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THE ARGONAUT.

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

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THE ARGO.

VOL. XV.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JAN., 1904.

No. 4

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. C. 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.

INDOOR PRACTICE.

Now that we have again settled down to our studies, let us remember that while studies must and should come first, nevertheless there is another side to our school life beside study. To most of us athletics are a very important part.

Next spring the School will again be represented on the baseball field and track. But if these teams are to be successful, work must be commenced now. There is no doubt that the gymnasium, to which the school has access, is one of the best in the country and there can be no excuse put forth for not using this

privilege. To state the truth, prospects for a successful baseball season are not very bright, and therefore it is necessary—extremely so—that every one, who can, enter the gymnasium at once and get in shape for the games that will come later on. While the outlook for a successful track team is bright, yet no one is sure of his position, and as large a number as possible should report every day at the gymnasium and prepare either for the baseball or track team and so make the spring of 1904 a most successful athletic season. Let every one do his best; and, should victory not rest on our banners, at least we shall have the satisfaction which comes from doing our duty.

ALUMNIANA.

(All authentic notes pertaining to the Alumni will be gratefully received by the editor.)

Rev. Dr. Everitt T. Tomlinson, Head-Master of Rutgers Preparatory School from 1883 to 1888, lectured under the auspices of the Jersey Blue Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on Thursday evening, December seventeenth, in Kirkpatrick Chapel. Dr. Tomlinson's subject was "Heroes and Heroines of the Revolution." Our former Head Master said that there was many a brave man who was as true and daring as "Paul Revere," but did not have a Longfellow to perpetuate and immortalize his name. Dr. Tomlinson held the closest attention of his audience, which numbered nearly two hundred, and the following night the *Home News* stated that "a more delightful lecturer has seldom graced a New Brunswick platform."

Ernest H. Rapalje, '96, is manager of an extensive fertilizing manufactory at Cronly,

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North Carolina. Mr. Rapalje, anticipating the annual banquet at The Trap, shipped a barrel of holly and greens to Dr. Payson. But the railroad authorities considered that the greens would look better on a train than at The Trap, and so the barrel did not arrive in time for the affair at The Trap.

Jonathan F. Scott, '98, is one of the most popular instructors at the Browning School, New York City.

Howard Voorhees, '98, is studying at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

Sanger Carleton, '00, was in town on Saturday, December nineteenth.

Clifford I. Voorhees, ex-'01, sings on the Princeton University Glee Club and accompanied that organization on its recent western trip.

Ralph P. Badeau, ex-'04, now lives in Elizabeth, N. J., and is attending the Batin High School. His address is 416 Linden avenue.

Rodney A. Ford, ex-'05, has a responsible position with the Binghamton Trust Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

Frank Joslyn, ex-'06, has been attending the Bordentown Military Academy since September. He has again entered R. P. S.

The following is a partial list of the Alumni seen in town during Christmas week: Willard Conger, '92; F. L. Janeway, '96; Robert W. Pettit, '96; Fred. W. Conger, '98; Howard C. Voorhees, '98; Jonathan F. Scott, '98; S. B. Woodbridge, '99; Miss Claire Halstead, '00; Miss Jennie Voorhees, '00; Miss Marion Voorhees, '00; Lucius P. Janeway, '99; George P. Kuchnle, '01; C. I. Voorhees, ex-'01; Harold E. Green, '02; J. Harvey Murphy, '02; Miss Millicent Silcocks, '03; Miss Sarah R. Scott, '03; Paul E. McChesney, '03; Schuyler H. Rust, ex-'04.

THE TRAP BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by Dr. and Mrs. Payson to the boys at The Trap, was held on Monday evening, December twenty-first, at

The Trap. The diners sat down to the bounteous repast at a few minutes after seven o'clock, and did good justice to the good things which always "tease" a healthy person's appetite. The souvenirs of the evening were little colored lanterns, while the dinner cards, bearing a little verse suitable to the diner's toast, were in the shape of a Christmas tree.

Beside the Faculty and boys residing at The Trap there were also present Mrs. Payson, Dr. and Mrs. Searle, Miss Payson, Miss M. Emily Biles, Miss Ella Marsden, Miss Margery J. Shankel, Miss Mary Gregg, Mr. George W. Nuttman and T. D. Woodbridge, '04.

Dr. Payson made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and called for the following toasts:

"Football,"

Mr. Samuel R. Taverner, '04.

"The Trap,"

Mr. Charles E. Corbin, '05.

"Early Rising,"

Mr. A. A. Garthwaite, '06.

"Maryland,"

Mr. Beall, '04.

"Baseball,"

Mr. Willard Case, '06.

"Philadelphia,"

Mr. Vrooman, '05.

"Our New Profs.,"

Mr. C. C. Howard, '07.

"Santa Claus,"

Mr. A. P. Mills.

"Classical Course,"

Mr. Ripley Watson, '04.

"New Jersey,"

Mr. E. W. Labaw, '04.

"Rutgers,"

Mr. Frank T. Corbin, Jr., '04.

"Scientific Course,"

Mr. Stacey H. Opdyke, '04.

"New York,"

Mr. Samuel C. Warner, '04.

"The Annex,"

Mr. J. A. Ferguson.

"The New Library,"

Mr. Westervelt, '05.

- "*The Prep. School,*"
Mr. Hansen, '06.
 "Tennis,"
Mr. Gilbert Hall, '04.
 "Basketball,"
Mr. G. Packard, '06.
 "Fourth Form,"
Mr. Benjamin M. Miller, '04.
 "The Argo,"
Mr. Dudley Woodbridge, '04.
 "New Brunswick,"
Mr. A. W. Scott, '99.
 "Cadets,"
Mr. H. S. Lang, Jr., '04.
 "The Old Boys,"
Mr. M. D. Verdi, '03.
 "The Old Year and the New,"
Mr. E. H. Riedel.

Dr. Searle, of the local Theological Seminary, brought the speechmaking to a close by a few words on the true meaning of the Christmas season.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1904.

Prospects for a good football team next fall are bright, though the school will lose Fisher, Watson, Taverner, F. Corbin, Miller, Verdi, Lang, Hall and Woodbridge. Those who will probably return are: Allen, '05; C. Corbin, '05; C. Nicholas, '06; A. A. Garthwaite, '06; Case, '06, and S. Nicholas, '06. Of those who return all have won the *R. P.* in football except S. Nicholas, '06. There are also several good players on the scrub who may fill the vacant positions. The team will, in all probability, be much lighter than the team of 1903.

At a meeting of the football team on Thursday morning, December seventeenth, Charles Eli Corbin, '05, of Oxford, N. Y., was elected captain of the football team for 1904, defeating Cary Nicholas, '06, by the small margin of one vote, the result being 6-5.

CONFIDENCE MISPLACED.

A Detective Story, More or Less True.

Thomas Kean was the wealthiest man in the

vicinity of Hornsburg, and, as such, was greatly looked up to by the people of that country place. He owned a large farm about two miles outside the village, where he raised many cattle. For years he had been Justice of the Peace and had held other town offices to his credit. Mr. Kean was a good man, and generous; and, withal, conducted his own affairs and the town's with such wisdom and discretion and diligence that no one could be more respected than he.

For years he had been prosperous, and everything he touched seemed to succeed. But of late he had met with many reverses. His two handsomest horses were stolen within a week of each other, so artfully that he never got any trace of either of them. Some of his finest cattle sickened and died in such a way that even the village veterinary surgeon could not understand the cause. For a couple of years most of his crops had been very poor, with no explanation for it save that one morning large, deep footprints were found all over one of his bog cornfields.

So things went on. Every little while some theft or other misfortune would occur to him. Mr. Kaan realized that it must be that he had an enemy, who, for some reason or other, pursued him with relentless hatred. Yet he knew of no one who could be his enemy, for he was on friendly terms with all the people in the village. As a public officer Mr. Kean had always done his duty with wisdom and clemency. He was utterly at a loss.

Finally, on the night of September tenth, came the crowning misfortune: his two large barns were burned to the ground by incendiaries. Then, as he saw the red flames sweeping away his possessions and lighting up the heavens with their lurid glow, he resolved in his heart to discover his enemy and bring upon him the full vengeance of the law.

Now, about this time there appeared in the town of Hornsburg a well-dressed stranger, who gave himself out to be Mr. Cadett, a commercial traveler from Boston. Mr. Cadett was a man of swarthy complexion, with dark eyes

and coal-black hair and moustache. He always wore a beaver hat and a Prince Albert coat, and carried about with him an air of dignity and mystery. He spent his money freely and was very affable, so that he quickly made many friends in the town. Mr. Cadett said that he was on a month's vacation, and had come out to Hornsburg in order that he might obtain a guide there and set out thence on a hunting trip through the Selville Mountains. It was his intention to start a couple of days before, go about fifteen miles into the heart of the mountains and set up his camp by the far-famed Lake Wakcheeba, so as to be ready when the September hunting season should commence. He stayed in Hornsburg about a week, preparing for his trip, and, incidentally, studying all the people he met. While in the village he put up at the "Palace Hotel," as a small two-story shanty on the upper end of Main street was called.

As we have seen, Mr. Cadett was not long in working his way into the confidence of the simple villagers. Even in his short stay he knew the name of almost every person in the village, from Jimmy Downswallow, the village's pet drunkard, to even the high and mighty constable. Of course, it was known all around that Mr. Cadett wanted a guide or guides for his hunting trip, and almost as many different names were proposed to him for selection as there were men in the town.

Finally one day Mr. Cadett said to the proprietor of the "Palace Hotel"—a corpulent Irishman, who waddled about on two exceedingly short and unsteady legs, was always in his shirt sleeves and wore huge diamonds of a rather uncertain quality—"How would the two Black boys do to go with me?" "Sure, an' ye couldn't git two foiner shots if ye were to sarch the hull county," was the reply that came floating out amid clouds of blue from the worthy man's pipe. This settled the matter; for, although Charles and Isaiah Black, better known as "Pepper Charlie" and "Black Ise," did not have a very good reputation as to morals, they were the best shots for miles around, and

knew the country back in the mountains as well as the moose that inhabited it.

So it was arranged, and Mr. Cadett and the two Black boys set out on the trip into the mountains with their belongings. After a day's journey they set up their camp on the shores of the beautiful Lake Wakcheeba.

It does not belong to this story to describe the exciting hunting adventures which came to pass in the next two weeks, nor the incidents of their camp life in the heart of a Maine wilderness; but we shall turn our attention to a conversation which happened one night after the day's hunting.

It was about half-past seven in the evening. The moon, rising over the dark pines on the edge of the water, cast a soft glow of mellow light over the forest. The calm lake was divided into two parts by a gleaming stream of golden glory that stretched across it to the campers' feet as they sat and watched by the shore. To the right and to the left, the water was darker and very still. Over on the other side the tops of the black trees made an irregular outline against the light sky. A few stars were shining overhead, incomparable to the majestic moon as it grandly glided through the cloudless heavens. And there were no sounds save the gentle noises of the wilderness.

The huntsmen sat in silence for a long time. The country boys, not at all affected by the beauty of the scene, were doubtless planning in their minds for the next day's hunting. Mr. Cadett seemed lost in thought. Finally, raising his head and drawing a little nearer the young men, he spoke:

"Well, boys, we've been with each other here for two weeks and I've gotten to like you. So I made up my mind to-night to tell you about myself. But first, I want both of you to promise solemnly that you will never repeat a word of what I shall say." The brothers promised. Then the mysterious stranger went on. "You have come out here with me, thinking that I am Mr. Cadett, a commercial traveler from Boston. Believe it no longer. I am

none other than Captain Kidd, great-grandson of the famous Captain Kidd, the pirate." As he spoke the stranger stood up tall and straight, in the moonlight, a smile seeming to flit across his dark face. Then he continued, speaking rapidly and enticingly: "I, too, am a pirate, master of the good ship 'Forlorn Hope,' now in Portland Harbor. My plan is to go into waters far away from this country, and if I fall in with a heavy laden merchant vessel, I make short work of it. But if I meet a suspicious looking boat—a revenue cutter or a man-o'-war—behold, a peaceful tramp steamer bound for Havana or some other convenient port."

The captain chuckled. All this talk the two country boys were swallowing whole. Then, casting away the dignity which before now had clothed him like a garment, he talked on earnestly with many gesticulations.

"So for five years I have escaped being caught, and, I tell you, we've been in some tight holes, too. But a few months ago my two mates deserted and ran off with some of my hard-earned gains. And then, to top off their trickery treachery what did the scoundrels do but go and report all my doings to the government officers. So now, for reasons of my own, I've decided to travel for a couple of months and live for a time on my little store that I have put away somewhere.

"I got ahead of those rogues, my mates, though, for as soon as they skipped I knew they would report me, so I promptly sold my vessel to an unsuspecting trading company. Now, I s'pose they're looking for me. Well, let 'em look. I'll lie low for a little while longer and then set out on my old trade in a vessel which some of my spies have got hold of. Just now I'm on the lookout for a couple of likely young fellows to take the place of my mates. A mate on my craft don't have to know much about seagoing affairs—I 'tend to that myself—but he's got to know how to do certain little jobs up neat. For instance, he's not only got to be able to shoot straight, but how to keep a man talking and rob his box of papers

at the same time, and how to sink a ship, after it has been plundered, without losing an hour or so in doing it, and all such things as that. I've had an eye on you boys for these places. I know you're good shots and strong and hardy; but I don't know as you've ever done anything of the kind to show your mettle."

As the captain said this he seemed to wait for the young men to reply. A curious smile was on his face, and we can fancy that as he was speaking he was mightily pleased to see the country boys paying such rapt attention. So he awaited a reply. Soon it came, from the elder of the two.

"Wal, sir, I reckon we might as good as not tell ye a thing or two we've done, an' I guess ye'll judge we'll do. I don't know 'bout Siah here, but I'll go with yer. I guess pa'd be as glad to git rid of us as not. But what'll ye give us if we go?"

The captain named a sum which seemed to the boys very large and said they would have a certain share of the booty captured. But then he wasn't sure they'd suit him, for he didn't know as they had done anything that showed grit.

Then did Charles and Isaiah Black relate to the pirate captain the following facts. First, that Justice of the Peace Thomas Kean had for some offence, "which didn't amount to much," sentenced their father to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. Second, that the same Mr. Kean had several times put the boys off his place when they had seen "squirls" in his woods and incidentally—stealing chickens. Wherefore these young men had taken it upon them to avenge their father and themselves, by abducting Mr. Kean's two finest horses and selling them at a county fair some twenty miles distant, and by poisoning his cattle. Moreover, they confessed that they had for two years been pillaging Mr. Kean's crops and stealing trifles around his farm. And finally these youthful criminals owned up to having set fire to Mr. Kean's barns for no other reasons than pure revenge and a love of excitement. All these things, they said, they had done without any

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suspicions coming upon themselves. And they were proud of their record.

When they had finished there seemed no doubt in Captain Kidd's mind as to their ability. So it was arranged that all three should go down to Portland direct from the forest without passing through Hornsburg and that thence they should set out on their piratical career.

Then they went in the tent and lay down to sleep, while the moon sailed overhead and sunk behind the trees in the West.

In a couple of days they left their camp by the beautiful lake, and journeyed on through the country to Portland, dressed in disguises which the captain produced.

When they arrived, the captain led the wondering country boys through the rows of tall buildings to the—police station! There he handed them over to the tender mercies of the law, reciting their self-confessed crimes to the officer at the desk. There we shall leave the boys.

Then John Brown, private detective; *alias* Mr. Cadett, commercial traveler; *alias* Captain Kidd, pirate, walked calmly into an inner room where sat a number of other detectives telling stories, set down his tall beaver hat, laid his long coat on a chair, put his false moustache and wig on the mantelpiece, and, stretching himself on a sofa by the fire, smoked his cigar and went to sleep.

THE TRAP.

In January, 1868, Prof. DeWitt T. B. Reiley was elected "Rector" of Rutgers Prep., and, as the School grew rapidly during the following year (1869), Prof. Reiley decided to establish a boarding department, and, on his own account, bought The Trap house and grounds, at that time The Trap building consisted only of the brick part of the present structure. In the year of 1870 the frame part—where Dr. Payson has his apartments—on the northeast side, was constructed. But this space was not sufficient, so an extension was added on the

southeast side in 1871. In 1872 still another addition was completed on the southeast side. The year of '73 saw another addition built to the already large part on the southeast side. No further additions have been built and the house of 1904 is the same in size as it was in 1873.

The "Home," as it should properly be called, got the name of Trap because one of our former Mead Masters was accustomed to address the student boarders as "Rats." Prof. Reiley, who established The Trap, was a very successful teacher, and under his direction the School increased greatly. Prof. Reiley was also a very energetic and influential citizen. In 1878 he was elected Mayor of New Brunswick, and at different times served as president of the Board of Health, as Water Commissioner, and as County Superintendent of Middlesex County. In 1881 Prof. Reiley tendered his resignation as Head Master and in '83 it was reluctantly accepted, and Prof. Reiley became United States Consul at Athens, having been appointed by President Arthur.

WHERE PEACE IS.

The August day is drawing to a close. We are in the little English village of Carwick and are walking uphill along the shady lane toward the old parish church of St. Matthew. Now we pass the Vicarage, with its broad lawn and elm-bounded driveway. Then come laborers' cottages, thatch-roofed, white-walled, with tiny, flower-filled gardens in which play flaxen-haired children. And here we are at last by the churchyard stile. Let us rest here for a moment.

There stands the church. Time has attacked it, but has not been able to shift its firm foundations or to shake its massive tower. It was there—it is here—it will be there.

Through the half-open doorway steal gently forth the low, sweet tones of the organ. Some one—the Vicar's daughter, perhaps—is in the lonely building, dreaming away the Summer hours in the pleasant land of music. Let us

tread carefully and not disturb her as we draw near.

And now we have left the stile and are among the graves. Beneath our feet lie buried the bodies of Britons of days gone by. About us are monuments and tombstones—some crumbling with age; others fresh from the marble yard. And yet the place has not an air of gloom. Melancholy is there, of course, but where is not melancholy? Is there any pure passion that has not in its composition a little touch of melancholy? Or is there any pure passion that is not mingled in the composition of melancholy? The birds are twittering in their nests in the ivy that cloaks the church's walls. Around the bases of the tombstones bloom among the grass bright colored flowers—cultivated ones, planted by the loving hands of relatives and friends; and wild ones, planted by hands more loving still. A gentle light glows over the scene from the golden West. Who can find gloom in such a place?

We will read some of the epitaphs. Many an ancient monument is here, on which all carving has been obliterated by time. Only the more "modern" ones—those of the last two hundred years—can be deciphered.

A great number of the inscriptions are in verse. Some lines are found repeated on several tombstones; for the British peasant has little time or inclination for verse-making, and one rhymed epitaph must serve countless graves. Read what is cut into yonder stone; one may find the same words in nearly every country churchyard from Land's End to Scotland.

"All you who come my grave to see,
As I am now, so you must be.
Remember that you also must
One day, like me, return to dust.
Amend your life while yet you may,
Before death summons you away."

The lines on that crumbling stone close by are also quite often seen in this use:

"Momentous thought, as time we spend,
Eternal joys, or woes, depend.
Vain mortal, think on this, before

Thy doom is fixed, and time no more."

And over there is another popular epitaph: "Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee, And care not now what thou canst say of me. Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear. My head lies easy. I am quiet here. What faults you saw in me take care to shun. Look but at home; enough is to be done."

That small stone in the corner bears the date of seventeen-thirty, but it is in better preservation than any we have yet observed. We draw nearer to it, and bending down, read the sad little epitaph:

"Young maids, prepare yoursevles to die.
For life is short, and death is nigh.
Repent in time; make no delay.
I in my youth was called away."

Over next to the hedge-row stands a quaint old monument. It is oblong in shape, but time has rounded its corners and broken its sides. We will examine it.

Carven into the upper part is a rude representation of a dripping pan. Beneath it is the inscription, giving the name and age of him whose body lies beneath. The date of his death—seventeen fifty-three—is also given. Then come these words:

"Here lies my corpse, who was the man
That lov'd a sop in dripping pan.
But now, believe me, I am dead.
Now here the pan stands at my head.
Still for sop to the last I cry'd,
But could not eat, and so I died.
My neighbors, they perhaps may laugh,
Now they do read my epitaph."

Is it not exquisitely pathetic that these plain, practical peasants, leading lives of homely prose, should at last rest beneath verse? To every man poetry comes in some form at some time; to these people often not until they are through with this world. And surely it is touching that the graves of simple rustics, who knew nothing of rhyme and rhythm, save what they learned from the Church Hymnal and a few popular songs, should be dignified by rhymed epitaphs.

Hark! the bells in the lofty tower chime out

into the still air. The time for Evening Prayer is approaching, and already the villagers are loitering toward the church. Now down the path comes the old Vicar, a venerable figure, in clerically cut clothing, with a broad-brimmed, low-crowned, black hat. With what respectful admiration do his parishioners speak to him, and with what a kindly manner does he return their salutations! How eager they all are for the sound of his voice and the sight of his face! The children leave their parents to cluster around him. It is evident that when his body shall return to dust, he will have that Monument worth all others—a place in the loving memory of them that survive him.

SHAUN.

The following are a few of the toasts given at the "Trap Banquet" on December twenty-first:

FOOTBALL. MR. C. CORBIN.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A few nights ago, as I was peaceably sleeping, I had a dream. And I dreamt that I was in heaven, and an angel came to me and asked me where I came from, and I said from Rutgers Preparatory School. She then asked me what I did there, and my first thought was football. And she asked me to tell her about the glorious, unconquerable team that she had heard that they had there. I thus began my tale to the accompaniment of most beautiful and unearthly music, in which I felt sure now then that I caught the sweet tone of Taverner as he rushed it down the field.

Our Football Team

Was the best that Rutgers Prep. has ever seen.
In practising they were so dutiful
That everybody said how beautiful.
And when they played a game. Oh, my!
I tell you, then the dust did fly.
Although they met much fierce resistance,
They never failed to make their distance.
When Miller went right through the tackle
He knocked the other team ram-shackle.
And when Cow Watson took the ball
He, like a whirlwind, went through them all.

Then Cary around the end did run,
To catch him those fellows had some fun.
Fisher, through centre, of course,
Always went with irresistible force.
Now let us talk of Fatty Case—
My! but didn't he run a race.
And Lang so quickly passed the ball
That you wouldn't hardly notice it at all.
Verdi kicked the goals so straight
That the ball went swift and sure as fate.
And Garthwaite played like all possessed,
He never failed to meet the test.
Football was Allen's chief delight,
He always played with all his might.
There's Taverner, so small and light,
In football he flies like a kite.
The manager of the team was Hall,
He gave witch hazel and gum at call.
Woodbridge, the runner of beautiful stride,
No one could ever keep at his side.
There is Corbin, with the red pate,
In football he strikes an awful gait.
And last of all, there's little Nichol *us*,
He scrapped too much, the little cuss.

The angel listened with great attention, and at the end of my description a great chorus broke out with "Whoop 'er up for Rutgers Prep. School." At the end of this a bell rang which didn't sound as if it came from heaven. I awoke to find, instead of bells of heaven, it was another bell, which I do not often hear—it was the breakfast bell.

THE PREP. SCHOOL. MR. HANSEN.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first great attraction to the stranger at the Prep. School is the young men, and I might say that which is already known, that the best of these some from The Trap. They are a beautiful collection of heroic athletes, mighty and powerful in mind and body. It is a matchless sight to see them in their daily life, ready at any time for deeds of daring. Often has the tale been told of how they saved from an untimely death their companion who had broken through the ice and was sinking for the last time—as he thought.

The Prep. School is a very old school. The first date which we have of it is way back in 1766. You can tell it is old by looking at the building.

Every one who knows anything will surely agree that it is the best school. Look at the Fourth Form! They wouldn't come to this school if it was not the best.

In every way it is so good, especially the music. Of the hymn in the morning the first verse is respectfully left as Mr. Ferguson's solo, and the whole day seems brighter after we hear that. Then Mr. Taverner begins to shout on the second verse, and we classical fellows forget our Greek lesson. Especially does this affect Mr. Garthwaite on examination day and he forgets all about his accents. At this Mr. Mills becomes impatient because of a poor lesson, when, in fact, it is not our fault, for this singing is like a bellows—it blows in one ear and goes hand-in-hand with Greek out the other.

Much has been said of the glorious Fourth Form, but the Second Form outshines it, and then, what glory is before it. Why, in two years it will be the glorious Fourth Form.

About the professors, I cannot say a word—they speak for themselves.

These are a few of the many attractions to a stranger at the Prep. School. May the good, old school live forever, and always be filled with students as bright as those at present.

THE TRAP. MR. TAVERNER.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The subject which is given to me is to us one of the greatest importance, "The Trap." In days of a former head master, when the boys had in some ways especially aroused his anger, he was in the habit of addressing them as "You Rats," so now the name "Trap" clings to the place. Not only do we have *rats* here, but by accident a couple of *cows* have strayed in, and been caught; but we are not sorry to find such a variety in The Trap, for on the football team their beef was of the greatest use at right and left guard.

We hope that Verdi, when he comes to enter his *dear Harvard*, will find the girls of Cambridge more to his liking than those of New Brunswick.

There is F. Corbin, The Trap mail carrier, who always delivers his mail to you within two or three days after its arrival in New Brunswick.

We are sorry to see that "Westy" finds that the studies of the Third Form require him to burn so much of the midnight oil.

In noticeable contrast to "Westy" is *cunning, little Lang*, whose heart would be broken if we were not to mention him. With those who know his previous record, there can be little doubt who starts a rough-house along "Broadway."

It seems that with two *bells* in the building, the fellows ought to be able to be up in time for breakfast. This applies especially to Hall, who keeps a Beall (bell) in his room.

We noticed that at the opening of the year Dr. Ferguson had a worried expression, as if the responsibility of breaking these new instructors into the ways of The Trap was almost too much for his ability.

As time forbids speaking to every one who is here, I now wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BASEBALL. MR. CASE.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am asked to respond to the toast, "Baseball." I suppose that the reason is I can't run very fast and am caught between the bases.

Baseball is a splendid sport—none better. It does not, perhaps, develop the mind, but it develops the body, and without a healthy body what is the mind worth? About six months ago we finished an exceptionally successful season on the baseball diamond, winning the games with North Plainfield and New Brunswick High. I have entirely forgotten the others, especially the one with Trenton, but our interest to-night is in the players rather than the games. The best opportunity we have to see them is some afternoon, when they are

practising before The Trap.

The brilliancy of Corbin's hair compels us to notice him first. We cannot but laugh as we see how closely his hands, as he attempts to catch the ball, resemble the claws of a crab, as they wander aimlessly above his head. In the outer field we notice a moving speck, and, upon asking what is, we are told it is our little Sammie. Bearing down upon us from third base we see Watson, whose running is marked by—well, you know how gracefully he runs. With these few reminders of our spring sport and the share The Trap took in it, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NEWS FROM MR. FULLER.

Among our exchanges for the past month was a copy of the *Chimes*, from Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont. We were greatly interested in reading therein an account of the life of Mr. J. H. Fuller, who last year taught Greek and English in Rutgers Preparatory School. Mr. Fuller is now teaching in Lyndon Institute and is editor of the *Lyndonville Journal*.

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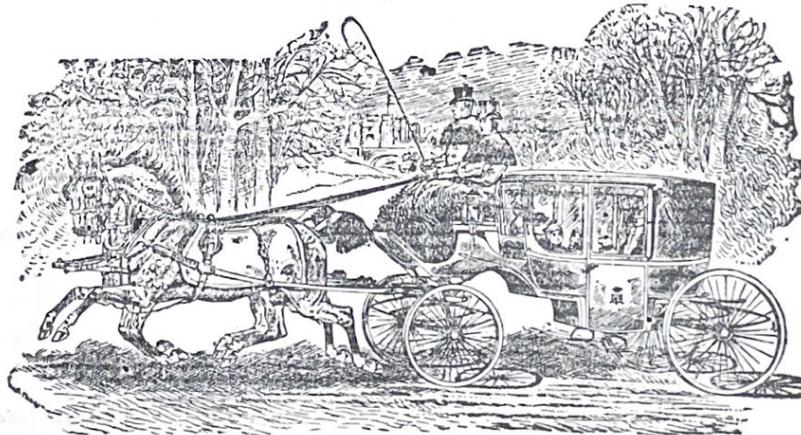
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