

02-03

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October, 1902

THE ARGO.

Published Monthly
By Rutgers College Preparatory School,
New Brunswick, N. J.



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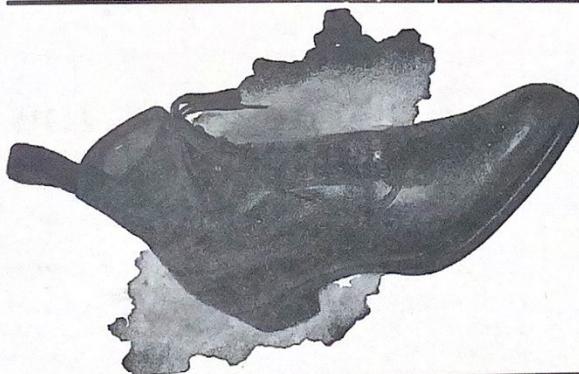


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THE ARGO.

VOL. XIV.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 1.

The Argo:

*Published Monthly During the School Year, by the
RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.*

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Printed by J. Heldingsfeld.

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents.

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.

ANOTHER school year is beginning. With this issue, the fourteenth volume of THE ARGO commences, and with this issue a new board of editors come upon the scene. THE ARGO editors of previous years have made the standard of this paper very high, and we do not intend to lower it. The school itself is, in a measure, judged by the school paper, and the paper must be excellent, or nothing. We cannot conduct this paper by ourselves, however, we must have the hearty support of the whole institution. THE ARGO belongs to the students of Rutgers Preparatory School, and upon the students of Rutgers Preparatory School it must depend for contributions and pecuniary aid.

FOR a while, it seemed almost impossible for us to go back to the old grind of school life. The three delightful months of vacation were short—far too short entirely for us, and the future prospect of nine months of hard study seemed gloomy and dismal. But after we had spent a week or so as students we became more sanguine, and are now quite reconciled to our fate.

IT will be noticed that upon the staff of THE ARGO for this year are found three young ladies. The feminine portion of last year's staff did much toward making THE ARGO successful, and we are sure that this year's co-editors (should we say co-editresses?) are in no way inferior to their predecessors.

THE foot-ball season has arrived, and every student of Rutgers Prep. School should be interested in that fact. Let all unite to bring victory to R. P. S. Help with your muscle if you have enough of it, if not, join the Athletic Association, attend all the games, and "root" with all the lung-power you possess.

WE have made a few slight changes in the appearance of our school paper. The red print lends a touch of life to the cover, which was lacking before. We trust that these alterations will meet with the approval of the school, whose tastes we shall always endeavor to gratify.

OWING to the fact that the Commencement exercises had to be reported, the June number of last year's ARGO was issued after school had closed for the summer. All those who had given their addresses to the business managers received copies. None could be sent, however,

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to those whose addresses were unknown, and if any of those received no ARGO's, the fault lies not with last year's management, but with the subscribers themselves.

CONTRIBUTORS will do well to read and remember the following rules, taken from our enterprising rival, the *Interscholastic Bulletins*

1. Write only on *one* side of the paper.
 2. Do not fail to report an item because you think some one else has reported it.
 3. Look over your work carefully, striking out all the "verys" that you find in it.
 4. Always send your names with the items. If you wish, we will not publish it with the article, but *send your name*.
 5. Contribute continuously, not spasmodically.
-

ALL those joining the Athletic Association now will be given tickets that will pass them free of charge to all foot-ball games held in New Brunswick this year. As the Association dues are only seventy-five cents, and as it would cost considerably more to attend every game by paying at the gate, nearly the whole school has joined.

THE usual Friday morning speaking began on September 26th. The speeches were well chosen and eloquently delivered. The standard of oratory in Rutgers Prep. School has always been high, and this year it will be anything but lowered. The Lane contest will take place in March, and has already become the subject of much speculation among the students.

TRY to accompany the team when it goes out of town to play. Do not allow any game to be lost from lack of "rooters."

FOR only one dollar and fifty cents one can join the Athletic Association and subscribe to THE ARGO.

OUR Senior professor is with us again, that is, most of him. He was operated upon during the summer for the removal of a hirsute growth upon the upper lip. The operation was entirely successful, and the only misfortune that it caused was that it made him look less like Roosevelt than he did before. Shaving is—. But no! we will speak no more about that. The mention of shaving brings to our minds certain painful recollections of last winter, which should by now be buried in oblivion.

ONE advantage of coming to school late, and of being sent from class, is the beauty of language and vigor of imagination gained by constant practice in writing excuses.

ANY subscriber or advertiser who does not receive his ARGO regularly will confer a very great favor by conferring with the business managers.

IT is hoped that the Alumniana department, which appears for the first time in THE ARGO this month, will meet with the approval of graduates and undergraduates. We shall be glad to record the doings of our alumni, and we hope that they will not forget the dear old Prep. School after they have left it.

ALUMNIANA.

Nafey '01 is in business in New York.

Pettit '01 is working in New York.

Benedict '01 is in business in Philadelphia.

The following members of the class of 1902 have entered Rutgers this year: Benedict, Devan, Murray, Green, Murphy, Mittag and Smalley.

A. S. Carpender '02 is preparing to enter Annapolis.

Van Vechten '02 is in business in Catskill, N. Y.

Miss Bertha Kuehnle '02 left town on September 16th to begin her course at Wellesley College.

Miss Bessie Kitchenmeister ex-'02, visited this school September 15th.

Miss Mary Shafer, formerly of this school, visited here a few days ago.

Among those who have visited the school so far this year are: Benedict, Mittag, Smalley, Murphy, Carpender and Hay, all of the class of 1902.

THE ROPE RUSH.

Rutgers College held its annual Rope Rush on Neilson Field, Friday, September 19, 1902.

There were eleven more Freshmen than Sophomores. After entering the field the sides were lined up in a long row and their pictures were taken. During the early part of the afternoon it rained, consequently the ground was soggy. There was a fair sized crowd to watch the sport, and a good sprinkling of the gentler sex were there also.

At the report of a pistol the contestants came together with a rush and then the fun began. The Juniors and Seniors were on the field to see that each side had fair play, and to carry the ones that were tied up off the field. It took the Freshmen just sixteen minutes and ten seconds to tie up the last of the Soph's. That evening the Freshmen put posters to the effect that the would-be immortal class of '05 had succumbed to the everglorious class of 1906.

THE FLAG RUSH.

According to custom, the Flag Rush between Freshmen and Sophomores was held on September 10th—the day that college opened. The flag was displayed by the Freshmen shortly after chapel exercise. The Sophomores then closed in on them, and for a while the battle raged upon the campus. Then Mr. Murphy (a former editor of THE ARGO) broke away and ran with the flag to an open field near the Delta Upsilon house. During the scrimmage that followed Mr. Murphy received a blow in the face from someone's elbow that broke his nose. The blow was, however, accidental. At the close of the rush it was

found that the Sophomores had won, and that the Freshmen had only one hand upon the flag. Everyone who witnessed the contest says that it was the liveliest ever held at Rutgers College. It was certainly very even, for the Sophomores, though ten men less than the Freshmen, used their muscle and experience in a way that more than made up for their deficiency in number.

ANNEX NOTES.

School began September 10th. When we came to school we were very much surprised and disappointed to find instead of a playground a half finished building, heaps of sand, window frames, piles of bricks and wood, and barrels of mortar.

The building is the new Ceramic building, given to the college by the State of New Jersey. It is to be completed by October 1st, 1902.

We were glad to see a new clock that goes in the place of the old one that did not. The new clock was given to the Annex by the Prep. School.

Our collection of pictures was added to by a picture of the three martyred Presidents, given by Dumont Elmendorf, and a painting of the Maine Coast given by Elsie Gaub.

We have a new principal named Miss Ella initials at the end of their names.

What relationship is there between a loaf of bread and a steam engine?

Answer—"Bread is a necessity and a steam engine is an invention."

"Necessity is the mother of invention."

—Ex.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On September 24th a meeting of the Athletic Association was held, for the purpose of electing a student manager of the foot-ball team. The members assembled in Professor Fuller's room at recess. After the meeting had been called to order by President Verdi, nominations for the office were requested. Mr. Tay-

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erner and Mr. McKibben were nominated. When the candidates had left the room, a vote was taken. Mr. H. Lang and Mr. Fisher counted the ballots, and Mr. G. Lang noted the result upon the blackboard. It was found that Mr. McKibben had won, having received twenty-two votes to Mr. Taverner's nine.

THE ARGO congratulates Mr. McKibben upon his election, and also congratulates the foot-ball team upon the acquisition of an excellent student manager.

PROSPICIENS.

Seldom, if ever, has the prospect been so gratifying for Rutgers Preparatory School as it is at present. Nearly all of last year's undergraduates are back, and a number of new students, everyone of whom appears to be an acquisition to the school, have entered in the various classes. The foot-ball team bids fair to surpass all previous ones, and there is no doubt that the students of Rutgers Prep. will give the team their hearty support, as they have always done. Our annual dramatic entertainment will be as excellent as usual, for there is abundance of talent in the school. There is also plenty of material for a good Glee Club, and doubtless one will organize in the near future.

It looks as if the Lane prize will be hard to win this year. Many of last year's Demosthenes's have returned, and some men have joined us who will be good orators.

Nearly all of last year's faculty are back, two of them with the honor of a second degree. THE ARGO congratulates the two professors who can now write M instead of B among the initials at the end of their names.

One instructor has left us to enter into a business career. We are sincerely sorry to lose him, and he will always find firm friends among his former pupils at Rutgers Prep.

We welcome one recruit in our squad of instructors, and we promise that whether or not he finds Rutgers Prep. men to be good scholars, he will find them to be good fellows, everyone.

LIFE AT RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

BY

RODERIC FRANCISCO MUNCHAUSEN.

(A lineal descendant of Baron Munchausen.)

In writing my sketches of Rutgers Prep. School, I trust that I shall encounter no such adverse criticism as did my ancestor, the Baron, who wrote his own Memoirs. The public, after reading his book, were actually audacious enough to accuse him of exaggeration! When the Munchausen family (as every one knows) is world renowned for its truthfulness. I cannot, therefore, allow myself to be called an exaggerator in this chronicle. However, like all other great authors, I may make use of that excellent and convenient figure of speech, Hyperbole.

On the afternoon of September 15th, nineteen hundred and two, I arrived in New Brunswick. As I am a gentleman of leisure, and (like my reverend ancestor, the Baron) a close student of human nature, I looked about for some place where I could best find material for observation. I secured lodgings at an excellent hostelry, and after a moderate repast, I felt sufficiently refreshed to take an evening stroll through the city streets.

I had walked for some distance, and had crossed some railway tracks, when a sign in the window of a store near by attracted my attention. It read as follows: "Hot Dogs." As one might readily imagine, I was at once interested. With my usual zeal for knowledge, I entered the building. It was not, as I had imagined from the sign in the window, the shop of a dealer in canine animals. Confectionery, a soda fountain, pastry, and other similar articles seemed to mark it as the abode of a merchant, a supplier of light refreshments. And then—why, in the name of all that is marvellous, why "Hot Dogs?" Why—but at this point my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a man whom I judged to be the proprietor of the establishment.

The entrance of a man did I say? Ah, yes, but what a man! He was an Apollo, a demigod! Never in all my travels have I seen so much beauty in any one person. His form was slender, his aspect benevolent, and his smile—Ah! his smile was too beautiful for this world. And his manners were as pleasing as his looks. (N. B.—Perhaps when he reads this he will give me a discount of fifty per cent. on all my purchases Yes?)

Well, this beautiful vision told me that "Hot Dogs" meant sausage rolls. I was unable to find out why it was so. In the course of my conversation, I found that the large building on the opposite side of the street was Rutgers College Preparatory School. I asked him about the students of the school, about their lives and customs. The information which he gave me only piqued my curiosity, and I resolved to know more of Rutgers Preparatory School.

After bidding farewell to the merchant, and after paying him \$200 for an excellent glass of soda water (the conversation alone was worth that amount) I returned to my hostelry. I then retired, resolving to visit Rutgers Preparatory School on the following morning.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DISCIPLINARIAN.

(*From the diary of John Blewton.*)

Planesville, September 2d, 1902—It is with a feeling of exhilaration, and at the same time, of something almost like sorrow that I make the first entry in my diary. The time has come at last—I can now experience something like an adventure. I shall go among strange people, enjoy new sensations, see new sights. But yet, who knows what may happen? Well, never mind, the die is cast, and I am ready for whatever may come. Since there is no telling but that someone besides myself may read this diary, I will tell a little about my previous life.

My name is John Schofel Blewton. I was

born in Planesville, N. H., and have lived there all my life, except once when I went to Keene to see my uncle Will, and one year when I was at school in New Haletown. I graduated from Planesville District School No. 3, and studied one year at Myrtax Academy, in New Haletown. Since when I have been staying on my father's farm and working, but my father is going to send me to college next year. I am now eighteen years old.

The reason I started the diary is this. A woman by the name of Mrs. Norburg-Foilstone has been boarding at my cousin Henry's place. She is a wealthy widow, with a son about ten years old. Mrs. Norburg-Foilstone intends to go to Europe this winter, and she does not want to take her son, whose name is Parker, with her. Neither does she want to leave him with any of her friends, for it seems that the youngster is passionately fond of his home, and wants to have the house all kept in order for him even when his mother is away. As she would not leave him alone, she has tried to find a companion for him, someone who would be on equal terms with him, amuse him, and yet not take the place of his nurse or his governess. Our minister recommended me, and as my father didn't care, I have taken the position. It isn't like being a servant, I suppose, and anyway it's better than staying on the farm till next year.

Mrs. Norburg-Foilstone sails to-day, and to-morrow morning I leave Planesville for Terrace-Lawn, Mrs. Norburg---Foilstone's place at West Lealington. I intend to get as much out of my life there as I can, and as West Lealington is a very big place (there are two factories there, so I guess it's pretty near as big as New York) I shall probably have some adventures worth telling about. Anyway, I am going to write in this diary every month whatever interesting experiences I have had during the month. I won't write any more to-night, for it's late, (pretty near half-past nine!) and I have to catch the 7.15 train for West Lealington to-morrow morning. So, by this time to-morrow I shall be in-

stalled as guardian of young Norburg-Foil-stone.

JOHN S. BLEWTON.

(To be continued.)

MACAULAY AND MATHEMATICS.

We would advise all our readers, that when despondent over arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry, they read the following paragraph, which is taken from a letter by Thomas Babington Macaulay, beloved of the Senior English class:

"I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh for words to express my abomination for that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and rereliction of certain properties of numbers and figures. Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity; oh that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of Entity with the two Predicaments, so that I were exempt from this miserable study. "Discipline" of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty are gone, or at least, going. But such is my destiny, and since it is so, be the pursuit contemptible, below contempt, or disgusting beyond abhorrence, I shall aim at no second place."

THE TRANSFORMATION.

Once a flower, fresh and blooming
Rested in your chestnut hair;
I, poor fellow, rash, presuming,
Stole it from you then and there.
Days have passed since that glad hour,—
What a change the time has wrought;
Once an Immortelle, the flower
Now is a Forget-me-not.

JOHANNES.

Cobwebs.

HIGH TIDE.

Along the level beach the sea birds flit,
The breakers toss in sunlight, foam-impearled,

Away at sea the sails gleam, faint and far,
Along the shadowy curving of the world.

The pale green grasses on the yellow dunes,
Bend low before the breeze, that, strong and free,
Sweeps swiftly inland, bearing on its wings
Invigorating odors of the sea.

Blue as a sapphire stretches the great plain
Eastward, beneath a vault of cloudless sky,
All nature is exultant and aglow;
The cup of life is full—the Tide is High.

DANGERS OF STUDYING GREEK.

One winter day while passing down the street
I saw a youth, who did not stop to greet
Nor man, nor child, nor co-ed. Fast his pace
And downcast, sad and weary was his face.
His features, while intelligent and kind,
Showed he possessed far less of heart than mind;
Thin lips, bent brow, and hollow pallid cheek,
Proved him accustomed more to think than speak.
O'er his high forehead a scant growth of hair,
Like Heaven, there was no parting there.
(The joke above now first appears in rhyme,
Humor, like wine, I think, improves with time.)

His chest was narrow, and his shoulders bent;
His arms seemed for no useful purpose lent;
His hands, uncared for, ink besmeared and thin,
Were only made to put pen holders in.
His mouth was wide, and scarcely made for song;
His legs beneath a desk seemed to belong;

His eyes were dim, and kept from being blind
By glasses smoked, to shield them from the
wind;
His whole look showed as one's appearance
can,
What studying Greek can do to a poor man.

VICTIM.

BUGS.

(From the Army and Navy Journal.)
Oh, the Gen'ral raised the devil with the Kernel, so 'tis said,
About a little hitch in the formashun at parade;
And the Kernel told the Major that his handling the battalion
Resembled Ward McAllister a leadin' a cotillon;
An' the Major hauled the Cap'en up about some oversight,
Manooverin' the company while breakin' from from the right;
An' the Cap'en gravely caushuned the Loontenant bear in mind,
An' keep the rear rank well closed up and properly alli'ned.

Oh, them big bugs hev bigger bugs,
That jump on 'em an' bite 'em;
An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs,
An' so—ad infinitum.

The Sargent med a break an' the Loontenant collared him,
Politely intimatin' that he didn't know a dem;
An' the Sargent soon an error in preservin' distance spied,
An' got a shot at Darringer, the corp'r'al, who was guide;
But Darringer said nothin'—he just waited for his chance,
An' promptly gev some schorchin' views, on tactics, to the lance,
Who opened fire on Private Dean fer spilin' all the wheels,
An' Dean cussed Smith, his rear rank man, fer steppin' on his heels.

Oh, them big bugs hev bigger bugs,
That jump on 'em an' bite 'em;
An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs,
An' so—ad infinitum.

'Twas all wound up in barracks when the when the reg'ment was dismissed,
An' Dean's eye rather funnily ran foul o' Smithy's fist,
An' we stood on chairs an' tables an' we backed 'em for the beer,
While the clamor of the battle woke the echoes far an' near;
It was jist a rough an' tumble, but a most instructiv' fight,
Till the sargent an' a detail o' he gyard hove into sight;
An' they tuk 'em, blown and bloody, an' they locked 'em in the mill,
An' thet'sall thet I remimbe of the Big Review an' Drill.

'Cept thet big bugs hev bigger bugs,
That jump on 'em an' bite 'em;
An' the bigger bugs hev other bugs
An' so—ad infinitem.

—WILL STOKES, U. S.S. Columbia.

TO _____.

I know a girl I'll tell you of—
(Tell me her name I entreat);
With eyes as blue as the skies above
And a voice that's soft and sweet.

Her lips are as red as coral shells;
(Oh! tell me her name, now do).
Her laugh is the tinkle of silver bells
That ring alone for you.

Loose flows her hair in silken streams;
(Oh! tell me her name, I pray);
It's burnished brown, like gold it gleams
When reached by the sun's bright ray.

Her face is as fair as her heart is true.
(Oh! what is her name, now tell)!
I'd give her my love and fortune too,
And all of my life as well.

L'ENVOI.

And now I will tell you what is her name,
For this guerdon your patience procures;
Her form and her features are yours and the
same;
Her name is no other than yours.

M.

SQUEAKS.

Dr. Payson (in Latin class)—“What is the matter with this word, John?”

J. B.—n—“It wants another *m* into it.”

Dr. Payson (to Miss C—g, who has been reading Macaulay out loud)—“Go on with the translation.”

Dr. Payson (in Bible class)—“Where is Ur of the Chaldees?”

McK—n—“Twenty miles from New York.”

Dr. Payson—“What were they building the harbour for?”

J. B.—n—“For the foundation of a house.”

In his “Essay on Milton,” Macaulay says that imagination is declining. He would never have made such a statement had he ever heard recitation such as a certain American History class which we know makes. Among the many gems of thought from that class we present the following: “A young Indian stood pain as well as a veterinary.” “At this time the city which was Genoa’s rival was Venus.”

Bergen (translating Aenid)—“They turned the shores of Libia.”

Miss —— (translating Aenid)—“He builds a fire of flint.”

(From a 1st form historical essay)—“The earth was supposed to be flat, if you went to the edge they would fall off.”

Dr. Payson (in Aenid class)—“What queen does this mean?”

Bergen—“Queen Mercury.”

Bergen (translating Aenid)—“Oh certain god, are you Phœbes sister?”

Moss (in Chemistry class)—“Fill the water with jar.”

Samples of 4th form spelling aummotus—
omnibus. Axile—axle.

A LETTER.

To the Editor of THE ARGO:

We understand that one of the libraries of this city is contemplating to add to its vast and valuable collection, a compilation of classical literature entitled “The World’s Great Classics.” Among the compilers and contributors appear such names as: Timothy Dwight, Maurice Francis Egan, Paul Van Dyke, Maurice Arnot, Arthur T. Hadley, Goldwin Smith, Edward Darden, Richard Gottheil, René Bassett, etc., etc., all standing in this country and in Europe on the very pinnacle of learning, and consequently a guarantee that the authors chosen and represented are not only unusual, but of the highest standard.

We are also assured that the selections contain no abridgements or extracts, but are given in their entire breadth and beauty, a feat never before attempted. To have spread out on one shelf right under one’s own hand, so to speak, the whole and unabridged masterpieces of the masterminds, is a dream no more, but a realization; and by day or by night we may sit within the limit of our library and commune with these great men and women of bygone ages and present times. Such an intellectual feast as is spread before us in these series cannot but be heartily applauded by an appreciating public, and we hope that it will accord this publication the welcome it deserves, and that our citizen will enrich the shelves of their private libraries with these priceless treasures, and thus secure not only a solace for their leisure hours or for their advanced age, but also a help for their studying sons and daughters, and a mould for the infant mind of their youths.

CONTRIBUTED.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A large number of students have entered the school this year. Among them are the following: In the Fourth Form—Walter R.

Moss, Schuyler L. Rust. In the Third Form—Amos E. Corning, Eustache Dulje, Field Garretson, Theodore A. Hageman, Gilbert P. Hall, Edgar W. Labaw, Charles O. Mook, Stacy B. Opdyke, Ellis F. Potter, Samuel C. Warner. In the Second Form—Theodore R. Westervelt. In the Second Division of the First Form—Henry McCrellis, Richard M. Hoe, William G. Packard. In the entering class there are thirteen students.

Mr. Wilson, the former Greek master, has gone into business. In his place has come Mr. Fuller, a Yale graduate (class of '98), who has recently been teaching at Lyndon Institute in Vermont.

Miss Hurlbut is no longer Principal of the Annex. She has been succeeded by Miss Ella Marsden, an alumna of Onteora Normal School.

ATHLETICS.

It looks as if we might have a very good foot-ball team this year, six of the old players are back and a good many of the new men look as if they might make good foot-ball players. Our coach, Mr. Wright, is back, and we hope that he will train the players as well as he did last year, and that we will have as good a record as we did last year. If all the fellows would come up to the trap and practice we would have a much better foot-ball team.

The Rutgers College foot-ball team started practice not long after that of the Preparatory School. An excellent team has been organized, and a new coach has been secured, who will be of material assistance. All students of Rutgers Preparatory School should try to attend the games played by the college team; and all students of Rutgers College (especially those who are alumni of Rutgers Prep.) should attend the Preparatory School games. Mr. Hitchner is captain of the Rutgers College team this year, and Mr. Bazley is captain of the Preparatory School team.

The following games have been scheduled for the Rutgers College team:
Sept. 27, Saturday—Manhattan, at New York.

- Oct. 4, Saturday—Columbia, at New Brunswick.
- Oct. 11, Saturday—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
- Oct. 18, Saturday—Ursinus, at New Brunswick.
- Oct. 22, Wednesday—Swarthmore, at New Brunswick.
- Oct. 25, Saturday—Haverford, at Haverford.
- Nov. 1, Saturday—Stevens, at Hoboken.
- Nov. 8, Saturday—N. Y. U., at New York.
- Nov. 15, Saturday—Delaware, at New Brunswick.
- Nov. 22, Saturday—Stevens, at New Brunswick.

FOOT-BALL.

What a grand game! How like a battle wherein life as well as glory is at stake!

See how each army lines up. What grim, determined soldiers they are. What an inspiring sight. You tremble in anticipation of the splendid fight you are to witness.

Certainly you call it a contest or a game—it sounds better so expressed. Fighting seems and sounds brutal; but it is really a fight—a grand struggle for supremacy.

Some say foot-ball is dangerous. But suppose it is. One's life is always in danger; a house may fall on you or lightning may strike you. Anyway, it is the danger of the contest which gives zest to it. It thrills the nerves of the spectators—it imitates the player in the great battle of life, which in its under currents is more intense than foot ball.

More nervous and muscular power is needed to conquer in this great game of life than in the fiercest game of foot-ball contest.

All hail to foot-ball! I like it because it is a manly game. It develops men—strong, hearty, superb.

It is not for the weaklings—it is for the strong, and it adds strength to the strong.

If you are weak, develop strength in other ways before attempting to play.

Foot-ball is exhilarating, even intoxicating. It thrills the nerve as does a great battle.

I say to all boys, test your mettle on the foot-ball field. It is a sample of the strenuous life of to-day. It prepares you for this giant struggle in life's arena.

Your determination, your persistence, your courage on the foot-ball field will clearly indicate your capacity in future life.

Be fearless, determined, struggling with all your might to keep your competitors back and advance your own side. The same persistence, energy, courage and manliness is needed for success in a foot-ball game as the most valuable foundation for success in the business or professional world.

If you have a boy who is backward, diffident, cowardly, teach him to play foot-ball; encourage him to indulge frequently with those of his own age and strength.

What if he does get a black eye, a bruise or a strain occasionally. The pathway of life is not strewn with roses. Hard "knocks" develop character, self-confidence, stability, manliness, and a foot-ball field is the place to secure them.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN, in *Physical Culture*.

RECIPES.

To make an Imitation Sport—to four measures of nerve add three measures of impudence. Mix with this five measures of conceit; four measures of ignorance, and a sufficient quantity of "hot air" to fill several balloons. Stir in with this: Three measures of stinginess, two measures of indolence, and five measures of interest in every one else's affairs. Then add a suit of vociferous clothing, with three cents and a meal ticket in the pocket, a rainbow colored necktie with a horseshoe pin, a pair of red socks, a cigarette (grubbed if possible), a hat warranted never to be on straight, and a large vocabulary of sporting terms, with no knowledge as to their application. Bake half through, and throw the mixture among an unsuspecting public.

To make a Rutgers Preparatory School Professor—Take three measures of knowledge of the branch of learning to be taught.

Then add five measures of knowledge of athletics, dancing, current events, cards, women, religion, philosophy, art, literature and pugilism. Mix in with these plenty of endurance, a sufficient quantity of perseverance, ten measures of strictness, and one hundred measures of patience. Add a childlike smile, a pair of glasses and a moustache. Roast as brown as possible and send to Rutgers Prep. School.

EXCHANGES.

One of our most interesting exchanges is the *Interscholastic Bulletin*, of New York. That paper is issued weekly in the interest of the Public High Schools of New York. It is more in the form of a newspaper than that of a magazine, as there is almost no fiction published in it. However, the lack of fiction is made up for by the excellent quantity and quality of the news with which its columns are filled.

The manner in which the *Interscholastic Bulletin* is conducted is certainly unique. In each of the New York Public High Schools is an editorial staff, whose duty it is to take subscriptions and to furnish a certain amount of school news every week. The managing editors, all of whom are alumni of the New York Public High Schools, are aided also by an advisory board, which is composed of teachers in the schools represented.

Excellent paper is used, the type is clear, and the frequent illustrations are a great addition to the appearance of the periodical. The news printed is thoroughly up to date, and is of interest to every Public High School student in New York.

Still, as everyone knows, it is impossible to find perfection anywhere. No man, no government, no system of any sort is totally without fault. However good a school paper may be, one can always find some adverse criticism to

make about it, in respect to either its looks or its contents. The editors (poor men) are

not always to blame for the faults that call forth the unfavorable comments, but it is upon their shoulders that the burden of the blame must rest. Many criticisms have been made about THE ARGO, and many more will probably be made each year.

Taking into consideration the above statements, we would like to call attention to a few points in which the Bulletin might be improved. In the first place, the present size of the paper makes it very clumsy. THE ARGO is quite large for a school paper, and the Bulletin is nearly twice as large. There are only twelve sheets in the present issue of our New York contemporary, and we feel sure that if the size of the sheets was reduced by half, and the number of pages increased at a corresponding ratio, the result would be pleasing and satisfactory to all concerned.

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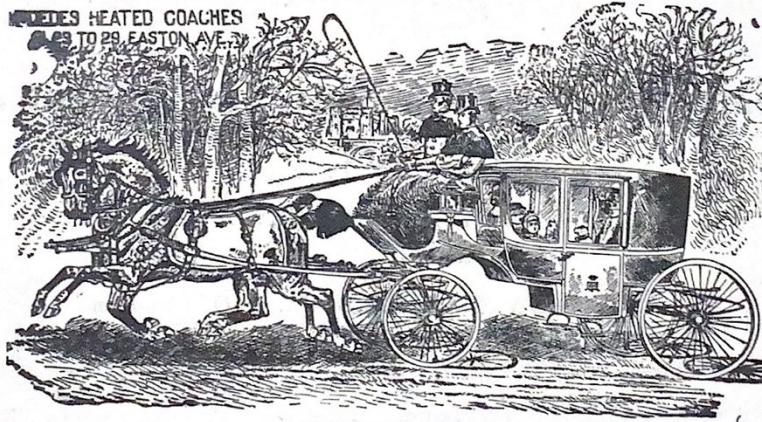
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