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SEPT., 1903

THE ARGO.

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



I

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THE ARGO.

VOL. XV.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., SEPT., 1903.

No. 1

The Argo.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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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.

GREETINGS.

The Summer is over, vacation passed, and again we have taken up our studies in Rutgers Preparatory School. To those, both of the faculty and student body, who come to us for the first time, THE ARGO extends a cordial welcome. And to those who return gives hearty greeting and hopes that each and every member of the School shall enter into Rutgers Prep's life determined that, if possible, we shall surpass, both in athletics and other departments of the school, the high standards which have been set in years gone by. But let us remember, as Eleanor C. Donnelly expresses it

in the following poem, that this is a road of only once, and whatever we do, let us do it with all our might:

'Tis a solemn thought to ponder
'Mid our daily joys and cares,
Whilst we work, or weep, or wonder
At our play, or at our prayers;
'Tis a saintly sage's warning,
Ever old, yet ever new;
I am walking by a pathway
I shall never more pursue.

I tread it once—once only;
Tread it well or tread it ill;
Keep my selfish course; or lonely
Join the many of good-will.
But ne'er my steps retracting,
May I life's mistake undo,
For I'm walking by a pathway
I shall never more pursue.

If the good that there awaits me
Be neglected or ill-done;
If the evil there that tempts me
I have no idea to shun
Woe is me! Alas! forever
My graces shall I rue,
Heaven or Hell must end this pathway
I shall never more pursue.

THE ARGO.

And now a word about the ARGO. The paper belongs to the students and graduates of Rutgers Preparatory School. The editors are your servants and, as such, will do their duty to the best of their ability. But while the greater share of the responsibility rests with them, nevertheless, each students and alumnus,

THE ARGO.

even if he has not any desire to write for the paper, should pay seventy-five cents to the Business Managers and in that way fulfill his duty to THE ARGO. Last June a statement was made to one of the editors that next year, 1903-1904, THE ARGO would show great partiality to the present Senior Class. But such will *not* be the case. *The paper will not cater to any class or clique!* And accordingly the editors hope that they will receive, both from those who have left us and from those who now constitute the undergraduate body, most hearty co-operation in a monetary and literary way.

THE ARVERTISERS.

The firms using our columns can be heartily recommended and all Prep. School students will confer a favor upon the management by trading with these firms. *When patronizing our advertisers do not fail to mention THE ARGO.*

FOOTBALL.

Once again the football season has come around and eleven students of Rutgers Preparatory School will represent their Alma Mater on the "gridiron." But some of us, either from lack of time, parental objection, or similar causes, cannot devote two long hours a day to playing football. Although we may be prevented from trying for the team, is it not the duty of each one to turn out at the home games—the out of town games too, if possible—and to cheer the men who devote their strength and time to our school's interest on the football field? Never before has such enthusiasm been manifested in football and although the team is light, yet in Captain Fisher and his men we hope to have one of the most successful teams that has ever represented the school. Every one should attend the games and

Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
For we must win the game!

THE SONG.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr. A. J. Kilmer for his spirit and energy in writing a football song for the school. The pronounced success which rewarded his efforts speaks volumes for its worth.

ALUMNIANA.

(All authentic notes pertaining to the Alumni will be gratefully received by the editor.)

Frank K. W. Drury, '94, has accepted a position in the library of the University of Illinois. Mr. Drury was formerly assistant librarian in the Sage Library.

Frank L. Janeway, '96, is studying at Union Seminary this winter.

Charles Wardell Jones, '96, called at the Trap lately. He will soon accept a position as cashier of a bank at Seabright, N. J.

Arthur L. Riggs, '96, is editor of The Manila Freedom at Manila, Philippine Islands. An article from his pen on affairs in Manila has recently appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. His address is P. O. box 82, Manila, P. I.

Nicholas N. Williamson, '97, was one of the contestants the past summer in the National Amateur Golf Championship. At present Mr. Williamson is in the insurance business.

A. Elliott Brown, '98, has left for the Philippines Islands. Mr. Brown expects to enter the United States Marine Corps as a second lieutenant. He was a lieutenant when a member of the R. P. S. cadets.

D. Raymond Edgar, '99, will study ceramics at Iowa University the coming winter.

Henry G. Atwater, '00 was in town on September twenty-sixth.

James Gilbert Mason, '01, has entered the Junior Class of Princeton University. His address is 34 University Hall.

T. Raymond Bazely, '03, is a Freshman at Princeton University.

Joseph P. Mcibben, '03, is a Freshman at Purdee University.

Walter Moss, ex-'03, is working in Metuchen.

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S. L. Rust, '03, has a position in New York City.

Verdi, '03, is back again this year, taking a P. G.

Miss Ruth A. Williamson, '03, is going to Germany this year.

Miss Sarah R. Scott, '03, will enter Vassar this year.

Miss Edith B. McLaury will probably spend the winter in New Brunswick.

M'ss. Helen M. Rust, '03, is studying at Miss Anable's this year.

Miss Price, '03, is studying with a tutor this fall.

The following 1903 men have entered Rutgers: Armstrong, Heath, Bergen, Stout and Vauck.

McChesney, '03, is a Freshman at Yale.

Rev. Willard Conger, '92, a former instructor in R. P. S., was in town on October third.

Mr. Roy C. Burr, an instructor in our school for the last three years, is at present with the New York and New Jersey Telephone Co., New York City.

Mr. H. H. Wright, instructor in Mathematics in our school since 1900, has accepted a position in the DeWitt Clinton High School, New York City. Mr. Wright was married on August fifth to Miss Macallister, of Waltors, N. Y.

WEARING THE R. P.

The following have won the right to wear the R. P.

Verdi, '03, (T.)

Lang, '04, (B.)

Watson, '04, (F.)

Woodbridge, '04 (T.)

C. Corbin, '05, (F.)

Case, '06, (F.) and (B.)

Hancock, '06, (B.)

Nicholas, '06, (F.)

Fisher, '04, (F.), (B.) and (T.)

(F.)—Football.

(B.)—Baseball.

(T.)—Track.

Extract from the A. A. constitution:

No person will 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 four (4) games on the baseball team, playing less than five innings will not be considered a game.

(3) He has run on a winning relay team or first place in a track meet.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

1903.

Nov. 18, Wednesday, second quarter begins.

Nov. 26, Thursday, Thanksgiving Day.

Dec. 23, Wednesday, Christmas vacation begins.

1904.

Jan. 6, Wednesday, Christmas vacation ends.

Feb. 3, Wednesday, Third quarter begins.

Feb. 22, onday, Washington's Birthday.

March 30, Wednesday, Easter vacation begins.

April 6, Wednesday, Fourth quarter begins.

May 30, Monday, Decoration Day.

June 15, Wednesday, Commencement.

On Friday morning, October second, the school tried for the first time the football song. The words of this piece were written by a Prep. School man, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, '04. The tune is the Battle Hymn of the Republic. It was enthusiastically received and great credit is due Mr. Kilmer for writing such an excellent song. The words are:

Come all ye Rutgers Prep. School men and
sing our football song
And swell the mighty chorus that will help the
team along;
Our hearts are true to Rutgers Prep, our voi-
ces they are strong
And we must win the game.

CHORUS.

Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,

THE ARGO.

Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep. School,
For we must win the game.

The Prep School fellows take the ball and
rush it down the field,
The line before breaks and runs, they know
that they must yield,
And soon we'll score a touchdown and to all
'twill be revealed
That we must win the game.

CHORUS.

Now let us join together in the good old Prep.
School cheer
And give it with a hearty will and shout it loud
and clear.
Let those fellows in the field be aware that
we are here,
For we must win the game.

CHORUS.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

That Rutgers Preparatory School will have
a very successful football team this season is
extremely probable. For anyone who saw the
team play on October third realizes that while
the team needs a great deal of "polishing" yet
the material for a strong team is at hand and
with the determination

That we must win the game
no doubt can remain that this year's team will
come pretty close to the very high standard of
'97 and '01.

Of the men who won their R. P. in football
last season we have five back, viz: Captain
Fisher, Case, C. Corbin, C. Nicholas and Wat-
son. We have also several good men who will
fill the vacant positions in a creditable manner.
This season's team weighs about the same as
last year. The centre trio weighing 514
pounds, the ends and tackles 566 1-2, the back-
field 536 and the total amounting to 1,616 1-2
pounds. The line is very good this year, the
centre being especially effective. In Fisher and
Nicholas the school has, without a doubt, a
very fine pair of backs and whenever called
on can be depended upon to make a good gain.

With proper support from the student body
the football team of 1903 will stand in our ath-
letic history side by side with the famous
teams of 1897 and 1901.

The following is a partial list of those out
for practice each day:

Fisher, (capt.), '04, 17, 156, fullback.
Miller, '04, 19, 120, halfback.
H. Lang, '04, 16, 130, quarterback.
Hall, '04, 18, 140, tackle.
F. Corbin, '04, 18, 125, tackle.
Watson, '04, 17, 173, guard.
Hancock, '06, 15, 120, end.
J. Voorhees, '06, 14, 149, centre.
T. Voorhees, '06, 14, 120, end.
C. Nicholas, '06, 17, 130, halfback.
C. Corbin, '05, 16, 160, centre.
Allen, '05, 18, 142 1-2, tackle.
Taverner, '04, 20, 124, end.
Case, '06, 17, 180, guard.
S. . . nicholas, '06, 15, 130, tackle.
Garthwaite, '06, 17, 146, tackle.
Verdi, '03, 16, 154, end.
C. Thompson, '06, 14, 135, centre.
H. Price, '06, 16, 120, end.

PERTH AMBOY HIGH SCHOOL, 0;

RUTGERS PREP., 12.

On Saturday afternoon, October third, the
Rutgers Preparatory School football team
played its first game this season and won very
easily, defeating Perth Amboy High School 12
to 0. In fact the score does not give any idea
of the strength which our team possesses. Both
teams showed lack of practice, frequent fum-
bles occurred and snap and ginger in starting
the plays was absent. When the teams ap-
peared for practice the Rutgers Prep. men
seemed the heavier and later proved themslvs
to b far superior in actual play. At first the
football song did not go well, but later in the
game went like a breeze. There was a good
crowd of fellows present but more should turn
out.

Prep. School defended the north goal and
at 3.30 P. M. Verdi kicked off to Perth Am-

boy and the ball was quickly downed. In three plays Perth Amboy made first down but they could not gain and soon it was Prep. School's chance to be on the offensive. Steadily the R. P. S. men advanced the ball toward the goal and soon Fisher plunged through guard for our first touchdown. Verdi kicked the goal and the score was six to nothing, the right way.

On the kick off R. P. S. advanced the ball about five yards and by the backfield's brilliant runs the ball was taken to Perth Amboy's five yard line where time was called and another touchdown prevented. Score: Rutgers Prep., 6; Perth Amboy, 0.

The second half was started right by C. Nicholas returning the kickoff fifteen yards. Again Fisher, Nicholas and Miller started their sensational ground gaining performance. Probably the most sensational run of the game was made by Nicholas after he had hurdeled the line and although almost downed, nevertheless managed to advance the ball thirty-five yards. Soon afterward Fisher broke through Perth Amboy's line and scored our second and last touchdown. Verdi kicked the goal and R. P. S. was leading by twelve points. At the kickoff Prep. School made a good gain and quickly rushed the ball to Perth Amboy's seven yard line where some one fumbled and it was Perth Amboy's ball. But they soon fumbled and we regained the ball only to have time called before we could cross the line a third time. The line up:

*Rutgers Prep.**Perth Amboy.*

	Left End	
Verdi		Macon
	Left Tackle	
Allen		McHose
	Left Guard	
Case		Olsen
	Centre	
C. Corbin		Neilson
	Right Guard	
Watson		Crowell
	Right Tackle	
Garthwaits		Post

	Right End	
Taverner		Hornsby
	Quarterback	
Lang		Brodhead
	Right Halfback	
C. Nicholas		Boozie
	Left Halfback	
Miller		Waight
	Fullback	
Fisher		Hanson

Summary—Touchdowns, Fisher, 2; goal from touchdown, Verdi, 2. Time of halves, ten and fifteen minutes. Referee, Reidell. Umpire, Shelly.

On September sixteenth, Rutgers Preparatory School opened its doors for the one-hundred and thirty-eighth time. Most of the old scholars returned, except, of course, the Seniors of last year, although there were even a few of them present.

After the opening exercises, Dr. Payson fired our zeal for study, by one of his brief, but comprehensive speeches. Among other things he emphasized the fact that although horseless carriages and systems of wireless telegraphy have been invented, we have yet to see the day when a course of laborless study will be formed.

The total enrollment this year in the Academic Department is one hundred, a slight decrease from that of last year. The Trap has four new boarders, Hansen, Vrooman, Garthwaite and Beall, and the total is about twenty. In the Annex the total is forty-four.

Although we were sorry to lose so many of our old instructors, yet their places are ably filled. Mr. Riedell, Mr. Burr's successor, will help us in football as well as in Latin. While Mr. Mills will speak to us in Greek and English, he will also help us as coach of the scrub football team. Mr. Scott, Rutgers Prep., '99, will be instructor in Mathematics. Mr. Mills and Mr. Scott won their Phi Beta Kappa keys last June.

Mr. Reidell is a Cornell graduate and when in that University took a special course in La-

tin and Greek and graduated with honor. Mr. Mills graduated from Hamilton last June and while there took high honors in Greek. Mr. Scott received First Classical Honor at Rutgers last June. Miss Cary, who will teach French this year, taught in this school six years ago and since 1897 has travelled in Italy and Switzerland and also studied at Cornell. Miss Biles, a graduate of Elmira Female College, will be instructress in German. Miss Biles has a large experience as a teacher and her fitness for the position she will hold is increased by her travel in Southern Europe and her studies at Munich.

A sweet girl graduate from a Corry school thus describes the manner in which a goat butted a boy out of a front yard in the neighborhood: "He hurled the previous end of his anatohy against the boy's afterwards with an eagerness and velocity which, backed by the goat's advoirdupois, imparted a momentum that was not relaxed until the instigation of the vehement exasperation was landed on terra firma, beyond the pale of the goat's jurisdiction.—*Ex.*

THE HEROISM OF THOMAS LADE.

It frequently happens that a great crisis draws out a great character. Such a crisis was the town hall fire at Allston, and such the character of Thomas Lade.

Thomas Lade was a carpenter's apprentice, and was the butt of all his companions. In addition to being very short, bow-legged, and a little lame, he had many peculiarities of mind and speech. Besides, he was very nervous, and would sometimes start at a little noise; so that he was also looked upon as a coward.

On the night of the Fourth of July Thomas Lade was to be seen in a great crowd that had gathered in the town hall. The hall was the largest building in Allston, yet it was full to the doors, for some famous men were to speak that night.

Thomas was sitting at the back of the hall, near the door. While the program was going on he stepped out, for he had to be home early on account of his aged mother.

Just as he was leaving the building he noticed a little flame down at the other end of it. As he looked he saw a dark figure gliding away. Instantly he realized that incendiaries have started the fire, hoping that the cause will be laid to fireworks, and that in the confusion of the burning of the building houses may be looted.

Quickly Thomas acts. Hastening to the fire, which has already gained a good start, he tries to smother it with his coat, and for five long minutes he battles alone with the hot flame. Finally he is victor—but not entirely. For although, by his great exertion the fire on the woodwork of the building is out, yet his own clothes have caught the flame, and before he can hinder, all are ablaze.

Meanwhile, the assembly within the building is breaking up. The first ones out rush to the spot, but have sense enough not to raise a cry. Some run off a few rods to get water and throw it on the burning man. But it is too late. Thomas Lade is dying. He just lives long enough to tell this story to the crowd who have gathered around in the darkness, and then, sinking back, dies in the midst of those whom, by his heroism, he has saved.

THE HERMIT.

On one of the roads of Suffolk County, New York, there lives a hermit, the description of whom reminds one of the days of story books.

The man was a soldier in the Civil War. When he came home from fighting his country's battles he found that his wife, thinking him dead, had married another man. This sorrow turned his mind. Ever since then he has lived the life of a typical hermit.

His home is a small, two-story shanty, about fifteen feet square. All the doors of the first floor have been carefully boarded up. Almost the only opening is a small window on the

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second floor, from which there is a ladder reaching to the ground. This is the only entrance to the place.

The man's clothing is made entirely of sacking. He has not shaved since the war. Altogether he makes an interesting sight. He very seldom shows himself, and that one is favored who sees him. The hermit draws a pension, and whenever he goes to cash the check a friend goes with him to identify him. He has to make his "mark," for he cannot or will not write his name.

Not long ago a friend of mine pasesd the place. Nothing was to be seen of the proprietor, but smoke was curling out of the little chimney and some apples were cut up and drying in the sun.

Although the hermit will answer "Good morning," if spoken to, he makes no effort to be agreeable to his neighbors. He is away from the busy world apart by himself. Let us hope he is happy.

L. R. N.

THE JUNIOR LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE.

"I tell you, somethin's gotter be done! This here thing can't go on ferever. There's six of them new milk cows I bought last night stole!"

The speaker was a New England farmer, with a large, white beard, which covered the greater part of his face. He was dressed in the plain country style, blue jeans and leather boots being much in evidence. The person spoken to was his son, who was dressed in the same style as his father, only on a smaller scale. He talked and acted as if he knew just as much about farming as anybody. In fact, he did do a remarkable lot of work for a boy of his size, for he was only twelve years old. (It is appalling, the amount of work a farmer will get out of his boy; often he is as good as a hired man.)

Silas Williamson—for tha twas the man's name—was not the most generous person in the world; in fact, he was inclined to be a lit-

tle the opposite, and to have six new milk cows stolen was a terrible blow indeed.

The fact was discussed at the breakfast table.

"Just think," said Moses, for that was the boy's name. "There's Will Hoctkiss's folks had ten milk pans stole right out of their back room, and George Hoctkiss said they were all new last Spring; and there's Hank Wilcox had his hull milk cooling outfit took, and I don't know how many more people's had things took."

"Well," said Silas, "I'll go down to the village after we git the chores done to-night, and see what I can do."

When Silas arrived at the village he at once betook himself to the country store. It was a kind of "department" store on a small plan. They had everything there, and, to crown all, they had what they do not have at most "department" stores—namely, a post office. The ruling feature of the store was the stove, with benches and chairs around it—not that the stove or benches had anything to do with it, but from the fact that this was the place that the sages of the town came to to chew tobacco and discuss current events.

The man who ran this wonderful establishment was Frank Henson. "Long Frank" he was called and generally known by most people because of his lanky appearance. He was Justice of the Peace, and was generally looked up to by the people.

When Silas Williams came into this council room the place was pretty well filled up, and everybody was discussing the recent thefts. It seemed that Charles Wilson, a farmer, two miles out of town, had undergone the same experience as Silas, namely, he had had all his sap buckets "up and tuck," as he expressed it. They had been cleaning them the day before, and had left them outside, but when the morning came they were gone.

When Silas's story had been told, they all agreed that something must be done. Lengthy Frank suggested that they organize a league, and so the Law and Order League was started.

THE ARGO.

The boys of the place, of course, were right on hand, and heard all that had been said, especially Johnny Hensom; and, being a boy who generally ran things among his companions by virtue of his "scrapping" abilities, he organized the "Junior Law and Order League." The meeting place of this club was in a cave in the bluff back of Johnny's house. The club consisted of ten boys, Johnny being the "Captain," and Moses the "Lieutenant." Moses was not as large as the other boys, but he had the reputation of always knowing just what to do at the right time, and of doing it, for he had plenty of grit. It was agreed by all that when any one found the thieves he was to come and ring a bell which they had put up on the bluff for the purpose. Placing themselves as sentinels about the town, they wait for business.

All goes well for a few days, until finally somebody rings the bell. When they assemble they are told that the thieves are in the milk house of James Hilang, a farmer, living just out of town. Gathering all their weapons, muzzle-loading guns, scythes, hay knives and others too numerous to mention, they start out on their terrible crusade, led by Johnny, with Moses bringing up in the rear.

They approach the milk house. They come with a stealthiness that would have done credit to American Indians. Nearer and nearer they approach the fatal milk house, still led by the gallant Johnny. Slowly the distance between them and the milk house decreases until they find themselves on the milk house floor. They hear the floor creak in the next room. It is too much. Their hearts fail them. They turn to flee. But no! They find the door locked behind them. The milk house had been closed and locked by James Hilang and his "hired man," who had now gone after a constable.

About two months before the organization of the Junior Order League some older boys of questionable character had secretly organized what they called the Jesse James Band, Jr. One called himself Jesse James, Jr., another Frank James Jr., and the rest were the

band. Their object was to steal money or anything else they could get their hands on. The leader was a very good manager, and quite sharp, so that none of them had ever been caught.

All the tinware and such things that they took they carried to an adjoining city and sold to a junk dealer, who asked no questions. Their camp was an old deserted house back in the woods, where they kept all things that were stolen until they were sold to the junk man.

On the night that Johnny's band were aroused they had planned to rob James Hilang's milk house, and when the boys came in they were in the milk house. Jesse James, Jr., looked through a crack and said: "Well, look at the kids!" and decided to capture them. He ordered a rush to be made and Johnny Hensom, hearing the noise in the next room, arranged his men to receive an attack. There was quite a fight, which finally ended in Jesse James, Jr.'s, capturing Johnny and his followers. During the struggle Jesse James, Jr., was wounded with a hay knife, which cut his leg, but his hurt was bandaged by one of the band who was called "The Doctor." The next thing they did was to burst the lock of the door by rushing upon it. Then Frank James, Jr., who was always up to clever tricks, fixed a large hogshead, filled with stones, in such a way that it would roll down the hill on which the milk house stood as soon as the door was opened. Then they, with their captives, started for their camp, two miles back in the woods.

When the constable arrived an hour later with a posse armed to the teeth, he and James Hilang approached the milk house. The constable, in a loud voice, ordered the robbers to come out, and then began unfastening the door. Suddenly there was a crash, the door flew open, and the hogshead came out, knocking both men over, and rolled down the hill with a terrible noise. It was a very dark night, and the posse were so frightened that they did not stop running until they arrived at the town, which was a mile distant. There they told the people that there was an armed body

of outlaws about to raid the town, and everybody rose up in arms to meet them. But they were soon told of their mistake by the constable.

Then it was discovered that the boys were missing, and the people were organized into searching parties.

When the James boys arrived at their camp they made it into a prison for their captives, and then started for home and joined the searching parties.

Frank Hensom suspected Jesse James, Jr., and, following him one night, he found out where the boys were kept. The next day he went out there with a body of men and captured the whole gang, freed the boys, and rid the town of any more trouble.

FRANK T. CORBIN, JR.

HOW GEORGE WENT TO COLLEGE.

(This story was one of those selected by the Judging Committee in the Argo Editorial Contest last May.)

If you sat on the bank of a beautiful little river in Eastern California, you would be impressed by the picture before you. There were seen the bold rocky cliffs rising almost perpendicularly, interwoven with foliage, and below, the stream, swift and rushing in one place, and then again broadening out into quiet, glassy pools, with a reflection of the shore in them.

A close observer would have noticed in the edge of one of these pools a canoe with two young men in it. They were George McAllister and Alexander Miller. Alexander, who was very much interested in mineral collecting, had come down this river on a hunt for specimens. He had asked George to come along with him, and both were enjoying the scenery and good fishing.

At the time of which we speak there seemed to be a lull in the fishing, and Alex. said: "It's too bad you can't go with me to college this Fall. I don't know what I would like better than to have you go with me."

"Well," said George, "there is no use talking about it. You can't imagine how I would like to go. But I suppose I shall have to go to work as soon as I can get something to do. Helloa!" There was a twitch at his rod and his reel began to sing at a great rate. The line went rushing down stream, cutting the water into foam. Finally George caught his breath and said:

"I guess I have got the old grandfather of all the bass this time," and he checked a mad rush up stream.

"Well, now," said Alexander; "he acts quite up to date, don't he?"

This kept up for about five minutes, and then the bass began to weaken, and Alexander put the landing net under him and brought out a beautiful fish, weighing at least three pounds.

It was now about half-past four in the afternoon, and so they floated down until they came to where a creek ran into the river; here there was a grassy spot in some woods, where they decided to camp. George got supper while Alexander put up the tent. The bass was fried until it was a nice brown, and they ate it with an appetite which only a long day's paddling can give.

After supper they sat in front of their tent and enjoyed the glorious sunset, which made the winding river look like gold.

It was now quite a good deal cooler, and they were glad to roll themselves in their thick blankets and be lulled to sleep by the breeze in the branches and the many queer sounds of the woods.

In the morning Alexander stated his desire to go to a mountain about two miles distant, and see what minerals he could find. George stayed at the camp.

George said he would do some fishing along the creek for trout and so about an hour later he was walking along the stream, casting in the pools. Finally he sat down on a rock to rest.

He sat there dreamily gazing into the brook, when suddenly he was brought back to his senses by the looks of a stone in the brook; he

ran and picked it up. His heart gave a leap.

"Can it be gold?" he asked. "How foolish I am; it's probably only a fool's gold." But he looked around and found several other pieces like it.

He took the pieces back to camp and showed them to Alexander, who had just come back.

"Where did you find these?"

"Up the creek," said George.

"They are gold! and just what you have got here is worth twenty-five dollars!"

They went back to the creek at once. They found that the gold seemed to be only in one place, and there they found about a hundred pounds and no more, although they stayed a week.

When they got home they sold their gold for a large sum, so that George went to college and had quite a sum left.

FRANK TAINTOR CORBIN, JR.

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A. A. MEETINGS:

The regular fall meeting of the Athletic Association was called to order by Mr. S. H. Opdyke, the president, on September twenty-third. Mr. Gilbert Hall was elected manager of the football team for the coming season by about three majority.

THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

The following is the Rutgers Preparatory School football schedule for the season:

Oct. 24—Pingry at Elizabeth.

Oct. 31—Poly Prep. at Brooklyn.

Nov. 7—Barnard at New Brunswick.

Nov. 14—Trenton at Trenton.

Douglass J. Fisher, of Sayreville, N. J., will captain the team this season while Mr. Riedell is head coach. Mr. Ferguson will be manager.

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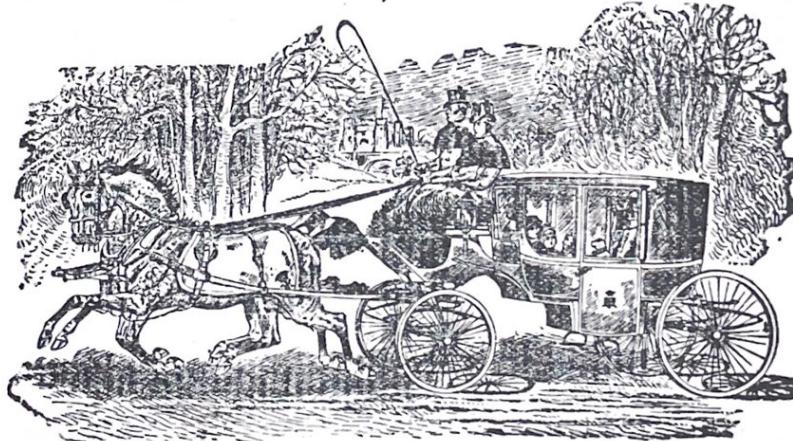
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