



THE ARGO.

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New Brunswick, N. J.

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Number Four

Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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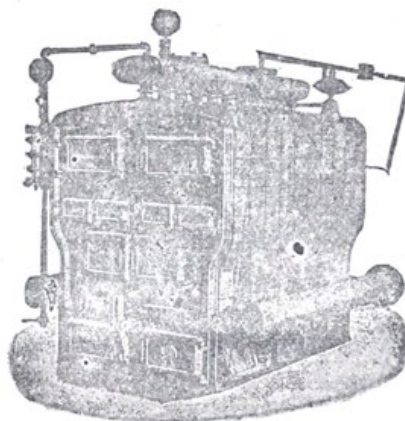
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VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JANUARY, 1907.

No. 4



THE LOST RIVER CAVE



Nestled in the foothills of the Green Mountains in Vermont, lies the village of Bolton; a little way south of the town the Winooski River winds its circuitous way toward Lake Champlain. Bolton is not a large town, but some years ago it was large enough to attract the attention of a gang of thieves. That this gang was well organized was beyond doubt; twice they had broken in—first, into the hardware store, where they literally cleaned out the stock of firearms and augurs and files; next they tried the dry goods store, and succeeded in getting away with many rolls of silks and flannels. Now to top the climax, the post-office had been robbed, the safe had been blown open, and the stamps and money taken amounted to a considerable sum. And still no trace of the burglars could be found. Government detectives had been baffled, the villagers lived in constant fear for their property, and a reward of one hundred dollars for the recovery of goods stolen and five hundred dollars for the capture and conviction of the thieves, had been offered.

* * * * *

Two months had passed by, no more being heard of the robbers; and the people of Bolton began to feel easier. Thus it was that the parents of Bob Sikes and Sam Johnson gave their consent to the boys going on a tramp over the mountains and camping out over night. Bob and Sam were chums; Bob was five months the elder. Both were bright, quick-witted lads and this trip was exactly to their liking.

Early in the morning they set out in high spirits. Each boy carried a generous stock of provisions and a few camping necessities. Toward noon they stopped in a shady grove for lunch. Soon there came up to them a tramp, one of those worthless fellows who do not know nor care where the next meal is coming from. "Howdy, boys! Say, got a little bite fer a hungry traveler?" The boys gave him a sandwich and a drink of coffee and he chattered away like a chipmunk. "I hear there was some stealing goin' on down at Bolton," said he. "About twenty years ago when I lived in Jonesville 'bout ten miles up the railroad, there was a gang of burglars 'round these parts and some detectives run 'em to earth in a cave along the river somewhere nigh here. There was a spring nearby and they gobbled them when they came out for water. Wouldn't wonder much if this lot is harborin' in the same place. Well, so long, young gents, I'll be movin' along." After he had gone out of sight, Sam said, "Say, Bob, I wonder if there is any truth in what that fellow said?"

"I don't know," answered Bob, "but what do you say if we change our course a little and go down along the river; if there is a cave there, it would be jolly sport to find it even if there were no robbers within ten miles of it." So it was settled and the boys set out for the river.

After rambling through forests, along ledges, over rocks, toward evening they came upon a spring gushing out from the ground and overhung by trees. "This is a fine place

to camp," said Sam, "let's stay here over night."

"Sam, that tramp said there was a spring near that cave, didn't he? Let's follow this stream down toward the river, we might run across it."

They had gone about half way to the river, when suddenly the one in advance exclaimed:

"Look, there is a foot-print! See, ere is a fair little path. Let us follow it and see where it leads." When only a few yards down this path, suddenly both boys were seized from behind, gagged and dragged off.

Half walking and half carried along, the boys were finally thrust through some tangled bushes and into the hidden mouth of a cave. This all happened so quickly that they scarcely realized it until they became used to the dim light and saw where they really were. The cavern was about six feet high and three feet wide, but just beyond where they were it made a sudden turn to the left, so the prisoners could not see much of it. Before them stood their captors glaring down at them, two big burly men who looked able to handle half a dozen such people as the boys. "Well, young 'uns," said one, "you put yer foot in it fer sure this time. Thought you'd like to find the cave, did yer? Well, be you satisfied now you've found it? Reckon you'd better rest easy till the captain comes in, there's no tellin' what he'll do to youse."

After half an hour of anxious waiting on the part of the boys, the chief came in. "Hello Jimpson, what you got here?" "Couple of kids rosin' round a little too close fer comfort, sir." "Now this is a pretty pickle; we can't keep them here or we'll soon have all the people in the neighborhood swarming around looking for them and we'll be found out. But we'll get in a good job tonight down at old Hurler's, and tomorrow we'll skip. Come on, let's have a drink." After a strong pull at a black bottle, they ate some bread and corned beef, then two of them stretched out and were

soon asleep, but the third kept diligent watch over the boys. At midnight he awakened the other two and after some whispered conversation these two went out, leaving to watch the boys the same one who had watched them before, he all the time grumbling about having to stay behind and keep meddlesome kids from mischief.

After many pulls at the black bottle he sat down on a stool in the mouth of the cave. Slowly the time dragged; slowly the liquor began to take effect; slowly his head sank until he fell into a deep sleep. "Now's our time," whispered Bob, "let's work our way out past him. Come on."

Creeping on all fours, they approached the sleeping guard, all the time fearful lest the beating of their own hearts should arouse him. His form nearly filled up the narrow way, but they slowly edged by and were in open air. "Now," said Bob, "we'll run for the railroad station and maybe we can capture these fellows yet."

Running, stumbling, falling, they came up to the telegraph office. "What time does the next train leave Montpelier for here?" they inquired of the sleepy station agent. "In twenty minutes." "That's all right. Here, we want you to send a telegram to police headquarters there." When the 2.45 a. m. train rolled into Bolton, five men dropped silently from the back car. Bob and Sam were on the lookout and ran up to them.

"Well, youagsters, what will you have?" said the leader. "It's time you were in bed long ago." "O, we are the ones who sent you the telegram," Sam spoke out. "The deuce you are! What do you know about this business?" Thereupon the boys told their story, with nods of approval from the men. "Lead us to their nest, boys, and we will catch the hawks yet."

They all made their way to the cave and without much trouble captured the snoring guard. Then they scattered about and waited

for the return of the others, but whether they were suspicious or had planned to leave that part of the country without taking their companion with them, was not known. At any rate they were not seen that night nor ever again around Bolton.

As it was, some of the stolen goods were found in the cave, one of the robbers was captured, and the band was broken up.

Each boy received \$25 dollars as part of the reward offered, and they were presented by the detectives with handsome gold medals with these words engraved on them: "Presented to Samuel Johnson, (or Robert Sikes) for bravery and pluck shown at the Lost River Cave, on July 17, 1898."

P. K., '07.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET

On Thursday evening, December twentieth, Dr. Payson gave his sixteenth annual Christmas banquet to the people living at the Trap. Although the weather outside was not pleasing, inside all was gay and cheerful. The large dining room of the Trap was most tastefully decorated; loops of green hung gracefully from the chandeliers to the corners of the room. The mantle-shelves were banks of green, and over every picture branches of pine added greatly to the charm. Fitted in between the decorations were college flags; all the leading colleges were represented, but in more prominence than others were the colors of Rutgers Prep.

The climax of the sight was the tables. At each person's place was a small red candle, burning in a dainty glass candlestick, and tied with red ribbons to the latter were red and green Christmas cards. These together with the great bunches of holly on the tables gave to the whole the air of a joyous Christmas tide.

Everyone present seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion and between each course, when Hendrickson and Lyall led off a familiar song, all joined in. After an excellent turkey dinner all the students and professors pres-

ent responded to toasts. Beside these, of the guests Mr. Burr and Mr. Street spoke. Mr. Burr talked of the time when he was an instructor in Prep. School. He declared that although the student events of his time were excellent, the singing at the banquet went ahead of the singing of the school when he was teaching here.

Dr. Payson acted as toastmaster. The list of the toasts and themes were:

1. Mr. Marcley—Rutgers College.
"That dear old College is all the world to me."
2. Mr. Mitchell—Foot-Ball.
"Whoop 'er up for Rutgers Prep. School."
3. Mr. Romeike—Camping.
"There's an awful lot of knowledge That you never get at College, And a lot of things you never learn at school."
4. Mr. Neff—Study Hour.
"How dear to my heart!"
5. Mr. Black—Examinations.
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

The Argo.

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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.

Christmas holidays are over; New Year's day is past; school has commenced. It is probable that when some of our readers saw the beginning of this sketch they thought to themselves, "O, I know what is coming, make new year resolutions to study harder, get to school on time, and so on." But this is not the case. The time to resolve to study hard was at the time school opened in September. In mid-winter if there were a great snow-storm and the roads should become blocked, what would take place? A heavy wagon would be pulled up the road and ruts would be opened. On the return trip it would be possible to get through with comparative ease,

if the former ruts were followed—but here is a place they wish to straighten. Ah, yes! There is much difference. New ruts must be opened. How doubly hard it seems now after following the old track. The horses plunge, and rear, the drivers shout—often all to no avail. The first road must be followed until a new one can be shoveled out. Thus in school life. If since school opened, a person has been neglecting lessons, now it is late to mend. The new ruts are harder to make and can be opened only with the greatest difficulty. Still there is an old motto, "Little is gained without trying," but this does not mean simply trying it; it means TRYING. Say you will break new ruts, and break them. If the *Argo* should suggest any resolution for the new year, it would be, "Control your will."

Winter is at hand, ice has been quite plentiful, it will be plentiful; skating has been good, it will be good; a hockey team is what we want. Let a new branch of athletics be started in our school. It will be well to add interest to the winter term. We have several good players in school and more who would soon prove themselves to be good players. Let each class have a team and play for school championship. As there is little doubt but that the teams would be nearly equally matched, it would arouse enthusiasm and prove itself a great sport. The game is not expensive; it needs no covered floor, no costly outfit. Skating space is as free to Prep. students as to anyone, the winter months have few other sports for Prep. men, let hockey be the game of the season. Wish for good skating and lots of it.

On the opening of school after Christmas vacation, we were much surprised at the absence of our French teacher. Miss Cary has retired from teaching for the winter. Miss Starr, of Binghamton, has taken her place.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93, Rodney Knapp, a prosperous business man of Binghamton, N. Y., was married January sixteenth to Miss Irma Louise Richards of Attleboro, Mass.

'94, Frank Drury, assistant librarian of the University of Illinois, spent Christmas with his parents in New Brunswick.

'96, Robert W. Pettet and W. O. Pettet, '00, are spending the winter in Paris.

'96, Arthur Stanley Riggs is to give a series of Travel Talks in the Y. M. C. A. during Lent. These lectures are said to be most beautifully illustrated by pictures taken by Mr. Riggs himself. His first talk will be on Naples, from which city Mr. Riggs visited Vesuvius before the eruption; and later as the special correspondent of the New York Times, he visited the doomed town while they were in the grip of the terrible catastrophe.

Horace Phinny, ex-'07, and Judson Dunlap, ex-'09, visited the school recently.

'98, J. F. Scott, an instructor in the University of Wisconsin, spent the holidays in town.

'98, Dr. John Talmage was married to Miss Louise Stewart in New York on the twenty-sixth of December.

'99, Austin Scott, now in the Harvard Law School, was a recent visitor at the Trap.

'01, C. P. Wilber, now in the Yale Forestry School, and F. E. Wilber, engaged in the Y. M. C. A. in Penn. State College, spent the holidays in New Brunswick.

'02, R. C. Nicholas, has recently entered into a partnership with Mr. Blair Williams on the Stock Exchange.

'97, Samuel McGann was a recent visitor in town.

'99, Carter Jenkins was married to Miss Mary Ellis of Baltimore on January fourteenth.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOL.

Mr. Robins—How did you find the center of that circle?

P—n—Why, there was a little hole in the paper.

Mr. Mills—In what order does Burke take up these arguments?

Miss S—h—In the order they are in the book.

Although Fourth form Latin is only in the fourth book of the Aeneid, B—m, when called on unexpectedly, begins reading in the sixth book. It makes no difference to him.

Dr. Payson—If Olcott had a fast horse he would pass us all.

There are two kinds of horses known to students; driving horses and pony horses. We wonder which kind is meant!

Hist! Listen! Do I hear footsteps approaching? No: Yet I do. Silence! It must be the footsteps of fairies treading on air. Crouch low, they are coming nearer, we may yet see them. Here they come,—O, Mr. Voorhees, how could you?

In the toasts at Dr. Payson's banquet, by the frequent linking of the name of Mr. Robins and Newark, we are led to believe that they are in some way closely connected. Who can tell how?

We all realized that the toast on foot-ball at the Christmas banquet was very excellent and all applauded it as such, but it seemed that even this did not satisfy the orator, for he at once began to applaud himself. Excuse us for not making more fuss, M—l, we meant right.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

6. Mr. Willard—Christmas Bells.
*"The time draws near the birth of
 Christ.
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 The Christmas Bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist."*
7. Mr. Majilton—Early Rising.
*"Few things are harder to put up with
 Than the annoyance of a good example."*
8. Mr. Robins—The Classical Course.
"Old fashioned, but good."
9. Mr. W. H. Lyall—The Scientific Course.
*"Strange such a difference there should
 be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."*
10. Mr. Corbin—New York State.
"Excelsior!"
11. Mr. Powell—Pennsylvania.
*"Down in a coal mine, underneath the
 ground,
 Digging dusty diamonds all the year
 around."*
12. Mr. Boardman—Connecticut.
"Infinite riches in little room."
13. Mr. Blanchard—Vermont.
*"Where nature's heart beats strong
 amid the hills."*
14. Mr. Bascom—New Jersey.
"Noblesse oblige."
15. Mr. Ziegler—Vacation.
*"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going
 home."*
16. Mr. Wm. Gross—Basket-Ball
*"By sports like these are all their cares
 beguiled."*
17. Mr. Mosher—Boxes from Home.
*"Grief treads upon the heels of pleas-
 ure."*
18. Mr. MacNeill—Greater New York.
"That many-headed monster."
19. Mr. C. V. Lyall—Base-Ball.
*"But screw your courage to the stick-
 ing point,
 And we'll not fail."*
20. Mr. Williams—Mathematics.
*"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a
 horse!"*
21. Mr. Wyckoff—President Roosevelt.
*"He spells like a Dimmycrat,
 He acts like a Raypublican,
 He is—Tiddy Rosenfelt."*
22. Mr. MacDonald—The Argo.
*"Above the vulgar flight of common
 souls."*
23. Mr. Sangster—The Old Year and the
 New.
*"All in the midnight and the frost
 We sped the old year out;
 All in the dawnlight and the glow
 We bid the New Year in."*
24. Mr. F. Gross—Music Hath Power.
*"Music hath power to soothe the sav-
 age."*
25. Mr. Mills—Our Guests.
*"Not that we think us worthy such a
 a guest,
 But that your worth will dignify
 our feast."*
26. Mr. Hendrickson—The Trap.
*"Magnificent spectacle of human hap-
 piness."*

MARCLEY'S TOAST.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Rutgers College is such that it is surely no small honor to have one's name mentioned in connection with it. It stands apart from other institutions of its kind in point of ability to turn out strong men and in regard to its age. Out of the six hundred colleges in the country there are but seven older than Rutgers. It was preceeded by Harvard, Williams and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Kings, Pennsylvania and Brown.

Founded in 1766, it seems to have had its struggle for existence, on account of lack of supporters and on account of the proximity of the war. In 1782 we find in its history that in the senior class there were but four students, one in the junior, one in the sophomore, and twelve in the freshman class. But it is the old story of small beginnings. From the acorn the great tree has grown and as it has flourished what a power it has become! Although it is not yet as large as some colleges, it is all the better for that. Quantity of college does not mean quality of college. I believe it is well understood nowadays, that the time of large colleges is over; authorities now claim that the typical college is one about the size of Rutgers. You know things are not always what they seem. I imagine that young men who go to the largest college they can find, frequently come away with a big head, but with not much in it. We never knew anything like that to happen at Rutgers. On the contrary when you see a Rutgers man you can make up your mind that, no matter whether he has a big head or not, he has something in it. As a proof of this I refer to our former instructor, Mr. Scott, or to the debating team which has to its credit eighteen victories out of eighteen successive debates.

More than this, when you consider the possibilities in the line of athletics in the small

college, the balance goes down farther still on the side of Rutgers. In the large colleges the real object of athletics is often lost sight of through stress of rivalry and lust of victory. Here I want to make a comparison between our foot-ball team and Rutgers College team in regard to their character. They say that on the college team they used Boose a great deal all the season, and during a rainy time they had a Fisher to go around to look after the men. We had nothing of this kind, but I will admit that one of our men was Black and another was a little Micky.

I wish I were a Daniel Webster, an Albert P. Mills, or a Henry Clay, in order that I might speak more forcibly my feelings in regard to Rutgers College. While I am not in reality a Rutgers man, at heart my sympathy is with this, the Star of New Jersey, the fountain of knowledge, the mighty trainer of men, the everlasting standard of righteousness and truth.

GROSS'S TOAST.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I find the subject I have in hand a difficult one because of the great field to be covered in such a short time. But I will say this; we have some great talent here at the Trap and some not so great. Often we hear Wyckoff grating at the piano, then we are reminded of the fact that we have some great talent. Again we hear strange thrilling notes pouring forth from the music room, then we are reminded that all the Robins have not gone South. Often sounds are heard in the vicinity of room 26 that remind one very much of a Hen.

As I have told you about some of the great talent we have, I will say something about our talent which is not so great. Surely much of the joy would be taken from our life here at the trap if we had not the privilege of spending a little time every day for music. Some one has said, "Music hath charms to calm the

eral pledges which we think should be taken have come to our minds. Now it is probable that many of these people have already adopted resolutions similar, but nevertheless we will mention them for the benefit of those who have not.

Be it Resolved:

By Hendrickson—to get a new laugh. We all know his old one.

By F. Gross—Always to close the door of his room after study hour. Otherwise he disturbs the deep meditation and total quiet of the English instructor.

By Baumann—to take all theatre programs out of his pockets before coming to school. It looks as if he burned midnight oil for a wrong purpose.

By Koehler—to take up a weight reducing series of exercise.

By Campbell—to take up another kind of series.

By Mr Powell—to let alone the faucet in the laboratory sink during his lectures. At this rate it will be worn out before school closes.

By T. Voorhees—to wear rubber heels.

By Bascom—to say more funny things in class room. His record fell off this month.

By Olcott—not to put so much time on Latin. He is growing pale.

By Fourth Formers—to be more dignified. It is now the second term.

By instructors—not to stick anybody this year.

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What Others Say of Us.

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"Argo—Don't you think you could make your cover more attractive?" says the Legenda.

Evidently a case of "where doctors disagree!"

Friend—In what course does your son expect to graduate?

Father—In the course of time, by the looks of things.—The Polymnian.

Teacher—"How many ribs have you, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I don't know, ma'am, I am so ticklish I never could count 'em."—The Cardinal.

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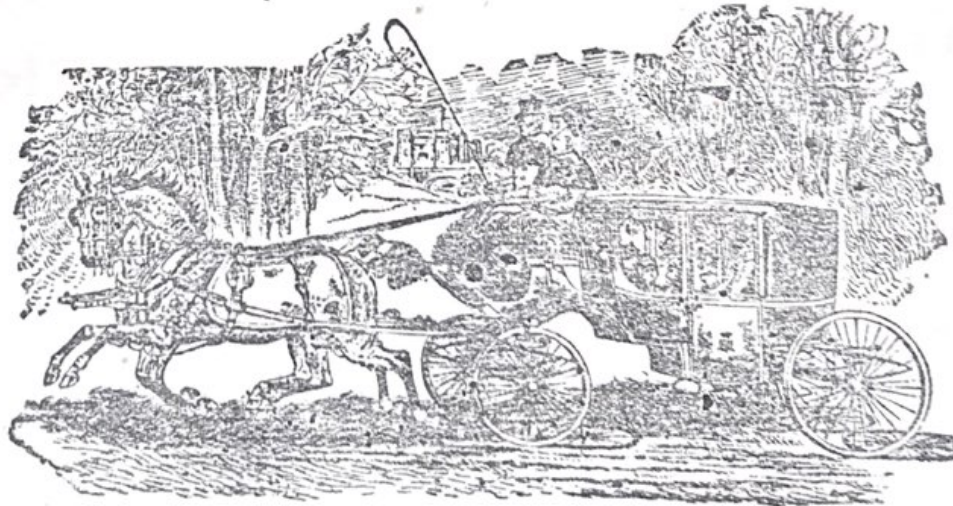
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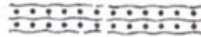
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