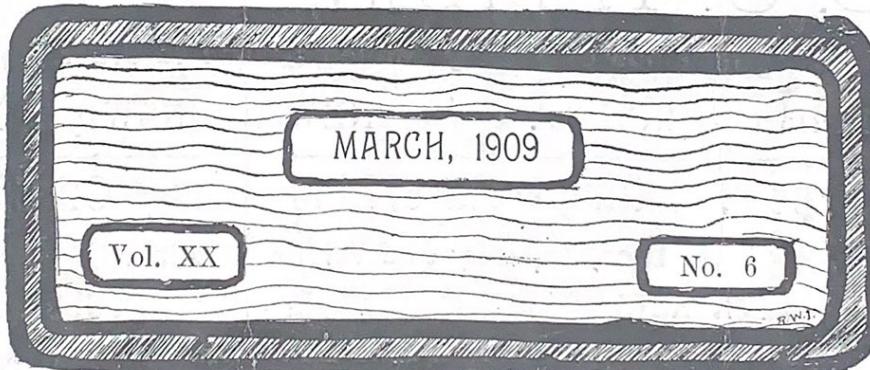


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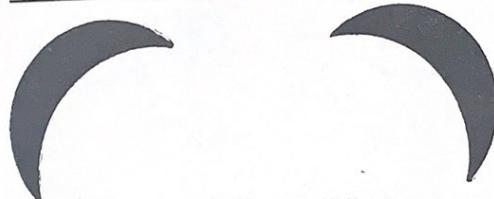
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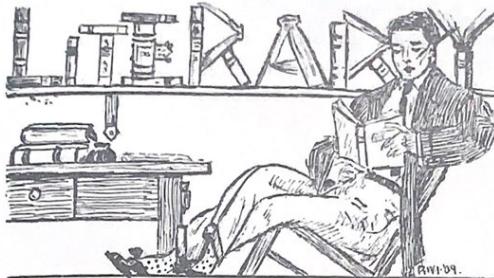
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VOL. XX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MARCH, 1909.

No. 6.



"THE DEATH KNELL."

We were all visiting my uncle on his farm in Northern Connecticut, but as I was much younger than any of my brothers or sisters I was left a good deal to myself. I met one fellow, Jim Daly, whom I liked quite well, but he was kept busy on his father's farm pretty much of the time, and so I didn't see much of him either. But I liked walking, and since the roads around D— were good I amused myself a good deal in this way. Now D— had once been a large and flourishing town and so on my walks I naturally found many deserted houses in which I took a great deal of interest. It was on one of these walks, about a week or so after my arrival, that I noticed especially a very large and handsome house, set back from the street some hundred feet.

When I got home I asked my uncle about this house, and he told us that a very rich family had lived there, but they had always kept pretty much to themselves and not much was known about them. They had disappeared suddenly, and as no one inquired about them their whereabouts were not traced; indeed, for weeks no one thought anything about it. But as time went on and no signs of life appeared people began to wonder. Then they began to remember that from time to time they had heard certain wailing, that, now that they were listening for it, could be heard

at least one night a week. I was very much aroused at this story and resolved to visit the house, but as none of the rest of the family seemed to care about going I got Jim to go with me. We set out the very next night, and a nasty night it was too.

The wind howled and raged about us and the rain came down in torrents. We should have turned back except for the taunts we knew the others would have waiting. So we struggled on and at last saw the house, a tremendous building, looming up before us in the darkness. We approached quickly, glad to have even such a refuge in the storm. To our dismay all the doors were locked and though we tried all the windows on the front of the house we could not break our way in for they all had inner shutters securely barred. We tried the other windows in the same way, but although we broke through the sash the inner shutters proved impassable. At the back of the house we found an old trellis with a dead rose vine half clinging to it. With some difficulty we pulled this down from the wall and leaned it up against the side of a bay-window. We used this as a ladder; it was rather wobbly but it served our purpose well enough. The rain made the roof very slippery, but I kept my foothold long enough to enable me to open a window. This was locked by an ordinary catch and all I had to do was to break a pane of glass and turn the catch. We then grasped the window ledge and pulled ourselves in. We saw by the dim light that we were in a very large room.

We immediately struck a light and investigated the room. The former household must indeed have been rich, for the room was magnificently furnished, satin brocade upholstery and hangings, beautiful Persian and fur rugs, and the ashes of a long-ago fire lay on the hearth.

We sat down on a sofa, covered almost half an inch thick with dust, and began our lonely vigil. Suddenly we heard it, at first a soft melancholy wail, then rising to an unearthly shriek; now rising, now falling, it seemed a fit companion to the howling wind. We huddled together; in the vastness of the house this wail seemed almost supernatural. Finally, unable to endure it longer, but determined to know whence it came, we got up and crept through long corridors and enormous apartments. The furniture looked like ghosts, the shadows like those of people; we started at every turn as we met our images in a mirror or heard a distant far-away creak. We became too nervous to go on, but at last the dawn came, slowly, uncertainly, it is true, yet it was light, and our spirits rose accordingly.

Now we decided, when the wailing had ceased, to make a search of the house from attic to cellar, which we did, though it took some nerve to do it even then. After a long search of the rest of the house we went to the attic. This floor had a long hall, from back to front, and had rooms on either side. We listened for a moment and heard the wail again, much louder than before, at our right. We opened the door of the room from which the sound seemed to come. All that greeted us was a blast of cold air which blew out our candle—it was still dark enough to need one—and slammed the door behind us. Cold shivers ran down our backs that could not entirely be accounted for by an open window and a rush of air.

We lit the candle and tried to guard it with our hands, but it was no use, the candle blew right out again and I threw it aside. We looked toward the window and in the gray light saw a form that filled up half the window space. We felt our way along the wall and looking closely saw it to be an Aeolian harp. We lifted this from the casing and took it downstairs. I lit another candle and looked more closely at the harp and found it to be a beautiful one made of ebony and handsomely

inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This harp explained the wails that had startled us so. But how did the harp happen to be there in that attic window? We were just going when my foot caught on the leg of a large Japanese screen, which tumbled down with a crash on a little stand. The stand shook and a drawer on the side nearest the wall slid part way out. I went over to the stand to pick up the screen and in doing so saw in the drawer a large book marked "Archives." These clippings, etc., told the story of an intensely interesting and musical family, but I shall give only the one on the last page. It read:

"I cannot endure this living luxuriously on money which should be another's any longer, and now that I have killed my family I will kill myself also. I have left my favorite Aeolian harp in an attic window, protected by the eaves. This will play our death knell in a way no other instrument could."

(1st Prize.) HARRY L. JANEWAY.

THE WHITE MAN'S REVENGE.

"Be ready to start for Cape Town by Tuesday next.—*Irving Manning.*"

Thus ran the message on the little slip of yellow paper lying on my desk before me. I had practiced surveying for only two years, and now with a little band of expert engineers I was to set forth on a mission which threatened not only danger and hardship, but even death.

Wishing to open up Central Africa and stimulate foreign trade, the Government had decided to build a railroad from South Africa to the source of the Nile.

After a quiet voyage we arrived at Cape Town and at once began the work of surveying and mapping out the course, which lay through a region infested with all kinds of noxious insects and reptiles, savage beasts and still more savage men. Three weeks of hard work established our headquarters at Cape Town, and then Mr. Manning and I were sent out to break a path through the jungle. Ex-

plosives were given us to use in case the way should become too entangled for us to use axes. The rest of the party was to follow us soon with the heavy instruments.

Ten days of the most tiring work found us in the midst of an almost impenetrable wilderness. A dozen times a day we were forced to leap quickly aside to avoid the strike of some loathsome serpent, while every night the forest around us rang with a bedlam of hoarse roars and screams. Knowing that with our feeble strength we could get no farther, we decided to encamp and wait for the rest of the party to come up. So we chose as dry a spot as we could find and carefully pitched our tent, building a little palisade around it to keep out any wild beasts.

That night it seemed to me that I had hardly fallen asleep when I was aroused by a crash and a cry from my friend. As I leaped from my couch I received a blow from behind which knocked me senseless. When I regained consciousness I was aware that strong hands were carrying me through the jungle at a rapid pace. My head pained me greatly, and this, added to my great excitement, caused me to sink into a deep stupor from which I did not wake till the next morning. I found myself lying bound hand and foot, in a little hut made of mud and leaves and thatched with reeds. On the other side of this miserable abode lay Manning, regarding me with an expression both of anger and despair.

"What has happened?" I asked feebly.

"Happened!" he exploded. "This is a pretty mess of things; here we are off in an African jungle with no help within a hundred miles. These bloodthirsty cannibals crept up on us last night and bound me almost before I knew what had happened. The question is, what shall we do?"

The answer was not long in coming.

A hideous looking savage opened the door of the hut and came inside. Brandishing a long knife he smacked his lips and made signs

of eating, then walking over to Manning he cut his bonds, but to our surprise as if acting on some sudden impulse, left him and went out. My companion rose at once to his feet. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "they mean to serve me up for their dinner."

After a quick glance around the hut as if to find some way of escape, he walked steadfastly over to our pile of stores, which had been put in with us. Pulling out a half-pint bottle labelled nitro-glycerine, to my utmost horror and amazement, he gulped down the contents. At this moment the savage re-entered with two companions, and as Manning was led through the door he turned to me, saying quietly, "I will not die alone," and passed out to his fate.

I lay like one half stunned, hoping against hope that my friend's terrible death and revenge would open up some chance of escape for me. Suddenly the air was rent with a roar of musketry, the door of the hut was torn open and in rushed one of the engineers. An angel from heaven could not have been more welcome.

After a short sharp fight the natives fled, leaving many of their number dead in the village. The other party of engineers had been closer than we knew, and on finding our tent empty had followed the trail left by the savages in their haste, arriving just in time to prevent a double tragedy. Our army physician after an hour's work pronounced Manning out of danger, and we were both sent back to Cape Town with an escort. Feeling that we had seen enough of Africa we took passage on the first steamer for England and arrived in due time. To this day I cannot bear the sight of a bottle of nitro-glycerine, for the thought of what might have happened always throws me into a cold sweat.

(2nd Prize.) THURLOW C. NELSON.

The judge calls the prisoner down and then at once sends him up.

THE ARGO

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THE ARGO.

Published Monthly During the School Year,

BY THE

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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 TAU PHI AND BETA PHI DANCE.

On Friday, February the twelfth, the Tau Phi and Beta Phi fraternities held their annual dance at the Trap, it being the most successful ever held there. The room was appropriately decorated with greens and banners and excellent music was furnished by Hart's orchestra. The supper dance lasted an hour and a half, during which time chicken salad, sandwiches, ice cream in forms, and fancy cakes were served by Schussler.

About eighty guests attended the dance, those from out of town being the Misses Parker of New York City, Miss Mumford and Miss King of Watkins, N. Y., Miss Todd of Tarrytown, N. Y., Miss Wicks of Yonkers, N. Y., and Mr. Fred. Morse of Yonkers, N. Y. The chaperones were Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Scudder and Mrs. Fisher.

FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT.

It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress,
There is no way to shake it."
"On! On!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way or make it!"
Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high.
In vain he seeks her temple
Who is content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way or make it!"
Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road,
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst of knowledge
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will—
"I'll find a way or make it!"

THE STORY CONTEST.—The Editors are much pleased with the interest taken in the story contest and only regret that more first prizes could not be awarded. That it was hard to choose the winner is shown by the fact that the judges were not unanimous in their decision; so it will not be strange if you should have differences of opinion as to the merit of the stories published.

A word of friendly criticism will not be amiss at this point. Many of the stories submitted suffered badly from a surprising carelessness in the matter of spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing. In some stories good ideas and spirited narrative were almost unintelligible because of this.

Some of the stories fell down because of a weak solution of a problem well presented. The *climax* did not come. Again, some of the stories did not succeed because events did not always grow *naturally* out of the circumstances. A story to be convincing must be consistent in itself—must at least *seem* probable in its own world whether it is elsewhere or not.

Of the stories published, "The White Man's Revenge" is well thought out, moves rapidly, and holds our interest. As to what the nitro-glycerine would have done to the natives—the man who swallowed it we give up—we are not quite sure, but the author undoubtedly has a proper explanation. If the explosive will do what he apparently claims for it, we are satisfied. "The Death Knell" shows considerable skill in catching and holding our interest, also in creating an atmosphere. It shows power of imagination both in originating and building up the plot. Events show a tendency to happen at the author's convenience instead of *seeming* to be the result of circumstances in the story, but this comes from lack of experience, as will also the ability to make more out of certain situations. The climax, especially, must be convincing.

ARGO.—This year has been the most successful the ARGO has ever had. Starting the

term with a staff on which but two old men remained we have given our subscribers so far the best magazine ever turned out at Prep. We have had but one story in each issue, making our editorials the main part of the paper. And has it paid? Rather. Every subject on which an editorial has been written has been carefully considered by the school, and if judged promising has been followed out. A gun team, an orchestra, etc., have been constructed from ideas thrown out by the ARGO.

And our exchange column. At the start we had two exchanges; now we have thirty; and this is a significant fact, for nearly every exchange commenting on us gives some kind of a compliment.

And what of the support of the paper? Out of a school of eighty-five students we have nearly eighty subscribers. After each issue gratifying remarks are heard on every side. The school is proud of the paper and the paper is proud of the school.

The Argo is growing; we have eight more columns in this issue; and in the same way the school will grow. With the coming of the new Trap our old school will be in an era of prosperity which it has never before enjoyed. And that era has begun. The Trap has more inmates than ever before; the school is more attractive, and every student is proud of his school. With this spirit, our athletic teams, our paper and our school face a period which means glory and prosperity.

VALUE OF EDUCATION.—An Indiana jury awarded \$599.99 for the killing of a boy. A superintendent in Virginia called this an outrage. But why is this an outrage? Because the boy's time at school is worth more than \$599.99. The following calculation is quoted from what this superintendent said on the subject:

"If an uneducated man earns \$1.50 a day for 300 days in the year, he does very well, and if he keeps it up for forty years he will

earn \$1.50 multiplied by 300 multiplied by 40, or \$18,000. An educated man is not generally paid by the day, but by the month and by the year. If you will strike an average of the earnings of educated men, beginning with the President of the United States, who earns \$50,000 a year, and run down the scale until you come to the lower walks in point of earning among educated men, you will admit that \$1,000 a year is a low average for the earnings of educated labor. For 40 years you have \$40,000 as the earning of an educated man. Subtract \$18,000 from \$40,000, and the difference, or \$22,000, must represent the value of a boy's time spent at school in getting an education."

Now, if we say the average school life of every boy and girl is seven years of 200 days, and it takes four more years to get a good education, we have 11 multiplied by 200, or 2,200 days at school, equal to \$22,000. By division then, every day at school, properly spent, must be worth \$10.

Do not forget that each day at school, *properly spent*, is worth \$10. With this in mind, do not disturb a boy when he is doing his best to study, and do not distract his attention when he is trying to learn in class, but make your school days worth \$10 a piece, and do not tolerate any fooling from other boys.

TRACK TEAM.—There has been a noticeable lack of material for our track team, but what we have has gone right ahead training, and has entered large meets resolved to do the best they could, even if they could not win as a team. It is to be hoped that we may be able to enter a team in the Pingry meet. Those who have come regularly to practice deserve the praise of the school. The example of these few fellows ought to make the other fellows wake up and be doing. Athletic competition is one of the ways in which a school is advertised, and we who can, owe it to the school to take part in these sports. Let every one show his school spirit and come out for the track team.

WHAT EVERY BOY OWES TO THE SCHOOL.—Every boy owes it to the school to maintain a high standard in his studies. The school is composed of individuals and it is the standard of the individual which makes the standard of the school. A school in which the majority of the students get low marks is liable to be classed as a school which does not encourage working, which has too many outside interests, and in which the pupils do more play than work. No parents are likely to send their boys to such a school. Some may say that the school requires too much, but such is very seldom the case. It is usually the pupils who are at fault, and the remedy lies with them. They owe it to the school to raise the scholarship standard of the school. Everybody who can should take part in the athletics of the school, and it is a weak fellow who can't take part because he is low in his studies. Let him get to work and raise his marks; any fellow strong enough to be an athlete ought not to give up to an easy lesson. Let us do away with *can't*, and instead say I *will*. Then our school will become really worth while.

BASE-BALL.—It is now time to begin thinking about base-ball, to be getting out our bats, gloves and balls, and to begin organizing the material which is to represent the school during the coming season. This year we have about four or five fellows left over from last year's team. With these to form a nucleus and with the number of fellows in such a school as this who are bound to play base-ball, we ought to be able to form a team which shall be an honor to the school. Manager Turner has arranged a fine schedule, and now it remains with the team to make the season a success. But the people who do not play must remember that they too have a duty to perform. It is their duty to encourage the team, to support it with all their efforts, to aid it on towards better results, and not to grumble at a lost game or so. If we remember this our team is bound to win.

DAILY READING.—How many of us read the newspapers, or at least some good weekly periodical such as the *Outlook* or *Literary Digest*? This daily reading ought to be as important a part of our school work as History, Language or Science. It is the one way by which we can get a view of current history, and if we are to make anything of ourselves we must be acquainted with what is going on in the world. Mr. Scudder has tried to stimulate this by having certain times devoted to current events, and by giving over certain history periods to a discussion of the affairs of the day. The ARGO wishes still further to emphasize this point, and to recommend that we all read some good daily paper like the *Times* or *Tribune*, and if time is lacking for this at least read a weekly devoted to current events such as those recommended above. And in our reading let us try to get the significance of the most important events and their relation to the other affairs of the world.

ANTI-SMOKING.—Recently at a meeting of the Senior Class the following resolutions against smoking were passed: 1. That no boy in short trousers should be allowed to smoke either in going to or from school or up at the Trap. 2. That it be recommended that the entire student body refrain from smoking in sight of the school buildings. These resolutions are a step in the right direction, and show that we are beginning to realize the pernicious effects of smoking on young boys. Mr. Scudder has constantly spoken against the practice, and it is in a large part due to his influence that we begin to perceive the necessity for a radical curtailment of the practice. The ARGO congratulates and extends its thanks to the Senior Class for an action so in accord with the policy of this paper.

BASKET-BALL.—We have a basket-ball team that deserves to be greatly complimented by the school. They have lost almost every game and usually by large scores, but they have shown a spirit which makes the school proud of them. With only one person left

from the great team we had last year, and with a noticeable lack of good material, our team has gone through defeats undiscouraged, has practiced incessantly, has played the hardest of opponents, and has in every way shown the finest kind of spirit; for there is nothing which will down a man quicker than defeat, and the one who can rise above it is truly a conqueror. In behalf of the school the ARGO wishes to thank the team for what it has done this season.

AIMS AND IDEALS.—Our ideals may be divided into three classes, high, low, and none at all. It is not our purpose to discuss the last two classes, merely saying that no one can become great in any sense of the word who has low aims. Our ideal should be so high that we can never reach it. It is not the attainment of an ideal, but the striving to reach it that really counts. Our life should be one continual struggle toward our ideal, perhaps only vaguely comprehended, only dimly seen, but none the less influencing our whole life. Jesus Christ was the only man who lived the ideal life, and although we can never be like Him, yet we can ever become more like Him.

Greatly begin!
Though thou have time for but a line, be that sublime.
Not failure but low aim is crime.

In our struggle toward the ideal there will arise concrete cases where our principles and character will have to bear a part. Let us make it our aim in these always to do the right and noble thing. Emerson says, "They can who think they can," and so let us make our aim high, resolve to reach it, and in so resolving, do it.

THE TAKING OF PADS, PENCILS, ETC.—It is time that we call a halt to the practice of taking pads, pencils, and even books. There have been numerous complaints lately, one boy having lost four pads within a week. Some persons remark that anyone is a fool to

buy pads so often, that he ought to resort to the same practice, that is, descend to the level of the other *thieves* who take these articles. Mr. Scudder in speaking of this practice, said recently that he could not find words, fit to be used, which would express his contempt for the persons who wilfully took other persons' property. Since then this robbery has decreased somewhat, but a few remarks at this time can do no harm. Some persons are careless in regard to their own property, and they have no one to blame but themselves. By far the majority of the losses, however, are due to the causes stated above.

TROTS.—The question of the advisability of translations in preparatory schools has been raised. It is fitting at this time to present some views, because the practice is prevalent. In the mind of the writer the trot is a damage to the young student of Latin and Greek. If all he wants is the subject-matter, why bother with the original at all? The man who has to use a trot betrays lack of preparation and poor grounding in the fundamentals. There is no royal road to First Latin or First Greek. If the student masters these, he has no more need of a translation than a sprinter has of crutches. If you are obliged to use one don't take the Classical Course, for you defeat the purpose of the course. Four consecutive years' work on one subject is better than one year's work on each of four subjects. That is the training purpose of Latin and Greek in preparatory school. Take the Scientific course, which all educators admit demands less work for entrance to college.

The translation has effects similar to that of cigarettes. It enslaves the will, enfeebles the mind, puts the victim where he cannot get along without it, does him no good, destroys confidence in himself, and makes him a second-rater at best. It is absurd to come to class with a translation prepared like a parrot and be unable to tell subject from predicate. The man who depends on a trot doesn't know his grammar, and the trot will

never teach him. He had better put his energies where they will yield some return.

We can divide into three classes those who use translations. First, the brilliant but lazy fellows who easily passed their elementary school work, and secured enlarged opinions of themselves, and were even encouraged by fond parents to think themselves smart. These regularly make a flat failure of the first real snag in school—First Latin. Our advice to these is that they reduce their exalted opinion and brace up. The second class prefer to ride through preparatory school on Latin and Greek horses, rather than dig out the equivalent in Math; namely, Advanced Algebra, Solid and Trig. The third class are those that cannot do anything well. The last two might as well trot Latin and Greek as to flunk Math.

The purpose of preparatory school education is to train the mind to work and not to shirk. The use of the trot does the opposite.

The man who comes to preparatory school after he is twenty years old had better use the trot and save time. When you get into college, research work in History and Political Science demands so much time and furnishes such good training for the mature mind that the use of a translation to save time is not a damage. But here in preparatory school, where each lesson is definitely assigned and requires only two hours at most for preparation, we can dispense with the *pons asinorum*.

CERTIFICATES—In the past it has been the custom of this school to certificate into Rutgers College. This certificate was usually issued on completion in class of the work covering the entrance requirements. The certifying privilege rested with the head master, the student being required to maintain a certain standing in his college work. It was found that this custom threw too much responsibility on the head master, and consequently it has been changed. Although the pupil receives a certificate, it is issued only when he has passed final examinations cover-

ing all the entrance requirements. These examinations are based directly on either the New York Regents examinations or else those of the College Entrance Board. They are taken at the completion of a subject, and thus do not force a student to harm himself in preparing to take them all at once.

The Argo fully endorses this change. It makes a pupil stand on his merit, and rightly excludes the unfit from entrance to college. It will force a pupil to give more attention to his daily work, for knowing that we cannot enter college without a thorough acquaintance with the entrance requirements, we naturally will choose the easiest and surest way of getting the necessary knowledge. It has been said that examinations harm a student physically, and that many students cannot stand them. In conclusion we would say that if we are not old enough to do away with such reasoning we ought to be put in the lower grades, nay even the kindergarten, of elementary school.

EXERCISES.—We have at last gotten an order in our morning exercises. On Monday and Thursday an orchestra accompanies us in our singing; on Tuesday and Friday we learn of current events, and on Wednesday we have a summary of the interesting items in the periodicals.

Our orchestra is composed of Mr. Fisher with his fiddle, "Blondy" Low with his guitar, Miss Scudder, Ziegler, Blanchard and Sparrow with mandolins, and Pingry with his "base" voice. If Mr. Scudder would start school on Monday and Thursday ten minutes later we could have a couple of the out-of-town boys such as Johnson and his fiddle.

**WHAT THE DIFFERENT FELLOWS
THINK OF THE FRATERNITY
QUESTION.**

There is a question before us now which must be decided with careful thought and consideration, for it is a question vital to the

welfare of our school and students. The question referred to is, "Shall Fraternities continue to exist in Rutgers Preparatory School?"

Fraternities should exist for many reasons if the members wish them to be preserved. If their members are indifferent or against them let the fraternities be abolished, but there is no reason why certain fellows should be made to break up their organizations because some others have caught the fever against fraternities. The fraternities start friendships in Prep. School which shall continue throughout life, for they throw the fellows together and they see much of each other; and in our school especially where there are so many commuters who, if it were not for the fraternity meetings in the afternoon would see nothing of the school but the class room. In this way fraternities create an interest in the school among those out of town.

The fraternities place on their members a responsibility which is very beneficial to them. And then what social features would there be in our school without the fraternity? They give two dances which are looked forward to during the year. Nothing else in this line is done. They also give their members an opportunity to rule themselves.

Let us now turn to the arguments of the opponents of fraternities. They assert that fraternities originate and maintain cliques among the fellows. But who ever saw a school of eighty-five boys where certain groups would go together? It is the right of every school boy to pick his own friends.

They say that fraternities create partiality and insure fraternity men's election at the polls. If this is true we admit something should be done. But we ask our opponents to prove their statement; until that is given we are unconvinced. And at the same time do we not have in our politics parties which run in opposition to each other; and is our nation going to rack and ruin? On the other hand we believe that this competition is the best

thing in the world, but of course the advantage of numbers should not be used unwisely.

If the fraternities are detrimental to the secondary school why should not they be the same in college? But the fraternity is admitted to be the most pleasing feature of college life and there is no reason why they should not be made the same in Prep. School. The Prep. fraternity is in the same position as the college one was thirty years ago when opposition ran high against them. For these reasons I feel that the fraternities should continue to exist in Rutgers Prep.

RAYMOND BOVEY SEARLE, DELTA THETA.



RESOLVED, That fraternities should not exist in the preparatory schools.

The influence of Prep. school fraternities has lately caused numerous discussions concerning the advisability of tolerating them. Many of the people interested in this question, have arrived at the conclusion that such fraternities should be abolished, saying that they exert an undesirable influence in a school.

This statement is, I believe, true. A school resembles a small republic. Any organization that divides the citizen body of this republic into conflicting political parties which tend to harm its central interests, exerts an undesirable influence.

The average Prep. school fraternity does this very thing. To call it a political party is to apply its most descriptive name. These political parties tend to harm the central interests of the school republic, for they weaken the efficiency of the student organizations and destroy the general school spirit.

They weaken the organizations because they dominate elections. A neutral man has a very poor chance against a fraternity for even though he be better qualified for the office than his opponent, the members of a fraternity are bound to support their candidate. The largest fraternity has, of course, the greatest power in an election. Perhaps there is not one member of the fraternity who is

capable of holding the position to be filled, Nevertheless, the right man is defeated by this large body of fraternity men, and an incompetent fraternity man is elected. When incompetent men fill the important offices of an organization, that organization is, of course weakened. This condition of weakness is certainly deplorable, for it need not exist, since there are competent men who would do valuable and strengthening work in these offices, if they were not downed by fraternities.

Fraternities do destroy the school spirit also, by continually contesting with one another. If they should be abolished, all the spirit which had been divided among them would be centralized in a strong school spirit. The students would be drawn together in a strong unified body. They would be interested in working for their school, instead of working for a cli or weak club, which does nothing for the school.

For these reasons I believe that Prep. school fraternities exert an undesirable influence in a school and should be abolished.

R. W. TURNER, Delta Theta.



Fraternity is a word derived from the Latin "fraternitas," meaning brotherhood. Brotherhood does not mean a political organization, a boxing ring and a Roman amphitheatre and gladiatorial show.

These fraternities are nothing but an incompetent political organization in so far that they do not always put up the best man for any vacancy; they would not vote for another candidate better than their own, and if they believe that they will be defeated they will plan and scheme almost any unworthy method whereby they can secure an ill-begotten end.

They are a boxing ring in so far that they do not settle their differences in peaceable conference, but the disputants set against each other in the most unmanly and beastly fashion, that of fighting like animals.

They are an amphitheatre and gladiatorial

show in so far that they so make a man take his life in his hands in order that he may join the undesirable organization. The members stand around with staves and clubs ready to beat a man and mar his appearance, or, through some senseless ignorance administer some all but fatal drug.

These are some of the evils of our fraternities as seen by anyone who cares to look into the matter. They do not lift their members to any better or higher social, literary or moral standards. In fact, I have been unable to find any redeeming feature in connection with Rutgers Prep. fraternities. What, then, is the use or value of these institutions?

There was at one time on this earth a brotherhood composed of twelve men. The aims of these men were as follows: First, the betterment of spiritual life; secondly, they strove for the betterment of every worthy condition. I here quote two of their standards for attainment: Peter taught that all should love the brotherhood; Paul that all should be kindly affectionate, one toward another. To-day this brotherhood has grown to enormous proportions. When our fraternities shall adopt some standard resembling these they will be worthy of existence.

FRANK BLANCHARD.

—o—

The question whether fraternities should exist in a preparatory school or not is as difficult as it is important. In this school they do exist and have existed for a good many years. Now the question arises, "What good have they done the school in all these years?" But this question is immediately offset by some one asking, "What harm have they done?" In my mind it seems that the good they have done compares favorably with the harm. In the first place they create a good fellowship between the members of a fraternity, and I don't see how this good fellowship could come about otherwise. Many quarrels have been averted because of this fellowship.

And there is no real enmity between the

fraternities. They each try to elect their own nominee, but this is only natural. If fraternities were eliminated there would still be that same party feeling. The political parties of the United States cannot be eliminated, for more reasons than one, and fraternities in prep schools are very much like political parties. And after all, is not the matter of good fellowship in a school like this more important than the matter of putting a fellow at the head of a team?

PHILIP RITTER, JR., Tau Phi.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'99. Austin Scott is in the third year at the Harvard Law School.

'00. "Skebe" Gaston has at last joined the Benedictines.

'02. The engagement of Harold E. Green and Miss Elizabeth M. Cuddeback of Port Jervis, N. Y. has been announced. Miss Cuddeback graduated from Vassar in 1906. Mr. Green is in the Senior Class of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J.

'04. Stacy H. Opdyke is now in the Opdyke Construction Co. in New York. We have seen "Ted" in town recently.

'05. Devan is on the Rutgers College Debating and Gym. teams.

'05. Paul Matzke holds a responsible position in the New Jersey National Bank.

'05. Frank Phinney is home again from the west. At present he is staying with his parents at Germantown, Pa.

'06. Thomas Allen is in the tobacco business with his father in New York.

'06. Joseph McDermott has been seen in town recently.

Ex-'06. Cary Nicholas is with Johnson & Johnson.

Ex-'06. W. S. Nicholas is a second classman at Annapolis.

Ex-'06. H. M. Price is with the American-Asiatic Steamship Co. in New York.

Ex-'06. E. C. Scott is on the *Targum* Board at Rutgers College.

'06. John H. Voorhees and Paterson '07 are taking the Agricultural Course at Rutgers.

Ex-'07. James Hoe is in business in New York.

'08. Hewett E. Joyce of Yale attended the fraternity dance on February 12.

'08. Floyd B. Olcott was in town recently.

'08. Watson is playing guard on the freshman basket-ball team at Rutgers.

Ex-'09. Bissett is in business at his father's store.

Ex-'09. Mitchell is in the belting business with his father.

Ex-'09. Rolfe has left school and gone into business.

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came and ,sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if yez was a lady ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if yez was me wife I'd take it."

A gentleman from Galveston, on a visit to New York, was introduced to a certain musician.

"I, too, am a musician, in a way," the man from Galveston said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" he was asked.

"During the flood," he replied, "my father got on a bed and floated to safety."

"And you?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

It's seldom if ever
You see them together,
The time, the place and the girl.—Ex.



RUTGERS PREP. VS. BARRINGER

H. S.

On Saturday, February 13, the Prep. basket-ball team was easily defeated by the fast team of Barringer H. S. of Newark, the score being 50-25. Our fellows made a very poor showing, having been up late at a dance the night before, while the Newark boys played a consistent game throughout.

We wish to congratulate our opponents on the referee they brought. He allowed no fouls to go unpunished and made the game a snappy one. The contest was held in the Seminary gymnasium and a number of spectators were present, the fair sex being most prominent.

The game started at half-past ten, the visitors shooting several baskets before our team was able to make one. At the end of the first half the score stood 37-12. During the second half the opposing team simply passed the ball among themselves and occasionally shot a basket. The line-up was as follows:

Rutgers Prep.—Elmendorf, f.; Searle, f.; White, c.; Todd, g.; Ziegler, g.

Barringer H. S.—Smith, f.; Speary, f.; Bauman, c.; Tryer (Ceres), g.; Chandler, g.

Referee, Stillman. Umpire, R. A. Smith. Time of halves, 15 and 15.

RUTGERS PREP. VS. PLAINFIELD

H. S.

Prep. received its third consecutive defeat Friday, February 19, at the hands of Plainfield High School. The gym. in which the game was played was rather small, but this,

although it hindered our team, had nothing to do with the result of the game, as our team was clearly outclassed and outplayed in a clean and fast game. No matter what kind of a score the Rutgers Prep.-Plainfield games result in every one taking part enjoys them thoroughly, for they are clean from start to finish.

Plainfield started with a rush and ran up a high score in the first half. In the second half Prep. went to pieces and P. H. S. scored at will even after subs were put in. The final score was 66-18. The foul shooting of R. B. Searle was the feature of the game, he shooting seven. The line-up was as follows:

Searle, r. f.; Elmendorf, r. g.; White, c.; Todd, l. f.; Pingry (Knox), l. g.

Plainfield H. S.—Morris (Clark), r. f.; Doane, r. g.; Lidgate, c.; Snyder, l. f.; Prior, l. g.

Points scored: Snyder 18, Morris 20, Doane 16, Lidgate 12, Todd 9, Searle 7, Elmendorf 2.

Umpire, Ziegler. Referee, Collier.

Time of halves, 20-20.

RUTGERS PREP. VS. PLAINFIELD H. S.

On Friday afternoon, February 26, the Plainfield High School team defeated our school team by the score of 46-30. The score doesn't come anywhere near approaching the closeness of the game.

Plainfield started in with a rush and caged a foul and two field goals before Prep. woke up. Then Prep. got busy and caged two field goals also. At one time Prep. School led by the score of 11-9 and kept it until near the end of the half. The half ended with Plainfield ahead by the score of 23-19.

Prep. did not play so well in the second half as in the first. Ziegler and White changed places to quite an advantage for Prep.

The features of the game were the foul throwing by Doane of Plainfield and the all

around good playing by Todd and Ziegler. Ziegler must be commended for his good work because he played against Plainfield's best man and held him down to one basket. Clarke and Prior played well for Plainfield, as did Searle and Elmendorf for Prep. The line-up was as follows:

Rutgers Prep.—Elmendorf, g.; R. B. Searle, g.; White (Ziegler), c.; Ziegler (White), f.; Todd, f.

Plainfield H. S.—Doane, g.; Prior, g.; Morris, c.; Snyder, f.; Clarke, f.

Umpire and Referee, R. A. Smith and Parsons.

Timekeepers, Wilcox and A. A. Prentiss.

Time of halves, 20-20.

BASE-BALL SCHEDULE FOR 1909.

April.

17. Saturday. Manual Training H. S. of Brooklyn, at N. B.
21. Wednesday. Plainfield H. S. at N. B.
24. Saturday. Bordentown Military Academy, at Bordentown.
28. Wednesday. Pingry, at Elizabeth.

May.

1. Saturday. Plainfield H. S. at Plainfield.
5. Wednesday. Holy Cross Club, at N. B.
8. Saturday. Seton Hall Prep. at South Orange.
15. Saturday. Trenton State School, at N. B.
19. Wednesday. Holy Cross Club, at Plainfield.
22. Saturday. ?
29. Saturday. Trenton H. S. at Trenton.

June.

5. Saturday. Barringer H. S. of Newark, at N. B.
12. Saturday. Peekskill Military, at Peekskill.

Two or three games more will probably be arranged before the season opens.

Here is your schedule. Get busy, base-ball men!

THE ARGO

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J-s-n (translating): "With his mighty strength he broke the bull's neck; and the bull was amazed."

P-n-y: "Peat is young coal."

W-l-d: "You take a charge of electricity in your hand."

Who was Deacon Chamberlain walking across the Landing Bridge with on Washington's Birthday?

A little incident that occurred a few days ago shows that the kids soon get wise to the ways of father. A father was romping with his six-year-old son when the latter fell down and started a howl that could be heard several squares away.

"Get up, Willie," expostulated the father. "You musn't cry like a baby. You know that if I fell down I wouldn't cry. I would merely say—"

"Yes, I know what you would say, papa," sobbingly interjected the youngster; "but I go to Sunday School and you don't."

Prof. S-h (in French): "Write the imperative tense."

Boys, "Chubby" Koehler is taking dancing lessons.

We hear rumors of little Harry flirting in English. Harry, this must be stopped!

Dentists always look down in the mouth.

Our fickle friend Mr. Prentiss has once more lost his heart. Rare happening! (?)

"Dig" is plucking up courage and has been making friends with the girls.

In a composition on Launcelot written by Bob Voorhees we read the following startling statement: "Launcelot lived the last portion of his life as a holy man in a restaurant."

Poetry is catching. A playwright recently told a story of rehearsing "Twelfth Night" for an open-air performance, in a garden which was overlooked by a rising brick edifice. As the amateurs recited their lines, the workmen continued their labors.

One afternoon, during a silent pause in the rehearsal, a voice was heard from the building operation saying gravely:

"I prithee, malapert, pass me yonder brick."

School will close Friday, April 2, at one o'clock, and will open on Monday, April 12, at 8.30.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the phrase, 'a well-read man'?"

Bright Scholar: "A healthy Indian."

Teddy: "Pa, did de Indians used ter carry keys around wid 'em ter open der scalp-locks?"

Judge: "Officer, this woman at the bar declares that you first tried to coax her to marry you, and then you arrested her."

Officer: "Oi did, sir."

Judge: "What's the charge?"

Officer: "Resistin' an officer."

A fruit cake which weighed just a lb.
Came to me as they passed it arb.

I accepted an oz.

And to see if 'twould boz.

Threw it down. It returned on rebb.

'Tis said that Ben Franklin had a keen sense of humor.

Yes; but John Greenleaf was Whittier.

There ain't no use in grammar,

Said little Johnny Jay;

It never learns you nothin',

No matter what they say.

Of course them little dago boys

Is different; but, gee!

There ain't no sense in learnin' plain

United States to me.

Gerald: "They say that a man becomes what he eats."

Geraldine: "You ought to try stale bread for a while."

"Paw," asked a Kansas lad, wrinkling his brow, "what's a pessimist?"

"A pessimist, John J." replied his father, "is a man who, after a cyclone has blown his house away with him in it, goes back and grumbles at his lot."

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

Sulphur springs are the best places for match-making.

Moisture makes things grow; even umbrellas are raised in the rain.

"Well, my son, would you like to be in Washington at the Inauguration?"

"No, pa, not while Jeffries is in New York."

Congratulations, Harry. We expect many good stories to be handed in by you now.

By an oversight the names of the men allowed to wear their R. P. for foot-ball were not printed in the ARGO. We hereby rectify our fault and print the names: Bissett, Conger, Elmendorf, Folensbee, Iredell, Keim, Koehler, Low, Morrison, Todd, Turner, White, and Ziegler.

We suggest that the Searles, the Voorhees, Prentiss, Morrison (we will not endeavor to name all) should start a Fussers' Club, even if they cannot get two most desirable men, M. Ross and H. F. Smith, the confirmed non-fussers.

Wonder of wonders! The beautiful horse's head has received honorable burial. The pall bearers were Prof. Smith and Willard.

The school building was tastily decorated during the week of Washington's Birthday with flags and emblems.

Who were the two upper classmen who intended to go to the inauguration and got stranded in Baltimore?

One of the Seniors received a postal from Washington saying, "Funny, but I have seen nothing of your friend Bryan here." Who is the poor, insignificant democrat?

The odor of snuff has been smelt around. Ca-choo.

Rumor is about that the foot-ball schedule is nearly out. First game is with Boys' High at Brooklyn. Remember this year's score and last year's, and win!

The H. N. have had a couple of contests with some of the fellows as practice games for their contest with the O. E.

Mr. L-s (on Inauguration day): "Ross, why do you look so happy? I thought you were a Democrat."

R-s: "I am happy because four years from to-day Bryan will be President."

The Tau Phi and Beta Phi dance was a "corker."

"I was asleep when I fell overboard."

"You look wide enough awake now. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, I fell in the wake."

We hear from fair sources that a play is going to be given. It is termed "The Lost Inheritance," and is composed of six acts, a curtain and an (?) audience.

Miles actually forgot his gum the other day.

One gallant Senior, who is an awful fuzzer, made three engagements for one night and never 'phoned or let them know whether he was coming or not. That's awful careless work, Bobby.

Did you see White with four girls at the Plainfield game? He said they were his cousins, but that game doesn't work.

Three cheers for the track team!

Would it not be a wise plan to have better cheering at our games?

OUR GUN CLUB.

The Gun Club went out on a HUNT to get some practice in shooting. They shot a number of SPARROWS and a RAVEN, but this was considered spORT ONly for kids, so they looked around for big game: iN A Trampled field they discovered a cow. "WATTS this lone STIER doing here?" asked one. "Let's ride her." "We must catch her first," said another. "WRIGHT you are," they said, and sLOWly they approached their prey. Conger tripped over a HOE and Janeway hit the cow with a stick. These KNOX made the animal SEARLEY and cROSS and away she ran; but not for LONG. They saw her TURN ERound and paw the ground. She rushed at de la Torre who turned WHITE, but being STRONG as a blackSMITH from DALY exercise and fearless as a lion he awaiTED the charge. Watson raised his gun. PING! RYking in blood the cow fell. De la Torre cried, "Well DUN," HAMmering the hero on the back as he spoke. Just then farmer JOHNS ON his horse appeared upon the scene and they all ran till they could barely TODDle, but all reached home safely and told their adventure as it iS EAR Stated.



The ARGO thanks the following papers for their exchanges:

Acadamedian (Cordell Academy), Acta Diurna, Academy Journal, Briar Cliff Spectator, Commerce Caravel, Curtis High Monthly, Echo, E. O. H. S. News, Erasmian, Farnum Tatler, George School Ides, High School Recorder, High School Register, High School Voice, Hackettstonian, Irvonian, Leolian, Mirror (W. H. H. S.), Moheganite, M. V. H. S. Oracle, M. A. S. Monthly, Owl, Poly Prep. Magazine, Polytechnic, Postern, Red and Blue, Searchlight, Spectator, Sunnyside, Tattler (Bridgeport Y. M. C. A.), Tar-gum (2), Valkyrie, Vox Studentis.

The criticisms given in our paper are always made with good humor and with no thought of injuring the feelings of the editors of other papers. In fact, we give them with the desire that other papers reciprocate. This has been done by a number of papers, but many others have not criticized us at all. And another thing we find out, and that is, many papers to whom our magazine has been sent several times do not send us their paper. Whether it is oversight or not we do not know, but it should be attended to at once. Many papers criticizing us say "More stories would improve your paper," or "Fewer editorials are advisable." But we feel that one can read the same class of stories which are published in school papers in the cheap magazines of to-day, and that good, strong, helpful editorials are impossible to find. We are not rich by any means, and

so we have to choose between stories and editorials, and we find editorials the more desirable. In our criticisms this month we are working with Mr. Lincoln's famous words, "With malice toward none and charity toward all," in our minds.

We welcome the Acadamedian from Cornell Academy.

The Academy Journal is of the same standard as usual.

The Acta Diurna is to be complimented on its fine stories.

An exchange column is needed in the Briar Cliff Spectator.

The stories in the Caravel are excellent.

We are glad to receive the Curtis High School Monthly. It is a good paper.

The East Orange News needs a longer exchange column.

The Erasmian is very good this month.

The Farnum Tatler seems to be having a great deal of trouble. We hope it succeeds in getting the students to aid it.

The Ides is in need of a better exchange column.

The Recorder is good as usual.

We do not like the change in the H. S. Register. Go back to your old cover.

The Voice is improving.

The Hackettstonian, Irvonian and Leolian need better exchange columns.

The Mirror improves with every issue. Its one fault is that it is a trifle ungainly.

The Moheganite is a good paper. We advise a better exchange column.

The students of Mount Vernon H. S. have a right to be proud of their paper, the Oracle.

We are very glad to see the steady improvement in the M. A. S. Monthly, as we (at least most of our school) feel a great deal of interest in the students who run the said paper. We advise one serious subject to be in the paper besides the editors' names. We notice that several of your best stories are

written by one not on the board. Why is she not an editor?

The Owl needs an exchange column. Otherwise it is a first-class paper.

The Poly Prep is excellent as usual.

Polytechnic is a very good paper, taking it from a scientific point of view. We are not inclined that way and find it uninteresting.

The Postern criticizes the ARGO, saying: "The cover on the Argo is most inartistic. If this paper spent more time on the inside of the paper instead of experimenting with the outside it would be better off." We feel that this applies more to the Postern than to ourselves. Don't get angry, girls. You have a very pretty cover, but there is absolutely nothing worth reading in your magazine except the Alumni Notes. Brace up! We expected better things from you.

The exchange column of the Red and Blue is the finest we have received this year. Compare their criticism of the Argo with that of the Postern.

We are glad to receive the Searchlight.

The Spectator is excellent.

The Sunnyside needs a larger exchange column.

The Targum (Rutgers College) is horribly dry.

The Valkyrie is as foolish as ever. It is probably the poorest paper we receive, and the reason is obvious. Instead of a half dozen short and poor stories get one or two good long ones and you will begin to improve. Get some good editorials and you will continue to improve. Change your cover and cut out your gossipy school notes. If you cannot find or write good ones leave them out altogether. They hurt your paper and your school.

The Vox Studentis is the surprise of the month. In its new cover it presents an excellent appearance and its interior is full of good stories and poetry. Keep it up, Union City, you are becoming a star exchange.

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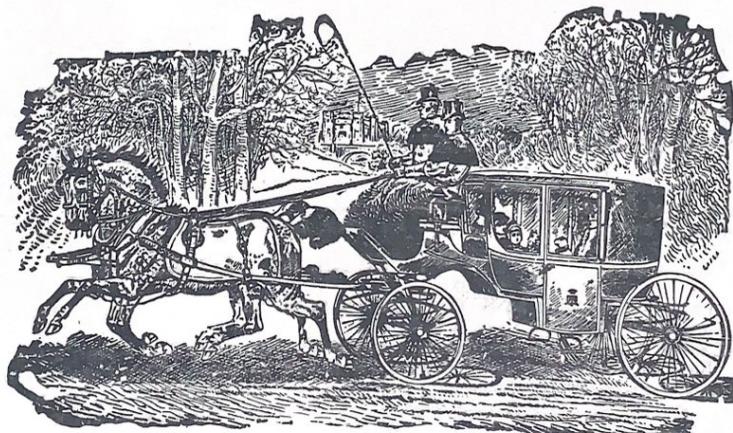
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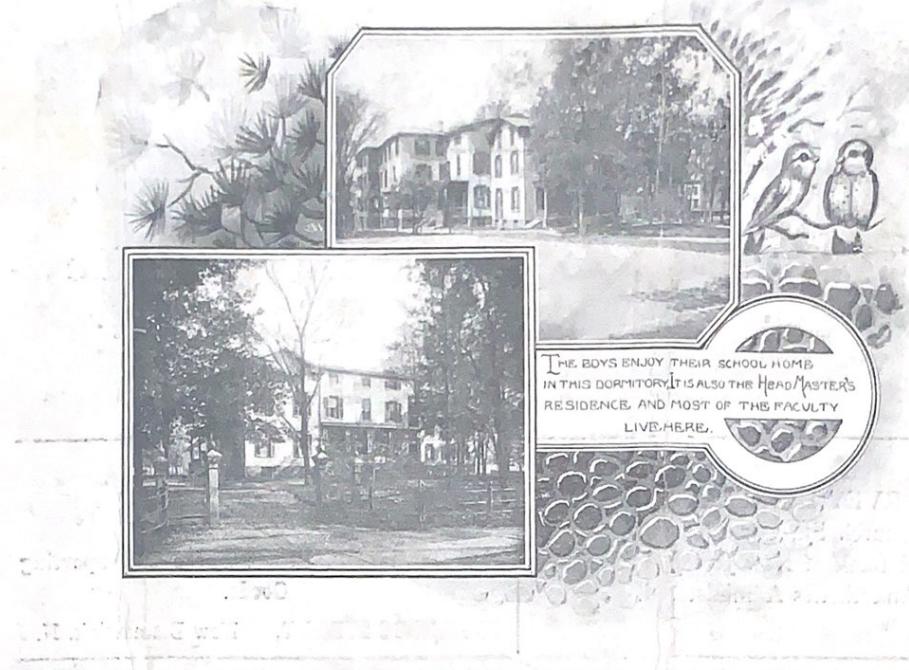
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