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DECEMBER, 1904

THE ARGO.

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

THE ARGO.

PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

REAL - ESTATE

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VOL. XVI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DECEMBER, 1904.

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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. 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 Fall term is rapidly drawing to a close and examinations are coming on apace. The students are busily engaged preparing themselves to meet the examinations, and the teachers are beginning to look over the text books and pick out the puzzling questions.

Most of the students, of course, mark the approach of examinations with indifference, for they have been faithfully devoting themselves to their lessons, but there are probably some few who may have neglected their studies somewhat and now they must "cram" hard.

Just beyond the Jordan of examinations

lies the land of bliss, the Christmas Holidays. It is a time of joyousness to be looked forward to with delightful anticipation, for it is to most of us the happiest and best season of the year.

Coming as this vacation does, between the Fall and Winter terms, it affords us a grateful relief after the work of the first term, and gives us a chance to recruit our strength for the trying ordeals of the Winter term, the term which is probably the most difficult of the whole year. So let no one waste his strength by unnecessary study during the vacation. We hope that all will come back with renewed vigor to take up again their tasks.

Here's success to all in their examinations, a pleasant vacation, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We should like very much to receive more contributions to the *Argo* from the school.

The staff editors keep belaboring their minds to produce material for the paper, but it is very seldom that we receive voluntary contributions from the school. It would come in the form of joyful surprise to have some literary matter put at our disposal by members of the school.

There is enough talent amongst the scholars to keep the *Argo* well stocked with interesting matter, and we hope that the school will display a willingness to cudgel their brains a little, and send in a flood of material that will fairly overwhelm us.

ALUMNIANA.

Jonathan Scott, '98, spent his Thanksgiving vacation in town.

This year, four men who have graduated

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from Rutgers Prep. played on the Rutgers College football team. They were Green, Murray, Fisher and Watson.

Samuel A. Van Vechten, '02, is now working in New York.

Leslie M. Hay, '02, is taking the Dental course in the University of Pennsylvania.

William Little, '99, was in town a few Sundays ago.

Clarence E. Case, '96, who is practicing law in Somerville, was an usher at the wedding of Dr. Gutman and Miss L. Fisher, of this city, on Tuesday, November 15.

Harold E. Green, '02, has been elected captain of the Rutgers football team for 1905.

Frank T. Corbin, Jr., '04, was one of the guests at the Thanksgiving dinner at the Trap.

Dr. J. E. Gleason, '96, is traveling in Europe.

Miss Edwina Fisher and Miss Alta Schenck, ex-'05, visited the school Friday, Nov. 25.

Miss Margaret Cook, ex-'06, spent her Thanksgiving vacation in town.

Miss Elizabeth Corbin, '96, spent a few days at the Trap lately.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Jack Rodney rushed up the steps of his home, seized the parcel which his sister handed him, hastily tossed it into the dress suit case which he carried and with only "Hello" and "Good-bye," ran to the station and boarded the train for Lakeside Heights, where his friend, Ted Norland and his sister, were to give a fancy dress ball Christmas night.

A few seats in front of him sat a young girl bound for the Norlands'. She had a striking face, and was evidently well able to take care of herself.

"Lakeside Heights," shouted the conductor, and in the rush that followed, the porter snatched up the three nearest dress suit cases, among which were those of Margaret Sheffiled, the young lady before mentioned, and Jack. "I'll take that!" shouted Jack, but the porter was gone in a flash.

Margaret was met by her hostess, Ted's sister, and her dress suit case, along with those of the other girls who had just arrived, was slung up on the front seat of the carriage. They soon passed the boys, who had walked on ahead.

The house stood at the end of a long avenue, shaded by elms, and the severity of its substantial colonial architecture was relieved by the Christmas greens decorating the veranda and the interior. These had been gathered in the woods about the town, by those of the young men and girls in the city who were to be in the masquerade and who had spent all the morning gathering them. Returning about noon they had occupied the greater part of the afternoon, until the guests arrived, in decorating the house both inside and out with greens—holly and mistletoe.

The boys alone knew of the mistletoe, having skilfully hidden it among the other greens, leaving the girls to find out as best they could and woe be unto her who unwittingly should choose to stand in a secluded corner, or under a much-decorated chandelier!

The girls were welcomed by Mrs. Lambert and immediately felt at home in the cosy surroundings. They were then shown to their rooms and spent the short interval before dinner in dressing and chattering.

After a lively dinner all went to their rooms to dress for the ball. When Margaret opened her dress suit case she stared at the contents with dismay written on her face. First appeared a monk's cowl, next his robe and then all the rest of a friar's costume. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed aloud. "Who has my suit case?" There seemed only one thing to do—to wear the friar's costume, and after thinking a moment, she said "I'll do it!"

In the meantime Jack was being laced into a Martha Washington costume, and when the wig was brought in, poor Jack dropped into a chair before the glass and howled, "Why on earth did my freak of a sister make me wear this? there must be some mistake. Gee, don't I make a stunning girl!"

At eight o'clock the now well-filled room presented a charming picture with the gay costumes and bright lights. In one corner, Janice Meridith was having a tete-a-tete with a court jester who was evidently using his most effective stories to keep up with her incessant chatter. Little Bo-Peep was talking over some trivial matter with Virginia Carvel, and near by stood Robin Hood discussing politics with Colonel Carter. These last two were seemingly not very much interested in politics, but were keeping one eye on Bo-Peep and Virginia, although they were too bashful to talk with those charming young ladies. At last, however, Robin Hood "screwed his courage to the sticking point" and made a dash for Virginia, while the stately Colonel entered into conversation with Bo-Peep. At the same time Margaret was having her troubles. In one corner she stood, surrounded by a group of court beauties, and a few inquisitive men. The conversation turned to football and here Margaret was at a loss.

"Did you play in your college or preparatory school days?" asked one young girl.

"I seldom indulged in that frivolity," answered the friar. "My mind was turned to books for the most part, although I remember having played it in my earlier days." "In what position did you play?" inquired one who represented Sir Walter Raleigh.

"On my hands and knees for the most part" the friar slowly replied. Margaret was getting more and more nervous lest some one should discover her disguise.

"You know what I mean, of course?" said Sir Walter. "What position on the team did you occupy?"

"There is half back and full back, guard and centre; what on earth is the difference?" Margaret asked herself; then aloud she said, "I believe it was rear guard." A general shout arose and Margaret was sincerely thankful when, at the interference of others, she could profess to be indignant at the fun people made of a poor friar, and walked off with a dejected air.

When she had gone Sir Walter, with a slight shrug, remarked, "That poor fellow made a chump of himself. Evidently he knew nothing about the game." With that he turned to Joan of Arc, and as the music then struck up, with a stately bow, asked the honor which she was very glad to bestow.

It did one good to hear the jolly laughter and snatches of animated conversation. Very few recognized their partners and this gave a delightful sense of mystery to the affair.

Those who did not care to dance strolled about the halls or sat on the wide staircase. Some, declaring they were positively "roasting" would even have ventured out on the veranda had not the ever-watchful chaperones prevented and delivered a precise little lecture in their reluctant ears.

Soon after the music had begun, in one of the rushes when dances were engaged, Ted Lambert, the host, as Mephistopheles, approached Martha Washington and asked in an off-hand way, for "a dance or two." Martha suppressing a very masculine grin, assured him that she would be charmed.

Mephistopheles, although he was fascinated by her charms, did not, as he afterward confessed, think much of her as a dancer; she was too ready to lead, and that spoiled it.

Conversation turning to athletics Martha waxed enthusiastic much to Mephistopheles' delight. To his surprise she seemed to know as much about baseball, football and other outdoor and indoor sport as he himself did.

"Yes," she said, "in college we had a splendid gymnasium and practiced a great deal there. I used to go to the baseball and other games which our college played with the other colleges—I mean, I used to play on the team—that is, on the basket-ball team, you know." "Hang me," Jack added to himself, "why do I have to let it out?" Mephistopheles did not seem to notice this however, and Martha, fearing that she would give away more, proposed a promenade.

It was now late in the evening, and Ted was on the lookout for an opportunity to make

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use of the mistletoe, but as yet none had offered itself. Finally, in obedience to her wishes, he left to get her a glass of lemonade and on his return found her standing innocently under a chandelier. The opportunity was too great for Ted; but just as he was about to redeem the forfeit, the whistle blew for unmasking, and quick as a flash, off came Martha's mask. To his utmost astonishment, Ted saw the grinning face of his chum—Jack.

BILZAC.

CHRISTMAS, 1776.

Many of the ancient countries of Europe have, and keep as a pleasant heritage, many legends and stories of the Christmastide. Over here in America we have none of those quaint folk-stories and ancient observances. But there is one tale that will ever stir our hearts as we hear it and which it were well for us to consider again as we prepare to spend our Christmas time in peace and happiness. For it will do us good to remember again how, one bitter Christmas night so many years ago, the cause of our Independence was saved, and how our brave forefathers toiled and suffered then to give to us the blessings which we enjoy to-day. And especially ought we to recall the incidents of the memorable Battle of Trenton, because it took place so near us and was more or less connected with the fortunes of our own city.

The Continental Army, after the struggles around New York began the memorable retreat through New Jersey. It was a terrible march, that. The cold of the on-coming winter pierced right through the scanty clothing of the poor soldiers. Their feet, left bloody footprints in the snow. They were hurried through a half-hospitable country with a pursuing enemy at their rear, and before them—hopelessness.

On the very day, Dec. 1, 1776, that Washington and his followers left New Brunswick and burned the bridge across the Raritan, late that afternoon the British army entered the town in his rear. Washington thought of

making a stand at New Brunswick as later he did on the west bank of the Delaware. Had he done so, the battle of Trenton might have been known in history as the battle of New Brunswick. But he found that the Raritan was fordable in several places and would offer no effectual barrier to the march of the British; so he had to move on to Trenton.

From New Brunswick, on Dec. 1, Washington sent word for all the boats of every sort on the Delaware River to be collected. A few days later the weary army crossed; but before the rear-guard of the Americans had landed on the Pennsylvania shore, Cornwallis with his troops appeared on the other bank. But he could not pass over, for the Americans had seized everything that looked like a boat and had taken it to the other side, and the ~~boat~~ could not be forded. So the disgusted Englishman had to stay where he was.

Meanwhile General Washington rested his army and prepared to defend Philadelphia. These were hard days for him. He had to bear with a slow and sometimes unreasonable Congress, with the treachery of one of his generals and the plotting jealousy of another, with a despairing and discontented army, and with the victorious march of his pursuing enemy. People who had been patriots were turning loyalists everywhere, influenced by Howe's proclamations. The American army was in want of food, clothing and pay. The enlistment term of nearly all the soldiers expired on the first of January, and they had no desire of fighting and suffering any more. Back at New Brunswick, the New Jersey and Maryland Brigades had refused to serve another day. Of the 5,000 men under Washington's command, 2,000 were militia on whom he placed absolutely no confidence.

On the fourteenth of December the British army went into winter quarters. Howe went to New York, that being the most comfortable place he could find. And the army was stationed at Princeton, Trenton, Bordentown and New Brunswick. At the last named place the largest body of troops was quartered un-

der General Grant, who was to be the commander of all His Majesty's forces in New Jersey. In Trenton was a body of 1,200 Hessians under one Colonel Rahl.

Rahl was a good soldier, but he made the unpardonable mistake of underrating the fighting ability of the American army. And so when Count Von Dunop, his superior officer, stationed near Burlington, ordered him to fortify Trenton more strongly, he disregarded the command.

Indeed, it must be admitted that the American army at that time was not an awe-inspiring spectacle. The soldiers, in want of all things, hopeless and discontented, were joyfully looking forward to the end of the few weeks that would have to pass before they could return to their homes.

The Hessians, on the other hand, were settling down to enjoy themselves as well as they could and began to eat, drink and make merry, and to recall their Fatherland. On December 20th the ice began to break up in the river, but the weather continued very cold. On Wednesday, December 25th, the Hessians spent their Christmas in feasting, revelry and drunkenness. Far into the night the carouse was carried on.

Colonel Rahl spent the evening drinking and playing cards at the home of Abraham Hunt.

He had a day or two before received word that he might expect some attack on Christmas Day; and as there had been a trifling clash with some wandering American militia earlier in the day, Rahl felt at rest. Even the usual guards were not mounted that night for some reason, and the camp was almost wholly unprepared for an engagement.

During the evening a Tory farmer, a Pennsylvanian, be it said, came to Rahl's headquarters. Not finding him there, he went to Abraham Hunt's house. He came to warn the Hessian that the Americans were preparing to attack him that night. When he knocked at the door and asked for the Colonel, the servant, not wishing to disturb Rahl, refused to

let him in; so the man took a piece of paper, wrote his warning upon it and sent it in. When it was given to Rahl, he did not even read it, but pushed the paper into his pocket and straightway forgot all about it.

Well might the drunken Germans be content to carouse within, for the night without was fearful indeed. The cold wind blew keen and sharp from the northwest. About eleven o'clock there came up such a terrible hail-storm as had not been seen for years. The river was full of floating blocks of ice.

In the blackness of that terrible night the Americans gathered by the river at McKonkey's Ferry, nine miles above the city. Their march from the camp could be traced only too well by the bloody foot-prints in the snow. Every officer's watch was set by Washington's, and every man's hope, like his, was centered on that desperate blow for their country's cause. "Liberty or Death" was the password which the great leader gave out, and "Liberty or Death" was the desire of every man that braved the storm that night.

How shall we describe the crossing of the river? How shall we put in words the desperation of the undertaking? It was not merely the beating hail, the intense cold, the ice in the river, the scarcity of clothing that made their situation so fearful, but the knowledge that their cause for which they had toiled and sacrificed, was almost lost and that if they did not take the Hessians unawares that night they would probably have to give up the struggle they had been making for freedom, and, as rebellious subjects subdued, would have to sue for pardon at the hands of His Majesty's clemency.

It was four o'clock on the morning of December 2th that the last of those 2,400 men had been ferried across the icy river by the brave and skilful hands of the boatmen from Marblehead.

Then the troops marched in silence toward the town. On the way it was discovered that nearly every man's powder had become damp and was absolutely useless. It was told Gen-

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eral Sullivan. "Well, boys," he said, "we must fight them with the bayonet." He sent word to the commander-in-chief. General Washington's noble reply was: "Then tell the general to use the bayonet and penetrate into the town, for the town must be taken, and I am resolved to take it."

We need say no more. The battle was already won. It was won when those brave soldiers, shivering in their rags—one private froze to death that night—still clung to their purpose—"Liberty or Death." No need to tell how the soldiers took their foes by surprise, how Rahl and his officers tried at the cost of their lives to make an organized resistance out of their confused ranks; no need to tell how the enemy attempting to flee towards Brunswick, were cut off, how Rahl and his army surrendered, and how the news of victory as it flashed over the country, restored the needed enthusiasm that kept up the war and made this nation free.

But there is one thing that it were interesting for us to note. There were, so the records tell us, in that army, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, smith, carpenters, wagonmakers, masons, joiners, butchers, plasterers, stocking-weavers, bakers, millers with other mechanics and tradespeople of every sort. These all fought that they might secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and us. Shall not we strive to uphold the best interests of our nation as well as we can and so be worthy successors of those who for Liberty's sake, did brave the bitterness of death.

ORDER OF EXAMINATIONS.

Monday, Dec. 12:

- 8.30 A. M. First Period.
- 11.00 A. M. Second Period.
- 2.30 P. M. Sixth Period.

Tuesday, Dec. 13:

- 8.30 A. M. Third Period.
- 11.00 A. M. Fourth Period.
- 2.30 P. M. Fifth Period.

*PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL—o. . . .
RUTGERS PREP.—17.*

Our boys went to Plainfield with great hopes of running up a high score against the High School of that place, but although they were against a team much lighter than themselves, still the score was not as high as it should have been.

Corbin kicked off for Prep. over Plainfield's goal line for a touchback. Plainfield punted out from their twenty-five yard line to Allen, who failed to gain much. Prep. was penalized fifteen yards for an off-side play. Corbin, Case and Van Winkle, by hard bucking of the line, made a few small gains, but Prep. again lost fifteen yards for being off-side. Corbin circled right end for fifteen yards. The ball was steadily forced down the field by the Prep. fellows for twenty yards to Plainfield's ten yard line. C. Nicholas was pushed over the line for touchdown. Andreae kicked an easy goal.

Corbin kicked off for Prep. to the ten yard line. Plainfield carried the ball fifteen yards in two rushes, but were forced to punt to Corbin who returned the punt five yards. Prep. made a number of small gains, then fumbled, but Matzke fell on the ball. Prep. carried the ball to Plainfield's fifteen yard line, where Corbin was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Corbin made fourteen yards in two rushes, but failed to make the first down, and the ball went to Plainfield on their fifteen yard line. They gained ten yards, but time was called.

In the second half Plainfield kicked off to Van Winkle who ran the ball back ten yards. Prep. carried the ball straight down the field aided by two twenty yard runs by Corbin and C. Nicholas, until Corbin was sent over the line for touchdown. Andreae again kicked goal. Score, R. P., 12, Plainfield, 0.

Corbin kicked off to the twenty yard line and by steady line plunging and trick plays Plainfield had made 25 yards before the Prep. fellows awoke and forced Plainfield to punt. C. Nicholas and Corbin in three long runs made sixty yards, but Prep. fumbled and the

ball went to Plainfield. They tried a trick play but were thrown back by Matzke for a loss. Plainfield punted to Nicholas, who ran the ball back five yards. Prep. rushed the ball to the twenty-five yard line. Nicholas by a pretty run made a touchdown. Andrea missed goal.

Only a few minutes were left in which to play, and neither team scored. Final score, 17—0 in favor of Prep.

The line up:

<i>Plainfield H. S.</i>	<i>Rutgers Prep.</i>
Rockwell ... Right End. Matzke
Pahn Right Tackle. Cox
Shager Right Guard. Allgair
Bogart Centre. J. Voorhees
Freeman ... Left Guard. Allen
Lorzeaux .. Left Tackle. Case
Johnson Left End. Andreae
Williams ... Quarterback.	... S. Nicholas
J. Douglass Right Halfback.	.. C. Nicholas
W. Douglass Left Halfback.	Corbin (capt.)
Taylor Fullback. Van Winkle

POLYTECHNIC PREP. vs.

RUTGERS PREP.

On November 12, Rutgers Prep. sustained the first defeat of the season.

The game started with Rutgers Prep. kicking off to Polytechnic Prep., who was downed on her thirty yard line. Poly. Prep. fumbled on a punt, and was downed for a loss of ten yards. R. P. gained five yards, but was held for downs. Poly. punted to R. P. and Rutgers Prep. was forced back into her own territory. By an end run of fifteen yards Poly Prep. made a touchdown. Quarterback kicked the goal, making the score 6—0, in favor of P. P.

Poly. kicked off to R. P. and Corbin caught the kick and was downed on R. P.'s. twenty-five yard line. R. P. forced the ball down the field for twenty-five yards, but lost the ball on downs. Poly. Prep. scored another touchdown by hard line plunges. The goal was kicked, making the score 12—0.

Poly. kicked off to R. P. who was downed on her ten yard line. Time was then called.

In the early part of the second half, Matzke was disabled from further play by a kick in the side. Nelson was put on as left guard and Allen took Matzke's place. R. P. at one time had the ball within one yard of the goal, but lost it on downs, and the Poly. boys ran it back and scored a goal from the field. In addition to this, she scored two touchdowns and goals in the second half, making the final score 28—0, in favor of Poly. Prep.

The line up:

<i>Polytechnic Prep.</i>	<i>Rutgers Prep.</i>
	Centre.
Baldwin	J. Voorhees
	Left Guard.
Fisher	Allen (Nelson)
	Right Guard.
Neilson	Allgair
	Right Tackle.
Lozee	Cox
	Left Tackle.
Ward	Case
	Right End.
Gill (Randell)	Matzke (Allen)
	Left End.
Hughes (Capt.)	Andreae
	Quarterback.
Schmeltzer	S. Nicholas
	Right Halfback.
Froeb	C. Nicholas
	Left Halfback.
Wood (Crane)	Corbin
	Fullback.
Mulvihl	Van Winkle
Timekeepers:	Kirkpatrick, Fullerton.
Linesmen:	Vrooman, Norman.

The following have been awarded the R. P. for football:

Corbin*, Case*, C. Nicholas*, S. Nicholas*, Allen*, Voorhees, Cox, Andreae, Van Winkle, Allgair, Matzke.

*Have received the R. P. before.

SECOND TEAM.

The second team has played three games this season, with the following results: New

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Brunswick High School, 28, R. P. Second Team, o. M. U. A. C., 11, R. C. P. S. 2d, 13. M. U. A. C., 5, R. C. P. S. 2nd, 4.

The general line up for all three games was: Phinny, R. E.; Devan, R. T.; Cooke, R. G.; Halstead, C.; Elberson, L. G.; Nelson, L. T.; Elmendorf, L. E.; J. Scott, Q. B.; J. Hoe, R. H. B.; Price, F. B.; Packard, (capt.), L. H. B.

BORDENTOWN M. I. vs.

RUTGERS PREP.

On November 19th, our football team met crushing defeat at the hands of the B. M. I.

No fault is to be found with our players, for they did good work, but they were up against something a little too strong.

Although our team played pluckily, the score was run up to 34—0, in favor of B. M. I.

Through an unavoidable accident we are unable to give a detailed account of the game.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Rutgers Preparatory School,
New Brunswick, N. J.

WHEREAS, The Allwise Father has been pleased to receive unto Himself the mother of our beloved friend and classmate, Thomas Arthur Allen, our Vice President, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the class of nineteen hundred and five, do extend our most heartfelt sympathy to him in his sorrow; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be sent to him and a copy of them published in the *Argo*.

Andrew Kirkpatrick,
Luther H. Martin,
F. Marmaduke Potter,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Rutgers Preparatory School.
New Brunswick, N. J.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to take the life of the mother of our friend and brother, Thomas Allen, and

WHEREAS, We his friends and fellow members of the Delta Theta, do feel a deep sympathy for him in this his sorrow; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we the Delta Theta fraternity of Rutgers Preparatory School, do hereby express our sympathy for him in his bereavement, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother, and that they be published in the *Argo*.

For the Fraternity,
S. Arthur Devan,
John H. Voorhees,
J. Claude Thomson,
Committee.

SLIPS AND CLIPS.

"In Malay the natives keep a record of time in a remarkable manner. Floating in a bucket filled with water they place a cocoanut shell having a small perforation, through which by slow degrees the water finds its way inside. This opening is so proportioned that it takes just one hour for the shell to fill and sink. Then a watchman calls out, the shell is emptied and the operation is begun again."

Dr. P—n. "Who was Ceres?"

C—n, "A kind of breakfast food."

"At a church in Scotland where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning and took for his text, 'Adam, where art thou?' He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words: 'Lo, here am I.' The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment."

W—t. (Writing on the board).

"Myrmidouns. A people fabled to have sprung from aunts (ants)."

Dr. P—n. (When one of the "youngsters" had committed an offence)—"Carrol, take a

stick to him! Myers! take a stick to him." (After a pause). "Carroll! Why don't you get after him with a stick?"

Carroll (tremulously). "I ain't got no stick."

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright."

"Two Irish immigrants just arrived, stood one morning on the government landing watching a dredger at work a few yards away. Presently a diver, full-rigged, crawled painfully from the channel sliroe up a ladder to the deck of the dredge.

One of the Irishmen, very much surprised turned to his companion and said: "Look at that now! Look at him. Begorra, if I'd known the way over, I'd walked over too."

Dr. P—n. "Where did Belshazzar hold his feast?"

S—t. "In Jerusalem, I think."

Dr. P—n. "Who describes this feast?"

S—t. "John."

Mc—n. (Translating). Patrios foedasti funere voltus. "You have defiled the father's face with a funeral."

S—t. "Menelaus was the wife of Agamemnon."

Dr. Payson enjoyed the privilege of eating some juicy steaks of "mountain lamb," while in the Adirondacks this summer.

ANNEX NOTES.

The Story of the Birch Leaf.

During the summer little birch leaf lived with her brothers and sisters on a tree in one of the great northern forests.

The leaf played with the birds and the sun and the wind and squirrels.

One day in the fall the little birch leaf saw that all the other leaves had on beautiful col-



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ored dresses. She wished that Mother Nature would give her too, a new dress.

The next morning when the little leaf awoke she began to dance gaily in the wind for she had on a beautiful yellow dress. After a time Mr. Wind told her that he wanted to take her with some other leaves on a long journey.

Soon they were sailing away. At last they grew tired and dropped down into a fence corner where they slept all winter.

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

More than three hundred years ago a cruel king ruled over England and made many laws that the people did not like. One was that every one must go to his church or go to prison. Many people did not want to do this so they went to Holland. They were happy there for a while, but soon their children began to speak the Dutch language. The parents did not like this so they made up their minds to go to America. Because these people were wanderers from their old homes they called themselves Pilgrims.

After a long, rough, ride in a little boat, called the Mayflower, they landed on a rock called Plymouth Rock.

It was some time before Christmas and the weather was quite cold. The Pilgrims started to build houses. These houses were very rough and had many places where the wind could come in. They did not have glass for the windows, so they used paper dipped in oil. That winter about half the Pilgrims died.

When spring came they planted corn on the graves of the dead so that the Indians would not know how many had died. In the autumn when the Pilgrims took in their crops they found that they had a bountiful harvest.

They thought that they would set apart a day to thank God. So they invited many Indians to come and have a great feast. The feast lasted three days.

Ever since then we have kept Thanksgiving.
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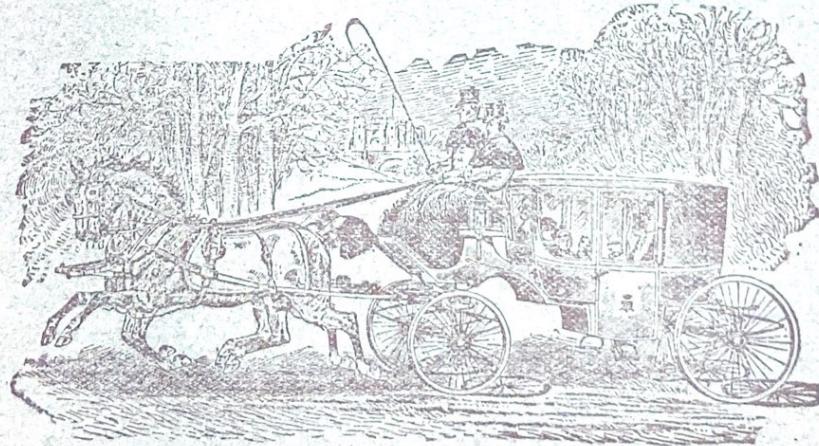
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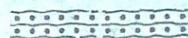
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