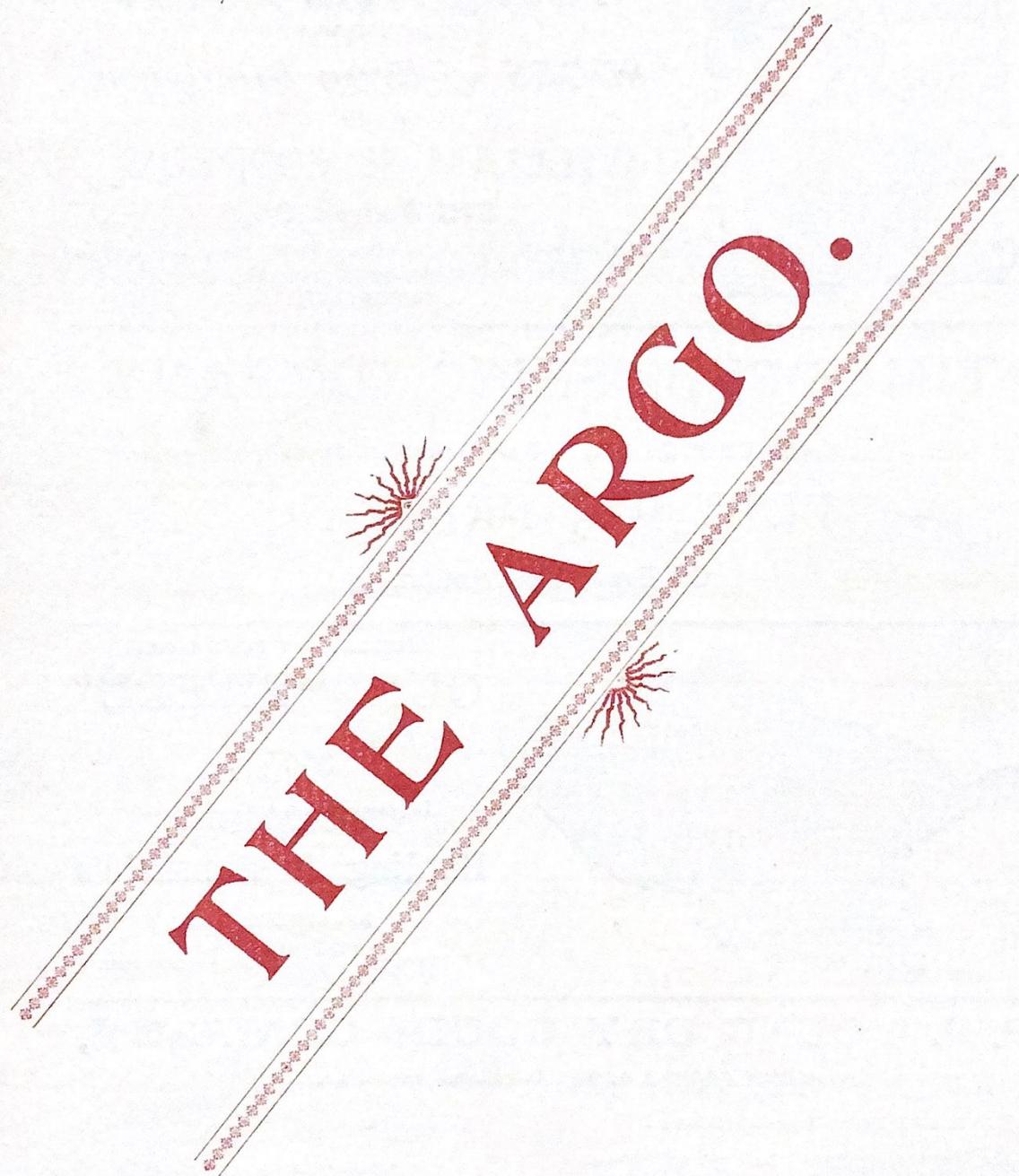


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FEBRUARY, 1903



Published Monthly
By the Students of Rutgers College Preparatory School
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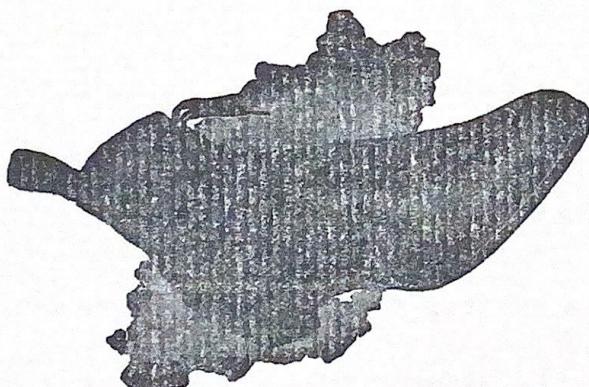
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THE ARGO.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 5

The Argo.

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RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. C. 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 is a favorite amusement with some people to bewail the degeneracy of this present age, and to speak with grateful reverence of the days long since gone by. Everything nowadays, they claim, is far inferior to what it was thirty or forty years ago. According to these critics, in former ears the men were more manly, the women more womanly, the watermelons sweeter, the wheat crop larger, the soldiers braver, the cream richer, the ministers more eloquent, the students more industrious, the standard of literature higher and the taxes less in eighteen seventy than in nineteen three.

Not even the weather is able to escape unfavorable comment. "Where," they say, "are the hot summers and the cold winters we *used* to have? What miserable imitations the seasons are in these times! There is not a month in the whole year that really does his duty!"

IN regard to that last statement, we have something to say. We admit that December is damp, foggy and miserable, that January is nothing but a succession of frosts and thaws, but that *no* month does his duty we deny. There is one month who does all that he can to sustain the family reputation. And that month is February. He knows that he is a winter month, and he always endeavors, with all the power he possesses, to live up to his name. He acts in a way that shames the pretensions of all his brothers. Not for him are the sudden changes of January nor the cold mists of December. True winter weather does he give from start to finish. Blizzards, wind storms and zero weather are his delights. We may not all appreciate the benefits February bestows upon us, but, at least, we may all honor him as a month that does his duty.

At the time of writing this, there remains but a little over four months of the school year. February, March, April, May, and a part of June—then vacation. But how much must be crowded into those few months! Two sets of examinations, the Lane speaking contest, the annual Prep. School play, the Easter vacation and the baseball season, the commencement exercises, the Senior banquet, to say nothing of the multitude of lessons to be learned, recited and (perhaps) made up before the day comes when, for a few short months, we forsake work for pleasure.

THE ARGO.

THE recent events which compelled us to use the Annex Building for our recitations, while they caused some discomfort, were not without their advantages. The Prep. School students who were once pupils at the Annex felt something akin to a feeling of sentiment as we revisited the scenes of our youthful education and sat before the desks we used so many years ago—ages, it seems to us. When we were first brought to school we used to stay most of the time in the rooms upstairs (then used as a sort of a kindergarten), where Prof. Burr taught his classes during our recent visit. The larger children, downstairs, seemed to us to be beings to be looked up to literally and figuratively, while the students in the main School Building were creatures we held in awe far more than we did our parents and instructors. We fear that the younger Annex pupils of to-day have no such ideas, for all things are different now from what they were in ninety-five. But we will not pursue this theme longer, for fear we may fall into the error mentioned in the first paragraph of this issue.

THE TANTALUS OF LIFE.

A youth came down the road. His hearing was alert, and his step springy. He smiled now and then as his eyes rested on a figure just ahead—a figure emblazoned with the attributes which his own imagination had placed upon it—a figure which held in its governance all things desired. Ah! it was so near! It seemed to him that he could almost touch it by stretching forth his hand. And then the youth threw back his head and laughed from pure joy. It was early morning, the way was pleasant and he was very young, and very, very sure.

* * * * *

At noon a man, in all the strength and vigor of his prime, had taken the place of the youth. But he, like the youth, kept his eyes on the figure ahead—a figure which bore all that he coveted. Somehow he did not have so much confidence as the youth had had. The

path seemed longer and the figure unkind. But lo, even as he brooded over its coldness, it turned, and held out to him four priceless gifts. The man grasped them eagerly, but alas! they were spiritual gifts and lacked the outward show of splendor which belonged to that which he desired. In his haste to overtake the figure, he dropped them, one by one, along the wayside.

* * * * *

In the evening it was an old man who tottered along the road, pressing feverishly onward, ever onward, after the figure ahead. Would it never grant him the boon he craved? Suddenly the figure turned and the old man snatched greedily at the glittering prize it offered him, namely, wealth and fame. At last had come the realization of his desires! and he held it close. But soon an overwhelming despair rose within him, and he bowed his head on his breast. Then he realized that without the gifts he had scorned on the way, fame and wealth were but empty names. And what were those gifts? They were friendship, love, and content. The old man became very sad, and his heart ached for all that he had lost, for a youth and manhood that might have been so different. Then he lifted his head, and gazed wistfully back along the road he had traveled; but night was almost upon him, and it was too late to turn back.

'03.

ALUMNIANA.

Mr. Charles Deshler, who at one time attended this school, recently read another paper on "Vanished Things of My Time" before the Historical Club.

Charles Covenhoven is an instructor at Cutler School, New York City.

Sanger Carleton, '01, is representing his firm at the St. Louis Exposition.

C. Wilber, '00, is one of the leading candidates for the Rutgers Gym. team this fall.

J. G. Mason, '01, and H. L. Carpender, '01,

responded to toasts at the Sophomore banquet at Rutgers College.

N. Wilber, '01, a former "Senior Editor" of this paper, is on the *Targum* Board this term.

George Kuehnle, '01, is in business at Atlantic City.

T. A. Devan, '02, will probably be a member of the Rutgers Gym. team this year.

S. A. Van Vechten, '02, was married to Miss Bernadetta Moore on January 15 at the home of the bride's parents, on Hamilton street, this city. Mr. and Mrs. Van Vechten, who will reside at Catskill, N. Y., were married by Rev. J. A. O'Grady, of St. Peter's Church.

Francis Tate, ex-'03, is now employed by the Mahtuskek Piano Company.

ANNEX NOTES.

WHY THE PINE TREE IS SAD.

Long, long ago, I lived on an island in the sea. The waves played at my feet and I was very happy.

The winds grew jealous of our happiness and blew away from me the germs of life. My seeds sprang up again, but on foreign soil. They were the same shape and color as I was, but they were very sad from memories of the good times they had had.

When a slight breeze blows through the pine tree's branches it makes a murmuring sound like the rippling of a brook, but when a strong east wind blows it makes a moaning sound like that of a storm-tossed sea. It is the imprisoned spirit of the pine tree longing for the waves.

LAMBERT MYERS.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

During the week ending January thirty-first, the Bennett-Moulton Company presented a series of popular dramas at Shortridge's Theatre. The company carry good stage settings and always draw a full house when they play in this city. One of their best productions was "Darkest Russia," which they gave

on the evening of January twenty-seventh. Although several of the minor parts could have been improved, still the clever work done by William Freeman as Col. Septimus Cobb, and the excellent performance of Miss Grayce Beebe (who took the part of the Countess Von Rhineberg) more than made up for the slight deficiencies in the work of some of the rest of the company. In the vaudeville specialties Miss Beebe proved herself an attractive singer as well as a charming actress.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We began our new year well by having the boiler burst. The Annex pupils had to be sent home while we occupied the building. The difficulty was that the Preparatory School is considerably larger than the Annex, and there was such an overflow of students that even the attic was utilized.

The desks had evidently been made for the use of small people, and it was especially hard for a tall person to sit in a small desk with a bench under it for the feet.

Every one seemed to be crowded into the small space in the halls between recitations, and on the first day about half were asking where his or her recitation room was.

Although there were some discomforts, such as not having recess, it was a novelty, and we were glad to get out of the ordinary routine of school life.

While the school was in the Annex the chapel exercises were discontinued.

COBWEBS.

THE RETURNED VALENTINE.

(1.) A young man, tall and handsome, sat beside an open grate.

With eyes bedimmed he read a note, that told him of his fate.

"Dear Jack," it ran, "we now must part
—I marry Frank to-night,
I send you back your letters, may you soon forget me quite."

He sadly turned the letters o'er, with

THE ARGO.

trembling hands and slow.
 A breeze from through the window one
 paper down did blow.
 He stooped and picked it up, and, as he
 scanned it o'er and o'er,
 He saw it was a valentine he'd sent her
 long before.

(Cho.) Just a faded valentine, dear to him it
 seemed.
 It had touched the hands of her, of whose
 face he dreamed.
 From his heart there rose a sigh, full of
 love divine.
 To his lips he pressed the poor, faded
 valentine.

(2.) The years rolled by, the weight of age
 was heavy on him laid.
 "He's failing fast, and soon," they said,
 "his life's debt must be paid."
 His form was bent, his hair was white,
 but still his heart was true
 To her who in the days gone by, his
 young affections knew.
 And often when the moon shone bright,
 he'd rise from out his rest,
 And kneeling down, he would unlock a
 little oaken chest.
 And from it then with vev'rend hands,
 while burning tears did flow,
 He'd take a token of the maid he'd
 loved so long ago.

Cho. Just a faded valentine, dear to him it
 seemed.
 It had touched the hands of her, of whose
 face he dreamed.
 From his heart there rose a sigh, full of
 love divine.
 To his lips he pressed the poor, faded
 valentine.

MALACHI SINCLAIRE.

THE YORKSHIRE DAIRY FARM.

When the birds begin to twitter,
 In the early summer morn,

And the sun is slow arising,
 O'er the hill beyond the corn,
 All the world is hushed and quiet,
 Free from sorrow and alarm,
 Nature seems to send her blessing
 To the Yorkshire dairy farm.

As the meadow bars are lowered,
 O'er the dew-besprinkled grass,
 All the kine in slow procession
 To the milking stable pass.
 And the milkmaid somes a-singing
 With the pail upon her arm.
 Oh! who would not choose to linger
 On the Yorkshire dairy farm.

Though the folk seem coarse and simple,
 Yet their hearts are good and true.
 There are no more honest people
 'Neath the sky's cerulian hue.
 Do not talk of other countries,
 For to me they have no charm,
 When I live again in mem'ry
 On the Yorkshire dairy farm.

MALACHI SINCLAIRE.

THROUGH THE SURF.

Did you ever go into the surf? Not the way
 some do, who on a smooth, sandy beach stand
 timidly clinging to a rope, while the spent edge
 of a wave gently curls around feet and ankles,
 thus kept quite safe from any further danger.
 No, I mean venturing out through the bound-
 ing billows, in a little rowboat, so little that
 the waves all around seem a good deal bigger
 than you do, and seem to be trying to get on
 board your boat, and take the trip with you!
 Did you ever do that?

I have; and it was quite an experience! I
 went with a fisherman who knew all about it,
 and was in the habit of going daily through
 the surf to his work. He seated me in the
 stern, while he occupied the middle thwart,
 with his oars in his hands. Two of his friends
 then pushed our boat down the sand, to the
 edge of the water. There we waited until an
 unusually large wave came and had shot past

us. Then, at a word from my oarsman, they gave the boat a great shove, and the receding wave carried us down and out, into the whirling surf. For a moment we seemed to be motionless; then a big "comber" was seen rapidly approaching, and it looked to my inexperienced eyes as if he were going to "catch it." But instead, it caught us! Slipping under the bow of our boat, it lifted it up, so that we seemed to be going to stand on end; then, with a fascinating "swish" it rapidly passed to the rear, and left us in quiet water again. A few more strokes of the oars and we would be beyond the breakers, and safely out at sea. But just then I saw a wave coming toward us from one side, instead of being directly in front, as the others had been. I shouted at my fisherman: "Look out, there comes one!" But almost before he had time to look anywhere, the wave struck us. It was a little wave and only spattered us a little with its spray. It was heavy enough, however, to knock the bow of our boat around, so that we no longer were facing the ocean. Before the rower was able to head the boat toward the waves the next one was upon us. Instead of politely passing under us, as the other big comber had done, this one proceeded to come on board, although entirely uninvited! In an instant we were drenched through and through and our boat was considerably more than full of very wet sea water. There was nothing to do but to return, and get rid of so much wetness. This we did in safety; and our next attempt to go through the surf was quite successful and dry.

H.

TO WANKOIT—TEN MILES.

Helen and I had decided to surprise the world! Walk to Wankoit, why not? It was only ten miles.

"You will never do it," declared the boys. "You two girls. It isn't any walk at all, but you have not done anything but drive lately."

We invited them to accompany us, but they

all had something else to do, unfortunately.

We started with our supplies, consisting of a novel of Anna Katherine Green's, and, most important, six ham sandwiches a piece. We started off joyfully, but we returned—but I am anticipating.

The wal lay along the bay except for about three miles, when it wound among the pine woods and in the salt marshes. The sun seemed unusually warm and we found to our great dismay that my watch had stopped and Helen had forgotten her's. We didn't talk much except once—I remarked that ten miles was a long way.

"Twenty miles is longer, and we are to go home from Wankoit, I suppose," said Helen cheerfully.

I groaned and after that "conversation languished." The sandwiches were all gone, the sun burned like fire and the dust blew in great clouds.

At last we—gave up. Yes, gave up our project, the world would never be surprised. Alas! the sun was *so* hot and the way was *so* long! I, with a sudden inspiration, named a brook ahead "Wankoit," and we walked to "Wankoit."

Helen ran on ahead and I sat down on a stump. Suddenly Helen cried out and I ran over to her. We had hoped that the water might be good, even though it was a trifle brackish. Helen completely discouraged this hope.

"The water is as bitter as gall; the Jews weren't a bit unusual in grumbling about Marah, and Oh! Peg, I've sprained my ankle."

We sat down and wept while the mosquitoes sang and feasted on us.

"I suppose we'll have to spend the night here," I remarked as cheerfully as I could.

"Why don't you read aloud?" asked Helen.

So I read. All went well until I struck the following thrilling passage: "The rustling in the bushes grew louder and suddenly a tramp armed with a club sprang out on her." I flung the book into the stream and we wailed

dismally. Tramps! Our hearts quailed at the thought.

How long a time passed before we ceased weeping I cannot tell. It seemed like ages.

"Hello, sisters; can I do anything for you?" called a voice.

"That's the tramp," I cried, and put my fingers in my ears, while Helen, the strong minded, talked to the driver of the hay wagon.

He was going our way, and, Oh, joy! would take us home.

"How far are we from Wankoit?" I asked, after we had been hauled upon the wagon.

"Mile or so."

"Please take us to Mrs. B.'s, and say you found us a way over by Wankoit," said Helen, and we both straightway fell into the arms of Morpheus.

But I desire to add a moral to this instructive tale: Don't, if you value a happy home circle, walk to Wankoit, even when your mothers are in Boston.

'06.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN.

One warm day last summer there was to be seen going up Easton avenue, one of New Brunswick's most beautiful streets, a remarkable turnout.

Behold a lumpcart driven by an excited Irishman and drawn by as sorry a looking horse as ever bore the name.

This ashcart was filled with Italian laborers, riding home from their work, much to the Irishman's discomfort. He expostulated with them, but all in vain. Then he used some stronger language, but it did no good; an Italian "ginnie" doesn't understand Irish swearing.

At last a brilliant idea drove like a bullet into Pat's head. Quietly and quickly reaching down, he pulls out the wooden pin that holds the front part of a dumpcart down, and at the same time stepping out on the shafts, whips up the old horse with the reins.

Meanwhile the Italians are keenly enjoying Pat's discomfort and their ride up the hill. They are jabbering away to their hearts' con-

tent, when suddenly—swish—and there is a whirling mixture of picks, Italians and shovels. This so startled the nag that for once in its old age he runs, and leaves a long trail of "ginnies" and their dinner pails stringing down the hill behind him. And Patrick, the Wise, rides triumphantly on his way.

A. D., '04.

SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES.

By an Old Boy.

The happiest hours that pass in review as one reaches the noonday of life are those spent in the school room. Such is my excuse for penning a few reminiscences of my younger days. Uninteresting, perhaps to the young readers of the *Argo*, but wonderfully bright spots in the memory of the writer.

A part of my education was acquired in the historic valley of Wyoming at the Seminary located at Kingston. At that time a college education was a rarity, and this school was conducted somewhat on the plan of a modern department store with everything under one roof. In the first place, the Seminary was co-educational; it graduated ministers, teachers, bankers, scientists and "sweet girl graduates." It was a theological seminary, a men's college, a preparatory school, a commercial school and a women's college rolled into one.

The buildings were not unlike those of Hertzog Hall. Students of both sexes and many of the faculty lived in the buildings, besides which there were day scholars and students who boarded in the town. We had the opportunity of securing quite a broad education for the time, and, as after events showed, graduates went forth to fill high places in the world. (Several well-known New Brunswickers were at this school.) We were kept closely at work and study and had little time for play. My diary shows that the first bell rang at 5:30 in the morning, and at intervals of about a half hour from that time until ten at night. A record was kept of how each scholar spent his time, and he was marked accordingly. At the first bell in the morning (at half-past five) we

arose, washed and dressed. A monitor opened the door at six to see if we were at our studies. At seven o'clock was breakfast, and if one was five minutes late he had to wait an hour, with several marks off. The faculty sat at the table with us. The fare was coarse, but plentiful and good. To this day I can taste the hot biscuits with syrup and no butter, and I long for more.

We attended chapel at 8.40 in the morning and again at four in the afternoon. All the rest of the time we studied and recited (except for short recreation periods) until the ninth evening bell at 8.30, which meant prepare for bed. At a quarter before ten all lights were out.

There were no chambermaids or janitors; the students took care of their own room, kept the halls clean and did all the work about the buildings. It was here that I learned the way to make up a bed. The rooms were all inspected every morning by a detail from the faculty, and strife was keen to rank high in the art of bed making and general tidiness. It was sometimes difficult to maintain this order when a band of students would get out on a lark and visit adjoining rooms, "rough house" them and spoil all the nice work.

It was an impressive occasion every evening between seven and eight when a deputation of the faculty marched through the halls, preceded by a messenger who opened every door. The faculty passed solemnly into and around the room and out with never a word spoken.

Connected with the Seminary was quite a tract of land and it was my lot to be one of a number who paid their way by work upon this land. Planting, hoeing and gathering crops were among the tasks assigned and they took up recreation hours and holidays.

The classes were conducted in the good old way. There were few lectures, we recited and were quizzed, questioned and drilled. I was in the pedagogical class in mathematics, and we were taken through a whole book in a few lessons. For practice we were turned in to instruct under classes; classes were brought in from the public schools and assigned over to

our guidance. Occasionally two or three of the faculty would come in and purposely make misstatements or give wrong premises and we were required to argue with them.

We were required to attend prayer meeting one evening during the week. On Sunday we went to church twice and attended Bible Class. Sunday evening the "Theologs" practiced preaching upon us.

Once each term we had an examination conducted before a deputation from the Board of Trustees and faculty, our own professor being only allowed to look on. The questions were on slips of paper dropped in a box, and in answering them the student walked to the box, drew out a slip and began his explanation orally without preparation. I grew several inches on one of these occasions, when my professor in physics suggested to the Board that they pass me by to save time, as I could clearly answer any question that could be asked on the subjects covered in the course.

THE STANLAWS GIRL.

Among the artists in black and white of today, Penrhyn Stanlaws (or Penhryn Stanely Adamson, as his real name is) stands unique. Take a sketch by Stanlaws, and one by Gibson, and mix them with a number of other drawings. You will find that it is next to impossible for any one who is not an artist to pick out the Gibson picture from the rest. But any one who has ever seen a Stanlaws sketch can at a glance distinguish that drawing in which the gracefulness, the clearness of outline, the delicacy of touch and the daintiness of the whole proclaim the whole figure a Stanlaws girl.

Like Gibson, Stanlaws has become famous in the world of art mainly through his pictures of beautiful women. An artist can distinguish a Gibson sketch wherever he sees it, but an ordinary observer would nine times out of ten take a drawing by Christy, Fithian, Werner, Hutt, or by one of the thousand copies of Gibson for one of Gibson's own sketches. Not so with Stanlaws. His girls are in a class by themselves, separate from all the rest. Gib-

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son and his followers form one school of sketching. Stanlaws alone forms another.

The Stanlaws girl has a certain freshness, an indefinable charm, a Stanlaws atmosphere about her that is impossible to reproduce in a copy. She is just a trifle below medium height. She is all graceful lines and exquisite curves, with never the slightest suspicion of angularity about her. No matter what costume she may wear, even though it be that most unbecoming of attires, the riding habit, she looks the same dainty piece of womanhood as when gowned for evening.

She has not the bored look of the Gibson maiden, and yet her face is not always smiling. She is not lank, like one of Du Maurier's women, nor on the other hand is she short and thickset. She is always charming, for Stanlaws, of all living artists, has never drawn an ugly woman.

Men may gaze with admiration, for a time, on the exquisite creations of Howard Chandler Christy. They may look with pleasure, for a time, on the beautiful work done by Gibson. But one and all will turn with delight to that delicious bit of pen and ink art, the Stanlaws girl, the queen of black and white sketches.

A.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS.

During the past month, while our daily recitations were being held in the Annex Building, a new boiler was placed in the basement of the school. This act was necessitated by the breaking down of the old boiler, which, upon examination, was judged to be past repair. The new heating apparatus is a strong, well-built specimen of the mechanic's skill. It is a large Mercer boiler, and there is no doubt that its powers of giving warmth are of the highest order.

The American History Class (composed of members of the Third and Fourth Forms) have finished about half of the volume. Weekly recitations (on Monday afternoon) are held in this subject by Miss Hardy, and it is hoped

that the majority of the class will be prepared for their history examinations before many months have passed.

Although the school year is half over, new students are still coming in. Recently Mr. Nicholas Vreeland came to our school to take a post-graduate course. Mr. Louis Seeger, of Millstone, has become a member of the Second Form, as has Mr. Winckler, of New Brunswick. New members of the Second Division of the First Form are Mr. H. Marks and Mr. J. Claude Thompson, of Middlebush. Mr. Nathan C. Wyckoff, of Blackwell's Mills, has entered the First Division of the First Form.

During the past two months the first and second medals awarded to privates for excellence in drilling have been given respectively to Messrs. Heath and Opdyke. *The Argo* hereby congratulates both gentlemen upon their success.

Every Rutgers Preparatory School student should be interested in the recent gift from the State of New Jersey to Rutgers College. This well deserved present will increase materially the already established prosperity of the college, and will probably in an indirect manner be of benefit to the Preparatory School.

SQUEAKS.

Cribbing is stealing from some one *besides* yourself.

First Speaker: "Did you know that there was a big scrap inside?"

Second Speaker: "No. Where is it?"

Third Speaker: "In the waste-basket."

At examinations please remember that *erasers* are always *rubbering*, but you can let your *pencil* give you a *point*, if you like.

Prof. B——r (translating Cicero): "He deprieved him of death."

W——n (translating Cicero): "He killed the wife of his sister-in-law."

C. C——n (translating Cicero): "I will die with an equal mind."

The following example has been solved by

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Mr. Case, of this school, after some scientific research and practical experimenting:

Example: To one pocket plus one hole add one pint of *Arachis hypogaea*. What is the sum?

(Mr. Case will be delighted to elucidate this problem to all interested in its solution.)

The following stanza (arranged from the pages of our well beloved German Reader) will appear in the great historical tragedy, *Das Stutzbartchen*:

Hute dich, Mooklein
Blieb von der Falle
Die in dem Winkel
Aufgestellt ist!
Kommst du zu nahe
Ist es geschehen
Und du erliegest
Heimlicher List!

(If our readers do not understand this, they are requested to inquire of the gentleman named above.

F—r (translating German): "The shepherd shaved the sheep."

HOR! HOR.!

All this infection business
Has stirred us so about,
That we're all vaccinated
To keep the smallpox out.
But we don't fear the smallpox,
We're all immune, you bet;
There's a *Case* right here among us,
And no one's caught it yet.

A FIRE AT NIGHT.

About eight-thirty p. m. one evening, I was sitting at my desk studying my lessons, when suddenly the fire alarm rang. I listened and found that it was about seven blocks from my home. Looking out of my window, I saw a bright glare, as if the whole sky was illuminated.

I then grabbed up my hat and rushed down to the scene of the fire. When I got there, very much out of breath, I saw that it was a

barn with a quantity of hay in it that was burning.

By the time the firemen got there the barn adjoining the burning one was also on fire. Finally the engines got up steam, then the streams of water from five engines began to play upon the burning buildings, and soon the fire was under control. It was a very beautiful sight, but it was a costly one.

Some people say that a free lunch or entertainment will draw a large crowd; but I think there is nothing like a fire for that purpose. It seemed as if it were a public exhibition, instead of a disastrous affair.

Any person who was there would have thought the town was turned loose. Old men and women, boys and girls, and even mothers with their baby carriages, in fact, everybody was there, from the highest to the lowest.

Then when the fire is out, how quickly they disperse! Every one seems to vanish, and in a few minutes the place is practically deserted. So ends an exciting hour. It affords excitement for all, and when it is finally ended, some wish it had been a little longer. T. F. P.

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM PRISON.

The following lines are interesting, not from any literary merit which they may have, but from the fact that they were written by William Redmond, Esq., the Irish member of Parliament whom the English government sent to prison for alleged treasonable utterances. Mr. Redmond is a man who has the interest of his country always at heart, and his imprisonment is regarded by many as quite unjustifiable. He evidently has the gift of keeping up his spirits, as the following (which was sent to Patrick Ford, Esq., and printed in his paper, *The Irish World and American Industrial Liberator*) plainly shows:

To PATRICK FORD:

A Merry Christmas and a bright New Year
To you and every one that you hold dear;
Greetings you'll get galore from far and wide,
But this one comes to you *from right inside*

*The prison and from this my little cell,
I wish you all the good that words can tell.
CHRISTMAS IN PRISON—well it's not so bad,
Don't for a moment think that I am sad,
God bless you, no! I'm very well, indeed,
With lots to think about and lots to read,
And friendly faces, too, when I desire,
I see by simply looking in the fire.*

A visit, too, I had from Santa Claus!
The dear old fellow broke the prison laws,
How he got in I never could make out,
But there he was without a single doubt!
A wreath of berries on his head he wore
And in his hand a silver goblet bore,
And from this goblet, with the utmost care,
Some drops he sprinkled on my head and hair!
And then he gave me such a knowing wink!
"This stuff is good," he said, "but not to
drink!"

He told me what it was before he went,
What do you think? The essence of Content.

* * * * *

This gift, dear friend, with you I fain would
share,
"Content" I wish you, for I've lots to spare!

WILLIAM REDMOND, M. P.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to the large amount of other material which was on hand, we have been obliged to omit the Exchange Column from the last two issues. Accordingly, we have been unable to print criticisms of the Christmas numbers sent us by many school papers throughout the country. It is too late to say much about the Christmas numbers, but we will make especial mention of these issues of the *Vail-Deane Budget* (Elizabeth, N. J.) and the *Cutler Fortnightly*, as having been even more than usually attractive. Some very clever drawings added much to the appearance of the last-named paper.

We notice with pleasure that a committee has been appointed to revise the constitution of the *Targum Association* of Rutgers College (New Brunswick, N. J.). The present management of this paper is doing excellent work, but it is handicapped by the system which is used.

The January *Breeze* (Blair's Hall, N. J.) contains a story called "The Reward of Kindness." This story is cleverly written, but the plot is rather hackneyed.

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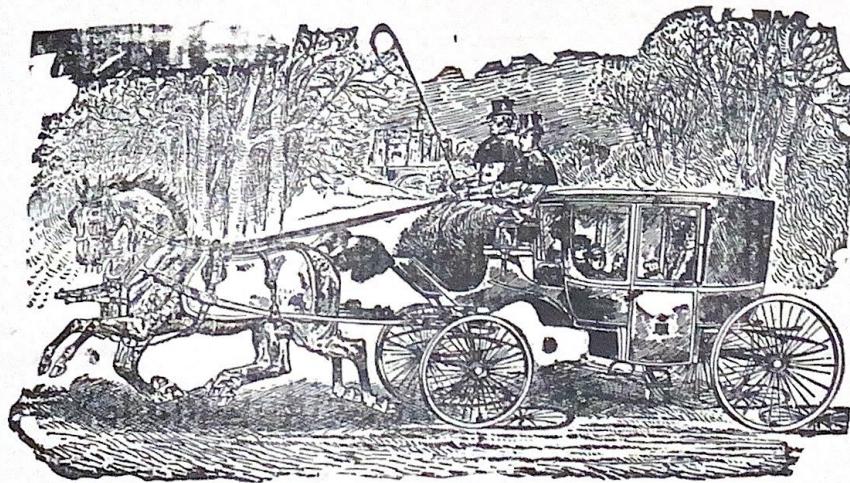
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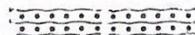
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