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67^d

THE ARGO.

Published Monthly

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

Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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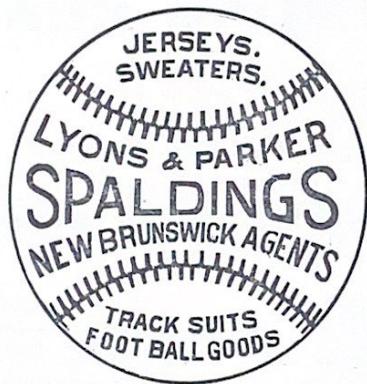
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VOL. XIX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 1.

A LAD OF ERIN

*Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan.*

Little Thomas O'Neill, eleven years old, not sleep. His mind was too busy to rest. tossed and turned on his hard bed and could That morning when he had met the carrier, Pat O'Brian, on the road, Pat had told him that the "dook" wanted a boy to work on his garden. "And, shure, it's there you should be and not at school. You're too big for such fun. And your father and mother poorer than a hen in a parlor." Pat and he were great friends and Jat must know. So he decided he would work at the "dook's" place. He would begin the next day. He would not tell his father or mother or even Pat a word about it, but would surprise them all. They probably thought him very lazy. He would show them that he was not so. He would earn money and then his mother would be able to sit down and rest whenever she wished. With that his mind, as if satisfied with its labor, rested, and he slept. But he dreamed exciting dreams about being rich, even living at Dublin, owning a horse and wagon, and his mother being so proud to be able to call him her boy.

Suddenly he felt something sting his bare legs; giving a yell and jumping up he saw, through eyes half-closed, his father standing over him, whip in hand, and raising it to bring it down on his expose dshoulders. Tom leaped aside and, pulling on his overshirt and trousers, he almost tumbled down the peg-ladder that served as a stair to the loft where he slept. It was almost time to go to school.

He hastily ate the cold food left for him and then ran out to do his work. When this was done he set out, very late, toward the school.

At the first wood he came to, Tom entered it and there hid in a tiny cave he knew of, his two books, and then he went on with only his lunch box. At last he reached his destination, not far beyond the school house. He walked up the long driveway under the majestic old trees and went around to the back door of the "big house." To the servant that answered his timid knock, he said that he wanted the work.

"What work?" demanded the tyrannical-looking man.

"Why, th-that w-work in the garden," he answered faintly.

The servant went to call the master, as Tom thought, but really only the secretary. Tom was asked if he was still going to school. He tried to answer but the words stuck in his throat; then, with a greater effort, he stammered, "N-no, your Honor." The secretary thought to himself that this little fellow was fit for the work and if he were playing truant he would learn a good lesson. So he set Tom hard at work raking and hoeing and spading. Tom worked hard and well for he knew how, and he was determined to succeed. The hot summer sun made him perspire freely, but he never stopped a moment. At last he was called to dinner. Yes, they made him eat a good hot dinner in the kitchen instead of the few cold potatoes and the piece of bread in his lunch-box. My! how good the food tasted! His father could not afford to give him such often. Besides he was very, very hungry. One

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of the servants gravely remarked that he envied Tom for having so good a position. Another told him that he must not work so hard for then he did eat so much; and the master would not keep him if he ate so much. Tom hardly heard their teasing; he was too busy eating his dinner and thinking about his work.

After dinner, Tom set himself with a will to every task that was ordered. At last night came and with it his pay, six pence, and a large piece of molasses cake for his mother. My, what a lot of money that six-pence seemed to him! At this rate he would soon be rich! He was tired out, but high hopes carried him toward home. Then he thought of the good food he had eaten. He would probably eat such every day. It would make for him a year of Easters. But he did wish that his father and mother might share his food with him. Then an idea occurred to him. He would bring a little pail next time and ask if he might put some of his dinner into it to take home. They were so kind that they would surely let him. He found his books and trudged on toward home. As he passed the swimming hole its cooling depths tempted him. He stopped, put down his books and lunch-box, pulled off his shirt and trousers and was on the point of plunging in when he bethought himself of the time and the work he must do at home. The sun had set and the after-light was slowly fading from the sky. Tom groaned from disappointment quickly put his clothes on, and hurried away whistling so as to forget what he had lost. He carried his money in his trousers pocket—or rather, he held it in his hand and kept his hand in his pocket. Every once in a while he pulled out the six-pence, looked at it in the twilight and later in the moon-light. At last he came to the bridge over the canal near his home. He looked at his money once again—and let it fall. There was a little jingle and the fruits of his day's hard labor rolled off the bridge and down into the water. At once without a second thought, Tom dropped his books,

slipped under the rail and dove into the water after the money. Too late, the coin was on the bottom in the mud. But for a while the pleasure of a swim banished every care from his mind and he sported in the cool water. Over to one shore he swam and then dove off again and again, in every way he knew how. This was true fun for him. He would have liked to be able to stay all night there. His clothes bothered him not at all, rather they added spice to his pleasure. He had always wished to swim with his clothes on just to find out how it felt. Now his wish was fulfilled and he was at the highest point of possible pleasure. Then, suddenly, as he was about to tumble backward from the bridge he remembered his loss and the work awaiting him. A second before fun had made him forget his weariness, now fright took fun's place. He stopped his plunge, scrambled under the rail, picked up his books and ran, ran, ran for home.

My, what a wet, crying, tired, discouraged, and frightened boy burst into the kitchen of his little home. The school-master had stopped there on his way home from school and had reported Tom's absence. The mother thought out a scolding, the father cut a whip. They thought Tom, of course, had gone fishing and swimming for the day. What a naughty boy he was! Tom, as he entered the house, rushed to his mother for protection from his father's whip and sobbed out the whole story. Then his parents did a strange thing, (strange it seemed to Tom.) Instead of, as he expected, punishing him for going swimming, consoling and punishing him for his loss, and encouraging him to keep at his work, they laughed and laughed; and, when they had done laughing, they praised him for his noble purpose, but blamed him for not going to school. This puzzled him. If they were proud of him for going to work, why did they want him to stop his work and return to school?

A whole half night of thinking and another

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four hours of dreaming were not enough for Tom to answer this question and penetrate the mystery; but he understood the uttermost folly in trying to prove to fathers and mothers against the overwhelming argument of a spanking that what one wishes to do is right.

Therefore, the shrewd "lad of Erin" appeared at school the next morning, but five or ten minutes before the lessons began in order that he might "get his lickin' when the rest wasn't lookin'."

CAMPBELL, '08.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

"But, Uncle Joe, I always thought the Hindoos were decidedly stupid and slow-witted," interrupted Dick. Uncle Joe had just returned from his army post in India and was entertaining the family with his many adventures and stories.

"Slow-witted!" chuckled Uncle Joe. "Why boy, did you never hear about the cat that was owned by the four brothers? No? It's an ancient tale, but if you older people don't mind, I will enlighten this ignorant youngster, for it's an excellent illustration of real Hindoo wit.

"In a town of the cotton district of India, there once lived four brothers, cotton merchants, who owned a cat. They were all very fond of their pet and quarreled a great deal about what portion of that beloved animal each owned. At last they compromised on each taking a foot, as they could not divide the body.

"Some time later one of the cat's paws was badly hurt and all four brothers were so anxious for the welfare of the cat that they joined in binding up the injured limb in oil. The poor thing limped away to a favorite corner near the fire, where it was soon dozing only to wake in agony for the volatile oil had ignited on account of the intense heat! Up sprang the cat and leaping toward the door dashed on its three good legs across the court into the store house among the cotton bales—its injured foot a blazing torch.

"Well, to make a long story short; the whole

year's crop went up in flames. The three brothers demanded that the fourth should make good their loss, claiming that he was responsible for the fire as he had owned the paw that had caused the trouble. This would have ruined him, so at his request, they brought the case before a native judge, well known for his clear discrimination. When their story was told, the judge gravely announced his decision. 'It is true that the injured paw of the cat caused the fire and that paw belonged to the defendant. But it is also true that if it had not been for the three legs belonging to you, the plaintiffs, there would have been no fire. So, according to your testimony, you, as owners of those three uninjured legs, are responsible for the loss. Therefore, I decide in favor of the defendant. You must bear your own loss and pay him his share of the damages.'"

"Well, he was a sharp one!" exclaimed Dick, as the story ended. "It just served them right."

'08.

FOOT-BALL.

Come all ye Rutgers Prep. School men,
Put on your foot-ball clothes.
Just leave the paper, drop the pen
And do not be so slow.
Show some spirit for your school
And help us win the game.
Let's show the other schools about
That we are not so tame.

Everybody Out! Foot-ball season is on us and all who are men or wish to be men, should come out at the start with the proper school spirit. We have lost a great many men and for that reason we should work harder than any team has ever been known to work before. Let everybody come out and enjoy the sport. Foot-ball is no ladies' game, but a game for men. Anybody can sit on the grand stand and clap. Everybody cannot make the team; but everybody can come out and help the team. Now! Everybody out and show what true school spirit should be!! E. J. WILLIAMS, CAPT.

The Argo.

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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 ARGO.

With the October number, the Board of Editors for 1907-1908, begin their work, and they hope to keep the standard of the paper up to its usual height. But the school should remember that the paper is published by the school, not by the Editors alone. Therefore, all should help, not only by subscribing themselves, and getting others to do so, but also by writing for the *Argo* occasionally and giving all the school notes they hear, to some one of the Editors. If all do this, the *Argo* will be even more interesting than it has been formerly.

On the seventeenth of September, 1907, Rutgers Preparatory School began its one hundred and forty-second year. After the usual morning exercises, Dr. Payson made a short address to the school showing that true happiness comes to us easiest when we are doing something that is worth while, and that we can get a great deal of happiness out of our studies if we go at them in the right way. After the schedule of classes had been given out, the school sang the Football song and then the school song. In closing, Dr. Payson spoke of the great value of enthusiasm and endurance in all things, and it is to be hoped that this will be remembered, especially by the candidates for the football team.

As we entered the school room for the first time this year we missed the majority of last year's faculty. Even though we miss our old instructors, we may be glad that their places are so well filled. Mr. Lewis, who is a graduate of Colgate University in the class of 1904 is to be vice principal of the school and will teach English, History and some Latin. Mr. Lewis has been teaching for the past three years at Waterville, N. Y. Mr. Charles E. Hall, a graduate of the University of Vermont, will be instructor in Mathematics, and will coach the foot-ball team. Mr. Hall has been teaching in the West Jersey Academy at Bridgeton. Mr. H. H. Averill, a Dartmouth graduate, will teach science, and will also coach the football team. Mr. Wilbur, a graduate of Williams College, will be instructor in Greek, English, and French. Most of the Latin will be taught by Miss Helen Searle, who graduated from Rutgers Prep. in 1902 and from Vassar in 1906. Miss Tower, a graduate of a training school in Boston will take Miss Gregg's place in the Annex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'96, H. Rapalje visited the Trap on September the eighteenth.

'04, Miss Sarah R. Scott has completed her course at Vassar College.

'05, Vrooman has left Rutgers College, to attend the "Biltmore" College of Forestry in North Carolina.

'06, Miss E. Wilbur and Miss M. Cook have entered Smith College.

'07, The following graduates of Rutgers Preparatory School are beginning their course in Rutgers College: Bascom, Elmen-dorf, C. Lyall, MacDonald, Marcley, S. M. Nelson, Pockman, Sangster, Scudder, Stelle, T. S. Voorhees, Welsh.

'07, Miss Prentiss is a Freshman at Mt. Holyoke College.

'06, J. H. Voorhees and F. Schenck are Freshmen at Rutgers.

ex-'08, Patterson is a Freshman at Rutgers.

Mr. Mills, instructor at Rutgers Preparatory School in Greek and English for four years is an instructor in the Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Robins is teaching at Mt. Hermon.

Mr. Blanchard is taking a library course at Albany N. Y.

Mr. Powell is staying at his home in Pennsylvania.

A WEEK WITH THE

NATIONAL GUARD

Every summer the different regiments of the National Guard of New Jersey are sent camping for a week, in order to accustom the men to the practical and necessary side of the volunteer service.

The place invariably selected is the State Rifle Range at Sea Girt, New Jersey. This extensive range is admirably suited for mili-

tary manoeuvres and rifle practice, and is large enough to accommodate the whole National Guard of the state, if necessary.

However, only one regiment occupies the range at a time, in order that each regiment may have full advantage of the encampment.

As soon as a regiment reaches camp, sentry posts are posted and a strict military routine is followed out.

Reveille is blown in the morning at quarter after five and the men have to turn out for drill at half past five. At six o'clock breakfast is served and from six till eight many petty duties are performed, such as inspection, roll call, sick list and similar duties. At eight o'clock, one battalion of the regiment marches from the camp to the firing line, about a quarter of a mile away. Here are instructors and coaches for those ignorant of the use of a gun, and targets ranging from two hundred to one thousand yards are ready for the soldiers to practise on.

Every evening about half past five the regiment gives a dress parade and one side of the field is always crowded with spectators. Friday is Governor's Day. The Governor is there in person and reviews the men. Sometimes on Governor's Day they have a sham battle with the conditions made as real as possible. In one sham battle last summer the infantry, cavalry, artillery and signal corps were all in action at the same time.

Thus the details go on for a week and then the signal is given to break camp, blankets are rolled up, knapsacks packed, and with the band in the lead, they march off to the train much wiser than when they came a week ago.

OLCOTT, '08.

DRILL.

Drill began for the year on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth. We are very fortunate this year in having Mr. Nuttman back again as our instructor. Mr. Nuttman acted as commandant of the company for nine years, but was forced to give it up two years ago on ac-

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count of ill health. The school is very fortunate in having such an able instructor, and there is no reason why we should not have a good company, if all do their best to make it so. But all are not doing their best. The lack of interest in drill this year is deplorable. When drill began, only twenty-seven had signed, while there should be at least forty in the company. If the members of the school would only recognize the great benefits to be gained from military training, sign their names, and do the best they can in the drill, we would have a very good company. Sign your name, drill as if you meant it, and in the end you won't be sorry.

Now that the foot-ball season has come once more, it is very necessary that the team have support from every member of the school. While it is not possible for all to play the game, still all can help financially by joining the Athletic Association. The number of members is fairly large this year, but it should be still larger. The dues are certainly within the means of all, and it is a duty that all owe to their Alma Mater, to pay their dues and to attend all the games possible and support the team. It is to be hoped that the attendance at the games will be larger this year than it has been in previous years so that we may have lively cheering and spirited singing. These things mean a great deal to a team, and also help to keep up school spirit, which ought to be strong in every student of Rutgers Prep.

BROOKLYN BOYS' HIGH vs.

RUTGERS PREP.

On Saturday, October the fifth, we won a glorious victory over the strong team of Brooklyn Boys' High. The victory is largely due to the good coaching of Messrs. Hall and Averill, and to the drop-kicking of Gross. Captain Williams played very well and in

fact everyone on the team acquitted himself well.

First Half.

Boys' High kicked off and the ball was received by Williams, who made a short run before being tackled. Prep. was penalized five yards for being off side. Williams punted, but the ball was fumbled and secured by McGovern. Gross then fell back for a kick and made a neat drop-kick over the goal. Score, 4-0.

Williams then kicked off. MacGovern secured the ball on a fumble, but it was lost in the same way. Boys' High made a forward pass, an onside kick, then a neat double pass, but lost the ball on a fumble. Prep. made an onside kick and then Gross made another goal from the field by a neat drop.

High school kicked off to Williams. We then made an onside kick, a double pass, but lost the ball on a fumble. High fumbled and lost the ball. We made a forward pass and an onside kick but then the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

Second Half.

Prep. kicked off and soon secured the ball on a fumble. The ball was lost on a fumble but regained on downs. We then tried a place kick for a goal, but it was blocked and lost. High kicked to Ziegler. Gross made a gain on an end run. Then Mosher gained about twenty yards and brought the ball within eight yards of the goal line. Smith went through twice, then Williams made the touch-down and subsequently kicked the goal, making the score fourteen to nothing.

Williams kicked off. The ball was exchanged on fumbles, but then the whistle blew.

Line up:

Rutgers Prep.

Boys' High.

Right End.

Mc Govern Haven

	Right Tackle.	
Bauman	Friestad	
	Right Guard	
Koehler	Learner	
	Centre	
Bissett	Julie	
	Left Guard	
Watson	Seaman	
	Left Tackle	
Helm	Davis	
	Left End	
Phinny, (Mosher)	Kreusler	
	Quarterback	
Ziegler	Brown	
	Right Halfback	
Gross	Holden	
	Left Halfback	
Smith	Bristol	
	Fullback .	
Williams, Capt	Taylor	
Referee, Taverner. Umpire, Brinkerhoff.		
Halves, 20 and 15 minutes.		

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

Until a few years ago there lived, in a wild spot in the northern part of Oregon, an old Indian known as "Lone Wolf." He spent his time in hunting and trapping and in killing as many wolves--for which he showed a great hatred—as came his way. I often spent a few weeks hunting with him. He was very ugly, his face being frightfully disfigured by the marks of long fangs. The sight of his black eyes burning and gleaming in this awful countenance gave one a chill and made him want to keep his eyes on the Indian as long as he was near.

Knowing that there must be some story behind this name and his hatred of wolves, one night, when there was nothing to do but sit by the fire, smoking and telling stories, I asked him about and heard this story.

When still a young and untried warrior he had spent a winter by himself trapping in the valleys among the foothills of Oregon. For

a few weeks everything prospered, his pile of furs grew and he had dreams of going back to his tribe a very rich man. All these dreams were suddenly dispelled. One day on his rounds he found his traps empty and all around them the tracks of a huge wolf. The same thing happening the next day he put some poisoned meat where the wolf could get it; and placed some large bear traps near the others. Next day he found the traps in a pile and the meat untouched. And so it went on. He soon gave up trapping and tried to kill the wolf. All his efforts were in vain, for the wolf seemed to have a human or rather an impish intelligence; piling the traps and poisoned bait in a heap as if to show his contempt for human beings. After a while the Indian began to have a sense of being followed and as the wolf grew bolder, he began to catch glimpses of it. It was a huge, gaunt, grey beast—its white teeth gleaming and its tongue hanging partly out as it would watch him for an instant over some snow mound.

One day the Indian managed to wound, breaking—as he found out later—one of its front legs. Thinking that he would soon run the beast to cover, he took up the trail left by the blood. After he had followed for a long time he came near enough for another shot. This went wide and kicked up a spurt of snow ahead of the wolf. Reaching for his powder horn to reload, to his horror he found it empty. With a sort of a chill he remembered that he had forgotten to fasten the plug in tightly after the last shot and in the excitement of the chase it had worked loose, letting all the powder run out. Here he was many miles from his cabin with only an empty gun and a hunting knife, for protection. He noticed that the wolf had paused and was watching him with such a look of almost human comprehension, that he felt another chill creep down his spine.

Knowing that the best thing for him to do would be to get to his cabin as quickly as possible, he turned around and started off at a good pace. The wolf immediately started

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after him, keeping his distance for a while, and then gradually drawing closer and closer. The Indian seeing this, threw away his now useless gun and bent all his energies on getting home. Seeing the wolf still gaining, the Indian almost lost his head and rushing blindly along caught his snow shoe in some small bushes which stuck up above the snow and fell headlong. It took him a couple of minutes to regain his feet, as he was mixed up in his snow shoes and by that time the wolf was upon him. As he rose to his feet the heavy body of the wolf hit him and they went down together, the man on top holding it down. The wolf had its teeth fastened in the man's left arm and had broken it. With his right hand he grasped his knife and drove it deep into the side of the animal. The beast let go of the mangled arm and with one last effort fastened its teeth in the man's face, held on for a second and then dropped over dead. The Indian tried to rise, but fell back unconscious from the loss of blood and the pain.

When he came to again he found himself in his own cabin. He had been found by a wandering trapper who had been attracted by the last shot and who had arrived too late to help him. The trapper took care of him for a while and when he was able to move, took him back to his own tribe.

When he had told his story, the young Indian found himself no longer a boy but a warrior, possessing the title "Lone Wolf."

HELM, '08.

REGULAR FALL MEETING

OF THE R. P. A. A.

The annual Fall meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Wednesday, September 25th for the purpose of electing a manager of the foot-ball team. Mr. Watson was unanimously elected.

Another point of interest was whether bask-

et-ball should become a regular sport of the school. The members of the Association were highly in favor of it. A committee was appointed to ask Dr. Payson for his sanction. If he agrees basket-ball will be adopted as a sport of the school.

EXCHANGES.

The Argo acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges, and hopes that they, with many more, will become our regular visitors this school year. The Academy Journal, The Polytechnic, June 10th and 29th, The Targum and the Valkyrie. We welcome these heartily, hoping we can help them and they us, in improving our issues, by pointing out any defects which may occur. Still we will always try to mix bitter with sweet, (as the Academy Journal advises), and criticize fairly and truly.

Indeed the exchanges of the Academy Journal of June, '07, are models for every school paper. If all exchange editors did their work with such a spirit and turned out such results as the critic of that paper, surely our schools will be full of Macaulays.

Evidently the Seniors of the Somerville High School must have been very sorry to leave their dearest and happiest days; or else they would not have expressed their feelings in "The Valkyrie" in four or five pages of "Good-byes" "to sassy Juniors, little Sophs and the Freshmen."

"My great, great grandfather on my mother's side served for about three days in the American Army during the War of 1812. That's all I know about my ancestors. It came about in this way. Our government was badly in need of more soldiers, so it be-

gan to compel men to join its forces. One station for tropps was, I think, at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. My great, great grandfather, who lived at least two days' ride on horseback north of that city was seized upon and hurried thither. What did his wife do but take her youngest of ten children, my great grandmother, and ride a horse with the baby in her arms, all the way, day and night, to Newburgh! Once there, she sought out the chief officer and asked him to hold her child for a moment. He took it. Then she said to him, 'Now you shall hold her until you release my husband. His duty is more to his home than to his country!'

"Madam," answered the officer, smiling, "I would keep the child, if I had a wife and family." But he did not have to do so; for her husband was mustered out. Thus my great grandmother came very near becoming a 'daughter of the regiment.'"
K. L. M.

Scorched—Crabbe—You needn't call any more. I'm going to try another laundry.

Laundryman—Why, what's the matter? Wern't your shirts and collars well done?

Crabbe—Yes, too well done; I don't like them so brown.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Pupil in German class: "Ich sass auf dem Tische." (I sat on the table.)

Teacher: "Is that the way you were brought up?"
—Ex.

The all-knowing Senior—"About how long is a foot and a half?"

The smart little Freshman—"One foot."
(Was he thinking of his own?)—Ex.

Applied Geometry—Proposition 23. To prove that a fisherman is a liar.

By axiom 1, an angle is a deviation.
By axiom 12, a lie is also deviation.
Hence, a fisherman being one who angles,

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deviates. Therefore, things equal to the same thing being equal to each other, a fisherman is a liar.

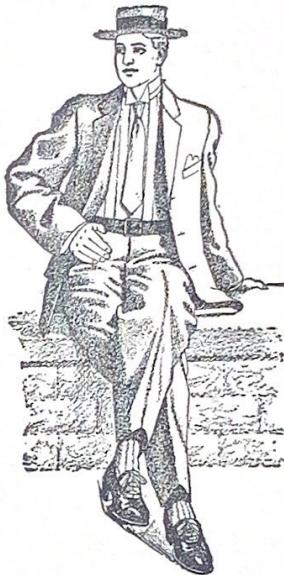
Carollary I. From the above it may be deduced that the angler is an unmitigated prevaricator.
—Ex.

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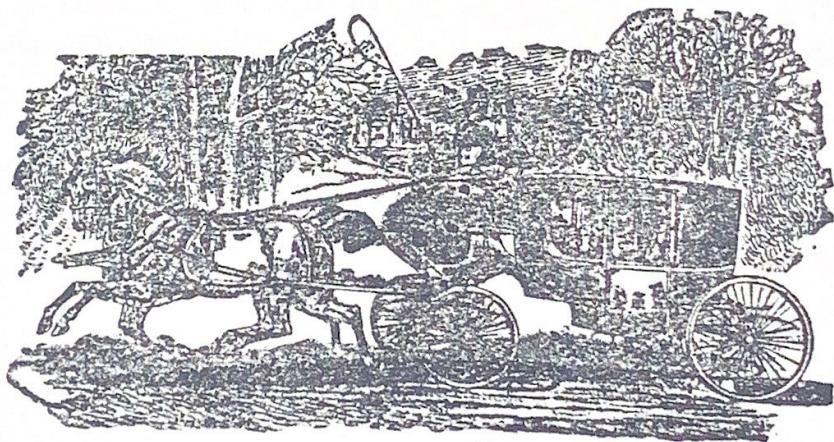
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