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FEBRUARY, 1905

# THE ARGO.

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

THE ARGO.

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PAUL F. WILLIAMS,

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# THE ARGO.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1905.

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## The Argo.

*Published Monthly During the School Year, by the*

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, N. J., and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

We see on the front wall of our assembly room a bulletin board which is headed by the words, "The Best Soldier." On this board are printed the names of those, who, for the past seven years, have proved themselves, by their alertness, obedience, and ability to command others, the best soldiers.

Military training is of great value, for it not only gives one a knowledge of military affairs which may, perchance, prove advantageous at some future time, but also teaches promptness of obedience, concentration of mind, and both bodily and mental activity.

In the college, also, there is a body of cadets,

in the uniform of the regular army, who are formed into three companies and drilled by a graduate of West Point. Now we can pick out those who have already acquired some knowledge of military tactics, for those who have already proved their ability, quickly work their way up to positions of command. At the end of the four years' college course, the names of the three cadets who are considered the best drilled, and in every way most capable, are inserted in the United States Army register.

West Point is the great training school for United States soldiers, and the young men graduate after four years of hard work, officers in the regular army of the United States, thoroughly trained in all branches of army life.

The fact of there being so many cadet companies throughout the country, only goes to show the military spirit which is becoming more and more marked. The cry is for more trained soldiers, more ships and machines of war. The government is beginning to respond to this popular demand, and yearly our army is being better trained and our navy increased. Several modern war ships of the most approved type have lately been built and are building; one of these, the superb Connecticut, was recently launched. Our nation is constantly growing in power, and we must have more resources, offensive and defensive, to maintain our position amongst the nations.

By these warlike preparations, a feeling has been stirred up amongst certain people who are apparently bitterly opposed to the nation's thus increasing her resources. They protest that this savors too much of a monarchy, call it imperialism, pretend to believe that a large standing army will endanger the liberties of

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the people, and although the nation is all the time growing more and more powerful along all lines, insist that her defences be kept the same, or even cut down, thus hampering her growth. They contend that we are violating the principles of our forefathers, but do not look far enough ahead to see, that, on the contrary, this strength is needed to uphold some of these very principles.

A short time ago, President Roosevelt addressed the graduating class of Annapolis. He alluded to the protests of some people against militarism, and declared that it was utter foolishness, that the danger "always has been, is, and always will be the exact reverse." We need men and material to make our claim to being a great nation, respectable. His policy is: "Desire peace, but prepare for war."

We give a short extract from his speech where he sets forth the necessity of a powerful military: "If this country believes in the Monroe Doctrine; if this country intends to hold the Philippines; if it intends, besides building, to police the Isthmian canal; if it intends to do its duty on the side of civilization, on the side of law and order--and that duty can be done only by the just man armed—if this country intends to be that, then it must see to it that it is able to make good if the necessity arises to make good."

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In this issue of the paper there will be found a copy of the constitution of the Athletic Association, as it stands after being revised by a committee appointed for that purpose.

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*To the Editor-in-Chief of the Argo:*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a student of the English language to lose his patience and give vent to his wrath and vexation in hard words, a just and decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that he should state the causes which impel him to ire.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are endowed with certain unavoidable

misfortunes; that such vexations of life come in heaped-up abundance to such as have the calamitous trouble of studying the dire irregularities and criminalities of the mother tongue; and that these woes and disasters of existence fall in endless and inexhaustible succession upon the heads of those most miserable and wretched wights who have taken up the study of Burke, after the tumultuous purgatory of the lower forms, through which it is necessary for those wretches to pass who would attain to the blissful realms of higher learning in the fourth form.

Mr. Editor, the speech on Conciliation with America, is, as Burke himself announced, when he started to deliver it, "Surely an awful subject, or there is none so on this side of the grave." After such a recommendation one would think that any reasonable man would have refrained from having anything to do with such a noisome and pestilential corpse. He admits it to be true that the subject is not yet in the grave—where it ought indeed to be, seeing that the causes of his effusion are all dead and gone—he says it is still on "this side" of it. From which we are to infer that he found his ideas in the morgue.

With characteristic inconsistency, Mr. Burke, four lines below the statement above quoted, calls the subject "most delicate." Nothing could be more untrue than that last statement; nothing so heavy, so deep, so dull, could, even by the most mendacious of liars in existence—except Mr. Burke—be called delicate.

The fact is that Mr. Burke was so utterly unable to concentrate his thoughts from whirling into such "vast fluctuations of passions and opinions," that he had no very clear idea of what he wanted to say, and hence his statements must be clarified by learned expositors and luckless students; of which last catalogue, I, your correspondent, am the most unfortunate, and bawl forth this bitter lamentation, not for the adornment of your paper, or for the edification of those blissfully ignorant ones

who have never studied Burke, but for the relief of my feelings.

'05.

In the New York Press of January 16, 1905, there appeared an article on the Harvard track team. It stated that there were over 150 men trying for the team, and that the new material was very promising. Near the top of the column was the following: "Three men have appeared for the half-mile event, all of whom have so far shown unusual ability. These are Verdi, a Freshman," and the others whom the account mentions—one an Exeter runner, and the other a Harvard Junior. Verdi is remembered by most of us as having graduated from our school with the class of 1903. He returned to school last year and took a post-graduate course, which he finished last June. He lived in New York city, but boarded at the Trap for six years. He took a prominent part in athletics here, being a member of the 1903 and 1904 track teams, and 1902 and 1903 football teams.

### Alumni.

'96. B. C. Edgar is working for the Public Service Corporation in New York.

'94. Havelock Walser has a position as paying teller in a Trust Company in Newark.

'01. Nafey has returned to New Brunswick and has a position in one of the manufacturing establishments.

'04. Miller and Lang were visitors at the Trap last week, and the fact of their visit was very evident even to those who were not present at the time.

'02. J. Harvey Murphy is manager of the Rutgers College Glee Club this year.

'01. C. L. Wilber is captain of the Rutgers Gymnasium Team this year. Devan and Green, '02, are also on the team.

'96. Frank Eckerson is now a missionary in China.

### HIS FIRST BEAR.

"Oren," said I to my old fishing companion as we lay in the shade, on the shore of the lake waiting for the heat of the day to pass, "do you remember the hunting trips you used to take when a boy?" "Why, Pard, of course I do," he answered. "Do you think I could ever forget them happy days of my life?" When a man has come to my days and his life is full of trouble, he can't help looking back and thinking about them happy times and wishing they was now. When I hunted in them days this country was all woods where now is nothin' but medders and fields with nothin' but mice to hunt. I shall never forget the day I shot my first bear. I tell you I was a happy youngster after it was all over. I must a bin about eleven, when Pa give me my first gun. 'Twant a very good one, but of course I thought it a dandy. I have shot many a gun since, but never one that let you know like that gun did that it enjoyed the fun too. Why Pard, I used to think the durn thing sometimes didn't exactly know whether the animal was in front or behind it. But I studied that gun, Pard, and 'twant long before I was shootin' fairly straight and many a partridge and duck I brought down.

There want many deer around here then neither. They had mostly bin killed off. So we used to go down into the next county every year for a deer hunt. I was most fourteen I guess before Pa let me go the first time alone. We had an uncle and aunt living down there and I set out afoot with my gun over my shoulder to walk there. It was nigh onto a hundred miles. When I got there I found Uncle had some city fellers up to hunt with him. But he had the rheumatiz pretty bad and didn't relish much the idea of tramping around the country with them guys. So he was mighty glad to see me, and them city guys seemed pleased enough to see me too, at any rate they grinned and nudged each other enough when they see my gun. But I didn't care. I knew that old gun, and knew what it could do, which was more than they knew about their

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fine things, I would a bin willing to bet. Well, Pard, we all hunted for a few days, and I let many a fine chance go, so as to let one of them city guys have a shot, but they mostly let the chances slip.

One night a feller came along and said that some bear had been seen on the hills which was a few miles back of our place, and we all at once decided to go for them next day. I was mighty tickled I tell you, to go. I said to myself that if ever I got ar eye on that bear that "Old Faithful," as I called my gun, would speak for herself. I wouldn't wait for no durn city guy. So I went to bed that night in high spirits.

It must a bin about midnight when I heard Aunt a calling to me to fetch in the bottle of linerment for to rub on Uncle's leg. She said 'twas over the chimney place. So I felt around in the dark and finally ran onto a bottle there and took it in to Aunt. Then I went to sleep again. Just before daybreak I heard the most awful groans from Uncle. I jumped up and went into his room. His light was burnin' and he lay on the bed, one leg hangin' outside and I could see 'twas black from the foot to his knee. He called to me "boy, I'm mortifyin' go for the doctor."

I shook Aunt and when she seen that leg she jest turned over an' moaned. But when Uncle said, "Emmer, can't you do nothin' for me?" Aunt got right up. When she got up I seen her hand 'twas black jest like Uncle's foot. The bottle of linerment was on a chair by the bed and I looked at it and it said "ink" on it. I said to Uncle, "I guess you put ink on your leg didn't you?" He looked at me and then at the bottle and then at me again and then I knew that warnt no place for me. So I went out to the barn to do the chores.

When Uncle came out I saw right away that my bear hunt was all up. I heard him a mutterin' about a darn fool boy an' finally he fairly yelled at me: "You git on your things after breakfast and go over to Jim Dent's for some butter I ordered over there. You foller up the creek aways and you'll come to the

house. Then you hang around here and do chores for your Aunt." I tell you I felt mournful. I had felt most sure of gettin' that bear, but of course I couldn't say nothin', though I felt 'twant my fault. Aunt Emma ought to a known the feel of the linerment botle.

At breakfast them city guys was full of talk of bear huntin' and what they was a goin' to do. Made me feel pretty bad I tell you.

When they was all ready to start and they seen me a hangin' back they asked Uncle if I warnt a goin' and he said he want goin' to have no durn boy along with him. After they was gone I went in and got out the old gun and held it for a while, thinkin' of what I might of done with it and I loaded it fer bear, just pretendin'. Then I started after that butter and I guess there was tears in my eyes. Of course I didn't take the gun along, for I would have a big load to carry back. I think I would a bin happy enough with "Old Faithful" to cheer me up. So I started with feelin' sorrowful enough. I remember 'twas a most beautiful day. Nature tried to catch your eye at every step and twant long before the mist cleared and I began to notice things. Pard, I never could resist the charms of nature. I guess that's why I have always got to go when she calls me to go huntin' or fishin' and I rather think now a lookin' back that she has called me to go at most outlandish times. Mostly she seems sweetest and calls loudest along in harvest times. I have heard some of them fellers what comes up here in the summer to have us guides catch fish for them, call nature their mistrees. Well, Pard, she is the gol darndest gal I ever see.

Well, that little creek fairly bubbled over with joy at seein' me and kept a gigglin' all the way. The trees seemed fairly alive with birds. They flew about here and there makin' the air fairly sweet with their songs. I knew them then every one jist as I do now, but not by the same names. I had named them myself and I think I got more pleasure out of them on that account.

Well, I sauntered along and took my time about it, for I remembered Uncle had told me I was to stay around and help Aunt after I got back. So you can jist imagine I didn't run, anyway. About half way there was a cross-stream joined the creek I was a follerin' and around there I saw lots of game and many a fine shot, not having a gun. They all seemed to know I was narthin' but a durn fool boy, anyway.

Well, I got the butter and started back. I tell you, I didn't have no call to run then. There was a whole pail full of it, and it was like so much lead to me; toting it along over a half-beaten path on your bare feet wasn't no fun. I was 'most gone before I was half way back; so I decided to rest just as soon as I got to that cross-stream and lay around for a spell, on the watch for game. Of course I was mighty careful not to make any noise by breaking twigs, or nothin'. I was surprised, though, not to see any game when they had been a-plenty jest an hour before, and I hadn't made no noise. I didn't see even a rabbit. But I heard a blue jay overhead a givin' it to some one; so I thought some one had probably jest gone along and skeered them all.

The path I was a follerin' was some distance back from the creek, opposite where the cross-stream joined. When I come opposite that cross-stream, I set the pail down in the path and crep' softly through the bush to the bank of the creek so as to get a view up the cross-stream. There warn't nothin' in sight 'cept a few birds and some minnows swimming around in the water. I sat there watchin' the birds a-flying around and findin' things for their young uns to eat. Happy and gay they were and each one always had a song to help along another and cheer him to his work.

I must 'a sat there some time, for I was tired, I tell you, when I heard a crushing and crackling o' twigs back o' me. It was just as if some one was tryin' to get through the bush and was bound to make as much noise as possible a-doin' of it. It was that fellow what skeered the game for me, I thought. I listen-

ed some time; then I thought I heard my butter pail rattle. I tell you that meant me, for that pail of butter was my passport at Uncle's.

So I just struck out to see what was going on. When I reached the path and glanced back, I think I was never so skeered in my life. There was my first bear a' eatin' up Uncle's butter! My first thought was for that butter. I must save that, anyhow. I was goin' to try ter shoo him away as you would a chicken, when I thought p'raps Uncle would rather have the bear than the butter and the bear lookin' my way too was mighty convincin'. O, for "Old Faithful" loaded, as I knew she must be, for bear.

It didn't take me long to decide what to do. I started to Uncle's fur that gun; and how I did run. I ran for two reasons. One, to get that bear; and the other, not to git a lickin' from Uncle fer losin' the butter. If I didn't get the one, I'd get the other sure. That I knew well, especially after the trouble of the night before. I hardly thought I had heard the last of that yet. Sure fact, that black leg had been hauntin' me all the mornin'.

It was a long ways to Uncle's house, and I ran nearly all of it. I put in my best licks while light, 'cause I knew that gun would weigh a ton by the time I got back. I saw Aunt Emm' a-sewing in front of the house before I got there and I just yelled to her, "Git my gun, git my gun." But I guess she was most skeered to death to see me a-runnin' and a' yellin' for a gun. At any rate she jest sat there and looked at me, her eyes a' starin' out of her head. I didn't stop to inspect her closely though, but run in an' got my hands on "Old Faithful," and then out again as quick as I could.

Aunt Emm' had found her tongue by this time, and when I come out, she yells at me, "where is that butter? Come back here, and tell me. You wait till yer Uncle gits ahold of you!" But I stopped for nothing; my thoughts were back there in the woods with that bear. I don't know whether I thought he would be

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where I left him or not, but I remember thinking 'twould be best to go around him and shoot him from the other side; so that if he ran he would go toward the house. So I crossed the river and climbed through the under-brush till I got quite a distance above the cross stream; then I crossed again and came back along the path, "Old Faithful" ready. All I found was the empty pail, all chewed and battered out of shape. No bear! Tears blinded my eyes so for awhile, that I couldn't see nothin' well. But soon I was lookin' around tryin' to find where the bear had gone.

I finally found where he had left the path and gone off into the woods toward the hills, where Uncle and his city guys were huntin'. That suited me; I set in to foller that bear till I got him. So I started in for a long hunt, keeping an eye on the bear's track, which could be plainly seen in places, from the broken branches. I follered him for several miles. Suddenly, right ahead of me, not more than twenty feet away, was my bear!

*(To Be Continued.)*

### *CONSTITUTION OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION*

#### I—NAME.

The name of this Association shall be The Athletic Association of Rutgers Preparatory School.

#### II—OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to promote an interest in, and to exercise control of athletics among the students of the school.

#### III—MEETINGS.

Sec. 1. Regular meetings of this Association shall be held three times a year, viz., second Wednesday of the school year, last Wednesday in February, last Wednesday in May.

Sec. 2. Special meetings to be called by the President on the request of five members of the Association. Due notice of such meetings must be posted on the bulletin board for at least one day before they are held.

#### IV—MEMBERS.

All students of the Academic department

are eligible to membership in this Association.

#### V—DUES.

Dues shall be \$1.50 per year, payable semi-annually in September and February.

#### VI—VOTING.

No member shall be allowed to vote in any of the meetings of this Association, unless he shall have paid his dues in full for the current season.

#### VII—OFFICERS.

The Officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer.

#### VIII—MANAGERS.

It shall be the duty of this Association to elect a Manager for the football, baseball and track teams, respectively.

#### IX—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, shall be elected at the May meeting for the following school year.

#### X—ELECTION OF MANAGERS.

(1) The manager of the football team shall be elected at the September meeting.

(2) The manager for the baseball team shall be elected at the February meeting.

(3) The manager of the track team shall be elected at the February meeting.

#### XI—ELECTION OF CAPTAINS.

(1) The captain of the football team, for the ensuing year, shall be elected by the members of the football team immediately after the last game.

(2) The captain of the baseball team for the ensuing year, shall be elected by members of the baseball team, immediately after the last game.

(3) The captain of the track team shall be elected by the members selected for the team, as soon as the team is chosen.

(4) Any candidate for captain of either baseball or football team, shall have been a member at least one year, of the team for which he is candidate for captain.

(5) No person shall be considered a mem-

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ber of the baseball or football teams, unless he has won his "R. P." on that team.

(6) The track team shall consist of the members of the relay teams and those who shall be judged by the regular trainers, worthy of representing the school in individual events.

### XII—RIGHT OF WEARING "R. P."

No person shall be allowed to wear the R. P. unless

(1) He has played three (3) full games or the equivalent thereof on the football team.

(2) He has played three full games or twenty-seven innings on the baseball team.

(3) The "R. P." shall be given to any member of the relay team whose team shall win first place in the Rutgers meet or any place in the Princeton meet, and to anyone in individual events who shall win similar places.

(4) Any wearer of the "R. P." who does not do sufficient work in any subsequent year for that team may be deprived of his "R. P." by a two-thirds vote of the Association.

### XIII—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. The President shall preside over all the meetings of the Association and perform such other duties as may devolve upon him by virtue of his office.

Sec. 2. The Vice President shall perform all the duties of the President in case of the absence of the latter.

Sec. 3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a record of all the meetings, of all the members of the Association, and of the funds thereof, shall render a written report of the same at each regular meeting and shall see that the constitution is published at least once a year in the *Argo*.

### XIV—QUORUM.

A majority of the members shall constitute a quorum.

### XV—AMENDMENTS.

Sec. 1. This constitution can be amended by only a three-fourths vote of members voting at that meeting.

Sec. 2. All amendments to this constitution must be handed in writing to the Secretary-

Treasurer, who will read them before a meeting of the Association at least three (3) days before they are voted upon.

### PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

The speakers for the Lane Prize Contest have been chosen. There are two prizes offered, one of ten dollars, the other of five. The names of the contestants are: Devan, Black, Scott, Hansen, Schenck, Thomson, Mason, Vrooman, Nicholas, Potter.

### BASKETBALL.

The Trap boys are organizing a basketball team and practice four times a week in the Seminary Gymnasium. There is some promising material for a good team, and they expect to have their first game soon.

### GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club held its first rehearsal on Monday afternoon, January 23, at the Trap, with Prof. Wilmot as director. Several new voices were tried (whether guilty or not remains for others to decide) and assigned to their various localities in regard to position on the scale (the scale of good and bad not being taken into consideration).

Eighteen men were present and apparently there is enough material to form a noisy club. At least several persons in the near vicinity of the music room at the Trap testified and were ready to swear (to it) that there proceeded from that locality "Horrid shouts and shrieks and (sounds) unholly!"

rs are all very enthusiastic and optimistic and a bright future seems open before the club.

### '07 CLASS MEETING.

The class of '07 has been holding several meetings lately and elected a president, Mr. Horace Phinny. This dignitary seems to have marshalled his class together in short order, and transacted some business, for we behold the members of the class proudly arrayed as to their heads, with glorious blue caps and large

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white figures which effectually indicate to what class they belong. The class deserves to be commended for the enterprise and spirit of unity which it has displayed and we hope that they will continue as they have begun.

### SLIPS AND CLIPS.

Miss B—s. (4th Form American History). "Now please tell me what occurred after the battles of Lexington and Concord Bridge." McF—n. "The next thing was—er—the Battle of Bull Run." (Voice of Dr. Payson from rear room) "My! My! This reminds me of my Latin Class."

Prof. S—t. "What on earth is that horrible noise back there at the end of the room? Ph—y, please don't answer when you are not called upon."

Ph—y. "I didn't say anything then, I was only thinking."

Prof. S—t. "Oh! you were? Take notice, young men, that hereafter, when any of you hear a humming, buzzing, and unexplainable noise in the rear of the room, you may know that it is Ph—y thinking."

The statement of B—k in American History Class the other day that "Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and another young gentleman purchased Rhode Island," occasioned considerable merriment.

It has been stated that the colored race have longer memories than white folks. Mark Twain tells the following story to prove it:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Massa, I steered dat boat.'

"Well," I said, "do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?"

"He looked worried for a moment, and then with a beaming smile, said:

"'Why, shuah, massa, I dun drove dat hack myself.'"

Dr. P—n. "W—t, how do you spell gnaw?" W—t. "Know."

S—th, (Caesar Class). "Did Caesar write The Gallic War before he died?"

Prof. M—s. "Miss P—s, you may now translate the portion relating to the compact between the two chiefs."

Miss P—s. "To render the compact inviolable, Cyrus gave to the chief his right wing (hand), in token of friendship."

Prof. S—t. "Now K—k, can't you tell me what 1-5 of 6 is?"

K—k. (hesitatingly). "Why—I don't know."

Prof. S—t. "Well, suppose I had six apples to divide among five boys, how many apples would each receive?"

K—k. "Five sixths of an apple."

Miss —, (translating). "No one was found who refused to die when he was killed."

Prof. R—l. "What does 'nescio' mean?"

Pupil. "I don't know."

Prof. R—l. "Correct."

"What does 'idem' mean?"

"The same as it always does."

A man who had just come to this country from Ireland, and had found immediate occupation as a brick carrier on one of the tall buildings in the city, wrote an enthusiastic letter home, in which he said: "O! Pat, this is a foine country, do come over. All yez has to do is to carry bricks up on top of a buildin', and the men there do all the work."

Physician. "Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax, and epiglottis."

Hooligan. "Indade? An' me afther thinkin' the trouble was in me throat."

Falx muralis had been rendered in the Caesar class as "wall hook," whereupon it was asked what a wall hook was. The pupil replied, "A hook that you hang clothes on."

## THE ARGO.

"The Romans compelled the Carthaginians to give up their fire arms."

An old negro being taken ill, called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to get any better so a white physician was called. Soon after arriving, the doctor felt the darkey's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly—"I ain't missed anything but my watch as yit."

There is a young man named McFadden,  
Who has proved him a modern Aladdin.  
He rubbeth his lamp,  
On the ground he doth stamp—  
There appears the best Glee Club we've had  
in  
A good many years.

### EXCHANGES.

In a story entitled "The Cousin of the Debutante," in the December number of the Perth Amboy H. S. Echo, we find the following statement: "Great arc lights shed their silvery effulgence on the polished floor." This is certainly very artistic, but the point of the sentence is rather blunted by the fact that this cheerful event was supposed to have occurred in 1804, long before arc lights were invented."

"The Midnight Express," in the Poly Prep. is a very interesting story.

"The Walking Leaf" appears to have one very short story shut away in a corner of the paper. We should like to see some stories in the paper as well as hear of the advantages which the school offers.

"Crime Will Out" in the Irving Record is a very amusing and well written story of a light-fingered colored boy on a Southern plantation.

49



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"A Trip in an Automobile," which is the description of a ride through the lower regions contains a very clever plot. The writer will doubtless make a second Milton or Dante.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,  
"Makes all mankind our kin,  
There's no chance at all about it,  
Tails we lose, and heads we win."—Ex.

"I'm afraid," said the actor, when a cabbage came within an inch of his nose, "that some one in the audience has lost his head."—Ex.

#### HOW TO KILL A SCHOOL PAPER.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's copy—just be a sponge.
2. Never send in news items, and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
3. If you can't hustle and make the magazine a success—be a corpse.
4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or something else when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.—Ex.

"Non paratus sum," he said,  
Rising with a troubled look,  
'Sic est semper,' dixit Prof.  
"Scripsit nihil" in his book.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the following exchanges: The Register, Triangle, Pingry Record Amulet, Seminary Breeze, Irving Record, Quill, Barnard Aion, Lealonian, Skirmisher, Poly Prep., H. S. Register, Walking Leaf, Spectator, Targum, Columbia News, Academy Journal, Polymnian, Red and Blue.

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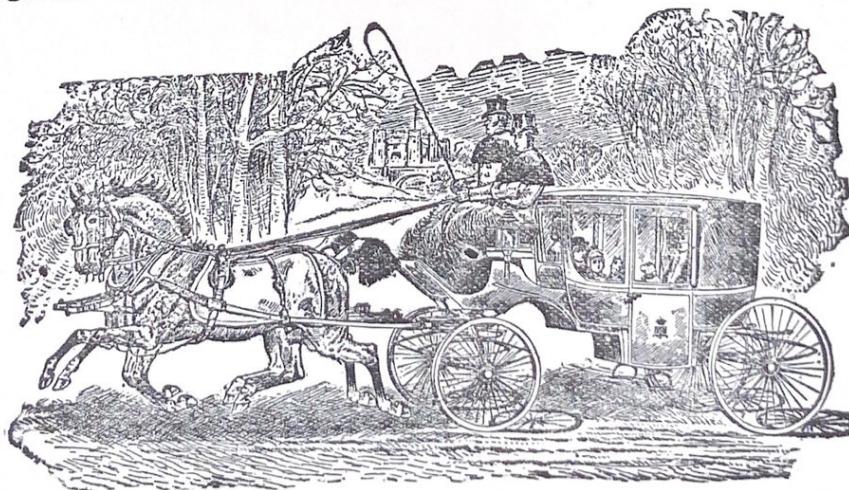
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