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JANUARY, 1905

THE ARGO.

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

THE ARGO.

PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

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THE ARGO.

VOL. XVI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JANUARY, 1905.

No. 4.

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents

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.

It has been the custom for many years in this school to have the students speak before the school any prose selections they choose.

It is certainly an excellent plan, for it accustoms one to speaking before audiences, and thus gives him confidence in himself. This training may prove to be of great value in after life.

An alumnus of the school, Mr. Frank Lane, has offered prizes annually to the two students who deliver the best declamations. The students enter into this contest with great spirit. But now we are to go a step further, and when the last round of regular speaking is con-

cluded, we are to write our own speeches, and deliver them before the school. Dr. Payson has given out six interesting subjects upon which his English class are to write and speak.

This should be of even greater interest than the regular speaking and it is hoped that all will enter energetically upon this division of school work.

For the past two years, the exchanges of the paper have been put upon a shelf in the assembly room. Everyone is thus enabled to read and enjoy them.

But the only draw-back to this plan is, that when the papers have been read, they are not put back again upon the shelf, but are placed in a desk or any other convenient spot, so that when we come to make up our list of exchanges, many papers are missing.

When you have finished reading the exchanges, please replace them on the shelf and thus save us trouble.

You would also oblige us by calling to our attention any good points in the various papers.

The school seems to be desirous that a large portion of the paper be devoted to the setting forth of the comical blunders which the students make from time to time.

We are willing enough to publish a reasonable amount of them if we hear about them, but it is very seldom that they are brought to our attention.

If you hear of any good jokes in the class room or at the Trap, please write them up and hand them to some member of the board of editors, or at least let us know about them

THE ARGO.

32

verbally, and if they are good we will print them.

If you hear or see any joke—not necessarily on one of the students—which you think especially good, please let us know about it. In this way that part of the paper in which such things are dealt with, may be made more of a success.

ALUMNIANA.

Ralph P. Badeau, Ex-'04, is editor of the Red and White, which is published by the students of Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J., where he is now residing. Mr. Badeau is also Secretary of his class, and President of one of the literary societies in the school.

We hope very soon to include this paper in our list of exchanges.

Miss Stelle, '04, visited the school on Tuesday, December 20th.

George Kuehnle, '00, called at the school on Thursday, December 22, and also Thomas Mettler, '04.

Miss Cook, ex-'06, spent part of the Christmas holidays in town.

Mr. Roy C. Burr, a former instructor of this school, married on Saturday evening, December 31st, Miss Elizabeth B. Corbin, who was the first young lady to graduate from this school, and who later became a teacher in it.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET.

It has been the custom for the past fourteen years for Dr. and Mrs. Payson to give an annual banquet to those who reside at the Trap. It is always given just before the Christmas vacation, and is on that account called the Christmas Banquet.

On the night of December the twenty-second, nineteen hundred and four, the fourteenth annual Christmas Banquet was held in the dining hall at the Trap. The room was artistically decorated with Christmas greens, and presented a very festive appearance. The tables looked very inviting and at each person's plate there was a small R. P. flag, which to our eyes, added greatly to the effect.

About thirty were present, and after a de-

licious repast had been disposed of Dr. Payson who ably filled the position of toastmaster, called for the following toasts:

1. *The Trap.* Mr. Ferguson.
"A little bit of heaven below."
2. *Wild animals that I have known.*
Mr. Case.
"Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so."
3. *The Annex.* Mr. Scott.
"There is a land of pure delight."
4. *President Roosevelt.* Mr. Hansen.
"See the conquering hero comes."
5. *Football.* Mr. Packard.
"Gashed with honorable scars."
6. *Our Postman.* Mr. Howard.
"Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."
7. *Merry Christmas.* Mr. Romeike.
"Why do bells for Christmas ring,
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright."
8. *The Powers That Be.* Mr. Coleman.
"That many-headed monster."
9. *Mr. Burke.* Mr. Westervelt.
"Zounds, I was never so be-thumped with
words."
10. *The New Year and the Old.* Mr. Markley
"Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."
11. *The Cadets.* Mr. Cox.
"O, Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
get your gun."
12. *The Argo.* Mr. Vrooman.
Practical Wisdom.
13. *Japan.* Mr. Edward Scott.
"War, war, is still the cry; war to the
knife!"
14. *Russia.* Mr. Andreae.
The under dog.
15. *Athletics.* Mr. Riedel.
"Most awful instrument in working out a
pure intent."

16. *Our National Fowl.* Mr. Mills.
"Good-bye! proud world."
17. *The Fourth Form.* Mr. Green.
"They grow in beauty side by side."
18. *Our Guests.* Mr. Corbin.
"For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive
grace."
19. *Old Rutgers.* Mr. Black.
"Men may come and men may go, but I
go on forever."
20. *Music.* Mr. Potter.
"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

Between the toasts, short and appropriate songs were sung by the students. When all the students had been heard from, Dr. Payson called upon some of the guests, and Messrs. Nuttman, Bevier and Payson responded with interesting addresses.

The toastmaster concluded the programme with a few words, and invited all present to adjourn to the reception rooms. There the rest of the evening was agreeably spent in general conversation.

Besides those who reside at the Trap, the following guests were present: Misses Marsden, Shankel, Gregg, Biles; Rev. G. H. Payson and wife, Dr. Bevier and wife, and Mr. Nuttman.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST
"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."

By Mr. Hansen.

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: Perhaps it would be an exaggeration for me to say, as some people think, that Mr. Roosevelt owes all his success of the last election to Rutgers Prep. School; but, nevertheless, I might say all the enthusiasm of the campaign began in our friend, McFadden's political club. At every recess the boys would even break away from their books to hear the eloquence of their leader, whose voice, by the way, is not only eloquent but also musical, and who, when once started, could only be stopped by Dr. Payson's ringing a little bell. The boys would leave

those meetings to inspire the whole city with enthusiasm for our President.

The climax arrived when the people saw our boys—and one or two with that West Point bearing they could not help but see—in the great Republican parade. Some men, mostly Socialists, mocked, but thinking men know that Rutgers Prep. School always stands on the right, and seeing the boys in the parade settled the question for them.

At about this time some of the boys were suspected of being Democrats at heart, and a careful search was made by Mr. Westervelt, who is a great admirer of our President, because both their names end in Velt, but of course every boy was found to be a true Republican from this search, which was made on the day after election.

But sad it is to relate that two of our distinguished professors were Democrats, but when we consider how the Democratic party was so snowed under that only a foot remained unburied, and how our professors bore the result of the election, we come to the conclusion that they must have been somewhere near the foot of their party.

President Roosevelt's home, as you all know, is on Long Island. Much might be said of that beautiful island, but I want only to predict that in a few years Long Island will be known as the place from which great men come. People will be saying: 'If you want a great man, go to Long Island.' Of course doubters will ask, 'Where was he educated?' but on being told at Rutgers Prep. School, they will go away convinced. (I live on Long Island.)

One great characteristic of our President is his strenuousness. Well, you ought to see our boys in their strenuous life. Chiefly does this characteristic show itself at the breakfast table—not what they do there, but how they get there. It is sad indeed to see how difficult it is for the poor professors to get down in the morning.

But, in regard to Mr. Roosevelt, we might say that we are glad he is our President, and though we always want great men in that

THE ARGO.

34

position, still we hope some day to see there
a Rutgers Prep. School man."

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "MR. BURKE."

By Mr. Westervelt.

"Mr. Taskmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, or Toastmaster, I beg your pardon: When I received my toast and saw that it was on Mr. Burke, I began to wonder why that special subject should be given to me rather than anyone else.

"I have come to the conclusion that I resemble Mr. Burke in some way. When I get up to speak, I talk too long. It is said that often while Mr. Burke was talking, some of his heedless audience would lie full length on the benches and suck oranges and crack nuts. I shall be careful about the length of my toast to-night, or some of you may get tired of listening and begin to suck oranges and crack nuts.

"Last year I was assigned the Library, a stationary object. This year I have been given a movable object; I presume some think that I am going to move out this year. They had better not be too sure about that. I do not think that my teachers would agree with them on this point. However, I hope to be as successful as a little frog I once heard of. Two little frogs fell into a pan of milk. For some time both swam around trying to find a way of escape, but none appeared. Then one got tired and said, 'O shah! I'm not going to bother any more,' and sank to the bottom. The other little frog kept paddling and churning until he had formed some butter on top of the pan. Then he got on top of it, and sprang out. So I keep on churning every day, I don't seem to gain very much, but I hope that by June I will have collected enough butter to bear me up, and if I have enough strength left, I will leap out.

"You may wonder why I talk so much about myself, but you see Burke talked a great deal about himself in the Exordium of his greatest speech, 'Conciliation with America,' and I am simply following his example. We now come

to the 'Statement of Facts.' I am not going to roast Mr. Burke to-night, because he was *rare* already in 1775, for who would have stood up for right in that day as he did, and besides, a famous *Cook* of our fourth form roasted him on the fire for about two hours the other day, so he must be pretty well done by this time. During those two hours, the cook was writing a volume about his captive, but it must have been only a volume of smoke, for I understand that the examiner of his work gave him only seventeen cents on a dollar.

"Some think that Burke was dry. His writings may seem dry, but I do not think that he was dry, especially while delivering his speech, for he was a fast talker and no doubt was often wet with perspiration. Why, I believe he could talk faster than some of our Latin class can translate Latin. He could at least go faster than some of us can scan the Aeneid, and the best of all was, that when he got half way through a line, he did not retrace his steps and begin all over again.

"The scholars of our school seem to have a peculiar abhorrence for bees, Bowser and Burke. Bees stick you with their stingers. So do Bowser and Burke. Bees stick you but once, then die, but Burke is a different kind of a bee. He is a capital bee (B) and the scholars are now receiving the interest on that capital, for some are being, or have been stuck every month. They receive their pay monthly, and a hundred cents on the dollar, too. Burke always pays his debts, he never owes anybody. He lets the pupils do the owing (Ohing). Some of these O's of the scholars are very cold and they form zeroes, in Dr. Payson's little book of daily recitations. Others are hot, for they come from the heated lips of disgusted students, when they say, 'O dear, I wish Burke had never been born!'

"History tells of a man of extraordinary qualities, who lived in the eighteenth century. He was a man of principles, and of civil prudence; he possessed high moral sentiments, sound judgment, and broad conceptions, and he was fearless in stating his beliefs. His

words fell from his lips like blossoms from an apple tree in a fragrant orchard, when the boughs are shaken by the forerunner of the blossom storm in spring. In swift succession they came, some tinted with the soft blush of apparent modesty, others daubed with warning and unflinching rebuke. Often they fell unheeded and were trodden upon by thoughtless feet.

"On account of his remarkable foresight he saw the storm of the Revolution of 1775 long before it broke out in all its fury. In vain did he plead with his conceited country to preserve peace with its growing child, but lived to see his country beaten in war, and thus his prophecy fulfilled.

"That man was Edmund Burke."

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST

"FOOTBALL."

By Mr. Packard.

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: Football was never more popular than at the present time. Some weeks ago a New York newspaper published an editorial expressing its joy that the public was manifesting its displeasure by staying away from such exhibitions of brutality. People, perceiving that the rules of the game have made it an immensely dull and stupid performance, are prepared to avoid football matches. Yet, look at these facts. 35,000 people saw the Yale-Harvard game; 30,000 witnessed the Yale-Princeton and Army-Navy matches; and 30,000 the Yale Columbia struggle, and at all four of these games thousands more would have been present if there had been seats for them.

Of course, at the close of every football season for the last six years, football has been criticised, but this year the outburst has been even more marked than ever before. One complaint is that the game is becoming monotonous because of so many mass plays and instead of light, fast players, we see the ice wagon type, as Charley, Case and Cox. No crowd will be as interested in a series of short, hard

gains behind rushes hidden by a mass of arms and legs, as they would be in end-runs behind flying interference in an open field where every move of both assailants and assailed is visible to every one of the sixty thousand eyes.

"There used to be plenty of these plays, but they are not used any more. Why then, it may be asked, has this picturesque inspiring style of game been abandoned for the cumbersome, slow, stupid, blind thing that goes by the name of football at present? The answer is simple—because the heavy game wins.

"Most of the serious injuries have been sustained by players insufficiently trained to stand hard knocks, or by mere boys. Occasionally one reads a despatch relating how 'John Smith, halfback of the Oskosh Y. M. C. A. football team, received injuries in a football game today, from which he died in a few hours.' The chances are about fifty to one that John Smith was a hard-working clerk who spent fifty-one weeks of each year in an office, which gave him muscles like a jelly-fish and who, in this condition, came out to play the severest game. This shows mere lack of judgment, and it is likely that Smith would have met his fate elsewhere if not in football.

"Many football players have too much attention. For weeks before the grand struggle of the season he is a marked man on the campus; he sits at a special training table, and the college turns out daily to see him practice. At one of our large universities in the season just ended, the undergraduates were cautioned the week before the big game that ended the year, not to whistle or sing on the campus at night, for fear they might disturb the precious sleep of the giants who were to represent them on the gridiron in a few days. This, I suppose, is the way Charley will be treated when he plays halfback on the Williams team next year. During the football season, the most important teams are followed with as much interest as the war in the far East.

"I would like to have spoken on this year's football team, but I am afraid it would hit rather hard. But I have said enough and more

THE ARGO.

36

than enough. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

A True Story.

It was in the early sixties. I had spent all the years of my life in the North, but, on being married, had moved to Texas.

The ways of the country seemed very strange to me. The people were very hospitable and openhearted. Everyone seemed to be on equal terms.

A family with whom we lived for a time, before we had built our own home, kept a large bell to ring whenever they saw a stranger passing, in order to attract his attention. Then they would send their servants to meet him, and invite him to come in, and make himself at home, and stay as long as he possibly could. Perhaps he might stay for several days.

Sometimes a whole family would come along and be cordially welcomed and entertained as guests.

Our next door neighbor, if he might be called such, for his ranch was five miles distant, offered us all the beef we wanted to use until we could get our own cattle, and when we proposed paying for it, was highly indignant. At last he reluctantly consented to our recompensing him when we should purchase a drove of cattle.

At the time of which I am about to write, we had become firmly established in a comfortable home of our own, with quite a herd of cattle on the surrounding plains. It was a lonely spot—as I said before, the nearest habitation was five miles distant—as far away as the eye could reach stretched the undulating, ceaseless expanse of prairie. But we were getting used to the seclusion, and, in fact, being newly married, rather liked it.

It was a midsummer night, sultry and suffocating. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring. I was alone on the ranch, my husband having gone on a matter of important business, to the nearest village twenty miles distant.

There had been rumors of trouble amongst

the Indians, but they were all at a distance, and not much attention had been paid to the reports. So it was considered safe for me to remain alone.

I settled myself in an armchair with a book to while away the lonely hours of the night until my husband should return, as he expected to do about mid-night.

The book—*Nick of the Woods*—was one well calculated to work one up to a high pitch of excitement. As I read of the hero's daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes, my heart came into my throat, and my hair nearly stood on end. A slight noise outside attracted my attention, but I did not think much of it, and kept on reading. Just as a settlement was being attacked by the Indians, and a family massacred, a terrifying blood-curdling whoop fell upon my ears, coming from some place a short distance away. My book fell from my nerveless grasp, and I listened expecting yet dreading to hear the sound again. Again arose on the still night air that weird and terrifying cry. I blew out the light, and was surrounded by total darkness. Groping my way to the door, I barred it, and crouched in a corner, trembling.

There was the sound of hurrying feet around the house and then someone jumped on the steps of the porch, and proceeded—or so it seemed to me—to lay waste everything within reach, all the while keeping up his infernal whooping. I heard something heavy fall, and then the man dragged it down the steps of the veranda and on around the house.

He banged on the door and knocked on the windows, but, cuddled in the corner, I paid no attention. Finally, with a last, parting rasping yell, he went away, and I fainted.

* * * * *

When my husband came home an hour later he found me just regaining consciousness, but in a state of nervous collapse. When he asked me what had happened I managed to relate the terrible events of the evening. He listened in surprised wonder. Then he went out and found that some harness which was always hung on

a nail on the porch, had been taken down and dragged around the house, but that nothing had received serious damage. I had expected nothing less than that I should meet such a fate as the unfortunates in the book.

The next morning a neighbor and close friend of ours called upon us. When we told him of the night's happenings a curious expression came over his face. When my husband asked him who he thought it could have been, our friend seemed very much embarrassed, hemmed and hawed, but then confessed that it was he, himself. He had been on his way to call upon us, and seeing me alone in the house, resolved to give me a scare. He certainly had done so. He declared again and again that he had meant no harm, but simply thought it would be a good joke, having no idea that such serious trouble would result. He begged forgiveness, which my husband rather reluctantly granted, for I was overcome by my experience, and for many weeks afterwards was seriously sick.

I lived a long time in Texas, and passed through many exciting adventures, of which I may speak at some other time, but never again did I experience such a shock as I did that night.

FINNEY.

FOOTBALL STATISTICS.

Corbin, (capt.), '05; height, 5 feet, 10 1-2 inches; weight, 165 pounds; age, 17 years; position, left half-back; residence, Oxford, N. Y.

Van Winkle, '05; height, 6 feet; weight, 180 pounds; age, 18 years; position, full-back; residence, Rutherford, N. J.

W. C. Nicholas, '06; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; age, 19 years; position, right half-back; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

S. Nicholas, '06; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; weight, 140 pounds; age, 16 years; position, quarter-back; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Matzke, '05; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; weight, 140 pounds; age, 19 years; position, right end; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Cox, '06; height, 6 feet, 3 inches; weight, 205 pounds; age, 17 years; position, right tackle; residence, New York City.

Allgair, '05; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; weight, 178 pounds; age, 17 years; position, right guard; residence, South River, N. J.

J. Voorhees, '06; height, 5 feet, 6 inches; weight, 158 pounds; age, 16 years; position, centre; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Allen, '05; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; weight, 160 pounds; age, 18 years; position, left guard; residence, Metuchen, N. J.

Case, '06; height, 6 feet; weight, 185 pounds, age, 18 years; position, left tackle; residence, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Andreae, '05; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; weight, 150 pounds; age, 17 years; position, left end; residence, Jersey City, N. J.

Nelson, '06; height, 5 feet, 8 inches; weight, 140 pounds; age, 17 years; position, sub-guard; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Elberson, '06; height, 6 feet; weight, 140 pounds; age, 17 years; position, sub-guard; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

J. Scott, '05; height, 5 feet, 5 inches; weight, 125 pounds; age, 15 years; position, sub-quarter-back; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Cooke, '05; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; weight, 135 pounds; age, 17 years; position, sub-end; residence, New Brunswick, N. J.

Through lack of space these statistics were not published in last month's *Argo*.

The football team held a meeting in Prof. Mills' room to elect a captain for next year's team. J. Voorhees and S. Nicholas were nominated, and J. Voorhees was elected, the votes standing six to four.

Annex Notes.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

One morning Jack Woodbridge woke up early. What did he see in his room but a Christmas tree, with some candy and toys on it. How it got there and how his stockings were packed up to the brim with things Jack could not tell, for he had forgotten all about

THE ARGO.

38

Christmas. He had even forgotten to hang up his stockings. Some one had hung them up, for there they were.

Jack dressed himself and began eating a candy cane, while he opened a box of soldiers on horses, with a cannon and some tents.

Just then he heard his door open softly and in came his father and mother. Both said, "Merry Christmas, Jack." After Jack had wished them a Merry Christmas, he said, "Now let us see what is in my stockings. He ran to his stockings and pulled them down so quickly that a big rubber ball fell out and rolled away, and a candy cane fell on the floor. Even this did not stop Jack. He ran to his father and sat on his knee. Jack's hand went into the stocking and brought out a small box. He took off the paper, removed the box lid and found a gold watch with his initials on the back of it. Next he found a box of candy, a bank, an iron train and what do you think next? the toe of his stocking.

This was a Merry Christmas for Jack.
FREDERIC VOORHEES.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Billy wanted a pair of rabbits for Christmas. He was afraid he couldn't have them because his mother was only a poor wash woman on a Southern estate. Christmas eve came and Billy went to bed very early. Christmas morning he was up at daylight long before the other children calling, "Happy Christmas." He went to the big house and with his noise soon wakened every one. After breakfast the white children invited him with the other servants into the parlor where he received many presents. Best of all his pair of rabbits.

THEODORE VOORHEES.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Long ago, in a country far from here, the shepherds used to watch their sheep at night. One night as some shepherds were watching their sheep an angel came to them and said, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace and goodwill to men." Then the shepherds saw a star

which seemed to say, "Follow me." So they left their sheep asleep on the hillside and took their crooks and followed the star till it stopped over a stable in Bethlehem. They went into the stable and found the Christ-child in a manger. Wise men came and brought him gifts from their countries. Ever since then we have given gifts on Christmas.

GEORGE BABBITT.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

It was the day before Christmas. The snow lay deep upon the ground. A little girl stood looking out of a window wondering what Santa Claus would bring her. The darkness came and after eating her simple supper, the child went to bed.

She wakened early Christmas morning and went to her stockings behind the stove. She could not believe it possible. They were empty. She turned slowly away and walked to the window. As she stood there she saw the neighbor's children come out of the houses and show their toys and gifts to one another. She turned sadly from the window and asked her mother why Santa Claus came to other children and not to her, when she had not yet been naughty.

The child did not know that her parents were too poor to have Santa visit her.

JOHN ROWLAND.

SLIPS AND CLIPS.

A Sad Case.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the wild-eyed patient to the asylum physician. "I met a young widow with a grown-up step-daughter, and I married that widow."

"Then my father met our step-daughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son. See?"

"Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because, he was my father's son; but he was also the son of my wife's step-

daughter, and, therefore, her grandson. That made me grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son.

"My mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-grandmother.

"I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather—and *I can't stand it.*"

The following are a few rather original translations of Virgil's Aeneid:

"Occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.—You breathe sacred fire and sweet venom."

"They light up their countenances with their tongues."

"She speaks to her inane Sister Ann."

"Mene fugis?"—Will you fly with me."

"He oppresses his flowing neck (hair)."

"The true woma nis worth more than a high priest."

At the time of King Edward's recovery from appendicitis, thanksgiving services were held all over the British dominions. The services were concluded at a certain place by the singing of a well known hymn which happened to be in the back of the book.

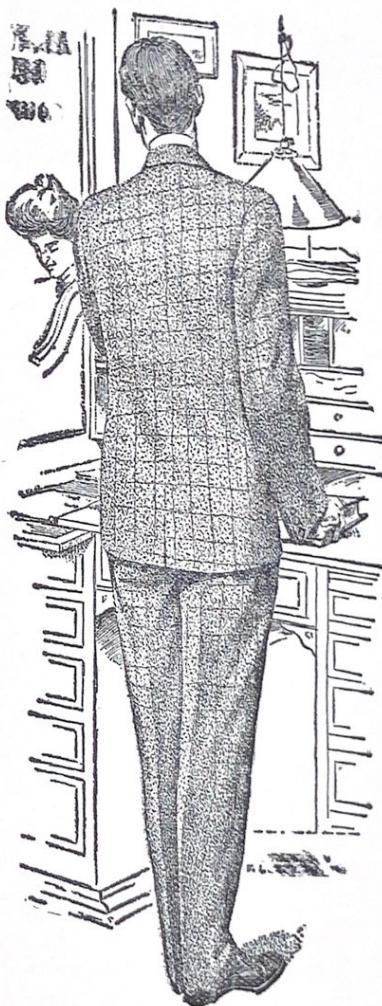
"Let us close the services," the rector said, "by singing the hymn, 'Peace, perfect peace,' —in the appendix."

Prof. S—t. (Algebra Class.) "P—y, this class is a solemn place, and not a place for merriment and hilarity. I would like you to be happy, but we must dispense with that guffaw of yours. You may come to the Trap this afternoon if you care to have a good laugh."

P—y. "I wasn't laughing that time; I was only smiling."

Prof. S—t. "Oh! Well it was a very audible smile. Please don't smile so audibly."

In response to earnest solicitations from her



January 20 Per Cent. Reduction Sale

This is the season of the year when we aim, not to make profit, but to move stock. For this week we offer all our Men's Winter Suits, Overcoats and Separate trousers, at a reduction of 20 per cent. from original prices.

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Swanson Jones

husband to be kind to a military officer to whom he had taken a fancy, a Western woman sent out an invitation and received an acceptance. She despatched a note, in which she said: "Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at supper on Wednesday evening." She received a prompt and joyful reply, which read: "With the exception of the men who have other engagements, Captain White's company will come with pleasure."

EXCHANGES.

Several new exchanges have been received this month. We are glad to welcome them, and hope that still more will come.

The December Lealonian contains a very interesting and well written college story entitled "Spaulding's Christmas Surprise."

We disagree with the exchange editor of the Red and Blue who proposes the abolition of all "personal witticisms" from our school papers on the ground that they are not interesting to outsiders or the alumni. The paper is first for the school in which it is published and then for outsiders. The school jokes are interesting to the scholars of that school and if outsiders cannot stand them there is some other matter to be read in the paper.

There is a pretty good poem in the Mohicanite entitled, "What the Side Lines Saw," but its feet seem to sometimes get a little twisted.

In the cut which heads the editorial column of the Polymnian, a young person, who we suppose represents the editor, is working at his desk on a large manuscript, and at the same time sending forth such volumes of smoke from a pipe, that we should think his brain would not be in very good working order.

We recommend the removal of the pipe from the aforesaid gentleman's mouth. Tobacco is not looked upon as a stimulant to the mental powers, but rather as the opposite. The exchange column of this paper is exceptionally good.

The Columbia News has a very attractive cover for the December number.

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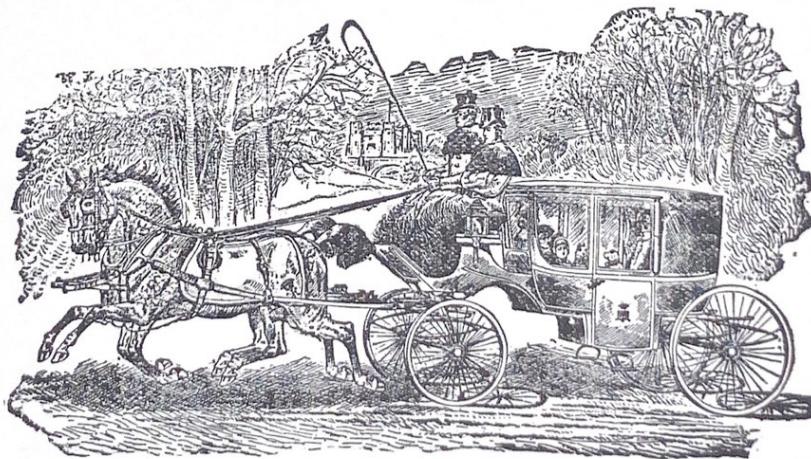
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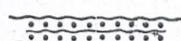
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