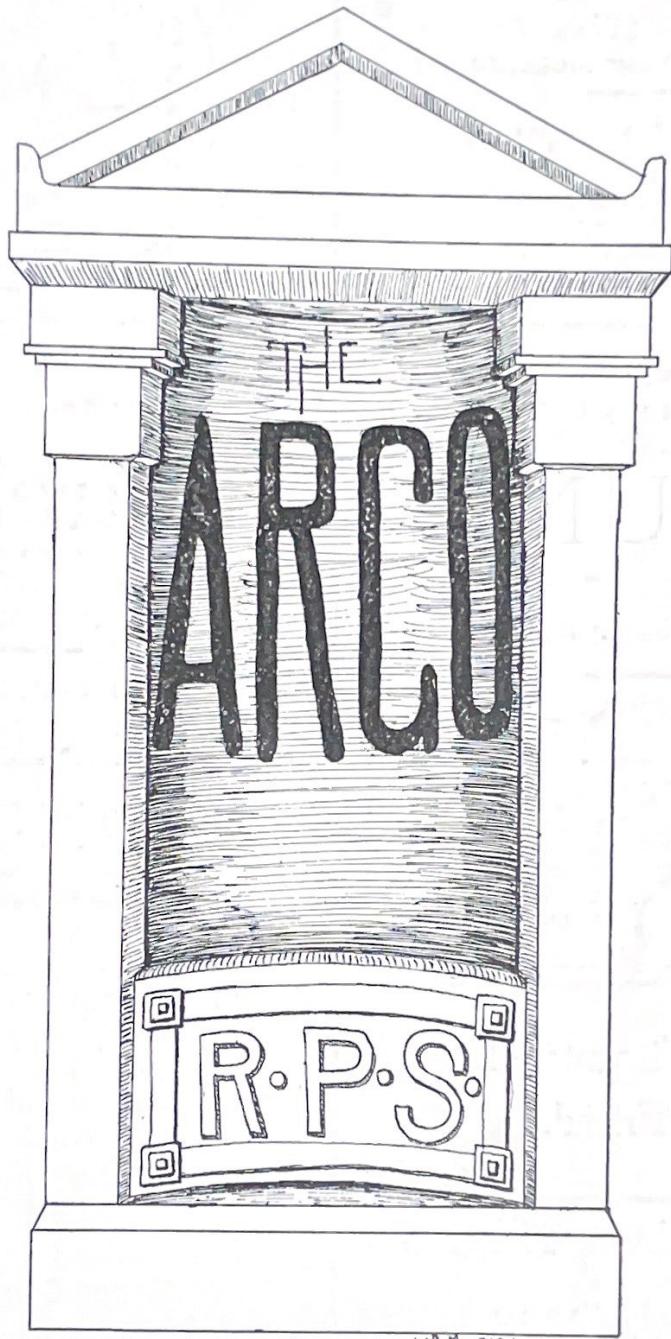


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WB MALMAR '11

DECEMBER, 1910

Vol. XXII

No. 3

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### *YE OLDEN CHRISTMAS.*

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!  
Let every man be jolly.  
Eache roome with yvie leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly.  
Now all our neighbor's chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if, for cold, it hap to die,  
Wee'le bury't in a Christmas pye,  
And evermore be merry."

E. B. PARKER.

## THE ARGO

*"THE MAN FROM THE CROWD"*

(Sam Walter Foss)

Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees  
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;  
And we look at the millions that make up the  
State

All equally little and all equally great,  
And the pride of our courage is cowed.

Then fate calls for a man who is larger  
than men

And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon  
And the small days of small things still go on  
And the world seems no better at sunset than  
dawn

And the race still increases its plentiful spawn  
And the voice of its wailing is loud.

Then the Great Deed calls out for the  
Great Man to come

And the crowd unbelieving sits sullen  
and dumb;

But the Great Deed is done for the Great  
Man is come,

Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all same, the  
same thing

And our forefather's songs are the songs that  
we sing.

And the deeds by our fathers and grandfath-  
ers done

Are done by the son of the son of the son.  
And our heads in contrition are bowed.

Lo, a call for a man who shall make all  
things new

Goes down through the throng—See! he rises  
in view.

Make room for the man who shall make  
all things new,

For the man who comes up from the  
crowd.

And where is the man who comes up  
from the throng,

Who does the new deed and who sings the  
new song;

And who makes the old world as a world that  
is new.

And who is the man? Is it you? Is it you?!!

And our praise is exultant and proud.

We are waiting for you there, for you are  
the man;

Come up from the jostle as soon as you  
can;

Come up from the crowd there as soon  
as you can;

The man who comes up from the crowd.

Mary has a "hobble skirt"

And it fits gracefully tight.

Now who wants to see her little lamb,  
When she looks out of sight?

She was a girl at Vassar

And he was a Princeton man  
And during the Newport season

They gathered a coat of tan  
Which caused unlimited wonder.

People cried, "What a disgrace!"  
For each of the pair was sunburned

On the opposite side of the face.—Ex.

*Reciprocity.*

She sewed a button on my coat,  
For I was far from mother,  
"Tis such a thing," she said to me,  
"As I'd do for my brother."

She looked so pretty sitting there,  
I quickly stooped and kissed her.  
"Tis such a thing," I said to her,  
"As I'd do to my sister!"

—Smart Set.

*A Cereal Story.*

They walked among the shredded wheat,  
When grape-nuts were in season,  
He asked her why she seemed so sweet?  
She answered, "There's a reason."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,  
You've heard this fact before.

But have you heard she passed her plate  
And had a little more?

—Ex.



## THE GHOST OF HOLLOW LOG CABIN

We four, Tom, Jack, Bob and I, had come to a little village in Virginia to spend the summer. The cabin rented low, for it was said to be haunted by the spirit of a confederate prisoner since the time of the Civil War.

We arrived late in the afternoon and had just finished supper. "What was that they said about the ghost?" I asked, for I had not yet heard.

"Getting scared," sneered Bob.

"No, but I should like to hear."

"Well," he said, "they told me that years ago when this cabin was used for a prison, one of the prisoners died in his cell, which is now the coal bin, and they say his spirit still haunts the cabin. The ghost is invisible and noiseless, except for a chain fastened to his foot, which every night you can hear him drag across the cellar floor. He comes to the stairs and slowly climbs up, step by step, pausing a long time between each. On reaching the top he seems to listen—for he waits a long time—then goes down, no faster than he came up. Now he is heard going from one part of the cellar to another, pausing occasionally. At last the noise will retire to the coal bin, where it had begun, and there cease."

"I'll bet it don't happen while we're here," I volunteered.

Tom started to reply—but suddenly all were forced to stop and listen. Sure enough, we heard the sound of the chain on the cellar floor. We all started, listening intently. It certainly was the metallic clank of a chain on the stones, and it came from the coal bin. Now it was approaching the stairs. Once it stopped, seemingly at the ice box. After a short pause it came to the stairs and slowly mounted just as Bob had said it would. There was a long wait at the top before it slowly descended and went into the pantry. After stopping there for a time, it withdrew to the coal bin.

No one moved. Finally I burst out, "Come on up stairs, we can't sit here forever."

We didn't do much sleeping that night, but by the next morning we were again ourselves and wondered why, the night before, we were such cowards as not to go down and investigate then and there.

By the next night we had determined on a plan of action and when the noise stopped at the head of the stairs, we picked up the lamp and crept out to the cellar door. Sud-

denly flinging it open we peered down. Nothing could be seen, the light of the lamp so blinded us, and we heard only a rapid clanking of chain as the "ghost" beat a hasty retreat down the stairs and across the floor to the coal bin.

Receiving fresh courage putting the demon to flight, we followed him down, Jack going ahead with the lamp. Nothing seemed the matter with the coal bin, where we had the "ghost" cornered. There was nothing there but a few lumps of coal and in one corner a drain pipe. Hunt as we might nothing could be found, not even the chain of the "ghost," and we had to return upstairs, and, for a time, give up the mystery.

Determining to find out by the next night what it was, Tom and I went down to the village store and were able to secure four good burglar lamps and four revolvers.

---

#### THE KING IN THE CATACOMBS.

(Continued from the November Issue.)

For a moment I was stunned, then slowly sat up and groped around. Ah, that was what I slipped on, probably; what was it? I felt it and it was my candle just too late! I tried to get up but my head reeled and I fell again. I lay still and went quickly to sleep. When I woke up I was for a moment puzzled to know where I was, but soon remembered all of my adventures. I got up and started feeling my way along, but I immediately crouched down behind a pillar for I saw a light coming near. Soon I was able to recognize the two figures behind it as those of the priest and the same man who had come down before. The priest carried a plate in his hand, and I easily guessed that they were going to give the king some food. As they passed me my foot knocked against the pillar and I was sure that they must hear me, but evidently they did not, for they paid no attention. I crept around to the other side of the pillar and

Supper was over early that night and having loaded the pistols and lighted the lamps, I led the way downstairs. The plan was to wait, with lamps closed down, at the foot of the cellar stairs, until we heard the "demon" on the second step, press hands as a signal, and throw the light on the "ghost."

Everything went all right, though it was rather "spooky" when the chain started to rattle. The sound came nearer—pausing here and there. At last it seemed directly in front of us and unable to restrain ourselves longer we all pressed hands. The lights flared up, but nothing could we see. However, on glancing down, we beheld a gaunt old rat, whose hind leg was caught in a piece of rusty chain stretching on the cellar floor.

Having killed the "Ghost of Hollow Log Cabin," we retired and had a peaceful night's rest.

—'12.

---

could see the king lying on the bench. They removed his gag and started to give him food. I did not wait however, for I saw a chance to escape.

I stooped down and took off my shoes, so as to make no noise, and ran quickly in the direction whence the men had come. It was not so hard to find the steps with the light of the lantern the men had, flickering through the arches to help me and soon I was climbing, as quickly as possible, up them. I was none too soon, however, for just as I entered the ante-chapel, where I had come in, I heard the door to the catacombs close behind the two men. Evidently no one had been in the chapel since I, as the ladder was just where I left it. I climbed up and down again on the outside and after pulling the ladder down ran quickly back to the hotel. I myself was in sympathy with the king and determined to rescue him if possible.

After thinking about it a while I hit on a plan which I thought would work. I went first to the homes of three of the staunchest royalists and they agreed to act with me.

That night all four of us together went to the cathedral and I knocked four times on the door as I had heard the man do who had entered before. After a short time the door opened on a crack and we heard the voice of the priest saying, "What do you wish here?" Without replying together we pushed the door open and easily overpowered the priest. We bound and gagged him and then took a bunch of keys out of his pocket. We fitted these one by one to the lock of the hidden door until we found the proper key. We had provided ourselves with a lantern and after lighting this, descended into the catacombs. After a little search we found the king; we gave him some whiskey to strengthen him and when he was able to talk he told us that he had been getting just enough food to keep him alive. With our help he was able to walk to the steps and up them. We tied large knots in the ropes which held the priest's feet, to keep him busy until we could get out of the way, and then unbound his hands. I parted from the king and the royalists and heard nothing more from them except a letter from each thanking me for my services. Enclosed in the king's letter was a ring which he sent as a token of his gratitude. He explained that as all his money had been taken with his palace he could not pay me. The next week the Austrians sent over a portion of their army and after a short struggle they seized Terens. Of course my paper got the story of the king's escape first and owing to a friend who was reporting in Austria and who found out about the army and kept me posted as to its movements, I was on the look out for it when it came, so the *Telegram* got this story first too.

In a short time I went back to America and was greeted cordially by the two "chiefs" of my paper, and I got the raise in salary. I wasn't quite a millionaire, but I had enough to have a small apartment and to support another person, who had, as I have said, been waiting for some time for that raise in salary.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'79. On Sunday, Oct. 2, Rev. Isaac Gowen, D.D., celebrated his 25th anniversary as pastor of the Grove Reformed Church, of Weehawken, N. J., at which Dr. Gowen was presented with an embossed testimonial and a purse of \$350 by his congregation.

'81. Prosecutor Theo. B. Booraem, of New Brunswick, spoke at the Young Men's Republican Club of this city, on Wednesday evening.

'98. Rev. Floyd Decker, of Kingston, N. Y., who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned home.

'09. Austin De La Torie is managing his father's bank at Guadalajara, Mexico.

'09. Arthur Prentiss wishes to deny the rumor that he is engaged, but hopes to give us a definite announcement very soon.

'10. We hope to have with us again in February, Todd, Ziegler, Searle, Errickson and Pratt.

---

A Dirge—She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before; no sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as tho it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence; then all silent but for a gutteral murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—*Princeton Tiger*.

---

The new portable building which is used for a study hall at the Trap. is very appropriate for the vesper services held there Sunday nights. The building will accommodate comfortable fifty fellows, while more room can be made for the town fellows, who are always welcome.

---

Road Mender (as local professor of hygiene hurries past): "There he goes, catching 'is death for the good of 'is 'ealth."

## THE ARGO



## THE ARGO.

*Published Monthly During the School Year,*

BY THE

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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Captain Basket-Ball.—F. R. PARKIN.

Captain Base-Ball.—R. FOUNTAIN.

Captain Track.—To be elected.

Captain Cadets.—To be elected.

Manager Foot-Ball.—J. W. SCHUMACHER.

Manager Basket-Ball.—R. W. JOHNSON.

Manager Base-Ball.—F. R. PARKIN.

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Manager Y. M. C. A.—RICHARDSON.

Cheer Leader.—R. W. JOHNSON.

Subscription price, per year, \$1.00 (in advance).  
All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

All business communications to Business Managers.  
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 staff desires to extend its thanks to Mr. J. Heidingsfeld and his corps of assistants, for their co-operation in so promptly printing the holiday editions of the ARGO.

For the past years drill has been conducted in Prep. and has been one of its strong points. This makes it convenient for fellows who want a little drill but do not wish to attend a military academy. Year before last drill was dropped on account of our not being able to get an instructor. Last year it was offered again, but only a few fellows took it. This year it is prescribed and every one is forced to take it except in cases where physical conditions will not allow it. Instead of steady drill, the most important factors of the "Boy Scout" laws will be introduced, such as preparing camp, "wig-wagging" and first aid to the injured duties. Drill started Nov. 21st under the direction of Lieutenant Ahrends, a graduate of West Point. The uniforms will be the regular army fatigue suits made of khaki, while the squad will use repeating rifles (probably .22 calibre). Lieut. Ahrends is interested in marksmanship and will have gallery practise started as soon as possible.

A football banquet was given, on Friday evening, November 18, to the team. The whole squad, including Coaches Alverson and Ziegler, was present. Also Messrs. Scudder, Boardman, and Lewis, representing the faculty. Speeches were made by Messrs. Scudder, Lewis, Alverson, Ziegler, White, (capt.) and Schumacher (mgr.), while Mr. Boardman acted as toastmaster. Following the banquet the election of next year's captain was held and "Dave" Succop was unanimously elected. Although this is Succop's first year at Prep., he has made a good showing at tackle and earned the honor. The prospects are bright for another good team next year as five of this year's men will be back, Konow, Succop, Ley, Grombacher and White.

The vesper service, at the Trap, Nov. 20th, was made very interesting by Mr. Raven's talk on the subject, "As a Man Thinketh." We are always glad to have some of the college professors with us for this informal meeting for they have many thoughts helpful to us. The main point in his discourse was about looking on the bright and not the blue side of life. Those who have dark thoughts see dark things, but those who have bright thoughts see bright things before them.

---

We are glad to have an athletic field of our own. The college has always been very good to us in allowing us to use their field for our games, etc., but as Rutgers is steadily increasing in size, we feel that they need the field for themselves. Our new field is directly opposite the college field on College avenue and although it has not yet been leveled off and "beautified" it is of good size and will make a fine one when completed. It is on the site where the new Trap. will soon be located.

---

#### *THE BASKETBALL OUTLOOK*

The outlook for a good basketball team this year is very bright. Besides several of last year's men there is lots of new material. Thus far the fellows have turned out well in support of this branch of athletics, in spite of the fact that practise comes at a very inconvenient time. It is to be hoped that this good spirit will continue throughout the season. This year it is up to the team to make good and wipe out all of last year's defeats. The team will do its best for the school and it is for the fellows to support the team to the best of their ability, which means that every fellow in the school should attend every home game and that a good crowd will go to the out of town games.



Richardson was forced to give up foot-ball on account of a case of water-on-the-knee.

Mr. Worth—"I want you to bring paper to class hereafter."

Sullivan—"Hereafter?"

Mr. Worth—"No, before this time."

Watts—"Ha! Ha!"

"Cyrus is brave and beautiful, also the woman."

Mr. Fisher: "There are two and two men, but I don't know how many that is."

Freddie (listening to Chaucer) : "What was he—Irish?"

Mr. Fisher: "Let me introduce you to 'Chaucer'."

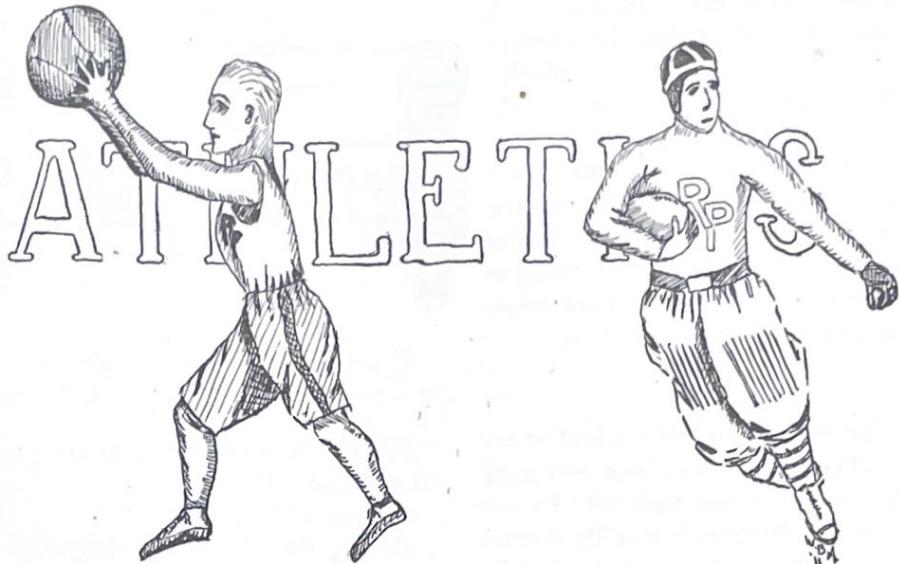
Dunlop: "Man or woman?"

Ross Fountain was sick at his home for two weeks, but is now able to join us again.

Malmar was lost in Jersey City while returning after vacation, but fortunately Richter happened along and piloted him home safely.

Mr. Lewis (in Greek) : "This word agrees with the feminine woman."

Mr. Hogdon—"You will have to make a loop-the-loop, so that a ball will come down the loop and stick to the loop while it loops-the-loop and rolls back half way up the loop."



*PINGRY vs. PREP.*

In the last game of the season Prep's fine record was broken by the strong Pingry eleven.

*First Quarter.*

Pingry kicked off to Prep's 25 yard line. Stinson ran it back 17 yards. Prep. made her first down twice by line plunges. Konow made 12 and 15 yard plunges straight thru the line. White made 5 yards around end. Voorhees went thru the line for a touchdown. White failed to kick the goal. Time.

Prep. much the stronger in this period, ran away from Pingry.

*Second Quarter.*

At the first of the quarter it was Prep.'s ball on her 6 yard line. Pingry held and kicked to Prep's. 45 yard line. Voorhees ran it back 15 yards. White returned the punt to the 20 yard line. Pingry went through the line for 25 and 5 yard gains. Prep. then held and forced them to kick. Konow made 10 yards thru line. White kicked. Pingry made 1st down thru the line and 15 yards by a pass to right end. Pingray again made first down thru the line and tried another pass, but White was on the job and nailed it. Voorhees made

10 yards and Konow 7 yards. Prep. was penalized 5 yards for offside. Time. Score 5-0.

*Third Quarter.*

Pingry kicked to Prep's. 5 yard line. Stinson ran back 10 yards. White made 5 yards around end. Prep. gained 1st down thru line. Voorhees 6 yards and 1st down thru line. Stinson made 9 yards and Voorhees 4 yards thru line. Prep. kicked to the 35 yard line. Pingry made first down around end and went thru the line for 45 yards. Prep. held them and White made 5 yards around end while Voorhees made 3 yards thru line. Time.

In this quarter Hoe put up a great game on the defense.

*Fourth Quarter.*

Pingry held the ball and Prep. held them for downs. White made 20 yards around end. Prep. was penalized 15 yards. Prep. tried the line and then kicked. Pingry penalized 10 yards, made 6 yards thru line and kicked. Pingry held Prep. and was forced to kick. White tried an onside kick, but Allen got it and ran the remaining length of the field for a touchdown. Pingry kicked the goal. Pingry kicked to Prep., who tried a pass, but

Allen again recovered it and repeated the stunt. Pingry kicked the second goal. Time. Score, 12 to 5.

*Line-Up.*

Prep.	Pingry.
Right End.	
Grombacher	Brown
Right Tackle.	
Succop	Pope, (Capt.)
Right Guard.	
Parkin, Schumacher	Wreaks
Center.	
Hoe	Barr
Left Guard.	
Hollander	Sullivan
Left Tackle.	
Dougherty	Blatz
Left End.	
Ley, Searle	Slauson
Quarterback.	
White (Capt.)	Towe
Right Halfback.	
Konow	Laggen
Fullback.	
Stinson	Bonnell
Left Halfback.	
Voorhees, Busch	Allen
Time of quarters, 10 min.	
Referee, Salvage.	
Umpire, Prentiss.	
Timers, Ross, Blackburn.	
Linesmen, Todd, Parish.	

*PREP'S FOOTBALL SEASON.*

(By Bob Searle.)

*Prep's. Record.*

20.....	New Brunswick H. S.....	0
1.....	Erasmus (forfeited) .....	0
0.....	Newark High .....	11
5.....	Boys' High .....	2
6.....	Trenton High .....	0
6.....	Newark Academy .....	0
0.....	Rutgers Scrubs .....	0
16.....	Wilson Military .....	0

26.....	Plainfield High .....	0
5.....	Pingry .....	12
—		—
85.....	Total .....	25

*Rutgers Prep. Statistics.*

Players and Position.	Weight.	Height.
Capt. White, quarter .....	142	5.10
Voorhees, halfback .....	158	5.11
Konow, halfback .....	164	5.11½
Stinson, fullback .....	167	5.10½
Ley, end .....	142	5.8
Grombacher, end.....	152	5.07
Dougherty, tackle.....	155	5.10
Succop, tackle .....	155	5.8
Van Sickle, guard .....	160	5.10
Hollander, guard .....	170	6.1
Richardson, center .....	155	5.10
Hoe, sub .....	145	5.7
Parkin, sub .....	143	5.10
Busch, sub .....	140	5.11½
Searle, sub .....	145	6
Schumacher, sub .....	158	5.11

Rutgers Prep. has completed one of the most successful football seasons in many years. The team was light, but fast and snappy. The schedule consisted of ten games. Prep. won six, tied one, lost two and won one on a forfeit.

Coaches Alverson and Ziegler undoubtedly put their best into the team and instilled in them a snappy spirit not seen in many school teams.

At the beginning of the season the prospects were decidedly dubious, the material was green. In the first game of the season they put up a very poor exhibition of football. In the next two they were beaten. Then they began to brace up. The team was at its best in the Wilson game, playing good, fast football against a heavier team. In the Newark Academy game they showed their fighting spirit, when five different times they held Newark on the goal line when a touchdown meant defeat.

*The Players.*

Capt. White played good, consistent ball all season at quarterback, and led his team in good shape. He ran the ball well at times and made a good field general.

Voorhees at the first of the season was without a doubt the star of the backfield. He hit the line hard, picked the holes well, and gained more ground than any player in the backfield. In one game he scored all three of the touchdowns. He tackled in good style, and played a fine game as defensive halfback.

Konow was not in shape at the first of the season, but at the last he starred for the whole team, doing fine work in the backfield. In the Wilson game he was brilliant, never failing to make his distance when called upon. His line plunging was brilliant, it being seemingly impossible to stop him.

Stinson at fullback, played a steady, consistent game, never brilliant, but always reliable. He made the best interference of any man in the backfield, and was the surest tackler on the team. He had lots of fight in him and never quit.

Ley held down his end position well, in spite of the fact that he had a sprained shoulder. Always fast under punts and forward passes and sure on tackles, Ley played a fine, consistent game. He put lots of "pep" into the team and never was beaten.

Grombacher was undoubtedly the best man for catching forward passes. He played a fast, clean game all season at end.

Dougherty's position was always well taken care of, and he could usually be depended upon when a gain was needed. Dougherty knew the game from A to Z and had a great habit of kidding his opponents until they got sore.

Succop, who acted as captain in White's absence, played one of the snappiest games for the team. He put a spirit and a vigor in the line that was good when a pinch came, and the line needed to hold.

Van Sickle played a good, steady game in the line, always on the job, and often he broke through to block a punt. His weight was greatly needed in the line, and he was like a stone wall when our opponents threatened our goal line.

Hollander played a good, hard game at guard, always doing his best and always playing his game.

Richardson played his position at center in good shape, and was one of the props in the line. In the latter part of the season he got water on the knee and had to stop playing.

—o—

*PREP. BASKETBALL SCHEDULE  
FOR THE 1910-11 SEASON.*

Plainfield, Dec. 10. Away.

New Jersey Military Inst., Jan. 11. Away.

New Brunswick H. S., Jan. 14. Home.

Plainfield, Jan. 28. Home.

Kingsley, Feb. 4. Away.

Bennington H. S., Feb. 8. Away.

Irving, Feb. 11. Home.

North Plainfield, Feb. 15. Home.

Mackenzie, Feb. 18. Away.

New Jersey Military, Feb. 22. Home.

Irving, March 11. Away.

Paterson, March 17. Home.

Trenton State, March 28. Away.

**ALL OUT**

FOR

**BASKETBALL**

**Practice at 2 p. m. Daily**

**Seminary Gym.**



The ARGO wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Advocate, Red and White, Signal, Register, Recorder, Irvonian, Iliad, Targum, On Bonds, Spectator, X (cellentidea), M. A. S. Monthly, Mirror, Echo, Red and Blue, Voice, Hilltop, Bulletin, Oracle, Orange, Kearnican, Ledger, Waahoo.

The Ledger comes to us as our new exchange. Its appearance is neat and attractive, its material good and well spaced and its cuts clever. Taken as a whole the paper is our best exchange for this month.

The Recorder is nearly as good as the Ledger, but its appearance is not as neat and its cuts are not as good.

Another fine paper that is new to us is the Hilltop from Jersey City H. S. It has a fine appearance and is very well edited. One attractive feature of this paper is the originality of its cuts. We see in the Hilltop a column that is not often seen in school papers and one that is needed, namely, the Faculty column.

The Irvonian is a good paper of the quarterly class, but might be improved a lot by a larger editorial department.

The cover of the Register is well drawn. The paper this year, we are glad to say, has a decided improvement over that of last year, both in appearance and material.

Congress at its recent session passed a bill admitting the territories of New Mexico and Arizona as sister states of the Union. Although the president approved the measure, the new states will not actually come into the Union until certain formalities are complied with. This will take some time, and the two new stars will not properly belong on the flag until July 4, 1911. For the first time in more than a generation the stars will appear in a perfect parallelogram—eight stars across the top and six stars deep. Heretofore it has been a problem to dispose them symmetrically, but the number forty-eight permits of regular arrangement.—*The Home News*.

#### CALENDAR.

- Nov. 14. Wickland starts for Europe (?).
- Nov. 15. Trap basketball teams formed.
- Nov. 16. Mittag purchases a new pair of "Hole-proofs."
- Nov. 17. Mittag joyful on account of the rain.
- Nov. 18. Game cancelled between Nicotinians and Booze-hoisters.
- Nov. 19. Mr. Worth discovered in the front row of the Opera House.
- Nov. 20. Chicken for dinner
- Nov. 21. First Quarter Exams. begin.
- Nov. 22. More exams.
- Nov. 23. Thanksgiving vacation begins.
- Nov. 29. Fellows begin returning to the Trap.
- Nov. 30. Basketball practise begins in earnest.

An old farmer on being told that a new railroad was going to run right thru his barn, exclaimed: "Now, by gum! I guess I'll have something to say about that. I've got something else to do besides opening and shutting them barn doors every time a train comes along."—*Ex.*

*WINTER.*

Ole Mistah Winter's comin' on,  
 I feel it in mah bones;  
 I mind de way de shutters bang  
 An' how de cold win' groans,  
 De leaves am droppin' from de trees,  
 An' every plant looks sad,  
 An' yesterday de robin left  
 Dat pleasant home he had.  
 Ole Mistah Winter's gettin' close,  
 Ah feel his cold bref nigh,  
 An' dere is now an angry look  
 Off yonder in de sky.  
 De pickaninnies go to bed  
 As soon as dey've had tea,  
 An' once again de roomatiz  
 Is catchin' hold of me.  
 Ole Mistah Winter's on de way.  
 He'll soon be heah, doggone it.  
 Las' night Ah tuk mah fiddle down  
 An' put a new string on it.  
 An' den Ah played dat Old Black Joe,  
 De way Ah used t' do.  
 An' said: "Mah head is bendin' low,  
 Dear Lord, Ah'se comin' too."

*Detroit Free Press.*

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*NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.*

As the brisk philanthropist thurst her fare into the cab-driver's hand, she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman with humility, "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished to reappear a moment later.

"Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."—*Selected.*

*His Idea of Sport.*

Pittsburg has a physician who is not only an ardent sportsman, but a gallant one as well. Being a crack shot, he would not think of shooting a rabbit which was sitting still nor a pheasant or partridge which was on the ground or perched upon a limb, considering such easy shots to be tame and unsportsmanlike. Among his acquaintances is a man who is much given to boasting of his prowess with a gun, and with the opening of the shooting season, the doctor invited him out to his country place for a day's shooting. They had not gone far when the dog started a pheasant from some bushes and the bird, instead of taking flight at once, scuttled out into the open and ran along the ground for some distance. In such cases the true sportsman will wait till the bird rises in the air, disdaining anything but a "wing shot." The guest, however, promptly dropped to his knee and took aim at the bird as it scampered along the ground.

"Wait, wait!" cried the doctor. "Don't shoot him yet; don't shoot while he is running!"

"No, no," whispered the other excitedly "I'm not going to. I'll wait till he stops."—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

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*"STUNG."*

The Knocker and the Lapser met on the street and shook hands in harmonious gruntlement. "Let's start an order after our own ideas," said the Lapser. "No; I am afraid you would lapse," replied the Knocker. "Come to think of it, I wouldn't want to be in any order with you, anyhow," retorted the Lapser: "you're a Knocker." Thus fate disillusioned each of his importance.—*Royal Highlander.*

---

"Well, well," said the absent minded professor in the bathtub, "now I've forgotten what I got in here for."—*Ex.*

## DON'T GET SORE.

Don't loaf along an' chew the rag, nor beef,  
nor whine, nor roar;  
Spit on yer hands an' hump yourself an'  
Don't get sore.

There's times when things don't go just right  
and mighty frequent, too,  
When things are needed, money scarce, an'  
rent a-comin' due;  
It might be you're not paid enough; your work  
might be worth more.  
But thank the Lord for what you've got an'  
Don't get sore.

No use in kickin' cause a man who's not as  
good as you  
Has things a-comin' easy an' don't do the  
work you do;  
The richest man that ever lived once did the  
humblest chore;  
Your chance will come; jest do yer best, an'  
Don't get sore.

The world has no kind of use fer him that's  
always glum;  
The man who's got a grievance is the man all  
people shun;  
For folk have trouble of their own; your  
woes just merely bore;  
Brace up, keep mum, an' grin, old sport, an'  
Don't get sore.

—Ex.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The Dramatic Club of the Rutgers Preparatory School has held several meetings and will be prepared to appear before the Public in the *NEW YORK OPERA HOUSE*, on or before the thirty-third of January. (??.—.)

Agent (hailing newly arrived steamer):  
"What have you got for us?"  
Captain: "There's three hundred cases o'  
gin. And there's a couple o' missionaries!"

## JUDGE HER GENTLY.

She flung herself into his arms,  
It was a most unladylike thing to do.  
Even if she had been acquainted with the  
man it would not have seemed becoming in so  
public a place.

Yes, it was simply useless for her to fight  
against the impulse.

It was not her fault that the seats in the  
car ran lengthwise, neither could she be blamed  
if the motorman was hating the world that  
day.

Poor girl. Let us not censure her too much.  
—*Newark News*.

## SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY.

A New York family boasts a servant maid  
who has been with them for thirty-nine years.

What in the world can they do with a  
treasure like that when they go away for the  
summer months. They must either take Mary  
along or lock her up with the family silver.—  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A FEW PROBLEMS FOR  
SMART PEOPLE.

Ann rode home in the Elevated Rough  
House at the twilight hour. Eighty-seven  
gentlemen were there hiding behind eighty-  
seven newspapers. Ann joined a strap and  
swung to and fro. How old was Ann when  
she received a seat?

The old friends had had three days together.

"You have a pretty place here, John," re-  
marked the guest on the morning of his de-  
parture. "But it looks a bit bare yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young,"  
answered the host comfortably. "Hope they'll  
have grown to a good size before you come  
again."

*NEVER MORE.*

We used to smile at pictures gay  
 That showed the farmer as "a jay,"  
 Who chewed a straw and said "By gum!"  
 And thought that he was going some  
 If he should spend a silver dime  
 When up to town to have a time.  
 That was the way we talked of yore,  
 We do not talk so any more.

Your uncle comes around today,  
 The owner of a load of hay,  
 And live stock, too, and corn and things,  
 Enough to ransom petty kings.  
 His bank account is something great,  
 Besides his bonds and real estate,  
 And so his pardon we implore,  
 We'll never josh him any more.

—*Washington Star.*

Wife: "John, you've been drinking. O, I can tell."

He: "Well, don't do it, m' dear. Let's keep it a family secret."—*Ex.*

Salesman: Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom?

Customer: Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.—*Boston Transcript.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## WANTED. Alumni and Joke CUTS

By January 5th, 1911.

**ARTISTS, GET BUSY !!!**

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't growl about this Joke cut, we know it's bum. But when you are cramped for stuff "every little bit helps!"



Dean Washington, in the heat of a revival, shouted from the Nola Chucky chapel:

"I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' that thar Calhoun Clay."

Calhoun Clay at once rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear and the deacon promised to apologize.

So at the following revival the old man said:

"I desire to retract mah last night's remark, namely—I see befo' me ten chicken thieves includin' Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was—I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Smith: "Do you find it hard to wake in the morning?"

Jones: "Not a bit. After the cook calls me at 6.30 and the alarm clock rings at 6.45 and the 7 o'clock whistles blow and my wife pulls me out of bed at 7.15, I seldom have to be roused."

Doctor (to Pat's wife, after examining Pat, who had been run down by an auto): "Madam, I fear your husband is dead."

Pat (feeble): "No, I ain't dead yet."

Pat's Wife—"Hush, Pat, the gentleman knows better than you."—*Ex.*

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but I don't think he can read it."

"Why so, John?"

"Because he is blind, sir. When I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat wus, and it wus on my head all the time."

Minister in Prayer Meeting: "Will Deacon Jones kindly lead us in prayer?"

The deacon snores mildly.

Minister in a little louder voice—"Deacon Jones will kindly lead?"

"Taint my lead, I just dealt."—*Ex.*

Soph.: "Do you know why the man in the moon never gives his wife any money?"

Freshie: "No. Why?"

Soph.: "Because he only has four quarters and keeps them to get full on once a month."—*Ex.*

A Wall Street broker has a boy who stutters badly. One day a neighbor wanted to send a note across the city, and borrowed George to carry it for him. The trip was a long one and the boy was gone quite three hours. When he returned, the broker asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"F-ff-ff-fi-fifteen c-c-c-c-cents!" was the gasping reply.

"Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you make it a quarter?"

"I-I-I-I c-c-c-could-couldn't s-s-s-say it," replied George, sadly.

Ethel: "Mercy! Here's papa coming, and he told me the next time he caught you here he'd kick you."

Jack: "What would you advise me to do?"

Ethel: "Sit down."

Voice, (at other end): "Doctor, I've tried everything and I cannot get to sleep. Can't you do something for me?"

Doctor: "Yes, hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."

Ghost (to farmer, on the other end of the log): "Well, we certainly had a fine run, didn't we?"

Farmer (breathlessly): "You bet we did, and we're going to have another, as soon as I get my breath!"

On board an ocean liner were a lady and a gentleman, accompanied by their young hopeful, aged six, and as is usually the case the parents were very sick, while little Willie was the wellest thing on board. One day the parents were lying in their steamer chairs hoping that they would die, and little Willie was playing about the deck.

Willie did something of which his mother did not approve, so she said to her husband: "John, please speak to Willie." The husband, with the little strength left in his wasted form, looked at his son and heir and feebly muttered: "How'dy do, Willie."—*The Lyceumite.*

Mike: "Is it true that thim glass eyes be made of glass?"

Pat: "Sure, you fool; an' how could anyone see through them if they wasn't."

An English soldier supposed to have been killed in India was entered on the books of his company:

"Died on the 24th of June," etc.

A few days afterward it turned out that he was still alive, and the honest sergeant made the following entry:

"Died by mistake."

At length there came a letter from the Minister of War announcing the death of the man at the hospital, when the sergeant recorded the fact as follows:

"Re-died by order of the Ministry."—*Louisville Herald.*

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