ball has come to stay, and that the Prep. teams will continue as they have begun.

The baseball season is fast approaching. We hope to have as good a team as we had last year and if possible a better one. To have a successful season it is absolutely necessary to have money. This means that everyone in school should help towards the expense by joining the athletic association. The dues are small enough, so that everyone can easily help the team along.

Mr. Editor-in-Chief:

Dear Sir:—I have had the pleasure of reading each copy of the Argo published this school year, and I have been very much impressed with the paper, but I do think, if you will allow me to make a comment, that a short piece of poetry would add a great deal to it; therefore I have submitted one to you, which I would like to see in the next number of the Argo.

Yours truly,

Mr. X. Y. Z.

P. S.—This poem is purely my own work.

Although we thank you for your kindness in writing and sending us your poem, we must call your attention to a statement printed in each Argo just before the editorials. This says that all communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. Therefore, Mr. X. Y. Z., we cannot publish your poem unless you make your name known to the Argo board.

Editor-in-Chief.

LEADERS OF SCIENCE.
Archimedes.

Archimedes, the greatest mathematician and scientist of ancient times, was born at Syracuse in Sicily about 287 B. C. When a boy he went to Alexandria, where he received his education at the royal school of the Ptolemies where Euclid had studied some fifty years before. When he returned home, he devoted himself to the study of geometry and greatly advanced the work that Euclid had begun. He was the first to establish engineering on a sound mathematical basis.

At this time Hiero was King of Syracuse and soon became a firm friend of the wise scholar, whose inventions were of the greatest use to him in time of war. Archimedes is best known as the inventor of ingenious machines and appliances, though many of the stories about these are probably untrue. He made for Hiero many engines of war which greatly terrified the Romans and helped to prolong the siege of Syracuse. There is a story that he set the Roman ships on fire by means of a burning mirror, operated on the same plan as a common sunglasses, but this story had been discredited because none of the ancient writers mention it. However, Buffon has showed that mirrors may be made to burn at a considerable distance, and it is very likely that Archimedes did make such a contrivance, though its connection with the Roman fleet is very doubtful.

Archimedes' greatest researches were in the line of hydraulics as some of his inventions are in use today. Hiero is said to have had him to determine whether the man who made his royal crown had used pure gold, or had mixed in alloys. This puzzled the scientist for a long time, till one day as he was getting into a bath he noticed that the water rose in proportion to the bulk of the object immersed in it. It suddenly occurred to him that the purity of the gold crown could be tested in the same way. Jumping from the water he rushed home, and taking a lump of pure gold equal

in weight to the crown he put them both in water. As gold was the heaviest metal known at that time it could be easily seen whether the crown had been adulterated or not. From this experiment he founded the theory known in all Physics books as Archimedes' Principle.

Of his mechanical inventions the water screw is perhaps the most important and it still bears his name. This machine consists of a long cylinder in which a long screw revolves bringing up the water. The action is the same as that of an ordinary gimlet in boring a hole in wood. King Hiero had built a large ship, the hold of which had filled with water. As baling was not rapid enough, Archimedes invented the water screw for the purpose of clearing the hold. His idea of the strength of the lever is shown by his words, "give me a fulcrum on which to rest, and I will move the world."

The life of this great man ended with the capture of Syracuse by Marcellus in 212 B. C. In the general massacre which followed, Archimedes was killed while drawing a figure on the sand. Marcellus was not to blame for this as he had given orders to spare the scientist and all his family.

The general was deeply grieved over the accident and ordered an honourable funeral for him. According to the philosopher's last wish, a sphere inscribed in a cylinder was engraved on his tombstone. Cicero is said to have found this memorial while on a visit to Sicily.

Of the many writings of this great man only a few now exist, such as the geometrical relations between the sphere and cylinder, and the measure of the circle.

SCIENTIFIC, '08.

THE BASKET BALL SEASON.

The basket ball season is over. Our team was one of the most successful that this school has ever turned out in any branch of sports. The success is of more credit because of the fact that this has been the first year that our

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school has been represented by a basket ball team. Three reasons may be mentioned that made such a good team possible: First—We had in Mr. Hall, a good coach who could and did get the most out of a fellow that was in him. Second—Captain Smith knew the game thoroughly, the fellows responded when he called for practice, and he gave every one a fair try for the team, stimulating in them a desire to do their best. Third—The fellows themselves did all in their power to help make the team a success, they were unselfish when it came to shooting baskets and encouraged team work. They came regularly to practice, thus helping the coach and captain by not have to coax them. It is to these three circumstances that the school owes so successful a season.

It was impossible for us to get the teams here that we desired, as they had their schedules made out before the beginning of the season, a thing which we did not do, as we did not know for certain, until too late, that we were going to have a basket ball team.

In the first game we met our first and only defeat, at the hands of the K. O. K. A. team of this city by a score of 30-20. This instead of discouraging the fellows, made all work harder with good results, for on the next Friday, January 22, after a snappy game, we defeated the Red Bank Y. M. C. A. by a score of 35-24. Better team work was shown than in the previous game. On January 31st, we gained an easy victory over the Perth Amboy High school team by a score of 83-13. On February 4th, we journeyed to Rahway and administered to the High school there one of the worst defeats they have suffered on their own floor in two years. The score was 49-14.

Under considerable disadvantages of a slippery floor and an unknown court, our team on February 11th, met the Hudson River Military Academy on their court and defeated them handily by a score of 62-17. Our team as a whole played excellently together. Ten days later we played on our

own court the Paterson High School quintet and after a game marked by brilliant shooting and excellent team work we defeated them 54-6. The game was supposed to be our hardest, but our boys were at their best and played around their opponents easily. On February 28th we defeated in a rough game Rutgers College second team by a score of 47-7. March 4th closed our season when we won again from Rutgers College second team by a score of 36-16. We were disappointed in our scheduled team not appearing and so had to play the same team twice.

Our team scored a total of 386 points to 128 of their opponents, won 7 out of their 8 games and have a percentage of 87.5, which is a good showing for the first year.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'01, Louis Bevier, 3rd, is studying law at Columbia University.

'02, J. H. Murphy holds services in the Reformed Church at Waldwick, N. J. He is also studying at the Theological Seminary of this city.

'04, Miss Alice Conger is studying physical culture at Elmira.

'03, M. Verdi is chosen as one of a committee to procure a portrait of Professor N. S. Shaler, which is to be hung in the living room of the Harvard Union.

'05, Devan is one of the three students who won the recent debate against Delaware.

'05, Potter is an associate editor of the Targum board.

'06, Garthwaite was at the Rutgers Junior Promenade at the Ballantine Gymnasium on Thursday, February the twentieth.

Ex-'10, R. Johnson is at his home on College avenue, New Brunswick.

THE TAU PHI AND

BETA PHI DANCE

On St. Valentine's day the two fraternities, Tau Phi and Beta Phi gave their annual dance at the Trap. The Trap was beautifully de-

corated with evergreens and long strings of hearts. The refreshments were heart shaped, and the dance orders also made everyone remember what day it was. Dancing was begun about half past eight and continued until one o'clock. The dance order consisted of twenty dances and four extras.

Among the most enjoyable of the dances were the barn dances. This is the first time that the barn dance has been danced at the Trap, but it was such a success that it will probably become a regular thing hereafter. The Messrs. Hart furnished the music. All agreed that the dance in every way was a great success, and the committee were heartily thanked for the pleasure given to so many people. The patronesses were Mrs. Eliot R. Payson, Miss N. Demarest, Mrs. E. B. Joyce, Mrs. D. Lowber Smith. The committee consisted of E. J. Williams, H. E. Joyce, H. Ziegler, J. T. McGovern, R. A. Smith and T. C. Nelson.

RUTGERS PREP. vs.

FINDERNE MILITARY ACADEMY

On February twelfth, the basketball team went to Finderne, and won an easy victory over the Finderne Military Academy. All the Prep. players played a very good game. Williams did the best shooting. He secured sixteen baskets. The final score was Rutgers Prep., 62, Finderne Military Academy, 17. The Prep. line-up was Smith, (capt.) and Ziegler, forwards; Williams, centre; Gross, (Watson), and Todd (Helm), guards.

RUTGERS PREP. vs.

PATERSON HIGH SCHOOL

On February twenty-first the Prep. basketball team met and defeated the fast team of Paterson High school. The ball was mostly in our hands but when it did fall into the opponents hands they did some fast team work, but our men would soon regain the ball. Williams made twenty-six of the points. The score at the end of the first half was 2-27.

The final score was 6-54. The line-up was as follows:

P. H. S.	R. C. P. S.
	Right Forward.
Harris	Smith, (Capt.)
	Left Forward.
Davis	Ziegler
	Centre.
Tierney	Williams
	Right Guard
Metcalf	Todd
	Left Forward.
Hoffman (Mirandon)	Gross

RUTGERS PREP. vs.

COLLEGE SCRUB

On February twenty-eighth we played a preliminary for the college with a Rutger's scrub and won by a score of 37-8. The college played Swarthmore and lost. Prep. showed improvement in team work and did some good shooting. Williams played the best game for Prep., and Fulton did the best work for the Scrub. The points were scored as follows: Field goals, Smith, (capt.,) 2, Williams 10, Todd 4, Gross 2, Fulton 2, Corbin 1; goals from fouls, Smith 1, Fausett 2. The line-up was:

	Forward.
Ziegler	Fulton
	Forward.
Smith, (capt.)	Fausett
	Centre.
Williams	Corbin, (capt.)
	Guard:
Todd	Smith
	Guard.
Gross, (Watson)	Scudder

BASE BALL SCHEDULE FOR 1908.

April 11—Montclair High School, at New Brunswick.

April 18—Drake College, at New Brunswick.

April 25—Paterson High, at Paterson.

May 2—Trenton High, at Trenton.

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- May 9—Trenton Normal, at Trenton.
 - May 16—Newark High at New Brunswick.
 - May 23—Plainfield High, at New Brunswick.
 - May 30—Hackley School, at Tarrytown.
 - June 6—Battin High at New Brunswick.
- J. H. ZIEGLER, Manager.
-

EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with hearty thanks the following list of exchanges: The Advocate, Caracas Sport, (Caracas, Venezuela), Cardinal, Commerce Caravel (2), Cutler Fortnightly, Echo, Erasinian, Hasbrouck Sphinx, High School Recorder, Legenda, Magpie, Mirror (Moravian Seminary,) Mirror, (West Hoboken High School), Mercersburg News, Poly Prep. Magazine, Polytechnic, Quill, Red and White, Searchlight, Shucus, Sunnyside, Swarthmore, School Quarterly, Targum, Tome, Trident, Vail-Deane Budget, Valkyrie, West Jersey Acadamian.

"Old Neptune," a poem in the Trident, (Neptune High School, Ocean Grove, N. J.) is very original and cunning; well the erection of its High School by the briny deep, is pictured. A more lengthy literary department would much more raise its fame. "Notes" of every kind ought to be kept; but it takes an artist to write a story.

The Rogues' Gallery for 1908 in "The Commerce Caravel" is very interesting; at a glance, the characters in full of the '08 men are painted and written before us.

"Advocate" thine attempts have not been in vain.

"The Mirror," (West Hoboken High School), keep on the good work, although your strength is slight, you struck the nail on the head.

S. P. S. Quarterly, your paper has attained an excellent renown; but if in English there

were a "more excellent renown," you could rise to that by lengthening your stories.

Once again "Magpie" we are pleased to meet you.

Our Reflections.

The Argo comes to us for the first time. Why not bring the exchange department up to the rest of the magazine? Stuck down among the advertisements is a list of the names of the exchanges—not a single comment, not even a joke. A few cuts would improve the appearance of the magazine.—S. P. S. Quarterly.

You have the right idea of how a paper should look Argo, but your paper seems rather short and devoid of jokes, grinds or anything of that sort. Our sympathy is yours if your school has no vein of humor.

Mistress—"Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In future I shall bring in the milk."

Jane—"Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—Tome.

"Must I take a ticket for a puppy?" "No, you can travel as an ordinary passenger." —Legenda.

Student—"Prof., I don't think I deserve an absolute zero for that recitation."

Prof.—"Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give."—Polytechnic.

Student, (reading Virgil) "and thrice I tried to throw my arms around her—that was as far as I got, Professor."

Professor—"That was quite far enough; you may sit down."—Trident.

ANNEX NOTES.*Joan of Arc.*

England and France were at war. The English were working their way through France and taking province after province.

They had taken the city of Rheims which was the proper place for a French king to receive his crown. This prevented the Dauphin Charles from being crowned.

In one corner of this sunny country, there lived a young girl. Her face was very white and she had deep hollows under her eyes for she had wept much for the sorrows of France. Joan prayed long and earnestly for the freedom of France.

One day when she was walking in the woods—a girl of thirteen—she knelt to pray. She saw a white light before her and a voice said, ‘Lead the Army of France, I will be your help.’

She went home and told her father and mother of the commands laid on her.

Joan's father said that he would rather kill her with his own hands than have her mingle with the rough, wicked soldiers of France. Joan stayed at home until she was eighteen years of age.

Then a new danger was at hand. The English were closing around the city of Orleans.

If it should be taken, another French province would be England's.

PIERRE VAN DYCK.

Joan of Arc.

When Joan was eighteen years old she said to her parents, “I love my home and my family, but if you could hear my heart beat, the sound would say nothing but ‘France, France, France, France!’”

Still the voices kept on urging her to go to war.

“How can I go? I do not know anything about arms,” said Joan.

“The saints will aid you,” said the voices, “Go, Go.”

At last a captain of the royal troops took Joan into the presence of the Dauphin. Her pure white face made everybody believe what she said about the voices.

After many delays, a day came when Joan,

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dressed in complete armor, mounted on a white horse, and carrying a banner on which was written "In the Name of God," rode away at the head of the French army, to raise the siege of Orleans.

FLORENCE SPEYERS.

Joan of Arc.

Before six months were over Joan had rescued Orleans, crowned the king at Rheims and driven the English out of every town south of Paris. Just as she knew victory was hers, the tide turned. A false friend influenced the king to advise a retreat. A retreat was ordered and Joan had to turn toward the south. There she was captured by some Frenchmen who were enemies of the king. They sold her to the English.

The English considered her a witch. Some of the soldiers said that when she came riding toward them on a white horse in gleaming armor, they could not stand up before her. She was burned at the market place in Rouen.

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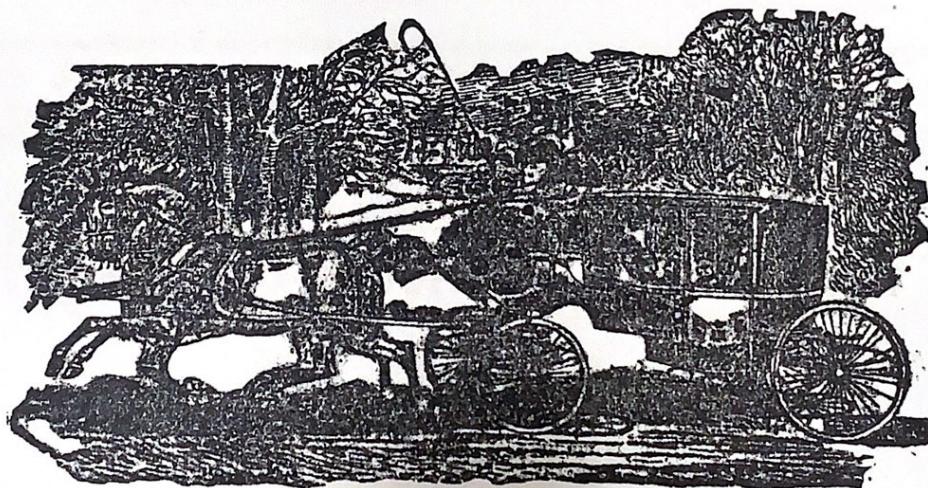
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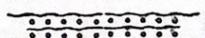
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